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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Hoover.

Philadelphia is planning a great exposition in celebration of the sesqui-centennial—in plain English, the one hundred-and-fiftieth—anniversary of American independence. The project has gotten to a point where Mr. Herbert Hoover has been asked to assume the general directorship. The enterprise is projected upon a scale designed to outclass all preceding efforts in the exposition line, not so much in physical magnitude as in detailed excellence. Mr. Hoover has not yet either accepted or declined, but the general opinion at Washington is that he will remain in his present post. It has not been his way to leave any task half done; and there is, in his proposals for development of the Department of Commerce, a vast work yet to be achieved.

More interesting in themselves, as relating to Mr. Hoover, are projects looking to the rejuvenation of Russia and the reorganization of China. These two countries, each with a vast population and with enormous potentialities, are in chaos. There are those who despair of any wholesome outcome in either case unless there shall be brought to bear outside resources and outside leadership. It is suggested that Mr. Hoover is the one man qualified by ability, repute, and experience to represent the Western world in a systematic effort to establish orderly government in either or both of these distracted countries. Twenty years ago Mr. Hoover achieved a great engineering and administrative success in China—a success so striking as to establish a reputation in that country unmatched by any other in the

outer world. By a curious sequence of circumstances he practically duplicated his Chinese record in Russia. His more recent career has emphasized his prestige in both China and Russia. There are those who believe that in either of these countries the magic of his name supplemented by resources and powers he might bring into operation would be sufficient to stay the tides of anarchy which threaten a destruction unparalleled in human history.

Noting these more or less vague calls upon Mr. Hoover, a Washington correspondent remarks that "there is hardly a colossal job anywhere on God's footstool that sooner or later does not yearn for the master hand of Herbert Hoover." All of which goes to demonstrate that master hands are rare at all times, and never more rare than in the present era. The world has in abundance men of talent, men of energy, men of force, men of initiative, men of character. But now as always the combination of powers that make for leadership in the largest measure are so rare as usually to be non-existent. We question the qualification of any man to do for China and Russia what needs to be done for their salvation. It is from within rather than from without that regeneration must come. As Rome found her Caesar, as France found her Napoleon, and as America found her Washington, so much China and Russia find the personalities who symbolize their fundamental ideas and aspirations and become by mastery of innate forces the masters of circumstance.

### The United States Senate.

The elements were a good deal mixed in Boies Penrose. He was a man of large brain, of solid acquisitions, of intense vital energies, and of very exceptional gifts of foresight and resolution. He had the background of a fine family connection, and in his youth the advantages of careful breeding and social experience. Something of dignity he gained from the fact that his three brothers, while their names appeared less often than his own in newspaper headlines, were not less able and distinguished than himself. Choosing politics as a career, Penrose lost something on moral account. In a business sense he was strictly honest, but when it came to politics he was less scrupulous. Whatever was essential to success—and the whole world knows how success in Pennsylvania has been gained for many years—Penrose practiced with scant regard for the moralities. He viewed politics as a game, and he played it unrestrained, without qualms of any sort. He played to win, and he did win because he brought to bear upon the game a vision and an energy that outmatched all rivalry. As a senator of the United States he was first a politician, but incidentally he was a profound statesman. No man in the Senate since the retirement of Spooner and Root has equaled Penrose in judgment, in personal force, in the combination of powers that make for domination. If not always on the right side of things, he was as nearly right as a man who puts political calculation before every other consideration can ever be. Taken by and large Penrose in recent years has been the most effective figure in the senatorial group. His name stands associated with the soundest proposals that have come before that body. He has been a powerful opponent of many vicious legislative proposals. Yet so regardless was he of certain conventional sensibilities that in recent years he has been something of a burden to his party. Pretty much always right in relation to matters of legislation, amazingly wise—albeit a bit sinister—in his political philosophy, his methods of procedure were so abrupt, so arbitrary, so lacking the grace of conciliation, as to weaken the effect of his efforts and to create an atmosphere of distrust and discredit. Those who have admired Mr. Penrose in very many respects—the Argonaut among them—have often had occasion to grieve

that his great abilities were not sustained by a larger measure of conventional discretion. He achieved much, but he might have achieved vastly more if, in addition to his extraordinary intellectual powers, there had been added the powers that lie in finely poised moral restraint.

The methods by which Penrose gained and sustained his prestige in Pennsylvania politics—and to a degree in the wider sphere of national politics—have gone out of fashion. Penrose was the last of the all-powerful state "bosses." No other man now holds the political forces of a great state in the hollow of his hand. Nowhere now would it be possible for any man to establish himself in the kind of authority that Penrose had in Pennsylvania. Even in Pennsylvania no new man may now attain the powers that more than half a century ago were won by old Simon Cameron and which have descended from one "boss" to another until now. Penrose was the last as he was the strongest of them all. So much has been said—and for the most part truly said—in condemnation of the "boss" system of politics that the newer generation has been led to regard it as a historic nightmare of political depravity. The indictment is too broad. Something may be said for a system that worked out a fairly efficient administration of public affairs and at a cost to taxpayers far below present standards of public expenditure. The vice of the system was in the fact that it was in principle directly antagonistic to the fundamental idea of the American system. It was destructive of that personal attitude towards public affairs that is the moral obligation of every citizen if the common standards of liberty, with government of the people by the people, are to be sustained. Those who sought to justify the "boss" system—and there are those who still regard it as the best of practical political methods—make the moral mistake of valuing efficiency above liberty.

The death of Penrose leaves Lodge of Massachusetts as the outstanding member of the majority group. Lodge has nominally held the post of party leader since the Republicans resumed control of the Senate. But the leadership, so far as there has been any, has been that of Penrose, based upon a dominating mentality and sheer weight of personal force. While Lodge is not a man to be taken lightly, it is further true that he is not a man to be taken in the full measure of his pretensions. More may be said of him on the score of his traditional background rather than of his native powers. His is a case in which inherited position and a high degree of cultivation out-balance the native quality of the man. In his personal character he illustrates that particular quality of the New Englander which somehow contrives to win admiration even as it repels affection. There is in the man a lack of temperamental warmth; and by the same token there is not in him enough of intellectual weight to compensate for the deficiency. Nobody ever had for Lodge the sentiment expressed by Roosevelt for Penrose—"a sneaking regard for the old ruffian." Lodge is no ruffian, nor has he the basis for winning a sneaking or any other species of warm feeling. As majority leader during the past several months he has not succeeded in winning a loyal following. The rise of the agricultural bloc, with the action of many majority members in the matter of legislation relative to the tariff and to taxation, go to illustrate Lodge's failure to hold men, even to accepted obligations. The short of it all is that Mr. Lodge, while a man of many merits, lacks the powers that are essential in a highly influential senatorial figure.

In many ways the most portentous figure in the Senate today is Smoot of Utah. In the man there is something of Lincolnian suggestion; and if he is without the spiritual quality that distinguished Lincoln above all men in his day or of any day in Ameri-



can politics, he has what Lincoln lacked—a highly instructed and a definitely trained mind. He has, too, the powers that depend upon a sound understanding exercised in systematic industry. No member of the Senate works harder than Smoot. None brings to whatever subject to which his attention is addressed a more definite intelligence or a more open mind. Smoot is very definitely a partisan, but it is not in partisan spirit that he goes about the work of legislation. He is a thinker and at the same time he is what may be called an actionist. He knows how to transmute abstract thinking into the concrete of legislative projects. He has the ability to set forth his views impressively. He has the personal qualities that command coöperation and loyalty. On the whole Mr. Smoot, we believe, is in his combination of qualities and powers the most effective figure in the Senate. He came to the Senate under the cloud that attached, and to some extent still attaches, to the "twin relic of barbarism" that still lurks in the back counties of Utah. He had, or was reported to have, three wives—and the fact, if it was a fact, told strongly against him in his earlier career. Now that phase of his background seems so nearly forgotten that it is rarely mentioned. He has won his place in the Senate, and a high repute with the country, by exercise of qualities of industry, loyalty to principle, faithfulness to personal and party obligations, and in the modest play of social qualities that command consideration and respect among men.

On the purely intellectual side of things Borah of Idaho is probably the strongest figure in the Senate. His mind is both keen and powerful. He has exceptional capabilities of address, he has courage, and he has industry. The country is vastly indebted to him for his timely protest against the Wilsonian league of nations; and to him as much as to any other man, unless it be President Harding himself, is due the movement that brought about the pending Washington Conference. The fatal defect of Mr. Borah's senatorial character is his lack of the coöperative spirit. In the argot of his own dear Idaho, he is very much of an "off-ox." His bias is that of opposition. His instinctive attitude towards pretty much every proposal is fiercely on the negative side. Fierceness is his habit; and it is due to him to add that fearlessness is likewise his habit. He is never to be led blindly; nor may he ever be driven. On the score of sheer intellectuality Borah ought to be a leader in the Senate. He is heard with attention whenever he speaks, for he always speaks well; and there is in his utterances the force of personal conviction. But he is not destined to a larger place than he now holds; indeed it is not likely that he will again attain the height of personal prestige illustrated in his work with respect to the league of nations. His status in the Senate and outside of it as a cantankerous irreconcilable has become so fixed that it is not likely that he will ever be able to change it. Nothing short of a great crisis, powerful enough in its moral appeal to win him over to the constructive attitude of mind, could serve to reestablish him in the consideration of many who once looked upon him as a prospective President.

Taken by and large the Senate has distinctly deteriorated in recent years. Today there is not among its members anybody who measures up to the standards of the period when senators were chosen by legislative election. If under the old rule many unqualified men came to the Senate, there also came many strong personalities. Under the system of popular election choice almost invariably falls, not upon the strong man, but upon some man of the conciliatory type. It is the professional "glad-hander," the man who is so weak at the point of conviction and courage as to be all things to all men, who wins by popular vote. The modern primary system is another cause of weakness in senatorial membership. Few men or none at all of the old senatorial type are willing to go forth, cap in hand, to seek the office or to take on the labors of two protracted and onerous campaigns. The tendency is away from the old standards of individual strength. More and more, preferment falls to self-seekers of "smooth" temperament and habit. It will be long before we see a new race of Websters, Clays, Blaines, Spooners, and Roots. There has come a day of the relatively small man in the Senate of the United States.

#### The Issue of Ireland.

As we write on Wednesday the Dail Eireann after a

recess of several days is again considering the proposed Irish settlement. Indications are favorable for its acceptance, despite the protests of De Valera and his associated corps of professional agitators. Griffith, head of the Sinn Fein, is for it, as are other leaders of the Sinn Fein Association. The Pope has given it a mild form of blessing and the local clergy are largely enlisted in its behalf. It will probably go through, though there is little prospect that it will put a stop to the old contentions. It will be accepted, not as a finality, but as a step toward the complete independence which remains in many minds as a cherished ideal. Although it will not make for definite peace, it can hardly fail to help the situation by minimizing grievances, real or imaginary. Ireland as a free dominion will hardly make effective appeal to sentiment or to passion. It is now pretty definitely understood that Ulster will not come in; and here again trouble is likely to arise. Two of the counties of Ulster are predominantly Catholic. They will wish to enter the new dominion, but their associates of Ulster will not willingly consent to their being lopped off. Obviously—even though the Dail Eireann may accept the dominion settlement—the end of the Irish problem is not yet.

#### The Conference.

There are indications of weariness both inside and outside the Conference hall. Under the strain of minor considerations the "pep" with which the Conference started has to a considerable degree evaporated. Some of the commissioners have gone home; all would like to go. Technical experts and official advisers with nothing to do are finding time heavy on their hands. Even the attendant journalists, presumed to be proof against ennui, find it difficult to flog up their jaded spirits. It is clearly time when President Harding and Secretary Hughes should recall their own warning at the beginning and not attempt too much.

Achievements to date have been beyond what anybody had reason to expect. They involve nullification of the ruinous competitive race in naval armaments, parity of the American and British naval armaments, nullification of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, protection of China against external aggression, drafting of the Four-Power agreement which (if accepted by the United States Senate) will at the very least assure respite of war-talk in the Pacific. These are great achievements. In themselves they are sufficient, not only to justify the Conference, but to distinguish it as a definite forward step in human progress.

Even more significant than these concrete achievements are the "imponderables" growing out of the meeting and tending to better permanent international relations. A new and better fashion has been established in international diplomacy. The conference principle as distinct from the old system of secret deals has been established and made the rule among order-loving nations of the world. The overwrought imperialistic ideas of Japan have been checked. America and Britain have been brought to comprehend the wisdom of sympathetic association and of coöperative action; and thereby a step has been taken toward that unity of the English-speaking world that has long been a cherished ideal. France, if her statesmen shall upon sober thought have the sense to comprehend it, has gained a large measure of moral assurance tending to her protection.

All this being so, it would seem a good time to quit—to refer to a future conference or conferences the half-dozen or more matters that remain undetermined. There is danger in a long-drawn-out attempt to sweep the table clean—danger that advantages definitely won may be lost in petty differences and in trivial contentions. Further effort concerning matters, and along lines, calculated to affect the nations not represented in this Conference would better be postponed until they have been brought into the Conference circle. There can be no final or even relatively final settlement of many things until Germany and Russia shall have adjusted themselves to the new order of things, reestablished international connections and thereby qualified to join the group about the Conference table. There will be no settlement of many international issues until all nations of magnitude shall have a share in bringing about adjustments. To proceed to reorganize the world while half of it is in chaos would be measurably paralleling the blunder of Versailles. Better now leave some things undone than to risk the raising of irritations and contentions tending to make future agreements dif-

ficult. A good time to quit is when the quitting is good.

Senators Borah, Reed, La Follette, and Watson are whetting their snickersnees in preparation for attacking the Four-Power treaty when it shall come before the Senate for ratification. They will attempt to duplicate the record as related to the league of nations. But there is no fair parallel between the two projects. The one bound the United States to coöperate in an artificial and quixotic project to the degree of a pledge to provide armed force to serve under alien direction. The Four-Power treaty merely pledges the United States to confer with the governments of Britain, Japan, and France in cases where there may arise differences of opinion or innovations in policy. No sympathy worthy of notice has been accorded the Borah-Reed group. The treaty will be accepted, and by a substantial vote. Incidentally, it is gratifying to observe that the partisans of Mr. Wilson are not proposing anything in the way of organized opposition. At an earlier date it was suggested that Mr. Wilson's influence would be exerted against any treaty coming out of the Conference, in a spirit of revenge on the score of his own disappointment. There are no indications of such an effort on his part. He has taken no public part in relation to the pending issue and apparently will make no attempt to obstruct Mr. Harding's plans.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is pertinent to inquire in what measure American charity exercised in relief of suffering in Russia tends to support the political régime that has brought about famine, pestilence, and starvation. It strikes harshly upon the sympathetic spirit to learn that the Soviet army and navy total 1,595,000 men and that the plans of Soviet War Minister Trotsky look to increasing this force and equipping it for active operations this coming season. It would seem that a country able to organize and maintain an army and navy of upwards of a million and a half men should be able to feed its own people. One can but wonder if in sending shiploads of food and clothing to Russia we are not in effect adding to the resources of Lenin and Trotsky by permitting them practically to devote to war expenditure means that would otherwise go to relief of poverty.

No doubt the Orient "lies wide open," as reported by the excursionists who returned last week from a tour along the east front of Asia. But a great commerce with the Orient is not to be achieved lightly. It will take something more serious than holiday excursions to turn the trick. If we are going to deal extensively with China, our manufacturers and merchants must first study the needs of that country. There must be established banking facilities both at home and in the Orient. There must be strongly organized and regularly sustained agencies of transportation. The door of the Orient may indeed be open, but effective entrance to it is sober business and is hardly practicable of achievement by holiday enthusiasm and journalistic drum-beating.

A headline some weeks ago asked "Why do women love bad men?" with reference to the scores of love letters and proposals that Landru received while in prison. French thespians of the gentle sex have been Landru's most ardent defenders, but women the world over seem to have been keenly interested in Landru's miserable history. The various news services of the country say that they were deluged by offers to report the trial from amateur women journalists. Landru himself was back of all this. In addition to an uncanny knowledge of law he seems to possess an uncanny knowledge of psychology. Only, unhappily for him, his astuteness worked too well. His knowledge has been his own undoing. Too much knowledge is a dangerous thing in the moral of the Landru case. An infatuated French comedienne called him "the world's most magnificent lover." For some peculiar reason known only, if at all, to feminine minds Landru posed as a lover and got away with it. And whether all the world loves a lover or not, all women seem to do so. This, we contend, was Landru's first line of defense. He counted on being cleared by popular opinion—feminine opinion. And not being much of a man himself, he did not foresee the outraged decency of masculine opinion. Boom—erang number one. The reaction from feminine hysteria acclaiming Landru as a misused darling was instantaneous. He became more monstrous by his de-



fense than by his crime. The second boomerang could have been foreseen by any one but the criminal himself. Landru, who it is said is familiar with every corner of the law, has not concealed his knowledge in his own defense. A layman who is proficient in criminal defense reveals himself as a professional crook. Landru's minute knowledge of the law governing his own case was the strongest argument against him. The more subtle his defense, the more obvious his need of it. In short, feminine admiration and legal acumen proved his nemesis.

Jimmie Dunphy, whose matrimonial exploits have made frequent contribution to the gayety of life hereabout, recently provided a new sensation by taking unto himself a third—(or was it a fourth?)—spouse. Now after something more than a week's honeymoon the lady in the case, running true to form, asks for annulment or divorce accompanied by the usual demand for alimony. Her requirements are modest. All she wants is a thousand dollars per month in perpetuity. Now without cherishing any particular sympathy for Jimmie, it is pertinent to remark that it is about time to put a crimp in a practice which threatens to make the seeking of alimony a profession. What would be due to a faithful wife rudely bereft of her rights is hardly due the bride of a marriage contracted under the inspiration of "hootch" or its equivalent and lasting only long enough for all parties to sober up. Under such circumstances the obligations of honorable marriage hardly apply.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Concerning the Pardon of Debs.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I noted in the last issue of the *Argonaut* a somewhat labored explanation of the reason that moved the President to release Debs from prison. The reason assigned by you was neither convincing nor adequate. A whimsical quirk of the presidential mind would hardly be adequate as an explanation to a loyal American, and certainly from a long observation of Mr. Harding's career I have found nothing in it to convince me that quixotic chivalry is an amiable weakness of his character.

I am enclosing you two clippings from the *Oregonian*, one of which gives the official explanation of Debs' release, and the other will, I think, throw a significant sidelight on the former.

You will note that Mr. Daugherty, and not Mr. Harding, is set forth as the moving spirit in this holiday jail-delivery, and that it is laboriously explained that large numbers of our people did not believe the law under which Debs was convicted "was a just law."

Will you now permit me to offer an explanation more evident than your own, and certainly less disingenuous than Mr. Daugherty's: Senator Pomeroy's term as senator from Ohio expires this year and Mr. Daugherty is in good time currying favor with the Irish and German vote of that commonwealth. It is not a pleasant reflection by any means, but it looks that way.

H. M. YOUNG.

Maximilian Harden has advised the German government to select the most significant passages from the third volume of Bismarck's memoirs and to circulate them among all classes of Germans—"even those abroad"—in order to "indicate the character of monarchy, and of the last monarchy in particular." This is the volume containing revealing letters from the ex-Kaiser to Bismarck. It is published in this country by the Harpers under the title of "The Kaiser vs. Bismarck." Speaking of this volume, Harden said: "He [Bismarck] wrote a book warning the nation, whose majority, however, was against him and for the Kaiser. This was in 1890. The third volume of the book is especially important, as it pictures the emperor and gives an authorized warning from the empire's creator against a dilettante absolutist leading inevitably to ruin. Never since the days of Isaiah and Jeremiah have prophecies been so painfully true. The book unfortunately comes too late. In it is the tragically ironical sentence, 'I hope the next generation will reap the fruit of royal self-confidence.' It has reaped, and the taste is bitter to the tongue."

A shellfish exists on the Pacific coast of Costa Rica from which a specially fine purple color is obtained and used for dyeing silk thread. A report received by the United States Department of Commerce states the discovery of this natural dye came to light through an inquiry from Guatemala, where some silk thread imported from Costa Rica commands a good price. The dyers, who apparently are limited to a few old persons, take the thread to the shore, where the shellfish abound, and dye there. The person who picks up a shell blows his breath upon it, whereupon a few drops of greenish liquor ooze out. This liquor is collected in an open clam shell or other small container. After a sufficient quantity has been collected, the thread is passed through it. The thread soon afterward, on exposure to sunlight, assumes a beautiful purple color, which is absolutely fast. In ancient days it is believed this dye was called "Tyrian purple," and was even then so rare that it was reserved for royalty.

During 1920, 23,492 persons in Germany were convicted of profiteering.

## ENGLAND AND THE SUBMARINE.

It is curious to reflect that the English statesman who so thoroughly confounded M. Sarraut a week ago in the Conference debate on submarines is the author of a "Defense of Philosophic Doubt." Like other skeptical philosophers, Mr. Balfour evidently confines his uncertainties to the domain of metaphysics. At any rate, there is one subject regarding which he entertains no manner of doubt, philosophical or other, and that is the cause of England.

His defense of the English attitude toward the submarine was a masterpiece of clear exposition and cogent pleading. It was more than that. It rose at times to a fervor of conviction that touched on sublimity. There is, in fact, an epical quality in this Balfour, descendant of a family that directed the affairs of England when her sea power began, and whom we now see employing the last of his strength and the full power of a finely matured intellect to steady her diplomatic helm through perilous seas that threaten the wreck of her argosies. But it must not be forgotten that behind that eloquence lay the combined intelligence of able advisers, for whom, as with him, the glory of England is an ultimate fact, and who are equally devoted to its fulfillment. From the days described by Kipling, when the young adventurers of the sixteenth century set forth to scour the seas for the renown of Gloriana to the present more crowded and less "spacious" time, that spirit of unified patriotism has been the enduring source of England's power.

The present dispute over the submarine represents a crisis in Britain's destiny that calls for all her united effort, as well as for "a daring pilot in extremity." It is hard for us to realize the full gravity of her position, or to believe that a nation with citizens of the temper the British still display can be in any real danger of decline.

Yet it would be folly to minimize the grimness of the threat with which Great Britain is now confronted. She herself is thoroughly aware that the submarine has reversed all the established canons of maritime strategy, that the surface dreadnought is growing obsolete, and that the time is fast approaching when the most powerful of her fighting ships will be useful only in special and subordinate contingencies of war. This fact has been emphasized by the most eminent British naval authorities. Two months before the opening of the great European war Admiral Sir Percy Scott, K.C.V.O., C.B., etc., prophesied the mastery of the submarine over the battleship in words of which the following are typical: "If a battleship is not safe either on the high seas or in a harbor, what is the use of a battleship? What we require is an enormous fleet of submarines, airships, and aeroplanes, and a few fast cruisers, provided we can find a place to keep them in safety during war-time. . . . In my opinion, as the motor vehicle has driven the horse from the road, so has the submarine driven the battleship from the sea."

The war itself failed to confirm this prediction mainly because of Germany's disadvantage as regards bases—a geographical accident which limited the scope of her operations and greatly increased her risks above those which would be necessary to a nation with a more favorable "hydrographic" position. For this reason and others of a special and local nature she was not able to increase her submarine strength as rapidly as Britain could replace the vessels she destroyed. Only this prevented the attempted food blockade from becoming finally effective. The most ingenious counter weapons and protections against the submarine, the depth bombs, the "blistered" or armored merchantman, the hydrophone, the smudge, the mystery ship, the mine trap baited with decoy vessels, camouflage, and all the other resources so efficiently employed by the English and allied fleets proved capable only of retarding the attrition. In the rare engagements between the battleships of the opposing navies, submarines caused severe losses, and practically checkmated the opponents. The war also taught England that submarine could not fight submarine, since the hydrophone was as useful to the enemy as to her own submarines. And from all this emerged the dismal conclusion that as soon as a nation with well-placed bases began to build submarines on a large scale the ascendancy of the British fleet and the security of its arteries of supply would be ended.

The situation England now faces is therefore precisely this: that unless the submarine tonnage of all countries is restricted, she will be under the necessity of replacing her sea force with new weapons, of supplanting her merchant marine to some extent with a new type of carrier, and of abandoning the strategy in which her seamen had been trained for centuries, for one that may not prove congenial to their great but peculiar powers. She will have to do this in spite of enormous hardship, over-taxation, labor protests, and the depression always consequent on such colossal waste. In the meantime disaffected colonies, sensing her weakening hold, will take the occasion to assert themselves, as the Indian Republic did the other day, and she can look for other gestures on the part of her neighbors similar to France's submarine project.

It is not, of course, to be expected that England will remain paralyzed by the emergency, grave as it is. When the life of a nation depends on any accomplishment this side of miracle, the thing is very apt to be achieved. Such necessities have been the main cause of Britain's long continuance in the vanguard of power. But the effort involved in the present crisis is so herculean and forbidding that one understands Lloyd George's emotion when he first heard of Harding's proposal of a conference on the limitation of armament. For England, that limitation concerned above all else the problem of the submarine.

Under the circumstances, her delegates showed a certain disingenuity in basing their argument against the submarine on a humanitarian basis, inhuman as are the necessities of undersea warfare. But France, in her opposition, displayed what looks like a profounder kind of disingenuity by maintaining that she wished a large number of submarines for defense, in spite of the well-known fact that the submarine is predominately a weapon of offense, and in spite of the evident advantages she can obtain by so employing it. The misfortune of England is her opportunity: an opportunity which no country of her martial habit has ever omitted to improve in the past. France has the most extraordinary series of submarine bases in Europe, and direct communication from her own shores and those of her colonies with the two bodies of water perhaps best adapted in the world to submarine attack, and covering the most vulnerable spots in the English trade routes. The drain of the war has diminished her to the status of a third-rate power: here is a means of recouping. She is poor: the submarines are relatively inexpensive, and afford a chance to achieve what has always been the prime object of military strategy—the turning of inferior into superior force. The discovery of the long bow overthrew the privileges of the chivalric order, because it made available to the poorest yeoman a weapon that was as available as fire-wood, and as effective as fire. And until the perfection of the more costly submersible dreadnought, the submarine will be for France very nearly the equivalent of such a weapon. Altogether it is an opportunity that she will not forego. And it is hard from certain points of view to see how one can blame her.

But unfortunately for her cause she has honeycombed it with contradictions. As Mr. Balfour very tactfully indicated, she owes her ability to make demands to the fact that the English fleet during the war kept clear her avenues of supply. She now expects England to renew that service whenever Germany threatens another invasion. A plain statement of her position would therefore be: "Protect me until I am in a position to gouge you." This may not be the intention, but it is the inevitable effect of her policy, and the British have every good reason for opposing it.

There are other considerations that help explain France's obstinate insistence on a large submarine fleet. She was the first naval power to adopt the submarine as a unit of the fighting fleet, unless priority is given to the "Davids" used in the American civil war and to certain small vessels that were purchased by the Russian navy, but never actually employed. In 1888 she began the formation of her powerful submarine flotilla, which now numbers over 180 vessels, by launching the *Gymnote*. Six more were added before the close of the last century—partly as a result of the Fashoda incident. The flotillas comprise two different types of vessel, *submarines defensives* and *submersibles*. The first are small submarines with a narrow cruising radius; the latter are large ocean-going ships like those of Great Britain, very swift and heavily armed. In examining France's claim that 35,000 tons is insufficient for her coastal defense it should be remembered that this tonnage would allow a great many more *submarines defensives* than *submersibles*—in other words, a great many small submarines, but fewer of the sort useful for offensive operations. Of late years she has been building more and more of these latter. With thirteen years' start over other nations in submarine construction, she had as large a submarine force as Britain at the beginning of the war, and would have had a greater had it not been for her system of allotting the contracts for interior mechanism and fittings to private firms and the building of the hull and assembling of the parts to the state arsenals, with a consequent loss of much valuable time. This weakness has lately been obviated. But her interest in the submarine has from the first been more acute than that of most other countries, and her activity in building submarines has been large in proportion to the size of her other units. Altogether her present policy looks like an atonement for Napoleon's failure to utilize Fulton's undersea craft as a means of disputing the dominion of the seas.

Great Britain has, of course, never had any illusions about the reason for this activity. That she has thus far not given it more attention is due to the circumstance that prior to the war the full possibilities of the submarine and its peculiar tactical advantages had not been conclusively demonstrated, and Britain was confident that speed and skilful navigation as well as accurate gunfire were of more protection to her ships than they actually proved. In addition to this there was her natural aversion to change, and firm faith in the principles of maritime warfare that had made the Brit-



ish navy supreme. This factor was strong enough, it will be remembered, to arouse criticism against Admiral Beatty, after the battle off Heligoland, for having failed to follow up his victory because of the menace of hostile submarines. The English imagination has never taken kindly to the submarine, even when the submarines were their own. Undersea warfare is apparently not congenial to their nature or their idea of the glory of war. None of the exploits even of their modern cruisers awaken in them the enthusiasm they feel for the days when passing merchantmen doffed topsails to their flag, when ships had to fight wind and open water as well as the enemy. In such fighting her sailors won by superior seamanship and a centuries-old familiarity with the sea. But all this inherited aptitude and experience will go for little when the submarine becomes the master weapon of the sea. The case is even worse than that; the English may quite possibly be excelled by other countries in a type of fighting that puts an accent on science and mathematical finesse rather than on the knowledge of wind and wave and the bluff gallantry and energy that are the British sailorman's best assets.

There is no disrespect to France in the statement that by temperament she is much better adapted than her neighbor to the undersea type of fighting. Here also courage of a marked kind is required, and France has it, as well as a greater genius than England for the needlepoint of precision in tactics and a tolerance of any method of fighting that proves effective. The submarine might almost be said to be made for France. She is certainly also ideally placed for it, with her ready access to the open sea and command from her own shores and from Africa of the narrows binding the chief channels of European trade. With a large submarine force she would be England's most formidable enemy, and comparatively safe from land invasion except, perhaps, through an Anglo-German alliance.

It is difficult to imagine her fighting Britain at present. But it is folly to imagine that unless great concessions are offered her she will refrain for any length of time from amply availing herself of this weapon. The very suggestion of such building is a gun at Britain's head, and in this connection the debt of France to Great Britain, and the latter power's failure to guarantee aid in the defense against Germany, have a certain importance. But even if the concessions are made, Great Britain can have little hope of permanently retarding the development of the submarine. She seems rather to be maneuvering for time in which to adapt herself to the new situation.

No nation was ever faced with a darker prospect. It is a gloomy prospect all round, for that matter, for all those who love the sea as all but the one remaining great open space of the world, and who find pleasure in the sense of enlargement its comparatively free highways afford or in the romance of its legends of gallantry and proud adventure.

But ere she succumbs to calamity Great Britain has several alternatives and one vast opportunity. As regards remedial measures, she can in the first place increase her agricultural assets, in order to make herself less dependable on outside sources of food supply in time of war. Lord Selbourne, while the war was in progress, was very quick to emphasize this idea. "After the war," he said, "the whole policy of our agricultural and economic policy of the food production at home will have to be revised in the light of our submarine experience." This will alleviate but not remove the danger. The second resource is to build large ocean-going submarines to be used as food carriers in time of blockade. The third is that, while experimenting in anti-submarine devices, she can bend all her energies, as she has already begun to do, toward expanding and perfecting her means of aerial navigation, not only as a war weapon, but for commercial uses. She can bid for supremacy over the only great open space remaining, and if she overcomes her immediate difficulties, as there is little doubt that she will, the title of queen of the air may one day partially console her for her loss of command of the seas. Among the old English legends is a story concerning one Weland the Smith, who was immured on an island by powerful enemies, but made himself wings and soared into the air to a position from which he could cast lofty derision on his former captors. For Britain this is a cheerful parable. The free highways of the air should provide space enough for her energetic spirit and a fighting area more to her taste than the underworld of waters.

These things being so, as they used to say in Gaul, I can now discard the dubious robes of prophecy in order to state an incontrovertible fact. Whatever one's sympathies in the Franco-British tangle, there is one final reason for hoping that nations threatened by the submarine will evade the menace by taking to the air. The development of the submarine has practically no utility except for purposes of war. A ship under water moves more slowly than on the surface, more dangerously, and with more discomfort to its occupants. Its channels are more confined, and it yaws and zigzags in a most unpleasant way. It is worthless for travel or commerce. It represents all but a dead loss to human progress. On the other hand the advantages of development in aerial navigation are so manifest that the advantage of speed will suggest them all. Therefore

if there must be war, a war in the air will be more lively and productive in every way. And productive of higher things, if one may say so without being torpedoed. Far from it being an inevitable truth in this age that "*le sceptre de Neptune est le sceptre du monde*," the day may soon come when people will talk of the submarine as the contrivances in which those ingenious Frenchmen, Pathé frères, take pretty pictures of octopi and sea anenomes.

AUBREY BOYD.  
SAN FRANCISCO, January 4, 1922.

### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Francis King has been awarded the George R. White Medal for eminent service to horticulture by the trustees of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. This is the highest horticultural honor in the United States and Mrs. King is the first woman to receive it. Mrs. King is the author of several books on gardening.

Dr. Amy Kankonen was recently elected mayor of Fairport, Ohio, on a "dry" ticket. Dr. Kankonen, who is a petite blonde of twenty-three, is the youngest woman graduate of the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia and probably the youngest mayor in the country. Mrs. Harding was among those who congratulated the new mayor.

The Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, new prime minister of the Dominion of Canada, is a man of many universities and degrees. He was educated at Toronto, Chicago, Harvard, and abroad. He was a fellow in political economy, 1896-97, at the University of Chicago, and a fellow of Harvard University from 1897 to 1900. His political career began early. He was made deputy minister of labor for Canada in 1900 and was editor of the *Labour Gazette* from 1900 to 1908. He was M. P. from North Waterloo, Ontario, from 1908 to 1911, and minister of labor in the Laurier administration, 1909-11. In 1906 and 1908 he represented the Canadian government in England on questions relating to emigration. And on the same subject he was Canadian representative to India in 1909. He was Canada's representative at The Hague, at Brussels, and at Paris in 1910. He has held several royal commissions of investigation and has been government conciliator in over forty important industrial strikes in Canada. Mr. King is a member of the Canadian Society of Authors; a fellow of the Royal Society, Canada; and is the founder of the Canadian Club of Ottawa.

Baron Rosen, former Russian Ambassador to the United States, and one of the most noted diplomats in the world, died the last day of December as a result of a taxicab accident. During his long diplomatic career Baron Rosen was at one time consul-general for Russia in San Francisco. Among his other important posts in the foreign service of the empire were those of vice-consul at Yokohama, secretary of the legation at Tokyo, chargé d'affaires at Washington, D. C., consul-general at New York, minister to Mexico, Serbia, Bavaria, Greece, and Japan, and ambassador to the United States from 1905 to 1911. Roman Romanovitch Rosen was an exile from his native land since the overthrow of the Kerensky régime by the Bolsheviks. Previously he was a friend and adviser of the late Czar Nicholas. His widow, Baroness Elizabeth Alexievna Rosen, is the daughter of General Odintzoff, who was governor-general of Warsaw for years under the old rulers of the empire. Baron Rosen was born in 1849 of Swedish stock that settled in Lithuania with the invasion of Gustavas Adolphus in the seventeenth century. The family includes many eminent scholars, writers, diplomats, and generals. Baron Rosen was a distinguished scholar, musician, and linguist. He was an advocate of world peace.

The new Liberal premier, William Lyon Mackenzie King, has taken the reins of government in Canada and has announced his cabinet appointments. Quebec seems to be the favored province with six appointments—minister of trade and commerce, James A. Robb; minister of marine and fisheries, Ernest Lapointe; minister of customs and excise, Jacques Bureau; minister of justice, Sir Lomer Gouin; minister of health and soldiers' reestablishment, Henry S. Beland; minister without portfolio, Raoul Dandurand, all of Quebec. Nova Scotia has culled two appointments—minister of finance, William S. Fielding, and minister without portfolio and solicitor-general, Daniel D. Mackenzie. The new secretary of state is A. B. CAPP of New Brunswick. John E. Sinclair of Prince Edward Island is minister without portfolio, as is Thomas A. Low of Ontario. Ontario received four other appointments, as follows: Minister of militia and defense and of the naval service, George P. Graham; postmaster-general, Charles Murphy; minister of railway canals, William C. Kennedy; and minister of labor, James Murdock. The minister of agriculture is William R. Motherwell of Saskatchewan, the minister of the interior is Charles Stewart of Alberta, and Hewitt Bostock of British Columbia is minister of public works.

Hartz Mountain canaries which were recently brought to New York in hundreds from Bremen were reported seasick during an extremely stormy voyage.

Temperatures of the sea at the surface vary from 28 degrees in the polar regions to 86 degrees in the tropics.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Sanctuary.

Often I long, in cities wrung by care,  
Awhile in ancient solitudes to sink,  
And stand delaying at a rillet's brink.  
The pilgrim hears but woodland murmurs there,  
And water falling with a sound like prayer  
In hidden pools where only thrushes drink,  
The singing silver joining, link by link,  
Their shadowed crystal, pure as ocean air.

Hold cool your canyons, O eternal hills!  
For where the voices are not I would be,  
Led to your heart by those betraying rills.  
Happy, tho for a little, that release,—  
In twilights where old memories summon me  
To drain the lonely chalice of your peace.  
—George Sterling.

#### Three Airs of Mirth.

By Alfred A. Wheeler.

#### ON A BANK IN THE DORIC STYLE.

As money temples now appear  
The temples of the gods of old:  
No music of Apollo here,  
No music but the clink of gold.

Of gold? But that was yesteryear!  
The gold is given all away.  
It is the rustled notes you hear,  
That hiss their promises to pay.

#### TRIO.

"Avec les Meilleurs Souhaits du Nouvel An."

How light our life of ease!  
Our duty but to please,  
And yet we draw the fees:  
Eugène, Émile, Élise.

Ah, luck is more than brain!  
Our bank accounts explain  
The history of gain:  
Émile, Élise, Eugène.

Madam, the joy we feel  
Not poets could reveal!  
Witness our hand and seal:  
Élise, Eugène, Émile.

#### PORCUNIA.

("I have invented this word to fill a national want, since *porcus* (more than *pecus*) is a measure of wealth with us: its porcuniary uses will be obvious."—*Author's note.*)

Not a client in sight!  
And Jack argued aright,—  
Can a man support life on a cracker?  
So, the girl looking sweet,  
Though her father killed meat,  
He became son-in-law to a packer.

It follows that Jacky  
Now buys his tobaccky  
With money that once was a pig!  
And hair that was bristles,  
And sharper than thistles,  
He thinks he can feel in his wig.

Once to music inclined  
Of a primitive kind,  
He would sing as a coster should feel:  
He has ceased to rejoice  
In the sound of his voice,  
For he fears it resembles a squeal.

Can the old man have sinned  
In the meat that he tinned?  
Queried Jack in a conjugal fear:  
For a cutup he knew,  
Every infant or two,  
By heredity's law might appear.

"Send it all to the Pope!"  
He halloo'd with new hope,  
"And the coin will be cleaned of its taint."  
Said the Pope with a laugh:  
"I'm returning you half,  
And I'll name you some day for a Saint."

What a theme for a bard,  
These misfortunes of lard!  
What a song of mankind in the making!  
Looking down on the pen  
Of the pigs and the men,  
How the gods in Olympus are shaking!

Arthur Symons, the English poet and essayist, has scattered through his critical writings not a few judgments on the art of poetry which are memorable: "All charm in verse, however frail and careful, is born of some energy at white heat. . . . Poetry is an act of creation. A flower has come up out of the soil of the earth, it has all the age of the earth in its roots and the novelty of the instant in its fragrant life. . . . In real poems, slight or brief though they be, we have the single imaginative act: something has been done which has never been done before and will never be done again. . . . It is a common mistake to suppose that poetry should be ornate and prose simple. It is prose that may often allow itself the relief of ornament; poetry, if it is to be of the finest quality, is bound to be simple, a mere breathing, in which individual words almost disappear into music."



## THE CONQUESTS OF ALEXANDRA.

Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge Describes the Triumphs of the Last and Gentlest of the Danish Invaders.

The uproar of enthusiasm with which Princess Alexandra of Glucksburg was greeted on her first arrival in London continued to reverberate long after the ceremony that made her Princess of Wales. The ceremony itself was comparatively private, being witnessed only by a chosen group of eminent people, but this select gathering included, fortunately, a certain few with the eyes and pens of trained observers. It is interesting that more than one of these, Thackeray among them, was struck by the young bride's resemblance to princesses in the fairy lore of the sea kingdom from which she came:

An extreme pallor, accentuated by the whiteness of her bridal dress, gave her beauty an indefinable air of caste. She looked the personification of Pedigree. Every lineament of her flower-like features, every movement of her graceful form, bore the unmistakable impress of royal lineage.

"Her face," said Dickens, "was very pale and full of a sort of awe and wonder. It was the face of no ordinary bride, not simply a timid, shrinking girl, but one with a distinctive character of her own, prepared to act a part greatly."

Glittering with jewels and enveloped in voluminous folds of dazzling whiteness trailing behind her like foam, she seemed to float rather than walk up the Gothic nave.

"There was no one present," added Dickens, "who did not feel the effect of that slowness of progress which carried the bride so gradually and with such almost imperceptible movement past them."

Thackeray declared that, as he watched her advancing thus, followed by her eight bridesmaids similarly attired, he was reminded of the princesses in the fairy-tale who had been changed into swans.

Suddenly, in the midst of this almost enchanted scene, a human chord was struck. Queen Victoria was seen to withdraw into the interior of her lofty pew, weeping bitterly. At the sound of Jenny Lind's glorious voice chanting the Chorale to the solemn sorrowful music of the Prince Consort, which had been specially chosen for the occasion, she had been reminded of that terrible day fifteen months before, when, on the very spot on which the bridal couple now stood, she had gazed distracted upon the coffin of her beloved husband. "The sight of her grief cast a momentary awe over the ceremony, which rendered the emotions of those present almost sublime."

Frith, the most popular painter of the day, was commissioned by the queen to depict the scene in St. George's Chapel. Countless engravings of his picture were published, and sold throughout the country.

As for the press, adulation was the key-note of all its reports. For once the voice of faction was silent, and papers of every shade of opinion united to eulogize the royal family. On the wedding morning Tennyson's famous "Welcome" appeared in the *Times*:

Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!  
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!

Artists tried in vain to capture her elusive beauty on their canvases. Their failure was hardly discreditable, for, as the Christmas books reveal from year to year, no artist can really hope to draw a fairy princess. Later, when she grew more accustomed to posing, Benjamin Constant succeeded in painting a portrait of her that those who knew her conceded to be a likeness, though they insisted on some strange and exquisite quality that had escaped the artist's skill.

Throughout her career as Princess of Wales something of this atmosphere of romantic aloofness still clung to her. She was almost too beautiful, in a spiritualized and unworldly way, to be associated with the idea of government, and her political power seemed rather negligible. Politically, she opposed the will of Victoria on only one occasion, and lost. When her father, Christian IX, ascended the throne of Denmark on the death of Frederick VII, he found himself confronted with a very serious problem, involving the status of the Schleswig-Holstein duchies:

The son of the old Duke of Augustenburg, who had renounced his claims to the duchies in 1852 for a money compensation, refused to be bound by his father's bargain. Encouraged by Germany, he at once proclaimed himself Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and was received with acclamation by the people, who believed his claim was based on justice and right. At the same time Bismarck demanded the withdrawal of the bill within forty-eight hours, and to enforce this demand, an army of Prussians and Austrians entered Holstein. The Danes, counting on the armed intervention of England, France, and Russia, guaranteed by the treaty of 1852, determined to resist. The victorious issue of the First Schleswig War had bred over-confidence. Any one who ventured to suggest caution was denounced as a coward or traitor. Unable to defend Holstein, the Danish army, 40,000 strong, entrenched itself in Schleswig.

But treaties are merely temporary expedients. Such moral force as they possess is based on fluctuating national interest. Russia, which had not yet recovered from the Crimean War, drew back at the start. France appeared cynically indifferent. She even secretly sought to obtain from Germany "advantages on the Rhine" as the price of her neutrality. England alone manifested an inclination to respect the treaty. The British government offered to discuss the question at a conference in London. The proposal was rejected by Prussia, and the Second Schleswig War began.

It goes without saying that the daughter of Christian IX could not remain an idle spectator of the struggle. The Danes, who, with this very contingency in view, had regarded her marriage to the Prince of Wales with so much satisfaction, now counted on her to obtain the aid of England. In this they were encouraged by the loudly expressed popular sympathy with their cause which had been aroused here by the sight of a small country being bullied by two large ones. Meetings were held all over England to urge the government to take action. The great popularity of the princess served still further to strengthen the agitation in favor of armed intervention.

To induce the British government to come to the assistance of Denmark, the princess strained every nerve. In this she received staunch support from her husband. The Prince of

Wales quite openly expressed his sympathy for Denmark, and gave free vent to his indignation at the failure of the powers to support the Danes as they had undertaken to do by the terms of the London Protocol of 1852. He refused to allow the Austrian ambassador to meet the princess, and, to emphasize his contempt, told the French ambassador very significantly what he thought of the pusillanimous conduct of his government. In his opinion the Danes were right to resist. "They are a brave people," he said, "who prefer death to any kind of humiliation."

The chief obstacle to a war on behalf of Denmark with Prussia and Austria, to which the country seemed to be drifting, was Queen Victoria. She was resolved on neutrality, and there was no length to which she was not prepared to go to maintain it. The conduct of the Prince of Wales greatly annoyed her, and it only served to strengthen her determination to deny him any participation in the affairs of state. As for the princess, the queen warned her of the danger of attempting to influence the policy of the government. To silence all further opposition in her family, she refused to allow the subject of Schleswig-Holstein to be mentioned in her presence.

Alexandra's failure in these negotiations was a bitter disappointment to her. From thenceforth she confined herself to the social rôle that Queen Victoria's withdrawal from active participation in court life, on the death of the Prince Consort, had assigned to her and Prince Edward. Under their auspices the court of England became the most brilliant and hospitable in Europe. The importance of their social influence was, of course, very great. It represented, though indirectly, a strong counterpoise to the pro-German policy of Victoria, and supported the opposition of all the members of the House of Glucksburg, from the Russian Empress Marie to King George of Greece, toward Prussia and the designs of Bismarck. Antipathy for the latter was one of Alexandra's few acerbities. Once when the Emperor William I of Germany visited the British court, he playfully asked one of her children what it would like as a present. The princess, who was standing near by, whispered loudly enough for the emperor to hear, "The head of Bismarck!"

Denied the freedom and authority accorded to her sister Dagmar, who became Empress Marie of Russia, Alexandra confined herself faithfully to her domestic and social duties. Her attitude of good sense toward the occasional convivialities of the Prince of Wales won her added credit and respect:

The celebrated Baccarat Case, in which the Heir to the Throne was accidentally associated, in lifting the veil from the private life of the Prince of Wales, exposed the baseness of the public standard. The fullness with which it was reported corresponded exactly to the public interest in it. The light thrown on this *cause célèbre*, as well as upon all similar ones, revealed something much more disagreeable than the failings of a certain section of society. From the point of view of strict morality, the real evil lay, not in the failure of an Heir to a Throne to be the ideal example of democracy, but in the scabrous interest the public took in the case.

In reality it was public opinion that stood condemned before its own bar.

The Prince of Wales, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, attributed the attacks to which he was subjected to politics, and complained bitterly of their injustice. Abroad, opinion was entirely on his side. The French thought he might well be allowed to complain of the injustice which not only forbade any right to privacy, but enjoined on him a line of conduct that was not equally binding on his subjects. In America, where opinion was extremely sympathetic, it was felt that he had been made "a scape-goat of to appease a guilty public conscience and to furnish material for a conscienceless gutter press."

If democracy, in this attempt to deprive royalty of the power to gratify the desire for privacy, really sought a scape-goat it was shrewd enough, on second thoughts, to recognize the futility. Instead of breaking its "mirror," it made excuses for its unflattering reflection.

Such a *volte-face* justifies the cynicism of La Rochefoucauld. Its expediency appealed to the public with whose elastic morals it was fully in keeping.

It appealed also to the princess, though for very different reasons. Living in the throne-light herself, she knew how it magnified and distorted all it illuminated. Excuses came easier to her than complaints. Brought up as she had been, marriage meant something more to her than a mere legal formality. She interpreted her marriage vows literally. For her, all the duties of wifehood were contained in the words "for better or worse." The fact, too, that she was something more than a wife heightened their importance. She never forgot that she was the consort of the Heir to the Throne, and as such had to maintain the dignity of her position.

Both as princess and queen, Alexandra will be long remembered for those acts of impulsive generosity and charity that endeared her to people of every rank and opinion throughout the world. Mr. Trowbridge recalls such characteristic incidents as her letter to Mrs. Gladstone on the death of the great Scots statesman, her departure from the precedent of British royalty when she placed a wreath on the bier of Cecil Rhodes, and her presentation of a consolation cup to Dorando, the plucky little Italian who all but won the Marathon race in the Olympian games of 1908. Such generousities are not easily forgotten and they will lend an enduring brightness to her name in the chronicles of monarchy.

Among the notes regarding her wide travels as Princess of Wales, the following page from the diary of her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Grey, who accompanied her on her voyage to the Nile, is typical:

The day before her departure up the Nile the princess, by virtue of her sex, saw what has ever been to Europeans the most alluring side of Mohammedan life, because no "Christian dog" of a man has ever seen it and lived to tell the tale—the harem.

Isma'il's rivaled that of the most splendid Caliphs of Bagdad.

The reception of the princess as described by Mrs. Grey, her lady-in-waiting, is like a scene in "The Arabian Nights." On arriving at the Palace of the Nile, a vast Oriental pile with many courts and fountains, they were conducted through an immense and beautiful garden to the entrance of the harem, where they found awaiting them the viceroy's mother, La Grande Princesse, his wives, his daughters, and a retinue

of slaves. Each wore a dress of a different color richly embroidered all over with gold, and trousers of some soft white material.

"On their heads were enormous tiaras, very heavy, though splendid with precious stones; one really more beautiful than another. Necklaces, too, with diamonds as big a shilling piece, and drops of diamonds cut round like crystals, and quite enormous.

"Each had a ring of a single diamond with no setting to be seen at all. That of La Grande Princesse was so large that she could only wear it on the middle finger.

"Each wife wore a belt about three inches wide, all set quite close with very large diamonds, and uncut emeralds and rubies. I never saw anything to equal it; no gold setting to be seen at all—only these beautiful stones. They had also the viceroy's picture on the left shoulder set in enormous diamonds."

Taking the princess by the hand, La Grande Princesse led the way, followed by the rest in procession, through rows of slaves, to an immense room. Here they all paused a moment to "eat a cherry on a most beautiful gold tray, with goblets of gold and precious stones." They then proceeded to another room, "in the middle of which was a kind of round silver table, about one foot high from the floor, with large square cushions placed all round it."

The princess having taken her place on a cushion beside La Grande Princesse *à la Turque* like the rest, was given a tortoise-shell spoon with a coral-branch handle by a turbaned and trousered female slave dressed in black and yellow satin embroidered in gold. An elaborate repast of many courses was then served, most of which, when the tortoise-shell spoon was not employed, the princess ate with her fingers in the Oriental fashion, after which she washed her hands in a silver basin and dried them on a napkin fringed with gold.

The impression this visit produced on the princess was so delightful that she expressed the wish to see how she would look in a *yashmak*. The harem ladies, "whom she had charmed," were only too pleased to gratify her, and, having dressed her and Mrs. Grey up in the most approved fashion, were so entranced with the effect that they entreated them to drive home in this manner and "make the Princes of Wales believe that the princess had been kept in the harem and a slave sent instead."

This the princess, who thoroughly entered into the spirit of the joke, consented to do, and departed like a veiled lady of the East, to the intense amusement and regret of her hostesses, to whom her visit had been as great an event in their lives as it had been in hers. The prince, who was dining with the viceroy, had not yet returned when she reached the Esbekieh Palace, but she and Mrs. Grey had at least "the satisfaction of thoroughly mystifying dear M. Kanné, our invaluable courier," before their disguise was detected.

Which quite naturally makes way for a great author whose name is closely linked with the Orient. Pierre Loti's description of his visit to the queen in London is of particular interest as from one who had no sympathy for the pretensions of the British crown in the East, or prejudice in this royal lady's favor:

"Suddenly the queen appeared—the queen, as astonishingly young by day as by night, and clad so simply that, had it not been for the supreme distinction of her person, nothing would have betrayed her rank. The pause before she spoke seemed to deepen the stillness of the empty palace. It is very embarrassing to talk for the first time to one of whom you know nothing, above all one enveloped in royal majesty, and who knows much of you through books in which you have revealed yourself too plainly. When the queen spoke of my travel, my books, I experienced something like remorse as I thought of my attacks on England, and I entangled myself in embarrassed excuses.

"Oh," interrupted the queen, with a trustfulness which touched me more than if she had reproached me, 'that belongs to the past, I am sure.'

"Yes, madame," I replied, 'that belongs to the past.' Then I recalled uneasily a certain article on Rangoon, about to appear, in which I had bitterly criticized the British occupation of Burma. *Mon dieu!* shall I have time to suppress it, at least to tone it down? Oh, the gentleness, the goodness, the rectitude, apparent from the very first moment in this queen! . . .

"After a time which appeared to me very short, but which was almost long for an audience, her majesty deigned to ask me if I would like to see the palace. To see it in such company never should I have dared to hope! She rose, and I followed her for a never-to-be-forgotten promenade in the vast deserted pile.

"From the simple, unpretentious private apartment we passed suddenly into magnificent saloons with gilded ceilings, marble colonnades, and walls covered with priceless masterpieces, without meeting a soul. The queen, with her exquisite hand, unlocked and opened the heavy gilded doors as we passed through the silent and deserted rooms, in all of which, though about to be abandoned, there were clusters of blue hortensias, pink azaleas, orchids and lilies, arranged as if for a fête!"

Among the various objects the rooms contained the queen indicated two full-length portraits of herself and discussed their merits with Pierre Loti. She also pointed out a picture of Queen Victoria, "a dear little child in a charming early nineteenth-century group," and asked him if he could guess who it was. She stopped, too, "with an expression of wonderful tenderness," to show him the portrait of the son of whom death had robbed her—the young Duke of Clarence.

"By the delicacy and adorable simplicity of her manner my guide almost made me forget that she was not only the *grande dame* she had the air of being, but that she was also Alexandra of Denmark, Queen of England, and Empress of India, who on great occasions entered these rooms in state, glittering with historic diamonds, and took her place on the throne which today was covered up like any ordinary chair!"

"In this fashion we arrived in a vestibule overlooking a monumental staircase. Her majesty extended her hand. While I bowed over it she disappeared, and I found myself suddenly quite alone and conscious of an affinity for this queen so visibly noble and good.

"It was evidently intended that I should descend the stairs. But where was I, in what part of the palace? Inquiry was impossible. There was not a vestige of life anywhere. After ascending in a little lift, almost clandestinely, I now descended by a grand staircase, not knowing whither I was going. At the bottom there were still magnificent rooms, all deserted and still. I passed closed doors not daring to knock, daring still less to open them. After several minutes I met, by chance, a lacquey who conducted me to the entrance where my carriage awaited me.

"If I had seen Buckingham Palace under any other circumstances, one of a crowd on a state occasion, I should probably retain no lasting impression. But that queen, those flowers, the solitude, the stillness! I felt as if I had been in an enchanted palace."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ended December 31, 1921 (five days), were \$124,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$123,300,000; an increase of \$800,000.

Conditions in the United States today indicate that the year 1922 as a whole will be more satisfactory to business than the year just ended. Our forecast is that profits will depend more on economy of operation than on expansion of volume. With the many favorable factors now operating, business men

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should not fear to make plans for the new year, but they should plan with care and conservatism, and with constant effort toward reduction of costs (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in its monthly review).  
Financial improvement continues. Progress has been made in reduction of excess stocks of manufactured goods. Accumulations of raw materials have been reduced. The rate of production in the major industries has shown little change during the closing weeks of the year. Losses in some lines have been offset by gains in others, the net result being that the gains over the low level of 1921 have been held.  
The last twelve months have witnessed great progress toward stable financial condi-

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ons in business. Combined gold reserves of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks have increased by more than 40 per cent., while discounts for member banks have dropped 56 per cent. and Federal Reserve Notes in actual circulation have declined 28 per cent. The Federal Reserve system once more proves to be a system designed to care for increases and decreases in the volume of credit, with the requisite elasticity to do this easily. The uttermost in the position of member banks, while not so striking, is nevertheless satisfactory.  
Notwithstanding the consistent improvement in financial conditions, recovery in manufacture and trade has been slow. Unemployment in the chief countries shows little

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decline from the high point reached early in the year, and it may well reach new high figures during January and February, when normally there is an increase in the number of those out of work in North America and Europe. Manufactured goods continue to move slowly and uncertainly into the channels of consumption.

In last analysis, the business of the world rests on a physical, not a financial foundation. Failure of balance between world-wide supply of and effective demand for physical goods forced the violent readjustment of the last two years; a readjustment which will not be complete until this physical balance has again been established.

The wool situation illustrates particularly well the various factors which have prevented a return to normal conditions. It has continued to accumulate, partly because central Europe has not been able to purchase in the expected amounts, partly because an important part of the wool supply is a by-product, and partly because the building up of flocks is so slow a process that flock-masters reduce them only when they have given up hope of profits.

With curtailment of production and increased demand, copper stocks are showing reduction. The short American and Egyptian cotton crops have served to bring the world's cotton supply approximately to a pre-war normal. Stocks of hides and skins are large in many countries, but are moving more freely into consumption. The prices of rubber and sugar are still below the cost of production. Sisal stocks carried over from last year now constitute nearly two-thirds of a normal year's supply. The world's wheat production is in a satisfactory state of balance in that there is an adequate supply and a sustained demand. The American farmer, in the face of a new corn crop of 3,152,000,000 bushels, is carrying over 281,000,000 bushels from the record crop of 1920. There is also an accumulation in other less well-known commodities.

This accumulation of physical goods is not a misfortune. It assures to the world a supply of cheap food and clothing, and real prosperity has never rested on any other basis. But producers of raw materials constitute much more than half of the buying power of the world, and the conclusion is inevitable that the entire economic structure will gradually adjust itself to the raw material market.

The essential step toward recovery is removal of the burden of expenditures for war. The countries which are wasting their money and effort on armaments are those whose markets must absorb the world's excess of raw materials, and pay for it with manufactures.

The terrific burden of war debts and preparation for war is clearly shown by data recently prepared by the Federal Reserve Board. The board states that in 1920, of a total net public expenditure by Great Britain of £1,145,928,000, 30.5 per cent. were for public debt charges and 25.5 per cent. were for national defense; by France, of a total of 52,183,217,000 francs, 22.7 per cent. were for public debt charges, and 50.7 per cent. were for national defense. In 1919, Italy's total public expenditures were 32,150,100,000 lire, of which 8.4 per cent. were for public debt charges, and 83.9 per cent. for national defense. German expenditures in 1920 were 61,470,870,000 marks, 14.5 per cent. being for

public debt charges, and 60.2 per cent. for national defense.

Expenditures for the payment of interest and principal of the public debt do not curtail current purchasing power. They merely transfer it. That curtailment occurred when in the first place the debts were incurred for military and naval purposes. But current expenditures for national defense constitute a direct levy on the present purchasing powers of a people. Labor expended to make guns and submarines can not pay for hides from Argentina or wool from Australia.

It is too much to hope to destroy the anarchy of armament at one blow, but in so far as concrete results may be attained, they offer the first real hope of recovery from the economic stagnation of the world. A combined saving by the United States, the United Kingdom, and Japan on armaments of only \$500,000,000 in a single year is equivalent to the pre-war value of the exports of wool from both Argentina and Australia for nearly three years.

America's industrial progress is inextricably linked with her foreign trade, and it is impossible for the United States to achieve its pre-war prosperity by a revival of domestic business alone. Dr. Henry A. E. Chandler, economist of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, says.

Dr. Chandler takes issue with those who believe that, since foreign trade represents not more than 10 to 15 per cent. of America's total commerce, the loss of a part of it would leave a sufficient percentage of the whole to insure reasonable prosperity. In the January number of the bank's magazine, *Commerce Monthly*, he points out that economic investigation proves that "even during periods of depression, volume of national business, after allowing for price changes, seldom departs from normal by more than 15 per cent., and often by smaller percentages; and a seemingly small reduction in the percentage of gross business may have great significance when translated into terms of net profits and thus into final buying capacity."

"In view of the decline in foreign buying capacity it has been suggested that we may have to reduce our output to conform much more nearly to domestic demand and thus in the future prevent the accumulation of surpluses similar to those that have so recently demoralized some of our principal markets," he continues. "Undoubtedly such a reduction can be effected in part, and indeed, to some extent, has already been done, but as a practical movement upon a large scale it is beset with great difficulties."

"If, for example, we lose only 5 per cent. of our total national business through the reduction in our foreign trade it does not mean that each industry loses only 5 per cent. The relative importance of foreign trade varies widely as between different industries. In some the proportion of foreign to total trade is insignificant, while in others it is as high as one-third or nearly one-half. It is possible, therefore, that a reduction in foreign trade, amounting to no more than 5 per cent. of our total trade, may so effectively cripple some of our basic industries as to wipe out all profits and even to bring heavy losses."

"Our domestic trade will, of course, con-

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tinue to be of much the larger importance in our economic life, and even if international economic affairs should remain in a highly unsettled condition we would, undoubtedly, make important substitutions and readjustments within our own territory that would contribute to the relief of our domestic business situation. Such readjustments are in part already under way. Indeed it is not at all clear that the uncertainty as to the international situation is an unmixed evil. In forcing us to look more closely for possible readjustments at home, consequent efficiency may, in the end, bring some lasting benefits.  
"On the other hand we must not overlook the fact that readjustments leading to increased efficiency may still leave in important cases a productive capacity in excess of domestic demands. Under these conditions individual producers can not be expected to reduce their output simply because there exists

  
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an excess in the aggregate, at least not until they have been convinced that they may not capture a larger proportion of the home trade than they have heretofore obtained. Those who are familiar with the history of the destructive competition among railroads and industrial plants that led to the formation of the pools, the trusts, and other forms of combinations between 1870 and 1900 will not have difficulty in visualizing what would happen if individual producers should all start out to capture a larger share of a domestic trade that in the aggregate is insufficient for them all.

"It is true that a radical amendment of our anti-trust acts might render possible price-controlling agreements that would lessen the destructive effects of competition. Such arrangements, however, would still leave the problem of surplus products partly unsolved. Moreover, the problem of amending our pres-

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ent laws, with a view to maintaining a whole-some degree of competition and preventing unreasonable price fixing without imposing upon business men great uncertainty as to what could be legally done, is extraordinarily difficult. As a practical matter, therefore, unless we are to face the possibility of an industrial competition of an intensity hitherto unknown—that indeed may dissipate part of our productive energy—we must recover in the foreign field sufficient trade to carry off the output of our surplus productive capacity.

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the path of progress. Large industrial nations will continue to have political and, in some cases, even racial boundaries, but they can no longer have economic boundaries. Economic units and the forces that control their actions are now world-wide. Moreover, the resumption of our pre-war prosperity and the continuance of our normal growth involve an ever-increasing dependence upon international conditions. The whole course of our future economic development, therefore, lies clearly in the direction of a larger coöperation in international economic activities."

Signs of awakening, after an industrial depression, have always manifested themselves first in an improvement in bonds and investments, and for the reason that persons with an accumulation of funds—not every individual suffers losses through a trade reaction—are either unable to employ their money advantageously in business, in consequence of the prevailing inactivity, or because they have become frightened and are unwilling to assume ordinary risks. They turn naturally to bonds to obtain a fair rate of interest for their money or to conserve the principal sum, and their operations always result in an enhancement in prices. Such movements always anticipate any improvement which is certain to develop in the speculative market and in general business later on, and they may, and upon certain occasions they have, anticipated the betterment in other directions by many months (says *Harper's Magazine*).

If the various factors and circumstances which have influenced the present depression in industry were confined to the developments and the conditions prevailing in this country alone there would be no two opinions regarding the significance of the sharp advance in bonds. Every one would hail it as the precursor of an early and sustained recovery in business, and, even now, that may be the outcome, for the domestic situation has certainly improved. But opinions are divided in consequence of the fact that every experienced observer appreciates that the depression is of world-wide application and has been influenced as much by conditions abroad as by developments at home, and possibly more so, and this feature gains in significance when you consider the possibilities and the probabilities of a business revival, from the fact that, while affairs here are on the mend, they appear to be growing steadily, and even alarmingly, worse in Europe.

"China is entirely dependent upon foreign machinery and methods for the development of natural resources or the creation of an industrial organization," says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in the January issue of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*, "and it is not surprising that there should be keen international competition for Chinese trade."

"Despite a very low average standard of living the absence of industrial development makes China a large user of foreign goods. Japan, the British Empire, and the United States are the chief competitors," continues the bank, "and it is of interest to note that since the close of the war imports into China from Great Britain and the United States have more than doubled in value, while those from Japan have slightly declined. Imports have been increasing steadily in the past decade, except for the war period, and in 1920 reached a total of 762 million Haikwan taels, the equivalent of slightly over a billion dollars at the average rate of exchange for that year."

"Cotton manufactures form more than half the total of both the British and the Japanese trade and are important in the imports from the United States. In the American trade illuminating oils and tobacco are by far the most valuable items. Both Great Britain and the United States send iron and steel manufactures, machinery of all kinds, and electrical goods in considerable quantity."

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$450,000 Reedley Joint Union High School District, Fresno and Tulare counties, California, 6 per cent. bonds, dated May 9, 1921, and due serially annually to May 9, 1947.

Reedley Joint Union High School District comprises about 93,440 acres, includes the cities of Reedley, Orange Cove, and Navelencia, and is located in the southern part of Fresno County. It is one of the best developed and improved fruit and farming districts in Fresno County. It is watered by the Alta Irrigation System, consisting of about 400 miles of canals with a charge for water averaging only about 45 cents per acre annually and considered one of the finest irrigation districts and systems in the United States. Reedley, principal city in the district, population 2500, is a modern, well-built city situated on the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railroads, containing two banks with aggregate deposits of over \$1,800,000, several large packing houses, a fine, large, modern cannery, two newspapers, and the usual business houses.

These bonds have been issued to provide funds for the construction of a fine, new, modern high school which when completed

will be one of the finest country high school systems in the state. The rapid growth of the district has made necessary the construction of this school system.

George H. Burr & Co. are offering a new issue of the Utah Construction Company first (closed) mortgage 7½ per cent. serial gold bonds, price 100 and interest, to yield 7½ per cent., due serially to December 1, 1936.

These bonds will constitute, in the opinion of counsel, an absolute, closed first mortgage on approximately 208,000 acres of ranch and range lands in Nevada, Utah, and Idaho, which property has been conservatively appraised at \$4,221,400, or more than 333 per cent. of the total bond issue. The lands have an appraised value of over \$20 an acre, while the debt per acre is only \$6. Approximately 43,000 acres of this property is bottom land lying along streams. More than 19,000 acres are under irrigation and the company owns primary water rights sufficient to irrigate a considerably larger acreage.

Net assets of the Utah Construction Company, shown by the report of auditors, as of November 30, 1921, and after giving consideration to the value of the mortgaged property established by our appraisers, were \$8,621,713 or 6.9 times the total bond issue. These bonds are a direct obligation and the only funded debt of the company.

McDonnell & Co. announce that Mr. Robert M. Ridley, who has long been connected with their organization, has recently been admitted to partnership in the firm and is now associated with Mr. H. L. Mack as resident partner.

Regardless of differences that may arise from time to time between the men and the managements of the railroads, both of them unite in desire to give the public good service, William Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific Company, said in a statement made public recently.

The railroads, Mr. Sproule pointed out, are permitted under the Transportation Act to earn a return upon the value of so much of their properties as is used in the transportation business. Because this value is fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission "talk about earnings on watered stock or inflated values means nothing," he said.

After discussing the new status of the railroads under the United States Railroad Labor Board, Mr. Sproule said "the railroads enter 1922 with the knowledge that the public interest must always prevail and are bending every effort to have their equipment in condition that will justify the public expectation of good service. In return the railroads ask the public to see that we are fairly treated."

Stockholders in the firm of Reid Brothers, Inc., manufacturers of hospital supplies, who are building a new factory at Irvington, in Alameda County, this week received checks for last quarter dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. The company has never in its history of thirteen years of business failed to pay dividends on its common stock at the rate of 8 per cent. or better.

Officials of the firm anticipate that with the completion of the new factory, giving them approximately double their present production capacity, and with the further extension of their selling organization, which is now being extended to approximately a world-wide scale, giving them direct representation for the business of above 25,000 hospitals and the medical profession everywhere, to whom they sell goods direct, the sales will materially increase, with resultant greater profits.

The letter accompanying the dividend checks was in part as follows:

"Our company has completed a very satisfactory business year, and while we did not entirely escape the effects of the generally adverse business conditions, it is believed that the hospital supply business was less seriously affected than almost any other line.

"Hospital construction, seriously curtailed during the past three years, is being resumed on a basis of remarkable activity. Many new hospitals will be completed during 1922, giving promise of a record year for the hospital supply business."

From almost every state in the West comes the plea of industry for tax reduction.

Practically every Western state is loaded with a political overhead which would not be justified by ten times the population.

Every public official denies all responsibility for the increased tax burden and says, "If the people vote these measures what can I do?"

Admitting without argument that the people are to blame for all the tax burdens under which they stagger at present, what is to be done about it?

Obviously if the people are responsible for the tax increase it is up to the people to see that they get a tax reduction.

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along the line to meet changed conditions and government must adjust itself to a more economical basis in the same manner as the individual and business has done.

The man who fights for tax reduction today is often held up to ridicule and calumny by those who prey off the present tax system and pay little or no share toward the burdens of government.

The power of present political parties will be overthrown unless they join willingly in the campaign for tax reduction.

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gain. Progressive Western states are pressing programmes of retrenchment for cutting down their overhead of taxation from 25 to 30 per cent.—*The Manufacturer*.

Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take anything seriously.—*Emerson*.

The ant is one of the ten animals admitted into paradise according to the Koran.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

In his vigorous sketch of the character of Lord Kitchener, Lord Esher has quoted Johnson's truism, "We can not trust the characters of history unless they are drawn by those who knew their persons." In other words, no one has a right to publish a man's biography unless he has known him, and known him long and well. This statement is so obvious, the only wonder is that any one, least of all a biographer, need be reminded of it. And yet of seven biographies before me, three only were written by contemporary acquaintances. And one suspects that each of these is prejudiced either one way or the other. The only reliable form of biography is autobiography, and few great men have the time or courage to explain their lives and apologize for them. Though the want of that sort of mental ex- position to clear the historic atmosphere is keenly felt.

Biography, as one of the most important adjuncts of written history, should be a carefully cultivated art. It is unfortunate that many great men object to being biographed, but the ray of consolation here is that statesmen are usually not of their number. And it is comparatively unimportant whether the annals of literature are accurate or not. Thackeray, for instance, objected to being reduced

to the humility of an unctuous "life." He evidently believed it to be impossible for a life to avoid both the Scylla and Charybdis of unctious and spite. However delightful it would be to have an intimate life of Thackeray or—dare one say?—Shakespeare, we yet have stumbled along a good many years without them. In the case of Shakespeare we must continue to do so, and if the few remaining acquaintances of Thackeray do not speedily do something about him, that, too, will be too late. But the real need is for accurate lives of the men who make history and every statesman, soldier, diplomat, or history-carver of any sort should feel it incumbent upon himself—part of his public duty—to write or superintend the writing of his own biography.

Such a book is "From Private to Field Marshal," by Sir William Robertson (Houghton Mifflin; \$5). This is an autobiography of the finest sort—written from an historic viewpoint, with the proper perspective of personal and public affairs and equally interesting in its descriptions of old-time barrack life in Ireland—quaintly reminiscent of Lever—and in its technical treatment of the European war. Sir William Robertson also has the rare quality for biography writing which, one must admit all great leaders of men have not, of a total absence of malice toward all men. He is an ideal historian in his objective treatment of both his own career and his contemporaries.

Of the latter the most interesting, especially in conjunction with Lord Esher's "The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener," is Sir William's picture of Kitchener of Khartoum.

Kitchener was one of the most misunderstood of men—a fact that scarcely needs exploiting. Lord Esher has tried to explain the curious tragedy, but he has merely given us food for thought. It was something inherent in Kitchener's own personality. If he had been disliked by the people at large one could understand it. It is said that he was never known to address a private soldier. That was part of his impersonal make-up. K. of K. must have been a hero even to his valet. And it was his historic mould, probably, that stood between him and sympathy. One admires, but is not on a sympathetic basis with monuments of heroic stature. Oddly enough, it was his fate to be worshiped by the public and maligned by his intimates. The public gets the full benefit of admiring an heroic monument. It doesn't have to live intimately with one miraculously endowed with human life. The theory is a bit fantastic, but in Lord Kitchener's case one must have recourse to speculation. He did not explain himself and it is my contention that a man of his dimensions should even at the cost of his personal pride record his principles and working practices, so that he could be judged in their light, and not according to popular and in his case malicious prejudice. There is a Hindu proverb to the effect that one should not stoop to tie his shoe while passing through his neighbor's melon patch. It is possible that Kitchener's life is merely a horrible example of not obeying this bit of Oriental wisdom. It was part of his innate bigness not even to see the small nature of other men who might misinterpret him. He scorned compromise of any sort. Lord Esher says of him that "he neither asked nor took the advice of any man" with reference to the military transformation of the old Regular into a new National army, which was "his achievement, and his alone." And it is not too much to assume that asking and taking advice was not one of Kitchener's characteristics. Have we not possibly here the explanation of the peculiarly unfair attitude of so many of his higher subordinates? Again Esher says, "He neither argued nor discussed; he simply ignored. And yet he liked and respected his subordinates, and resented criticism directed against them." This latter generous phase of Kitchener's is also commented on by Sir William Robertson. Robertson says, "I know that he many times stood up against opposition in high quarters so as to protect officers who were threatened with unfair treatment. As an instance of this, his last words to me were, when I said goodbye to him on the eve of his departure to Russia: 'Remember what I have told you about — and mind you look after him.' The officer in question was then being subjected to a persecution which Lord Kitchener thought to be undeserved." There is something terribly and ironically pathetic in this anxiety for fair treatment to his officers on the part of one of the most unfairly treated of leaders. Perhaps Kitchener, who had tasted the bitter dregs of maliciously manufactured reputation, was the more anxious to spare others, even when they themselves were among his own maligners. Though what they had to malign him about, other than his peculiar personality, which seems to have had an irritating effect at close quarters, is the biggest mystery of all. Sir William Robertson's fine concluding tribute is worth quoting: "On the whole I would say that the achievements and foresight of Lord Kitchener place him in a class entirely by himself; and they justify the conclusion that no man in any of the entente countries accomplished more, if as much, to bring about the final defeat of the enemy."

If Lord Esher is less emphatic on this score, his book emanates nevertheless an impartial attitude. Unlike General Robertson, he does not so much attempt to estimate Kitchener as to state the facts of the case as clearly as possible. His "The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener" (Dutton; \$3) occupies a unique niche in biographic material. His impartial presentation of the facts he knew at first hand about his subject is to be highly commended. It is the sort of book that should be written about every man worthy of a biography. If it does not itself solve the problem, it does not pretend to solve it or furnish a false solution. Lord Esher does not scorn an hiatus. Where his material stops he stops also.

All of which merely corroborates the contention already made that every man should write his own story—not necessarily his life, but rather his explanation of himself and his acts. How vastly interesting Kitchener's would be. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

George Madden Martin uses in her conscientious working hours the long yellow pads that are so popular with contemporary writers. Joseph C. Lincoln uses them also, and wields a short and stubby pencil, his morning's labors being a time of good hard work. Another writer whose working hours are clearly defined is Robert W. Chambers, who uses a soft, sharply pointed pencil, and whose course is of amazing ease and rapidity.

The publication of a two-volume work on the history and construction of globes by Edward Luther Stevenson is an item of very real interest to all librarians, museums, and private collectors in this field. The work deals with the historical, geographical, and astronomical aspects of the subject and does not represent a technical discussion for globe makers. The quality and varied character of the many illustrations form one of its chief attractions. The two volumes are published by the Yale University Press for the Hispanic Society of America.

The Indians of the Canadian north woods need never fear a Volstead invasion of the dominion, for their principal intoxicant is tea, says Arthur Heming, who has just published an account of a year spent with Indian hunters of the Hudson's Bay Company. The volume, entitled "The Drama of the Forest" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is illustrated with fourteen two-color plates reproduced from Mr. Heming's oil paintings in the Royal Ontario Museum. The artist loves the northern for-

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ests and spends much of his time with the Indian trappers. He lives in their wigwags, eats their food, studies their woods lore, and sympathizes with their contempt for the white man's knowledge of the outdoors. Drinking tea, says Mr. Heming, is a dissipation with the Indian, the trappers, hunters, and runners all drink it brewed very strong. Often they become such addicts that they must stop every hour or so on the trail to brew a hot pan of the powerful stimulant.

Max Eastman declares that when he told Bernard Shaw that he was writing a book on humor Shaw advised him to go to a sanitarium. "There is no more dangerous literary symptom," he said, "than the temptation to write about wit and humor. It indicates the total loss of both." But Eastman persisted in his undertaking, and his book, "The Sense of Humor," is among the recent publications of Charles Scribner's Sons.

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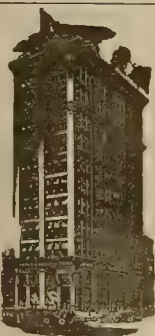
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BRIEFER REVIEWS.

"Nancy, Her Life and Death," by Louis Dodge (Scribner; \$1), is the pathetic little biography of a skye terrier written "for those who have loved and lost a dog," but which will be read with avidity by most children and all lovers of dog stories. There is something infinitely appealing in all true stories of dogs and the story of Nancy is no exception. Beginning with the acquisition of Nancy as a fluffy little puppy of a Maltese bluish hue, it relates the story of her gay little life till it was cut short so distressingly by gopher poison. The book is written with the sympathy and tenderness that one expects from a lover of animals.

"Adventures in Swaziland," by Owen Rowe O'Neil (Century; \$4), is the story of Dr. O'Neil's life with the Swazi tribe. Owen O'Neil is the son of a former minister of finance in the cabinet of Oom Paul Kruger. His family helped to found the Orange Free State and as pioneers survived the hardships and savage warfare of South Africa. O'Neil's earliest playmates were Kaffir boys and he did not wear civilized clothes till the age of nine. But the book narrates his relations with the savage Swazis, a nation of 300,000 people, who under the leadership of Bunu were a constant menace to surrounding Boer villages. Oom Paul had to pay Bunu in gin to keep the peace. After the old king died, the Swazis were ruled by the aged and blind queen mother until 1918. Dr. O'Neil describes the civil war that was waged when Sebuga, the crown prince, claimed his rights. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs of Swaziland.

The Macmillan Company has been very obliging lately in publishing beautiful new editions of standard works—the latest being Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." Young people are seldom attracted to a book unless it has striking illustrations. And the present edition looks as if it had been gotten out to fill that juvenile need. At any rate, every one, young or old, will find the book more attractive for Charles Pears' vivid and numerous sea pictures.

"Mexico and Its Reconstruction," by Chester Lloyd Jones (Appleton; \$3.50), aims to sketch the more important factors that will have to be dealt with by those who guide the destinies of Mexico in the trying period of reconstruction which is to follow the revolution. It sets out the influences that foreign capital and enterprise have had in the development of Mexican resources, the attitude that the local government has adopted toward such influences, and the position that foreign governments should adopt toward the properties their citizens have acquired within the Mexican republic.

"The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence," edited by Elizabeth Foerster Nietzsche, sister

of the philosopher, and translated by Caroline V. Kerr, is published in a limited edition by Boni & Liveright. In her foreword Elizabeth Nietzsche says that she has often been asked to assemble the papers bearing on the Nietzsche-Wagner friendship—which Nietzsche himself called the most important relationship of his life—and their quarrel. There has been a great deal rumored about the nature of the quarrel, which was essentially simple in itself, as the letters now published show. And every one's literary curiosity may now be satisfied that it was so. Nietzsche has been called the intellectual author of the great war. It is true that he alone among nineteenth-century thinkers pointed out that universal anarchy was the inevitable consequence of the general trend of modern ideas, and in his teachings there is to be found a creative, constructive, and irresistible answer to the present tendency toward nihilism and anarchy.

Another volume of Nietzsche's letters is edited by the English scholar, Dr. Oscar Levy, also called forth by the seventieth anniversary of Nietzsche's birth. "The Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) reveal not so much the superman as the Nietzsche that was known to his mother, sister, and a very few intimate friends. They picture the frolics and worries of the school-boy, his enthusiasm for Wagner, his youthful scholastic triumphs, and then later, the old man forsaken by his friends, hated, misunderstood, publishing his books with his own money for a public which cared nothing for them or him, and finally his friendship with Brandes and his recognition by the world.

A book that fills a particular want is the one-volume "History of English Philosophy," by W. R. Sorley (Putnam's). Not only is its compactness a novelty in authentic works of philosophy, but Dr. Sorley has treated his material in a refreshingly novel way. The aim of the present volume is to express the essential contribution of English thinkers to philosophy from its origins in English literature to the present. The book as it now appears is based upon a series of chapters contributed to "The Cambridge History of English Literature."

The new edition of Morris Jastrow's "The Song of Songs" (Lippincott; \$3) is practically a new book, since it is a fresh translation based on a revised text and is accompanied by a history of the growth of these biblical love songs, together with an interpretation. Analogies with the love songs of ancient Egypt and of modern Arabic poetry are suggested by Professor Jastrow in his historical study of the songs. This book is a companion volume to the "Gentle Cynic" and to the "Book of Job." The author has chosen these three books of the Bible for popular presentation because of their human appeal and great literary significance.

An unusually brilliant novel, and incidentally

a "first novel," is "Aaron West," by John Knittel (Doran; \$2), a Swiss who writes, like Conrad and Maartens, in English in preference to his mother tongue. "Aaron West" is a novel of the sea, of the tropics, of England, and of an unusual theme. The last is briefly the power of the sea for those who belong to it over all human relations. Mr. Knittel writes with remarkable power and beauty and his character of Aaron West is one of the strongest personalities in modern fiction, at least. John Knittel was born in India, educated in Switzerland, and established himself in England at eighteen. He has made his home there since, though with frequent interruption for travel abroad.

New Books Received.

ESSAYS IN TAXATION. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. New York: The Macmillan Company. Ninth edition.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.  
A tale of the Lake St. John country.

A QUAKER SINGER'S RECOLLECTIONS. By David Bispham. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.  
Autobiography.

MID LIGHT AND SHADE. By John Langdon Jones. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.  
Verse.

THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP. By Josephine Mildred Blanch. Privately printed.  
A California reminiscence of Robert Louis Stevenson, his few months in Monterey, and his old friend, Jules Simoneau.

LOUISE IMOGEN JUINEY. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.  
A study.

ADVENTURES IN CURA, OR THE CAZANOVA TREASURE. By Seckatary Hawkins. Cincinnati: Stewart, Kidd & Co.; \$2.  
Juvenile.

IT CAN BE DONE. Collected by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.50.  
"Poems of Inspiration."

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HENRY LEE HIGGINSON. By Bliss Perry. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$4.

ORIENTATIONS OF HO-HEN. By T. K. Hedrick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.  
Humorous verse.

PLAYS OF OLD JAPAN. Translated by Leo Duran. New York: Thomas Seltzer, Inc.

WHO PLANTS A TREE. By William F. McSparran. New York: Authors and Publishers Corporation; \$1.  
Verse.

SEA AND SARDINIA. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$5.  
Travel.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Chekhov. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

The Tales of Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett.

TEMPLE TORCHES. By Judith L. C. Garnett.



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New York: Authors and Publishers Corporation; \$1.

Verse.

COAL. By D. J. McAdam. New York: Authors and Publishers Corporation; \$2.  
Government ownership or control.

TORTOISES. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.  
Verse.

THE FLIGHT OF GUINEVERE AND OTHER POEMS. By George V. A. McCloskey. New York: Authors and Publishers Corporation; \$1.50.

SONGS OF FLORIDA. By George Graham Currie. New York: James T. White & Co.; \$2.  
Verse.

Importance of Newspapers.

No more comprehensive definition of the purpose of a newspaper, no clearer definition of its duties, no fairer statement of its great service to the public has ever been given than by Justice Fisher of the Chicago Circuit Court in his decision in favor of the Chicago Tribune in the libel suit brought against it in the name of the city of Chicago (says the Sacramento Union). In reality, politicians who resented the fearless exposé of the weaknesses of the municipal government by the Tribune brought the suit. Here is Justice Fisher's concise statement on the purposes and duties of the modern newspapers:

"The press has become the eyes and ears of the world, and to a great extent brings humanity in contact with all its parts. It is the spokesman of the weak and the appeal of the suffering. It holds up for review the acts of our officials and of those men in high places who have it in their power to advance peace or endanger it. It is the force which unifies public sentiment. But for it the acts of public benefactors would go unnoticed, impostors would continue undismayed, and public office would be the rich reward of the unscrupulous demagogue."

Can one picture in what a condition of chaos the world would be today but for the untrammeled and loyal press of America during the recent great conflict? Perhaps today we would be vassals of a German overlord, our great wealth confiscated and our liberty a thing of the past, but for the newspapers. Without the press, it is doubtful if the present Armament Conference could have ever been called. Can you picture how many families would go hungry and ragged at the holiday seasons but for the appeals made in their behalf by newspapers? One could continue on indefinitely reciting what the press means to the people of today. But there is no need; Justice Fisher has said it all in those few words quoted above.

Take what relates to the body as far as the bare use warrants—as meat, drink, raiment, house, and servants. But all that makes for show and luxury reject.—Epictetus.



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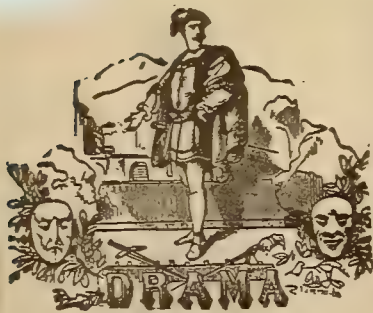
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## RUSSIAN OPERA.

Evidently the circumstances preceding the American tour of the Russian Grand Opera Company, together with their nationality, has mightily interested the public, for on Monday night the Columbia Theatre was full from pit to dome. There were so many Russians among the groups that lingered in the foyer, and out on the sidewalk, after the performance was over, that probably a very large contingent of our presumably small Russian colony turned out to listen to native opera.

And native opera it certainly was. For Tschaiowsky composed the score, the story of "Pique Dame" is taken from one of the tales of Pushkin, the famous Russian novelist, the troupe of singers is Russian, and so are the principal players in the orchestra. The opera is sung in Russian, and during two or three spoken soliloquies we had an excellent opportunity to sample the aural flavor of the Russian tongue.

Some long-headed personage who realizes the advertising power of the composite nationality of the organization is behind it (Impresario Frederoff, probably); and efficiency is shown in the general production.

We learned from the papers that the troupe fled from the Bolsheviks, leaving costumes and scenery behind them. Nevertheless the long-headed personage aforesaid has seen to it that the American tour has begun with the necessary equipment of new costumes. Pink and blue were the dominating colors worn by the ladies in "Pique Dame." They bore upon them the stamp of the American costumer. Pity we couldn't have passed upon the costumes worn in Russia, although possibly these were approximately modeled on them.

The sets were just the conventional painted background; possibly supplied here in town. But they were wholly adequate.

The singers are probably the rank and file of an original Petrograd or Moscow troupe. There are no pronounced personalities, remarkable beauties, or wonderful players in the group, although they all play with sufficient fervor to carry the theatrically tragic story well. They are a clear-featured group, principals and chorus both; the men, however, with their fine carriage and bearing and well-set-up figures, being noticeably handsomer than the women, nearly every one of whom is almost disfigured by poor make-up and a disastrous over-use of black around the eyes.

The voices are very good; ample, strong, resonant. Again I am compelled to say the men's particularly. Individual excellence among the men stood out higher than that of the women, the best of whom I considered to be Ina Buiskaya, whose mezzo-soprano voice was heard in the rôle of the aged countess, and who in the single solo, "Memories," showed superior ability over the two other woman principals in voice control and the tender shading which results in the expression of emotion.

Marie Mashir, who sang the soprano rôle of Lisa, has an exceeding abundance of volume and richness of tone. But her voice is

not smooth enough wholly to please the ear. nor has the singer the art to make its full but rigid tone sufficiently flexible when need rises.

Something of the same characteristic could be remarked in the full, strong, contralto voice of Vala Valentinova, so that when the pair sang the duet, "It Is Already Night," their voices did not blend smoothly.

Marie Mashir, however, rose to much greater heights in her final scene, when Lisa voices her sorrow and apprehension as she waits for her lover on the banks of the Neva, which is to be her watery grave. Please forgive the expression. The opera is of the kind that lends itself to archaic terms, although I believe it is only thirty years old.

Of the men, Vladimir Danilov, in the tenor rôle of Hermann, revealed himself as a graceful stage figure, a fervent and impetuous actor, and the owner of a fine tenor within certain limitations; for he was apparently not up to producing those silver high Cs with which obscure Italian opera singers have so often thrilled San Franciscans in the joyful past, when stray Italian troupes from Mexico and South America were persuasively lured our way during the operatic heyday of the Tivoli.

Vladimir Radeyev, or Redeev, as it is variously spelled, won greater encomiums than the tenor, in spite of considerably lessened opportunities to make a hit in his lesser rôle, because of the agreeable smoothness and mellowness of his musically lyric baritone.

Another and a deeper baritone voice was enjoyed in the rôle of Tomsy, sung by M. Lukin, another handsome and commanding presence. Tomsy is a sort of Mercutio among the gay, gossiping young officers in the story, and M. Lukin acted the rôle with the vivacity of a Frenchman and, when need arose—for the singer had a long and dramatic recital to make, which included the story of the ominous three cards—with vocal excellence and dramatic fervor.

The story of "Pique Dame"—which, Englished, is "The Queen of Spades," the nickname of the gambling old countess famed for her luck—is taken from the romance of an older day. Nowadays our modern operas do not have ghosts to help along the action. One can understand the opera appealing to the sombre Russian taste. For, though the Russians seem to be an eminently cheerful and social people, their taste for all things bearing on the arts seems to incline strongly toward the sombre.

Tschaiowsky's score is characteristic in its congenial rendering of the supernatural and of woe and despair, and there are many striking passages of the kind. Gloom, though, is not the word one would use, as the music is too dramatic and fiery in its setting to certain scenes to leave an impression of gloom. Also, the musical expression of the sorrow of the lovers, whom destiny seeks to sever in life, is relieved by the scene in Lisa's rooms, when her youthful mates give themselves over to merriment and girlish mischief, and the later one at the barracks, in which the young officers similarly enjoy social gayety.

It is easy to understand the absence of "Pique Dame" from the repertoire followed in American opera houses. It is essentially Russian in spirit, and the story has no universal application, not even romantically. In Russia the young aristocrats are driven by idleness to gamble for large sums, and there are many novels and stories in Russian fiction bearing upon this expensive vice.

Here in America, however, since gambling does not figure so largely on the social horizon except as a diversion which is managed so shrewdly that players get stung but not ruined, we have little association with sorrow and despair in connection with gambling.

The rôle of Hermann, the uncomfortably luckless young wooer of "Pique Dame's" granddaughter, appeals therefore only moderately to the sympathies of an American audience, especially as the young man seemed

to have an inordinate and melodramatic taste for flourishing pistols. But we are immensely lucky to have this opportunity to sample Russian operatic art. For we are promised another Tschaiowsky opera, one by Dargomij-sky, and one by that Russian Titan, Rimsky-Korsakov. Besides the Russian operas that have never been sung in this city—and some of them never in this country—we will have opportunity to sample the vocal and instrumental art of the Russians in more familiar works: "Carmen," "Romeo and Juliet," "Lakme," and others.

That Americans take very kindly to Russian opera seemed to be very plain on the opening night, for the capacity audience warmly applauded number after number, and singer after singer, with noticeable enthusiasm, and insisted on giving a salvo of greeting applause to the leader, Eugen Feurst, at each reappearance, although that brisk and capable wielder of the baton was probably feeling very critical of some of the results of blending the work of insufficiently rehearsed San Francisco musicians with that of his own players.

They say of the Russians that nationally they are a songful lot. And a marked characteristic of this troupe is the amplitude of their voices. Not one but has a strong, full voice. This was remarked even in the most minor rôles. As with the South Sea Islanders, whose voices, when heard by tourists, seem to be untiring and untired after many continuous hours of song, the national diversion of the Russians seems to develop the national voice.

## "GETTING MARRIED."

In this play, which is thoroughly packed with conversational Shawisms, the Irish dramatist makes the usual jabs at British conservatism, British conventionality, and British hypocrisy as applied to the institution of marriage. The play begins in the atmosphere of an impending wedding, the arrangement of the necessary details of which is placed in the competent hands of a neighboring greengrocer of soothing manners and so much natural sagacity that he has recently become an alderman. Collins, the greengrocer in question, with his command of any situation in which he figures, his mellow toleration for human frailty, and his soothing habit of pouring advisory oil on troubled waters, recalls William in "You Never Can Tell," of whom he is really another edition. Would that we had here in America greengrocers or dry grocers, or any kind of grocers, or any kind of domestic tradesmen, whom we could confidently call in with the comfortable sense of reliance experienced by Mrs. Bridgenorth, and hand over to him the running of any such upsetting social function as a reception, a wedding, or a christening. Fortunately the funeral directors attend to the last earthly function that concerns us, but we need other directors to run us, as Collins ran the Bridgenorth wedding.

The fact that a wedding impends is used by Shaw as a lever for the airing of various of his theories concerning marriage through the lips of his characters; Lesbia Grantham, for instance, who gives voice to the yearning of many a spinster for motherhood without wifehood. There are many equally unconventional aspirations voiced by other characters, as when Leo feels a desire to stick to her present husband and marry another one contemporaneously; a desire, no doubt, experienced by many ladies of liberal and expansive nature.

Shaw amuses himself by making this most lawless lady the most easily shocked of the group when any one departs from stereotype and utters a rebellious sentiment. And similarly he takes an especially impish delight in making that extremely nice old bishop utter home truths in his gentle, refined tone, and inferentially point out to the stumbling human being his own follies.

"Getting Married" is really, one might say, the dramatization of a polemic pamphlet for curing humanity of its errors and misconceptions and injustices toward married folk and matrimony. Leo is tired of hearing her husband repeat himself with boring frequency, and the bishop gently intimates that every man is a phonograph with half a dozen records, and that each one is bound to repeat these records until the most frequent listener—who is generally the wife—knows them by heart.

At a certain stage in the play I suddenly recognized the familiar Shavian attitude. The dramatist, giving rein to his tendency for controversy, ceases to dramatize. All action halts, the plot rests, and the characters make themselves comfortable, and then proceed to quarrel, discuss, and argue, several of them monopolizing the floor and pouring forth the usual Shaw witticisms.

Shaw, however, is clever enough to stimulate suspense and expectation by keeping one character in reserve. This is Mrs. George, a lady who belongs to trade, since she is the greengrocer's sister-in-law. She is also the wife of the mayor in the town in which the play is located. But notwithstanding these thoroughly prosaic adjuncts, Mrs. George is

that rare object—if you can call it an object—a Shaw symbol. What she really stands for is a little mystifying, but it seems to be that wanderlust which is apt to attack people apparently safely imprisoned in the wedded state. For Mrs. George is in the habit of indulging in periodic excursions into the world beyond matrimonial domesticity, in order to follow up some idealizing dream which has captured her imagination. We are thus permitted to see the lady waking out of one of her dreams and incontinently plunging into another.

There is something of the lawless fabric of Candida's soul in the essence of this woman, who is partly poetic, partly prosaic, and wholly amusing.

Of the dozen people necessary to represent the characters in the play, only three impersonations stood out particularly; those of the bishop, of Collins, and of Mrs. George.

Mr. John Fee's bishop was quite a charming presentation in its gentleness, its refinement, its genial astuteness, and its quiet humor. Mr. Fee, in giving to features and coloring the characteristics of middle age, contrived also to lend to his appearance the thinker's asceticism, and a delicate grace of spirituality and refinement.

Conversely, Mr. Maitland did something or other to the bridge of his shapely nose which gave to his usually admirable profile the plebeian outlines appropriate to that of a greengrocer, whose genial humanity he feelingly conveyed.

Lea Penman had a congenial rôle as Mrs. George, whose widely varied moods gave the leading lady an excellent opportunity to portray sparkling animation, the easily stirred wrath of a fascinating termagant, and a strange mood of fantasy and spiritual divination.

Dorothy Wetmore was appropriately spitzery as Edith, Rupert Drum, except for a lack of intrinsic humor, dealt fairly satisfactorily with the rôle of a philanderer, and four or five others, including one or two new arrivals, handled the remaining rôles. I think I foresee a speedy departure of the rather snippily-mannered young thing who misplayed Leo, and I cordially invite Mr. Maitland to come down hard with both feet on the mental corns of that walking piece of youthful naïveté who represented the young bridegroom every time that he says "merried" for married.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Daniel Drew was a Western drover. Before driving his stock to market the wily cattleman would feed salt in large quantities to the animals to make them thirsty. They would drink so plentifully that their weight was much increased. When put on the scales and sold they "fetched" materially more. To this chicanery on the part of that obscure ranchman the world owes the phrase "watered stock."

Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. . . . We should meet each morning, as from foreign countries, and spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. . . . No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet.

—Emerson.

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The Columbia Theatre.

The Russian Grand Opera Company at the Columbia Theatre has achieved a triumph with its repertoire of new works and a limited number of old favorites. There remains another week to the engagement, which comes to a close on Sunday night, January 15th. The various principals with the organization have proved their worth in the operas thus far sung and some big sensations are promised during the remainder of the engagement.

Sunday night, January 8th, will see the first presentation here of the Napravink opera, "Dubrovsky." Another new work for San Francisco, and in fact the United States, is "The Tsar's Bride," to be sung on Monday night and at the Saturday matinee. "Pique Dame" will be offered for the last time on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday Massenet's

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Jan. 16—MAY ROBSON in "IT PAYS TO SMILE."

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JOHN FLEMING WILSON  
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There is always a Blue Ribbon Serial, as well, by a standard author, and many special features of note.

"Thais" will attract a big house. Dargomizsky's "The Mermaid" is to be staged on Thursday, and "Dubrovsky" will be repeated on Friday. A novelty will be found in the Saturday night production of Rubinstein's "The Demon," and great interest is manifested in the announcement that "Boris Godonoff" will close the engagement on Sunday.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Liars," a comedy of social life by Henry Arthur Jones, considered by many his best play, will be seen at the Maitland Playhouse this coming week, commencing next Monday evening.

"The Liars" was the vehicle so successfully used in this country by John Drew, and Charles Wyndham starred in the same play in London. It is a cleverly written drama and can not fail to please the Maitland audiences. It will be the first presentation of this play in San Francisco.

Shaw's "Getting Married," likewise never before offered on the Pacific Coast, will continue for the remainder of this week, closing with the Saturday matinee and evening performances. It has made a hit with the audiences that frequent the Stockton Street theatre and is rated as popular as any of the Shaw productions.

The Players Club.

The Players Club, which opens Friday night with Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," is probably the first theatre in the country to celebrate in a fitting manner the tercentenary of the greatest of French dramatists. There are many tragedies in the theatre of Moliere, but this an anniversary best celebrated with gayety and mirth. Was it not Kemble who said: "Moliere belongs to no nation, but one day the god of comedy, wishing to write, became a man, and happened to fall into France"? Moliere, who was a polished gentleman of the seventeenth century and a great artist, did not fear that wisdom would perish in the midst of buffoonery nor that philosophy would die in pantomime.

In "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" we have a comedy with a moral. Moliere's aim in this play is to amuse us by depicting things as they are. The immortal Jourdain is drawn for us with all his foibles and duality of character. Whether Moliere aimed to cure men of their foibles by this exposure is still a debated question.

Director Regnaud Travers announces that the title-role will be played by Carl Kroenke. He will be supported by such competent active members of the club as Hilda Deni-ville, Ernest Clewe, Virginia Sciaroni, and Ben Purrington. A corps of ballet dancers under the direction of Katharine Edson will enliven the interludes. The responsibility for the settings and the music is in the hands of George Edwards and Gerstle Mack, the music and the art directors, respectively, of the theatre.

The Orpheum.

Sallie Fisher in Clare Kummer's comedy, "The Choir Rehearsal," has scored an unqualified hit. Miss Kummer is the author of "Good Gracious Annabelle" and "A Successful Calamity," in which William Gillette has appeared. Miss Kummer and Miss Fisher enjoy their present association, because it was one of Miss Kummer's songs, "Dearie," that Miss Fisher sang to fame and helped to bring Miss Fisher favorable attention.

Fred Lindsay, the famous Australian rancher and big game hunter and veteran of two wars, is a headline feature next week. He is one of the most expert manipulators of the stock whip in the Antipodes. He owns a five-thousand-acre ranch in Saskatchewan, Canada. During the war he commanded a squadron of Australian bushmen with considerable personal credit, and in the succeeding years his time was divided between big game and concession hunting in various parts of the world, farming, and vaudeville.

Frank Kellam and Patricia O'Dare's particular specialty is chasing blues, with an original assortment of singing, talking, and dancing. They make blues chasing an entertaining theatrical sport.

Charles De Haven and Freddie Nice just can't make their feet behave. These two boys are representative eccentric dancers. Their pedal evolutions have been of material assistance to various comedies and have given them a high standing in vaudeville.

Frank Farron is a dealer in laughs. He is a funny fellow, a genuine comedian, and he has a monologue full of good songs and good stories, and the result is that this dealer in laughs has plenty of customers.

Johnny Muldoon and Pearl Franklyn offer their terpsichorean tactics with the assistance of a male associate. Their efforts they call "A Revelry of Song, Dance, and Music," and it proves an attractive combination.

The Ruth Howell Duo are America's premiere aerialists. Stunts of the most hazardous aviator are child's play compared with the feats this duo accomplish.

Eddie Foy has been in vaudeville for a long time, but at no previous visit has he had as funny or so enjoyable an act as his pres-

ent Fun Revue. This laugh riot remains another week.

May Robson Coming.

Patrons of the Columbia Theatre will no doubt welcome the news that May Robson's new play is a dramatization of Nina Wilcox Putnam's stories which have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and is entitled "It Pays to Smile," a comedy in three acts, the work of Ethel Watts Mumford.


Augustus Pitou, Inc., under whose banner Miss Robson has been appearing for the past several years, has surrounded his clever star with one of the best supporting companies she has ever hand, and given the play an excellent mounting. If the out-of-town reports and reviews of the play and company can be taken as a criterion local theatre-goers have a treat in store for their amusement on Monday, January 16th.

The Pacific Players.

The Pacific Players announce their next periodical production for after the holidays, comprising "Sunset" by Jerome K. Jerome, author of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and a *Smart Set* piece by Winthrop Parkhurst. Nathaniel Anderson will again be the director of the performance.

Arthur Maitland announces that he has secured from the Actors' Guild of New York City that exceptionally successful drama, "Jane Cleg," written by St. John G. Ervine. "Jane Cleg" has been more widely discussed than most of the recent New York plays and a splendid opportunity will be afforded San Franciscans in the near future to witness the same.

One is not profane who "doesn't give a dam." A dam was a small Hindu coin at a time when the English came to India. The phrase sprang into use to signify that a matter was of no consequence. The term "tinker's dam," also, is not spelled damn. It is a piece of coarse cloth used by a tinsmith to hold hot solder from running. The phrase "not worth a rap" is likewise numismatic in origin.



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Warrington Dawson, author of "The Gift of Paul Clermont," has completed a translation into French of Ambassador Wallace's speeches delivered in France during his ambassadorship. The book is luxuriously published by the Librairie Plon.

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| Lv. Truckee                       | 9:45 pm |          | 8:20 am |
| Ar. San Francisco                 | 7:50 am |          | 6:30 pm |

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|                                   |          |          |
|-----------------------------------|----------|----------|
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| Ar. Merced                        | 9:25 pm  | 4:50 am  |
| Lv. Merced (Y. V. Ry.)            | 8:00 am  | 8:00 am  |
| Ar. El Portal                     | 11:55 am | 11:55 am |
| Lv. El Portal (auto-stage)        | 12:00 pm | 12:00 pm |
| Ar. Yosemite Valley               | 1:15 pm  | 1:15 pm  |
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**VANITY FAIR.**

Clothes have been said to make the man and fine feathers, fine birds. It is generally granted that clothes have a psychology of their own. Women are said to feel superior in furs and jewels, but that may be merchants' propaganda. A man prefers not to be clothes-conscious. However, the importance of clothes psychology is not so much for the wearer as for the beholder. Mr. Mark Sullivan has commented on the distressing habit— from the aesthetic point of view—of Orientals adopting Western garb. It is an indubitable fact that their national costume is more becoming to the Japanese and Chinese than Western styles are. And yet we suspect the Orientals of a deeper psychology in their own interests. Granted that Mme. Wellington Koo's statuesque beauty would be enhanced by Chinese costume—and we are not quite sure that it could be—may it not be that she and her husband and the other Orientals in diplomatic service have designs deeper than mere personal effect? Mr. Sullivan thinks the Chinese delegation would be more effective in national costume. From the point of view of a poster designer they would be—that is to say from the aesthetic viewpoint. But the Oriental mind is both aesthetic and subtle, and we suspect it of subtlety in the present instance. If the representatives of the Western countries in this or any other diplomatic conference were confronted by Asiatics in costumes that date back a thousand years with little change, they would have a constant reminder of Kipling's couplet before them:

East is East and West is West  
And never the twain shall meet.

Curiously enough, the Oriental physique is more like ours than their dress is. And the only essential difference between minds is that the Oriental's is more reflective and less frivolous and therefore more subtle. For subtlety is not a peculiar mental character, but the result of practice in thinking. So the Chinese and Japanese delegates may not be so far off as first blush reveals them. "Clothes make the man" one can hear them say in fancied argument. It is our own phrase, not theirs. After all, why should there not be a diplomatic dress as well as a diplomatic language? Whatever else the art of diplomacy is for, it is nothing if not a leveler of differences.

It is now asserted by a reverend gentleman that jazz music is as intoxicating as whisky. We have not heard that many devotees of the latter have corroborated the ecclesiastical dictum, but for our own part we should rejoice to see a prohibition campaign launched against jazz music and will even become ardent prohibitionists ourselves. Marion Cox says in an interesting discussion of music that all music is immoral—for precisely the reason that the Rev. Herbert Smith says it is immoral—because it is intoxicating. Though it is a bit hard to see oneself being intoxicated by, say, a Bach fugue. Miss Cox really should have drawn the line at some kinds of music. But both she and the Rev. Smith have the right idea. It is revolutionary, but it is right. Music, some of it anyway, is immoral. As for the most recent reform movement—jazz, if it can be called music at all, is worse than immoral. It is criminal. The reformers really have justified their existence, after all. One would be willing to be pretty generally reformed—to live the life of one's most reformed and reforming Puritan ancestors—if only jazz would go by the board. We repeat—jazz music is worse than intoxicating. In fact we have never found it anywhere intoxicating—worse luck. It has not even that excuse for its viciousness. But it is conducive to crime and the sooner it is abolished, the sooner will we hail the reformer as a true deliverer.

Another chapter of reform as mapped by a would-be blue-lawyer whose name we happily forget is a very sweeping programme for social amusements. Our particular reformer is not against amusement *per se*, but against the sort of amusement that is prevalent. He would replace the dance and cabaret with home parties of the spelling-bee order. Games of the most contactless sort are recommended. Blind man's buff, one imagines, would be ruled out. It would be so easy for that to degenerate into rough house and thence it is an easy step to a modern fashionable party. Not being acquainted with the names of games of a simon pure variety we are limited in giving our reformer's programme *in toto*. But we have suggested the main outlines. In fancy we are already constructing a new social order. Imagine a scene, say, at the British Embassy in Washington. Sir Auckland Geddes—since he is a professor to boot—would make an excellent captain for one side of the spelling match. The other team could be handled by Mr. Hoover, who has shown his executive ability admirably in other fields of endeavor. The remaining guests could compete; and if it were thought invidious to test the orthographic knowledge of these dignitaries in English, they might still compete by brushing

up their less familiar branches of knowledge—Japanese, for instance. This wholesome entertainment could doubtless be varied by others equally vivacious. Unfortunately our own imagination is flooded at the end of the spelling bee. But we respectfully submit the idea to Eastern hosts who are entertaining the Conference delegates—admitting, of course, that it is not original with us, but comes from a social reformer of the true blue dye. Emerson wrote that "simple hearts play their own play in innocent defiance of the blue laws of the world." Maybe, in Emerson's time. Nowadays it takes both a crafty and courageous heart to "play its own play." Nowadays we must play "Authors" or "Farmer in the Dell."

New York club women have solved the problem of unsuitable Christmas presents by the simple expedient of "swapping parties." This device has been long practiced by youngsters, but somewhere in the borderland between childhood and maturity most people develop what they are pleased to call sentiment and sensibility—hazy qualities that nevertheless have a powerful hold on most of us. It is a courageous adult who will fly in the face of the twin emotional illusions. And evidently the members of the Women's City Club are courageous in the extreme. The strangest thing about it was that there were actually sentimental people in New York to protest. One doesn't associate sentimentality and New York clubs, especially of the feminine persuasion.

I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven or unrepresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic.—Emerson.

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Savings Deposits made on or before January 10th, 1922, will earn interest from January 1, 1922



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"It will always seem strange to us," says Colonel George Bailey, "that a man will roar at a one-cent tax on a lemonade and almost want to kiss the bootlegger who soaks him to the tune of \$16 a quart for hooch."

A Scotch laborer was slipping out of the yard during working hours to wet his whistle when he ran into the boss: "Hallo!" said the latter pleasantly, "were you looking for me?" "Ay," replied Sandy, "I wis lookin' for ye, but I didna want tae find ye."

In a small country school, during a recess period, the teacher in charge of the playground saw one of the boys about seven years old strike one of the girls. "Norman," said the teacher, "no gentleman would strike a lady." After careful thought the boy replied: "Well, no lady would tickle a gentleman."

Two Scotchmen were on a raft adrift on a stormy sea. Angus knelt and began to pray. "O Lord," he said, "I ken I've broken maist o' Thy commandments. But, O Lord, if I'm spared this time I promise—!" Here Andrew interrupted him. "I widna commit yersel' ower far, Angus," said he. "I think I see land."

Lord Babbington was instructing a new colored servant in his duties, adding, "Now, Zeke, when I ring for you, you must answer me by saying, 'My lord, what will you have?'" A few hours afterward, having occasion to summon the servant, his lordship was astonished with the following: "My Gawd, whut does you want now?"

The late George Loane Tucker, the movie pioneer, was noted in Los Angeles for his fastidious tastes. Mr. Tucker was lunching one day in a Los Angeles restaurant, and at a nearby table sat a movie king whose table manners left much to be desired. The man ate his soup in a specially noisy manner. Eating away, he leaned towards Mr. Tucker and said: "This is durn good soup, George." "It sounds good," Mr. Tucker replied.

The jury in a capital case listened to the learned charge of the judge and solemnly retired. Two hours later they filed slowly back in charge of a constable, and great was the feelings of suppressed excitement in the courtroom. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the sombre judge, breaking a silence that was almost painful in its intensity, "have you agreed on a verdict?" "Yes, your honor," was the impressive response of the foreman, "the jury are all of one mind—temporary insanity."

It was the same old story. Mrs. Newlywed's cake was simply impossible to eat, and hubby told her so. "Please remember that you did not wed a cook," says Mrs. Newlywed haughtily. That night when they had both retired a distinct, suspicious rattling of furniture was heard. "Jim! Jim!" exclaimed Mrs. Newlywed. "Get up at once! I'm sure there are burglars in the house." "Get up yourself," came the muttered reply from beneath the blankets. "You didn't marry a policeman."

Brown had what he thought was a clever idea to stave off an unwelcome visit from his mother-in-law. "My dear," he said to Mrs. B., "you have asked me to do two things. One is to give you a new fall suit and the other to send to your mother a check to defray her traveling expenses. I can't afford to do both. Which shall it be?" Her reply showed how foolish he was to match his wits against hers. "Send mother the check, by all means," she said quickly. "I've already ordered the suit."

The crew of a United States ship went ashore in a Chinese port to place a wreath upon the grave of a shipmate who had been buried there on a previous trip. When the ceremony had been performed, and the men were getting ready to return to the ship, one of them saw a Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on another grave near by. "Hey, John, how long do you think it will be before your friend comes up to eat the rice?" he asked. "Allee same long time your friend come up to smell flowers," the Chink replied.

A country schoolma'am was examining her pupils for the benefit of the members of the school board. The youngsters went through their paces nervously and did fairly well until the teacher asked the question, "Who wrote 'Hamlet'?" There was a lull of exhaustion and no one answered. She asked again, and this time a bit more sternly: "Who wrote 'Hamlet'?" Little Johnny Jones piped up defensively, "Please, teacher, I didn't." "Ha, ha!" Director Blank chuckled aloud. "The little skeesicks! I'll bet he did."

When the late General Horace Porter was

manager of the Pullman Company an army officer wrote him saying that the Pullman car that had carried him from Jersey City to Long Branch had not been properly swept and dusted. General Porter waste-basketed the letter; also the second, the third and the fourth. But the fifth was so violent that General Porter dictated the following reply: "Sir—We have run the train off the track, burned the cars, shot the conductor, hanged the porter, and discontinued the line. Hoping that this will be satisfactory, I remain," etc.

The minister of a Scottish country parish, whose estimate of himself was not of the lowliest type, had accepted a call to a wider sphere, and was paying a few farewell visits. "So ye're gaun tae leave us," said one of the oldest of his female parishioners, as he sat down. "What will we dae noo?" "Oh, Mrs. Macfarlane," replied the minister in affable tones, "you'll soon get a far better man!" "'Deed, sir," came the despondent rejoinder, "I hae my doots. We've had five in my time, and every one o' them has been wurs than the last!"

Two friends reached Waterloo Station, London, only to find that one of them had missed his last train home. The other, who lived in the Weybridge district, was more fortunate, and insisted upon taking his friend along with him. "You mustn't mind a walk, old chap," he said, as they left Weybridge station. "My house is a good mile away." "Lead on," said his companion, and they footed it together. It was a bad night, raining in torrents, and they did the first three-

quarters of a mile in comparative silence. Suddenly the host halted. "What's up, old boy!" inquired his friend. "Up!" retorted the other. "I forgot. We moved to Reigate yesterday."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Ballade of Missing Signs.

Nay, tell me in what land of shade  
Are found the signs I used to see,  
Aligned by fence or rock or glade,  
Or tacked on some wild forest tree,  
That told of gin or good whiskey,  
From mountain peak to shining mere.  
Where are those tokens bright and free?  
Gone are the signs of yesteryear?

Where's Johnny Walker's body laid?  
That colored man, Green River's plea?  
And where's the bottle Carstairs made  
From San Antonio to Zuyder Zee?  
High on what wall of masonree  
Does That's All Wilson spray with fear?  
What memories come back to me,  
Gone are the signs of yesteryear!

Where's Bass or Burton, undismayed;  
That bubbled in far days of glee?  
And Overholt, that gallant blade,  
Or good King William, V.O.P.?   
Where can that Boar's Head label be,  
That drove from banquets gloom or fear,  
Those Bitters that staved off D.T.?   
Gone are the signs of yesteryear!

## ENVOI.

Ah, Hunter, I have watched and prayed  
O'er meadow bars, to sage and seer;  
Nor answer found with staff or spade,  
Gone are the signs of yesteryear!

—J. J. Mehan in Judge.

## DIVIDEND NOTICES

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after January 3, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1922. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1922, will earn interest from January 1, 1922.  
H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

BANK OF ITALY, junction Market, Powell and Eddy Streets; Montgomery Street Branch, corner Montgomery and Clay Sts.; Market-Geary Branch, junction Market, Geary and Kearny Sts.; Mission Branch, 3246 Mission St. near 29th St.; Park-Presidio Branch, 926 Clement St.; Polk-Van Ness Branch, 1541 Polk St.; Eureka Valley Branch, cor. 17th and Castro Sts.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1922. Deposits made up to and including January 10, 1922, will earn interest from January 1, 1922.  
A. P. GIANNINI, President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, Mission and Twenty-First Sts.; Park-Presidio Branch, Clement and 7th Ave.; Haight Street Branch, Haight and Belvedere Sts.—For the half-year ending December 31st, 1921, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, payable on and after January 3rd, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividend from January 1st, 1922. Deposits made on or before January 10th, 1922, will earn interest from January 1st, 1922.  
GEO. TOURNY, Manager.

**D**ESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

Cycol will save engine owners this tremendous amount of money lost through wasted oil, wasted fuel, preventable repairs, because it is free from destructive "sulpho" compounds. These have been removed by the new Hexeon Process used exclusively by us.

When your oil contains destructive "sulpho" compounds it breaks down rapidly under engine heat. Its lubricating value becomes quickly impaired. The oil film is broken and serious damage may result.

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## PERSONAL.

### Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave a ball New Year's Eve at their home in San Mateo in honor of Miss Mary Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin gave a dinner at the San Mateo Polo Club New Year's Eve preceding the Crocker ball. Among their guests were Lord and Lady Rodney, Major and Mrs. William Robertson, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Lady Corisande Rodney, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, and Mr. William Tevis, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner in Burlingame Saturday evening. Among those attending the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Miss Helen Garritt, Mrs. Willard Drown, and Mrs. Mabel Wilson.

Mrs. Hope Slater of Washington was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Sunday at the Burlingame Club by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, those asked to meet Mrs. Slater having included Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. William Fullam, Mrs. Wayne Cuyler, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Gordon Armsby, and Mr. Frank Cuyler.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a dinner Sunday evening.

Mrs. Gustavus Ziel, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Alfred Dubois, and Miss Marie Lichtenberg entertained at a reception Sunday afternoon and evening in San Rafael. Among their guests were Captain and Mrs. Joseph Reeves, Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Draper, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. George Beardsley, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lichtenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Ord, Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mr. and Mrs. George Volkman, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Studebaker Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr.

and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Deems, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dollar, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. George Hind, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kuechler, Mr. and Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Andrew Talbot, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, Mrs. George Page, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. William Dohrmann, Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Key Pittman, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Katherine Pittman, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Elsa Korbel, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Anne Pentz, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Helen Lichtenberg, Miss Virginia Innes, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Alyse Allen, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Pauline Coppee, Miss Margaret Mee, Mr. Edward Lichtenberg, Jr., Mr. Robert Rathbone, Mr. Kemp Pittman, Mr. Evan Evans, Jr., Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Spencer GGrant, Mr. Dudley Gunn, Mr. Bert Innes, Mr. John Ziel, Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Frederick Dickson, Mr. Kenneth Davis, Mr. Kittle Boyd, and Mr. Frank Zook.

Colonel and Mrs. Osmund Latrobe gave a dinner Sunday at the Presidio, when they entertained Colonel and Mrs. Mortimer Bigelow, Colonel and Mrs. George Winterburn, General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Colonel and Mrs. Timothy Coughlan, Captain and Mrs. Charles Huff, Captain and Mrs. George Trunbull, Miss Virginia Deal, Miss Virginia Dwight, Mr. Thomas Collins, Mr. Robert Knight, Mr. Edward Lawrence, and General George Barnett.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Hope Slater.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch were dinner hosts Saturday in Burlingame, when they had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Miss Katherine Ramsey, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. Cliff Weatherwax, and Mr. Kenneth Moore.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave a dinner Wednesday for Lady Corisande Rodney and Lord and Lady Rodney.

Mrs. Edward Thaw gave a luncheon Thursday at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a ball last Friday in honor of Miss Eleanor Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a dinner last Friday in honor of Miss Edna Taylor and Miss Mary Martin. Their guests were Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Claudine Spreckels, Miss Edith Grant, Mr. John Brooke, Jr., Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., and Mr. Paul Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were dinner hosts Friday, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Complimenting Miss Marianne and Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a dinner last week. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Ellita Adams, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Peter Jackson, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Warren Clark, Jr., Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Benjamin Hayne, Jr., Mr. Charles Dabney, and Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King gave a dinner Thursday and entertained Mr. and Mrs. C. O. C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent gave a dance Friday in Ross in honor of Mr. Herman and Mr. Roger Kent, who are home for the holidays. Their guests included Miss Barbara Beardsley, Miss Edith Pentz, Miss Deborah Pentz, Miss Cynthia Boyd, Miss Phoebe Brown, Miss Olive Lake, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Betty Martin, Miss Constance Horn, Miss Caroline Maltby, Mr. Latham Allen, Mr. John S. Eells, Jr., Mr. Jeffrey Armsby, Mr. Bert Innes, Mr. Phelps Hunter, Mr. John Beardsley, Mr. Randolph Maltby, Mr. Bois Burke, Mr. Palmer Horn, Jr., Mr. Edward Pittman, Mr. John Menzies, and Mr. Robert Hunter.

A no-host dinner was held Saturday at Tait's-at-the-Beach, those present having been Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Raybond Benjamin, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Rohner, Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Lynch, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall gave a dinner last Saturday in Burlingame in honor of Miss Mary Martin.

Complimenting Mrs. William Watson, Miss Ruth Lent, and Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Cornelia Gwynne was a tea hostess Tuesday.

Miss Emily Carolan gave a supper Friday in the Palace Hotel in compliment to Miss Evelyn Poett.

Viscount Euchi Shibusawa was the guest of honor at a reception and ball given Thursday at the Fairmont by Consul-General from Japan and Mrs. Shichitaro Yada.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick St. Goar gave a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Peters. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Josephine Moore, Mr. Dean Dillman, and Mr. Charles St. Goar.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Peters gave a dinner Friday night at the residence of Mrs. Stetson Winslow. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Elena Folger, Mr. Tallat Tubbs, and Mr. George McNear, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a dinner Friday

at their new home. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Willard Drown, and Mr. Frank Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner Friday at the Hotel St. Francis. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Friday and entertained Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Miss Helen Garritt, and Mr. George Leib.

Mr. Carl Max gave a theatre and supper party Wednesday. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Barbara Sesson, Mr. Merrill Brown, and Mr. Clark Crocker.

Miss Elizabeth Houston gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club. Those present were Mrs. Albert Houston, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Mary Welty, Miss Edna Christenson, Miss Miriam Ebright, Miss Florence Faxon, Miss Pauline Clagstone, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Sue McDonald, and Miss Helen Hammersmith.

Miss Mary Dennis Seales gave a tea Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Those present were Miss Harriett Brownell, Miss Frances Stent, Miss Olive Brann, Miss Margaret Fuller, Miss Dorothy Stevenson, Miss Frances Corbusier, Miss Aileen McWilliams, and Miss Isabelle Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### When Foch Passed By.

What we saw when Foch passed by?  
Only a bronzed, grave leader's face,  
Gentle lineaments, not one trace  
Of the general bold, none dared defy,  
Only this, when Foch passed by?  
Nay! Beneath that cap of gold,  
Behind the brain of strategist cold,  
The Spirit of Knighthood, long since dead,  
Spoke! Godfrey—Roland, Louis the Saint,  
These were his peers—alive once more!  
And when Foch prayed within the door  
Of St. Vibia yesterday—  
Here in Los Angeles, far away  
From scarred, spent Europe tottering, faint—  
His prayer was lit from a Torch that burns  
Wherever the Spirit of Freedom years:  
It was lighted in Palestine centuries past;  
From St. Denis crusaders came,  
Knelt at Christ's sepulchre, caught the flame  
That is still alive, yet may not last,  
Unless we lift the Torch on high—  
The Torch Foch left, when he passed by!  
—Nancy K. Foster.

December, 1921.

### Ballade by the Fire.

Slowly I smoke and hug my knee,  
The while a witless masquerade  
Of things that only children see  
Floats in a mist of light and shade:  
They pass, a flimsy cavalcade,  
And with a weak, reminding glow,  
The falling embers break and fade,  
As one by one the phantoms go.

Then, with a melancholy glee  
To think where once my fancy strayed,  
I muse on what the years may be  
Whose coming tales are all unsaid,  
Till tongs and shovel, snugly laid  
Within their shadowed niches, grow  
By grim degrees to pick and spade,  
As one by one the phantoms go.

But then, what thought the mystic Three  
Around me ply their merry trade?  
And Charon soon may carry me  
Across the gloomy Stygian glade?—  
Be up, my soul; nor be afraid  
Of what some unborn year may show;  
But mind your human debts are paid,  
As one by one the phantoms go.

### ENVOY.

Life is the game that must be played:  
This truth at least, good friends, we know;  
So live and laugh, nor be dismayed  
As one by one the phantoms go.  
—Edwin Arlington Robinson.

### In the Tender Irish Weather.

Oh! the calm, brown mountain and the endless  
miles of heather,  
And the rugged, grave horizon where the white  
clouds roll;  
And my cheek against the soft cheek of the  
tender Irish weather,  
And in all the space around me not a soul—not  
a soul!

There the skylark and the blackbird and the linnet  
sing together.

With ne'er a one to still them nor human voice  
to speak—  
Oh! 'tis long since I have lulled me in the tender  
Irish weather,  
And my heart is hot within me for the touch  
of her cheek!

But they say that on the mountain where I've lain  
among the heather,  
With the plover's note a-mourning thro' the haze  
of blue,  
That the cold and dead are lying in the soft-  
checked Irish weather.

And oh! my heart is breaking for the mountain  
that I knew!  
—Lillian Middleton in New York Times.

Confucius said: "I do not speak of what  
is ended, chide what is settled, or find fault  
with what is past."



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cents. You are cordially invited.

## SECRETARY EXTRAORDINARY

The Pacific Coast representative of a promi-  
nent national publication is privileged to offer  
the services of a young woman highly skilled  
as a social secretary. She comes from the  
East in mid-February and plans to establish  
herself here permanently.

Part of this young woman's time will be  
available to that San Francisco hostess who  
wishes to be relieved of the various details of  
social duty—and this without entailing an ex-  
pense out of proportion to the value of the  
service.

The endorsement of people of national promi-  
nence is held by this young woman, about  
whom further information may be had by ad-  
dressing Box 6, The Argonaut.



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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mme. Dominguez and Mr. Vincente Dominguez, who have been visiting Mrs. Daniel Murphy since before the holidays, will sail January 25th for South America to visit relatives of the late M. Dominguez, who was Argentine ambassador at London. On their return to England they will be joined by Mrs. Murphy, who is going abroad in the early spring.

Miss Lawton Filer has gone to New York for a brief sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings and their children are en route to England, where they will make their home for the next five years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, Miss Miriam Gerstle, and Miss Louise Gerstle are spending the holidays in Bombay. They expect to be in India for two months longer and before their return home they will travel through Java, China, and Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson have arrived in Florence, after several months of continental travel. They have been enjoying the holiday season there with Mrs. George Tallant, who is passing the winter in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rice have returned to Santa Barbara, after a week's visit in Redwood City with Mrs. James Robinson.

Mrs. Raymond Baker and her children have sailed for France, where they have taken a house in Mentone for the remainder of the winter and the spring.

Mrs. Guy Scott is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Teaff at her home in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Teaff will visit relatives in St. Louis before their return to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and the Misses Doris and Elizabeth Schmiedell have returned from Ross Valley, where they passed the Yuletide. Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., who passed Christmas week with his parents, returned the first of the week to Portland.

Mrs. Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham have decided to prolong their travels. They will visit the Far East before their return to the United States.

Mr. Jeffrey Armsby will conclude his visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby Tuesday and will return to Pennsylvania, where he is attending school.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood and Miss Gloria Wood will take their departure early next week for New York en route to Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have returned from Santa Barbara, where they passed the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Steele have returned from a trip through the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McCurdy and their children have returned to Portland, after having passed six weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Max Bertheau at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran arrived from the East and Europe Saturday and they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith in Burlingame.

Mrs. John Morse and Miss Alice Morse are visiting in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller will sail next month for Europe to be gone indefinitely.

Mr. Peter O'Donnell has returned to Texas, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned from Burlingame, where they have been enjoying a several days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Peters have taken their departure for Seattle, after a fortnight's visit in San Francisco with Mrs. Stetson Winslow. They passed the New Year holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan and Miss Frances

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Lent have returned from Pasadena, where they have been enjoying a brief holiday. Miss Ruth Lent passed the week-end with friends at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken have returned from Inverness, where they passed the New Year holidays at the Frederick Beaver country place.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and their children have returned from a few days' visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui gave a week-end party at their ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt and Miss Marian Baker.

Miss Maud O'Connor has postponed her return to the United States until next fall. She is in Paris, where she and Miss Ella O'Connor have an apartment.

Mrs. Alfred Montgomery has left for Florida to join Lieutenant-Commander Montgomery, who has recently been detailed there.

Prince and Princess André Poniatowski have arrived in New York from Paris and they are visiting Mrs. Edward Harriman at her estate at Arden. Later they will come West to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer will take their departure in the near future for the Orient to be gone several months.

Miss Jane Carrigan will leave shortly for New York, where she will join Mrs. Athearn Folger and will accompany her abroad. They expect to sail for Paris in February and will be away for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishacker and their children will return the first of the week from a trip to Pasadena.

Miss Marie Louise Potter left Thursday for the Atlantic coast, after having spent the holidays with her mother. Mrs. Potter and Miss Potter have been in Monterey for the past fortnight.

Dr. Clement Arnold is at the Stanford Hospital, sustaining injuries as a result of being knocked down by a Southern Pacific train in Berkeley. He will be in hospital for some time, but his injuries are reported as not serious.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Brown, Los Banos; Mr. and Mrs. John Lee, Jr., Palo Alto; Mr. Charles W. Clingman, Chicago; Mr. T. J. Larkin, Santa Cruz; Mr. Louis H. Smith, Fresno; Mr. John M. Perry, Stockton; Mr. A. Mattei, Fresno; Mr. George H. Newman, Palo Alto; Mr. J. P. Amestoy, Los Angeles; Mr. M. S. Wagner, Salinas; Mr. John S. Bryan, Hollister; Mr. B. L. Whitmore, Pasadena; Mr. Frank Carroll, Mr. Hansen Moore, Los Angeles; Mr. Gerald da Costa, London; Mr. J. H. Nestor, Philadelphia; Mr. David Blankenhorn, Los Angeles; Mr. John S. Beall, Portland; Mr. J. M. Henderson, Sacramento; Mr. W. G. Kahman, McCloud; Mr. W. J. Conrad, Marshfield, Oregon; Mr. B. F. Shepherd, Fresno; Mr. Fred S. Bair, Eureka; Mr. Edward W. Penfield, New York.

Hotel Whitcomb's guests include Mr. W. G. Allen, Riverdale; Mr. E. F. Goodrich, Sacramento; Mr. Fred J. Nicholls, Watsonville; Mr. E. M. Blair, Weed; Mr. H. L. Burke, Mr. C. A. Fowler, Los Angeles; Mr. H. C. Holmes, Pacific Grove; Mr. M. S. Nagle, El Paso; Mr. Louis I. Dreeben, Elko, Nevada; Dr. L. H. Butler, St. Helena; Mr. A. M. Moeller, Sacramento; Mr. W. E. Price, Los Angeles; Mr. William Hall, Merced; Mr. H. A. Daly, Sacramento; Mr. C. M. Stutz, Modesto; Mr. Carl Palmer, Los Angeles; Mr. A. A. Adriano, Stockton; Dr. C. F. English, Stockton; Mr. G. E. Bittering, Los Angeles; Mr. H. H. Ledyard, San Jose; Mr. F. A. Dixon, Los Gatos; Mr. Peter Gurash, Watsonville; Mr. J. E. Jackson, Reno; Mr. Charles Horwitz, Stockton; Mr. Romie C. Jacks, Monterey; Mr. F. F. Doppelmaier, Marshfield, Oregon; Mr. W. A. Conn, Fresno.

Among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. Edwin Reinhart, New York; Mr. Charles A. Walker, Salt Lake City; Mr. Howard Moyer, Philadelphia; Mr. Albert E. Colbourne, Los Angeles; Mr. Henry Stadlmaier, Seattle; Mr. E. P. Jacobs, Salt Lake City; Mr. Francis M. Hartman, Tucson; Mr. Max M. Smith, Santa Ana; Mr. J. Parker Read, Jr., Los Angeles; Mr. Charles W. Ott, Salt Lake City; Mr. M. E. Ulmer, Mr. Emil Kaufman, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Burch, Detroit; Mr. A. B. Jackson, Colusa; Mr. Ben E. Crouch, Chico; Mr. Norman S. Tulk, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. C. P. Holt, Stockton; Mr. C. Reimer, Cleveland; Mr. T. E. Tucker, Portland; Mr. Jack Veitch, Seattle; Mrs. Wesley Smith, Denver; Captain and Mrs. F. W. Koester, El Paso.

#### Unrest and Disorder in China.

The fundamental difficulty that is responsible for the unrest and disorder which now reigns supreme in Chinese political and social affairs can be traced accordingly to the appearance of foreign ideas and, what is more important, to their rampant dissemination (says Chang Hsin-Hai in the *North American Review*). Foreign ideas, merely because they are foreign, are not taboo; on the contrary, they should be warmly received. But differences in time and place require the exclusion of those which have no special bearing upon the Chinese people and upon their problems. The tendency in China at present unfortunately is towards taking over everything foreign—good, bad, and indifferent, with perhaps a greater attraction for the bad and the indifferent, of which there is a full supply in the treaty ports where the common people receive strictly first-hand knowledge of the rest. This is as it inevitably must be when the ideas lack control and concentration; and the ultimate result is that not only do they become dangerous catchwords which, because they are strange to the mental habits of the people, are deprived of all their original meaning and content, but they also render useless those native ideas which for centuries have formed their mental support. The Chinese

mind today is, to all intents and purposes, loosened from all its moorings. It has been drifting, especially within the last ten years, whither no one knows; neither is there any group of competent men of power and influence to whom it may look for guidance, nor is it itself capable of finding definite aim to direct its endeavors. It has thus come to pass that instead of making for progress and enlightenment, these new ideas have been making for danger and turmoil.

#### Whitman's Ambition.

It was not until Walt Whitman was thirty-six years old that "Leaves of Grass" appeared, but many years previous, when he was twenty-one, he began to have dreams of great authorship, according to Emory Holloway, who, in a two-volume collection of the poet's fugitive work, rescues from oblivion a number of these very early writings. In one of them, Whitman, using a pseudonym, says:

"I think that if I should make pretensions to be a philosopher, and should determine to edify the world with what would add to the number of those sage and ingenious theories which do already so much abound, I would compose a wonderful and ponderous book. Therein should be treatises on the nature and peculiarities of men, the diversity of their characters, the means of improving their state and the proper mode of governing nations; with divers other points whereon I could no doubt throw quite as much light as do many of these worthy gentlemen who, to the delight and instruction of our citizens, occasionally treat on these subjects in printed periodicals, in books, and in public discourses. At the same time that I would do all this, I would carefully avoid saying anything of women, because it behooves a modest personage like myself not to speak upon a class of beings of whose nature, habits, notions, and ways he has not been able to gather any knowledge, either by experience or observation.

"Nobody, I hope, will accuse me of conceit in these opinions of my own capacity for doing great things. In good truth, I think the world suffers from this much bemoaned modesty. Who should be a better judge of a man's talents than the man himself? I see no reason why we should let our light shine under bushels. Yes; I would write a book! And who shall say it might not be a very good book? Who knows but that I might do something very respectable?"



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#### Death of John J. Crooks.

San Rafael lost a highly respected citizen in the death of John J. Crooks, which occurred at his home on Christmas Day. Mr. Crooks had long been connected with many local activities and had borne a graceful part in the social life of the community.

Dr. Robert A. Milliken of Pasadena will deliver the fourth in a series of popular lectures on astronomy on the evening of the 13th at Native Sons Hall. Subject, "Seeing the Invisible." Dr. Milliken will describe in non-technical language how it is possible to photograph objects which the eye can never see directly and how such pictures yield new insight into the structure of the atom and into the construction of stars and nebulae.

### COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES

## BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

December 30, 1921

#### RESOURCES

|  |                 |                  |
|--|-----------------|------------------|
| First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....                           | \$59,079,594.05 |                  |
| Other Loans and Discounts.....                                     | 57,832,140.66   | \$116,911,734.71 |
| United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness.....          | \$20,983,484.52 |                  |
| State, County and Municipal Bonds.....                             | 13,734,789.56   |                  |
| Other Bonds.....   | 8,406,407.86    |                  |
| Stock in Federal Reserve Bank.....                                 | 375,000.00      |                  |
| TOTAL U. S. AND OTHER SECURITIES.....                              |                 | 43,499,681.94    |
| Due from Federal Reserve Bank.....                                 | \$ 7,563,404.97 |                  |
| Cash and Due from Other Banks.....                                 | 16,386,667.84   |                  |
| TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS.....                                 |                 | 23,950,072.81    |
| Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults..... | 7,202,029.59    |                  |
| Other Real Estate Owned.....                                       | 341,014.65      |                  |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....  | 451,463.53      |                  |
| Interest Earned but not Collected.....                             | 1,219,042.38    |                  |
| Employees' Pension Fund (Carried on Books at).....                 | 1.00            |                  |
| Other Resources.....   | 604,409.19      |                  |
| Total Resources.....   |                 | \$194,179,449.80 |

#### LIABILITIES

|   |                  |                  |
|---|------------------|------------------|
| DEPOSITS.....                                       | \$177,867,610.68 |                  |
| Dividends Unpaid.....                               | 601,802.04       |                  |
| Discount Collected but not Earned.....              | 91,285.88        |                  |
| Reserved for Taxes and Interest Accrued.....        | 130,339.61       |                  |
| Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts..... | 451,463.53       |                  |
| Bills Payable, Federal Reserve Bank.....            | None             |                  |
| Rediscounts, Federal Reserve Bank.....              | None             |                  |
|   |                  | \$179,142,501.74 |
| *Capital Paid In.....                               | \$10,000,000.00  |                  |
| *Surplus.....                                       | 2,500,000.00     |                  |
| Undivided Profits.....                              | 2,536,948.06     |                  |
| TOTAL CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....   |                  | 15,036,948.06    |
| Total Liabilities.....                              |                  | \$194,179,449.80 |

\*By the issue of 50,000 additional shares of stock on July 3, 1922, the PAID IN CAPITAL will be increased to \$15,000,000.00 and SURPLUS to \$5,000,000.00.

All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of half-year have been deducted in above statement.

A. P. Giannini and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained herein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.  
W. R. WILLIAMS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of December, 1921.  
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

### THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources

|                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| December, 1904.....    | \$285,436.97     |
| December, 1908.....    | \$2,574,004.90   |
| December, 1912.....    | \$11,228,814.56  |
| December, 1916.....    | \$39,805,995.24  |
| December, 1920.....    | \$157,464,685.08 |
| December 30, 1921..... | \$194,179,449.80 |

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 291,994

Savings Deposits made to and including January 10, 1922, will earn interest from January 1, 1922



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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I've got a fellow who owns a swell car. Do you love any one who owns a car?" "Any one."—*Washington Sun Dodger*.

"Sis, haven't you and Jim been engaged long enough to get married?" "Too long; he hasn't got a cent left."—*Columbia Jester*.

Now that all the girls dress like that, the vamp has to do some real acting to put over the idea of wickedness.—*Lincoln Star*.

"So the colonel is a connoisseur in hootch?" "Well, he has good judgment." "Eh?" "Won't drink any of it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Why do you recommend this lipstick? Do the girls prefer it?" "I can't say about that, miss, but I do know the boys like the taste of it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Now look here, Johnson, this man is doing double the work you do." "That's what I've been telling him, but he won't stop."—*Christian Register*.

"Of course, my boy, when I was your age I sowed a few wild oats." "You're a lucky beggar to have had your fling before oats got so beastly tame."—*Judge*.

"Hullo! There's that Robinson girl living up to her usual motto." "What's that?" "Never put off tomorrow what you can take off today."—*London Mail*.

Hub—That new partner of mine is never satisfied. He wants everything he sees. Wife—You must hurry and introduce our daughter to him.—*Boston Transcript*.

Jill (after earnest scrutiny of mother's

latest dress)—I s'pose the ladies and the gentlemen dance in separate rooms, don't they, mummie?—*London Opinion*.

"Willie," said his mother, "I must insist that you stop shooting craps—those poor little things have just as much right to live as you have."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

Son—I see they have the measles in the corner house, papa! Professor (absently)—Yes! Yes! Shall we go in and get some?—*Iowa Frivol*.

"That infant next door cries constantly." "And yet," mused Senator Sorghum, "I don't believe he actually has anything on his mind. He's probably just filibustering."—*Washington Star*.

"A woman never takes any stock in this lifelong devotion business." "What say?" "After a man has been devoted for twenty years he's merely on probation."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

He—Why are you women always going to bargain sales in the hope of getting something for nothing? She—For the same reason you men are always going to poker clubs.—*Washington Post*.

"Queer times we live in, queer times." "How now, Sempronius?" "I see a woman has won a billiard contest and a man a prize for baking the best loaf of bread."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Gay Gentleman—Could you oblige me with a programme? Box-Office Attendant—But the show's nearly over! Gay Gentleman—I know that, but I want to prove to my wife where I've been.—*London Mail*.

"What's this contraption?" "A labor-saving device," says the young wife. "I bought it this morning." "What kind of labor?" "Dear me! The agent talked so fast I forgot to ask."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Daughter—How do you like my new party gown, father? Father—Why, daughter! You surely aren't going out with half of your back exposed? Daughter (looking in mirror)—Oh, father! How stupid of me. I have this dress on backwards.—*Chicago Phoenix*.

"Hullo! William," said Henry; "where's the thoo gotten that black eye?" "Wey," replied William, dolefully, "thoo sees, oor Jack's just gettin' back from his honeymoon, an' it wor me as persuaded him to get marrit."—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

Old Mac (to young Englishman anxious to marry his daughter)—Ye speak at great length about yer honored name. Noo, what I want to ascertain is, whatna bank honors it, and for hoo much?—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

"I hear George is to be married next month to that brunette he became engaged to at the beach." "Why, I thought that was one of those temporary summer engagements." "George thought so, too."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Daughter," said the cautious mother, "you should know, absolutely, that you love James above all things, before you marry him." "For mercy's sake, mamma," pouted the girl, "you are so unreasonable! How can

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I know how much I love him until I marry him and give him a chance to treat me mean and see if I can stick to him."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Strict Parent—From my observation of him last night I should say that that young man of yours was rather wild. Daughter—Of course. It was your watching that made him wild. He wanted you to go upstairs and leave us alone.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Isn't that the story you recently sold to Art-reels?" said the motion-picture director to the famous author as the vivid film drama unrolled before them. "Impossible," murmured the great man incredulously, "it's the identical plot."—*Columbia Jester*.

Buck—You don't seem to think much of Jigger. Wing—No, he is deceitful. Buck—I didn't think that of him. Wing—Well, he is. He has one kind of tobacco which he smokes himself and another he gives to his friends when they ask for the makin's.—*Youngstown Telegram*.

"What is your ambition?" "To be rich enough to own an automobile of my own." "But you already own a car?" "I know that, but you don't know how tired I am of having to argue with the wife and the daughter and the son every time I want to use it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I trust, Mr. Borum," said Miss Cutting, as the young man was about to depart, "that you will spend one more afternoon with us before we move into our new house." "Delighted, I assure you, Miss Cutting," replied Borum. "By the way, when do you expect to move?" "I'm not positive as to the exact date," she answered, "but the workmen began excavating for the cellar yesterday, and papa expects the house to be finished in about eighteen months."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

#### Poor Richard's Day.

The Sons of the Revolution have set about to make a holiday of Franklin's birthday (says the *New York Tribune*). The governors of the states are to be petitioned for that purpose. No one will gainsay that the day which cradled Franklin, January 17, 1706, is one to be remembered.

It is awkward, however, that the great in-

ventor, philosopher, statesman, and patriot was born in midwinter. The season is already well sprinkled with holidays. If he had seen the light in April or August the temptation to celebrate the event on links and tennis courts would be irresistible. But that would be showing inappropriate regard for Franklin, whose extreme sporting dissipation was an evening of chess, and even that gave him a qualm of conscience over wasted time.

Here is a thought: Make January 17th the kind of holiday that would have suited Benjamin himself. Let everybody work double or triple time, wear old clothes, put a couple of dollars in the bank, and meditate prayerfully on his personal shortcomings. That would be a true holiday à la Poor Richard. It would be much honored in the breach, probably.

Strange is the word saunterer, sprung from La Sainte Terre (the Holy Land), whither pilgrims were wont leisurely to journey. Stranger the word haberdasher, which is said to have been derived from the German *hab' ihr das dier?* Another exotic corruption, this time from the French, is *qu'en dirai* (what shall I say or it?) for quandary.

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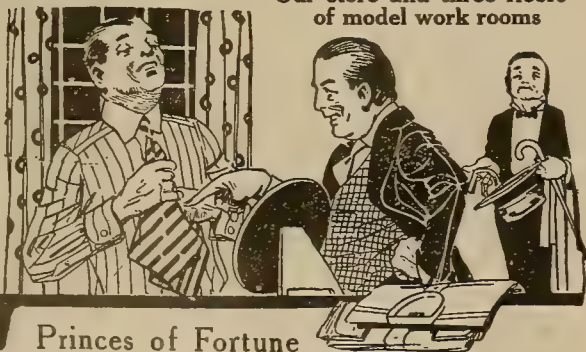
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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Our Senatorial Fit Thrower.

Senator Johnson's protest against the Four-Power agreement has failed of affirmative response. Quite significantly so. The only public attention given to it (other than by his friend Mr. Hearst) has been on the part of former associates of his politics, and in prompt and emphatic rebuttal. Mr. Kent has met it with open protest. Mr. Rowell in a smashing argument has exhibited its fallacies. In the comment of the latter there is a delicately contemptuous note; the senator, he declares, "thrashes a man of straw." Others of Mr. Johnson's erstwhile intimates in private talk speak sadly of the senator's habit of seeking in given situations, not what is worthy and constructive, but that which may yield him opportunity to exercise a contentious spirit.

In this connection Mr. Rowell, while revealing an affectionate mind toward his patron and friend, betrays the fact that he knows the weak point in the senator's armor. He likens him to the traditional quack doctor who is hell on fits: "If his patients had fits he cured them and if they had anything else he gave them fits and cured them." This comes a bit harshly from one long associated with Mr. Johnson and who upon many occasions and under varying circumstances has lent comfort and aid to the senator in his most extravagant radicalisms. Obviously Mr. Rowell has grown weary of the "fits" principle in dealing with public issues. Also obviously he prefers, in the immediate instance at least, to associate himself with those who

seek beneficent effects in public policies rather than with the practice in politics based upon the propagation of "fits."

Senator Johnson is not without elements of strength. He has courage. He has the gift of tongues. He is master of an unctuous style that wins the multitude. In truth, he has many elements of power. If he could bring himself to employ his very considerable abilities in support of constructive policies he might do the state and the nation a vital service and create for himself a place in the sphere of national affairs. But he seems unable to transmute the belligerent campaigner into a constructive statesman. Encouraged by a rather notable success as a thrower of "fits" he seems unable to forego the fierce joys of conflict, to put to one side the methods that once made him a formidable campaigner, but which do not suit the character of a senator. Mr. Johnson is obviously unable to turn his face from the shabby degrees by which he did ascend.

The deficiency of Senator Johnson is that of character. His policies are founded, not in conviction and under the regulation of moral purpose, but in sheer love of acrimonious contention. He nurses and emphasizes his resentments. He plumes himself as a "fighter" and he elects to fight even under circumstances that require him to set up a man of straw as a target. It is a pity—truly a pity—that very considerable talents with opportunity of real service should be lost through the inability of their possessor to rid himself of habits of mind that are an obstruction to vital obligations and incidentally a grief to his well-wishers.

### The Political Year.

In the sense that we are not to choose a President in the coming November elections this is an off-year in American politics. None the less, important determinations are to be made, the greatest being the choice of a new House of Representatives. One-third of the members of the Senate is to be chosen, but less importance attaches to this phase of the political year, due to the fact that the result as to the Senate is practically foreordained. The Senate will almost surely remain in Republican hands. As the Senate of 96 members stands, the Republicans have a majority of 24. Of the whole number (96) the terms of 32 will expire. The Republicans to go out (17) are Lodge of Massachusetts, Johnson of California, Kellogg of Minnesota, La Follette of Wisconsin, New of Indiana, Calder of New York, Hale of Maine, McCumber of North Dakota, Crow of Pennsylvania, Dupont of Delaware, Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, McLean of Connecticut, Page of Vermont, Poindexter of Washington, Sutherland of West Virginia, and Townsend of Michigan. The retiring Democrats (15) are Hitchcock of Nebraska, Pomerene of Ohio, Reed of Missouri, Williams of Mississippi, Ashurst of Arizona, Culbertson of Texas, Gerry of Rhode Island, Jones of New Mexico, Kendrick of Wyoming, King of Utah, McKellar of Tennessee, Myers of Montana, Pitman of Nevada, Swanson of Virginia, and Trammell of Florida. To win the Senate from the Republicans the Democrats would have to retain all the seats that they now hold and to gain 13 seats from the Republicans. Of course, nothing in the political world is impossible. Revolutions do now and again occur. But it is extremely improbable that so radical an exchange of senatorial seats may occur at a time of relative political quiet. It may be taken for granted that the Republicans will control the next Senate as they do the Senate that is now sitting.

But the situation with respect to the House of Representatives is of another kind. Here the whole membership (435) goes out. In the present Congress the Republicans hold 301 seats, the Democrats hold 134. The Republican majority is 167, something more than two to one. But in this great majority, since there are

no hold-overs, there is no assurance. In off years it is notoriously the habit of the American electorate to act eccentrically. When the presidency is not involved party spirit and party discipline are relatively lax. The individual elector is much more likely to vote with a free hand when there is no controlling motive—or a less impelling motive—as respects the head of the government. In the immediate instance it is to be remembered that the heavy vote for Republican candidates two years ago was to a very considerable degree cast in negative spirit. The country wanted to rebuke Wilsonism. An obvious way to do it was to turn over the government, both in its executive and legislative branches, to the party then in opposition. This was done in a spirit of high expectation. It was hoped—not quite reasonably, for democracies are never reasonable—that by putting the government in hands critical of Wilsonism all the errors and all the misfortunes of the Wilson period would instantly be remedied. It was the idea of the average voter that economies would be effected, that taxes would be reduced, that conditions would swing back to the pre-war status—all upon the instant.

Of course these bright hopes have not been fulfilled in their entirety or even approximately. The mischiefs inherited by the new Congress were too many and too great for immediate remedy. The necessities of the government, not only under the extravagances of the war period, but in relation to its legitimate costs, were vast; and they must continue to be vast for many years to come. By no conceivable method can the government return to the pre-war basis until slow-moving reforms shall be achieved and until the vast debt contracted upon war account shall be paid. For many years the government must continue to pay on war account an annual sum at least equal to the normal charges of government. There is the interest on the vast public debt, there is the augmented organization essential to the carrying on of enlarged functions of government due to the war, there is the increased expenditure on military account, there is the care of disabled soldiers—these and many other things that must inevitably consume vast sums of money annually for many years to come. We shall not sooner get back to pre-war standards in government than to pre-war standards relative to the cost of other things.

Something has been done in the year since the Republicans came into control of the government for remedying the situation, but not as much as was popularly expected—indeed, not as much as was reasonably expected. Congress has been dilatory, it has lacked decisiveness in action. It is not to be denied that despite definite control of all the branches of government, much that might have been hoped for has failed of performance.

Taking the situation in all its aspects, it is difficult to find in it anything in the nature of positive assurance. The political aspect of the country is quite definitely Republican, but there are factors of disappointment both reasonable and emotional. There is the apathy characteristic of off years. Above all, the times are hard. Prices for those who have commodities to sell are low, prices for those who must buy are high. The farmer must sell his wheat, his cattle, his hides, his wool, at prices below normal. Those who buy flour, butcher's meat, shoes, and clothing still have to pay prices above normal. Labor, while a declining quantity as regards wages, is still largely above standard as regards the employer. Hard times are commonly times of political dissatisfaction; there is always universal feeling that the government is somehow to blame. Under such conditions and in off years party spirit is at ebb tide. In the coming election anything may happen.

For the thoughtful minority there are considerations in the coming election of supreme importance. It is to be borne in mind that measures of retrenchment from



war expenditure, measures of reorganization, measures representing the will and the aims of the President, are in process of being carried out. These considerations logically call for such organization of Congress as may tend to support of the Executive. If Mr. Harding is to bring about results he is aiming at he should have the support of a Congress in sympathy with him and with his plans. It is to be remembered that the principle implied in the Scriptural text—a house divided against itself—applies to governmental as to other things. These considerations will undoubtedly control the more thoughtful and responsible elements of the American public. But not all are reasonable, not all are responsible.

The most hopeful aspect of the situation from the standpoint of Republican interest is the very obviously full confidence of the public in the character, the intentions, and the projects of the President. Mr. Harding is today valued in the public mind even more highly than when he took office. He has proved himself a poised, a discreet, an honest man. If he has not been able to do all that he wished to do he has done all that has been humanly possible. Further, his aims for the future are all to the good, and the American people appreciate the fact. The hope of the Republicans largely rests upon the esteem President Harding has won in the something less than a year of his presidential life.

Less popularly effective, but still a large factor in the situation, are the influences proceeding from the Washington Conference. By the government in its existing organization there has been achieved much that tends to inspire national pride. The achievements of the Conference are in direct line with the moral aspirations of the great majority of our people. There should be, and there will be, very general disposition to strengthen the hands of an Administration that has, by its initiative and its discreet employment of forces at its hand, advanced the standards of world organization and of world civilization.

### "Peace, Peace, Where There Is No Peace!"

Mr. De Valera's course within the week is remindful of the nursery story which tells of the petulant little maid who, the play not going to her liking, gathers up her doll rags and runs home. Being fairly beaten after a period of discussion in which he, with all the influences he could bring to bear, was out-voted, he serves notice that he will jump the game. Also he will continue the fight under the old war cries. There are those, it is declared, who will join with him to the end of sustaining the embittered agitation that has long kept Ireland aflame and which has soaked sections of her soil with blood. All of which leads to the reflection that the first and essential qualification of a self-governing people under a representative system is the spirit that accepts and abides by majority determinations. It is this spirit that has sustained and advanced our own country through successive generations. It is the lack of it that keeps Central America and parts of South America in perpetual turmoil. It is claimed for Ireland that she has the capacity for self-government; the events of the week tend to discredit this claim. Self-government for Ireland is not practicable unless there shall be on the part of the Irish people respect for the authority of majorities. A people so fixed in their prejudices and resentments that they can not bring themselves to accept and respect popular verdicts, is obviously lacking in the poise essential to self-government.

Under the plan as outlined by representatives of south Ireland and the British government, and as now formally accepted by a majority of the Dail Eireann, there is assured to the people of south Ireland everything—and more—than is enjoyed in an American state. The arrangement as concluded provides:

First—Establishment of an Irish free state, with a dominion status.

Second—A representative of the crown will be appointed to the post of governor-general in a manner similar to Canada.

Third—The free state oath of allegiance shall be "to the free state, the king, and the empire."

Fourth—The free state shall assume a portion of the public debt and British war expenditures.

Fifth—The royal navy shall have access to Irish ports.

Under a constitution thus outlined the people of south Ireland may, if they will, be absolutely free. They may

make their own laws; they may establish and maintain their own courts; they may establish and maintain their own army. The only thing that they may not do is to conspire with and give aid and comfort to the enemies of Britain. In effect, their "Free State" will be like the dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, a partner in the British Empire, with the large practical advantages that lie in that affiliation. No privilege that a free people may enjoy is denied them. It now remains to be seen if inherited animosity shall sustain rebellion against majority rule on the part of an infatuated group of irreconcilables. Shall a coterie of passionate hot-heads cheat the Irish people of a boon for which these many centuries they have struggled and prayed?

It is now obvious that what De Valera and his impassioned associates want is, not peace, but strife. They want the war to go on. They want to sustain conditions under which they have attained distinction and achieved prosperity. They want, in brief, to hold their jobs.

### France.

It is difficult for the average American to suppress an inherited sympathy for the French Republic. It has been bred in the bone, so to speak. But France herself by her insistent militaristic "gestures," unpleasantly illustrated in the Washington Conference, is making us appraise the new France in her true proportions. There is a certain speciousness in the claim of those who apologize for France that her military projects are brought forward primarily for effect in the diplomatic game that is now being played in the international business conference at Cannes. But the demand upon credulity is too great. France has put forward her ambitious ideas with such an appearance of earnestness as to impress upon Europe, and even upon America, a growing conviction that she is trying to make herself a military power somewhat after the bad fashion of pre-war Germany. Her attempt to bring the new nations of eastern Europe into a species of "accord," her flirting with Turkey—these incidents with the whole course of her diplomacy since Versailles—seem to point to the project at an alliance in the European field so strong that it will approach a realization of the Napoleonic conception. Let it be admitted that France has some reason for the fear that some day, somehow, Germany will renew her strength and launch another attack. But can anybody seriously believe that the Prussian bogey is of such proportions that it can, say within the next ten years, be a menace to France—a menace so seriously as to justify a continued maintenance of a standing army of eight hundred thousand men and to create a navy in its strength far beyond anything France has ever had before?

From the standpoint of policy the course of France in the Washington Conference has been one of stupid indiscretion. She has persisted in the theory that this Conference is a successor to the gathering at Versailles, and in adherence to that theory she has attempted to subordinate its purposes to considerations of European diplomacy. Where the other nations have sought to keep within the field defined in the agenda, France has sought to make success of the Conference contingent upon settlement in her favor of her differences with Britain. The French commissioners—and as well the home government and the home press—appear blind to the fact that in the settlement implied in the Four-Power agreement France has in a moral sense been immeasurably strengthened as against Germany. While the Four-Power agreement is neither an offensive nor a defensive alliance there is implied in it a friendly association of France with America, Britain, and Japan. Germany will be slow to act against France while she stands before the world in established friendly relations with these strong nations. For France the Four-Power agreement, while relating only to the Far East, stands as a mark of her association with a group strong enough for any authority it may choose to exert. And this is not likely to escape the vision of Germany. That it seems to have escaped the vision of France is evidence of the fact so often noted that the eye of France seems never able to see beyond the sphere of her own direct interest. She seems unable to visualize any advantage that lacks the concrete form of a hard-and-fast commitment.

The position of France, a weak nation both numerically and financially, in an effort to masquerade as a military power is distinctly weaker than that of

a France strong not so much in herself as in her affiliations. Very recently she has seen both America and Britain fighting on her own soil for her protection. The spirit that prompted their action in the late war is for France a higher security than anything she may do for herself in the way of armament. Her finances will not permit her to permanently maintain an organization strong enough for her own defense. The attempt to create and maintain such an organization, especially if supported by the cocky kind of diplomacy that she has exhibited at Washington, tends to destroy sympathy and to weaken the support which, when all is considered, is her surest bulwark. The best policy for France would be not to antagonize America, Britain, and Japan, but to cultivate sympathetic relations, in the meantime curtailing her expenditure on military account and applying her means to development of the larger resources that have been brought to her in the outcome of the war. For let it be borne in mind that despite her losses of men and of material wealth in the great war, France through her recovery of Alsace-Lorraine is as a nation stronger than she was in 1914. Nobody will wish to minimize the sacrifice she made in the five years of war. At the same time none can fail to see that in the largest view and regarded nationally she is fundamentally stronger than at any time since the Franco-Prussian war. But while this is true, she is far from being strong enough to maintain a military organization independently able to cope with forces that may be brought to bear against her even by Germany alone. Broken as Germany is, she still has resources of manpower, of physical materials and of industrial power which France alone can not match. And since France may not stand alone, she would better take the chip off her shoulder, divert her means from military to industrial account, cease nagging her potential friends, and devote her diplomacy to acquisition and retention of international sympathy.

### Time to Quit.

The Washington Conference will add nothing to its record of achievements by discussion of incidental and more or less irrelevant matters. It was called for specific purposes and these purposes have been attained. All that was expected—and more—has been done. It is time to quit.

The matters that are now being pressed upon the Conference are not unimportant. They may not be dismissed as trivial. But in respect of the aims originally proposed and already achieved, they are only relatively pertinent. Their solution is beyond the competence of this body. Their discussion tends to promote antagonism. They would better be referred to a future conference or conferences, called under another mandate and holding another kind of authority.

The conference at Versailles lost itself in a maze. It attempted too much. If it had made peace with Germany, arranged for reparations, and then gone home, it would have stood as a great historic success. Trying to do overmuch, in the end it presented to the world the spectacle of a colossal and pretentious failure.

The Washington Conference should take stock of this example. It stands today in high credit. It has done all that was hoped for and something more. It is time to quit.

### The Bonus.

It is now obvious that in one form or another, subject to one condition or another, the soldier bonus project is to be "put through." Somewhere between two billions and five billions of dollars are to be extracted from the taxpayers, most of whom in one form or another—in purchase of Liberty Bonds, in increased taxation or in the cost of things bought at war prices—bore their share of the burden. The bonus project is primarily an iniquitous thing because it takes money from some people and bestows it on other people. In another view it is an iniquitous thing because it is a money commutation of a patriotic obligation. It measures the service of the soldier by a standard that nullifies its moral significance. In still another way it is an iniquitous thing because it will tend to demoralize those to whom the government's bounty shall be given. Something of spiritual value, something of self-respect, would be lost to every man who accept his gratuity; and the result will be especially demoralizing to those who rendered no service. It will rob some millions of young Americans of a manly sense of self-dependence.



It will be the beginning of a campaign which in progressive series will put a mortgage upon the country for fifty years to come. Let nobody take the comforting unctious to his soul that by this first hand-out the score will be cleaned up. With appetite whetted by this first grab, under the sense of political power that will be promoted by it, demand will follow demand; and under the pressure of political expediences in which one party will vie with another, treasure upon treasure will be poured into the bottomless sink of pension legislation.

The immediate project is founded upon no consideration in equity. No sober mind recognizes a real obligation. But—there is coming a national election next November. The Republican party, in authority at Washington, is fearful of losing the next House of Representatives; and in this fear it is making a high bid for "soldier votes." Next time it will be the Democratic party which in its turn will make another and possibly a higher bid. And so it will go. The "veterans," not one of whom in five smelt gunpowder or saw a foe, not one of whom but is richer for his experience of travel and his military training, will become a big factor in politics; and as their illegitimate political value grows, in similar ratio will their individual character deteriorate—and with it the political character of our country, with the integrity and dignity of its government. Verily it is a bad business.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### From One Who Misses the Point.

CHICO, January 7, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your articles on mothers vs. spinners as directors in the movement for better child welfare have aroused the resentment of one of your readers because of your unfair generalization as to the latter's disqualification for such service.

As a mother may I say that much genuine help that I have had in the rearing of my children has come from an unmarried woman—a woman of parts and one who has studied child psychology and welfare, and who has been able to do such studying because she is a spinner. Motherhood doesn't always bring intelligence, and why should expectant mothers or mothers *de facto* not have the help from those who have not had the joys or burdens of motherhood as well as to be at the mercy of men who by nature have only a scientific or pecuniary interest in such problems, or of married women whose sole recommendation is possibly the wedding ring? If opportunity is a duty, why should those who may be fitted by training and taste be disqualified for this work because their lot is not one of the burdened mother or the parasite wife?

A READER OF YOUR USUALLY FAIR PAPER.

### In Defense of Debs.

CHICO, January 8, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the *Argonaut* of December 31, 1921, in an editorial entitled "The Release of Debs," you say: "Debs' offense was open and flagrant. \* \* \* Debs was preaching treason. Many a man has been hanged for conduct less vicious and less calculated."

Debs was arrested, indicted, tried, and convicted for words spoken by him in a speech made by him at Canton, Ohio, at some time during the late war. The speech was a Socialistic harangue, made to an audience composed largely of Socialists, and contains many expressions of which I do not approve, as I am not a Socialist, but there is no treason in it, no word that he did not have a right to say at any time and in any place where it was proper to make a public speech.

Yours very truly, HENRY NELSON.

What is believed to be the smallest modern gold coin in the world has just been minted here (says an Associated Press dispatch from Geneva to the *New York Times*). It represents the gold franc on which the budget of the league of nations is to be calculated. It is octagonal in form, and on one side are engraved the initials "S. D. N." (*Société des Nations*). Its weight is .03225805 of a gram and its value is about 2 cents in American money. A pound would require 13,200 such coins. Referring to this coin the weekly bulletin of Samuel Montagu & Co. prints an extract from the *Westminster Gazette* saying: "The gold franc, which is the basis of all the monetary transactions of the league of nations, is solely an expression of values and does not exist as metal currency. But a single coin to represent this monetary unit has now been struck and it contains the exact ingredients in value."

The monument to the memory of the Ulstermen who fell in France has been recently unveiled on the ridge at Thierval, where the Ulster Division won undying fame. The memorial takes the form of a replica of "Helen's Tower," at Clondeboyne, and is the most imposing yet erected on the western front. Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson opened the tower, General Weyland performed the unveiling ceremony, and the Archbishop of Armagh conducted a dedication service. The ground around is to be left for all time just as it was after the fighting.

Canadian money to the value of \$6,000,000 will be used for the rebuilding of Soissons (according to the *Journal Industrielle*), which says that the Soissons municipal council has approved the terms of an agreement with Canadian banking interests for a loan to that amount. Plans were adopted for realigning the streets and beautifying the city, and this work will soon begin.

## MR. WELLS AND THE NEXT WAR.

H. G. Wells has recently been stressing the idea that unless an association of nations is formed with power to enforce its decisions, a war is sure to emerge from the present international status, and that it will be a war without discrimination: that is to say, a war in which the weapons will be aimed, not at the armies and fleets of the antagonist peoples, but at the people themselves. Combatants and noncombatants alike will suffer from invading aircraft, raining bombs, poison gas, and liquid fire into the cities of the contending nations, while submarines conduct indiscriminate operations against their shipping. Land armies will be more or less idle, particularly if the fighting nations are separated by the sea, as submarines can prevent their landing troops on each other's shores. This type of warfare will have the same strategic objective as the wars of the past, the final purpose of each antagonist being "to produce in the adversary a state of mind conducive to a discontinuance of the struggle, and submission or acquiescence to the will of the victor." The only new principle introduced is the idea that this purpose can best be achieved by attacking old men, women, and children, as well as combatant forces, and by threatening annihilation to the invaded nation.

With his usual ingenuity, Mr. Wells pictures a possible future war between America and Japan, in which the Japanese would establish air bases on unprotected parts of the Californian or Mexican coasts, or even at sea, the air planes being transported in submersibles to points from which they could cruise inland and throw explosives and gas into the cities and on the citizens of the Pacific Coast states. Similar operations might be conducted on the Atlantic side and from the Mexican gulf. Mr. Wells points out that in aerial warfare there are no fronts and no effectual barriers. The only answer to an aerial attack by the enemy on one's cities is an aerial attack on the cities of the enemy—an attack ruthless and general enough to bring his citizens promptly into "the state of mind conducive to submission." Warfare on this basis would be blind and deaf to all humane considerations, and would carry to a ghastly completion the system of reprisals begun in the European war.

This is a gloomy picture. Mr. Will Irwin is now traveling through America with the same dismal message, depicting future wars in which deadly and penetrating gases, like the "Lewisite" invented by Professor Lewis of Northwestern University during the war against Germany, will be dropped on cities in bombs weighing as much as 4300 pounds, and carrying a ton of T. N. T., to scatter the poisonous fumes. Lewisite is composed of acetylene with a solution of arsenic trichloride. It will penetrate any mask and burn its victims inside and out. It spreads slowly, unlike Phosgene, and is therefore less dangerous to the operator, who can spray it as safely and accurately on the city beneath him as if he were pouring water through a hose. If there is any adequate defense against this gas, it is known only to God and the uncommunicative experts in the poison gas works at Edgeworth, who have been paid \$1,200,000 by the war office to investigate offensive and defensive measures relating to it. Professor Lewis may possibly have found a means to combat his own discovery. But even if so, it is impossible to conjecture what equally sinister devices are originating in the secret laboratories of other countries.

Behind the prophecies of Mr. Wells and Mr. Irwin lies a redoubtable array of facts, and the sound postulate that the Washington Conference has done nothing to make war impossible or to make the lives of noncombatants secure in time of war. The outlawing by the nations of poison gases and liquid fire has, of course, no final validity: Whatever resolutions may be passed at the Conference regarding these weapons, or submarines, or aircraft, they will have no sanction save one of "sentiment." That nations at war will break such stipulations whenever there is more to be gained than lost by so doing is the lesson of history, and of not very ancient history at that. Capable historians maintain, and with some show of reason, that we have not essentially changed in the last century or so, and that the only limitation on the conduct of nations at war continues to be the "limitations of nature."

It is undeniable also that no agreement to reduce aerial armament can mean anything, since privately-owned aircraft can be mobilized instantly at any time for purposes of war, and a nation that wishes to can always evade treaty limitations by this means.

But before concluding that the nightmare here foreshadowed is inevitable, an optimist will adduce some other considerations. In the first place there is a glint of truth in the contention that when war involves a whole population it will not be undertaken irresponsibly, or without a final and basic grievance. An army can be made the tool of selfish interests, but a people is less easily sent to needless slaughter. When all citizens are made equal partakers in the sufferings of war they will look more closely into the issue before delivering an ultimatum.

The second gleam of hope in the abyss is that warfare on these terms will diminish the mercenary motive responsible for so many past hostilities. A country fighting a capable enemy under such conditions must inevitably lose more power than it can gain, and the financial interests that have hitherto had so much to do with the precipitation of war are shrewd enough now, if they were not in 1914, to reason that one plus two minus three equals nothing. Moreover, the financial war lords are known to have a salutary regard for their comfort, and neither Phosgene or Lewisite is the soothing equivalent of talcum powder.

Which raises the larger question as to whether in the close interweaving of the interests of modern nations a war can any longer be confined to two combatants, and whether, when the nations are faced with the imminent prospect of a general war of this kind, they will not by preference agree to the compromise they now reject. If not, there is at least one grim consolation. If it has not become one of the "limitations of nature" that such warfare is unthinkable, if it has not become fundamental with us that no occasion can justify the deliberate killing of helpless children, and if after these hundred thousand years or so, we have not yet reached a stage of civilization at which we are willing to unite in order to avoid this abominable thing, we may as well put a term to our uselessness with Phosgene, Lewisite, or any other handy agent of destruction. If we hold that the doctrine of the political inequality of nations must take precedence over the fundamentals of ordinary humanity, it does not matter a particle at what time, or in what manner, or by what means we are taken off; the question of our further existence is entirely devoid of importance. We are manifestly unfit to live.

But it is to be questioned whether this desperate hypothesis has any essential basis in fact. The present attitude of many of our statesmen is very conceivably due to a lack of imagination. It is incredible that even a majority among these, when confronted with the alternatives prefigured by Mr. Wells, would hesitate to sink their differences in the interests of humanity. It has yet to be proved that any nation in which the will of more than a few has any influence on the processes of government would wage war in such a manner without the greatest effort to avoid it. And if it be urged that a democratic nation (meaning ourselves) may be forced into such a combat by an autocracy (meaning Japan, as she is the only government of that type remaining) the answer must be that Japan at her worst, and her worst is very bad, has never opposed the organization of peace on an effective basis, and was, in fact, one of the first nations at Versailles to propose it. At the same conference France, who has since shown certain militant inclinations, urged the formation of a league of nations guaranteed by the armies of the countries participating in it. Her contention that without this provision paper agreements are not dependable, has never been refuted. England did not oppose such a settlement. The weaker nations had no interest in hindering it. The obstacle was certainly not China, or Germany, or Russia. If there should ever be a war in the future of the sort described above, the responsibility must apparently therefore rest at our door. And it is impossible to conceive our allowing it to be said that we alone paved the way for this horror because of some precious technicality concerning Article X, the Monroe Doctrine, and Senator Borah.

The tactical flaw in Mr. Wells' prediction about Japan and America is that in the awful event of such a war as he prefigures the advantage would so obviously lie with America that before inviting her own destruction by declaring war, Japan would first have to go mad. America's great advantage would consist in the fact that her population is dispersed over a very wide area, whereas that of Japan is thickly centered in a relatively confined space. She could be decimated by an air attack at a vastly more rapid rate than we, and her planes would have to operate at a greater distance from their bases. The difference in the swiftness of destruction would be something like the difference between pouring poison into an ant hill and scattering it along the ant tracks. As regards aerial attack, we are in similar position with reference to all the countries of Europe—which may be one of the reasons why we continue to smile at the prophets and lightly profane the memory of Monroe.

### SOME NOTES AT RANDOM.

One of the marks of strong national feeling in a subject race is the tenacity with which they cling to their original tongue and to their ancestral names. That the negroes in this country have no nostalgia for the jungles of their fathers is well confirmed by their indifference about African dialects, and if they have any sentiment at all regarding the names Crow and Black and Green, with which they are commonly designated, it is only from a mild preference for such appellations as Hyacinth Windemere and Vincent de Vere. The American Indians exhibit a greater racial pride in their partial retention of native dialects and names. One of the pathetic traits of the French inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine under German rule was their attachment, so touchingly described by Maurice Barrès, to French words and French names. In the same con-



nection it would be interesting to know what is happening to the Dutch language in South Africa and what will be the future of Chinese in Shantung.

In Ireland the revival of Gaelic speech and Gaelic names is one of the most noticeable signs of vitality in the nationalist movement. It has other uses, of course. No one who has cudgelled his way through life under the homely designation of "Micky Collins" could resist a certain sense of elevation not altogether connected with patriotism in being chartered to write himself "Michael O'Coileain" on an historic document. There is something academic and not quite convincing in "Art O'Griobtha," the device of Arthur Griffiths. But who could hesitate between "Duggan" and "O'Duguin," or between "Gavan Duffy" and "Seorsa Ghabain Uí Dubthaig"?

In England the double-barreled name is rarer, but not uncommon. The real name, for instance, of one of the British signatories of the treaty, Lord Birkenhead, is the same as Mary Pickford's, *i. e.*, Smith. F. E. Smith, to be exact. In the old days he used to be "Effy" to his friends, among whom was his loyal comrade in arms and venomous opponent in Parliament, Winston Churchill. When the latter wished to be especially ironic in a House debate he referred to the present Lord Birkenhead as the "gallant and galloping Mr. Smith." The irony is not particularly apparent to an American ear, but it has to do with the fact that members of Parliament with an army title are commonly addressed in debate as the "honorable and gallant member," and that while Mr. Smith had served in the South African war, he had no prefix of military rank. Also (though some will find this difficult to believe) in times prior to the European war, and before conscription had democratized the British army, it was felt to be inconsistent that any one should aspire to commissioned rank in the army with a name like Smith, or Baker, or Miller, or any such titular indication that the founder of his house was a tradesman. Hence "Smith-Dorrien," which delicately and successfully evades the difficulty. But in political life it is not unlikely that the name "Smith" would prove of advantage to its owner, if he were an unusually able man, since the camouflage essential to the dignity of government and the beauty of public documents could and would be quickly conferred by elevating him to a peership.

As for Lord Birkenhead, any one who has heard him arguing a case as Advocate F. E. Smith in Justice Darling's court will feel inclined to regret that he has abandoned the law even for the upper reaches of politics. He was a really magnificent lawyer—at his best in the suave subtleties of cross-examination, or in by-plays with a humorous judge, and a master for summarizing. These qualities doubtless proved valuable in the Irish conference, and help account for his success as a politician, but somehow one would rather have seen him a judge. Before he became a political peer and lost his good looks, together with his valiant and romantic name, he cut a figure in a wig and gown, that was the despair of the most debonaire actors in London. Now he is Birkenhead and looks like a mayor—than which I can imagine no sadder fate.

A writer in the *New York Times* maintains that when the Irish government is established it will prove to be the first government in history with a sense of humor. This may be true, since the question is one of degree. But thus far the Irish debates have been characterized by a highly entertaining absence of that quality. What the *Times* writer meant was probably that the Irish parliament will be comparatively free from the heavy circumlocutions that so distinguish the governments of other countries. It certainly bids fair to be the most outspoken assembly of all time. When McCabe was defending the Irish treaty the other day, Miss Mary McSwiney interrupted him to say that the women of Ireland were against the pact. McCabe retorted, "I know what the women of Ireland want as well as you." I don't know precisely what this is, but it is certainly not humor. One meets the same thing in Socialist debates, and in all discussions where the speakers are naïvely earnest about their subject matter. This much, however, is certain, that the Irish parliament will prove the fightingest legislative body in the world. When Miss McSwiney demanded of the Irish leaders in her attack on Collins' agreement with Lloyd George, "Would you follow Micky Collins to hell?" and their reply came back in a roar that shook the rafters, "We will!" one glimpsed a spirit of belligerent loyalty which is even more characteristic of the Irish than what we call their "humor." To expect humor in Ireland at the present time is, in fact, rather foolish. It would be a bad omen for the Irish government if it did not take itself with intense earnestness during this early period of its activity. But as time wears on, the Irish people, who lack the faculty of self-deception, will doubtless perceive that self-government is as wild and laughable an illusion as any in this world of paradoxes.

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 11, 1922.

The Swedish architect who designed Stockholm's magnificent stadium has been commissioned to construct one in Bucharest to seat 30,000 people.

Exceed due measure and the most delightful things become the least delightful.—*Epictetus*.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Ruth Lewinson was recently appointed a trustee of Hunter College. Miss Lewinson is one of the leading women lawyers of New York.

Lord Mount Stephen, who was in turn director, vice-president, and president of the Bank of Montreal and president of the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway, died recently at the age of ninety-two. George Stephen, first Baron Mount Stephen, was the son of William Stephen, a carpenter, of Dufftown, Banffshire, and was born on June 5, 1829. As a boy he herded the minister's cattle; then he went to Aberdeen to learn the drapery trade, and later went to London. In 1850 he went to Canada. Here he became a merchant in Montreal, and laid the foundations of a great industrial career. He became a banker and a railway magnate. With three others—one his cousin, Lord Strathcona—he founded the Canadian Pacific Railway, and remained its head until 1888. Lord Mount Stephen's last years were spent in England.

The Knopf Prize for the best book written by a Columbia undergraduate during the year was given to David Sentner, war veteran, who is rapidly losing the sight of his one eye. "Cobblestones," Mr. Sentner's first published book of verse, is also the first book to win the Alfred A. Knopf Prize offered by Mr. Knopf, who is a Columbia graduate of 1912. Mr. Sentner, a member of the Columbia Class of 1923, served two years in the Twenty-Seventh Division, A. E. F., and was severely wounded while in action on the Hindenburg line and again in Flanders. He came to Columbia under the United States Veteran Bureau to study writing. At Columbia he has contributed to the university literary magazines, and has won a chief place on the campus among the group of undergraduate poets. He was born in New York City in August, 1895, and was educated in the New York public schools, leaving high school to work as a reporter on a metropolitan daily. Mr. Sentner is one of the founders of the Columbia Come Back Club, an organization of 300 wounded war veterans studying at the university, and is a member of "Boar's Head," the Columbia poetry society.

Melville E. Stone's publishers furnish the following story of how the former head of the Associated Press was precipitated into journalism. Before he became a newspaper man Mr. Stone was a lock salesman, and such a successful one that his ambition was limited only by the number of farm houses in the United States. His method of approach was unique. If the farmer remained unconvinced after his moving argument he offered to put on the lock just to show how it worked. After the lock was screwed into the place of the old one his crowning argument was that he couldn't put the old one back on, for the hole that he had bored for the new one would show and disfigure the door. One old farmer was particularly obdurate and demanded that he put the old one back on. All of Mr. Stone's persuasions were in vain. Finally, in desperation, he refused to take off the new lock, picked up his tools, and walked away. The irate farmer unchained his bulldog and they both gave chase. Mr. Stone climbed the nearest fence and from his position of safety promised to remove the lock. That was the last lock that the young salesman ever sold. He decided to find a more congenial profession and, thanks to the farmer's dog, became a newspaper man.

Sir William Robertson, who was chief of the imperial general staff for half the period of the war, gives as the principal reason for writing his book, "From Private to Field Marshal," the fact that "it describes the climbing of a soldier from the bottom to the top of the military ladder; and even in this feat there is nothing remarkable beyond the fact that it happens to be the first of its kind in the annals of the British army." Here is the chronology of this remarkable promotion: Enlisted, 1877; lance corporal, 1878; corporal, 1879; lance sergeant, 1881; sergeant, 1882; troop sergeant major, 1885; second lieutenant, 1888; lieutenant, 1891; captain, 1895; major, 1900; lieutenant-colonel, 1900; colonel, 1903; major-general, 1910; lieutenant-general, 1915; general, 1916; field marshal, 1920. But, having arrived at his present distinguished position, he can look back over his past and say: "I derived greater satisfaction from being promoted lance corporal in 1878—the first rung of the ladder—than I did from being created a baronet forty years later; and as lieutenant, I felt prouder to be in command at the railhead of a frontier expeditionary force in India of less than 10,000 men than, as general, to be chief of imperial general staff in the greatest conflict the world has ever known, when the number of our troops ran into several millions."

Arthur Griffith, the Irish leader, is a Dublin man and, unlike most Irish workers and thinkers, a completely urban man, curiously unfamiliar with the country and with country people. He is by profession a political journalist—by trade a compositor; and recent events may prove him a statesman. Griffith is the only one of the present-day Irish leaders whose activities go back to Parnell and his era. As a very young man Griffith was in the Parnell fight, but after that fight had been lost Griffith went to South Africa. He worked in the mining fields around Johannesburg and he was one of the few Outlanders who was for Paul Kruger and

the Boers. Griffith return to Ireland in time to help found the *United Irishman* in 1898—the centenary of the insurrection of 1798. The *United Irishman* was a weekly newspaper that stood for the separatist idea in Irish politics. Yeats, "A. E.," John Eglinton contributed to it, though the bulk of the writing was done by Griffith. But he had enunciated no distinctive policy till the appearance of "The Resurrection of Hungary" as a serial in the *United Irishman*. This purported to be a parallel to the case of Ireland. The programme which Griffith submitted to his political party for the restoration of the Irish constitution was at first called "The Hungarian Policy." Later this term was superseded by Sinn Féin, a watchword which means "Ourselves." Griffith is a protectionist and a believer in tariffs. There is nothing new in his conception of the state. He is, in fact, considered a reactionary by the labor party, which is his greatest political antagonist.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### An Ode to Master Anthony Stafford.

Come, spur away,  
I have no patience for a longer stay,  
But must go down  
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:  
I will the country see,  
Where old simplicity,  
Though hid in gray,  
Doth look more gay  
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.  
Farewell, you city wits, that are  
Almost at civil war—  
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days  
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;  
Or to make sport  
For some slight Puisse of the Inns of Court.  
Then, worthy Stafford, say,  
How shall we spend the day?  
With what delights  
Shorten the nights?  
When from this tumult we are got secure,  
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,  
Yet shall no finger lose;  
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure?

There from the tree  
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;  
And every day  
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,  
Whose brown bath lovelier grace  
Than any painted face  
That I do know  
Hyde Park can show:  
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet  
(Though some of them in greater state  
Might court my love with plate)  
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard Street.

But think upon  
Some other pleasures: these to me are none.  
Why do I prate  
Of women, that are things against my fate!  
I never mean to wed  
That torture to my bed:  
My Muse is she  
My love shall be.  
Let clowns get wealth and heirs: when I am gone  
And that great bugbear, grisly Death,  
Shall take this idle breath,  
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more!  
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.  
No fruit shall 'scape  
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.  
Then, full, we'll seek a shade,  
And hear what music's made;  
How Philomel  
Her tale doth tell,  
And how the other birds do fill the quire;  
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,  
Warbling melodious notes;  
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,  
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly:  
Nor will we spare  
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;  
But let our hounds run loose  
In any ground they'll choose;  
The buck shall fall,  
The stag, and all.  
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,  
For to my Muse, if not to me,  
I'm sure all game is free:  
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean  
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,  
And drink by stealth  
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,  
I'll take my pipe and try  
The Phrygian melody;  
Which he that hears,  
Lets through his ears  
A madness to distemper all the brain:  
Then I another pipe will take  
And Doric music make,  
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

—Thomas Randolph.

### The Salutation of the Dawn.

Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn:  
Look to this day! \* \* \*  
In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your  
existence:  
The bliss of growth,  
The glory of action,  
The splendor of beauty:  
For yesterday is but a dream,  
And tomorrow is only a vision;  
But today well lived makes  
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,  
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.  
Look well, therefore, to this day!  
Such is the salutation of the Dawn. —From the Sanskrit.



## THE BOYHOOD OF JEAN HENRI FABRE.

Bernard Miall Translates a Great Frenchman's Memoirs.

It was Maeterlinck who first described Jean Fabre as "The Insects' Homer"—exquisite praise from a writer who was as well qualified to judge of poetry as of entomology. But the title was amply deserved. No reader of Fabre's works will deny the enchantment of information, color, atmosphere, and incident with which he enlarges the most trivial facts in the lives of the least of nature's creatures. He is perhaps the only scientific writer in history who has won an equal tribute of admiration from scientists, men of letters, and laymen alike. It was to this universality of appeal that Darwin referred in calling him "the savant who thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet."

With these great gifts Fabre combined a certain child-like simplicity, in the sense that he never lost the child's faculty of minute observation, and retained throughout his learned researches into the causes of natural phenomena all his youthful freshness of wonder at the miracle of life. This is a truly rare thing in a scientist. His mode of living remained, even at the zenith of his fame, as simple as that of his shepherd grandfather, and the "competence" he acquired before his death did not alter it a particle.

Modern social critics have often written of the handicaps imposed by poverty on the intellectual proletariat, but for Fabre, poverty seems to have been from the first the well spring of his greatness. Denied, as a child, the diversions available to wealthy children, he found their rich equivalent in such wonderful playthings as can be picked up in the fields or waysides, and having few artificial sources of knowledge, he drew an infinitely greater store at first hand from nature, finding, in the full sense of the proverb, books in the running brooks and sermons in stones. Like St. Francis of Assisi, or our own John Burroughs, by virtue of poverty he learned the language of the bird and bee and the universal harmonies. In the days of Burns and Wordsworth, this explanation would have been a truism, but it seems to need re-emphasizing at a period when Shavian reformers so grimly insist that poverty is a crime, and the creed of St. Francis a doctrine for slaves. Personally, were we a plutocrat, we would most gladly exchange the hard oak fauteuil of a directors' meeting, or the marbled halls of railway presidents, for the privilege of roaming the open country in the company of this incomparable observer, and of sharing with him the "treasure of the humble" and the freedom of those whose only wealth is the universe.

Fabre died in 1915, full of years and honor—a long span from the birthday in 1823 recorded in the parish registry of Saint Léons. The place of his birth is situated on the Rouergue tableland in Provence, some three thousand feet above the sea, in a wild region of mossy fens and rocky pastures, studded with oak trees and thickets of broom and blackthorn. It is a place from which only the shepherd and the thrifty owner of cattle can derive a livelihood. Fabre's parents were very poor, and in order to relieve the household expenses he was sent to live with his grandparents in the adjoining village of Malaval.

Here we can pick up one of the autobiographical passages his editor has culled from the "Souvenirs Entomologiques." His grandfather's farm is sown with rye, oats, and potatoes, in spots where the gorse has been burned away to allow plowing, but the soil and climate are none too favorable to husbandry:

Grandfather, therefore, was, before all, a herdsman versed in the lore of cows and sheep, but completely ignorant of aught else. How dumfounded he would have been to learn that, in the remote future, one of his family would become enamoured of those insignificant animals to which he had never vouchsafed a glance in his life! Had he guessed that that lunatic was myself, the scapegrace seated at the table by his side, what a smack of the head I should have caught, what a wrathful look!

I was five or six years old. That the poor household might have one mouth less to feed, I had been placed in grandfather's care. Here, in solitude, my first gleams of intelligence were awakened amidst the geese, the calves, and the sheep. Everything before that is impenetrable darkness. My real birth was at the moment when the dawn of personality rises, dispersing the mists of unconsciousness and leaving a lasting memory. I can see myself plainly, clad in a soiled frieze frock flapping against my bare heels; I remember the handkerchief hanging from my waist by a bit of string, a handkerchief often lost and replaced by the back of my sleeve.

There I stand one day, a pensive urchin, with my hands behind my back and my face turned to the sun. The dazzling splendor fascinates me. I am the Moth attracted by the light of the lamp. With what am I enjoying the glorious radiance: with my mouth or my eyes? That is the question put by my budding scientific curiosity. Reader, do not smile! the future observer is already practicing and experimenting. I open my mouth wide and close my eyes: the glory disappears. I open my eyes and shut my mouth: the glory reappears. I repeat the performance, with the same result. The question's solved: I have learnt by deduction that I see the sun with my eyes. What a discovery! That evening I told the whole house all about it. Grandmother smiled fondly at my simplicity: the others laughed at it. 'Tis the way of the world.

He is sent at an early age to a school in Saint Léons. But what a cradle for a future savant and philosopher! Among the younger pupils he is left to decipher an alphabet book without help—the master having time only for the instruction of more advanced scholars:

The big ones use to write. They had the benefit of the

small amount of light in the room, by the narrow window where the Wandering Jew and ruthless Golo faced each other, and of the large and only table with its circle of seats. The school supplied nothing, not even a drop of ink; every one had to come with a full set of utensils. The ink-horn of those days, a relic of the ancient pencease of which Rabelais speaks, was a long cardboard box divided into two stages. The upper compartment held the pens, made of goose-quill trimmed with a penknife; the lower contained, in a tiny well, ink made of soot mixed with vinegar.

The master's great business was to mend the pens—a delicate task, not without danger for inexperienced fingers—and then to trace at the head of the white page a line of strokes, single letters, or words according to the scholar's capabilities. When that is over, keep an eye on the work of art which is coming to adorn the copy! With what undulating movements of the wrist does the hand, resting on the little finger, prepare and plan its flight! All at once the hand starts off, flies, whirls; and lo and behold, under the line of writing is unfurled a garland of circles, spirals, and flourishes, framing a bird with outspread wings; the whole, if you please, in red ink, the only kind worthy of such a pen. Large and small, we stood awestruck in the presence of such marvels. The family, in the evening, after supper, would pass from hand to hand the masterpiece brought back from school:—

"What a man!" was the comment. "What a man, to draw you a Holy Ghost with one stroke of the pen!"

What was read at my school? At most, in French, a few selections from sacred history. Latin recurred oftener, to teach us to sing vespers properly. The more advanced pupils tried to decipher manuscript, a deed of sale, the hieroglyphics of some scrivener.

When all is said, our master was an excellent man who could have kept school very well but for his lack of one thing: and that was time. He devoted to us all the little leisure which his numerous functions left him. And first of all, he managed the property of an absentee landowner, who only occasionally set foot in the village. He had under his care an old castle with four towers, which had become so many pigeon-houses; he directed the getting-in of the hay, the walnuts, the apples, and the oats. We used to help him during the summer, when the school, which was well attended in winter, was almost deserted. The few who remained, because they were not yet big enough to work in the fields, were small children, including him who was one day to set down these memorable facts.

Our master was a barber. With his light hand, which was so clever at beautifying our copies with curlicue birds, he shaved the notabilities of the place: the mayor, the parish priest, the notary. Our master was a bell-ringer. A wedding or a christening interrupted the lessons; he had to ring a peal. A gathering storm gave us a holiday: the great bell must be tolled to ward off the lightning and the hail. Our master was a choir-singer. With his mighty voice he filled the church where he led the "Magnificat" at vespers. Our master wound up the village clock. This was his proudest function. Giving a glance at the sun, to ascertain the time more or less nearly, he would climb to the top of the steeple, open a huge cage of rafters, and find himself in a maze of wheels and springs whereof the secret was known to him alone.

The young scholar at last masters the alphabet and the rudiments of reading by means of an animal picture book his father brings him from the market fair. Thus early begin the circumstances that are to conduct him, in the fullness of time, from printed to living knowledge. His first researches of importance in natural history are conducted at the brink of a pond, where he waters his grandfather's ducks. Here, one day, he is breaking stones to build a toy mill dam, when—but let him tell the story in his own unrivaled way:

On one of the broken stones, in a cavity large enough for me to put my fist in, something gleams like glass. The hollow is lined with facets gathered in sixes which flash and glitter in the sun. I have seen something like this in church, on the great saint's day, when the light of the candles in the big chandelier kindles the stars in its hanging crystal.

We children, lying in summer, on the straw of the threshing-floor, have told one another stories of the treasures which a dragon guards underground. Those treasures now return to my mind: the names of precious stones ring out uncertainly but gloriously in my memory. I think of the king's crown, of the princesses' necklaces. In breaking stones, can I have found, but on a much richer scale, the thing that shines quite small in my mother's ring? I want more such.

The dragon of the subterranean treasures treats me generously. He gives me his diamonds in such quantities that soon I possess a heap of broken stones sparkling with magnificent clusters. He does more: he gives me his gold. The water from the rock falls on a bed of fine sand which it swirls into bubbles. If I bend towards the light, I see something like gold-filings whirl where the fall touches the bottom.

I take a pinch of sand and place it in my palm. The brilliant particles are numerous, but so small that I have to pick them up with a straw moistened in my mouth. Let us drop this: they are too tiny and too bothersome to collect.

I break more stones. Oh, what a queer thing has just come loose, all in one piece! It is turned spiral-wise, like certain flat Snails that come out of the cracks of old walls in rainy weather. With its gnarled sides, it looks like a little ram's-horn. Shell or horn, it is very curious. How do things like that find their way into the stone?

Treasures and curiosities make my pockets bulge with pebbles. It is late, and the little ducklings have had all they want to eat. Come along, youngsters, let's go home. My blistered heel is forgotten in my excitement.

The walk back is a delight. A voice sings in my ear, an untranslatable voice, softer than any language and bewildering as a dream. It speaks to me for the first time of the mysteries of the pond; it glorifies the heavenly insect which I hear moving in the empty snail-shell, its temporary cage; it whispers the secrets of the rock, the gold-filings, the faceted jewels, the ram's-horn turned to stone.

Poor simpleton, smother your joy! I arrive. My parents catch sight of my bulging pockets, with their disgraceful load of stones. The cloth has given way under the rough and heavy burden.

"You rascal!" says father, at sight of the damage. "I send you to mind the ducks and you amuse yourself picking up stones, as though there weren't enough of them round the house! Make haste and throw them away!"

Broken-hearted, I obey. Diamonds, gold-dust, petrified ram's horn, heavenly Beetle all flung on a rubbish-heap outside the door.

Other excursions bring more discoveries:

What is this at my feet? A lovely bird has flown from its hiding place under the eaves of a big stone. Bless us, here's a nest made of hair and fine straw! It's the first I have ever found, the first of the joys which the birds are to bring me. And in this nest are six eggs, laid prettily side by side; and these eggs are a magnificent blue, as though steeped in a dye of celestial azure. Overpowered with happiness, I lie down on the grass and stare.

Meanwhile the mother, with a little clasp of her gullet—"Tack! Tack!"—flies anxiously from stone to stone, not far from the intruder. My age knows no pity, is still too barbarous to understand maternal anguish. A plan is running in my head, a plan worthy of a little beast of prey. I will come back in a fortnight and collect the nestlings before they can fly away. In the meantime, I will just take one of those pretty blue eggs, only one, as a trophy. Lest it should be crushed, I place the fragile thing on a little moss in the scoop of my hand. Let him cast a stone at me that has not, in his childhood, known the rapture of finding his first nest.

My delicate burden, which would be ruined by a false step, makes me give up the remainder of the climb. Some other day I shall see the trees on the hill-top over which the sun rises. I go down the slope again. At the bottom I meet the parish priest's curate reading his breviary as he takes his walk. He sees me coming solemnly along, like a relic-bearer; he catches sight of my hand hiding something behind my back:

"What have you there, my boy?" he asks.

All abashed, I open my hand and show my blue egg on its bed of moss.

"Ah!" says his reverence. "A Saxicola's egg! Where did you get it?"

"Up there, father, under a stone."

Question follows question; and my peccadillo stands confessed. "By chance I found a nest which I was not looking for. There were six eggs in it. I took one of them—here it is—and I am waiting for the rest to hatch. I shall go back for the others when the young birds have their quill-feathers."

"You mustn't do that, my little friend," replies the priest. "You mustn't rob the mother of her brood; you must respect the innocent little ones; you must let God's birds grow up and fly from the nest. They are the joy of the fields, and they clear the earth of its vermin. Be a good boy, now, and don't touch the nest."

I promise; and the curate continues his walk. I come home with two good seeds cast on the fallows of my childish brain. An authoritative word has taught me that plundering birds' nests is a bad action. I did not quite understand how the bird comes to our aid by destroying vermin, the scourge of the crops; but I felt, at the bottom of my heart, that it is wrong to afflict the mothers.

"Saxicola," the priest had said, on seeing my find.

"Hullo!" said I to myself. "Animals have names, just like ourselves. Who named them? What are all my different acquaintances in the woods and meadows called? What does Saxicola mean?"

At the age of ten he moves with his family to the larger town of Rodez, where he attends "college," learns some Latin and mathematics, and applies himself to study with the industry of a good son whose education has been purchased with parental sacrifices. But here also he learns of new flowers, birds, and insects, and makes the momentous discovery that turkeys can be hypnotized. These investigations are interrupted by a family misfortune that drops him, while still a little lad, "on the road like Perrault's Tom Thumb," to wander the world alone in search of a livelihood. After many hardships he comes to the town of Avignon, where the normal college is holding a bursary examination. Fabre sits the examination and wins the scholarship—thus gaining a few years of security for further study. But the curriculum of the normal school is too confined to include the subjects in which he is most interested. It is only when he leaves the school and goes as a master to Carpentras that he begins to learn in earnest, as many great men have done: by teaching. Greatly daring, he learns how to make oxygen by announcing a chemical demonstration and making it an experiment. He spends a part of his 700 francs a year on a crude surveyor's outfit, and takes his scholars afield on triangulating experiments, but here he encounters something of more moment to him than bench marks and angles:

From the very first day, my attention was attracted by something suspicious. If I sent one of the boys to plant a stake, I would see him stop frequently on his way, bend down, stand up again, look about and stoop once more, neglecting his straight line and his signals. Another, who was told to pick up the arrows, would forget the iron pin and take up a pebble instead; and a third, deaf to the measurements of angles, would crumble a clod of earth between his fingers. Most of them were caught licking a bit of straw. The polygon came to a full stop, the diagonals suffered. What could the mystery be?

I inquired; and everything was explained. A born searcher and observer, the scholar had long known what the master had not yet heard of, namely, that there was a big black Bee who made clay nests on the pebbles of the *harmas*. These nests contained honey; and my surveyors used to open them and empty the cells with a straw. The honey, although rather strong-flavored, was most acceptable. I acquired a taste for it myself and joined the nest-hunters, putting off the polygon till later. It was thus that I first saw Réaumur's Mason Bee.

The magnificent Bee herself, with her dark-violet wings and black-velvet raiment, her rustic edifices on the sun-blistered pebbles amid the thyme, her honey, providing a diversion from the severities of the compass and the square, all made a great impression on my mind; and I wanted to know more than I had learnt from the schoolboys, which was just how to rob the cells of their honey with a straw. As it happened, my bookseller had a gorgeous work on insects for sale. It was called "Histoire naturelle de animaux articulés," by de Castelnau, E. Blanchard, and Lucas, and boasted a multitude of most attractive illustrations; but the price of it, the price of it! No matter: was not my splendid income supposed to cover everything, food for the mind as well as food for the body? Anything extra that I gave to the one I could save upon the other; a method of balancing painfully familiar to those who look to science for their livelihood. The purchase was effected. That day my professional emoluments were severely strained: I devoted a month's salary to the acquisition of the book. I had to resort to miracles of economy for some time to come before making up the enormous deficit.

The book was devoured; there is no other word for it. In it I learnt the name of my black Bee; I read for the first time various details of the habits of insects; I found, surrounded in my eyes with a sort of halo, the revered names of Réaumur, Huber, and Léon Dufour; and, while I turned over the pages for the hundredth time, a voice within me seemed to whisper:

"You also shall be of their company!"

THE LIFE OF JEAN HENRI FABRE. By the Abbé Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending January 7, 1922 (five days), were \$133,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$173,900,000; a decrease of \$42,200,000.

The securities market strikingly evidences the radical change for the better which has taken place in finance in the last two years. During the latter months of both 1919 and 1920 liquidation in all classes of securities was heavy and prices fell. This was the result of tension in the money market, indus-

ness a month or so ago should have been accentuated in recent weeks is not at all surprising, and the slight reaction which has developed in certain lines of trade of late would call for no special comment at this time if it were not desirable to present the existing situation before the community in its proper light. If the disappointment which has been expressed in some quarters over the unsatisfactory tendencies of industry is a true index of the public mind, it would appear that very many persons in the country were misled by the moderate increase in activity, which occurred in September, into a belief that the long-deferred revival in general industry had set in already, and not alone that, but also that they had become convinced that the improvement would be rapid and progressive from that time forth (says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*).

Such, of course, were never the views entertained by experienced observers who recognized that the gain in business was the result, in large part, of a seasonal demand; a highly favorable feature in itself, but not a very important matter when it comes to a sustained and progressive recovery in business after an acute and long-continued depression. A permanent improvement under prevailing conditions can not be brought about by a little spurt of activity incident to the change of the seasons or by the timid and cautious buying of the jobbers and retailers of this country to replenish their depleted stocks. It awaits, rather, the completion of some highly important adjustments here and abroad and, in particular, it awaits upon the reestablishment of the normal buying power of the agricultural community of this country—one-half our total population—and upon that of the foreign nations.

Although disappointing to very many persons, who had anticipated too much from the slight betterment in business experienced in the early autumn, the recent setback is not a matter of very grave consequence, and it was to have been expected that the markets would ease off as soon as the seasonal demand for goods and wares had been fully supplied. It would be otherwise, of course, if the recession implied any change for the worse in basic and fundamental conditions in this country, but that, assuredly, is not the case; and another feature which goes far in robbing the setback of any serious significance is the fact that general industry has entered upon the dull season of the year. December is a month which, even under favorable circumstances, has always been characterized by a slowing down of activity, and usually by an uncertain or reactionary movement in prices.

This, of course, is due to the fact that custom, born of ages, has ordained that January 1st should be the time for the casting up of accounts and the balancing of the books for the year. The season, to be sure, is neither seedtime nor harvest; it determines nothing of the future and any other date—St. Patrick's Day or the Fourth of July, for example—would serve as well for the purpose of stock taking. But nothing worth while is to be gained by quarreling with custom, and so, in advance of the traditional day of settlement, merchants and manufacturers are usually disinclined to increase their inventories, and many of them are disposed to reduce their commitments. The net result is inactivity or dullness, and not infrequently this is accom-

panied by irregularity and reaction. A brief consideration of these features—namely, the natural aftermath of a seasonal improvement and the normal contraction incident thereto and incident on many occasions, also, to the inactivities and considerations of the closing year—ought to dispel any gloomy forebodings arising out of the recent slight setback in business.

That there has been a marked improvement in the general situation during the year now drawing to its close admits of no serious doubt, but the betterment has been more pronounced in the conditions surrounding money and credit than elsewhere, and the amount of business now passing in the country and overseas is not as large in volume as that in progress twelve months ago. This is clearly enough indicated by the marked decline in bank clearings which day after day and week after week and month after month have been showing contractions ranging all the way from 15 to 30 per cent., and also by the appalling decline in exports and imports. During the ten months ended with October last, for instance, the merchandise imported into the United States was of the aggregate value of \$2,055,762,580 compared with \$4,691,214,992 for the corresponding months in 1920, a decrease of \$2,635,452,412. Exports for the same period this year were of the total value of \$3,898,307,733 against \$6,831,201,222 in 1920, a decline of \$2,932,893,489.

Some part of the enormous shrinkage in foreign as well as in domestic commerce is due, no doubt, to the general and very extensive decline in the prices of raw materials and manufactured goods, but, even allowing for this feature, and it is apparent that there has been a stupendous contraction in the volume of trade during the year. Liquidation has continued without cessation throughout the entire interval, as is revealed by the banking records and statistics. Thus, coincident with a decline to December 1st in the loans and discounts of the national banks of the country, estimated at upward of about \$2,000,000,000, the earning assets of the Federal Reserve Banks have decreased from \$3,306,000,000 to \$1,482,000,000, or \$1,824,000,000, and the ratio of reserves has increased from 44.4 per cent. a year ago to 72.3 per cent. at the present writing.

Although liquidation has gone very far, particularly in the industrial and manufacturing East, it is doubtful if it has been completed even yet in that section, and it is destined to proceed still further in the agricultural sections of the West and South.

The credit situation is vastly better than it was a year ago, owing chiefly to liquidation in commercial and industrial centres. Liquidation has proceeded slowly in the agricultural territory, but the borrowing between reserve banks has ceased, each reserve institution being now squarely on its own feet. The reserve percentages are high, and this has occasioned some criticism, but they are due more to a growth of reserves than to a reduction of liabilities. The interest rate is down now at all the reserve banks to not more than 5 per cent. (says the National City Bank in New York in their monthly letter on money investments).

As to the demand for money, a distinction must be made between money wanted for new purposes and money wanted to pay old debts.

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There is a great demand for the latter purpose, but very little demand for the former. There is no reason for adding to the productive capacity of the industries while the existing capacity is largely idle. The readjustments in industry will have to be completed before the demand for new capital for development purposes will revive.

Meanwhile industrial companies continue to borrow by means of bonds for the purpose of clearing up bank indebtedness and providing for prospective needs. This policy is contributing to increasing ease in the banking situation. An issue of \$30,000,000 of fifteen-year 6 per cent. debentures at 98½ by the American Sugar Refining Company is one of the important recent issues of this class.

The investment securities market made a great record in the last two weeks of December, with the following successful flotations: \$55,000,000 New York City fifty-year 4½



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\$25,000,000 Canadian Pacific Railroad 4 per cent. consolidated debenture stock, at 78, to yield 5.13 per cent.

\$30,000,000 American Sugar Refining Company fifteen-year 6 per cent. debentures, at 98½ and interest, to yield 6.15 per cent.

\$12,753,000 Louisville and Nashville first and refunding 5½ per cent. bonds, due April 1, 2003, at 101¼ and interest, to yield 5.45 per cent.

\$12,500,000 International Paper Company first refunding 5 per cent. bonds, due January 1, 1947, at 87 and interest, to yield 6 per cent.

The government bond market received a set-back the early part of last month as the result of suggested government issues occa-

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trial unsettlement, and general business disorganization. During the last thirty days the bond market has been characterized by gains well held, a large volume of trading and heavy new financing, new issues being promptly absorbed on terms constantly more favorable to the borrower (says *Commerce Monthly*, published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York).

Total transactions in bonds on the Stock Exchange from November 16th to December 15th were \$460,000,000, comparing with a total of \$332,000,000 in the previous thirty days. New bond and note offerings on the New York market approximated \$450,000,000 for the period. Willingness to accept a mod-

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erate return was demonstrated by the prompt over-subscription to an issue of \$16,424,000 Oregon Short Line Railroad 5s of 1946, guaranteed by the Union Pacific Railroad, offered on a basis of 5.40 per cent., and sold afterward on the open market at a premium of 2 per cent. over the subscription price. Car trust certificates held by the United States Railroad Administration continue to be taken by investment bankers, and are being gradually absorbed by investors. The two issues of United States certificates of indebtedness of December 15th, one for six months at 4½ per cent., totaling \$250,000,000, were heavily oversubscribed, with a large corporation and business demand.

That the irregular and uncertain tendencies which manifested themselves in general busi-

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sioned by the discussion of the bonus bill in Washington. Prices declined from one to two points, but the last few days have seen a strengthening in government securities. This reaction is the first real decline which has taken place since last September. The 3½s sold at 93, the Second 4½s sold under 95, the Third 4½s at 96.30, and the Fourth 4½s at 95.5%. The market has strengthened, however, to the average extent of about 1 per cent., and the Victory notes remained strong, closing at 100.02.

It seems evident that the more stable foreign governments have now established their credit on a 6½ per cent. to 7 per cent. basis, as compared with 8 per cent. earlier in the year. Our stronger industrials are obtaining a 6 per cent. return, as compared with 8 per cent. Our first-grade municipals have advanced from a 5 per cent. return to approxi-

of deflation is regarded as an interruption of good times, probably brought about by some sinister influence. It will be found, however, that the severity of deflation corresponds to the extent of inflation, being a natural reaction after an over-stimulated movement in the other direction.

An "inflation" of credit means an expansion which has exceeded normal proportions. The use of credit increases naturally with the growth of wealth and business, but at times it is over-stimulated and increases more rapidly than the growth of wealth or the physical volume of production and trade. This is necessarily a temporary movement, because it is impossible that outstanding credit shall for very long increase faster than the growth of actual wealth. Credit is a reflection of wealth, dependent upon wealth, and if it increases faster than the latter it will soon become fictitious and discredited.

An excessive use of credit during a period of general confidence means a corresponding exercise of purchasing power, and prices move upward under the influence. The markets get out of balance, overweighted on the buying side. This situation is plainly artificial and impermanent. Credit can not go on increasing indefinitely at that rate, unless all relations to actual values are abandoned, and this fact puts a limit on the rise of prices. As markets, moreover, in the course of a rising movement get into a state where unless they can keep on rising they are bound to decline.

Probably no other business or profession has experienced so rapid expansion during the past few years as the legitimate bond house. It has been repeatedly pointed out that prior to the war there were in this country only 300,000 people who either held stocks or bonds. At the end of the war some 20,000,000 people were classed as holders of securities. While a large portion of these people were patriotic subscribers to Liberty Loan issues and have since sold their bonds, a very large number have continued as investors by the purchase of other classes of securities. It is natural, therefore, that there should be a much greater public interest in bonds than ever before. During 1921 about \$4,107,957,626 bonds, exclusive of United States Treasury Certificates, were sold in the United States (according to the January Review, published by Strassburger & Co.).

The question as to the safety of investments, especially in bonds and notes, is constantly arising. A complete and accurate record of losses is, of course, impossible. However, enough is known to show that losses incurred through the purchase of sound bonds through reputable houses are very small. In order to realize how few the defaults actually are, one must compare them with the aggregate amount of bonds and notes outstanding. In 1906 corporation bonds and notes in the hands of the public amounted to approximately \$15,000,000,000, while the percentage of defaults was 0.55 per cent. In 1920 there were outstanding about \$24,900,000,000 corporation bonds and notes with a percentage of defaults of 0.45 per cent.

Furthermore, these figures of defaults do not mean that this percentage of one's bonds is worthless or even that this percentage of one's holdings will continue not to pay their interest over a given period of years; the corporations whose securities are in the default of principal or interest are generally reorganized and a very large proportion of the principal amount is saved. It must be remembered also that these figures include many securities that would not be recommended by the legitimate investment house and the net loss on carefully selected investments, therefore, is almost infinitesimal.

Milan R. Bump, president of the National Electric Light Association and chief engineer of Cities Service Company, in reviewing the central station industry of the United States for the past year, and commenting on the outlook for 1922, said:

"The electric light and power industry has come through the trying conditions of 1921 with a remarkable record of progress towards readjustment. While in certain industrial centres demands for power service fell off materially in the early part of the year, it is noteworthy that in almost every instance these losses were overcome before the end of the year. A large portion of the gains are of course attributed to the resumption of the industries previously served, but there has also been a marked gain in new customers. Domestic consumption continues to show gains and the field for electrically operated household appliances is constantly expanding.

"The change in the investment markets in the later months of the year has had a most beneficial effect and money is obtainable at rates which regulated utilities can afford to pay for the first time in several years. The result is that a general programme of expansion is now under way and I am confident that 1922 will break all previous records for development of plants and systems.

"The fact that the electrical utilities have successfully come through both the war and the subsequent reconstruction periods without

an important failure has increased the standing of these securities as investments immeasurably. The coming year will be marked by many new and important bond issues to finance improvements, but a very large portion of the new funds needed will come from the sale of junior securities to the customers of the various local companies.

"The industry is not overbuilt for present conditions, which means that it must expand enormously to be prepared for the increased business which the gradual though unmistakable return towards normal industrial growth will demand of it. The electrical industry is progressing, and in my opinion 1922 will prove a banner year from every viewpoint, because the vision of all the leaders of the industry is such as to lead it both wisely and aggressively."

An offering of \$15,000 City of Carmel-by-the-Sea park and playground 6 per cent. bonds, dated December 30, 1921, and due serially 1922 to 1936, is being made by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company.

Carmel-by-the-Sea is situated on Carmelo Bay in Monterey County, about five miles southwest of the City of Monterey. It is a beautiful, well-built residential city having many nice homes and enjoying a steady, healthy growth. Because of its climate and wonderful scenic beauty it is considered one of the most ideal of California cities in which to reside. The ready accessibility by good paved roads has resulted in a decided increase in the growth of the city within the last few years.

This little issue of bonds is the only debt of the entire city and are authorized for the purpose of purchasing and improving a park and play grounds.

E. G. Elliott & Co., Inc., are offering stock at par value of \$1 per share in the Prudential Petroleum Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of California, with a capitalization of \$2,000,000. No promotion stock has or will be issued. The properties owned by the company consist of 160 acres owned in fee, situated in Kern County, from which over 80,000 barrels of oil were produced and marketed during the year of 1920. The company owns on this lease thirty-five producing wells. The income from this property alone is sufficient to yield a return of 7 per cent. on the issued stock. 320 acres in the Pecos Valley, Texas. 1695 acres in Red River, Bossier, and De Soto Parishes, gushers in this locality have been brought in flowing from 5000 to 30,000 barrels per day. 640 acres in Seven Lakes District, McKinley County, New Mexico; gushers are brought in in this locality at the remarkable shallow depth of 320 feet, costing but \$700 to sink a well, where the Dutch Carter Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company, now operating on adjacent property. A lease of 433 acres in Puente-Whittier District, Los Angeles County, which adjoins the Shell Oil Company holdings, upon which the latter is now drilling. A lease of forty acres in the Bixby Hills in Orange County. The Bixby Hills Syndicate is drilling on adjacent land and conditions are most favorable. The company just acquired a valuable lease on Signal Hill, Long Beach, only 500 feet from the now famous gusher Shell Well No. 1.

Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors of the Southern Pacific Company, in an article on "How to Better Railroad Conditions" in the current issue of the *Railway Age*, strongly advocates the concentration of the regulation of railway rates and railway wages in the same government body.

"Obviously," says Mr. Kruttschnitt, "there should be close cooperation between the revenue and expense controlling bodies, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Labor Board, but we have seen one of these agencies order reductions of rates regardless of labor costs fixed by the government and material costs fixed by economic conditions, and another fix fictitious scales of wages violating economic laws and regardless of the ability to pay them. The framers of the Transportation Act meant well, but their intentions are defeated by faulty administration. To insure perfect coordination it is imperative that the same agency that controls revenues should also control expenses."

Mr. Kruttschnitt also opposes the repeal of the rate-making provisions of the Transportation Act which is provided for by bills which have been introduced in Congress.

"For many years when prosperity was rampant and all industries were making large profits," says Mr. Kruttschnitt, "those of railroads alone were restricted by law. Increases of rates were denied while increasing costs were steadily reducing the margin between income and expense. Financial starvation was to be checked by the Transportation Act, but before its influence could be felt the depression in business had set in and the rate increases allowed September 1, 1920, at the end of the guarantee period, were offset first by many reductions made voluntarily by the carriers to correct inequalities in the horizontal increase of rates, and thereafter by others

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made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, notwithstanding the statutory return on the value of the railroads had never been enjoyed and they were physically and financially unable to stand the reductions.

"During the years when business could easily have stood them the applications of the railroads for higher rates were repeatedly denied, and now when business can ill afford to pay existing rates and the railroads can still less afford to reduce them, they nevertheless are reduced and the owners of railroads are required to relieve those who feasted while they fasted. In 1920 the people through their

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mately 4 per cent. and our railroads are financing themselves on a 5½ per cent. basis, as compared with a 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. rate heretofore.

The average of forty high-grade securities as reported by the *Wall Street Journal* of December 28th is 83.50, compared with 83.55 November 28th and 73.85 on December 28, 1920.

Every period of violent price fluctuations, accompanied by like fluctuations in the use of credit, excites acrimonious controversy upon the subject of inflation and deflation. There is comparatively little protest against inflation, for the immediate effect of rising prices is to stimulate business, and everybody tries to recoup for the higher prices he must pay by pushing up his own prices or wages. A period of inflation is usually regarded as one of "good times," which so far as most people can see may last indefinitely, while a period

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representatives pronounced overwhelmingly against government ownership."

The Johnston-Ayres Company announces the appointment of Theodore Watson as service manager of its San Francisco office. Watson has been associated with the Advertising Service Company, San Francisco, for eighteen months. During the seven years previous he was connected with the San Francisco office of the H. K. McCann Company as production man, account executive, and later as head of the research department.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

In his talk the other at the Paul Elder Gallery Mr. Irwin commented on the fact that immediately after the war publishers would not accept serious books, on the principle that the public was "fed up" with reality and wanted romance. I remember a heading to the effect that the day of the problem play had set and that the public wanted "old-fashioned" romance—the same piece of poor prophetic psychology on the part of caterers to the public taste. The truth was that it took a universal catastrophe to shake the Anglo-Saxon world, at least, from its lethargic complacency and its childlike acceptance of fairy tales for facts. Mr. Irwin in his résumé continued that contrary to expectation romance did not take as its providers expected it would and that quite suddenly publishers and public became aware of the popularity of the Main Street school of fiction. Undoubtedly the Main Street, Miss Lulu Bett sort of thing was an outcome of the war, but so is depreciated currency and the 'flu. And one is about as salutary as the other. The school of fiction mentioned above is a result of depreciated imagination. Also it is feverish and insidious. And of the two it is better to be physically than mentally feverish,

and it is better to be materially depleted than spiritually.

What the war—taken as a symbol of the cataclysm of our era—has done for literature is to show up the relative uselessness of most current books. It is either a singularly philosophic mind or a very dull one that can waste time on a garish novel whose theme is what Professor Robinson would call "animistic" when there is so much that is vital to be thought, even if not done. We may be hamstrung as to actual action, but at least we can spend our time more profitably than reading the puerile morbidity or such a book as, for instance, "Moon-Calf." On the other hand, no one can claim that "Moon-Calf" and its fellows are lightly recreative. They are simply the other end of the arc described by the pendulum, since it swung away from mid-Victorian prudery. And why any one should hail its ilk as an established precedent is mysterious, to say the least. What the publishers have finally discovered is that the intelligent public is tired of novels. When the pendulum makes another oscillation the novel may—or may not—come into its own again. The novel as an established form of writing is less than two hundred years old. There is not a single indication that it is a permanent literary form, although the few great novels that have been written are undoubtedly as permanent as any other books. But their value lies in their sincerity. They were the spontaneous product of their era—the most domesticated era of history, as the novel is the most domesticated form of written expression. And there are several indications that the novel is on the wane—as far as serious literature is concerned. Light fiction will probably hold its own with certain ages and classes.

The books that mark the extreme of the publisher's pendulum just now are books of reconstruction, and judging from the profusion in which they are published the public must be reading and demanding them. Easily in the forefront of those I have read is James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" (Harper's; \$2.50), which is not a psychological treatise, as its name rather unfortunately implies. It would be hard to classify "The Mind in the Making," though its subtitle makes a modest attempt. "The relation of intelligence to social reform" is how Professor Robinson designates his book. And the title refers to the fact that our minds are still unmade—the most optimistic thing that has been said about our gloomy status quo. There is hope yet.

"The Mind in the Making" is the result of Robinson's immense knowledge of history, anthropology, and psychology, plus his remarkably clear intelligence. The theme can be summed up as follows. When all the branches of human development reach the stage modern science has attained, civilization can really be said to exist. At present, with the single exception of science, we are but one remove or so from barbarism—witness the fact that philosophy, letters, architecture, politics, and government have made no advance since the age of Pericles. Contrary to our usual assumption that these things could not advance, since they were perfected then, Professor Robinson believes—and so does his reader by the time he has finished "The Mind in the Making"—that the fine and liberal arts have not progressed because we have not had the right attitude of mind. The Greeks knew something of science, too, but their knowledge of the natural sciences is barbarous compared to ours. We have accepted their civilization as the highest attainable by man—with the single exception of science—which necessity and evolution has forced us to make progress in. Our historian holds that when necessity or something else compels us to think differently about the other elements of civilization, that our progress will be as marked in those as it has been in scientific knowledge. All of this turns on constructive thinking as distinct from hazy, reminiscence thinking, or what is commonly known as day dreaming. Most of our lives are spent day dreaming—as most animals' probably are. Even our active thinking is usually not constructive, because most of it is endeavoring to prove something we want to prove. The correct attitude, as every scientific man knows, is to take all the facts and honestly let them tell their own story. Even the scientific method is fallible, but at least it is honest, which most of our thinking is not. I have tried to suggest the idea that Professor Robinson has put over in "The Mind in the Making," but the book is very much more than an exposition of that theme. It is one of the most worth-while books published this year, for it can not fail to have an antidotal effect on one's own dishonest thinking.

Three other books marked by a similar sincerity of purpose are "Manhood of Humanity," by Alfred Korzybski (Dutton; \$3), "Democracy and the Will to Power," by James N. Wood (Knopf; \$2), and "America and the Young Intellectual," by Harold Stearns (Doran; \$1.50). The "Manhood of Humanity" is quoted by Robinson, and it has

as a matter of fact the same aim "to point the way to a new science and a new art," as Korzybski defines his purpose. The striking difference between Korzybski's book and Robinson's is that the latter emphasizes our relation to animal life, pointing out that it is partly our wilful blindness to our animal heritage that has deflected the course of progress. As I understand Professor Robinson, the most man can ever become is a super-animal. Whereas Count Korzybski's contribution is that there is a difference of kind, and not degree, between man and the rest of the animal kingdom. I have not read "Manhood of Humanity," which is hailed by many authorities, particularly mathematicians and engineers, as an epoch-making book. Its sincerity is patent, however, and the fact that Robinson quotes it, sufficient recommendation for any one interested in the subject.

"Democracy and the Will to Power," which boasts an introduction by H. L. Mencken—a book of any conspicuity not introduced by H. L. Mencken will soon become a rarity—is an analysis of democracy, and not a recipe for Arcadia. "America and the Young Intellectual" is labeled "what the new generation expects of society," and is a sincere analysis of intellectual life and the lack of it in America.

All of these books and the many others of similar purpose show the real trend of thought since the war. All sensible people want to get down to bed rock and think as clearly as possible. We are not sure that it will do any good, but at least it will do no harm. The war has set us thinking, and somehow we must think it out. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

William Dudley Pelley, author of "The Fog" (Little, Brown & Co.), wrote one of the seventeen short stories republished in the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories for 1920, entitled "The Face in the Window."

With the revival of George Du Maurier's novel, "Trilby," on the stage, featuring Wilton Lackaye in the rôle of Svengali, has come a revival of the novel's popularity. When "Trilby" was published in 1894, hypnotism and mesmerism were a great mystery. Few people knew the power of mind over mind, but, with added enlightenment on this subject, the public is now reading the book with a fresh interest as evidenced by the fact that the Harpers have just made a new printing to meet the demand.

London dispatches state that, according to English opinion, W. L. George, the well-known novelist and feminist, has married a young woman who embodies all the finer traits of the heroines of his books. English society is commenting upon the marked resemblance of the erstwhile Miss Kathleen Geipel to the George heroines, adding, however, that she is an out-of-door type who has had none of the dramatic experiences which characterize some of them, especially Ursula Trent.

The Marquise de la Tour du Pin, a social figure of the latter days of Napoleon I, wrote

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a journal which she called "Journal d'une Femme de Cinquante Ans." The period covered is 1770 to 1820. A translation has been made by Walter Geer and will be published shortly in London by Jonathan Cape. The same firm will also publish a book, written by Mr. Geer, entitled "Napoleon the Third: The Romance of an Emperor."

The first attempt to present to an English-reading public complete Japanese plays has been made by Leo Duran in a Seltzer publication entitled "Plays of Old Japan." The book contains five plays, which have been acted for centuries on the Japanese stage and are still being played there.

"Iphigenia in Tauris," recently performed by women students of Hunter College, will be published next spring by Knopf, together with three other plays by Mr. Bynner, in a volume to be called "Four Plays," by Witter Bynner.

The National Association of Book Publishers, which comprises practically all of the prominent publishing houses of the country, had a statement prepared and presented to the Senate Finance Committee concerning the question of duty to be levied on foreign books. American publishers do not want foreign books taxed heavily. On the contrary they claim that every foreign book imported to this country stimulates the domestic trade one thousand per cent. The book trade is unique in demanding that foreign competition be encouraged.

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## BRIEFER REVIEWS.

"More About Unknown London," by Walter George Bell (John Lane; \$2), is a second volume in the style of "Unknown London." The author exhumes some little-known passages of English history and makes them live for us by his intimate description of the remaining evidence. For instance, he tells us that "Goldsmith furnished his chief apartment with Wilton carpet, blue moreen-covered sofa, and chairs corresponding, blue moreen curtains, chimney glass, Pembroke and card-tables, and tasteful bookshelves." For the reader with what Henry James called "the sense of the past" this collection of impressions of old London should be a welcome find.

Some twenty short papers reprinted from the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post* comprise "Saturday Papers," by Henry Seidel Canby, William Rose Benet, and Amy Loveman (Macmillan Co.; \$1). The general subject of the papers is a discussion of the *status quo* of literature in America, though literature is extended to include novels, movies, and reviews. These papers are both sincere and readable.

It is an open question whether or not the publication of letters never meant for the public and the reading of them is entirely ethical. But there are many people whose favorite literary diet is published letters, and for their benefit the Intimate Letters Series are published by Boni & Liveright. The letters published in this series all see the light of English print for the first time in that form—a fact that adds considerable éclat from the viewpoint of confirmed letter readers. The latest volume is "The George Sand-Gustave Flaubert Letters," which is translated by Aimée McKenzie. An interpretative introduction is written by Stuart P. Sherman. Among other things the letters have historical interest in their comment on such friends of the writers as Sainte-Beuve, Hugo, Gautier, and Turgenev.

Mr. Whiting Williams has already told us in "What's On the Worker's Mind" of his experience as an actual day laborer among American workmen. In "Full Up and Fed

Up" (Scribner's; \$2.50) he records a similar experiment among English laborers. This record of Mr. Williams' experience as a laborer, factory and mill hand in Great Britain constitutes a narrative of great importance in the understanding of labor problems. Mr. Williams has the unique advantage of seeing the laborers' life and work intimately, as one of themselves, and of being able to interpret it from his own viewpoint of a *morale* expert and a student of labor politics and problems. His books are among the most important published on the subject of labor because of his sincere disinterestedness and his unusual knowledge of the facts of his subject.

"The Complete Dog Book," by Dr. William A. Bruette (Stewart Kidd; \$3), is a valuable reference book for dog owners. The care of dogs in health and their treatment in disease have been carefully covered and reliable prescriptions for specific diseases have been furnished. The book is replete with practical information that will enable a man to determine which breed is best suited to his wants and purposes and how to select a typical specimen. Particular attention has been given to the buying of puppies, and the prospective owner is told just what things to look for and what to avoid in making his selection. The author has fully described the dogs of America and Great Britain and the more special foreign breeds. Dr. Bruette is an authority of international reputation. He is the editor of *Forest and Stream*.

"Hero-Tales of Ireland," by Jeremiah Curtin (Little, Brown & Co.; \$2), is a collection of old Irish folklore written in the fairy-tale fashion familiar to children rather than in the original Celtic style. The stories, though acceptable as fairy tales to youngsters, have the additional charm of the unfamiliar. "Hero-Tales of Ireland" comprises some of the best of Irish folklore and are full of the feats of magic and bravery that all lovers of fairy tales, as well as children, enjoy.

It is a far cry from Coventry to Indianapolis, where the name of Stuart Walker lends a rather factitious lustre to the theatre of the Middle West, but his portable Portmanteau Theatre is really not unlike the mediæval theatre on wheels that delighted the English provinces before and during Shakespeare's time. It is natural, under the circumstances, that as a playwright he should revert now and then to the themes of his brother craftsmen of the later middle ages and the early Renaissance, as he has done in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," one of the plays contained in the collection, "Portmanteau Adaptations," recently issued by the Stewart Kidd Company, Cincinnati. His adaptation of Still's old comedy has been very skilfully done. He has succeeded in making actable a really funny old comedy by a deft excision of passages too lively for a modern ear, and without injury to the current of the story or

the quality of the wit. "Nelljumbo," one of the other plays in the book, is not an adaptation, but an original work by Mr. Walker, borrowing a certain external unity with Still's comedy from its having been written for adolescent actors. Like so many of Mr. Walker's things, it is a play for children, and meant to be acted by children or by the type of grown-ups who so often take this means of fostering in themselves, if not in their audiences, the illusion of youth. It is somewhat oversentimentalized, and one wonders in reading it, as occasionally with some of Mr. Walker's other productions, whether children are not too mature for this sort of thing. The very modern child play is apt to miss its purpose through neglect of the truth, well known to Barrie and Maeterlinck, that children are philosophers and very sturdy rationalists, within the limits of their experience. Every theatrical experiment, however, is interesting, and it is a pleasure to imagine these diversions being enacted under the quaint conditions of the Portmanteau Theatre. The book should prove very useful in school dramatics.

## The Open Sea.

People used to wonder what Edgar Lee Masters believed in, noting the icy and passionless contempt for all the ways of men revealed in the verses that first made him famous. But since his visit to the old world, and his exchange of oblique forms of expression for an antique and definitive mode of saying things, we perceive what before could only be inferred through a glass darkly: that the chief object of his hatred is the dogmatist or "Puritan," and of his worship, the strong-handed emperor.

Such is his animus against Puritanism that he hunts it up and down the centuries, sniffing into remote corners of time for traces of the hated scent. He runs a Puritan to earth in ancient Rome, or thinks he does, in the person of Brutus, whom he portrays in "Brutus and Anthony" (the first poem in his new collection, "The Open Sea") as a sour doctrinaire, who destroyed the handiwork of a man infinitely his superior in strength and vision, when he dragged down Julius Caesar in mid-career, all for a bigotry called "Virtue" and an abstraction called "Liberty." Brutus and Anthony, as Mr. Masters portrays them, are two men misled, betrayed, and destroyed by illusions, Brutus by Virtue, and Anthony by Love. But the laurels are with Anthony because "he lived happier than Brutus, and left the old world happier for his life." This is Hedonism transported to a desperate extreme. Mr. Masters' exact quarrel with Brutus is explained more fully in one of the succeeding poems, an imaginary monologue by a contemporary of Shakespeare in the Mermaid Tavern. The speaker, who has the lineaments of a sixteenth-century Shaw, condemns Shakespeare for exalting a man with a negative and destructive creed above a constructive builder of empires.

In the dramatic sketch, "Charlotte Corday," the same theme is continued. When the murderess of Marat is arraigned before the republican tribunal Brutus comes in for it again, as responsible for the example that encouraged Charlotte to destroy an intellectual monarch for the sake of the same old deluded catchwords of "Virtue" and "Liberty." The Girondins are attacked by Mr. Masters with a bitter barrage of uncomplimentary epithets, and we are invited to look on what we have always considered the one redeeming nobility in Marat's sordid nature, his love of democracy, as his single blemish. The tragedy of Marat's life, as Masters sees it, was his stooping to traffic with the base demos, and the peculiar ignominy of his death consisted in being stabbed by a soured and sex-starved instrument of bigotry.

The New England poetical radicals will doubtless be highly gratified by the thesis here presented, but others will find it a mere inversion of the very quality it attacks. One has to be born in New England, apparently, to understand the peculiar complex under which the poets of the American Neo-pagan revolt are suffering.

The book is less arresting from the artistic viewpoint than from the tractarian, which was to be expected, under the circumstances. Mr. Masters falls very short of Browning (to whom he owes a great deal) in his ability to combine poetry and polemics. His blank verse shows familiarity with the Elizabethans, but a comparison would not be to his advantage. He handles the pentameter with lucidity and skill, but it breaks down under his touch into artificially spaced prose, without the memorable lines, or any of the resonance that the medium yields in the hands of a master. The whole source of the trouble may be, of course, that great verse can not be written in a mood of captious antagonism.

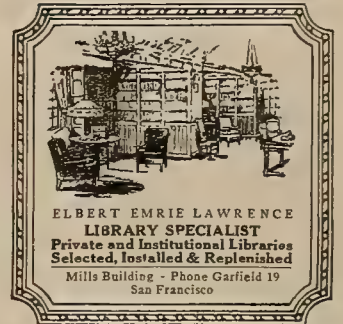
It is to be noted, however, that Masters is one of the very few members of the new school of verse who have the courage to meet the old poets on their own ground, and submit to the ordeal imposed by fixed prosody. The result shows clearly that he would at any time in history have been considered a remarkable verse writer. His work has always a hard, clear, and jewel-like brilliance



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of logic that gratifies the intellect, though it leaves the senses and the "emotions" untouched and the reason unpersuaded. To this there are one or two exceptions in the present volume, notably the fine poetic tribute to William Marion Reedy.

THE OPEN SEA. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

## New Books Received.

PORTMANTEAU ADAPTATIONS. By Stuart Walker. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2.50.

TO THE LAST MAN. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.  
The story of a feud.

A VIRGIN HEART. By Remy de Gourmont. Translated by Aldous Huxley. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$2.  
A novel.

PROSAS PROFANAS. By Ruben Dario. Translated from the Spanish by Charles B. McMichael. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$1.20.  
And other poems.

YOUR INVISIBLE POWER. By Genevieve Behrend. New York: The School of Builders.  
Working principles in applied mental science.

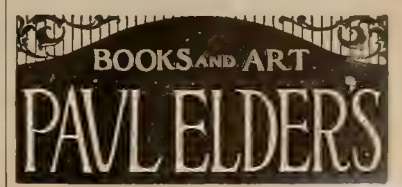
FRIENDS IN BOOKLAND. By Winifred Ayres Hope. New York: The Macmillan Company.  
A juvenile play.

THE MAN WITH THE WOODEN LEG. By George R. Sparks. Chicago: M. A. Donahoe & Co.; \$1.  
Juvenile.

ARGENTINES OF TODAY. Edited by William Belmont Parker. New York: The Hispanic Society of America.

A "Who's Who" of Argentina.

In 1662 Charles II first licensed women to act women's parts on the stage. Up to that time feminine rôles had been played by men and boys. Edward Kynaston (1619-1687) was the last male actor to regularly take women's rôles. Kynaston was noted for his beauty. Mrs. Saunderson, afterwards Mrs. Betterton (d. 1712) is supposed to have been the first professional actress on the English stage.



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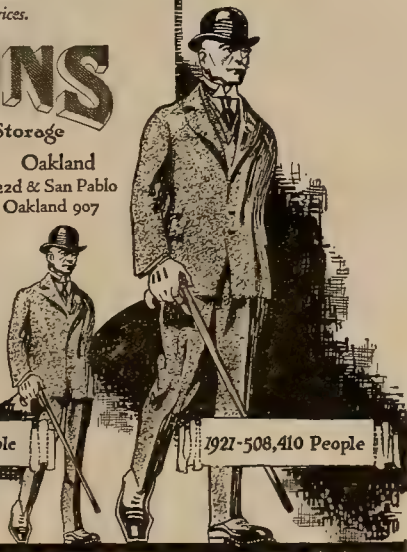
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### "THE TSAR'S BRIDE."

If you want to hear and see a performance by the Russian Grand Opera Company deeply steeped in Russian atmosphere and tradition—and the externals of costume and setting, as well—go on Friday night to see Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Tsar's Bride." From the rise of the first curtain to the close every scene, every setting, was intensely in keeping with the Russianess of Pushkin's old-fashioned story of love, and madness, and death. We are used to the conventional, hair-down-her-back, and prettily-mannered madness of Lucia, but although Marpha's insanity was not of a very different brand from Lucia's, the dramatic stage groupings and richly-colored stage pictures lent a hectic glow to the suggestion of the gentle Marpha's madness, and made the idea more poignant to the sensibilities.

The key of rich exoticism was pitched in the first view we had of a Russian interior in the time of Ivan the Terrible. The settings of "Pique Dame" were purely conventional. So were the costumes. A scene-painter and costumer of any nationality might have contrived them (except, perhaps, the scene of the rendezvous on the banks of the Neva). But when the curtain rose on "The Tsar's Bride" we saw a background that was as purely Russian as an ikon. The walls, richly colored with barbaric reds and their dependencies, were covered with great, curling arabesques interspersed, or rather terminating in, huge, conventional flowers. The artist had contrived a primitive richness of effect with scant materials, for there were few pieces of furniture in the room. Such as they were, however—a couch and the banquet tables set off with many brass candelabra—they amply carried out the idea of glowing color already established.

One figure, bearing out strongly the atmosphere of exotic richness of coloring, was alone on the stage. This was Mr. Lukin, the dramatic baritone, who assumed the rôle of Tomskey, teller of the tale, in "Pique Dame," of the three fatal cards.

Mr. Lukin really made a superb figure in his graceful and gorgeous coat of many colors, his full velvet trousers, his richly embroidered red boots, the gold-embroidered collar that framed his face something in the style of a Marie Stuart collar, and the small red-and-gold-hued cap that fitted the crown of his head in the style of the picturesque headgear worn by mediæval maidens when they were dressed to kill. These gorgeously bizarre fixings set off the fine physique. (Yes, sir-ee; physique is all right, in spite of some haughty scribbler having jumped on it and banished it from the language. But it's in the dic. I looked it up; and I find it altogether too convenient a word to submit to the unknown writer's dictum.) Well, to return to our muttons. Mr. Lukin, with jetty hair and beard, dramatic eyes, and a fine, high-bred, aquiline nose, was a specimen of superb human bric-à-brac that held our fascinated gaze whenever he was on the stage.

Two other interiors were contrived by the scenic artist, with the same richness of coloring, but different design, and an outdoor view of a section of the city had also a strongly national touch.

As to the costumes, while the dancing girls at Griassnoy's entertainment were rather calicoish in their general effect, later, in the palace of the Tsar, the court ladies were quite splendid in the tall, jeweled head-dresses that are so becoming to female beauty.

The story of "The Tsar's Bride" is one of evil plotting against innocence and joy. We learn of the existence of the "Oprichniki," who were a body of dissolute noblemen and courtiers bound together by evil vows who flourished at the court of Ivan the Terrible by virtue of their readiness to assassinate all who stood in the path of Ivan's terrible will. The presence of these gentry shed gloom and foreboding whenever they appeared, and they added much to the dramatic background of the play.

One would think, from such a story, that Rimsky-Korsakov's music would incline toward sombreness. But, on the contrary, the composer is polyglot in the variety of tongues his music utters. It gives the crystal note of innocence, it whispers softly of young love, it laughs with the silver laughter of youth, it chats with the village gossips, while it

darkens to forebodings of evil and deepens to a splendid note of tragedy when tragedy looms. The story is old-style melodramatic tragedy, but the music, with its vari-colored interpretative flow, strikes the modern note. And it is ever and always so beautiful that it kept striking sparks of spontaneous applause from the delighted audience.

Except for a change of tenors, the cast was much the same as that of the opening night. But a week had gone by since then; a week of nightly performances very reassuring to the Russians of the favor they had gained from their American audience. All did better in "The Tsar's Bride"; principals, chorus, and orchestra. Miss Mashir's voice, and her handling of it, were both in better trim. The lady has a very fine organ, pure white soprano, and fine, full volume. Miss Bourskaya had splendidly dramatic scenes in which both voice and acting, not to mention the lady's rather striking appearance, conformed to the sombre emotions of Luba, the dark image of a woman scorned. Miss Mashir, also, acted well the rôle of the gentle Marpha, some gleams of whose innocent sweetness and joy survived the madness inflicted by the fatal philtre.

Mr. Busanovsky sang the tenor rôle of Likoff in a voice that conformed to the general standard, while Mr. Karlash's imposing basso, and the fine acting of the tall, personable singer, made considerable of an impression. The choruses were also well sung, although the male chorus still outshone that of the women.

There was a ballet; a long-skirted, high-necked, eminently proper ballet, which, presumably, danced in keeping with the times depicted. And, by the way, these Russian women are noticeably reticent, as compared to American women, about revealing their physical charms; which, nevertheless, exist in sufficiently ample measure. But the extreme is the American note at present with our women, who really horrify by their lavish display of bare skin and by their highly-colored make-up, foreign women who come to our shores.

### "LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME."

More and more do the productions of the Players Theatre, as productions, approximate the standards attained by the commercial theatres. It even becomes almost alarming. For this "little theatre" has a secure place in the regards of its clientèle, who are not at all anxious to see it bloom out into a successful blossom of the commercial world.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was staged so beautifully that when the curtain rose on the gracefully draped walls and doorways of Goodman Jourdain's mansion, and we perceived, against the deep, mellowed rose of its walls gorgeously liveried funkeys, velvet-coated gentlemen bowing deeply, and a group of dancers, their synthetically toned costumes harmonizing charmingly with the general scheme of color, we gasped in surprise, and for a moment wondered if the stage had been enlarged.

And this note of tasteful opulence struck in the first scene was maintained throughout the play. Whether it was the banquet scene, in which the two aristocrats pose in graceful contrast to the uncouth sprawlings of their parvenu host, or that in which the two mad-cap plotters transform Jourdain's mansion into the habitat of an Arabian Nights dream, every stage picture was characterized by beauty of color and composition, and fully in line with the traditions of the times. The production, in fact, is as ambitious as any yet attempted at the Players Theatre; rather more so, indeed, for the action of the sterling old comedy was set off by song and dance, the training of the ballet having been admirably handled by Katherine Edson, this energetic lover of the arts having also undertaken the rôle of Dorimene, the beautiful marquise, with commendable ability. The grace of Miss Edson's postures contributed greatly to the success of the stage pictures, for there the training of the dancer told.

There was some excellent dancing of a thoroughly professional stamp done by a well-trained ballet, with some toe-dancing by the pretty little première danseuse. Also, there were several pleasing vocal numbers—and here I would like to quarrel with the music leader for his inveterate habit of allowing the accompaniments to be too loud.

I have mislaid my programme, so can not give name to all others who figured so efficiently in the long cast, in the various departments.

Mrs. Kathleen Rucker's was, with her dark, glowing beauty, a highly decorative presence as the daughter and heiress of Jourdain, Virginia Sciaroni put plenty of snap into the proprietary indignations of Jourdain's wife, and Carolyn Green as Nicole accomplished such roudales of merry laughter over the comicality her master in his fine feathers that the house echoed them in delighted sympathy.

Carl Kroenke handled the important rôle of Jourdain, and, while this bright young actor is not up to the innumerable comic touches by which an experienced professional come-

dian would succeed in making Jourdain most ridiculous, he fully grasped the general concept of the character, and was consistently amusing throughout. There was, however, an anti-climax when Jourdain parted from his house negligé and donned his fine feathers, for he did not look quite comical enough to warrant Nicole's respectful hilarity; but that detail lies in the costumer's department. Not but what the costumer came out most brilliantly, particularly in the fecundity of his imagination in devising costumes for the Turkish magnates and their trains.

And here we must throw bouquets to the three young men who figured so effectively therein, and who not only spoke their lines well, but cut fine figures in their costumes. These were—well, the programme being missing, I must specify the very young actor as the one who recently played so well the rôle of Julius Caesar. Baldwin McGaw as Covisele also spoke his lines well, and, with his Turkish mate who so magnificently carried Jourdain's turban, threw themselves with abandon into the youthful mischievousness of the trickery, which went through whizzingly.

The handsome youth who was Dorimene's suitor played with appropriate flourish the rôle of a high-class flatterer of a middle-class money-box, Léon Bowen gave an admirable air of scholarliness to the philosopher, the dancing master made his limber legs as expressive as his tongue, and—well, I throw up the sponge. The cast was long, and nearly every rôle carefully acted and well spoken—but more names I am unable to remember.

The defects were comparatively few, which shows long and careful rehearsal. I was there on the second night, and the composite result in respect to speech was admirable. I noticed, to be sure, that the fencer's tongue did not equal in nimbleness his sword, and such mistakes as "oh-casion" for occasion, or the absence of the h sound in words beginning with wh were too common. I have even heard Arthur Maitland, who is generally correct, make this omission repeatedly. It is curious in people so keen-eared as the average enthusiastic player how often they obliterate that aspirated but indispensable letter. But these are small spots on a full-orbed sun. For, as compared with an average performance of the players, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" attained to a high rank. It was a worthy celebration of the tercentenary of the great Frenchman, and one of which the Players Club may well be proud.

As I came away I could not but think that this playhouse offers a healthy interest to youth. It is hard work, for many of the members have self-supporting day occupations; but it pays in the end, for not only are their faces and bodies much more graceful and expressive, but their enhanced acquaintance with dramatic literature can not but be intellectually profitable.

### THE ORPHEUM.

Eddie Foy was first extant, on this Coast anyway, in "Sinbad the Sailor," a spectacular extravaganza in which the youth demonstrated his ability to be at home with his audience and supplied a shining mop of young hair to be pulled at by the comedian. Since then the stripling has multiplied himself by nine. (Doesn't 9x1 equal 9?) Anyway there are nine in the family, counting the latest acquisition.

Eddie Foy got a new grip on his public when he appeared on the stage with a family of small sons and daughters offering their juvenile entertainment. Vaudeville patrons adopted the whole family, and have enjoyed the novel sensation of seeing all of them grow bigger—in more ways than one—and some of them grow up; which is far more exhilarating than seeing popular favorites grow old.

Perhaps Eddie père will flinch at this suggestion. But Eddie has never grown old. He has merely grown up.

The time is coming, however, when vaudeville will be losing its adopted children. The grown ones are developing occupational preferences; not all of them for vaudeville. One, poor chappie, wants to be the owner of a big ranch. But he'd better try to secure the open-air life he longs for without trying to saddle his young back with ranch ownership.

However, before the family scatters, Foy père will settle the entire group in a play called "Family Pride." Then, after that experience is over, probably the group will disintegrate; and perhaps untoward experiences outside of vaudeville will reunite them some day. They are playing at the Orpheum this week, popular as ever, and with an added attraction; for the group tapers down to a new baby.

There is a comedy playlet on this week that will please those who like a touch of drama in vaudeville, for it has the Claire Kummer hallmark, and is played pleasingly by the young star, Sallie Fisher.

Besides these two headliners there is Lindsay, past master in handling his long, curling lash spectacularly, and a joyous group of "nuts" and singing and dancing partners, the novelty, besides Mr. Lindsay's act, being the "Flying Ginsbergs," who, with the outside aid

of some of the "nuts," contrived mightily to entertain the audience.

### "THE LIARS."

This sprightly comedy of Henry Arthur Jones, which is being played at the Maitland this week, seems a little demodé by time, until the imbroglío in which the recklessly flirting Lady Jessica has got herself neatly trapped is in full tilt, when the play skates along smoothly by its natural momentum and its characters are as modern as they make them. It has, though, some of the Henry Arthur Jones weaknesses. There is a certain ineptitude about the character of Mrs. Ebernoe, with her feeble fencing with the idea of perpetual constancy to a dead husband, when a would-be and very desirable live one is imperatively knocking at her door. But the complication and the culmination scene when all hands join in a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether in lying Lady Jessica out of her predicament, is written with such brilliancy that it is all but actor-proof.

The situation is most interesting. It is what precedes such bitterly cynical comedies as "The Circle": a foolish pair of young moths hovering on the verge of fiery destruction at the hands of society.

Henry Arthur Jones' social conservatism is one of his most marked traits, and it shows strongly in the play and helps to mold the situation. It is a play which shows how easily the pleasure-loving life of worldly idlers may disintegrate their moral fibre. Although, as to that, Mr. Jones was thinking more of contriving an ingenious and amusing situation than of leading to a moral, strict conventionalist though he was and is.

It was very interesting to refresh our memories of a comedy which is associated with our earliest impressions of Margaret Anglin; and pleasant, too, to see again a play by Henry Arthur Jones. For he and Arthur Wing Pinero, whose names we instinctively bracket together, never failed to present interesting, stimulating, and well-contrived plots told in easy, unforced dialogue.

The principal burden of the acting was carried by Mr. Maitland and Miss Penman, Mr. Fee being absent from the cast, and the general company contributing conscientious endeavor instead of the drawing-room ease necessary for a comedy of the kind.

### THE WILL IRWIN LECTURES.

Two lectures were given by Mr. Will Irwin this week, one on "The Art of Writing" and the other on "The Next War."

The day lecture was a cozy affair. It took place under the auspices of Paul Elder in the Paul Elder Gallery, and became a sort of *conférence intime*, under the genial influence of the lecturer.

Mr. Irwin made a sort of general survey of the place and influence of writers in the world, refusing to make a strict line of demarcation between the writer of literature and the journalist, since their writings so overlap each other.

His most noticeable conclusion, after he had delved into the early history of the business of writing, and, coming down to the present, had pointed out the tendency among writers of the day to use their gifts as a

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means of persuasion, was that the successful writer enjoys a disproportionate amount of fame, when compared to men who have risen high in other professions.

The lecturer acknowledged with a twinkling smile that the writer who commands his prices has an easy life, for he rarely can write more than three hours a day, is not irked my office confinement, and can live wherever he pleases. (That doesn't always work, though, for when Robert Louis Stevenson left the haunts of cultivated men and lived surrounded by Samoan natives his literary output immediately suffered in quality.)

The lecturer rather assumed that he had an audience of writers, since all the world has taken to writing, and the manifest cordiality of their feelings for him was probably increased because of his cheerful outlook on the profession. He gave a few sidelights on the creative faculty and its curious workings, and perhaps was instrumental in curing some few no-creative writers of the idea that they could train themselves to create. For certainly the creative writer is born, and not made.

Mr. Irwin's lecture on "The Next War" induced a more profound realization of the fearful terrors and deadly perils awaiting humanity *en masse* when that dread event materializes than we had hitherto experienced. That lecture may serve an object lesson illustrating Mr. Irwin's deduction that writers use their gifts as a means of persuasion.

This genial lover of humanity is using his great talents as a writer to persuade men against war. He has been using it thus ever since he saw the gray-green German flood pour into Belgium and lay waste an industrious and prosperous land. His writings reach many thousands of people. Let us hope that his book embodying the convictions expressed in the lecture will serve as one of the many doves of peace fluttering around the world, and help to hold back the human race from committing suicide.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The Metropolitan Opera Company opened its fourteenth New York season with a banner audience. Standing room was at a premium, and the crowd was so great that the lobby and aisles were glutted with opera-goers.

Oddly enough, however, the audience, once it was seated, became quiet and unresponsive.

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in its suddenly renewed perception that Caruso's familiar voice would be heard no more.

The opera for the occasion was "La Traviata," with Galli-Curci in the title-role. This diva is a favorite, and a favorite who is making approximately successful efforts to conquer her besetting sin of getting off pitch. But nothing, it seems, could stir the huge audience from its unusual lethargy, and it really looks as if, to New York opera-goers, the death of their favorite tenor was more than a nine days' wonder. Perhaps, after all, the New York theatre-going public can remember the dead.

Things are rather blue in the New York theatrical world just at present, which makes the success of "Kiki" stand out with enviable prominence. "Kiki," the title-role of which is being played with marked success by Lenore Ulric, is borrowed from the French stage, its original loud smell having been reduced to suit the American nose by Belasco, who has evidently made a curious mix-up of the original French atmosphere plus the American Belasco interpretation.

But it is the character of Kiki herself, which supplies a fat and juicy rôle for the Belasco star, which has hit the taste of New York right in the bull's-eye.

As Kiki, Lenore Ulric, we read, is at once delightfully good and provocatively naughty. She is "a sparkling enigma as she purrs and scratches her way into her audience's hearts. She is the most bizarre creature that has yet popped out of a clever playwright's Pandora's box." All of which means that Lenore Ulric has made an immense personal success in the rôle.

Players in the local theatres come and go, and sometimes, if they have talent or individuality, we wonder whither. Belle Bennett, formerly leading lady at the Alcazar, who began her two-year stay full of faults, and steadily improved month by month, is now, or was in November, playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, in a play called "The Wandering Jew." For her work in that evidently rather dull play she receives the following encomium from one of the prominent New York critics: (The play is) "acted conventionally by Tyrone Power, Helen Ware, Thais Lawton, and others. . . . Most of the acting is good enough, though bits of it are pretty bad. But with the beginning of the last act there appears on the stage a young actress named Belle Bennett, who is so simple, natural, sincere, and forceful that the play immediately comes alive. Tyrone Power appears to lose his artificiality while you give your attention to Miss Bennett, and in the scenes that follow . . . the thing turns into very impressive drama."

My Gawd! You don't mean to say that "The Skirt," which finally reached New York, has already departed. Readers of the *New York Times* have been noting with fascinated interest how many times "The Skirt"—then on its way to the Eastern metropolis—was mentioned as a coming attraction. Some of these readers even blue-penciled these items and kept count.

Bessie Barriscale, who it will be remembered appeared at the local Savoy in the piece before heading for New York, must have a hustling press agent, but was it all in vain? For "The Skirt" had a brief New York showing. Scarcely had it got there before again the oft-seen words "The Skirt" were visible in the columns of the *Times*, but this time to chronicle its disappearance. Such is fame; theatrical fame, anyway.

Miss Lillian Albertson a favorite actress on the Eastern stage—who, by the way, received her first favorable notice about a dozen or more years ago in the columns of the *Argonaut* on the occasion of her appearance in a programme played by pupils of a local dramatic school—rejoices that the long-absent gallery audiences are returning to their lofty perch. "It seemed to me," she said, "that with the gallery gone many of the fine old traditions of the playhouse had taken flight. . . . They are coming back, thank goodness. I see them every night up aloft, and it fills my heart with joy."

But we doubt if the gallery god, that youthful sovereign of joy who used to send his shrill whistle from on high, has, or ever will, come back. He has permanently gone over to the movies.

And those people up there in the gallery supply evidence of hard times and a resultant theatrical economy. Confirmed lovers of the theatre who have been driven out of the more desirable circles by hard times will climb up to the gallery rather than give up the theatre. That, we are convinced, is the real reason why the gallery is patronized once more. At any rate, it is in San Francisco.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Miss Sarah Robinson, who did a great deal to improve the conditions of army life in the 'seventies, and was known as "The Soldiers' Friend," has died in England at the age of eighty-seven.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* who read the delightful serial, "It Pays to Smile," by Nina Wilcox Putnam, and who knew May Robson, at once pictured her in the part of Freedom Talbot, the quaint, droll spinster who in middle life is forced by financial conditions to earn her living.

Freedom Talbot is of the old aristocracy of Boston, whose ancestors date back to the landing of the Pilgrims. Their old home in Boston is furnished in the old-fashioned style of fifty years ago and the two sisters, who live there, are the last to bear the family name. The sisters have never come in contact with the business world, and when Freedom, the youngest one, starts out to earn her living she surmounts every obstacle with her refinement and innate dignity, which in itself is the most wholesome, clean-cut comedy possible to imagine.

Miss Robson is fairly reveling in the part of Freedom, as it is similar to Aunt Mary, her first love. And with the quaint costumes and the old-fashioned side curls she is the personification of Boston's 400 of the old régime. In her travels over Europe she gets into all kinds of mix-ups, but with her keen intuition she brings everything around all right. The three acts take place in New York and California, all excelling in perfection and naturalness.

Augustus Pitou, Inc., under whose management Miss Robson has been so successfully handled the last few seasons, has won the reputation all over the country for having nothing but the best in everything, and any attraction sailing under the banner of Augustus Pitou, Inc., is a guarantee of wholesome amusement. "It Pays to Smile" will be here at the Columbia Theatre two weeks, commencing Monday, January 16th.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Arnold Bennett's dainty play, "Milestones," virtually a new production so far as the Coast is concerned, opens next Monday night at the Maitland Playhouse and promises to be one of the most interesting attractions presented here this season.

Bennett offers a new subject in "Milestones." It has to do with three generations in business: the older one that prefers the old ways, the middle generation that can see both sides to the question, and the impetuous younger generation that wishes to break all existing rules and branch out in daring style.

"Milestones" was the subject of much comment by dramatic critics when it appeared in New York, and highly praised as it has been, San Franciscans are frankly anxious to see it.

"The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones, a comedy of social life that is exceptionally funny, is the bill this week, and will close with the Saturday matinee and evening performances.

Plans for the presentation of that greatest of the Actors' Guild successes, "Jane Clegg," by St. John G. Ervine, are under way. It will follow the Bennett play. "Jane Clegg" has never before been given outside of New York City.

The Orpheum.

Miss Lillian Shaw's dialect ballads of the Italian-American have come to be vaudeville classics. She opens her act with a Hebrew character song in which she has established herself as a comedienne. She sings with the necessary props a song of the woes and worries of a young mother, and from this theme gets a wealth of fun.

Newspapers throughout the country have conducted "ideal vaudeville" contests, giving fans an opportunity to express what in their opinion constituted the perfect vaudeville show. It is interesting to note that in the vast majority of these programmes the names of Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman appeared among the successful and therefore the most popular of genuine vaudevillians. These capable players made their reputation in the two-a-day. This year Miss Clark and Mr. Bergman are offering "Tunes of the Hour." They are assisted by the Dale Sisters, a pair of dancing sprites, who have graced many a programme with their own act. Miss Clark and Mr. Bergman are also ably assisted by Jack Landauer and Bobby Roth, who presides at the piano.

Joe Morris and Flo Campbell talk aviation. The airship that carries them through the gale of success is inflated with laughing gas, and the effect is enjoyed by every one within its radius. In their little skit called "Aviate-her" they sing and chat.

It is really remarkable how many innumerable ways the same thing can be done. This is the ground work on which so many acts are constructed, and yet no two of them are alike. William Demarest and Estelle Collette further demonstrate how entirely different these things can be done. They label their brand of amusement "Strings and Stringers."

There is still more or less doubt about the origin of man. Tarzan will create more speculation than a whole city of Wall Streets. There is, however, no doubt about the super-

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fine quality of amusement he offers, nor of the sensation he creates.

Many of the best-known American artists have employed Nihla as a model and her perfect form is partly responsible for some of the finest paintings and statues of present times. Nihla, however, has been persuaded to pose for a while in vaudeville. With an electric novelty as a setting the combination of life and color in her act is magnificent.

Rodero and Marconi in the musical-comedy skit called "Quibs and Queries" offer a surprise. Rodero and Marconi have taken their unusual musical ability and turned it into novel channels. Instead of offering a straight musical act the playing is turned into an oddity. "Quibs and Queries" is mostly for fun, but there is a bit of real music, too.

Blanche Sherwood and brother are a good-looking young couple of speed and grace who have a clever aerial act called "Aviating Antics."

Miss Sallie Fisher and her capable company in the "Choir Rehearsal" will remain another week in their delightful skit.

"Wait Till We're Married" is the name of one of the newest and most successful Morosco productions. It is a laugh provoker of no mean qualities.

David Warfield, Ethel Barrymore, and Otis Skinner are among the stars for the next few months at the Columbia Theatre.

David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grim" is announced as an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre.

"Does Mrs. Howard enjoy her home?" "Oh, yes! She is not a good housekeeper."—*Judge*.

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The number of Arthur Balfour's accomplishments are legion. Not only is he that rare combination a philosopher and a statesman, he is that still rarer combination a philosopher and a sportsman. In fact there seems to be no conjunction of talents so antipodean but that Mr. Balfour's all-embracing genius can unite them. He is one of the most expert golfers in the United Kingdom—not strange, perhaps, as most English gentlemen are sportsmen. What is more unusual, he is one of the finest amateur pianists in existence. Though music and its cultivation chime well with a philosophic bent of mind. What is startling is Mr. Balfour's taste in music. His memory of classical music, which he plays without notes, is phenomenal, and his favorite instrument for their execution is the concertina. It is delightful to think of Mr. Balfour hurrying home from a conference at the best-known address in the world—No. 10 Downing Street—and hastening with some music-loving crony, whom he has picked up en route, to render Handel on an accordion to the accompaniment of said crony on one of Mr. Balfour's grand pianos. The Balfour entourage call his concertinas—of which Mr. Balfour always owns at least four—"the infernals." For the concertina in England, like the American accordion, is associated with the ragtime strata of society. But we are convinced that if Arthur Balfour finds beauty in them there is beauty there, for there are few men other than professional musicians so passionately fond of music and so musically gifted as Britain's greatest international statesman. In fact, we suspect that it was because of his great love of harmony that Arthur Balfour has remained a bachelor. Unless, perhaps, his celibate state is due even more directly to "the infernals."

The only lady bishop in the world has placed the blame of woman's immodesty on man's shoulders—where we suspect it rightfully belongs. Bishop Alma White, however, has not blamed man as such so much as man, the profiteer. The jeweler, the furrier, the hosier, are the tools of Satan sent to tempt vain woman. If a woman has a well-built upper torso she falls for a string of beads, be they pearls or paste, that offer an excuse for a bared neck. Having stripped her shoulders, she needs furs to protect them. The logic is surprisingly simple, and the New York Times' indignant rebuttal to the contrary, we agree with Bishop White. However, if the time should ever come when ladies' outfitters would not be almost exclusively men, if indeed they should ever be exclusively women, the condition would be precisely the same. For it is the sinister dollar that tempts man to tempt woman, and not any perverse and innate wickedness peculiar to his sex. When woman herself becomes the designer and provender of her sex's attire she will have to endure the entire onus of her own iniquity. An argument this that should induce the wily sex to leave well enough alone.

There is an epidemic of royal romance prevalent. Not only are rumors broadcast as to the future Princess of Wales, but even the young Duke of York is slated by public opinion for an early marriage. Popular opinion, always sensational, guesses at a double wedding at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of Mary's nuptials. It sounds like one of our favorite endings to a "high society" movie. And we suspect the English devotees of the "pictures" are even more sentimental than we are. A titled lady correspondent, writing in a New York paper, says that the royal wedding may indeed be a double affair—not so much in the interests of the spectacular as out of consideration for the sadly depleted royal budget. The princess' wedding will be an expensive affair. The king has decided on full dress, which includes tiaras for the ladies and uniforms of all orders for the men. Lady Decies writes, "The only other occasions on which full dress has been worn at the abbey within present memory were the last two coronations." But it is an ill wind that blows no good. If the royal household and the titled wedding guests are to have their slender incomes straitened still further by Mary's wedding, there is yet a law of compensation in the universe. The tradesmen will grow fat on aristocratic expenditure in the next few weeks. There will be work galore for the jewelers and dressmakers. And conversely a double wedding is a potential loss to the tradesmen. However, we suspect that both economy and romance will win the day.

Another royal marriage—probably one should say an ex-royal marriage—is in the air. The Kaiser's engagement is still more or less problematic, but so is the Duke of York's, up to date. Wilhelm's wedding is said to be planned with economy also. But probably what is economy with the master of Doorn would pass for splendid display at St. James. It is a pity that national sentiment and etiquette are so hidebound. Otherwise Wilhelm could offer to foot the bill for both weddings as a sort of private and penitential instaura-

tion—a generous gesture with obvious advantages to all concerned. But noblesse oblige.

Somebody offers to give a diamond ring to the California woman who can show the most beautiful hands. When the winner shall appear it might be well, in the interest of aesthetics, to follow the example of the Chicago lady who, because her daughter's hands were so beautiful, decided to "have a bust made of them."

**Announcement.**

McCormick and McPherson announce that on January 1st Roger D. Lapham became a member of the firm and that the business of the firm will be continued as heretofore under the name of McCormick, McPherson & Lapham.

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Lapham was formerly identified with the American Hawaiian Steamship Company, first as agent in Seattle, then as agent in Los Angeles, and afterwards as assistant traffic manager in San Francisco up to the time the American Hawaiian steamship service was discontinued in 1916 because of the war.

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| Foreign Exchange Account.....                                 | 245,237.00              |
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A boy and his mother were taking in the circus. Looking at the hippopotamus, he said, "Ma, aint that the ugliest damn thing you ever saw?" "Bill," said his ma, "didn't I tell you never to say 'aint.'"

A young man of the mountain district of North Carolina inherited a farm from his father. There were many difficulties about the title, so many as to dishearten the heir. "I am having so much trouble," he explained, "that I almost wish father had not died."

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry." Johnny blushed guiltily and fidgeted around. "Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!" "It aint all," replied Johnny; "part of it's in Elsie."

A small girl asked her mother: "If I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?" "Yes, my dear," mother replied. "And if I do not get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?" "Yes," was the reply. The little girl thought for a minute, put her hands to her head, and said: "Well, I am in a fix."

Mrs. Worth had just learned that her colored workwoman, Aunt Dinah, had at the age of seventy married for the fourth time. "Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again!" "Yassum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Jes' as of'en as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."

An attorney of Los Angeles advertised for a chauffeur. Some twenty-odd responded and were being questioned as to qualifications, efficiency, and whether married or single. Finally, turning to a negro chap, he said: "How about you, George, are you married?" Quickly the negro responded: "Naw-sir, boss, naw-sir. Ah makes mah own livin'."

The late William M. Evarts valued himself less as a lawyer and a senator than as a farmer. Upon one occasion he sent to then Chief Justice Waite a ham from his farm and at the same time a copy of an oration he had delivered upon a former justice of the Supreme Court. He wrote: "I am sending you one of my prize hams, also my eulogy on Chief Justice Chase—both products of my pen."

Here is another sample of muckraking directed towards juries. A lawyer had a somewhat difficult witness, and finally asked if he was acquainted with any of the men on the jury. "Yes, sir," replied the witness, "more than half of them." "Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the lawyer. "Well, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

Ben Sachs, a Philadelphia lawyer, is responsible for this anecdote: "Vell, Ike, my poy," said Sol to his son, "I've made my vill and left it all to you." "That's very good of you, father," remarked Ike, eyeing him suspiciously. "But, bless you, it cost a lot of money for the lawyer and fees and things!" "Vell?" said Ike more suspiciously. "Vell, it aint fair I should pay all dot, is it? So I'll shust take it off from your next month's salary."

A popular Oklahoma City salesman recently married, and was accompanied by his wife as he entered the dining-room of a Texas hotel famed for its excellent cuisine. His order was served promptly, but the fried chicken he had been telling his wife so much about was not in evidence. "Where is my chicken?" he asked somewhat irritably. The dusky waiter, leaning over and bringing his mouth in close proximity to the salesman's ear, replied: "Ef youse mean de li'l gal with blue eyes an' fluffy hair, she doan' wo'k heah no mo'."

"I say," roared the irate citizen, as he bounced into the office of the village weekly, "where's the editor?" "Want to see him personally?" queried the office boy. "Of course I do," answered the irate citizen. "I'm going to thrash him within an inch of his life. See?" "Oh, all right," answered the boy. "Just take a seat, please. There are three others ahead of you. If you watch you will see 'em chucked through the window one by one. When the third comes down, you can go up." But the visitor had changed his mind.

"The Germans are pariahs." The speaker was Marcel Prevost, the French novelist. He went on: "A German profiteer spent the month of August at the Kulm in St. Moritz—the Swiss Engadine, you know. One afternoon he pushed himself in on a group of American ladies round the wood fire in the

hall, for St. Moritz is 6000 feet high, and it's often cold there in August. A Chicago girl was in the group, and on the German's arrival she whispered something to her mother. 'I think you're very rude to whisper,' the German said to her jocosely. 'Yes, but you'd think me ruder still,' said the Chicago girl, 'if I said it out loud.'"

Daddy came home from the office early one evening, and mother had not returned from some friends whom she had been visiting for tea. Little four-year-old Gwennie ran up to her father's side. "Daddy," she cried, "I've been wanting to see you for a long time when mother's not near." "Why, my little girl?" asked the father. "Well, dad," answered Gwennie, "please don't tell mother, because she's an awful dear, but I don't think she knows much about bringing up children?" "What makes you think that?" asked her father. "Well," replied Gwennie, "she makes me go to bed when I am wide awake, and she makes me get up when I am awful sleepy."

A senator, asked why he opposed a certain public utility bill which involved millions of dollars, answered: "I oppose this thing because I have no confidence in the gang that is behind it." "You see," he continued, "these fellows don't inspire me with the same trust that a certain witness inspired in the county judge, before whom she appeared. 'Your name, madam?' the judge asked the witness. 'Matilda Hawkins, sir, age forty-six,' came the prompt reply. 'Well, really, that is astonishing!' exclaimed the judge, and addressing the jury, he added: 'Gentlemen,

please take note of that answer, and because of it I will ask you kindly believe everything Mrs. Hawkins has to say.'"

The oldest good story is the one about the boy who left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother, who elected to stick by the farm, telling the joys of city life, in which he said: "Thursday we auto'd out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach for the week-end." The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all the afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and poked until morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and geahawed until sundown. Then we suppered, and then we piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fived."

Following the adjournment of the Peace Conference in Versailles, M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, returned to America on the same trip of the *George Washington* which brought President Wilson home. Whether in honor of the victorious nation represented on the passenger list, or whether in simple bad taste, moving-picture entertainments were provided for each evening of the voyage. Now no one is above moving pictures, be he of whatever walk of life you may name, providing the movies represent any walk of life. But these movies were of the most obnoxious propaganda type, showing war as war never was or ever hoped to be. M. Jusserand, along with the President and others, provided a patient nightly audience to

these affairs. "You—you like these movies, Monsieur Jusserand?" a fellow-sufferer asked after one performance. The ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to America from France looked out over the rolling Atlantic: "I have crossed this ocean some dozens of times," answered he. "And never—until I witnessed the cinema below—have I come near to being sick."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Her Vanity Case.

When she stopped at the market, or paid social calls,  
She took out her vanity case,  
She used it in old university halls,  
While they lectured on Einstein and space;  
And entering church, as she dropped on her knees,  
She'd powder her nose just a bit, if you please,  
And her cheeks would grow pinker by several degrees  
When she took out her vanity case.  
Men hustled her furniture out of the fire;  
She took out her vanity case  
And sat on the curb as the flames mounted higher  
And daintily fixed up her face;  
The house was insured, never mind if it burned,  
The firemen and neighbors seemed too much concerned!  
To bear things with calmness was easily learned  
When she took out her vanity case.  
But one day she died, and her kindred all said,  
"Shall we take out her vanity case,  
Or leave it with her in the coffin? Though dead  
She'll rise from her burial-place  
And restlessly wander for many a year  
With groanings and moanings to find it, we fear;  
No, let us make sure in some happier sphere  
She can take out her vanity case."

—Pearl Whitney in Judge.



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## PERSONAL.

### Social Notes.

The marriage of Mrs. Marie Louise Elkins de Guigné, daughter of Mrs. William Delaware Neilson of Philadelphia and San Francisco, and Mr. Paul Thayer Iaccaci of New York was solemnized in the Eastern metropolis January 7th.

The marriage of Miss Audrey Williams, daughter of Mr. Harry Alston Williams and the late Mrs. Williams, and Mr. Evan C. Evans, Jr., son of Mr. Evan C. Evans of San Rafael, was solemnized January 4th in the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Henry A. Williams, where she has been passing the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Evans will reside in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Louise Porter, to Lieutenant Duncan Philip Frissell, U. S. A., son of Major Thomas Frissell, U. S. A.

Complimenting Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins gave a dinner-dance Tuesday at the Palace. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Major and Mrs. Philip Wales, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Carroll McNear, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Edward Pond, Mr. Edward McNear, and Mr. Warren Clark, Jr.

Mrs. George Ebright gave a bridge party and tea Tuesday, her guests having been Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Lorraine Mackay, Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. Edward Rice, Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. Rupert Mason, Mrs. A. Werner Lawson, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, and Miss Emelie Tubbs.

The christening of little Miss Clarisse Marie Ghirardelli, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, was held Sunday afternoon and was followed by an informal tea. Miss Jane and Master David Gregory of Piedmont were the godparents.

Complimenting Miss Ruth Lent, Mrs. Warren Hunt gave a luncheon yesterday afternoon at her home. The members of the bridal party were entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ellis of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Irwin were the guests of honor at a dinner given Wednesday evening by Mrs. William Younger. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. John Rosseter, Mr. and Mrs. Willcox, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman, and Mrs. Frances Joliffe.

Miss Edith Dohrmann gave a dance last evening for the members of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent gave a house party during the week at Pebble Beach, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Miss Elena Folger, and Mr. Jack Neville.

Mrs. Marcus Stone gave a dinner-dance Saturday at the Fairmont for Miss Frances Baruch. In the party were Miss Emily Greenbaum, Miss Germaine Levy, Miss Gertrude Guggenheim, Miss Edith Goldstein, Miss Mildred Walter, Miss Jane Silverberg, Miss Aileen Emanuel, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Robert Levison, Mr. Irving Steinberger, Mr. Edgar Gould, Mr. Martin Mitau, Mr. Frank Jeddle, Mr. Leonard Heller, Mr. Joseph Ehrman, and Mr. Theodore Lilienthal.

Mrs. George Tyson gave a luncheon Friday at the Town and Country Club. Her guests included Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. F. C. McCreery, Mrs. George Forderer, Mrs. Louis Monteagle, Mrs. Crawford Clarke, Mrs. M. C.

Porter, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. William Matson, Mrs. Haldimand Young, Mrs. Watson Fennimore, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. William Weir, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, and Mrs. Edwin Eddy.

Miss Beulah Jean Pollock gave a dinner Friday evening for Miss Ruth Lent. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibson chaperoned the affair.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood was the guest of honor at a dinner given Friday night at the San Mateo Polo Club by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Charles Clark, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard entertained at dinner last Monday evening, their guests including Mr. Gardner Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mein of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Van Ness, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Faust of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Robert Williams, and Miss Leslie Van Ness.

Mrs. Joseph Grant was a luncheon hostess last Thursday, having among her guests Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Señora Dominguez of London, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt.

Miss Amanda McNear gave a dinner and bridge Wednesday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Mr. William Hendrickson, and Mr. Carroll McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave a dinner a few evenings ago, having among their guests General and Mrs. W. M. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinchley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, and Mrs. Stetson Winslow.

Miss Laura Miller, Miss Alice Goodfellow, and Miss Doris Rodolph were the guests of honor at a bridge-luncheon given Thursday in Oakland by Miss Elizabeth Allardt. Mrs. Charles Tilden and Miss Marian Lyman assisted in receiving the guests.

Miss Virginia Loop gave a luncheon last Thursday, complimenting Miss Ruth Lent.

Miss Josephine Grant gave a dinner a few evenings ago at the San Mateo Polo Club, among those attending the affair having been Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Douglas Alexander, and Mr. William Crocker.

Mrs. Thomas Williams entertained at luncheon last Thursday for Mrs. Harold Dollar of Shanghai. Others in the party were Mrs. George Forderer, Mrs. Harry Willard, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. John Polhemus, Mrs. Constance Peters, Mrs. Charles Shiels, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, and Mrs. Frederick Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford entertained at dinner Sunday in Burlingame.

Miss Frances Pringle and Miss Inez Macondray were complimented at a supper-dance last week by Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn. Among those at the affair were Miss Marie Louise Potter, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Margaret Lee, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. W. W. Buckingham, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, and Mr. Dean Johnston.

The Misses Gertrude and Irene Barrett gave a tea last Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. William Watson of Washington.

Miss Margaret Buckbee was a dinner hostess last Thursday evening, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Hélène de Latour, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Edward Harrison, Mr. Jack Boyden, and Mr. Paul Kennedy.

Mrs. Arthur Wise of New York was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy. Those asked to meet Mrs. Wise included Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, and Mr. Horace Pillsbury.

The other afternoon (says *Figaro*) a Russian admiral saw in a taxicab a gallant general of the heroic hours of the war, and on the open boulevard embraced him and gave him the kiss of peace. Another even more touching scene occurred in a modest restaurant where the "students who study" meet. At a table three Polish women students were installed. A waitress of rather advanced age drew near; despite her humble dress she had a lofty air. The students looked at her attentively, and suddenly one of them rose, knelt down and kissed the edge of her apron. This servant had formerly been a lady of honor at a court that was wrecked in the most awful drama of contemporary history.

Bees in California make one-seventh of all the honey produced in the United States, is asserted in a bulletin issued by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. It is estimated that the 1921 crop will require fifty trains of fifty cars each for its transportation. While no exact figures can be given, says the bulletin, it is believed there are not less than 700,000 colonies, or hives, of bees in California. Europe draws heavily on the United States for honey and in 1919 an amount equal to the entire California production was shipped abroad.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### The Iron Music.

The French guns roll continuously  
And our guns, heavy, slow;  
Along the Ancre, sinuously,  
The transport wagons go,  
And the dust is on the thistles  
And the larks sing up on high . . .  
But I see the Golden Valley  
Down by Tintern on the Wye.

For it's just nine weeks last Sunday  
Since we took the Chepstow train,  
And I'm wondering if one day  
We shall do the like again;  
For the four-point-two's come screaming  
Thro' the sausages on high;  
So there's little use in dreaming  
How we walked above the Wye.

Dust and corpses in the thistles  
Where the gas-shells burst like snow,  
And the shrapnel screams and whistles  
On the Bécourt road below,  
And the High Wood bursts and bristles  
Where the mine-clouds foul the sky . . .  
But I'm with you up at Hyndcroft,  
Over Tintern on the Wye.

—Ford Madox Hueffer.

### Vistas.

As I walked through the rumorous streets  
Of the wind-rusted, elm-shaded city  
Where all of the houses were friends  
And the trees were all lovers of her,  
The spell of its old enchantment  
Was woven again to subdue me  
With magic of flickering shadows,  
Blown branches and leafy stir.

Street after street, as I passed,  
Lured me and beckoned me onward  
With memories frail as the odor  
Of lilac adrift on the air.  
At the end of each breeze-blurred vista  
She seemed to be watching and waiting,  
With leaf shadows over her gown  
And sunshine gilding her hair.

For there was a dream that the kind God  
Withheld, while granting us many—  
But surely, I think, we shall come  
Sometime, at the end, she and I,  
To the heaven He keeps for all tired souls,  
The quiet suburban gardens  
Where He Himself walks in the evening  
Beneath the rose-dropping sky  
And watches the balancing elm trees  
Sway in the early starshine  
When high in their murmurous arches  
The night breeze ruffles by.

—Odell Shepard.

### Three Quatrains.

#### I.

As long as Fame's imperious music rings  
Will poets mock it with crowned words august;  
And haggard men will clamber to be kings  
As long as Glory weighs itself in dust.

#### II.

Drink to the splendor of the unfulfilled,  
Nor shudder for the revels that are done;  
The wines that flushed Lucullus are all spilled,  
The strings that Nero fingered are all gone.

#### III.

We can not crown ourselves with everything,  
Nor can we coax the Fates for us to quarrel;  
No matter what we are, or what we sing,  
Time finds a withered leaf in every laurel.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson.

### The Dark Cavalier.

I am the Dark Cavalier; I am the Last Lover;  
My arms shall welcome you when other arms  
Are tired;

I stand to wait for you, patient in the darkness,  
Offering forgetfulness of all that you desired.

I ask no merriment, no pretense of gladness,  
I can love heavy lids and lips without their  
Rose;

Though you are sorrowful you will not weary me;  
I will not go from you when all the tired world  
Goes.

I am the Dark Cavalier; I am the Last Lover;  
I promise faithfulness no other lips may keep;  
Safe in my bridal place, comforted by darkness,  
You shall lie happily, smiling in your sleep.

—Margaret Widdemer.

The Bavarian cabinet has proposed a law that will sentence to imprisonment and to a maximum fine of 100,000 marks persons found guilty of gluttony. Foreigners found guilty are to be deported after serving their sentence. The law threatens to be very unpopular.

What is the use of a glib tongue? Fighting men with tongue-craft breeds much bitterness.—Confucius.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Chileen Heward left Monday for Montreal, after a fortnight's visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb have returned from a trip to Santa Barbara, where they have been staying with Baron and Baroness de Ropp.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. Moseley Taylor will arrive from the Atlantic coast the first of the week.

A group of the younger set left Monday for the Miami Lodge in the Sierras. In the party are Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. William Crocker.

Mr. Clarence Folis has arrived from New York to make his future home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis have reopened their apartment at the Fairmont for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams, who have resided in South Africa for several years, are in San Francisco visiting Mr. Gardner Williams.

Mrs. Hamilton Corbett arrived last week from Canada for a brief visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

Mrs. Hope Slater of Washington left last Thursday for the Atlantic coast. She will spend the latter part of the winter in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger have taken an apartment on Broadway near Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mein of New York, who have been spending a few weeks at the Fairmont, will leave for the East the close of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore of New York, who returned last week from the Orient, are at the San Mateo Polo Club. They will remain in California during the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley sailed last week for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster and Miss Helen Foster have returned from a trip to Del Monte.

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman will leave the first of the week for San Diego, after a fortnight's sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harrison.

Captain and Mrs. William Watson, who arrived last week from Washington, sailed Thursday for the Philippines, where the former has recently been ordered.

Miss Helen Hammersmith will leave tomorrow for the Atlantic coast to resume her studies. Mr. and Mrs. Hammersmith and their daughter returned the close of the week from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Faust of Washington are visiting the latter's father, Mr. Gardner Williams, at the Fairmont. They will remain in San Francisco a fortnight longer.

Señora Dominguez of London will leave January 25th for South America to be away several months.

Mrs. Tenney Williams of Tucson, Arizona, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering for a few weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Wise of New York left last Thursday for Southern California, after a brief visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy.

Miss Ethel Jacks of Monterey is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bruce in New York.

Mr. Arthur Vincent and his cousin, Miss Rosemary Vincent, left Sunday for England, after a

visit of several weeks in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kales will return the first of the week from a trip to Los Angeles.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval and the Misses Madeleine and Elizabeth Raoul-Duval have returned to Paris from a sojourn in Switzerland.

Mr. James Folger, who accompanied Mrs. Athearn Folger to San Francisco in December, left last week for Yale to continue his studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller will leave in February for a trip abroad to be gone indefinitely.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Franklin returned the first of the week from Santa Barbara, where they were the guests of Miss Laura Kaim.

Colonel and Mrs. Percy Kessler and the Misses Kate and Alice Kessler sailed Thursday for the Philippines, where they will reside for two years.

Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London has been spending a week in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling.

Mrs. William Glassford left Thursday for Colorado to join Commander Glassford. They will sail in the early part of February for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and Mr. Léon Walker returned last week from Minneapolis. They have been spending the holidays at their new residence at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn returned last week from New York.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs and Mr. E. P. Walker of New York arrived in San Francisco last week. They have been staying at the Fairmont.

Miss Leslie Van Ness is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman.

Mr. E. D. Beylard and Miss Sophie Beylard will arrive within a few days in California, after an absence of several months abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler returned last week from a trip to Pasadena.

Mrs. Frederick Clappett left Saturday for the Atlantic coast to be gone for several weeks. In New York she will be joined by Miss Cornelia Clappett.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Peters have returned to their home in Portland, after a fortnight's visit in San Francisco with Mrs. Stetson Winslow.

Miss Barbara Kimble, who has been visiting in Honolulu with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Browne, will sail for home January 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter returned Friday to Burlingame. Since their arrival from Colorado Springs they have been staying at the St. Francis.

The Misses Vere de Vere, Ernestine, and Schatz Adams will sail February 7th for the Orient to be away several months.

Miss Evelyn Poett has returned to Farmington, Connecticut, after having spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett.

Hotel St. Francis recent arrivals include Brigadier-General Johnson Hagood, U. S. A.; Dr. William R. P. Emerson, Boston; Captain Owen Fowler, Honolulu; Dr. F. T. Poehler, Minneapolis; Mr. L. F. Carter, Grand Rapids; Mr. O. A. Robertson, Sacramento; Mr. Guy L. Banta, Tacoma; Mr. F. C. Rudiger, Mr. Arthur Middleton, New York; Mr. O. S. Larsen, Seattle; Mr. Ieo Keller, Philadelphia; Mr. A. C. Nash, Schenectady, New York; Mr. E. L. Chibler, Denver; Mr. H. G. Innes, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McDearman, Omaha; Mr. H. S. Crane, Mr. C. H. Geer, Turlock; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Snowden, Pasadena; Sir Piers Mostyn, London, England; Mr. H. A. Johnson, Minneapolis.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Colonel George W. Van Dusen, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bogen, San Jose; Dr. Alice I. Goetz, Santa Barbara; Mr. J. M. Boyle, Bakersfield; Mr. Edward Francis, Seattle; Mr. J. H. Graham, Sacramento; Mr. O. H. Sherwood, San Jose; Mr. David T. Day, Washington, D. C.; Mr. James T. Carey, Cleveland; Colonel W. G. Cordue, Wrights, California; Mr. John Beveridge, Wellington, New Zealand; Mr. R. P. Hobson, Los Angeles; Mr. A. H. Briggs, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. Perry Small, permanent guests at hotel; Mr. Fred Jenkins, Mr. J. C. Wilson, Los Angeles; Mr. William G. Brown, Toronto, Canada; Mr. C. F. Montgomery, Los Angeles; Mr. William Bryce, Washington, D. C.; Mr. James T. Carey, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Merrill, Menlo Park; Miss Maybelle H. Morarity, San Diego; Mr. S. M. Grier, New York.

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A Reuter message from Paris says that General Gouraud has informed the Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres of an important discovery made by M. Moutet, who was sent by the Academy to carry on archaeological work in Syria. In the course of excavations on the site of the ancient city of Byblos, what appears to be the entire treasure of an early Egyptian temple has been laid bare only three feet below the surface of the ground. Among the objects discovered are statuettes in bronze, gold, ivory, and bronze ornaments, crystal and cornelian beads, gold coins, and an alabaster vase, intact, mentioning Pharaoh Hounas of the fifth dynasty, who reigned some 2500 years before the Christian era. The discovery is of particular interest, as it proves without a doubt that the Egyptian penetration into Syria took place at a very early date.

Paul Elder Lectures.

Dr. and Mrs. F. Homer Curtiss, formerly of New York, will give a series of seven private class lessons, Monday and Thursday afternoons, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Paul Elder Gallery, on "The Origin and Meaning of Numbers and Symbols." The first lesson, January 16th, will be "From the Unmanifested to the Manifested," giving the origin of numerical systems and why symbols—cosmic, national, local, and personal—are necessary.

The lecturers are authors of many widely-read volumes, including "Realms of the Living Dead," "The Key to the Universe," "The Voice of Isis," etc. Their new book, "The Message of Aquaria," is just being published.

Dr. and Mrs. Curtiss, after spending a year in San Francisco and carefully studying conditions here, have decided to make this their home in preference to all other places. They have just let the contract for their residence to be erected in St. Francis Woods. Their lectures are under the direction of Paul Elder.

The elaborate costume of both men and women in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was profusely ornamented with needlework; even the fine linen shifts of ladies of high degree might have the upper part and the sleeves covered with minute embroidery in colored silk. Jackets, bodices, and bodice fronts were treated with repeating ornament of silk embroidery, often enhanced with gold and silver thread and spangles, the richness culminating in the cap-shaped headdress, where the work was closer and had a larger proportion of the gold and silver thread and shining ornaments. Mediæval Italy was also rich in works of embroidery, with a wide range of treatment and application to purpose; France was the home of beautiful work, keeping pace with England in mediæval and later times, and even surpassing her in delicate and gorgeous work, especially in the way of ecclesiastical vestments.

The Germans are said to have discovered a cure for sleeping sickness. The drug, which is potent within a month, is unknown to scientists elsewhere.



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Zurich was formerly called the Athens of Switzerland from the number of Protestant refugees who resorted thither and inundated Europe with their works on controversial divinity. Coverdale's Bible was printed at Zurich in 1535.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I think the baby is going to be a dancer." "Why so?" "She keeps examining her toes."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"How times have changed!" "Yes?" "Imagine Rosa Bonheur painting a flock of Ford tractors."—*Florida Times-Union.*

*Befogged Individual*—Constable, where am I? This fog's got me beat. *Constable*—I dunno—it's got mine, too.—*London Opinion.*

*Lady (in box)*—Can you look over my shoulders? *Sailor*—I've just been looking over both of them, an' by gosh they are great.—*Tennessee Tar.*

*Doctor*—How does the patient act when he is alone? *Nurse*—I could not say. I have never been with him when he was alone.—*Idaho Yarn.*

*First Pedestrian (colliding with pillar box)*—Oh! I beg pardon. *Second Ditto (running into same pillar box)*—Not at all—my fault!—*London Opinion.*

*Sailor Bill*—These New York gals seem to be wearin' sort o' light canvas. *Sailor Dan*—Yes—you seldom see a full-rigged skirt, or anything.—*New York Sun.*

*Willie*—Paw, what is a barnacle? *Paw*—A barnacle is a hobo who sleeps in barns, my son. Now do your night work, and don't bother me. I'm busy.—*Searchlight.*

*Foreman*—Ow is it that little feller always carries two planks to your one? *Laborer*—'Cos 'e's too blinkin' lazy to go back fer the other one.—*London Passing Show.*

*Algy*—That vulgah puhson mistook me for a racing man. *Sally*—How was that? *Algy*—He said that I won the Brown Derby.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

"My dear Mrs. Smith, I think your daughter recites remarkably well, don't you?" "Yes. All she needs is a short course in

electrocution, sort of to finish her off, as you might say."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

*Bix*—I wonder why a Scotchman always says "hae" for "have"? *Dix*—Possibly it's on account of his thrift—he saves a "v" every time he does it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?" "Yes, mamma." "And what did the monkey do with it?" "He gave it to his father, who played the organ."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I wonder if my little boy knows how many seconds there are in a minute?" "Do you mean a real minute, mother, or one of those great big wait-a-minutes?"—*Boston Transcript.*

We can conceive of no more pathetic figure than Marshal Foch trying to explain to the folks at home the meaning of those various college degrees that have been thrust upon him.—*Buffalo Express.*

*Desk*—Do you believe in writing anonymously? *Quill*—Well, I've often wished that one of my productions had been anonymous. *Desk*—What was it? *Quill*—A letter proposing to Mrs. Quill.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

"I see you at the races every day during the season, colonel. But I don't see how you can afford it." "I can't afford it, and that is what makes the proposition so darned attractive."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

*She*—What do you mean by kissing me? What do you mean? *He*—Er, er, nothing. *She*—Then don't you dare do it again. I won't have any man kissing me unless he means business, d'ye hear?—*Columbia Jester.*

*First Sailor (searching vainly for his ship after a few hours' leave)*—But she was 'ere when we went ashore, wasn't she? *Second Sailor*—It's them blokes at Washington. They've started scrappin' the fleet, an' begun on us.—*London Punch.*

*Manager (to applicant for office boy vacancy)*—Aren't you the boy who applied for this position a fortnight ago? *Boy*—Yes, sir. *Manager*—And didn't I say I wanted an older boy? *Boy*—Yes, sir. That's why I'm here now.—*London Evening News.*

*Motorist*—Fifteen hundred miles and never had to use a spanner! Worth 750 pounds as it stands. What'll you give me for it? *Friend*—Prepare for a shock, old man! I'll give you fifty pounds. *Motorist*—Prepare for another—I'll take it.—*London Passing Show.*

"Have you had any experience in salesmanship?" asked a sales manager of a college graduate applying for a job. "Oh, yes," replied the other confidently. "I assisted for two years in selling the seats for the Yale-Harvard football game."—*American Legion Weekly.*

"Major, would it be against the law to paint a picture of a mint julep on a billboard?" "I don't know whether or not it would be against the law, sir, but it would be an act of senseless cruelty to about 90 per cent. of our masculine population."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"And why did you put dollar marks at the end of your love letters to the plaintiff?" asked the lawyer. "They are kiss marks," said the unhappy defendant. "But why use dollar marks to denote kisses?" "You wouldn't ask that if you knew how much they cost me."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Anything to see in this town?" inquired a recently arrived guest. "Well," replied the

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landlord of the tavern at Oblong Center, "a lady barber has just opened up a shop in the next block. You might kinda ramble around and—" "I have seen lady barbers before." "I s'pose so. But prob'ly you never saw how the male population of a village act when they see a lady barber."—*Kansas City Star.*

#### France's International Exhibition.

France will retake her position as arbiter of the world's art destinies in the spring of 1923, when the great International exhibition which was postponed by the war is scheduled to open in the Grand Palais unless the cubists and other modernists create an opposition stronger than they did when the project was first mentioned in 1914 (says the *New York Herald*).

Armand Dayot, Inspector-General of Fine Arts, is behind the movement and has already obtained assurance of governmental support, although it will be necessary for two Parisian salons to find a temporary home elsewhere, as the exhibition will last from May to October.

While not professing Communist tendencies, Dayot is a firm believer in the international system if applied to art, and it would rid the world of much of the rubbish now being shown at smaller exhibits if a definite standard whereby to measure art is devised, and this is only possible, he says, by a comparison of the best efforts of all nations.

Before the war, Germany was on the point of organizing a great international art show. In fact the exhibition in Munich, where France was well represented in 1914, was to have been expanded along the lines now adopted by Dayot. In order to uphold French supremacy it is intended to devote at least half of the Grand Palais purely to French art, showing not only modern ideals, but giving an artistic résumé of the guiding influence of the last twenty-five years.

It will be more than a display of paintings, however, for Dayot favors showing samples of French sculpture and architecture and of the decorative arts of all nations, and is calling to the attention of art experts the valuable result obtained at American exhibitions where something more than paintings are offered for public and official inspection.

The present plans would accord the entire balcony to the American section, much of

which will arrive next summer for the American arts exhibition now being planned by Julian Clarence Levy, a New York architect, and a group of American artists. Although it has not been decided whether the Grand Palais is to be donated for a purely American display, the art world as represented by the Beaux Arts is expressing great interest in its development, believing that it will be an excellent index as to the effort to unite the inspirations of painters, sculptors, and decorators from all parts of the world.

Before embarking for India the Prince of Wales visited the castle of Oakham in Rutland. And following an old tradition he had to pay the tithe. This tradition, over three hundred years old, is one of the most curious. It imposes upon the visitor of note—for whom alone the gates are opened—the obligation to offer a horseshoe. The Prince of Wales did not ignore this custom. His horseshoe was placed above the first that figured in the collection, and which was received from the hands of Queen Elizabeth.

"Who is your favorite movie heroine?" "My wife—she sits through them all."—*Judge.*

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### From the Cabinet to the "Movies."

There is no political significance in the resignation of Mr. Hays from the cabinet to go into the movies. Hays has not been a large influence in his relations with the Administration. He has done a kind of work little related to Administration purposes other than along the line of practical working efficiency. He has done good work—very good work. Under his hand the Postoffice Department has been reorganized, re-inspired with energy, relieved of the offensive partisanship and the still more grievous meddling with private affairs that marked the administration of his predecessor. Hays is not disgruntled; on the other hand, he has worked harmoniously with the President and his associates in the government. He leaves the department with good-will all around. The case is a very simple one. Hays is a young man (only forty-two) and without private fortune. There comes along an industry offering him a salary of \$150,000 per year, with a contract for three years and with a still longer period in prospect. A man would be something less than human who would decline such an opportunity to establish his fortunes, particularly as the work to be done is in direct line with his proved capabilities, and at the same time affording opportunity for vital moral service. The movies are taking Hays because he will be worth all that they propose to pay him and something more. The business has gotten into bad shape. It has fallen into moral discredit. The Fatty Arbuckle case and the tendency among film producers

to exploit sex interests have combined to injure the business of making and exhibiting moving pictures. There is a rising tide of public disapproval that threatens to destroy or at least to limit the business. This is manifest in proposals in many of the states for more rigid censorship. The wiser ones in the industry realize that something must be done to turn the tide. They need first of all a reorganizer. And more than that, they need an exhorter of the moral uplift type. Will Hays fills the bill. His personal propensities are all for things that are worthy as distinct from things that are vicious. As a director-general of the movie world he will have a large sphere of influence, and there is not the first doubt that he will exercise it with the highest motives and in efficient ways. It may easily be believed that much of the appeal made to him lay in its opportunity of extended moral influence.

### Legislation and Politics.

There is an old story of a Western senator whose son reported to him from the home state that the Populists were making tremendous gains therein. "I am going out there," remarked the senator to a colleague, "and look into the situation." "What will you do when you get there?" asked the colleague—"Start a fight against them?" "No sir-ree! If what my boy tells me is true I'll jine 'em." Something of this idea appears in the mood of the Administration at Washington relative to certain conditions currently related to legislation—and politics.

There are indications that the Administration is about to deal with the agricultural bloc by "jining" it. President Harding is sincerely sympathetic toward the farmer. Although professionally a publisher, he is of the farmer class. But he is resentful of what the bloc has done to him and his administration. At bottom he does not like it. But just now he is at a disadvantage. The bloc refuses to give over its purposes. But for the sake of harmony it may yield a little. If there is to be harmony the Administration, too, must yield a little. It is to be either a fight or compromise. There is in the situation the look of compromise. It is not likely to go far. Mr. Harding may temporize, but he is not likely to violate his fixed judgment, often declared, that group or bloc politics is essentially wrong, inevitably destructive to the party principle in government; therefore as related to our system fatal to integrity and efficiency in government. That he will enter into any hard-and-fast deal with the bloc is not easily believable; and the chances are that when it comes to close grips he will be found fighting it.

Then there is the matter of the bonus. Secretary Mellon believes that it is indefensible. The President, if he would speak his inside mind, is probably of the same opinion. Notwithstanding, the bonus is on the party programme and in one form or another it is to go through. There is no doubt as to that, since it is supported by both parties in Congress. Explanation lies in the declared judgment of Chairman Adams of the national committee and of other party leaders in the Middle West that something in the nature of a bonus is necessary for the purposes of the coming November election.

Before adjudging the President's concessions too severely it would be well to bear in mind that the government of the United States is in its nature representative. It is not the personal possession of the President, subject either in the practicability of things or in morals to the will of the Administration at Washington. There have been those in recent times who have thought it to be just this, but there is little in their experience to justify stiff-neckedness on the part of the President or his Cabinet. If the country wants the bonus, and by the tests of politics it seems to want it, then those who are in authority have at least a species

of justification for yielding. True, it is not the kind of justification to be pleaded effectively by political idealists. But political idealists, while they have their place—and a very worthy one it is—usually make a small figure when it comes to the actualities of politics. And whether we like or not, whatever rules in the sphere of politics inevitably rules the country.

Whoever has had anything to do with the working of government under the representative principle—or whoever has closely observed the same—knows that idealism does not "go" in the political world. Further, they know that efficiency is no more characteristic of representative government than is idealism: Since popular government must pretty definitely reflect prevailing popular moods, it is inevitable that it should be marked by temporizing courses and by many forms of waste. Government by the people, while undoubtedly the most righteous form of government, is necessarily at times weak-jointed. The ideals of liberty and high standards of efficiency are not concurrently attainable.

None the less, we think a grievous mistake will be made if the bonus project goes through—a mistake of many serious angles. It will embarrass the national finances and hold back return of the country to normal conditions. Bad as that will be, it is a less serious consideration than the permanent moral effects to follow. What these effects are bound to be has already been defined in these columns. It is enough now to say that the bonus will tend to demoralization all round. The government that gives and the man who receives will both suffer in dignity and respect. The government which consents that its ideals and its interests are not worth fighting for on the part of its citizens, serving without money compensation, to a degree lowers its flag. The citizen who accepts a gratuity on account of patriotic service, in four cases out of five unearned, makes a distinct sacrifice of self-respect; and with it loss of what should be the highest of patriotic inspirations. A concession made outside the bounds of justice and obligation, and in behoof of politics, is a mark of weakness and far from being an edifying spectacle.

### The Fall of Briand.

The news writers tell us that Briand by his notable speech before the French Parliament last week won the majority to support of his policies and of his course at the Cannes Conference, and that then—with the ball at his feet, so to speak—he resigned. It is true that the French temperament is notably different from our own, but fundamentally human nature is pretty much the same in all lands. Credulity does not go to the point of believing that Briand, who dearly loves office, resigned it when he had the game in his own hands. It is much easier to believe that he was conscious of the fact that applause is one thing and votes quite another. It is not credible that he abandoned the premiership while he had the power to retain it.

In France premiers and cabinets follow each other under motives difficult of comprehension by the soberer peoples of America and Britain. We can see no reason why the administrative organization at Paris should not have the stability characteristic of the corresponding organization at London. In both cases premier and cabinet—"the government"—are responsible to representative parliaments. In the former case a definitely organized government usually goes on for years. In the latter it seems likely to fall at any hour; in fact, does fall with almost every change of the moon. Explanation lies in the character of the two peoples. The English are homogeneous, loyal to the powers that be, prone to steadfastness in support of established authority. The French, no less homogeneous, are easily moved, emotional, flighty, temperamentally disposed to change. The British habitually support their leaders. Though they may belabor them with criticism



with reproaches, they stand pat. The French, on the other hand, seem to delight in knocking down whatever is in a position to be knocked down.

Here we have the explanation of why England has the more stable and consistent government, and why its administrative leaders hold high rank in international councils. France abounds in a certain kind of personal distinction, but it affords no basis for authoritative statesmanship. A man who knows that in office he stands on insecure ground, that the chances are nine to one that his neck is destined in short order to go under the parliamentary guillotine, is apt to be either timid or reckless. France has only herself to blame that in these momentous times, as in times of less import, she is without the leadership of poised and authoritative statesmanship.

If now and again we lose something of dignity under the fixed tenure of our statesmen, as illustrated in the case of President Wilson and his dealings at Versailles and at home, there are in the situation certain compensations. At least it is known for what periods President and Congress may pledge the country. If under our system we fail at the point of continuous policies, our statecraft is not subject to the sudden and violent revolutions that paralyze the hand of government at Paris. It is only when an American President exceeds his plain mandate that his pledges or assurances may be discounted.

### The Newberry Case.

The fact that a great sum of money—estimated at a quarter-million of dollars or more—was expended in promoting the senatorial candidacy of Mr. Newberry is not a pleasant one. Yet there is no proof, even no allegation, that money was spent corruptly. Nobody charges that votes were bought. The money went for publicity in various forms and for employment of speakers and other campaign workers. The sole indictment was that so large a sum was expended as to make the campaign in effect a "money fight."

Assuredly money fights in politics—and in the immediate instance money was spent on both sides—are not edifying. If not actually corrupt, they smell of corruption. Beyond a doubt they tend to corruption. Yet it is difficult to see how a senatorial campaign in a state of large population can be carried on without a considerable expenditure. The voting public ought to know anything and everything tending to the qualification of those who stand for public office. How in the name of all the saints are the principles, the views, and the policies of a candidate to be put before a million or more voters without a vast deal of publicity? If there is little or no publicity, voters must act in the dark. If there is sufficient publicity to enable the people to vote intelligently there must be widespread exploitation—and this costs money.

As a matter of fact pretty much every candidacy of this kind is in one way or another supported by a costly campaign. We have only to glance at the record in our own state to see how it works. When our own Hiram was a candidate for the Senate state officials, working in his behalf, spent time for which the state paid traversing the length and breadth of California—"from the Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea," to employ a familiar and favorite figure. But this is not all. The senator himself, accompanied everywhere by troupes of admirers—many of them in state employment and pay—moved up and down in two speaking campaigns. Halls were opened, brass bands brayed, tar barrels were lighted. All of which cost a vast deal, the money being found by passing the hat, the candidate himself being a man of limited financial means. Take the case of Mr. Phelan. Here again there was a kind of exploitation that must have cost many, many thousands of dollars. Alone, the bill for electric lights by which the senator's name was emblazoned, likewise from the Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierras to the sea, must have run into heavy figures. To be sure, there was no passing of the hat in the case of Mr. Phelan, since he is a man of personal wealth and has wealthy family connections. We are asked to believe that no part of this vast expense was paid by Mr. Phelan himself. But somebody must surely have paid it. Electric signs, brass bands, town halls, with all the elaborate paraphernalia of campaign exploitation, are not had for nothing. The common explanation is that members of Mr. Phelan's family put up the money. However this may be, it is certain that money in large sums was spent. In the case of

Mr. Shortridge there were fewer evidences of expenditure. But that a good deal of money was put into campaign activities is obvious. Here again there was a case of passing the hat. And that it was done successfully was plain to every observer.

It is possible that there may be among the ninety-six members of the Senate somebody whose election came about without expenditure above and beyond the narrow limit allowable to a candidate under the law. But we doubt it. However is it possible for a man under the present system of electing senators to make himself, his principles, his views, his policies known to the people other than by methods that cost money? There is no possible way. Either a candidate must remain unknown at the point of his qualifications or somebody must pay the bills essential to his exploitation before the voting public.

In the case of Mr. Newberry the expenditure, large though it was, was provided by his personal and political friends. He has given his solemn word that he himself contributed not a single dollar to the campaign fund; at the time he was absent from home engaged in war service. Mr. Newberry is entitled by his long-sustained high character in public and private life to be believed. The majority of the Senate did believe him.

To understanding of the Newberry case it is necessary to know something of the motives of the movement to discredit his election. It was not initiated by the rival candidate, who probably was in the position of the pot that had the best of reasons for not calling the kettle black. Here is the story as detailed by the Detroit gossips. The Newberrys stand at the top of the local social heap. Their home is headquarters of all that is conventionally *en règle* in the rarefied atmosphere of the Michigander four hundred. Mrs. Newberry, regarded as a social figure, is the envy of many another woman, among them the wife of the publisher of a Detroit newspaper of the yellow breed. This lady, having a rich and generous husband, with many pearls and diamonds, Paris clothes, and other accessories, could see no reason why her place should not be equal to that of Mrs. Newberry. Her husband, so the story goes, was sympathetic. Politics rather less than social rivalry entered into the matter. The batteries of a disappointed social ambition were leveled at Newberry as a means of destroying his prestige as head of the creamy element in the Michigander *élite*. There you have the inside of it. It was a woman's fight.

### Editorial Notes.

Among the minor events of the week is the gift by Miss Maude Adams of a fine property on Long Island to the Roman Catholic Sisterhood of "Our Lady of the Cenacle." A New York dispatch states that many are surprised at this gift in view of the fact that Miss Adams is a Protestant. Surely the time has gone by when anybody should regard a gift in the cause of charity as subject to any sectarian obligation. The sisterhood which is to receive the Long Island estate will use the gift to humane ends and it should not concern anybody, as obviously it does not concern the donor, that those who are to administer it should be representative of one faith or another. It is easy to believe that Miss Adams in making a charitable gift—one calling for continuous administration—should choose to place it in the hands of an organization which is continuous and exempt from personality. The Catholic Church goes on from generation to generation; it is not subject to the administrative vicissitudes that so often make havoc of generous purposes.

Some years ago Mrs. Leland Stanford, a Protestant, gave her old home in Sacramento, under dedication for a charitable purpose, into the custody of the Catholic Church. Her reasoning was to this effect: "So given it will be free from taxation under our state laws, and further, be subject to a continuous administration." Protestant organizations are relatively temporary, and are only more or less definitely responsible. They come and go, and too often trusts placed in their hands are lost in the transition from one order or board to another. No such hazard is involved when a trust is placed in the hands of the Catholic Church. So placed, a property or a fund is as nearly assured as anything can be of permanent and discreet administration. No other agency is so definitely capable of administering a beneficent trust, since no other is so removed from liability to alteration of policies, to changes of manage-

ment and incidental—we almost said inevitable—charges, wastes, and losses.

In another column reference is made to the fall of Briand and incidentally to the habit of the French to upset their administrative organization at frequent intervals and upon trivial considerations. In the same paragraph reference is made to the habit of the English to sustain the government even while subjecting it to unmeasured censure. The experience of an American gentleman in England some few years ago emphasizes the point. Dining at the home of a very famous British statesman, a former cabinet minister, he heard an exhortation of Lloyd George and his associates in the government to which our American habit of free speech in relation to men in office affords no parallel. There were present some half-dozen men, of whom three were of high conventional and political rank. All three at one time or another had been members of the cabinet. Lloyd George was scored as a "scoundrel," as an "upstart," as a "trickster," as an "ambitious schemer," with a hundred other terms of violent reproach. The American visitor found the hardihood to put to his host a question. "Your strictures surprise me; I thought you were a supporter of Lloyd George in the recent election?" "So I was," replied the gentleman addressed; "I supported the 'damned scoundrel' because he is at the head of our affairs and so entitled to support as the man in responsible dealing both with our enemies and our friends. There was, too, in the course of myself and others who despise the man the idea expressed by your great Lincoln in his famous phrase attesting the hazard of 'swapping horses when crossing a stream.' I supported Lloyd George, not because I approve of or respect the man, but under the requirements of a crisis." Here we have a hint of why the British government is a continuing and stable institution. English loyalty to the government is a thing apart from admiration or even respect for its immediate administrative agents. In France there is no such sentiment as that which sustained Lloyd George even at a time when many—perhaps the majority—of his countrymen regarded him lightly or even with an enmity smacking of malice.

The death of Penrose leaves vacant the chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee. With the possible exception of the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, this is the most important of all senatorial posts. Pretty much everything that is largely vital in domestic legislation comes first or last to the bar of the Finance Committee. In legislation, as in most other things, the power of the purse is a dominating force. No chairman of the Finance Committee has ever come from west of the Ohio Valley. In the last half-century Sherman of Ohio, Gorman of Maryland, Morrill of Vermont, Aldrich of Rhode Island, Simmons of North Carolina, and Penrose of Pennsylvania have held that office. Now there is to be a change and in all likelihood the chairmanship of the great Finance Committee will go to McCumber of North Dakota, who is entitled to it under the rule of seniority, but who is without training or other qualification for it. However, this rule does not absolutely control, and McCumber may be passed over for Smoot of Utah, Curtis of Kansas, or Watson of Indiana. The man best equipped for the work is Smoot, and beyond a doubt the Senate as a body would prefer him as against McCumber if the trick can be turned without offense to the latter.

A few months ago Pennsylvania had in the late Senator Penrose and the late Senator Knox, two of the essentially strong men in the senatorial body. Knox was succeeded by William E. Crow, who fell ill almost immediately following his appointment and has now for many weeks been in retirement at Atlantic City. That he will ever again appear in the Senate is extremely doubtful. The appointment of George Wharton Pepper as successor to Penrose will go far to sustain the prestige of Pennsylvania. Pepper is a lawyer in the first rank at the Philadelphia bar. He became known to the country at large last year in connection with the protest against the league of nations proposal. To that discussion he contributed a legal article of notable ability.

It is to the credit of Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania that he declined suggestions presented to him temptingly to secure personal advancement by resigning



upon the basis of arrangement with his successor to appoint him (Sproul) to the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Penrose. Tricks of this kind are not uncommon, but inevitably they put upon those who practice them the stamp of individual cheapness. No man of personal dignity and of high self-respect permits himself thus to traffic in the opportunities afforded by official authority.

Senator Penrose gave to the world the impression of a masterful and self-sustained personality. No man ever more definitely lived by the classic rule which forbids explanation, apology, or regret. Whatever his inside emotions were, unless they related to what he had himself in hand, he kept them to himself. Rivals might assail and critics might rail, but they made no outward dent in Penrose's armor of indifference. Penrose never married. He took no part in the social life of Washington. He avoided women and was never seen in companies in which there was a feminine element. What shattered romance of youth lay behind his bachelorhood no one has ever told.

There was a phase of Penrose's character that only his intimates ever discovered. It is told that when he and a party of senators went to Panama on a government cruiser some years ago Penrose was the most playful of the group. Under his chairmanship the party organized itself into a band of imaginary boys playing "make-believe." They became a pirate band with Penrose, satirizing the popular picture of himself, as the pirate chief. They tied up their heads in red badannas and quarreled over imaginary "loot." They made the captain "walk the plank" and during the whole voyage kept the ship in an uproar, always with Penrose the leading spirit and inventing a new stunt for each day.

Another curious aspect of Penrose is illustrated in his strange intimacy with Senator La Follette soon after that tempestuous gentleman came to the Senate. They were much together, hardly on a basis of social equality, but under a species of condescension on the part of Penrose. When La Follette would expound his socialistic theories, quoting Karl Marx in proof, Penrose would retort with further quotations from Marx's later writing, citing chapter and page, in refutation. La Follette found that Penrose was more deeply read in the literature of radicalism than himself. To hear Penrose in the privacy of a stag dinner party deliver a burlesque radical speech was both a literary and a political treat.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Senator Smoot.

ALTA CLUB  
SALT LAKE CITY, January 14, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the course of an editorial appraisal of Senator Smoot, in which I heartily concur, you take occasion to say: "He had, or was reported to have, three wives—and the fact, if it was a fact, told strongly against him in his earlier career."

I am neither of Senator Smoot's religious faith nor a beneficiary of nor applicant for his favor. I have known him and his family intimately for thirty years, however, and am conversant with the testimony given during the time his seat in the Senate was under consideration. No charge was made of polygamy against him, and the "protestants" particularly disavowed any such charge. He was opposed as representing a church that had practiced and still countenanced polygamy, and on the further ground that he would follow the mandates of the church rather than his oath of office, should they conflict. No charge that he had practiced polygamy was laid at his door. The people of the United States have every reason to feel happy that the verdict was in his favor and that we enjoy his leadership in the Senate today. GLEN MILLER.

It is said that Anatole France proposes to hand over the entire amount of the Nobel Prize in Literature, which is of the value of 300,000 francs, for the benefit of the sufferers in the Russian famine. The Prize for Chemistry has been awarded to Professor Walter Nernst of Berlin. The following is a list of the authors awarded the Prize in Literature since it was instituted in 1901 in Stockholm by the legacy of Dr. Alfred Nobel: R. F. A. Sully Prudhomme, Theodor Mommsen, Björnsterne Björnson, Frederi Mistral and José Echegaray, Henryk Sienkiewicz, Giosuè Carducci, Rudyard Kipling, Rudolph Eucken, Selma Lagerlöf, Paul Heyse, Maurice Maeterlinck, Gerhart Hauptmann, Rabindranath Tagore, Romain Rolland, Werner von Heidenstam, Karl Gjellerup and Henrik Pontopidan, Carl Spitteler, Knut Hamsun, Anatole France.

The German device, "Deutschland über Alles," is far from being of modern origin, in sentiment at least. So long ago as the fifteenth century, the kaiser-king Friedrich III, called "The Indolent," adopted the five vowels for the imperial device, which read: "Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo," or "Alles Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Unterthan." In English this modest motto means "Austria's empire is over all universal."

## THE YOUNG IRISH.

Biologists used to claim that a child, in growing from inception to maturity, passed through all the stages in human history from protoplasm to prohibition. These ingenious gentlemen have a way of reversing themselves from year to year, but if the above idea still holds, it may be intelligible to say that the average Irishman dies at a point about four-fifths of the way through Mr. Wells' "Outline of History." Scientifically speaking, the Irish reach maturity with Paoli and the Corsican rebellion, and spend their early manhood somewhere in the fifteenth century.

In other words, when we call a young Irishman civilized, it is from politeness or friendship. We know that he is not civilized in our rarefied sense of that word. His impulses belong to a time when individual freedom was rated above law and when a certain illegality was the mark of every man of spirit. Only in his later years does the Irishman dwindle into a kind of acquiescence in the modern theory of the state and begin to reason that perhaps, after all, something can be said for peace and compromise. At this stage, like Bernard Shaw, he is apt to interest himself in such quiet and gentle arts as pugilism and other pursuits in which the shedding of blood is a minor objective.

If you think that this has no important bearing on the Irish Republic you are mistaken, to put it in an Irish way. The Sinn Fein movement is essentially a young man's affair. There are some oldsters in it, like Griffiths, but they rank as counselors, rather than leaders. The typical exemplar of the Sinn Fein spirit is Michael Collins, who was born in 1890. The spirit he expresses is something assertive, headlong, self-sufficient, ruthless, quixotically generous and selfish, all in one—in short: young. Youth characterizes every gesture of the Irish republicans. It appears magnificently in the title of the party, for Sinn Fein being interpreted means "Ourselves Alone"—obviously a young man's motto, and one that belongs to the springtime of history. But from the first the Sinn Fein movement has been opposed by the older Irish people, who have endeavored, with indifferent success, to stay their impetuous sons with the counsels of moderation. It is probably safe to say, if anything can be safely said about Ireland, that the bulk of the older Irishmen still entertain the Redmond conception of Irish freedom, and that it is they who have swung the balance in favor of ratifying the London treaty.

Some very interesting data on this head has been collected in a book called "The Administration of Ireland, 1920," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book shows a bias against the Irish republicans, which is to be regretted, as it tends to discredit many statements that are obviously founded on sound evidence. It is a pity, also, that the author should have further compromised his account by signing himself "I. O.," as if he were afraid to stand sponsor for his words. In view of the sporting disregard the Irish republicans have always shown for the security of their own necks in the matter of open publication, it ought to be a point of honor with their critics to indict them openly. To do so in Ireland, of course, is hardly conducive to long life. The number of those who have met disagreeable deaths for publishing or saying things unwelcome to the young republicans is considerable. In this respect even Mick Collins ran a grave danger when he returned to Dublin bearing with him the dubious treaty he had signed—a fact that was pointed out by Lloyd George in the House of Commons as a plea for ratification of the pact and for suspension of criticisms that would make Collins' position more difficult.

In the course of his indictment of the Irish republican movement, I. O. tells a gloomy story of murder and outrage by the Sinn Fein in the latter half of 1920 to prove that the crown police and military suffered severe provocation and showed a most marked restraint and chivalry in the system of reprisals to which they were forced. Torture and dum-dum bullets were among the provocations. The author brings out also a number of contradictions in the republican arguments. The execution of Irish rebels by the crown for major offenses and treason has been made the subject of many appeals by republican propagandists for American sympathy; we are not so familiar with the fact that the Irish republic, in setting itself up as a government, threatened all its opponents in Ireland, whether military or civilian, with death. Not all those who met their demise at the hands of the Sinn Fein party belonged to the British army or the Royal Irish Constabulary. Such acts, of course, constitute terrorism, and they had to be either veiled or denied by the Irish supplicants for American aid before the help could be forthcoming, for it was well enough known that if proved they would create a definite and cold hostility in this country toward the rebellion.

Nor did the example and encouragement of disingenuous Germany go for nothing in determining the tactics of the Irish republican army. When Richard Mulcahy, the chief of staff, was captured by the crown

forces in Dublin, in November of 1920, a number of lugubrious documents were found on his person. One contained a detailed plan for spreading typhoid fever germs among the British troops by infecting their milk supply. Another revealed a rather less sinister plan of introducing microbes into sacks of oats intended for the British cavalry mounts in order to give them "glanders." Mulcahy's army would not have been Irish had it not leavened these Germanic devices with a good deal of unwitting comedy. In a court-martial held in Cork in September, 1920, a copy of the official organ of the Irish volunteers was brought to light containing an allusion to the trouble caused among enemy cavalry in 1870 in Lorraine by a French regiment mounted on Arab stallions, and it was proposed that since the mounts of the English cavalry units in Ireland included a number of mares, the neighborhood of stallions might be used to occasion disorder among them. These are the lighter touches; the heavier ones are far less whimsical.

But when I. O. has told his full tale, harsh judgment must be tempered with the recollection that no large group of people as a whole can be held responsible for the outrages or follies of individual offenders in a time of passion and upheaval. The preponderating wish in Ireland just now is for peace and justice, and the better elements in the Sinn Fein are as anxious for the change as any. The older people in Ireland have been the chief sufferers in the feud, because in addition to the ills of civil war they have had to endure the opprobrium cast on their country by irresponsible young fire-eaters, some of them actuated by violence more than patriotism, and all of them imbued with the young Irishman's traditional relish of a "row." Prior to the alleged "sacking" of Ennistymon and Lahinch in September, 1920, the police at Ennistymon received this pathetic letter, which needs no interpretation to Americans and provides a telling commentary on what must have been the attitude of many of the old school toward the excesses of their "youngsters":

"Dear Sir—I am giving you a warning to make your men look out for themselves, for the S. F. is going to make a raid on them some day. Let your men look out and the two officers that is going by themselves in the black motor. They will give them a downfall as sure as you are reading this. They would want to look out for themselves; we can not stop our young innocent sons. Sure the leading man of them all is John O'Loughlin, the man that is going to all the races, why he has plenty of powder and firearms. We would have an easy mind if you would frighten those murderers. They want more blood. . . ."

We did not need to be told this to understand that the Sinn Fein story in the Irish-American press is not the whole story. One of the obstacles encountered by the republicans in stirring up anti-English sentiment in this country was that we understood the Irish character and something of the problem with which England had been confronted. We know that an Irish report of an event is apt to be more vivid than just, and that the young Irishman is never at a loss for a *casus belli*. Also that when the Irish are out of one series of troubles they will always invent others to add to the general gusto of living. A few days ago I received a letter from a friend who had attended the San Joaquin Citrus Fair in company with a proud son of Erin. One passage in the letter has a symbolical appositeness in this connection that prompts me to invite death by quoting it. The young visitors had added to the interest of the afternoon with a muchkin of the Irish national beverage, and had met up with some kindred souls whose thirst was proof against the citrus extract which was the feature of the fair:

"During the evening we sent to town for Chinese noodles. In trying to eat them, Irish, who had never seen the dish in his native land, spilled some on his vest. The guests thought that funny, and of course Irish objected. He insisted that if he wanted to spill noodles, he'd spill noodles, and no one could stop him. He spilled some more, looked more pugnacious than ever, and again stated emphatically that he'd be damned if any one could keep him out of the noodles. He offered fifty dollars to any one who would try to keep him or anybody who was a friend of his out of the noodles. His offer was eventually increased to twenty thousand dollars, and in a mighty effort to compel some one to keep him out of the Chinese staff of life he finally took his bowl and dumped the contents on his own head."

In other words, when Ireland becomes a republic, who is going to keep her out of the noodles?

The main subject of conjecture about Irish affairs will soon be whether Michael Collins is a real statesman or a popular hero. His romantic career of outlawry has endeared him to the popular imagination, and during the days when he carried the fifty-thousand-dollar bounty on his head his exploits in evading the crown sleuths were in the best vein of Irish drama. One of his bravadoes—when he discussed incognito the possibility of his capture, with one of his pursuers—recalls the main episode in Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon." A man who can turn popular drama into fact has no trouble in commanding the hearts of an imaginative people—at least for a time. But hitherto he has done everything under the



dictation of Griffiths, and his enemies point out features in his record which are less unquestionably heroic. After leaving home at an early age and living for a while in Cork, he went to London to take employment in the sorting branch of the general postoffice. He left England in March, 1916, driven home, it is claimed, only by the fear of conscription. But one must take all such personal charges with a certain reserve. Collins was closely associated with the Irish exiles in London, drilled with them secretly for the part he was later to play, and in his Irish career thus far has shown the instincts of a patriot, as well as every mark of physical and moral courage.

The question with regard to the whole of the Irish republican movement is how much of it is romance and drama and how much arises from a rational conviction that Ireland really needs separation from the empire. Drama and mystery have been plentiful in the history of the Sinn Féin, and these are qualities that will always appeal to the young, quite independently of reason. The mysteries of Sir Roger Casement and of the means by which Eamon de Valera and the "Invisible Army" were brought to Ireland are of the sort that command an unreasoning popular enthusiasm. (One wonders whether the mysterious vehicle in the latter instances may not have been the submarine, in view of the number of other ruses the Irish have borrowed from Germany.)

And altogether the most interesting query for us is whether an Irish state, left free to intrigue with all the disaffected factions of the Continent, would not be a grave danger to the peace of the world. At present it would almost inevitably involve the United States in war, though the danger would of course decrease as the Irish forgot their traditional grievance in the animosities of self-government, such as those which the handing over of Dublin Castle has already set in motion.

AUBREY BOVD.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 18, 1922.

F. C. Cornell, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who recently returned to England after spending twenty years in practically unknown parts of South Africa, is author of a story about an unknown monster that had been seen near the Great Falls of the Orange River. It has a huge head and a neck ten feet long like a bending tree. It seizes the native cattle and drags them under water. The natives call it "Kyman," or the Great Thing. Last May Mr. Cornell, accompanied by two white companions, W. H. Brown and N. B. Way of Capetown, and three Hottentots, went to the junction of the Oub and Orange rivers to see the monster if possible. He writes: "At the cries of the natives I saw something black, huge, and sinuous swimming rapidly against the current in the swirling rapids. The monster kept its enormous body under water, but the neck was plainly visible. The monster may have been a very gigantic python, but if it was it was of an incredible size. This reptile may have lived for hundreds of years. Pythons approaching it in size have been said to have lived that long."

Dr. A. H. Macklin, surgeon and biologist on board Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship, the *Quest*, has sent home an interesting letter about the voyage, which he describes as no picnic, but an arduous trip (says the *Manchester Guardian*). The *Quest*, he says, is not a very comfortable vessel. "At all times a lively ship, she has spent most of her time putting both gunwales under, but she is a fine tight little ship and will stand anything." On leaving Lisbon the ship encountered head winds and a nasty sea, and Dr. Macklin suffered all the agonies of extreme seasickness. It was all he could do, he says, to stick it out, and his spells at the wheel were simply a misery. Though a good sea ship, the *Quest* provided too much perpetual roll and pitch. Sir Ernest Shackleton, says the doctor, is in good form and becomes younger-looking every day. "The trip, so far, can be summed up thus: Bad weather, much rolling and pitching; ship routine and seasickness."

Leonardo da Vinci's conviction that submarines should not be used because of the impossibility of using them properly gains emphasis from the fact that he invented a "sub." His opinion after five hundred years still has timeliness. We read in Dr. J. P. Richter's "The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci," Paragraph I: "How by a certain machine many may stay some time under water. And how and wherefore I do not describe my method of remaining under water. . . . And I do not publish nor divulge these, by reason of the evil nature of men, who would use them for assassinations at the bottom of the sea by destroying ships and sinking them, together with the men in them."

Insurance as a distinct business originated, according to a lecture delivered before the Insurance Institute of London, at Lloyd's coffee-house, which was first heard of in 1688, as a house specially patronized by shipping men. A little sheet called *Lloyd's News* was first published in 1696, which only ran for six months, but which plainly showed the clientele of the coffee-house. A great feature of Lloyd's was shipping intelligence, and this ultimately developed in 1726 into the founding of *Lloyd's List*, which with the exception of the *London Gazette* is the oldest existing newspaper in the world.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Mary Texan Loomis of Washington, D. C., is said to be the only woman in the world to own and conduct a radio school.

Miss Agnes McPhail of Ceylon, Ontario, is Canada's first woman M. P. Miss McPhail, who is thirty-one years old, was elected on the Progressive ticket.

Augustine Massa, checker champion of Columbia University, who, though totally blind, is planning to test his skill by meeting twenty opponents simultaneously—a stunt that requires the memorizing of 480 checker positions at one time.

Miss Mary McCormic, who was a "cowgirl" only a year ago, working on her father's ranch in the West, is now singing one of the leading rôles in "Carmen" with the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Miss McCormic was discovered by Mary Garden.

Princess Troubetskoy, who escaped to London when the Bolsheviks were hunting down the Russian aristocracy, has been given the job of decorating Saint Philip's Church, which has been given over by the British government for the use of the large London colony of Russian refugees.

At the convention of the Investment Bankers' Association, held recently in New Orleans, Mr. Howard F. Beebe was elected president. Mr. Beebe, who is one of the younger investment bankers, is with Harris Forbes & Co. of New York. He has for several years been active in the management of the Investment Bankers' Association.

Harold Shapley, just elected astronomer at the Harvard College Observatory to succeed its long-time astronomer, Edward C. Pickering, who died before his great life work was finished, is only thirty-five years of age. He made his world-wide reputation in the Wilson Observatory, California, in what may be called space-sounding, a process accomplished by the super-science, celestial spectrum photography.

Sir John Kirk, who was chief officer on David Livingstone's government expedition to Africa in 1858, has died at the age of ninety. Sir John has been a member of the government committee for construction of the Uganda Railway since 1895. He served in Turkey during the Russian war, has been consul-general to Zanzibar, and was British plenipotentiary at Brussels to the African conference, 1889-90.

The premier-elect of Canada, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, is decidedly a scholar in politics. His "Industry and Humanity," published a few years ago, shows Mr. King as a thinker of unusual clarity and a man of great breadth of vision. The premier-elect has made labor problems his life-long interest. He was editor of the *Labor Gazette* and minister of labor in the Laurier administration. He has acted as conciliator in many important strikes. When he took over the leadership of the Liberal party in Canada ten years ago it was almost in extremis. Under his care it has become the strongest political party in the Dominion.

Lord Beaverbrook, the head of the British department of propaganda during the war and one of the greatest newspaper and periodical directors in the world, is publishing the story of his success. As he was born the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in the rural districts of New Brunswick, his life may well be termed romantically successful. Lord Beaverbrook was created a knight in 1911 and baron in 1916. He was with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in 1915 as eyewitness and represented the government of Canada at the front in 1916. In 1917 he was made officer in charge of the Canadian war records, and in 1918 chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and minister of information. He is the author of "Canada in Flanders."

Lord Riddell, who has recently declared our nation on the way to be one of the most courteous in the world, was from one point of view the greatest man at the Conference. He has been the mold of public opinion. George Allardice Riddell, first Baron Riddell, is one of the greatest newspaper proprietors in the world. He is director of the *News of the World*, a London weekly with a circulation of 2,500,000, or, as one writer designates it, a trashy paper that all London reads. Lord Riddell is also responsible for the *Western Mail*, *Country Life*, and several other publications. Among various other honors he has been made an officer of the French Legion of Honor, and as all the world knows represented the British press at the Peace Conference 1919-20. He is fifty-seven years old, is married, and is a devotee of the royal and ancient game.

Alexander Teixeira de Mattos died suddenly on December 5th at St. Ives, England. Mr. Teixeira was undoubtedly the most distinguished translator of foreign languages of the present generation, and it was his untiring energy and skill, which amounted almost to genius, in translating the thought of foreigners into beautiful English that has given to the English-speaking world the classic translations of Maurice Maeterlinck, J. Henri Fabre, the distinguished French naturalist, and Louis Couperus, the Dutch novelist. Teixeira translated books and plays with equal facility from French, Flemish, German, Danish, and Dutch. He was a well-known figure in London and had many warm friends among the literary set there, including Stephen

McKenna, Bernard Miall, Alfred Sutro, and E. Phillips Oppenheim. His genial personality endeared him to many. As a translator of foreign languages he is almost irreplaceable.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Dream-Pedlary.

If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.  
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

—Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

### Heather Ale.

From the bonny bells of heather  
They brewed a drink long-syne,  
Was sweeter far than honey,  
Was stronger far than wine.  
They brewed it and they drank it,  
And lay in a blessed swoon  
For days and days together  
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,  
A fell man to his foes,  
He smote the Picts in battle,  
He hunted them like roes.  
Over miles of the red mountain  
He hunted as they fled,  
And strewed the dwarfish bodies  
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,  
Red was the heather-bell;  
But the manner of the brewing  
Was none alive to tell.  
In graves that were like children's,  
On many a mountain head,  
The Brewsters of the Heather  
Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland  
Rode on a summer's day;  
And the bees hummed, and the curlews  
Cried beside the way.  
The king rode, and was angry,  
Black was his brow and pale,  
To rule in a land of heather  
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortune'd that his vassals,  
Riding free on the heath,  
Came on a stone that was fallen  
And vermin hid beneath.  
Rudely plucked from their hiding,  
Never a word they spoke:  
A son and his aged father—  
Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,  
He looked on the little men;  
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple  
Looked at the king again.  
Down by the shore he had them;  
And there on the giddy brink—  
"I will give you life, ye vermin,  
For the secret of the drink."

There stood the son and father  
And they looked high and low;  
The heather was red around them,  
The sea rumbled below.  
And up and spoke the father,  
Shrill was his voice to hear:  
"I have a word in private,  
A word for the royal ear.

"Life is dear to the aged,  
And honour a little thing;  
I would gladly sell the secret,"  
Quoth the Pict to the king.  
His voice was small as a sparrow's,  
And shrill and wonderful clear;  
"I would gladly sell my secret,  
Only my son I fear.

"For life is a little matter  
And death is nought to the young;  
And I dare not sell my honour  
Under the eye of my son.  
Take him, O king, and bind him,  
And cast him far in the deep;  
And it's I will tell the secret  
That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and bound him,  
Neck and heels in a thong,  
And a lad took him and swung him,  
And flung him far and strong,  
And the sea swallowed his body,  
Like that of a child of ten;—  
And there on the cliff stood the father,  
Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:  
Only my son I feared;  
For I doubt the sapling courage  
That goes without the beard.  
But now in vain is the torture,  
Fire shall never avail:  
Here dies in my bosom  
The secret of Heather Ale."

—R. L. Stevenson.

The proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," is very ancient—some scholars attributing it to Homer, others to Pallas.



## THE IMPLACABLE MR. GOMPERS.

A Disclosure of the American Labor Leader's Belief in the Futility of Discussion.

The silence of Mr. Samuel Gompers on the issues at present racking the labor parties of Europe is in striking contrast with the articulateness both of capital and labor abroad, and of big business in America. The truth seems to be that Mr. Gompers has less concern with the fate of humanity than with the local interests of the four brotherhoods. This narrowness of vision may be more seeming than real. It may be that he is capable of leading American labor to a higher destiny than that of mere battenning on the spoils appropriated by our barons of finance. But if so, his present attitude is extremely misleading.

A few days ago he declared himself opposed to the projected economic conference at Genoa, on the ground that a conference on economic relations in America was of much more importance. A statement of this kind from a professed friend of democracy is hard to understand. One could follow Mr. Gompers more readily were he to ground his objections to the Genoa conference in the assertion that it will in no way express the aspirations of the common people of the world, and that, as Hillaire Belloc has contended, the share of the people in such negotiations is as illusory, under present conditions, as the idea of representative government in a state ruled by capital. Whether or not one agreed with this reasoning, it would at least be intelligible. And one would then expect Mr. Gompers to make himself very explicit and clear about universal brotherhood, and the need of representing all phases of the world's industry in the Genoa discussion.

But Mr. Gompers is evidently too opportune and discreet a wind-trimmer to be betrayed into any such Utopian ardors at the present time, or to provide the American worker at any time with what might be called "moral" leadership. He has as little concern with questions of international freedom and amity as had any of the raiding barons of feudalism he so closely resembles. His code is as materialistic as that of the ranks he opposes. To a dispassionate eye, he seems a mere leader of the camp followers of capitalism, rating profit above principle, and caring nothing about the origin of the plunder, so long as his cohorts receive their share of it. One does not gather this so much from what he says (for the words liberty and humanity pan heavily in his public addresses) as from what he omits to say in justification of some of the anomalies of his position. It is to be remembered that Mr. Gompers' organization sent no representative to the International Labor Conference at Geneva, and that many of his followers have opposed the recent effort at Washington to institute a ten-year naval holiday on the plea that it would "reduce employment."

His attitude toward the larger relations between capital and labor can be inferred from the terms in which he disputed with Governor Henry G. Allen of Kansas, last year, the value of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, a body recently formed to adjudicate disputes between workmen and employers in that state. The debate was held in Carnegie Hall, New York, before an audience drawn largely from the lower and middle classes, and it afforded Gompers an ideal opportunity of revealing whatever vision he possessed. The discussion has been recorded in detail by Elmer T. Peterson, co-author with Governor Allen of a recent volume, "The Party of the Third Part," which explains the purpose of the court in question and its relation to the interests of the public as well as the special interests of labor and capital:

When I reached Carnegie Hall it was time for the debate to begin, and there was a great crowd outside, in spite of the fact that the newspapers had announced that there would be no admission except by free tickets allotted in advance. A squad of bluecoats held the people in check, and directed those who were to be admitted.

At the last moment the garment makers' union, two or three hundred strong, asked for the privilege of standing in the aisles, and this permission was granted. Those who have seen the garment makers congregate at the intersections of lower Fifth Avenue know how they love an argument.

I sat near one of them during the debate and talked with him at the close. He had enthusiastically applauded Mr. Gompers throughout the discussion, but he wore a thoughtful air and conceded that it was a fair presentation all around.

There was sober and respectful attention, and then applause, from all parts of the hall, when Governor Allen graphically and eloquently pictured the beginnings and the progress of brotherhood, how it began with Calvary and continued through the centuries to the deeds of Paul and Savoranola and Cromwell and the Pilgrims and Washington's soldiers and Lincoln.

Governor Allen then spoke of America's possible future leadership in that progress, and stated it to be conditional on the establishment in America of righteous and responsible government as a peaceful arbiter in the disputes between capital and labor and other interests now opposing each other. Mr. Peterson continues the interpretation:

It seemed to me that the attitude of the organized-labor contingent was that Governor Allen's argument appealed to their heads and Mr. Gompers' appealed to whatever of deep-seated prejudices they had. They attended the debate without any intention of being convinced of the wisdom of the new plan, but their mental defenses were overcome in unexpected places. Their loyalty to Mr. Gompers personally was unshaken, but their close attention showed that they were there in a spirit of inquiry.

The personal loyalty shown Mr. Gompers was attested by

hurricanes of applause and floral tributes. Such cries as, "Keep it up, Sam," greeted him as he made especially vigorous drives.

As the debate proceeded, it proved illuminative of the attitude of the leader of American labor toward the principle of coöperative government:

The audience sat respectfully and expectantly through Mr. Gompers' opening speech. It applauded the recital of labor's honorable triumphs. It liked to hear of the abolition of child labor and the winning of humanitarian conditions.

"The free man's ownership of himself and his labor implies that he may sell it to another or withhold it," said the veteran labor chief. Certainly—the crowd agreed with that. The audience believed that a man may work even if others do not want him to work, or he may quit even if others do not want him to quit.

"Capital is that which one has—labor is that which one is," he said, and the people cheered the aphorism. He recited the history of labor and its winning fight for reforms and betterments. He bitterly arraigned what he said was a proposal to make it a crime to quit work. It was against the Thirteenth Amendment, he said. He pleaded eloquently for individual liberty.

"The free man's ownership of himself and his labor implies that he may sell it to another or withhold it; that he may, with others similarly situated, sell their labor power or withhold it; that no man has even an implied property right in the labor of another; that free men may sell their labor under the stress of their needs, or they may withhold it to obtain more advantageous returns. Any legislation or court construction dealing with the subject of organizations, corporations, or trusts which curtail or corner the products of labor can have no true application to the association of free men in the disposition or withholding of their labor power.

"The attempt to deny free men, by any process, the right of association, the right to withhold their labor power or to induce others to withhold their labor power, whether these men be engaged in an industrial dispute with their employers, or whether they be other workmen who have taken the places of those engaged in the original dispute, is an invasion of man's ownership of himself and of his labor power, and is a claim of some form of property right in the workmen who have taken the places of strikers, or men locked out."

"Liberty! What is liberty? The right to own oneself, that he may do with his powers what best conserves his interests and his welfare.

The only difficulty in Mr. Gompers' contention was, of course, that in a democratic state no individual can exert a privilege that endangers the rights of other citizens. Compromise between individual liberty and the freedom of society as a whole is the basis of all orderly government. Had Mr. Gompers objected to the legislative and judicial branches of American government as being representative; not of the common will, but of the purposes of a special class, he would have come nearer the centre of the greatest problem now facing democracy. But one will always look in vain to Mr. Gompers for any constructive suggestion as to a means of avoiding war within nations or among them:

When he finished he was greeted with an ovation, and was presented with a huge bouquet of flowers. With a surprisingly strong voice and vigorous presentation the labor chief had sounded the familiar tocsins and alarms of the unions. The labor leaders greeted him almost with reverence.

It was an interesting psychological study. Mr. Gompers was not talking to the American public. He was scarcely talking to the people in the hall, except as he knew them to be intermediaries and carriers of his message.

He was talking to his own followers, and he was saying the things he knew they would like to have him say. He was the old champion, interposing his gallant "stub of a sword," as he himself put it, between the old way and the new, and he sought to preserve the old way—the only hope of the primitive rough-and-tumble unionism—the right to strike.

As he stalked sturdily to his seat he looked impassively truculent and quite sure of his appeal. His personality, his gray hair, and his picturesquely rugged face made a deep impression. If his opponent had been a spokesman for capital he would have had to start an uphill climb.

But the man who arose to take up the argument was a man who was an actual handworker, without resources, struggling through college, at a time long after Mr. Gompers had forsaken the shop for the office. Governor Allen was not speaking for the party of the first part or the party of the second part, but for the party of the third part. It was the public he represented, and the arguments he used were not the stock arguments of capital, but the new plea for the unorganized majority and for the laborer in the ranks.

Graphically and rapidly he sketched the events of the Kansas coal strike. He told of the impending suffering from cold in midwinter. He told of the stubborn union boss, Howat, who bowed his neck against all humanitarian efforts to bridge over the fuel famine. He told of the state receiver-ships and the call for volunteers. He told of the young soldiers who led the movement. He told of the boycotting of the Pittsburg hospital by the unions, and the threat of death by freezing, to the inmates. He told of the poor washerwoman who was threatened with disaster because she washed clothes for the volunteers. And then he told of Guffey, the union miner who determined to work in spite of the union boss' orders, to save his family from starvation, and how the union therefore suspended him for ninety-nine years and made grievous threats against him. "There's your personal liberty," he said, in a sudden climax, hurling the favorite union phrase back at Mr. Gompers.

One could almost imagine the union leaders' surprised "Ugh!" as this blow struck home. There was an instant of shocked silence, and then a chorus of "boos" and hisses.

As soon as it was seen that Mr. Gompers would have to abandon his somewhat detached attitude and recognize his adversary in a personal way, the hearers became more turbulent and keenly interested. Applause arose in spontaneous waves at each telling point.

Governor Allen developed his theme to a climax, bringing in the arguments as they appear in this book.

"We have not taken from labor the right to quit work," he said, in another flash of sarcasm. "We have only taken away from the labor leader his divine right to order men to quit work."

There was another chorus of "boos" and hisses from those who were hit. There were wild cheers from his supporters. The speaker smiled amiably and waited.

"Now, we will just take that as an expression from both sides. I know just how you feel. If you permit me, I will go on."

With two or three minutes to spare, at the end of his first speech, he went over to a table, hunted around a bit, and came back to the front of the stage with a sheet of paper.

"I would like most respectfully to ask President Gompers if he will answer a question," he said.

The audience pricked up its ears. He read, slowly and distinctly:

"When a dispute between capital and labor brings on a strike affecting the production or distribution of the necessities of life, thus threatening the public peace and impairing the public health, has the public any rights in such a controversy, or is it a private war between capital and labor?" If you answer this question in the affirmative, Mr. Gompers, how would you protect the rights of the public?

"And, in addition, I wish him to define, if he will, who had the divine right to forbid the switchmen to strike in their out-law strike? Who controls this divine right to quit work?"

He sat down, and the audience went into a long and exuberant wave of applause. Things were getting highly interesting. What would Gompers say? How would he answer those questions? Everybody craned his neck as the stocky little man in the long frock coat arose stiffly for his second speech.

He paced back and forth. Visibly irritated and uneasy, he seemed to feel that the solid ground had slipped from under him.

"It is one of the most difficult tasks for one to attempt to keep up with a statement of facts or alleged facts and expect another to answer," he began. "The governor has taken up the last minute of his time to read a question. If I had time I would answer the governor."

"Answer it, answer it," urged several voices, encouragingly, from the audience. There was a confusion of cries, intermingled with laughter and cheers. The speaker became nettled.

"I will prove it to you," he shouted, warming up, "if I live long enough to prove to you, that I can! Let me say this, however, that an innocent child can ask more questions of his father—"

"Answer it, answer it," persisted the voices from the gallery. It was a new situation. The veteran labor leader seemed to feel hurt.

"The governor's adherents here are made up of ladies and gentlemen," he said, with implied reproof. "I shall try to answer the governor's statements as best I can, and I assure you of an answer if I have the time, even this evening."

Governor Allen's supporters in the audience exchanged knowing looks, and Mr. Gompers proceeded to discuss some other phase of the labor question.

Mr. Gompers did not answer the question that night. He issued a statement ten days later, which purported to be an answer. But in actuality he has not replied to the question up to the time this was written, late in November, 1920. His statement was a halting evasion. He will not reply unless he is prepared to relinquish his leadership.

Why?

Because a clear-cut affirmative answer, together with some plan for protecting the public, will offend the radicals, who do not concede that there are any rights except those of the so-called proletariat, no matter what the proletariat desires. A negative answer would, of course, serve to alienate every believer in the American form of government, and render outlaw Mr. Gompers' whole sphere of influence.

Governor Allen answered the question simply by citing the American Constitution, which makes the rights of the public paramount to every special interest.

Why did Mr. Gompers stumble at this question?

The reason was obvious enough, and was accurately interpreted by Mr. Peterson when he called it "an unwillingness to acknowledge the sovereignty of the unorganized majority, and an assumption of special privilege by an organized minority," in other words precisely the tendency for which Mr. Gompers has so often and so justly arraigned American capital. But to what purpose, if a precisely corresponding wrong is to be added to the original one? In conclusion the author reveals Mr. Gompers at one of his top moments as a protagonist of class war:

When his hecklers in the audience for the third time pressed him to reply, saying, "Why don't you answer it?" he lost his temper, and blazed forth, "Why don't you shut up?"

He did not answer the other question, either. Withdrawing from the uncomfortable atmosphere of such controversial matters, at the last he betook himself to the shelter of his first attitude—that of the heroic champion of labor. There was something akin to pathos about it.

He was again appealing to his followers for their personal admiration. He finished the debate suggestively, as I shall finish this story of it, by the use of a poem. He used it for reasons that are sufficient to himself. It may help to explain his attitude toward the debate and throw some light on the psychology of Carnegie Hall that evening. Here is the poem:

More than half beaten, but fearless,  
Facing the storm and the night,  
Reckless and reeling, but fearless,  
Here in the fire of the fight  
I who bow not but before thee,  
God of the fighting clan,  
Lifting my fists I implore thee  
Give me the heart of a man.

What though I live with the winners,  
Or perish with those who fall,  
Only the cowards are sinners,  
Fighting the fight is all.

Strong is my foe, he advances,  
Snapped is my blade, O Lord,  
See the proud banners and lances,  
Oh, spare me this stub of a sword.

Give me no pity nor spare me,  
Calm not the wrath of my foe,  
See where he beckons to dare me;  
Bleeding, half beaten, I go.

Not for the glory of winning,  
Not for the fear of the night,  
Shunning the battle is sinning,  
Oh, spare me the heart to fight.

Red is the mist about me,  
Deep is the wound in my side,  
Coward, thou criest to flout me,  
Oh, terrible foe, thou hast lied.

Here with the battle before me,  
God of the fighting clan,  
Grant that the woman who bore me  
Suffered to suckle a man.

Governor Allen's book contains an interesting exposition of one of the few attempts that have been made to find a constructive solution to the greatest of modern problems. If the workers mistrust it as consigning their fate to a government that has not proved itself representative of the public will, there are many remedies which will prove at least less baleful for all concerned than the "direct action" toward which American labor seems at present to be tending.

THE PARTY OF THE THIRD PART. By Henry J. Allen. New York-London: Harper & Brothers.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending January 14, 1922, were \$153,000,000, for the corresponding week of last year, \$149,200,000; a gain of \$3,800,000.

Few people understand the structure of some of our leading railway systems. The layman can readily visualize the blazing of the U. P. trail across the prairies and over the Rockies. He remembers the picture of the driving of the last spike that cemented the Atlantic and Pacific by rail; and the business man understands the bonding and mortgaging of various portions of the main line in order to finance the construction. But many of our Eastern trunk lines were not built in this way. They were not started at one main

When the smaller railroad companies were operating under their own management, they were profitable concerns to their stockholders. It was the inducement of a higher rate of interest and a guarantee of that rate by a strong company that induced the stockholders to draw up a lease, agreeing to have a larger company operate them for a fixed rental on their property. And the earnings of the leased lines under the management of the stronger companies have in many cases jumped to remarkably high figures and are very profitable propositions to the guarantors, so much so that in many cases the independent earnings will not be revealed by the major company, and they only show in their reports all the earnings of the leased properties pooled together.

The strategic and favorable position of the individual roads which are leased by parent companies add greatly to their importance and intrinsic value. For instance, the entrance to New York of the New York Central System (used also by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.) is owned for several miles by the New York & Harlem R. R. Co., which also owns the heart of the Grand Central Terminal. The United New Jersey R. R. & Canal Co. has the unique position of owning the entrance of the Pennsylvania Railroad System to New York Harbor and of owning the terminals in Jersey City now used by the Pennsylvania. Likewise the Morris & Essex Railroad controls the entrance of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western to New York harbor. Without these properties the main trunk lines would be in an awkward position in that they would not reach the port of New York. Omission of the rental for the property, which is in the form of dividends to the stockholders, would automatically break the leases of these various lines, and the stockholders could prevent the parent company from using their property.

The guaranteed dividends are therefore, in effect, a fixed charge of the railroad. They must be paid after the operating expenses and come in the same category with the interest on money borrowed by the railroad on bonds. Consequently these dividends are paid before any dividends on the common or preferred stocks of the companies themselves, which depend on earnings and may be reduced or discontinued by the board of directors. In other words, the position of these dividends is extremely strong, somewhat similar to the interest on equipment bonds, as in one case the interest is paid for the use of railroad equipment and in the other case the dividends are paid for the use of the property itself. In this respect guaranteed stocks might be regarded the same as real estate mortgages.

In judging the worth and merit of guaranteed stocks there are three things which must be examined and considered carefully: First, the property itself; second, its earning power; third, the terms of the lease.

It is important to examine the value of the property by itself and to see if it could realize the amount of its capitalization. The earning power should be judged both from its value to the main system—its guarantor—and from its own independent earning powers. The terms of the lease should be examined, as they vary widely. Some leases are for a fixed

rental, other leases are for the interest on the bonds and a percentage of the stock. The latter leases are the strongest, as no matter what taxes might be exacted from the company the rate of percentage is guaranteed on the capital stock after all expenses. Other leases are so drawn that should the earnings of the leased road become large enough to pay the lease many times over, an increase in dividend must be paid. Still other leases read that a certain percentage of the gross earnings will be paid by the guarantor to the leased line.

It is interesting to see how guaranteed stocks have fared in receiverships of their guarantor. Take, for example, the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company. From 1880 to 1888 this road passed through two receiverships, and during those years the guaranteed stocks paid their dividends right through the receiverships. In 1896 it went into the hands of the receiver for the third time and after the company had defaulted on its general mortgage bonds and had been sold at auction, new leases were executed with five of the minor leased lines slightly reducing the rental. The four main line and strongest guaranteed stocks—the Delaware & Bound Brook, the East Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown, and the North Pennsylvania, however, were not changed, for rather than accept reduced rentals the owners of these securities would have taken over the operation of their own lines, and they could have done this to their advantage. Thus is shown the strong position of guaranteed stocks which have valuable property of their own with good earning powers and a strong lease.

It is apparent from the above analysis that a well-chosen property guaranteed by a strong parent company is a very advantageous form of investment. This type of security has many attractive features. Being a stock in form, it is exempt from the Federal normal income tax, which increases its yield in many cases over the bond interest rates. The trend of prices of best guaranteed stocks over a twenty-year period varies as the trend of prices on the best first mortgage bonds. In several cases it has crossed the average price of first mortgage bonds, but as a rule follows closely the bond prices. The real factor, of course, in determining the price of guaranteed stocks is the money market, and as their security in many cases is unquestionable, the money market is the only determining factor governing their price. The holder of guaranteed stocks has a permanent investment; he does not have to think of the maturity of his investment as is the case with bonds. His money is invested for a long period and so at times such as these he has the advantage of the high interest rates for the period of the lease (usually 99 or 999 years). He also has his dividend checks mailed to him and does not have to cut coupons.

Here are examples of a few guaranteed railroad stocks: The Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago preferred 7 per cent. stock is guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. There is \$19,714,286 of this stock outstanding and no funded debt. The road runs from Pittsburgh to Chicago, is double track all the way, and owns its terminals both at Chicago and Pittsburgh, the real estate value of which is greater than the total amount of

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preferred stock outstanding. The lease runs for 999 years.

The Morris & Essex Company has 7 3/4 per cent. guaranteed by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. It has \$33,477,000 funded debt and \$15,000,000 stock. It controls the entrance to the whole D. L. & W. System to New York Harbor extending from Phillipsburg, New Jersey, to Hoboken and owns its terminals in Jersey City. The original lease provided for a dividend of 7 per cent. guaranteed by the D. L. & W. with a clause to the effect that if 30 per cent. of the gross earnings of the Morris & Essex be sufficient to pay off the bond interest and 10 per cent. on the stock guaranteed, then an extra dividend be paid to the stockholders. This being the case, the stockholders succeeded in raising the guarantee to a fixed rate of 7 3/4 per cent. The lease runs in perpetuity.

The United New Jersey Railroad & Canal Company has the unique position of con-



## INVESTMENT SECURITIES

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terminal and constructed to another. In the language of the automobile industry they are "assembled" roads (says Samuel Sloan Walker in *World's Work*).

Take, for instance, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. Both these lines are formed by a combination of many shorter and independent systems. When the master minds were conceiving the plan of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western from New York to Buffalo they leased several already operating railroads, e. g., they leased one from Binghamton to Buffalo and another from Phillipsburg to New York, and by building and obtaining control of the connecting links finally evolved the

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can not determine this question until we form some basis of the factors that caused the rise in bond values. If the forces behind these fundamental factors have been exhausted, we can not expect to see the bond market continue its upward course. If, on the other hand, these forces are still in the making and have power still behind them, the bond market will continue to higher levels.

During the war we could hardly expect anything but a depreciation in bond values in the

The rise in the purchasing power of the dollar also had a stimulating effect on the bond market. Naturally, when a stated income from a bond can purchase more than it could formerly, such value in the purchasing power of the dollar will evidence itself by an appreciation in the price of the bond; not only that, but in that event the very obligation itself is worth more. One need only to turn to Germany and realize how little value a bond has which is payable today in their depreciated currency. It is a paradise for debtors and an inferno for creditors. The former pay next to nothing now for real value which they received some years ago; while the latter receive practically nothing now for what they gave in real value years ago. So we can assume as a basic principle that a rise in the purchasing power of the dollar means a rise in bond prices.

War activities increased the demand for credit enormously, while the supply of money and credit was increased accordingly; but the demand for this huge, unnatural military activity could never be satisfied. What money may have been available for investment purposes was used for government financing.

Investment conditions usually depend upon business conditions. Whenever business is very active, funds for investment are lacking as they are in service for commercial activity. General investment conditions and general business activity rarely go forward hand-in-hand. In fact, people always react from the giddy, dizzy heights of very profitable business with corresponding high prices, to investment buying. Psychologically, people realize that they want to be safe from the shocks of commercial and financial disaster. They see a precipitous fall of prices and the crash of finance and they seek their cyclone cellars. This means a demand for investment securities. The tremendous rise in the bond market we have lately witnessed is ample evidence of that conclusion.

We must also remember that when industries are inflated, prices are inflated; and it takes more money to do business, not only because it is more active, but because prices are higher. So the amount and degree of business activity that we will have next year can be interpreted as a barometer of bond prices. Will business come back to a real active and prosperous basis under existing conditions? These conditions are a lack of balance between producer, manufacturer, and distributor, not only in this country, but abroad. You see agricultural products and other basic and raw materials selling at prices below those existing in pre-war times.

On the other hand, you can observe that manufactured articles are selling above pre-war prices, with even the retail and wholesale prices in the same line of industry out of gear. Moreover, the countries in Europe on whom we must depend for old-time activity are without credit to buy their usual amount of merchandise. Even if they had the credit, two or three hundred million of them are without any buying power at all.

A machine can not function properly unless its parts are working in accordance with their accustomed adjustments and nicety. That is the sum and substance of our world-wide commercial situation. We share in that and will continue to suffer from lack of balance until we all get together in some form of proportionate and balanced industry.

Therefore, in the writer's opinion, there will be no rush of business next year that will divert money from investment channels. On the contrary, it is probable that money will be diverted from business activities into investment channels. Further, it is believed that while prices are inflated and production curtailed and expansion limited, the money and credits that have been created to suit our war-time activities have not contracted to the same relative extent. It is not easy to contract money and credits until some time after the commercial activity for which they were issued has contracted.

The opinion is here expressed for the forthcoming year, that even if business is fairly active, the supply of money and credits will be greater than the demand. That means easy money. Now, easy money is the strongest basis for believing that we will have higher bond prices unless securities are issued so fast that the supply of them is greater than the demand. This is hardly probable with our Liberty Bond issues securely tucked away, as evidenced by their rising prices. We do not think that securities will be issued except on an improving bond market; for those responsible for the issuance of securities realize that too rapid emissions only glut the investment market; further, they understand, in that event, that they not only spoil the market for their securities, but cause a general lowering of all investment values. This makes future financing more difficult.

We can measure the amount of necessary financing by the rise in bond prices of the last six months. So precipitous a rise could have absorbed many more securities than have been issued. The result of a larger output would have been to keep securities on a lower level. They can not rise in the manner witnessed unless securities are scarce.

Our belief, therefore, that we shall see

higher bond prices during the next year is founded on the following conclusions:

First, that the purchasing power of the dollar will increase.

Second, that huge amounts of Liberty Bonds have been absorbed and are not overhanging the market as a form of undigested investment securities.

Third, that business will not become so active as to tap investment sources.

Fourth, securities will not be issued in such amounts as to depress the investment market, but will be fed out on a market of rising prices.

Fifth, that the reaction from the turbulent times of the past seven years is to security rather than uncertainty; to investment rather than to speculation.

After having enjoyed a healthy reaction, as a result of profit-taking by speculators who bought during the recent advance, the bond market again shows signs of resuming its upward trend. If, as we expect, lower money rates appear during the next three months, bond prices can hardly be expected to remain at present levels. Good issues, of a seasoned character, can still be purchased at prices which seem ridiculously cheap in comparison with those before the war.

Inasmuch as normal conditions are rapidly returning, we can not help but feel decidedly optimistic concerning the future of the bond market. Prices will undoubtedly be marked up less rapidly in coming months than since last July. Nevertheless we expect a steadily advancing bond market at least until mid-summer, and believe it unwise to delay purchases in the expectation of obtaining more favorable prices in the early future.—McDonnell & Co.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. are offering a new issue of \$150,000 Thornton Orchard Farms first mortgage 7½ per cent. gold bonds, due serially January 1, 1926 to 1934, inclusive. The issue is secured by a first mortgage or deed of trust on 996 acres of improved farm lands appraised at \$318,000, which is over twice the amount of the loan. The property lies in San Joaquin and Sacramento counties, along the banks of the Mokelumne River, about thirty miles north of the city of Stockton. Ample transportation facilities are afforded by the state highway, which abuts on the north, the river on the south, and the Western Pacific Railroad on the west. Abundant water is derived from the Mokelumne River, in which this property enjoys riparian rights. Complete irrigation facilities owned by the company are operated at low cost. The management is under the direction of Mr. Frank C. Sloan, who is also in charge of the Canal Ranch of Libby, McNeil & Libby. The bonds are tax exempt in California and are offered subject to certification as legal investment for California savings banks. The offering price is 100 and interest, to yield 7.50 per cent.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering an issue of Government of Queensland sterling 4½ per cent. bonds in denominations of £500 and £100, dated April 1, 1915, and due April 1, 1925.

The State of Queensland comprises the whole northwestern portion of the Australian continent. The area is 670,500 square miles and the population in 1921, exclusive of aborigines, was 750,634. Brisbane, the capital, has a population of 189,575. The government is in the hands of a governor, an executive council of ministers, and a parliament of two houses. The total value of all crops in 1919 was over \$30,000,000, which consisted chiefly of maize, sugar, cane, bananas, pineapples, molasses, spirits, wheat, tobacco, and oranges. Forestry and grazing are important occupations. The wool production in this country is greater than that from any equal-sized section in the world. Minerals mined in this country in 1918 were valued at \$16,000,000. The chief exports from this country are gold, silver, copper, tin, coal, wool, meat, tallow, hides and skins, sugar, pineapples, wheat, and molasses. There are 5469 miles of government-owned railroad in Queensland. In 1919-20 the surplus of government revenues over government expenditures (which includes interest on all outstanding fixed debts, external and internal) was \$125,000.

Mr. Brace Carter, well known in Southern California banking and investment circles, has recently arrived in San Francisco as resident partner of the firm of M. H. Lewis & Co., formerly known under the firm name of Frank & Lewis, investment bankers, with offices in the American National Bank Building. Mr. Carter, who is now head of the San Francisco office, was formerly a member of the Los Angeles office for the past four years.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce that \$350,000 Mid-State Horticultural Company first mortgage serial 7½ per cent. gold bonds recently offered by themselves have been certified as a legal investment for savings banks in this state.

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perienced in 1921, continued to show during the year a steadily expanding list of stockholders. Stockholders of record of Cities Service Company on May 15, 1921, totaled 57,491. On August 15, 1921, this had increased to 60,426 stockholders of record and on December 15, 1921, there were 82,322 holders of record of stock of Cities Service Company.

M. H. Lewis & Co. have added several new employees to their office force, as follows: J. L. Valentine, who was formerly with Cyrus

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face of the tremendous need for war-time financing and the tremendous issuance of war-time securities. After the war and after some twenty-odd billion dollars of Liberty Bonds had been absorbed, the market responded rapidly to a demand for investment securities; in fact, to such an extent that the rapid rise in bond prices evidenced almost a dearth of available investment securities. It is obvious that a rapid rise of this character would have been impossible with a continuous flow of available securities, sufficient in amount to satisfy the demand.

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Peirce & Co.; R. H. Steward, formerly assistant manager for the Paraffine Paint Company in the Northwest; Harold Koster, who has just returned from a two years' business trip in the Orient, and J. C. Patrick, Ray Lovejoy, who was formerly assistant cashier in the Los Angeles office of the firm, is now the cashier in the San Francisco office.

The first point of courtesy must always be truth, as really all the forms of good-breeding point that way.—Emerson.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

When he talked here a week or so ago on the "writing game" Will Irwin spoke of the professional writer's routine, which usually takes the form of three hours' writing in the morning. Mr. Irwin further expressed the idea that if a writer missed his matutinal three hours of scribbling or typing his universe was off color until the following morning restored the author's equilibrium. That is one way of being temperamental, but I venture to say it is the most unusual way and that most writers write when either the exigency of pot-boiling or of artistic expression becomes too urgent to be deferred. Then the writer writes. I was reminded of all this with reference to the production of books of travel. The pure book of travels can not be written on the spot, for if it is it becomes little more than a traveling diary. It is true that that is all many travel books are—jotted superficial impressions. But the book of travels has a form of its own and that is not secured by diurnal entries. Daily notes have no perspective. One is reminded of the hero of Poe's story who, gazing out the window, saw an enormous paleolithic monster advancing across the lawn toward him. He stood fascinated, horrified for a moment that seemed an age, and

then discovered that his monster was a fly crawling on the screen a few inches from his nose. No, the writer of a travel book, be it formal or informal, must first gather his impressions—we will give him leave to keep a diary—and then at a safe distance must mold them into the form of a book. And if I were writing such a book I would not write three hours a morning, but fifteen hours a day, to mold the white metal of my impressions while they were malleable. So much for the bone of contention of a tabloid working day for writers.

Of course, there are travels and travels. The ideal book of travels is not written by a traveler at all, but by a native. Naturally, it is so much the better if he has traveled elsewhere, but he should write his book about his native heath. Tagore has expressed his opinion somewhere about foreigners who have the audacity to interpret India. In the Indian poet's estimation, even so eminent a writer as Kipling has failed in his interpretations of India. Tagore simply says that Kipling does not understand India and therefore can not explain it. The same thing is true to a less degree of every country—even our own perspicuous America. Unlike the Indian, we constantly explain ourselves to the traveler. We fairly jump at the opportunity of self-exploitation. But we have never yet been satisfied with a foreigner's report of us. From Dickens to Suzanne Lenglen we have repudiated foreign interpretation. So we should take with a grain of salt the traveler's representation of any country. It is not only not as the native sees it, it is probably not as we ourselves would see it. The ideal professional writing traveler should be trained, even as a diplomat is trained, to understand the psychology of alien races, and he should be, moreover, an historian, an archaeologist, a physical geographer, and if possible an artist. The last requirement is not of primary importance. It is only important if he proposes to have his book illustrated. In a more general sense it would be admirable to select an artist when beginning the process of making a traveler, because artists have the observation and sensitivity that is the foundation of all successful travelers. Moreover, they make excellent archaeologists.

Without paying much attention to the sort of arbitrary rules I have been laying down, a great many people have recently produced books of travel. These have varied from the guide-book sort of thing to the serious study of the native genius. They have ranged again from the romantic diary to the archaeological and historical thesis. It is almost impossible to separate geography from history. And it is in the judicious combination of the two that the charm of well-written travel lies. But all of the foreign research that has been published has not been well written. Personally, I eschew the book loosely constructed on the diary of an amateur traveler, and have a distinct penchant for the book of a trained historical observer. The ideal illustration of this kind of literature is perhaps "French Civilization," by Albert Guérard, but nothing so happy as that has been published since. One of the best of interpretative travel books of the past few months is "A Picture of Modern Spain," by A. J. B. Trend (Houghton Mifflin; \$4.50). A book that is halfway between travel and essay, and that is reminiscent of Pierre Loti's similar combination, "On Life's Byways," is "The Street of Faces," by Charles Vince (Dutton; \$5). "A Loiterer in Paris," by Helen W. Henderson (Doran; \$5), is the guide book par excellence so far as substance and illustrations are concerned, but its size and weight would be an obstacle to packing it about Paris with one. For the armchair traveler, however, it is ideal. Mechanically constructed for the traveler's pocket and eminently suited to his other needs is "A Fortnight in Naples," by André Maurel and translated by Helen Gerard (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

The most distinctive of these is "A Picture of Modern Spain," though either M. Maurel's book or Mr. Vince's is more "literary," and Miss Henderson's is equally historic. But "A Picture of Modern Spain" is not concerned with being literary and Mr. Trend is fully as historical as his thesis requires—a presentment of modern Spain. Moreover, he is full of Spanish history and the history of its literature, philosophy, and art. One finds oneself enthusiastically resolving to brush up his rudimentary knowledge of the language in order to tap this rich reservoir—much the greater part of which has never been translated—only to learn, alas, that there are three distinct languages in Spain proper—Basque, Catalan, and Castilian—"each of which has a number of recognized dialects," our author encouragingly informs us. And much of the most picturesque literature is in Catalan, a language "which not even God can understand," as they say in other parts of Spain. Our new-born ambition to study Spanish having died a premature death, we lose ourselves comfortably in "A Picture of Modern

Spain" unhampered by any resolution, but gradually possessed of a great desire—the desire to see this extraordinary country ourselves. For Spain is unique in the world today. Of all civilized countries the least touched by the war, she has preserved her old culture intact and in the past few years has caught up with the times as we rather ironically express the idea of keeping abreast with the Allied nations. One learns with some degree of chagrin that the young Spanish intellectual—man or woman, by the way—rather looks down on the antiquated methods of Oxford and Cambridge. Women's colleges connected with the universities are a thriving institution in Spain, where, in fact, most middle-class women accept the higher education as a matter of course. Mr. Trend also deals with the Spanish political situation, a theme that runs persistently through his book and which evidently plays a very prominent part in Spanish life and letters. The radicals in Spain, one gathers, are pro-German. And Spain as a whole seems to have lost its political sympathies with the Allies. It is too lengthy a subject to treat adequately here. The curious are referred to the book, which will enrich almost any one's fund of information. Mr. Trend has made a long, thorough study of his subject from a sympathetic approach. His book does the unusual thing in living up to its title. One is sure that it is a picture of modern Spain.

The other three books are each interesting in their own field. It is noteworthy, I think, that all the prominent publishers are putting out books of travel. One traces everything nowadays to the war and makes it relate whether it will or no. But it seems reasonable to align the new thirst for knowledge of other countries with our recent cataclysm. A theory comfortably held by many scholars in the days of peace was that war was conducive to civilization. One would hesitate long and weightily before uttering that sentiment on one's own, today. But there is no doubt that war is an educative force. The question to be left with moral arbitrators is whether the education is worth the price, or possibly whether it could not be gotten less expensively. A writer to the New York Times comments on the fact that the public is discovering books—even the classics and solid informative literature. The sad fact is that it practically takes a war to stir lazy humanity into so unnatural and strenuous an act as the pursuit of knowledge. However, the publishers' lists are an indication of public demand. Novels and frothy stuff generally are in the minority. People are interested in biography because it is related to progress, travel because it is concerned with government and politics, and economics, which they have finally awakened to discover is the groundwork of what we fondly call civilization.

R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Edward P. von Gogh announces the organization of the Arrow Book Company, with offices at 347 Fifth Avenue. This company, as publishers and booksellers, will specialize in the architectural and technical works of all publishers and also sell books of literary excellence.

The first history of the Jesuits in English written by one of themselves has just been issued under the title, "The Jesuits, 1534-1921."

H. L. Bateman, who has become famous through his drawings for *Punch*, the *Bystander*, the *Tatler*, &c., may now be seen in America. His drawings have been issued in book form by Henry Holt & Co. in a large, attractive format, with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton.

Captain Donald B. Macmillan, arctic explorer and author of "Four Years in the White North," writes that his expedition has reached the west coast of Baffin's Land, a mysterious region hitherto unvisited by white men. It is said that an unknown race of people inhabit the interior of this country.

When Rudyard Kipling was made a Doctor of the Sorbonne recently he gave an address at the University of Paris before President Millerand and an audience of 3000, in which he expressed his belief that the world will continue upside down for at least another four years. He said: "We hope much of

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Washington. I see world peace, not far away on the horizon, but quite close up. It takes seven years for a wounded organism to be re-established, and it will take a like period for the world to regain its equilibrium."

The report comes from England that the best seller in the non-fiction class at the present moment is "From Private to Field Marshal," by General Sir William Robertson, recently reviewed in these columns. The American edition of this book was brought out shortly before Christmas by the Houghton Mifflin Company. In this autobiography General Robertson tells the thrilling story of his rise from enlisted man to chief of the imperial staff in the late war.

Mark Twain's publishers, Harper & Brothers, describe the manner in which they discovered the origin of the name "Tom Sawyer." In 1903 they brought out a group of volumes which they called "Mark Twain's Best Books," and which were sold all over the country. One day, not long after, a Californian rushed into Harper's, very much excited because "Tom Sawyer" had not been included in the set. It developed that his name was Tom Sawyer, and that in Mark Twain's early days as a newspaper reporter the Sawyer café on the Barbary Coast was a great rendezvous for young fellows. According to Mr. Sawyer, Mark Twain seldom had money with which to pay for his meals, and his score of debts was marked upon a blackboard. In spite of the fact that the debts were never erased, young Twain was always welcome because of his inexhaustible fund of jokes and stories. Later he named his famous character after the proprietor.

Francis Hackett has written a preface for the new Macmillan edition of Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," in which he says: "Andersen took reality as it is, which children nearly all respect, and peopled it with his own daring yet reasonable creations, which children generally admire. Children worship heroes and heroism because they feel the need of heroism and want to be heroes themselves. It is because Hans Christian really lives like a child in the freshness of his senses and the quickness of his hope and fears that he has been able, in these imperishable tales, to win the allegiance of the most realistic of all audiences." Signe Toksvig edits the "Tales"; she is a Dane herself and knows the scenes of the stories and the spirit and atmosphere in which Anderson wrote. Eric Pape has illustrated the book beautifully and has incorporated many sketches and cutouts made by Andersen himself.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions.—Emerson.

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## BRIEFER REVIEWS.

Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, who, by the way, is the wife of Sydney Greenbie, author of "The Pacific Triangle," has just published through Dodd, Mead & Co. a fascinating travel book, "In the Eyes of the East," which is out of the ordinary, in the fact that there is a real romance running throughout the story. Mrs. Greenbie is one of the few women to receive a degree of Doctor of Letters from Yale University. She lectured on English at Vassar College for two years, and during the war made a complete circuit of the globe and incidentally met the man who afterward became her husband. "In the Eyes of the East" is the story of her trip. Mrs. Greenbie voyaged across the Pacific into Japan, China, India, and, accompanied by an adventurous spirit that sheered away from no lurking danger, had experiences that come to few globe trotters, whether men or women. The insights that she gives into the life of the Chinese, Japanese, and Indians are genuine contributions to a much-needed understanding of the Eastern races. Yet with it all there is a love story, and the book throughout is permeated with the romantic. Few books of travel since "The Lady of the Decoration" has equaled this book in appeal.

The twelfth volume in the Chekhov Series, published by the Macmillan Company (\$2), is "The Schoolmaster and Other Stories," translated by Constance Garnett. Some of the author's most characteristic work is in this volume, which includes, besides the title story, "A Tripping Tongue," "Oh! The Public," "Boots," "Betrothed," and "From the Diary of a Violent-Tempered Man." Bald tragedy, sardonic humor, and penetrating satire mark these stories, which are all distinguished by Chekhov's remarkable gift of condensation and the power of his simplicity.

A book that should go far toward cementing British and American friendship is "The Hope of the Future," by Edward E. Eagle (Cornhill Publishing Company; \$2). Mr. Eagle has completed a tour of the British Empire in the interests of unifying his own impressions by first-hand observation and of dispelling the false impressions that many people retain of every country that they are not personally acquainted with. "The Hope of the Future," according to Mr. Eagle, and we heartily agree with him, lies in a friendly relation and understanding between the United States and the British Empire. An interesting feature of "The Hope of the Future" is the contribution by President Harding, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Meighan, Mr. William Hughes, Mr. Marsey, and Sir James Craig of forewords in which they echo the author's hope of the future accord of the two English-speaking nations.

A new volume, the thirteenth, in the Little Schoolmate Series, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., has just appeared. It takes its title, "Round Robin," from the name of a summer camp in Maine, near Bar Harbor, where the story is scene, and its author is Abbie Farwell Brown. All the previous volumes of this series, whose general editor is Florence Converse of the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, have dealt with the childhood in foreign countries of the girls and boys whose parents are among the immigrants to the United States—Little French, Russian, Spanish, Irish, Scotch, Greek, German, Belgian, Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Armenian children they are, and each of the stories aims to show American children and the children of these immigrants what was the background in their homeland of the boys and girls from the country with which it deals. The aim of the series is to aid in the melting-pot process by widening the knowledge and nourishing the understanding and the sympathy of the children who read the tales. The book is illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb.

A very attractive book for youngsters is "A Treasury of Plays for Children," edited by Montrose J. Moses and illustrated by Tony Sarg (Little, Brown & Co.; \$3). This collection deserves high praise. One of Mr. Moses' specialties is the subject of children's literature, although he is better known as the editor of "Representative British Dramas." The anthology includes one of Tony Sarg's famous puppet plays, four fairy plays hitherto unpublished in this country, and such classic favorites as a dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Master Skylark" and the nursery favorite, "Punch and Judy."

Students of Shakespeare will be interested in a little book just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., "Chaucer, the Rival Poet in Shakespeare's Sonnets," by Hubert Ord, an English investigator of Shakespeare's work, life, and times. Recognizing the great number and variety of problems found in Shakespeare's "Sonnets," he has confined himself to a study of only two of them, the drift or underlying idea of many of the poems and the identity of the "Rival Poet" referred to in them. He has evolved a very interesting theory concerning these questions and in this sets forth the evidence to the "Rival Poet" sonnets

where Shakespeare speaks of a man who has inspired him he is referring to Chaucer, and, second, that the underlying ideas of many of the sonnets were influenced by Chaucer's "Roman de la Rose." He thinks that the allusions in many of the sonnets are of a literary rather than of an erotic character and that it is improbable that Shakespeare was giving in the sonnets a connected revelation of his own love affairs.

## Literary Notes.

Walter B. Pitkin's "Must We Fight Japan?" has been translated into Japanese by Lieutenant-General K. Sato, and has attracted wide attention in that country.

When Stefansson first went to England in 1904, his only literary pilgrimage was to Baker Street, where Sherlock Holmes used to live. His enthusiasm for Sherlock Holmes and detectives in general later brought him in contact with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and William Burns.

Sadakichi Hartmann in his "A Note on the Portraits of Walt Whitman" regrets that the world has not yet been given a reliable artistic portrait of the gray poet, and concludes by saying: "Perhaps his best portrait will be written in words. Just a souvenir for the mind as John Burroughs made: 'Whitman was always gray, even in his early Washington days, gray suit, gray hat, gray beard—always made the impression of a gray, in gray tonality, composition.'"

George Henry Payne, author of "The History of Journalism in the United States" (Appleton), has just been notified that he has had knighthood conferred upon him in the order of Danilo I by Queen Milena of Montenegro for distinguished services in behalf of that country. The order was communicated through Commander Luigi Criscuolo, delegate in the United States International Committee for the Independence of Montenegro.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they have taken over the entire American rights and interest in the publication list of the John Lane Company, including all stocks now in this country, all American copyrights, and a working alliance with the house of John Lane, Ltd., London. This is the most important purchase in the publishing field in many years and includes such active literary property as the books of W. J. Locke, Theodore Dreiser, Anatole France, G. K. Chesterton, Walter Crane, Kenneth Grahame, Lawrence Hope, Stephen Leacock, Rupert Brooke, Francis Thompson, Max Beerbohm, Ernest Dowson, and many others.

That Japan is taking an interest in the new theatre movement is evident from the request by a Japanese that he be allowed to translate "The Theatre of Tomorrow." "The Theatre of Tomorrow," by Macgowan (Boni & Liveright), is already being announced as a textbook of the drama in many schools and colleges.

Much new material is to be incorporated in the Vallima edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, which is being published by Charles Scribner's Sons in cooperation with five British publishers of Stevenson's writings. All the new material available in England has been brought to America, and to this has been added a vast amount of manuscripts, letters, drawings, and bibliographical rarities owned in this country. The new material will include more than one hundred recently discovered poems, as well as about one hundred personal letters never before published. There is a story called the "The Waif Woman," which somehow had been overlooked by Stevenson himself. Other "finds" among the author's manuscripts include "The Owl" (a fragment), "The History of Henry Shovel" in fifteen chapters, "When the Devil Was Well," and a number of fragments. There are the first pages of a projected diary of Wellington, a preface to the "Master of Ballantrae," and a delightful mimic "war correspondence," which has a special introduction by Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson.

"Terribly Intimate Portraits," one of the most interesting books on the spring list of Boni & Liveright, was written by a young Englishman named Noel Coward. Mr. Coward is just twenty-one; and is the youngest Englishman ever to have had a play produced. His first play was presented in 1920, and had a successful season in London. While Mr. Coward was in this country he sold a play here; wrote a couple of articles for *Vanity Fair*, and had a short story in the *Metropolitan*. "Terribly Intimate Portraits" is his first book.

Louis Hémon, the author of "Maria Chapdelaine," the first really fine piece of prose to come out of French Canada, was not a French-Canadian. He was a Breton who had gone off to Canada and had written his book out of his first-hand experiences on the farms. His sister describes him as a silent man who "fled from the world and loved solitude and meditation." After he had dispatched the manuscript of "Maria Chapdelaine" to France, the author started off to

tramp across country from St. John's Lake, where the book was written. His plan was to follow on foot the Canadian Pacific Railway. At a curve in the line neither he nor his companion heard the approaching train and both were run over and killed. When the letter accepting his story was returned to Paris, marked "dead," there was nobody to whom it could be sent, nor any known source from which information could be obtained concerning the mysterious author. So the story was published in a newspaper, where the father of Louis Hémon first learned of its existence. He wrote to explain the relationship and thus the facts were obtained concerning this supposedly Canadian French novelist. A white marble monument has been erected on the spot where he was killed, and in 1919 a commemorative stone was placed at Péribonka, near St. John's Lake, on the farm where he wrote "Maria Chapdelaine." The Geographical Society of Quebec has renamed two lakes, Lake Hémon and Lake Chapdelaine, in honor of the author who has given French-Canadian literature its first novel to transcend the limits of what has hitherto been a mere by-path of modern letters.

Sir Sidney Colvin, intimate friend and editor of R. L. S., has devoted a chapter of his book of memoirs to Stevenson. Because of his advanced age Sir Sidney has found it necessary to forego the writing of a full biography, as he long had planned to do, and has compressed his memoirs into a single volume. Few men of the last fifty years have enjoyed a more notable circle of friends. "Memories and Notes of Persons and Places" is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Horace Meyer Kallen is the man whom William James chose to edit his unfinished book, "Some Problems in Philosophy." Dr. Kallen is one of the leading teachers of philosophy in the United States. Educated at Harvard, at Oxford University, and La Sorbonne, Dr. Kallen has lectured in philosophy at Harvard, Clark College, the University of Wisconsin, and is now lecturing at the New School of Social Research in New York.

The eight illustrations for D. H. Lawrence's travel book, "Sea and Sardinia" (Seltzer), were done by Jan Jura. Mr. Jura is the son of Sir Henry Jura, Judge President of the Union of South Africa. He was a pupil of the Slade School in London. His best recommendation, he says, is the fact that Mr. Lawrence, who was attracted to his work in Italy, selected him to illustrate his book.

The Poetry Society of America announces that the prize of \$500 offered in the William Lindsey Contest for poetic drama has been awarded to Harry Lee for his four-act play, "Il Poverello." One hundred and forty-five plays were submitted in the contest. The judges were George P. Baker, George Arliss, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Jane Dransfield, and Stuart Walker.

## New Books Received.

SIMON CALLED PETER. By Robert Keable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.  
A novel.

WINNIE O'WYNNE AND THE WOLVES. By Bertam Atkey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.  
A novel.

CYTHERRA. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.  
A novel.

LITTLE RAYS OF MOONSHINE. By A. P. Herbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.  
Papers by A. P. H. of the *London Punch*.

SCARHAVEN KEEP. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.  
A detective story.

THE RIDER OF GOLDEN BAR. By William Patterson Bar. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.  
A Western novel.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF IRELAND, 1920. By "I. O." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10.

An impartial account of the administration of Ireland during the year 1920.

THE HIDDEN PLACES. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.90.  
A novel.

CHAUCER AND THE RIVAL POET IN SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. By Robert Ord. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited; \$1.25.  
A new theory.

SELECTIONS FROM ROBERT BROWNING. Edited by Ada Ambler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. The Kings' Treasuries of Literature.

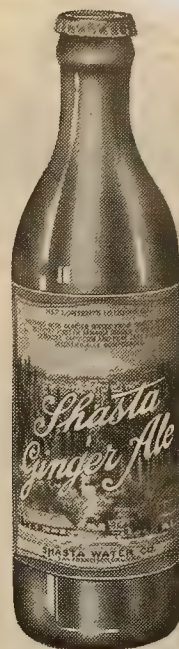
A BOOK OF STORY POEMS. Selected and edited by George G. Loane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. The Kings' Treasuries of Literature.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White. Abridged and edited by Edward Step. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. The Kings' Treasuries of Literature.

PARABLES FROM NATURE. First Series. By Mrs. Gatty. Selected and edited by A. E. White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. The Kings' Treasuries of Literature.

READINGS FROM GEORGE BORROW. Selected and edited by S. A. Richards. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. The Kings' Treasuries of Literature.

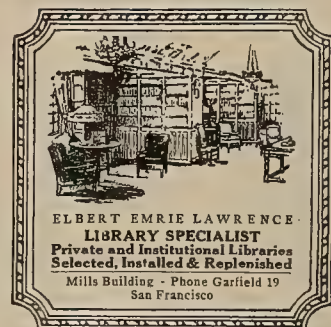
SOME PROBLEMS OF RECONSTRUCTION. By Annie MacLean. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.



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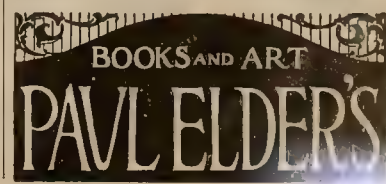
THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company. The story of five years in Polar regions.

Words have a romance all their own. MacAdam was a road builder, Guillotine a compassionate physician, Derrick an inventor. General Silhouette first devised the cut-out which in the hands of a few has been raised to the point of genuine art. Lord Sandwich made a hasty repast at the gaming table. The spurious jewelry called pinchbeck is made of a cheap alloy first used by a jeweler of that name. Mrs. Bloomer set the feminine world ago in her day. Mr. Boycott was a landlord in Ireland whose tenantry refused to pay their rentals until certain of their demands were granted.

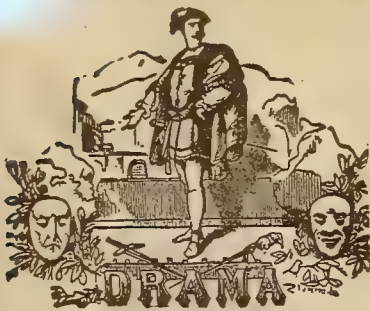
It has been an historically accepted fact that Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, Italy. But it is now contended by a member of the Portuguese Academy of Science that Columbus was a native of Portugal. The statement of Senhor Ribeiro comes on the heels of an announcement by Right Rev. Monsignor Rey Soto, upon his arrival in New York recently, that Columbus was a Jew. The prelate said that this was proved by documents discovered at the home of ancestors of Columbus in Spain.

## Library Specialist.

There are many libraries hereabout, both public and private, but far too many of them lack the systematization that would make them serviceable in the best sense. Mr. Elbert Emrie Lawrence, a library specialist, whose services are available, has the experience that would make many a mere jumble of books a thing of real value. Mr. Lawrence has the means through his acquaintance with the world's dealers, of securing treasures that are unattainable to other than the expert. He has been especially successful with private libraries.







"IT PAYS TO SMILE."

The play at the Columbia, dramatized by Ethel Watts Mumford from Nina Wilcox Putnam's serial of ranch life in California, which ran in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is an amiable conspiracy against gravity, into which May Robson enters with her usual thorough-going heartiness. It can not be said that May Robson has blazed out any new histrionic path in depicting the correctly polysyllabic Miss Freedom Talbot, scion of an old and exclusive if poverty-stricken Boston family, who is exacting in her ideas of what is socially decorous and genteel.

May Robson, indeed, does not need to blaze out any new paths. All she needs to do to please her audience is to dig up some new play in which she figures as the leading, if middle-aged character, jolly, hearty, un conventionally truthful, and steadily amusing, even in the midst of the sob stuff that she knows how to interpolate. It always goes, for that same pleasant heartiness in her fun enters into her sentiment, and she gives the heart muscles some refreshing exercise.

The Freedom Talbot described a paragraph or so back is the Freedom Talbot of Miss Putnam's serials, but having passed through a Robsonian transition, she now becomes exclusively May Robson's creation. But the original story offered possibilities which the jolly comedienne was quick to avail herself of; suitability of age, yet prominence in the action for the Boston spinster, a melodramatic tinge to the story which made it lend itself readily to being dramatized, and a Californian freshness, breeziness, and unconventionality to the character of the millionaire rancher and his spoiled but warm-hearted daughter.

One can imagine how May Robson jumped at the opportunity, and how well Miss Putnam must have been pleased to have the dramatization of her story fall into the hands of such a popular player. That May Robson's Freedom Talbot is not wholly Nina Wilcox Putnam's doesn't count particularly, for she is, partly, in respect, I mean, to the Californian influences moderating Miss Talbot's Boston starchiness and to the wild spirit of courageous adventurousness that warmed her almost elderly veins when she sensed the melodramatic happenings that were transpiring under the comfortable surface.

There was a good deal of orchard in the original story. In fact, fruit farmers in the country around Chico and Oroville—I think it was—were quite elated over the advertisement being given to the orange-raising industry in northern California, which was already attracting the attention of Middle West intending investors; for sections in Northern California can put it over Southern California on account of their immunity from destructive frosts; and Nina Wilcox Putnam rather hammered that and other points in her story, which must have greatly endeared her to the north and possibly highly exasperated the south. (Perhaps she has an orange grove in Northern California; at any rate, she knows a lot about orange culture.)

However, all this doesn't and needn't count in the play, which is constructed for amusement, pure and simple. May Robson has a regular San Francisco following—some of whom sent her stacks of welcoming flowers Monday night—and it doesn't make her vehicle any the less acceptable that the genial atmosphere of California is invoked to melt the slightly sluggish currents of Miss Freedom Talbot's blue Bostonian blood.

Of the satisfactory company surrounding Miss Robson, Margaret Borough scored as

"Peaches," the alert young Californian being as brisk as a lively fox-terrier in her depiction of "Peaches'" temper, her warm-heartedness, and her frank unconventionality. The youth and appearance of the young lady are also in keeping, for she is briskly un-Verre-de-Verish and very American.

The "dook," by the way, ought to have modified some of his Americanness of appearance with a few artful touches, but I suppose he was trying to steer clear of the danger of looking like a handsome "wop," as old Peg called him. Russell Hicks gave to the rôle youth, good looks, a tall, athletic figure, and a fine, full, deep voice, but the young man has a bad habit of swallowing his own words; which doesn't agree with the mental digestion of his listeners.

Henry Crosby gave a particularly good representation of "Pinto" Pegg, the genial old millionaire, grown-up urchin, and mingling of artless ruralite and practiced New York hotel patron. He gave him a genuine note in the midst of comedy that made no pretense of being wholly natural.

Orrin T. Burke was rather too orotund as the unscrupulous abstracter of Italy's art treasures, Don Harrington was nicely shiny-haired and youthful as the chauffeur whom genial Pinto and the coltish young "Peaches" unconcernedly treated as a member of the family, and Edith Conrad was duly heedful of the American countess' clothes and modernness.

Fun and jollity in May Robson, youth and a love story, Western unconventionality, a touch of melodrama, open and avowed purpose to amuse, and only to amuse, these make up the elements of "It Pays to Smile."

### "MILESTONES"

This popular Arnold Bennett play, which won favor on its first appearance all over the country, and has been presented with first-class support during two different seasons in San Francisco, is being played at the Maitland this week, and still stoutly holds its own.

The subject of family bonds and family ramifications has always interested Arnold Bennett, and "Milestones" is a finely dramatic expression of that interest. It is rather a remarkable play in the simple naturalness with which the family sequence is worked out. The opening, with the members of the Rhead and Sibley family, composed of youth and middle age, grouped in the Victorian drawing-room, which was successfully indicated, the young lovers pairing off, and the reminiscent feelings sure to be evoked by the old-time music and atmosphere, were all as flagrantly enjoyable as an old-fashioned posy. Then came stern realism with something very like a family row, and the play became part of the panorama of life.

And so it continues to the end; the budding, blooming, fruitifying, and fading of splendid, confident youth: the hardening into dominant, authoritative, invincible, worldly middle age; the granite-like inaccessibility to other ideas and wills of prosperous old age.

It is rather daunting to human self-conceit, this play; for it causes us to realize how much our brain-cells can lose their flexibility as old age advances. The point is made so well by showing John Rhead in his youth, the brilliant pioneer in the idea of replacing wooden ships by iron ones, and John Rhead in his middle age deriding the idea of replacing ships of iron with vessels of steel.

Arnold Bennett and Edward Knobloch, his collaborator, were particularly successful in depicting British family life and relationships in the upper middle class; the class with which John Galsworthy's Forsyths are so thoroughly identified. And they did not fail to indicate the change in young girlhood as the periods followed each other, and we saw Rose, the young Victorian, droop her eyes shamefacedly and shed decorous tears over her lover's proposal, while the Honorable Muriel Pym of the twentieth century bristled and became a fighter, when the family yoke threatened her young neck.

Mr. Maitland's company gave an adequate representation of the diverse rôles, Mr. Maitland himself, Miss Penman, and Miss Hélène Marchand being particularly successful in representing the changing age phases of the characters represented. No one has as yet succeeded Mr. John Fee, except that Mr. Al Cunningham, formerly a most useful member of the Alcazar company, and Mr. William Guilbert are seconding Mr. Maitland in the important male rôles, and doing their commendable best to help out during the interim.

Miss Dorothy Wetmore, on account of a tendency to a lachrymose tone in her speech, appeared to better advantage as a mother than as a daughter, and Emily Calquist as Muriel and Carrie Lamont as Nancy did useful service in rounding out the family group.

### CO-OPERATION OF PLAYERS.

Much interest was felt in the cooperative plan adopted by the Russian Grand Opera Company—who, by the way, are giving a farewell operatic concert at the Native Sons Hall on Saturday afternoon—which makes every

member of the company a shareholder. A hit made means a bigger share for the bitter, and a sinking fund for sickness meets with the heartfelt approbation of the humbler members.

It is odd and interesting that this group of Russian singers, who flourished and were prosperous during the epoch of autocracy, should have formed a cooperative business association partaking, in some degree, of the principles animating the new Russian rulers from whose tyranny they fled.

But its efficacy has yet to be proved. Many of us believed, from the mistaken statements made in the press, that they had instituted their cooperative organization prior to their four or five years' touring in Russia. And we Californians, so far off from the first-class players that greedy New York absorbs, asked ourselves why, during these hard times, a group of players could not organize similarly, tour the country, and not forget San Francisco.

Well, as it turns out, the thing was done. A New York company organized to stage revivals of old successes. They were strong in such names as Wilton Lackaye, Harry Mestayer, Charlotte Walker, Edmund Lowe, and Jeffreys Lewis.

They chose "Trilby" for a starter, William Brady, who owns the play, giving his consent to their using it. Wilton Lackaye, of course, was regarded as a good drawing card in his well-remembered rôle of Svengali.

They opened at the National Theatre, New York, played a few nights—three, I believe—and then fell apart with a loud crash. Rows, we hear, caused the disintegration; disagreements about the disposition of rôles.

The Russian people, it seems, did not try cooperation in the Orient. They organized in Seattle, and the experiment is only just under way. The experience of the "Trilby" people would seem to indicate that actors can not act and produce simultaneously. Somebody's got to run them.

Luckily for them, the Russians have an experienced leader in Impresario Federoff, who has guided their destinies through their four years in the Orient. Mr. Federoff, who was, in his youth, an opera singer, has figured in the storied past as impresario of several prominent Russian opera companies, among others of the Moscow Opera Company and of the Imperial Theatre in Petrograd. Just how much this means we don't know, but these high-sounding names seem to indicate an important work in the past. At any rate, Mr. Federoff has been connected with Russian theatres for thirty-four years, and if the cooperative scheme doesn't work, I doubt not that he will collect the pieces that fly during the first row and fit them together again. For the Russians have a very distinct and potentially profitable asset in their nationality and in their repertoire, and we in San Francisco, who showed our keen interest by the record of our attendance during their successful season here, will with continued interest watch their progress from here to the more densely settled territories which should bring them equal interest and larger profits. It certainly looks as if, should they continue to hold together, they should reap a large harvest of American shekels.

### HAPPY ENDINGS.

Eugene O'Neill, now one of the most prominent of American playwrights, has written a long communication to the press in which he points out the failure of the New York critics to understand the deeper issues of his new play, "Anna Christie." The communication is interesting in that it gives us a glimpse of a challenging personality. And it is further interesting because it is interpretative of the play.

Dramatists do not generally bother about interpreting. They are too busy. They leave it to the critics and the audiences to disagree, and generally, when their feelings are exacerbated, make no sign.

But Eugene O'Neill, irritated by the assumption of the critics that his play had ended, when, in fact, the wider and deeper drama of life had only begun for the pair who ventured to marry against the record of the woman's soiled past, broke the bonds of silence.

Mr. O'Neill draws the attention of those who have damned him in the past for having unhappy endings, and damn him in the present for a happy one, to the expressed forebodings of old Chris, the father, and also to faint anticipatory terrors that shake the souls of the presumably happy pair.

In fact, the author says that the last, foreboding mutterings, to which, apparently, audience and critics paid little heed, are as full of drama as anything in the play.

For marriage in Mr. O'Neill's conception is a stormy sea, upon whose treacherous surface the steerers of the matrimonial bark may not hope for peaceful sailing.

Another well-known playwright, more sentimental and less stern than Eugene O'Neill, agrees with him. "The Married Woman," by Chester Bailey Fernald, recently put on at a New York theatre, embodies Mr. Fernald's expressed conviction that marriage starts something, instead of ending everything.

There is nothing particularly original about the idea nowadays. But the attitude of the New York critics—such, at least, as took issue with the "happiness" of Mr. O'Neill's ending—is the unconscious result of two old, once firmly-rooted conventions of the theatre—one, that ladies with a past must, in the drama, be denied a subsequent wedding; two, that marriage always means a happy ending.

It does, of course, unless there are intimations, faint, atmospheric premonitions of disaster or doom. But Mr. O'Neill gave them, and still his critics were deaf.

There is, however, something greatly reassuring in Eugene O'Neill's success. He has a tendency to sombreness. One can not but remark the characteristic as expressed in his portraits. But he sees much with clear vision, unhampered by the traditions of the past. As he truly says, "It is my business—and that of every playwright worth his or her salt—to drop such doddering old traditions as the kiss-marriage-happily-ever-after down the manhole—if only to see what happens."

What happened in his case was the sitting up of the world to take notice, for this young man gives us plays that leave vistas of potential happenings haunting us when his plays are concluded; which is what we should feel after seeing every real play.

Yvette Guilbert is one of those who sees beyond the mere falling of the curtain. In words that constitute something of a rebuke to those who conceive the ending of "Anna Christie" to be happy, she says: "I have not even conceived in the play the 'happy ending' which our critical wizards thought they detected. The marriage of Anna Christie might, perhaps, be considered as a 'happy ending,' but it is the beginning of the unhappy life of Anna. She will be a martyr, walking on the eternal volcano of her husband's never-to-be-appeased jealousy. At least, so I understand the author."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

According to "A Book of Old Embroidery" (London: The Studio), the earliest example of needlework known to exist comes from the tomb of a Pharaoh fifteen hundred years before Christ, and there is some Greek work dating from the third century before the Christian era. The well-known Bayeux tapestries, commemorating the Norman conquest, may have been wrought by English hands, though their origin is uncertain, but there is a remarkable example of Anglo-Saxon needlework, done just a thousand years ago, in some church vestments in Durham Cathedral. English embroidery of the thirteenth century was much in favor and in demand throughout Europe. A great quantity of needlework was done in the times of Queen Elizabeth and James I. Considering that the population was only one-eighth of the number of the present time, the quantity known to be produced shows that this beautiful and elaborate work must have been diligently practiced in every house of any consideration.

Some men quarrel with their wives and others have learned to say "Yes, dear."—*Baltimore Evening Sun*.

"But are you sure you really want it, darling?" "Silly! How can I tell till I get it?"—*London Mail*.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## The Columbia Theatre.

It pays to smile and once in a great while to drop a tear as proven by May Robson in her new comedy-drama, "It Pays to Smile," now on at the Columbia Theatre. It is a dramatization of the Nina Wilcox Putnam stories, and gives the star and her splendid supporting cast opportunity to entertain in a most attractive fashion.

Miss Robson as the elderly spinster who undertakes to hold the check rein on a young daughter of a California ranch owner has never won her audiences so completely. Her work each season wins her a greater number of admirers, and in "It Pays to Smile" she captivates every one in the big audiences. The emotional scene of the first act is set in a framework of comedy and all concerned in this production are to be praised for their exceptional work. The second week of the engagement opens Monday. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

## The Orpheum.

In "A Man of Affairs," which is described as a comic slice of life, Eddie Buzzell fulfills the prophecies of his admirers. It is a unique little musical comedy having to do with a young chap of rural persuasion and his sweethearts; the girl at home in the country, the Broadway flapper, and the young thing past middle age with matrimonial intent.

This year Nat Nazarro has departed materially from his customary routine. Variety plays an important part in his present offering. It includes instrumental music, song, dance, and a lot of comedy. Most of this is provided by Buck and Bubbles, two phenomenal pickaninnies, who are said to be the "find" of the "finds." These two dusky youngsters are natural comedians.

Cliff Nazarro is the youngest of the famous Nazarro family and like his brother, Nat Nazarro, he followed his father's footsteps only as far as the stage door. Cliff Nazarro, with the assistance of the Darling Sisters, has formed a trio which is said to compose vaudeville's cleverest juveniles.

Beatrice Sweeney is both picturesque and daring and her series of feats are accomplished on the trapeze and flying rings. Part

of these are done while the dainty athlete hangs to her apparatus by her teeth.

Fink's Mules is an unusual animal act. These mules not only accomplish a series of remarkable feats, but do them willingly. With the exception of Jim Dump, Fink's mules do not even seem to be obstinate. Jim Dump is not only contrary, but absolutely unrideable. He is the clown of his species and he provides more laughter than most comedians.

On account of their enormous success this week Clark and Bergman in "Tunes of the Hour," Lillian Shaw with some new characterizations, and Joe Morris and Flo Campbell in their great comedy act will remain a second week to entertain Orpheum patrons.

## The Maitland Playhouse.

"Jane Clegg," one of the most widely discussed of modern plays in the magazines, the big success of the Actors' Guild of New York, and never before produced outside that city, is ready for presentation at the Maitland Playhouse and will open next Monday night.

Director Maitland has been exceptionally fortunate in securing the rights to "Jane Clegg," the play of the hour, of which theatre-goers in this section have read so much. Jane Clegg is the wife of a shallow clerk in London, who suffers much from his actions, but ultimately triumphs over all obstacles.

"Milestones," that charming drama by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knobloch, is the offering this week, and the critics have spoken in enthusiastic terms of the performance given. "Milestones" will close with the Saturday matinee and evening performance.

## "Wait Till We're Married."

Terry Duffy in "Wait Till We're Married" commences a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre, Monday, January 30th. Under the direction of Oliver Morosco, "Wait Till We're Married," written by Hutcheson Boyd and Rudolph Bunner, was originally presented at the Playhouse in New York. It is said to be a domestic comedy of the most wholesome sort, possessing a romantic flavor and dealing principally with the amusing difficulties in which two young lovers—one a boy of the most humble means, who has been reared by two maiden aunts, and the other a wealthy, dashing young girl—find themselves involved when their respective financial and social position threaten to wreck their hopes of matrimony. It is said to be the biggest laugh-producer attraction Morosco has had in many seasons. The original company, headed by Terry Duffy, has been kept intact. Mr. Duffy has been taking Eastern playgoers by storm and has been acclaimed the greatest interpreter of Irish characterization since the days of Lillie Scanlon and Joe Murphy. Besides Mr. Duffy, the typical Morosco cast includes the following company of carefully selected players: Barbara Brown, Fanny Yantis, Marie Van Tassel, Mary Hill, Ted W. Gibson, Andrew Arbuckle, William Austin, and Maxwell Paley.

## Leopold Godowsky.

A recent interview elicited from Leopold Godowsky the information that he had been practically his own teacher. "I consider myself practically self-taught," said Godowsky, "for a few months at the Berlin Hoch-Schule only served to show me that I could learn nothing from dull and conventional schemes of instruction. The value of self-teaching is of course obvious. It stimulates the working out of problems which otherwise a diploma solves. Many students feel that if they have done enough work to receive a diploma they are entitled to rest on that visible sign of learning, and consequently never develop any real individuality. However, it would be unwise to advocate self-teaching for all. The great majority need the guidance of a matured mind and a ripened experience." The Russian pianist is to appear in recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, March 19th and 26th.

The latest work of Leonid Andreyev, now being played in New York City, "He, The One Who Gets Slapped," is a decided novelty that is now in course of preparation for the Maitland Playhouse. Another first production in this country for the Maitland is the A. A. Milne play, "The Lucky One." It is considered by Mr. Milne his best work. Milne has two plays running in New York City at the present time and one in London. He is the author of "Belinda" and "Mr. Pym Passes By."

Now that aluminum has become available in any desired quantity, its use in electric installations, especially for long-distance conductors of electric power, is rapidly increasing. For equal conductivity only half the weight of aluminum is required that would be required if copper were used. The price of aluminum, just before the war, fell to about the same rate per ton as that of copper. Experiments have been under way for some time to increase the tensile strength of aluminum conductors by alloying the metal with a little copper.

## THE NEW STAGE SCENERY.

Scenography—or the craft of making scene for drama—is a very old craft, and there have been many brilliant exponents of the craft (writes Gordon Craig in the Manchester Guardian). The oldest system was to build the scene of stone and marble. This was the noblest period. The next was to make it of wood and canvas, or wood and paper, and to paint the surface to resemble streets, houses, forests, mountains, seas, rivers—whatever was wanted. This, in the hands of men like Torelli, Pozzo, the Bibienas, or Bakst, was often a brilliant and always a showy affair. Exactly how long this system has been in use I do not know, but from 1400 it has grown in popularity.

And now a third system has come along, in which light does the painting. And this is the best system because proper to the stage, it being out of place to use there (on the three-dimensional stage) the paints of the landscape painter, whose whole study is how to deal with his paints on a canvas of two dimensions. This system has not come as quickly as the journals would lead us to suppose. I mean it has not been born this year. For some centuries a few men have been searching how to use light in the scene—not merely how to light a painted scene, but how to use light on a scene that was not painted. Shadows was what interested them. They did not bring their experiments into theatres for reasons both obvious and subtle. The obvious ones are trade reasons, the subtle ones human. The experimenter is often less eager to sell than to discover, to find out than to impart.

My opinion of the whole new system is that it is the only right one for the modern era. I have for quite a long while now said that painting scenes with paint is out of place and out of date in theatres, and I have for just as long hinted that light should be used, so I am naturally pleased to see it coming along—to see it also coming into England.

When I say that eight or nine years ago I knew how to paint scenes with light you must not please imagine that I claim to be the inventor of the new system, and I hope that modern journalism will not confuse people by announcing that the inventor of the system has been discovered, for he is not discoverable. Inventors of several methods applicable to the system can, on the other hand, be announced and welcomed, and three gentlemen have already put in claims to such methods. There is M. André of Stockholm, whom Dr. Helman believes in and supports liberally ("Bravo, Doctor!"); there is Herr Hasait, who has the support of the director of the Dresden state opera in Germany (Mr. Grein announced him lately); and there is, thirdly, Mr. Samoiloff of Petrograd, of whom you tell us. What are the technical methods of these three I can't say, but the idea is the right one.

I do not think great beauty or expression will be achieved very rapidly, for the difficulty, after getting convinced that light is of immense value in the art of the theatre, is to know why it is of value, and how it can be used, and what steps lead to a real success, and what dangers must be avoided. For when dealing with light (one of the most difficult of mediums to use with wit and cunning) you may in a moment go astray and produce valueless results to our sense of taste. Flashy results can be produced in a trice, just as the same flashy results can be produced if you give paints and brushes or a flute or a violin into the hands of men who have nothing to say with these instruments. The artist is some one who has something to say worth listening to, so this new system of painting scenes with light must yield very fine results in the hands of a great artist, and very poor ones in other hands.

But the system remains right as rain whatever method fail. The direction, the path, is perfectly right: it is the turnings we must look on with suspicion, not only we the on-lookers, but we the workers. We must not take the wrong turning in the maze—a maze purposely made deceptive for us by the blessed nature of things.

There is one very clear fact these three foreign methods—the Swedish, German, and Russian—prove to us; it is that large workshops and some workmen and experiments are necessary to each artist before results are to be achieved which can be of value. And I think that these three foreigners will agree that even then matters can not be rushed. Good results can not be expected without proper time in which to make sufficient experiments and to digest tentative results. I say this because how ready is every one today—every would-be patron—to expect results after a short time of laboring and with languid financial backing.

## Walt Whitman a Lazy Youth

Among the many intriguing glimpses of Walt Whitman's early life that Professor Emory Holloway has gathered for the "Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman," is a recollection of young Walt when he worked on the Long Island Democrat and



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lived with his employer's family in Jamaica. He was a lazy, impractical youth who was always under foot and a sore trial to Mrs. Brenton, the practical, busy New England wife of the editor, writes her daughter-in-law.

"Mrs. Brenton always emphasized, when speaking of Whitman, that he was inordinately indolent and lazy and had a very pronounced disinclination to work! During some of the time he was in the household the apple trees in the garden were in bloom. When Whitman would come from the printing office and finish the mid-day dinner, he would go out into the garden, lie on his back under the apple tree, and forget everything about going back to work as he gazed up at the blossoms and the sky. Frequently at such times Mr. Brenton would wait for him at the office for an hour or two and then send the 'printer's devil' up to the house to see what had become of him. He would invariably be found still lying on his back on the grass looking into the tree entirely oblivious of the fact that he was expected to be at work. When spoken to, he would get up reluctantly and go slowly back to the shop. At the end of such a day Mr. Brenton would come home and say, 'Walt has been of very little help to me today. I wonder what I can do to make him realize that he must work for a living?' and Mrs. Brenton would remark, 'I don't see why he doesn't catch his death of cold lying there on the ground under that apple tree!'"

"Play poker with a bunch of women?" "No, I can't take their money." "Don't worry. You won't."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Perfection is a laudable ambition worthy to be cherished, particularly when the goal is some one else's perfection. Holy Writ enjoins us to "go on to perfection," and it is doubtless this biblical sanction that has encouraged the present tidal wave toward the unparagoned shores of perfectness. As of old, the perfect woman is sought. That search is not a fad, but like the poor is always with us. The perfect man is an easy step, since we have become connoisseurs of perfection. The perfect hand, the perfect foot, have become almost as commonplace as the perfect thirty-six. We are athirst for new perfections. So far from being a decadent age, as the pessimists declare, we are an age of super-paragons. Paul Swan, who is fully as notorious for his iconoclastic theory that masculine beauty is more beautiful than the same degree of feminine pulchritude, has been hailed for years as the perfect man. Audrey Munson, as all devotees of perfection know, is his close second, the perfect woman. Strangely enough, in perfection, as in other things, there are differences of degree and kind. This may seem paradoxical, but an illustration will prove the thesis. When one thinks of Audrey Munson, one thinks of the perfect woman, but no one for a moment confuses her perfection with that of a perfect housekeeper, a perfect wife, or a perfect disposition. Though the possessors of these latter will maintain that they, too, are perfect women. The recipe of one aspirant for a wifely paragon is one that will "raise her food and cook it, make her own clothes, and get back to the simple life." But that is a far cry from Audrey's perfection. From all of which it would seem that each of us can establish the limits of perfection. From internal evidence, we are all perfect.

It is with a smirk of satisfaction that man steps into the white light of discussion once more. He has been so long superseded by friend wife as a target for criticism and approval and general publicity that it is with genuine relief he has awakened to find himself notorious. For a few brief days the paragraphers and columnists have passed up

caustic comment on such fresh subjects as bobbed hair, shaved eyebrows, and ladylike cigars to discuss the new cult—new forsooth!—of the mustache. We suspect our confrères of raising hirsutical decorations, not because Lord Lascelles sports Victorian mustachios, but because they are tired of obscurity and will risk anything for a little beloved publicity. As many a philosopher has discovered, man is the vainer of the two sexes. He is more self-conscious for one thing, and more lost in the marvel of his superiority. Woman takes hers for granted. So that it is not marvelous that a desperate bid is being made on the part of united masculinity for some much-needed attention. All this bobbed-hair-street-knickers-jeweled-pipe publicity has practically been wasted on the women, but a tenth of it makes the average man feel a really consequential person. We haven't any apprehension, seriously, that the mustache is coming back. It is too unbecoming, and man, unlike woman, knows his limitations. But it is a clever bid anyway, and should go far towards restoring our amour propre.

One of the signs that foreshadow a return of the mustache is the number of unshorn lips worn by men who loom large in world affairs just now. Not merely is Mary's flancé quoted. Lloyd George, Briand, Mr. Balfour, and most significant of all, Micky Collins are wearers of the tufted lip. Mic's, by the way, may be of short duration. He is reported to be taking a holiday for a honeymoon. An arbitrary decision on the part of the unknown lady who is marrying the Irish chief may alter masculine face fashions for a decade. For there is little doubt that the handsome young hero of the Irish mix-up is the chief inspiration of the threatened style. Already the billboards are portentous. The latest broadsheet advertising the merits of Prince Albert tobacco is an unmistakable portrait of Mic Collins himself. At present the fate of hirsutical superfluities hangs in the balance. But we are optimistic. Mic is a newly-made Benedict.

In a photoplay recently shown here Audrey Munson purported to tell the story of her life. This was calculated to draw crowds, particularly among laymen. Artists and artist models know the shabby interior of Bohemia, but fortunately for motion-picture receipts,

the public is largely made up of respectable people whose curiosity can be counted on. The only remarkable thing about this picture was its lack of verisimilitude. The naive layman came away with the impression of Bohemia as a place where superlatively squeamish models were hunted by dissolute rousés posing as art students and dissolute art students who had no need to pose as rousés. A virtuous artist or two flitted across the scene for the sake of variety. Miss Munson as the heroine of her own story gives us a touching interpretation of the scruples of a professional model to pose sans clothing. The young lady was ultimately induced to pose in what in studios is known as the altogether only when her guide, philosopher, and friend, an aged and angelically virtuous artist, assured her that it was a legitimate phase of the profession. This, though our heroine was a professional model whose time, as she piously told the villain, was entirely taken up at the studios, and though the caption unctuously informed us that she had inspired most of the celebrated sculptors at home and abroad. The matter is intrinsically trivial, but it is indicative of the rubbish that the movies perpetrate.

San Francisco has a vaudeville taste. It is natural, perhaps, since she is more steadily exposed to vaudeville than to any other form of theatricals. But the result is that our criterion of good stage work is good, snappy vaudeville work. The thing was painfully illustrated Tuesday night at the performance of the Pavlowa ballets, "Amarilla" and "Dionysius." Pavlowa's "incomparable" art was, of course, well received, though many people were frankly disappointed. Plainly it was not trapezoidal enough. It was not a good vaudeville "stunt." However, what the audience lacked in response to that personification of the dance, Pavlowa, it made up in its wild enthusiasm for her dancing partner's athletics. Now, Novikoff is a splendid dancer. He would not be with Pavlowa if he was not. But it was not even his terpsichorean skill that brought down the house. It was the several fantastic decorations of pure muscular strength that won him salvos of applause. He could leap higher than Pavlowa, and commensurate with the height of his leap and the exhibition of his muscular endurance was his reward. The moral is apparent.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Jones at a dinner party had been trying to say something nice to his hostess. "What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones," she remarked. "To sit next to you, Mrs. Smith," he replied, "would cause any man to lose his appetite." And then he wondered why he wasn't invited to the next affair.

When Freddy came home from school he was crying. "Teacher whipped me because I was the only one who could answer a question she asked the class," he wailed. Freddy's mother was both astounded and angry. "I'll see the teacher about that! What was the question she asked you?" "She wanted to know who put the glue in her ink bottle."

The wealthy uncle was talking over the prospects of his nephew with the boy's mother. "How is he doing with his studies?" "Oh, very well. He's very intelligent; he shows a great talent for music, and his manner is very haughty. His teacher thinks he will become a conductor!" "Ah! Indeed!" responded his uncle; "bus or trolley car?"

Johnny had used some unparliamentary language, much to his mother's distress. "Johnny," she cried, "do stop using such dreadful expressions. I can't imagine where you pick them up." "Well, mother," replied Johnny, "Shakespeare uses them." "Then don't play with him again," commanded his mother; "he's not a fit companion for you, I'm sure."

They used to say of the late Louis James that he was one of the greatest humorists and practical jokers in stage history. It is recounted of him that on a certain occasion, in one of the Shakespearean tragedies, having to shake hands with a brother tragedian, he left clutched inescapably in the latter's fist a fat, raw oyster, which the unfortunate individual was obliged to keep by him through the remainder of the scene.

The pile of flints still to be broken was a very large one, thought the stone-breaker, as he gazed at it disconsolately between his bites at a large sandwich of bread and cheese. A minister came along and gave him a cheery "Good-morning," remarking afterward that he had a deal of work to get through yet. "Aye," said the eater, "them stones are like the Ten Commandments." "Why so?" inquired the genial parson. "You can go on breaking 'em," came the reply, "but you can't never get rid of 'em."

One hot July afternoon a tired and very dusty little colored lad chanced to be passing a reservoir quite a distance from home. The water looked so cool and inviting that Sambo could not resist, and a few moments later found him splashing around to his heart's content. The keeper, upon discovering him, rushed up and called out, "Hey, there! Come out of that! Don't you know that people in town have to drink that water?" Sambo dived under again, came up, and innocently replied: "Oh, dat's all right, suh, I aint usin' no soap!"

Little Dorothy had just returned from a short visit to her Aunt Elsa in Washington when the minister made his annual call upon her very religious mother. After her mother had flutteringly seated him on the plush sofa in front of the fire, the minister turned to Dorothy. "Well, my dear, did you have a nice time at your Aunt Elsa's?" "Oh, yethir," replied Dorothy, promptly. "I had a lovely time." "Well—well, and what did you do?" pursued the minister. "Oh, I went to the loveliest Thunday-thchool! The music played, the shade went up, and all the girlish danced!"

A colored preacher in Alabama had at one time served a short jail sentence and was fearful lest his congregation discover the fact, as in his later years he had been a model of rectitude. One Sunday, rising to begin his sermon, his heart sank to see a former cellmate sitting in the front row. Quick thinking was necessary. Fixing his eye on the unwelcome guest, the preacher announced solemnly: "Ah takes mah text dis mo'nin' from de sixty-fo'th chaptah and fo' hundredth verse of de book of Job, which says: 'Dem as sees and knows me, and says nothin', dem will Ah see later.'"

E. W. Howe of Kansas has been something of a traveler. He made a number of trips abroad and went twice around the world. It was on his first trip abroad that he encountered one of the sea hounds whose chief boast is concerned with the number of times they have crossed the Atlantic. Mr. Howe tells the incident as his favorite story. "Is this your first trip?" the sea hound asked Mr. Howe on the occasion of their first meeting. Mr. Howe admitted that it was. "Well," said the sea hound, "I've crossed the Atlantic forty times." On the second day the sea

hound again put the question to Mr. Howe and again vouchsafed the same observation. He repeated it at frequent intervals during the trip. It was on the sixth day, after the sea hound had again spoken of the total number of his crossings, that Mr. Howe said to him: "By the way, have you ever been to Omaha?" The sea hound said he never had. "Well," retorted Mr. Howe, "I go there every week."

An old darky called Uncle Eb made his living by doing odd jobs. He could neither read nor write, and had the reputation of being extremely cautious in all his business dealings. One day he was employed by Mr. C to do some work about his place, and when the work was finished Mr. C handed him his money. As Uncle Eb took the money he said: "Mr. C, would yo' mind givin' me a receipt fo' dis money?" Mr. C indulgently wrote: "I have this day paid Uncle Eb two dollars," dated and signed it. The old darky watched him carefully, and as he took the receipt said: "Mr. C, is yo' sure dis am yo' own handwritin'?"

The wife of the great botanist beamed at him across the supper-table. "But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are not all for me, Aristotle, are they?" "Yes, Mabel," he nodded. "I gathered them especially for you with my own hands." She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear, unselfish husband he was! In five minutes she had demolished the lot. At breakfast the next morning he greeted her anxiously. "Sleep all right?" he inquired. "Splendidly," she smiled. "Not sick at all—

no pains?" he pressed. "Why, of course not, Aristotle," she responded. "Hurrah!" he then exclaimed. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous."

"Please, sir," piped the tiny customer, whose head scarcely reached the counter, "father wants some oak varnish." "How much does your father want, my little man?" asked the shopman. "Father said you was to fill this," said the little fellow, handing over a half-gallon can. It was duly filled, and handed over. "Father will pay you on Saturday," said the recipient casually. And the face of the shopman grew dark. "We don't give credit here," he said. "Gimme back the can!" Meekly the little lad handed back the can, which was emptied and given to him with a scowl. "Thank you, sir," he said. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he wants to do. And I think you have, sir."

Two darky boys in a Southern city met on the street, each wearing a new suit. One asked: "Nigger, how much do they set you back for dem clo's?" "Fo'ty dollahs," was the response. "Fo'ty dollahs?" "Yes, sah; fo'ty dollahs." "Look at me," said the first. "I've got on a suit w'at's mos' perzactly like yourn, and I don't pay but ten dollahs fuh mine. Somebody shore fimflammed you." The possessor of the forty-dollar suit took hold of one of the coat sleeves of the ten-dollar suit and pulled on it. It stretched. Then straightening up he said: "See here, boy, the fust big rain yo' gets ketched out in dat coat of yourn is gwine to say, 'Good-by,

nigger, f'om now on I'se gwine to be yo' vest.'"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Because I Feed Him.

Beside me lived a family who called themselves my friends—  
The son, the wife, the husband—and the dog.  
Whene'er my home life went amiss, these neighbors made amends;  
We grew as thick as raindrops in a fog.

But now I gaze upon the hostile windows of their home;  
The son, the wife, the husband pass me by;  
For Fortune is a fickle jade and ever wont to roam—  
And favors given must be returned—or die.

So ended friendship's too rank growth with neighbors by my side;  
The lesson I will keep in memory's log:  
But one of all that family with me is still allied—  
And that's the poor old mongrel of a dog!

—Ruth Bassett in Judge.

## Dead Language.

"The next round's on me."  
"We're going for a century run next Sunday."

"She has such pretty ears."  
"I'm not old enough to play golf."  
"Woman's place is in the home."  
"Lift your skirt; this crossing is muddy."  
"Speed limit, twelve miles."  
"Having a minute or two to spare, I telephoned home."  
"Nickelodeon."  
"The Land of the Free."—Judge.



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## PERSONAL.

### Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark gave a luncheon Sunday in San Mateo, with their guests later attending the polo game. Among those at the affair were Lord and Lady Rodney, Lady Corisande Rodney, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Isabel Chase, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Admiral Alexander Halstead, U. S. N., Vice-Admiral Sir William Packenham of H. M. S. Raleigh, Captain Bromley, Lieutenant-Commander John Gates, Lieutenant-Commander Spicer, Lieutenant-Commander Curgon-Howe, Mr. Baldwin Wood, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Elmer Boseke, and Mr. Arthur Brown, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin entertained a group of the younger set at dinner Sunday evening, among those in the party having been Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Lucia Chase, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Mr. Stanley Armour, Mr. Leon Walker, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Captain Max Cunningham, Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Wendell Kuhn.

Complimenting Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Jennie Blair entertained at a cotillion last evening

at the Fairmont. Miss de Latour led the cotillion with Mr. Tallant Tubbs. Some of the guests were Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Margaret Kelly, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Frances Pringle, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Carroll Pierce, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. George Houghtelling, Mr. Richard Goldsmith, and Mr. Dudley Gunn.

General and Mrs. George Barnett were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Sunday at the Burlingame Club by Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker gave a dinner and theatre party Monday evening.

Mr. George Lent entertained members of the Harvard Club at dinner Monday evening. The affair was held at the St. Francis.

In honor of Miss Mary Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a dinner Saturday in Burlingame. Their guests included Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Vincent Dominguez, Captain Max Cunningham, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. James McIntosh, and Mr. Cyril McNear.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Taylor gave a dinner Saturday for Miss Louise Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Gunst, Mr. and Mrs. William Sesson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Esberg, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dill, Mr. and Mrs. John Rosseter, Mr. and Mrs. George Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McKee, Miss Maude Fay, and Mr. Philip Fay.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave ball at their home in Burlingame on Saturday evening, January 14th, for their granddaughter, Miss Mary Martin, and entertained about 250 of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a ball at their dinner in Burlingame on Wednesday, January 18th, their guests being General and Mrs. Wright, U. S. A., Vice-Admiral Sir William Packenham, K. C. B., H. M. N., Admiral Halstead, U. S. N., Commander Spencer-Cooper, H. M. N., Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Complimenting Miss Elizabeth Vincent, Mrs. Arthur Vincent gave a fancy dress party Friday afternoon in San Mateo. Some of the children present were Miss Isabelle McCreery, Miss Polly and Miss Evelyn Clark, Miss Virginia Allen, Miss Jane Schuyler, Miss Nan Tucker, Miss Cynthia Hill, Miss Jane Anderton, Miss Costanza Arenal, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Barbara Tobin, Miss Alice Eastland, Miss Anne Park, Miss Patricia Tobin, Miss Marianne Arenal, Master Robert Moore, Master William Allen, Master Richard Tobin, Master Richard Girvin, Jr., Master Gayle Anderton, Jr., Master Thomas Eastland, Jr., Master John Drum, Jr., Master Pierce Anderton, Master Howard Park, Jr., Master William Parrott, Jr., and Master Douglas Moody.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum gave a dinner Saturday in Burlingame. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. William Fullam, and Mr. Georges Romanowsky.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Monday evening.

Mrs. Henry Dernham was a luncheon hostess Thursday at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery entertained at dinner Friday, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. Cliff Weatherwax, and Mr. Prescott.

Complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ellis of New York, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained at a dinner in San Mateo Saturday, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery.

Major and Mrs. William Robertson gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Signund Stern entertained at a reception Thursday evening in honor of Miss Ruth St. Denis. Mrs. Walter Haas assisted in receiving.

Mrs. Warren Hunt, Jr., entertained at a bridge-tee Thursday for Miss Ruth Lent.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto gave a bridge-luncheon Friday at her home. Her guests were Mrs. James Bull, Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mrs. Murray Innes, Mrs. John Rothschild, Mrs. Isaac Upham, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, and Mrs. Helen Bassett.

Mrs. Wyatt Allen gave a luncheon Friday in honor of Mrs. Frank Fuller. The guests were Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mrs. Langley Porter, Mrs. Charles Harley, Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. Uda Waldrop, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Jr., and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Mrs. Warren Spieker entertained at a children's party Monday afternoon.

Complimenting Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Willard Brown gave a dinner Thursday evening.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday at Tai's-at-the-Beach. Her guests included Miss Alice Requa, Miss Ellita and Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Leon Walker, Mr. Orel Goldara-

cena, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Cyril McNear, and Mr. Kenneth Walsh. Mrs. James Flood was a luncheon hostess last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton were dinner hosts Monday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mrs. Willard Brown, and Mr. Frank Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., gave a dinner Saturday in San Mateo. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Miss Marjory Wright, Mr. William Kuhn, Mr. Edmunds Lyman, and Mr. George Howard.

A no-host dinner was given Saturday evening before the Associated Charities entertainment, those present having been Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery.

In honor of Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Dolly Payne gave a luncheon Saturday at the Fairmont. Among her guests were Mrs. Charles Buckingham, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Katherine Robinson, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Eleanor Welty, Miss Louise Porter, Miss Isabelle Bishop, and Miss Sue McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus gave a dinner last week for Mr. and Mrs. Warren Meyers of New York.

Mrs. Reginald Brook of London was complimented at luncheon last Tuesday by Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh gave a luncheon and bridge Thursday.

The opening of the California polo season with an invitational tournament at Del Monte, January 28th to February 5th, is coming in for much attention. A special golf match between Jim Barnes and Jock Hutchison, international open champions, against John Black and Macdonald Smith on January 22d will attract big galleries to the Pebble Beach and Del Monte courses. The next race matinee at the Del Monte track will be on February 4th. A paper chase at Pebble Beach in February and a gymkana and horse show at the polo fields during the course of the spring polo tournament will be other attractive affairs.

### Concert at the St. Francis.

Mme. Helen Stanley will appear but once in the Bay region, and this will be in the Alice Seckels Matinée Musical Series in the ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis on Monday afternoon, January 23d, at 3 o'clock.

From all indications this event will bring together for the first time in 1922 the same representative gathering that has been assembling for the other concerts in this series. The subscribers, as well as those interested in the single event, are planning parties of their friends for the concert, which is creating more than a ripple in the social and musical life of this city.

### Vachel Lindsay to Lecture in San Francisco.

Vachel Lindsay, once known as "The Vagabond Poet," author of "The Chinese Nightingale" and "General Booth Enters Heaven," will give a talk on his experiences while vagabonding in the West, with reading of his poems, Tuesday evening, January 24th, in the Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis. He will give a reading, also, in the afternoon of the same day in the Paul Elder Gallery.

At a conference in London on the problems of domestic service it was suggested that there should be a degree for domestic service, carrying the same social value as the women's degrees at Newnham and Girton, and that every schoolgirl should be required to sit for an examination in housewifery.

Nature never rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike.—Emerson.



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## THE DANTE

Under the new ownership represented by Mr. E. Trenkle of The Dante Sanatorium (formerly the Adler) there has been no change of policy or in the personal staff. Miss Minnie Fechemer is retained as general superintendent. Miss Lynch remains as head of the operating room. The nursing organization, the culinary staff, the general attendants—all are as before.

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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

General and Mrs. George Barnett and Miss Lucia Chase, who arrived last week from Washington, sailed Tuesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule and Miss Marie-Louise Baldwin have returned to San Francisco from a trip to New York.

Mrs. Horatio Livermore, who has been abroad for the past year, will return to San Francisco the 15th of February. Mr. and Mrs. William O'Connell, who have had the Livermore house on Russian hill for several months, have taken the residence of Dr. William Palmer Lucas on Broadway.

Mrs. Thomas Garrett of Virginia, mother of Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., and the latter's sister, Mrs. John Eddy of Seattle, are visiting in San Francisco. They are staying at the Fairmont.

Mr. Charlemagne Tower of Philadelphia arrived in town Tuesday to join Mrs. Tower at the Fairmont. The latter has recently returned from a visit in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower.

Brigadier-General and Mrs. Joseph Kuhn arrived the first of the week from Honolulu for a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., left last week on a trip to Washington and New York.

Mrs. Joseph Redding is spending the month of January in Algiers at the Hotel St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Coleman of Montecito have left for New Orleans en route to South America. They expect to be gone until May.

Mrs. Reginald Brook of London, who has recently been visiting Mrs. Daniel Jackling, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle have been

visiting Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poole have arrived from Warrington, Virginia, and have reopened their residence in Atherton.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns has gone from Hilo to Honolulu, where he will reside permanently.

Paymaster and Mrs. Franklin Huntington have arrived from Philadelphia for a week's sojourn. They will sail Wednesday for their station in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays Hammond have returned to Santa Barbara from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Walter Treat has returned from a two months' sojourn in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Foster have returned to Willits, after a few weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster in San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles Felton and Miss Elizabeth Raymond have returned to San Rafael, after a brief visit in San Francisco with Mrs. Smedberg.

Major and Mrs. Lawrence Redington have moved from the Marlborough in Washington to a residence. They will remain in the Eastern city until May.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Loomis have returned to Burlingame, after an absence of several months. Mr. Harris Carrigan and Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., left last Wednesday for New York. They will tour the world before returning to California and expect to be gone a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth left Saturday for New York to be away a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime have returned to Pebble Beach from a visit in Santa Barbara with Miss Laura Kaime.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Wallace have returned from Honolulu, where they have been passing a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney have purchased the Liebes residence on Broadway and Franklin. Their former house on Jackson Street has been taken by Mrs. William Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks of New York have returned from Europe and are spending a few weeks in San Francisco. They are at the Fairmont.

Major and Mrs. Clarence Mitchell are passing a few days in San Francisco before proceeding to Joplin, where the former has been ordered.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood and Miss Gloria Wood are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Hyde-Smith in Washington. They will leave next week for New York for a brief sojourn before sailing for Europe.

Mrs. Ethel Hager will leave for New York and Europe in March. She will spend the spring and early summer in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Iaccaci will arrive within a few days from New York for a visit of several weeks in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp have arrived from Wilmington, Delaware, and are visiting Mr. Horace Pillsbury. The latter will leave the first of the week for New York to join Mrs. Pillsbury and Miss Peggy Pillsbury, and the group will return in February to California.

Mrs. Felton Elkins arrived Thursday in New York from Europe and has joined Mr. Elkins and Mrs. Nielson. She has been spending the winter in the south of France with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Adler of Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Hechner have returned to New York, after a sojourn of several weeks in San Francisco and Burlingame.

Miss Jane Carrigan will leave next week for New York, where she will join Mrs. Athearn Folger. They will sail for abroad in February.

Miss Suzanne l'Enclos has arrived in New York from France, and is the guest of Mrs. William Chanlor.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford will leave for New York and Europe the latter part of the month. They will sail for Naples February 4th and will travel through Italy before going to France.

Mr. Charles Clark has returned to San Mateo from New Orleans.

Mr. Edmunds Lyman has returned to Montecito, after a brief visit in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. S. F. Priestley of Stockton are enjoying a visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. O'Day and their young son, Eddie, were at Del Monte over the week-end.

Mrs. E. H. Lestock Gregory of San Francisco was a week-end visitor at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cook of Kansas City have opened their home at Pebble Beach and intend making a long stay. Mr. and Mrs. Cook have been visiting in Southern California, having completed a tour of South America.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cravens of Pasadena are at their home in Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse are at Del Monte to make a stay of several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Herrick, Jr., of Boston have just returned from a trip to Japan and will shortly return to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter of Berkeley have been making a visit to Del Monte and have been spending much time with Mr. and Mrs. H. Spens Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris have been at Del Monte for the past fortnight.

The new home of Dr. and Mrs. Albert J. Houston of San Francisco has been completed at Pebble Beach and will shortly be occupied.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox are spending some time on the French Riviera at Monte Carlo and Cannes.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Carpenter of Medford, Oregon, who have been making Del Monte their home for the past three years, have gone to Los Angeles for a visit. Mr. Carpenter will play in the California open championship at the Wilshire Club.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., having wintered in New York, where she has figured in several drawing-room recitals of her delightfully enjoyable impersonations, will, before her return to San Francisco on January 18th, make a final appearance in a recital for a charity benefit at the residence of

Mrs. Henry Waters Taft. The patronesses of the affair include Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Mrs. F. Burall Hoffman, Mrs. John Duer, Mrs. Lytleton Fox, and Mrs. John G. Agar.

Among those recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hardy, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Marshall Neilan, Los Angeles; Mr. Gus Winter, New York; Mrs. S. F. Phelan, Reno; Captain R. E. West, U. S. N., and Mrs. West; Mr. Gardner Chamberlin, Spokane; Mr. I. H. Potter, St. Joseph, Missouri; Mr. David Gray, Santa Barbara; Mr. Jasper Siper, Oklahoma City; Mr. F. W. Roller, Mr. Arthur C. Mayer, Mr. Charles Meyer, New York; Mr. R. L. Johns, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Whitney, New York; Mr. George H. Tait, Glens, New York; Mr. H. S. Hyser, Zanesville, Ohio; Mr. Charles O. Johnstone, St. Louis; Mrs. H. Marion, Watsonville; Mr. C. W. Blake, Atlantic City; Mr. James McDonald, Portland; Mr. C. C. Hayes, New York; Mr. A. T. Whitehead, Rawlins, Wyoming.

Recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm MacRella, New South Wales; Mr. E. Jerome Dyer, London; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Riggs, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. G. H. Carr, Monterey; Mr. and Mrs. Julius Levy, Miss Guggenheim, New York; Mr. R. A. Brown, Los Angeles; Mr. Ed J. Newberger, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cook, Rio Vista; Mr. J. Harold Dollar, San Rafael; Mr. W. E. Harker, Los Angeles; Mr. Frank C. Cressey, Modesto; Mr. T. J. Field, Monterey; Mr. R. W. Moses, Australia; Mr. W. R. Bemis, St. Louis; Mr. Hollis Godfrey, Philadelphia; Mr. Adolph Elled, Dillon, Montana; Mr. Fred Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Phillips, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Bunn, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. N. S. Olson, Mr. J. N. Moore, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Minneapolis.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. Richard Lauxen, Jr., Stockton; Mr. H. A. Baker, Los Angeles; Mr. H. E. Jackson, Salinas; Mr. P. J. O'Reilly, Santa Cruz; Mr. George W. Kingsbury, Watsonville; Dr. W. C. Bailey, San Jose; Dr. S. E. Simmons, San Jose; Mr. S. M. Sperry, New York; Mr. Carl Stranli, Dr. R. R. Welluli, Mr. A. H. Buel, Switzerland; Miss Elsie Whitney, Yountville; Mr. Robert Stanley, Mrs. P. P. Yohe, Los Angeles; Mr. D. A. Turner, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Grinstead, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. George R. Healy, Los Angeles; Mr. J. J. Walsh, Washington, D. C.; Mr. F. T. Terhune, Mr. A. D. Terhune, New York; Mr. F. F. Wear, Los Angeles; Mr. A. B. Rilovitch, Watsonville; Mr. P. M. Robinson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. Harris, Toledo, Ohio.

**THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.**

The renewal of the undertaking to erect a lofty mausoleum and pharos "over the remains of Christopher Columbus in Santo Domingo" raises the much-disputed question of the actual whereabouts of those remains (says the New York Tribune). There are those who insist that they still rest in Santo Domingo, where they were laid in 1542. There are probably many more who believe them to be in the Cathedral of Seville, in Spain.

These are the known facts: In 1542 the colony of Hispaniola, now Santo Domingo and Hayti, asked for the return of Columbus' body, and Charles I accordingly had it, with that of Christopher's son, Diego, exhumed at Seville and sent thither, and they were placed in adjacent tombs beneath the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Santo Domingo. There the two bodies lay for two and a half centuries undisturbed and, indeed, neglected. In 1783 Moreau de Saint-Mery made inquiry concerning the tombs, and found that the cathedral had been so remodeled that it was difficult to tell just where they were and which was which. In 1795 the island was transferred to French sovereignty, and the Spanish governor on withdrawing got permission to remove the remains of Columbus to Havana, Cuba, and the following year he did thus remove and had interred in the Cathedral of Havana what he and all others believed to be the coffin containing the dust of the great discoverer.

No question was raised concerning this until 1887, when extensive repairs were made to the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, in the course of which there was unearthed a leaden casket bearing an inscription which, when amplified from its abbreviated form, was said to read: "Discoverer of America: First Admiral." The President of Santo Domingo, various foreign diplomats, and other dignitaries were summoned, and in their presence the casket was opened. On the inner side of the lid was found an inscription which was interpreted as reading: "Illustrious and Noble Man, Don Cristoval Colon." Thereupon and thereafter the Dominicans insisted that the dust of the discoverer was in their possession.

The Cuban authorities and the Spanish government made an elaborate investigation, and secured at least a comparable array of authorities on their side, headed by Señor Columbus of the Spanish Royal Academy of History, whose report was generally accepted as conclusive everywhere save in Santo Domingo. So at last, in 1899, Spain, on relinquishing the "Pearl of the Antilles," took back to a tomb in the Cathedral of Seville the casket which had been taken from Santo Domingo to Havana, believing that it contained the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus.

It is improbable that the uncertainty will ever be entirely dispelled. But even if it is not, and even if most people believe that the dust of the admiral rests at Seville, it will not be unfitting to erect a memorial in what was



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the first capital city of the New World which he "found for Léon and Castile," hard by the scene of his unjust imprisonment and upon the spot were for more than two and half centuries his body unquestionably reposed.

**Clemenceau's Autobiography.**

The *Echo de Paris* publishes an account by Marcel Hutin of a visit paid to M. Clemenceau on the occasion of Armistice Day in the celebrated little flat in the Rue Franklin, where the ex-premier is again living. Although, as always, refusing to give anything in the nature of an interview, M. Clemenceau nevertheless discussed many subjects freely, but on the express understanding that the conversation should be unpublished.

"Like Charles the Fifth, I've seen my own funeral," said he, with a laugh.

M. Hutin, however, says he is able to state that the aged statesman is busily engaged in an important literary work in which he will embody all the vast experience of his long life. He expects to be engaged in this undertaking for about three more years.

The work will be published only if he is able to conclude it to his own satisfaction. He has put a special clause in his will to the effect that the manuscript must be burned should he die before being able to finish it.

M. Clemenceau was emphatic in saying that the work must in no way be regarded as being anything in the way of memoirs. Never, he said, during the period in which he was in power had he kept any important documents nor even made any notes. Therefore he relies solely on his memory.

Meanwhile he has no intention of stepping forth to defend himself against the violent attacks of a section of the press and a number of politicians who blame him because France is not entirely satisfied with the results of the peace treaty, for which M. Clemenceau is held mainly responsible.

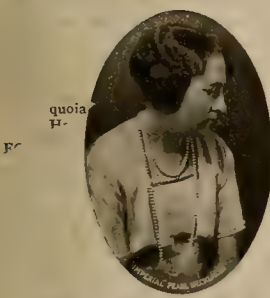
He has left public life forever, according to M. Hutin, and intends to end his days dividing his time between his Paris home and his native Vendée.

Most superstitions veil their birth in vague antiquity. Admittedly the opal is one of the most beautiful of semi-precious stones. Its variegated colors have no equal and some of the well-cut stones take high rank in fine world collections. And yet the opal is called unlucky. A lapidary who bears an excellent reputation at his craft, and who has made a study of stones and their attendant legends, lays the unlucky opal superstition at the door of the stone-cutters themselves. An opal in matrix is a difficult thing to handle. The crude stone comes imbedded in hard rock and their form is fragmentary and odd. Under old-time shop rules workmen were forced to stand a portion of the losses through breakage of materials. In this manner, as the opal presented many chances for loss, the opal made many enemies.

**THE CRUSADER.** Have you seen it this month? Containing some articles every reader of the Argonaut ought to know. On sale at local news-stands or at office, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco; 286 Twelfth Street, Oakland; also on Ferryboats. 10c a copy or \$1.00 a year.

**THE CRUSADER** represents the viewpoint of American Protestantism. Please note Mr. Harry Todd, well-known Mason, will deliver his famous lecture, entitled "Washington, The Man and the Patriot," illustrated with original pictures, at Foresters' Hall, 172 Golden Gate Ave., Tuesday, January 24th, at 8 p. m. Every one invited.

Tuesday, January 31st, Mr. Herbert Seine, well-known Mexican student and lecturer, who is now in California, will speak on the subject of Mexico and sectarian exploitation. Don't miss these lectures.—Lieut. D. J. Gordon.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Been having another mothers' club meeting here today, Mary?" "How did you guess?" "By the empty cigarette box."—*Judge*.

"How do you feel about reforming the movies?" "Most of the pictures I've seen are more to be pitied than censored."—*Judge*.

"He doesn't seem to manage his wife as well as he used to." "You see one day he happened to tell her that he was doing it."—*Judge*.

He—Great heavens, woman! Do you think I am made of money? She—I wish you were. I could get you changed then.—*Boston Transcript*.

He—Think twice before you refuse me. She—Why should I think twice? He—Because women never think twice the same.—*New York Sun*.

"What's the argument between the scientists?" "Aw, there's no meat to it." "I see. Just a bone of contention."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I say, Madge, it's bitterly cold. Hadn't you better put something on your chest?" "Don't worry, old thing. I've powdered it three times."—*London Mail*.

Professor's Wife—Why, my dear, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet. Professor—But, Henrietta, they're the only feet I've got.—*Chicago Phoenix*.

"What sort of man is Peckton?" "Put him

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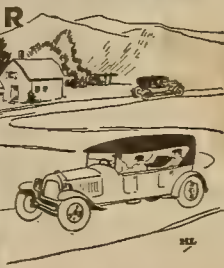
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with a crowd of men and he's as red-blooded as anybody." "I see." "But his wife selects his hats."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

One man has prepared a blue law that leaves a man free to kiss his wife on Sunday. But there is nothing left for an unmarried man to do.—*Toldeo Blade*.

"There goes a man who has never quarreled with his wife." "That so. How long have they been married?" "They're just leaving the parson's now."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"This is a fashionable grillroom." "Yes, Tessie, all the other ladies are smoking." "So I see. Do you think they will put us out for not smoking?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Queer he should have so much luck when he's so much of a wet blanket." "Luck? Why, say, if that fellow should jump from the frying-pan into the fire he'd put the fire out."—*Judge*.

Visitor—What a nice little boy your brother is! He doesn't want me to leave. Big Brother—Course he don't! Dad's promised him a licking as soon as you've gone!—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"Service at the Varsity Show is certainly slow; Tom and I waited there nearly thirty minutes today." "Well, you must remember it's no divorce court, my dear."—*Missouri Showme*.

Father—Well, son, you certainly made a fool of yourself! That girl robbed you of every cent you had. Son—Well, dad, you have to hand it to me for picking them clever.—*Yale Record*.

Teacher—What makes you so late? Boy—Please, miss, the doctor brought a new little sister this morning. Teacher (preoccupied)—Very good; but don't let it happen again, mind.—*London Opinion*.

"And am I the only girl you have ever—" "Wait a minute, Molly. Before you ask me that, do you want me to lie and flatter you, or tell you the truth and satisfy your curiosity?"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the sympathetic motorist of a man who was looking unutterable thoughts at a disabled car. "How is your vocabulary?" "I'm a minister, sir." "Drive on."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

A Kansas man is reported to be the father of thirty-two children. It is not known whether he will apply for admission to the league of nations or just let America represent him for the present.—*Chicago Record*.

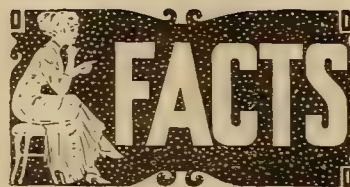
"That man they call 'doctor' is a scientific lecturer, not a medical man." "Yes," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "He's one of the kind of doctors who give you brain fog and then don't know how to prescribe for it."—*Washington Star*.

Smith—What did you name your new son? Smyth—We are going to call him Jeremiah, after his uncle. Smith—Hasn't the lad's uncle barrels of money? Smyth—You don't suppose we like the name, do you?—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.

Landlord—You didn't pay the rent for last month. Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement. Landlord—Agreement! What agreement? Tenant—Why, when I rented you said I must pay in advance or not at all.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I always like a person who enjoys the society of children, don't you?" "Not always," answered Mrs. Cayenne. "Some people enjoy the society of children because they are so easily induced to talk freely about the affairs of their parents."—*Washington Star*.

Visitor—Who are all these stiff-legged men that pass here this morning? Is there a hospital near? Subbubs—No. Those are some of our best citizens who don't want to go to



"Better to be safe than sorry" is an old expression, but a true one, and can not be better applied than by renting a Safe Deposit Box in the

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church with their wives. So they're sneaking off to the links, each with a golf club stuck down his trouser leg.—*Judge*.

"I understand Ruete Pete is drawing a thousand dollars a week from the movies," remarked Cactus Joe. "Yep," answered Three-Fingered Sam. "He aint much of a desperado at that; but I reckon he's enough of a gunman to intimidate a manager when they're signing contracts."—*Washington Star*.

"Do you think I shall live until I'm ninety, doctor?" "How old are you now?" "Forty." "Do you drink, gamble, smoke, or have you any vices of any kind?" "No. I don't drink, I never gamble, I loathe smoking; in fact, I haven't any vices." "Well, good heavens, what do you want to live another fifty years for?"—*London Mail*.

## The American Academy.

Marshal Foch, with a fame already immortal, comes doubly an "Immortal," as a member of the French Academy, to lay the cornerstone of the home of a New World Academy (says the *New York Times*). This institution has a membership of fifty, elected out of 250 representative men of letters, art, and music who constitute the National Institute of Arts and Letters—fifty less three, for there are three vacancies caused by the recent death of John Burroughs, Abbot Thayer, and Barrett Wendell. Young as it is, with a national charter from Congress that does not go back even to the beginning of the war, it has full fifty among its dead. And an illustrious list it is, with such names upon it as Howells (the first president of the academy), Saint-Gaudens, La Farge, Clemens, John Hay, Henry James, Roosevelt, Aldrich, Joseph Jefferson, Gilder, Schurz, Mahan, Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Moody, Riley, and others not less deserving of mention. It were invidious to name less than all of the living members who carry on the worthily established tradition of the academy, though with such highly individual and distinctive achievement as to defend this self-perpetuating company—recruited from the institute as death takes from the academy—from the danger which besets such bodies of "becoming the haven of correct mediocrity." Its object is very broadly stated to be the "protection and furtherance of literature and

the fine arts, but it might be more definitively expressed in the purpose of the French Academy—that of preserving standards of speech—if extended to all the arts of expression. Particularly is the existence of such a body needful in a democracy and in a land of free speech. The government maintains standards for measuring the things we eat, drink, and wear, the acres we live on and the light we burn. A false weight is an "abomination" to organized society. But there is and can be no accurate measure prescribed or enforced for giving or receiving those intangible things of the mind's exchange or the spirit's commerce. Such a body as the Academy of Arts and Letters is an agency helpful to democracy, which recognized it, in holding fast to that which is good while proving all things. The National Academy in America should be proud to be "brigaded" in such a cause with the French Academy, under the unified command of this particular Immortal.

Nothing can bring you peace  
Nothing can bring you peace but the  
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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**"Many Men—Many Minds."**

In the record of notable deaths within the week we have a striking reminder of the familiar saw that it takes many men of many minds to make a world. Of such variety are the interests of civilized humanity, so different are the needs, not alone of different peoples, but of varying moods of the individuals who make up any people, as to afford scope for varied and contrasting talents and a field wide as the realm of ideas—we almost said of imagination.

Most notable of the deaths of the week is that of the Pope (Benedict XV), the spiritual father of unnumbered millions of men and women throughout the world. The influence of the head of the Catholic Church extends to every country and every province of the globe. Not all countries, to be sure, hearken to the spiritual guidance of Rome, but there is no country in which devoted adherents of the Roman church may not be found and to which its influence does not extend in one degree or another.

Measured by the higher standards of pontifical character and of intellectual power, Benedict XV was not a great Pope. That he was a man of high individual character, of high attainments, of high aims, goes without saying—in these days elevation to the papacy of any man lacking these qualifications is not thinkable. That it was not always so, history bears witness, as the whole world knows; and the moral contrast between Popes of this age and of other ages now happily remote bears witness to the advance of the moral stand-

ards of modern social organization as compared with those of former times.

The supreme enthusiasm of Benedict XV, aside from his deeply religious character and his devotion to the organization of which he was the head, was for peace among the nations. Curiously enough, it was the fate of this modern apostle of peace to reign over the Church Universal in the period of a war of unprecedented magnitude, involving unprecedented associations of nations and marked by barbarities hardly matched within the Christian era. It was no fault of his that his efforts to alleviate the horrors of war came to naught in an immediate sense; nor in any sense is it an indictment of the man or the pontiff that the fruition of his ideas and projects must wait upon future times. Nor may it be assumed that the lessons which he sought to teach are lost to the race. The ideals that he preached, the standards that he urged, make a record not to be regarded lightly, since they are bound to stand as precedents for the instruction of those who are to come after him in the administration of the Catholic Church, and as a source of inspiration for all lovers and promoters of peace now and in times to come.

During the war Benedict XV made two notable attempts to bring the conflict to a halt, but the momentum was too great for spiritual control. Furthermore, there was on the part of the Allied nations very general feeling that the sympathies of Benedict, though not openly revealed, were with the cause of the German autocracy, and this conception, whether justified or not, was sufficient to nullify his efforts. More recently and more successfully the influence of the Vatican and of Benedict XV were exercised in the cause of peace in Ireland. Here, perhaps—unquestionably, we think—is the most imposing monument to his memory. Truly it may be said of the dead pontiff that a man of high moral enthusiasm, a personality of conspicuous worthiness, a vital spiritual force has gone out of the world. Under his hand the best traditions of the papacy were sustained. Men of all faiths unite, and worthily so, in tribute to the man, his worth, and his work.

A man of another type, a man whose talents and propensities lay in other courses, a man of high powers and of noble record in the cause of civilization, was James Bryce, dead at the age of eighty-three. Mr. Bryce—Lord Bryce in the roster of British notability—was a large figure in the limited group of what may be styled "world men." Briton he was to the core of him, but none the less a citizen of the wide world. His interests and his sympathies were universal; and they were matched by a comprehension that visualized men and things in their true proportions unbiased by any limitation of national or racial boundaries. It was given to Mr. Bryce (we say Mr. Bryce because to the end of his days he held the style of a commoner) to serve in large spheres. Among his immediate countrymen no man excelled him in knowledge of world affairs or in the clarity of judgments which were ever soundly founded and humanely inspired. He was singularly an intellectual man, but his work was by no means limited to interests merely intellectual. A man of mind, he was also a man of action. As a journalist, as a counselor of cabinets, as an administrator, as an ambassador, he wrought with industry, with judgment, with success. Withal there was in the man, in all his goings and his comings, in all his ways of life, the kind of simplicity that is a mark of loftiest character.

America had for Mr. Bryce a special affection and owed to him a large obligation. No man did more, perhaps none did so much, to press upon our own people the significance and worth of our own institutions as did Mr. Bryce. His great work, "The American Commonwealth," designed to explain America to the non-American world, became and continues to be the soundest text-book of American ideals and

American institutions. Supplemental to this noble contribution to the intelligence of the world, and especially to the intelligence of the American people concerning their own institutions, Mr. Bryce, in his service at Washington, planted seeds now bearing fruit in a more sympathetic relationship between his country and our own. It is perhaps not too much to say that that which has recently been achieved in the way of British and American coordination at the Washington Conference is in direct sequel to the work of James Bryce.

But it was not alone the English-speaking world that gained benefit from the wisdom and humane solicitude of this truly great man. Wherever Mr. Bryce went—and he went everywhere—he radiated the light of a large and beneficent mind, contributing that which in time present and times to come shall aid in the guidance of men toward better aims and achievements.

From the spheres in which Pope Benedict XV and James Bryce lived and worked it is a far cry to that which engaged the interest and the energies of John Kendrick Bangs, the widely-known journalist and humorist. To many it may appear an incongruous descent. Yet is it so in truth? What would the world be without laughter? Is not a man whose imagination, always exercised in sweet and cleanly ways, brought surcease from care and rest to weariness, entitled to be named with those who make contribution to the essential values of human life? Of such assuredly was John Kendrick Bangs. Too often the fun-maker is lost in the buffoon. Too often he descends to effects through sacrifice of dignity, far too often he is merely sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Not so with Bangs. The basis of the man was nobility of character. The play of his mind never passed the boundary that divides nonsense from sense, never got beyond the restraints of refinement, never made light of fundamental moralities. Truly a fellow of infinite jest was John Kendrick Bangs. But the most serious mind, the most delicately minded, the most morally sensitive, never found in anything that came from his pen that which might be wished to have been unsaid. Not for a moment do we classify this amiable, this brilliant, this altogether worthy inspirer of laughter with the great doers and thinkers whose thinking and doing mold the broader lines of human life. But surely neither the Pope on his throne nor Mr. Bryce in his study would have been the less worthy for association with John Kendrick Bangs.

**Why the Conference Waits.**

From the great calm that appears to have settled down upon the Conference at Washington there emerges suggestions explanatory of that which at long range has looked like unreasonable delay in the matter of adjournment. Having gone through with the business more particularly related to Europe, the delegates representing European countries are anxious to go home. Likewise, the Japanese delegates would like to quit. But Messrs. Hughes, Root, Lodge, and Underwood, representing the United States, are determined that adjournment will not come until definite adjustment has been reached with respect to the relations of China and Japan. They insist that there shall be no ambiguities in the commitments relative to China and Japan and they are forcing the issue by the method of sitting and waiting for Japan to come to terms. Herein they count upon pressure upon Japan from European delegates whose interest now is the double one of confirming what has been achieved in their own interest and of getting home.

Removal of the European questions from the Conference left the air clear for adjustment of the issues related to the Pacific world. It was at this point that the Japanese made an effort to stampede the Conference into early adjournment, leaving such matters



Shantung, the Twenty-One Demands, "spheres of influence," and Siberia undetermined. The proposal in effect was that kind words should be uttered on these subjects, but that no affirmative action should be taken. It would be assuming a good deal to say that the American delegation put impediments in the way of finally closing up the subjects upon which substantial agreements had been made. However this may be, impediments appeared. Then came announcement that none of the treaties or agreements would be sent to the United States Senate until all went. In other words, nothing should be regarded as completed until all was completed. The American delegates did not plead exigencies of domestic political conditions as previously did M. Briand and others. In fact, they made no plea at all. No plea was necessary with Senator Borah emitting shrieks of horror and amazement at the Four-Power treaty and with Senator Johnson announcing that California and the Pacific Coast regarded the treaty with suspicion. The visiting delegates put two and two together, with the result that there came to them realization that they will get nothing out of this Conference until the Senate shall give its approval.

Patiently and philosophically the American delegation has sat quietly permitting the visitors to come to understanding that the Conference can not get away from Washington until it has done something substantial in the matter of Pacific adjustments—something more than emission of soothing phrases as related to Far East problems. They are giving to the Conference, more particularly to the Oriental delegates, some new points in the art of patience as applied to diplomacy. It is not to be expected that all questions are to be adjusted. It is insisted, however, that an honest effort shall be made for definite settlements and that such settlements must go as far as conditions in China and Siberia will permit.

#### A Coming Event.

It will help to appreciation of the significance of the coming convention of Shriners in this city in June to know something of the history and character of this famous order. The Shrine is not so much a Masonic institution as an association of Masons representative of the highest degrees of that order. In a sense the Shrine is the aristocratic element of Masonry. The circumstances of its organization are interesting. Something more than fifty years ago Mr. W. J. Florence, a famous actor, whose name will recall pleasant memories to elders of this generation, made an extended journey in the Orient. Witnessing in various countries the elaboration of Oriental life in its holiday-making, and being himself a Mason of high degree, he conceived the idea of an order allied with Masonry that would illustrate its lighter spirit. Upon this conception, and under the personal inspiration of Mr. Florence, the "Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine" was organized fifty years ago. The coming event is to be the semi-centennial of that organization.

After a few years of rather purposeless playing about there came to the leaders of the movement the idea of employing the order upon charitable account. Further consideration has led recently to employment of the energies—and funds—of the order to the care of crippled children. Not only the children of Masons, but children of all races, conditions, and kinds are to have the benefit of the solicitude and help of the order. Those whose parents are able to pay are required to make contribution to the fund, but none are excluded because of poverty. In truth, the especial solicitude of the order is for those who are not able to pay. Under this policy institutions for the care of crippled children have been established in various cities of the country, San Francisco being on the list. A site in the Sunset District has been secured and plans are now under way for erection of a hospital to be devoted especially to crippled children. It is hoped that the hospital may be ready for acceptance and occupancy at the date of the meeting here—this coming June. The support of this institution and others similarly founded is to be at the hands of the order, the funds being supplied by a special annual assessment of the members, now upwards of half a million in number.

It is estimated by those who have taken upon themselves the local arrangements that not less than 250,000 visitors will come to San Francisco for this event. Already three large steamers have been booked to bring the Atlantic contingent by way of the Canal to San

Francisco. Arrangements have been made for special rates with accommodations for many thousands. Several caravans of motor parties are booked for the transcontinental journey. The Coast, naturally, will be represented by many thousand members of the order and their families. Probably not in her whole history will San Francisco have seen such an assemblage as we shall have here in June. Once before—twenty years ago—a convention of the Shrine was held in San Francisco, and all whose memory goes back to that event will recall its popularity and its many distinctions.

Local arrangements are being made upon an elaborate scale. The Auditorium has been secured for the sessions of the order, which are expected to continue through the better part of the week. Among the arrangements is a plan for three parades which can not fail of extraordinary brilliancy, due to the brilliant costuming incidental to such events and to the presence of a hundred or more "patrols" and bands of music to be brought by the visitors. Arrangements for entertainment are on the most elaborate scale. The programme includes events illustrating, not only the present life of California, but its traditional and historic interests, represented by rodeos, '49 camps, barbecues, etc.

It is expected that many of the visitors will wish to visit points of interest in the state, and to this end arrangements have been made for excursions, including Yosemite, Big Trees, Lake Tahoe, and the southern counties. An especially attractive excursion open to visitors will be a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, for which six steamers have already been engaged, others to be added to the fleet if opportunities for chartering shall be available.

As the magnitude of the coming event has become manifest it has become necessary to make it a civic movement. To this end, under the auspices of the city government, the Chamber of Commerce, and other civic bodies, there has been formed a citizens' committee of one hundred and fifty members, representative of all elements of the community. This committee is now at work, and no detail that may tend to the distinction of the occasion or of the welfare of visitors will be lacking. It is appreciated that the coming of so many visitors, all of them persons of representative character, can not fail of advantage to San Francisco and to California. One assurance, already certified by the committee of management, is that San Francisco will provide comfortable housing for all who may come. A further assurance is that hotel rates and other charges will be maintained at normal basis.

#### The Bonus.

It is gravely urged that the government can pay out anywhere from three to five billion dollars in bonuses without it costing anybody anything. The basis of this argument bears close relationship to the idea that a man may lift himself by his boot-straps. If the bounty shall be paid—and this now seems an assurance in respect to the coming congressional election—it will increase the bill of every man who pays taxes by at least 10 per cent. Indirectly it will add to the cost of living and thus finger the pockets of those who fondly imagine that they pay no taxes. There is no way by which a great sum of money can be paid out unless somebody pays it in. The bonus project is purely one of politics; in a sense it is a two-edged sword. If the "veterans" are not given their petty little bribe they are likely so their leaders tell us—to vote for the opposition ticket. But how about the taxpayers? Is there not likely to be a revolt on the part of those who have to provide the money for this politically-inspired, unnecessary, mischievous, vicious proposal?

#### Editorial Notes.

Somebody has said of the work of the Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco that it is "intensively practical and tremendously worth while." It is not a charity in the sense that that term is applied to the salvage of human wreckage. Nor is it a charity in the sense that its methods are comparable with those of ordinary charitable organizations. Its special merit lies in what we may term constructive humanitarianism. It deals with life in its hopeful aspects. It helps young women to help themselves. Seven centres are maintained by the association in this city. It exercises a moral oversight over many outside rooms where girls can maintain themselves in homelike atmospheres. It sustains a woman's hotel

which during the past year entertained 1895 guests. It provided last year in its Sutter Street cafeteria 203,127 meals. In its Post Street cafeteria it served 191,320 lunches at practical cost. At its box luncheon centre there were 37,390 services of soup or chocolate at a nominal cost of 5 cents each. It has within the year entertained 576 girls at its Mill Valley camp at a cost of 20 cents each per night. At its Mission centre alone more than 7000 girls enjoyed its privileges last year, and at the several other centres many thousand each. At the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium at 620 Sutter Street athletic classes of various kinds are maintained at nominal cost. Gymnasium work is based upon physical and mental examination, which is in itself a boon to many a young woman, giving them aid and counsel of the highest value and which otherwise they might not enjoy. The salt water swimming pool at the gymnasium is available to girls at merely nominal rates.

This fine institution is in large part maintained by fees, partly by donations. It is estimated that for the coming year it will disburse \$328,324; the year's receipts are estimated at \$252,324. The association now has in its various funds \$34,666. The deficit in prospect, including an estimate of \$4000 for campaign expenses, will approximately be \$80,000. The association asks the people of San Francisco to provide this sum by direct donation. Compared with the magnitude of the work and as related to its beneficent purpose, the amount required is trivial. Does anybody know of any better way to use money than to aid self-respecting young women to help themselves? It is not invidious to characterize this work as the most constructive of any in the local field of humanitarian enterprise. It should appeal to every generous-minded person. Especially it should appeal to fathers and mothers, even though it should take a little from the luxury of their own homes. It is worth while to give where the moral yield is so important and so assured.

Rudolph Taussig was a man of highly moral type. A practical man of business, in which he was notably successful, the inspiring motive of his life was that of humanitarian sentiment. Whatever in the way of social or political purposes seemed to him good, commanded his devoted support. And with Rudolph Taussig, support meant more than words. He was a worker; what is more, he wrought as diligently in matters relating to public welfare as in matters calculated to yield individual profit. In brief, Rudolph Taussig was a fine man and a truly worthy citizen.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Other Times, Other Manners!

ROCKLIN, CAL., January 18, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sir: Ray Stannard Baker, who is the author of Woodrow Wilson's *apologia pro vita sua* at Paris, states in his introduction that in December, 1920, the then President wrote to him:

"It is clear to me that it will not be possible for me to write anything such as you suggest, but I believe that you could do it admirably. \* \* \* I have a trunk full of papers, and the next time you are down here I would like to have you go through them and see what they are and what the best use is that can be made of them. I plunked them into the trunk in Paris and have not had the time or physical energy even to sort or arrange them. I am looking forward with great satisfaction to the work you are proposing to do."

These papers, Mr. Baker explains, were accumulated as follows:

"President Wilson kept on his desk at Paris, during the Peace Conference, a large steel document box, with a spring lock. I have seen him at the close of the day, after the session of the Council of Four, 'methodically put into this box all the papers and memoranda which had come to him in the course of the day's proceedings. From time to time, as the box filled up, and the documents were no longer required, they were removed to larger boxes and trunks, one of them beautifully made by the ship's carpenter of the *George Washington*. All of these were brought home with him to the White House."

Mr. Baker then details the contents of the various trunks and boxes, which according to his testimony consisted in part—in large part—of original documents accumulated by Mr. Wilson as the official head of the commission representing the United States at the Paris Peace Conference.

Mr. Wilson himself defined his position at Paris in signing the treaty at Versailles as "the President of the United States by the Honourable Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, acting in his own name and by his own proper authority."

From the character of these papers and the manner and method by which they are being made public a double-barreled question seems to arise.

First—Today to whom do such of these papers as are both original and official belong, for today Mr. Wilson is no longer official.

The second part of the question involves both the ethics and the right to put them to use in partisan explanation and defense of what was an official act, if access to them is to be confined to their possessor.

The answer to this part of the question can be found both



in historical analogy and in precedent—that became presidential precedent.

The understood reason for Mr. Baker's contribution is the claim that Mr. Wilson has been unfairly treated and his aims and accomplishments at Paris misunderstood and misrepresented.

The cabals and constant distortion and misrepresentation that accompanied his every act were not the least of Washington's revolutionary troubles. John Jay, the first Chief Justice, told his son that in the Continental Congress "from first to last there was a most bitter party against him" (Washington).

In spite of this, however, Washington Irving states that after the peace "applications began to be made to him by persons desirous of writing the history of the revolution for access to the public papers in his possession. He excused himself from submitting to their inspection those relative to the occurrences and transaction of his late command until Congress should see fit to open their archives to the historian."

"Other times, other manners."

JAMES G. BLAINE.

#### From a Peeved—and Obviously Very Young—"Veteran."

MANKATO, MINNESOTA, January 18, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Once before I wrote you a very sincere expression of what I believed was the average ex-soldier's opinion as regards the Adjusted Compensation bill, the passage of which you seem to so thoroughly lament. Either everything is going all wrong at Washington or else you are all wrong.

In two instances now you have aligned yourself against a nation-wide movement and lost out. I refer to the Maternity bill and the Adjusted Compensation bill. The one has already become the law of the land and the other is about to be.

Now to return to the Adjusted Compensation bill, you certainly place yourself in a very bad way. If the returned soldier is to be helped, help him now when he needs it and the chances are he will not need any pension aid in his old age. Deny him the help now and what per cent. will there be living to receive pension aid? You actually get downright insulting in your editorial of January 14th, when you openly charge every ex-soldier with receiving graft money if he accepts adjusted compensation. An Athenian once said, "If I am dishonest I am not worth a bribe, if honest you surely must know I will not take one." Can a man receive a bribe from himself? The American Legion is directly responsible for securing to the ex-soldier the passage of the Adjusted Compensation bill. They have had to fight tooth and nail for its passage; resurrecting it out of pigeon-holes and nursing it after receiving a misguided slap in the face by our own dear President. The whole outfit at Washington has had to be shamed into supporting the Adjusted Compensation bill, and now you have the ill manners to say that they are buying votes for next summer's election. Can you bribe a man by offering him his own wealth, something he has worked for himself to possess, and does possess?

The Soldiers' Adjusted Compensation bill is not near the iniquitous thing that you make it out to be. It does not put a monetary value on patriotic service. It is not a bonus; it is adjusted compensation.

I wish I could say something that would put this thing over to convince you that you are wrong. It is the most remarkable case of misplaced judgment that has ever come to my attention. Think of saying that it was a burden to buy Liberty Bonds, or to buy things at war prices. Were you not also receiving war wages? Every one at home was enjoying prosperity undreamed of before. The real burden came after the war to take up the problem of reconstruction, and who will deny me when I say that the ex-soldier has had to accept the big end of the stick, and it is for this that he asks adjusted compensation. Had those back home saved for the fellow who went into the service the job that they promised him when he went away the chances are that you would never have heard anything about the Adjusted Compensation bill. But they thought that they were safe in promising anything, that the chances were slim that he who went away would ever return again. And then to crown it all the *Argonaut* would belittle every man that went across that did not get shot and stay there.

Readers of the *Argonaut*, do you not think the motion is in order to demand an apology for so great a slander, so great an injustice to the fellow who gave his all? I for one shall expect it.

I thank you one and all. I hope I may be with you in the future, as I have always enjoyed the *Argonaut*.

Very truly,  
GEORGE SWANSON,  
Member Lorentz Post No. 11.

#### Light on the Newberry Case.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 24, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your recent editorial relative to the Newberry case I think you overlooked mentioning one or two things that should be taken into consideration in connection with the expenditures made by Senator Newberry's friends. If I am not mistaken, Henry Ford said he was asked by Woodrow Wilson to become a candidate for United States senator and was promised the support of the administration to secure his election. Mr. Wilson kept his promise to Ford by sending into Michigan a large number of Democratic politicians and office-holders to campaign for Ford.

Several members of the Cabinet made speeches in Michigan in Henry Ford's behalf. Woodrow Wilson left no stone unturned and made the utmost efforts to have Ford elected by sending Federal office-holders drawing their salary and expenses from the government, and thus were being paid by the Federal government to campaign for Henry Ford. These friends of Newberry realized that this tremendous influence exerted, with these great political advantages, would seriously handicap Senator Newberry in his campaign unless his friends met the issue with equal expenditures.

Not having a President of the United States and United States officials drawing their salary from the United States government to campaign in Newberry's behalf, the only way they could get equal publicity was to advertise very extensively with the campaign funds provided by Senator Newberry's friends. If it was a crime for Senator Newberry's friends to meet the issue in this way, was it not an equal crime for the President of the United States to send his Cabinet and appointees at the expense of the government.

As to the reasons Mr. Wilson chose Henry Ford out of all the Michigan citizens as the most fit candidate to represent Michigan in the United States Senate, it certainly was not on account of Ford's wisdom or learning. Henry Ford only had one qualification as to being the "most available" and fit candidate, and that was his immense fortune. Mr. Wilson knew that Henry Ford was a large contributor to the campaign fund of the Democratic party, and thus while Ford could say he himself did not spend any money on his own candidacy, the Democratic party, to which he contributed, did, and Mr. Wilson also saw that his appointees and office-holders likewise worked in Ford's behalf while being paid with government funds.

Henry Ford has declared that he had no learning, that all "history is bunk," and in his libel suit admitted his monumental ignorance. Why was it that Mr. Wilson chose Henry Ford as the most "available candidate" to represent Michigan

in the United States Senate. It is apparent even to a blind man.

Moreover, it should not be forgotten that in order to curry favor with Henry Ford Mr. Wilson personally exempted his son, Edsel Ford, from the draft. Was there any more reason why he should be exempted than any other man except that it was the immense influence of his father's fortune?

These things should not be forgotten or overlooked in considering the Newberry case. They all had an important and tremendous bearing, and Senator Newberry's friends realized what they had to contend with—the influence of a President and his entire official staff and appointees.

There has been no charge made of bribery or the improper expenditure of money—the charge was that of the excessive use of money for publicity and advertising. I think I have stated the facts fairly and which should be given due consideration before passing judgment.

S. M. THOMAS.

#### THE PENDULUM OF PROGRESS.

The election of a Pope has all the uncertainty of a presidential election, and all the ceremony of a coronation, which helps explain the world-wide interest Catholics and Protestants alike are showing in the choice of Benedict XV's successor. The selection has importance also with respect to the era of reconstruction on which the nations have entered, and much will depend on the character of the man chosen to direct the policy of the church through this period of general adjustment. But there is another reason, I think, for the particular notice the new papal election is receiving. It is the fact that the Pope is the only ruler who has emerged undiminished from the world war. The catastrophe that overturned so many thrones, and made a welter of so many faiths, has left the pontifical prestige, not only undimmed, but brighter than ever. Emperors in the past, laughing at papal remonstrances, have shorn and divided the temporal empire of the papacy till hardly a trace of it remains. The laugh is now on the emperors. One by one, the prisoner of the Vatican has watched their thrones totter and their power dwindle, and has seen the proudest of them driven to the indignity of reducing their household expenses in order to persuade their subjects that a king is "worth his keep." Compare the attenuated retinue of King George of England with that of the papal monarch, the full tale of whose household is an heraldic volume in itself. It must indeed be a considerable intellectual task to remember all these officials in the order of their precedence, from the Palatine Cardinal to the Assistant Regent of the Apostolic Hot Houses, and the Police Delegate. The vast list of employees includes four military corps. Among these is the Swiss Guard, which has a quaint custom of packing up and pretending to go home, on the death of one sovereign pontiff, until it is assured of pay under his successor. But there is no question here as to the feasibility of retaining these or any other members of the monarchical suite. The exiled emperors must be contemplating with mixed emotions the security of this ruler, whose absolute monarchy is the only surviving system of that kind in the Western world. Undoubtedly he owes his security in a large degree to the loss of his temporal empire, and to his liberation from the disputes that accompanied it. It is a curious commentary on the doctrine of force.

Those who are not familiar with the method of the Pope's election may find these facts of interest. The electoral college of Cardinals includes all the Cardinals present in Rome on the day when the conclave begins. The Cardinals are appointed by the Pope, and are chosen among all nations. France and Spain usually have six, and other countries more or less according to circumstances and their Catholic population. Just prior to Benedict XV's election thirty-four of the Cardinals were Italian and thirty foreign.

The Pope elected need not be a Cardinal, nor an Italian, though he is usually both. Five men beneath the Cardinal rank have held the papal office. Five Popes have been Frenchmen, one an Englishman, two have been Germans, and one Portuguese. But all this was before the fifteenth century.

The Rt. Rev. Edmond Canon Hugues de Pagnan gives this explanation of the various processes of election:

The election is effected either by *inspiration*, when, upon the nomination of a candidate, all the electors accept him by acclamation, or by *compromise*, when the conclave unanimously entrusts to a committee composed of an uneven number of members the duty of nominating the Pope by a majority of votes, or by *ballots*, which is the usual method. In this case the conclave votes twice each day by secret ballot until one candidate has obtained two-thirds of the entire number of votes. As soon as the Pope-elect has recognized his election he becomes the Sovereign Pontiff. He receives the pallium and crown and takes solemn possession of the Lateran Church.

The French have a proverb: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," meaning that the more things change the more they don't. This seems particularly true at present, when so many historical tendencies are coming full circle. The warrior of today is returning with new weapons to primitive methods of warfare. Women seem to be reviving the antique sorceries, and an ancient kind of despotism. Old creeds reappear on the threshold of the mind, like cats long since drowned and forgotten, and the ends of progress and revolution appear to represent a mere return to the point we started from.

We may not see, yet a while, the fulfillment of Anatole France's fable of the Tower, which fifteen simple men started to build, and which rose tier on tier through successive generations, each story more complex than its predecessor, till in one of the crowded upper compartments some one discovered an explosive that could destroy the thing at one stroke, and did. But we need not be calamists to admit the possibility of such an event. It is a mark of how little the race in general cares about the social structure it has created that our strongest deterrent from anarchy is the fear of famine. A good many highly civilized Americans have been watching the Russian experiment in anarchy with a lively and hopeful interest, and are now regretting that hunger has prevented some of the principles from being carried to an illuminating conclusion. The developments thus far would justify almost any deduction, but perhaps the most obvious one is that the path of progress is a pendulum.

If the Harold Bell Wright of Russia (whoever he is) has not by this time been massacred by the Soviet, he is undoubtedly writing novels on the deplorable prevalence of marriage in that land of topsy turvy.

The peculiar facts are these. It costs 20 cents to get married in Russia, and 15 cents to be divorced. Both processes are as simple as signing a railway ticket, though the difference of 5 cents in the cost of the marriage certificate is a serious consideration under present financial conditions. On the other hand, in getting married one is presented by the state with free furniture and a trousseau. Since this gift is worth at least 40 cents, the nuptial bond is robbed of all pecuniary risk. After an interval short or long, as the contracting parties prefer, it can be dissolved again, without difficulty, and even with a respectable margin of profit.

A number of astute young Russians, who have not yet forgotten the sinful art of arithmetic as taught them in the old imperial school, have been quick to see the commercial possibilities in this margin. Why not, for example, get married, sell the furniture and trousseau, buy a divorce with the proceeds, start a business with the remaining 5 cents, remarry, acquire more furniture and so *ad infinitum*, or at least as long as one is capable of fulfilling the purpose envisaged by the state.

The unmarried mothers of Russia gaze on this sordid spectacle with a sense of outraged decency. They are thinking, no doubt, of the effect of all this on the children, and pitying the young innocents who will have to carry through life the stigma of lawful wedlock. What is the country coming to, and where will it all end, they wonder.

The only check on the matrimonial orgy is that the unmarried mothers are more generously provided for by the state than the married. While this safeguard continues, the integrity of home life is assured. But the menace, they say, will not be averted till the more sober elements in society take a firm stand against the marriage evil, and insist that the sanctity of unlegalized union be no longer travestied in this soulless fashion.

Consider now a French pendulum. The town of Tulle, France, having been visited by a flood of poison letters from an unknown hand, the examining magistrate has called in a Parisian clairvoyant and mesmerist to trace them to their source. Should he fail to locate the criminal by this necromantic means, the judge may resort to a magic pendulum, which when suspended above the head of a suspect or witness will indicate by a luminous spot in his temple whether or not he is a liar.

In years past, people who entertained such notions were burned as witches. The punishment was severe, but not unreasonable. To adduce supernatural, or at least super-rational evidence against a human being suspected of an offense that involves his life or liberty hits at the foundations of civilized government. It is contrary to the most rudimentary principles of justice that any man should be judged on grounds that can not be proved to exist. Rather than admit so much as a trace of this suggestion into the processes of law, it would be better to exclude people with occult tendencies from all share in the judicial functions of the state, whether as judges, jurymen, or witnesses. It is a strange thought that France, which was the first country to exalt reason as the supreme head of government, should tolerate such a reversion to mediæval injustice.

But France is not alone in this. Our own examination of prisoners with "truth" machines, and other such fantasies of the psychologists, is a germ of the same culture. Like the species of mental torture involved in the third degree, it can not logically be differentiated from the "extraordinary questions" of the dark ages. Of these so-called psychological instruments for the testing of crime it need only be said that psychology itself is not conceded by investigators in the material provinces of knowledge to be a science, for the plain reason that its postulates and conclusions are incapable of proof. Grant the expert investigator in this field any degree of control over the administration of justice, and we return in that degree to the principles of the Inquisition. The authority they claim is the authority of dogma, and derives whatever sanction it possesses from the inability of the common man either to understand or refute it.

We lull ourselves in a republican Utopia if we conceive that the "ex-emperors" regard themselves as



"ex." From among the grape vines of Madeira the exiled Charles sends a gracious address to his subjects, assuring them that after mature thought he has decided to retain the throne of only one of the nations in the dual monarchy.

Writes "Kaiser Wilhelm II" from his palatial woodshed in Holland to the Junkers of Germany, "One must aim at the fathers of households in order to make of them household priests, who can lead on and instruct the people." The probable sentiment of the present fathers of households in Germany is that they have been quite sufficiently aimed at, for the time being. As to being led on, they have already been conducted to every conceivable form of ruin. And the phrase "household priests" opens up bewildering vistas of surmise. There would appear to be profounder strains of atavism in William than we had imagined. Wood-chopping seems to have made him a Druid. Perhaps he dreams of a sacrificial stone on which he could give Foch, Clemenceau, and Wilson "a place in the sun." Or, having failed in his temporal plan of world empire, does he think of reviving his right, as inheritor of the remains of the Holy Roman Empire, to build up a spiritual see? Wilhelm as an anti-Pope is a startling idea, but, after all, why not? It is the only pretension he could now advance without an anti-climax of absurdity, and the danger of a falling off in this respect seems to have been the nightmare of his career. But the letter can be interpreted quite as plausibly as the same old code stuff, the priests representing sergeants, captains, colonels, and so on, in a cipher universally clear to the German people, who have long since been taught to regard their armies as the battalions of God. As the German daily papers give evidence from time to time, a highly subsidized propaganda is once more throwing its fog into the wits of the German people. We have not yet heard the end of Wilhelm or his consecrated invisible army.

The production in London of August Strindberg's symbolical play, "Advent," is the occasion of the first appearance of Christ on the English stage. Hitherto the stage censor has prohibited such representations, with results that are instructive regarding the effects of censorship in general.

The chief effect of this prohibition has been to stimulate a number of playwrights to win a temporary applause by their ingenuity in evading the censor's ban. Some of them chose the resource of exhibiting Christ on the stage without naming Him, as, for instance, Jerome in the "Passing of the Third Floor Back." Others symbolized Him less directly. The Henry Arthur Jones school of playwrights in particular showed a puerile and profane but remarkable industry in the devices, mostly mechanical, with which they introduced the religious allusion. Instance their frequent use of the Cross, represented in shadows or accidental lights at moral crises in a play. To Americans "The Miracle" and "The Devil" afford familiar illustrations of a very similar thing. It is questionable whether these symbols would ever have been popular save for the narrow margin by which they escaped censorship. The temptation to defy a restriction of the same kind betrayed Pinero into a vulgarity that spoiled a good play, when he caused one of his heroines to throw a Bible into the fire. This gave his London audiences a sacred thrill of consternation very profitable to the author, but it is to be hoped that his artistic conscience suffered in proportion to the box-office receipts.

When one compares all this liturgical flam with the simple piety and understanding of the nobilities of art with which the Oberammergau peasants, witless of censorship, are preparing for the Passion Play this spring, the essential futility of a censor becomes apparent. Prohibitionists and censors of all kinds would do well to consider how innocently these people go about their unprohibited ways, and that with them even the execrated Rabelais had more in common than has any modern reformer. Were the censors to devote the time they now employ in perverting the artist, toward attempting to produce a work of art, they would be much better occupied, though the result, of course, would be a death blow to their pretensions.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25, 1922.

The project, which was widely discussed before the war, of cutting a canal across Scotland from the Clyde to the Forth, is again under discussion. The existing small canal will probably be utilized by widening it to take ocean-going craft. The projected canal would cut eighteen hours off the journey by sea from London to Glasgow, and it would put Liverpool, Belfast, and Glasgow in direct touch with Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia. The canal would be seven years in construction and would cost approximately \$150,000,000.

The name Paris as applied to the town first occurred in a synodal letter convening a council there in A. D. 360. The city is first mentioned in history under the name of Lutetia by Julius Caesar in 53 B. C., when he appointed it as the meeting place of deputies from conquered Gaul. It was then the fortified capital of the Parisii, an insignificant Gallic tribe.

Reflect that the chief source of all evils to man, and of baseness and cowardice, is not death, but the fear of death.—*Epictetus*.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lois Weber is called America's most successful woman director and producer of photo plays. Her work is recognized by her profession generally.

Lady Cooper is England's newest candidate for Parliament. She stands for election on the Unionist ticket in succession to her husband, Sir Richard Cooper, M. P. for Walsall since 1910, who will not seek reelection.

The chief of this year's Mount Everest expedition is to be Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles Bruce, according to an announcement by the president of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Francis Younghusband. General Bruce is secretary to the Glamorgan Territorial Association. He served with distinction at Burma, 1888; Hazura, 1891; Miranzai, 1891; Waziristan, 1894-95, and Tirah, 1897-98, when he was made a brevet major. He served throughout the European war as a brevet colonel, fought in the Afghan war in 1919, and retired in 1920. He is the author of "Twenty Years in the Himalayas" and "Kulu and Lahoul."

The Perkin Medal, awarded by the Society of Industrial Chemistry of Great Britain for the greatest contribution to the industry for the year, has been bestowed upon Dr. William M. Burton of Whiting, Indiana, inventor of the cracking process which has doubled the yield of gasoline from crude petroleum. In accepting the medal, presented at a meeting of the Chemists' Club of New York, Dr. Burton, who is connected with the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, declared that now about 2,000,000 gallons of cracked gasoline were being produced daily—about one-sixth of the country's total. Dr. Burton said that practical men at first had declined to help operate a still of 6000 gallons of oil under pressure, flaming all over the surface, because the cracking process required a temperature of 370 to 400 degrees centigrade, and the steel walls of the still would melt at 450.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the leader of the Norwegian polar expedition which reached the South Pole, is starting on a five-year route from Alaska to Norway. He is looking forward to his present exploration as the crowning achievement of his thirty years as an explorer—not excepting the discovery of the South Pole. Amundsen hopes to establish important data for weather forecasting on his new arctic sojourn. Roald Amundsen was born at Borge, Smaalene, fifty years ago, the son of a Norwegian shipowner. He studied medicine as a young man, but later went to sea. He was mate with the *Belgica* in 1897-99. In 1901 he was in the north on a tour of inspection of ice navigation. His first voyage with the *Gjoa*, hunting and making deep-water observations, took him to Greenland. The second *Gjoa* expedition was to the North Magnetic Pole and the Northwest Passage, 1903-1906. The Norwegian Antarctic expedition with the *Fram* was in 1910-12. Amundsen is the author of the "Northwest Passage" and "The South Pole."

Secretary of the Navy Denby, who has recently put forth a plea that our navy be kept equal to any, has had a rather eventful life. Born at Evansville, Indiana, in 1870, he went to China at the age of fifteen with his father, who was then United States Minister to China. Young Denby entered the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Service when he was seventeen and remained in it for ten years. However, he returned to America in 1894, took the degree of LL. B. from the University of Michigan in 1896, when he was admitted to the bar. During the Spanish-American war he was gunner's mate on the U. S. S. *Yosemite*. He married in 1911 Miss Thurber of Detroit, a city in which he practices law when not more actively employed. In 1917 he served as a sergeant in the United States Marine Corps and was put on reserve as major in 1919. In 1902-03 he was a member of the Michigan House of Representatives and from 1905 to 1911 was a member of the Fifty-Ninth to Sixty-First Congresses, First Michigan District. All the world knows his later history.

Count Plunkett, the veteran Irish leader who has been so largely photographed in his attendance at Dail sessions, has recently passed his seventieth year. He has spent his long life in the service of Irish progress. The director of the National Museum of Science and Art at Dublin, he has helped to found many societies for the promotion of education and the special study of art, literature, and science. He is by profession a lawyer, but a list of his pursuits is rather that of a professor of archaeology. He is president of the Society for Preservation of the Irish Language; was president of the Museum Association, 1911-12; is vice-president of the National Literary Society, of the Classical Association of Ireland, of the Celtic Congress, of the Arts and Crafts Society of Ireland, and of the International Art Congress. He is governor of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, a member of the Kildare Archaeological Society, of the American-Irish Historical Society, of the Association of Irish Artists, of the Society of Painters in Tempera, of the Société de l'Histoire de l'Art Français, of the Society of Authors, and of a half-dozen others. It is a marvel how even his long life could have encompassed so many studies. He has frequently given courses of lectures on the history of art, Irish painters, sculptors, writers, etc. He is the author of a number of historical and archæo-

logical studies, as well as of many contributions to Irish journals and magazines. He was at one time editor of *Hibernia*, a Dublin review.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### That Heathen Chinese.

Which I wish to remark—  
And my language is plain—  
That for ways which are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
And I shall not deny  
In regard to the same  
What that name might imply,  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;  
And quite soft was the skies;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand:  
It was euchre. The same  
He did not understand;  
But he smiled as he sat by the table;  
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve;  
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinese,  
And the points that he made  
Were quite frightful to see—  
Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me;  
And he rose with a sigh  
And said, "Can this be?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour"—  
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four jacks—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.  
—Bret Harte.

### The Painter Who Pleased Nobody and Everybody.

So very like a painter drew,  
That every eye the picture knew.  
He hit complexion, feature, air,  
So just, the life itself was there.  
No flattery with his colors laid  
To bloom restored the faded maid;  
He gave each muscle all its strength—  
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;  
His honest pencil touched with truth,  
And marked the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends; his practice failed;  
Truth should not always be revealed.  
In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
For no one sent the second pay.  
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,  
A Venus' and Apollo's face,  
He placed in view; resolved to please,  
Whoever sat he drew from these,  
From these corrected every feature,  
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set, the hour was come,  
His palette ready o'er his thumb.  
My lord appeared, and, seated right,  
In proper attitude and light,  
The painter looked, he sketched the piece,  
Then dipped his pencil,—talked of Greece,  
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air.  
"Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there  
Might well a Raphael's hand require,  
To give them all the native fire;  
The features, fraught with sense and wit,  
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;  
But yet with patience you shall view  
As much as paint and art can do."  
Observe the work. My lord replied,  
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;  
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;  
Dear sir, for me 'tis far too young."  
"Oh, pardon me," the artist cried;  
"In this we painters must decide.  
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,—  
I warrant it extremely like."

My lord examined it anew;  
No looking-glass seemed half so true.  
A lady came; with borrowed grace,  
He from his Venus formed her face.  
Her lover praised the painter's art;  
So like the picture in his heart!  
To every age some charm he lent;  
Ev'n beauties were almost content.  
Through all the town his art they praised;  
His custom grew, his price was raised.  
Had he the real likeness shown,  
Would any man the picture own?  
But, when thus happily he wrought,  
Each found the likeness in his thought.

—John Gay.



## A CULTIVATED PICARO.

J. B. Trend Tells of His Excursions in Modern Spain.

Spain has always been a paradise for wanderers, to give a polite and poetical name to a species of traveler for whom industrious Americans have a less dignified title. It is a country with a tradition of nomadic leisure, which means that idle rambling is thought reputable in Spain, even when the Rambler has no money. The nomad of every class and condition meets, in this home land of the picaro, with a sympathetic tolerance he can not be sure of finding elsewhere.

But if, as Walter Ryder maintains, the aristocrat is the man who can be happy without working, Spain may be called a nation of aristocrats. And it is inevitable that she should be interpreted to us most often by the wealthy dilettante and cultivated idler, whose lazy raptures have found within her boundaries congenial refuge from the roar of steam drills and the smoke of industry.

We take it that Mr. J. B. Trend, the author of "A Picture of Modern Spain," is such a man. He is very clearly an Englishman, unmistakably dyed with Oxonian culture, and well able to glimpse and portray certain phases of the Spanish mind. The wandering Schoolmen have an old affinity with Spain, whose universities were once the goal of many pilgrimaging scholars from the north, and the best books about her are still written by men of this type. But when one compares Mr. Trend's Spain with that of Cunningham Graham, for example, one finds him distinctly at a disadvantage on two scores. In the first place he is not a Celt, and especially not a Scot, for of all foreign travelers only the Scotch seem capable of getting beneath the externals of life in Spain. They see in her, not only a pattern of nocturnal guitars and gayety, or of faded splendors in Naples yellow and cobalt, or a mine of architectural and artistic relics, but a kind of "home from home," peopled by a proud, hard, witty, and hospitable race, whose temper has something that rings of the same steel as their own. The kinship of the Scot with the Spaniard is, of course, one of blood. It does not show in the matter of idleness, though their difference in this respect may be solely due to the exigencies of soil and climate. It appears essentially in a certain hardness of logic characterizing the minds of the two peoples, a kind of intellectual cruelty that can coexist with tenderness, and a martial spirit that rather heightens than decreases their susceptibility to beauty and romance. Mr. Trend gets the beauty, and a faint glimpse of the romance, but misses the rest. His second disability is that he has seen Spain in villas, theatres, libraries, city streets, and in ruins accessible by railway rather than as Cunningham Graham has seen it, by the highways along which his mediæval ancestors, with Andrew Ferraras and horn books on their hips, "disputed" their way through the towns of the peninsula.

But within its limits this is a good book. It opens with an interesting essay on Spain in the war and after, Mr. Trend holding that the attitude of the Spanish governing classes during the war was one of shrewd and skeptical detachment. There was a certain sympathy for England, a sentiment of indifference toward France, whose contempt the Spaniards resent, and a tactical leaning toward Germany in military, clerical, and reactionary milieus, where it was felt that the triumph of Germany would favor the security of the privileged classes in Spain. The "Intellectuals" alone were pro-ally, and this largely because they hoped that the triumph of the Allies would introduce a general reconstruction in European government.

The "Intellectuals," however, have always shown a marked preference for German education, barring its military character. This was to be expected in a country where literacy and mechanical progress are at a minimum. The leader of educational reform in Spain is Don José Castillejo y Duarte, who has devoted great energy and talents to the Augean task of remodeling the old system of clerical teaching. Elementary education seems at present to be in a rather lamentable state:

It is impossible to overlook the fact that clerical influence is largely if not entirely responsible for this. Any kind of teaching is systematically discouraged if it tend to awaken curiosity and to lead children to ask questions; the alertness and quick wits of school children from the East End of London would be a tremendous shock, and a very salutary one, to most teachers in the Spanish elementary schools. There are also many schools kept by the *Escuelas*, i. e., "regular" clergy of the order of the *Escuelas Pías* (religious schools); the teaching is gratuitous for poor children, but it is hardly worth having. Once I offered a Spanish illustrated paper to the kind and extremely competent chambermaid in a boarding-house at Madrid. She shook her head: "Thank you, but I'm afraid I can't read it!" "But surely," I said, "you've been to school?" "Sí, señor," she replied; "I know all the letters. That's F, that's I, and that one—G; that's it! But I can't read—to understand." In a small garden at Granada in which I wrote during the hot summer days, the cook, and any people who came by with mules, would stand and watch, as if the act of writing were as dexterous an art as painting, playing an instrument, or tying up a fruit-tree. I could only tell him that writing was far less satisfactory in many ways than the art he practiced in the kitchen. Postmen, again, are inclined to go by the look of a letter rather than the written address. At Toledo there was some difficulty about getting letters, both in the hotel and at the postoffice. After the arrival of a telegram in the middle of the night, however, all telegrams from abroad and all letters from England were brought to me for inspection before they

were delivered. It was evidently less trouble to do this than to read the address. These are trivial instances, perhaps, but they go to show the weakness of clerical education as it is given in Spain to people who can pay for no other.

In the intellectual regeneration of the country imaginative literature is playing an important part. Beginning with the modern realist, Pérez Galdós, the literary renaissance of Spain has lately brought forth a galaxy of brilliant writers, among whom Mr. Trend gives the palm to Don Pío Baroja. Before becoming a writer Baroja had been a student of medicine and had qualified as municipal doctor at Cestona, where he bought a huge ledger in which to enter the names of his patients. But as he waited for clients to appear, so many pages in the ledger remained blank that he began to fill them with stories of imaginary patients, in the manner of Poe or Dostoevsky, and these he subsequently published as "Vidas Sombrias." Thus he was brought to the attention of Martínez Ruiz Ajojin, one of the clever writers of the journal *A. B. C.*, and made his first step toward literary renown:

A later novel, "El Mayorazgo de Labraz," was built upon memories of a summer when Baroja was medical officer at Cestona. "No one was ill at the time; and as my father, who was then chief engineer for Guipúzcoa and Alava, had to make a survey of some mines, he agreed to take me instead of his assistant. First of all, I had to learn to use a theodolite; and we practiced with it in the garden until I knew how to manage it. When I was more or less proficient my father and I started from Cestona; we went first to Bilbao, from Bilbao to Orozco and Amurrio, and then on to Barambio and Murguía, and various other places till we came out at Guipúzcoa. It was one of those journeys on which one sees very curious things. In a mine at one place I thought of the story 'Bondad Oculta' which is in my book 'Vidas Sombrias'; the mine manager was one of those queer types of industrial magnate who lived like a Sultan with two Galicians, both very pretty. In another place near Murguía we stayed at an inn where I saw the characters which come into the first part of 'El Mayorazgo de Labraz.'"

Baroja does not say where he met the Englishman "Bothwell Crawford," the strange, interesting, eccentric character who disliked England, had lived at Labraz for years, and could forgive the inhabitants everything except their hatred of plants and trees.

"I asked him whether he did not think the author of 'Pickwick' an admirable writer.

"Yes," he replied very seriously, 'he was a good Samnite. Let's drink to his health.'

"The health of some one who is dead?" I asked.

"Well, doesn't he live in his works more than most men, who have no more life than so many beetles?"

They drank to "that good Samnite called Domenico Theotocópuli, el Greco," to Goya and others, and then "Crawford rose to his feet with his glass in his hand, and requested me to do the same. 'And now let us drink to that great gentleman, that great Samnite, painter of painters, Don Diego Velázquez de Silva.' We finished the last bottle [they were drinking old brown sherry], and then the Englishman told me in confidence that he thought Spanish literature on the whole despicable.

"But Cervantes . . ."

"Pooh!"

"Quevedo . . ."

"Psh! Of all Spanish writers the only ones I like are the author of the 'Celestina,' the *hidalgo* who wrote the ode to his father, and that cleric who says that one day he came to a meadow—"

Verde e bien sencido, de flores bien poblado,  
Logar cobdiciaduro para omo cansado."

"I did not stop to discuss the Englishman's tastes."

Baroja's earliest novel, "La Casa de Aizgorri," was thought out in the same way one summer when the doctor had nothing particular to do; the distillery which was the livelihood and the wealth of the "House of Aizgorri" he came upon on one of his tramps near San Sebastián. But before he could get to work on the novel he was obliged to go to Madrid.

"Why on earth did you become a baker?" said his friends afterwards. It was a long story, but the main points of it were that one of his uncles, after failing in everything else, had become partner in the first Viennese bakery which was opened in Madrid. Since the death of the other partner, however, the Vienna bread had no longer been selling "like hot cakes"; and Baroja's uncle, dying suddenly, had left a business very much embarrassed, but one which it might be possible to revive. Pío Baroja and his brother set to work; and for the next six years the most original of Spanish living novelists was a master-baker, doing what writing he could in the dark, grimy little office at the back of the bakery, while he made up packets of pennies and halfpennies and entered up the accounts of the delivery men.

Baroja's touchstone of life and character is what he calls an "algo dinámico" or something dynamic, "something with force and go in it"—a quality he has revealed in scenes and persons of a widely varied kind. As regards his own character the "algo dinámico" appears chiefly in his love of the "picaresque":

Baroja has always been a wanderer. Once many years ago he had been seeing the museum at San Sebastián, and they asked him to write his name in the visitors' book. He did so, the director added:

"Put your titles underneath."

"Titles!" exclaimed Baroja. "I haven't any."

"Say what you are. Look here, all the others have done so."

It was true; every one else had written, "*Fulano de Tal* (i. e., So-and-so), Chief of Administration, third class, and Knight of the Order of Charles III," or "*Zutano de Cual*, Commanding Battalion, Isabel the Catholic's Own, Cross of Maria Cristina." Baroja in a fit of pique or perversity wrote, "Pío Baroja, *Hombre humilde y errante*"—a humble man and a wanderer.

In his reminiscences of "Youth and Egotism," he laughs at the occurrence; he never felt particularly humble, he says, and his travels do not amount to much. "Nowadays, I suppose I should put *Hombre orgulloso y sedentario*—a proud man and a sedentary one." Yet it is true that Baroja has been a wanderer. He has always been in spirit with tramps and outcasts, those on the margins of society; and it is perhaps a reaction from the deadly monotony of a great deal of the life of modern Spain.

So Mr. Trend wanders on, through archive, cloister, and lemon grove, touching on many phases of past and present Spain with a limpid erudition. He tells of Cordova, where in the tenth century dwelt the pious and learned nun, Hrosthwitha, who on learning that the infidel city contained many public baths, "was tempted

to experience for the first time this novel indulgence, and was unable to survive her single surrender to the lusts of the flesh." Also of the town of Lérida, where legend has it that Salomé fell through the ice on which she was dancing, thereby cooling the fires of her monstrous passion and having her head severed by the ice as it closed over her. And on through Catalan, that region whose tongue "not even God can understand," till we come to old Barcelona:

What life in Barcelona was like at the end of the eighteenth century may be gathered from Señor Curet's book on the Catalan theatre, and from the "Memories of un Menestral de Barcelona"—the impressions of a certain José Coroleu. The growth of the city was limited by the walls and fortifications which Philip III had built, very much against the will of the citizens; and much of the space was occupied by convents, forts, and barracks. Every day at noon, groups of poor people might be seen gathered about the doors of the convents, waiting for the soup which was given them. Travelers were struck by the incessant bell-ringing, and at night by the Dominican monks in the public squares, who chanted the rosary and explained its mysteries to the exiguous flare of lanterns fixed on poles, while from the neighboring streets came a monotonous chorus of paternosters and ave-marias. But it must not be thought that the Barcelonense had nothing to think of beyond mystical pleasures, sermons, processions, and religious festivals; though there was, it is true, hardly a single day in the year on which something of the kind did not take place. Side by side with a grave austerity, they had a keen sense of humor, and never lost a chance of displaying it. Yet in that patriarchal Barcelona, an excursion by night was a real adventure. Until after the French invasion the streets were only lighted by the votive lamps burning before the shrines of Our Lady and the saints, in the fronts of houses and at street corners. When necessity, or the Italian opera, or the balls of the *Carnestolendas* (the last three carnival days before Ash Wednesday) compelled people to go out at night and brave the darkness of the deserted streets, they lighted their way with lanterns or torches. Sometimes blind men guided them, for this was the chief occupation of these unfortunate beings, in which they made up for their loss of sight by an instinctive knowledge of the rough and pathless labyrinth of the old town. Religious festivals were always the occasion of rejoicings in the bosom of the family as well as in the streets; and there were pilgrimages to all the sanctuaries in the suburbs. Carnival time, especially, was the high-water mark of gayety in Barcelona; the ostentation of some of the mask balls gave the lie to the proverbial simplicity of old Barcelona. Yet most pleasures were absorbed in the family life. In those austere sitting-rooms, relations, neighbors, and friends met to celebrate family festivals or to finish off public ceremonies such as processions, *Tres Toms*, the *Cabalgata* of St. Thomas, and so on. The *braseros* gave out a pleasant warmth, the classic chocolate and *Forn de Sant Jaume* biscuits were cleared away and put on the ledge of the fat, bulging chest of drawers which supported the glass case (*escaparate*) with the image of the tutelary saint of the family. On the mantelpiece were glass shades which covered bunches of wax flowers, and on the walls were prints showing the "Adventures of Telemachus" or the "Loves of Abeldar and Heloise." The evenings were spent in reading "Oscar," "Amanda" or "Las Tardes de la Granja," in reciting *romances* or telling stories; and sometimes they sang *tonadillas*, which made a pleasant change from games of forfeits, lotto, or "Custom House." But the form of amusement which was most characteristic of Barcelona, and which most delighted the good people of those days, were the "Shadow Shows" (*Funcions de sombras*), the ancestors of the magic lantern and cinematograph. By the light of a small lamp, the silhouettes of grotesque figures moved across a screen; they were cut out of paper, and were made at the shop in the *Bou de la Plassa Nova*, where they sold the little prints or *aleuyas* which were scattered everywhere on Easter Eve.

But the garrulous memoirs of the old *menestral* run on for ever; and at the end of the eighteenth century the people of Barcelona went to bed earlier than they do now.

There are interesting chapters on opera, drama, and music in Spain, interspersed with lyric recollections like this:

Before leaving the Carmen, our host made us follow him upstairs to another verandah, just below the roof. Here we were above the tops of the cypresses, and a vast panorama presented itself: the curved backs of the Sierra Nevada, the shadowy outline of the Alhambra Hill and its palaces, the greenish violet of the white walls bathed in moonlight with the rose-colored blotches of the not too frequent lamps, the distant chimneys, the bells to regulate irrigation, the gentle murmur of falling water. We shouted for the music of De Falla. And then, when the musicians had played till they were tired, a poet recited in a ringing voice an ode to the city of Granada. His voice rose as image succeeded image and his astonishing flow of rhetoric fell upon the stillness. What did it matter, he concluded, that the glories of the Alhambra were departed if it were possible to live again such nights as this, equal to, if not surpassing, any of the Thousand and One! He ended, and "the silence surged softly backwards." Then a clock struck four, and we stumbled down into the town over the ungainly cobbles and climbed up the Alhambra under the Duke of Wellington's elm-trees.

And this recollection, with which the author's epicurean memories close:

I bathed and swam lazily about in a tepid, sticky sea which was so blue that I almost expected it to stain me. The effort of swimming in a heavy, clinging *traje de baño* is not unlike that with which you disentangle Greek or Roman or Renaissance ornament embedded in a Gothic church. How I envied those happy, shameless pagans bathing without *trajes* farther along the coast!

As the sun drew near to setting the harbor looked like a dish of mercury, and the fishing-boats came in as slowly as if it had really been a dish of mercury after all. The whole population collected on the *paseo* along the cliff, with soldiers and fishermen gazing at the sea and expectorating with deadly precision on to a projecting rock, hundreds of feet below. The sky changed color in blocks and bands, as if scenery were being shifted, and suddenly it all faded away and grew dark.

And beautiful creatures walked up and down under the trees, and the little hands of babes and sucklings learned to open their fans in invitation and close them with a contemptuous click.

A PICTURE OF MODERN SPAIN. By J. B. Trend. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.50.

The Reichstag recently rejected by a decisive majority the motion put forward by the Nationalists and the People's Party to have the black, white, and red restored as the colors for Germany's merchant marine.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending January 21, 1922, were \$136,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$141,400,000; a decrease of \$4,900,000.

The opinion was expressed here some time ago that the fall rise would culminate about the end of October. The rally was delayed somewhat by the threatened railway strike and it was undoubtedly aided by the quickly-assured success of the Washington Arms Limitation Conference. But, even after allowing for the deviation from the normal course

very strong on Monday because of the accumulation of buying orders over the week-end, and normally there follows a reaction on Tuesday. But, when the public is loaded up, the volume of week-end orders dwindles, the market hesitates and often declines on Monday, with a countermovement and strength on Tuesday.

The point is that such strength on Tuesday is quite often artificial, for pools that are distributing stocks must cover up the evidences of weakened buying power. May it not be that the display of strength, through the expedient of sharp run-ups in special issues, in the normally reactionary months of November and December was quite as artificial? At least there is ground for the suspicion that the industrial section of the market was artificially stimulated and held up longer than it would naturally have stayed up, and, if that was the case, the conclusion must be that it was done for the purpose of completing a heavy distribution of industrial stocks. All of which leads one to the conclusion that industrial stocks are more likely to decline than to advance in the spring of 1922.

And conclusions arrived at over the more dependable route of fundamental conditions agree with the foregoing. Near-poverty on the farms has never been known to breed industrial prosperity. The same may be said of the existing disjointed situation as to materials, costs, wages, and selling prices. A good harvest this year, along with adjustment of industrial operations to a profit-making basis, should set things right. But, according to present indications, it will likely be mid-summer before the outlook will be clear enough to warrant another upturn in industrial stocks as a group.

As has been pointed out several times, the outlook is clearest for investment bonds and stocks, and for railroad, public utility, and copper stocks. Investment issues are most attractive; first, because of the probability that money rates will continue to work lower; and, second, because the uncertain earnings outlook for industrial concerns will bring to the investment list a largely increased demand. Railroads and public utility companies always fair best in periods of declining prices, for, in general, such a movement means lower cost of production for a service which is sold at fixed rates. The copper companies have weathered a period of severe readjustment and their affairs are now on the mend and should continue to improve. Such stocks as Anaconda, Chile, Cerro de Pasco, Inspiration, and Utah should be bought to hold.

Among the rails, Atchison, Illinois Central, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, and Chesapeake & Ohio may be mentioned as particularly attractive to purchase on the reaction. After some reaction, the public utility favorites of last year, such as American Telephone & Telegraph, Consolidated Gas, Pacific Gas & Electric, North American, and People's Gas, should be a purchase again. The most attractive of the speculative rails are Rock Island, "Nickel Plate," Pere Marquette, St. Louis Southern, Texas & Pacific, and the "new" stocks of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas.

Specialties that look good are Central

Leather, Maxwell Motors, Sears-Roebuck, and Lee Rubber & Tire.

The total value of the mineral production of California for the year 1921 is conservatively estimated by the statistical division of the state mining bureau, under direction of Fletcher Hamilton, state mineralogist, to have been approximately \$244,856,910. This estimated total is an increase of \$2,757,243 over the value of the 1920 production, and is due mainly to increases by petroleum, gold, and silver. Preliminary reports indicate a record yield by petroleum for the year 1921. The total would have been even greater than here shown but for the strike of employees in the San Joaquin Valley fields during September and October. The first eight months of 1921 the yield averaged 10,100,000 barrels per month. The increase in total value for the year was not in the same proportion as the increase in quantity, because the price was somewhat lower (\$1.60 per barrel, against \$1.73) than that for 1920. The figure here used is the average of quotations for 24-degree gravity oil in the San Joaquin fields during 1921.

Gold mining in California has apparently passed the low point in its career due to the war-time and post-war economic situation, and is now on the upgrade again. Reports indicate a revival in many gold districts and the output for the year, based on eleven months' shipments, is estimated at \$15,800,000, or an increase of approximately \$1,500,000. Silver is estimated at \$3,500,000 (at \$1 per ounce), the greatest of any year (except one, 1884) in California. This is due to the persistence of high-grade ore shipments from the California Rand mine and adjacent leases, near Randsburg. Copper, though decreasing about one-sixth in quantity, shows a little over one-half the value of the previous year, due to the drop in price from an average of 18.4 cents to 12.6 cents per pound. Lead, zinc, and quicksilver all show material decreases, both in quantity and in value per unit. The output of quicksilver was the lowest in the history of that metal in California, and is due directly to the competition of cheaper foreign metal imported from Spain and Italy, against which we have only a negligible tariff protection. Magnesite shows a decrease of about 25 per cent. in quantity. The condition at present confronting the domestic producers of quicksilver, magnesite, tungsten, chromite, manganese, and talc (to mention only those minerals in which California is especially interested), make it necessary that a tariff should be placed on foreign importations if our domestic output of these ores is to continue.

Across the threshold of 1922 stands the sign: "In America capital is crippled by an unequal, unjust, and confiscatory income tax, bedeviled by commissions, regulating boards, and prying government agents, and harassed by uneconomic legislation at the hands of demagogues. As a result, business initiative is killed and stagnation prevails" (says the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Los Angeles in its monthly financial letter).

Rather a startling sign for New Year's Day, especially as the good old egg-nog, the hot apple-toddy and Tom-and-Jerry no longer adorn the family sideboard. Sorrow can no longer be drowned in the flowing bowl.

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While 1921 was a year of extremely heavy liquidation in all lines, no one must imagine that we are yet through with the mopping-up process. Production has outstripped demand in all manufacturing lines. During, or after the war, thousands of new industries were launched without sufficient capital for normal times. Business experience was lacking in the management of many of them. The majority of these institutions will, if not already on the rocks, be forced out of business by the keen competition of larger and financially sounder concerns. The cost of production must be reduced. Overhead charges will have to be cut to meet present conditions. Salaries of those in managerial capacities, which were unduly increased under the stimulus of war activities, will have to be curtailed. The wages of labor will, as a purely economical proposition, have to be reduced. In the past, no one cared what expenses of carrying on a business amounted to, as long as the con-



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sumer bore the burden. The capacity of the consumer to bear this burden has been destroyed. As a result, consumers have curtailed consumption, many from necessity, and many from resentment at prevailing high prices. Nearly all staple commodities are selling at wholesale at or below pre-war levels. Manufacturing costs have, in many lines, been reduced, but the buying public does not get the benefit of these reductions. The same rule applies to foreign purchasers as to domestic consumers. While our export trade has decreased, it is at the average pre-war level. In the face of the great increase in our productive capacity, pre-war levels in export trade look small to us.

All of these things result in curtailment of business activities and unemployment. These evils are added to by uneconomic legislation, whereby the burdens of what is called the capitalistic class are rendered well-nigh un-

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caused by these factors, the fact remains that the rally went further and persisted over a longer period than the writer—in common with several observers in Wall Street—thought probable (says J. G. Donley in *Forbes Magazine*).

The logical thing to look for was a reaction in November and December, to be followed by a January rally, and, later, a secondary reaction in February and early March, preparatory to the spring rise. This leads up to the question: If the market went contrary to ex-

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pectations in the closing months of 1921, will it continue to upset precedent in the early months of 1922? The answer may be suggested by an old, unwritten law of speculation which may be stated thus: When, after a rise, stocks are strong on such normally reactionary days as Tuesday and Thursday, look out for a decline. It sounds absurdly superstitious, but it is really based on many years of market observation by the shrewdest traders. In a bull market stocks are usually

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bearable. Some speeding up in production in a few lines has occurred, but only to supply stocks which have been slowly depleted. When this gap is filled, stagnation will again occur.

An abundance of cheap money was the big factor which brought about a steady advance in the general list of stocks. Pools were active in all the better class of stocks and they had very little opposition, as the short interest was large and sentiment was more bullish than for some time (says E. F. Hutton & Co. in their monthly review).

The action of the market itself has a great deal to do with public sentiment, and while there were plenty of minor reactions, the undertone remained firm. During the past month prices went through to new high average levels, in spite of the general talk of inevitable reaction that usually takes place near the close of the year.

Copper and steel issues had a particularly

change in the shop rules, announced by the Railway Labor Board, holding that overtime pay shall not begin until after ten hours of work instead of eight, is of great importance and should make possible further economies.

Oil stocks were active and higher, under the leadership of Standard Oil issues. Talk of mergers was the principal factor, and as the public are partial to oil stocks at present, it did not take much buying to bring about a general advance. Oil is one commodity that seems to be in better demand as time goes on, and while there was considerable selling of the Mexican issues at times, due to talk of salt water, this same argument was used on the constructive side of the American companies.

On the whole, the market has given a good account of itself, considering the depression in general business, and the unfavorable news that comes from Europe. The public, however, have become hardened to this kind of news, and no longer becomes frightened into selling their stocks, believing that conditions are bound to get better rather than worse.

Preliminary reports of Class 1 railroads thus far received indicate an average return for November of 4 per cent. as compared with 5.4 in October on railroad stocks. All of them showed smaller gross receipts than in October, but the shrinkage is very uneven, and to some extent is accounted for by the unusually large amount of business that was crowded into October by the threatened railway employees' strike, thus materially increasing the earnings for that month and decreasing those for November. The Union Pacific, Pennsylvania, and Reading all made, in November, the best revenue showing of any month in the year except October, and some of the other lines made a better showing in November than in September, while not as good as in October.

The statements are perplexing in the absence of detailed information concerning them for purposes of comparison, and while they are somewhat disappointing, they are not enough so to discourage people from investing in these properties who believe that they will make a good showing under improved business conditions that are confidently predicted in the near future.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$110,000 Morrow County, Oregon, 5½ per cent. road bonds, price 102.40 and accrued interest, to yield 5½ per cent., due December 1, 1929.

Morrow County has an area of 2025 square miles, almost identical with that of the State of Delaware. Wheat is the principal product, the 1921 crop having exceeded 2,000,000 bushels. Next in importance is wool, of which approximately 2,250,000 pounds is marketed at Heppner annually. There is also a

large cattle industry, while diversified farming and dairying are growing sources of wealth.

An offering of \$125,000 Gilliam County, Oregon, 5 per cent. road bonds, price 101.55 and accrued interest, to yield 5½ per cent., is also being made by the same company.

Gilliam County, Oregon, is one of the most important in the state, being very well known in wheat production, with an area of 1201 square miles. It today ranks fourth in wheat production in the counties of the United States. It established its first record for wheat shipments in 1907, when it led the world in wheat shipments. This record was surpassed in 1921. It is the only county in the State of Oregon where dollar wheat may be raised and sold at a profit. The county is also one of the best in the state for producing wool, cattle, sheep, hogs, and is also noted for its diversified agriculture.

Cyrus Peirce & Co., Blyth, Witter & Co., and Banks, Huntley & Co. are offering \$3,000,000 San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation 7 per cent. cumulative prior preferred stock. Preferred both as to assets and earnings. Price 98½, netting over 7.10 per cent.

The corporation owns and operates ten hydro-electric plants. Five of these plants are located on the north fork of the San Joaquin River and have a combined capacity of 30,000 horsepower. Water to operate these plants is impounded in the Crane Valley Reservoir, which has a storage capacity of 50,000 acre feet. The new Kerckhoff plant of 50,000 horsepower capacity located on the main San Joaquin river receives full benefit of the water stored in the Crane Valley Reservoir, the full flow of the main San Joaquin River and all storage thereon. The four other plants are located: One on the Tule River, of 6700 horsepower; one on the Kern River, of 12,000 horsepower; two on the Merced River, with a combined capacity of 1050 horsepower.

It has also in operation a modern steam plant at Bakersfield of 35,000 horsepower capacity, and a new steam plant at Button Willow (completed June 10, 1921) of 17,000 horsepower capacity, and steam reserve plants in Fresno and Betteravia of 3990 horsepower combined capacity.

There are 1058 miles of high tension lines, 2750 miles of secondary lines, and thirty-seven substations. Natural gas, which is purchased at a very low price, is used in generating power at the Bakersfield and Button Willow steam plants. The gas used is at an equivalent of 55 cents per barrel of oil, whereas the price of oil at the present time is \$1.35.

Announcement was made recently by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway of the appointment of James B. Duffy to the position



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of general passenger agent, to succeed the late John J. Byrne, effective February 1st.

Duffy has been assistant general passenger agent for the Santa Fé in San Francisco for several years, and the new assignment will cause him to take up his headquarters in Los Angeles.

Although one of the younger railroad officials, he has a reputation of being among the keenest men of his profession. Up to the time the Federal government took charge of the rail lines of the country as a war measure

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good tone, notwithstanding the reports from the weekly publication of general poor business. Traders who were buying were talking about the future, and the opinion was freely expressed that we had seen the worst of the depression, and that any change could only be favorable to the constructive side.

Railway earnings for November show a very disappointing decline in traffic, whether compared with the previous month or with last year. Nevertheless investment demand from people who have always considered them as prime investments keeps prices up, together with the buying from a more speculative group, which holds the conviction that when the pick-up in business comes, present rates will show that the roads are in the best position they have held since 1906. The

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he was his company's general agent for Northern California, and during the war he was in charge of the passenger business of all the roads in this city.

San Francisco's consolidated ticket office, which was operated under Mr. Duffy's personal direction, was the premier agency of the United States Railroad Administration and the model of all such offices throughout the country.

Mr. H. H. Fair, vice-president of Cyrus Peirce & Co., has left on an extended recreation trip to Honolulu.



## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The fascination of history is almost as great as the fascination of divining the future. For it is nearly as great an unknown quantity. And yet by a curious paradox we read the future from the past. The process reduces itself to using a unit of unknown quantity to measure something of unknown dimensions. But the human race is naturally mystical and it loves mysteries. If the facts of history were incontrovertible, there would be neither an historical science nor literature. It is the everlasting attempt to interpret history that provides a field for writers of a scholarly bent of mind and a pedagogical—or is it demagogical?—instinct, and the reading public with one of its favorite forms of recreation which it likes blandly to call "cultivating its mind." In short, one piously ejaculates, "May history never be solved!" One would be shorn, for instance, of one's favorite brand of loyalty. It is socially immaterial whether you are a Methodist or an Episcopalian, but one's entire intellectual associations are colored by the fact that he is a Darwinian or a transcendentalist. And whichever one is one reads history for arguments to support the cause. It is perfectly astonishing how the same fact can be adduced to support either side.

Hence, I think, the popularity of the outline of history. For the idea of the historical outline is not a new one. The original historical impulse was linear. In fact, the medieval chronicles resemble a "line-a-day" diary. But our recent efflorescence of outline history is not exactly on the medieval model. It essays to give perspective rather than movie continuity. It is history *en profile* rather than history seen through the magnifying glass of daily entries. But even the epitome of history is no new thing. All ancient folk stories and sagas are attempts to epitomize racial history. Sir Walter Raleigh, languishing in prison three hundred years ago, beguiled his political exile by writing a history of the world. And if it had ever seen the light of publication its arguments would in all probability have sufficed to point a moral and adorn a tale of many a Jacobean drawing-room or coffee-house discussion quite as Mr. Wells' compilation furnishes our dinner-tables with learned comment. The moral is that each age needs its own outline. The field is a sempiternally fertile one. It need never be exhausted. History can always be reinterpreted according to our needs.

Three outlines of history, one of which is rapidly approaching the fame of the outline, have appeared within a year of each other. The recent one-volume third edition of Mr. Wells' *The Outline of History*, Macmillan: \$5 makes a comparative criticism of the three timely. *"The Story of Mankind,"* by Hendrick van Loon (Boni & Liveright: \$5), and *"A Short World History,"* by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton (E. P. Dutton & Co.), are the other two of our trilogy.

It should be explained at the outset that *"The Story of Mankind"* is written ostensibly for children, as the *"Outline of History"* pitches its tone for the general reader and *"A Short World History"* presupposes a thorough historical knowledge on the part of its reader. The books should be judged, therefore, according to their own standards. And of the three Mr. van Loon's standard is perhaps the highest and the hardest to attain. For it is one thing to fuse all history together when your listener collaborates to the extent of already knowing the isolated facts, and it is considerably more difficult to present history to a reader who knows a scrap here and a scrap there, but whose lapses are far more frequent than his bull's-eyes. But it is still more difficult to write history so that the child who knows nothing about it receives a clear and scientific information. I said that *"The Story of Mankind"* was written ostensibly for children. That is Mr. van Loon's gracious way of avoiding the invidious. His book is written with such an amazing perspicacity and is so richly illustrative that a child of ten could read it with perfect comprehension and would probably retain as a result a sound basis of historical knowledge throughout his life. However, the pellucid quality of *"The Story of Mankind"* is not wasted on the adult reader, who is often glad to have his muddles straightened out for him, even though he be too shamefaced to admit them to himself. No matter, I venture to say, how great his erudition, the adult reader will profit by *"The Story of Mankind."* There is a difference between possessing a mental card catalogue of historical events which you could recite forward or backwards, if need were, and possessing a really vivid realization of what life was like in even historic times. Henry James has coined a useful phrase—"the sense of the past." It is the sense of the past rather than a conclusion that one gets from *"The Story of Mankind."*

The cue to this extraordinary book is quoted in its dedication—"What is the use of a book without pictures?" said Alice. And we must admit that Mr. van Loon's perspicuity is intensified by his illuminating cartoons, which shed a light, not indeed comparable to the murkiness of daylight, but rather to the bright clarity of Mr. van Loon's imagination.

So much for the perfect vividness of *"The Story of Mankind."* Contrasted with it *"The Outline of History"* veers rather to the category of the card index. But one can not have everything. You must either offer up perfect perspicuity on the altar of scholarship or you must sacrifice the comparison of theories to re-creating the past. Our historians were consistent with their aim. Nor must it be inferred that Mr. van Loon imposes his own theory on his supposedly naive readers. The limiting of his material again played into his hands, even as his "writing down" to children gave him opportunity to be more explicit than an historian has ever dared be before. His restriction this time is to hold himself within the bounds of uncontroversial material. By being so his book has performed still another valuable service in winnowing the accepted facts of anthropology and history from theory and doubt. But to return to *"The Outline of History."* Its compact one-volume edition and its corresponding cost are a boon to the student. It is doubtless the first time in history that an adequate outline record of the past has been compressed into one volume. The mere feat of writing the his-

tory of the world in a thousand pages is an astounding *tour de force*. For it, moreover, to be brilliantly written by one of our foremost publicists is still more astonishing. Histories are usually written by historians, and too often, alas, the literary style of the professional historian is not *sans peur de reproche*—if one may do such violence to a respectable phrase. However, as all the world knows, *"The Outline of History"* avoids this, the commonest fault of written history. The present one-volume "educational edition" can not be too highly praised for its compactness, readability, and general all around adequacy.

*"A Short World History,"* by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, is more the academic epitome than is either of the other two books. It is obvious from its limited space of 214 pages that an age must be compressed into a paragraph. And the method is feasible only by assuming, as the author does, that his reader is in possession of the details. The *raison-d'être* of such a book is nevertheless twofold. It does not instruct in the constructive sense that both Mr. Wells' and Mr. van Loon's books do. But it does give a reader with a scattered knowledge of history a proper perspective, and it serves as a ready reference book. In fact for the person who strenuously objects to wading through much that he already knows *"A Short World History"* is preferable to either of the other two outlines. But for one who does not mind having his present store of information more firmly entrenched while it is being augmented with fresh material, either *"The Outline of History"* or *"The Story of Mankind"* will undoubtedly prove more delightful reading. Again, these three books are not interchangeable in purpose. Where Mr. van Loon attempts to reproduce the past itself for us and where Mr. Wells tries to pack all history into one volume, Mr. Wilmot-Buxton's aim is to trace the line of economic development throughout the rise and fall of empires. And yet each of these books is an outline of world history, and each of them treats the same facts according to their own purpose. Perhaps, after all, a one-volume outline is inadequate and history should be attacked from at least three angles in order to get the proper parallax. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

The Vailima edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's work, which is being published in twenty-six volumes, will include a number of interesting papers contained in the rare and now practically unobtainable Edinburgh edition, which was issued in 1896. Among other additions which relate to Stevenson's childhood is a hitherto unpublished diary kept by Stevenson's mother from the time of his birth until he was seven years old, and a "History of Moses" and "History of Joseph" which Stevenson wrote at the age of six.

Of W. H. Hudson's *"A Shepherd's Life"* Richard Le Gallienne says, "I know nothing quite like it in English literature, except the works of George Borrow," and adds: "In spirit it is one of the loveliest books ever written. It smells sweet, as with hay and

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clover, from end to end, and, as with all Mr. Hudson's books, it is full of sunshine." Of Mr. Hudson's most recent books, *"A Traveler in Little Things,"* also published by the Duttons, Mr. Le Gallienne says that it is a sort of companion book to *"A Shepherd's Life,"* for "its quality is the same."

In an interview in the *Drama*, Tony Sarg, whose marionette book, published by Huebsch, is proving so popular among children, tells how difficult it is to get suitable plays for his marionette theatre. "I have had loads and loads of plays submitted," says Mr. Sarg, "but most of them are unsuitable. I want plays with elements that can not be carried out on the regular stage. For instance, in *'The Rose and the Ring'* the butler turns into a door-knob before your eyes, and in another play the boy grows tall and ghosts come out of bottles. None of these things can be done with real actors." How these feats are accomplished in *"The Rose and the Ring"* is told in the *"Tony Sarg Marionette Book."*

More men and women are being trained for the ministry today than ever before, according to the report of the work committee at the annual meeting of the Council of Church Boards of Education at Chicago. Practically all Protestant denominations have a marked increase in the enrollment in theological seminaries over last year, the report shows. In the Presbyterian Church the increase is 17 per cent.

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## BRIEFER REVIEWS.

Sinclair Lewis has a good deal on his artistic conscience, but he must squirm occasionally with a sense of unsolicited responsibility as he watches one after another of the young literators of the country vamping out their variations of his Main Street style. In every literary movement one finds a number of writers commonly designated as "followers," gleaners of the field who follow after the literary originators to pick up a slender harvest from the newly-reaped area. If there is anything odd or distinctive about the style of a book that wins a widespread success, it will be repeated in various forms by the industrious scribblers who swarm and rumor in the fiction factories that now overspread the country. For some reason or other the style of Mr. Lewis has commended itself to hosts of these, as providing a sure path to success. This does not imply that Mr. John H. Walsh's book, "Glenwood of Shipbay" (The Macmillan Company), has a mercenary origin, or is devoid of literary value. It is merely in style a regrettable addition to the swelling horde of novels in which truncated sentences, hectic elisions, synecdoches, and verbal tag ends serve to sum up the mysteries of man and nature. Apart from this, the book offers an interesting picture of modern life in a New England shipbuilding town, and introduces a hero who has something of the breeze and go of Mr. Birmingham's sun-burned and wave-washed Irishmen. It has, as a whole, the touch of freshness never lacking from longshore tales, when told by a first-hand observer.

The problem of children's reading and of story-telling to children too young to read is solved by a set of six books called "My Book House," edited by Olive Beaupré Miller (pub-

lished by the Book House for Children; \$32). The books are very attractively gotten up, the illustrations being of a high order and the bindings durable enough for even nursery usage. The material, which is drawn from all the classic sources of children's literature, is graded in the six volumes from the earliest nursery tales to the requirements of the high school student. The latter is perhaps at an age when he prefers the originals to adapted versions, but the books should be admirably useful for children from two or three to twelve or thirteen.

Palm Beach has a poet in the person of George Graham Currie, who has written a volume of rhythmical sentiments and descriptions called "Songs of Florida and Other Verse" (New York: James T. White & Co.). It is a sad reflection on the present state of American poetry that a lawyer with a rhyming gift can write a book of platitudinous jingles that runs into a third edition, while the work of James Montague remains unbound. We had thought the trough of the poetic wave achieved when Julia Moore introduced herself as the Sweet Singer of Michigan, but

The Songs of Florida  
Are even horridier,  
And Other Verse  
Is Worse.

The eminence of Stephen Crane as a master of the short story is less well known than his skill in the panoramic novel, so vividly displayed in "The Red Badge of Courage." He earned a good deal of ridicule in the '90s and praise since then, by the daring with which he departed from the old rules of prosody in his verse, anticipating some of the metrical innovations of modern poetry. It is open to question whether Tolstoy has not surpassed him as a painter of war, and it is certain that his verse is rather crude

beside the work of modern artificers in the medium with which he experimented. But there can be no question about his mastery of the short story. He has the art of crisp and concise narration, a miraculously even pitch, or "surface" as Henry James used to call it, together with a fine sense of emphasis and perspective. In addition he possesses what many of our admirable technicians in the short story lack—the gift of sincerity. A collection of his tales has been added to the Modern Library Series by the publishers, Boni & Liveright (New York), under the title "Men, Women, and Boats." The first story in the anthology is "The Open Boat," now a classic. There is another story of the sea, "The Reluctant Voyagers," and a number of war sketches, interesting now in retrospect, and in the light of more recent war literature. Vincent Starrett has written the introduction, with a very just estimate of Crane's character and genius, and a quotation from an eloquent letter about him by Robert Burr, written just before Crane's tragically early death. The debt of America to the Modern Library Series is growing.

## LEONARD MERRICK AND AMERICA.

Describing in the *New York Times* an interview in London with Leonard Merrick, R. C. Feld quotes him as follows concerning his feeling about American appreciation for his novels: "There is a very good reason for my special fondness for Americans. My English friends think I am a maniac on the subject. They can't understand it at all. Yet I suppose it is due to America that I am here today. If it weren't for the American publications that took my stuff twenty and more years ago I should probably have died of starvation. That isn't exaggeration. I couldn't sell my short stories in England at all. Or, if I did, it was at the enormous sum of four shillings and sixpence a story. That's about ninety cents at present exchange. After a great while they raised my price to six shillings a story—a dollar and twenty cents. I should never have got anywhere if my stories hadn't begun to go in America. It was my American readers who made it possible for me to go on plugging in the hope of really arriving some day." Leonard Merrick has "arrived" now, in both England and America, for the edition of his novels and collected short stories being published by E. P. Dutton & Co., with an introduction to each volume by some famous English or American author, is selling in both countries like the proverbial "hot cakes." But even yet Merrick is more appreciated in America than he is in England and the circle of his admirers is constantly growing. He told the interviewer also about his early recollections of this country when he came over here as a very young man to try to make a living at newspaper work. "There are other associations," he explained, "that make America dear to me. When I was a little over twenty I went to the United States and stayed there about nine months. It was then I had my experience as a reporter. I stayed in a boarding-house on West Fifteenth Street. What a boarding-house! Never have I seen another like it and never do I hope to see another like it. It was a gem, a joy, an oasis, in the desert! What remains most clearly in my memory are the meals. There are people here who tell me that Americans do not know how to cook, but I—I know better. I was a very hungry boy at the time—I had never had too much to eat in England. I was certainly no modest admirer of the table at that boarding-house." The interviewer took Mr. Merrick to a little Italian restaurant in Soho about which the novelist had not known, and was so sure that he would weave a romance out of what he learned about the place and its proprietor that the account of the interview is headed "Story Stalking with Leonard Merrick." "He looked around the walls," the interviewer goes on, "paneled with paintings of every modern school of art, and began asking questions. Leonard Merrick, the spinner of tales, was on the alert."

On the 27th of January the Houghton Mifflin Company will publish in America the play "Shakespeare," by Messrs. Bax and Rubinstein. Literary England has been in a storm about this play. "Do our authors really imagine that men of genius break their hearts over women!" St. John Ervine exclaimed in his review. "Do they ask us to believe that a man so great as Shakespeare valued a minx from Elizabeth's court more than he valued his plays and poems?" Yes, the young playwrights do ask us to believe this to be not only the possible but the probable truth. You can read this play and disagree with its conception, but not without admiration for its skill, and not without feeling tensely the reality of Shakespeare the man.

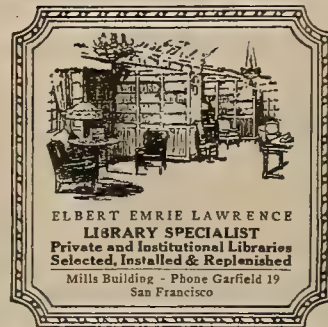
A rich find of radium has been reported in the state of Minas Geraes in Brazil, according to a traveler who has just returned from South America. The radium is in the form of uranium oxide.



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## New Books Received.

THE JESUITS, 1534-1921. By Rev. Thomas J. Cambell, S. J. New York: The Encyclopedia Press; \$6.

A history of the Society of Jesus from its foundations to the present time.

THE IMMIGRANT PRESS AND ITS CONTROL. By Robert E. Park. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.

Americanization studies.

THE REAL JAPANESE QUESTION. By K. K. Kawakami. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A statement of the Japanese question from the viewpoint of a Japanese-American.

LOST VALLEY. By Katherine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel.

THE STORY OF THE EXPOSITION. By Frank Morton Tod. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Five volumes.

The official history of the international celebration held at San Francisco in 1915 to commemorate the discovery of the Pacific Ocean and the construction of the Panama Canal.

THE BRIDGE. By M. L. C. Pickthall. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A story of the Great Lakes.

LEGENDS OF LIFE. By Bertha Oppenheim. Boston: The Stratford Company.

Verse.

THE MASTER FISHERMAN. By Rev. Ernest Earle Osgood. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.50.

Verse.

DAMIEN AND REFORM. By Rev. George J. Donahue. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.50.

A memorial to Father Damien.

LAVINIA, THE RED CROSS DOLL. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.50.

Juvenile.

VICE AND HEALTH. By John Clarence Funk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Problems and solutions.

ENVY. By Ernest von Wildenbruch. Translated from the German by Elise Traut. Boston: The Four Seas Company; \$2.

A novel.



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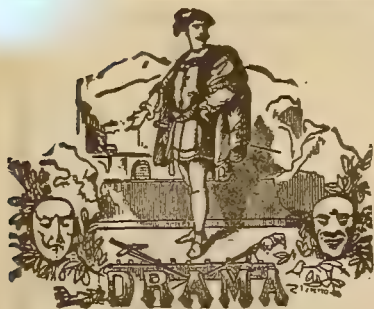
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## "JANE CLEGG."

This play of St. John Ervine's, which has had big runs both in London and New York, must have cost Arthur Maitland a pretty penny in royalties, for much less distinguished playwrights than St. John Ervine are not at all bashful in respect to the size of the royalties they charge for the use of their plays.

"Jane Clegg" offers another instance—already shown in "John Ferguson"—of St. John Ervine's adherence to the idea of making his plays transcripts of life. "Jane Clegg" is a domestic tragedy of a rather sordid order; a transference to the stage of the sort of thing we read of in the daily papers; those kinds in which families are rent asunder through the worthlessness of a husband or wife, without the attendant sensation of murder or suicide. The author is not in the least degree concerned in conveying a moral; for Henry Clegg works out toward the destiny that is inevitable in men of his kind. A worthless weakling, there is no hope in the future for such as he, and we give a sigh of relief when Jane performs a surgical operation on her destiny and cuts herself loose from her shifty mate.

Every single one of the personages in the play, even including the two tots, each of whom takes after a different parent, is a study in character.

Jane is one of those unlucky women who is bothered by a sense of logic. She sees that she gives her husband faithful service, constant hard work, and fidelity, and all she receives is a scant living. Henry's mother is all that Jane is not, illogical, demonstrative, shallow, a senseless partisan, feebly emotional, and primitively loyal to her own. She is unable to think, and therefore she chatters. What a terrible destiny for a woman of Jane's instinctive dignity and decent reserve to have this feeble old conventionalist perpetually chattering, chattering, chattering her apologies for thoughts! The mother-in-law joke is practically dead at last; killed by the warm camaraderie that frequently exists between the modern mother-in-law and her son-in-law. But the real incubus of a mother-in-law is the kind that sits, an uncongenial figure, on the hearthstone and depends upon a reluctant daughter-in-law for those services to age that her own children often do not give her. For mark, that when the Cleggs fell apart it was the wife that was going to shelter and care for the witless and inane fool that she gently, and with much inward endurance, called "mother."

Henry Clegg is painted as one of those smart, shallow rascals that are as unreliable

as the shifting sands. He is headed for certain trouble, but somehow men like him who are absolutely ruthless in their method of preying upon every one whose destiny touches theirs, often come out ahead in the little things of life—like Jane's precious £140—even while, in the greedy grasp of comparative trifles, they lose what makes life a real success.

The other characters are presented as typical of the several kinds of people we run against in the turmoil of life and from whom the Henry Cleggs generally manage to wrest something.

"Jane Clegg" is not as tragic as "John Ferguson," although its note never pipes a cheerful tune. But the domestic interior is so simple and natural, and we may extract much, if somewhat sardonic, amusement from the character of old Mrs. Clegg, and a fascinated interest in the gradual unrelenting of the sordid investiture of lies in which Henry Clegg habitually enwrapped himself.

An amusing touch to the character of Henry—true son to that feeble conservative, old Mrs. Clegg—was the discovery we made in the last moments of the parting between husband and wife that Henry was a conventionalist. This paltering, lying rogue, this thorough-paced rascal, was a conventionalist! And his conventionality was deeply shocked by his wife's cold abstention from tears, emotion, or a last embrace. His feeling, as he looked at the wronged woman who, he admitted, was too good to be of his kind, was, "Why, she doesn't act as she should! She doesn't cry, or make a fuss!" For Henry really belonged to that order of beings who say, like boarding-school misses—the most conventional beings on God's footstool—"It isn't done!"

"Jane Clegg" is so naturalistic a play that it vitalizes players into doing their very best. There wasn't one player, in the cast of seven, but to me was the character represented.

Mr. Maitland hit upon exactly the right manner to convey Henry's shallow, cowardly rascality, and was admirably true to the type represented in the brisk, false assurance, the sudden, suspicious glances, and in the pretended good-fellowship.

Miss Penman expressed, in a dejected, habitual monotone, the hopeless outlook of a deeply deceived woman who is vainly trying to bolster herself up to a regaining of her lost confidence.

Mr. Al Cunningham showed his usual competence in the rôle of a fellow-clerk who has discovered Henry's fraudulent doings, and Carrie Lamont's depiction of the old woman was so real that I was haunted, as we came away, by a sympathetic perception of what life held in the future for her daughter-in-law, in the way of grim endurance.

And Walter Carey, given the rôle of a cheated and be-fooled and victimized pal of Henry's, emphatically made good. The young man may say "merried" and "kerridge" to the end of the chapter, but he has stuck faithfully to his job, worked hard, and mastered it. Monday night he ceased to be Walter Carey, and became Muncie. There was his victory.

Let any one of our timid theatre-goers be afraid of sombreness, let me say that the reason why "Jane Clegg" has succeeded so well is because the spectator's attention, interest, and sympathy are so firmly riveted. I found myself anxious for Jane to cut herself loose from the diseased tissue, apprehensive lest she give the money, and dejectedly counting the inroads she had made on her capital, when she vainly tried to save the family pride by financial self-sacrifice.

Jane is the kind of woman that men do not love much, because she is ruled more by her head than her heart. And as such Miss Penman truthfully depicted her.

The play is a slice of life. Even the playing, the squabbles of the children—very well done, by the way, by two child players—had the stamp of nature, and when the curtain fell we saw Jane in the future, mercifully free of Henry, deriving much comfort from the boy, and finding that the girl was reviving some of the old problems furnished by that cheerful, elusive rogue, her father. Thus every true play leaves a lingering impress on us, as we come away.

## A FAMOUS INTERPRETER.

In the near future the dates will be fixed for a series of readings by Miss Dorothea Spinney, famed as an interpreter of Browning and admired for the rare distinction of her readings of the Greek tragedies.

The subjects of the promised readings mentioned so far are "Alkestis," "Medea," and "Hamlet." Miss Spinney will give these readings in the Maitland Theatre, which assures her a central site. The lady has just reached San Francisco on her return from a prolonged world tour, which included Australia, where she gave many readings with marked success.

It is doubtful if San Franciscans will again have such an opportunity as was enjoyed by them in the two visits of this distinguished artist within a comparatively short space of time; for, it will be remembered, Miss Spin-

ney gave several readings here before departing for her Australian tour. But her home in England calls her, and possibly she may not return.

Miss Spinney is one of those artists who creates, by the simplest but most effective means, an atmosphere on the stage or platform from which she gives her readings. And then, with musical, flowing diction, with the free yet restrained gestures of poetic tragedy, and with the dignity of a true artist, she enacts the scenes she reads, and revives, for her hearers, the classic atmosphere of sun-bathed Greece, or leads them through the gloomy corridors of Elsinore.

It is a rare treat she offers us, and one that casts the illumination of a fine and sympathetic intelligence on those old poetic tragedies thus newly revealed to us.

## LOCAL PRODUCTION.

The big Eastern managers are, financially, up a tree, in respect to sending their productions on so expensive a tour as one that leads to San Francisco. Perhaps this is why local enterprise burns rather more brightly these times. Take the production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," for instance, which now, this Friday and Saturday, is in its last two nights at the Players Theatre.

Molière's rogue in his time was so great, and his favor at Louis' court so assured, that his plays, including his gayest and most irreverent comedies, had an opulent setting, and were presented with much ceremony. All this conveyance of the wealth and ostentatious splendor which surrounded the parvenu Jourdain is amply conveyed in the original little playhouse upon Bush Street.

When the curtain rose and we marked the richly-draped salon and the gold-embroidered velvets and silks of the bowing sycophants surrounding Jourdain, we almost rubbed our eyes.

Whence came all this splendor? we asked ourselves. Weren't the "Players" going it rather strong, and wouldn't they find themselves in debt if they kept up the pace like this?

But, as it happens, there is no imprudent extravagance there, in spite of the rich and beautiful result.

The richly-tinted, deep-rose hangings are all made of cheesecloth, their colors beautifully enhanced by an artful arrangement of lights. The velvet and silk of the costumes are all of cotton, for corduroy and sateen are used. Every costume was designed by Gerstle Mack, art director of the Players Theatre, and made by Tillie Myers, who superintends the wardrobe department.

Katherine Edson is also attached to the service of the Players, and, aside from the personal success she made in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" by enhancing with her fine stage presence and beautiful poses the series of excellent stage pictures presented, she trained the ballet, who did their job like professionals.

It really is something to be proud of that this unique little organization, far from the madding New York crowd, can stand on its two feet, and, within its own walls, accomplish a production as a production at once handsome, tasteful, and unique.

## "LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE."

When the curtain rose on the first scene of "Le Malade Imaginaire" at La Gaité Française, André Ferrier, as Argan, the hypochondriac, looked an almost exact reproduction of Argan, as portrayed so graphically in the old Louis Leloir steel engravings. Mr. Ferrier is excellent in make-ups, as shown in his death-mask of a face as the paralytic in his recent Grand Guignol play. And his make-up, in its general effect, of the hypochondriac is first-class.

I freely confess that I am not partial to reading the Molière plays. They are so long, and the times called for that jovial prolixity that prolonged the laughter to attenuation and final exhaustion, and that, being meant for stage representation only, becomes tedious in the reading. But who would have thought the ancient humor would have appealed so irresistibly to a modern audience?

For the laughter was almost perpetual, and not a witticism missed fire.

True, Molière could avail himself of a license not allowed in our time. The hypochondriac of Argan, his unctuous dwelling upon the details of the apothecary's bills, and the numerous references to "les entrailles de monsieur," prepared the audience for what followed in a later scene. And with Gallic frankness—for the audience was largely French—they laughed to the extreme of hilarity over the unmistakable activities of Argan, when "le petit clyster insinuatif" declared itself and put him to flight. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

The distinctive differences in the sets of our three—or now four; for the present, anyway—little theatres are very marked. Ferrier's setting was as French as French could be. Surely those pictures and cabinets came from France; and the play was given with

full heed to the French tradition by a man who was trained in the school for it.

They even gave—although for the first night only, I believe—the farcical induction of Argan into the dignities of duly accredited doctorhood. Argan was rich, and they had two solemn maids within constant call to wait upon him by inches in time to music. And even the madcap Toinette was a clothes-horse for him, although she would as soon whack him with his staff as hold it for him.

This representation of the last comedy Molière wrote is one of the very best done at La Gaité Française. The company has now been under Mr. Ferrier's tutelage long enough to have had its angles smoothed off. The cast was well selected, Mr. Ferrier enriching the rôle of the hypochondriac with those innumerable touches a trained comedian has at his finger's end that enables him to roll up the hilarity of the audience like a snowball.

Yvonne du Parc, although her French is rather thick, was so gay in spirit and so free in fun as to make Toinette an able assistant to Mr. Ferrier's comedy. Mme. Garde gave a good representation of Argan's silky and treacherous spouse, and Mr. Frediani as the amiable and sweetly lyric suitor, Mr. Baron as the ridiculous Thomas, G. Lechten as the infuriated Purgon, and a host of others re-

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vived in the rollicking old comedy an amazing fund of fun and hilarity.

### THE SEQUOIA LITTLE THEATRE.

It is doubtful whether there is, as yet, need for another little theatre in San Francisco, but whether there is or not, there is sure to be, some time, some opening in the theatrical world that will eagerly absorb the energies of the young director of the Sequoia.

Without financial backing or helpful partnership Miss Ruth Brenner is carrying the burden on her young shoulders. Designing the costumes and sets, coaching the players, she is really accomplishing the amazing feat of putting on two performances weekly at the Sequoia without going stony broke. Nothing is pretentious, but she contrives effects; as, for instance, the backgrounds to the Oriental pantomime "The Shepherd in the Distance," which she painted on drops of unbleached muslin.

Animated by the progressive spirit of the day, Miss Brenner belongs to that devoted band of youth which started the "little theatre" movement. Her idea is to make the Sequoia a sort of dramatic laboratory, in which local talent is to be tried and tested.

Probably Southern California will get her eventually; unless, during this period of her high and holy enthusiasm, some big hotel management doesn't grab her and harness her energies to entertaining its floating population with the one-act pieces which compose her programmes.

This month she gives James Bugge's "The Bowery," which is not particularly a dramatic stage picture, more than a playlet, of New York types, in which Mariana Gaiette played with hearty emphasis; "The Altar Candle," medieval in flavor and picturesquely enshrining the Rosetti-like beauty of Peggy Shafer, immature though promising in acting, but, in her costume and coiffeur of antique style, looking like the blessed damozel, and "The Shepherd in the Distance," the pantomime already mentioned, in which the talent of the director for designing sets and costumes was so evident. The young players presented the poetic novelty expressively and gracefully enough, and showed intelligence in following out the lead of their director. Altogether there were about two dozen young amateurs in the casts of the three pieces.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### The Columbia Theatre.

Oliver Morosco's latest comedy of youth, "Wait Till We're Married," comes to the Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' engagement, commencing Monday, January 30th. "Wait Till We're Married," by Hutcheson Boyd and Rudolph Bunner, is described as being a domestic comedy of the most wholesome sort. A worldly-wise maiden sets her affections upon a severely-bred youth of the most humble means, who has been reared by two maiden aunts. In the course of his education for the position of husband to the butterfly lady the two reverse viewpoints in ludicrous fashion. The comedy was written for laughs from beginning to end and is highly modern in theme.

The original company which presented this comedy at the Playhouse in New York has been kept intact. Headed by Terry Duffy, who has been acclaimed by Eastern theatre-goers as the greatest interpreter of Irish characterization in the last generation, the typical Morosco cast includes the following carefully selected company of players: Ted W. Gibson, Barbara Brown, Mary Hill, Marie Van Tassel, Fanny Yantis, Andrew Arbuckle, William Austin, and Maxwell Paley.

#### The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Gay Lord Quex," by Arthur Wing Pinero, the talented author of "Mixed Marriages," opens next Monday night at the Maitland and will continue for the week. It is the first Pinero play to be staged at the Stockton Street house and for that reason holds a double interest for those who appreciate worth-while plays.

John Hare made the title-role in "The Gay Lord Quex" famous in his London appearance and the part will not fall short in the hands of Arthur Maitland, who will assume the part for the San Francisco performance. Pinero stands high in the world of letters, and "The Gay Lord Quex" is typical of his ability.

There will be two matinées as usual, one Tuesday afternoon and one on the closing Saturday.

"Jane Clegg," by St. John Ervine, one of the most widely-discussed plays of the day, highly praised by the critics who have seen the performance, is the bill this week, and will continue until Saturday night, when the closing performance will be given.

#### The Orpheum.

William Gaxton is a light comedian who has been successful on both the vaudeville and the legitimate stage. When Douglas Fairbanks left vaudeville for the movies it was William Gaxton who replaced him in the principal rôle of "A Regular Business Man." Mr. Gaxton has always gone to the best authors for his vehicle. "Kisses," his present production, is the work of S. Jay Kaufman of the staff of the New York *Evening Globe*. Gaxton is a native of San Francisco.

Madeline and Dorothy Cameron are co-headliners with William Gaxton next week. With the assistance of Grant McKay at the piano, the Cameron Sisters present one of the most striking offerings of the season. Their good looks and striking costumes are a feature of their act. In each of their costume changes are to be found novel fashions of extreme design.

Al Lydell and Carleton Macy are clever character comedians. Both have delineated characterizations in various skits and plays, but they are now appearing together for the first time. They are playing a little comedy with musical trimmings called "Old Cronies," by John I. McGowan.

For several years Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet have been away from the varieties. During this period they were features of "Happy Days," Hippodrome, New York. They are now back in vaudeville offering a new version of their old idea. They call it "The Call of the 'Sixties.'" Claudius and Scarlet conjure up the days that are gone in melody. Al Wohlman is a twentieth-century monologist who makes everybody laugh. His songs and stories are a volley of laughs. Mr. Wohlman was formerly with the Fanchon and Marco Revue.

The Five-Avalons are wizards of the double wires. They introduce a variety of difficult feats at lightning speed and go from one hair-raising stunt to another with scarcely room for a breath between. They are jazz athletes. They dance and play and sing and skip about over the tiny wives with as much assurance as if on solid ground.

Remaining to delight their audiences for a second week Eddie Buzzell and company in "A Man of Affairs" and Nat Nazaro with Buck and Bubbles in their delightful comedy will round out what promises to be an exceptional Orpheum bill.

It is officially announced that the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting has divided the Nobel Peace Prize in equal parts between M. Branting, the Swedish prime minister, and M. Lange, the secretary-general of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

### GERMAN PROSPERITY.

Robert Crozier Long has for some months been sending from Berlin highly instructive articles concerning German finance and industry (says the New York *Times*). Avoiding economic theory and drenching themselves in the facts of the markets and the exchanges, they have contained a great deal of accurate information, presented without color or bias. In the *Fortnightly* for December, Mr. Long publishes his latest summary of financial and commercial developments in Germany. He takes up and analyzes the current paradox: "Germany is marching headlong to bankruptcy, and Germans—at least the industrial-commercial classes—are marching to unexampled prosperity."

It is impossible even to epitomize here the array of statistics presented by Mr. Long, but his general conclusions may be stated. They are:

1. That the currency depreciation is ruining the state finances.
2. That the industrial prosperity is not the result of currency depreciation, . . . but of violent fluctuations in exchange.
3. That the prosperity does not consist mainly in increasing the national wealth, but in transferring wealth from one class of citizens to another; and that the increase in exports is an unpaid-for transfer of German national wealth to foreign buyers.

Going into detail, Mr. Long shows that German ordering of raw materials from abroad has "almost entirely ceased." Industry is living merely from stocks on hand. There will soon be "no possibility of paying for foreign materials." As for the high dividends declared by many German manufacturing corporations, Mr. Long asserts that they exist mostly on paper, and are paid on paper, with the result that actual profits are, "as a whole, lower than before the war." The shareholder who now draws a 30 per cent. dividend is "really much worse off than he was when drawing 10 per cent. before the war." There is, it is true, one road to wealth open to Germans. This is by having or acquiring debts. The ease with which they can be liquidated at an enormous discount makes them a valuable asset. As a matter of fact, "the price-rise automatically expropriates bondholders, creditors, and the fixed-income classes."

Such an informed and documented study of the actual conditions in Germany should help to restore sane views. There has been feverish manufacturing and buying and selling in Germany for many months, but the movement has been artificial and unwholesome and can not last. The established laws of currency and of trade have not been, as some have vainly imagined, repealed in Germany. Their operation has been temporarily obscured by wild inflation and what is called the "catastrophe boom." But in the end they are certain to reassert themselves. Unless Germany pulls herself up, she will find herself going into the financial abyss into which Russia has fallen. The Soviet government has carried the paper money delusion to its logical conclusion, and has destroyed, not only the value of money, but credit and industry.

#### Methuselah Himself.

The French press has been concerned with Djouro Chemdine, who is said to be 164 years old (says the New York *Tribune*).

"Is it possible," Parisians ask, "to reach such an age?"

The reason for believing it true is that Djouro Chemdine is a native of Turkey, where centenarians abound. Perhaps the Orientals owe this privilege to the filial respect which is one of their virtues and which most religions have always made a passport to long life.

Unfortunately, however, according to *Le Journal Débats*, this reason for believing is also a reason for doubting. Precisely because he is a Turk, M. Djouro Chemdine seems liable to a forgetfulness of his age. The civil administration in his country differs from him himself in that it is still in its infancy, and the records are kept there with an irregularity which formerly must have been even worse than at present. The custom survives of referring to the age of individuals to the reign of the khalif under which they were born, a way of counting very indefinite when the khalif has ruled a dozen lustrums or more. The same is true of all the peoples of the East. One day in Cairo a traveler, who visited a mosque under the amiable conduct of a learned official who spoke French as a Parisian, saw his guide approach a robust old man who wore a green turban and so fresh looking that one would not have thought him more than sixty-eight years of age.

"He is over 130 years old," said the obliging official to the tourist. "And how do they know?" "He recites from memory the list of the sultans for the last one and a half centuries."

This by no means indicates that reports of great longevity can never be true. Many persons will be astonished when they are told that the prelate who baptized Napoleon III

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had been rocked on the knees of a daughter-in-law of Charles IX. And yet it is the exact truth; such having been the case of Cardinal de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris. Dead in 1808, a few years after the baptism of the future emperor, he was born in 1709 under Louis XV, and had known when a child Françoise de Narbonne, who died in 1715, the widow of Charles d'Angouleme, the son of Charles IX, and Marie Touchet. The duke had married her when she was very young, he himself then being seventy-one years old.

#### Returns and Payments of Taxes.

An interesting pamphlet has recently been issued for distribution by John F. Cunningham, manager of the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults, giving schedule of dates for returns and payments of Federal and California state and county taxes for 1922.

While proceeding from Shanghai to Hong-kong recently the steamer *Kwanglee*, belonging to the China Steam Navigation Company, was boarded by pirates. The captain and all the European officers were held as prisoners in the engineers' messroom. The pirates then proceeded to "clean up" the *Kwanglee*, ransacking the passengers' belongings and forcing open the strongroom. The booty was loaded into a fishing junk, which was commandeered for the purpose, and the pirates escaped with valuables worth about \$100,000, after disabling the vessel's engine. One Chinese passenger was killed.

All life is a stage and a play; either learn to play laying your gravity aside, or bear with life's pains.—Greek Proverb.

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San Francisco**VANITY FAIR.**

Any one who doubts the existence of a law of compensation need only observe the curve taken by fashion designing in the last few months. In proportion as the women adopt masculine attire, the men tend toward effeminate and attenuated effects. To be sure, both these parabolas are as yet chiefly show window manifestations. But it is a horrible warning anyway that should be taken in time. It is a pity that all the world can not go peacefully trousered. No gentleman would begrudge the comfort of bifurcated clothes to any woman. But in consideration of the relentless law that governs these things we are making an appeal to all women. Would it not be better for them to sacrifice a comfort, that they have, after all, gotten along very well without throughout historic times—rather than degrade man, whose heritage is comfort anyway, to the horrible future that the haberdashers' and tailors' displays now hold for us. Surely any woman, no matter how selfish, will sacrifice her knickers to save any man, no matter how degenerate, from an empire waistline and satin pipings, which latter, say the designers' association, "add to the general joyousness of the effect." And to think that it was for this that the world was made safe and a war was fought.

The short skirt is said to be definitely entrenched. For at least another season we are slated by fashion to enjoy the aspect of calves shapely and otherwise. For a while the American woman wavered. Habit is powerful and her habit has been to obey the decrees of the Parisian dressmaker. And as for not following the fashions displayed by our own shops and fashion shows—the idea was heresy. But vanity has proved stronger than habit. The short skirt, argues the American woman, lends one a factitious youth. And youth, as all the world knows, is woman's most prized possession. Why, no one knows. It is the youthening effect of bobbed hair that has made the style universal—neither its utility nor its becomingness. For it is unbecoming to almost all the sex, who needs, strange to say, all the additional margin of fluffiness and decorations that it can surround itself with. And where is the woman who has ever adopted a style because it was utilitarian? No, we contend, it is because bobbed hair and short skirts make their wearers feel youthful. And that is half the game.

Our distinguished visitor at the Conference, Lord Riddell, has gone on record as a unique American traveler. He is unique in reporting us with unstinted praise and in discovering, moreover, our national politeness. In fact he performed the latter feat before we had ourselves. We are used to unstinted praise of ourselves within the borders of our native land, but even we ourselves have never claimed to be the politest people alive, which title Lord Riddell now so graciously claims for us. The New York Times in commenting on this unexpected national windfall is distinctly cynical. The Times goes so far as to impute an unnatural and unnative courtesy on the part of those sections of the country who entertained the Conference visitors. Says the New York Times with sinister meaning: "Lord Riddell's examples of onrushing courtesy invite our question, but do not altogether 'abide' it. In his hotel restaurant he observed a legend: 'The customer is always right.' Thus, if one orders ham and eggs, but changes his mind and tells the waiter he ordered sausages, the waiter scrapes and smiles and retrieves the sausages. 'In the old days,' observed Lord Riddell, referring beyond question to four weeks ago, 'the waiter would have told the customer to go to the least desirable of places. Nowadays, there is every effort to treat him with tact.' Skeptics will note, however, that the effort originates with the proprietor, whose relations with the customer are purely fiscal, and are carried on by employees who have a similar relation with the proprietor. Even in that high-sounding adjuration, 'The voice with a smile wins,' the idea of gain is ultimate and emphatic. Lord Riddell went on to say that in America there is an absence of the air of mystery. 'Everything is apparently very obvious.' True; it is apparently." We should like to accept our noble Britisher's estimate of us, but the poison of the Times' insinuations sinks deep. The old days of barbarity according to the leading paper of the cosmopolis are no further distant than last November and will shortly be upon us again when the company is gone and we can settle comfortably down to our domestic squabbles.

**Synthetic Beauty.**

The announcement that a Japanese scientist named Mikimoto has perfected an artificial pearl that can not be distinguished from the genuine is far less significant than the accompanying news that already there is a falling off in the demand for pearls in the markets of the world (says the Portland Oregonian). It might be expected that a process giving promise of largely increased production would have its effect on prices, which would only be

in pursuance of a natural law, but the point is not that prices have slumped, but that somehow the pearl seems to have lost its pristine beauty because of some faint prospect that the time may come when pearls will be within the reach of all.

Of course the thing that all may possess for the asking will be wanted by no one. We know all that there is to be known about the chaste, intrinsic beauty of pearls, which are regarded by many as leaving even the diamond in the shade, but we are less able to fathom the workings of the human mind. The desire for ownership is desire to possess, not beauty, but distinction, and the latter consists in having something that other people have not. If the streets were paved with diamonds, the diamond would be as beautiful as ever, but it would be only a cobblestone—or perhaps it is that the diamond would no longer be beautiful, since beauty is a matter of the manner in which we regard it. It is so with other things than gems; in furs we see the same principle reflected, and in some rare books and articles that collectors prize for other virtues than their merit alone.

The new pearl is said to defy detection, except by examination involving its destruction, and of course it will give no satisfaction to any one to discover that his jewels were genuine after they have been smashed to bits. But we may well inquire into the reasons why we value some things above others, and perhaps in this way arrive at a sounder sense of relative values. There are plenty of beauties around us, not all of which are inordinately expensive, and our lives would be all the happier if we were able to cultivate appreciation of the fine things that are within the reach of all.

It appears that Henry II, when preparing for the marriage of his sister in 1559, first had the idea for silk hose, and that at that epoch-making event was the first to wear knitted silk stockings. A hundred years later one Hindes established a factory for stockings in the Bois de Boulogne. This was the first factory in France. It was a success from the start, and when it received protection from the ministers it became a gold mine. In 1666 the venture was turned into a company. From it arose the society of stocking makers. At this time ribbed stockings were made in England, but it was not until nearly a century later that such wear was introduced into France. The idea caught on and factories were established in Paris and Lyons.—Kansas City Star.

Mr. Richard Bagot, the novelist, whose death at the age of sixty-one is announced, will be remembered for his interpretations of Italy to English readers.

The real yellow peril isn't a race, but a streak.—Boston Post.

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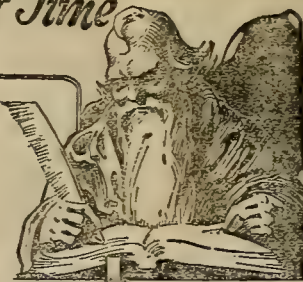
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was entertaining the leaders of the National Woman's Party at her Newport residence. "I met a movie man the other day," she said. "He urged me to help him banish the movie censor. He declared: 'The movies need no censor, madam. They are the very backbone of American art.' The last movie I attended," I said, "it seemed to be that there was a little too much backbone in evidence."

Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country negroes to the cities. One of these applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies. "There's a job open at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?" The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Tell you how it is, boss," he said finally. "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fack is, I aint never washed a eagle."

Witnesses are indeed important things in a trial, although Brother Jones occasionally finds it convenient to dispense with them in the daily course of business. Said the judge to Brother Jones: "You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" "Nusah," said Brother Jones humbly; "I 'specks I 'se sawtuh peculiar dat-uh-way, but it aint nevah been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken-stealing, suh."

A gambler named George used to visit a Chinaman's place and smoke opium almost daily. One day he rushed in and said excitedly, "Hip, loan me \$10. Thanks, I'll come in with it tomorrow noon, if I'm alive!" And out he went with the money. About 3 o'clock the next afternoon a friend of the gambler dropped in on the Chinaman and said: "Hip, where is George today?" The confiding Celestial wiped his eyes with the corner of his blouse and replied: "George, him dead."

Charles M. Schwab said at a dinner in his native Loretto: "All men owe their success in great part to their wives. The more successful a man is, the readier is he to acknowledge this truth. Two brothers, a shabby and a spruce one, sat on an ocean pier. 'Why the dickens,' said the shabby brother, 'do you let your wife tell people that she made a man of you? You never heard my wife say such a thing as that.' 'No,' answered the spruce brother, 'but I've heard her say she tried her hardest.'"

The proprietors of two livery stables situated alongside each other in a busy street have been having a lively advertising duel lately. The other day one of them stuck up on his office window a long strip of paper bearing the words: "Our horses need no whip to make them go." This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than an hour he neatly turned the tables by pasting the following retort in his own window: "True. The wind blows them along!"

A married wit who displays his gift of repartee at the expense of his wife is not to be admired, however telling his sally. This story of Lord Sherbrook is to the point. He remarked that it was absurd for a man to say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," when he had none. "For instance, when I married I had not a shilling with which to endow my wife." "But you had your brains, Bob," said his wife from across the table. "But nobody, my dear, could say that I endowed you with those," he retorted.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, said the other day at an art exhibition: "Winston Churchill paints, you know. He writes as well, but painting is his latest hobby. He's a good painter, too, though his friends joke him a great deal about it. He stayed not long ago at Dunrobin Castle with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and after he was gone the duchess said: 'Mr. Churchill is so original. He spent all his time while here painting one of the castle towers. He is gone now. I am so glad he took his picture with him.'"

During an examination in an English school the inspector began to question the pupils on punctuation, when the mayor, a pompous individual, interrupted with the remark, "It is foolish to bother about commas and such-like." The inspector flushed angrily, and turning to one of the boys he bade him write on the blackboard, "The mayor of Cheesington says the inspector is a fool. Now," he continued, "put a comma after Cheesington and another after inspector." The boy did so, and the mayor kept quiet after that.

The inhabitants of a small village at last got a postoffice, with the grocer for postmaster, and their pride in their acquisition was at

first unbounded. When complaints began to come in that letters were not being sent off, the Postoffice Department sent an inspector to investigate. "What becomes of the letters posted here?" the inspector demanded. "The people say they are not being sent off." "Of course they aint," was the response as the grocer pointed to a large and nearly empty mail sack hanging in a corner. "Aint sent it off because it aint anywheres near full yet."

John Charley Chepson was a new member of the American Press Humorists' Association, and at the convention in Philadelphia his loud laugh was heard above everything when some speaker pulled a gag that Chepson liked. After two days of public luncheons and dinners at which this boisterous laugh had attracted almost as much attention as the comic speeches themselves, the veterans decided to spring a practical joke on the unsophisticated Chepson. They passed the word that Chepson was to be called on suddenly for a speech, and at his first attempt to be funny, the plotters were to laugh in a concerted roar that would break up the meeting. Chepson arose and said: "For two days I have been industriously laughing my head off at every chestnut and feeble gag pulled by the officers of this association in the hope that I would curry favor with them and they would call on me for a speech. But I wore myself out before I bought their favor, and I am now too exhausted to talk. Thank you." And he sat down. The plotters were dumfounded. In fact, Chepson's loud laughter had been sincere. But he was witty enough to foresee that they were loaded for him and that he must spike their guns.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Complex.

I have a Freudian complex,  
A funny little complex,  
That's lurking in the hinterland  
Of my subconscious brain;  
It's rightfully perplexing,  
And really rather vexing;  
I half suspect, to tell the truth,  
It's driving me insane.

It's not an inhibition,  
Nor yet a prohibition,  
But be assured it's troublesome  
As either one could be.  
Indeed it's so annoying  
I know it is destroying  
The very small intelligence  
The gods vouchsafed to me.

Why I'm so much annoyed  
Is, before I studied Freud,  
I never knew a thing about  
These complexes at all:  
But since they are in season,  
I'll have mine or know the reason,  
Though the up-keep on a complex  
Is a figure to appall.

—Ben Ray Redman in Harper's Magazine.

## The Royal Wedding.

Princess Mary's wedding date is said to have been definitely set for February 28th at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Among other announcements is the list of bridesmaids, which is as follows: Princess Maud, younger daughter of the Princess Royal; Lady Rachel Cavendish, fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire; Lady Mary Thynne, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Bath; Lady Victoria Mary Cambridge, elder daughter of the Marquis of Cambridge; Lady Doris

Gordon-Lennox, youngest daughter of the Earl of March; Lady Elizabeth Rows-Lyon, youngest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore; Lady Diana Brydeman, eldest daughter of the Earl of Bradford, and Lady May Cambridge, only daughter of the Earl of Athelone. The ceremony is to be held in Westminster Abbey and the occasion will be the first in 640 years to celebrate the wedding of a daughter of the sovereign in the historic abbey. The marriage will take place in the sanctuary, the bridal procession dividing to pass on either side of the grave of the "Unknown Warrior." Seats are being erected in the nave to accommodate 2000 spectators.

The movement to collect immense sums from British cities for royal wedding gifts has been stopped by the princess, who requests that money collected for this purpose be used for charity and unemployment funds. The city of London has been limited to a one-thousand-dollar present. The Marys of the Empire are collecting \$60,000 for their gift, half of which is to be devoted to hospitals.

The average movie hero is in pretty bad shape along in the middle of the third reel, and it takes two more reels to get him out. That's why so many photoplays would be more satisfactory if the last two reels were dispensed with. And that's why many discerning movie goers are seen walking out at the end of the third reel. They have seen the hero land just where they want him, and by walking out, leave him there.—Kansas City Star.

Ostentatious meekness is another form of egotism.—Baltimore Evening Sun.



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Willett have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ola Willett, and Mr. Lorin Tryon, son of Mrs. E. H. Tryon. Their marriage will take place February 18th.

The marriage is announced of Mrs. Emma Spreckels Ferris of Nutfield Priory, Surrey, England, to Mr. Arthur Hutton which was solemnized January 14th. Mrs. Hutton is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels of San Francisco.

The marriage of Miss Maude Cleveland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cleveland of Portland, and Mr. Selim Woodworth, son of Mrs. E. H. Woodworth of Oakland, was solemnized January 18th in the northern city.

The marriage of Mrs. Estelle Houston Havens and Mr. Kenneth Montague took place Monday in St. Luke's Church, Bishop Nichols officiating at the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Swift. The bride was attended by her little daughters, Miss Patricia Havens and Miss Jane Havens. Mr. Paige Montague was his brother's best man. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Montague will reside in San Mateo.

For the benefit of the "Well Babies" clinic the members of the Junior League have been holding a cabaret show, "The Sparkles of 1922," Thursday and Friday evenings, with the final performance tonight.

Miss Hélène de Latour was the guest of honor at a cotillion given last Friday by Miss Jennie Blair at the Fairmont. Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour assisted in receiving the guests. Miss de Latour led the cotillion with Mr. Tallant Tubbs. The dancers for the first two sets included Miss Lillian Hopkins and Mr. Richard Schwerin, Miss Mary Martin and Mr. Will Crocker, Miss Marianne Kuhn and Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Miss Edith Grant and Mr. George McNear, Jr., Miss Katharine Kuhn and Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Miss Margaret Lee and Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Miss Sue McDonald and Mr. Carroll Pearce, Miss Margaret Kelley and Mr. George Hotaling, Miss Frances Pringle and Mr. Dudley Gunn, Miss Rosemonde Lee and Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Mr. Cyril McNear, Miss Inez Macondray and Mr. Gordon Johnson, Miss Jane Carrigan and Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Miss Edna Taylor and Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Miss Lawton Filer and Mr. Russell Wilson.

Mrs. Philip Brown gave a luncheon last Friday at Tait's-at-the-Beach. Her guests included Mrs. Arthur Selby, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Howard Naffziger, Mrs. Walter Baldwin, Mrs. Hilmyer Brown, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Ralston White, Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs.

Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Henry Ohlhoff, Mrs. Leo Korbel, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Paul Jones, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Lydia Fuller, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Cecily Casserly, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Gertrude Minton, Miss Josephine Grant, and Miss Jean Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp were dinner hosts last Tuesday evening, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Ethel Lilley, and Mr. Horace Pillsbury.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster gave a dinner Friday evening, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Cecile Brooks, Mr. Sherwood Chapman, Mr. Dudley Gunn, Mr. Hooper Jackson, and Mr. Willis Davis.

Complimenting Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Aileen McWilliams gave a luncheon Thursday.

Mrs. James Flood entertained at luncheon last week, among her guests having been Mrs. Harry Webb of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. William Hinchley Taylor, Miss Jane Flood, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. Ross Curran was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Wednesday in Burlingame by Mrs. Raymond Welch. Others at the affair were Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. William Fullam, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Mrs. Henry Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott gave a dinner for Miss Mary Martin Friday. Their guests were Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Max Cunningham, Mr. Warren Clark, and Mr. James McIntosh.

Miss Lawton Filer and Miss Mary Martin were the guests of honor at a dinner given Saturday by Miss Geraldine King. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hilmyer Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Jane Howard, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Marjory Wright, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Cabot Brown, Mr. Everett Brown, Mr. Grant Black, Mr. John Boyden, Mr. Donald Clappett, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Merrill Brown, Mr. Herbert Clark, Mr. Ritchie Dunn, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Will Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. Cuyler Lee, Mr. Frederick Johnson, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. John Knox, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., Mr. Charles Smith, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Tallant Ransome, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Peter Jackson, Mr. William Stevenson, Mr. James Pitt, Mr. Heber Tilden, Mr. William Reiss, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Herbert Tietzen, and Mr. Wendell Kuhn.

Miss Helen Pierce was a dinner hostess Friday at the Fairmont. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., and Mr. Gerald Herrmann.

Commodore and Mrs. James Bull gave a dinner Thursday at the St. Francis for some of the officers of H. M. S. Raleigh. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mrs. Herbert Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Thompson of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Gay Lombard, Miss Gladys Tattersall, Miss Ramona Murtagh, Miss Kate Darragh, Lieutenant Hazelhurst, Lieutenant Eldred, Lieutenant Twin-Barrow, Midshipman Gabbett, Midshipman Gowland, Midshipman Garnett, Midshipman Martineau, Midshipman Wood, Midshipman Carhill, Midshipman Todhunter, and Captain Spregett, R. M. C.

Mrs. Ernest Stent gave a luncheon last Wednesday for Mrs. Frank Fuller, among her guests having been Mrs. William Smith, Jr., Mrs. Eric Brownell, Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Othello Scribner, Mrs. Charles Harley, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. William Stevenson, and Mrs. George Forderer.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave a luncheon at the San Mateo Polo Club a few days ago, his guests including Lord and Lady Rodney, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ellis of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Selby Hayne, Vice-Admiral Sir William Packenham, and Mr. William Tevis, Jr.

Mrs. George Martin gave a luncheon last Wednesday in honor of Miss Mary Baldwin of Garden City, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe gave a dinner and theatre party Thursday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Katharine Donohoe, and Miss Mary Donohoe.

Miss Helen Pierce gave a luncheon Tuesday at

the Town and Country Club, her guests having been Miss Edith Grant, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, and Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison were dinner hosts last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Arthur Brendeis of New York was hostess at a dinner-dance Saturday. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Emil Wengenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Salz, Mr. and Mrs. A. Meertief, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Neudater, Mr. and Mrs. Achille Roos, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Weinstock, Mr. Edward Dreyfus, Mr. Albert Frank, and Dr. Thomas Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall gave a dinner Tuesday at the St. Francis. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Miss Jean Wakefield entertained a number of the younger set at a dance Saturday evening in the Century Club. Dr. and Mrs. Frank Wakefield assisted in receiving the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper gave a dance Saturday, those present having included Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey, Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Coxe, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gallagher, and Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Packenham gave a farewell dinner on board H. M. S. Raleigh Saturday evening. Among his guests were Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Commodore and Mrs. James Bull, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Reginald Brooke, Mrs. Herbert Newhall, Mrs. Armstrong Taylor, Commander Gates, U. S. N., Captain Powers Symington, U. S. N., the British vice consul, Mr. Shepard, Captain Bradley, R. N., Commander Curzon Howe, R. N., Commander Spencer Cooper, R. N., and Commander Ward, R. N.

Mrs. Warren Spicker gave a children's party Monday for her little son, Master Warren Spicker, Jr. Some of the mothers who attended the affair with their children were Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton, Mrs. George Nickel, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Bernard Breeden, Mrs. Bliss Hermann, Mrs. Dean Witter, Mrs. Harry Hill, Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mrs. Charles Blyth, and Mrs. Harold Plummer.

Mrs. Frank Fuller was the guest of honor last Friday at a luncheon given by the board of directors of the Woman's Athletic Club. Some of those present were Mrs. James Black, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Samuel Pond, and Mrs. William Roth.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury entertained at dinner Sunday.

There was a dinner-dance given Saturday at the San Francisco Golf Club. Among those in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Georges Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cuthbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were dinner hosts last Friday entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Preston Drown, Miss Marion Zeile, Mr. Robert Dunham, and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Mrs. Walter Treat gave a luncheon Friday at the Town and Country Club, her guests including Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, Mrs. J. J. Spicker, Mrs. Pierre Olney, Mrs. George Detrick, Mrs. Warren Spicker, Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mrs. Watson Fennimore, Mrs. William Weir, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Clarence Smith, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Carroll Cambron, and Mrs. Prentiss Hale.

Miss Jane Carrigan was complimented at a bridge-tea Wednesday by Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh. Her guests included Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Margaret Lee, and Miss Rosemonde Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained at dinner Thursday in Burlingame, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. Wayne Cuyler, Miss Cornelia Armsby, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

In honor of General and Mrs. William Wright, General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett gave a dinner Friday.

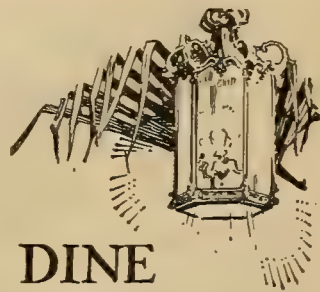
Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge gave a dinner Friday in Ross for Miss Gertrude Minton and Mr. Kittle Boyd.

Mrs. Benjamin Foster was the guest of honor at a given Tuesday in San Rafael by Mrs. Henry Keuchler. Mrs. Arthur Foster, Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., Mrs. O. H. Keuchler, Mrs. Paul Foster, and Miss Lou Foster assisted the hostess in receiving.

Mrs. George Boyd gave a tea Friday in Ross for Miss Gertrude Minton.

Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld entertained eighteen guests at luncheon on Tuesday, complimenting her house guest, Mrs. J. F. Terry of Seattle, and Mrs. Roy Carruthers of New York.

On Monday there was a special polo match at Del Monte with the navy officers of the British man-of-war Raleigh playing on the Del Monte team against the Monterey Presidio officers. The California polo season is to officially open on Saturday and this will be made the occasion for larger gatherings.



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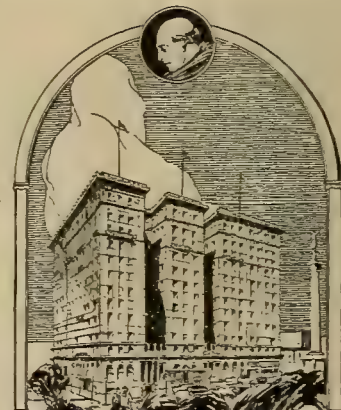
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Lynch remains as head of the op-  
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zation, the culinary staff, the gen-  
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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Packenham left Saturday for Coronado. He will return shortly to Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Billings.

Mr. Horace Pillsbury is in New York, where he has joined Mrs. Pillsbury and their little daughter. They will return to California in a few weeks.

Mr. John Lawson who is making his permanent home in England is enjoying a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eells are traveling in Italy. They will not return to the United States until the late fall.

Miss Mary Ashe Miller has returned to Santa Monica after a brief visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne. En route to her southern home she visited Miss Cornelia Kempf in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Macondray Moore has returned from a trip to Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Sigmund Stern is spending several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Braden and Miss Louise Braden have taken apartments at the Fairmont for a few weeks. They will leave in February for the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson have gone to Honolulu for a month's sojourn.

Miss Jane Carrigan left Thursday for New York to join Mrs. Athearn Folger. They will sail for Naples February 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear are en route to France, after a short stay at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. Mr. John Breeden, who is a student at Harvard, will join them in the summer and will travel through southern Europe with them.

Miss Mary Baldwin of Garden City, New York, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lloyd Robbins.

Mr. Joseph Catherwood will sail January 29th on the *Caronia* for Europe to be gone more than a year. He will tour Italy and France, where he will be joined in the fall by Mrs. Clara Darling.

Admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKean have returned

to Mare Island, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

General and Mrs. William Wright, Miss Marjory Wright, and Lieutenant Wright will sail February 7th for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart and Mr. Benno Hart, Jr., will leave in February for Santa Barbara to spend several weeks at the Samarkand.

Miss Marian Huntington and Mrs. Julia Davenport left Monday for New York. They will sail from the Eastern metropolis for Alexandria in February.

Mr. Herbert Goold has received an appointment as second secretary of the American Legation in London. He and Mrs. Goold are now in Managua, Nicaragua. They will leave shortly for their new post.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Schuyler are entertaining Mrs. George Shreve and Miss Agnes Shreve at their San Mateo home.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Perry have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the past eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse will return in a few days from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Robert Bowles has returned from the south, where he passed a week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham have returned from a visit of six weeks in New York.

Mrs. C. C. Moore, Miss Josephine Moore, and Miss Dorothy Crawford returned yesterday from a sojourn at Paso Robles.

Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Rockey of Portland are visiting Mrs. W. H. Mills at her Bella Vista Apartments.

Among those who have been located at their Pebble Beach homes and intend making long stays are Colonel and Mrs. J. Hudson Poole, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Forsman, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Tertie, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hickson, all of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, who have been entertaining Commander and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp of San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, who have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery and Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott of San Mateo, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKenzie of San Francisco.

Week-end guests at the Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. W. W. Crocker, Miss Armsby, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Clifford M. Weatherwax, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueraz, Mrs. Clark Thomson of Santa Barbara, Miss Gladys Tattersall and Mr. James Tattersall of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shewan cruised to Del Monte from San Francisco in their yacht, the *Patricia*, to take in the golf match over the weekend. Miss Margaret Frazer of London, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Shewan, has left for home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Black of Santa Barbara have returned home, after making an extended stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Squires and Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Corbitt of Portland, Oregon, are staying at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lanabough of Denver made a pleasant sojourn at Del Monte Lodge.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis include Mr. and Mrs. Dan E. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hambach, Seattle; Mr. Theodore Flint, London; Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Casela, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. G. May, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. S. Hurck, New York; Mr. W. J. Preston, St. Paul; Mr. M. A. Strong, Mr. D. C. McKee, Fresno; Mr. William Pinkerton, Chicago; Mr. William Bowen, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wallace, Montreal; Mr. Frank L. Belknap, Chicago; Mr. C. W. Crossman, Long Beach; Mr. William J. Beatty, Philadelphia; Mrs. R. R. Myers, Fairbanks, Alaska; Mr. Charles J. Hughes, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Davidson, San Diego; Mr. Hiram W. Rickard, Flint, Michigan; Mr. Joseph Di Georgio, New York.

Palace Hotel guests include Mr. Milton Carlson, Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Eastman, Seattle; Captain Robert Dollar, San Rafael; Mr. William B. Cameron, New York; Mr. Graham Sanford, Reno; Mr. Jesse Whitehead, Los Altos; Mr. Lewis H. Smith, Fresno; Mr. D. F. Garretson, San Diego; Mr. John S. Baker, Tacoma; Mr. A. E. Turner, Philadelphia; Mr. P. B. Truax, Seattle; Mr. Adolph Becker, Los Angeles; Mr. Frank F. Warren, Portland; Miss Edith Lamar, Klamath Falls; Mrs. C. M. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Eaton, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Greene, Los Angeles; Mr. R. K. McLeod, Boston; Mr. R. H. Johnson, Walla Walla; Mrs. F. W. Swanton, Santa Cruz; Mr. W. R. Tompkin, Seattle; Mr. R. W. Sinclair, San Diego; Mr. Fred L. Baker, Los Angeles; Mr. W. H. Jewett, Seattle.

Hotel Whitcomb recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wear, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Parkhurst, Los Altos; Mr. E. Gunderson, Seattle; Mr. Jessie I. Lubin, Sacramento; Mrs. Marie Weiswinkle, Chicago; Mr. M. A. Phillips, Seattle; Mr. A. K. Gowan, Pittsburg; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Upjohn, San Diego; Mrs. Harry Cornell, Miss Blanche Cornell, Watsonville; Mrs. W. R. Hull, Calgary, Canada; Mr. V. P. Dunphy, Denver; Mr. C. Anderson, Marysville; Mr. A. J. Burruss, Mr. Samuel E. Burke, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Pratt, Olympia, Washington; Mr. Griffen Halstead, Los Angeles; Mr. A. W. Draeger, Delano; Mrs. H. D. Davidson, Sacramento; Dr. D. H. Leppo, Santa Rosa; Mr. K. C. Brueck, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hoag, Omaha, Nebraska.

#### Dr. Reinhardt to Lecture.

Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College, will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, Tuesday afternoon, January 31st, at 2:30 o'clock, on "The Work and Art of Anatole France." This lecture is given in benefit of the Mills College Endowment Fund. The lecture is under the direction of Paul Elder.

#### For Relief of Famine-Stricken Jews.

For the purpose of aiding Jews in war and famine districts of Europe, Jews in San Francisco are uniting under Moses A. Gunst, regional chairman for California, Washington, Oregon, Arizona, and Nevada, in a campaign to raise \$350,000 of the \$1,400,000 asked by the American Jewish Relief Committee in its nation-wide effort.

The committee will carry aid to more than 200,000 Jewish war orphans in Poland and Russia. A revolving fund to be loaned through a credit system whereby stricken families and individuals receiving funds may return the sums at low rates of interest will be established. Clothes are to be bought in this country for delivery on the other side to those whose frail bodies weakened by exposure to rough weather, are in dire need of bodily warmth.

Trade schools will be opened in many provinces and adults and children will be taught to do something to help tide them over the general crisis that has overtaken them. Economic rehabilitation for Jewish refugees will be sought and cultural work, "that the spiritual part of them may not die," will form a part of the relief programme. Sanitation and medical relief will be carried into districts where great suffering exists as an aftermath of war and famine.

Three noted speakers, including David A. Brown, national campaign director; Jacob Bilikopf, formerly relief worker under John R. Mott with the A. E. F., and Dr. Boris H. Bogen, who has been head of the committee's work in Europe, will arrive in San Francisco Sunday to be present and speak at the inaugural campaign dinner to be held that evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

With Gunst on the local executive committee are Mortimer Fleishhacker, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Sidney Ehrman, Alfred I. Esberg, Rabbi Martin A. Meyer, and Mrs. Max Sloss.

In charge of the women's work are Mrs. Marcus Koshland and Mrs. Albert L. Ehrman.

The campaign has received both the approval and the commendation of President Harding and Herbert Hoover and a number of state governors have endorsed it.



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#### Bridge Party for St. Luke's

A bridge party will be held at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, February 7th, at 2 o'clock, for the benefit of the equipment of the dental clinic at St. Luke's Health Centre. Tables may be reserved from any of the Woman's Board of St. Luke's Hospital or at the Fairmont Hotel. Tables, \$5, including tea. Hostesses will supply cards and score, or they may be purchased at the door.

#### The London String Band at Berkeley.

The fourth of the season's concerts of the Berkeley Musical Association will be given at Harmon Gymnasium, Thursday evening, February 2d. The London String Band is the special attraction.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why do you always send flowers?" "I'm not going to have her share my candy with other guys."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Samson used the jawbone of an ass to end a war. In modern times this weapon is used only to start wars.—*Pueblo Star-Journal*.

She—Do you know that professors do not get any more per hour than plumbers? He—I think a good professor is worth it.—*Cornell Widow*.

"Why do so many pigeons hang around the depot?" "Rice from wedding parties," explained the porter briefly.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Your honor, my wife makes me act as house girl, nursemaid, and cook." "What is your business or profession?" "I'm an artist." "An artist?" "Yes, your honor. A female

### FOR HEALTH

### EAT

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impersonator." "Umph! It serves you right, next case!"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

McGowan—I wish Savanarola had been a Spaniard. Nolan—Why? McGowan—Well, that's what I said he was on my examination paper.—*Detroit Varsity News*.

"What sort of an appearing man is he?" "Little dried-up feller," replied the gaunt Missourian, "that looks like he always ett at the second table."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Did you hear about the awful trouble that has befallen Mrs. Talkalot?" "Don't tell me she has lost her voice." "No, her husband has lost his hearing."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mr. Stude," said the landlady, "I must object to your sitting in your room with your feet on the table." "Sorry," said the stude, "but my roommate's were on the floor."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

Lieutenant (roaring with rage at steward)—Who told you to put those flowers on the table? Steward—The commander, sir. Lieutenant—Pretty, aren't they?—*Oklahoma Sea Bag*.

He—What is the matter? You haven't said a word in the last twenty minutes. She—I never speak when I have not anything to say. He—Be my wife, will you?—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.

"What are you doing, Marjory?" "I'm writing a letter to Lily Smif." "But, darling, you don't know how to write." "That's no diffence, mamma; Lily don't know how to read."—*Boston Transcript*.

Doctor—That's purely imagination. Just convince yourself that you're cured and you won't be sick any more. Patient—If that's the case, doctor, consider yourself as being paid.—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

"Yes, Algy, we can be married. Father says he will trust me to you." "Think he would indorse my note for two hundred plunkets?" "No, I don't think he would trust you to that extent, Algy."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in the Sabbath-school today?" "No, mamma. I ast Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I could keep it an' spend it fer candy, an' he gave me permission."—*Denver News*.

"Ethel," said the bishop, "you seem to be a bright little girl; can you repeat a verse from the Bible?" "I'll say I can." "Well, my dear, let us have it." "The Lord is my shepherd—I should worry."—*Florida Times-Union*.

Lady Visitor—And what brought you here, my good man? Convict 534—Well, madam, my father said when I was a boy that he hoped I would marry beauty and brains, and I wanted to please him. Lady Visitor—Yes? Convict 534—Bigamy.—*Washington Dirge*.

"Who was the poet who wrote about 'man's inhumanity to man'?" asked Mr. Bibbles in a choking voice. "I don't recall," said Mr. Jagsby. "What reminded you of that quotation?" "I've just discovered that I paid \$10. for a quart of cold tea."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"The butler is incompetent and must go." "I can't let the butler go. He'll give away



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family secrets." "There is no skeleton in our family." "I know that, wife. But I can't afford to have my friends know how much hootch I got in the cellar."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Mother—" "Yes, Ethel—" "Will you do something for me?" "What is it?" "I wish you would buy me a rolling-pin." "Why don't you buy one yourself?" "Oh, you know Jim and I have only been married a few weeks and the store man might think we were not getting along together."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Two farmers met on a country road, and pulled up their teams. "Si," said Josh. "I've got a mule with distemper. What did you give that one of yours when he had it?" "Turpentine. Giddap!" A week later they met again. "Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine, and it killed him." "Killed mine, too. Giddap!"—*The Periscope*.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Gertrude, "I can spell 'nothing,' and that's a big word, isn't it?" "A pretty big word for a little maid of your age," replied her mother. "How do you spell 'nothing'?" "Z. X. M." "Why, darling, that isn't right." "Yes, it is," said Gertrude, emphatically. "I said to grandma, 'What does Z. X. M. spell?' and she said 'nothing.'"—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

### Switzerland's Example

Gold exports are now so unusual that attention is challenged when a country so small in commercial importance as Switzerland can command our resources. Other countries have credits with us on the exchange of goods, but in no other are the currency conditions similar. For the eleven months ended with November we exported to Switzerland \$41,482,000 and imported \$54,831,000. On the goods movement we owe Switzerland over \$13,000,000. Switzerland is so far from wanting the gold that she already has an excess. All countries need gold, but most countries have an excess of currency. Gold comes here because there is no other place for it to go as money, and because our price level is the world's lowest, as is customary in a gold standard country as compared with paper money countries. Our gold goes to Switzerland as a commodity, not as money.

There is no reason why we should regret its loss in inconsiderable sums, but if we should wish to keep it here the method would be to reduce the price of our goods so that they would be more attractive to Switzerland and we should owe her nothing on balance. This illustrates the classical manner in which the exchanges are corrected. Countries which have an exportable currency lose it when the exchanges are against them, and when they lose enough they reduce the price level of their goods until they are cheaper to buy than the exportable currency. On the other hand, when the exchanges are so excessive that too much importable currency is sent the price level is raised, so that fewer goods will be bought. The export and the import of the only exportable and importable international currency, gold, is the only manner in which it is positively known whether the exchanges should be corrected by alteration of the price level. Thus the movements in exchange are directly related to international price levels, and both are controlled by the discount rate, which works by making credit cheaper or dearer and influencing costs of production and distribution.—*New York Times*.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Principle Before Policy.

In last week's *Argonaut* there appeared a letter from one George Swanson, "member of Lorenz Post No. 11, Mankato, Minnesota"—a letter curiously marked by mental confusion on the part of the writer. Among other more or less "smart" remarks Mr. Swanson twits the *Argonaut* thusly: "In two instances now you have lined yourself against a nation-wide movement and lost out. I refer to the Maternity bill and the Adjusted Compensation (bonus) bill." Our young friend evidently fails to comprehend the *Argonaut's* inspiration in dealing with public matters. Both his citations, let us admit, are true. And the losing out was not only before, but after the fact. In presenting its views the *Argonaut* is concerned not one ding-dang whether it "wins" or "loses" out. It is not that kind of a journal. Very definitely devoted to principles, it assumes responsibility for no causes. It speaks its mind with entire freedom, win or lose. It stands by principle and as readily declares its views with respect to movements destined to "lose out" as to those destined to win. There was once a candidate for the presidency of the United States who prior to election day made a declaration that was directly calculated to lose votes. He justified his course by the remark that he would rather be right than be President. In its modest way, the *Argonaut* steers its course by this sentiment. It would rather be right and "lose out" than win by a policy of pandering. If the *Argonaut* shall ever so far

abandon its traditions and make sacrifice of principles to take on a "policy"—if it shall adjust its judgments and opinions upon calculation of "winning out"—it will have ceased to be the *Argonaut*.

### Germany's Industrial Revival.

While the European countries that won the war languish, Germany, which lost the war, flourishes under an amazing revival of her industries. Concrete evidence in exposition of German conditions was given last week by Mr. Carl Ackerman in an address before a group of advertising men in New York. Having just returned from a tour of observation in Germany, Mr. Ackerman was able to speak from personal knowledge. Germany, he said, has not only recovered, but is pushing her business competitors back almost into the slough of despond in which she herself floundered three years ago. The story of how this has been accomplished is worth attention.

Immediately after the war the German government issued 127,000,000,000 of paper marks, of which 92,000,000,000 were taken by speculative investors outside of Germany. In payment for these scraps of paper there flowed into Germany a prodigious stream of actual money. It was used to bring in raw materials for old factories which had long been idle and for new ones equipped from loot drawn from Belgium and northern France. German labor is paid in marks, and while wage rates as measured by marks are far in advance of old schedules, if measured in gold are less than half of the rates paid in England, and of course infinitely less than American wage rates. German workmen paid in a depreciated currency are thus being automatically exploited. They are giving to the German manufacturer an "edge" of fully 50 per cent. over employing manufacturers of countries with which Germany is in close competition.

Within the year 1921 nineteen billion shares of new industrial securities were sold. German purchases of cotton from this country within the year ran to double the figures of any previous year. Similarly with copper and many other raw materials. In the year German steamships did an unprecedented volume of business between the British ports and North and South America, bringing in raw materials and carrying out finished products.

Schedules of comparative prices challenge belief. German manufacturers make automobile parts and sell them in Detroit cheaper than the Detroit manufacturers can make them. German manufacturers can place lawn-mowers in the New York market for less than one-third of their cost in any American factory. They can sell a camera tripod in New York at a profit for less than the cost of the raw material for the same article here. A meter which wholesales in America for eight dollars sells at wholesale in Germany for one dollar and a half. Shears which retail in Germany for fourteen cents sell in the Mississippi Valley for three dollars. And so on *ad infinitum*—clocks, phonographs, ten-ton engines. Germany can and does undersell both American and British manufacturers in every country that is open to her commerce.

The labor differential is a large factor in the situation, but it is not the whole thing. Chicane plays its part. For example, a clock made in Germany bears on its dial a statement which proclaims it to have been "made in America." But it is, says Mr. Ackerman, the dial alone that is made in this country, and that keeps the article within the law. An American phonograph factory, operating in Germany, was seized by the government of that country at the beginning of the war. The new German government promptly returned to the company its factory with the machinery by which phonographs were turned out. But shortly thereafter German factories were flooding the markets of the world with records made from matrices taken from the

American factory held by Germany during the war at prices making competition impossible.

Mr. Ackerman declared that American investors are measurably to blame for a situation that puts American manufacturers at such serious disadvantage. It was mainly from American speculators who bought German marks by the billions that means for rehabilitation of Germany industry came. Many American factories are idle because American speculators gave to Germany the means of cut-throat competition. Mr. Ackerman's remedy for the mischief that has been done is revision of the tariff. The German economic offensive can, he argues, be met by an American valuation being placed on imported goods subject to *ad valorem* duties. That is, the 12 per cent. of our imports subject to such duty can be valued according to American standards rather than by those of Germany.

Mr. Ackerman's closing message is worth attention: "Throughout the war we had here a great spiritual movement, and a country united for action under a slogan which urged us to 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' Today we need some similar recognition of the new situation. We must unite to meet this new form of aggression and increase our efforts to 'Keep the Home Stacks Smoking.'"

### Petulant France.

The attitude of France in the Washington Conference, and concurrently at Cannes, and as indicated still more recently toward the projected Genoa meeting, is disconcerting. The fault with France is that she over-visualizes Germany and under-visualizes everything else. Just as M. Clemenceau at the peace conference could see nothing and would hear nothing that did not relate directly to France, now France is indifferent towards whatever does not bear a direct relation to her real or imaginary interests. Possessed by the bug-a-boo of a revengeful Germany, she insists upon maintaining a land armament a million strong. In doing this she ignores her general obligations, confuses her domestic finance by colossal issues of paper money, and moves rapidly toward the vortex of financial ruin. She seeks security through arrangements with Britain and the United States, at the same time irritating and offending these countries by insistence upon terms to which they will not or can not accede. Then she flies into a rage that tries the patience of a friendship that is a source of security—in truth her only security.

So closely are the eyes of France fixed upon her own conditions and problems that she fails to comprehend differences in her governmental structure and those of the countries that wish to maintain relations of friendship with her. She asks for formal commitments which Britain under her traditional policies will not yield and which America could not if she would. France wants a hard-and-fast alliance binding Britain and the United States to come to her defense in case of an aggressive movement on the part of Germany; and she is blind to the fact that such commitments are impossible. If France could view the situation calmly and could bring herself to understand that the arrangements which Britain and America propose to make are of potentially higher value than the demands which she herself puts forth, it would yield her happy release from the terrors that now dominate her ways of thinking and infuse elements of irritation into her foreign diplomacy.

To illustrate: In the procedures of the Washington Conference there has been developed a distinctly friendly attitude towards France on the part of all the participating nations. Among other things she has been made a party to the Four-Power Pact and is thus associated in a moral sense with Britain, America, and Japan. Directly, with respect to Pacific Ocean affairs, and inferentially in other respects as a friendly associate with these countries, France is



in a morally strong position. Germany, however imbued with revengeful sentiments, is not likely to move aggressively against a country which in the recent war was associated with the Allies and which is immediately in partnership with Britain, America, and Japan. True, these countries have not promised to come to her defense in case of a German onslaught. But the fact that she stands with them is in itself a fact that Germany is not likely to overlook. But in her self-centered egotism of eye and mind France can not see this. She insists upon specific engagements, and when they are denied she gets into a panic and says and does spiteful things.

The United States never has entered into hard-and-fast alliances. That no such arrangement is possible has been very definitely demonstrated in the failure to confirm the commitments of the Versailles treaty. It would seem that France should see the point and so shape her policies as to make them accord with the inevitable. She does not see it because she shuts her eyes to facts. In the meantime she is putting upon those whose support is necessary to her security a strain, which only a species of patience, comparable to that of one who deals with a naughty child, enables them to endure.

#### Climate and Temperamental Warmth.

There are many illusions about the "Frozen North." One is that the climate there is excessively cold. This fallacy has been exposed by the explorer Steffansson. Another is that Northerners are "cold," in the sense of being very rational and immune from the fires of impulse that consume the children of latitudes nearer the sun. Ossian should have dispelled that. Neither sleet nor snow nor gelid wind could extinguish the ardors of the amorous Celtic heroes, whose songs and deeds were braziers that glowed the more fiercely for the northern gale, and always outflamed the languid hearth fires of the "Southrons." The cloak of convention does not cling more tightly to the forms of Northern ladies than to their more rotund sisters in the South, nor does the icy blast of Boreas make them any less ready to change it for the gossamer robes of impulse. Skeptical readers are referred to Borrow's comment on the Scotch ballads and the love letters of Burns.

Neither are their tongues less ardent and eloquent, as may be judged from recent orations of lady members in the Irish Parliament. Witness also the resonant words with which Mrs. Stillman shouts hyperbole from among the snows of her Hyperborean retreat. In New York, which is comparatively Southern, Mrs. Stillman maintains a fine verbal reserve. But in Latuque, Quebec, the gusto of the chill wind from the mountain peaks and the heady tang of the pine forests move her to indite this telegram to the sober and tongue-tied James:

Today, standing in the snow of Canada, I know what you tried to do to me, and from the North I hurl my gauntlet at your feet. Gold against courage, James, I am ready for you.

It is to be remembered, of course, that these words may have been modeled intentionally on the caption style of the movies, beloved of the masses whom it is Mrs. Stillman's pleasure to captivate. Also that being made a national figure is not conducive to verbal reticence or coherence of thought. But surely no such farrago as this was ever penned in strong sunlight.

#### The Spanish Invaders.

Recent dispatches from abroad affirm that the Spaniards have invaded London. A cult of things Spanish has swept over the British capital, with Belasco Ibañez in the thick of it, gathering in the loot. The success of his drama, "Blood and Sand," is the seal of London's capitulation to the new Armada.

We have grown accustomed by this time to the saying that "London has been taken by storm." The hospitality with which the grim old city by the Thames exposes herself to such assaults recalls the story of the portly French dame who, while the countryside was being sacked by a ruthless enemy, inquired in eager tones of the fugitives, "Ou viole-t-on?" And the favors of a city so determined to be captivated are apt to prove rather ephemeral.

But the wave of enthusiasm for Spain is not confined to London. Other European capitals have succumbed to the fandango and the frijole, the comedies of Calderon and the bull-fights of Belasco. One of the main causes for this is probably that Spain has not been greatly affected by the war, and the battle-torn nations are turning to her art and literature as a refuge

from grim memories. She offers a kind of avenue of return to the intellectual and emotional *status quo ante*. Securely walled by the Pyrenees and the sea from a conflict that only served to increase her prosperity, she has lost none of her old-time serenity and laughter, and now that the strife is over, she seems to have adopted the rôle of cup-bearer to the blood-stained warriors.

One of the marks of her emotional serenity is that she still delights in tragedy and bloodshed on the stage. Not so the rest of Europe. Ibañez' play, as produced in London, has been altered to produce a happy ending. Spanish audiences can still find pleasure in a tale that mingles vivacity with violence, but her war-weary neighbors prefer their comedy straight.

It is possible that Spain has missed something through her isolation from the paroxysm that lately shook the rest of the Latin world. There may, after all, be some such a thing as an "angel of pain." But in a temporary and material sense she flourishes in unchastened splendor.

#### High and Dry Poincaré.

It is not surprising to learn of Premier Poincaré that when he was a small boy in school at Bar le Duc he never went out of doors without an umbrella. When friends remonstrated that it was not raining the future premier replied with unerring sagacity, "No, but it might." M. Poincaré, in fact, belongs to the type known in America as the "gum-shoer." We meet in him the man who always remembers his goloshes and tiptoes his way through life on silent rubber soles. He speaks seldom, and then only when every one else has said enough to disclose the majority idea. His public addresses are collocations of platitude, delivered with a precision and solemnity that lend them a soporific persuasiveness. When it is not possible to escape argument by silence M. Poincaré emphasizes the catch word of the moment or anæsthetizes his opponents in an ether of formless generalities. Behind all this there may be an acute intelligence at work, but if so, the evidence is misleading. To an unpartisan eye, M. Poincaré represents the anthesis of the France that has stirred the admiration and wonder of the world in the past: the gallant and courageous France, whose imagination, intellectual daring, and love of justice have made her the standard-bearer of great causes. He represents a France with which we are less familiar: France of the heavy gold watch chain and black gloves, of dreary ritualists and petty *convenances*, of solemn *gens du bien*, and funereally pompous and cautious functionaries beside whom Dickens' Gradgrind Senior and Mr. Merdle were poets of revolt.

The extraordinary support he is now receiving in France is due to a war-shaken *morale* that makes the majority of the French people anxious for security at all costs, and willing to exalt any official who can make a virtue of the commercial disintegration of Germany. Their concern about the inequality of the per capita tax rate in France and Germany seems to arise primarily from a fear that the restoration of financial stability in Germany will mean investing their old enemy with new sinews of war. From an economic viewpoint, however, it is obvious that the prosperity of Europe demands the rehabilitation of all Germany's industrial resources, and a policy that makes her innocuous by making her a wilderness is unworthy both of the French intelligence and of French pride. And all this can only be the result of a passing wave of hysteria. Now that the French people have assuaged their fears by electing Poincaré—who has never been a popular or a representative figure—they will probably regret the loss of Briand. But even the temporary overthrow of the latter and of his more liberal policy may involve a great loss to the world in general, which is too apt to approach such questions as if the prosperity of one nation demanded the impoverishment of another, and as if any country could escape the effects of its neighbor's ruin.

#### Editorial Notes.

The Rev. J. M. Van Every, an Oakland clergyman, has long made a specialty of denouncing divorce. He has preached and written volumes on the subject with a positiveness—and lack of charity—not infrequently marking the attitude of the churchman when he essays discussion of social problems. But now comes the Rev. Van Every into Judge Shortall's court in support of the plea of his daughter, Mrs. Irene Young, for divorce. Experience at close range has made the Rev.

Mr. Van Every wiser than he was. "No man," he now admits, "can say at the time the nuptial knot is tied just what the outcome will be, not even when the clergyman happens to be the father of the bride." In the concluding phrase of this admission there is a certain pathos, though we fail to discover an element of special solemnity in the fact that the ceremony was pronounced by the father of the bride.

The Rev. Mr. Van Every is not first to discover that it makes a difference whose ox is gored. For many years the late Professor Huxley waged a fight to nullify the rule of British law prohibiting marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Through his persistency the cause was ultimately won; and very shortly thereafter the surviving husband of Professor Huxley's elder daughter desired to marry a younger sister of his deceased wife. In his personal memoirs Huxley, a man of the soundest sentiment as well as of the soundest intellect, makes record of the mental agony involved in yielding consent. Verily it makes a difference whose ox is gored.

Comes the Rev. Albert W. Palmer from Honolulu with the interesting information that Japanese children in the Hawaiian Islands are "more loyal to the United States than they are to Japan." Further, that the presence of 110,000 Japanese in Hawaii out of a total population of 250,000 "does not constitute a menace." As to which Mr. Palmer's hearers would do well to take with the traditional grain of salt allowable to social observation when the observer is a clergyman. Mr. Palmer's "message," which he proposes to deliver throughout the United States, does not find confirmation at the hands of men of more practical type. In fact, he is the only man of hundreds who have assumed to render judgment in matter of Japanese population in Hawaii who holds to the opinion that there is no Japanese problem in the Islands.

It was noted recently in these columns that in the formulation of the new (and makeshift) tariff schedules the Treasury Department was represented by experts formerly employed by Secretaries McAdoo and Glass and representative of Democratic rather than of Republican ideas. Secretary Mellon was subjected to criticism on this score, and not unjustly. There was, to say the least, incongruity in the fact that a Republican tariff law should in large measure be drafted by Democratic experts. Now there has come a shake-up that is calculated to bring the organization of the Treasury Department into support of the purposes of the Administration. George A. Ashworth, a Democrat, who for the past three years has been chief of the Customs Service Division, is supplanted by Ernest W. Camp, recently secretary to Representative Fordney, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Elmer Dover, a Republican and a protective tariff advocate, becomes Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, taking the place of an appointee of Mr. McAdoo.

Senator Borah is entirely within bounds in the declaration that leniency on the part of the United States to her European creditors ought to be contingent upon reasonable policies on their part in the matter of domestic expenditures. Assuredly countries which can not pay their debts, or even the interest upon them, have no right in morals to spend enormous sums of money in maintenance of military establishments. They have no right in business morals or in any other kind of morals to still further augment the chaos of the times by colossal issues of worthless paper money which they spend without judgment or conscience to their own discredit and in contempt of their obligations. The United States is not only a reasonable creditor, but it wishes to be a generous one. But a policy so extravagantly generous as to encourage, if not directly promote, ruinous policies on the part of the European countries is neither wise nor in the last analysis considerate. In international relations, as in individual relations, it is the right of the creditor to insist that debtors shall exercise a reasonable degree of prudence before asking further favors.

Senator John Sharp Williams insists that Belgium's obligation to the United States for funds advanced by this country during the war shall stand on a basis different from the debts due us from other countries. Reason and sentiment combine to justify this demand.



Belgium's great part in the war was that of a break-water. If she had not by tremendous sacrifices, with heroic endurance of incomparable cruelties, stood against the advancing hordes in August, 1914, France would have been overrun, Paris would have fallen, and the war might have had a different termination. The moral heroism of Belgium at the beginning of the war saved the civilized world from the greatest of catastrophes. Subsequently the United States advanced to Belgium several millions of dollars, partly to save her people from starvation, partly to aid their activities in prosecution of the war. Senator Williams wants to sponge out this debt; and we believe the sentiment of the people of the United States will support the proposal. Belgium, in respect of her service and her sufferings, in view of her poverty, is entitled, not only to sympathy, but to generosity. Not even by relieving her of obligation on the score of moneys advanced shall we return to her that which she gave to us in the fateful months of 1914.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Submarine Again.

NAVAL WAR COLLEGE,  
NEWPORT, R. I., January 20, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your issue of January 7, 1922, appeared an article entitled "England and the Submarine," in which, I have no doubt, your political conclusions were sound. They generally are.

But there were many serious technical errors. This is not to be wondered at because the country does not take kindly to the "now it can be told" information when that information conflicts with preconceived ideas and induces disturbing mental effort. The plain fact is, however, that our policies are in grave danger of being based upon misinformation. This is likely to lead to serious results. For example, your article stated what the whole nation approves and concedes—the necessary inhumanity of undersea warfare. This is a widespread and extraordinary misconception. The plain facts are that no such generalization can be made. It depended largely upon the type of submarine used and the conditions under which it was employed. The cruiser type, for example, rarely departed from strict observation of the laws governing warfare upon the seas. Moreover, recent developments tend to make the more humane practice almost mandatory. Inhuman practices arose, not from the nature of the submarine as a weapon, but from:

1. The peculiar strategic and geographic situation in European waters, and
  2. A peculiar German conception of war and the consequently peculiar policy adopted to conform to that conception. To proceed to explanation and proof:
- European waters, and particularly the area affected by the war, are generally close waters. That is to say, Europe is a comparatively small area geographically, the coast is very irregular, and the states are small. The adjacent seas are of no great extent and the distance between naval bases is short. This enables combatants to operate short-radius craft. The results were:

1. That in these waters the smaller types of submarines could operate, and
  2. That anti-submarine craft were generally within easy calling distance of an attacked ship.
- Now the first of the above considerations meant that submarines that had to depend solely upon the torpedo could also be used. This type could often be avoided if it gave warning, because it had no speed. Even the larger 800-ton class, when ships became armed, could frequently be driven off or sunk. Moreover, the delay caused by giving warning was often sufficient to enable anti-submarine craft to reach the scene and drive off or destroy the attacker. Hence the sinkings without warning.

I shall not go into detail regarding the second aspect: the German theory of terrorism—that is too well known—beyond stating that it was common to both land and sea warfare and frequently achieved substantial results, as in the case of Belgium, where it enabled the German army to occupy and hold the country with a minimum number of troops and with complete security to its communications. This released larger numbers for active operations. I do not justify this policy; I state facts.

But when the Germans attacked merchant ships in open waters and when they used their powerful and speedy cruiser submarines they generally gave warning and acted in a humane manner. According to Admiral Sims' letter to the *New York Times* of January 8, 1922, their usual method of procedure was to capture a ship, put a prize crew aboard, use it as a floating base, transfer to it the passengers and crews of ships subsequently sunk and, when it was full, release the ship to proceed to port.

Unfortunately I can not give precise examples of this procedure; I can only give the following data:

September, 1917, Norwegian S. S. *Bygdones* captured. 1917, *Eagle Wing* halted, stores taken, and the skipper rebuked for being behind his schedule, warned never again to keep a U-boat waiting, and told to "beat it."

1918, *Willie G* captured and used to take the crew and that of the *Eric* to port.

1918, *Triumph*, Canadian, captured, armed as a raider, and used to sink American fishing ships.

But that there existed a marked contrast between methods used in close waters and those in open waters the following statistics, the only ones at hand, will prove. They were compiled by a United States Navy officer during the war and apply to the month of September, 1917:

| Area.                   | Sunk by Torpedo. | Sunk by Gun. |
|-------------------------|------------------|--------------|
| Atlantic . . . . .      | 34               | 65           |
| North Sea . . . . .     | 19               | 7            |
| Channel . . . . .       | 30               | 16           |
| Mediterranean . . . . . | 21               | 16           |
|                         | 124              | 104          |

The few submarines which operated off our coast in 1918 destroyed exactly 100 ships, as follows:

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Captured, boarded, and sunk by bombs . . . . . | 60  |
| Sunk by gunfire . . . . .                      | 15  |
| Torpedoed . . . . .                            | 15  |
| Sunk by mines . . . . .                        | 5   |
| Sunk by gunfire and bomb . . . . .             | 2   |
| Burned . . . . .                               | 2   |
| Captured . . . . .                             | 1   |
|  | 100 |

Cases of inhuman or brutal methods were negligible.

The *U-140* carried a special prize crew. What for?

In 1918 the Germans built eight new cruising submarines. These were no "spit-boxes." They were of about 2700 tons, had 18 knots surface speed, carried six-inch guns, crews of over 100—enough to provide a prize crew—and had a radius of 20,000 miles. Such craft are cruisers. They operate in all respects as surface cruisers with one exception, and that renders them more effective than surface cruisers for commerce destruction: they can submerge and can thus escape attack and keep the seas. They have, moreover, the advantage in speed over 95 per cent. of all merchant ships and can out-range and out-fight 99 per cent. of all armed merchantmen. Why sink without warning? To do so costs about \$10,000, the price of a torpedo; to capture by threat of gunfire costs about a dollar and a half; the price of a cheap bomb and a few feet of fuse.

It may cost nothing. Money may be actually saved and other substantial advantages derived by not sinking at all. A captured ship can be used as a base, her stores used, part of the submarine crew rested and refreshed as a prize crew and their morale raised, to say nothing of the moral advantages of honorable warfare.

This is the criticism of a serious error of fact which you share with the lay opinion of the country; upon this depends an important policy.

Other statements are of minor importance. That "the war also taught England that submarine could not fight submarine" is directly contrary to the facts. The submarine was the most effective anti-submarine weapon of all, and by far. See Admiral Sims' "Victory at Sea." If that is not convincing I can supply official figures to prove it.

It is dangerous also to state that the submarine is predominantly a weapon of offense. We must not generalize from the peculiar conditions of the late war. Whether the submarine is defensive or offensive depends upon the type and the conditions under which it is used. For the United States it will probably always be predominantly a defensive weapon. There are fleet-submarines, cruiser-submarines, coast-defense-submarines, mine-laying-submarines, and monitor or battleship-submarine. Of these we have no effective fleet-submarines, few modern cruisers, and no mine-layers or monitors. We have practically only coast-defense-submarines, but it is this type which is of supreme importance to us. Fully supplied with these and with aircraft, our coasts will be practically secure from invasion by any power. Moreover, a blockade of our long coast line would be rendered impracticable. Of course such a use does not win a war; it gives no more than a stalemate. For offensive action, to crush an enemy and to impose our will for a speedy peace we need the offensive types as well. But the submarine in its defensive form is peculiarly fitted to our strategic and geographical situation.

There is a third criticism of no particular importance save to give credit where credit is due, and that is your statement that the British have no aptitude for submarine war. No service handled the submarine with greater technical skill, efficiency, and daring. The British submarine service was not heralded, as it was not the policy of the admiralty to advertise its activity. But British submarines sank three times the number of U-boats that their destroyers sank. We ought not to forget their brilliant exploits in the Baltic nor their gallant, almost foolhardy passages of the mine-strewn Dardanelles and their nervy work in the Sea of Marmora. I think that our service will concede the British to be the best of all in submarine war.

In conclusion, while one can not well escape agreeing with the political conclusions you express, nor blame you for technical errors in a subject where genuine information is scarcely to be had, I am forced to draw your attention to them because our policy ought to be founded upon the truth.

We have all too readily succumbed to Mr. Balfour's clever sentimental appeal. Unless it be Hearst—I do not know; I do not read his papers; I can not—there has not been a single voice raised in the warning "not to let the British pull the wool over our eyes," except one: that of Admiral Sims.

I do not blame the British at all for trying: theirs is a critical situation; but I do blame our people if the British succeed. J. M. SCAMMELL.

(After rereading Mr. Scammell's letter and the article to which he draws exception, I can not see that we differ on any essential point but one, and that is less a matter of fact than of opinion. All the main facts mentioned in Mr. Scammell's letter were known to me when the article was written. They are contained in two volumes published in 1919 and 1920 respectively, by C. W. Domville-Fife, Lieut. R.N.V.R., late of the staff of His Majesty's School of Submarine Mining. The first of these books has been published in America by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The later one can be obtained from G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. "Anti-Submarine Warfare," another volume by the same author, discussing this phase of the subject in detail, has lately been issued by the Lippincott Company and by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd., London. My only reference to the vexed question of the inhumanity of submarine warfare, occurred in a sentence that drew attention to the disingenuity of the British delegates in basing their objections to the submarine on this ground when their real motive was quite other. But whatever view one may take regarding the likelihood of submarine abuses in the future, there can be no question of our relinquishing this weapon while the present alignment continues, or until it becomes obsolete. On this basic point, Mr. Scammell and I are at no disagreement, and the article contains no statement which, when read in the context, subverts the policy he so ably champions.—AUBREY BOYD.)

No Bonus for This Patriot.

DAVIS, CAL., January 27, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: While not gifted of tongue and pen, I can not forbear thanking you for your remarks anent "adjusted compensation," especially as commendation is probably not plentiful.

I entirely fail to understand the state of mind which considers that because we did what any man would consider—or should consider—his duty at a time of need we should now be handed an uncalled-for and unexpected bonus.

When a man enlists in his country's defense he is fulfilling an obligation for which there can be no material recompense. If he is a patriot he desires none.

This does not apply to the men disabled in the service; nothing in their aid should be left undone and the Board for Vocational Education should receive all support and encouragement.

I would like to state that I enlisted in the army, but never left California; being discharged six months after enlistment as physically unfit for service, mainly due to a mistake in diagnosis by the doctor. ARTHUR FOLGER.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE GENOA CONFERENCE.

(New York Times, January 22)

In the discussion of participation in the Genoa Economic Conference many have lost sight of the question of what such a conference can actually accomplish. The idea that depreciated exchange rates will by some arbitrary action be "stabilized," or raised to the neighborhood of normal parity, is now pretty generally dismissed. Depreciated exchange is nothing but a symptom; the disease lies behind it, and can be cured only through eventually bringing a country's exports nearer to balance with its imports and through reducing its paper currency to normal proportions. This problem of the inflated currencies differs greatly in the different European states. England's £312,000,000 "currency notes," for instance, were not directly or indirectly put out by the government to meet a deficit. Like our own old national bank notes, they were issued to the banks on the pledge of government securities; the banks could use them only in so far as their depositors asked for them, and the increase or decrease therefore depended chiefly, as with our Federal Reserve notes, on the changing needs of trade.

The actual policy of the governments toward their currencies also differs. The British treasury notes were reduced last year £45,000,000, or about 13 per cent. France has taken up with the proceeds of government bond sales 3,000,000,000 out of the 39,000,000,000 maximum paper issues, and at the present rate of retirement would have called in the whole war issue within the next ten years. But countries such as Poland or Austria, where a huge continuing deficit is being met by new paper money, are approaching a point where their paper currencies will be worth as little as the French assignats in 1797 or the Confederate currency in 1864. Russia long ago reached and passed that point; Germany is on the way to it.

Few familiar with economic history foresee any outcome of this prodigious paper inflation in Central Europe except some form of repudiation. For the proposal of canceling the currencies outright, however, or even of scaling them down arbitrarily, no voice at present seems to be raised. Suggestions have been made for reducing the gold value of the monetary unit in which the paper notes are payable; for instance, cutting down the actual gold content of the twenty-mark piece by one-half or three-quarters and declaring by law that the new coin is the mark in which outstanding notes are redeemable. But, obviously, this is quite as much repudiation as the canceling of a ratable part of the nominal value of the outstanding paper.

Some of the more venturesome economists have gone so far as to advocate the same procedure for the pound sterling, recommending lately the reduction of gold in the British sovereign until it should be intrinsically worth \$3.63, the rate of New York exchange then prevailing for British currency. This proposal, however, met with an unlucky fate; for the sterling rate itself advanced to \$4.24 almost as soon as the plan for "stabilizing" it at \$3.63 had been put in print, and the *London Statist*, which had rashly stood sponsor for the proposal, was moved to confess a few weeks later that "revaluation of the pound sterling may now be altogether unnecessary, because the present trend of events points to the probability of its becoming equal in value to the gold sovereign before very long."

"Trend of events" is rather apt to have an awkward way with such happy-thought expedients. One is reminded of the English statesman who, after supporting exactly the same proposal during the depreciation of England's currency in the war with Napoleon, confessed to Parliament after abandoning the plan that the country's "moral feeling was the other way"; also of the other statesman of that day who admitted that "we could not agree as to what should be the amount of the new standard; I was of the opinion that it ought to be £4 10s. or £4 15s. per ounce gold, while my honorable friend thought it ought to be £5 5s. or £5 10s."

These confessions indicate some of the obstacles to the "devaluation plan" thus jauntily thrown out. England and France will in due course solve their problem, but solution of Central Europe's currency problem has not yet even been considered. In all probability the economic conference will be urged to consider it. Among the proposals which are likely to appear is that of the "Bank of Nations," the "Federal Reserve Bank of the World," of which we have heard already from Senator Hitchcock and Mr. Vanderlip. An international bank with the power of extending credit on foreign trade account is quite conceivable; the Ter Meulen plan has already outlined the possible machinery; but these other projects do not stop with that. Their banks is to issue a wholly new form of paper currency, to be advanced to Central European merchants against their negotiable assets.

The idea has appealed to many imaginations, but unfortunately has not been based on a serious effort to grapple with the details of its operation. No proponent of such plans has told us how a reserve could be accumulated sufficient to keep such currencies from depreciation, except for the wholly fantastic suggestion that the gold holdings of our Federal Reserve should somehow be commandeered. None of them has worked out intelligently the effect of such an imagined currency on the depreciated paper already afloat in Central Europe. On the face of things, the plan contemplates increase, not decrease, in paper currency outstanding, with the strong probability of two sets of depreciation in gold value, that of the national currencies and that of the international.

The economic conference will achieve at least one useful result if it points out plainly what can not be done. For the rest, it must depend on arrangements for mutual extension of credit, backed primarily by merchants and not by governments, whereby exchange of merchandise can be resumed with some escape from the paralyzing influence of worthless paper currencies and of the resulting extravagant home prices. The strong and solvent governments can cooperate toward such an end, but they can not as governments achieve it. The economic conference, however, may at least make it clear to Central Europe what must be done with the revenues, the expenditures, and the home inflation policies before the outside world can help.

A BATTLE FOR GOVERNMENT REFORM.

(Portland Oregonian.)

Much has been done by Budget Director Dawes to cut out waste in administration of the government and to bring the various bureaus into coordination, but the real work of bringing expenditure down to the lowest point consistent with the government's doing its work remains to be done. It consists in complete reconstruction of the governmental machine which has been built up piecemeal and in elimination of the many duplications, overlappings, and incongruities which add to expense at the same time that they take from efficiency. A plan of reorganization will soon be reported by the joint congressional committee and will then be before Congress for action.

The real struggle for reorganization will then begin. The plan will certainly involve transfer of many bureaus from one department to another. As heads of departments love power each will want to hold all that he has and to gain all that he can from the others. A highly diverting political scrimmage, costly to the people, would result unless some powerful influence could prevent. Reorganization would abolish many



offices and would transfer others from one bureau or department to another against the wish of the holders. Each congressman would surely receive appeals from a number of officeholders to vote against features of the scheme that affected him. Those appeals would come from citizens of the congressman's state or district who had given him political support. By allowing them to be sacrificed to a sweeping reform he would lose their support and that of their friends and relations. The great majority of his constituents would probably favor the reorganization scheme, but they would sit quietly at home, relying on him to do his duty, while the small minority whose jobs were at stake would be vociferous and clamorous at Washington. He would be inclined to vote to pull out of the scheme the teeth which might bite his pets and to trade his vote for those of other members by voting to save their pets. In the end the amount of reorganization that would be effected would not be visible to the naked eye.

One force can prevent such a disaster; that is, an aroused public opinion, speaking with such force and volume that Congress will recognize it as having many more votes than have the men whose jobs are at stake. The people must realize that nothing is so repugnant to a congressman as abolition of an office in his district and that, when he is threatened, other congressmen have a fellow-feeling for him. The means by which useless offices have been abolished and great reforms accomplished has been the constant pressure of public opinion, actively exercised and growing until it becomes resistless. That pressure must be organized on behalf of government reorganization if it is to be accomplished.

Circumstances are now more favorable than formerly to those who would stir the people to declare themselves on reconstruction of the government machine. When all taxes were hidden in the price of liquor, tobacco, and imported goods, merely passing interest was taken in such measures. We now get frequent reminders that government costs money and that we pay taxes, for we pay income tax and must use revenue stamps and pay various direct imports. Without question reorganization of the machine would materially reduce expenses and would restrict the amount of our taxes. A congressman who voted against reform in order to keep a few men in useless jobs would be asked to explain by the many whose pockets were affected, provided they were awakened to their personal interest in the subject. The battle must be fought this year if anything is to be done, and it will be a battle between practically the whole of Washington City and the rest of the country.

#### THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION.

(World's Work.)

On December 6th the people of Canada elected their fourteenth Parliament, and their unequivocal decision in favor of a change of government has fulfilled a general expectation. In the late House the Meighen government had a following of 125, as against 84 Liberals and 16 Progressives and Independents, but the completed results of the election show the standing of the various parties to be—Liberals 116, Progressives 64, Conservatives 51, Independent and Laborites 4. Such a devastating defeat which has eliminated the premier and nine cabinet ministers and leaves the government without a single supporter in the House of Commons from five out of the nine provinces leaves the Conservative party at the lowest ebb of its fortunes since Confederation and threatens it with the mournful fate of complete extinction which has befallen its Australian namesake under almost parallel circumstances.

For the first time in the history of Canadian Federal elections, a new third party, the Progressives, was able to offer a serious challenge to the two historic organizations, but while they swept the prairie provinces, they failed to realize their ambitions in other areas. In these the electorate were resolutely determined to punish the Meighen government, but were not prepared to sanction the radical programme of the Progressives and the drastic tariff reductions involved therein. Accordingly they allowed their resentment to find expression in votes for the Liberal party led by W. L. Mackenzie King, who had advocated with considerable skill a moderate programme and had given assurances that the existing protectionist system would not be materially altered. Apparently the French-Canadians have paid tribute to the memory of their beloved Laurier by a solid vote for the party which he so long and ably led, and their political solidarity, helped by extremely good luck in three-cornered contests in Ontario, has allowed the Liberals to outdistance their rivals and placed upon Mr. King the duty of forming a new administration.

But fortune's denial of a clear parliamentary majority and a serious dearth of supporters of cabinet calibre in three provinces have complicated Mr. King's task, and are forcing him to contemplate a coalition with the Progressives, whose co-operation could remedy his dangerous weakness in the Western provinces.

It seems doubtful, however, if he can wring the assent of the strong protectionist wing of his party to the concessions on tariff and railway policies which the Progressives demand as the price of their alliance. So he seems likely to be thrown back upon his followers for a cabinet, and as the French-Canadian element, who are at heart strongly conservative, will dominate it, no serious bouleversement in the national life of Canada need be anticipated in the immediate future. The Liberal party will preserve the present standards of protection and be jealous guardians of Canadian autonomy, but they will embark upon no radical policies. The advanced members of the party, however, will be continually straining at the leash and seeking an alliance with the Progressives. As a large number of Progressives regard their party as an expression of a movement of radical opinion rather than a political enterprise in search of office, they will probably decide to maintain an attitude of detached independence and hold a watching brief for the country. Obviously the Canadian political situation is still in a state of fluidity and the late election was only the first stage in a process of crystallization, which must be achieved before stable governments are assured.

Excavations carried on in the old cemetery of Courcbeufs (Sarthe) have led to the discovery of two statues of the sixteenth century. One represents a seigneur armed cap-a-pie. It is executed in stone and has suffered some mutilation. The other statue is in terra cotta and life-size. It represents a woman kneeling at prayer, her hands joined, evidently a castellan's lady. The head is missing. In the sixteenth century the castellan of Courcbeufs belonged to Diane de Meridor, Countess of Montsoreau.

With deficits everywhere and the budget full of holes, all kinds of taxation measures are proposed in Europe. One which is considered in Germany would consist in simply taxing stout people. Whoever among the men of seventeen to seventy-six years of age has a torso exceeding the fair average will be subject to a tax of from 300 to 1000 marks.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Shunko Lugiura, Japanese artist, is now in Washington for an exhibition of his paintings at the National Museum. Mr. Lugiura, who is seventy-nine years old, is said to be the greatest living exponent of Japanese art.

Mrs. Herbert Asquith, more familiarly known as Margot Asquith, is to arrive in America this week. Mrs. Asquith's visit is primarily a lecture tour to various parts of the country. The subject of her talks will be "People I Have Met" and the lectures are under the auspices of Lee Kedick. This will be America's introduction to the hostess of 10 Downing Street of the early days of the war.

Viscount Grey, whom Lord Robert Cecil has suggested as the next premier, has returned to English politics, after five years' retirement caused by poor eyesight. Lord Grey has long been in favor of the admission of Ireland on an equal basis with the dominions with the sole condition of an agreement that the naval defense should be under one authority. Lord Grey was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1905 to 1916, when his eyesight failed him and he withdrew from public life. His return was marked by a speech in which he reviewed the coalition cohesion of policy at home and abroad.

Huw Menai Williams is Wales' poet-miner, who bids fair to bring Welsh literature to the attention of the Anglo-Saxon world. Born in Carnarvonshire, Williams has been a coal miner at Glamorgan since he was sixteen. His work has therefore been entirely inspired among the sordid surroundings of a mining town. Intellectually, he is a self-made man. The remarkable thing about Williams' verse is that it is written in English—an acquired language for him and one that he has an extraordinary command of. His book, "Through the Upcast Shaft," is causing a furor in England.

Mr. George Wharton Pepper, who has been appointed United States senator to succeed the late Senator Boies Penrose, is one of Philadelphia's most distinguished lawyers. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, the University of the South, and Yale University, taking his L.L. D. from the latter in 1914. He has been Biddle Professor of Law at the University of Pennsylvania and Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale. He is a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Carnegie Institute. He is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Mr. Pepper is the author of a number of legal studies, including "The Borderland of Federal and State Decisions" and a "Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania." He is a member of the law firm of Henry, Pepper, Bodine & Pepper.

Alanson Bigelow Houghton of Corning, New York, whose appointment as Ambassador to Berlin has been announced, is the first regular diplomatic appointee from the United States to any of the countries with whom the Allies were at war. Mr. Houghton was born fifty-nine years ago at Cambridge, Massachusetts. After graduating from Harvard he studied at Gottingen, Berlin, and Paris. On returning to this country he engaged in the glass manufacturing business, and is at present head of a large glass works at Corning. He has been director of several corporations and is a trustee of Hobart College and St. Stephen's College. The new ambassador speaks German and French fluently. His appointment will create a vacancy in the New York delegation in the House, where Mr. Houghton is serving his second term as representative from the Thirty-Seventh District of New York.

Alexander Phimister Proctor, some of whose work is now being shown at the Bohemian Club art exhibition, is one of America's foremost sculptors. Mr. Proctor was born in Ontario, Canada, 1862, of Scotch-English parentage. He studied sculpture in Paris as the pupil of Puech and Ingalbert. He was awarded the designer's medal at the Chicago Exposition in 1893 for his sculptural groups and the gold medal at the Paris Exposition in 1900. He furnished the quadriga for the United States pavilion at the Paris Exposition and groups for the Buffalo Exposition in 1901. He was awarded a gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 and again at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. His work is in public parks in New York, Denver, Pittsburgh, and Buffalo. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, of the National Sculpture Society, the Canadian Art Club, the American Water Color Society, and of the Architectural League. Mr. Proctor is particularly celebrated as a sculptor of animals.

When Mr. Arthur J. Balfour came to this country in 1917, after President Wilson had declared against Germany, he was made a member of the India House of New York and received much entertainment from that body when his duties called him to the metropolis. The India House recently celebrated its seventh birthday anniversary and the head of the British delegation to the Arms Conference was the guest of honor. The others of the company showed a liberal sprinkling from the Washington Conference and included Lord Riddell, Sir Arthur Willart, Captain Gloster Armstrong, and Sir Henry Llewellyn-Smith of the British delegation, and Mr. Maurice Casenave of the French, together with

many members who are well known in Washington—Captain T. C. Vogelsang, U. S. N., Charles Schwab, E. R. Stettinius, Lloyd C. Griscom, J. G. White, and Darwin P. Kingsley. The India House is much like the old East Indian Club, founded by an early citizen of Washington, Thomas Law, and is mainly to bring those engaging in Indian trade, whether east or west, into social intercourse.

Admiral Eberle, commander of the Pacific fleet, is a Texan. He was born in Denton, Texas, in 1864. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1885 and in '89 married Miss Tazie Harrison of San Francisco. During the Spanish-American war he served on the *Oregon* in 1898; and was in the Philippine insurrection in 1899. In the same year he was with the Asiatic fleet. He was with the Atlantic fleet in 1903-'05, and was on the Board of Inspection and Survey of the Navy Department from 1905 to 1907. He was executive officer of the *Louisiana*, 1907-1908, and commander of the Naval Training Station at San Francisco, 1908-10. In 1910 he was made commander of the *Milwaukee* and in 1911 of the *Wheeling*. He was commander of the Atlantic torpedo fleet, 1911-1913, and in 1914 of the U. S. S. *Washington* and of the naval force in Santo Domingo. In 1914-15 he was commanding the navy yard and naval factory at Washington. Throughout the war he was superintendent of the United States Naval Academy. He is a member of the Society of Foreign Wars.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### Love Among the Ruins.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles  
Miles and miles  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
Half-asleep  
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop  
As they crop—  
Was the site once, of a city great and gay,  
(So they say)  
Of our country's very capital, its prince  
Ages since  
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far  
Peace or war.

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,  
As you see,  
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain hills  
From the hills  
Intersect and give a name to (else they run  
Into one),  
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires  
Up like fires  
O'er the hundred-gaited circuit of a wall  
Bouncing all,  
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,  
Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass  
Never was!  
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads  
And embeds  
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,  
Stock or stone—  
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe  
Long ago;  
Lust of glory picked their hearts up, dread of shame  
Struck them tame;  
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold  
Bought and sold.

Now,—the single little turret that remains  
On the plains,  
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd  
Overscored,  
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks  
Through the chinks—  
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time  
Sprang sublime,  
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced  
As they raced,  
And the monarch and his minions and his dames  
Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve  
Smiles to leave  
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece  
In such peace,  
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray  
Melt away—  
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair  
Waits me there  
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul  
For the goal,  
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb  
Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,  
Far and wide,  
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'  
Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,  
All the men!  
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,  
Either hand  
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace  
Of my face,  
Ere we rush, ere we extinguished sight and speech  
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth  
South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high  
As the sky  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—  
Gold, of course.  
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!  
Earth's returns  
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!  
Shut them in,  
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!  
Love is best!

—Robert Browning.

Preaching to princes brings disgrace, nagging at friends estrangement.—*Confucius*.



## FIFTY YEARS OF JOURNALISM.

## Melville Stone Writes His Eventful Life Story.

An experienced journalist who decides to write a book of memoirs enjoys two great and rather uncommon advantages. In the first place, he has memoirs to write, and secondly, he knows how to write them. How many authors of reminiscences are lacking in both these essentials! But the journalist, by the nature of things, lives in daily contact with significant personalities and events, and has constant practice in communicating facts about them to a diversified public. When, therefore, one sees such a name as Melville Stone's on the title page of a book of recollections, one can be sure of finding in it a rich fund of information, presented in an interesting and generally attractive way.

Mr. Stone is widely known as the former editor of the *Chicago Daily News* and general manager of the Associated Press. He has had practical experience in every branch of his profession, and is responsible for many of the best features in the modern newspaper. He belongs more appropriately, perhaps, to the days when newspaper writing was a less highly specialized affair than it is now, and when the men who followed this calling were of a broader and more versatile stamp. At that time the young journalist drifted into newspaper work, often after having followed a variety of other occupations, and after having gained a wide acquaintance with a diversely occupied world. It is useless to pretend that the writing of those days was not on the whole of a higher order, and endowed with more personality and more of the zest of adventure than at present. (As this reviewer was not fortunate enough to be alive at that time, the opinion can not be ascribed to a *parti pris*.)

The breadth of humanity and the spirit of adventurous comradeship so apparent in the old journalism is one of the most attractive traits in Mr. Stone's book. Characteristically, he became a writer after many ventures in other directions which brought him acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men. He approaches his life story by the same happy plan of seeming haphazard, and diversifies the personal details with many excursions into the careers of others, so that the book might quite as properly have been called "My Friends in Fifty Years of Journalism." This genial tendency prompts him in the earlier chapters to introduce us to an embarrassing number of his relatives, several of whom had followed his own profession:

Among the journalists was Emily Crawford, the famous Paris correspondent. She and her husband, George Morland Crawford, were people of note in their day. Crawford and the novelist Thackeray had been friends from early manhood. They were both of Trinity College, Cambridge, roommates at 2, Lamb Court, Inner Temple, studying law; members of the same London clubs, and both turned to journalism rather than the profession of law. As the years went on Thackeray became a partial owner of the *London Daily News* and, upon his suggestion, Crawford was appointed in 1851 resident correspondent for the paper, in Paris. What Thackeray thought of his friend may best be learned from a letter which he wrote to Crawford, who had nursed him through a critical illness in 1849—one which well-nigh left the story of "Pendennis" forever unfinished. The letter was of the book in which Thackeray visualized Crawford as George Warrington, the friend of Arthur Pendennis. In it he said:

"You will find much to remind you of the old talks in this book. There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for taking you all-round, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a confirmed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and Port were your favorites at 'The Deanery' and 'The Garrick' and Warrington is guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, couldn't posture if he tried. You had a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony. There's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin."

The Irish wife whom Crawford was to find was Emily, the granddaughter of Amelia Fox Johnstone of Cleveland, Ohio, who was my mother's aunt. When a girl of seventeen, Emily went to Paris to study at the Sorbonne. While yet in her teens she sent some articles to the *London Morning Star*, which so pleased the editor that he appointed her Paris correspondent. Thus she and Crawford met, and in 1864 they were married. Thackeray was not privileged to attend the wedding. He died in 1863.

For twenty-two years, until the death of Crawford in 1885, the couple worked together in a literary partnership seldom likened. They were both journalists of the best type, having wide knowledge of affairs, keen sense of perspective, fine literary style, ceaseless industry, and a vivid appreciation of the responsibilities attaching to the office.

Melville Stone's parents were of English, Scotch, and Irish stock. His father was a circuit-riding preacher. This meant much traveling for young Melville, from his birthplace in Hudson, Illinois, to Chicago, to Libertyville, to De Kalb and other sections of the state, and the changing scenes had their due effect on art active and observant mind. His father increased the family exchequer by selling Bibles and religious books, and later by manufacturing a decoction called "Stone's Chinese Liniment for Man and Beast." These *varia industria* had their counterpart in the varied occupations followed by the son in his early years. About the time of Lincoln's election the family moved to Chicago, where Melville contributed his share to the support of the family by delivering newspapers and sweeping out the Board of Trade rooms before and after

school hours. For the youth of that time this appears to have been an infallible recipe for success:

I entered the Chicago High School, but after a year was forced to drop out for a twelve-month. I never finished the course. At the close of his two years' service, my father was sent to the church at Kankakee, and thither I followed him. I bought and sold old paper and rags for a time, and then secured a position in the leading dry goods store of the place. Outside of the town there were two or three settlements of French Canadians. I soon picked up their *patois* and was able to serve them as a clerk in our store. One day there was a public examination for teachers' certificates, conducted under the auspices of the state superintendent of public instruction. I attended, answered the questions, and was adjudged fit to teach. I was then fifteen years old. I was offered a school in a remote corner of the country, but on condition that I should "board around," that is, that I should live with one family or another a week at a time. On reflection I declined. Then I learned of a patent gong doorbell, for which there seemed to be a market. Doorbells were a novelty in Illinois in those days. I bought a stock of the bells and the necessary tools to affix them and set out. I peddled them from house to house with success for several months.

Not long afterwards, his father abandoned the ministry to join a brother in Chicago in the manufacture of sawmill tools. Here young Stone began to study law and wished to continue, but being dissuaded by his mother, he took up bookkeeping instead, and attempted to learn the machinist's trade in his spare time. These were eventful days:

When I was in the Chicago High School the war was on and there were recruiting, marching, and tearful good-bys everywhere. The city developed two of the best writers of war songs the world has ever known.

Dr. George F. Root of the music-publishing firm of Root & Cady wrote: "The Battle Cry of Freedom"; "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching"; and "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

Henry C. Work, a journeyman printer, wrote: "Kingdom Coming"; "Babylon Is Fallen"; and "Marching Through Georgia." He also wrote "My Grandfather's Clock." Later we organized brigades of various sorts—there was the Irish Brigade under General Mulligan, who fought in almost the first battle of the war, and there were the Germans, who went "to fight mit Sigel." Illinois contributed more than her share of men to the Union cause.

In the midsummer of 1864 Mr. Ballentine, commercial editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and father of a schoolmate of mine, asked me to help him in his work. This resulted in a short period of service as a reporter, although I was but sixteen years of age.

There were the makings of big men in Chicago at that time, but we did not know how big they were to become. For example, I used often to take our family washing to a neighboring laundry. This establishment was maintained by one George M. Pullman, who had just invented a sleeping-car. He had set up a laundry to wash the bed linen of the cars, and took in consumers' work to help eke out expenses. He became one of the great millionaires of the nation.

I shall never forget a morning in April, 1865. We lived on West Madison Street in Chicago, and it was my habit to rise early and get the morning paper. I did so on this particular morning and came bounding through the house, announcing the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. I dressed at once and started for the *Tribune* office. When I reached there the street was crowded, and the windows were filled with bulletins announcing the death of Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Seward, General Grant, and Andrew Johnson. The wild burst of rage was beyond description. Unable to enter the *Tribune* Building because of the crowd, I made my way around the corner to the Matteson House, which was located at the corner of Dearborn and Randolph Street, a block away. In it was an ancient lounging rotunda. It was packed. Very soon I heard the crack of a revolver, and a man fell in the centre of the room. His assailant stood perfectly composed with a smoking revolver in his hand, and justified his action by saying: "He said it served Lincoln right." There was no arrest. No one would have dared arrest the man. He walked out a hero. I never knew who he was.

The year 1868 found him a reporter on the *Chicago Republican*. Attending the Republican National Convention at Crosby's Opera House on May 20th, he obtained his first "close-up" of big politics. The poet of the occasion seems to have compensated in vivacity for his metrical deficiencies:

With great enthusiasm, General Grant was nominated for President and Schuyler Colfax for Vice-President. The rally song of the day was written by General Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), and ran thus:

So, boys, a final bumper,  
While we all in chorus chant,  
For next President we nominate  
Our own Ulysses Grant.

And if asked what state he hails from,  
This our sole reply shall be:  
"From near Appomattox Court House,  
And its famous apple tree."

For 'twas there to our Ulysses  
That Lee gave up the fight,  
Now, boys, to Grant for President,  
And God defend the right.

At the age of twenty, also, Stone began the publication of his first newspaper, as an adjunct to a saw and flour mill. It was called *The Sawyer and Mechanic*:

My paper did not last long. Then my father bought for me an interest in an iron foundry and machine shop. I was successful and soon after purchased the interests of my partners and became sole owner. On November 25, 1869, I was married. Shortly after, the folding iron theatre chair made its first appearance and took the place of the old-fashioned benches that had been in common use. I secured the right to use a patent and introduced a folding theatre chair of my own to Chicago. I furnished Wood's Museum with a thousand of these folding chairs in the spring of 1871, and in the later summer sold another thousand to Crosby's Opera House.

On the evening of the 8th of October, 1871, I had finished my contract in Crosby's Opera House, save some details that would occupy perhaps two hours. Mr. Crosby asked me to complete the work on the following morning, Sunday, because Thomas' Orchestra was to open the house on Monday night and would need the place for rehearsal on Monday forenoon. I objected and told him that I could easily finish the task on Monday morning in ample time for the rehearsal. It was then agreed that we should meet the succeeding evening and light the place for a sort of unofficial opening. As we stood upon the stage viewing the beautiful scene (Mr. Crosby had expended a vast sum of money in refurbishing the place) some one said that the stage carpenter had lost his all the night

before in a fire in a remote section of the city. I casually remarked that it would be a horrible thing if the opera house should burn, to which Crosby replied, laughingly: "Oh, it will not. I have studied the statistics of theatre fires and they occur on an average of once in five years. We had a fire two years ago, so we are immune for three more."

Late that night I went home. I lived three miles away. I had scarcely gone to bed when there was a wild alarm and the great Chicago fire had begun. I dressed and started for my foundry. As I neared it, I found myself shut off by the flames and saw that it would be impossible for me to reach the place. Later it turned out that two of my iron moulders, in an effort to save the wooden patterns, had gone there and been burned to death. I wandered away aimlessly and finally sat down on the steps of the First National Bank Building on the corner of Washington and State Streets. As indicative of the curious state of mind that one takes on in such disasters, I remember that a man sat at my side with a mass of sheets of postage stamps that he had evidently taken from some office to save. With scissors in hand he was calmly cutting them in shreds and throwing them in the street. It occasioned no surprise in my mind, but seemed to be a perfectly natural thing to do.

The great fire put a providential term to his career as a saw and flour miller, etc., and the offer of the managership of a newspaper, the *Republican*, definitely committed him to the profession he was to pursue with so much success through the remainder of his life. It was typical of his destiny that he should strike the current of larger affairs almost at the outset:

I made the acquaintance of a remarkable character, one Baron de Palm. At first sight one would recognize him as a decayed voluptuary, of the sort that frequent the Continental watering places of Europe in the season. Habited faultlessly, with hair and beard carefully dressed, washed-out face and eyes, shaly on his legs, he had evidently, like Cousin John's profligate in Owen Meredith's "Lucille," never neglected an occasion to please himself. Such men were almost unknown at the time in bustling Chicago.

He told me his life's story. He was a Bavarian. He was Baron Johan Heinrich Ludwig de Palm; had descended from a line of German barons running back ten centuries. He was Grand Cross Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. His father was a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and his mother a notable Countess of Thunefeldt. Born at Augsburg in 1809, he was educated for a diplomatic career, and served his king with distinction at almost every capital. Then he came to be chamberlain of Ludwig I, and here was experience. Ludwig was not the crazy Bavarian king, but in his veins ran the insane current which marked his family. Some one said of him that he was a "Lovelace with a touch of the Minnesinger about him—a mixture of Haroud-al-Raschid and Henry IV, the most meritorious and meretricious monarch of Europe." He built the Glyptothek, the Pinakothek, the Walhalla, and practically all of the show places of Munich. He came to the throne determined to give his people a liberal form of government, and for a time he honestly struggled to that end.

Withal he had pronounced weaknesses. It was De Palm's mission to minister to these.

One day an Irish girl arrived in Munich to fill an engagement as a Spanish dancer at the theatre. She was not a good *dansuse*, but she was young and good-looking. De Palm made her acquaintance at once. He knew her as Lizzie Gilbert, then and ever after. Her stage name was Lola Montez, and under this pseudonym she earned world-wide fame. Her real name was probably Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, although it was not quite certain. She was born at Limerick, Ireland, about 1818. Her father was a respectable country squire and her mother a Spanish chorus girl. The squire was sent to India for service and died there, leaving a young widow and her infant daughter. The daughter learned bad tricks from the Hindu servants, and it became necessary for her mother to take her back to England. Life in the homeland did not reform her, for when she was little more than fifteen she eloped with a certain Captain James of the British army, and they were married. Again there was an assignment to India. Soon Eliza's conduct compelled her husband to divorce her.

She returned to Europe and went on the stage as a Spanish dancer. She made her debut as "Lola Montez" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, was hissed and dismissed at once. Then she set out for the Continent, and appeared at one city after another, with varying success, but with ever-attendant scandalous incident, until, six years later, she arrived in Munich.

When De Palm saw her, he thought she might please his royal master. And he was not wrong. He introduced her to the king, and five days later the monarch called together his ministers and presented his "Lolita" to them as his "best friend." She was shrewd, and, indeed, intellectually brilliant. Very soon she had achieved complete mastery of the king. He created her Comtesse de Landsfeld, built her a villa, and gave her an ample income. She practically usurped the place of the queen and also, and not unwisely, dictated the liberalizing policy of the Bavarian government. Then came the wave of revolution which swept over Europe in 1848, and it burst upon Bavaria.

The court scandal was made the occasion for the revolt. The king was forced to decree that the Comtesse de Landsfeld had "ceased to possess the rights of naturalization in Bavaria," and to order her imprisonment as a disturber of the peace of the kingdom. She escaped, but secretly returned in boy's clothing and advised the king to abdicate, which he did. She floated around for a time, always getting into trouble. She married again and again, was charged with bigamy, escaped to Spain, and thence, in 1851, to New York.

With the downfall of the king, De Palm also left Munich, and for a time he was with Lola Montez. Then they quarreled and he went to one of his castles on Lake Constance. She came to America. She appeared a number of times on the Boston and New York stage. A clergyman wrote some lectures for her and she delivered them, with success, throughout the United States. She also published them in book form. Finally, when but forty-two years old, she broke down, came to New York, fell under the influence of a worthy clergyman, did missionary work among the Magdalens of the city for a few months, and then died in comparative poverty in Astoria, Long Island, and was buried in Greenwich Cemetery in Brooklyn.

From this point on, Mr. Stone's story is a succession of extraordinary encounters. Some of them will be detailed in the next issue of the *Argonaut*.

FIFTY YEARS A JOURNALIST. By Melville E. Stone. New York and Toronto: Doubleday, Page & Co.

One of the results of the partition of Silesia by the league of nations decision will be the transfer of 10,000 German Jews to Poland.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ended January 28, 1922, were \$119,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$117,300,000; a gain of \$2,200,000.

Ideal conditions exist for the maintenance of a rising bond market. Gold reserves of the Federal Reserve banks, which are the basis of credit at the banking end, have reached new high levels—close to \$3,000,-

of loanable funds in excess of the demand have been a reduction in time money rates to 4½ per cent., the lowest rate since August, 1917, and comparing with 7½ per cent. a year ago; commercial paper at 4¾ to 5 per cent., against 8 per cent. a year ago; and call money at 3½ per cent., as compared with 7 per cent. in the first week of 1921.

What the ultimate result will be can only be guessed, and in guessing one should remember what happened not so many years ago: following one of the money panics that used to shake the country periodically, a Wall Street brokerage house was able to borrow \$200,000 for six months at one-half of 1 per cent., and that was only two years after the same firm had been forced to pay a heavy premium on an over-night loan of \$100,000 and had been glad to get the money at any price.

Money may not be loaned at one-half of 1 per cent. in 1922, or even at 2 per cent., but all signs point to its being very cheap—cheaper than in many years. No better outlook could be wished by those who are putting their money into high-grade bonds.

In addition there is the prospect, or rather the certainty—over the longer outlook—that taxes will be gradually reduced; so that a gradual shifting of enormous investment funds from tax-exempt securities to taxable securities will surely occur. And the uncertain business outlook should not bother the bond investor one whit, because smaller industrial profits will make well-seasoned mortgage securities the more attractive.

In these times, when the number of people thinking of making investments is many times greater than it was before the war, what we need are more enlightening definitions of "investment" and "speculation" than the dictionaries give.

Montgomery Rollins in his reference book, "Money and Investments," defines "investment" as "the purchase of real property, stocks, or some evidence of indebtedness, with the purpose of obtaining an interest return upon the money; any increase in the value of the principal being but a secondary consideration, but the safety of the principal a first consideration." "Speculation," he says, "is discounting future events. This differs from investment because it has as the direct object buying in expectation of a rise in value, or of selling expecting to buy again at a lower price in time to make delivery, having no regard for the income-producing capacity; whereas investment considers the interest return and safety of principal as the first object." He quotes another writer who expresses it: "Planting good seed in fertile soil is investment, betting on how many potatoes the seed will produce to a hill is speculation."

Sereno S. Pratt in "The Work of Wall Street" refers to this need for a better understanding of terms. "It is unfortunate," he says, "that the words 'investment,' 'speculation,' and 'gambling' should be used so loosely, without a clear conception of the difference between them. . . . If we restore their true meanings, we shall promote sound thinking on some important subjects."

Many people who think they are investing their money today are not even speculating, they are gambling. If the man who bet on the potato crop knew nothing about the character of the seed or the fertility of the soil, he would have been gambling and not speculating. Those who buy the offerings of the blue sky promoters or securities from houses of little or bad reputation know as little about the seed or the soil and are gambling with their money.

It is not as easy to distinguish between investing and speculating as between investing and gambling. Speculation has a legitimate place in nearly every business, in the buying and selling of securities as well as in other business operations such as the buying of jackknives. Unfortunately, in the buying of securities many people confuse it with gambling and it has a bad name. But it may enter as a factor in the purchase of the safest securities which constitute the best of investments. Last month, for instance, it was shown in this place how advantage can be taken of the ebb and flow of the tides in the bond market to increase one's investment principal. Investors may well have an eye to profits as well as to interest; but their first consideration should be to the safety of their principal and the regularity of their interest return.

But how is the would-be investor to know that the securities he is contemplating buying are not speculative or worse? There is no fixed line of demarcation, on one side of which are investment issues and on the other side speculative? In fact what might be an investment for one person would be too speculative for another. But there are certain guideposts which one can go by that will help to keep him on the comparatively safe road of investment. To protect the money of their people in the savings banks certain states, for instance, have passed laws specifying the character of securities these banks can buy, and some of these laws, such as the ones in New York and Massachusetts, afford good guides for investors. These give a list of well-seasoned bonds that it would be well for investors who can afford to take no risks to confine their purchases to. But there are new bonds coming on the market all the time, many of which are entitled to a high investment rating although they are not legal for savings bank investments, and the best way for the inexperienced investor to discriminate among these is to buy them only from investment houses of the highest reputation and only when such houses recommend them to fit the investor's particular requirements.

That the industrial crisis has passed the acute and alarming stage appears clear, and the best evidence of that is disclosed by the improvement in the money market. While call money shows no particular change, time loans in the closing days of 1921 ruled at 5 to 5¼ per cent. as against 7¼ to 7½ per cent. the year before, and commercial paper was 5 to 5¼ per cent. as contrasted with 7¼ to 8 per cent. in December, 1920. During the interval the reserve ratio of the Federal Reserve banks increased from 45.4 per cent. to 73.1 per cent. Their total earning assets, made up in large part of rediscounts and bills purchased, decreased from \$3,130,000,000 to \$1,535,900,000, and the volume of circulating

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notes declined \$961,400,000. During the same interval the gold reserve expanded from \$2,059,300,000 to \$2,869,600,000. But the improvement in money and credit is clearly the result of liquidation due to the continued depression and the fall in commodity prices. The former has resulted in the largest number of failures in any one year in the history of the country—namely, 19,602, involving liabilities of \$617,774,364. This compares with 8881 failures with liabilities of \$295,121,805 in 1920, and with 6451 defaults with liabilities of \$113,291,237 in 1919.

Under the existing circumstances about all that one can reasonably hope for for the coming year is a quiet and orderly business with slowly improving tendencies, as liquidation progresses and as further readjustments are accomplished. Unless something very remarkable should evolve out of the Limitation of Arms Conference at Washington, the Financial Conference which is scheduled to



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meet at Cannes in the near future, or some wholly unforeseen development affecting the constituents of economics and finance, there can be nothing approaching a business boom this year; there are too many obstacles, too many price inequalities, and too many incomplete adjustments in the way for that. But it is wholly possible and not unlikely that the country may experience better industrial conditions in the closing half of the year. This because the basic conditions are really improving slowly, and they are likely to improve still more if the crops turn out satisfactorily, enabling the farmers to liquidate their indebtedness still further and provide a surplus.

Burdensome taxes of course stand in the way of improvement, for they destroy business initiative, and among the features which may halt the recovery are such matters as an ill-considered tariff measure and a soldiers' bonus bill, the latter if it adds one additional dollar

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000,000; while total earning assets—that is, discounted bills on which the banks are earning interest—are down to about \$1,250,000,000, as compared with over \$3,100,000,000 a year ago. So strong is the Federal Reserve banking position that, after setting aside 35 per cent. against deposit liabilities, there is left, in gold, practically dollar for dollar back of note circulation (says *Forbes Magazine*).

Member banks of the Federal Reserve system have gotten into pretty much the same position. They are very strongly situated as

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to liquid assets, but when assets are in too liquid a state they quite often are not earning money. Business recovery has been altogether too slow to make any impression upon the accumulation of loanable funds in the banks, and, since this has been the case all over the country, the result has been an influx of funds upon the markets in the chief money centres, such as New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Boston. And even the \$100,000,000-a-week output of new securities has not been sufficient to offset this steady flow of money.

In the money market the results of a supply

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to the enormous exactions under which the country is now laboring. It is not impossible, of course, that the speculative stock market may anticipate by some months any genuine improvement in business conditions, but the bond market is likely to prove a safer field for operations for some time yet to come. If the business revival is deferred, as now seems likely, until the closing half of the year, in any event, liquidation will continue, and the further relaxation in money will find a pro-

absorb to a large extent accumulated stocks so that a gradual increase in output of many classes of manufactures may be expected. Future needs must be supplied primarily from current production (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York). This means greater business activity and explains the expansion in manufactures which has taken place in recent weeks.

The general tone of business during the first two weeks of January has been encouraging. The total physical volume of retail trade is good. Sales in agricultural districts continue slower than in cities, with trade in the East and Northeast and in Southern California cities better than in the remainder of the country. Necessities are selling much better than are luxuries, and this was characteristic of the Christmas trade. Although it is generally recognized that buyers in all lines will wisely continue to be cautious as to future commitments, it seems probable that there will be a moderately well-sustained distribution of goods into wholesale as well as into retail channels.

Unemployment is unquestionably widespread, but probably its extent has been somewhat overestimated. Special measures undertaken to lessen it, particularly public works, are doing much to alleviate its worst features. The major part of the productive energy of the country is absorbed in clothing, feeding, and sheltering the population. Farmers certainly will not buy heavily, but they must have such foodstuffs as are not produced on farms, as well as necessary clothing. They must buy some farm implements, for even with the more careful repairing which is increasingly practiced, a certain proportion of farm machinery steadily becomes unusable. They will buy some fertilizer, and they will buy articles of convenience and even of luxury to some extent.

Railroads have made notable gains in economy of operation, and improved credit conditions have definitely bettered their outlook, although traffic is at present disappointing in volume. The heavy decline in tonnage, serious as it has been, has primarily been the result of lessened shipments of coal, iron ore, and similar heavy commodities. Reasonable buying of rails, cars, locomotives, and other equipment may be expected during the current year.

The year opens with promise of active building construction. With gradually declining yields on all classes of investments it may be expected that funds heretofore unavailable to the mortgage market will be turned into construction projects.

Labor has not been liquidated and building costs therefore are still far above pre-war levels, and are out of line with prices generally. This condition operates especially against building and construction for production of income, but not so heavily against individual enterprises for personal occupancy, or public buildings and public works.

Consequently the field of residence building and public construction offers the greatest promise. The housing shortage has not yet been met. The entire country needs highway construction, and there is widespread necessity for essential public buildings. It is recognized as good public policy to carry on construction of these classes at times when industrial activity is at a relatively low level. Lower money is making this construction possible. This is unmistakably shown by the volume of state, county, and municipal bond issues in the United States in 1921. The total for the entire country is unavailable, but offerings are known to have exceeded \$1,000,000,000.

The new Federal tax law, while not all that has been hoped for, is more favorable to business than the preceding act. In a period such as the present, in which losses have been widespread, the new net loss provision will greatly benefit businesses which are struggling to reestablish themselves. Net business losses incurred in the calendar year 1921 or thereafter may be carried forward and deducted from the income of the succeeding year, and if need be, from that of the next succeeding year.

In the year ended June 30, 1921, actual tax receipts were \$4,978,300,000. For the fiscal year 1922 receipts are estimated at \$3,568,000,000, a decrease of approximately \$1,400,000,000. This reduction in the aggregate of the Federal tax levy is largely made possible by greater economy in expenditure, and signalizes the first definite achievement toward lessening the tax burden on the people of the United States. If expenditures for 1922 are rigidly held within the limits of estimated receipts the return of better business conditions will have received a great impetus.

Officials of the well-known bond firm of William R. Staats Company received many congratulations from their friends and clients when the firm moved into its new offices on the second floor of the new Alexander Building, at Montgomery and Bush Streets.

The William R. Staats Company for many years was located on the ground floor of the Merchants' Exchange Building until a short time ago, when they were obliged to take

temporary quarters at 401 Montgomery Street, pending the completion of the Alexander Building.

The new offices, which occupy almost the entire second floor of the Alexander Building, are so arranged that all officers of the firm are conveniently located for increased business efficiency. The offices are spacious and artistically decorated and have all conveniences for customers.

The company, which was established in 1887, is one of the oldest of its kind in the state and was the first to be incorporated under the laws of California.

Earnings of Cities Service Company for December, 1921, continued to show improvement over preceding months, gross for December being \$1,193,449, an increase of \$16,556 over November and \$473,180 over gross for September, 1921. After providing for all expenses, interest, and other prior charges, net earnings applicable to reserves, dividends, and surplus for December were \$955,597, while after setting aside requirements for payment of dividends on the preferred stock there was a balance for the month applicable to reserves, dividends on the common stock, and surplus of \$585,967, an increase of \$22,153 over November, 1921. No changes were made in prices for Mid-Continent crude oil in December, while in the public utility division there was a gratifying improvement in both gross and net revenues, net from operations being the largest for any one month in the history of the company. For the twelve months of 1921 comparative net earnings from operations of public utilities reflected an increase of 32 per cent. over 1920, with all indications pointing to a steady improvement in the utility business for 1922. For the twelve months ending December 31, 1921, gross earnings of Cities Service Company were \$13,461,770, with a balance after providing for all expenses, interest, and other prior charges of \$10,846,585, the balance available for reserves, dividends on the common stock, and surplus for the year being \$5,989,954, equivalent to \$13.04 on the average amount of common stock outstanding.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$19,000 Laguna Joint School District (Fresno and Kings counties) 6 per cent. bonds, due serially July 20, 1924 to 1942.

Laguna Joint School District is situated in the southwestern part of Fresno County and a small portion of Kings County, about five miles west of Kingsburg. The district is highly developed agriculturally, being devoted largely to dairying, alfalfa, vineyards, and orchards. These bonds have been sold to provide a new school made necessary by the growth of the district.

An offering is also being made of \$8000 Glendora Joint School District (Fresno and Kings counties) 6 per cent. bonds, due serially August 20, 1924 to 1931.

Glendora Joint School District comprises about 10,528 acres, situated in the southwestern portion of Fresno County about two miles south of Lanare. The district is highly developed agriculturally, being largely devoted to alfalfa and general farming. These bonds are issued to provide a new school made necessary by the growth of the district.

Also \$8000 Rosedale School District (Fresno County) 6 per cent. bonds, due serially July 23, 1922 to 1929.

Rosedale School District is situated in the south central part of Fresno County between Fresno and Sanger, which comprises about 3840 acres of highly developed agricultural land largely devoted to the raising of Thompson's seedless grapes. These bonds have been issued to provide a new school made necessary by the growth of the district.

All the above bonds are tax exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income tax.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is about to expend one million dollars in improvements of gas service to consumers in Oakland and vicinity.

The leading item on the schedule of expenditure is one of \$600,000 for a new gas-holder of 6,000,000 cubic feet capacity to be erected at the company's gas-works at the foot of Castro Street, Oakland. This will be the largest gas-holder in Northern California, although one of similar size is owned and operated by the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation in the southern metropolis. The contract for this has been placed with the Bartlett Hayward Manufacturing Company of Baltimore, Maryland.

In design it is to be a telescopic, five-lift steel gas-holder, with steel tank. It will be 219 feet in height, and what this means can best be appreciated by comparison with some well-known high building in San Francisco, just as, for instance, the Hotel St. Francis, which measures 187 feet from the sidewalk. The steel tank will be 219 feet in diameter by 36 feet in height and will contain 10,311,770 gallons of water. The total weight of steel to be used in the entire structure will be 5,500,000 pounds. The foundation of the gas-holder will be of concrete supported by piling, this latter made necessary by the marshy condi-



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tion of the ground at the gas-works, and the construction of this foundation will take 2800 cubic yards of concrete and 4500 wood piles.

The balance of the money appropriated for improvements of gas service in the territory named will be expended in new compressors and additions and betterments of transmission equipment. The Oakland gas-works supplies not only the central cities of Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley, but, through its high-pressure system, extends its service as far as Richmond, in Contra Costa County, on the north, and Hayward on the east. Gas service

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nounced reflection in bonds and investments. In fact the unsatisfactory conditions elsewhere are far more likely to stimulate than to check activity in bonds, at least until the flood of new issues absorbs the funds available for investment.—Harper's Magazine.

The real basis for confidence in the course of business in 1922 is now clear. Notwithstanding the severe depression during the past year, purchases by the American people in terms of physical volume were sufficient to

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

There is a curious illusion on the part of many people that the more sordid a book or a play or more particularly a novel is, the more lifelike it is. The impression, of course, is due to the patent fact that the less sordid and the more ideal the representation, the more it retreats from a resemblance to nature. The converse, despite the enthusiasm with which it is exploited by our post-war school of youthful novelists, does not hold. Your realist, however, to whom reality spells squalor, argues that since the masses are poverty-stricken, his books must be equally impoverished. He knows no alternative but tinsel. We Americans are a forthright people. We are not given to shades and nuances. We are inclined to think that gradation smacks of sophistry, and sophistry besides being the hallmark of the devil is also the mark of a decadent civilization. It may be so. But one thing is certain. American fiction can go a long way uphill before it hits the down slant of decadence. At present it would stand a judicious mixture of tones, if one may mix his metaphors. On the one side we have the good-as-gold, heart-of-oak type of fiction that may be most easily illustrated by Harold Bell Wright; and on the other the no-better-than-

she-ought-to-be sort of heroine of the "Moon-Calf" class of novel. I am somewhat handicapped in dealing with the new school, as "Moon-Calf" represents my sole adventure. But since other reviewers have conveniently used it to typify the class, I may do likewise.

Of course we have such a shining light as Edith Wharton, who in my opinion merits the Nobel Prize fully as much as any of the European winners. But Mrs. Wharton is the exception that proves the rule. The moment we admit her superiority we also admit the great chasm that exists between her and all other living American novelists. We have, after all, produced one contemporary genius. But what we need is not a host of imitators of Edith Wharton, but a school of sincere writers to perpetuate the particular phase of life they are familiar with. We have, to be sure, our interpreters of New England, of the South, and very largely of Greenwich Village and of the West. But it is their interpretation that is at fault—not their subject. What we have not got is anything like the little band of earnest novelists who depict the light and shade of the English middle classes. Our realists are not content with being merely earnest. With true Yankee bravado they insist on going one better and being sombre. Squalor or tinsel. Greenwich Village Follies or the Smart Set or the slums. Moderation is not for us. Truly, it is no wonder that we are misunderstood abroad. In that respect we have a close analogy with the French, whose fiction is said to misrepresent so grossly the national spirit. In short, a novelist should think twice before he writes merely to satisfy his own love of gloomy values. And he should be made to think in the pillory or to cool his impetuosity in the stocks before being allowed to publish pink and gold rubbish whose *raison d'être* is patently that of pot-boiling. If we must have blue laws, let's have a useful one.

At the risk of being called Anglophile one has to admit that the English have a genius for novel-writing. After all, they invented the form and perhaps it is natural that they excel in it. There is something peculiarly British about the idea of a novel—something in its mixture of romanticism and reality, a mixture that does represent the ingredients of the average Anglo-Saxon existence. It is full of hard facts and even of squalor. But it is the peculiar genius of the Anglo-Saxon that he invests even these things with a romantic glamour. In fact, our true-blue, large-canvas, thin-paint kind of novel, ranging from Winston Churchill to our Western creator of the cactus epic, is more Anglo-Saxon in spirit than is the sombre chronicler of small-town vice.

A novel that represents this peculiar British trait of combining the prose and poetry of life is "Joanna Godden," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton; \$2). After all, life would be intolerable without idealism, and the realist who strips his theme to the bone gives us, not life, but a skeleton. And death, though it may be the realest fact of our existence, is nevertheless monotonous. Miss Kaye-Smith is a true realist. She deals with the infinite interests of life. "Joanna Godden" is conceded in England to be Miss Kaye-Smith's finest novel. And to any one who has read her previous books, that statement alone would suffice for advertisement of the new book. But for the matter of that Miss Kaye-Smith's name is sufficient advertisement to her readers. In England she is called the greatest living woman novelist. There is really no particular reason why the word "woman" should be included. But England is a man's country and tradition dies hard. "Joanna Godden" is a novel of atmosphere, of plot, and of character study. One does not cavil at the Boston Transcript for calling it, or rather its author's work, fiction at its very best. What more should fiction be? As a matter of critical fact the only quality that Miss Kaye-Smith's work lacks is what is usually known as a brilliant style. Her manner is as homely as her scenes, and in one sense it is the perfect manner for the books she writes. Her novels have the unique effect of being spontaneous growths. Almost less than any other writer does her personality obtrude. One can forget that there is a writer, so little of the machinery of the workshop is left about her finished product. It is *sui generis*. Whether Miss Kaye-Smith is subtle enough to realize the fitness of her manner, one can only guess. If she is, hers is the art that conceals art. But I think her books are really the epic growth of the English countryside, finding their inspired interpreter in Sheila Kaye-Smith. R. G.

It is now possible to draw "canned music" from a cornet. Private Jowett of the British army of occupation on the Rhine has invented a cornet which is fingered automatically by a perforated roll of paper. The operator need only do the blowing to produce the tunes. The invention will be applied to other wind instruments.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Colonel Repington, whose frank "Diaries" threw British society into paroxysms of joy and amazement only equaled by Margot Asquith's utterances, is about to sail for America. This time he will go on an extensive lecture tour of three months' duration. His subject will be, "Personalities in Europe" and "The Washington Conference and Its Consequences." Colonel Repington knows the "personalities" as do few living men, and not only did he attend the Conference, but he knows many of the participants intimately.

Archibald Marshall has returned to England and is now hard at work on his new novel, "The Rectory Family," which is to be a continuation of his Clinton Series and will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Houghton Mifflin Company recently published a new and enlarged edition of the "Manual of the Trees of North America," by Charles Sprague Sargent. This botanical classic has been in steady and undiminished demand ever since its first appearance. Mr. Sargent has gathered new facts and many new pictures of interest and importance. The author has made trees his lifelong study. Since its first founding in 1872 he has been the director of the famous Arnold Arboretum.

Ian Hay, author of "The Willing Horse" (Houghton Mifflin Company), has only published twelve books in all, and of those but half have been novels. Yet over 1,750,000 copies of his books have been sold, not including the sales on his new book.

Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" has had no other illustrator who has caught the spirit of the romance so well as the great French artist, Maurice Leloir. His illustrations stand unquestionably among the great visualizations of literary masterpieces, depicting all the movement, exuberance, diversity of characterization, the swaggering vitality of Dumas' romantic pages. In response to popular interest in the illustrations D. Appleton & Co. are publishing this week the copyright edition of "The Three Musketeers," translated by William Robson, in one volume, with the complete set of the Leloir illustrations, 250 in all, each one of which is engraved in wood by J. Huyot.

Maxim Gorky is at present in the Schwarzwald, his health broken after four years of revolution and terrible privations in Russia. So undermined has been his health that he is almost wrecked now. A friend writes that the physician who treats Gorky reports that a few months further in the Schwarzwald will bring about his recovery, however. Continuing, this friend says: "Gorky tells horrible things about Russia and about the life there. He is not in sympathy with the government which rules Russia today and he told me that he will never return to Russia." Gorky's great novel, "Mother," that supreme depiction of the terrific struggle against the Czar's autocracy, has just been published by the Appletons with a special introduction by Charles Edward Russell.

"The Singer and His Art," the book by Thaddeus Wronski, distinguished singer and teacher, just published by the Appletons, is awakening much interest in vocal circles, and particularly among the opera singers, whose three-fold art (singing, acting, make-up) it analyzes. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in accepting the dedication of the volume, expressed his appreciation of it as a "valuable manual." A statement signed by a formidable array of the artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company has declared that it contains most logical ideas and practical professional theories for the singer and that "the parts on mimicry and the art of make-up represent a most serious work in this line and their value to the professional world is beyond estimation." This is signed by such artists as De Luca, Amato, Danise, Didur, Delaunais, and others.

From Dorchester, the home of Thomas Hardy, came a letter to the Harpers, who publish the great English author's works, describing him as he appears to an outsider today: "Mr. Hardy leads a quiet life in the country, living a mile from the county town of Dorchester. He sees a few people, and does not lead, by any means, a life of seclusion. He is visited at intervals by many

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of his friends—particularly poets, also the leading dramatists, novelists, and painters of the day. Several of Mr. Hardy's literary friends make a point of visiting him at regular intervals, coming from London for that purpose. Mr. Hardy is in perfect health, his hearing is keen, his sight is good, and he suffers from none of the infirmities of old age. He takes a daily walk—sometimes of considerable length, generally accompanied by his dog Wessex, and by Mrs. Hardy, who is also a good walker. During the summer Mr. Hardy cycles, but not so frequently as formerly, nor for such long distances. Now and again he assists in some enterprise that appeals to him. He is now thinking of going to Bath to attend the presentation of the freedom of that city to Mr. Frederick Harrison.

Mr. Drinkwater seems to have a distinct flair for the language of other periods. Even since the days of "Abraham Lincoln" colloquial language has changed. But it is in such plays as "Mary Stuart" or "Oliver Cromwell" that his skilful use of the language of other centuries is the most noticeable. The London Spectator comments on the fact that he uses "only words common both to the reader's and the subject's epoch." This eliminates the "Godzooks" the "What Ho's!" of the romantic "atmospheric" novel, but it creates a tense reality both to character and to times.

Two plays in verse by John Masefield have just been published by the Macmillan Company. "Esther" Mr. Masefield adapted from Racine for production by a small company of amateurs in a Berkshire village, and the story of Ahasuerus' queen loses none of its perennial charm and power under the English poet's hand. The choruses and one entire act were added by Mr. Masefield; the rest of the play is a free poetical version of Racine. Racine's "Berenice" Masefield has translated into verse whose flexibility makes it a wonderful medium for the story of the hopeless passion of Titus and Queen Berenice.

Among the spring books which are now on the presses of Doubleday, Page & Co. are several of unusual distinction, one of which is a translation of "The Legend of Eulenspiegel and Lammie Goedzak," the famous old Flemish prose epic of Charles De Coster, printed and bound, according to a format designed by Claud Lovat Frazer, whose "The Beggar's Opera" was among the most beautiful books of the fall season. Another is Selma Lagerlöf's "The Outcast." Doubleday, Page & Co. will also publish "A Survey—Fifty-One Cartoons," by Max Beerbohm; a collection of O. Henry's hitherto unpublished letters, and "My Childhood," by John Burroughs.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## The Story of the Exposition.

Every one who regretted in 1915 that the nature of an exposition was transitory may now console himself with "The Story of the Exposition," by Frank Morton Todd. For Mr. Todd's colossal work seems to have done what the builders of the Panama-Pacific Exposition could not do. He has crystallized the beauty and the achievement for which the exposition stood.

"The Story of the Exposition" is told in five rather large, heavy volumes. But when one sees the completion of the record he realizes that this was not a case for compactness. Mr. Todd goes to the beginnings of things with Balboa's discovery of the Pacific in 1513—the anniversary of which, we are reminded, the exposition partly celebrated. The author also goes thoroughly into the Panama Canal. In fact, his history of the project of the Canal and its final accomplishment is as authentic a record as is likely to be found.

For the average possessor of the books the illustrations are probably the greatest charm. There is not a lovely or important view of the exposition grounds, architectural vistas, courts, fountains, or sculpture that has been omitted. Many are in color. But the more satisfactory are the half-tone reproductions of photographs. Nor is it only the exterior of the exposition that has been preserved. It would seem that everything from the English pottery exhibit to the hookworm display via the Diesel engine has been photographed for this inclusive record of the San Francisco Fair. In fact one is apt to get a more comprehensive idea of what the P. P. I. E. was like from these volumes than he did from the exposition itself.

THE STORY OF THE EXPOSITION. By Frank Morton Todd. Published for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## Scarhaven Keep.

Another of Mr. J. S. Fletcher's detective stories, "Scarhaven Keep," has appeared. Mr. Fletcher is the mystery-story writer par excellence. He creates an eerie atmosphere in which nothing would be too astonishing to happen and he has the unusual gift, for a writer of detective yarns, of lifelike delineation of character.

The castle of Scarhaven Keep commanded a magnificent view of the North Sea and the Scottish border, and it was on the keep tower that Bassett Oliver was last seen. Oliver was a famous actor, the mystery of whose disappearance in this ancient sea-coast village supplies Mr. Fletcher and his readers with three hundred pages of sustained action. And of course there is the attendant love story.

SCARHAVEN KEEP. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

## The Everlasting Whisper.

Jackson Gregory has written another story of the West, staged this time in the mighty forests and ranges of the high Sierras. It is a story of romantic adventure and romantic love. The everlasting whisper is the call of the mountain and forest to the explorer-hero of the tale, who, of course, responds to his summons and finds love and adventure. The book is permeated with the atmosphere of the

redwoods. It is a Western novel of the best sort.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

## The Cockpit.

When one thinks of Israel Zangwill it is to conjure up the image of a Jewish writer who is a proponent of Americanism. As his publishers point out, his term "the melting pot" has become a universally accepted synonym for the United States. And one might add, Zangwill himself is synonymous with Americanism of a certain type.

It is therefore with some surprise that Zangwill's readers encounter "The Cockpit," a romantic drama in three acts. The theme has been arrived at by taking that of the "Melting Pot"—the fusion of races in America—and turning it inside out. The result is the disintegrating of races in the Old World. We suspect the idea of having been rather mechanically produced.

Despite its sociological thesis, "The Cockpit" lives up to its claim of being romantic drama, since to the Anglo-Saxon reader nothing is more exotic or romantic than the Balkan States. It is of the texture of "Arms and the Man" and would make an equally good foundation for a romantic opera. Incidentally, one wonders if all dramatists have been bitten with Shavianism. "The Cockpit," from its dryly written stage business to its play on words and its self-willed heroine, might be the veritable production of Shaw in, say, a spasm of relaxation. As far as manner of writing goes, "The Cockpit" might have been written by Sir Harry Johnston, who as every one knows out-shaves Shaw when it comes to the Shavian style. The only point at which you become convinced that you are not having an indifferent Shaw foisted on you unawares is when, having finished "The Cockpit," you realize that you are no richer in knowledge of your fellow-man and woman than you were before.

THE COCKPIT. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60.

## ROSTAND'S TRANSLATOR.

Henderson Daingerfield Norman, the translator of Macmillan's new edition of "The Plays of Edmond Rostand," had a unique inheritance and an unusual upbringing. She was born in Virginia and has spent much of her life in Kentucky. Her mother was "the author of nine children and several books." Her father, a lawyer, served as major in the Laurel Brigade of the Confederate army, and was at the time of his death the world's greatest authority on the breeding of thoroughbred horses. Her sister was the breeder of the Futurity winner, Step Lightly, and was chosen by Mr. Riddle as manager in Kentucky of Man o' War.

Of her early education Mrs. Norman writes: "Like most Virginia children, we had teachers and lessons at home, and when I went away to school it was not college, but Mrs. Dew's Episcopal Female Seminary. Most of my education comes just from reading with unflagging appetite everything I could lay hands on, as we all did in that satisfactory Virginia childhood when as soon as we could read (I don't remember when I couldn't) we were turned

loose in a library that had the books gathered by four generations. We read Chaucer, for instance, when his spelling was no queerer than my own—and I didn't know till I grew up that anybody made school work of his English.

"The first recollection I have of French literature is when I was between five and seven. Those years a beloved great-uncle, Douglas Gray, was a member of our household. He was a French scholar, a real authority on certain matters of French history, and he read aloud to us some of the masterpieces of French literature, translating it as he went, and like the bookworm and philologist—in the literal sense—that he was, he often paused to show an eager little girl the relation between the French and English form of a word and to tell its history. It is to this uncle that I owe the impression that I remember the French Revolution—and by every test of actual memory that I know, I really do.

"If my translation of the beautiful plays makes English readers share my joy in them, it will be partly payment of my debt to Uncle Doug."

Henry James, writing of Rostand in the *Critic*, speaks of the English reader's missing "the bristling bravery of his verse, the general frolic of his vocabulary, especially under the happy crack of the whip of rhyme." He adds, "Monsieur Rostand without his virtuosity—with that element not rendered, or not caught—what sort of a Monsieur Rostand to excite enthusiasm is that? With what residuum does the magic work?"

The Chicago *Evening Post*, commenting on Mrs. Norman's translation, sums up, "All these effects the translator reproduces admirably, and what is more, she preserves the sweep of the thing."

## The Origin of Martingale.

In the statement about submarines and their use, quoted by Lord Lee of Fareham to the embarrassment of the French from the writings of the suddenly and uncomfortably famous Commander Castex, there occurs the word "martingale" (says the *New York Times*). As employed by the defender of "Schrecklichkeit," it stood as a synonym or explanation of "system" and "instrument"—which arouses curiosity in those who are interested, not only in the meanings of words, but in the question of why they mean what they do.

In other days almost everybody knew that a "martingale" was part of a horse's harness—a double strap running from the girth upward between his front legs and attached to the bits. It confined the movements of the animal's head and was supposed to make control easier.

Another usage was nautical, the rope or chain supporting a jib-boom being also a "martingale," and again the idea was of something that restrains or supports.

A wholly different "martingale" was, and is, the simplest, the most popular and, though theoretically perfect, the most worthless of all the plans for "beating the bank" at Monte Carlo or elsewhere—the plan of doubling bets until one of them wins and then returning to the original unit. Why that should be called a martingale only gamblers know, though perhaps the idea of controlling fortune enters into it.

The lexicographers do not seem to be at all sure as to the derivation of "martingale." They know of an Italian "martingala," which is a sort of hose; of the same word in Spanish, which means a greave, and of another Spanish word, "almariaga," which is a bridle. None of these is very helpful toward settling why "martingale" means what it does, but it seems that the inhabitants of the French town of Martigues are called "Martigals," and if one of them first thought of holding a horse's head down by straps from his girth it would be quite natural for the name to pass to the device. Then the changing of "marti" and "gal" to "martin" and "gale" would be in accord with one of the commonest of linguistic adjustments.

## New Books Received.

LETTERS TO ISABEL. By Lord Shaw Dumferline. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5.

A series of autobiographical letters.

EUROPE—WHITHER BOUND? By Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

First-hand impressions of present conditions in the capitals of Europe.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

A tale of the California wilderness.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN EUROPE, 1917-1921. By Dr. L. Haden Guest. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$4.50.

A general survey of the conditions of the Central States.

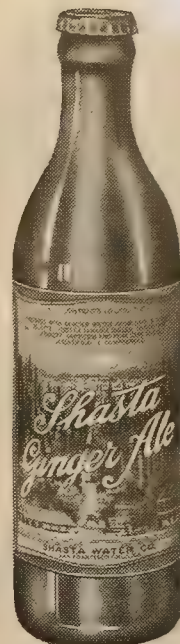
PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS. Edited by Findlay Muirhead and Marcel Monmarche. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

One of the Blue Guides.

THE HILLS OF RUEL AND OTHER STORIES. By Fiona Macleod. New York: Duffield & Co.

Stories from Irish folklore.

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Peterson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

WASHINGTON AND THE RIDDLE OF PEACE. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Mr. Wells reports the Conference.

THE ONE WAY. By Jane Revere Burke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Psychic research.

HONEYMOON DIALOGUES. By James James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

THE TRUST PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Eliot Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A study of the history and character of the modern trust movement.

THE SPORTSMAN'S WORKSHOP. By Warren H. Miller. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.75.


A manual for sports' equipment.

THE QUIET COURAGE AND OTHER SONGS. By Edward Jack Appleton. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25.

Verse.

That the monsters of the deep fight in groups as well as engage in personal encounters is testified to by Captain G. Evered Poole, a commissioner in the Gold Coast Colony, who writes the following to his brother concerning an experience during his voyage from England: "Between Sierra Leone and Sekondi we steamed through, for over an hour, a blood-red sea, and saw some hundreds of whales dead or dying on the surface of the water. Some were just able to move slowly along; few, if any, could move quickly. There must have been a sanguinary battle, supposed to have been put up by swordfish. It was a most appalling sight, and the extent of the bloody expanse must have represented the death of many more whales than were visible."


The first weekly newspaper in England was published by Nathaniel Butler in 1622. The first daily appeared in 1709.



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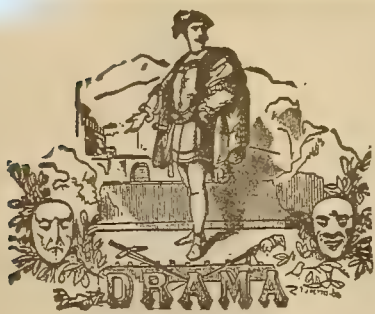


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## GOOD COMPANY, GOOD COMEDY.

At the Columbia they are offering capital entertainment this week with a Morosco "comedy of youth" called "Wait Till We're Married." We were obliged to wait until the very end before the interesting event took place, but the interim was most agreeably filled by a witty and jolly comedy acted by a company of excellent comedians. For though Terry Duffy—a most engaging youth and a charming comedian—is starred, every single one of the speaking company is of first-class material, and knows how to enact comedy in first-class style; and, furthermore, gives us first-class laughs.

Hutcheson Boyd and Rudolph Bunner, the two collaborating authors, are well aware that our theatre-going public of the lighter preferences likes youth, sentiment, laughter, democracy, more than a glimpse of the lives of the smart set, and pretty clothes, not to mention pretty girls. So they have given us all of these things, not to mention the wit and humor that sparkles in the dialogue of the play, which is confessed light, but wholly entertaining.

The main idea will recommend itself to that part of young America which elopes with chauffeur, or with the boss' heiress, and pet, youngest and most beautiful daughter.

Marion Livermore, niece and probable heiress of a rich and worldly aunt, has turned down the equally worldly young matrimonial candidate approved by her aunt in favor of a guileless young innocent who never drinks, smokes, or swears, and has principles rooted in granite.

The efforts of the worldly aunt and suitor to keep Marion in her own world and the complications resulting from Marion's wilfulness and Timothy's granite-bound principles unite to form the obstacles preventing the course of true love from running smoothly.

The sympathetic audience looks upon the interrupted love idyl with great enjoyment; for it amuses itself with the profound uncertainty in which it speculates, "Will she marry him? Will the authors let dear Terry, living frugally on \$55 a week, marry Marion, whose clothes fairly smell of money? Marion, who belongs to those frivolous ranks of girlhood which live but for pleasure? But, on the other hand, Marion loves Tim, and Tim loves Marion." We remind ourselves that sapient playwrights who write to amuse never separate true lovers. And so we remain in a delightfully provocative state of uncertainty until the end.

Terry Duffy is a dear in the play, and one rather suspects that he is a dear out of it. He, in common with others of this company which is so astonishingly well provided with clever character actors, presents most skillfully, entertainingly, and, in Mr. Duffy's case, most winningly the characteristics of the guileless ruralite with whom the hitherto worldly Marion has incontinently fallen in love. Tim thinks slowly, and, in his countrified, semi-inarticulate way, speaks slowly. But his whole being radiates genuineness, youthful confidence in his ideals and simple worth.

Marion, played deliciously by Barbara Brown, a fascinating, boyishly slender, instinctively modish, and naturally irresistible piece of American girlhood, represents the girl who lives, or has hitherto lived, on the principle of having her own charming, wilful, perverse way; and very charmingly she sets about it. Mary Hill is the utility actress who knows her business perfectly; which, in this case, is to dress well and act out Aunt

Kate's worldliness in a simple, natural manner.

Good-looking and dapper Ted W. Gibson also was at home in the delineation of a rather dandified scion of a wealthy family who is a devotee of the smart world: just a touch more of humor needed, though, to make the best of his very juicy and well-spoken lines. William Austin, a clever comedian in a butler part, never lost a point.

Fannie Yantis and Marie Van Tassel did such clever work in presenting the two contrasting types of the country aunts, the one severely natural, the other an amusing burlesque, that they woke perpetual ripples of laughter at everything they did; and Andrew Arbuckle, a type of the seasoned, sophisticated player, who does everything competently, and has natural humor besides, completed this cast of entertaining efficiency.

In the present phase of theatricals we see much immature acting on our local stage; and, although "Wait Till We're Married" offers purely light-minded entertainment, it was done with such finish in the comedy acting that I found myself studying with fascination the method with which they accomplished their effects, if it was only the way Aunt Kate walked idly across the room and smelled the flowers, as she awaited the appearance of the butler she had summoned, or the method with which Marshall dilated his eyes and respectfully stressed his deferential attitude as he scored one of his numerous points.

As for Barbara Brown, she was, aside from her natural and acquired ability to shine as a stage ornament, just fascinating to look at. She has a pretty, provocative smile, lead-pencil slenderness, and was born stylish. She is more piquant than pretty, but she is pretty anyway. Any one is pretty who succeeds in keeping every eye firmly riveted upon her with complete satisfaction. This typical young blossom of American girlhood succeeded in looking trim and trim in pink gingham, and even in khaki knickers; and that's a feat.

The Columbia, by the way, has evidently made a big haul with "The London Follies," which opens at that theatre on the 12th of February. A lot of big things are promised us in connection with it, among them Harry Tate, the English comedian, who has made good with American audiences. But what is surprising is that this English organization, with its seventy revue stars, its forty tried and tested beauties, and its three carloads of scenery, costumes, and effects, will come here when so many of the big Eastern managers are cutting us, and of course many big cities much nearer to them than us, completely off their circuit.

There is, however, an explanation; one which shows that the many San Franciscans who particularly favor this kind of stage entertainment are having a big streak of luck.

Albert de Courville, known as the Ziegfeld of London and Paris, who bosses this production of such magnitude, took it to Canada. But he also brought out his "Pins and Needles" company. At a date that he had set for taking his "London Follies" to New York on his return route the "Pins and Needles" would be occupying the New York theatre at which the "Follies" were to appear. Being a true general in the theatrical world De Courville immediately cast a pair of speculative orbs San Franciscowards; hence our stroke of luck.

It is something unusual, in fact I believe it has never been done before, this bringing a London "Revue" to America; and we will be immensely interested in making comparisons.

Harry Tate's name is familiar to devoted Orpheumites in connection with his golfing and fishing acts; but he himself has never acted them in this country outside of New York. He will give here in San Francisco, not only the golfing scene, but also some of his stage comicallities derived from experiences in motoring.

## "THE GAY LORD QUEX."

Quite a proportion of Pinero's plays are written with "a purpose"; such as "The Profligate," "Iris," which is a progenitor of Walter's "Easiest Way," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and so on. But, in the midst of his big vogue, when every play, as it dropped from his busy pen, was immediately brought out on the London boards, and the majority of them faithfully repeated in New York, he wrote "The Gay Lord Quex" entirely for the "kick" it gave his appreciators.

The kick comes in the third and culminating act, when Sophy Fullgarney, manuevering to break off the match between her dearly loved foster sister, Muriel, and Lord Quex, up to the last month or so the gayest rake in London, but now preparing for marriage and the reforming process, are mutually entrapped.

Sophy, the fashionable manicure, and Lord Quex are the protagonists in the play. Pinero made his special effort on Sophy. Part of the kick, indeed, to the sated worldlings of London came from this intimate study of a promoted lady's maid, who had

grown rich on her strictly respectable manicuring parlors, whose affections were strong and true, but who remained as ordinary as her forbears.

The rest of the kick lay in the fact that it was a duchess of impeccable reputation who was making the last assault on Quex's newly-acquired virtue by trying to fan the embers of an old intrigue.

The play became one of the most widely known and most talked of among Pinero's long list of invariably interesting comedies and drawing-room dramas; the English playwright being wont, it will be remembered, to locate his plays in the most socially exclusive circles. In his day regarded as the best technician among English-speaking dramatists, Pinero's greatest deficiency was that of failing to evolve many characters that won the love and sympathy of the audience; as the very successful old uncle did, for instance, in his pretty comedy, "Liberty Hall." The worldly tone of a majority of his plays, the elegance and social smartness of his witty worldlings, was always irreproachably done, and, transporting us in America to the world of London fashionable folk in which we have always been so interested, entertained us in the highest degree.

"The Gay Lord Quex," however, demonstrates this lacking quality in Pinero. In spite of the kick we get from the big sensation in the third act, there is no one in the play that touches our heart. Lord Quex's manners are beautiful, but he is illegitimately trying to snatch a fair and fresh blossom rightly belonging to younger hands. Besides, he consorts with a shaky libertine who is becoming, from his excesses, almost doddering at the age of forty-eight.

Muriel is a graceful shadow; Captain Bastling a mere accessory. The duchess interests us, because she is a romantic voluptuary, guarding her reputation, nevertheless, with religious devotion. Yes, the duchess is a big part of the kick.

But, somehow, we don't like Sophy; loyal, true-hearted Sophy; and we never did. Her methods are objectionable, and we can't get by that. But Sophy is a creation. Sophy and the duchess, indeed, the two kick-makers, are the creations of the play.

Mr. Maitland's players, as a general thing, are less at home in drawing-room plays than in less sophisticated atmospheres. But Pinero's technique, and his finished and concise dialogue, added to the situations always so cleverly arranged by him, helped them, and they dealt creditably with their task.

Mr. Maitland and Mr. Cunningham—who is continuing his career of invariable dependableness—gave the necessary tone of rather heartless worldliness to the two rakes, and Dorothy Wetmore did commendable work as the duchess. Margaret Smith, by the way, proved herself able, in the rôle of Mrs. Jack Eden, to assume something of the tone and manner of a stage élégante.

Lea Penman, I thought, played the rôle of Sophy at such a feverish tempo that she deprived the character of naturalness. But she did suggest that flavor of ordinariness appropriate to Sophy, and the Misses Critenden and Christianson united with her in endowing the manicure parlors with the appropriate atmosphere.

The big scene wasn't quite as big as in past days. But perhaps, regarded from a more modern standpoint, it went with a greater adherence to nature. For we have learned, in modern theatreland, that people do not always yell and make extravagant demonstrations when they are excited.

## THE ORPHEUM.

I should unhesitatingly say that William Gaxton is the hit of the week at the Orpheum. To those who had not read their program he provided a surprise, for, after beginning as a monologist—when, by the way, his voice did not always rise above an inconveniently intrusive orchestra—he ended up by giving us a highly entertaining and well-acted playlet.

Two men make a wager. They both admit that it is as easy as rolling off a log to kiss a girl—with her consent—after a fifteen-minute interview. But the knotty point is to make her kiss you voluntarily within the same limit of time. "The modern young man"—played by Mr. Gaxton—had some job laid out for him, and we may imagine the breathless interest with which the audience, male and female, watched the modern young man at work.

Mr. Gaxton had had the common sense to gather a good company around him. Every blessed one of them did their job cleverly, the star, of course, inspiring them by the naturalness and deliberation of his acting. For he did not make it farcical. The people, carefully selected for their varying types, seemed real, and the episode excited so much interest and amusement that William Gaxton and his playlet became the hit of the performance. Hence his irruption in another act, when he made nonsensical fun with the Cameron Sisters half or three-quarters of an hour later. Whenever a performer breaks into another act like that it is because the management knows that he has become a pet, and

the audience will be well pleased to have more of him.

It seemed to me that Claudius and 'Scarlet in "The Call of the 'Sixties" dragged their tempo so calamitously that it lessened the enjoyment of what otherwise would have been a very successful act. For audiences always love the revival of old songs, and otherwise the pair played their mandolins with snap and splendid rhythm.

The Cameron Sisters in a series of dainty costumes pleased extremely by their dancing. Lydell and Macy are familiar as old men types, but Lydell does his job so well that it is really quite impossible to believe that there is youth under that make-up until he begins to dance. Eddie Buzzell, in a very elaborate act, shows ability in mingling country janness and metropolitan jauntiness, and has plenty of smart girls to help him out. Other acts are the usual thing, and enjoyed as usual.

## THE MINSTREL POET.

Who ever heard a man wishing he was a woman? Who hasn't heard a woman wishing she was a man? For how could women ever become joyful vagrants over the face of the earth, like Vachel Lindsay and Stephen Graham; the two vagabond poets who tramp their way over far and away spaces, asking for a meal and a night's lodging, and returning the dole in the shape of poetry or poetic literature?

Vachel Lindsay, the vagabond poet, as his friends call him, has vagabonded to California again. The lure of our sunny state is felt also by his pal, Stephen Graham, who, debarred from hobnobbing his way over the Russian steppes he has always so dearly loved, is also at present in California.

There was quite a gathering of the clans in the Paul Elder Gallery last week to hear the minstrel poet chant his lays. He did not disappoint his audience.

In conventional costume and with the conventional platform manner the poet expressed some of his unconventional views, one of which is that as poetry has its own music it should never be set to music. Musical notation, he feels, drowns the verbal music of the poetry; although once or twice, in his chantings of his own verse, the poet fell into something of the simple musical notation similar to that a priest uses in conducting a mass.

Mr. Lindsay's poetry reflects the varied impressions stored in his mind by his unconventional wanderings. With his senses alert to enjoy, his intelligence to observe and record, and his heart, full of a warm humanity, to feel, he accumulates a rich soil compounded of myriad experiences, out of which grow the wild flowers of his fancy.

His poetry is full of natural music, and all this he brings out as he sings it, for he does not employ the monotonous Tennysonian chant that has been described to us by friends of the English bard. His voice sinks to a whisper or swells to a clarion note, or measures off the refrains in a quick, staccato chanting. He is even melodramatic in his rendering of the old darky preacher's "Down to de debil."

One thinks, as he sings of Johnny Appleseed, who

To the farthest West has followed the sun,

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wandering over the vast, lonely forests of the new world, "This poet could only spring out of American soil." But in "The Chinese Night-ingle" and the "Gipsy Fiddles" his imagination transplants us to the Orient, and with equal vividness he paints innumerable pictures of the scattered tribes of remote aliens.  
Verbal music is what he keenly feels, and preaches, and creates. And in thus chanting of his poems he is reviving the primitive, Homeric art, and causing us to realize how well-founded is that instinct which impels us to murmur, if only for our own ears, the poems which please us. For poetry was created to be heard as plays to be acted and songs to be sung. And many poems are songs.  
JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

**Historic Irish Paintings.**  
Sir John Lavery was in the gallery at the House of Lords painting on a small box easel the historic scene below him when Lord Morley was moving the acceptance of the treaty with Ireland (although in Parliamentary phraseology he was doing something quite different), and the chamber that had echoed so often to the ancient quarrel was quiet and expectant like a harbor watching a strange ship coming in after a terrible voyage.  
It is taken that the outcome of Sir John Lavery's sketch will be another addition to his series of historical Irish pictures, in which he has been engaged from time to time during the last five years. They began, I think, with his picture of the trial of Roger Casement, and include pictures of the lying-in-state of the lord mayor of Cork and Archbishop Mannix blessing the Irish flag.  
He has painted the portraits of Messrs. De Valera, Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, Duggan, Gavan Duffy, Mrs. MacSweeney, Archbishop Mannix, Cardinal Logue, and several other prominent Irishmen. His portrait of Mr. De Valera is at present in the Paris Salon. It is stated in Ireland that it is the intention of Sir John to present the whole historic series to the Irish nation.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The mouth of the Yenisei is only open for a few weeks in the year. One of the largest rivers in the world, the Yenisei, which flows into the Arctic Sea at Yeniseisk, is in its lower reaches four or five miles wide.

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Oliver Morosco Presents  
**TERRY DUFFY**  
In the Comedy of Youth  
**"Wait Till We're Married"**  
Sunday, Feb. 12—THE LONDON FOLLIES.

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**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.**  
**The Columbia Theatre.**  
Oliver Morosco's laugh-a-minute comedy, "Wait Till We're Married," begins its second and last week at the Columbia Theatre Monday night, February 6th. The farce is scoring a big hit in San Francisco, if one may judge from the hilarity of the audience from the start of the play to the final curtain.  
The comedy is built on the difficulties encountered by a pair of young lovers from opposed walks of life. The action starts in a Long Island villa, in surroundings of wealth and fashion, and ends in a humble cottage on Staten Island. The play was written for laughs and is said to be one of the cleanest comedies seen here in sometime.  
Mr. Morosco has sent the original company intact from the Playhouse, New York, where it has been playing since last August. The chief rôle is played by Terry Duffy, who has the naturalness and sincerity, along with the youth that belongs to the part. The rest of company comprises such sterling actors as Ted W. Gibson, Barbara Brown, Reynolds Denniston, Marie Van Tassel, William Austin, Fanny Yantis, Mary Hill, and Maxwell Paley.

**The Maitland Playhouse.**  
"The Rainbow," a clever, wholesome comedy in which Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton starred, will be the Maitland Playhouse offering for the week commencing Monday night. With the stars named above in the leading rôles "The Rainbow" achieved a notable success, and its handling with Arthur Maitland and Lea Penman in leading rôles is assurance to local audiences that the piece will be well-starred. It is a fitting play for the Stockton Street house and promises a strong performance.  
Arthur Wing Pinero's sterling drama, "The Gay Lord Quex," that opened Monday night at the Maitland, has caught the fancy of theatre-goers. It is one of the strongest of the dramas offered this year at the Stockton Street house. It will close with the Saturday matinee and evening performances.

**The Players Theatre.**  
This week the Players Theatre presents a triple bill of new plays, two of which have not been played on any stage. They are "Exiles," by Dan Totheroh, author of "Tampela," and "Charles, the Simple," a tragedy of tenth-century France, by Benjamin A. Purrington, who will play his own leading part.  
Dan Totheroh will support Mabel Gump, who will play the leading rôle in "Exiles," a dramatic play of the South Seas. Others in the cast of "Exiles" are Léon Bowen, Leo Cunningham, Katharine Edson, Kathleen Rucker, and Alice Barkley.  
The third play on the bill is Alice Gerstenberg's comedy, "14."  
It is announced that Reginald Travers, who is now on his vacation, will return shortly to conduct rehearsals of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerers." Frank Darien, the well-known stage veteran, will direct all productions at the Players until his return.

**The Orpheum.**  
The Four Marx Brothers, superior entertainers, are coming to the Orpheum next week in a new musical piece entitled "On the Balcony." The four brothers—Herbert, Julius, Arthur, and Leonard—have made for themselves an enviable reputation in vaudeville. In their latest vehicle, which is built entirely for laughing purposes, these accomplished funsters have just the sort of act to bring out the best that is in them. Supported by a company of twelve people, they present their offering in rapid-fire fashion, flashing in and out from one funny situation to another until the curtain is rung down at the finish.  
Lydia Barry is a fine example of the theory of heredity. Her father before her was one of the best comedians of his day. Her songs are always good, and she sings them perfectly.  
Innis Brothers intend to depict in the amusing little musical duologue, "The Men About Town," the hick's idea of being well dressed and of the society manner. They play every line for a laugh.  
"Listen Bertie." It doesn't matter whether or not Bertie listens, but the Lane and Byron audiences will be sure to listen. "Listen Bertie" is the title of the "nut" act offered by these eccentric comedians.  
The more there is put into a skit the more will be gotten out of it. Lang and Vernon are master builders. Their pertinent idea is told in their skit, "Who Is Your Boss?" and their construction has been made with songs, chatter, and whistling.  
The La Pilarica Trio come from Spain, where they enjoyed favor in King Alfonso's court. Viela Victoria, one of its members, is said to be the most fascinating of Spanish dancers. Even Carmencita in her prime was not more bewitching than this fiery little dancing doll from old Madrid, and with her two associates the fame of the La Pilarica Trio has spread all over the world.  
Garcinetti Brothers are primarily acrobats

and trampoline performers, and in these capacities they do remarkably clever work. The distinguishing feature in their performance, however, is their hat-throwing. The brothers stand at either side of the stage and cast hats at each other. These invariably land where the hat is supposed to be worn and at various rakish angles.  
Lydell and Macy are the only holdover for the coming week and their clever comedy characterizations have been a delight to audiences during the past week.

**The London Follies Coming.**  
A glimpse of sunshine in the gloom caused by Flo Ziegfeld's announcement that he will confine his producing activities to London hereafter, is the news that Albert de Courville, known along Broadway as "the Ziegfeld of England," has decided to make New York his headquarters in the future, and has already brought over his two greatest successes, "The London Follies," with Harry Tate, which comes to the Columbia Theatre for eight days, commencing Sunday, February 12th, and "Pins and Needles," now playing at the Shubert Theatre, New York.  
"The London Follies" company of seventy has just completed a record-breaking tour of Canada, including all the larger cities from Montreal to Vancouver. It was intended that the company should open in New York immediately after this tour was completed, but the scarcity of attractions of the revue type on the Coast decided to the management to make a tour of California before returning East.  
"The London Follies" American tour opened in Seattle on New Year's Day, and judging from the reception accorded the company in the Northwest, the production is one of the few strong enough to attract large audiences without having first made a Broadway reputation.

**Warfield Coming.**  
David Warfield's reappearance this season in David Belasco's masterly play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," is in response to a public demand for a revival of this unusual drama. Wherever Mr. Warfield has appeared during the past three or four seasons both critics and playgoers have asked that "The Return of Peter Grimm" be restored to the stage. That the revival is most timely has already been proved by the interest that is manifested in the coming engagement at the Columbia Theatre two weeks hence.

**Shaw and Ibsen.**  
Two strong plays are promised for the Maitland Playhouse within the near future. Arthur Maitland announces the coming of "The Vikings," by Henrik Ibsen, one of the Ibsen plays that has never before been seen in San Francisco. It is less sombre than the average run of Ibsen plays.  
George Bernard Shaw's strong play, "Man and Superman," is to be repeated at the Maitland. It proved one of the best cards of the season when it was given.

**Arthur Raffalovich.**  
It is announced from Paris that Arthur Raffalovich died there on December 24th at the age of sixty-eight (says the New York Times). He had long been a well-known economist in the Parisian circle which included such writers and statisticians as Leroy-Beaulieu, Yves Guyot, and other thinkers of the older generation. He was born at Odessa in 1853, but was educated in Paris, where he spent most of his life. In 1888 he was made financial editor of the *Journal des Débats*, the active work of which he surrendered in his later years, but with which he maintained a journalistic connection up to the time of his death.

His close knowledge of both Russian and French finance led to his appointment, first as privy councillor of the Russian government, then as member of the finance ministry's council; and when Witte was carrying through his reform of the Russian currency, in connection with the placing of large Russian loans on the French market, Raffalovich was appointed commercial attaché to the Russian Imperial Embassy at Paris, where for many years he practically filled the duties of financial agent for the Russian government. M. Raffalovich was well known in both financial and political circles of Paris, where he enjoyed wide personal respect because of the unflinching rectitude of his private conduct and official actions during a period when financial scandal was frequent both in French finance and in the Franco-Russian relations.

He was at all times more intimately devoted to economic science than to practical participation in financial affairs outside of his government's interest, and had written widely on the subject. His *Marché Financier*, published annually during many years, was perhaps the most complete review issued in Europe, covering the occurrences of a past year in the trade, markets, and public finances of all the European countries and of the United States. To the discussion of the affairs of every country he brought a dispassionate economic view and a remarkably complete knowledge of the facts. He was a constant writer



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for the economic journals of Paris, discussing especially the large financial problems of the day. His last work, written in collaboration with Yves Guyot, dealt with the question of inflation and deflation, and was noteworthy for its insistence on the adherence by France in particular to the old-time principles of sound currency and the gold standard. Among the personal eccentricities of the man was the fact that, although he spoke three languages with perfect freedom, he was never able to converse in his mother tongue, though reading without difficulty publications in the Russian language.

A religious "revival" has commenced among the fisher people on the east coast, from Grimsby to John o' Groats (says the *Manchester Guardian*). It is difficult to say where the revival originated, and its effects are most noticeable in the villages on the south of the Moray Firth and the Aberdeenshire coast north of Aberdeen. Observers say the revival is much more extensive than that led in Wales in 1904-5 by Evan Roberts. Prayer-meetings lasting many hours are held nightly, the mission halls generally being full. The kinemas and public houses are in consequence nearly empty, and some of the former have had to close down. Strangers and fellow-villagers are systematically stopped in the streets and asked if they have been saved. Even motorists in some villages are held up by the more fervent. One serious aspect of the revival is its effect on the minds of the people. Already six persons, mostly young men and women, have been removed to hospitals and institutions for the insane, and in the event of the revival continuing much longer this number may, it is feared, swell.

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San Francisco**VANITY FAIR.**

The most important problem before the feminists now is whether or not a woman should take her husband's name. The matter, which even takes precedence over the new fight for equal rights throughout is solved by a good many suffragettes by the omission of the husband. That of course simplifies matters. If one has not got a husband there is no challenging one against the right to one's own name. Other ladies we suspect of taking husbands in a combative spirit. Their argument is that there is no credit in keeping their maiden name if they have no other. And there is a lot to be said for that stand, too. If the ideal suffragette remains celibate she will always be in doubt whether or no she has had equal rights in everything. There is the matter of the name! Perhaps she would not have got away with it. And so she must eventually die dissatisfied, not quite content that she has wrested every right from man and made it hers. Clearly the wise suffragette takes a spouse and declines his name. That way lies power for the cause. Nor is she merely interested in party propaganda. She is altruistic. She hopes to see the day when all women—even the unworthy unfeminist albeit feminine ones—cling to their own paternal cognomen even as in the old days our female ancestors clung with pardonable pride to the appellation "Mrs." Gone are the days when a woman marries merely to acquire the handle "Mistress." They are no longer primarily proud of being some one or other's mistress. The stronger sex—for we resignedly suppose that that is what it has come to—now marry quite incidentally, nonchalantly, even as men have married of yore. If she has an ulterior motif at all, it is to keep her own name.

A New York professor urges girl graduates "to shun becoming flappers." Just how a college graduate could become a flapper is not explained by the savant, though we are sure it would take an expert in the fourth dimension to accomplish the feat. We have heard of people seeking the fountain of youth. But until now no one—not even a professor—has thought it worth while to warn people against finding the rejuvenating fluid. The present injunction to college graduates sounds dangerously like it, though. Many a staid graduate student, and perhaps some who are not so staid, wish they were flappers again, but surely few of them are foolish enough to attempt the masquerade. A woman may shed ten years after she is thirty. But there are few indeed of twenty-five who can pretend to fifteen—and that or thereabouts is the authentic age of a flapper. Any one older than the sub-deb strata who appropriates the title is merely repeating the age-old fallacy of her sex—lying about her age and thinking she is getting away with it. Surely the professor meant to urge the girl graduate from imitating the flapper, and not from becoming one.

Isadora Duncan is said to have danced before the windows of Lenin in Moscow the other day. This is not really surprising, since Isadora announced her sympathy with the new Russian government some time ago. It is rather inconsistent, though, in view of her having danced the "Marseillaise" before the windows of Mr. Venizelos during the war. However, a dancer is by nature a temperamental sort of creature. Art would doubtless be throttled by strict regard for political principle. It is enough that Venizelos inspired Mme. Duncan some years ago and that Lenin has done so now. Truly, those gentlemen have not lived in vain. The tale is told that a friend of Raymund Duncan, the dancer's brother, was struck by Isadora's political infidelity. He spoke to Raymund about it. "Why," said the unsympathetic brother, "Isadora's right foot never knows what the left foot dances."

Admirers of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" will be interested in the subsequent career of the talented authoress, who is now Countess Russell, the third wife of that Earl Russell, John Francis Stanley, who was hailed before the House of Lords in 1907 for obtaining a divorce in Reno after it had been denied him in London. He subsequently made his peace and now sits in "the Lords." Lord Russell is a man of letters, and it was their mutual literary tastes that first drew the Countess von Arnim and him together. The friendship, bookish at first, later took a romantic form. The Russells maintain a home in Mayfair, which is one of the popular literary centres of London. About fifteen years ago the countess, then the Countess von Arnim, made a visit of some length to Washington and was entertained at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy by Baroness von Hengelmüller. Count Arnim, known to literary fame as "the man of wrath," was a territorial magnate of the Baltic section of the former Prussian kingdom. The count died in 1910. The son, Count August von Arnim, holds a position under the republican government of the Baltic regions. Elizabeth is now in possession of as glorious a garden near Chichester off Brighton as that which she made famous off the Baltic Sea.

**About Princess Bibesco.**

Prince and Princess Bibesco were in New York the early part of January attending the fashion show, which was under the patronage of Queen Marie of Roumania, and the proceeds of which are to swell the fund for the orphans and ailing of that stricken land. The fashion show was in every respect an artistic success, the sale of Roumanian peasant embroideries and laces bringing the most generous prices.

The princess is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Asquith, who plans to remain in this country six or eight weeks. Washington is awaiting the arrival of this celebrated public woman and author with keen anticipation. She will visit some of the resorts along the Atlantic seaboard, probably those in Florida and South Carolina and Georgia. The Roumanian minister would not have the leisure to accompany her on a long tour, like to California or the far South, and the princess is tied up with social engagements, but will probably make the Florida trips with her mother.

Some of the short stories from the volume recently published by Elizabeth Bibesco are finding their way into popular magazines and giving their readers a glance at the themes which London of today considers vital. The tales are not deemed by their Washington readers as of consuming interest, being principally of the psycho-analytical kind, which is the rage of Europe, but not so universal on this side of the Atlantic.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In an East End school a mistress was reading to her class Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." To test the intelligence of her scholars she asked if they could put into different words, expressing the same meaning, the line, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit—bird thou never wert." An arm shot up from the back row. "Well, Johnny, let us hear how you would put it." "Hi, cocky. You aint no blinkin' bird."

"He's perfectly quiet," remarked the man to the two girls who were hiring a pony and trap. "Only you must take care to keep the rein off his tail." "We won't forget," they said. When they returned he asked them how they had got on. "Splendidly!" they exclaimed. "We had one sharp shower, but we took it in turn to hold the umbrella over the horse's tail, so there was no real danger."

Wishing to give his Scotch steward a treat a man invited him to London, and on the night after his arrival took him to a hotel to dine. During the early part of the dinner the steward was noticed to help himself very liberally to the champagne, glass after glass of the wine disappearing. Still he seemed very downhearted and morose. Presently he was heard to remark, "Well, I hope they'll not be very long w' the whisky, as I dinna get on verra weel w' these mineral waters."

A railway director rebuked a ticket collector who allowed him to go through the gate without producing his pass. "No matter if you do know who I am," he said, in reply to the collector's excuse; "I am entitled to ride free only when I am traveling with that pass. You don't know whether I have it or not." The collector, nettled into action, demanded to see the pass. "That's right," exclaimed the director. "Here—why—where—well, I declare. I must have left it at the office." "Then you'll have to pay your fare," responded the collector, grimly. And he did.

Charlie Chaplin said at a Los Angeles reception: "My very best compliment was made to me by a little Philadelphia girl. One evening, after her prayers were finished, she turned to her mother and asked: 'Mama, will I go to heaven when I die?' 'Yes, dear,' said her mother, 'if you're good and always do what mama tells you.' 'And will you go to heaven when you die, mama?' 'Yes, of course.' 'And will papa go to heaven?' 'I—ere—hope so, darling.' 'Mama, will Charlie Chaplin go to heaven when he dies?' 'Oh, I guess so.' The little girl in her long white night gown clapped her hands and jumped up and down ecstatically: 'Oh, mama,' she said, 'won't God laugh!'"

Lord Northcliffe, during his American visit, had little to say in favor of prohibition. "Show me prohibition," he would observe, "and I'll talk about it." Like the Missourian, Lord Northcliffe wanted to be shown. "Your Volstead Act," he said in New York one day, "has made lawbreakers and hypocrites of all of you. A Fifth Avenue millionaire handed me recently a letter he had just received from the freight department of a railroad. 'Read this,' he chuckled, and I read: 'Dear Sir—Will you please send without delay for the three packing cases of hymnals awaiting you here, as two are leaking badly, while an unknown tramp broke into the third last night during the small hours and was found by our men this morning in a disgusting condition?'"

Past stall after stall went the rich merchant, followed by a smart footman in livery, for the annual bazaar was in full swing. "Ah, Mr. Swankington," gushed a pretty girl at one of the stalls, "what are you going to buy? Auntie and I are in charge of this stall. We have cushions, pen wipers, and all sorts of—." "There's one thing I should like to buy," said the amorous visitor. "Do you sell kisses at your stall?" "Oh, certainly," came the prompt reply. "A sovereign each." "Right!" said the aristocrat. "I'll take two, please." "Auntie," cried the wily damsel, "forward, please. Two kisses for this gentleman." For a moment the wealthy one was nonplussed, but only for a moment. He turned suddenly to his footman. "James," he said coolly, "just take this purchase, please."

A dairy farmer living in a small town was recently summoned to appear before the local magistrate on a charge of selling butter under weight. The complainant was the village baker, who felt he was being wronged when he discovered that every pound of the farmer's butter fell below the weight that a pound ought to be. "Have you a pair of scales?" asked the magistrate of the farmer. "Yes, your honor." "And weights?" "No, your honor, I have no weights." "You have no weights! How, then, can you weigh your butter?" "That is very simple, your honor. Since the baker has bought his butter from me, I buy my bread from him, and his one-

pound loaves serves me as weights to weigh my butter. If the butter does not weigh what it should, it is the baker's fault, and not mine, you see."

Standing on the slippery pavement of a small Southern town one rainy night, like sailors on a reeling deck, they were discussing a member of their party who had to retire from the scene of action. The principal speaker in the group appeared to be having some difficulty in keeping his footing on the swaying pavement. The buildings on either side bowed and rocked. The telephone poles did some sort of contortionist stunt, and even his voice was a bit thick. "Where's Sam?" another member of the group asked him. "We took him home," the first speaker informed him between hiccoughs. "Was he drunk?" "Drunk? It took three of us to get his hat in the car."

An eminent judge traveling in a first-class car was annoyed by a stranger who entered and lighted a strong cigar. The judge remonstrated. The stranger ignored him, whereupon the judge took out his card and handed it to the fellow. The stranger put the card in his pocket, blew a puff in the great man's face, and went on smoking. When the train stopped, the raging judge rose as the stranger slipped out of the coach and vanished. "Follow that man!" roared the judge to a porter. "Get his name and address. Quick!" In a minute or so the porter returned, rather scared. "I shouldn't go any farther with the case if I were you, sir," he said. "Do you know who the gentleman is?" And the porter handed the judge his own card.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The White Pearl.

A-many, many years ago  
The Female rated rather low.  
A diff'rent creature—one might say—  
From that fair thing we see today.

She had to work much harder then,  
Persuaded often by rough men,  
Who daily grew in strength and size  
By dint of healthy exercise.

But, ever crafty and alert,  
The cunning creature learned to flirt,  
And so, with artful coquetties,  
Soon had her keeper on his knees.

With rapid strides she grew in grace  
Until she filled a lofty place,  
Not on, but just behind the Throne,  
To rule the ruler—though unknown.

The consequence—'tis plain to see—  
Mere Bagatelle for such as she:  
Full many a King did blush unseen  
In the effulgence of his Queen.

And now, victorious at last,  
She rises from a dismal past:  
The trapper's caught in his own trap—  
She's all but pushed Man off the map.

—George Mitchell in Life.

Oregon's Ocean Bed.

Scientific societies are beginning to pay a good deal of attention to central Oregon's great ocean bed, dry now for many thousands of years (says the Portland *Oregonian*). During the past year fully a dozen expeditions visited the huge inland sea that extended over hundreds of square miles on the upper reaches of the Crooked River.

Just to stand in the dry bed of the sea or

at points where the waves once washed the shore and where the marks of the tide are plain is a unique experience. It's an astounding country, every rock seemingly hiding fossil evidence of some nature, for at random any ordinary looking outcrop or boulder will reveal clams, oysters, boring shellfish, or seaweed impressions. Your head reels as you try and think back, centuries and tens and hundreds of centuries before, and see this vast expanse of sand, sagebrush, and rocks as a turbulent tropical ocean, palm trees dotting the banks and weird animals roaming the dense brush or haunting the breakers as they bore food from the great ocean.

Palm frond imprints twelve and more feet in length can be found in the rocks, fossil remains of the first horse, he that had three toes; animals too strange to recreate—it's a rich country for the student, and now they are trying to prove that it is a great filling station, for oil-drilling derricks begin to make their appearance on the horizon.

In any event here is country that was fecund with life even before the human race was evolved. Inside one round sea-worn boulder lay a perfect oyster and inside the oyster the remains of a pearl, crushed flat by the pressure. Along the slimy shores of this sea the life must have been a short one and crowded, for the country is honeycombed with evidence, all of a low life origin—clam shells a yard across, great snails, other shells shaped like nothing we see this day, marine oysters not well organized enough to go out for themselves, but doomed to rest on a still shore until petrified and then to prove their age to discoverers thousands of years later.



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Hellmann announce the engagement of their daughter, Roberta Wright, to Mr. Lounsbury Slaughter Fish, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Lounsbury Fish of Stanford University.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Randolph Harrison, daughter of Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, and Mr. Christian Gross, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gross of Chicago, took place Monday in Algiers. The bride is the niece of Mr. Templeton Crocker and has been a frequent visitor in California.

Miss Marion Zeile gave a luncheon Monday at the Fairmont for Miss Cornelia Armsby. Others at the affair were Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, and Mrs. Walter Filer.

Mrs. Paul Fagan entertained at tea Monday, complimenting Miss Ruth Lent.

Mrs. Frank Hooper gave a bridge-tea last Tuesday for Miss Ola Willett. Some of the guests were Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Alfred Gharrelli, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Charles Corbet, Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Warren Spieker, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Miss Isabel Jennings, and Miss Cecile Brooke.

As a farewell to Miss Mary Donohoe and Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Cora Jane Flood gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel. Her guests included Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mrs. Reginald Jenkins, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Mrs. Walter Baldwin, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Christine Donohoe, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Marie Louise Black, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Helen Crocker, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Colonel and Mrs. Robert Thompson gave a dinner-dance last Saturday at the Montecito Country Club in honor of Admiral Sir William Pakenham and the officers of H. M. S. Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner Wednesday, when they had as their guests Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mrs. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Leon Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a dinner Thursday, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery.

In honor of Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Emelie Parrott gave a dinner in San Mateo Tuesday.

Mrs. Julian Reis and Mrs. Benjamin Selby were the guests of honor at a luncheon at which Mrs. Crawford Clarke entertained Wednesday. The guests included Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. William Matson, Mrs. J. J. Spieker, Mrs. William

Marvin, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. George Bates, Mrs. Winfield Davis, Mrs. Ritchie Dunne, Mrs. William Weir, Mrs. Robert Watt, Mrs. Charles Judson, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. J. D. McKee, Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. Clemens Horst, Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Mrs. William Van Fleet, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. Stuart Baldwin, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. James Hall, Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. Philip Galpin, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. A. M. Buchanan, Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary, Mrs. Carroll Cambron, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mrs. N. R. Salsbury, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. John Sutton, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mrs. William Ireland, and Miss Lynda Buchanan.

Mrs. Alan Van Fleet gave a tea Wednesday for Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson and Miss Mary Baldwin of New York. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. William Van Fleet, Mrs. Hasket Derby, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Barnaby Conrad, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Otis Johnson, Mrs. Edgar Gil-Crist, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, and Miss Marion Crocker.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge gave a dinner Wednesday, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mrs. Ethel Hager, Mr. Clarence Follis, and Mr. William Herrin.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes entertained at luncheon Tuesday for Mrs. Frank Fuller, her guests including Mrs. John Johnston, Mrs. Erle Brownell, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. James Bishop, and Mrs. Ernest Stent.

Miss Laura Miller gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club for Mrs. Robert Miller. Among her guests were Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Elena Folger, and Miss Helen Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Thomas were dinner hosts Wednesday at the Fairmont, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueraz, and Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bentley gave a supper Wednesday at the Fairmont. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. Valentine Hush, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Katherine Bentley, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., and Mr. Herbert Tietzen.

Mrs. Reginald Jenkins gave a luncheon Monday, her guests including Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Katharine Donohoe, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Sara Coffin, and Mr. Joseph Donohoe, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page gave a dinner Wednesday. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, Mrs. Charles Buckingham, Miss Mary Fisher, and Mr. Orel Goldaracena.

Miss Dorothy Clark was a luncheon hostess Saturday. Her guests were Miss Ruth Lent, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Barbara Sesson, Miss Doris Fagan, Miss Dorcas Jackson, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Aileen McWilliams, and Miss Dolly Madison Payne.

In honor of Miss Margaret Fuller, Miss Mary Dennis Seales gave a luncheon Saturday. Mrs. William H. Smith, Jr., chaperoned and the guests included Miss Frances Sherman, Miss Harriett Brownell, Miss Frances Stent, Miss Jean McLoughlin, Miss Phyllis Fay, Miss Rose Marie Brunn, Miss Dorothy Stevenson, Miss Jane Johnston, Miss Edith Dohrmann, Miss Frances Mace, Miss Marion Mace, Miss Yvonne Harley, Miss Elizabeth Atkinson, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Beedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a dinner Tuesday evening.

Complimenting Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Charles Haskins of New York gave a luncheon Wednesday at the San Mateo Polo Club. Her guests included Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. George Nickel, Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mrs. Gayle Anderton, Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mrs. Loring Pickering, Mrs. William Duncan, and Miss Katherine Ramsay.

Mrs. William Cluff entertained at a luncheon Tuesday in the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard gave a dinner Wednesday, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Scott Brooke, and Mr. Frank Shaughnessy.

Mrs. Ashley Mulgrave Gould of Washington, D. C., was the guest of honor at a tea given Wednesday by Mrs. I. Lowenberg in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and Mrs. George H. Cabaniss. The guests were Mrs. David P. Barrows, Dr. Mariana Bertola, Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mrs. J. L. Moody, Mrs. E. E. Brownell, Mrs. Parker Maddux, Mrs. Frank K. Mott, Mrs. F. M. Angellotti, Mrs. Blanca Paulsen, Mrs. J. P. Massey, Mrs. O. M. Goldaracena, Mrs. Sewall Doliver, Mrs. Lewis Meyerstein, Mrs. Arnold Bennett, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. J. Russell Knowland, Mrs. E. H. Mozart, Mrs. W. D. Keyston, Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Charles Lane, Mrs. John F. Swift, and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

The University of California has established a new fruit products laboratory by the installation of \$5000 worth of canning and preserving equipment in Room 21 of Hilgard Hall on the Berkeley campus. Some of the equipment was loaned to the university by outside manufacturers. The laboratory will be used for the semi-commercial production of canned fruits and vegetables, jams, jellies, and similar food products.

Banknotes were originally called goldsmiths' notes because the bankers were all goldsmiths.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Wet Streets.

It needs not noontide's ripe and generous ray  
Nor sunset's smouldering glow,  
To make this city street a luminous way.  
Here through the rain's resplendencies I go  
Enrapt, and watch the road's transfiguring  
To a most mystic thing.  
Vivid the windows flame,  
And dazzling signs of merchandise or name  
Break on the solid black;  
Each lamp defines my track  
With sportive checkwork of conflicting gleams,  
Fantastic as dreams.  
Wet wheels swish rapid and are gone,  
Like glow-worms taking flight,  
And, miracles of flashing light,  
The clanging cars come on.

Far off, the rainstorms beat  
On tangled sobbing grasses, sodden'd soil;  
Here in the long loud street  
They lash our human goings and our toil,  
Casting their liberal diamonds at our feet.  
Yonder on wood and down the torrent falls,  
But here on blackened walls  
And roofs, and mirrors of refulgent glass,  
By which the people pass,  
Each nursing his own dream, feeding his hope  
Of wide or narrow scope.  
And some behold the signs and marvels—some  
See nothing, being blind;  
Bringing no light, they have no light to find,  
And famish'd pass as empty as they come.

—Arthur L. Salmon in the London Observer.

## Songs of the Marches.

## I.

It is the Fifth Month.  
But still the Heaven-high hills  
Shine with snow.  
There are no flowers  
For the heart of earth is yet too chilly.  
From the centre of the camp  
Comes the sound of a flute  
Playing "The Snapped Willow."  
No colour mists the trees,  
Not yet have their leaves broken.  
At dawn, there is the shock and shouting of battle,  
Following the drums and the loud metal gongs.  
At night, the soldiers sleep, clasping the pommels  
Of their jade-ornamented saddles.  
They sleep lightly,  
With their two-edged swords girt below their loins,  
So that they may be able in an instant to rush  
upon the Barbarians  
And destroy them.

## II.

Horses!  
Horses!  
Swift as the three dogs' wind!  
Whips stinging the clear air like the sharp calling  
of birds,  
They ride across the camel-back bridge  
Over the river Wei.  
They bend the bows,  
Curving them away from the moon which shines  
behind them  
Over their own country of Han.  
They fasten feathers on their arrows  
To destroy the immense arrogance of the foe.  
Now the regiments are divided  
And scattered like the five-pointed stars,  
Sea mist envelops the deserted camp,  
The task is accomplished,  
And the portrait of Ho P'iao Yao  
Hangs magnificently in the Lin Pavilion.

## III.

When Autumn burns along the hills,  
The Barbarian hordes mount their horses  
And pour down from the North.  
Then, in the country of Han,  
The Heavenly soldiers arise  
And depart from their homes.  
The High General  
Divides the tiger tally.  
Fight, Soldiers!  
Then lie down and rest  
On the Dragon sand.  
The frontier moon casts the shadows of bows upon  
the ground,  
Swords brush the hoar-frost flowers of the Bar-  
barians' country.  
The Jade Pass has not yet been forced,  
Our soldiers hold it strongly.  
Therefore the young married women  
May cease their lamentations.

## IV.

The Heavenly soldiers are returning  
From the sterile plains of the North.  
Because the Barbarians desired their horses  
To drink of the streams of the South,  
Therefore were our spears held level to the charge  
In a hundred fights.  
In straight battle our soldiers fought  
To gain the supreme gratitude  
Of the Most High Emperor.  
They seized the snow of the Inland Sea  
And devoured it in their terrible hunger.  
They lay on the sand at the top of the Dragon  
Mound  
And slept.  
All this they bore that the Moon Clan  
Might be destroyed.  
Now indeed they have won the right  
To the soft, high bed of Peace.  
It is their just portion.

—From "Fir-Flower Tablets." Translated from  
the Chinese by Florence Ayscough and Amy  
Lowell.

The hour  
before  
dinner

MUSIC in your heart—  
Anticipation of an  
evening full of social interest  
—is your hour before dinner  
like that?

Tea in the Palm Court,—itself a  
delight—clears away the cobwebs  
and opens the door to the social  
half of the day.  
Try it today.

—Afternoon tea, 50 cents



The  
PALACE  
HOTEL

Management  
HALSEY E. MANWARING

## DEL MONTE

The Largest Resort Hotel Plant in the World  
Where "Thinking People" can find Recreation  
in Hotel del Monte's Comfort, Service and  
Outdoor Life. "Here every sportsman can find  
his chosen recreation."  
TWO CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSES  
CARL S. STANLEY, Manager  
DEL MONTE : : CALIFORNIA

## San Ysidro Ranch

Furnished bungalows of various sizes;  
situated on the foothills among the orange  
groves, overlooking the sea. Central  
dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold  
water. Good tennis court. Six miles from  
Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean.  
Booklet. Address MANAGER

San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara



All main auto  
roads lead direct-  
ly to the Hotel  
Oakland where  
life is "really liv-  
ing" and comfort  
supreme.

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OAKLAND

Hotel Claremont  
Berkeley, California

Situated in beautiful Berkeley Hills,  
amidst wonderful flower gardens  
and magnificent trees. Thirty-five  
minutes from San Francisco direct  
to entrance of Hotel by the Key  
Route ferry and express trains.  
For reservations telephone Berkeley  
9300.

## THE DANTE

Under the new ownership repre-  
sented by Mr. E. Trenkle of The  
Dante Sanatorium (formerly the  
Adler) there has been no change of  
policy or in the personal staff.  
Miss Minnie Fechemer is retained  
as general superintendent. Miss  
Lynch remains as head of the oper-  
ating room. The nursing organi-  
zation, the culinary staff, the gen-  
eral attendants—all are as before.

Old patrons and new will find in  
The Dante the comforts and luxu-  
ries for which this unique institu-  
tion has long been famous.

## COMMUNITY HOMES

SPLendid BUILDINGS ON RUSSIAN HILL  
UNION TERRACE—Nearing completion;  
marine view; courts and fountains. Separate  
entrances. CAPO DI MONTE—Class "A"  
structure; plans to suit buyers. Ground will  
be broken at once. This EVOLUTION in  
HOMES combines more conveniences, more  
comforts, at lower prices, less upkeep cost.  
W. F. CHIPMAN, 625 Market St.

EXPERIENCED TRAVELER would like to  
conduct one or two ladies abroad, relieving  
them of all care and responsibility,  
Or

Would chaperon young lady who wishes to  
abroad. References exchanged. Address  
Box G, Argonaut, 207 Powell Street.

INSTRUCTIONS given in Auction  
Bridge; 75 cents per lesson. Address  
200 Taylor Street, Apartment 16.  
Phone Prospect 1891.



ARE YOU PHONE  
**Moving?** **West 999**

Our man will call and talk the  
matter over with you.

**Storage--Shipping**

Expert packing, protection  
and dispatch.

**STRINGER STORAGE  
COMPANY**

Sutter near Fillmore  
and  
Steiner near Sutter

**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery have arrived from New York to make their permanent home in San Francisco. Until they secure their own residence they are visiting the matron's father, Mr. Charles Black.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid arrived Tuesday from New York and has reopened her Millbrae home for a six weeks' sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle are spending their wedding trip in Southern California. They are at present at the Samarkand in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Georges Romanowsky has returned from a visit in Chicago with her father, Dr. Biankini.

Mr. Fentriss Hill will return within a fortnight from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Mary Donohoe left today for New York en route to Egypt. They will be away four months.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore is visiting in Montecito with Mrs. Hastings Arnold of New York. Mrs. Moore will return the middle of February to San Francisco.

Mrs. William Cluff has come from Menlo Park to pass the remainder of the winter at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and Mr. and Mrs. William Van Antwerp have returned to San Mateo, after a brief visit at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johns have returned to San Mateo from a visit of several weeks in New York and Washington.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens of Santa Barbara is in New York for a few weeks. She is at the Waldorf Astoria, but will leave next week for Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker have purchased a residence in Sacramento.

Miss Helen Crocker and Mr. William Crocker are passing the week-end at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Irving Lundborg and Miss Helene Lundborg are spending several weeks at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Clement Tobin has sailed for Europe to be gone for several months. Before her return to the United States she will visit in Algeria.

Dr. and Mrs. James Bullitt are entertaining

**PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC  
COMPANY**

30th Consecutive Quarterly Dividend  
on First Preferred Stock

**THE** regular dividend for the three  
months ending January 31st, 1922, of  
\$1.50 per share, upon the full-paid First  
Preferred Capital Stock of the Company  
will be paid on February 15th, 1922, to  
shareholders of record at the end of the  
quarterly period. Checks will be mailed  
in time to reach stockholders on the date  
they are payable.

A. F. HOCKENBEAMER,  
Vice-President and Treasurer.  
San Francisco, California.

**THE SANTA BARBARA GIRLS' SCHOOL**

Resident and Day Pupils. Eleven acres.  
Country Life and Sports. Sleeping-porches.  
Open-air school rooms. Riding. Swimming  
all the year round. Basis of work, clear  
thinking.

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P.O. Box 506, SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

**COAL**

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER, FOR TRIAL SAMPLE SACK OF  
"PEACOCK" EITHER LUMP OR EGG COAL. HE WILL KNOW WHERE  
TO FIND IT IF HE HASN'T IT, AND YOU SHOULD KNOW  
WHAT A REMARKABLY FINE COAL IT IS--CHARLES R. ALLEN.

Miss Florence Selby at their San Jose home. Miss Selby arrived last month from South Africa, where she has spent the past year with Mr. Paul Selby.

Mrs. Harold Barnard has returned to San Francisco from Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman of Los Angeles are passing a few days in San Francisco.

Mr. Herman Underhill arrived Tuesday from New York. His marriage to Miss Ruth Lent will take place next week.

Miss Marie Brewer returned Tuesday from a visit of six months in Honolulu with Captain and Mrs. Everett Upson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford sailed today for Naples. They will visit in Italy for several weeks before going to France.

Mrs. William Glassford will leave Tuesday for the Orient to join Commander Glassford, who has been ordered to Shanghai.

Miss Barbara Kimble returned Tuesday from a sojourn of several weeks in Honolulu.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl left last week for New York, after a brief visit in San Francisco and Burlingame.

Mrs. Thomas Driscoll has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Admiral and Mrs. Bacon.

Mrs. Robinson Goodwin has gone south on a visit of several weeks. Before returning north she will be the guest of Mrs. Edgar Stow at the La Patera rancho in Goleta.

Lord and Lady Rodney have returned to San Mateo from a visit in Montecito with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Courtney.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train are spending several weeks in Los Angeles. Mrs. Train has just returned to the southern city from a trip to Coronado.

Mrs. Elysse Schultz Hopkins and her little son will arrive within a few days from abroad. They will take apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker and Miss Marion Zeile will leave within a fortnight for New York. Miss Zeile will visit Mr. and Mrs. Cheever Cowdin.

Mrs. and Mrs. Hamilton Corbett of Portland, who have been visiting in San Francisco, are spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne will spend the late winter at Palm Beach.

Mrs. W. H. Lee will sail next Tuesday for the Orient to join Commander Lee.

Miss Helen Crocker and her brother, Mr. W. W. Crocker, are preparing for a house-warming in their beautiful home at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cook and daughter of San Rafael have been staying at Del Monte Lodge for the past month.

Miss Lucille Byington of San Francisco is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle, who were married in San Francisco last week, are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte Lodge. Mrs. Monteagle was formerly Mrs. Estelle Houston Havens.

Miss Julie Heynemann sailed on Wednesday of this week by the Holland-America Line for London via Panama, the Azores, and Southampton. She goes for an indefinite stay in England.

Recently registered at the Palace are Mr. J. T. Shields, Philadelphia; Mr. Emanuel Ranzoni, New York; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cannon, Mr. R. C. Haleby, Los Angeles; Mr. Henry S. Rosenthal, Cincinnati; Mr. C. W. Holland, New York; Mr. George S. Johnston, Omaha; Mr. J. B. Jones, Mr. H. K. McCann, Mr. F. D. Herbert, New York; Mr. B. A. Worthington, Indianapolis; Mr. J. H. Prentice, Bellingham; Mr. R. A. Clark, Seattle; Mr. J. M. White, Weed; Mr. F. A. Long, Kansas City; Mr. Merrill Nibley, Salt Lake City; Mr. C. D. Terwilliger, Reno; Mr. W. E. Benz, Bakersfield; Mr. J. D. Horan, Los Angeles; Mr. Hugh Henry Brown, Tonopah; Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Honeyman, Portland; Mr. M. H. Kennelly, Chicago.

Registered at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. G. B. Tibbott, San Jose; Mr. L. B. Hammell, Petaluma; Mr. E. A. Wilcox, San Jose; Mr. M. L. Cully, Mr. W. R. Covington, Los Angeles; Mr. R. C. Burdin, Hongkong; Mr. C. C. Belle, Toledo; Mrs. A. H. Hanna, Los Angeles; Mr. C. M. Thompson, Fresno; Mr. A. B. Briggs, Los Gatos; Mrs. George E. Teufel, Seattle; Mr. R. Collins, Red Bluff; Mr. Fred Lorch, Mr. John Kohn, Cleveland; Mr. I. Lesser, Fresno; Mr. G. G. Edelman, Astoria, Oregon; Mr. C. W. Beach, Turlock; Mr. J. S. Burnett, Long Beach; Mr. Whilam M. Le Moyné, Chicago; Mr. F. M. Hills, San Diego; Mr. F. T. Lichfield, Santa Rosa; Mr. J. M. Slocum, San Jose; Mr. Roland Jackson Hunter, South Sea Islands; Mr. Ralph Stetsman, Mrs. D. O. Anderson, Mrs. R. M. Walker, Pasadena.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. W. A. Archer, Mr. N. S. Archer, Chicago; Mr. Leonard Vogel, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bolton, Lawrence, Massachusetts; Mr. Richard Kilroy, Baltimore; Mr. H. B. Bacon, Chicago; Mr. James F. Twohy, Seattle; Mr. Ira Homer, Bakersfield; Mr. Walter J. Rosenfeld, Portland; Mr. J. Bunzen, Seattle; Mr. Arthur D. Wolfe, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. R. W. Wetmore, Minneapolis; Mr. F. C. Waterbury, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. L. M. Rossi, Santa Rosa; Mr. William R. Bradley, Galesburg, Illinois; Mr. C. D. Loveless, Cincinnati; Mr. S. H. Skelling, Chicago; Mr. Ralph L. Freeman, Camden, New Jersey; Mr. F. C. Dean, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Culver, St. Joseph, Missouri; Mr. L. R. Reiser, Mr. Harry Kaufman, Mr. J. P. Smith, New York.

An interesting war memorial is that for the town of Campton, New York. The work has been entrusted to F. Schuyler Mathews, a pupil of Walter Crane. Mr. Mathews has used the ancient art of illumination, taking his ornament entirely from the stained glass of Rheims and Soissons. His memorial is in the form of a triptych in a carved frame and will hang in the town hall at Campton.

**Conserving the Wild Flowers.**

The California Wild Flower Conservation League has started an educational campaign against the thoughtless destruction of wild flowers and shrubs. This is largely due to the fact that hordes of motorists and hikers are, through their carelessness, threatening almost complete extermination of many delicate wildings.

Through the efforts of the league, a bill was passed by the last California legislature for the protection of the toyon or Christmas berry, which had already been practically destroyed in many sections of the state. It is now proposed that a bill be brought before the next legislature for the protection of certain flowers that are rapidly diminishing in places where they formerly grew in abundance. To this end an educational campaign is being conducted through the schools and numerous organizations. A conference of nature lovers, scientists, and members of outdoor clubs that will be national in its scope will be held in connection with the eighth annual display of the wild flowers of California, which opens at the Hotel St. Francis on April 20th, continuing to the 22d; its object being to acquaint the public with the variety and charm of the native flowers and plants and their value as beautiful and important assets to the landscape. At the last exhibit, held in April, 1921, over seven thousand school children were in attendance. They were addressed by David Starr Jordan and Luther Burbank. The work is directed by Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, who is assisted by many scientists and educators.

**The Japanese Woman Printer.**

Writing of a certain Japanese newspaper office, Frances Little says in *Harper's Magazine* for February:

"Not only is it done for women, but by women. And one would have to go a long journey before he could find so cheerfully busy a group as that which I found in an office, neither spacious nor sumptuous, but just a place where work could be done, and no time lost in powdering noses or reddening lips.

"The girls gave me a cordial welcome. They were neither shy, embarrassed, nor bold. Simply women who, having been thrust out into the world, adapted themselves to conditions which their great-grandmothers would have committed hara-kiri before submitting to. The girls could smile, too, at the long hours, at their hard tasks, and at the curious stranger who was asking them all kinds of questions.

"I watched one of the girls prepare her material for the morrow's issue. Did she luxuriously lounge before a typewriter which was guaranteed to do everything but talk out loud, and click off page after page of neat type? Not so. With sleeve turned back, she dipped a little brush in India ink and, beginning at the top of a long strip of paper, she bent to her work of painting characters. Each character on that clean white page looked to me as hopelessly intricate as a mused-up puzzle, but every stroke told a story, and her slender fingers went at such a giddy speed it fairly made me cross-eyed to follow."

**Golf for a Degree.**

Imaginary examination papers are an old form of merry jesting at the English universities (says a writer in the *New York Times*). At Oxford something of a novelty has been produced in the form of questions put to candidates for a degree in "Golf, Its Theory and Practice." This course, it is explained, is not to be combined with that in agriculture or language. The hint is plain that no knowledge of farming operations on the links, or the accompanying exercises in profanity, will be required. But the classics and history are ransacked to find puzzlers for the aspiring Doctors of Golf.

Thus at the beginning the student is asked to consider the familiar *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, and to decide whether it would imply a good or bad "lie." Also, what club would Tityrus be advised to use in order to play out his ball from under the beech! The candidate is further called upon to discourse on the Thracian Triballi, and to show by historical evidence that it was golf, not pawn-broking, which gave origin to the name. A nice question would be whether that particular Thracian tribe permitted four-ball matches. So the examination gravely goes on from criticism of Caesar's play at the water-hazard of the Rubicon to "*et ego in Arcadia*. Where was this bunker?"

The whole is admirable and learned fooling. But it will not ruffle the dignity of the convinced golfer. He knew beforehand that his favorite game embraced all philosophy, all humor, all moral excellence. These Oxford wits have nothing to teach him.

Chao-Hsin-Chu, Chinese Chargé d'Affaires in Great Britain, recently commented on various languages before a British audience, pointing out that the speech and writing of his countrymen were exceedingly difficult, but not to the Chinese. He himself spoke in English, and concluded: "As I went to school in America, I learned your language second-hand."



**The Hotel Whitcomb**

J. H. van Horne, Manager

**LUNCHEON**

75 cents

**DINNER**

\$1.50

Tea service in the Sun Lounge  
every afternoon

Bridge tables arranged upon  
reservation

Dancing in the lounge every Saturday  
evening

A la carte supper service

For all reservations call Market 510

**Cruise Up the Mediterranean.**


The Cunard steamship *Caronia*, under charter to Thomas Cook & Son, international tourist agents, sailed from New York on Saturday, January 28th, with 350 tourists, bound for a cruise up the Mediterranean, visiting Spain, France, Algeria, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, and Italy. Among the passengers were several prominent San Franciscans, including Mr. and Mrs. James Madison and son, Mr. Joseph F. Catherwood, Mrs. Don Lee, and Mrs. Margaret Davidson.

A series of moving pictures telling the story of white pine from the forest through the mill will be shown February 3d, at 8 p. m., in Room 125, Hilgard Hall, University of California. These films will demonstrate the various operations down to the final finished product. The picture will also show white pine bluster rust, a disease which is now threatening this fine tree. The entertainment is under the auspices of the Forestry Club of the University of California College of Agriculture. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Birch wood was used by the ancients for papyrus. In rural England the wood is used for heels of shoes, torches, and charcoal.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I would like to have a globe of the earth."  
"What size, madam?" "Life-size, of course."  
Paris Le Journal Amusant.

Wife—George, is that you? George—Why, certainly! Who else you 'specting at this timernight?—London Mail.

She (tenderly)—And are mine the only lips you have kissed? He—Yes, and they are the sweetest of all.—Columbia Jester.

"Isn't it hard in these days to live within your means?" "I don't know. My wife won't let me try it."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Jazz—My girl told me she weighed 120 the other night. Beau—Stripped? Jazz—Yeh; she was in an evening gown.—Ohio Sun Dial.

Mrs. Newlywed (on her first day's shopping)—I want two pieces of steak and—about half a pint of gravy.—London Opinion.

Farmer—Would you like to buy a jug of cider. Tourist—Well—er—is it ambitious and willing to work?—New York Evening World.

"Lots of girls say they would rather dance than eat." "But they don't mean that. You gotta buy supper for 'em."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"It was a case of love at first sight when I met Jack." "Then why didn't you marry him?" "I met him again so often."—Boston Transcript.

Interviewer—What sort of girls make the best showgirls? Stage Manager—Those who have the most to show, of course.—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

Mother (reprovingly)—When I was young, girls never thought of doing the things they do today. Daughter—Well, that's why they didn't do them.—Pickup.

Papa—Why did you permit young Gaybird to kiss you in the parlor last night? Daughter—Because I was afraid he'd catch cold in the hall.—Boston Globe.

Chatty Person—Too bad you lost so much at bridge, my dear; but, anyway, it's nice you've been granted your alimony. "Yes; unlucky at cards, lucky at love!"—Judge.

"In time of trial," said the preacher, "what brings us the greatest comfort?" "An acquittal," responded a person who should never have been admitted.—Stanford Chaparral.

"Terribly rough," said the stranger on board the ocean liner. "Well," said the farmer, "it wouldn't be near so rough if the captain would only keep in the furrows."—Virginia Reel.

"Would you marry a man to reform him?" "What does he do?" "He drinks." "Marry

him, girlie, and find out where he gets it. We need him badly in our set."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Shay, did you see me come in?" The other chap replied, "Yes, I saw you come in." "Well—hic!—ever see me before?" "No, I never saw you before." "Then—hic—how did you know it was me?"—Syracuse Orange Peel.

"Mary," said the mistress, "did you ask every one for cards today, as I told you, when they called?" "Yes'm. One fellow he wouldn't give me no card, but I swiped his hat an' shoved him off th' steps. Here's his name on th' sweat band."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"He proposed to me last night, mother. What shall I do?" "But, my dear daughter, you've only known him three weeks." "I know that, mother, but on the other hand if I delay in accepting him he might find out some things about me he won't like, too."—Indianapolis News.

"Thanks for this beer prescription, doctor. It will certainly save my life." "I hope so," said the physician, dryly. "And, by the way, I'm a little out of touch with the sources of supply. Do you know whether or not drug-gists are going to sell pretzels?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The senator was back home, looking after his political fences, and was asking the minister about some of his old acquaintances. "How's old Mr. Jones?" he inquired. "Will I be likely to see him today?" "You'll never see Mr. Jones again," said the minister. "Mr. Jones has gone to heaven."—Washington Star.

The newly-elected president of a banking institution was being introduced to the employees. He singled out one of the men in the cashier's cage, questioning him in detail about his work, etc. "I have been here forty years," said the cashier's assistant, with conscious pride, "and in all that time I only made one slight mistake." "Good," replied the president. "Let me congratulate you. But hereafter be more careful."—Wall Street Journal.

"Yes," said the old man to his visitor, "I am proud of my girls and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, twenty-five years old, and a really good girl. I shall give her \$1000 when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again. I shall give her \$3000, and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have \$5000 with her." The young man reflected a moment and then asked, "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"—Glasgow Herald.

### American Ships Losing Ground.

The United States must exert itself if it is to hold its own in the shipping business (says the New York Times). The Commerce Department publishes figures for the first ten months of 1921 which indicate that our grip is slipping. After Canada, we do the largest volume of our foreign trade with Great Britain. American ships carried 21 per cent. to and from the Atlantic coast in January, increased this share to 55 per cent. in June, but let it fall to 15 per cent. in October. For the gulf coast the percentage in American ships was 12 in January, rose as high as 31 in July, but fell to 11 in October, and was 19 for the ten months. The greatest decrease is shown by the Pacific Coast, where our ships carried 53 per cent. in January, 74 per cent. in April, but suffered a decrease to 15 in October and show 33 per cent. for the ten months. . . .

The real fight of our merchant marine for business is on. Cost of operating foreign ships has been deflated and there is such a surplus of tonnage that they struggle for what business there is. Americans can offset the difference between American and foreign wages to a certain degree by superior efficiency, but there is no margin for obsolete shipping laws which needlessly add to expense. The American people may do much to maintain their own merchant marine, but they will not pay to preserve absurd obstacles which Congress can remove, or for wasteful, inefficient methods of shipping men. When a clear record can be shown in these respects, when competition among American ship-owners has done its best, they can go to Congress with hope that it will help to preserve their industry.

The sands in the River Eder have been found to be rich with gold, according to reports from Waldeck in Thuringia, and companies have been organized to exploit them. Gold has been known to be in the river sands for several years, but, until a recent drought which virtually dried up the stream, it was not realized that the deposits were rich enough to make their exploitation commercially profitable. Modern machinery is to be used and the promoters say they are certain they can recover millions of marks' worth of the yellow metal. The River Eder rises in Rhenish Prussia, forty-two miles northeast of Coblenz, and flows into the River Fulda near Cassel.



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### Science in the Museum.

In a civilization that is always changing, always replacing and renewing, there is a little that keeps stationary (says a writer in the Manchester Guardian). We try through our museums to keep a hold on the vanishing past and to snatch some few things from oblivion. But even in the museums the common process of decay goes on, though the public knows little of it. Turners lose the glories of their color and have to be jealously hidden behind shutters. Chemical changes and microscopic agents of decay, like bacteria, molds, and lichens, have to be reckoned with. Pictures, engravings, fabrics become spotted and disfigured, and bright tints are dulled. The surfaces of stone monuments flake off; colored enamels break away from their metal bases. An object made of a silver alloy may turn into an unrecognizable mass because the metal has changed into its chloride. Sometimes a mysterious epidemic may arise in a museum. The seals and other lead objects in one case may turn into a white powder, while another case in the same room may be immune. Unless the museums can bring science to their aid, there is small chance of our passing on the complete records of history that we should like. It is good to know that something is being done by that valuable and insufficiently supported government institution, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, which has just issued, through the Stationery Office, a first account of recent researches into methods of cleaning and restoring exhibits at the British Museum. Dr. Alexander Scott, the distinguished chemist detailed for the work, here relates how, by perfectly safe means, the "foxiness" or mildewing of prints and drawings can be removed and the blackened whites of old colored drawings restored. He has also made important investigations into the effect of age on metals, and has brought back ancient silver vessels, corroded and almost rotten, to something like their old brilliancy. His researches show that we are only at the beginning of this branch of applied chemical science. The new methods of treatment may be of great use in salving the finds of archaeological excavation, so often ruined by the effects of a few thousand years' burial.

There has always been something melancholy in the thought of how much of the beauty of the "rich proud cost of outworn buried age" has been lost to us through the defacements of decay.

The origin of the modern newspaper is traced to the *Acta Diurna* of ancient Rome. It was an official gazette issued under the management and authority of the government, and posted daily in some prominent part of the city.

The Franks began the year on March 1st. In the reign of Charlemagne New Year's Day was shifted to Christmas Day and continued so till the sixteenth century.



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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**Politics and the Bonus.**

A conservative estimate places the cost of the bonus at \$2,500,000,000—two thousand, five hundred millions. The money must come from somewhere, but nobody has yet been able to say precisely how it is to be raised. Suggestions are various, but nobody has come forward with convincing argument in favor of any plan. The notion that our foreign debtors may provide it is chimerical, for assuredly there can be no dependence upon countries frankly unable to pay either principal or interest. Secretary Mellon, a careful man of business, declares that the money can be provided only by a scheme of taxation so distributed as to reach everybody who sends a letter or newspaper through the post, who uses imported articles, who rides on a railroad train or an automobile, or who buys any article of home manufacture. Taxes so adjusted would search both wide and deep. Their imposition would reach every hearthside. All this is proposed, not upon any tenable theory of equity, not in support of any obligation, but to the end of winning the "soldier vote." One party, beyond a doubt, is as ready as another to yield this vicious sop. But at the moment the Republican party is in control of the government. It seeks to remain in control. But its authorities are fearful that if the bribe of the bonus shall not be given, the soldier vote will turn to the opposition.

The Argonaut is a Republican. But its Republicanism is that of principle. As a Republican it protests against action on the part of the Republican party that would employ the financial resources of the government

to bribe voters. Furthermore, it believes that the means proposed will not attain the end in view. The man whose vote is purchased has no conscience about cheating the purchaser. The voter who is bought not always stays bought. Having taken his fee he is more than likely to vote against the giver as a means of illustrating his "independence."

But the receiver of the bonus is but one element in the situation. There is to be considered the man who supplies the money. What of the taxpayer? Are those—and this means everybody—who must put a three-cent stamp on a letter in the place of a two-cent stamp likely to regard the charge with favor? Is the man or the woman who finds the cost of living higher all around because the bonus must be paid, likely to take kindly to the arrangement? A profound political philosopher once declared in a phrase not likely ever to be forgotten that no way had ever been found to tax and to please. Those who are planning this debacle of the public treasury would do well to remember that, not only the soldier, but the taxpayer is to be considered.

All this is quite aside from the moral aspects of the case. Here, indeed, in broad view is the most serious feature of the matter. The soldier who returned unharmed from France, hardier in body and richer in mind for the experience, has no moral claim upon the government. Assuredly the man whose soldiering consisted in an experience of travel and of military training, and whose life has been immeasurably enriched thereby, has no claim. The man to whom government bounty is due is the man who returned from the war disabled or disqualified for the business of life. At this point it is due that the government should be generous even to the point of lavishness, but here is the limit of obligation. To go further—literally to buy the soldier vote—would tend, not to benefit, but to demoralization. Verily it is a bad business—bad for the government, bad for the finances of the country, bad for the soldier, ultimately bad for the political party that seeks to cajole the soldier vote by paying for it with funds wrung from the citizenship of the country.

**Work of the Conference.**

With the work of the Conference complete and in plain view it is a simple task to outline its concrete results. It has worked out a practical reduction of naval armaments along the lines originally suggested by the American delegation. It has curbed the imperialistic ambition of Japan, and in so doing has safe-guarded China against a systematic aggression that was in the way of reducing that great country to a state of vassalage. It has adjusted—though not very satisfactorily from the American point of view—conditions in the Pacific Ocean that threatened to disturb harmonious relations between the United States and Japan. It has nullified a long-standing contract between Britain and Japan, an engagement that had promoted many mischiefs. It has—though France is slow to recognize the fact—created a situation calculated to safeguard France against German resentment and aggression.

These are truly great achievements, sufficient in themselves to justify the Conference many times over. But they are less important than the moral effects of the Conference. A new fashion has been set in international dealing. A method has been devised under which the judgment of civilized mankind may be brought to bear upon questions of international conduct. A notable moral enlargement has been made to the scope of international law and a new sanction given to its authority. In respect of what has been done at Washington any nation that would seek to put upon another impositions like those proposed in Japan's "Twenty-One Demands" on China would make of itself an outlaw; and any nation that would proceed by violence against another without previous reference of matters at issue to diplo-

matic consideration would lose respect among civilized people. Nothing so tending to the betterment of world diplomacy—so tending to harmonize differences between nations—has ever before been achieved.

An incidental effect of the Conference is its development of coöperative spirit on the part of the English-speaking nations. In this fact alone there abides a guaranty of continued moral leadership of the world under the standards of English civilization. This is a thing of tremendous value. It means nothing less than dominance in the larger affairs of the world of peoples committed sentimentally, traditionally, and historically to good faith, to standards of national honor, to respect for the Christian virtues.

It is to be regretted that Germany and Russia have had no part in the Conference. In either case the reasons were, at the time the Conference was called, sufficient. As regards Germany, conditions have changed and in the future development of international dealing she will, of course, have full part and share. How long it may be until Russia shall find ways of reorganization only time can tell. Both these great potential countries must be brought into coöperation before the system of international dealing inaugurated at Washington shall become an all-powerful force in the world.

The immediate question in this country relates to the attitude of the United States Senate toward the findings of the Conference. The concrete results—scarcely less the moral effects—of the Conference can have no legal and binding force so far as the United States is concerned until the Senate shall have recorded its judgment. There is, we think, little doubt that confirmation will be both prompt and emphatic. There are, to be sure, those in whom the habit of opposition is so fixed that they can yield assent to nothing that does not match certain narrow conceptions. Voices will be raised against the treaties upon notions founded in limited views, in timidity, in political calculation. But there is little doubt that the Senate will yield its assent to commitments that have already won the approval of the country at large.

**Pope Pius XI.**

It seems likely that Pope Pius XI will throw a larger shadow on the stage of world affairs than either of his two predecessors. If anything can be inferred from the few indications of his character thus far available, it is that he has been chosen for what might be called, without sinister suggestion, his aggressive qualities, and there is a general feeling that the choice will have large consequences. This does not imply that Pius X and Benedict XV were of negligible stature. On the contrary, each of them seems to have discharged the rôle which the necessities of his time required of him. The augmented prestige of the papal throne owes much to Pius X, whose simplicity and kindliness won a tribute of respect and even of affection from people of very different creeds at a time when religious animosity ran much higher than at present. Benedict XV carried the sceptre of the church through a period of upheaval when a false step might have meant disaster, but throughout the ordeal held steadfastly for peace and humanity, and in his difficult task of mediation showed the vision of a statesman—or at least the wisdom to adopt Cardinal Gasparri's. All this was done so quietly that it needed his death to make the extent of his accomplishment apparent. But in the constructive period that is now beginning the church evidently requires a more audible voice, a more active executive, and a more assertive man of affairs. The new deference of the Quirinal to the Vatican, the renewed attentions of the French government, the abandonment of old rights of veto by lay governments in the papal election, and the intriguingly non-committal attitude of the political leaders of Ireland toward the election, are all portents



of an enlarged political rôle for the new Pope. Whether or not this will ultimately prove of advantage or otherwise to his prestige remains to be proved—but he has doubtless been chosen with all this in mind.

Archbishop Ratti of Milan received his cardinal's hat for political services of a delicate nature in Poland. He is a large man, in mind and body, and the rapidity of his rise to power betokens uncommon energy as well as intellectual finesse. Saintliness is not mentioned among his outstanding qualifications for the office. His political tendencies are liberal, but less so than those of the "conciliation" candidate, Archbishop Maffi of Pisa, who is supposed to be the king's ecclesiastical adviser, and who would probably have been chosen in preference had Italian affairs been the important object of solicitude just now. For good or ill, the convening cardinals appear to have set up a ruler of large aspirations, who will prove in no idle sense of the term a world figure.

The continued stability of the papal monarchy through years of change and revolution that have dealt harshly with so many other kings, depends on several factors, but not least on its happy combination of arbitrary with representative rule. Unlike hereditary dynasties, the papal succession is enriched by the accession of remarkable men of all classes. This has kept it in vital and sympathetic contact with Catholic society at large. The faith and patience of the Pope's subjects have never been tried by a visitation of successive royal tormentors, such as, for example, the Stuart house in England. The death of an unjust ruler has generally made room for a better one, and in each new appointment the lessons derived from the preceding one have been utilized by the electors, as in a republic. At the same time one great weakness of the republican system has been avoided. Each Pope has had time and free opportunity to develop his policy, without being forced to bargain in order to remain in office, or to waste in party disputes energy that should be employed in the wider arena of statecraft. He is selected to fit the exigencies of his time, and usually does so. If he proves great, it is as a result of design rather than accident. He takes rank with emperor and president alike, enjoying the rare privilege, in Kipling's words, to walk with kings, nor lose the common touch. In fact the most vital quality of the papacy might be said to be that it is "catholic."

#### California and the Treaties.

Recently upon his return to Washington, after several weeks at home, Senator Johnson made a public statement to the effect that sentiment in California was against the Four-Power Pact. It would be interesting to know the source of the senator's information. Nobody else has discovered anything like general objection to the treaty. On the other hand, there are evidences of practical unanimity of opinion favorable to the pact. The *Argonaut* has been at some pains to sound the public mind, and the result of its inquiries tends to discredit the senator's statement.

We have heard but one argument, and that from a single source—a source, it is fair to say, of high intelligence—in protest against the Four-Power arrangement. It goes to this effect: America and Britain, under their standards of honor, may be depended upon to keep faith. Whatever pledges they may give will be honored both in letter and in spirit. Under the Four-Power Pact they will disarm to the extent of destroying a considerable part of their navies and of refraining from arrangements tending to their augmentation. On the other hand, argues the objector—we do not quote his precise phrases—Germany (which must ultimately be brought into the arrangement) and Japan are nations of dubious repute. The one stands on record as holding a solemn treaty to be merely "a scrap of paper," the other notoriously has tricky habits of dealing internationally; nobody really trusts her. What is to hinder Germany or Japan, after entering into pledges of peace, from secretly preparing for war? Both have done it before; both have sought by fierce and sudden onslaught to overwhelm unprepared enemies.

From the critical source above quoted came another argument in objection to the Four-Power Pact or of any other arrangement tending to limit defensive preparation on the part of the United States. The argument runs as follows: The spirit that makes for war between nations has not been exorcised, and may not be, by the Washington Conference or any other. As there have been wars in the past so there will be

wars in the future. Future wars will be waged in the air, and there will be, in resources of chemistry not yet exploited but known to experts, means of wrecking, not only cities, but wide areas of country. Today a fleet of airships provided with "Lewisite" could wipe out any city as by a whirlwind. America and Britain, under pledge not to make defensive preparations, will be at the mercy of any nation that holds its pledges to be merely "scraps of paper." There is but one way to meet the possibilities of war, in whatever form it may take, and that is to match preparation with preparation.

There is interest in these pessimistic speculations. But if we are to take them seriously, in their full logical effect, then we must assume that national good faith is a mere idealism upon which no country may depend. We must yield to the hard theory that civilization is a failure. There can be no moral progress in the relationship of nations if diplomacy is to be based upon the theory that there is no such thing as national honor.

Faith breeds faith; and the rule applies to nations as to men. Bismarck, the wisest statesman of his day, made prophecy that in future international conflicts the "imponderables" would count for more than actualities. What he meant was that moral forces would be more effective than physical forces. His own country has now learned at tremendous cost the lesson that Bismarck sought to teach; and the whole world has shared in the lesson. The authority of moral as distinct from physical force has been illustrated in the Conference at Washington. Settlements have been reached upon the basis of faith in national commitments. Admitted that some risk may be involved in the doctrine of faith in international dealing, there still remains the fact that faith is the only resource if there is to be moral progress in the world.

If, as our critic points out, there are now available resources of offense of an overwhelming horribleness, then surely it is a time when the common sense of mankind must find a way to adjust differences between nations by some means other than wholesale destruction of cities and peoples, and there can be no progress in any movement to this end unless confidence shall be placed in the good faith of nations.

Senator Johnson, we believe, has misjudged the sentiment and the will of the people of California. Here, as elsewhere, there are a few whose lack of confidence in the integrity of nations other than our own leads them to protest against the Four-Power Pact. But the greater number of Californians applaud the effort that has been made, and have faith in what has been accomplished toward substituting understanding and the spirit of confidence for warships, cannon, and machine guns. Unless we misappraise the public mind, California would vote five to one to confirm the Four-Power Pact—and the general achievements of the Conference.

#### What Has Been Done.

Following is a detailed summary of the concrete accomplishments of the Washington Conference:

Completion of a treaty by the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, and Italy limiting the size of their navies.

Completion of a treaty forbidding the use of poison gas in warfare, and making it illegal in the eyes of international law for a submarine to attack and sink a merchant ship.

A tri-party agreement by the United States, Great Britain, and Japan providing for the maintenance of the *status quo* in Pacific.

Complete settlement of the controversy between China and Japan over Kaio-chou in the Province of Shantung, under which Japan is to surrender the former German leasehold and China is to regain complete control of the territory and of the Shantung railroad.

Announcement by Great Britain that she would return the port of Wei Hai Wei to China.

An agreement to adhere to the "open door" policy in China.

The adoption of a Four-Power compact in terms pledging the powers to respect each other's territory in the Pacific and calling for a conference of nations when the peace of the Pacific region is threatened. This compact will abrogate the Anglo-Japanese alliance, when ratified.

A settlement made outside of, but in view of the Conference, of the dispute between Japan and the United States over the Island of Yap.

A formal pledge from Japan to withdraw from Siberia and from the northern portion of the Island of Sakhalin.

Abrogation of the "twenty-one demands" through adoption of the "open door" pledge relative to China and the settlement of the Shantung question.

#### Editorial Notes.

Governor Stephens' letter to the railroad commissioners advising them in effect to press down a

bit harder on certain corporations will hardly add to his repute for dignity or propriety. It is the business of the governor to appoint the railroad commission. It is the business of the railroad commission to fix rates and conditions of service. It is at all times the business of all men, in or out of office, to mind their own business. The governor is no more justified in reason or propriety in prompting the railroad commission than any other citizen. In doing so he exhibits himself in the character of a politician employing his prestige as an official illegitimately to promote his candidacy for reelection.

A bill has been introduced in the Kentucky legislature to prohibit by heavy penalty the teaching of evolution, or the use of books favoring evolution, in schools supported by public funds. President McVey of the University of Kentucky has given to the newspapers a letter from President Butler of Columbia University commenting on this proposed legislation, as follows:

NEW YORK, January 27, 1922.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT McVEY: This proposal is, I take it, the result of the reaction of some enthusiastic admirer of the eloquent addresses that have recently been given on the subject of evolution by my good friend, Mr. William Jennings Bryan.

The bill, as you describe it, seems to me to lack vigor and completeness. It should, I think, be amended before passage to include in its prohibition the use of any book in which the word evolution is defined, used, or referred to in any way. It might even be desirable to include a prohibition of books that use any of the letters by which the word evolution could be spelled, since in this way some unscrupulous person might by ingenious effort evade the salutary provisions of the law.

I take it for granted that the introducer of the bill is in close communion with the rulers of Soviet Russia, since he is faithfully reproducing one of their fundamental policies. Truly we are getting on.

Faithfully yours,  
NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

The appointment of Senator Kenyon of Iowa to the judgeship of the Eighth United States Judicial District is abundantly justified by his eminent qualifications. There may, however, have been another motive in the mind of the President. In the Senate Kenyon has been the head and front of the agricultural bloc. The bloc has been very much of an obstacle in the way of President Harding. It is just possible that Mr. Harding had this fact in mind when he moved Senator Kenyon out from the Senate and into the Federal judiciary.

The "movies" are hard hit. First, there were the revolting revelations of the Arbuckle case. Now comes the murder of Taylor at Hollywood, with its incidental exposition of the free-and-easy ways of the "movie" world. Out of these tragedies good may come in the form of moral regeneration. The American public does many queer things, but it does not permanently give favor and support to institutions that do not maintain a fairly decent front, likewise a fairly decent background. Following the developments of the Arbuckle case popular patronage of the film shows fell off sharply; and now another decline is in sight as an effect of the Hollywood tragedy and its attendant scandals. If the "movie" world is to regain popular favor—if it is to maintain aforesaid standards of patronage—it must clean house. The American public will not tolerate an institution that flouts accepted moral standards and that riotously flaunts its derelictions in the face of the world.

#### The Soldier Bonus.

(New York Herald, February 1st.)

The American government can not well go too far in caring for our disabled soldiers, the sick, the crippled, and the incapacitated. The heart of America goes out to all these and demands succor and the most humane solicitude and care for them.

But a horizontal bonus to all soldiers, sick or well, rich or poor, is wholly another matter. It can not be justified because it is not sound, can not be justified because it is not right. It not only would put a tax on the already overtaxed people of the country, but worse would rob our soldiers of the spirit of patriotism the American people now see in them.

The price of citizenship to the young man is the protection of his country. Soldiering is his job. It is not the job of his mother, his father, or his sister. Soldiering is the job of the young man, and in this capacity he has played for the patriotism that is his birthright and that justifies his citizenship.

Accepting a bonus for doing his duty, for paying the price of citizenship to his country through service for his country, becomes him as poorly as it would become the man of dignity, with an appreciation of the fitness of things, to accept a tip tossed to him.

Already the country is coming to realize what a horizontal bonus would mean to the dignity and patriotism of its soldiers. Already the country is coming to realize what a calamity it would be for the government, staggering as it is under a war indebtedness of twenty-four billions of dollars, including our loans abroad, to be forced to make a bonus payment of five billions of dollars.

Already the country is stunned at the realization of the colossal measure of its obligations, its specific obligations to



disabled soldiers, now reaching an outgo of four hundred and fifty millions dollars a year; its obligations in the way of a century of soldier pensions and with the untold years of interest ahead of us on our aggregate debt, in the reduction of which we are scarcely making a dent.

Secretary Mellon has got to find six and one-half billions of dollars to meet maturing obligations within the next sixteen months. This is for Victory Loan Bonds, for War Saving Certificates, and short-term notes. If the present holders of these government obligations are willing to take new issues to replace those maturing, the government can mount this formidable hurdle with little disturbance; if the present holders refuse to do this where will the government get the cash?

But if in addition Secretary Mellon is called upon suddenly to dig up enormous bonus payments, what then? If the bonus bill goes through and it fixes a burden on the country of, say, five billion dollars more, this five billion dollars more will mount to twenty-five billion dollars with interest before the last cent of it is paid off. It is either this or squeeze it out of the people in additional taxes.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### FRANCE.

#### Her View of the Situation Set Forth by an American Sympathizer.

ANGELS CAMP, CAL., February 5, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The article entitled "France" in your issue of January 14th surprised many of your readers. To pretend that the German menace is a bogey is simply an assertion, not an absolute proof. A great deal of war material has been destroyed, but the commissions of control in Germany have, on the other hand, found, and are finding, concealed war material. War veterans are numerous and could be called together in a short time. The Germans themselves do not hide their firm intention of renewing their attack upon France as soon as a favorable opportunity arises, they are unrepentant and fully determined to evade all of their obligations if possible.

With the surrender of the German fleet England and the United States were made secure against the possibility of another attack. The Channel and the Atlantic cover our land frontiers.

France is face to face with the foe. France remembers that it is difficult to disarm a nation that has the will to war. Napoleon I tried it after Jena in 1806, and although in absolute possession of the country he failed. Therefore France refuses to take any chances, and no fair-minded person can blame her.

Her sacrifices during the war have been greater than those of any other nation. Her dead number 1,400,000, many more of her young men have been crippled for life, fully 60 per cent. of her industries have been totally wrecked with malice aforethought by the Germans.

During the war the general opinion among the allied and associated nations was that a peace of justice should follow the war. The country guilty of having brought about the conflict, perpetrated countless crimes against civilization, and disregarded the most solemn pledges and treaties was to be punished and held up as an example to whoever in the future would be tempted to disrupt the peace of the world. These thoughts were summed up in three words: Restitution—Reparation—Guaranties. Let us see how these ideas have been followed.

Restitution—Alsace-Lorraine was returned to France; but many things still remain to be restituted, for instance a large amount of stolen cattle and countless objects taken from private residences, works of art, etc., have never been found so far. Restitution is consequently incomplete, since some of the loot is still in possession of the thieves.

Reparation—No unprejudiced person can say that the Germans have made good on that score. If they have come through at all it is simply because France has been prepared to enforce the terms of the treaty and has prevented it from becoming another scrap of paper. The greater part of the cash payments, so far, have been divided between Belgium, and to that no one objects, and Great Britain.

In spite of the assurances of Mr. Lloyd George during the political campaign that followed the armistice and preceded the peace conference, not only did he not hang the Kaiser, but the other war criminals are still at large. What is strange, however, is that ever since he has invariably sided with the Germans and has exacted from France, at the expense of the French people, concessions upon concessions. The British government seems intent upon the task of putting Germany on her feet without thinking that, in all justice, France should be helped first.

The economic side of the question, the sober afterthought of shillings and pence, had swept away the more idealistic thought of justice, and France has been made to feel that when the immediate question of right stood in opposition to that of material gain the British government would not hesitate to sacrifice ideals to material advantages. French statesmen have been continually faced by the opposition of Mr. Lloyd George to their most just demands. "Even lately in the case of the Wiesbaden accord the English have raised objections and reserves when they should have welcomed the agreement cordially as the first dependable guarantee of help for a friendly and allied nation" (*Literary Digest of January 14—"Calamitous Reparation Blunders of the Allies"*).

Guaranties—When it comes to that, we find that nothing has been done. Mr. Stephen Lauzanee states that recently, on board the S. S. *Paris*, Marshal Foch said to Mr. Viviani that if France had been allowed to permanently occupy the left bank of the Rhine he could have held it with six divisions; then, he added, we could have disarmed. When France asked for that guarantee both President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George vetoed the proposition.

They forced France to abandon something tangible and substituted instead the Anglo-American treaty pledging immediate assistance to France in case she sustained another attack. France consented to this "chiefly out of regard for the United States." You know what became of this. It is to be feared that the judgment of posterity will not be in our favor. France found herself sitting on the floor between two chairs—with an open frontier, and instead of a solid pledge of immediate assistance a rather indefinite assurance that perhaps, after deliberate and mature consideration, she possibly would be helped out in case of need. What would happen to her while we were thus deliberating we dismiss from our minds.

France, therefore, feels abandoned. She is left alone to face the German menace, which to her is no bogey, and since she is running the risk, she ought to have a right to her opinion. She must alone enforce the terms of the treaty if she is to endure economically, and that in face of constant British opposition.

It is not generous on our part to accuse her of militarism and imperialism when she is merely taking measures to protect herself and recover part of her damages, when we have flatly refused to help her in any way and have, time and again, expressed our determination to exact from her integral pay-

ment of her debt to us; forgetting that she borrowed and spent that money while, to a certain extent, fighting for us as well as for herself. The least we could do would be to keep silent.

Because she arrives at an understanding with the government of Angola and withdraws from Cilicia she is accused of flirting with the Turks again for purposes of imperialism. Had she remained at war with Kemal she would likewise have been accused of the same crime. No matter what she does she gets the blame. It is a case of "you are damned if you do and damned if you don't."

The sole aim of the policy of France since the signing of the treaty at Versailles has been to enforce its provisions, get paid for part of what she has lost, and be prepared to ward off a possible attack of Germany. To please the United States and Great Britain she is asked to throw open her territory, exposing it to fresh devastation. Almost an invitation to commit suicide. She is asked to abandon all hope of ever getting compensation for only part of the damage she has sustained, being reminded at the same time that she will not overlook what she owes us.

Our respect for German honesty is such, however, that we would refuse to take Germany's debt to France as payment for France's debt to us.

She must also refrain from endeavoring to find among the new nations of Eastern Europe some support, since we are unwilling to commit ourselves one way or the other.

In other words, she must do our bidding regardless of consequences. No self-respecting nation would ever do that. We are asking too much and are unfair. If we think that the German menace is such a bogey, why don't we ratify the Anglo-American treaty, pledge ourselves to come to the immediate assistance of France in case of an attack. Since the German menace is a bogey, we would run no risks. France would disarm at once. Our country has but to say the word.

Yours truly, D. FRICOT.

#### This Man Doesn't Want to Cash in His Patriotism.

SANTA BARBARA, February 4, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In sending in my check for another year's subscription to the *Argonaut* allow me to congratulate you on your stand regarding the bonus. As one who served for two years in the army of the United States during the late war I can speak at least without being charged with speaking in my own interest when I say that I, together with numerous other ex-service men, am disappointed to an unmeasurable degree in the stand that the American Legion has taken in the matter. During the time I was in the service I did not once hear mention made of a national bonus, and I was with a regiment that formed a part of the army of occupation in Germany, where there was plenty of time to think and talk. I am convinced that if some one had not thought of a bonus for them a majority, or at least a very substantial minority, of the men would not have thought of it for themselves.

EDWARD B. STARBUCK.

#### From an Advocate of the Bonus.

OAKLAND, January 26, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: An article appears in your January 14th issue of the *Argonaut* to which I take particular exception. That article deals with the adjusted compensation bill for veterans of the world war now pending in Washington.

Why does your criticism centre solely around the cash provision and ignore the four other forms of compensation which are included in the bill? It is unfair to try to pass judgment on them individually, when they are so closely related to one another.

Nobody knows how many will choose the cash bonus in preference to one of the other provisions. There have been lots of guesses by statisticians and "others" as to the amount of money required for this cash bonus, but, as there is no precedence to work on they can only guess. In my opinion the other four provisions in the bill—namely, paid-up endowment policy, vocational training, farm or home purchase, and land settlement—will come in for their share.

Your article says that this bill is to be "put through" and I agree with you on that point. But is it being "put through" any different than a lot of other bills which I and also you might name. Probably this compensation bill will remain on the shelf indefinitely if it were not for the fact that there is to be an advantage gained by those at Washington, and there is one, as you have said—the November election.

As has been repeatedly said, and lately by the President, there is no doubt in the minds of our representatives at Washington and others as to the justice of this adjusted compensation, or of the obligation on the part of the government to do something toward this end; but the stumbling block of the whole thing has been the question of raising the necessary funds. Nevertheless these representatives throughout the past three years of inaction have realized the obligation, but were at a loss as to the ways and means. Therefore the coming election is doing nothing more than forcing their hands. They are merely playing the old familiar game of politics, only in this case there is justification in the act and both sides will gain.

You say that it is iniquitous to take money from some people and bestow it on others? How do you suppose this old world runs? Are not people taking money from some one else and giving it to others every day in the year—usually for value received? And if a man is willing to leave his home, family, and position, and drop all personal ambitions and activities to shoulder a rifle and fight for his country, it appears as if that should be of some value, material as well as moral. It is also true, and rightfully, that a man should do all this, as every man is imbued with patriotism for his country, and would be a poor citizen if he were not; but when one is reminded of the glory and honor bestowed it reminds me of the doughboy who said, "You can't eat that."

A great many people seem to be forgetting the distinction between a man of the regular army and the one who drops his tools to go to the aid of his country in war-time. It is a regular army man's business to fight, and when the fight is over he resumes what he was doing before without losing anything of intrinsic value; on the contrary he gains in fighting experience, which is his regular business. But what of the office man and the factory hand? Can he pick up his pencil or his tools and begin where he left off after spending two or more years in the army? You have said "yes," that he is "richer in experience," which is true, but that isn't half the story, and it doesn't take anybody with superior brain knowledge to realize it.

Another thing. You say that the taxpayers will have to dig up again. Maybe so. But who are the taxpayers anyway? Are not the fathers, mothers, and relatives of the war veterans themselves the taxpayers? Don't these parents and relatives of those 3,000,000 men comprise nearly the entire population of the country? Do you think that these people are against this bill, which will aid their own sons, nephews, etc.? Do you believe that they would even think of depriving these poor devils lying in the hospitals of anything that would help them in any way or cheer them up? No, never, and that is the reason that something should have been done long ago, because the thousands of ex-soldiers that are dying every year will receive no benefit from this tardy legislation. In their cases the only one that gains is the government.

You attack the *morale* and self-dependence of the Americans by saying that if they accept this gratuity they will lose something of their self-respect. I differ with you on that point. It will undoubtedly be true of some, but you will find that the majority of these men who accept this money will use it to a good advantage, and every one, directly or indirectly, will benefit by it.

Your prediction of the ultimate downfall and deterioration of the government and the degeneration of the present generation through the channels of adjusted compensation is rather hard to believe. "However deep the hole, we can probably muster up enough strength to pull ourselves out."

In final refutation of your article I can point to the goodly number of states that have already provided some form of compensation for their veterans, and so far, at least, I have seen no signs of moral degeneration or political calamity overcoming their population.

Yours very truly,

IRVING E. PERRIN.

#### Another Protest.

Mr. B. M. Coffman of 461 Market Street, San Francisco, who entered the volunteer service as a private and later became an officer, has addressed the following letter to Senators Johnson and Shorridge and to Representative Kahn:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 7, 1922.

If Congress passes the so-called "Adjusted Compensation" bill at the behest of the American Legion it should be warned now that the Philippine veterans, and no doubt the Spanish-American war veterans, will demand similar treatment.

As a veteran of these little affairs I want absolutely nothing of the government. I went into the army then merely from patriotic motives, and no monetary consideration could or would ever pay me for the long vigils, hard marches, and whistling bullets in these petty campaigns. There are no degrees in death or suffering—all soldiers face the same conditions while on active service, be it in France or the Philippines.

I claim, therefore, that when such a dastardly attempt is made to commercialize patriotism, it should at least be consistent and include all living soldiers of all wars.

Let me make myself perfectly plain once more on this subject: I object to the proposed bonus on the ground that it is utterly absurd to attempt through dollars and cents to pay for what is the highest and noblest duty its citizen soldiers may give the republic. Indeed I would say that every able-bodied man owes this service to his country as a part payment of the benefits derived from citizenship.

Again, I would denounce the whole scheme as a "hold-up" pure and simple. To embody such a principle in our scheme of government would mean that our returning armies are as much to be feared as the invasion of an enemy; therefore the plan is immoral in the extreme.

Another point in the plan, which I feel is reprehensible from any point of view, is the inference that those of us who were deprived of the privilege of military service failed in our duty to those who did the actual fighting. This assumption is false in every particular, since never did the spirit of sacrifice so thoroughly pervade the nation as during the great war. Take the Liberty Bond issues as an example—hardly a family but strained itself to the uttermost to buy these securities, with resulting losses many have been ill able to bear. Now comes these rapacious gentry with proposals which threaten the values yet remaining in these obligations.

Except from the standpoint of pure selfishness, the American Legion has not a leg to stand on.

In conclusion I would state that my opposition to this measure is entirely a matter of principle, since I long ago disposed of my bonds, incidentally at a sharp loss.

I trust you may see your way clear to aid in defeating this pernicious measure, the iniquity of which is daily becoming more and more apparent to the people.

With great respect, I am,

Very truly yours,

B. M. COFFMAN.

#### DISARMAMENT AND THE NEAR EAST.

Herbert Spencer is famous for having said, among other things, that all progress is a development from simplicity to complexity. From a human and purposive viewpoint (with which Mr. Spencer had very little concern) this formula is not very satisfactory. His own works commended themselves to highly civilized people all over the world, not because they added greatly to the complex aggregate of human knowledge, but because they simplified it. In as far as he represented a progress over earlier natural philosophers, it was because he united and correlated their discoveries. This paradox is characteristic of the whole progress of human thought. The more we learn, the more we appreciate simplicity. Only a primitive mind enjoys being complex; the mature intelligence demands consistency and coherence. In fact, the advance of civilization might be called a reach toward simpler ways of doing difficult things. And the two dangers that beset this advance on either side are the danger of oversimplification, consisting in the reduction of life to a dogma or arbitrary law, and that of excessive diversity, or what we call anarchy.

Not the least of the obstacles to American acceptance of the league of nations idea has been its threat to complicate rather than simplify the relations of the nations to each other—the threat, in other words, to reverse the process of standardization on which our conception of progress is so largely based. And, in its operation thus far, it has given rise to many complexities. Perhaps the most perplexing of them all is the question as to where the rights of small nations begin and where they leave off, and as to what distinguishes the principle of self-determination from mere disruption. The old, strong-handed doctrine had at least the advantage of being perspicuous and definite. The power of the conquerors was a tangible standard by which the pretensions of smaller states could be measured. But ever since Mr. Wilson presented the subject nations with that delusively simple charter of sovereignty the boundaries of their ambition seem to have gone fluid. Those who regard the fourteen points as



having opened a Pandora box of anarchy and confusion on the world have a good deal of evidence in their favor, and are no doubt deriving considerable satisfaction from the recent disturbances in the Orient and Near East.

It is certain that much of the present trouble in Egypt, Asia Minor, and India can be attributed to the Wilsonian idea. Without the encouragement it extended to all the subject races, Mustapha Kemal in Turkey and Zanghloul in Egypt, to say nothing of Ghandi, would assuredly have kept their demands within more reasonable limits. The Egyptian situation may be taken as a type of the whole trouble in the Near East. Without the stimulus of the American precepts of independent nationalism there would probably have been no demand last year for the abandonment by the British of the Soudan and the head waters of the Nile, so painfully reconquered and recomposed by Lord Kitchener, or for the elimination of British control in Egyptian foreign affairs, or for British evacuation of the Suez Canal. Irresponsible interpreters of Wilson's idea—advocates of disarmament and a general disintegration of the order maintained by force—are even now urging the insurgents to more extravagant demands, in defiance of government that rests in any degree on the sanction of arms.

The ideas inspiring such propaganda are short-sighted and confused. Only the blindest kind of sentimentalism can evade the fact that some kind of force must be maintained in Egypt and the other Eastern territories if we are to escape the evils of tribal war or the horrors of a Moslem crusade. The security of the white race demands it, as does also the common right of free commerce and travel in that section of the world. American merchants have as large an interest as any in maintaining the Eastern channels of trade intact, nor can the American people in general view the issue with equanimous unconcern. These rights and securities, as regards Egypt and India at least, have hitherto been guaranteed the world by Great Britain. The arrangement has been profitable to her, but necessary and profitable to the rest of the world also, and it is only fair to admit that under such administrators as Lord Milner she has granted these territories the maximum of self-government consistent with order. There is no such thing in the world as absolute freedom or absolute self-government, nor is every people to be trusted even with a large degree of either. If we are to encourage the overthrow of the restrictions imposed by British rule in the Near East, it is obvious that we must have ready as a substitute some equally effective guarantee of orderly government in that quarter.

That it should now be necessary to reaffirm that such order can only be maintained by a considerable exercise of armed force sounds incredible, but the tide of anti-militarism has carried some of us into a domain of queer reasoning in which our very policemen seem liable to be charged with endangering the world's peace. I do not pretend to fathom the logic with which Senator Borah and others oppose on the one hand every plan of American participation in the forcible maintenance of world order, and on the other favor what would amount to a destruction of European control over the turbulent factions of the Orient. But it is clear, on the face of things, that a realization of both these propositions at once would be highly embarrassing.

The theorist who talks of total disarmament and of the self-determination of small states in the same breath is difficult to follow. The Oriental tribes are impervious to economic threats. And as far as the safeguard of total disarmament is concerned, it is surely not forgotten that the Mohammedan peoples are skilled in the use of a number of weapons not mentioned in the Washington discussions. Of the latent and demonstrated efficacy of these every British soldier who has seen Eastern service is fully aware. There is no derogation to the rights of Oriental peoples in saying that the world at large has its rights also, and that if these are not forcibly assured we may yet live to see our *Oscar* ships boarded by swarthy pirates in the Eastern seas, and the white population of Asia and Eurasia flying before a surge of curiously-shaped steel, under circumstances and with consequences too picturesque to mention.

In short, if British rule in the Orient is to be supplanted, it must be replaced with some stronger sanction than we seem willing to take our share in providing. But many perils are forcing themselves on our reluctant attention, and may serve to stimulate our political ingenuity. Northcliffe has begun to unveil the seriousness of the Moslem threat. As long ago as the peace conference at Versailles, General Bliss drew attention to the danger of a combination of Slav and other disaffected states in Eastern Europe against Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilization in the West. Lloyd George mentioned the possibility of a federation of small states in the Balkans that might easily form the nucleus of a rapidly-growing empire, after the pattern of Germany in the last century. Neither this danger nor that of a Mohammedan array against Christendom is a remote or visionary peril, or one that will leave America unaffected, even from a material

point of view. And short of a military alliance among all the countries capable and willing to maintain the peace, it is hard to see how it can be met.

The mischief about the present league of nations is that it is sufficiently well defined to give its decisions a certain color of authority, but too infirmly organized to insure their being obeyed. Thus it has had no difficulty in confirming the French mandate over Cilicia, but it can not prevent France from bargaining with the mandate as if it represented French property in fee simple, or from handing over to Turkey a portion of the mandated territory in return for railway concessions. There are several kinds of private malpractice to which this presumption of France's might be compared, and the mildest of them is gambling with trust funds. But the fact of more general importance is that the international league in its present state is too loose an affair to define the titles it confers. The court of international justice that has just been established at The Hague is rather like one of the pioneer law courts in Western America, which were countenanced by the settlers as lending a touch of dignity to the community, but were utterly disregarded when the decisions proved unwelcome to prominent citizens who happened also to be good marksmen. Undoubtedly the judicial body of the league will evolve toward greater utility, just as the Western law courts did, but this will involve a broadening of its authority and a sanctioning of its verdicts with united arms. Till then it will be a court in name only, liable to all the pioneer abuses, and as apt to provoke war as to prevent it. In the meantime we are surprised to find ourselves contemplating France as the outlaw and bad man of Europe, but she seems bent on forcing her friends to regard her as such.

The particular inequity of the Angora bargain is that it plays directly into the hands of the Pan-Moslem empire that Kemal is so determined to establish. France and Moslem! Did not Charles Martel fight at Tours for something or other that is relevant here?

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 8, 1922.

### INDIVIDUALITIES.

College professors are not so numerous among the officials of the Harding régime as during Woodrow Wilson's era, but one shining exception is the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Charles W. Pugsley, who was holding the chair of animal industry in the State University of Nebraska and was also editing a farm paper when he responded to his friend and colleague's offer to aid him in Washington. Dr. Pugsley has been what is graphically described as a real "dirt" farmer, in addition to teaching many of its branches and writing about it as luminously and at as great length as his chief, Mr. Wallace. He is a finished speaker and bubbling over with zeal and enthusiasm for the cause which he officially espoused.

The Hon. Mrs. Hope-Morley, wife of the heir of Lord Hollenden, who was formerly Mary Sidney Gardner, is the originator of the idea for the wedding gift from all the Marys in the United Kingdom to Princess Mary. The present will be a chest of household linen and napery. The chest itself will be made by British wood carvers and every inch of the bed linen, curtains, bedspreads, dininghall and culinary napery is to come from hand looms in the industrial art schools from the stormy islands north of Scotland to the fisher population of the Channel islands. Her name, "Mary," will be hand embroidered on every article, but with no royal arms or other device of heraldry. All the Marys in the court set are interested and have divided the task into minute sections and every Mary who wishes may give her bit, but none must give more than a few pennies. Lady Mary Cambridge has taken over all the retainers of the palaces from St. James and Buckingham to Windsor, and the seats of royalty in York and about Cowes. Lady Mary Irene Curzon, daughter of the lamented Mary Leiter, is busy in and about her home county and her residence portion of London. Mrs. Hope-Morley was one of the former playmates and chums of the royal bride-to-be, though she is some three years older, and Mary Frances Alice, the elder of the little daughters of the Hope-Morleys, is the first of the scores of god-children which the princess possesses in every part of the world.

Mr. Lewis Einstein, who has just been appointed minister from this country to Prague, capital of Czecho-Slovakia, is among the literati of the foreign service and has acquired as excellent a reputation as an author as for statecraft. He has been in the diplomatic service for more than twenty years and has managed some exceedingly delicate negotiations, especially in Constantinople in 1915. His book of this period, entitled "Inside Constantinople During the Dardanelles Expedition," is considered one of the most valuable records of that tragic era and has been translated into several Eastern tongues. Mr. and Mrs. Einstein have taken over the blue palace which the recent minister, Mr. Richard Crane, had purchased for legation purposes about a year ago. It possesses the admirable qualities of serving both as home and chancellery, with adequate room for the most ambitious entertainments, together with sleeping quarters for the bachelors of the staff. Mrs. Einstein was Miss Helen Ralli of New York, and her marriage to the diplomat took place in

1904. Since that day the Einsteins have lived in practically every habitable part of the earth and in some parts which might not come under that description. They were in Bulgaria during some exciting years, and in Peking when conditions were tending toward tragedies. Prague, under the benign rule of the scholarly Dr. Masaryk, is one of the most delightful cities of Europe and, with a well-equipped home in waiting, the Einsteins are among the envied of the foreign service.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### To a Mouse.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
Wi' murd'rin pattie!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,  
Has broken nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen icker in a thrave  
'S a sma' request;  
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,  
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
An' weary winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash! the cruel coulter passed  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble  
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane  
In proving foresight may be vain;  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me;  
The present only toucheth thee;  
But och! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

—Robert Burns.

#### Written at Florence.

O world, in very truth thou art too young;  
When wilt thou learn to wear the garb of age?  
World, with thy covering of yellow flowers,  
Hast thou forgot what generations sprung  
Out of thy loins and loved thee and are gone?  
Hast thou no place in all thy heritage  
Where thou dost only weep, that I may come  
Nor fear the mockery of thy yellow flowers?  
O world, in very truth thou art too young.  
The heroic wealth of passionate emprise  
Built these fair cities for thy naked plains:  
How hast thou set thy summer growth among  
The broken stones which were their palaces!  
Hast thou forgot the darkness where he lies  
Who made thee beautiful, or have thy bees  
Found out his grave to build their honeycombs?

O world, in very truth thou art too young:  
They gave thee love who measured out thy skies,  
And, when they found for thee another star,  
Who made a festival and straightway hung  
The jewel on thy neck. O merry world,  
Hast thou forgot the glory of those eyes  
Which first look'd love in thine? Thou hast not furl'd  
One banner of thy bridal car for them.  
O world, in very truth thou art too young.  
There was a voice which sang about thy spring,  
Till winter froze the sweetness of his lips,  
And lo, the worms had hardly left his tongue  
Before thy nightingales were come again.  
O world, what courage hast thou thus to sing?  
Say, has thy merriment no secret pain,  
No sudden weariness that thou art young?

—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

#### You and I.

The winter wind is wailing, sad and low,  
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;  
The splendor of the golden afterglow  
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge,  
And this I read on earth and in the sky:  
We ought to be together, you and I.

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark  
Fades all the west; and through the shadowy trees,  
And in the silent uplands of the park,  
Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze.  
It does but echo to my weary sigh,  
We ought to be together, you and I.

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear;  
My ear is tired waiting for your call;  
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer,  
Heart, soul, and senses need you, one and all;  
I turn from the others with the longing sigh:  
We ought to be together, you and I.

We want each other so to comprehend  
The dream, the hope, things planned or seen or wrought;  
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,  
As much as love asks love does thought need thought. --  
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly,  
We ought to be together, you and I.

—Anonymous. Published in 1806.



## EUGENE FIELD AND A GREAT EDITOR.

Melville Stone's Story of the Chicago Daily News.

One reason why the successful man's account of how he did it is no longer convincing may be the growing belief that no one ever succeeds unaided. The very few people, nowadays, who claim to be "self-made" address themselves to a dwindling audience. Their claim, as Andrew Lang once said, is interesting only in so far as it relieves their Creator of a grave responsibility. It is generally recognized that collaborators of some kind, human or circumstantial, must conspire in the fulfillment of every man's design, and that when he attempts to expound the result he is, relatively speaking, where Marshal Foch would be should he attempt to explain how he won the European war. When due credit has been given to the initiative and foresight of the executive, a large number of other causes remain to be accounted for—some of them beyond apprehension, and if the director of a successful enterprise is candid he will acknowledge, in looking back on the achievement, something fortuitous in his discovery of the combination that "worked."

Melville Stone evidently has that candor. He seems to minimize, if anything, his personal share in the success of the Chicago *Daily News*, and even his acumen in bringing together the staff that helped make it successful. And yet, in founding this paper in 1874 he appears at the outset to have challenged and overcome, with very little support, almost all the difficulties that can attend such a venture, from lack of capital to the enmity of corrupt competitors. The principles of the new journal were at that time revolutionary. It required a degree of courage, in those days, to proceed on the theory that a newspaper's main function is to convey useful information, or that a private citizen's domestic affairs and the more squalid annals of the police court are irrelevant to that purpose, or that a newspaper should be cheap in nothing but price. The *Daily News* sold at a cent a copy, and this, apparently, without any concession to the advertisers, who were taught to regard themselves as uncommonly fortunate to obtain space that might otherwise have been filled with news. The first capitalist of the enterprise was an English "remittance man," whose remittances were neither large nor dependable, and whose working contribution to the paper was nil. That, under these circumstances, the original sheet should have eventually developed into an independent organ of more than metropolitan importance argues a tenacity of intelligent purpose on the part of its editor that can not be too much admired. But Mr. Stone pays a sportsmanlike tribute to luck as a factor in the achievement, and a most generous one to the work of the brilliant staff he gradually gathered about him. He believes his greatest contribution to the modern newspaper to have been the policy of placing the various news and editorial departments in the hands of specialists. This may be so. But one of the principle causes of his success as an editor was something he fails to mention—something of which, perhaps, he was hardly conscious, though it appears clearly enough in the tone of his story. It was Stone's genius for friendship that gave his varied and none too docile staff its cooperative strength and remarkable *esprit de corps*—since there is no other word for it.

Another source of strength in such a newspaper is that its rivals can not openly attack it on any ground save one they dare not admit. And in meeting less open kinds of persecution the *Daily News* soon proved itself capable of outdoing the most sinister inventions of its enemies:

The Chicago *Post and Mail*, owned by the McMullen brothers, enjoyed the Associated Press privilege. Nevertheless, the *Post and Mail* was daily pirating our news. No sooner would a dispatch appear in our early edition than it would be seized upon by that paper. Mr. Flinn, who, as I have said, was chief editorial assistant, set a trap. The morning paper of that day announced great distress in Serbia. We framed a dispatch, and published it in our noon edition on Saturday, December 2, as follows:

## SAD STORY OF DISTRESS IN SERBIA.

London, Dec. 2.—A correspondent of the *Times* writing from Serbia, where he had spent many weeks, says that the country presents a gloomy picture to the traveler. The land is devastated and the people are starving.

Everywhere he found men and women crying for food. He could see in any large village hundreds of young women in a state of seminudity. It has been a hard matter for the priests to keep the populace under their control. Children are starving by thousands throughout the country.

The men, young and old, go through the streets shouting for bread, cursing the rich for not coming to their aid. A few days ago the mayor of the provincial town of Sivil issued a proclamation ending with the ominous words: "Er us silt la Etall ius nel hom cheli" (the municipality can not aid).

Upon reading this, the people, led by the women of the town, organized a riot, in the course of which a dozen houses were pillaged and over twenty persons were brutally murdered.

The 3 o'clock edition of the *Post and Mail* for the same day contained the dispatch word for word, the only change being made in the caption, which appeared in the *Post and Mail* as "Horrid Starvation in Serbia."

The dispatch was dropped from the 3 o'clock edition of the *News* and did not appear in the 5 o'clock edition of the *Post and Mail*, as some friend of the McMullens, who owned that paper, called their attention to the fact that reading the supposed foreign words backward, they became: "The McMullens will steal this sure." It was too late, however, for they had been deceived by the item and the harm was done.

As the *News* did not issue a Sunday paper and as we wished the widest publicity given to the hoax, we asked the *Times* and the *Tribune* to reprint it with explanations on Sunday. They did so, and the *Post and Mail* was literally

laughed to death. In less than two years we bought all that was left of it, including its franchise in the Associated Press and its material, for \$15,000.

Later, this device was employed in an even more ingenious way:

It became evident that the Chicago *Tribune* was gaining much fame from its foreign service, a good share of which was pirated from the *Daily News*. A trap was set. Matthew Arnold had just made a tour of the United States, had lectured in Chicago, and had returned to England. As every one knew, he was an acrid critic. Perhaps the reader remembers the story of Robert Louis Stevenson, if it has ever been told in print. I am not sure.

Stevenson lay out in Apia, in the Samoan Islands, nearing his end with tuberculosis. The death of Matthew Arnold was announced.

"Ah," said Stevenson, faintly, between paroxysms of coughing, "that is too bad. He won't like God!"

With Arnold's temperament in mind, we saw an opportunity to deal with the *Tribune*. After talking the matter over, I shut William Morton Payne up in a room and he prepared what purported to be a cable message from London, quoting an article, on his visit to Chicago, contributed by Matthew Arnold to the *Pall Mall Journal*. It was admirably done.

Whitelaw Reid joined me in the scheme. I sent him Payne's "dispatch." He caused it to be printed in one copy of the New York *Tribune*, which found its way into the hands of the New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. The correspondent, acting under instructions, telegraphed the whole thing to his Chicago paper, and the next day it was printed and created a sensation in our city.

We of the *Daily News* assumed that it was genuine and interviewed those whom Arnold was credited with having roundly scored for bad manners and undeniable ignorance in the *Pall Mall Journal*. The men whose names were mentioned in Arnold's alleged article spoke back bitterly. The *Tribune* on its editorial page chimed in with the denunciations of the caustic British critic. The thing went on for two or three days, and, after every one had had his say, I cabled Arnold a full personal explanatory message, and of course received from him a reply to the effect that he had made no such communication to the press. This I published, adding that there was no such paper as the *Pall Mall Journal*, and indeed exposing the whole business.

The Chicago *Tribune* was not merely convicted of having stolen the "dispatch," which was not worth stealing, but of adding humbug and deluding the readers.

As sole proprietor of the *Daily News*, Stone carried his innovations further. In the new domain of what he calls "detective journalism" he himself was an active contributor, tracking down such celebrated malefactors as D. D. Spencer, the absconding president of the State Savings Bank of Chicago, and A. Moore, the supervisor of the "West Town" in the same city. His descriptions of these exploits, as well as his brief life stories of extraordinary criminals with whom he came professionally into contact, compose some of the best pages in the book. But a greater interest attaches to certain personalities more famous than notorious, identified with the *Daily News* in this decade of its glory. The better-known names among these are the "five sweet symphonies" of Colonel Harvey, Mr. Dooley, Bill Nye, George Ade, and that amazing and immortal creator of beautiful nonsense, Eugene Field.

Field conducted the column called "Sharps and Flats" in the *Morning News* (a tributary of Stone's evening paper), and put into it some of his best work. The author's personal reminiscences of him add something to the fine memoir by Slaton Thompson, another radiant name in this constellation of morning stars:

They were rollicking, happy days—those that I spent with Eugene Field. As I have said, I met him first in October, 1873. Not long after, he and his brother Roswell went to the St. Louis *Journal* and I frequently called upon them. Gene, for every one so called him, had hardly begun to betray his extraordinary genius. His environment was not such as to awaken him. He plodded, writing well, but not brilliantly. Then, dissatisfied, he went to Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri. At "St. Joe," the home of his wife, he felt more at ease. There he wrote "Little Boy Blue," that tender, heart-racking verse which has brought comforting tears to the eyes of so many thousands of bereaved mothers. There, too, finding as his editor-in-chief Major Bittinger, a brave old freer, he began the pranks which ever after delighted his soul.

There, too, I fear, he for a brief period indulged in the flowing bowl, and earned a reputation which altogether quite unjustly followed him through his after life. They tell a story of him that he owed an account at a saloon. He always owed an account. On this occasion the debit was written on a slate and hung upon the wall. One evening he entered the place. The proprietor felt that whatever the indebtedness, Gene's delightful society had furnished ample compensation, and forthwith wiped off the score and with some degree of pride announced to his debtor that the bill was settled.

"Indeed," said Field, nothing abashed, "I believe that it is the rule here when a man pays his shot, you treat the house; is it not so?"

"Yes," reluctantly and dubiously replied the saloon-keeper.

"Then," said Field, "everybody will step up to the bar and have a drink on the house."

The next meeting between Stone and Field occurred ten years later in the back row of an opera house in Denver, where Stone rolled in during one of the many trips he devoted to avoiding the accumulation of moss. This encounter was one of the happiest accidents in the editor's career, as it meant Field's engagement to return to Chicago as a *Morning News* contributor:

He had tired of "St. Joe" and had gone over to Kansas City and back to St. Louis and finally had taken leave of the effete Middle East and landed in Denver. He joined O. H. Rothaker and F. J. V. Skiff, two of the most brilliant editors of their day, in the conduct of the Denver *Tribune*. Here Field made his paper and himself famous by the publication of certain beautiful verses, and by certain characteristic practical jokes which set every one aroar. He wrote his charming poem, "The Wanderer"—the moan of a sea shell far from its home on a Colorado mountain top—and issued it as from the pen of Helena Modjeska, the actress. He went out to Ouray, made the acquaintance and the undying friendship of Daniel Day, editor of the *Solid Muldoon*, a fine type of the editorial cowboy, and penned at Gold Hill, under the shadow of the peaks of the Rocky range, in a primitive frontier tavern, "Casey's Table d'Hôte." Then back in Denver, when Oscar Wilde was announced for a lecture, he dressed his associate Rothaker in velvet jacket and knickerbockers and deco-

rated him with a huge chrysanthemum, drove through the Denver streets and received the plaudits of the citizens, who thought him the host of the veritable Irish poet. Here, too, he sent for Bill Nye, then editing the Laramie (Wyoming) *Boomerang*, and gave him a dinner which has not been forgotten to this day. And he tilted his lance at "Brick" Pomeroy, who at the moment was a Denver editor.

His connection with the Chicago *Morning News*, which continued till his death, is a genial commentary on the spirit of the time:

No sooner had Field arrived in Chicago than he began his pranks. He came in the early fall. A month later we reached Thanksgiving Day. It was our custom to give each married employee of the paper a turkey on that occasion. But not for Field. He would have none of it. A day or two before the holiday I received a formal letter, written in his inimitable script, suggesting that if it was all the same to me he would prefer a suit of clothes, as he had no particular use for a turkey. The state prison was forty miles away and the warden was a personal friend. From him I obtained a suit of "stripes" that would fit my petitioner, and when Thanksgiving Day arrived, the "suit of clothes" was presented in a package which when opened surprised and delighted him beyond measure. He was tall, slender, smooth-shaven, almost bald, the little hair he had being cut very short.

The home of the *Daily News* was a primitive place. As the paper grew, we rented adjoining buildings and connected them by doors cut through the walls. I converted the top floor of one of these structures into editorial offices. It was really a loft. There were three small offices in front and rear where the light could be secured and between was a long hall practically vacant. To heat the place—there was no steam—there was an old-fashioned "cannon stove."

Now and then a country editor would call and I would assign a reporter to show him over the establishment. In his wanderings he would reach this loft. While the conducting reporter dilated upon the wonders of a metropolitan newspaper, the door of one of the petty dens would open and a tall, gaunt creature, almost bald, and smooth-shaven, in prison stripes and an old pair of carpet slippers, would step out, seize a poker, and proceed to shake down the ashes in the stove. This done, he would set about sweeping the floor and raising a cloud of dust that would choke a behemoth. The visiting editor, gasping, would ask what this meant. With well-simulated embarrassment, the reporter would reply that he was afraid to explain. This was the skeleton in our closet. It was the one thing about the place that all the employees disapproved of, but did not dare to discuss. In strictest confidence, however, he would tell. The editor of the paper was a friend of the warden of the penitentiary, and took advantage of that fact. "The man before you," he would say, "is a life convict. He is a trusty. To save expense, Mr. Stone has induced the warden, Major McLaughry, to let him have this poor wretch to serve as janitor for the *Daily News* office. It is all wrong, but you can well understand, we can not afford to open our mouths about it." The editor would join with the sympathetic reporter in denouncing the outrage, while Field, the wretched convict, was chuckling over the prank. In one case, a week later, down in Central Illinois, a weekly paper appeared with an editorial pouring out its vials of wrath upon McLaughry and myself for this shameless performance.

The fooling was often of the highly "practical" kind the Elizabethan journalists used to favor:

We went to the theatre. They were playing "The Mikado," with Roland Reed as Koko. We sat well down in front. Suddenly while Reed was singing one of his best lines Field, who was an actor of great ability, screwed his face into unspeakable shape and poor Reed was forced to stop and begin all over again. Often if there was a child in the seat back of him, Field would turn and make a face which would set the infant bawling. The mother, having no idea of the cause, would search in vain for an offending pin, while Field's sides were shaking with delight. Yet again, he and I were seated near the stage, and "East Lynne" or some equally tear-forcing play was being produced. At the moment of high tension, when there was profound silence throughout the house, there burst out a loud "Ha! ha! ha!" and then Field turned to a quiet old gentleman seated by his side and silently denounced him with a look of amazement and condemnation. The audience took it up and all recognized the poor-old fellow as the culprit. He blushed and, when the curtain fell, quietly took his hat and slipped out, and did not return. Field, who was almost a ventriloquist, was the real offender.

But here is a better example of Field's humor. This passage has been saved for the last, since the second story in it is apt to leave the Californian reader too shocked to read further:

I had a place in the country to which he was always welcome, invited or uninvited. He would throw himself on my bed and write by the hour. Also, if he was short of anything, he did not hesitate about helping himself from my wardrobe. One day he called on me in the city, carrying a bundle under his arm. This he deposited with:

"There is something my wife told me to bring you. I don't quite know what it is. I believe there's a shirt, and I know there's a pair of socks of yours, that have spoiled our wash for three weeks."

Then he turned and walked out.

In the spring of 1895 he went to California for a vacation. His health was not good. He tired of the continuous chatter about the "glorious climate." A cousin lived at Alameda. Eugene went to visit him. One morning, at breakfast, his cousin being absent, he began thus to his cousin's wife:

"I had a horrid dream last night. Yet now that I think of it, it was not so bad. I dreamed your husband was dead. And he approached the pearly gate. St. Peter was on guard. Edwin [that was the cousin's name] tried to enter, but Peter stopped him to find if his name was in the book. 'Who are you?' asked Peter. 'Mr. Field,' replied Edwin. 'Ah,' said Peter promptly, 'Mr. Eugene Field, walk right in. You are welcome.' 'No,' replied Edwin, 'not Eugene Field, but Edwin.' 'Then,' said Peter, 'I must examine my book.' He did so and Edwin's name was not there. So Edwin was told to go below. At the gate of the infernal regions was another guardian with cloven hoof and forked tail. And he, too, had a book. Edwin attempted to enter, but was not enrolled and was again turned away. I heard him cry in anguish: 'Great heavens, must I go back and live in the glorious climate of California?'"

Eugene Field died in his sleep, November 4, 1895, aged forty-five years.

When all too young, and much before his time, he died, there passed from us one who, though he had done much, and not a little that will endure, was surely at the very threshold of a very great career.

FIFTY YEARS A JOURNALIST. By Melville E. Stone. New York and Toronto: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The best of philosophies may be good enough to defend, but not one of them is good enough to believe.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ended February 4, 1922, were \$126,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$131,800,000; a decrease of \$5,300,000.

The railroad labor situation would be ludicrous if it were not so serious (says the National City Bank of New York in its monthly letter). The rates fixed by the Labor Board for common labor are so far above those prevailing outside of the railroad service that the companies are finding it practicable to contract out much of their work and save 20

pecans and peaches at Fort Valley, Georgia; he sets out his views in effective language as follows:

"It seems the unanimous opinion of the farmers, the actual farmers who produce crops, that only one thing is needed—to be permitted to sell a crop for more than it costs to make it and haul it to market.

"Lending a farmer money to make a crop out of which he doesn't get cost does not benefit him. It merely postpones bankruptcy. There can be no recovery until crops sell at a profit.

"There can be no profit so long as a law-made agency takes the major part of the farmer's crop, representing his year's labor, and turns it over to the organized workers for their few days' work hauling it to market. That is the crux of the situation.

"The farmer wants no special legislation, no representation on the Reserve Board, no preferred jobs, he merely wants the special legislation favoring other workers removed, in other words, that every tub stand on its own bottom, and let each man earn what he can.

"Nothing will save the farming industry but a deep cut in freight rates. We are all merely producing tonnage for the railroads, who merely collect from the unorganized workers, and turn it over to the organized workers. The latter punish when the politicians fail to do their bidding; we farmers don't.

"When the Chicago Labor Board fixes a railroad man's pay at a higher price than he can earn in other open pursuits, it is no largess of the Labor Board. It is a purely arithmetical proposition. The excess given to the railroad worker is taken from what the farm worker earns.

"The impracticable humanitarian will say that the higher pay given the railroad laborer will put up to a 'living wage' the pay of the laborer in other pursuits, but the reverse is true, for the more paid to the railroad laborer, the less of the price there is left to pay the other labor.

"It is not a question between capital and labor, but it is between the different classes of labor, as to which shall get its fair share, or more than its share.

"Take Georgia's approximately ten thousand cars of peaches. In even figures, of the proceeds of the sale of this fruit this year, selling got 8 per cent., transportation got 62 per cent., and production got 30 per cent., out of which to pay all the labor that grew and picked and packed the fruit, as well as for a few such items as crates, fertilizers, spray material, wagons, mules, etc.

"The labor alone that hauled a car of peaches for four or five days got more than all the labor that plowed, pruned, harrowed, sprayed, picked, and packed the crop, nearly a year's work.

"Georgia's watermelon shipments were almost as bad.

"The sorriest negro porter that rides a train for a few hours a day through our town gets more for his year's work than does the most intelligent, energetic, and efficient farmer for his year's work, averaging nearly twice as many hours a day. There isn't a farmer in the country who has gotten this year for his work as much as, not the best, but the sorriest such porter."

The press report of the proceedings of the Agricultural Conference held in Washington last week contained the following paragraph: "Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, offered a resolution in the Committee on Agriculture and Price Relations, to declare that men engaged in the agricultural field were 'entitled to a large reward for the services they give society.'"

In view of this manifestation of his interest in the farmer's deserts, we venture to refer Mr. Harris' letter to Mr. Gompers for consideration and reply.

It is a known fact that the general public does most of its buying of stocks when they are around their high levels. Thomas Gibson in his book, "Simple Principles of Investment," says: "About 80 per cent. of public buying is done at the approximate high prices and at the time when realizing sales would be the logical plan." Walter Bagehot, the English economist, put it in this expressive way: "At particular times a great many stupid people have a great deal of stupid money. . . . At intervals the money from these people—the blind capital, as we call it, of the country—is particularly large and craving; it seeks for some one to devour it, and there is 'plethora'; it finds some one, and there is 'speculation'; it is devoured, and there is 'panic.'"

When it comes to the buying of bonds and mortgages there is not the same sheepish tendency for people to come in at the top and not the same bad results if they do, provided they buy safe securities; but there is evident at present a somewhat related tendency among bond buyers that may lead to disaster in the end. This is the desire to get the same high yield on investments made today that one's neighbor is getting on bonds that he bought at the low point of May, 1920, or even as late as July or August of last year. Since May, 1920, bonds have moved up on the average nearly thirteen points in price and ten points of this advance has occurred since last July. On a twenty-five-year 5 per cent. bond this means a lowering of the yield which it gives by about one point or, say, from 7 per cent. to 6 per cent. American Telephone and Telegraph Company collateral trust 5s due 1946, for instance, sold as low as 77½ last year, at which price they gave an average annual yield of 6.90 per cent. if held to maturity. At present they are selling at 92 to yield 5.60 per cent. And Liberty Loan bonds, for which the yield bases are printed in the daily papers, give an excellent example of this change. Most people remember that not many months ago the Fourth Loan 4½s were selling to yield more than 5½ per cent.—at their lowest point of 1920 their yield to maturity was more than 6 per cent. At present it is down below 4½ per cent.

This advance in bond prices has been so rapid that many people do not realize the great change that has taken place. They had become accustomed to the higher yields; now they can not see why, if they could get 7 per cent. on long-term bonds with a good degree of safety last July, they can not do as well today.

The danger is that those investors who try to get as high a return on their money today as they themselves or their neighbors got a few months ago have to sacrifice a certain

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degree of safety to do so. There are, it is true, some classes of securities for which the demand has not been as great, or which do not enjoy an active market, which may still be purchased to give the high yield with the same amount of safety. But in those cases the buyer may be sacrificing the element of marketability (which, however, he may not need) or he may be purchasing a short-term investment which will not give him the high yield for long. In any event he should inquire carefully why it is possible for him to get that yield, and look with particular care into the safety of the investments that offers it.

Many of the readers of the *World's Work*



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to 30 per cent., which of course is after the contractors make a profit. The Erie has contracted for track maintenance over its entire line. The St. Louis and San Francisco substituted heavier rails over much of its line last year; if it had had the work done by its own employees it calculates that the cost of labor would have been \$550 per mile, but it was done by contract at \$350 per mile. Pumps on the Frisco road are operated by electricity, and require only that a switch be thrown to start or stop, and an occasional oiling of the

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parts. Under the union-made rules that have been in force this meant three shifts on a pump, but the company has been able to contract for the service at a saving of about 65 per cent.

It would seem to be time that the public waked up to the fact that the cost of operating the railroads is not wholly a matter between the companies and the employees, but of general concern. Occasionally a man who has this opinion makes himself heard. We have a letter from W. H. Harris, a grower of

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who write for suggestions to help them in choosing their investments ask specifically for recommendations of issues that give the same high returns that were available last summer. A farmer in Maine recently wrote, "I am fifty years old and do not wish to take much risk, but if I can safely invest in long-term bonds which will yield me 7 per cent. or more, I would like to do so instead of letting money remain in savings bank at 4 per cent." Another in West Virginia presented a still harder problem. He wrote, "The tax laws here amount almost to confiscation—over 3 per cent. of the face value of bonds. I have about \$25,000 to invest and I want to invest it where I can earn reasonable interest, as high as possible with safety, but I do not want to invest in anything where the element of speculation is high. Can you recommend any sound bonds upon which I could earn as

that probably the safest investment to give the 7 per cent. return which he desired was in real estate mortgage bonds or farm mortgages, provided they were purchased through houses of the best reputation in those fields. But it was pointed out that he must not lose sight of the fact that real estate values are inflated at the present time and that mortgages made on the basis of this inflation are not as well secured as such mortgages of the past. In the field of long-term corporation bonds, which seemed to be what he had in mind, it was suggested that he confine the investment of his savings to such issues as the good second-grade railroad bonds, like New York Central debenture 6s, or to the best public utility bonds, like Pacific Gas and Electric refunding 5s. These were selling to yield only about 6 per cent. The real estate mortgage bonds and farm mortgages therefore had an advantage on the basis of interest return. And the record of such securities has been excellent; they have made most satisfactory investments for a great many people. They are not readily marketable, but under ordinary conditions the best of the issuing houses will take them back at a small discount from a client who has to sell. Investors who bought these securities during the years while active bonds were declining in price were indeed fortunate. The fluctuation of the marketplace disturbed neither their minds nor their pocket-books. Just now there is this uncertain situation in regard to new issues because of the inflation in real estate values, for if these values should drop, some of the mortgages that have been made in recent years would not be well secured.

Another drawback to real estate and farm mortgage securities is that they are usually for short terms. There is reason to believe that interest rates will go still lower, and if they do, the man who owns a long-term bond, who will be getting the present rate when others are reinvesting at lower rates, will still have an advantage. And if he owns a bond that enjoys a ready market, he will be in position to profit by the advance in bond prices which will accompany the decline in interest rates.

The investor therefore has to decide between the long and the short-term investment, with the odds in favor of the long. Then he can think of yield, but his first consideration should be for the safety of the investment. Many corporations that have been hard hit by the business depression are now selling securities to pull them out of their difficulties. These offerings are based largely on the showing of the past. Increased competition of the future may result in the elimination of some of these issues. The high interest rate which they bear may be the bait on a hook which is unsafe for the investor to go after. The corporation that has good securities to sell no longer needs to offer the high interest returns of last year, and the investor should be critical of the ones that do. He

should investigate to assure himself of the company's ability to continue to pay the interest on the bonds it is selling. And he should also note whether the bond can be called in and paid off by the company at a few points above what he is paying for it. Such a callable feature might upset the permanency of his investment just at a time when it would be most difficult to reinvest to advantage. Above all he should look to the safety of his investments in times like these.—*World's Work.*

German reparations and the Allied debt to America are the two most troublesome situations in foreign financing, according to Cyrus Peirce, well-known San Francisco investment banker.

Peirce, one of the leading California financial authorities, is of the opinion that the German situation is one deterrent to economic readjustment and that in the end the bill for reparation must be reduced.

But here in California there looms a serious menace in the proposed power bill, Peirce declared last week in an address before the Business Men's Club of Sacramento. In discussing these important problems he said in part:

"It seems to be generally settled in the minds of economists that Germany can not pay as heavy a bill as was sent to her by the Versailles conference.

"Lloyd George, as well as some of our best-posted Americans, seem to realize this fact. France and French politicians take the stand that every dollar levied upon Germany must be paid whether Germany is able to do so or not.

"Now, this is not a political question, but rather a question of world economics.

"Is Germany going to be allowed to survive, or is she going to be junked? Germany is a bankrupt debtor. Are her creditors going to allow her to continue in business, earn a living and a surplus, and apply that surplus to the payment of her debts as a going concern, or is she to be sent to the scrap heap and sold for junk?

"If Germany as a business entity is destroyed there can not help but be a reaction on the countries of Europe, and also on this country. In the end the bill for reparation will be reduced, not to what Germany ought to pay—for she ought to pay with every dollar she has and every drop of blood there is left in her—but rather to what Germany can pay and keep on going.

"It is the uncertainty regarding this situation, and the time of final settlement, that is one of the deterrent factors to a readjustment of the world financial situation."

The Empire Gas and Fuel Company, principal oil subsidiary of Cities Service Company, has just concluded arrangements for Oil Company of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This



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will mean a large additional outlet for the products of the various Empire companies. The Cedar Rapids Oil Company now operates thirty-six tank stations throughout Iowa and thirty-six filling stations. The company also operates barrel stations at 503 points in Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa, and Minnesota.

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In the case of the Maine man he was told



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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Margot's—or should we say Mrs. Herbert Asquith's?—visit is a reminder of the always moot question concerning the ethics of diaries. To the best of my knowledge, the psychologists have not explained the diary impulse, but it seems to be a normal human one. Diaries are usually kept by disappointed and misunderstood people. The diary is a last court of appeal. Posterity at least will render them justice seems to be the forlorn hope of many an embittered diarist. Others, however, like the classic Pepys, seemed not to write for posterity so much as for self-satisfaction. And yet again we have the modern brand of which Mrs. Asquith is such a perfect type, who seem to diarize because the process has greater possibilities of the sensational than any other literary recreation. In justice to the sprightly Margot, one should remember that most readers, particularly readers of intimate letters and journals, love sensationalism and that it was her one best bet to make all previous intimate publications pale to ashes of roses against her scarlet. In proportion as the critics and the public screamed abuse the royalties mounted and editions multiplied themselves. For even the public does not scream till it is hurt. One remembers the

story—authentic or other, but anyway to the point—of Mrs. Asquith's telling Mr. Asquith what her book was netting her. His supposed retort was: "My dear! I hope it is not worth that much!" The story quite adequately supports the theory that pecuniary pressure is behind the publication of diaries that are, to say the least, vivaciously candid. Mrs. Asquith has been asked by interviewers if caustic criticism has ever caused her to regret publishing her famous book. "No," she said, "I don't think I ever have." Observe her retort was not a pugnacious "Certainly not!" It was, on the other hand, discriminating and reflective. It is just possible that Margot had in mind her numerous friends, members of the "flower of British aristocracy," who have gone into business, become modistes, opened beauty parlors, and even laundries. It is just possible that on reflection she still decided that she preferred to have metaphorically rather than literally laundered her illustrious acquaintance.

From the historic and scientific viewpoint, diaries are of course important. Margot's very own, if any copy survive the numerous readings it is subjected to, will doubtless be a boon to future historians. Historians, poor devils, have rather a dry time of it. They are entitled to what fragmentary illumination they may find in a stray intimate diary. From the ethical viewpoint the case for diaries is not so clear. There are, of course, numerous defenders who claim that the same principle that holds for the legitimacy of news and of "publicity" in general holds for published letters and journals. I am not so sure. I suspect that it is their own taste for the piquant that is father to the argument. Publicity, in so far as it tones up the morale of the country, is one thing. It is scarcely identical with violating the confidence of one who has written or spoken to you in confidence. Our lives, of course, should be open books, but one is nevertheless entitled to a little privacy. And if the moments of relaxation and expansion that one indulges in with intimate friends is to be made liable to publication—! Well, we may as well all become veritable lawyers so far as the discretion of social intercourse is concerned. Write no letters, or if you must, cut your information to the bone. Be telegraphic and avoid personalities. That in itself might be a desirable reform for most of us. Letter writing, once considered an art, though rather an effeminate one, has deteriorated anyway. It would not be much loss, except as Mr. George succinctly intimates somewhere, to the lawyers. Yes, if the rage for published intimacies would cause us to give pause and spend six-bits for a telegram, many a regret might be saved. But the potential diary will hardly do what all the aggregate experience of litigating mankind has failed to do. We shall probably still continue to write fatuous inanities to friends whom we never suspect of the treachery of a diary.

But criticism, whether ethical or not, does not seem to please Margot. According to the interview published in the *New York Times* Mrs. Asquith stated that "some people complain because you print things about people who are still alive. Others complain that you print them about those that are dead. . . . One set of critics object to half the topics you discuss. Another set objects to the other half. If you do as they say, you print nothing." This might be considered the best argument in the world why "nothing" of a diary should be printed—because it is bound to offend. However, one sympathizes with a bread-winning diarist who logically reasons that one set of critics mathematically cancels the other set. The net result, algebraically of course, not actually, is no criticism at all—in other words carte blanche for a diarist ambitious of putting all predecessors and competitors in the shade. Mrs. Asquith summed up the situation by declaring it was all a matter of taste. And we can merely echo her discriminating verdict—*de gustibus*. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors

Another volume in their Uniform Edition of the Works of Leonard Merrick is promised by E. P. Dutton & Co. for spring publication. It will be "One Man's View," with an introduction by Granville Barker.

Eden Phillpotts makes another new departure in "Pan and the Twins," which the Macmillan Company published on January 24th. It is an old world fantasy of Pan the Pasturer, friend of villagers, sharer of human misery, consoler of human grief. Twin brothers of Roman birth, separated in infancy, find a friend in Pan, and their sad and glorious adventures are woven into a web of a story of unusual pattern.

"Will Shakespeare," like Miss Dane's earlier play, "A Bill of Divorcement," is arousing a great deal of discussion. The author says: "The play does not claim to be true to history; it is no more than an attempt to suggest the nature of the experiences that went to the development of Shakespeare's genius." The *London Telegraph* describes it

as interesting and arresting—as a play by Clemence Dane in an Elizabethan setting, centering around Shakespeare, Marlowe, Anne Hathaway, the queen, and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets is bound to be. It will probably be produced in New York before long.

"Low Ceilings," W. Douglas Newton's latest book, published by the Appletons, is one of the ten leading English novels of the year which have been chosen for a contest for the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize. Some of the other authors whose books are listed are A. S. M. Hutchinson, Francis Brett Young, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Frank Swinnerton, Walter de la Mare, and the author of "Vera."

Norman Angell, author of "The Great Illusion," and more recently of "Fruits of Victory," has arrived in this country for a lecture tour which will include most of the larger cities from Boston to Los Angeles. Some of the topics Mr. Angell will discuss are "Can Democracy Endure?" "Fruits of Victory," and "Ireland, Imperialism, and Anglo-American Relations."

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, author of "The Friendly Arctic," went into the office of the Macmillan Company a few days ago with half a dozen pieces of the first cloth ever made from the wool of the musk-ox. It is being prepared experimentally by a specialist in Leeds University. In quality it ranges from something like a fine homespun to a soft, wide weave similar to angora. The report will be finished in a few months, and we will know whether the Arctic is so friendly that it will increase our wool supply extensively.

A life of Danton, famous leader of the French Revolution, translated from the French of Louis Madelin, has just been published by Alfred A. Knopf. It begins with Danton's turbulent childhood—a boy hideously scarred by smallpox, wild, and refractory. The early chapters reveal the man's life in miniature. He was an instrument of the "people's rage," he possessed all the mob attributes—violence, and generosity, disorder and sentimentality, venality and fury. It was Robespierre who finally broke him, but even then, when Danton stood on the scaffold, he was still the bull at bay, roaring, "Show my head to the people! It is worth it!"

Fannie Hurst has engaged passage on the *Olympic* and will sail on February 18th for Egypt, Italy, and France. While abroad, she will finish a novel on which she is working, and which will be published by Harper & Brothers, who brought out her first novel, "Star Dust," last year.

It is announced that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has secured the motion-picture rights of A. S. M. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes," now the best-selling novel throughout the English-speaking world, and that the picture will be made in England in

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the actual locale used by Hutchinson. James Kirkwood, who played the leading rôle in Oppenheim's "The Great Impersonation," will play the leading rôle, Mark Sabre, and he will be supported by a cast of well-known players.

Joseph Conrad, who regards Hudson as a master of English prose, said to Ford Madox Hueffer that "how he does it" is a mystery. Richard Le Gallienne has just been discussing Hudson's style in a review in the *New York Times Book Review* of Hudson's "A Shepherd's Life," which was recently brought out in an American edition by E. P. Dutton & Co. Says Mr. Le Gallienne in his very interesting attempt to estimate the source and quality of the peculiar charm of Hudson's work: "Mr. Hudson writes as though there had never been such a thing as literature before. There is a divine innocence about his language, as though the words were being used for the first time, as though he were writing all alone in the golden morning of the world. And, so far as the secret of his style may be approached, this quality is evidently due in large measure to the life Mr. Hudson has loved to live, among great, calm, sun-silent spaces. His writing is steeped in happy silence, vast and shining."

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## The Romantic Lady.

The four tales—they are not short stories, neither are they short novels—that compose "The Romantic Lady" are of a genre not much practiced by writers of today. The reason is economical. Magazines want short stories of the mechanical variety that readers have grown used to and that publishers think the public demands. "Action" and brevity are the mainstays of the professional short-story writer. If a writer is interested in a theme which can not be translated in these terms—he may make a novel of it, but not a short story.

Mr. Arlen is primarily to be commended for practicing the literary form of the tale or conte. Short stories, after all, suit only a very special taste. If you have no mania for action between the covers of a book and if, moreover, you not only have no aversion, but rather a preference for character analysis and even descriptive and atmospheric writing, you are practically compelled to read a novel to satisfy your taste. And yet there are moments of relaxation when a longish yarn is just the sort of mental balm one wants. Decidedly, the story which is not based on a single episode of rather trivial dimensions—which seems to be the requisites of a short story—but which is yet not significant enough for a novel, has its place, or ought to have it in the literary scheme.

About Mr. Arlen's subject matter one is not quite so enthusiastic. His theme of romantic love seems somehow anachronistic. Romance in its most rudimentary form is apt to seem rather artificial in an age that has so many vital interests. However, Mr. Arlen writes well and will probably write better. We recommend more vital subjects as material for his undoubted talents.

THE ROMANTIC LADY. By Michael Arlen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

## The Torrent.

A new translation of any novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez has a timely interest at present, in view of the prevailing cult of Spanish things, but "The Torrent" has perhaps more than an ephemeral importance. It is a concentrated character study, somewhat on the French model, with an old theme: the love of an ambitious young politician for a talented opera singer and courtesan. If this were all, it would be nothing new or noteworthy. But in his handling of the story Ibañez has combined the central theme with an arresting picture of Spanish life, and has introduced, without any sacrifice in the intensity of the story, a number of memorable minor characters, who, while they do not mechanically influence the plot, lend it reality and perspective. The naturalism of Ibañez, which has given so much of his work a picturesque and atmospheric quality at the expense of coherence and dramatic force, is here blended

with a consummately clear and sustained *drame interieure*, and his fusion of these elements approaches the highest art. The French have a remarkable skill in the demonstration of character within strictly confined space, and have displayed it brilliantly a thousand times in great narratives. But what (with a few exceptions, among whom Balzac is the greatest) they most lack is the genius to make relevant the seemingly irrelevant, and to bring their logically constructed interiors into contact with the untrimmed exuberance of life and nature. This gift is Ibañez's to a degree, though he does not yet seem to have perfected it. Each novel seems to carry the experiment a step further—to correlate the mixed elements a little more closely, and if the present book does not belie its promise, he may prove himself, not only a good novelist, but one of the greatest.

The possibilities in Spanish literature as a meeting ground for the very different and almost inimical literary methods of France and England appear to be worth considering, and no modern writer in Spain seems to be on a fairer way to realizing them than Ibañez.

One of the great virtues of the Spanish temperament has always been the power to take nature on her own terms, without hysteria or affectation or evasive sentimentalism. We know of nothing in modern literature exactly comparable to the tone in which the heroine of "The Torrent" rehearses the tale of her multitudinous amours and all their consequences or to the even-mindedness with which the author engages our belief in and respect for her, without falsifying or mitigating any of her deviations from the moral ideal. The translation is in admirable English.

THE TORRENT (Entre Naranjos). By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg and Arthur Livingston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

## New Books Received.

THE LIFE OF THE VEEVIL. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.50.

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

THE ROMANTIC LADY. By Michael Arlen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Four studies of modern women.

PSYCHOANALYSIS IN THE CLASS ROOM. By George H. Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A study of the development of normal pupils.

THE LATEST THING. By Alexander Black. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

Adventures in seeing and saying.

WHY LINCOLN LAUGHED. By Russell H. Conwell. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

Lincoln as revealed in his meetings with Dr. Conwell, then a young soldier in the civil war.

JOANNA GODDEN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

A LITTLE MORE. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

The experiences of a college woman as a worker in various industries.

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA. Edited with a preface by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2.50.

"The Great Galeoto," "Daniela," and "The Duchess of San Quentin."

MIDNIGHT. By Octavus Roy Cohen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A detective story.

COOMER ALI. By S. B. H. Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75.

A story of three men in the Far East.

THE DRAGON IN SHALLOW WATERS. By V. Sackville-West. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A novel.

THE HOUSE OF CARDS. By Hannah Gartland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A detective story.

OURSELVES WHEN YOUNG. By H. T. Sheringham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sketches of child life.

THE WAY OF REVELATION. By Wilfrid Ewart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A novel of five years.

THE LIFE OF FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. By one of her daughters. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.

A study in personality.

VANDEMARK'S FOLLY. By Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A novel.

A HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. By Charles Edward Chapman. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

The Spanish period.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1921 AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE SHORT STORY. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2.

## An Interview with Okuma.

Marquis Okuma, whose death was recently announced, figures in Charles Edward Russell's book on the Philippine ("The Outlook for the Philippines"), which the Century Company has announced for February publication. Mr. Russell, in a recent talk with one of the editors, gave a vigorous and interesting picture of Japan's Grand Old Man, say his publishers.

"It was partly to see him," said Mr. Russell, "that I went to Japan. I regard his utterances on Philippine independence and Japan's relation thereto as the most important I heard. He was a most remarkable man and had had a marvelous career. He was almost the only person still alive in Japan who saw Perry's ships come into the tradition-locked Japanese port, so that there passed before him the whole of Japan's transformation into a modern civilization. He not only saw it, but took an active part in it, for he was continually in public life and had held every office in the Japanese cabinet, being premier at some of the most critical periods.

"He was tall for a Japanese, I think fully



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five feet eight inches in height, wore his sparse hair clipped so close to his skull that he seemed to be totally bald, and had brilliant and piercing eyes. In 1888 a fanatic native that thought his attitude too friendly toward foreigners had thrown a bomb at him. It had shattered his right leg and the marquis stumped about on a wooden peg, refusing to have an artificial limb.

"Neither this painful experience nor any of the vicissitudes of his public career (for he was often defeated) tinged his spirit with the least bitterness. He was always the same convinced and rather convincing optimist. Japanese statesmen are supposed to be compounded of secrecy and craft. This old man talked with an engrossing freedom. When I brought up the Twenty-One Demands, for instance I did it with misgivings and some circumlocution, supposing that as he was prime minister at the time the subject would be delicate with him. Not in the least. He plunged into it with cheerful abandon, told me the whole story from his point of view, and enlivened it with incident, which he told with a funny, dry little chuckle whenever it was something reasonably humorous. He never evaded a question that I put to him.

"With the single exception of Georges Clemenceau he was the strongest and most original mind I have met and one of the most delightful. I think I never had a better time with anybody. He seemed able to discuss anything, from tariffs to tubers, gardening being hardly short of a passion with him, and he talked in a quiet, steady, undemonstrative way like a man absolutely sure of himself, which he certainly was. He gave the impression of a seasoned old citizen of the world, kindly, sophisticated, and a little disillusioned, but with unconquerable hope and, for an Oriental, extraordinary faith in men.

"About the great war and its results he was a resolute optimist. 'The world gets better all the time,' was one of the last things he said to me the last time I saw him. 'It doesn't get worse, it gets better, and when it seems to be getting worse is very likely the time when it is really getting most surely better.' To the last he kept his vivid interest in politics and the news, presided at eighty-three over the great Waseda University, of which he was a founder, and (singularly enough) edited a magazine. He lived in an unpretentious house near the university, a two-story brick house that looked as if it might have been planned by an American."



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## AT THE PLAYERS THEATRE.

They are offering a strictly local programme at the Players during the month of February—plays, players, and production. As such, the offering is a very meritorious one, for the talent employed is not only local, but is confined to members of the Players Club.

Two plays are on the programme, "Fourteen" having been withdrawn after the opening night on account of the illness of Ann O'Day, who played the leading part. But these plays are of such a length as to fill up the scheduled time for an evening's programme, besides offering some novelty in theme and treatment.

The first one, "Charles the Simple," is historical tragedy, the theme centering around the hapless destiny of that Charles, known as the Simple, who, although descended from the imperial Charlemagne, knew not how to protect his own rights in an age when the nobles were merely picturesque bandits.

The plays is in two acts—or scenes, as they are called, evidently because the drama is only of half length—the first showing Charles, his little daughter, Gisele, and her friend, Yvonne, in comparative peace and happiness at Charles' palace at Compiègne; the second at the palace of the Archbishop of Rouen, where have just been celebrated the rites of the hapless little princess' marriage to Rolf, the dissolute chief of the victorious freebooters known as the Northmen, who were, at that era, overrunning and seizing the territories of the Latins.

Mr. Benjamin A. Furrington, the author of the play, has accomplished his aim of evoking the atmosphere of historical drama. The fourteen-year-old Gisele—played on a fairly successful note of pathos by Dorothy Woodworth, who looked like a fairy-tale little blue

and gold princess of mediæval legends—is but a pawn in the game played by those bold freebooters. None grieves over the fate of the poor little motherless bird reft from its home nest except her father and her friend Yvonne. Charles, who is made of too weak and compliant material for a king of those times, could but suffer and yield. The little princess, however, is victorious in the end, for a kindly Providence is invoked to snatch her by death from the clutches of the brutal and dissolute bridegroom; the sympathetic relief felt by the spectator showing that the playwright has succeeded in his aim of causing us to regard the tender Gisele's impending fate as too intolerable to be borne. Our sympathies also, are aroused for Charles.

Yvonne, the lovely, dark, and adventurous maiden of the court, who is offered as a contrast to the tender, gold-haired Gisele, is portrayed with picturesqueness, and even a touch of subtlety, by Kathleen Olds Rucker. Charles himself is well played by the author, who, in mien and tone, conveys the intrinsic weakness of a gentle and amiable being who was made for a simpler destiny. Harold Weule's fine physique, commanding presence, and big voice were the principal features of his portrayal—his speech, however, showing some curdiness—and Thomas O'Toole, although rather buried beneath a devilish make-up, made himself properly odious as Rolf the Norseman. Percy McGuire, a mere youth, spoke and looked well as Sigurd the Northman, he and Kathleen Rucker between them tackling successfully the always difficult task of rendering a poetically expressed love scene. Carl Kroenke was the conventional churchman of historical drama, and a dozen others were necessary to serve as the loud-voiced Norsemen and the priests and ladies at Charles' court.

The second play, "The Exiles," by Dan Totheroh, is a melodrama of the South Seas. The author has striven to create an atmosphere of languorous and boding melancholy in the first scene—or act, really—his success not being complete, partly because the act is unduly prolonged. The scene between Laela, a subsidiary character, and Merton requires abbreviation. The principal event in this act is the abduction of Soovaloa, "a princess of a lost race" who loves and succors Merton, an alcoholic beachcomber who is too prominent for one who is so much of a weakling as to fail to win our sympathies; for Merton is made emotional, self-centered, and feebly violent.

Thus our somewhat baffled interest is thrown to the second act, where we meet

Madame, a mature but still seductive Frenchwoman who conducts a café in Hoio. Madame is something of a creation. She has redder blood than the rather conventionally outlined group in the first act. She is represented by Mabel Gump as a mature but handsome siren who moulds men to minister to her cupidity. Madame has three passions: Napoleon, Paris, and money. She has entered into a partnership with Pierre, a darkly scheming bird of prey, to steal the beautiful island girl Soovaloa and take her to Paris, there to earn much money by exploiting her as a dancer. In this second act is centered all the real dramatic interest of the play. There is much scheming, "double crossing," and crime, as the result of which virtue remains triumphant and the master criminal wins the spoils.

It has been suggested that the first act be eliminated altogether, and although such a heroic remedy is always hard on an author, it strikes me that the idea of tightening up the interest and intensifying the general dramatic effect is a good one. A play of this kind, in which the leading characters are a thoroughly bad lot, would be better reduced to a condition of rapid movement and white-hot intensity. Then we would sit up in our seats, instead of relaxing into accord with the rather slow tempo of Pierre's elaborate scheming, Madame's vampiring, and Henri's death. The playlet has too many possibilities, with its picturesque South Sea setting, its lovely native princess, and that pair of dark plotters Madame and Pierre, to let stand with its present faults. Besides, if it were reduced to one act, the author could make his characters less like echoing conventional types and more individualistic.

The sailor boys' scene went well, and suggests that the talk of the planters needs a touch of humor expressed in more vigorous vernacular.

Yes, with that central character of Madame placed in contrast to the gentle Soovaloa—although the island girl at present is rather too bright and good—with the pantherishness of Pierre heightened, and with Henri perhaps eliminated and his hesitatingly murderous intentions assumed by Madame, all those potentialities in the playlet could be greatly intensified. It might then have in its more economical form—for economy of dramatic materials counts greatly—possibilities of a career through the numerous "little theatres" scattered over the country; its picturesque locale and the character of Madame, which would draw the attention of skilled but mature actresses, constituting attractive elements.

The Players' scenic artists, who had with simple but tasteful accessories contrived several beautiful stage pictures for "Charles the Simple," also evolved a couple of good sets for "The Exiles." A cast of a dozen players was necessary for presenting the play, several of them appearing in the picturesque native pareu, which drapes the torso gracefully, but leaves the dusk limbs uncovered.

Miss Katherine Edson was strikingly successful in her physical depiction of Laela, the handsome native girl, J. D. Hamilton also serving, in the costume of the native boy, as a picturesque accessory in the first act. Only extreme personal fascination conveyed by a finished actor could win our sympathy for the weakling Merton, and the task set was too difficult for Mr. Leo Cunningham to accomplish, although his impersonation was not without merit. The character of Soovaloa, although it needs the lightening of some amusing touches of a native's artlessness and unworldliness, was very prettily conveyed by Kathleen Olds Rucker.

In the second act comes the opportunity of Mabel Gump, who showed us Madame as a sort of purring tiger cat sheathing her ruthless claws under artful cajolery. Mrs. Gump, in speech, look, and tone, made Madame a thorough Frenchwoman. She gave admirably the French accent required throughout for the rôle, and successfully expressed the consciencelessness of an evil woman to whom men are but flies in a spider's net. But the wickedness of Madame, like Soovaloa's goodness, needed some mitigation, which would have helped the player to make the character in better accord with our more complex humanity.

Mr. Ernest Clewe, in the more superficial aspects, was successful in representing Pierre. But he did not succeed in sufficiently conveying a sense of the deadly menace that lay in the man's ruthlessness. A minor fault was his lack of distinctness in the more exciting scenes.

Mr. Dan Totheroh, the author, successfully expressed, in his impersonation of Henri, the native boy, who was nerved up by the charms of Madame to the point of committing crime for her sake, the weakness, wistfulness, and innate submissiveness of a gentle weakling; and four young players as patrons of Madame's establishment completed the cast.

I have rather particularized in judging these two plays because they are native products. They are both rather awkward in length, unless they should travel together. In the beginning of "Charles the Simple" the thread of interest does not at once become taut. But when it once loses slackness the

spectator's sympathies remain captured. In "Exiles" the sympathies do not have sufficient exercise. Soovaloa's is the only sympathy-engaging figure. But we generally enjoy a dramatic glimpse into the dark mental processes of congenital criminals, and once Mr. Totheroh has hewn off superfluities and speeded up his tempo—and his work warrants the trouble—his play should carry out interest along at a well-stimulated pitch by the intensity of its more concentrated and less elaborated drama.

As to the diction of the two plays: It is always difficult for the playwrights who are comparative beginners at their task to express themselves unbookishly. Hence it might be much easier to write of personages who lived in the past. Mr. Totheroh's task, therefore, is the harder. If he changes his play any a simpler colloquial tone might be advisable. And neither of the two writers showed ability to capture unswerving interest immediately. That is something that requires experience; the art, I mean, of plunging the interest of the spectators immediately into a dramatic imbroglio and inspiring them with a keen desire to see it through.

There is another possibility for "The Exiles," which, on account of the ability of the play in its present form to excite attention and remark—for this week's houses are all but sold out, I hear—might be well worth considering. It might be expanded successfully into a full length play. This would give Mr. Totheroh a still greater opportunity to make his type characters more simply human and to simplify his dramatic action by giving it more room and space in which to move freely.

And there is always the character of Madame. She seems to be needed to stiffen up the interest, as the earlier act without her presence lacked the dramatic value of the second one. And, to recur to a possibility previously pointed out, a play containing a fat rôle for a mature Circe would be sure to attract the attention of actresses in their forties looking for a play. "Les affaires sont les affaires."

## "THE RAINBOW."

Mr. Maitland is presenting this week "The Rainbow," a free adaptation, really, of a French play entitled "Son Père," the work of Albert Guinon and L. Bouchinet. Guinon is

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a satirist, but in "Son Père," while he satirizes the selfishness of family affections, he presents a series of delightfully written scenes in which father and daughter, so long separated, and equally enchanted with the new and novel relationship, make paternal and filial love to each other; which scenes are really the real reason why A. E. Thomas, the author of "The Rainbow," perceived the possibilities of borrowing the situation from the French piece and adapting it for a play written to the taste of the American public.

"The Rainbow," therefore, is considerably altered in the spirit with which the story is presented. The author has written the play for sentimentalists, but he has given it a smart tone, plenty of persiflage in the dialogue, and rather too much gushiness in the tender scenes between father and daughter. Nevertheless the general effect is very happy. If I remember aright this play was the vehicle in which Ruth Chatterton rode to her first victory in the capture of the favor of American theatre-goers. After that season was over, the perspicacious Mr. Miller, quick to perceive the possibilities in Ruth Chatterton's future career, gave her the leading rôle in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

The rôle of Cynthia suited her girlishness well. Girlishness is Miss Chatterton's strong card. In the present case Dorothy Wetmore, on account of her youthful appearance and, probably, because she is evidently a dependable and conscientious worker, was chosen for the rôle of Cynthia, Miss Penman being cast as the beautiful, slightly faded, and rather die-away wife, who has lived the hitherto of young Cynthia's life apart from her husband. In dress, general appearance, and in the externals of her action Miss Wetmore did commendable work, her lack being an inability to express a youthful joyousness of nature, either by look or tone.

Miss Penman, although, perhaps, a shade too lackadaisical as the wife, was correct in her conception that a wife who loved her husband and left him for a couple of decades without a genuine reason must have had rather a watery fluid in her veins. Miss Penman, by the way, showed admirable judgment in her get-up for the wife, when she made her re-appearance in Neil's drawing-room.

Martha Bayes made an agreeable impression as Betsy, but it was quite impossible to consider Hélène Marchand as a lady of somewhat soiled reputation; for when she made her evening call on Neil Sumner, with men gambling in the adjoining room, I found my-

self involuntarily classifying her as the thoroughly respectable wife of some friend of Neil's, who has come on an errand of perfect propriety.

The plays opens on a very male atmosphere, and the three men—Messrs. Maitland, Cunningham, and Guilbert—gave the ensuing scene a satisfying tone of worldly ease.

Mr. Maitland plays the father, Neil Sumner, as he should be played; the hero of a young girl's dream. Him the author has decorated with every grace save perfect propriety of life. He is handsome, witty, genial, generous; even self-sacrificing. So tenderly does the author linger over his portrait that he even can not resist making him figure as a hero of bravery in some military adventure in—South America, wasn't it?

Thus Neil returns, after an interval of time following the second severance of the loving father and daughter, to the family group crowned with bays. Evidently A. E. Thomas is a sentimentalist of the first water.

Well, anyway, we quite enjoy the play, even if a discriminating judgment decrees that the fooling of the father and daughter over the story Cynthia reads aloud is rather silly; even if we can not but realize that in real life people on the most affectionate terms would not embrace each other quite so often as Neil and his daughter, and "dear" each other quite so numerous as Ruth and Betsy.

But the fact remains that these faults do not spoil a sympathetic play; that we have a pleasant thrill when Neil and his daughter first embrace, that we like Neil as much as the author wishes we should, and that it is a goodly sight to see an estranged husband and wife—when they really love each other—become reconciled through the drawing power of the affection of a child who loves them both so much that she can not bear to give up either.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

When Albert de Courville's "London Follies" appear at the Columbia this Sunday evening local playgoers will have the unusual opportunity of seeing a real metropolitan production before it reaches Broadway. It was intended that this company open in New York this month, after a tour of Canada, but at the last moment Mr. de Courville was forced by a sudden switch in bookings in London to bring over his "Pins and Needles" company to fill the New York engagement and route "The London Follies" in the Western states until such time as there is an opening on "The Great White Way."

"The London Follies" company is composed of some seventy-odd people, and is headed by the world-famous Harry Tate, who is now appearing for the first time in this country outside of New York and Boston, although some of his acts, notably "Motoring" and "Fishing," have been seen on the Orpheum Circuit. In "The London Follies" Mr. Tate will be seen in his latest creations, "Selling the Car" and "Golfing."

The revue is in fifteen scenes and was produced under the personal direction of Mr. de Courville, who is known in theatrical circles as "the Ziegfeld of London." Each scene is a distinct novelty, while the costumes, scenery, and effects are as gorgeous as the best artists of London and Paris can produce.

Numbered among the company are Lillian Coles, Connie Browning, Isobelle Dorothy, Marie Dayne, Mollie Molteno, Deane Tribune, Billy Holland, W. Wania, Henri Rosen, H. A. Kennedy, Harry Beasley, Ronald Hutchinson, Twedley and Lem Nense, all of whom are London favorites, while the chorus is composed of the pick of London's most famous beauties.

##### The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Lucky One," another of the delightfully clean-cut comedies by A. A. Milne, author of "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "Belinda," opens next Monday night at the Maitland Playhouse, and will provide a change in performances that have been running more to the serious side of the drama.

"The Lucky One" has never been given in San Francisco, but the Milne plays are well known and thoroughly enjoyable. The popularity of the author is attested by the fact that two of his plays are at present running in New York City. Those who have seen "The Lucky One" on Eastern stages stamp it as one of the best Milne plays and the première in this city will afford an opportunity that patrons of the theatre have long desired.

A. E. Thomas' charming comedy-drama, "The Rainbow," is the bill for the remainder of this week and the performances have received many flattering notices. It was in this play that Henry Miller raised Ruth Chatterton to stardom. "The Rainbow" closes with the Saturday night performance.

##### The Orpheum.

Dave Harris is "Syncopeation's Best Bet." He sings and plays innumerable instruments and plays them well. This year he brings with him seven young fellows who help make

up the best syncopated act ever heard at the Orpheum. Do the public like jazz? Wait until they hear Dave Harris' band.

"A Dress Rehearsal," co-headlining next week, is described as a humorous travesty that pokes fun at the principals of the modern thriller: the author, the vampire, the heroine, and the hero. The piece is replete in clever situations and bright dialogue, all, of course, exaggerated so that a dozen laughs replace every thrill.

Ben Bernie used to be an eccentric violinist. One day in the middle of his performance his eccentricities reached a violent stage, and he broke his fiddle. In order to conclude his performance he had to rely upon his gift of gab, and it was then that Bernie discovered that the real feat of his humor was not in his violin, but in himself. Bernie ceased being an eccentric fiddler and became an eccentric comedian. He is now appearing in "This Is Not a Movie."

Ward Brothers are two comedians who assume the "silly ass" type of character. The nature of their specialty is probably best explained by the names of the characters they portray—"Bertie" and "Archie"—in "Penny Ante."

Bobby Adams and Jewel Barnett offer some songs at the piano. These are presented with little verbal sidelights of the humorous kind and are labeled "Personality Plus."

Mr. Emil Pallenberg presents three trained bears, who start where most acts leave off. One of the bears is a genuine American black bear, who has been successfully taught to walk on stilts, and is the only bear in the world to do this; the second one is a grizzly and is an expert on roller skates, and does what no other bear has been trained to do before—walk on a tight rope. The third one is a husky 450-pound Russian bear and the most accomplished bear actor in the world; he rides a two-wheeled bicycle just as securely as a man.

Speed is the foundation upon which Emilie and John Nathane have erected an athletic programme which is described as "Feats of Daring Artistically Executed." These two men work in evening dress and do the most astounding gymnastic stunts without even ruffling a shirt bosom.

The Four Marx Brothers will play another week.

##### The Players Theatre.

Opening on Friday evening, February 3d, and playing thereafter every Friday and Saturday evening in February, the Players Theatre announces a most unusual and interesting bill of three short plays—"Charles the Simple," by Benjamin Purrington; "Exiles," by Dan Totheroh, and "Fourteen," by Alice Gerstenberg.

"Charles the Simple" and "Exiles" are new plays by San Francisco authors which will be given their first production on any stage at the Players. They were announced at length last week.

Variety will be introduced into the bill by a bright little modern comedy between the two more serious plays. This will be "Fourteen," by Alice Gerstenberg, dealing with the tribulations of a fashionable hostess whose dinner guests regret at the eleventh hour. The part of the hostess will be played by Ann O'Day, who has been a favorite with San Francisco audiences on the professional stage and who is now making her first appearance at the Players. Nettie Ballen will take the part of Elaine, her débutante daughter, and Clarence Colman that of the butler.

The three plays are produced under the direction of Frank Darien, who so successfully directed the recent production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at the Players. Special settings have been designed by Gerstle Mack, Selma Werner, and Idwal Jones.

##### David Warfield.

David Warfield, under the direction of David Belasco, will appear at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, February 20th, for an engagement of two weeks in "The Return of Peter Grimm," which was revived last season for the first time since its original production in 1911 and its two subsequent tours. The company surrounding the star includes several players who took part in the first production—notable among them being Marie Bates, Joseph Brennan, John Sainpolis, Marie Reichardt, John F. Webber, and William Boag—and the other members of the cast include Miriam Doyle, George Wellington, Richard Dupont, and David Malcom.

##### Dramatic Reading.

The dramatic interpretations of Miss Dorothea Spinney, the noted interpreter of the Greek dramatists and Robert Browning, are now fixed for February 15th, when she will give the "Alcestis" of Euripides at 3 p. m.; for February 22d, when she will read Shakespeare's "Hamlet" at 3 p. m., and February 24th, when she will read the tragedy of "Medea" at 3 p. m.; all three representations to be given at the Maitland Theatre.

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##### The San Francisco Museum of Art.

In cooperation with the Japan Society of America, the San Francisco Museum of Art will open in the Palace of Fine Arts on Friday afternoon, February 24th, with a private view and reception. The exhibition of modern Japanese paintings is by members of Nippon Bijutsu-in of Tokyo, a group of Japan's foremost artists working traditional classic style, who have banded together to conserve and develop the national art of Japan. This is the first exhibition of this group to be shown outside of Japan, and San Francisco will be the only point west of Cleveland fortunate enough to see this remarkable collection.

The reception will be in charge of a committee, including several notable Japanese now sojourning in California, following their return from the Arms Conference.

At this time there will also be placed on exhibition a fine collection of seventeenth-century Japanese screens and other seventeenth-century art, together with a choice collection of Japanese sword guards. It has also been arranged to hold the first exhibition of Japanese flower arrangement ever held in San Francisco by accomplished masters of this art, which will further illustrate the spirit of Japan's ancient culture. To complete the artistic importance of the occasion it has been arranged to have a programme of classic Japanese music rendered on the ancient instruments by a group of their foremost musicians. Admission will be by card only.

A series of six lectures will be given at 2 o'clock on successive Friday afternoons covering the following subjects in the order named: March 3d—"The Art and Symbolism of Flower Arrangement."

March 10th—"Priest Robes and Other Japanese Textiles in Miss Mabury's Collection."

March 17th—"The Japanese Prints in Miss Mabury's Collection."

March 24th—"The Tsuba in Miss Merri-man's Collection."

March 31st—"Screens and Diverse Ancient Japanese Art in the Museum."

April 7th—"The Modern Paintings by Members of Nippon Bijutsu-in."

Course tickets for these six lectures may be obtained at the museum at \$1; single lectures, 25 cents.

Museum members will be admitted free, as usual, to these lectures upon presentation of membership cards.

The exhibition will open to the public on Saturday, February 25th, and will continue for a period of six weeks.

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**VANITY FAIR.**

Margot Asquith's readers, admirers, and denouncers are united at present in that they are all agog to see and hear as much of the lady as possible. Margot's visit to our inquisitive country has so far been one interview after another. But that is of course what Margot wants, publicity and then some more publicity. Her first reading before an American audience was staged January 31st at the New Amsterdam Theatre. "Such is her fame," says the New York Herald, "that the theatre, one of the city's largest, was full. Back of the orchestra rail persons were standing." To quote further from the Herald:

"Dr. Butler's introduction was kindly and graceful. He said it had been Mrs. Asquith's fortune to touch the life of England at every interesting point. He told why she would remain seated; after her ten days at sea the theatre seemed to be rising and falling. Mrs. Asquith, who had been scanning with bright, eager eyes the lines of the theatre and the faces of the Americans, confessed herself touched by the reception. 'You even clap me before you hear me,' she said as she arose. She was reminded of Thackeray's accosting a man whom he had caricatured and asking him how he liked his lecture on 'The Four Georges.' The man replied: 'We rather missed the music in the slow parts.'"

"I'm not an orator," she added. "I've got a husband and a stepdaughter and a daughter who speak, but I do not." So she sat down again and began to read."

The reading was from an unpublished second volume of her autobiography, "My Last Adventure in the Sporting World," Margot called it. Alas! The crowds that pressed the house to the S. R. O. point had not turned out to hear of a "sporting adventure" in the British sense. The adventure disappointingly turned out to be Mrs. Asquith's trial of a new horse, a hunter named Dandelion. When the disappointed audience discovered that in England sport means sport, there was something awfully like a scene. Long before the climax was reached one of the protesting women in the top balcony made her decision. Her words were penetrating enough for all to hear, as, in the midst of Mrs. Asquith's animated reading, she shouted:

"Well, good-by. You've got our money for nothing. Good-by."

One instant Mrs. Asquith paused. A glance at the balcony told her that the woman was up and departing. Then she returned to her manuscript, picked up the narrative at the precise word where the interruption had found her, and continued to read. Hisses sputtered in all parts of the theatre, including the balconies, then stopped as Mrs. Asquith, to all appearances undisturbed by this episode, went on with her task.

However, Margot's disappointed interrupter left too soon. For Mrs. Asquith had given her duller narrative first. She had saved the best for the last. Though it was not royalty she was exposing, but American rudeness. Says the Herald:

"Her account of her ride on Dandelion, crowded with dialect which only a few persons found intelligible, did not 'get over.' Those who had counted on the showing up of a few kings and queens seemed to feel cheated when they found that she was only exposing a horse. The story of the American actress went much better. It was packed with such lines as this:

"Whatever the war accounted for other people, ours did not make us good."

"On the train to London in 1917 'a fine lady poking about in a jeweled handbag' proved to be an American actress. Mrs. Asquith told her she might have guessed by her clothes that she was an American. The actress said such things as 'Oh, believe me, this man Asquith is enormously rich and sympathizes with Germany, and his daughter Elizabeth is engaged to be married to a German admiral. But he's not to blame; it's his wife; she must be a terrible woman. Everybody knows Mrs. Asquith, for she's so ugly.'"

"In America that may be regarded as an achievement; here it is regarded as a misfortune," said Margot to the actress. "They say she's so hard she can't feel the war at all," said the actress. "It's common knowledge she's so hard she would get anybody to do her dirty work for her." Eventually the actress "lapsed into silence." Mrs. Asquith took her in her own taxicab at Paddington station. When she told the actress who she was the American was awfully contrite and called her "Honey."

"So you are Mrs. Asquith?" she said. "I thought you were homely and overwhelming." "Don't worry; I am both," said Mrs. Asquith."

Margot was a bit hazy about the identity of her "American actress." She thought her candid interlocutor was a celebrity in America. She said to the audience, "You all know her." She reached her climax with the name of the actress. It was Ida Adams, she said. There is an Ida Adams who figured to some extent in chorus and later as a dancing star in London a few years ago, but the mention of her name left her audience cold, very cold. One could not help wondering if Mrs. Asquith,

who confessedly knows little of America, had confused the name of the stranger she met on the train with that of Maude Adams.

The above was the only near spicy anecdote of the reading—which goes to prove that it pays to advertise. However, Margot was wise enough to give her audience what they so palpably wanted—some royal gossip. She described the visit of the Asquiths to Windsor Castle in 1908. One of those present was Sir Edward Grey, "for whom," the autobiographer continued, "I have a deep affection; there is something lonely, lofty, and even pathetic about him." She dropped this hint for nice people: "If you do not keep a grip on yourselves on the rare occasions when you are with the rich and great, you notice little and enjoy nothing."

But what the crowd wanted was royalty, so Margot gave it to them. The motors were all in line, ready to take the royal party somewhere. But Prime Minister Asquith was missing.

"The king was very angry," read Margot. "Where is the prime minister?" he said. "Didn't he get my command?" I went up to the queen and said, 'I fear there must have been some scandal in the court and my husband has eloped with one of the maids of honor. I beg of you to pity my blushes and command the king to proceed.' So the queen tapped the king on the shoulder and with a sweeping gesture pointed to the motor and invited him to ride with her, and they drove off. Later it was ascertained that my husband had been walking with the queen's loveliest maid of honor, upon hearing which the king was most jovial and even eloquent."

The crowd was satisfied. The writer in the Herald, who had evidently caught some of Mrs. Asquith's vivacious and trenchant English, says: "Two large bouquets of roses were thrust at her. . . . Photographers blazed at her back of the stage. They wanted her to look at the camera. 'No,' she said, 'I'm too old a hand for that. Go ahead and stop bothering about which way I look.'"

The reading ended more successfully than it began. Those who lingered had the additional satisfaction of hearing Mrs. Asquith shout at a group of celebrities in the audience: "Could you understand me? Well, if you couldn't, I assure you you didn't miss anything."

Simultaneously with the news that E. Phillips Oppenheim will arrive in New York February 13th for his first visit here in ten years, his publishers, Little, Brown & Co., announce that they will publish in March a new novel by this popular English author. The title is "The Great Prince Shan," and it will be a story of world politics in 1934 that is said to possess the same interest that characterized his earlier famous novels of international intrigue.

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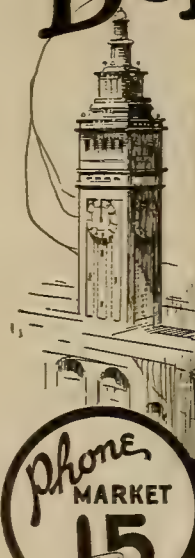
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Women are vain," said Viscount Bryce at a Williams College tea. "You can't get on with them unless you bear their vanity continually in mind. I know a preacher who called on a widow to console her on the death of her husband. 'Yes,' she said, 'it's sad, it's very sad, madam, but you must remember that Jim is far, far happier where he is now.' The widow burst into angry tears. 'How very rude of you to say that!' she sobbed."

At Southern railway stations it is the custom of darkies to sell chicken patties and other delicacies to passengers. A passenger who had enjoyed a patty and was leaning out of the window to buy another, asked of the dusky salesman: "Where do you get your chicken?" The darky rolled his eyes. "You-all f'om de No'th, aint you, sah?" he queried. "Yes," was the reply. "But why do you ask that?" "Case, sah! No gen'l'm'n f'om de South eber asks a nigger whar he gits his chicken."

A young man from Los Angeles was paying a visit to a cousin in San Francisco who is very "strong" for the new movement in art, and who took him to visit a futurist art exhibition. The Los Angeles youth remained quiet during the view. "Well," said the cousin at last, "you don't seem to be particularly enthusiastic about the pictures. What do you think of them?" "Think!" exclaimed the youth from Los Angeles. "Why, man, I've got two aunts in Glendale that can knit better pictures than these."

A mission worker says that, while waiting for the occupant of the first floor tenement house to admit him, he chanced to overhear two women conversing on the stairs. One remarked that her husband always wore a clean shirt every Sunday morning. "Well, now," responded the other. "I never cares much about Sunday, but I always sees that my man has a clean shirt Saturday afternoons, because that's the time he's generally fightin', and when he takes his coat off to fight I likes to know he looks nice and clean."

At a colored camp-meeting in Louisiana the following sermon was delivered by a very black old darky, wearing huge spectacles: "Brethren and sistern, de preachifying dis mawnin' will be frum de text on de ten virgins. De bridegroom war a-comin' and 'spectin' dem ten virgins to be ready wif dere lamps all trimmed and a-burnin', but, lo, when he was come he done foun' dat on'y five of dem virgins war ready; yes sir, five was trimmed and five was ontrimmed; five was wise and five was onwise; five was ready and five was onready; five was male and five was female."

Hiking through the small French town an ignorant chicken, unversed in the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. With much zeal a soldier broke forth from the ranks and set out in pursuit. "Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces. "Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky doughboy made one plunge, grasped the chicken by the neck, and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt. "Here!" he panted. "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain says halt, yo' dis'bedient bird."

The colonel believed in soldiers being bachelors, so he usually refused his men permission to marry. One applicant turned away looking so downcast that even the officer's stern heart was touched. "Look here, my man," he said, "come to me again in a year's time, and if you still want to be married I'll give my consent." The year passed. Again the private applied; the colonel was quite taken aback. "Well, well, I really must give you permission," he smiled. "I never expected to find such constancy in either man or woman." The private saluted. "Thank you, sir," he said gratefully. "B-but, please, sir, it aint the same woman!"

The leading negroes of a Georgia town started a bank and invited persons of their race to become depositors. One day a darky, with shoes run down at the heels, a gallus over one shoulder, and a cotton shirt, showed up at the cashier's window. "See here," he said, "I want mah ten dollars." "Who is yuh?" asked the cashier. "Mah name is Jim Johnson, an' I wants dat ten dollars." "Yuh aint go' no money in dis here bank," said the cashier, after looking over the books. "Yes, I has," insisted the visitor. "I put ten dollars in here six mont's er go." "Why, man, yuh sure is foolish. De intrist done et dat up long er go."

Lord Northcliffe, whose recent voyage to America was delayed by fog, told a fog story at a dinner in New York. "Of course," he began, "you've heard the fog story about the

fog which was so thick that the boys sat on the fences and heaved fog balls at the passers-by? I gave a prize of a guinea for that story when I started *Answers*, my penny weekly, in my youth. But another fog story that won an *Answers* prize of three guineas was about a London merchant who received one foggy morning a telephone message from his clerk. 'I'm sorry, sir,' the clerk said, 'but I can't come down to the office this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday.'"

Sir Auckland Geddes said at a dinner in Dark Harbor: "Little nations sometimes exercise a certain pardonable duplicity in getting favors from big nations. This may be wrong, but it is certainly politic. Little nations can't use force, you know. In the Mile End Road one evening a little fellow began to bawl and scream. 'Oh, me farden! I've lost me brite farden!' A group of young costers were loafing nearby, and one of them said: 'Ere, mates, let's 'elp this pore kid find 'is farden.' So, in the goodness of their hearts, they all began to search laboriously, while the urchin continued to bawl: 'Oh, me farden! Me brite farden!' In a minute or two one of the costers found the lost coin. 'Ere's yer farden, kid,' he said, and then a ray from the street lamp fell on it and he yelled: 'W'y, it aint a farden at all. It's 'arf a quid!' 'Garn!' said the boy, as he snatched his money. 'Think I was goin' to let you blokes know it was a ten-shilling piece? Why, one o' ye would 'a 'ad 'is foot on it afore I'd time ter turn round.' And he ran off with his valuable 'farden' like a streak of lightning."

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(See that tapestry of June!)  
Swims a stroke that fairly sizzles,  
Looks on clinging vines as fizzes;  
Flat-hipped, red-hipped, laughter mellow  
Guileless, witless, splendid fellow,  
Swings a nasty niblick, take it  
From Your's Truly—she can make it  
In the Nineties—ask the laddie  
Who is her devoted caddie;  
Ripping, gripping "you-know-me" stuff,  
Jolly—Polly calls any bluff.  
Always steps along at Fifty  
In her little speedster, nifty,  
Traffic coppers smile, and let her,  
Never even try to get her.  
Though Milady nearly scorches,  
Does she ignite Hymen's torches?  
Nay! She isn't there on porches.  
—J. S. Sarasohn in Judge.

## The Barber Turns Critic.

Thomas Hardy's barber recently confided to F. Hadland Davis that in his opinion the novelist is sadly overrated. His comments, as reported by Mr. Davis to the *Bookman's Gossip Shop* for February, follow:  
"Such a quiet little man. You'd never know it was Thomas Hardy. Such an old overcoat, and such a baggy umbrella! . . . He used to talk to me about London as it was years ago when cock-fighting was all the rage. . . . Never read his books—and never want to. . . .  
"Americans seem to think a lot of him."

One came in here not long ago  
'Seen Thomas Hardy?'  
"Oh, yes!" I says. 'He sat in the chair  
you're sitting in.'  
"In this chair?" shouts the American, no  
end excited.  
"Yes," I says. 'I cut Mr. Hardy's hair.'  
"Did you keep the hair you cut off?" asks  
the customer, putting his hand in his pocket.  
"No," says I, 'I didn't.'  
"Well, that's a pity," replies the Yankee;  
'because if you had I'd have bought it!'"

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* has received the following communication: "Upon October 3d the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* stated that the famous Exeter beer cellars have been abolished, with the consent of the undergraduates, and substituted by 'a lunch-room where nothing stronger than tea or coffee will be served.' I am instructed by a unanimous vote of the Stapledon, or college society, utterly to deny this rumor and beg you to give prominence to the fact that the Exeter College beer cellars have been renovated, not abolished, and that they are still as satisfying and popular as ever. I have the honor to be your obedient servant, Neville K. Coghill, honorable secretary Exeter College, Stapledon Society, Oxford."

The Housewives' League of Berlin has petitioned the city council to levy a tax of 1000 marks a person on foreigners who remain in Berlin more than five days. A heavy luxury tax also is requested on eating and drinking, particularly with reference to those places where persons are charged as much as 1000 marks for a bottle of French champagne:



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brittain of Piedmont announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Hatherly Brittain, to Mr. William Bliss, son of Mr. William S. Bliss of Piedmont. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a ball Friday night at the St. Francis for Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Mary Martin. Preceding the affair Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen entertained at dinner in honor of the debutantes. Their guests included Miss Martin, Miss Spreckels, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr.

Léon Walker, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Cyril McNear.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick gave a bridge-tea last Wednesday. Her guests included Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Robert Nuttall, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Van Dyke John, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Anson Hotaling, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Ernest Stent, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a dinner Friday before the Jackling ball. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Miss Marion Zeile, Mr. Frank Carolan, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a bridge party last Thursday for Miss Mary Emma Flood. Among the guests were Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Mary Donohoe, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Frances Pringle, and Miss Lawton Filer.

Mrs. John Johnson gave a luncheon last Wednesday for Mrs. Frank Fuller, her guests including Mrs. Erle Brownell, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Charles Harley, Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mrs. Harry Jenkins, and Mrs. James Black.

In honor of Miss Barbara Kimble, Mrs. Frederick Kimble gave a luncheon Thursday at the Franciscan Club. Among the guests were Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Frances Glessner, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, and Miss Geraldine Grace.

Miss Elizabeth and Miss Ellita Adams gave a luncheon Wednesday for Miss Frances Glessner of Chicago. Those at the affair included Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Betty Schmiedell, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Miss Sara Dean was hostess at tea Saturday at the Fairmont, complimenting Miss Estelle Lakeman. Among her guests were Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Franklin Zane, Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. Charles Stovel, Mrs. Egbert Stone, Mrs. Arthur Page, Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Ramon Wilson, Mrs. Milan Soule, Mrs. Beatrice Gilversleeve, Mrs. William Romaine, Mrs. Samuel Woods, Miss Carol Day, Miss Edith Livermore, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Maud Woods, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Nellie Lowery, and Miss Agnes Lowery.

Miss Helen Hawkins gave a tea Friday for Miss Ruth Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley gave a dinner-dance Monday at the Palace in honor of Miss Ruth Lent and Mr. Herman Underhill. The guests included Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Dolly Payne, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Barbara Senon, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. John Boyden, Mr. Gordon Hamilton of New York, Mr. Raymond Phelps of New York, Mr. Edward Harrison, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Clark Crocker, and Mr. Orel Goldaracena.

Mrs. Warren Clark entertained at luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club.

In honor of General Charles Morton, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss Estelle Lakeman, and Captain Brickley.

Mrs. Harry Johnson and Miss Charlotte Ziel gave a dinner-dance Saturday in San Rafael for Miss Gertrude Minton and Mr. Kittle Boyd and Miss Marjorie Sweet of South Bend, Indiana. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Ziel, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Louis Kuhns, Miss Marie Lichtenberg, Miss Elizabeth Sweet, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Jean Boyd, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Robert Rathbun, Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Bert Innes, Mr. Sidney Cross, Mr. Thomas Loughlin, Mr. Howard Fletcher, and Lieutenant Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a dinner Friday, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Leonore Armsby, General William Wright, Colonel Kenyon Joyce, and Mr. Robert Coleman.

Miss Sue McDonald gave a tea Monday at Alcatraz.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a dinner Friday evening, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Celia O'Connor, Consul J. Neltner, Dr. Harry Tevis, Admiral Alexander Halstead, and Commander Robert Lopez.

Miss Frances Johnson gave a tea Friday in honor of Miss Ola Willett. Among those receiving with Miss Johnson were Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Frederick Johnson, Mrs. Johnson Emerich, Miss Sara Wright, Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Audrey

Willett, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Isabel Jennings, and Miss Ila Ward.

Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge gave a bridge-tea Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Ellita Adams gave a dinner Friday evening, entertaining Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Marjory Wright, Miss Jessie Knowles, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Charles Smith, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. William Smith, and Mr. Jerd Sullivan.

Mrs. Charles Felton gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club. Among those at the affair were Mrs. William Fullam, Mrs. William Nielson, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. Charles Gove, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Miss Lawton Filer gave a dinner Friday, her guests including Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Peter Jackson.

In honor of Miss Amanda McNear and Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George McNear gave a theatre party and supper last Wednesday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Charles Smith, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Frederick Johnson, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, and Mr. Alfred Hendrickson.

Mrs. William Breeze gave a tea-dance Sunday for the officers of the U. S. S. Arizona.

Mrs. Frederick Hussey gave a luncheon Wednesday in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the Bohemian Club Wednesday evening by Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Chipman.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt entertained at dinner Friday evening, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe gave a dinner last Thursday, complimenting Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dawson of Piedmont gave a dinner Saturday at the Palace in honor of the Misses Vere de Vere, Schatze, and Ernestine Adams.

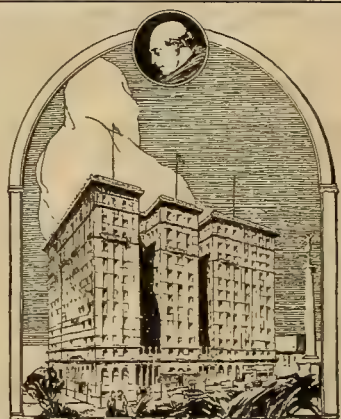
Golf tournaments are to be staged over Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays at Del Monte. A number of prominent visitors from

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the East, Northwest, and Canada are on hand to compete with the golfers. The annual Pebble Beach Paper Chase is held on February 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore entertained at dinner at the Del Monte Lodge on Friday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Mrs. John Drum, and Mr. Elmer Boeske.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse entertained Miss Ysabel Chase and Major W. A. Roberson at a dinner-dance in the Palm Grill at the Hotel Del Monte on Saturday evening.

Mr. Eric Pedley was host at a dinner-dance on Saturday evening in the Palm Grill at the Hotel Del Monte to celebrate the winning of the senior cups in the polo tournament. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Schewan, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Felton Elkins, Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Miss Maretta Brown, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. W. W. Crocker, Mr. George W. Nichol, and Mr. Elmer Boeske.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin entertained Lord and Lady Rodney of England and Mr. Field of Santa Barbara at a dinner at Del Monte Lodge.

Miss Dorothy Kierulff entertained a number of the officers from the battleships *Arizona* and *Nevada* at a dinner-dance at the Palace, February 2d. Miss Kierulff recently entertained eighty guests at tea at her home at Walnut and Pacific Streets.

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Peggy Pillsbury returned Sunday from New York.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara will sail for Europe April 11th. She is at present visiting relatives at Lakewood, New Jersey.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt are visiting in San Diego with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sefton.

Mrs. Bertha Ralston Bright and Miss Mildred Bright have arrived from New York and have taken an apartment at Stanford Court, where she former's aunt, Mrs. Arthur Page, also resides.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran have taken possession of their own residence in Burlingame, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith.

Mr. William Miller Graham arrived last week from Oklahoma. He will leave tomorrow for Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Iaccaci will leave within a fortnight for their home in New York.

Miss Estelle Lakeman, who is visiting Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Croman in Burlingame, will leave within a few days for New York.

Mrs. Frank Wright has returned to her home in New York, after a visit in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goldsmith.

Mr. Duval Moore is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler at their home on Long Island.

Miss Harriet Fenwick has returned to Eureka, after a brief sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. John McNear.

Mrs. Grayson Hinckley and her children have returned to Southern California from a visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone.

Mrs. Shelby Tuttle has left for the north, after a sojourn of several weeks in Piedmont with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Shook.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker are entertaining Mr. Stanley Armour of Chicago and Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney have taken possession of their new residence on Broadway.

Mrs. P. L. Wheeler has taken a house in Honolulu. Mrs. Wheeler and her daughters will remain for three months longer in the Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Mary Donohoe left Sunday for Egypt. They will be gone until the close of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark are spending several days at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall of Bath, Maine, are spending the late winter in Washington. Miss Camilla Sewall is a debutante of this season.

Mr. Charles Markham of Chicago has arrived for a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Beach Thompson and Miss Barbara Thompson are passing three months at Monte Carlo.

Mrs. William Crocker and Miss Helen Crocker left the first of the week for New York. Miss Crocker will go shortly to Washington, where she will join Mrs. Hope Slater and will accompany her to her home in Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. F. F. Peabody of Santa Barbara, who has been visiting in San Francisco, will return Tuesday to San Luis Obispo to join Mrs. Peabody.

Mrs. William Glassford and Mrs. William Lee sailed Thursday for the Orient, where they will join Commander Glassford and Commander Lee.

Dr. Harold Barnard, who has resided in Sacramento for several years, has gone to Los Angeles, where he will make his permanent home.

General and Mrs. William Wright and Miss Marjory Wright sailed Tuesday for the Philippines to be gone two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur King of Piedmont have as their house guest Miss Frances Glessner of Chicago. She will remain here several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden are en route to Hokitika, New Zealand, to spend several months with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ford.

The Misses Vere de Vere, Ernestine, and Schatz Adams left Monday for New York. They will sail shortly for Europe to be away a year.

Miss Erma McDonnell of New York is the house guest of Miss Sue McDonald at Alcatraz.

Among those who spent the week-end at the Del Monte Lodge were Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Rodman of Chicago, Professor E. C. Van Dyke of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Allen Test of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Anderson, Miss Sarah Coffin, Miss M. T. Mintzer, and Mr. A. C. Green, all of San Rafael, and Mrs. L. C. Potter and Mrs. John M. Pantone of Oakland.

Among San Francisco people who were at Del Monte for the polo over the week-end were Miss Marian Baker, Miss Frances Mathieu, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lestock Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Prather, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Scales, and Mr. and Mrs. John Bates.

Among prominent Northwest society folk now visiting Del Monte are Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. M. T. Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Todd, all of Victoria, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Johnston, of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Corbitt and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Squires, of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox have returned to the Curzon Hotel, London, from the Riviera.

Among those recently registered at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. C. H. Anderson, Denver; Mr. E. E. Baker, New York; Mr. J. D. Grant, Healdsburg; Mr. E. Guy Talbot, Los Angeles; Mrs. Richard A. Melswinkle, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Teik, San Jose; Mr. Hugo Feischl, Hollister; Mr. E. C. Hughes, Mr. Joseph M. Greenberg, New York; Mr. Charles M. Schrenser, Jersey City; Mr. E. T. Carroll, Fresno; Mr. H. Y. Davis, Stockton; Mr. J. H. Clancey, Acampo; Mr. and Mrs. George J. Fiske, Petaluma; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Guten, Riverbank; Mr. E. S. Brewer, Owassa, Michigan; Mr. Al Coney, Del Monte; Mrs. Jarvis L. Doyle, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. King, Brooklyn, New York.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mr. R. O. Deacon, Fresno; Mr. R. W. Neighbors, Portland; Mr. David Low, San Jose; Mr. E. C. Howe, Denver; Mr. W. G. Sydney Harris, Pasadena; Mr. J. A. Talbot, Los Angeles; Mr. M. R. Colby, Seattle; Mr. J. D. Patterson, Patterson; Mr. J. H. Baldson, Colusa; Mr. E. W. Palmtag, Salinas; Mr. O. Ray Rule, Los Angeles; Mr. George E. Wilson, Cleveland; Mr. James R. McCune, Portland; Mr. William H. Henry, Los Angeles; Mr. George E. Wilson, Diamond Springs; Mr. F. G.

Carpenter, New York; Mrs. G. W. Reid, Utica, New York; Mr. Walter D. Foss, Cleveland; Mr. S. E. Grossfield, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Phil Gossmyer, Portland; Mr. R. W. Moses, Miss L. E. Moses, Australia.

Guests registered at the St. Francis include Mr. William H. Heckman, Mr. A. Goldsmith, New York; Mr. E. A. Woodhouse, Honolulu; Mr. James R. Weston, Seattle; Mr. H. R. Boyce, New York; Mr. George H. Wolcott, Kansas City; Mr. Charles E. Virden, Sacramento; Mr. F. T. Peabody, Santa Barbara; Mr. George H. Horton, Sydney, Australia; Mr. Julius J. Hecht, Los Angeles; Dr. Gregor McGregor, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Wolcott, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Henry, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Harrington, Portland; Mr. C. F. Potter, Detroit; Mr. J. B. Calver, Chicago; Mr. Myer Jacob, Tacoma; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kirschbaum, Omaha; Mr. L. C. Anderson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sylvester, Boston.

**John Cowper Powys.**

Opening his San Francisco series of lectures at 11 o'clock Friday morning at the Maitland Theatre, John Cowper Powys will talk on the general subject, "Books That Live and Die." This topic includes modern literature, and the first books under discussion will be "If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutcheson, and "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser. On Tuesday he will talk on "Privilege," by Michael Sadleir; "To Let," by Galsworthy, and "The Triumph of the Egg," by Sherwood Anderson.

Powys graduated in 1893 from Corpus Christi College, Cambridge University, and for twelve years devoted all his time to lecturing in England on the staffs of Oxford, Cambridge, and London universities. As a writer he has also become widely known, having written essays, novels, and poems. He is under the exclusive management of Jessica Colbert, who has booked him for lectures throughout the state.

**The Paul Elder Lectures.**

Sir Philip Gibbs will visit San Francisco during February to lecture on questions of the day. His lectures, to be given under the auspices of Paul Elder, are scheduled for the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Monday evening, February 20th, and Tuesday evening, February 21st. His first lecture will be "The Conflict of Peace in Many Nations." His second lecture will give an intimate study of changes in English life and thought after the great war, "The Social Revolution in England."

Arthur B. Reeve, author of the Craig Kennedy scientific detective stories, "The Film



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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Lady to see you, sir." "My fiancée?" "I am not sure, sir. I've mislaid your card index."—*Judge*.

"Tightwad has given his fiancée a ring, and the diamond isn't genuine." "She doesn't care as long as the engagement is."—*Judge*.

"Pa, what's a raconteur?" "Oh, that's a fellow who never tells shady stories unless he has a full-dress suit on."—*Houston Post*.

An astronomer was entertaining a Scotch friend. He showed his visitor the moon through a telescope and asked him what he thought of the satellite. "It's a' richt," replied the Scot, who was an enthusiastic golfer,

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"but it's awfu' fu' o' bunkers."—*Boston Transcript*.

Gulf—I understand that you are going to take up golf. Golf—Oh, just enough to be able to read the comic papers intelligently.—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.

Mrs. Scarsdale—Then you are sure you want a divorce? Mr. Scarsdale—Absolutely. Mrs. Scarsdale—All right. You take the children, I'll take the car.—*Life*.

"I'm down and out. I think I'll drown myself." "Don't be rash." "Then lend me a fiver." "Er—perhaps you'd better carry out your original idea."—*London Mail*.

He—Won't you please kiss me good-night? She—What, foolish, can you imagine my kissing you? He—I sure can! She—Then do! Good-night.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*.

Rub—Sharp's baby is only eighteen months old and can talk. Dub—Well, that is to be expected. The baby's father is an insurance agent and its mother is a woman.—*New York Sun*.

Maud—Do you know, after all I'd done to encourage Dick to propose he didn't do it. Edith—Well, he proposed to me. Maud—How did you manage it? Edith—I did all I could to discourage him.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Neighbors—They tell me your son is in the college football eleven? Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, indeed. Mrs. Neighbors—Do you know what position he plays? Mrs. Malaprop—Aint sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks.—*Dallas News*.

Gentleman (consulting engineer)—Bookbinders—bookkeepers—booksellers—boots—bootmakers—Drug Store Clerk—Maybe I can help you find what you're looking for. Gentleman—No use—I guess bootleggers aren't listed yet.—*New York World*.

"Do you enjoy your automobile outings with Mr. Bibbles?" "No, I don't," said Mrs. Bibbles. "Why not?" "Every time he sees smoke curling up from some inaccessible spot in the hills he gets out to see if it's coming from a 'still.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

The elderly charwoman was complaining bitterly of the laziness of one of the ladies who employed her. "Not a 'and will she turn, mum," she said, "not a 'and. Just fancy, mum, on'y yesterday morning she wouldn't even take a blackbeetle off 'er own shoulder, and 'er supposed to be so fond of animals."—*London Town Topics*.

"Did you ask Lord Helpus what he thought of prohibition in America?" "No, I didn't," said the reporter. "Why not?" "I couldn't stand it. I've been interviewing foreign visitors for two years and asking every one of them that question. If I hear another one say, 'When does prohibition begin?' I'll be a candidate for a padded cell."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Arthur," said a young artist to a friend, "do you see that lady and gentleman who are looking at my picture, and talking in such low, earnest tones?" "Yes," replied the

friend. "I wish you would saunter by carelessly and find out what they are saying. It looks like business." "She is calling him down for staying out late last night," said the friend, returning.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Uncle (telling tall yarn to young nephew)—We had more than a mile to go to get out of the forest, when we heard the howls of a pack of wolves behind us. I strained every nerve, but all in vain. Now I could hear their panting breath, and at last I felt their muzzles touching me, when—Nephew—You must have felt glad, uncle. Uncle (amazed)—Glad! Why? Nephew—When you found they had their muzzles on.—*Houston Post*.

### Portugal's Best Journal.

For various reasons—among them lack of knowledge, perhaps—one does not expect to find in Portugal any very remarkable manifestations of journalistic enterprise or achievement (says the *New York Times*). It is, therefore, with a feeling of some surprise that one looks over the pages issued as a Christmas number by *O Seculo*, which is published in Lisbon. It claims to be the largest and most influential newspaper in its country, and if its claim is not well based the others have a right to be proud, for *O Seculo* is evidently a well-conducted paper, and, judging from the number and quality of the advertisements in this special production of its presses, it has the prosperity its merits deserve.

The illustrations, some of them in multiple color, are many, and they are commendable, even notable, as specimens of the typographic art. Through the dimming veil of language it can be seen that the articles in *O Seculo* are well written and that their appeal is to the intelligence of its readers, not to a love of the sensational. Evidently the leading journal in the Portuguese capital is not "yellow." It prefers to have dignity and a regard for the proprieties as well as the verities.

The pages of this Christmas number are only twenty—which is not many, according to American standards of today—but it is obvious that they would be read with edification if one could catch more than a sentence here



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and there among the words that look so much like Spanish, and yet are not Spanish—that are so reminding of Latin, and yet are so different from it.

The use of the *fleur de lis* as a symbol of royalty in France can not be traced further back than the twelfth century, and it is probably not of French origin. It is said to occur in headdresses of Egyptian sphinxes and the symbol was early an ornament of Greek, Roman, Spanish, and English kings.

Chambermaid—Would you like me to put a bottle in your bed, sir? McIntosh—Aye, I would that! Johnny Walker for preference.—*London Passing Show*.



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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Our Next International Adventure.

While there have been no announcements, and in so far as we know no public discussions with reference to our next adventure in the field of foreign relations, there are reasons to suspect that the Administration may soon turn its attention to Latin-American affairs. We may not immediately have a pan-American conference on the lines of the Pacific and Far Eastern Conference which has just been brought to a successful conclusion, but something of the sort is bound to come sooner or later—probably before the end of the year. The Mexican situation contains many suggestions of trouble. Something is brewing there, though just what nobody outside of the inner circle at Washington knows. Nicaragua is making appeal in various forms for withdrawal of our marines from where for ten years past their presence has been the main factor in preserving the stability of the existing government. Beyond the Isthmus there are several disturbing questions. The United States of Colombia will hold an election next month, and there is likelihood that new international complications will be projected into public view. Japan has been flirting with Colombia precisely as she has been flirting with Mexico in relation to colonization schemes. Thus, while the larger world has been busy with post-war problems, a whole brood of new complications has developed on our own continent. Success of the conference system in matters of naval disarmament as to Pacific Ocean interests is likely to incline the Washington Administration to apply similar treatment to the issues of Mexico and of Central and South

America. The Argonaut ventures to prophesy that before the end of the year we shall have another international conference on hand, one dealing exclusively with affairs of the American continent.

### The Pace That Destroyed Rome.

President and Congress are sweating blood in the matter of the bonus. They are getting no more than what is fairly coming to them. It is due to themselves—to President and to Congress—that there has grown up an issue, and a mightily vexatious one, upon no equity, no basis of obligation. If the truth be told, it was not the ex-soldiers who originally raised this cry for the bonus. It was the politicians. Conceived as an expedient of small politics, it has become a social, political, and economic menace. President Harding might have stopped it six months ago by a straight-from-the-shoulder presentment of the moralities involved in it. His voice in bold protest would have carried wide and it would have impressed the country profoundly and effectively. By going only half-way in his protest against the first proposal he left open a door which in prudence should have been shut tight.

A movement that might easily have been checked has become a torrent. It now seems useless, excepting in retrospect, to speak of the fundamental objections to the bonus. The campaign for it has reached a stage where only what may be called "practical" considerations are timely. Like the call to "stand and deliver" on the part of the railroad brotherhoods half a dozen years ago, it has become a colossal hold-up. The shameless surrender of the Adamson Act was the answer to the brotherhoods; and it now looks as if there would be a similarly shameless surrender to the newer call to stand and deliver. Even now an Andrew Jackson or a Grover Cleveland would call a halt with a ringing "Thou shalt not!" But we hear nothing to this effect either from the President or from Congress. The whole concern of those in authority relates to the political effects and to the financial embarrassments involved. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Senator Nelson alone have the hardihood to speak out against the illegitimacy of this wretched business, but their voices are lost in the clamor of the vote brokers. Chairman Fordney frankly confesses his "fear of the political reprisals threatened by the professional promoters of the bonus plan among service men." He testifies to the timidity of Congress in the declaration, "You can put it down as a certainty that the bonus bill will be passed by the House of Representatives." An unnamed senator is quoted as saying: "We are between the devil and the deep sea. The ex-service men are organized and will wield a tremendous power in politics this autumn. \* \* \* The trouble is that members of Congress have been influenced by their own political ambitions and have disregarded the economic aspects of the problem." And so it goes. It is not, as matters stand with Congress, a question of what the duty of the government is, but a question of "satisfying" the ex-soldiers to the end that they may vote for Republican congressmen this coming November.

We have likened this hold-up to that of the railroad brotherhoods some years back. In truth, it lacks even the justification of that crime. The Adamson Act was passed with the idea of protecting the country against paralysis of transportation. The prospective yielding to this newer hold-up relates not at all to the public interest. It is to be made solely in the interest of congressmen who desire to be reelected—as a bribe out of the public treasury to the ex-soldier vote. Is there anybody so blind and deaf to the facts of human nature—and of political nature—as not to know that when surrender shall have been made in the matter of the bonus it will be only the first of a series of hold-ups? It will only whet the appetite for more. Upon the heels of one successful raid upon the treasury there

will come another and another, to be followed by others, until the last of the "veterans" and of those actually or theoretically dependent upon him shall be laid in their graves. As a result, for two generations to come the country will be cursed by demands backed by an element which has no moral claim and no plea other than the voting power of its numbers.

Let no Republican of whatever rank lay the flattering unction to his soul that the party will gain any advantage through this surrender. It will be remembered that the present Administration came into control of the government upon its promise to correct the abuses of the administration that preceded it, and to reduce taxes. What will be the reaction of the country when it finds that taxes, instead of being lower, are made higher? How will the party meet the charge of bad faith if the demands of the tax-gatherer, instead of being reduced, shall be advanced? In what spirit will the country respond to the multitude of vexatious exactions that will be imposed by the necessity of raising billions for the ex-soldier, not one in four of whom ever smelled gunpowder? The question answers itself. There will be annoyance, then disgust, then resentment, then revolt. Just as the party responsible for the Adamson Act first lost respect and then lost control of the government, so it will be with the party that shall weakly yield to this unreasonable and essentially immoral demand.

The notion that by some species of legerdemain—some trick of hocus-pocus—the government may pay out somewhere between two and a half and five billion dollars without its costing the taxpayer anything is too diaphanous even for camouflage. Whatever the government must pay out it must first get in. If by forms of taxation, then the pledges of the last national campaign must be dishonored. If by borrowing, then a new burden of debt must be added to the already mountainous sum of our national obligations. This phase of the matter is serious enough in all conscience; yet it is the least part of the mischief. The grievous thing is the deterioration in character that this bribe will impose upon the takers of it, and the demoralization of American politics that will be its certain product.

### Governor Stephens Sharply Rebuked.

Governor Stephens' letter of last week to the State Board of Railroad Commissioners was nothing more or less than an effort to employ the prestige of the executive office in a campaign for reelection. It has met; as it deserved to meet, a rebuke due to impertinence—a rebuke all the more stinging because in terms entirely civil. With tremendous effect the commission quotes a letter addressed by the then President Roosevelt to its first chairman, the late John M. Eshleman. Roosevelt wrote:

Elected as you will be under a movement responsive to the people and independent of the corporations, you will find it easy to reduce rates where they are too high, and you will find many rates are too high. Your real task will come later, when you have to do justice to the corporations and raise rates in spite of the popular clamor to lower them. The test of public regulation will be the ability of public men to do that and to maintain popular confidence in doing it.

Proceeding, the commission justifies its course by detailed arguments of unquestioned weight. Then, in terms studiously polite, it reminds the governor that his attempt to dictate the course of the commission is a violation of the principles essential to its integrity and its usefulness. "Your letter," say the commissioners, "raises the fundamental issue of regulation, as established by the people of this state. The success of this system, as you point out, depends upon public confidence and understanding. But it equally depends upon full freedom under the law to exact justice uninfluenced by any other consideration whatsoever." Then follows this body blow:

You state that you are concerned for the preservation of



regulation of public utilities. A like sense of our own responsibility for regulation impels us to reply that while regulation may be weakened by the temporary or local unpopularity of some decisions it would be destroyed by even the suspicion that decisions were affected by any consideration or influence other than the real merits involved, ascertained after full and careful consideration of all the facts. \* \* \*

The policy that has been pursued in the past is the policy that governs the present commission. So long as we are members of this commission we will be governed by principles of equity and justice and perform our sworn duty regardless of consequences. We propose to fix fair rates—and that means fair both to the ratepayers and to the utility—upon established facts uninfluenced by feeling of favoritism.

Since some thirty years ago, when the late Governor Penoyer of Oregon reminded the President of the United States to "mind his own business," we do not recall anything in the way of an official rebuke quite so sharp as this. If Governor Stephens has any sensibilities at all he must curse the evil hour which led him so far beyond the lines of propriety as to undertake to make political capital by impertinent meddling with matters beyond the range of his knowledge or his authority. Under his authority as governor of the state he has, of course, means of reprisal. If he chooses—and has the requisite nerve—he can reorganize the Railroad Commission by putting subservient creatures in places now held by men of honorable independence and of character. Will he do it? Verily, he will not. Wrathful as he probably is, there will be limits to his indiscretion.

#### Hard Going for General Dawes.

In his capacity of Director of the National Budget General Dawes is finding the sledding extremely rough. His efforts to introduce common-sense business methods into the operations of the government encounter obstacles ranging along the line from rank recklessness to sheer stupidity. Here's an illustration: The Navy Department needs brooms for deck and yard use to the number of 12,000. A New York factory offered to supply them at 55 cents each. The War Department holds in its surplus stock-supply 350,000 brooms, bought at war prices and listed by the Budget Bureau at 70 cents each. The budget director suggested that instead of buying a new stock of brooms the Navy Department fill its requirements by taking over brooms from the surplus stock of the War Department. But the Navy Department declined upon the theory that it would be bad business to pay 70 cents to the War Department for an article that could be bought in the market at 55 cents. That both departments are branches of the same government and that they draw their funds from a common source made no appeal to the naval authorities.

Here we have in its finest flower the working of the bureaucratic mind. It regards the bureau as a separate and self-contained government. It can not grasp the fundamental difference between paying by book-keeping charge another branch of the government for supplies and paying a private contractor for them. It is true that if in the instance above cited the brooms had been transferred from the army surplus to the Navy Department, the Navy Department's appropriation would have been reduced by the total of the purchase price. The difference between 70 cents per broom and 55 cents would by this process have been lost to the navy fund. But the national treasury would not have paid out a single cent. To the government there would have been salvage to the extent of the purchase. On the other hand, by buying from a private contractor the Navy Department makes an apparent saving in its appropriation, although the public treasury is out that much more money. The government is in the position of buying a new set of brooms, although it has an over-abundant supply on hand.

The only money in which a department or a bureau has any interest is that appropriated for itself. It has no conception of government money as a whole. What other bureaus do, or what the condition of the national treasury may be, is not of bureau concern. Self-contained and self-sufficient, it narrows its vision down to its own special interest. All other bureaus are as far removed from it as if they belonged to another government.

It is reported that General Dawes in his lecture to bureau heads got so excited that at times he jumped clean off the floor and fairly howled in indignation. His energy in this matter, as in other aforetime instances that the public will recall, has vastly amused Washington. If it lacked something in dignity there was compensating gain in emphasis and publicity.

Even the President is reported to have been immensely pleased by Dawes' exhibition of energy. A grave senator is quoted as declaring that he had seen many orators get one foot off the ground in bursts of eloquence, but that never before had he heard of one who got both feet in the air at the same time.

More strength to General Dawes! He is doing, or at least trying to do, good work in exorcising the vices heretofore incidental to business operations as conducted on government account. That he will be able to work anything very notable in the way of reforms is to be doubted. Many have exhibited the extravagance of public dealing, but nobody has yet been able to enforce business practice. Not only the general government, but every state government, and even every municipal government, and further, every department of every municipal government, exhibits the impossibility of getting public business done under the standards of private discretion. Here is one, if not the foremost, objection to proposals of public ownership. Whenever it has been tried in matters large or small—ranging from administration of the railroads of the country to the buying of a reel of fire hose—there are margins of difference between cost of things on public account and on private account. Party platforms speak glibly of economy and of business methods. The phrases come trippingly from the tongue of politicians—even the President. But theory is one thing and practice is another. General Dawes may be able with his budget to work out some economies, but he will never get the government to conduct its business upon strictly business principles. Public business is never done that way.

#### Bleeding Ireland.

There is blood on the face of the moon as she looks down upon Ireland. Protestant Ulster is up in arms. The Catholic part of Ulster is putting spikes into its shillalahs. De Valera is shouting for what he styles freedom, and has the support of a considerable faction with special favor of the shrieking sisterhood of whom the wife and the sister of the more-or-less martyred late mayor of Cork are the foremost shriekers. Michael Collins, representing the faction that accepts the Dominion plan, is fighting mad toward De Valera and hardly less so toward the British government because it will not allow the fiery Southrons to kill Ulstermen at their pleasure. Altogether it is a situation that must be regarded as lovely by champions of the Irish spirit.

The only gratifying fact in the situation is the confusion that reigns among Irish sympathizers in America. They are not finding it easy to determine what is just now the Irish cause. Collins warns the true patriots of the hyphenated brood that they must not contribute to the "rebellious projects" of De Valera. De Valera cries out that there must be no support from America for Collins and others bought with British gold. The hope is that under the difficulty of knowing who's who our hyphenated fellow-citizens may keep their money where it belongs. The surest of all means for the pacification of Ireland would be to shut tight the purses of Irish sympathizers in America.

The claim that Ireland, if permitted to do so, has the ability to govern herself is now on trial. All the old bonds are off. The suffering Irish may do as they demitition please. But they are not making a good start. Aforetime there were two Irelands cordially hating each other. Now there are three. Incidentally, the British government is in a hard position. It has agreed to leave Ireland practically to her own devices. Up to now the arrangement has not worked out to please anybody—least of all the Irish. What will Britain's obligations be if the Irish factions shall address themselves to murdering each other, which now seems imminent? Verily, the question is a hard one.

#### The Treaties in the Senate.

The question of what the United States Senate will do in the matter of the treaties formulated by the Washington Conference, and submitted for approval last week by President Harding, is very much in the public mind. Confirmation will call for a two-thirds vote. The Republicans have a substantial majority, even without the group of "irreconcilables," of which Senator Borah is the head and front. But they have not the requisite two-thirds. If the Democrats, in resentment of the rejection of President Wilson's league of nations, should decide to oppose confirmation, they have the votes to defeat it. The situation, regarded politically, is a delicate one, with something to the good in

the announcement that ex-President Wilson will take no hand in the matter.

Already the matter has been determined in the large court of public opinion. The country is for the treaties, and this being so, there is little doubt that confirmation will be both prompt and emphatic. Probably effort will be made to attach conditions to one or more of the treaties—notably the Four-Power Pact. On the other hand, President Harding's emphatic statement that "nothing in any of these treaties commits the United States or any other power to any kind of alliance, entanglement, or involvement" may be taken as an authoritative interpretation and therefore in itself of binding effect.

A consideration certain to weigh heavily with men of all parties who highly regard the world standing of the country, and who are patriotically disposed to sustain its prestige, is emphasized by the New York *World*, foremost of our national Democratic journals. If now, argues the *World*, the Senate should reject the findings of the Conference called by the United States, and which has achieved the end suggested by our government, the world will not soon again take seriously any proposal made by us in the sphere of international affairs. This is true, and it accords with President Harding's declaration that "if to these undertakings for peace the Senate will not advise and consent, then it will be futile to try again." Our national repute as well as our national interest demands confirmation of the treaties, and this being so, it is not going too far to prophesy that the Senate will ratify the work of the Conference. In no proper sense can the achievements of the Conference be regarded from a partisan standpoint. Democrats have precisely the same interest in the achievements of the Conference as have Republicans.

#### Editorial Notes.

There will come next month from the press of the Houghton Mifflin Company a biography of the late E. H. Harriman which for several years has been in preparation by George Kennan. It will take up the story of Mr. Harriman's life from boyhood; and those familiar with the man and his work need not be told that it will be a fascinating recital. In his second volume Mr. Kennan will treat in detail of Mr. Harriman's work in the West. An especially interesting feature of the book will be a careful setting forth of the famous incident in which Mr. Harriman and President Roosevelt were opposing figures. Here in California there will be a special interest in a work which deals intimately with a great national figure whom we like to regard as a Californian.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### A Bouquet.

DR. DONALD B. PRITCHARD  
61 West Fourth Street

WINONA, MINN., February 6, 1922.  
MR. ALFRED HOLMAN—Dear Sir: The *Argonaut* of the 4th instant has just reached me. Your first editorial is a gem. If you could only be multiplied by ten thousand and scattered throughout this land and each one of the ten thousand of you were editing a newspaper, what a wonderful thing it would be for the country. Very respectfully yours,  
DONALD B. PRITCHARD.

##### Judge Belcher to Representative Kahn.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 14, 1922.

Hon. Julius Kahn.

Washington, D. C.—  
DEAR MR. KAHN: This is on the good saint's day, but it is upon another matter: it is my encomium upon your opposition to the soldiers' bonus measure.

The soldiers' bonus measure is utterly indefensible upon any ground whatever; more especially it is objectionable upon the only ground available for it to stand upon at this time—the ground of its, supposed, political expediency, that is to say, as a gallery play for the soldier vote. The gallery will not respond as expected; the performance will end *sans* encore. If the measure shall pass—and become law (may all the gods that preside over the destiny of the Republican party forbend!)—then, I prophesy, the next election will witness the downfall of many a weak-kneed congressman who voted "aye" upon it.

No other emotion of man is as sublime as love of God and country!

From of old: *Pro Deo et patria!*  
Who, then, would mock the value of virtue with money!—or of holiness, or righteous conduct!—or the fine, the dauntless courage, which—sweeping all before it—drives upon the out-thrust spears with the patriot cry: "Make way for liberty!"

Have Republican legislators, confronted by an unusual demand, become obfuscated, as though some modern Cromwell were already on the way to the House! their sense of proportion, their (sometime) fine political acumen so lost as that they are, at this time, unable to realize that a large—a very large proportion of those gallant men—returned, intact, from the welter of the war—will keenly resent any cheapening of their valor, displayed on many a field—at Cantigny, at Château-Thierry, in the Argonne?

What to them—in this time of their country's distress, when additional tax burdens are like to become as that fabled straw upon the camel's back!—what to them—these warriors of ours, but just returned from the front of the battle—this



sop! this five or six hundred dollars, apiece, to be given in dribbles by fearsome congressmen lest next time they lack the soldierly vote!

Does anybody suppose that those men will not understand and despise the cowardice?

This sop to them—these patriots!—when on every hand they see misery heaped on misery, as when—

Disasters come not singly;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flockwise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish!

This sop to them—these patriots!  
For the disabled veterans—everything!

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

#### From Another Protesting Ex-Service Man.

Mr. William C. Van Antwerp, a member of Post No. 1 (San Francisco) of the American Legion has telegraphed to Washington a strong protest against the bonus programme. We excerpt the following:

It is claimed that great financial advantage accrued to those who remained in civilian occupations and that this advantage was shared by all other Americans who remained at work. Therefore what is now sought is payment in the nature of equalization for men in the armed forces, to compensate them for what they profess to have lost by not working in the shipyards, munition plants, etc.

Let us examine this matter. In the first place it is not true that men in the armed forces received only their pay at a basic rate of \$30 a month. The Senate committee which reported the bill estimated that the cost per man for food, shelter, and clothing was \$60 additional, or that in pay and in these necessities each man received approximately \$90 a month.

In other words, the Senate committee itself estimates that the compensation thus received was equivalent to the earnings of a man outside the forces who worked twenty-six days a month at \$3.46 a day. This is a rate of \$1080 a year. That happens to be very little short of estimates for the average annual earnings of employees in all industries as computed by well-known economists and submitted to Congress in October, 1921, by the joint committee on agriculture.

The average earnings in all industries computed for 1918—the latest year for which these figures have been prepared—were \$1094, which, as we have just seen, is only \$14 a year more than our soldiers received.

But to the compensation received by men in the armed forces as outlined above are to be added other benefits, which included, not merely such incidents as medical attention and protection of their property against civil action, etc., but such substantial provisions as allowances for dependents, which aggregated \$298,000,000, and assumption for men in the armed forces of the whole war cost of insurance policies aggregating thirty-nine billion dollars.

No other government made such generous provision for the men in its armed forces and those dependent upon them. Indeed, instead of receiving less than the men who remained at home, our soldiers, as all this proves, actually received more. What, then, is there to "adjust"? Why call this measure an adjusted compensation bill when actually it is nothing of the sort?

As for the men who remained at work in civilian occupations at home, it is a fact familiar to every one that the purchasing power of their compensation during the war was only half of what it was before the war. The same is true of those manufacturers and industrial leaders who seemed, but only seemed, to be making large profits. If actually there were large profits, they were subjected to the most rigorous taxation that any country ever devised, and to such an extent that today those profits are non-existent.

From these hardships of high costs and burdensome taxation the men under arms were alone immune, and in addition to that immunity the government is faithfully discharging its duty to the dead, injured, and disabled through insurance and vocational training which now costs the taxpayers \$450,000,000 a year. Nor is this all. Seventeen states have already provided \$250,000,000 in cash bonuses to their veterans and seven other states will shortly swell this total.

The bonus bill now before Congress offers to the veteran any one of several options other than the cash "adjustment" above described. He is thus offered a preferential right to acquire homesteads upon lands open to settlement and upon Federal reclamation projects, with his "adjusted service pay," plus 40 per cent. He is also offered his bonus plus 40 per cent. if he elects to purchase a home. He is also offered his bonus plus 40 per cent. if he chooses an approved course in vocational training.

Finally, if he decides upon the out-and-out bonus, the bill provides that payment may be deferred for twenty years, offering an inducement 40 per cent. plus 4 1/2 per cent. compound interest.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of these options are praiseworthy incentives to thrift, I am opposed to them all; first, because the men in our armed forces have already received adequate compensation; second, because no man who has enjoyed the blessed privilege of defending his home and his country should ask an honorarium for so doing; third, because the payment of bonuses demanded under this bill would place a burden upon the public, which can not be borne without highly disturbing results.

If every veteran elects to take cash, \$1,547,000,000 is the amount we shall have to pay; \$5,273,000,000 will be the cost if certificates are chosen. These are the estimates of the Senate committee, and every one who has had experience in such matters knows that they will actually greatly exceed that portentous total, since no account is taken of the cost of administration, which the House Committee on Ways and Means estimates at \$1,500,000,000 more. Nor is this all. Once this bill become a law there will be a bonus lobby in sinister attendance at every session of Congress during this generation, demanding and receiving additional "adjustments."

We can never do enough for the dead, the sick, the wounded, and disabled, and all our efforts should be confined to them. I call upon the hearts and consciences of the ex-service men to oppose this bill and I ask all others to fight as is indefensible in principle and odious in its mercenary implications.

#### A Real Veteran Speaks.

Senator Nelson of Minnesota, the last veteran of the civil war in Congress, speaks a straightforward mind upon the bonus issue. Talking last week with a correspondent of the New York Herald, Senator Nelson said:

"When I recall my experience it seems to me remarkable that the men who are now agitating for this bonus can take the stand they do. During the first few months of the civil war the pay of the American soldier was about \$11 a month and was finally increased to \$16. At that time gold was at a premium and the soldiers were paid in a depreciated paper currency. What did they get in the late war? The lowest

pay any man got was \$30 a month and if he was a married man and had dependents allowances were made in addition to his regular pay.

"In the civil war we had no bacon. We had no ham. We got salt pork in a barrel of brine and we got salt beef. The only other meat we got was when could round up some cattle. The only vegetables we got were rice beans. We had no canned goods. We had to buy our tobacco, candy, and other knickknacks.

"When the soldiers came back home from the war they proved themselves to be the balance wheel in the life of the republic. They did their share during the construction period without seeking an enormous bonus while the country was overloaded with debt. Aside from pensions, which were given only to the men who were disabled, there was nothing akin to the bonus scheme in the days following the civil war, and there was none for nearly thirty years later. Prior to that it was simply a question of pensions to soldiers and widows of soldiers that had died in the service.

"In 1890 legislation was created to equalize the bounty to make it an allowance to those who had enlisted in the early part of the war, and to whom no bounty had been paid. Beyond that there was nothing done for the soldiers in the shape that is now asked by some of the posts of the American Legion."

Senator Nelson called attention to the pathetic condition of the Confederate soldiers on the losing side in the civil war.

"These men," he said, "went home to a devastated country and got no relief whatever. To be sure, their states eventually passed laws providing for crippled and disabled veterans, but beyond that none of them got any help. The men who went over to France and were disabled should be cared for. I am as anxious as anybody to do justice by them. Then if we could segregate them I should be very glad to do something for the soldiers who actually did any fighting, who participated in the St. Mihiel salient, in the campaign around Château-Thierry and the great final drive in bottling up the Germans in the Argonne.

"My heart goes out to the fighting soldiers, but I declare my heart can not go out to the 2,000,000 soldiers who stayed here in America in comfortable barracks and did nothing but drill and stand camp guard occasionally."

#### American Prestige in the Balance.

(New York World.)

The defeat of these treaties would make the position of any President, any Secretary of State, any Ambassador, any Senate leader, ridiculous. They would represent nobody. They would have no authority. There would be no one to conduct the business of the American people in the outer world. The defeat of these treaties would reduce the American Executive to the status of gamblers, and American diplomacy to a series of idle gestures. We announce that we desire a league. We go to Paris and insist upon a league. We obtain a league and we reject it. A few months later we start again. We announce that we desire a reduction of armaments and an association of nations. We invite the powers to come to Washington. We propose a plan and they accept it. Are we to reply: "Thank you very much, we were only fooling, we just wanted to see if you would bite again?"

There must be some limit to such trifling with the peace of the world. For, rich as we are, and strong as we are, and dependent as Europe is upon us, we are not so rich and so strong and so independent that we can afford to behave in the world as if we were a nation of spoiled movie stars. The peace of the world means something to us. The poverty and disorders of Europe have not left us untouched; the confusions of the world embrace us as well. Without us there can be no restoration. And in this crisis we serve notice on mankind that the American people is without a spokesman, without authority, without a government that can function, the confusion will become intolerable. Our own vast power for good will end in futility. In the middle of all civilized peoples we shall be classified as one of those nations, like the Russian of yesterday, with which it is impossible to do business, because the government has no power to bind the nation, has no mandate to act, can make no engagements that will be carried out.

German Liberals fear a trick has been turned against them in the production of a monumental film of Frederick the Great. It was discovered at the first showing that the film company has a production adapted to the Hohenzollern propaganda and it is suspected the film was produced with that end in view. These apprehensions are strengthened by the attitude of monarchist newspapers, which in their criticisms couple Hohenzollern panegyrics with commendation for the timely applause manifested at the goosestep scenes and find that the authors made full use of the slogans of Germany's military greatness in the titles. The Liberal papers allege that a well-directed clique is more interested in bringing out the royalist virtues of the story than the film merits, but they nevertheless praise the artistic qualities of the film. The first two sections present Frederick's history until his coronation, and the presentation took three hours.

France has suggested a monument of unusual type as a memorial for those who lost their lives when the *Lusitania* was sunk by a German torpedo. The proposed monument would be a statue of a mother, holding out her child to be saved, as she kneels on a bit of wreckage. The unusual feature of the memorial, however, would be that of placing it on a floating raft, at the scene of the sinking, off the coast of Ireland. The raft would be anchored there and the statue, projected to be eighty feet high, would be illuminated at night to serve as a beacon for mariners. The preliminary model has been made by George du Bois, celebrated French sculptor.

A German ex-artillerist has written a novel anticipatory of German victory in 1934. "German Resurrection" foretells how mysterious military societies will be formed, how extraordinary rays will blow up English ships at a distance of twenty-five kilometers, and how a gun sold as a toy becomes deadly by a slight adjustment. According to our optimistic German prophet all Germany rises in less time than it takes to tell and France is shattered at a blow.

#### EVENTS AND INCIDENTS.

Alas, poor Shakespeare! His relics had hardly been laid to their well-earned repose before scandal began to busy herself with his memory. First it was stated, on contemporary authority, that he died as the result of a drinking bout with Ben Jonson. Then came the quaint "William the Conqueror" story, disclosing his dispute with Burbage over the latchkey of one of the wives of the town, and a series of other such merrie conceits and innuendos gleaned from the recollections of quavering old men and "knitters in the sun." Lacking further hearsay, gossip turned her attention to the works of her victim, and opening the sonnets, pounced with a glad cry on the dark lady and the fair young man celebrated there as implicating their author in every frailty to which mankind is subject. And the last conceivable bolt seemed to have been shot when the German professors hailed him as a compatriot.

But one possible slander was left—and it constitutes perhaps the unkindest cut of all. The Macmillan Company has just published the play, "Will Shakespeare," that lately set London quarreling. In this invention Miss Clemence Dane, the authoress, intimates that Shakespeare wrote his best tragedy to please a dark-haired siren of the court whom the queen had appointed to inspire him.

After this outrageous arrow, there is only a minor affront in the suggestion that murder must be added to the "Swan of Avon's" shortcomings, that it was he and not an "apple squire" who stabbed Marlowe in the eye and killed him, or that the dispute was not over a tavern trull, but for the love of Mary Fitton, Elizabethan vamp and maid of honor. The further circumstance that the creator of Falstaff never vouchsafes a smile in the course of Miss Dane's play, or any trace of the wit that once resounded among the hogheads of the Mermaid, is not a slander; it is plain nonsense. The conception that Queen Elizabeth used Mary Fitton to lure him from Stratford and keep him in London, composing plays for the glory and renown of the British flag, is merely funny, in view of the low opinion in which the drama was then held; so also, for a different reason, is the scene in which the queen shuts him up in a candle-lit room and allows him an hour or two wherein to dash her off a scenario.

A notable thing about Miss Dane's play, however, is that, apart from its calumny on several great Elizabethans, it is a good play. It is written in a blank verse that recalls some of Shakespeare's in his sleeper moments, it has more than one stirring chord of sentiment, and it would have been quite admirable had it been written about a group of modern Art Guild poets, or had such a personality as Andreyev been the hero. But it is greatly to be regretted that, short of censorship, there is no means of restraining writers of fiction who misrepresent historical facts for the pleasure of seeing the critics turn purple or of shocking a jaded public into attentiveness.

There seems to be no occasion to qualify this with a graceful reference to the authoress' courage. If her treatment of historical truth represents bravery, the Victoria Cross would be a feeble tribute to the valor of Bill Nye.

A certain group of irreconcilables, who still cling to the political ideas of the last century, appear to have chosen as their motto, "There are only a few of us left." The legend invites us to picture them as staunch upholders of a doomed standard on a stricken field, reproaching with their bloody but unbowed heads, or their immaculate wigs and ruffles, as the case may be, the baseness of the demented mob. But there is no ground for regarding this attitude as a conclusive token of high-mindedness.

The European circuses are at present suffering from a shortage of the human curiosities with which nature, in her clumsier moments, has hitherto flooded the side-shows. There are only a few of them left, and their prestige has increased accordingly. Observers have remarked a touch of hauteur in the manner of these survivors, and have noticed that even the woolly lady of Borneo now walks on all fours with some condescension.

Zaghul Pasha, the leader of the Egyptian revolt, bears at least this earnest of greatness: that his friends can not find terms high enough or his enemies low enough with which to describe his character. Lord Milner apparently respected him; they were able, at any rate, to reach a friendly understanding on the crucial question of English military garrisons in Egypt, and the British government's refusal to concur in it caused Milner's resignation. There is no evidence that Zaghul deserved the fate of deportation to Ceylon, and the apparent injustice of this measure is aggravated by the fact that he had proposed to come to London and present his case—an act which, in itself, would have been a certain guarantee of fealty to the empire. It has been the particular misfortune of Mr. Churchill, who succeeded Lord Milner as colonial secretary, to be heavy-handed at the wrong moments—to advocate force when clemency was needed, and conversely. Mr. Churchill, in fact, embodies one of the chief obstacles to a cordial agreement between England and America. Paradoxi-



cally enough, he is half American, but the only quality he seems to have derived from this republic is a headlong and impetuous energy, and it leads him into equivocal extremes of reactionary and liberal policy. He is a political soldier of fortune and his habit of switching banners has had more than a little to do with our mistrust of the avowals of the English government. Every thinking person must concede the necessity of an adequate English force in Egypt; between this and military oppression, however, there is no necessary link. It is possible that Milner erred in estimating the military necessities in that quarter, but he would never have consented to the graver error of quelling discussion by an arrogant assertion of force.

Charles Dickens, more than sixty years ago, most effectively ridiculed the efficiency crotchets in education in "Hard Times." On rereading the novel, one wonders at the antiquity of many modern ideas. Gradgrind's school is the kind of thing that we might now be finding in American fiction if we had an intelligent satirist. For some reason or other, no scenario writer has yet purloined the plot of "Hard Times," but it has all the movie requirements: devoted sister in a small town who marries a rich old man to defray the debts of a wastrel brother; rich young man from the metropolis with a surplus of charm and no morals, who divines the situation and pretends to extricate the brother from his scrapes, but with the real purpose of winning the young wife's affections and making off with her—the sins of the brother being further visited on an innocent party in the person of a humble and honest workman, whose marital afflictions and inability to obtain a much-needed divorce supply the underplot of the story. There are many other modern features in it, but perhaps the most surprising occurs in a brief passage in which a smart young man of the period is asked by his host if he would like to smoke. His reply, which sounds almost as if it had been written yesterday, is, "I believe you"—in other words, "You said it." In the matter of picturesque slang, as in most other things, we seem to have very little on the age of Victoria. The Chinese may be right in believing that a man of enterprise is very well employed in trying to catch up with his ancestors.

A peculiar difference between censorships in England and America is that while the American moralists are very strict about printed matter, the British tolerate almost anything in print and reserve their indignation for theatrical misdemeanors. It may be either a cause or a result that our greatest offenses against decency and convention have occurred in print, and theirs on the stage. A printed account of the questionable scenes enacted on the English stage since Shakespeare's time would cause a commotion in American censorships circles.

The fate of Mr. George Branch Cabell's "Jurgen" illustrates the contradictory nature of this intolerance. When the book was censored in America, English readers became sufficiently curious about it to warrant its publication in London, and it is now accessible to the British Empire in a special edition. To judge from the critical notices thus far given Mr. Cabell's *chef d'œuvre* by the English press, it has aroused no great enthusiasm of censure or approval. The critics content themselves with the mild comment that the sexual motif seems a little overdone, and that the author has injured the quality of his satire by throwing Steinvor, Walburga, Anaitis, Heitman Michael, and others such into a conglomerate burlesque, without any deference to the various atmospheres of legend and history from which they have been drawn.

The novel owes its present extraordinary vogue among American critics, not so much to its literary and philosophic value (though it at least equals in this respect Maurice Hewlett's more sensuous tales of mediæval love) as to its impudent defiance of the censor. Mr. Cabell tried to be profoundly immoral at the expense of the deacons by wrapping his immorality in a veil of cynical alluiveness which he thought too opaque for their literal intelligences. Had he succeeded the laugh would have been on the censors. Since he did not, owing to the delirious explicitness with which the Neo-Pagan sons of the morning expounded the profundities of his wit, the decree of the censor went forth, and Mr. Cabell and his book were apotheosized—a result he doubtless foresaw. At some future day this will all align itself in its true perspective. The whole point and pith of Mr. Cabell's humor depends on a temporary hypocrisy of the American public, and though the action of the censors in his case was a solemn absurdity, the suppression of his book is no disaster. Burlesque and allegory are the curse of American letters. Our literature will have reached a respectable level only when it presents something that writers of other countries think worthy of satirizing. And we give the efficiency of the censor an undeserved tribute when we imagine that every book he denounces is a masterpiece.

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 15, 1922.

The English "Book of Common Prayer" was originally called the "King's Primer." It was published in 1546 by command of Henry VIII. Twice revised in the reign of Edward VI, and again in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, it was ultimately brought to its present form.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Frances Marion Brandon is the first woman to become an assistant corporation counsel of the city of New York.

Mr. E. W. Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway is said to be the youngest of railroad presidents. Mr. Beatty, who is forty-three years of age, directs 20,000 miles of railroads and scores of ocean liners.

Miss Tennyson Jesse, an English novelist and a granddaughter of Alfred Tennyson, has recently announced her marriage. She has been the wife of Captain H. M. Harwood, English playwright and actor, for two years.

Secretary of Labor Davis has blossomed forth as the first author among the counselors of President Harding in an intensely dramatic recital of his own career, beginning as a poor immigrant lad from Wales and leading step by step to his present exalted and responsible post in the executive part of the government. The Secretary came from a picturesque part of Wales, Tredegar, where he was born almost fifty years ago, and his parents settling in Pittsburgh, he began his industrial career in that bustling city at the age of eleven, in the puddling department of the great iron and steel works which has made its fame. His connection with labor units and with the Loyal Order of Moose are both entertaining and valuable contributions to the annals of those activities.

The Explorers' Club of New York City has unanimously reelected Vilhjalmur Stefansson president. This is a position which Admiral Peary held for several years before his death. It is interesting to recall the strong friendship between these two greatest Arctic explorers, who differed so much in method, yet each of whom received his greatest tribute from the other. Peary made his dash to the pole using the method of transporting food by sled relay. Stefansson revolutionized methods of Arctic work by proving that no such dependence on civilized food is necessary, and that one can live "off the country," whether on the seemingly barren land of Banks Island or traveling on the ice over unsounded depths of polar ocean. The story of this later remarkable journey is told in his new book, "The Friendly Arctic."

Sir William Barton, speaking at Oldham, said he believed Lord Birkenhead to be the most forceful politician in England at the present time, and Mr. Lloyd George would have to do all he could to keep in front of him. Lord Birkenhead, whose family name is Smith, was born at Birkenhead in 1872, the son of a barrister, so that his taste for law and politics is inherited. He was a classical scholar at Oxford, and made first-class final honors in the School of Jurisprudence in 1894. His subsequent career to 1900 was that of a fellow and lecturer in several of the Oxford colleges. In 1903 he went into politics as the Conservative candidate for the Scotland Division of Liverpool, and again for the Walton Division in 1905. In 1908 he was king's council and bencher of Gray's Inn; solicitor-general in 1915, and treasurer, 1917-18. From 1906 to 1919 he had been M. P. for the Walton Division, Liverpool, thus doubling up on law and politics. His war record is as follows: On active service with Indian Corps in France, 1914; captain in King's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, and temporary lieutenant-colonel in the army. Lord Birkenhead is the author of a number of political studies, as well as some literary ones.

Few English statesmen and perhaps none in this country have the marked versatility of the British cabinet minister, Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill's latest manifestation of many-sidedness is marine painting. He exhibited for a long time under an assumed name, and his pictures had won recognition even in Paris before he confessed the artist's identity. He has now acquired such celebrity that he has orders of the most flattering sort for any future canvases he may have time to paint. His ability as a writer has an older reputation. He has recently published a critical review of the work of Sir John Lavery, the eminent painter of portraits and of Irish historical scenes. Mr. Churchill's art criticism is ranked among the soundest of contemporary writers. Americans may take a pride in Mr. Churchill. The grandson of Larry Jerome of New York and son of that most brilliant New York belle, Jennie Jerome, he seems to come naturally by his talents. His first cousin, Shane Leslie, is among the foremost essayists, historians, and editors of the day, and several of the daughters of Moreton Frewen, also cousins, have made their mark in literature and art. Mr. Churchill is an accomplished musician and a critic of music.

Sir John Lavery, president of the Royal Academy of London, who is one of the most renowned artists of the day and whose canvases adorn nearly every notable picture gallery of the world, is an enthusiastic Irishman, a native of Belfast and a member of the famous Irish Society of Art, which has been located for nearly 200 years in Dublin. Sir John is committed to a fair division of his time with his country people and will place on canvas some of the scenes which have resulted in the founding of the Irish Free State, besides painting the portraits of several of the chief figures in this important international negotiation. Lady Lavery, who is one of the powerful hostesses of the British capital and is the accepted leader in all amenities growing out of

the æsthetic branches, art, music, and letters, was, before marrying the illustrious artist, the widow of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau of New York, another eminent man, equally famous in the healing arts and in the domain of letters. Dr. Trudeau was for years a professor of surgery in Columbia Medical College and the director of many of the great establishments in the Adirondacks, whither he was compelled by ill health to spend his last years. Lady Lavery was Miss Hazel Martyn, daughter of Dr. Edward Jenner Martyn of Chicago. She was identified with the artists' set in Chicago and in New York and has done some excellent work in pastels. Sir John maintains a fine studio in Paris and is as hospitable to the rather nondescript crowds of students on the left bank of the Seine as to the dignified members of the London Academy in his sumptuous home in Cromwell Place.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Winter in Northumberland.

Outside the garden  
The wet skies harden,  
The gates are barred on

The summer side:  
"Shut out the flower-time,  
Sunbeam and shower-time;  
Make way for our time,"  
Wild winds have cried.  
Green once and cheery,  
The woods, worn weary,  
Sigh as the dreary

Weak sun goes home:  
A great wind grapples  
The wave, and dapples

The dead green floor of the sea with foam.

Through fell and moorland,  
And salt-sea foreland,  
Our noisy norland

Resounds and rings;  
Waste waves thereunder  
Are blown in sunder

And winds make thunder  
With cloud-wide wings.  
Sea-drift makes dimmer  
The beacon's glimmer;  
Nor sail nor swimmer

Can try the tides,  
And snowdrifts thicken  
Where, when leaves quicken,  
Under the heather the sundew hides. . . .

Each reed that grows in  
Our stream is frozen,  
The fields it flows in

Are hard and black;  
The water-fairy  
Waits wise and wary

Till time shall vary  
And thaws come back.  
"O sister, water,"

The wind besought her,  
"O twin-born daughter  
Of spring with me,

Stay with me, play with me,  
Take the warm way with me,  
Straight for the summer and oversea."

But winds will vary,  
And wise and wary  
The patient fairy

Of water waits;  
All shrunk and wizen,  
In iron prison,

Till spring re-risen  
Unbars the gates;  
Till, as with clamor  
Of axe and hammer,

Chained streams that stammer  
And struggle in straits  
Burst bonds that shiver,  
And thaws deliver

The roaring river in stormy spates.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

### The Milkmaid.

Across the grass I see her pass;  
She comes with tripping pace,—  
A maid I know,—and March winds blow

Her hair across her face:—  
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!  
Dolly shall be mine,

Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go:  
Her eye is brown and clear;  
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down,  
(To those who see it near!)

With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

What has she not that those have got,—  
The dames that walk in silk!  
If she undo her kerchief blue  
Her neck is white as milk.

With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

Let those who will be proud and chill!  
For me, from June to June,  
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—  
Her laugh is like a tune:—

With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

Break, break to her, O crocus-spear!  
O tall Lent-lilies flame!  
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,  
And Dolly is her name.

With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.—Austin Dobson.



THE DECOLLETE ISLANDERS.

R. M. Weaver Tells of Early Invasions in the Pacific.

Senator Lodge's recent dithyramb about the coral reefs of the South Pacific represents almost the closing strain of a lay to which Herman Melville sounded the prelude. The age of romance in the South Seas is dead, or virtually so. Already the hideous instruments of our industrial culture have girdered the tracts beyond the sunset in frames of steel, and the day so much abhorred by Melville has come, when a machine-impelled and germ-ridden Christendom was to devastate in its grimy and relentless Western course the last island refuges of Pan.

To the inevitability of this result the beauty of the ravaged region has largely contributed. Melville was the first and greatest of the literary explorers to make articulate the poetic lure of these hazy ocean reaches, and his successors, from Stevenson, and London to Somerset Maugham and Frederick O'Brien, have all added a magnetic touch, in their fashion, to that enchantment. Before their day missionaries and traders had been drawn into the "waters of these wondrous isles" by a thirst for converts or for gold, with results that leave one thoughtful as to the meaning of progress. But even they acknowledged in some degree the attractiveness of the thing they were appointed to destroy, and were sensible, in a measure, to what we call its "romance."

This word "romance" is a prismatic term that presents very different facets to different minds. Its significance to the average European and American seems to be profoundly mingled with the idea of clothes—an idea which, as Carlyle shrewdly observed, affects most of our concepts. It was not with this kind of romance that Melville and Stevenson were mainly concerned, but it is safe to say that for a majority of their readers the most fascinating aspect of Polynesian society is its sartorial simplicity. On this truth Anatole France has built some of his most diverting satires in "The Island of the Penguins." And the history of the subjugation of the Pacific islanders to a clothed morality by traders, missionaries, and "romantic" excursionists has been so interestingly compiled by Mr. Weaver from the records of these authorities on propriety as to be worth a thought before touching on the central theme of his book.

Tahiti and the Marquesas, the islands best known to Melville, were among the first to receive the ministrations. The Marquesas were discovered in 1595 by the Spanish adventurer, Alvaro Mendana de Neyra, on his way to occupy the Solomon Islands, which he had discovered twenty-eight years earlier. To the new insular group he gave the name Marquesas de Mendoca, in honor of his patron, the viceroy of Peru. They were not again molested till Captain Cook visited them in 1774. A few years before, the English mariner Wallis had penetrated the archipelago of the Society Islands and discovered Tahiti:

Wallis' account of Otaheite—on the authority of the London Missionary Society "to be pronounced so as to rhyme with the adjective mighty"—and its people, occupies a great part of his narrative. Though his reception was not without a show of arms and bloodshed, the native women exerted themselves tirelessly to do unselfish penance for the hostile behavior of the native males. Oammo, the ruling chief, retired from the scene, leaving the felicitation of the strangers in the hands of his consort, Oherea, "whose whole character," according to the observations of the London Missionary Society, "for sensuality exceeded even the usual standard of Otaheite." In the establishment of friendship that ensued, Wallis sent Lieutenant Fureaux ashore to erect a British pennant, and in defiance of the Pope, to take formal possession of the island in the name of King George the Third. Hopelessly unimpressed by the whole transaction, the natives took down the flag during the night, and for a long time afterwards the ruling chieftains wore it about their persons as a badge of royalty. Oherea's hospitality was requited by a parting gift of some turkeys, a gander, a goose, and a cat. Oherea's live stock figures repeatedly in the later annals of Tahiti.

Among the gifted English writers of George III's reign the members of the London Missionary Society, founded in 1795, proved themselves very adroit in the realm of light literature. Their spirited accounts of the morals and manners of the Polynesians show that even a Wesleyan pen can be brisk on the subject of clothes. On Sunday, March 5, 1797, the good ship *Duff*, which the society had sent forth from Spithead in the previous year, dropped anchor off Tahiti to disembark thirty missionaries, four ministers, six carpenters, two shoemakers, two bricklayers, two tailors and a hatter (solemn omen), two smiths, two weavers, a surgeon, a cotton manufacturer, a cabinetmaker, a harnessmaker, a tinsmith, a cooper, and a butcher. As the natives came out to greet the anchored ship the missionaries noticed with a somewhat plaintive regret that the beauty of the women had been slightly exaggerated in the explorers' tales:

Next day—for they arrived on the Sabbath—some of the missionaries landed and were presented with the house King Pomare had built for Captain Bligh. This important matter settled, the chief thought it time to enquire after entertainment; "first sky-rockets, next the violin and dancing, and lastly the bagpipe." Lacking such diversions, the missionaries offered a few solos on the German flute—and "it plainly appeared that more lively music would have pleased them better."

Domestic arrangements established, to the great diversion of the natives, the missionaries tried to get some clothes on some of them. The queen had to rip open the garments, it is true, to get into them; but one Tanno Manoo, who was given a

warm week-day dress, and a showy morning gown and petticoat for the Sundays, "when dressed, made a very decent appearance; taking more pains to cover her breasts, and even to keep her feet from being seen, than most of the ladies of England have of late done." The natives were deeply perplexed by the proprieties of the missionaries, and especially by what to them seemed the unnatural chastity of the men.

Since the missionaries had resolved to distribute their blessings, they sent a party of brethren to make investigations on the Marquesas. The first visitors the ship received from the shore were "seven beautiful young women, swimming quite naked, except for a few green leaves tied around their middle; nor did our mischievous goats even suffer them to keep their green leaves, but as they turned to avoid them they were attacked on each side alternately, and completely stripped naked." Such, too, was their "symmetry of features, that as models for the statuary and painter their equals can seldom be found." As they danced about the deck, frequently bursting out into mad fits of laughter, or talking fast as their tongues could go, surely they must have convinced more than one of the meditative brethren of the total depravity of man. Nor did these shameless savages confine their excursions to the decks. "It was not a little affecting to see our own seamen repairing the rigging, attended by a group of the most beautiful females, who were employed to pass the ball, or carry the tar-bucket, etc.; and this they did with the greatest assiduity, often besmearing themselves with the tar in the execution of their office. No ship's company, without great restraints from God's grace, could ever have resisted such temptations."

Harris and Crook, two of the brethren, daring temptation, decided to stay at the Marquesa, and were moved ashore. But before the *Duff* sailed back to Tahiti, Harris was found on the shore about 4 o'clock one morning "in a most pitiable plight, and like one out of his senses." It appears that the Marquesan chief Teneae, taking Crook upon an inland jaunt, had departed, conferring upon Harris all the privileges of domesticity. Teneae's wife, sharing her husband's ideas of hospitality, was troubled at Harris' reserve. So, "finding herself treated with total neglect, became doubtful of his sex," says the London Missionary Society in a report dedicated to George the Third, "and accordingly some of the other females with her suspicion, who accordingly came in the night, when he slept, and satisfied themselves concerning that point, but not in such a peaceable way but that they awoke him. Discovering so many strangers, he was greatly terrified; and, perceiving what they had been doing, was determined to leave a place where the people were so abandoned and given up to wickedness; a cause which should have excited a contrary resolution."

Whether the subsequent reports indicate a low degree of intelligence in the Polynesian seems open to question:

"Their life is without toil," the brethren reported, "and every man is at liberty to do, go and act as he pleases, without the distress of care or apprehension of want: and as their leisure is great, their sports and amusements are various." Their personal beauty, their almost ostentatious cleanliness, their boundless generosity, were by the London Missionary Society insisted upon. The best of them, however, lived "in a fearfully promiscuous intercourse," and emulated the classical Greeks in infanticide and other reprehensible practices. Yet do the brethren allow that "in their dances alone is immodesty permitted; it may be affirmed, they have in many instances more refined ideas of decency than ourselves. They say that Englishmen are ashamed of nothing, and that we have led them to public acts of indecency never before practiced among them." But then, as the London Missionary Society says in another place: "Their ideas, no doubt, of shame and delicacy are very different from ours; they are not yet advanced to any such state of civilization and refinement." At their departure from native custom, however, they were untroubled by contrition. When asked "what is the true atonement for sin?" they answered, "Hogs and pearls." When the pleasant novelty of being exhorted and preached to wore off, they did not behave impeccably during the devotions of the brethren. They often cried out "lies" and "nonsense" during the sermon. At other times they tried to make each other laugh by repeating sentences after the brethren, or by playing antics, and making faces. Many of the natives used to lie down and sleep as soon as the sermon began, while "others were so trifling as to make remarks upon the missionaries' clothes, or upon their appearance. Thus Satan filled their hearts with folly, lest they should believe and be saved." All the best inducements the brethren could hold out to tempt them into "the divine life" moved them not. "You talk to us of salvation, and we are dying," they said; "we want no other salvation than to be cured of our diseases and to live here always, and to eat and talk." So unappreciative were they of the efforts of the brethren that they explained the presence of the missionaries in Tahiti as growing out of a sensible desire to escape from the ugliness and worry and brutality of European civilization.

In 1833 the French establishment of the *Œuvre de la Propagation de la Foi* authorized the society of Picpus to convert all the islands of the Pacific to Catholicism. In this crusade the Catholic missionaries were not without assistance from the secular arm:

At this time, it was a law of Tahiti that before a foreigner could have leave to reside on the island, permission must be granted by Queen Pomare and the chiefs. The Catholic missionaries, aware of this regulation, succeeded, however, in effecting a landing disguised as carpenters, and to this island, partly idolatrous, partly heretic, they gave the salutation of peace. Pomare, however, was unappreciative of their salute, and refused to the disguised priests permission to remain. This exclusion, in its sequel, raised the most delicate questions of international diplomacy, and bestir Pomare to scatter anxious letters broadcast over the face of the earth. Her correspondence included a cosmopolitan company of commodores and admirals, Queen Victoria, the President of the United States, and Louis Philippe of France. Admiral Du Petit-Thouars, in command of the *Venus*, was dispatched to Tahiti under special orders, "to make the queen and the inhabitants feel that France is a great and powerful nation." The *Venus* arrived at Tahiti, August 27, 1838, and proceeded to summary justice. Under the pressure of a broadside, Pomare was obliged to beg the pardon of the most Christian King. "I am only," she wrote to Louis Philippe, "the sovereign of a little insignificant island; may glory and power be with your majesty—let your anger cease; and pardon me the mistake that I have made."

It was further demanded of Pomare that she pay "a great and powerful nation" the sum of two thousand dollars as a more solid reparation for her bad behavior. Pomare was appalled at the magnitude of the sum: there was no such amplitude of wealth in her treasury. The missionaries were moved in compassion to finance her political indiscretion. But in the next humiliation dealt out to her, the brethren were unable to offer much assistance. The French admiral bore instructions to require that the French flag be hoisted the day following the receipt of the two thousand dollars, and that it be honored by Pomare with a salute of twenty-one guns. The situation was awkward. Pomare was very short of powder. She assured the admiral she had not enough for more than

five shots. The admiral paced the deck, and passed his fingers through his hair in considerable agitation. "What will they say in France," said the patriotic commander, "when they know that I furnished the powder to salute my own flag?" The difficulty was great. An expedient was necessary, and the admiral hit upon one: "Mr. Consul," said he to the Rev. Pritchard, and British consul, "I can give you some powder, and you can do with it as you please." According to the French report, Pritchard "himself loaded the bad cannon on the little island and directed the firing"; and soon after, the French observed Pritchard to look "thin and bilious, with an appearance of pride, and the cold dignity so natural to the English."

When the French visitors had set up Moerenhaut as their consul and taken their leave, after a series of what one of our cabaret proprietors has called "fêtes bohemian and capers comique," Queen Pomare wrote a letter to her sister sovereign Victoria, imploring "the shelter of her wing, the defense of her lion, and the protection of her flag":

This breach of international courtesy brought Captain Laplace on the *Artemise* out to Tahiti "to obtain satisfaction from the Lutheran evangelists who had forced themselves on a simple and docile people." As the *Artemise* was off the coast, on April 22, 1839, she struck on a coral reef: an accident that resulted in the officers and crew being lodged on shore for two months. These two months must have given the brethren bitter fruit for reflection upon the ease with which their years of unselfish striving could be obliterated. According to the account of Louis Reybaud of the *Artemise*: "From the first, the most perfect harmony prevailed between the ship's company and the natives. Each of the latter chose his *tayo*—that is, another self—among the sailors. Between *tayos* everything is common. At night, the *tayos*, French and Tahitian, went together to the common hut. Every sailor has thus a house, a wife, a complete domestic establishment. As jealousy is a passion unknown to these islanders, it may be imagined what resources and pleasures such an arrangement afforded our crew. The natives were delighted with the character of our people; they had never met with such gaiety, expansiveness, and kindness in any other foreigners. The beach presented the aspect of a continual holiday, to the great scandal of the missionaries. We have seen how the men managed, and what friends they found. The officers were not less fortunate. The island that Bougainville called the *New Cytherea* does not belie its name. When the evening set in, every tree along the coast shaded an impassioned pair; and the waters of the river afforded an asylum to a swarm of copper-colored nymphs, who came to enjoy themselves with the young midshipmen. Wherever you walked you might hear the *oui! oui! oui!* the word that all the women have learnt with marvelous facility. It would have been far more difficult to teach them to say *non!*"

Among these relaxations, Captain Laplace found time publicly to declare to the islanders "how shameful and even dangerous it was to violate the faith of treaties, and how unjust and barbarous was intolerance." Before his sailing, Captain Laplace commanded Pomare to come aboard the *Artemise* to sign a treaty guaranteeing no discrimination against the French. Pomare's despondency at the beginning of the proceedings was solaced by champagne and brandy. Casimir Henry, who accompanied the *Artemise* throughout her circumnavigatory voyage, says: "When the spirits of the party were sufficiently elevated to find everything good, and while the hands were yet sufficiently steady not to let the pen drop, the treaty was produced as the crowning act of the festivity."

It was less than a decade later that Herman Melville, the greatest of American sea writers, hove into the bay of Tyoehe, in Nukuheva of the Marquesas, on the whaling ship *Acushnet*. Several weeks before his arrival the French admiral, Du Petit-Thouars, had brought his conquest of these islands to completion in the same harbor:

More worthy emissaries than the pilot to the port of Tyoehe were to welcome Melville to the Marquesas. The entrance of the *Acushnet* brought from the shore a flotilla of native canoes. "Such strange outcries and passionate gesticulations I never certainly heard or saw before," Melville says. "You would have thought the islanders were on the point of flying at one another's throats, whereas they were only amiably engaged in disentangling their boats." Melville was surprised at the strange absence of a single woman in the invading party, not then knowing that canoes were "taboo" to women, and that consequently, "whenever a Marquesan lady voyages by water she puts into requisition the paddles of her own fair body."

As the *Acushnet* approached within a mile and a half of the foot of the bay, Melville noticed a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel: the women, swimming out from shore, eager to embrace the advantages of civilization. "As they drew nearer," Melville says, "and as I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted right arm bearing above the water the girdle of tappa, and their long dark hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else but so many mermaids. Under slow headway we sailed right into the midst of these swimming nymphs, and they boarded us at every quarter; many seizing hold of the chain-plates and springing into the chains; others, at the peril of being run over by the vessel in her course, catching at the bob-stays, and wreathing their slender forms about the ropes, hung suspended in the air. All of them at length succeeded in getting up the ship's side, where they clung dripping with the brine and glowing with the bath, their jet-black tresses streaming over their shoulders, and half enveloping their otherwise naked forms. There they hung, sparkling with savage vivacity, laughing gayly at one another, and chattering away with infinite glee. Nor were they idle the while, for each performed the simple offices of the toilet for the other. Their luxuriant locks, wound up and twisted into the smallest possible compass, were freed from the briny element; the whole person carefully dried, and from a small little round shell that passed from hand to hand, anointed with a fragrant oil: their adornments were completed by passing a few loose folds of white tappa, in a modest cincture, around the waist. Thus arrayed, they no longer hesitated, but flung themselves lightly over the bulwarks, and were quickly frolicking about the decks. Many of them went forward, perching upon the headrails or running out upon the bowsprit, while others seated themselves upon the taffrail, or reclined at full length upon the boats."

The ship was fairly captured, and it yielded itself willing prisoner. In the evening, after anchor had been struck, the deck was hung with lanterns, and the women, decked in flowers, danced with "an abandoned voluptuousness" that was a prelude "to every species of riot and debauchery."

The character and exploits of Herman Melville will be detailed in the next issue of the *Argonaut*.

HERMAN MELVILLE: MARINER AND MYSTIC. By Raymond M. Weaver. New York: George H. Doran Company.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending February 11, 1922, were \$120,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$106,800,000; a gain of \$14,000,000.

During the week preceding Christmas bonds suffered a slight recession, but the downward movement was of short duration, the year closing with a strong and steady market. Activity is normally expected in the opening weeks of the new year, and the current month has reflected this customary tendency.

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For a time issues of large size have been offered in quick succession, with some resultant difficulty in securing investment distribution. This does not appear to be an indication of saturation of the market, but rather is evidence of sharp competition for issues, with a resulting lowering of yield somewhat ahead of the expectations of the investing public (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in *Commerce Monthly*).

Total transactions in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange from December 16th to

tion of the international character of the American market. An issue of \$30,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds of the Kingdom of Denmark due in 1942 was offered to yield about 6½ per cent. The decline in yields on comparable classes of bonds is strikingly evidenced by comparison of this issue with that of \$25,000,000 of bonds of the Kingdom of Denmark, bearing 8 per cent, and offered at par in this market on October 22, 1920.

The offering here of \$25,000,000 of preferred debenture stock by the Canadian Pacific Railway at 78, to yield 5.13 per cent., was also of special significance. Securities of this road have long been favorites in the Canadian and British markets, but New York bidders secured this issue in competition with London. The largest industrial offering during the last thirty days was an issue of \$30,000,000 of bonds of the American Sugar Refining Company, due in 1937 and bearing 6 per cent., and offered at 98½ to yield 6.15 per cent.

Beating optimistic toms-toms over the outlook for the ensuing year will not change the basis facts (says Theodore F. MacManus in *Detroit Saturday Night*).

Faith in the ultimate soundness of all things American is not an unhealthy habit, but shutting both eyes and ears to the immediate obstacles is not healthy optimism, but fatuous folly.

Brushing aside all other problems—and their number, of course, is legion—there is a sufficient threat in one condition alone to induce a state of industrial semi-paralysis for the next twenty-four months.

The lugubrious plaint of the high tax payer is always an unwelcome sound. It is calculated to produce hoots and jeers rather than expressions of sympathy. Indeed, if there is any organized malice in this nation, it is the spontaneous hatred of those-who-have-not for those-who-have.

The popular retort to any protest against a paralyzing surtax is, "I wish I had the chance to pay a high surtax—I would be glad to do so."

This, of course, is very human; but it is also very silly and short-sighted.

The bold, brutal fact is that existing surtaxes contain within themselves conclusive reason why business can not fully recover until the burden is lightened or lifted.

It would be impossible to understand why Washington remains blind to this fact, if it were not for the muddiness of mind which engulfs almost every branch of human thought at the present moment.

The crushing effect of the surtax on nearly all business enterprise and development is a thing that advertises itself to the high heavens. It needs no definition or analysis. It is final because it embargoes, at the very outset, every effort of individual, industrial, or professional ability.

When it is realized that the larger investor today can enjoy a larger income without risk or worry than if he ventured the same amount in industrial enterprises, the stifling effect of the surtax on business can be readily understood.

It can be seen even more plainly when it

is considered that the man who nets a profit of, let us say, \$150,000 in a year by dint of the hardest kind of work and skillful enterprise is, by reason of the present tax, penalized \$58,140, while he who draws an equal or greater income by simply investing his money, is left to enjoy that income to the full.

The government, through the surtax, literally sets a premium on idleness for those who, financially and individually, should be the enlivening factors of commerce and industry.

As was recently pointed out in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

"The surtax creates two distinct classes of rich men—those who have to pay and those who do not have to pay. It falls with particular force also upon the younger business men, the comers. Those who already have fortunes convert them into exempt securities, but the executives on incomes of from \$20,000 to \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year are prevented from accumulating even moderate fortunes. Though the rates, of course, are much lower on such incomes than on the \$100,000 and upward class, they are large enough relatively to prevent the accumulation of even small estates. Such men have practically no principal to convert into exempt securities, and the margin between their living expenses and income is so much smaller than in the case of men with larger fortunes that with the imposition of the super-taxes they have ceased to a large extent to save and to invest at all."

Bluntly, the man who would seek under existing conditions to double or treble his monetary volume would be a fool.

The blighting, killing effort involved upon his own energies would be enough, of itself, to give him pause.

This penalty, plus the added burden of grotesque and almost impossible tax, renders the effort suicidal.

To quote further from the article previously mentioned:

"There are only two sources of taxes: wealth and consumption. Careful students of the subject say that to tax either exclusive of the other is to invite disaster. Three-fourths to four-fifths of the Federal revenues comes from wealth, and nine-tenths of state and local revenue comes from the same place. The strain is too great. Expert opinion is in agreement that supertaxes of not to exceed one-third, in place of three-quarters, would actually have the ultimate effect of an increase in revenue; that is, the rich would really pay more in the end if taxes were put on a level where they could be more generally collected."

"From 1916 to 1918 the number of incomes of \$300,000 and over on which taxes were paid decreased 52 per cent and the amount paid fell from \$1,000,000,000 to \$400,000,000. Soaking the rich as a policy has merely defeated its own ends."

Washington knows all this, but unhappily agrarian malice has the Washington ear.

For the moment Mr. Capper and his friends are in a position to apply the screws.

Of course, their reign can not endure indefinitely because it is not only basically unjust, but will in due time become self-destructive.

It is trite to say that the prosperity of agriculture is dependent upon the prosperity of

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the people as a whole. It is equally obvious that the coöperation of capital is vital to national prosperity.

Confiscatory taxation that forces the wealth of the country away from the nation's industries and public utilities is certain to hit the farmer equally as hard as others.

The agriculturist can not indefinitely penalize and paralyze industrial initiative without digging a grave for himself.

Meanwhile, the dazed silence of big and little business, while this disemboweling process proceeds, is hard to explain, unless we remind ourselves again that all human thought is bewildered, and that even hard money has become, not merely helpless, but hysterical.



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January 15th were \$409,000,000 and new bonds and notes offered on the market during the same period amounted to \$350,000,000. These totals compare with \$460,000,000 and \$450,000,000 respectively from November 16th to December 15th.

Four new issues totaled \$125,000,000. The government of the Dutch East Indies through an American syndicate offered \$40,000,000 25-year bonds at 94½. These are 6 per cent. bonds, yielding at the issue price 6.75 per cent., and the issue is notable as an indica-

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In 1921 the trader in stocks could have made quite as much money on the short as on the long side. Mexican Petroleum declined fully 50 points; Atlantic Gulf, more than 40; American Sugar and Sears Roebuck, nearly 40; Industrial Alcohol, United Drug, and American Agricultural Chemical, between 20 and 30 points. At the same time, American Ice and Studebaker advanced between 30 and 40 points; while American Car and Foundry, American Locomotive, and Corn

passing of every month decreased the surplus supply of the metal and strengthened their position. The equipments advanced because they continued to report good earnings and because their long period of large profits had made them popular speculations. The sugar, rubber, and fertilizer stocks declined in 1921 because of the further price readjustments, in the first two industries, and the loss of farm buying power in the third. In the instances where individual stocks in the same group moved in opposite directions there was always the motive of response to current earnings or the earnings outlook for different stocks.

In short, 1921 was a year of readjustment in the stock market as in general business. With business out of joint, stock prices could not be expected to move in unison. The question for the speculator to decide now is whether this readjustment is to extend throughout 1922, or whether business and security prices will move more in unison.

It seems likely that as one industry after another gets back to a level from which recovery may reasonably be expected to start there will gradually develop a general upward trend in business and security prices. If that promise is correct, the most satisfying profits may be made this year in the stocks that declined last year; but until there is some indication of general and widespread industrial improvement it will be necessary to discriminate between stocks.

The sugar and rubber industries have apparently touched bottom. In these groups such stocks as American Sugar and Cuban-American, Lee Rubber & Tire, and U. S. Rubber look like good speculations. While lower prices may yet be seen for the fertilizer stocks, because of the serious financial position of the farmer, it appears to be time to purchase at least half of the number of shares desired. In this group both the common and preferred stocks of American Agricultural Chemical, International Agricultural, and Virginia-Carolina Chemical are attractive at present prices, if bought to hold for a long pull.

The recent wild speculation in Gulf State Steel, calculated to entice unwary speculators into buying stocks that are tipped for "merger" manipulations regardless of intrinsic values, has made it seem unwise to buy various specialties which have had disproportional advances until the market has had what Wall Street calls a "healthy reaction."

There are a number of issues, however, such as Endicott-Johnson, U. S. Realty, Buterick Company, Industrial Alcohol, Columbia Gas & Electric, Central Leather, American Can, Public Service of New Jersey, and some of the coppers, such as Kennecott, Cerro de Pasco, Utah, Anaconda, and Chile, and the zinc stock, Butte & Superior, where anticipation of dividends, good earnings actual or in prospect, or an improved outlook have not been entirely discounted. Already some talk of resumption at the copper mines is heard. This should help the coppers as a group.

Among the rails, the standard stocks, led by Atchison, have been advancing in response to investment buying. Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, New York Central, and others of the old-line dividend payers should eventually work higher. But, at the present stage of speculation in rails, there seem to be greater possibilities of profit in some of the low-priced rails which have not kept pace with the advance in the main group. Such good earners among the little rails as Rock Island, Kansas City Southern, St. Louis-San Francisco, and St. Louis & Southwestern should before long respond to renewed speculative interest. And such promising non-dividend-paying preferred stocks as the St. Louis-San Francisco, St. Louis & Southwestern, and Missouri Pacific issues are also worthy of attention.

Finished manufactures exported from the United States in the calendar year 1921 formed a larger percentage of our exports than in any pre-war year, and their value, despite the 1921 fall in prices, was more than double that of any year preceding the war.

Of course it was not to be expected (says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York) that the group "manufactures for use in manufacturing" would form as large a percentage of the exports in 1921 as in pre-war years, for most of this class of material exported was sent to the factories of Europe, which have not yet resumed their pre-war activities and purchases. But finished manufactures, which go directly from the United States to the non-manufacturing sections of the world—South America, Asia, Oceania, Africa, and our North American neighbors—actually formed 37 per cent. of the exports of the country in the calendar

year 1921, against only 31 per cent. in the fiscal year 1914, 29 per cent. in 1910, 24 per cent. in 1900, and 15 per cent. in 1890. Even at the greatly reduced prices of 1921 the total value of finished manufactures exported was \$1,625,000,000, against only \$725,000,000 in the fiscal year 1914, \$500,000,000 in 1910, \$332,000,000 in 1900, \$133,000,000 in 1890, and \$93,000,000 in 1880.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. have prepared, and are offering for distribution a booklet on the subject of "Bonds," which should prove of interest to all investors. This booklet contains examples of mistakes commonly made by inexperienced investors, with suggestions on their avoidance; and it contains in condensed form tables which are of value to every bond buyer.

One of the most prominent editors in California in writing the *Manufacturer and Industrial News Bureau* on the political outlook in the state says:

"We have a hard time ahead of us here in California, I am afraid, with this iniquitous water and power act and the damnable Non-Partisan League movement, to say nothing of the fool single-tax agitation that is going on the ballot again."

Not one of the proposed measures offers the people of the state any relief from increasing taxation, but on the contrary, the water and power act and the Non-Partisan League programme of state ownership of industries would undoubtedly within five years double the tax burden which the public is now paying.

California would become the mecca for office-seekers and tax-evaders. Incidentally it would become the graveyard of private enterprise, and new capital would shun the state as it has done in North Dakota.

The single-tax measure offers no tax relief; it would simply load total tax burdens onto land which is already taxed to confiscation point.

California's present condition is like a Sunday-school picnic compared to what conditions will be if any or all the socialistic propositions before the people are enacted.

San Francisco Municipal Railway, widely heralded as the most successfully operated municipal railways in the United States, shows a deficit on a 5-cent fare of \$188,811 for the year ended June 30, 1921. Total revenues were \$2,914,212. Operating expenses were \$2,116,975; interest on funded debt, \$224,453; reserve funds, \$516,414; other fixed charges, \$245,180; total, \$3,103,024; deficit, \$188,811.

Supposing this line had been required to pay some 5 per cent. of its gross earnings for taxes to maintain the state government (not to mention Federal taxes), as all private street railway lines in California must do; its deficit would have been \$145,710 larger, or \$334,521.

The public must pay, through additional personal tax levies, the \$145,710 which the Municipal Railway is exempted from paying.

Some day, when the various forms of tax exemption now in existence are done away with, the tax burdens of the average citizen will be lightened as they should be.—*Industrial News Bureau.*

Following the strong demand of the past for bonds secured by adequate land values, Bradford, Weeden & Co. are offering a \$250,000 issue of A. M. Mull Building first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds.

These bonds are secured by a first mortgage on real estate and improvements in the City of Sacramento valued at over \$529,500. The real estate consists of two parcels, one located at Tenth and L Streets and the other consisting of nine acres of warehouse property on the Sacramento River water-front.

On the Tenth Street property an office and store building is to be erected. Owing to the great demand for office space in Sacramento, practically all the available space in the building has been leased, the State of California having contracted for over 40 per cent. of the area.

The bonds are issued in series, due from February 1, 1924 to 1937, inclusive, and are being sold at par to yield 7 per cent. Application has been made to have the issue made a legal investment for savings banks.

Henry L. Doherty & Co. are offering at 73 and interest \$2,000,000 Ozark Power & Water Company first mortgage sinking fund 5 per cent. gold bonds, dated March 1, 1922, and maturing March 1, 1952. These bonds are a first mortgage on a hydro-electric generating station of 18,000 horsepower capacity, six sub-stations, and 200 miles of transmission and distributing lines. In 1921 the company sold 40,572,000 K.W.H. of current, serving 662 customers. The company has a long-



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term contract for the supplying of all the electrical energy requirements of Springfield Gas & Electric Company, Springfield, Missouri, together with contracts with other distributing companies, including Empire District Electric Company, the contract with the latter company providing that it must take all surplus current generated by Ozark Power & Water Company, and in event of interruption of service to Ozark Power & Water Company

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Products were up between 20 and 30 points (says *Forbes Magazine*).

There is nothing new in this. In 1917 the whole railroad section of the market declined sharply, while the industrial stocks, led by Steel common, were making new high records. There were causes for the conflicting movements in 1921, just as there were in 1917. The coppers advanced last year because their previous decline had discounted the worst that could happen to them and because the



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consumers of that company must be supplied by Empire District Electric Company. The bonds now being offered have been approved by the Public Service Commission of Missouri and the present generating station is one part of a programme of hydro-electric development covering other sites on the White River in Missouri and adjacent territory.



## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The old saying that there is no end to the making of books is being vindicated to the hilt in the present outgushing of printed matter from the presses of the world. Never has there been such a freshet of books as this. Whether—to make the confusion of figures complete—the manna outweighs the hailstones in the literary downpour may be questioned, but the public seems to welcome it all impartially in their craving for information, and

## The White House SLEEPING FIRES

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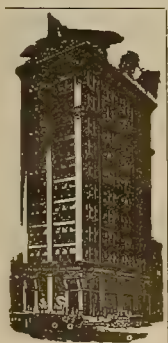
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Assets.....\$71,851,299.62  
Deposits.....68,201,299.62  
Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,650,000.00  
Employees' Pension Fund.....374,733.46

A dividend of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending December 31, 1921.

this is at least an assurance that the world is awake and thinking.

In any case the range of the book boom is all but universal in source and subject matter. It extends from Russia to Australia, and longitudinally from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, with every nation contributing. In Australia the publishing industry has even assumed a patriotic note. Authors' associations have been formed in Melbourne and Sydney to promote the interests of Australian literature, and to conduct a campaign against the importation of serial stories from abroad. A kind of ban on immigrant books. This principle might easily be developed to the point of regarding books as the sinews of the state. Publication might be made the basis of the census instead of population, and heated discussions could be held over the practicability of an intellectual birth control to retard the excessive fertility of literary creators. And it requires only a slight cast of the imagination to conceive the materialization of Swift's "Battle of the Books" on an extended scale.

There could be no more striking token of this new accent on the importance of literature than the celebration of Molière's tercentenary in Paris. When Lloyd George followed Briand to Paris recently, during the festival, the attention of the Parisians was torn for a moment between Molière and the national crisis, but soon returned to Molière with an apparent conviction that of the two he was the more important. Even the Pope has paid his tribute to profane literature by countenancing the burning of a few candles for the salvation of the great satirist's more immortal essence.

Hobart Ramsay writes from Paris, also, that the African author, René Maran, has won an enormous vogue in "Batouala," a tale of life among the people of French Central Africa. The book has been awarded the Prix Goncourt, and though the critics are more impressed by its brutality than its literary merits, its popularity may mean the inauguration of an African era in literature. It coincides in time, setting, and subject matter with G. Cyril Claridge's "The Wild Bush Tribes of Central Africa," and the two books are likely to prove the forerunners of a host of similar ones.

Another indicative straw in the running tide is the projected increase in the honorarium of the French Academicians from 1500 francs a year—the stipend accorded them since 1796—to the more respectable sum of 3000 francs, or about \$250. This will at least aid the "immortals" in retaining their hold on this mortal coil long enough to insure their permanent immortality, and, as such things go in an industrial state, it is a handsome recognition of the importance of books and their writers.

In England, Sir James Barrie has been awarded the Order of Merit. The order is limited to twenty-four members, and includes five other writers besides Barrie: Lord Morley, Lord Bryce, Thomas Hardy, Sir George Trevelyan, and Arthur James Balfour. The selection of the Scottish author for the honor has aroused a good deal of criticism, not because he is a man of letters, but because it is doubted whether, among the writers of England, he represents the inevitable choice for the distinction. There seems to be a stereotyped process in this as in other political matters: the unreality of Barrie's work, and his touch of whimsical faerie, save him from offense to any one's political prejudices, and the government has evidently reasoned that as his elevation to a baronetcy several years ago was widely applauded, he would be a safe recipient for further honors. This controversy apart, however, there is a fresh tribute to the prestige of letters in the appointment, and that, at present, is the main fact of interest.

The authors of yesterday are also sharing in the revival. In the epidemic of publication the printing houses are laying feverish hands on every available literary remnant of the great dead, and among the posthumous collections one finds, of course, some new manuscripts of Stevenson. Here again certain critics (themselves authors, be it noted) have raised a question as to the wisdom of feeding the press in this impetuous fashion. A. N. M. writes in the Manchester Guardian:

"I see that there is to be another grand edition of Stevenson—the Vailima Edition—in which no less than six eminent publishing firms are joining. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is the 'general editor,' and a great deal of new material is to be included. I daresay that much of it is the kind of thing that many authors leave in their desks when they die; they have been too indolent to destroy, and their executors are afraid of committing sacrilege, or, in the Hedda Gabler sense, murder. It would require a good nerve to burn an original, unpublished poem by Stevenson, even if you thought it rubbish, and it seems that the Vailima Edition is to give us about 150 new poems. Clearly one man couldn't burn 150. It would give him a life of hauntings and remorse. He would start at shadows, wondering whether, after all, there wasn't rather a

good stanza in that 149th poem. And yet it would have been a beneficent act if somebody could have got hold of Shelley's 'Wandering Jew' in time and put it in the fire. It used to be said that there are two good lines in it, and when I was young and a member of the Shelley Society I used to search for them.

"But I am digressing. The question is Stevenson, and one division of it is whether he would really have liked all this old stuff to see the light. He can hardly blame us. Literary men know what to expect! If a genius dies with a lot of unpublished MSS. in his desk it is inevitable that they will be published. If he wanted to prevent it he should have burnt them, or, at the least, have left a conspicuous curse upon any one who did publish. There is something to be said, of course, for the final and definitive, for the accessible storehouse. The trouble is that finality is only an idea. I suppose that if demand persists we shall have a further edition, with more letters and poems, more sweepings, more contributions from the rag-bag. There is not very much harm in it, I daresay, and it is possible, of course, that matter you value has been missed. One feels that there must be about enough of Stevensoniana to go on with. I am ready to be excited if another 'Wrecker' or 'Kid-naped' can be unearthed, but I think that these new editions are not so much for me as for collectors, connoisseurs, scholars, fanatics, and Scotsmen generally. These are rallying finely, for though the edition will not be out till the end of this month it is already off the publishers' hands. Doubtless the booksellers are rapidly getting it off their hands."

But his principle reflection is that in this deluge of anthologies Henry James seems to have been rather neglected.

Not content with the posthumous publication of authentic literary remains, the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., have issued a book by Edward S. Martin, an essayist and poet, who employs a medium and automatic writing to transcribe the messages of William James from beyond the tomb, regarding some new "varieties of religious experience," put forth, not for its interest as a spiritist communication, but for its value as "a contribution to religious thought." Meanwhile Charles G. Norris' "Brass" runs to its twenty-fourth edition.

Clearly these are banyan days for the authors.

A. B.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Mr. Doran, president of the George H. Doran Company, is in England arranging with British authors and publishers for a number of new and important books for spring and fall publication.

Hitherto unpublished chapters from Mark Twain's autobiography appear in the February issue of *Harper's Magazine*. There is an introductory note by Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's official biographer. "Selections which Mark Twain thought might appear with propriety during his lifetime were printed during 1906 and 1907," says Mr. Paine. "The greater portion of the manuscript, however, remains unpublished, and contains much of his choicest work." To the millions of Mark Twain lovers, these chapters will prove intensely interesting, for, as the author himself remarks in the preface of his autobiography, "What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself. . . . Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man."

Margaret Belle Houston, the author of "The Witch Man," a tale of the Virginia mountains, is a granddaughter of General Sam Houston, commander of the Texas armies, hero of San Jacinto, twice president of Texas, United States senator from Texas, and governor of Texas.

Appropos of his new volume of essays, "The Latest Thing and Other Things," which the Harpers are publishing on February 1st, Alex-

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ander Black says: "As an editor I try to think of everybody, but as a writer I think of the other fellow who reads what I read, thinks what I think, feels what I feel. I write out of my heart to the imaginary folks who like what I like."

The January publications of Charles Scribner's Sons included "A Life of George Westinghouse," by Henry Prout, C.E., M.A., LL.D.; "The Flutter of the Goldleaf and Other Plays," written by Olive Tilford Dargan and Frederick Peterson; "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, an addition to the Modern Student's Library, and "Bible and Spade," by John P. Peters, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.D. The last book is a study of recent archaeological discoveries in the Holy Land and their application to the interpretation of certain passages of the Bible.

The Stephen French Whitman novel, "Sacrifice," which D. Appleton & Co. will soon publish, is reported to be written in a vein which has taken a distinct hold on the fiction of Europe and toward which a tendency is showing in this country. This is the so-called "romantic realism," of which "If Winter Comes" and the novels of the Frenchman, Paul Benoit, may be cited as distinguished examples. This realism, which borrows the wings of the romantic, bends to its uses such romantic hall-marks as literary style, and an emphasis laid on certain traits of character to stamp a man or woman as set apart for a fate larger than that normally meted out to those among whom they may live. In "Sacrifice" the central character, it is said, is a woman to whom comes a fate the unusual aspects of which are stressed by the author's brilliant style.

Mrs. Arthur Webster, whose "World Revolution" has just been issued in this country by Small, Maynard & Co., has recently lectured before the officers of the English War Office; the first time in history such an invitation has been tendered to a woman.

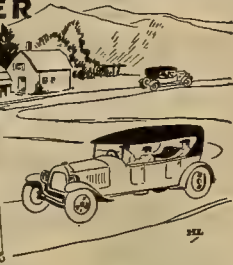
Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former Ambassador to Denmark, in a special article in the New York Times declares that Stephen Graham's new book, "Europe—Whither Bound?" (Appleton), enables his readers to walk the streets of the European capitals as they are today.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Letters to Isabel.

Biography, and particularly autobiography, are the order of the day. Aud of the latter species there are many sorts. One of the most original variations has been achieved in a wholly delightful book called "Letters to Isabel," by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. The interesting plan of this memoir is a series of letters to the author's daughter. Many autobiographies take the form of letters, but they are usually current documents. These letters were written long after the events they describe in the perspective that is usually associated with memoirs. But the form of letters gives the book a curious vitality that a reminiscent narrative would probably lack. It was a happy idea.

"Letters to Isabel" reflect the long life of Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, both in its political and private aspects. His sketches of the great men who were his friends and political allies or opponents—such men as Gladstone, Morley, Asher, Balfour, Carnegie, and many others—give the book an historical interest. But its chief charm is in the reconstruction of an age from a personal viewpoint that is so refreshing as is Lord Shaw's.

One of the most interesting pictures is Lord Shaw's sketch of the Edinburgh University of his youth and of the condition of student life at that time. One is reminded that college life was not always a four-year vacation.

"Letters to Isabel"—whose tragic romance is told us in an interesting preface by Annie Swan—is by far one of the most attractive of the reminiscent books with which we have been so deluged of late.

LETTERS TO ISABEL. By Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. New York: George H. Doran Company.

## California Wild Flowers.

The subject of flowers, whether as a study or a literary theme, is always a fascinating one. Any discussion of flowers seems to borrow some of their charm. And wild flowers in particular intrigue one's interest. One of Maeterlinck's most delightful essays is that on how the flowers came to Europe. To the average reader, perhaps even to many flower lovers, it was surprising to learn that most of our flowers came from the East. Was Europe a flowerless continent before medieval traffic with the Orient; or have the indigenous flowers of Europe somehow been superseded by the importations?

A book that deals charmingly with Western wild flowers and their origins and habits is "Popular Studies of California Wild Flowers," by Bertha M. Rice and Roland Rice. The authors combine the advantages of thorough technical knowledge with an ability to array their facts attractively. Nothing could be further from the dryness usually associated with mammals. The authors, who are the directors of the annual State Wild Flower Exhibit, are enthusiastic about their study and their book is calculated to make others share their interest.

POPULAR STUDIES OF CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS. By Bertha M. Rice and Roland Rice. Privately printed in San Francisco; popular edition, \$2.50; special edition, \$6.

## Honeymoon Dialogues.

Readers who enjoy the semi-epigrammatic style of "The Guide-Book to Women" may or may not rejoice to see another and a similar volume from its author's facile hand. "Honeymoon Dialogues" is simply more of the same sort of thing, with the possible qualification that here Mr. James' canvas is more limited. So possibly we should

not blame him if each chapter is very much like the last. One has to admit though in extenuation of oneself that the last was pretty good, for one invariably keeps on reading till he has finished. Having finished, there is little doubt in one's mind that he might just as well have stopped at the end of the first chapter.

One use that we suggest "Honeymoon Dialogues" be put to is a subject of pink-tea conversation. If every one present has read the thing the tea will be sure to be a success, particularly if it is a mixed tea. No man can help chortling at the sex's foibles being nailed once for all, and quite mercilessly. No woman can sit quietly under the inquisition. For it must be admitted that Mr. James has a distinct gift of satire, which he has the further grace not to label. Altogether his or—we wonder—her talents are not small. It is to be hoped that they will be extended to fresh fields of derision.

HONEYMOON DIALOGUES. By James James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## The Triumph of the Egg.

Mr. Sherwood Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg" allies him with a group of modern American fictionists who have consecrated themselves to the difficult task of making Middle Western Americans talk and act like Russians. The effort has been aggravated in Mr. Anderson's case by the ill-advised remark of some critic that he "depicts life in the Middle West as Dostoevsky pictured the many-colored life of Russia, with almost as wonderful a touch of genius, and with a more concentrated and daring skill." Under the stimulus of this praise, Mr. Anderson pictures a Middle West that may resemble the interior of Russia, but that only bears a random likeness to any section of the United States. His work has this glint of justification, that people who live in the interior of continents are usually more solemn and introspective than their compatriots on the seaboard. But pessimism and fatalism are not characteristic of any part of America, and an attempt to portray the Middle West in these hues is a misrepresentation.

The stories in the present volume are very skilfully contrived; they are full of memorable bits of observation, and they are all tintured with the sentiment that entitles the first tale in the collection: "I Want to Know Why." This curiosity is the mark of every significant writer, and of every reasoning man. But even Middle Westerners have their moments of surcease from pallid and lank-haired speculation about the dullness of Illinois, and whither we are tending. Mr. Anderson attempts to outdo the Russians in this melancholy questioning, and extinguishes even the fugitive gleam of laughter that sometimes pierces through the gloom of Eurasian fiction. Since it can be done with small risk of physical injury, he might eradicate some of the mopishness from his otherwise excellent style by occasionally exploding a Russian bomb under his chair.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE EGG. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch Company.

## Through the Torii.

As regards limpidity and delicacy of style, no English writer has realized the possibilities of his tongue more completely than a writer who was, in race and tradition, at the antipodes to England. The secret of his power is doubtless that he has adapted the exuberant Anglo-Saxon language to the more austere and pellucid artistic forms of Japan. The result is a kind of grace that one glimpses only in the best English translation of classic Grecian verse. "Through the Torii" is a collection of prose essays, written in a prose, however, that flows in smooth and poetic cadences, and deals in a semi-religious mood with some of the mystical undercurrents of Eastern and Western life, art, and thought. Noguchi's wide acquaintance with English literature and culture (and Irish, too, it should be added) enables him to intersperse his essays on the spirit of East and West with enlightening comments on such subjects of controversy as Yeats and Wilde. Here he shows a breadth and freshness of perception that can only be attained through a far perspective, and that goes far toward explaining the magic of Lafcadio Hearn. A Japanese who can express himself with perfect articulateness in English, and who is familiar at first hand with English life, but who remains essentially an Oriental, is a critic with no ordinary claim to a hearing, and recent events give the works of Noguchi an additional and renewed interest.

THROUGH THE TORII. By Yone Noguchi. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

## The Glory That Was Greece.

In "The Glory That Was Greece" Mr. J. C. Stobart offers an artistic and literary history of Hellenic culture, with profuse photographic illustrations of the statuary and architecture of the various periods, and several excellent studies of Greek landscape. The work is novel in the sense that it gives an ordered, comprehensive, and authoritative survey of a subject that has hitherto been treated very fully, but in a specialized and

piecemeal fashion. Another innovation is Mr. Stobart's attempt to link up the prehistoric culture of Greece with that of the classical periods, and his reproduction, in this connection, of models recently added to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford and the British Museum from the artistic treasures of Crete and Mycenae, and of photographs of bas-reliefs from the newly-discovered "Ludovisi Throne," which have been acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE. By J. C. Stobart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

## New Books Received.

THE FOREMAN AND HIS JOB. By Charles R. Allen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.50.

A link in the chain of manufacturing.

HOW TO GET THE JOB YOU WANT. By William L. Fletcher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

RACE DECADENCE. By William S. Sadler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

An examination of the causes of race degeneracy in the United States.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Biographical.

THE PLAY OF AUCTION HANDS. By E. E. Denison. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2.

One hundred hands illustrated and analyzed.

MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET. By Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A novel.

THE MODERN KU KLUX KLAN. By H. P. Fry. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2.

An analysis of the organization.

THE WHITE DESERT. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

FOSTER ON AUCTION. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Auction on a scientific basis.

EINSTEIN THE SEARCHER. By Alexander Moszkowski. Translated by Henry L. Brose. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

His work explained from dialogues with Einstein.

AN ORDEAL OF HONOR. By Anthony Pryde. New York: Robert McBride & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

ETHEL OPENS THE DOOR. By David Fox. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.90.

A novel.

THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Viscount Bryce, O. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

The inaugural lecture of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature and Institutions.

THE SETTLING OF THE SAGE. By Hal G. Everts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

A Western novel.

ONE. By Sarah Warder MacConnell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

CONN OF THE CORAL SEAS. By Beatrice Grimshaw. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A novel of the South Seas.

CALIFORNIA TRAILS. By Trowbridge Hall. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

A popular edition of an intimate guide to the old missions.

## MOLIÈRE.

The great comic dramatist of France, the three-hundredth anniversary of whose birth is celebrated this year, was in the highest as well as in the deepest sense a realist. He allied himself with the popular theatre of his day which he transcended and also immortalized, not by the grace and ardor of his poetry, nor by anything that has to do with a high beauty or distinction of form, but by his tireless pursuit of truth and right reason and by his intrepid hostility to sham and cant.

The young advocate of twenty-one who fled from the paternal feshpots and the futile intricacies of the law to join the poor players of the Illustre Théâtre may not yet have been clearly conscious of the passion that was to rule his life. But the motive for that passion in experience is definitely furnished by the actions and the character of the vivid father in the case. Molière's father was upholsterer-in-ordinary to Louis XIII. He gave his son a gentleman's education, hoping, perhaps, for another and vicarious bit of social advancement. His disappointment made him rancorous. He refused to bail out of a debtor's prison the treasurer of his son's company and showed signs of relenting only when the author of "L'Etourdi" and "Le Débit amoureux" had won the plaudits of the crowd and the favor of a prince of the blood. It is not difficult to imagine in what circles the young Molière saw with amusement and not without bitterness Orgon and Tartuffe and Mme. Pernelle, Jourdain and Argan and Harpagon—all the silly or canting crew.

He became, at all events, a determined lover of that "perfect reason that flees from all extremes," one who saw in simple, undeviating sincerity "something that is in its own nature noble and heroic," and hated nothing so profoundly as that "privileged



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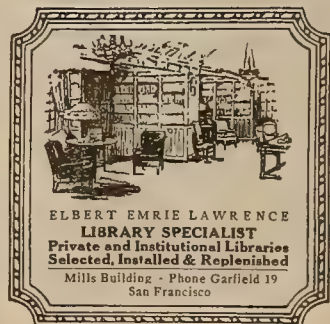
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vice of hypocrisy which closes the world's lips and enjoys the repose of a sovereign impunity." He felt it to be his business to destroy that impunity in the worlds of quackery and of social and religious pretense. And the depths and urgency of that feeling is attested by the note of a passion not less than tragic which quivers in "Le Misanthrope" and "Le Tartuffe."

It is by virtue of his spirit that Molière is great rather than by virtue of his form. He has a sober eloquence in his prose and often a tingling reality; his thoroughly pedestrian verse rises to occasional brilliance as in the compact and telling "characters" of the second act of "Le Misanthrope"; more often it is a fetter, and a fetter consciously worn. Nor do those critics serve his fame who seek to make an excuse or even an exemplar of the primitive and arbitrary structure that belonged to his age rather than to himself, and to subordinate the great liberating spirit to the seventeenth-century dramaturgist.

He does not need false praise. "He represents humanity in its uncorrupted form," said Goethe. "Nothing about him is contorted or crippled." It is the truth of this observation that justifies and renders permanent the beautiful and final panegyric of Sainte-Beuve: "To love Molière is to be forever cured, not only of base and infamous hypocrisy, but of all fanaticism and intolerance; it is to be equally guarded against making an idol of man or despising him; it is to be the foe of mannerism and pedantry and to love in others and in oneself the fundamental health and rectitude of the mind."—The Nation.

"To show the white feather" is a phrase that has survived cock-fighting days. A thoroughbred gamecock has only red and black feathers. A cross-breed bird is known by a white feather in his tail. As the slightest impurity of strain was said to destroy the bird's fighting spirit, the plume was adopted to show lack of pluck among men.



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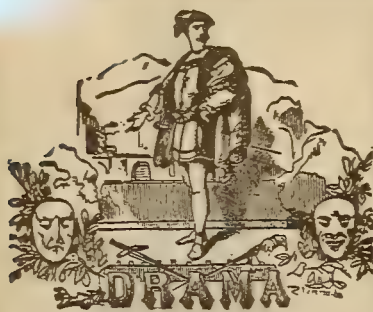
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DE COURVILLE'S "LONDON FOLLIES."

San Franciscans, when they learned of this London attraction coming our way, have been feeling curious to compare London attractions of this kind with American ones; but really the most marked difference lies in the Englishness of the company. The show is not so handsomely put on as an American first-class one generally is, but they have the usual line of variously head-gear'd girl costumes, set off with high-colored drops sensationally patterned. There is the usual contingent of girls, a couple of comedians—Harry Tate acting as the chief one—two women soloists, comical vaudeville and burlesque acts, the usual effectively costumed East Indian interlude, and a very fine male dancer. In fact "London Follies" seems to be modeled on American shows of the kind, if American "Follies" are not modeled on London ones, so complete is the resemblance between them. Our American producers spend more money on their shows, our girls are prettier, our comedy—leaving out Harry Tate's—is funnier, and there is more snap to the American performance.

The London Follies girls are very young and are evidently selected for slimmess, plus, no doubt, some kind of a voice, although the troupe does not distinguish itself by its vocalism. A funny thing: these English chorus girls do not begin to make up as do their American cousins. They are not only sparing with rouge, but in costumes in which their young backs and shoulders were plentifully displayed they looked as if they hadn't even powdered those lavishly displayed areas.

The first thing I was conscious of enjoying was the English accent of Billie Holland, the Manager. (I noticed, by the way, that this actor shares with American players the habit of dropping the h's—don't be alarmed, Billie; I don't mean in the way that, in England, damns a person beyond recall; no, I mean the h's in where, why, when, etc.) But the English accent of the general company did not particularly obtrude itself.

The bright, particular star of the company is, of course, Harry Tate. I thought at first when the big fellow came in and gave a patter song in musical-comedy style that he was not going to be so very funny. But you just wait until he has you rocking in your seat during the well-known scene on the links. There were three important roles, that of Harry Tate, that played by Harry Beasley—who is a most life-like imitation of a starveling from the slum quarters—and a piece of tissue paper which really, aided by Harry Tate and his golf stick, showed uncanny intelligence. The house screamed during this interlude; every one of us, whether or not we played golf; but one could easily detect the more particularly personal note in the appreciation of the golf players.

Harry Tate's comedy is that of the big, puffy, imposing, paunchy, choleric man of the world. He expresses comedy readily by look and attitude, without overdoing it. I found myself unconsciously regarding him, on account of a kind of authoritative note in his personality, as if he owned the show, but, as it happens, it is under his direction.

The soloists are only fair singers. The handsomest costumes are lavished on Lillian Cales, a young lady with an English cast of countenance, but who has learned a trick or two from Americans, since, unlike the chorus girls, she is well whitened in American style. Lillian is tall, and fair, and statuesque, and sings in a somewhat wavering soprano. The management blows itself on her costumes, since she is a sort of head show girl.

Connie Browning is shorter, and her voice inclines to mezzo. The whole company, mis-

calculating the size of the Columbia auditorium, speaks at the top of its voice, but Connie, like Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest, for she is stage conscience incarnate.

There is no attempt at continuity in the show. There is a playlet in the middle of it, which amuses the audience, and several beauty interludes, as "The Rainbow of Flowers" and "In Versailles."

"Beauty, you say. Are the girls pretty?" is asked. Well, not nearly as pretty as ours. They are probably recruited from the lower classes in London; small shopgirls and the like. The girls in the company have a naive way of smiling at the familiar faces in the orchestra—perhaps they are ogling them—and regarding the audience with childlike curiosity. Their movements are stamped by girlish gaucherie.

Besides the in-between acts already mentioned, there was a take-off on melodrama—not as funny as it might be—and some violin playing by Henri Rosen, who was nervous in his Versailles act and played off pitch, but who, disguised as a tramp, recovered his confidence and redeemed himself.

The motor-car sale scene is very carefully worked up, and is amusing, but not as much so as the golf scene. Occasionally a mild attempt at a naughty joke is made. But intrinsic racial respectability of British sentiment makes it rebound harmlessly. And wasn't that a British touch in the money-borrowing scene when Dean Tate is compelled, after getting the best of an intending borrower, to explain to the audience what was perfectly obvious.

The devotees of this line of attraction will probably have their full enjoyment because of the variety in the show, the costumed pageantry to display the girls—which happens three or four times—the excellent dancing of W. Wania, who is a fine whirler and a first-class leaper à la Mordkin, the usual line of melodies, and, most of all, the comedy of Harry Tate. There were lots of Britons there, but plenty of Americans, too, even although they were obliged, for the nonce, to renounce jokes of a strictly American character; so the show is drawing all right.

#### THEATRICAL NOTES.

The Theatre Guild, in its artistic efforts to make the public acquainted with drama that is banned in the commercial theatres, recently put on Tolstoy's "Powers of Darkness," and in January they tried Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped."

Andreyev is a symbolist, and symbolism is always more or less of a puzzle. Either the spectator should confine himself to the symbolism without the drama, or the drama without the symbolism, in a symbolical play. For the two together make a fearfully trying tax on the understanding. On the whole the best method is to take the play as straight drama while at the theatre and dig out the symbolism after you get home.

It is noticeable that press comments on Andreyev's play contain many interrogatories, for he is a most baffling symbolist. In his two profoundly symbolical plays, "The Black Mask" and "The Life of Man," which show how vainly man contends against inexorable destiny, there are passages among whose rolling vapors the reader wanders in thick darkness.

"He Who Gets Slapped" has probably reached the stage because it represents the symbolism of circus life. Therefore in the color and glitter of its changeable aspects the symbolism-evader may surrender himself to the drama, and let the symbolism gradually percolate, if it will; although since Andreyev the obscure is responsible for it it probably won't. The critics commend the production and the acting at the Garrick—which is the habitat of the Theatre Guild—and say that the intelligentsia ought to see it. But a lack of inner enthusiasm is evident in their—some of them, anyway—frankly puzzled comments. For the fact is that Andreyev as a dramatist is too incomprehensible for common, everyday humanity, and is better read than acted.

Although retired from the stage, Maude Adams, who was always interested in the mechanics of stage lighting, is still in touch with the mimic world, through this same active interest. Rumor has it that in a laboratory she has set up in Schenectady she is cooperating with the General Electric Company—one of the greatest electrical works in the world—in experimental tests on colored pictures. The lady, however, prefers to carry on her work without any white light of publicity being thrown on it from the outside; probably because, as her electrical engineer points out, her work is purely research work.

Miss Adams has always evinced considerable grasp on the problems of stage lighting, and has had many of her apparently impracticable ideas proved useful and possible. The value of Miss Adams' present research is greatly strengthened by her immense experience and knowledge of stagecraft employed under the best auspices, by her precaution of surrounding herself with scientific experts, and by her liberal use of her great wealth in

her undertakings. No doubt the public, already partially informed, would be surprised to learn the value and the practical results of the many experiments she tried with light and color when she was on the stage. And such being the case, the large motion-picture concerns have shown their keen interest by sending emissaries to spy on her work at Schenectady; or so it is rumored.

The interest evinced by San Franciscans in the Russian Grand Opera Company, which is now on tour, is beginning to be reflected in some degree by opera lovers in other sections of the country, for inquiries have already been addressed to this city as to their route.

Their success in attracting audiences, if it continues, will probably attract the attention of the Art Theatre of Moscow, the members of which are now traveling through such of the towns of Russia and the Balkan cities as are in a condition to patronize the art of the stage. It is rumored that when these engagements are completed the company will direct their way to America, accompanied by the famous directors of the Art Theatre, who will bring along with them scenery and appointments.

Nothing definite is known, but it is rumored that the Theatre Guild is the organization which is negotiating for what should prove a most momentous event in the American theatrical world.

The Theatre Guild, the lineal successor of the Washington Square Players, who were obliged to disband during the war, is an organization of professionals who wish to help on stage art by giving it favorable opportunities in a non-commercial theatre.

The Theatre Guild gave its first play—which was a failure—in 1918. Its second—"John Ferguson"—made a great success, and set it on its feet. It is kept going financially by means of its system of having subscribers who pledge themselves to attend every production of the season; these season seats being sold at a reasonable reduction. The financial returns of the Guild are not devoted to personal profit. The necessary salaries paid are small, and all financial profit goes into new productions.

The Guild has its regular company, but also engages guest players of high standing for some of the runs. In fact, the Theatre Guild, from present indications, offers an example of successful cooperation of professionals, some of them players, some of them dramatists, but all of the artistic fraternity.

The New York critics evidently felt a little dubious when they first heard of Calvé's present American tour at the age of fifty-seven. But Calvé had but to sing in order to conquer, and the grateful music critics are throwing innumerable bouquets at her feet. Some are retrospective in character, recalling past ecstasies that her art had yielded them. But they do not need to revert to the past to acclaim her art. "She knows and she has always known how to sing," says Finck of the *Evening Post*, "and there is no reason why she should not make several more American tours." This reviewer recalls the dramatic quality in certain of her rôles as "nothing short of miraculous" while Henderson of the *Herald* declares that her art, "the old art that Marchesi taught," is known to but few living singers.

The last time Calvé was in San Francisco was during the war, when she was on a vaudeville circuit. She appeared at our local Orpheum, and there was some disturbance, a prolonged interruption to the artist's song. Nobody quite knew whether or not it was due to some hostile feeling in Teutonic zealots in the audience. But I shall not soon forget the look in the diva's face; that mingling of pained feeling and aroused pride. However, whatever the motive behind the interruption, it was speedily silenced, and the singer tacitly assured that she had her audience with her. But the reminiscence makes one wonder if she will wish to revisit a city where she had such a disagreeable experience.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### AN EXPOSITOR.

People who are neither philosophers nor mathematicians—most of us, in other words—should not expect to understand the relativity theory without going through the long course of study that has carried a few industrious persons through difficult ascents to the heights where Dr. Einstein and other such climbers have arrived (says the *New York Times*). When it was announced that only about a dozen people in the world were capable of comprehending relativity in its new sense, there was an almost general resentment, as if some charge of stupidity or ignorance had been made against almost everybody. That was curious because nobody hesitates to admit that there are many things in science he does not know, or that the limit of his mathematical knowledge is surpassed far below the very loftiest of mathematical domains.

Not a few would-be popularizers of the Einstein theory have written for the magazines and newspapers what they claimed were

explanations of them, understandable by ordinarily intelligent and educated folk. But the thing simply can not be done, any more than conic sections or the differential calculus can be made clear to boys and girls in the grammar school. In spite of all that, however, it is possible for the ordinarily intelligent and educated to get a correct notion of the relativity theories—of what they are and what they are about—from an expositor who, besides being one of the favored dozen, also has the power of lucid expression.

Such an expositor is Charles P. Steinmetz, and he has contributed to the February *Harper's* an article which in a few admirably written and beautifully simple pages really does what so many other writers vainly have tried to do. A reading of the article will not make anybody the thirteenth underlander of Dr. Einstein, but it will enable anybody really interested and capable of doing a little hard thinking to say, "Yes, I see what the theory is and how it changes the older conceptions of time, space, and matter."

Dr. Steinmetz' article deserves consideration for another reason. It is in itself an illustration of the new repeat which "practical" men now have for science, and even for what is called "pure" science.

This eminent man does his work of thought and research, not under the auspices of an endowed university that can afford to let him hunt for truth, regardless of whether what he finds is or is not an immediate help toward making a living. Instead, he is on the staff of an industrial organization, a manufacturing corporation that seeks profits on its products as eagerly as any other of its kind. It, too, not only thinks, but knows, that it can afford to put its laboratories and its resources at the command of a philosopher-mathematician. A few other like organizations have come to realize that between theory and practice there is no such gulf as was believed to exist by all the manufacturers of another, not very remote, day.

The Germans were the first fully to appreciate the service that science could render to business, and they had their reward in such a rapid growth of trade as never was seen in any other country. That they tried to hurry it by resort to an exactly opposite method—the oldest and most barbarous of all—says a lot about Germans, but nothing at all about science. For their mistake, as for their wisdom, they had their reward.

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The Columbia Theatre.

David Warfield will appear, beginning Monday, February 20th, for an engagement of two weeks, at the Columbia Theatre, in "The Return of Peter Grimm," in the presentation of which he is supported by the same company that lately appeared at the Belasco Theatre, New York, and which includes in its membership nearly all of the important players who took part in the original production of the drama eleven years ago.

David Belasco, who is both author and producer of "The Return of Peter Grimm," has brought to his creation, not only his finest technical skill, but sympathy and human understanding as well. The theme of the play is one of vital interest to the public mind of the day, but the success of "The Return of Peter Grimm" is due not so much to its fascinating speculations in the realms of the supernatural as to the fact that it is primarily an intense drama of human emotions.

The company surrounding Mr. Warfield includes Marie Bates, Miriam Doyle, Marie Reichardt, Joseph Brennan, John Sainpolis, George Wellington, William Boag, John F. Webber, Edwin Dupont, and David Malcom.

The final presentation of the Albert de Courville "London Follies" will take place at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday night, February 19th. The revue of revues has made a big hit here.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"A Night Off," that world-famous comedy, translated by Austin Daly and produced, as theatre-goers will remember, by a cast in-

cluding some of the best stars of the stage, will be revived at the Maitland Playhouse for the week commencing with the Monday night performance.

In the Daly company were such well-known stage folk as Otis Skinner, John Drew, Jimmy Lewis, and Ada Rehan. Daly always had a keen sense of humor and his workmanship in "A Night Off" has made this comedy one that will never be forgotten. Arthur Maitland has made additions to his company in order to present the Daly performance in the fashion that it demands.

A. A. Milne's "A Lucky One," a first performance in any country, by the way, which is being given this week, has been pronounced by the critics as altogether delightful. "A Lucky One" closes with the Saturday matinee and evening performance.

The Orpheum.

The screen and the stage have both contributed in making up the partnership of Claire Whitney and Robert Emmett Keane. Besides the qualities that photograph well, Miss Whitney has the necessary attributes for a prominent position on the stage—appearance, a sense of humor, acting ability, and a pleasantly expressive voice. Robert Emmett Keane is recognized as one of the best and funniest comedians on the stage. Miss Whitney and Mr. Keane are presenting a skit called "The Gossipy Sex," a humorous dramatization of the Gossip. Grudy.

Tom Patricola is not the common or ordinary garden variety of fool. His foolery is of the most artistic type. This season his fair feminine associate is Irene Delroy. Their act is said to be a sure-fire hit.

Classic dancing in America developed rapidly and today the native descriptive dancer holds her own throughout the world. La Bernicia is one of the exponents of choreographic dancing to bring America to the fore in this particular art. She is said to be one of the youngest of American prima ballerinas.

Harry Howard has brought forth a decided novelty in his spectacular exhibition of musical Shetlands and terriers. The ponies are little beauties and remarkably trained. The dogs, too, are remarkably clever.

Boyce Combe is a vaudevillian who believes in good, clean, wholesome fun. He has a pleasant personality and an ingratiating manner. His singing and chatting is quite as popular in England as in America.

Leo Flanders and Genevieve Butler, in one of the cleverest singing and piano acts seen thus far the current season, present "A Vaudeville Concert."

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Godowsky Coming Next Month.

Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, will be heard here in recitals on Tuesday night, March 21st, and Sunday afternoon, March 26th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, under the local management of Frank W. Healy. Godowsky in the fall of this year will start on an extensive concert trip through the Far East, his itinerary including appearances in Japan, China, and India. Mr. Godowsky's tour includes countries which receive relatively few visits from great musicians.

Kreisler Coming in April.

Fritz Kreisler comes to San Francisco on Sunday afternoon (Easter Sunday), April 16th, for his only concert in Northern California, playing at the Exposition Auditorium under the local management of Frank W. Healy.

John McCormack.

At John McCormack's express wish Mr. Frank W. Healy, his local manager, has postponed the Irish tenor's two concerts heretofore announced in April to Wednesday night, November 1st, and Sunday afternoon, November 12th, at the Exposition Auditorium. Here is McCormack's telegram to Mr. Healy: "Thank you, friend Frank Healy, for postponing my San Francisco concerts. I have always sung in your great city at the end of the season, but I want to open my season of 1922-23 in the great West in I hope my best voice and with whatever of new music I may find on my travels next summer. Best regards to you and all my San Francisco friends."

Ethel Barrymore in "Déclasseé" will follow David Warfield at the Columbia Theatre two weeks hence.

"Transmutation of the Elements."

The fifth of the present series of free popular lectures under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific will be given at Native Sons' Hall on Friday, February 17th, at 8 p. m., by Dr. Gilbert N. Lewis, dean of the College of Chemistry at Berkeley. His subject will be "Chemistry in the Service of Astronomy," and will touch upon the possible evolution and transmutation of the elements as indicated in the chemical laboratory and in the study of the stars. The lecture, which will be illustrated, will be open to the public.

EMERGENCY HISTORIANS.

New York is extremely jealous of any relic of its past (says the New York Times). In no other city in the country is the search for historic relics probably so well organized. Let a discovery of historic significance be made in the city or its vicinity and trained experts will be hurried to the scene with astonishing promptness. A group of specialists in various lines of historical research is constantly held in readiness to respond to such calls, which is as efficient in its way as the fire department.

New York is so crowded and the movement of life so rapid that heroic measures must often be taken to guard relics of the past. It is a common occurrence, for instance, for workmen in digging the foundations in the Wall Street section, where building is naturally pushed at top speed. It would be obviously impossible to hold up work on a busy street for any length of time to enable antiquarians to visit the spot and make their observations. Should some relic of old New York be unearthed, for instance a wall or foundation, it is of the utmost importance that experts should investigate at once. In a few hours the relic will be destroyed forever.

The trained experts who are prepared to respond to an emergency call of this kind are known as the Field Exploration Committee of the New York Historical Society. This committee, of which William L. Calver is chairman, includes six members, who have in turn elected four associates. In this group will be found experts in various phases of historical research—engineers and artists who can pass judgment intelligently upon any problem which may arise. During several years of service the committee has rendered invaluable assistance to the cause of historic preservation and investigation.

The New York Historical Society is constantly appealed to to furnish information and render assistance in problems of historical research. The volume of such services in the course of a year is astonishing. When a discovery of some interesting relic is made the chances are that some one who observes it will communicate with the society. If the find be important and is in danger the news may be telephoned to the society. As a rule such societies move deliberately, and it might be expected that days or weeks would pass before action was taken. But the Field Exploration Committee permits no grass to grow under its feet. If the case be urgent one or more of its experts are summoned by telephone and hurried to the scene of the discovery.

One of the most valuable services of the committee has been in unearthing the large hut camp of the Revolution near upper Broadway. A heavy rain once washed out some soldiers' buttons and other relics, and news of the discovery reached the committee. The work was intelligently and promptly planned, with surprising results.

The position of the huts of the old camp was first determined by probing the earth by means of a long steel rod. When the rod met resistance at a depth of three or four feet it was assumed that the stone or brick flooring of the hut had been struck and excavations commenced. The search disclosed a well-preserved fireplace far below the surface, with parts of the kettle and kitchen utensils and other relics of the life of the camp. The search proceeded slowly until two other camps had been unearthed, which showed the distance which separated them. The huts were found to have been regularly laid out, thus making it easy to locate the sites of other huts. More than fifty hut sites were unearthed in this way.

The relics obtained have made it possible to reconstruct the life of the old camp in detail. Thousands of buttons were found which served to identify the presence of some fifty British and Hessian regiments, which were once camped on Manhattan Island near the present line of Broadway. These discoveries establish the fact, generally disregarded, that the British sent many of their crack regiments to America and that more than 60,000 troops were quartered from time to time on Manhattan Island.

The committee has been called to explore the sites of many ancient dwellings, and from their discoveries have added invaluable information to our knowledge of the life of early times. The cellars and ash heaps have been excavated and carefully sifted, revealing the castaway debris of family life. In one of these investigations in the Bronx no less than eighty-seven coins were found, all bearing dates earlier than 1787. A study of these coins established the fact that New York, during and before the Revolution, carried on its affairs with an immensely assorted variety of coins from many nations, even including Arabia.

The British coins of the period, especially the silver, were heavier than those of other countries, and the thrifty New Yorker was in the habit of taking all the heavy coins he could find and handing out the lighter foreign coins. Many of the pieces discovered show that new dies had been struck upon designs



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only partially defaced. These searches show that the families of old New York were especially rich in chinaware and pottery of the best European makes.

Much original work has been done in the field of Indian exploration on Manhattan Island and its general vicinity. In the vicinity of upper Manhattan a dozen authentic Indian burial grounds have been located, and ceremonial pieces of pottery, tools, and weapons have been unearthed. Some of the pottery discovered is especially valuable. From these searches it has been possible for the first time to trace the original Indian trails of New York. At One Hundred and Fourteenth Street a large Iroquois Indian pottery vessel, one of the largest ever found in the East, was unearthed in perfect condition. During the opening of Two Hundred and Thirty-First Street west of Broadway a large Indian pot was discovered, which is unique among such discoveries.

The committee plans to enlist other workers who will search in the localities of their homes and be available for calls for emergency work. It is intended to secure those interested in the history of New York who, being familiar with various localities, will contribute to the effective operation of the committee.

The tomb of St. Ambrose under the famous altar of gold in the basilica of Milan has been broken into by thieves. A ring and a diamond clasp were removed. The fingers of the saint are covered with rings of great value, but only one was taken. St. Ambrose was the great Archbishop of Milan in the days when Augustine and his mother Modica traveled from Africa to the north of Italy.

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**VANITY FAIR.**

It seems nothing short of providential that ex-Postmaster-General Hays has taken over the destiny of the movies. He is to humanize them, we are told. Not that we thought the movies were lacking in the particular quality implied. Rather, it seems to have been their forte. But possibly Mr. Hays' humanizing is not to be of another order. Humanizing may not be the right word, either. The movies certainly do not seem to need any promotion of natural instincts, impulses, or passions. Mr. Hays' admirers who claim that he will humanize the movies really mean that he is going to conventionalize them and reduce them to terms understood by the rest of us common mortals, who, for the most part, do not dare to be human. Mr. Hays is going to domesticate the movies. We can look hopefully forward to the time when a child need not blush for its parent's guileless presence at the cinema show. There are other reforms that we should like to see Mr. Hays perpetuate. But perhaps they are outside his jurisdiction. After all, we doubt if the real comptroller of the destinies of the movies is at all identical with a domesticating lawyer from Indiana. We suspect the fate of movie affairs is decided in a more hectic clime.

London doctors are advising women to smoke cigars. That is, if they must smoke they advise cigars as the lesser evil. And Englishwomen are smoking them, made of the finest inside Havana leaf, we are told. The new fad, along with the lesser novelty of pipe smoking, must be a boon to the conservative Englishwoman, who is now free to puff a cigarette and look sufficiently passé to be proper. One recalls the lady in the Pinero play who thought it such a beastly bore that smoking was going out. In her unenlightened and truly old-fashioned era the successors to the cigarette had not yet been dreamt of. We may rejoice now for the sake of her prototypes, who may still smoke and be smart. And we also rejoice for the not-quite-so-smart lady who may now smoke and still eschew smartness. Ours is truly a great era, in some respects. But, alas, even we are not exempt from natural laws, one of the most natural of which is that when anything from a new tint of hair to a new skirt altitude becomes popular, trite, and familiar, it ceases to be smart. As far as tobacco and its usage is concerned there is only one further stage. A forward-looking writer has already remarked that that, too, will be adopted by the powerful sex, when jewelers begin turning out jeweled and enameled cuspidors. We can only fervently hope that the reign of the pipette and cigar will be long. Meanwhile the old-fashioned woman is having her fling. It is said that Queen Mary, bulwark of English conservatism that she is, has now adopted the after-dinner cigarette.

We have often been puzzled by novels in which a heroine who is pictured as the last word in sweetness and truth suffers under the tyranny of parents who are hopelessly selfish and sordid. No such grafting of roses on thistles is to be found in nature, and one is surprised to find, in fiction, that the loveliest human fruit can grow on the most malignant stems. How can these paragons of girlhood have unworthy parents? When we communicated this perplexity to a thoughtful friend, he replied rather cryptically, "Give them time," meaning that at the same stage of maturity the daughters would closely resemble their parents. If this is true, any criticism of one's ancestors is apt to prove a boomerang kind of diversion. Professor Roswell H. Johnson, a eugenical authority of the University of Pittsburg, has recently expressed a similar opinion. He advises the young man who is choosing a mate to "study her mother, not forgetting her father." In this crystal the suitor can foresee, not only to what strange contours the fairy form of his beloved may in time be transmuted, but what seedlings of kindness or misanthropy, of gentleness and spite, lie latent in her ripening breast. Such a study will disclose many flaws where beauty seems to be, and beauty where there seems to be none. Let not Professor Johnson imagine, however, that any such consideration will affect the zeal of the young man determined to be married. Mother's embonpoint and father's reputation in Sing Sing are among the obstacles at which love laughs.

Not very long ago, any Malvolio was safe in warning the youth against "wine, women, and song." No woman thought of raising a voice in protest—probably because at that time the seductions with which she was classed were thought to be dangerous rather than disreputable. But now that a thirst and a desire to sing are looked on with such dark disfavor, she declines to be associated with either. The implied tribute to her intoxicating charm leaves her quite unmoved. At a recent conference of educational associations Sir R. Baden Powell quoted a passage from one of his books in which he had warned boys "to avoid certain rocks—horses,

wine, women, and highbrows." One of his countrywomen promptly censured him for the "pernicious suggestion that women are rocks, or that they can be classed with animals and alcohol." The term "highbrows" apparently includes all the arts, but since the elders have not yet determined to prohibit these, the lady contented herself with a moody silence over the charge of being artistic. The wicked world, however, hastens to assure her that she is "a rock in a weary land," and that it will not permit her sex to be prohibited along with the other delights of life.

**Passion Play**

Bennett's Travel Bureau states that, according to the present outlook, tourist travel to Europe will be very heavy during the coming summer. One of the special attractions is the Passion Play which is held at Oberammergau every tenth year, and in this connection it might be mentioned that Anton Lang, the Christus in 1900 and 1910, will assume the same rôle in the play of 1922. The dates of the chief performances of the Passion Play are: May 14th, 21st, 25th, 28th, June 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, 29th, July 2d, 9th, 16th, 19th, 23d, 26th, 30th, August 2d, 6th, 9th, 13th, 15th, 20th, 23d, 27th, 30th, September 3d, 10th, 17th, 24th.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When the Duke of Wellington first went to the court of Louis the Eighteenth, the French marshals whom he had defeated turned their backs upon him. The king apologized for their rudeness. "Never mind, your majesty," replied Wellington; "they have got into the habit, and they can't get out of it."

On one of Queen Victoria's earliest visits to London, she observed to her friend, the then Earl of Albemarle: "I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see them." He pointed to the letters V. R. woven into the decorations, and said: "Your majesty can see their loyal cockney answer, 'Ve are.'"

A teacher of the primary room of a public school became nervous over the restlessness and noise her pupils were making, and endeavored to stop it by suggesting: "Now, let's be quiet for just a moment, so quiet that we could hear a pin drop." After a few minutes of peace in the room, an impatient youngster in the rear of the room shouted: "Well, let 'er drop!"

During the trial of a case in a Boston court it became necessary to call to the witness stand a lady's maid. "Where were you at 6:45 on the evening in question?" was the first query put to her by the examining counsel. "Dressing the hair of madame," was the response. "Now," said the attorney, very solemnly, with uplifted finger, "think very carefully before you answer. Was or was not your mistress in the room at that time?"

A very stout man mounted the scales in a downtown drug store, and dropped a penny in the slot. There was some wait, and the clanking and rattling of the inward of the contraption, and the pointer finally came to a rest somewhere not far from the 300 mark. There was an unseen witness to the ceremony, and, as the fat man woefully contemplated the result, the voice of a wee, small boy piped up from behind him: "Say, mister, how many times did it go around?"

He was lost in the wilds of Connemara, and after being bogged several times arrived outside a cabin at 2 a. m., wet and shivering. He tapped several times at the door, and at last a shutter was raised and a head protruded. "What is all the noise about?" asked the owner of the protruding head. "I'm lost," explained the wanderer, "and want to stay here all night." "Well, why d'ye wake me up?" retorted Pat, as he prepared to bang the window. "Ye can stay a month if ye loike!"

An old road-mender sat on the shafts of his wheelbarrow, proudly surveying the few yards of the country lane he had swept and garnished in his day's work. The sun shone, the robin that shared his crust of bread sang to him blithely, but there was still another good reason why his weather-beaten, rugged old face wore a look of good content. "I be a-going to be married, sir," was the amazing confession he made to us, as we passed the time of day. "And I be happy to say, sir," he added, "that I be a-going to be married with the full consent of all the childer, on both sides."

Thomas Lamont said at a dinner at Williams College during the sessions of the Institute of Politics: "Let us admit that some political institutions, some governmental ideas, are as absurd as the hired man. 'Gosh, what a turn I just had,' said the hired man to the cook. 'In passin' the hog pen I seen the boss hangin' from a beam. Gosh, it fair turned my stomach.' 'But, Peleg, you cut him down, of course?' gasped the cook. 'My goodness, Peleg, you don't say you didn't cut him down!' 'Wall, I didn't,' grunted the hired man. 'Oh, why didn't you?' 'Cause he wasn't dead yet, that's why.'"

It was a foreign class composed of Slavs and one Italian. This unbalanced race distribution resulted in the little Italian boy being at the mercy of the others, and they were certainly aware of it. The teacher was examining this group in the use of words. After a few more or less successful answers she came to the word "disguise," and also to the little Italian's turn. "Now," she said, "I want to know the meaning of disguise. Tony, you give me a sentence with disguise in it." Tony gazed at the grinning faces of his classmates, who not so very long before had been teasing him, and replied with vehemence: "I hate dese guys."

The Piute Indians of California are notoriously lacking in chivalry toward their women. Uncle Arch Farrington was driving down Westgard Pass road one hot summer afternoon and met Fatty Jack, a fat Piute, astride a small pony, which was visibly wobbly under

his burden, coming up. Uncle Arch was incensed to note Jack's wife about fifty feet behind the pony carrying a sack of flour and toiling along on foot. As he met the Indian, Uncle Arch called angrily to Jack: "What for you ridem pony, makem squaw walk?" Fatty Jack, not deigning to stop or argue the ethics of the situation, called over his shoulder as he passed on, "She no gottem horse."

Many generations of New Englanders, seafarers and landlubbers, have laughed over the story of the Nantucket skipper who could tell where he was by tasting the sea bottom. There are many versions, but this, says Mr. Morison in his "Maritime History of Massachusetts," is the correct one. Captain Phiney of the staunch sloop *Penelope* boasted he could tell within half a mile of where he was from Peaked Hill Barr to the tip of Nantucket Shoals by tasting the material brought up by the sounding lead. Obed Fisher, his mate, thought he would call the old man's bluff. One night when the captain was sleeping below he wet and greased the lead, then rolled it in the earth at the bottom of a box which contained Nantucket turnips. Rousing the skipper, he thrust the lead in his face, saying, "For the Lord's sake, cap'n, tell us where we be!" Hastily the skipper tasted, rolling the morsel on his tongue, then jumped from his bunk with a yell, "Nantucket's sunk, Obed, and we're right over Marm Hackett's garden!"

Indian dishes 300 years old and supposed to possess the "magic" properties of breaking in bits if touched with poison have been sold by auction in London recently.

## THE MERRY MUZE.

## A Ballade of Escape.

(With apologies to Chesterton.)

This talk of Bergson and of Freud,  
Of D. H. Lawrence and of Moore,  
May be a pleasure unalloyed  
To those who like such literature;  
For "To the pure all things are pure,"  
But to my mind that type of drool  
Has little savor, little lure—  
Let's go and play a game of pool!

Much Rabelais have I enjoyed,  
Droll Stories, too, I find a cure  
For fits of blues; I don't avoid  
Boccaccio; I can endure  
Rough bar-room tales that aren't demure;  
But from these modern "realists" you'll  
Excuse me, though I seem a boor—  
Let's go and play a game of pool!

Take me away from minds employed  
In talk of smelly art that's "newer,"  
I will not further be annoyed,  
I'll go where "modern minds" are fewer;  
Where air with smoke grows ever bluer,  
And men's deep laughter is the rule,  
And talk is healthier—and truer—  
Let's go and play a game of pool!

—Berton Bralys in Judge.

## First American Professor of Law.

Few persons, even among lawyers, are aware that the first professor of law in an American college was George Wythe, alumnus and professor of William and Mary, and to whom President Harding in his visit last fall to the college referred as "Wythe, signer of the Declaration and preceptor of Marshall and Jefferson" (says the *New York Times*). The fact that the new school of government

and citizenship will be conducted as a memorial to Wythe and his great pupil, Chief Justice John Marshall, marks a belated recognition on the part of American lawyers of the services to their profession rendered by the eminent Virginian. The chair of law at William and Mary, established in 1779, had only one predecessor in the Anglo-Saxon world, the Vinerian chair at Oxford. Five years before Judge Reeves opened the second American law school at Litchfield, Connecticut, Wythe accepted the William and Mary chair, the college having taken the character and name of a university in 1779, with separate schools of modern languages and municipal law and police.

Wythe's influence as a teacher was far-reaching. He taught Marshall and Jefferson, and advised Henry Clay, who was his amanuensis. Jefferson called him his best friend and "the American Aristides." The Sage of Monticello, advising a youth to go to William and Mary, wrote that "the pride of the institution is Mr. Wythe, one of the chancellors of the state and professor of law in the college. He gives lectures regularly, and holds moot courts and parliaments wherein he presides, and the young men debate regularly in law and legislation, learn the rules of parliamentary proceeding and acquire the habit of public speaking."

The teaching of the principles and history of the Constitution is the object of the Marshall-Wythe School. Its opening marked the first movement by an institution producing large numbers of teachers for the public schools, to equip its graduates to educate their pupils in the obligations and advantages of American citizenship.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Lent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, and Mr. Hermon Underhill of New York was solemnized Thursday evening at the bride's home, Monsignor Charles Ramm officiating. The bride's sisters, Mrs. Paul Fagan and Miss Frances Lent, were her attendants and the little flower girl and page were Miss Jane and Master Paul Fagan, Jr. Mr. Ralston Page was the best man. Mr. Underhill is the son of Mrs. Sidney Winter of New York. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Underhill will reside in Owego, Tioga County, New York.

The marriage of Miss Louise Porter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, and Lieutenant Duncan Frisell, U. S. A., took place last Wednesday afternoon at the Presidio, Chaplain Peter Quinn officiating at the services. Lieutenant K. M. McConaghy was Lieutenant Frisell's best man. The army officer and his bride will leave shortly for the Orient.

A cotillion was held Saturday evening at the Burlingame Club, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Tobin and Mr. Percy King. The hosts of the evening included Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Scherwin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant gave a dinner Thursday evening for Miss Mary Julia Crocker and Miss Alice Requa. Others at the affair were Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. Stanley Armour of Pasadena.

The junior officers of the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* gave a tea-dance Saturday for several members of the younger set. Mrs. Cullen Welty chaperoned the party.

Mrs. Harry Webb of Santa Barbara gave a luncheon Friday at the Franciscan Club. Among her guests were Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. George Howard, and Mrs. J. P. Langhorne.

Miss Margaret Fuller was the guest of honor at a dance given Tuesday evening at the Woman's Athletic Club by Miss Frances Mace, Miss Jean McLaughlin, and Miss Marion Mace.

Mrs. Sidney Winter of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Wednesday by Mrs. Arthur Sharp.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum were dinner hosts Saturday evening, with their guests later attending the cotillion at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. Hamilton Murray gave a tea last Thursday, complimenting her aunt, Mrs. Benjamin Selby.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel entertained at dinner in Burlingame Saturday evening.

Mrs. Samuel Boardman entertained more than a score of guests at luncheon Thursday, complimenting Mrs. Frank Fuller. The affair was held at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mrs. O. F. Long gave a luncheon in Piedmont Friday in honor of Mrs. E. A. Vendevert of Salt Lake City. Among those asked to meet the visitor were Mrs. Malton Moore, Mrs. Oscar Sutor, Mrs. Frank Havens, Mrs. Edward Hume, Mrs. Robert Richards, Mrs. William de Fremery, Mrs. Mark Requa, and Mrs. Charles Stanton.

Mrs. Erle Brownell gave a tea Tuesday, complimenting Mrs. Frank Fuller.

Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Smith gave a dinner for the young friends of Miss Betty and Mr. Scott Smith Saturday evening. The party later attended the meeting of the Winter Frolics.

Miss Beatrice Lund entertained at luncheon Saturday, her guests including Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Cecile Mohan, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Erna McDonnell of New York, Miss Ruth Whitely, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Katherine Robinson, and Miss Audrey Willett.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dodge gave a dance Saturday evening, complimenting Miss Ola Willett and Mr. Loris Tryon.

Mrs. Frederick Bradley was a luncheon hostess last Tuesday, complimenting Mrs. Frank Fuller. Her guests included Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Richard Hanna, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. John Davis, Mrs. George Forrester, Mrs. Donald Guthrie, Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Jr., Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. C. C. Moore,

Mrs. Lawrence Draper, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Charles Bentley, and Miss Estelle Lakeman.

Miss Helen Brack gave a luncheon last Thursday for Miss Laura Miller, her guests including Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Doris Wirtner, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Jane Howard, and Miss Barbara Sesnon.

Mr. Hugh Porter gave a supper-dance last Thursday at Tait's-at-the-Beach. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Gladys Quarre, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Frances Lent, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Edward Harrison, Lieutenant Erskine, U. S. A., and Mr. Coy Filmer.

Miss Mary Gorgas and Miss Edith Kynnersley gave a luncheon Monday at Tait's-at-the-Beach for Miss Ola Willett. The guests included Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Milo Robbins, Mrs. Johnson Emerich, Mrs. Mervyn O'Neill, Miss Frances Johnson, and Miss Isabel Jennings.

Mrs. Dorothy Clark gave a dance Monday evening at her Gough Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell gave a dinner Thursday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswick of New Orleans.

Miss Ola Willett was the guest of honor at a tea given Tuesday by Miss Sara Wright.

Mrs. Harry Miller of Piedmont gave a luncheon Friday for Mrs. Adece, wife of Commander Adece, U. S. N. Others at the affair were Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. William Thornton White, Mrs. William Poundstone, Mrs. Louise Allendar, Mrs. R. L. Stephenson, and Mrs. Frank Edoff.

Mrs. Wallace Alexander entertained at tea Friday in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

## Fast Travel Around the World.

Nellie Bly's success in clipping some seven days and seventeen hours from the fabulous record of Phileas Fogg for a voyage around the world is open to no criticism as a performance accomplished with the facilities existing in her time, but it is already possible to point out how the record of John Henry Mears, present holder of the around-the-world championship title, might without too much strain on the imagination be improved upon. Mears made the trip in the summer of 1913 in 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes by the Russian route (says the *Portland Oregonian*). But only last year a feat of a British officer of the royal air service showed that the Siberian hazard of slow travel can be eliminated and pointed to a practical way in which the time for the entire voyage may be reduced to something like thirty-two days.

Starting from Bagdad at 6 a. m. on September 15th last, the British officer, proceeding home from Mesopotamia in the ordinary course of duty, traveled from Bagdad to London in six days and fourteen hours, arriving there at 8 p. m. on September 21st. He was two days on the way from Mesopotamia to Egypt over an air route which had been opened by the royal air force for the carriage of official mail. He made the rest of the journey to England by sea and rail. It is the belief of aviation experts that the journey eastward from Bagdad to Yokohama can be made in a week, which would make London and Yokohama only thirteen days apart. Mears' record for the remainder of the trip around the world was nineteen days. He was nine days on the voyage from Yokohama to Victoria, B. C., and it took him a few hours over four days to travel from Victoria to New York. On the first lap of his journey he had gone from New York to London in six days. By simply duplicating his performance between Yokohama and London, and by taking advantage of the new route across southern Asia under new conditions, Mears himself would not have a great deal of trouble in reducing his own record time by three days.

Use of the airplane introduces the traveler to a world of which Nellie Bly did not even dream, but it is now remembered that Mears possessed this advantage, although only for a brief stage. This was when he arrived in Victoria and found that an important train connection at Seattle necessitated exceptional measures unless he was to lose practically an entire day on the journey. He then made a short flight across Puget Sound, the train was held for him a bare fifteen minutes, and he was again on his way. By linking up with the established air mail service between Wyoming and New York he might now cut a probable two days more from the journey. It would be wholly feasible therefore to go around the world in a month, or perhaps a trifle less.

Mears' emulators still have a record to go against, however, in the matter of cost. Mears' total expenses were less than \$800, including "liberal" tips. This is at least in part accounted for by the circumstance that he passed only a single night in a hotel.

A new daily paper founded by Georges Clemenceau has appeared in Paris. The *Echo National*, which has long been expected and discussed, is also supported by André Tardieu, who figures as political editor. The paper will probably be run on similar lines to Clemenceau's former organ, *L'homme Libre*, which subsequently became *L'homme Enchaîné* during the censorship of the war.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Violin Song.

The thing that I am seeking  
I know I shall not find:  
A wistful voice is crying  
This sorrow in my mind.  
I know I shall not find it  
However far I go.  
But I shall always seek it—  
My heart has told me so.

Though I must always wander  
I do not find it sweet:  
There is no journey's ending  
To draw my restless feet.  
There is no distant vision  
To help me on my way;  
I know my quest is hopeless  
And yet I may not stay.

The thing that I am seeking  
Should not be far to seek.  
I hear this haunting echo  
Through every word I speak.  
So I shall always seek it  
Down all the roads I go,  
But I shall never find it—  
My heart has told me so.

—Aline Kilmer.

## "Aeterna California."

Superba California, serene and sovereign State,

From snow-clad crests, o'er fertile fields,

Unto thy Golden Gate.

Delecta California; to thee our hymn we raise,

Thy stalwart sons and daughters fair,

Shall ever sing thy praise.

Excelsa California; from Humboldt's forest lands

O'er wild Sierran silvery streams

To Coronado's sands:

Regina California; the ranges crowned with light,

The far-flung hills, the wave-beat shore,

The rolling waters bright.

Eterna California; thy redwoods never die,

Thy sons of men must pass away

When breaks the appointed day;

But we thy children pass and sing,

Rejoicing as we go,

From the dear dust shall beauty spring,

And wild flowers ever grow.

Materna California; we pledge thee, Mother dear,

To bring no shame to thy fair name

By guilt or grief or fear;

But gladly live and freely give

In service small or great,

For common good, one brotherhood,

Thy children consecrate.

—Alex. McAdie.

## The Old Roman Road.

England is a peaceful land, a land of long ago;

The stars that look on England watch her children

come and go—

Saxon, Norman, Briton, the stars for them have

glowed—

A thousand years from us they shone upon the

Roman Road.

The English sun is high above the daisy dales and

dells,

And Summer's on the land like the music of far

bells,—

Poppies red among the wheat, and ripe grass

mowed,

Where the sound of ancient battles died along the

Roman Road.

When Hadrian made a barrier at the ending of

the world,

And the great name of Rome at the savage Picts

was hurled,

The high gods of Latium found a new abode,

And Jupiter the Thunderer ruled the Roman Road.

The old Roman Road, the old Roman Road.

A way of wonder to the lad who would not stay at

home,

Who wearied of his villa in the soft Italian land,

And kissed his lady mother and faced northward

out of Rome.

Ah! life was young in Britain, and wander-gold

was there,

And glory to be gained with a love-rose in her

hair—

But for young Patrician Pontius adventure was the

goal,

When he won to white Londinium and took the

Roman Road.

Up past Eboracum marched legions out of Gaul,

Through the heart of Britain, to guard the north-

ern wall—

Every town was brisk with trade as swinging by

they strode

Marching, marching, marching on the old Roman

Road.

Governors in purple, dancing girls in red,

Wanderers from all the world along this road were

led—

Thirsty troopers tramping with spear and shield

for food,

And campfires at night all along the Roman Road.

By the old Roman Road where the legions marched

along,

The ploughboy finds a rusty coin and sells it for a

song,

And where the flashing chariot creaked beneath its

load

The gipsy tinker's cart jogs by along the Roman

Road.

—Hoyt Cooper.

## General Dawes's Broom.

General Charles G. Dawes, the Administration's apostle of thrift to the benighted department and bureau spenders, exhibited a new broom at the second of his famous mourners' bench conferences (according to the *New York Tribune*). Why, he asked, does the Navy Department want to purchase 18,000 brooms of this sort when there are 350,000 surplus brooms over in the War Department?

This question, in a hundred forms, has puzzled those who have been wondering

what is the matter with the government's business methods. The Washington bureaucracy is not a unit, or even a loose conglomeration of units. It has consisted, rather, of isolated preserves, within which chiefs and their staffs have struggled for autonomy and operative self-control and have fought against coordination and cooperation. General Dawes, with his missionary energy and picturesqueness, is trying to change all this. He is a ruthless reformer and iconoclast. He wants to destroy all the old idols of bureau particularism and self-determination.

He will do it if he sticks much longer to his evangelistic job. President Harding is unconditionally behind him. The writhings of the old guard of self-determinists draw only a smile from the President. He is willing to have his own little joke at their expense, as when he told them on Friday that they were helping to make public saving fashionable. The new budget system is not a fad nor a fancy. It is the symbol of profound change in the attitude of those who administer the government to their responsibilities as public agents and trustees.

Last December the Budget Bureau estimated a deficit of \$24,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30th next. That deficit now promises to be converted into a surplus. Economy grows on those who practice it. The habit is striking in at Washington. The broom incident shows that it hasn't struck in all along the line. But General Dawes is there with his timely hints and exhortations. He will not fail. Like another Admiral Tromp, he has hoisted the Navy Department's broom to the masthead.

The cinchona forest in Java covers 25,000 acres. The larger part of the world's supply of quinine comes from that country.

Male birds sing less sweetly after young birds hatch.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid arrived Saturday from New York to spend three months at her Millbrae home. Mrs. Reid's brother, Mr. Ogden Mills, is also a visitor in California, having arrived here Sunday.

Miss Pearl Chase has returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler.

A group who returned Monday from a week-end in the Yosemite Valley included Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Park of Santa Barbara have taken possession of their new home in Mission Cañon in the southern city.

Miss Mary Gorgas returned last week from Honolulu.

Dr. and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Dorothy Chapman Foss will sail next week for Europe. At present she is staying at the Ritz-Carlton in New York.

Mrs. Edson Adams and the Misses Elizabeth, Ellita, and Mary Julia Adams will sail in June for Europe.

Admiral and Mrs. Eberle have arrived from San Pedro for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mrs. Edward Hamilton has gone to New York to be with her daughter, Mrs. Hamilton Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay sailed last week for Italy. In Naples they will join Mr. James D. Phelan and his party, who have been traveling for several months.

Mrs. Felton Elkins has returned to Monterey, after an absence of several months abroad.

Mr. Myron T. Herrick and Mr. and Mrs. Parnely Herrick have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy at their villa on the Riviera.

Mrs. Sands Forman arrived a few days ago in San Francisco. Mrs. Forman will be a guest at the Hotel Wiltshire until her departure for Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar are passing a few days at Paso Robles.

Mr. Friedlander Bowie left last Wednesday for New York, after a brief visit in San Francisco

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with his aunts, the Misses May and Fannie Friedlander.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswick of New Orleans are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field. They will be here a week longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and the Misses Florence and Marie Welch will leave in the summer for Europe to be gone indefinitely.

Mrs. Henry Whitley and Miss Ruth Whitley left the first of the week for New York.

Mrs. M. Brandeis has gone to Los Angeles for a brief sojourn. She is a guest at the Ambassador.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newton have gone to Los Angeles for a short visit.

Mrs. Julia Davenport and Miss Marion Huntington sailed Saturday from New York for Italy.

Mrs. P. L. Wheeler and the Misses Catherine and Pauline Wheeler will remain in Honolulu until the summer months.

Major and Mrs. Charles Norris have come up from Saratoga to spend a few days at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Donald Guthrie of Sayre, Pennsylvania, is spending a few days in San Francisco, having come here for the wedding of Miss Ruth Lent and Mr. Hermon Underhill, which took place last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker are in New York for several weeks. They are staying at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mrs. Sidney Winter of Owego, New York, is spending several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller and Miss Margaret Fuller will leave today by way of Panama for New York. In the Eastern city they will be joined by Mr. Dana Fuller and Mr. Frank Fuller, Jr., the entire family sailing later in the spring for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris have returned from a month's sojourn in New York.

Miss Johanna Volkmann and Miss Ethel Jacks, who have been on the Atlantic coast for several weeks, have gone to Canada for a brief visit.

Mr. A. J. Brandenstein and Mr. Albert Frank have gone to Los Angeles for a few days. They are at the Ambassador.

Registered at the St. Francis are Mr. A. C. Moltzer, Gilroy; Mr. H. P. Stahler, Yuba City; Mr. Charles Navelet, San Jose; Mr. R. L. Moore, Sacramento; Mr. C. W. Turner, Hollister; Mr. H. R. Solomon, St. Louis; Mr. F. H. Lambert, McCloud; Mr. W. H. Davis, Los Angeles; Mr. F. O. Bugge, Christiana, Norway; Mr. C. C. Cunha, Honolulu; Mr. P. W. Gibbs, Chicago; Mr. W. J. Smith, Courtland; Mr. Robert Hulme, Fresno; Mr. M. Lansberg, Chicago; Mr. John P. Murray, New York; Mr. F. S. Sellers, Portland; Mr. J. Barnette, New York; Mr. Clifford M. Snow, Springfield, Ohio; Mr. Roy Pulliam, Fresno; Mr. O. L. Prince, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. George D. Shanahan, Detroit.

Recent arrivals at the Whitcomb include Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McQuaide, Portland; Mr. T. C. Mellerish, San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Bille, Bakersfield; Lieutenant and Mrs. Guy R. Hale, U. S. A.; Mr. G. H. Van Sanden, Martinez; Mr. A. A. Alton, Mr. Brooks E. Miller, Mr. W. J. Walsh, Mr. R. C. Cross, Mr. Sam Waller, Los Angeles; Mr. M. J. Daurigian, Fresno; Mr. M. S. Clarke, San Jose; Mr. E. A. Goff, Kenwood; Mr. C. Andreason, Marysville; Mr. W. E. Shuman, Hood River, Oregon; Mr. B. S. Yuen, Shanghai; Mr. James E. Eagan, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Criswell, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sutter, Los Angeles; Mr. George H. Hughson, Hughson, California; Mr. P. I. Lancaster, Willets; Mr. Woodson, Madera; Mr. N. E. Patterson, Fresno.

Among recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Burton, Sacramento; Mr. C. B. Marshall, Salt Lake City; Mr. A. E. Brown, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ross, Portland; Mr. R. D. Swales, Fort Bragg; Mr. J. D. Honeyman, Portland; Mr. F. R. Chapman, Fresno; Mr. J. F. Van Hengel, Mr. W. R. Rehbock, Mr. Kaars Sypsteyn, Holland; Mr. Felix McGinnis, Los Angeles; Mr. F. D. Herbert, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Thomas, Fresno; Mr. Charles E. Pike, Stockton; Mr. David T. Adams, Chicago; Mr. George E. Emmons, Schenectady, New York; Mr. Byron J. Badham, Los Angeles; Mr. Ira D. Horton, Seattle; Mr. B. F. Wardell, Spokane; Dr. F. A. Gourley, Waukegan, Illinois.

John Cowper Powys.

Under the general designation of "Living Issues of the Day," John Cowper Powys, the eminent English author, will give the first of a series of Sunday evening lectures beginning February 19th, at the Maitland Theatre, presenting as his first subject, "Misunderstandings Between England and America." Subjects now of vital interest will be covered by Powys during this course, and will include "Mirrors of Downing Street" and "Glass of Fashion," by the Man with the Duster, also "The Problem of Crime," "Society and Divorce," and "Where the World Is Tending."

Powys, who is under the exclusive management of Jessica Colbert, is giving a series of morning talks every Tuesday and Friday at 11 o'clock at the Maitland Theatre on "Books That Live and Die." On Friday he will discuss "The Black Diamond," by Francis Brett Young, and "Sanine," by Artzibasheff. On Tuesday next he lectures on "Brass: A Novel of Marriage," by Charles G. Norris; "Jules the Obscure," by Hardy, and "Women in Love," by Waddington of Wyck.

Japanese Pictures at the Palace of Fine Arts.

A private view and reception will be given by the San Francisco Museum of Art in co-operation with the Japan Society of America in connection with the opening of the exhibition of modern Japanese paintings in the Palace of Fine Arts next Friday afternoon, February 24th. This collection will give the people of San Francisco an opportunity of making a comparative study of the ancient traditional technique of Japanese art as expressed in the work of several masters of screen painting of the seventeenth century with the present-day practitioners of Japanese painting as illustrated in the collection by members of the Nippon Bijutsu-in of Tokyo. The refinement of feeling and technical accomplishment that characterize these modern products of Japan's ancient tradition are the authentic expressions of one of the most highly sophisticated civilizations produced in the world, and should form a most valuable index to the Oriental mind. The exhibition will open to the public Saturday, February 25th, and will continue for a period of one month thereafter. The Museum in the Palace of Fine Arts is open free to the public from 10 to 5 o'clock every day, including Sundays.

The Sistine Choir Coming to San Francisco.

Plans have been started to bring the Pope's Sistine Choir of the Vatican in Rome to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast next August, following a fourteen weeks' tour of the Antipodes, according to Frank W. Healy of this city. Mr. Healy has been commissioned by the Vatican representatives to secure the subscriptions of prominent San Franciscans and the leading music lovers of this city to an underwriting fund of \$45,000, which will cover twelve concerts on the Pacific Coast. Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, in addition to voicing his hearty approval of the suggestion, has headed the list of guarantors, and it is thought that the remaining signatures will be secured during the coming week.

This will mark the first American visit of the Pope's Sistine Choir, and great interest is being manifested throughout North and South America in the proposed tour of the two Americas. The choir is to leave Naples, Italy, on March 12th for Australia, opening in Melbourne on Easter Sunday, April 16th. Their Australian tour will include the principal cities of the Antipodes, after which it is proposed to have the entire choir of fifty-four voices come to the Pacific Coast, thence through the important cities of North, Central and South America.

Sir Philip Gibbs Here Next Week.

President Barrows will preside at the lecture of Sir Philip Gibbs next Monday evening at the Scottish Rite Auditorium and will introduce the speaker. The subject of the lecture will be an eye-witness account of social conditions and recent history in many coun-

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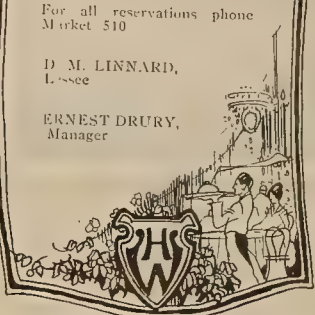
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tries of Europe after the peace treaty. Gibbs will deliver a second lecture the following evening in the same hall on "The Social Revolution in England," at which occasion Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University, will act as the chairman. The lectures are under the direction of Paul Elder.

Bruguere in Europe.

Mr. A. G. Sheath, a Californian, for many months resident at Monte Carlo, gives the Argonaut an interesting account of recent successes of Mr. Emile Bruguere in the field of musical composition. A complete opera, "Querida," is in preparation for production both in New York and in Paris. Mr. Bruguere has also written another opera in collaboration with René Fanchois, a French composer, which has been accepted by the Theatre des Arts at Rouen. Mr. Bruguere has also written several ballads which have been successfully rendered at the Casino at Monte Carlo.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Nagg—I suppose now you wish you were free to marry again? Mrs. Nagg—No, just free.—*London Mail*.

"Constable, that man kissed me!" "Never mind, ma'am. He's obviously short-sighted."—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Watch—And why does that man always refer to you as his baby girl? Fob—Oh, I don't know. I suppose I keep him up so late of night.—*Iowa Frivol*.

"I say, aunt, did you flirt when you were young?" "Just a little, Bobby." "And were you ever punished for it?" "Well—er—I married your Uncle Jack."—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

Foosler—I'm determined not to lose my temper today. Every time I make a bad shot I'll simply light a cigarette. Give me some

cigarettes? Steward—Yes, sir; but we've nothing larger than boxes of fifty.—*London Mail*.

Woman—I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood. Tramp—Don't apologize for it, mum; I've seen worse.—*Williams Purple Cow*.

"I was just knocked flat by a twin six." "My, how unfortunate!" "Yes, it was very unnatural. Shot a twelve in a crap game."—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*.

"Business is bad." "Can't you reduce office expenses?" asked his wife. "Yes, I guess I'll have to kiss the stenographer good-by." "Harold!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

What is there more pathetic in life than the spectacle of a sturdy Boy Scout attempting to perform his day's good deed by begging his mother to give up smoking?—*London Mail*.

She—Me married daughter took me to the cinema last night. I didn't like to say nothink, but it was properly wasted on me. I'm so deaf I couldn't hear a word.—*London Tatler*.

"That office boy doesn't whistle, smoke cigarettes or talk baseball half the day." "No, it's a queer case. He seems determined to learn the business."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Angler—It was such a big one that it pulled me into the river! Friend—Got a good drenching, I suppose? Angler—Not a bit of it—luckily I fell on the fish.—*London Passing Show*.

"Have you any qualifications for a screen career, miss?" "Well, I shot a man and was acquitted after a spectacular trial." "I mean any unusual qualifications."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

First Professor (in high-powered motor-car)—We've got it at last! Second Professor—G-got w-what? First Professor—Perpetual motion—I can't stop.—*Brisbane Queensland*.

"Will you give me a reference, ma'am. I'm going to Mrs. Surbiton, next door." "I'll give you the best reference in the world, Jane. I hate that woman!"—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

New Priest—I am told, Mrs. Murphy, that you boast of two fine healthy boys. Mrs. Murphy—Divil a boast, yer rivirince. Sure I do be apologizin' for thim fifty toimes a day.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I understand that you are going to take a vacation?" "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I need a change of scene." "You never appeared to work very hard." "No. But it becomes monotonous to do all your loafing in the same office."—*Washington Star*.

Leslie had always been very much afraid of dogs. One day, after a struggle to get him to pass a large dog on the corner, his mother scolded him for the unnecessary fear. "Well," was his reply, "you'd be afraid of dogs if you were as low down as I am."—*Chicago Herald-Examiner*.

"What do you regard as the most satisfactory form of taxation?" "The kitty in a poker game," replied Senator Sorghum. "It's liberal and perfectly reliable, and at the same



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time everybody is too much engaged in trying to do business to notice the expense."—*Washington Star*.

Judge—Your tale that you stole this money sub-consciously impresses me. Prisoner—It's true, your honor. I, my real self, didn't know a thing about it. Judge—Therefore, I am going to let your sub-conscious self imagine that it is out and getting the air for six months.—*Wayside Tales*.

"See here," protested the lawyer, "if I'm going to defend you, you'll have to drop that guilty look." "I can't help it," replied his client. "I'm new in the bootlegging business, and I have such a poor memory for faces, for all I know I may have solicited the judge."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"If you write verses advertising soup, soap, and cosmetics you'll never be known as one of the immortals." "Probably not," said the commercial bard. "Neither will posterity write indignant letters to the press because the present generation permitted me to starve."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## Sea Lingo Antiquated.

A movement is being launched at Seattle, Washington, to berth, especially on the Puget Sound and in the Alaska service, much of the so-called sea talk, or unrecognized nautical vocabulary, that has been in vogue for centuries, and so little understood by the majority of passengers (says the Philadelphia North American).

First assailed is the ship's watch, or bells. The average passenger hears the bell and looks at his watch to verify the time. In case of fire drill the orders are to luff and jibe, yaw and tack, while the bewildered land-lubber stands in the fore-castle amid the combings of the catspaw, wondering which is port-side, stern or athwart. He simply can not fathom when a cable is taut or a line is clew.

There has been much confusion, however, in times of stress and trouble when a captain must order the passengers around the deck, and the misunderstandings have been laid at the feet of these undefined terms.

It is reported that during the sinking of a

Pacific Coast passenger steamer last year several lives might have been saved if passengers could have known what "fill the larboard life-boats" really meant.

Toledo, Ohio, boasts of the largest goldfish hatchery in the world. Last year the firm controlling the hatchery shipped twenty-five carloads of goldfish and twenty carloads of fish globes.

Most every one has seen motor-cars and motorcycles driven by means of air propellers. Now there has been developed in cold Eastern sections an ice-plane so driven. It is easy for this conveyance to reach a speed of fifty miles an hour.

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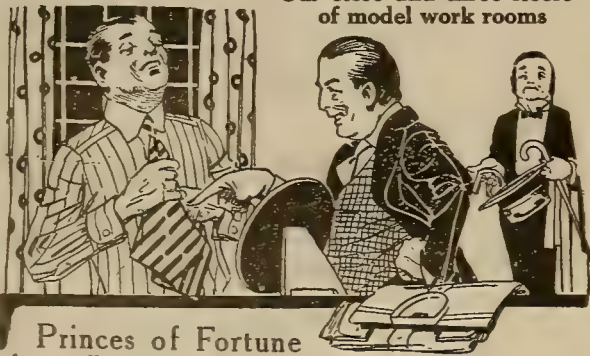
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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Treaty in the Senate.

Mr. Wilson does himself honor in a declaration favoring confirmation of the Conference treaties. His attitude is a rebuke to those who imagined that in the spirit of resentment he would employ his unquestioned influence with Democratic senators to embarrass the Administration and further confuse our foreign relations. It now seems improbable that anybody whose vote was given for the league of nations should withhold it from the treaties. Of course, there will be objection on the part of certain irreconcilables. Mr. Reed will howl, Mr. Borah will shout, Mr. La Follette will yowl, and others of the dismal brotherhood of eccentrics will have their say. But the treaties will be confirmed.

Californians will be interested in the action of Senator Johnson. He gave indications a month ago of positive opposition to the treaties. This was at a time when his course in the Senate and out of it harmonized with the views of his friend and patron, William Randolph Hearst. That association now appears to be broken. Furthermore it should be evident to Mr. Johnson that sentiment in his home state is for ratification. He shows signs of hedging and general expectation is that in the final showdown he will vote for confirmation. This would be "good politics," and nobody knows his book of politics better—or can more readily adjust his courses to its suggestions—than Mr. Johnson.

The Four-Power Treaty will come before the Senate accompanied by a recommendation by its Foreign Re-

lations Committee that there be added to it a limiting reservation. It will be to this effect, "That before any agreements or adjustments arrived at in the Conference are binding, they should have the assent of Congress." This addition is obviously unnecessary, since it adds nothing by way of a limitation, nothing to the clarity of the document as originally drawn. It is yielded merely as a sop to the chronic objectors of the Senate.

### Here Is a Man!

Mr. Mark L. Gerstle has sent the following letter to San Francisco Post No. 1 of the American Legion:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 14, 1922.

American Legion, San Francisco Post No. 1,

1033 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.—

DEAR SIRS: Herewith I tender my resignation as a member of the American Legion, San Francisco Post No. 1, and request that the same be accepted at the earliest possible opportunity.

In resigning from the American Legion I feel that it is proper to state that I am prompted to take such action because I am strongly opposed to the position taken by the Legion with reference to the pending Soldiers' Bonus Bill, which I consider most pernicious and indefensible from every viewpoint.

I am heartily in favor of assisting to the maximum extent our veterans who were wounded and incapacitated, or who for any cause require assistance or help, but a universal payment to all soldiers strikes me as a very poor policy, and a measure which the American Legion should condemn with all the force and energy which it can muster. As a citizen who has the best interests of his country at heart I am opposed to class legislation, and can not consistently or honorably remain with an organization which uses its powers with so little regard for what is proper and just. The position taken by the Legion is not in accord with that portion of the preamble of the national constitution adopted by the Legion, which states among other purposes that it is formed "to combat the autocracy of both the classes and masses," for in my opinion the Soldiers' Bonus Bill is an autocratic attempt on the part of the Legion to use its political power, not for the best interests of the country as a whole, but for its own enrichment and benefit.

All soldiers of the recent war can be divided into two classes, namely, those who were drafted and those who volunteered. As to those who were drafted, they performed nothing more than a citizen's duty, and are not entitled to extra compensation, and should not receive it; and as to the volunteers, I venture to say that most of them would consider the offer of extra pay as an insult to their patriotism.

Yours truly, MARK L. GERSTLE.

To Californians it is not necessary to identify Mark Gerstle. But it will interest others to know that he is a citizen of San Francisco of the highest character, that he is connected with many commercial, industrial and financial institutions here, and that he is representative of a family historically associated with the up-building and the sustained life of San Francisco and California. When we entered the war Mr. Gerstle put to one side his personal interests and without reserve gave himself to the great cause. Perhaps no one of the many thousands of Californians who entered military service made more notable sacrifice of personal and domestic interests than did Mr. Gerstle.

Following the war Mr. Gerstle was of those who believed that the membership of our released army afforded a basis for an association under patriotic inspirations. He became a member of the American Legion in confident hope that it would sustain the pledges of its foundation and become a vital force in support of the principles upon which our republic was founded. A man of action, Mr. Gerstle gave freely of his time and his energies in the work of organizing the Legion and of carrying on its constructive programme.

In the letter printed above we have the sequel of Mr. Gerstle's hopes and of his labors. He finds an association organized under patriotic pretensions and pledged "to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses" busy in a sordid scheme "for its own enrichment and benefit." Finding that his membership in the Legion involves him in commitments in contempt of the pledge upon which the organization was founded, regarding the offer of the bonus as an insult

to patriotism, Mr. Gerstle abandons an affiliation that has stultified its professed principles.

### President Harding Assails the Direct Primary.

At a Lincoln Day dinner last week Mr. Harding surprised a Washington audience by an outburst, obviously unpremeditated, in condemnation of the direct primary. He declared himself unequivocally for abolition of the direct primary and for return to the convention system of party nomination. The inspiration of Mr. Harding's views is in plain sight. It rests upon the fact that the direct primary has destroyed party responsibility for candidates and has put a premium on parochial as opposed to national considerations in the matter of so-called national legislation. It has made possible the rise of blocs and balances of power in the national legislature, a system under which party names are first prostituted and then rendered meaningless.

The direct primary harmonizes with the concept of pure democracy. It discords with the system of representative government upon which this republic is founded. The experiment in the direction of pure democracy has failed. It has failed because the American people in a mental sense are equipped only for the representative system. As a people we prefer to let the specialists in any field of endeavor control—even in the field of politics. The rise of the boss system and the glory of the professional politician are facts in point.

It is true enough that we did not get ideal results under the convention system. It is also true that we are getting worse results under the direct primary. The movement that brought about the reform of 1905-06 was based upon the fact that under the convention system not more than 40 per cent. of the qualified voters attended the primaries. Thus it was easy for the so-called bosses to get and keep things in their own hands. The theory was that under the direct primary system the voters would rush to the polls and so nullify conditions that had made for boss rule. The argument was that with greater opportunity and greater responsibility the voters would go eagerly to the primaries to record their convictions. For the first year or two there was some approach to popular response to the new system, but now, as the returns of recent elections show, we are back to the same old 40 per cent. But with this difference, we have lost the ability to fix responsibility for vicious nominations. No longer can we hold a party organization responsible for "yellow-dog" candidates when we directly choose the "yellow dog" because he happens to be skilled in the modern art of publicity or because nobody of sound qualification will make the kind of campaign the direct primary system imposes.

Once upon a time a seat in the Senate or House of Representatives was occasionally purchased, for the most part by indirection. We must give the direct primary system credit for having abolished that evil. But in place of it we have a new vice, that of selling candidacies. Since abolition of the convention system contests for public office have become contests in the art of salesmanship. A candidate, if he would be known, must be exploited by the same methods that a new brand of cigarettes or a particular make of vacuum cleaner is popularized. Even though he may make a spiling campaign of many weeks the candidate himself can reach but few voters. He must be advertised, and in ways that cost a vast amount of money. We have seen all this in our own state; and it has been recently exhibited before the whole country in the Newberry case. There is, to be sure, one factor in our social organization that profits by it—the newspaper press. This perhaps is why there is so little journalistic criticism of the direct primary. Further it explains why President Harding's outburst of last week has been for the most part passed over in silence by the



ness of the country. The newspaper publishers—(nowadays there are practically no editors)—are not doing anything to hurt the advertising business.

Recent developments, which very obviously have stirred the resentment of President Harding, exhibit concrete effects of the direct primary. There is the agricultural bloc in the Senate, which insists upon special legislation in the interest of the farming class. There is now rising a pacifist bloc, made up primarily of Middle Western and Southern members, intent, in the sacred name of economy, upon reducing the army and navy below the clearly indicated point of safety. There is the labor group and half a dozen other less developed associations intent upon class legislation of one kind or another. These evils find means of their promotion largely in the direct primary, whose first effect is to establish local and special interests, if not in larger at least in direct view both of voters and of candidates.

### The Bonus.

In a communication to the Senate within the week President Harding exhibits himself as "powerfully weak" in the matter of the bonus. He sees no way of raising the necessary millions excepting by a sales tax, which he probably knows a timid Congress will not enact. Fairest of all methods of increasing government revenues at this time, there lies against the sales tax the political objection that it would make taxpayers out of the multitude which now largely escapes taxes. It would especially be resented by the professional labor element, whose patriotism is not of the sort that leads cheerfully to the office of the tax gatherer. Congress is not likely to impose a tax whose political effect would be damaging to those voting for it. The President's alternative is postponement of the bonus project. Obviously he would like to throw it over altogether if he knew how to do it.

It is doubted that Congress will consent to postponement. It stands practically committed to the bonus, and Chairman Fordney has declared that in one form or another the bonus is sure to go through the House of Representatives at this session. Possibly the bill may carry without accompanying provision for raising the necessary money, leaving the vital problem to the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. This would be a cowardly procedure, but that is hardly a reason why the present House of Representatives should not go through with it.

Undoubtedly the President, and probably a majority of both the Senate and the House, would be happier if the whole project might be thrown over. The mischief of the thing is that a wrong start was made. Instead of meeting the demand of the Legion politicians with straight-from-the-shoulder denial, there was a course of evasion and postponement which amounted to practical acceptance of the bonus project as a national obligation. Political calculation did the rest. And we have in consequence a problem pregnant with menace in half a dozen forms.

The President's suggestion of postponement may in one way or another work out. It would for the moment relieve an embarrassing situation. But we should still have the bonus as a vitiating factor in the political situation.

### Editorial Notes.

Only a few days back came the interesting news that the Corporation of New York City, of which the official head is Mayor Hylan and the unofficial inspiration none less than William Randolph Hearst, had paid to Senator Hiram Johnson the neat sum of \$25,000 as a fee for arguing a case in which the municipality was a party. Right on the heels of this transaction comes further interesting news that Hearst and Johnson have parted company, the breach being the break-up of an *entente* that has been illustrated in divers and sundry conspicuous ways during the past two or three years, including Senator Johnson's attorneyship for Mr. Hearst in a matter of the Associated Press and the support of Mr. Johnson by Mr. Hearst for the presidential nomination something over a year ago. The smash seems to have come all of a sudden. It is only a little while back that our modern Damon and Pythias seemed on the best of terms—thick as thieves, so to speak. And it is scarcely more than a month when Mr. Johnson was echoing Mr. Hearst's loudly-voiced views respecting the Washington Conference. As to how the breach came about, we have no authori-

tative information. Perhaps Mr. Johnson declined to follow Mr. Hearst in the effort to form a new political party immediately designed to support his candidacy for the governorship of New York. Or perhaps Mr. Johnson has discovered that California can not be led into opposition to the Conference treaties. Mr. Johnson is a candidate before the people of California for reelection; and to hold the favor of California he must support the treaties and incidentally sustain the general policies of President Harding. To go at the same time with Harding and with Hearst is like riding two horses galloping in opposite directions. Mr. Johnson no doubt conceives it to be his better or at least his more immediate interest to stand with California and in support of the President.

The Federal judiciary suffers no serious loss in the resignation of Judge Landis. A man not without showy parts, Landis is quite as well known for his eccentricities as for the soundness of his knowledge or his character. On the whole he is rather better qualified by nature and propensity as a sporting magnate than for the more serious duties of the United States judgeship. It is not certain that Landis will permanently maintain his position with the baseball folk. As the supreme judge of the baseball world he has exhibited the same sort of eccentricity that has tended rather more or less to discredit him as a Federal judge. The case of "Babe" Ruth is in point. Following his last year's triumphs as a star batter Ruth went on a barnstorming tour, exhibiting his prowess as a dead-sure swatter, and for this violation of what Judge Landis styles the "ethics of baseball" he was suspended from active participation in regular play for the period of several months. If there be rhyme or reason in this rule, it fails to impress the lay mind. What possible harm to anybody could come from public exhibition by Ruth of his skill in batting a ball. Common sense fails to discover a rational answer to this query.

The situation in Ireland appears to have quieted down a bit. But the unhappy island is still far from a state of ideal peace. As at all times this past century or more the Irish may still fairly be described as "fighting like devils for conciliation and hating each other for the love of God." The problems of the Irish Free State are truly grave. To whichever side of the pending situation we turn, the professional agitator is seen in the saddle. De Valera remains at the head of the faction in South Ireland which refuses the Dominion programme. Michael Collins, another furious agitator, is the foremost figure in support of the Dominion settlement and in opposition to De Valera. In both cases the motives of selection are the same. De Valera and Collins are leaders, not because of statesmanlike qualities, including capacity for administration, but for hatred of England and rabble-rousing fervor. Neither, by any stretch of the imagination, can be fairly conceived as proper head of a safe and sane system of government. Before Ireland can be truly pacified she will have to find leaders of more orderly spirit.

For the second time there is a good deal of talk in the newspapers about the intention of Secretary of the Interior Fall to retire from the Cabinet and seek reelection to the Senate. The New York *World* is sponsor for the newest gossip, which proceeds upon the theory that Fall is resentful of Harding's cautious and compromising methods. It is true enough that Harding is a compromiser and that Fall is a positivist. It is probably true that Fall is impatient over the fact that he can not get Harding to move as fast as he would like. It is possibly true, despite his formal denial, that Fall may be looking for a way out of the Cabinet and for a way to reënter the Senate. And there are reasons why a man like Fall, with legislative experience, should prefer the atmosphere of the Senate to a place in the Cabinet. A Cabinet member is a cog in a machine. A senator is an independent entity, functioning in an atmosphere not so wearying as the routine of a Cabinet post. A senator may talk loud to a Cabinet officer and get away with it; no Cabinet officer ever talks loud to a senator. The exigencies of Republican politics call for a strong and popular Republican candidate for the Senate in New Mexico as against Senator A. A. Jones, Democrat, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Fall may be the man.

There is an interesting situation in Indiana, where ex-Senator Beveridge is making a run against New (in-

cumbent) for the senatorial nomination. Beveridge has drawn to his support all the old Progressives, plus the disgruntled regulars who have not had just the recognition they think they should have had from the Administration and from Senator New. Among Beveridge's supporters is Mayor Shanks of Indianapolis, an outspoken enemy of prohibition. In his enthusiasm Shanks has talked more than seems good for his candidate. He has contrived unwittingly to mix up Beveridge's candidacy with a movement for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. As a consequence the impression is abroad in Indiana that Beveridge is a "wet" and all the "drys" are up in arms against him. Until this mishap occurred to the Beveridge candidacy it was going strong. At Washington the general belief is that New will win the nomination.

President Harding, as the result of careful study of the subject and after consultation with the highest authorities, has indicated that a navy of 80,000 men is the irreducible minimum below which it is unsafe to go. The lowest authoritative army estimate within the limit of safety is the strength of 150,000 men. The pacifist group in Congress, ignoring all counsels and all warnings, is demanding that neither army nor navy shall exceed a total of 50,000 men. In other words, the pacifist group represents itself to the voters of the country as more sincerely devoted to the cause of disarmament than the President. It fails to regard the results of the Washington Conference in their true light, namely, a long step forward in the direction of disarmament rather than the full attainment of disarmament. Again and again the President and his advisers have pointed out that we submitted our minimum to the Conference, which accepted it, and that in the present condition of the world our national safety will not justify further reductions. The era of assured peace has not come nor is it likely to come for a long time, if ever. But now, as after every war, the voice of the demagogue is loud in the land, insisting there is no longer occasion for maintaining any sort of armament, clamoring for special and prodigal financial grants to the ex-service men because they form so large a part of the voting population, destroying those elements of preparedness that are so necessary and so economically an assurance against wastage in the next possible war.

There is curious discrepancy between privileges permitted to one sort of man under one name and another sort of man under another name. Some years back Admiral Peary, after his triumph in finding the North Pole—or the place where the North Pole ought to be—traveled all over the country exhibiting himself and delivering lectures with the consent and approval of the Navy Department. But when, concurrently, several "Jackies" who had accompanied Peary similarly exhibited themselves in the vaudeville theatres they were sharply called down, penalized in one form or another, and reminded that it was not the proper business of navy men to turn show men. The *Argonaut* fails to see any difference, save in degree and names, of the two enterprises. Peary being allowed to appear on the lecture platform, there would seem no reason why his companions of humbler rank should not have similar privilege to make merchandise of their notoriety and line their pockets. The old saw that what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander would seem to apply in this case.

The financial obligations to the United States of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium on war account stand to date as follows:

|                     | Principal.         | Accumulated int.   |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Great Britain ..... | \$4,166,318,358.44 | \$ 530,005,334.68  |
| France .....        | 3,358,104,083.20   | 374,708,357.51     |
| Italy .....         | 1,648,044,050.90   | 210,519,902.32     |
| Belgium .....       | 377,564,298.77     | 44,587,520.27      |
| Total .....         | \$9,550,020,791.31 | \$1,159,821,214.78 |

The aggregate of principal and accumulated interest is the prodigious sum of \$10,709,842,006.09. Another very considerable sum was loaned to Russia in the early period of the war, but it is not now regarded as an asset. President Harding has named Secretaries Mellon, Hoover, and Hughes, Senator Smoot and Representative Burton as a commission to consider ways and means of dealing with this phase of our national finances. The commission will consider the situation in all its aspects, and its report will be the basis of administrative policy. There are various opinions as to



what may be expected in the way of payment. The amount due from Great Britain is generally appraised at par value, though it is obvious that it will take time, and a good deal of it. That France can pay now or at any future time is doubtful; and the same with Italy. Belgium is not in a position to pay, and if ever she shall be the date must be far ahead. We believe this debt should be canceled. Surely if the matter were to come before the American people as a concrete proposition they would by overwhelming vote declare for cancellation. However, speculation is idle until we shall have from the commission definite information as to the financial conditions of the several countries to which we have extended credit. In general it may be said with reference to these debts that they may hardly be considered as ordinary obligations. They may properly be classified as advances made to our allies under stress and as expenditures upon war account. Mr. Burton has put the matter concisely in the remark that "this is no time to insist upon what is termed honest usance. It is a time for generosity."

It is neither logical nor fair to attribute the marriage of a potential American heiress, age sixteen, to an European riding master of forty-eight—"or more"—to the willingness of American girls to "marry anybody." Where consent is yielded by parents of the bride to an alliance so incongruous there are presumably considerations more imperative than willingness of the lady in the case to "marry anybody." It is probably a case where anybody is better than nobody.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Two Serious Problems.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 22, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The people of California are confronting two tremendous problems at the present time. First, the conservation of our wonderful highway system, and second, the preservation of the steam and electric railways.

First—The legitimate function of a highway is the accommodation of private owners of vehicles for their individual pleasure and business. They are not designed nor intended as permanent roadbeds for transportation business and can never be depended upon to fulfill that function.

Only a comparatively few years ago we began the construction of a system of highways designed to be mechanically the best and most complete in the country, but the advent of the motor bus and truck has demonstrated that with all the increased cost of each succeeding section of roadway built we have not yet developed a roadbed which will stand the everlasting pounding of this traffic for which highways were never intended.

Roads that were designed and built honestly for 95 per cent. of the traffic have been hammered to pieces by 5 per cent. of the traffic, which latter refers to the buses and trucks, and to what end? The early destruction of many of our highways, calling for rebuilding on a far more expensive scale and calling for all new highways to be designed for the heaviest traffic, which is only 5 per cent., if that 5 per cent. is to be allowed to continue, and all this an added burden for the taxpayers.

Are we to continue this expensive construction and maintenance to provide a practically free right-of-way roadbed and maintain the same for a traffic which pays nothing for its use except a simple license, the same as any ordinary pleasure vehicle? It is generally conceded that a highway capable of standing the legitimate 95 per cent. of travel can be built for \$30,000 per mile. If this abnormal traffic is to be perpetuated we must pay at least \$50,000 per mile, an extra \$20,000 per mile for 5 per cent. of the travel. Are we taxpayers going to stand for this—to make and maintain such roads for a traffic never contemplated, which can not take the place of railroads and only serves to bankrupt them?

Second—Electric and steam railroads are absolutely the only safe, sane, and permanent means of commercial traffic, and no country can prosper without them. Their rights-of-way must be bought, tunnels and cuts made, bridges and culverts built, tracks laid, engines and cars bought, all kinds of buildings erected at enormous cost to operate this essential means of transportation must be paid for, and interest and profit earned, while the same railroads must pay their share of cost and maintenance of the highways which are giving practically free rights to their competitors. Can we do without railroads? If not, we should see that they have the right to a fair return on their investment.

It is estimated that the gross receipts of bus and truck lines in 1921 exceeded \$20,000,000. Had this revenue gone where it legitimately belongs, from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 would have gone to the state in taxes. Most interesting is the fact that one of these transportation companies actually sold their franchise over our free highways for \$6000.

The total investment in electrical railroads during 1920 is stated to be \$327,425,635, employing 17,544 persons.

One electric road employing 5054 people in October, 1921, has been subjected to competition of 242 buses employing probably not exceeding 300 persons, with a direct loss of \$4042.35 per day during the same month. This company has had to borrow \$13,000,000 in the last six years to meet deficits and have done this to save their investment in the hope that a sane policy would eventually be restored.

With the steam roads the situation is equally bad. There are over 20,000 less men employed than should be, representing over \$20,000,000 in wages, and everything in the way of extensions has been at a standstill for five years. Several small roads have been abandoned, notably the Ocean Shore, which has left the communities formerly served by it in a deplorable condition for transportation. Otherwise, all service has been curtailed until the traveling public is almost desperate. Can we take the chance of having other roads abandoned?

As a heavy shipper and taxpayer the writer, with thousands of others, requires better service and lower rates, but what right have we to ask or expect it when we are permitting a condition which makes the granting of these needs impossible? The situation is approaching a crisis and must be met.

Again, every dealer in railroad material and supplies could give some startling figures in the falling off of demand in these lines of business. The railroads are the largest em-

ployers of labor and the largest buyers of material in existence.

One bus line employing seven stages costing not to exceed \$12,000 (as most of them are old automobiles built over) has taken fully 95 per cent. of the passenger traffic from the railroad eighty-one miles in length running between the same points, and this railroad has cost several million dollars to build and is costing a large amount in maintenance every day; and at the same time the railroad is paying heavily in taxes to build and maintain the highway for which the successful competition pays nothing but seven automobile license fees. Who pays the piper? We taxpayers. And how long can this railroad serve this section?

From October 1, 1920, to September 20, 1921, one truck transportation company carried between Los Angeles and Riverside 52,630,000 pounds of freight, between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara 925,294 pounds, between Los Angeles and Santa Paula 306,000 pounds. Seventeen truck companies operating in the south have 120 trucks and fifty-two trailers with a monthly capacity of 78,130 tons, all with rights-of-way, splendid highways, bridges, etc., and maintenance for nothing but an automobile license.

Who pays for this? We taxpayers. And our railroad system is in a precarious condition. Can we afford to let this continue? It has been stopped in same Eastern states where transportation companies refused to continue operation. It was stopped in Oakland to save bankrupting the electric railway company. It was not stopped in the Ocean Shore case, and that section will not soon forget the lesson.

Business men want more business, taxpayers want less burden of taxes, shippers want more service and better rates, and individual owners of vehicles want more safety in traveling their legitimate highways.

The citations above can be verified, and hundreds of other instances and details can be furnished if desired. This is a very serious matter and should be remedied immediately. We want the highways for their legitimate purposes and we want our transportation system preserved and developed if we are going to grow as we should.

R. B. SWAYNE.

AMERICA AND JAPAN.

An Address by Mr. Peter F. Dunne at a Dinner Given to the Japanese Envoys.

Among several exceptionally excellent speeches made at a banquet at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday evening last, complimentary to the returning Japanese Commissioners to the Washington Conference (Baron Kato and Mr. Hanahara), was one by Mr. Peter F. Dunne. It is given here because it presents in concise form the spirit and attitude of intelligent Americans—and particularly of intelligent Californians—with respect to Japan, her conditions, her motives, and her policies:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I join with Admiral Shoemaker—it is gratifying, here in California, to greet these distinguished representatives of Japan. The war is over, but we are not to forget that their country ranged itself with the Allies, associated itself with us, in the war for civilization and the rights of humanity. More than that, they came here the exponents and signatories of the great covenant for peace and good-will among the nations. President Harding sensed the situation. He called the Conference, Japan responded promptly, and cooperated cordially. The vague yearnings for peace of a war-weary world were translated into a concrete programme. The mad, competitive building of warships was halted. A definite limitation was put upon armaments. But the warship was a symptom, only, and an indication. Behind and deeper lay the problems of the Far East, and they circled round the vast empire and people of China. The Conference stood for the integrity and independence of China and for the policy of the "Open Door"—the principle of equal and impartial trade for the world with all parts of the Chinese Empire. And to this Japan subscribed freely and unreservedly.

Live and let live—that is the aspiration that has filled the hearts of perplexed men and women, longing for a place in the sun. Nations, too, have longed for a place in the sun, none more than Japan. She has her own problems in the Pacific. They are not the problems of the pirate or the conqueror. They are economic, and touch her self-preservation and national life. Her population is the densest in the world. She has 400 people to the square mile. Our continental United States has 35. With our hundred and ten millions of people today, if we were to expand and measure up to the density of Japan's population, there would be more than a billion of people in continental United States. When you think of what a problem that would be, you begin to realize the problem that Japan is facing today.

Eighty per cent. of the coal of Asia is in China, perhaps one per cent. is in Japan. And so it goes with iron; and with oil, too; and with raw material generally. Agriculture will not suffice. Japan is mountainous; only 15 per cent. of her land is arable. Hence the intensive cultivation of the land in Japan, which has moved the wonder of the tourist. These people must go to manufactures, if they would not perish. But where to get raw material, to be worked up and traded with as finished products? Nature gave Japan the geographical advantage of proximity to the Asiatic mainland of China. To the less densely populated and neighboring parts of that vast region Japan looked for an abiding place to receive her surplus and overflowing population. She looked to the same place and the same neighborhood for the raw materials of her industries. Who can say that by the law of necessity and self-preservation, and by the fact and advantage of neighborhood, Japan has not a natural and legitimate interest in a China of the Open Door.

Seventy years ago Perry called Japan out of her isolation and brought her in contact with the larger world. Our own interests in the Pacific and in the Far East have grown apace since Perry's advent. We are in mid-ocean at the Hawaiian Islands. We are in the South Pacific at Samoa. We are in the Far East at the Philippines. We are marketing our products and commodities in China. Our business men have set up factories in China. They saw the advantage of nearness to abundant supplies of raw materials, of nearness to cheap and very efficient labor, and of relatively cheap freight rates to the export markets. We seek no territorial aggrandizement in China. We do seek to do business there. We ask a fair field and no favor. We want the Open Door. The Conference assures this for us, for Japan, for all the world, and Japan has set her seal upon the Conference.

For seventy years Japan has been appropriating the lessons of Occidental civilization with an alertness and capacity that has astounded the world. She has shown courage and strength in battle. She has advanced by leaps and bounds to be a world power, ranking with any. The days of feudalism and the shogun have passed. She has entered upon an era of constitutional government. No taxation may be imposed on her people which does not originate, as is the case with us, in the popular and elective branch of her legislature. She has an intellectual history behind her, adorned with literature and a wonderful art. Her people are amiable and well-mannered, by consent of the world. Is the thought to be endured that between such a people and our people questions

in the Far East, if any, pending or to come, can not be settled as two mutually respecting and honorable gent.

I settle differences—not by violence and bloodshed and destruction, but by the methods of conference and the arguments and amenities of peace?

A word as to the attitude of California: No man or woman worth while but has achieved something of a personal equation. And the nations have their equations. They have their own cultural ideals and traditions, the outcome of long heredity and distinctive environment. Those are the ideals and traditions which make the country, in contrast with mere political jurisdiction, the home-land, and assimilate it to the household; and they are reflected, in association with economic factors, in questions like immigration and ownership of the soil. The point of view, the orientation as well of Japan as of our own country and our state, towards these questions, has much in common, as exhibited in their policies and legislation. For the resolution of such questions an authority is provided, the supreme national authority of both governments, working through the treaty-making power. Whatever propagandists and opportunists may say, questions like these can be adjusted and will be adjusted by the two governments, holding much the same point of view, without friction or resentment or violence. The thoughtful citizenship of California is for peace. It is for friendship, not for irritation and ill-will. When the distinguished guests of the evening take ship tomorrow, to report to their government and people, they will bear with them from our people a message of peace and good-will to Japan.

Open Letter to Senator McCormick Published in "Le Matin," Paris, January 18, 1922.

MY DEAR SENATOR: You have just caused the Senate of the United States to pass a strange resolution. It invites the Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, to make a broad inquest upon the revenues, expenses, and deficits of the European states. It especially requests him to exactly ascertain the amount of money that each of these states devotes to its land forces. The naval armaments do not interest you; you consider them quite legitimate, don't you, my dear senator? And what concerns you is, not the millions spent in building capital ships, but those spent maintaining soldiers.

I do not know what answer you will get from the Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, concerning the Russian army, which, according to a declaration of his excellency Mr. Trotzky, exceeded on January 1st one million and a half men; but I can, right now, make known to you the answer that he will surely give you concerning the army of the French Republic.

You have lived a long time in our midst and can not ignore, my dear senator, that we have a public budget of expense, of which thousands of copies are printed every year. Had you expressed the wish of having one of those copies we would have hastened to forward it to you.

You would have seen therein that the ordinary expenses of the French War Office for 1922 amount exactly to 2,959,195,269 francs, divided into four items:

|                                     | Francs.       |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|
| Metropolitan troops .....           | 2,150,773,752 |
| Colonial troops .....               | 225,000,636   |
| Construction and new material ..... | 144,927,200   |
| Morocco .....                       | 438,493,681   |
| Total .....                         | 2,959,195,269 |

I think that out of this total we may in all justice deduct the 438 millions of Morocco and the 225 millions for colonial troops.

Out of the item, "metropolitan troops," we may also deduct 157,890,000 francs, cost of our gendarmerie (armed police) for France and Tunis, for even when one has no army one must have a gendarmerie. After having made these deductions, it appears that the French army will cost France in 1922 exactly the sum of 2,139,485,269 francs—or in the neighborhood of one-twelfth the total amount of the budget of the expenses of France, which exceeds 25,000,000,000 francs. Two billion one hundred and thirty-nine million four hundred and eighty-five thousand two hundred and sixty-nine francs is the amount we will devote to our metropolitan army.

I might call to your attention the fact that out of this sum there are not four hundred million for war material, and that most of this money will be spent to house, feed, and clothe the men who, at all events, would have to be clothed, fed, and housed.

But let us take these 2,139,485,269 francs as they are and let us convert them into dollars at the rate of twelve francs per dollar. This sum amounts to \$178,290,439.

Now we see that for the fiscal year 1921-1922 the American war budget exceeds \$300,000,000, and for the fiscal year 1916-1917 (the year preceding the entrance of the United States into the war) this American war budget amounted to exactly \$358,158,361.

France therefore spends today for her land forces one-half of what the United States spends, and one-half of what the United States spent before the war.

Such are, my dear senator, the figures you asked for—and that perhaps you did not expect. But, then, there are also our debts, the amount of which you wanted to ascertain. You will also find them in the French budget.

The war has cost us 280,658,000,000 francs. It has caused our interior debt to reach the enormous sum of 230 billions; it has compelled us, who had not a centime of foreign debt, to borrow thirty-five billions from the outside; it forces us at the present time to inscribe each year into our budget, before anything else, thirteen billions to pay the interest and amortization on what we owe; thirteen billions of debt out of a budget of twenty-five billions.

This is what is crushing us, my dear senator, much more than the two billions of our land forces, and these thirteen billions will annually weigh upon our shoulders for generations and generations; we may bear that weight eternally. And of these thirteen billions annually paid by us for services rendered civilization Germany will never give us back a centime, because the treaty of peace states that she does not owe them to us.

And these thirteen billions will increase soon by other billions that you and our English friends will exact from us for the interest and amortization of the thirty-five billions we owe you.

You thus know everything, my dear senator. I have not mentioned our naval expenses because you are not interested in them, and because naval expenses seem to you a negligible quantity. In fact, ours are totally so. They amount, for 1922, to \$67,650,000, out of which scarcely \$11,000,000 for new construction and war material. Please avoid putting those figures alongside of yours or those of our British friends; they would appear Lilliputian. Merely remember the three figures that the United States Senate requested from us through you: an annual budget of expenses of twenty-five billion francs.

Out of these twenty-five billions, thirteen billions because war has been waged against us, and two billions (less than what you spend yourselves) in order that war be waged against us no more.

Yours very sincerely,  
STEPHANE LAUZANNE.



## LENIN.

The reasons suggested by representatives of the Allied governments for postponing the Genoa conference have been interesting and various, but the chief gnat or camel in the diplomatic throat appears to be Lenin. In France it is feared that his recognition would threaten a supersession of the existing league of nations and revision of the treaty of Versailles, a catastrophe which is imagined to be Lloyd George's darling wish. Commercial interests in all the Allied countries are tempted by the opportunity that seems to offer for the restoration of capitalism in Russia, but are deterred by a rather equal fear. They question on the one hand whether Lenin's hold on the reins of government is secure enough to warrant such a move, and on the other whether it is not so strong and his character so untrustworthy that the rehabilitation of Russian industry would defeat its own purpose and set up a tyranny whose effects would be felt beyond Russia. In the midst of this clamor the objections of Russia herself are scarcely audible. Indeed to the outside world almost all Russian voices but Lenin's are stilled. But beyond the circle of his stifling influence one Russian protest becomes articulate. It does not come, as might be supposed, from defenders of the Czaristic régime. These are said to have their reasons for wishing to see a capitalistic restoration under Bolshevik control. It comes from a group who feel that such a restoration would pave the way for a return to absolute monarchy, and that it would be a singularly desperate and cruel irony if a country that had blundered through such gory quagmires in its groping for freedom should be restored at long last to the servitude it started from.

This party, whether ascendant or not, has an honorable and interesting record. It is led by Miakotine and Pechekhonof, former colleagues of Tchaikovsky, the present head of the government at Archangel, and it appears to be the only political group in Russia that has stuck to its original platform. Its main planks have been "national defense, free from all chauvinism and imperialistic policies; fidelity to alliances; the democratic 'bill of rights'; a constituent assembly; a union of all forces recognizing the sovereignty of universal suffrage, and the achievement of the most far-reaching social reforms in a legal manner."

A member of this socialist and counter-revolutionary group, M. A. Landau-Aldanov, has written a study of Lenin—now issued in translation by E. P. Dutton & Co. His indictment of Lenin and the Bolshevik régime is all the more cogent for being written by one in whom no reactionary or "bourgeois" would recognize a colleague, though Lenin applies that damning term to all his opponents. Aldanov pleads for the ballot as the basic means of reform, urging that any other method involves a devotion toward ancient abuses, and that, as water can not rise above its own level, so no government can permanently contradict the instincts of a majority of its citizens. In one of his comments he gives a new color to the term Bolshevism, which may surprise those who regard that system as the logical antithesis of plutocracy. There are Bolsheviks among the capitalists, says Aldanov, and in character they closely resemble Lenin. Aldanov's test of the Bolshevik in every grade of society is a desire to tamper with the principle of representative government and free suffrage. Here is a new source of consternation for the phalanxes of rule by privilege. On this definition Senator Newberry and his friends suddenly confront their own and the world's startled gaze as Bolsheviks.

Such interchanging of political epithets is typical of the present ideological confusion. From Lenin's viewpoint Aldanov is a bourgeois because he conforms to a system of government that has countenanced capitalism. From the angle of the capitalist this same Aldanov is a dangerous red. Lenin, in the interest of the common people, decreed the death of a Czar in order to establish himself as an even more arbitrary tyrant. And so on. While in New York recently Mr. H. G. Wells dropped in to see Max Eastman and the staff of the *Liberator*. Max, being a genial gentleman with a sense of humor, received his visitor urbanely, and commented on the incident afterwards in the same terms, with an acknowledgment that Mr. Wells and himself differed on some questions of method, but were agreed in the matter of motives. But the fierce and blood-shot Greenwich Villagers who surround Mr. Eastman's thoughtful if mistaken articles in the *Liberator* with columns of pyrotechnic nonsense quickly pounced on the unfortunate Wells and on the opportunity of telling him how dull they considered him in the Village. On his departure Mike Gold exclaimed, "A bourgeois, boys, a bourgeois, by the sacred whiskers of Karl Marx." Well, the man who occasioned this hectic blurb is looked on by most of the "bourgeoisie" as a radical, being, like Aldanov, an evolutionary socialist. But to return to our wolf.

Lenin's right name is Vladimir Iliitch Oulianov. His father was a "state counselor" and superintendent of the public schools at Simbirsk, which may help explain Aldanov's statement that Lenin is one of the only three men in the Bolshevik ranks with any claim to

education. He comes from the hereditary nobility, though his apologists have insisted that his father was of peasant origin. The author pictures him as a "remarkable combination of the violence of the country squire with the elementary shrewdness of the peasant."

His brother, Alexander Oulianov, belonged to the younger revolutionary set of the populist party that plotted the assassination of Alexander III in 1887, and was one of the four who were caught on the Nevsky Prospect with bombs in their pockets on that occasion and hanged in the jail yard of the Schlüsselburg fortress.

Lenin, after completing his course in the Lycée, studied law at the University of Kazan, where he followed his brother's lead by frequenting student groups interested in Populist literature, but soon deserted this faction for the rival "Marxians." Expelled from the university, he went to Petrograd and organized there the first groups of working men and Marxian intellectuals. Twice an exile, he spent several years abroad, was implicated in the revolution of 1905, and in 1912 settled in Cracow to direct the Bolshevik movement in Russia from a kind of proletarian Vatican. The war found him in a small village in Galicia, where he was arrested by the local authorities, but almost immediately freed by the central government in Austria, who realized that it was "more advantageous to its cause to give complete freedom of action to a Russian of that breed." He then went to Switzerland, and the remainder of his career, from his return to Russia in the famous "sealed car" in March, 1917, to the present, is a matter of general knowledge: the unsuccessful revolt of July, 1917; his flight into Finland; his victorious entry into the Smolny Institute at the head of the People's Commissars; the armistice with Germany; the peace of Brest-Litovsk; the communist experiments; the reign of terror; the Third International; the "dictatorship of the proletariat"; chaos, civil war, and the final collapse.

The dictator here pictured by Aldanov is a queer compound of sincerity and guile. Aldanov credits him with scrupulous honesty, and distinguishes him among his faction as "the Bolshevik who remained poor." Though he would steal a pocketbook if necessary for the Bolshevik cause, he has no personal greed for wealth. A love of power seems in him to have swallowed up every other passion, and to the perpetuation of that power the integrity and frugality of his private life is, of course, a large contributory factor. He tolerates, however, every kind of delinquency in his followers, and measures conduct by no other standard than the immediate advantage of Bolshevism. In philosophy he is a complete materialist, a cold, shrewd analyst and tactician among the fiery Utopists that surround him. But he understands all their weaknesses and those of the people who follow them. Accomplished in all the arts of the demagogue, he uses them sparingly, and carries his point when possible by sheer weight of earnestness. He is a man of wide reading, but much of it is ill coordinated and his literary style is among the worst in Russia. Trotsky easily excels him as a rhetorician. But Lenin has a complete contempt for what he calls the "grandiloquent hot air" of the Trotsky school, and an even greater contempt for Trotsky. Aldanov gives an interesting example of the latter's fatuity:

The Russian soldiers who came to Marseilles in 1916 assassinated one of their colonels. It seems a copy of the paper which Trotsky was then publishing in Paris (*Nache Slovo*) was found in the possession of one of these soldiers, and that was one of the reasons for the expulsion of Trotsky from France. Was Trotsky embarrassed? Not at all. Trotsky made a sensational statement with reference to the matter, "The Russian government organized a little assassination in France through its agents provocateurs in order to give weight to their argument against me." That the government of the Czar should have had one of its colonels assassinated to give an argument in favor of deporting Trotsky to Spain is a discovery which seems to show the sheer folly of the author.

Beside a man of this type it is not difficult for Lenin to shine in the eyes of his disciples with the integrity of a Savonarola. But of the two, partly perhaps on that account, Lenin is infinitely the more deadly.

Aldanov charges this Robespierre of the social revolution with having dishonored the work of the greatest Russian patriots and falsified the principles of the very philosopher on whose principles he pretends to base his despotism. By intimidation, violence, and every ballot-loading device he has extinguished representative government in Russia and elevated to absolute power men even less fit to rule than the Russian imperialists they overthrew. He has made a mockery of freedom of speech and publication, and has wielded to the full the most anti-democratic privilege with which force can invest an iniquitous tyranny—a denial of the right of free discussion. In this respect Aldanov depicts him as the most malignant of reactionaries, reviver of the "roasting bees," "hanging prees," and *chambres ardentes* of the old kings, and a man who is now capable of inaugurating an even more horrible injustice than that which has lately darkened the face of Russia. Aldanov sees the remedy to Lenin, not in a capitalistic state with Lenin as its head, but in a final revolution that will remove this last despotism and restore the Constituent Assembly, based on universal suffrage—a consummation that the majority of Russians desire. Such is this author's portrait of Lenin in slender outline: its full vindication rests with time.

AUREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 22, 1922.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain Lew Wallace, Jr., of Crawfordsville, Indiana, has been appointed director of savings of the United States Treasury Department. Mr. Wallace is the grandson of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur."

Gerald du Maurier, actor-manager of Wyndham's Theatre, and son of George du Maurier, the beloved author of "Trilby," was created a knight in the New Year's honor list. Du Maurier was born in 1873. He married in 1903 Muriel Beaumont, an actress. They have three handsome daughters.

Mme. Aki-ko Ito—in English "the White Lotus"—the cousin of the Emperor of Japan, and leader in the struggle for the emancipation of Japanese women, is the first of her sex and race to sue for a divorce. It has hitherto been the sole privilege of the Japanese husband to ask a divorce from his wife. Mme. Ito has established a precedent that is the talk of the day of Tokyo society. No other attempt at breaking Japanese tradition has created such a sensation and caused such debate as has Mme. Ito's bold move for a divorce. An endless stream of letters, the writers of which take sides in the remarkable case, appear in the Japanese press. Many of them are written by women who approve Mme. Ito's act, but the majority come from conservative men and women, who maintain that the Japanese social structure will crumble if women are allowed to divorce their husbands. This opinion was given at a meeting of women in Tokuoko, Mme. Ito's home. The *Osaka-Ashi* pleads for Mme. Ito, emphasizing the mitigating circumstances of her case.

Viscountess Rhondra, Britain's foremost business woman, sometimes called the greatest woman in England, is of the optimistic opinion that business is on the upgrade and that a trade revival is in process. The viscountess is said to be on the directorate of upwards of fifty important industrial corporations, including the Anglo-Argentina Coal Company, Cambrian Collieries, Globe Shipping Company, and the South Wales Printing and Publishing Company. As chairman of the Sanatogen Company she has built up a world trade for a proprietary remedy. In financial circles in "the city" she is said to be a vital factor in British business. Margaret Haig Mackworth, second Viscountess Rhondra, was born in 1883, the daughter of the first Viscount Rhondra. Her own title was created in 1918. Her long fight to establish her right to a seat in the House of Lords has kept her in the limelight. But in Whitehall there is little disposition to deride her claims. It is forecast that the king in opening Parliament one day will have to say, "My Lords and My Lady." The viscountess married in 1908 Sir Humphrey Mackworth.

Interest, which languished almost to the vanishing point in American participation in the Olympic games, has taken on new life since Colonel Robert T. Thompson accepted the executive post and quickened public enthusiasm by changing the rather discredited name from Olympic Association to the American Committee for Olympic Games. Colonel Thompson resided in Washington, D. C., for many winters, and awakened interest in many sports and worthy causes. He was president of the Naval League and had quite a robust controversy with the Democratic Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, in the Wilson administration, from which he emerged victorious, actually, though officially under the ban. Colonel and Mrs. Thompson are at present in Southern California. Colonel Thompson will go East in the spring to take hold of the Olympic problem and see if he can not make conditions for American participants more comfortable than they have been. Scores of good sportsmen are keenly concerned in his success. Colonel Thompson will look after the rules and regulations himself. He enjoys the reputation of being a fearless fighter, and one who will never relinquish a point when right is on his side.

Not since the crowded days of the war have so many distinguished and titled members of the Italian nobility been domiciled in Washington as at the present. Commandante Fabrizio Ruspoli, who is serving as one of the experts on naval questions with the delegation of which Senator Schanzer is chief, spent several years at the embassy during the régime of Baron Camillo Avezzano. He married Miss Marjery Butt of London and resides near the Baths of Lucca in Lombardy. The Princess Ruspoli has never accompanied her husband to this country, and is at present with her parents in Surrey. A younger brother of Commandante Ruspoli, Prince Napoleone, is a captain of cavalry, and ten years ago, during a visit to this country, he met Miss Katharine Quay of Sewickley, a cousin of the well-known senator from Pennsylvania, Matthew Quay. A romance developed and the marriage occurred in New York City in October, 1912. Prince and Princess Ruspoli also reside near the baths of Lucca, where this branch of the Ruspolis, who are nobles of Florence and Lucca, have their principal seat. The family was founded in 1300 at Parma, which is adjacent to Lucca, and have been princes since the early part of the fifteenth century. There are four or five distinct branches and all have formed alliances with Americans, and several because of this kinship bear the given names of George Washington and of Thomas Jefferson.



# "THE MAN WHO LIVED WITH CANNIBALS."

Raymond Weaver Relates the Adventures of Herman Melville in the South Pacific.

Herman Melville was one of those writers who are humbly admired by authors more famous than themselves, but who command no great following among the general public. He might truthfully be called an author of authors—particularly of authors who have dealt with the mysteries of the sea. In this field Masefield credits him with a master's supremacy. Stevenson owed much to him, Barrie admitted having modeled Hook in "Peter Pan" on Captain Ahab in "Moby Dick," London adapted from the same novel many of his most effective scenes and theses, Conrad and Kipling were his debtors, and W. Clark Russell paid him and Dana this acknowledgment: "They gave us a full view of the life led by tens of thousands of men whose very existence, till these wizards arose, had been as vague to the general land intelligence as the shadows of clouds moving under the brightness of the stars. . . . They were the first to lift the hatch and show the world what passes in a ship's fore-castle."

It might be added that Melville was the first writer to lift the mists that enshrouded in his day the lives of the Pacific islanders. The fault found with him by his contemporaries was that he disclosed in the fore-castle a sepulchre of human offscourings infinitely less Christian than the savage camps into which they bore the standards of Christendom, and that in general he thought the heathen Polynesians as capable of teaching us as we them. With such a theme he, of course, ran foul of many religious and lay prejudices, with results not favorable to his reputation.

As the son of a very old and distinguished American family, Melville first outraged the proprieties by running away to sea. His reaction to fore-castle life was what might have been expected, but having tasted the briny chalice of the deep and incurred that most unquenchable of thirsts, he soon signed for another voyage, this time on the *Acushnet*, one of the whalers that cruised the Pacific in the great days of the Nantucket whale fisheries. This ship brought him into the Marquesas in the heathen heyday of those islands, and Melville, being eager for any respite from the company of his fellow-seamen, decided that the society of cannibals might be preferable:

Strangely jumbled anticipations haunted Melville, he says, as drowsing on the silent deck of the *Acushnet* he was being borne towards land: towards the Marquesas, one of the least known islands in the Pacific.

"The Marquesas! What strange visions of outlandish things does the very name spirit up!" exclaims Melville in excited prospect. "Naked hours—cannibal banquets—groves of cocoa-nut—coral reefs—tattooed chiefs—and bamboo temples; sunny valleys planted with bread-fruit trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters—savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols—heathenish rites and human sacrifices."

After fifteen months aboard the *Acushnet*, Melville was ripe to discover alluring Edenic beauties in tropical heathendom. And in the end, so intolerable was the prospect of dragging out added relentless days under the guardianship of Captain Pease, that as a last extremity Melville preferred to risk the fate of Captain Cook, and find a strolling cenotaph in the bellies of a tribe of practicing cannibals.

He had studied his shipmates with an intimacy that was later to furnish him material for many interesting pages, but among them he was drawn toward only one, a youth named Richard Tobias Greene, who subsequently appeared in the novel "Typee" as an embodiment of the Trojan virtues. When Melville communicated his plan to "Toby" the latter responded with enthusiasm:

On the morrow, with as much tobacco, ship's biscuit, and calico as they could stow in the front of their frocks, Melville and Toby made off for the interior of Nukueva—but not before Melville "lingered behind in the fore-castle a moment to take a parting glance at its familiar features." Their five days of marvelous adventures that landed them finally in the valley of Typee has abidingly tried the credulity of Melville's readers—though never for an instant their patience. After reading these adventures, Stevenson expressed his slangy approval by hailing Melville as "a howling cheese." It has been questioned in passing whether or not the number of days that two strong male humans, going through incredible exertion, can support themselves upon a hunk of bread soaked in sweat and ingrained with shreds of tobacco, must not be fewer than Melville makes out. And did they, in sober verity, critics have asked, lower themselves down the cliff by swinging from creeper to creeper with horrid gaps between them—was it as steep as Melville says, and the creepers as far apart? And did they, on another occasion, as Melville asserts, break a second gigantic fall by pitching on the topmost branches of a very high palm tree? During these thrilling and terrible five days, hardship runs hard on the heel of hardship, and each obstacle as it presents itself seems, if possible, more unsummountable than the last. There is no way out of this, one says for the tenth time; but the sagacity and fearless confidence of Toby—to whom let glory be given—and the manful endurance of Melville through parching fever and agonizing lameness, disappoint the lugubrious reader. On the third day after their escape, their ardor is cooled to a resolve to forego futile ramblings for a space. They crawled under a clump of thick bushes, and pulling up the long grass that grew around, covered themselves completely with it to endure another down-pour. While the exhausted Tony slept through the violent rain, Melville tossed about in a raging fever, without the heart to wake Toby when the rain ceased. Chancing to push aside a branch, Melville was as transfixed with surprised delight as if he had opened a sudden vista into Paradise. He "looked straight down into the bosom of a valley, which swept away in long wavy undulations to the blue waters in the distance. Midway towards the sea, and peering here and there amidst the foliage, might be seen the palmetto-thatched houses of its inhabitants glistening in the sun that had bleached them to a dazzling whiteness. The vale was more than three leagues in

length, and about a mile across its greatest width. Everywhere below me, from the base of the precipice upon whose very verge I had been unconsciously reposing, the surface of the vale presented a mass of foliage, spread with such rich profusion that it was impossible to determine of what description of trees it consisted. But perhaps there was nothing about the scenery I beheld more impressive than those silent cascades, whose slender threads of water, after leaping down the steep cliffs, were lost amidst the rich foliage of the valley. Over all the landscape there reigned the most hushed repose, which I almost feared to break, lest, like the enchanted gardens of the fairy tale, a single syllable might dissolve the spell."

Deciding to challenge their luck, they disclosed themselves to the natives, and were hospitably received, but later discovered that they were not at liberty to leave the valley. Toby, however, managed to escape on a passing whaler, and the two friends did not meet again for many years:

For four months Melville was held in friendly captivity by the Typees. His swollen leg was healed by native doctors—but not without prolonged pain and anxiety—he was fed, he was amused, he was lionized by the valley. His hosts were savages; they were idolaters, they were inhuman beasts who licked their lips over the roasted thighs of their enemies; and at the same time they were crowned with flowers, sometimes exquisite in beauty, courteous in manners, and engaged all day long in doing not only what they enjoyed doing, but what, so far as Melville could judge, they had every right to enjoy doing. With Toby, Melville was consigned to the household of Kory-Kory. Kory-Kory, though a tried servitor and faithful valet, was, Melville admits, in his shavings and tattoos, a hideous object to look upon—covered all over with fish, fowl, and monster, like an illustrated copy of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature."

Uncertainty as to his friend's fate, whom he had last seen going down to the beach in company with the natives, and the insistence of his hosts on his conversion to heathendom, decided Melville to seize the first opportunity of escape:

Among the bachelors of the Ti, the men's club of the valley, he chatted, he smoked, he drowsed: he witnessed the Feast of the Calabashes when, for the liveliest day "the drums sounded, the priests chanted, and the multitude roared and feasted"—a scene reminiscent of a university wholeheartedly given over to "campus activity." A mock battle was staged for his diversion. He entered the funeral fastnesses where the effigies of former heroes eternally paddled canoes adorned by the skulls of their enemies. He mused by pools, splashing with laughing bronze nymphs. Yet withal, Melville was a captive in the valley. His lameness, too, returned. His hosts began to make friendly but insistent suggestions that he be tattooed—a suggestion superlatively repugnant to him. He heard, moreover, the clamor of a cannibal feast, and lifted the cover of a tub under which lay a fresh human skeleton. Under these circumstances he taught old Marheyo two English words: *Home* and *Mother*. But he did not complete the trinity. *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*. It was time for him to depart.

In the meantime, captivity was not without its compensations:

There also belonged to the household three young men, "dissipated, good-for-nothing, roystering blades of savages," and several girls. Of these Melville has immortalized Fayaway, his most constant companion. He has anatomized her charms in the manner of his "First Fragment from a Writing-Desk." But it is Fayaway in action, not Fayaway in still life, that survives in the imagination. At Melville's intercession, the taboo against women entering a boat was lifted. Many hours they spent together swimming, or floating in the canoe; diversions heightened in their heinousness by the fact that Fayaway for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden—and the costume became her. Nor did Melville's depravity cease with his unblushing approval of nakedness. "Strange as it may seem," Melville writes in the '40s, "there is nothing in which a young and beautiful female appears to more advantage than in the act of smoking." Fayaway not only smoked, but she smoked a pipe, as they drifted in the canoe. One day, as they were gliding along, Fayaway "seemed all at once to be struck with a happy idea. With a wild exclamation of delight, she disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was knotted over her shoulder (for the purpose of shielding her from the sun), and spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe. We American sailors pride ourselves upon our straight clean spars, but a prettier mast than Fayaway made was never shipped aboard of any craft." John La Farge has painted Fayaway in this attitude.

Rumor of his plight reaching the captain of an Australian ship that had stopped at the island, a ransom was offered for him, but the natives refused it and fought a landing party to prevent his withdrawal. He succeeded in pushing off, however, in one of the boats, and reached the ship, though not without being forced to kill one of his friendly captors. His discovery, long afterwards, that Toby had not been injured by the islanders, and that they had contemplated no violence toward himself, added to the regret with which he looked back on his escape. And even at this time the contrasts between the clean pastoral life of the valley and the sordid filth of the ship that had rescued him in order to enlist his service in a short-handed crew filled him with remorse:

Though later, when Melville was a sailor in the United States Navy, he touched at the Marquesas, he never again set foot within the valley of the Typee. Melville had known the Typees in their uncorrupted glory—strong, wicked, laughing, loving, and clean. Mr. O'Brien visited Typee not many years ago, to find it pathetically fallen from its high estate. "I found myself," he says, "in a loneliness indescribable and terrible. No sound but that of a waterfall at a distance parted the sombre silence. . . . Humanity was not so much absent as gone, and a feeling of doom and death was in the motionless air, which lay like a weight, upon leaf and flower. The thin, sharp buzzing of the *nonos* was incessant." Mr. O'Brien discovered in the heart of the valley fewer than a dozen people who sat within the houses by coconut-husk fires, the acrid smoke of which daunted the *nonos*. "They have clung to their lonely *paepaes* despite their poverty of numbers and the ferocity of the *nonos*. They had clearings with cocoanuts and breadfruits, but they cared no longer to cultivate them, preferring rather to sit sally in the curling fumes and dream of the past. One old man read aloud the 'Gospel of St. John' in Marquesan, and the others listlessly listened, seeming to drink in little comfort from the verses, which he recited in the chanting monotone of their *uta*. . . . Nine miles in length is Typee, from a glorious cataract that leaps over the dark

buttress wall where the mountain bounds the valley to the blazing beach. And in all this extent of marvelous fish land, there are now this wretched dozen natives, too old or listless to gather their own food."

Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!

After a mutiny in which Melville and the ship's doctor were implicated, these two found themselves at loose ends in Tahiti. Here Melville had an opportunity to observe at leisure the relations between Christianity and Heathendom, and to form some unorthodox opinions:

It is Melville's contention that the very traits in the Tahitians which induced the London Missionary Society to regard them as the most promising subjects for conversion were, in fact, the most serious obstruction to their ever being Christians. "An air of softness in their manners, great apparent ingenuousness and docility, at first misled; but these were the mere accompaniments of an indolence, bodily and mental; a constitutional voluptuousness; and an aversion to the least restraint; which, however fitted for the luxurious state of nature, in the tropics, are the greatest possible hindrances to the strict moralities of Christianity." Of the Marquesans, Melville says in "Typee": "Better it will be for them to remain the happy and innocent heathens and barbarians that they now are, than, like the wretched inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, to enjoy the mere name of Christians without experiencing any of the vital operations of true religion, whilst, at the same time, they are made the victims of the worst vices and evils of civilized life."

Paul Gauguin, in his "Intimate Journals," seems to share Melville's conviction that the Polynesians are disqualified by nature to experience "any of the vital operations of the spirit." In speaking of the attempts of the missionaries to introduce marriage into Polynesia he remarks cynically: "As they are going out of the church, the groom says to the maid of honor, 'How pretty you are!' And the bride says to the best man, 'How handsome you are!' Very soon one couple moves off to the right and another to the left, deep into the underbrush where, in the shelter of the banana trees and before the Almighty, two marriages take place instead of one. Monseigneur is satisfied, and says, 'We are beginning to civilize them.'"

For the attitude of the lay representatives of Christendom toward the pagan islanders he had nothing but scorn:

"Indeed, it is almost incredible the light in which many sailors regard these naked heathens. They hardly consider them human. But it is a curious fact that the more ignorant and degraded men are, the more contemptuously they look upon those whom they deem their inferiors." John G. Paton records in his "Autobiography" how, in 1860, three traders gleefully told him that to humble the natives of Tanna, and to diminish their numbers, they had let out on shore at different ports, four men ill with the measles—an exceedingly virulent disease among savage peoples. "Our watchwords are," these jolly traders said, "sweep the creatures into the sea, and let white men occupy the soil." This sentiment belongs more to a fixed human type than to a period, of course; and that type has frequently taken to sailing strange seas. In treachery, cruelty, and profligacy, the exploits of European discoverers contain some of the rosiest pages in the history of villainy.

He credited the missionaries with disinterested sincerity, but doubted the value of their work and their fitness for it:

As a result of this labor idolatry was done away with; the entire Bible was translated into Tahitian; the morality of the islanders was, on the whole, improved. These accomplishments Melville freely admits. But in temporal felicity, "the Tahitians are far worse off now than formerly; and although their circumstances, upon the whole, are bettered by the missionaries, the benefits conferred by the latter become utterly insignificant, when confronted with the vast preponderance of evil brought by other means." Melville found that there was still at Tahiti freedom and indolence; torches brandished in the woods at night; dances under the moon, and women decked with flowers. But he also found the missionaries intent upon the abolition of native amusements and customs—said to have been first contrived and recommended by the missionaries' wives; a report which, I really trust, is nothing but a scandal." To Melville's eyes, Tahiti was neither Pagan nor Christian, but a bedraggled bastard cross between the vices of two incompatible traditions. And in this blend he saw the promise of the certain extinction of the Polynesians. The Polynesians themselves were not blind to the doom upon them. Melville had heard the aged Tahitians singing in a low sad tone a song which ran: "The palm trees shall grow, the coral shall spread, but man shall cease."

And his view of native susceptibility to Christian morality is well summarized in this tale:

At church Melville had observed, among other puzzlingly incongruous performances, a young Polynesian blade standing up in the congregation in all the bravery of a striped calico shirt, with the skirts rakishly adjusted over a pair of white sailor trousers, and hair well anointed with coconut oil, ogling the girls with an air of supreme satisfaction. And of those who ate of the bread-fruit of the Eucharist in the morning, he knew several who were guilty of sad derelictions the same night. Desiring, if possible, to find out what ideas of religion were compatible with this behavior, he and the Long Doctor called upon three sister communicants one evening. While the doctor engaged the two younger girls, Melville lounged on a mat with Ideea, the eldest, dallying with her grass fan, and improving his knowledge of Tahitian.

"The occasion was well adapted to my purpose, and I began. 'Ah, Ideea, mickonaree oee?' the same as drawing out—'By the by, Miss Ideea, do you belong to the church.'"

"Yes, me mickonaree," was the reply.

"But the assertion was at once qualified by certain reservations; so curious that I can not forbear their relation. 'Mickonaree ena (church member here), exclaimed she, laying her hand upon her mouth, and a strong emphasis on the adverb. In the same way, and with similar exclamations, she touched her eyes and hands. This done, her whole air changed in an instant; and she gave me to understand, by unmistakable gestures, that in certain other respects she was not exactly a 'mickonaree.'"

Mr. Weaver's book is a treasury of information on Melville's career and is an interesting estimate of his genius. If at times his criticism overreaches itself in a desire for sparkle and emphasis, this is an attractive fault, and does not lessen the charm and value of the biography.

HERMAN MELVILLE: MARINER AND MYSTIC. By Raymond M. Weaver. New York: George H. Doran Company.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending February 18, 1922 (five days) were \$130,000,000; Saturday's clearings were \$22,800,000.

At the entrance of every business house, every manufacturing plant, every producing industry in America, for several years past, have stood two robber barons, Labor and Government (says the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles in its monthly letter). One extorted inflated wages, the other unjust taxes. They both required payment in cash. Neither would accept as payment an interest in the plant, in raw ma-

wheels of commerce go round, and furnished employment to those whose skill and labor is their capital. It has eaten into industrial capital until it is unable to function, or is unwilling to longer play the unequal game. The patronage of the government has been largely surrendered to, and is still enjoyed and monopolized by organized labor. The avowed object of the latter is to curtail output and increase wages. The burden of supporting the government and paying its debts has been imposed upon a small minority of our population. The retail merchants have charged what seems to the buying public an outrageous profit on their wares, but in justice to the retailer be it remembered that his labor has been both costly and inefficient; his taxes of all kinds have largely increased; his telephone, electric light, and stationery bills are heavier than ever before. Still with shellac selling at \$3.25 per gallon in Los Angeles City, the retailer at Alhambra, eight miles distant therefrom, must be making some profit when he charges \$5.25 per gallon for the same article. The little things in this world count. The sum of the little things make up the big things. With hogs selling at 7 cents per pound on foot, a 200-pound hog ought not to bring \$35 retail.

While our lawmakers, in their frantic efforts to gain votes, have saddled the burden of running the government and paying its debts on the wealthy, who have fewer votes than the exempted classes, they overlook the fundamental proposition that, in the end, the consumer pays the taxes. Adam Smith lays down this doctrine so plainly in his "Wealth of Nations" that the dullest mind must be convinced by reading what he says on the subject.

Where producers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, and distributors recoup their taxes out of their sales, naturally, in fixing prices, they have to provide for contingencies which may or may not occur. Mind you, the taxes of each party through whose hands goods pass are pyramided onto the final consumer. The sums thus added to the selling price of general commodities account, in part, for the high price to consumers at which these commodities are retailing. These prices form an excuse for the continuance of war-time wages. Thus, everybody is milling around in a vicious circle, and getting deeper into the quagmire of debt, inefficiency, and disgust for our methods of taxation, without any benefit to themselves. A moderate income tax without exemptions, without any excess profits or surtax, coupled with a sales tax, would give the government all the revenue needed, be a just tax, because it would be uniform, remove friction, and decrease the irritation and distress caused by the present income-tax laws. But taxation as above outlined would not bring a President, a senator, or a congressman, desirous of reelection the votes of the masses who are now, as far as direct taxation is concerned, a privileged class.

If the soldiers' bonus measure is passed, and it probably will be, we may get a sales tax on top of our other taxes, and without any relief from the heavy burden already imposed thereby. If so, this result will follow as another congressional sop to attract votes. Already Senator Frank P. Flint, Hiram John-

son's campaign manager in this district, is shouting from the housetops how loyally Johnson has stood for the soldiers' bonus. The only object of this announcement is to get votes.

Hearings before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives on the constitutional amendment to make state and municipal bonds subject to taxation closed on January 28th, and the proceedings are now ready for distribution. Early favorable action by the committee is expected.

"Street-car fares would be lower and electric light and gas cheaper if public utilities were not compelled to compete with tax-exempt securities in the money markets," said P. H. Gadsden of Philadelphia, representing utility associations. He stated that some companies had been obliged to pay 12 per cent. for money because investors who had formerly purchased their bonds now prefer 5 per cent. tax-exempt securities.

Tax experts, farmers, financiers, a labor representative, and treasury officials testified that the national treasury, states, and taxpayers would be benefited by abolishing tax-exemptions.

Congressman McFadden, author of the resolution, was the first of nearly twenty witnesses who argued in favor of the amendment. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and former Assistant Secretary Leffingwell declared that it would improve financial conditions and reduce general taxation if government securities were taxed. Mr. Leffingwell said that tax exemption impairs government credit by reducing its resources. He stated that the government would be better off if it had made all liberty loans taxable.

Dr. Edwin Seligman of Columbia University also insisted that the national government made a serious blunder in making Liberty Bonds exempt from taxation. He demonstrated that the Federal treasury is losing \$300,000,000 a year by loss of taxes in excess of the gains received through reduced interest rates. He proved that the continued exemption of state and municipal bonds would soon seriously impair the taxing resources of states and the nation.

Representatives of the National Association of Real Estate Boards said that home-building in cities has been restricted and rents raised because investors buy tax-exempt securities instead of loaning on new buildings.

Expert statisticians showed that the farm mortgages of the country are now \$8,000,000,000 and that the Federal Land Banks are carrying \$415,000,000, only 5 per cent. of the total amount. Ninety-five per cent. of the farmers are paying higher interest rates and higher taxes because capital is diverting to tax-exempt securities. Annual issues of tax-exempt state and municipal bonds increased five-fold from \$262,818,844 in 1918 to \$1,305,868,916 in 1921, with prospects of still further increases in 1922.

In view of the widespread belief that high railroad rates are largely responsible for the continuance of the business depression, and of the loud demand for immediate and sweeping reductions, it is interesting to notice that rejoinder from the roads is virtually—"we'd like to, but we can't."

Some freight rates have been reduced, to correct disarrangements as to localities and

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for economic reasons, but such an authority as President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio holds that the roads can not wisely do more at present. And even if the Interstate Commerce Commission insists on reduction, we read on the financial page of the New York Evening Post, no effects are likely to be felt before the beginning of summer. "It will require some time for the commission to finish taking testimony and hearing arguments on this question. Then, if reductions are ordered, at least a month more will be necessary for the carriers to put the decision into effect." Returning to the railroad point of view, as expressed by Mr. Willard, we find him stating that "certainly the carriers in the Eastern region can not make a general reduction now which would be definitely helpful, and it is doubtful if any substantial reduction could be justified with reference to any one commodity or class of traffic." As this railroad man continues:

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terials, finished products, or bills receivable. They took the kernel and left the employers the husks. Instead of the enormous profits which were supposed to have been made, this constant milking of capital, to satisfy the demands of labor and the government, has in many instances consumed the liquid capital and destroyed the credit of thousands who were the backbone of national prosperity. As a result plants are idle, labor unemployed, liquidation widespread, and the tax-gatherer,

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as to these deadened enterprises, goes empty-handed. The income tax, as levied and enforced, has in some instances killed the goose that laid the golden egg. It is unwise, because it is unjust. It is unfair, because it is not uniform. It is brutal, because it is murderous to the commercial and industrial world. It exempted the vast army of wage-earners from its direct effects, and fastened its deadly fangs into the income of those whose enterprise and industry made the

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they will do so again, and in fact they are doing so now. High as railroad charges are, they are not relatively higher than other prices are or were, and it is important to remember that they were the very last to go up, and in the nature of things can not be first to go down; they can and will participate in the downward movement of all prices. In my opinion, to accelerate this downward movement artificially at this time would injure the roads and not benefit the public. Railroad rates are and always were subject to economic laws, against which they can not prevail, and the mere operation of such laws and influences will tend constantly to bring about lower rates, just as has been the case, not only during the past year, but during all years of railway operation."

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in Mr. Willard's opinion, tend to make the carriers unequal to caring for the present volume of traffic, which he considers not much over 75 per cent. of normal. While there may be some difference of opinion about the severity of the case as Mr. Willard puts it, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* believes "that he is right in the general statement and that any attempt to force conclusions would tend to disaster instead of relief."

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the William R. Staats Company a report of the business for the year just ended was made showing a large and increasing volume of business at the several offices of the company located at Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and San Diego. A financial statement reflecting the highly prosperous condition of the company was submitted to the stockholders; a substantial amount was carried to surplus and undivided profits in addition to dividends paid.

The new office building now being erected by the company on East Colorado Street, to be occupied by the First National Bank and the William R. Staats Company for its permanent Pasadena office, is nearing completion.

The retiring board of directors, composed of William R. Staats, John Earle Jardine, Frank C. Monroe, J. W. Edminson, Lloyd R. Macy, J. E. Coggeshall, B. G. McMechen, John S. Staats, and Harry B. Brooks, was re-elected for the ensuing year.

At the organization meeting of the directors, held immediately after the stockholders' meeting, the following officers were elected: William R. Staats, chairman; John Earle Jardine, president; Frank C. Monroe, vice-president; J. W. Edminson, vice-president; Lloyd R. Macy, vice-president; J. E. Coggeshall, vice-president; B. G. McMechen, treasurer; John S. Staats, secretary; Thomas K. Gally, assistant treasurer; Robert G. Thomas, assistant secretary; Ray C. Maple, assistant secretary.

The only change in the executive personnel was the addition of Ray C. Maple as assistant secretary. Mr. Maple has been with the company for some years past.—*Pasadena Star-News*.

An instance of the enormous tax burden carried by the public utilities of California under the law which throws upon the corporations the entire cost of state government is furnished by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in forwarding to Sacramento, on the 4th instant, the sum of \$1,257,660.78, representing the second installment of state taxes paid by that company for the fiscal year 1921-22. In discussing the matter A. F. Hockenbeamer, second vice-president and treasurer of the company, has this to say:

"It is worth while to call public attention to the fact that this payment, large as it is,

covers only one-half of what the Pacific Gas and Electric Company pays to the state for a single year's operations. Our taxes for the year, including state and county taxes, franchise taxes, Federal taxes, etc., will probably not run short of three and one-half million dollars."

The William R. Staats Company are offering \$150,000 Lagunitas Development Company first closed mortgage 7 per cent. bonds, tax exempt in California, dated January 1, 1922, and due January 1, 1932. The price is 98 and interest, yielding in excess of 7.25 per cent.

These bonds in the opinion of counsel are secured by a first closed mortgage of all of the company's properties, consisting of approximately 4800 acres of land located in the San Geronimo Valley, Marin County, on the Point Reyes line of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad (broad gauge) twenty-one miles from San Francisco, together with the plant and properties of the San Geronimo Valley Water Company, and assignment of sales contracts having an estimated value of \$80,000.

The company has expended in improvements approximately \$125,000, which is taken into consideration in placing the appraisals above mentioned.

The Red Seal Refining Company has been organized under the laws of California with an authorized capital of \$1,500,000, divided into 1,000,000 shares of common stock and 500,000 of 8 per cent. preferred stock. The stock is being placed upon the market for the purpose of building a refining plant at Los Angeles harbor. The location at Los Angeles Harbor is within a few miles of the new fields at Huntington Beach, Signal Hill, and Point Firmin, with the best shipping facilities both by rail to the interior and water for coastwise and export trade, although the entire product will be consumed locally for the present. The preferred stock constitutes a first lien on all the earnings and assets of the company. The company is obligated to pay 8 per cent. on all preferred stock before applying any earnings to dividends on common stock, and in the event of sale or liquidation the preferred stockholders shall first be paid 100 cents on the dollar with all accrued interest before any funds are applied to common stock.

Mr. R. B. Barr, manager of the Los Angeles office of the investment banking house of Cyrus Peirce & Co., and Mr. Douglas Alexander, manager of the Seattle office of the same firm, have both left for their respective headquarters following a short business visit to this city.

The Fat Man's Club of Paris now has fifty-eight members, including three women. Members must weigh at least 200 pounds and the president tips the beam at 290.



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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Now that the psychologists have inherited the earth all the world is learning to speak, and what is more to think, in their language. A few years ago one would have written "jargon," but it is indicative of the completeness of their conquest that we have begun to treat them respectfully. Moreover, a few years ago it was jargon to us. Nowadays even our grandparents know what a complex is. In the early days of the conquest the most learned of us talked psy-

chology with something of the hard temerity with which we essay French or German. Few could honestly boast that we thought psychology. Now all that is changed. Psychology is more than a language; it is the great white light that illumines everything. How in the world did we previously get along? How did we have any intelligent criticism, to say nothing of any intelligent art? Indeed, that mystery is one of the few that the master science has not cleared up. We did get along somehow. Perhaps our subconscious minds took care of literature, for example. But there is no denying that the thing called literature today is very different from its prototype B.F. That means before Freud and is probably the fashion in which our peculiar era will be designated and divided by posterity.

One of the most radical differences the new age has brought in is in the matter of fiction. Hitherto one read fiction for relaxation or aesthetic appreciation. Most people read for the former; the highbrows read for the latter. That deplorable class—whom, by the way, Shaw candidly says his plays are written for—was apt to find aesthetic exhilaration in squalor and misery. I suppose it made them feel doubly comfortable by contrast. The rest of humanity frankly liked a pleasant theme and a "happy ending." The ending, of course, is the crucial test of a book. If you don't care how it ends, the story is indubitably a failure. If you do care you want it to end happily. That is a logical explanation of the very human love of a "happy ending." But the psychological explanation is different. Psychologically, a taste, a penchant for anything is a complex, and there is usually a more or less discreditable reason or cause for the complex. Psychologically, we like happy endings because we are cowards, because we dread to be reminded of death or the wages of sin, because, in short, we have bad consciences. The psychoanalysts have declared it so, and it may or may not be true. One used to think that he liked a joyous termination because he had human sympathies and because the author had created lifelike puppets. Not so. The dark but therefore real reason that we wished those figments of an author's brain well was not because we loved our fellow-man, but because we loved ourselves. We identified the characters according to our sex, lost ourselves in their deeds and misdeeds, acquired their conscience, which more or less fitted our own, and finally suffered their fate. Naturally, say the psychologists, we want a "happy ending."

But the matter did not end by an explanation, half-heartedly embraced. The doctrine of the complex is slow but insidious. Once an author or a reader had accepted it, there was only one thing left for a self-respecting student of literature—to kill the happy ending. If the foolish, pleasant thing had got one into such a pass, why, one could only face it out and have any number of horrible finishes. A taste for tragedy ought to clear our characters. Hence—our current school of morbid squalor. That is both the logical and the psychological explanation.

Disowning science as an aid to literary criticism and getting back to literary standards, there is still a problem as regards endings. It has been urged that a story or a theme contains its inevitable end, as a matter of course. That an arbitrary ending is bad art is indubitably true. The old melodramatic thing, full of horrible possibilities and automatic escapes, but always terminating with magical ease and eternal happiness, is not the image to conjure up when one speaks—artistically, of course—of happy endings. Nowadays the arbitrary unhappy end is more of a literary monster because it is ubiquitous and unnatural. True, most of us are failures and unhappy. At least we are failures when we are unhappy, which is when we admit the truth. But to mechanically end a novel tragically because most lives are tragic is as silly as to end one happily because most people are unhappy. Besides, the former is more ill-natured. One does not paint the Mediterranean green because more people live on the Pacific. The end of a novel should be in the same color as the theme.

Still another phase of the tortured subject has been turned to view by a young author, Elizabeth Hepburn. Her interesting theory is that happy endings are not less real than sad ones, since almost any life contains a few happy spots. The trick is to conclude at the psychological moment when your puppets are dancing to a gay tune. After all, that is precisely what the older novelists did. Lacking the lurid light of a complex to brighten the literary path, they trusted to imagination, to instinct, to, I suppose, the subconscious mind, since we must use the language of our conquerors in order at least to be understood by the rising generation. The old formula, "and they lived happily ever after," was not unrealistic either. They thought they would. And, according to the philosophers—if one may ring in still another brand of scientists—thought is the only thing that matters, anyway. So it resolves as everything else in the world does to a matter of taste—happy end-

ings for happy people, sad ones for the rest of us, and horrid, arbitrary ones for the highbrows. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

The February publications of Small, Maynard & Co. include "The Witch Man," a novel of the Virginia mountains, by Margaret Belle Houston; "The Angel of Terror," by Edgar Wallace; "The Future of the Novel," edited by Meredith Starr, which gives the opinion of the leading English novelists on the future of their art; and "Success," by Lord Beaverbrook.

Writing of Herman Melville and his great sea stories, "Moby Dick," "Typee," and "Omoo," which have been recently reprinted in the Everyman's Library (Dutton's), in the *Literary Review*, Carl Van Vechten says: "The neglect of this figure, in my opinion indubitably the most important in the annals of United States literature, even in America, where it is almost a tradition to neglect the great, is one of the outstanding disgraces in our literary history."

Leonie Aminoff's novel, "Torchlight," published last summer by the Duttons, wove into its remarkably vivid story, with its background and action of the French Revolution, a picture of the youth of Napoleon. It was announced then that the novel was the first of a series whose central theme was to be Napoleon's life and character. The second volume, to be called "Love," is announced for spring publication by the Duttons. "Torchlight" closed with the end of the Revolution, the release of Josephine and others from prison just in time to save them from the guillotine, and her expectation of meeting their savior. The forthcoming story will deal with their romance and marriage and his rise to power.

Among the books announced for early issue by the Cornhill Publishing Company are "From Waterloo to the Marne," by Count Pietro Orsi, and "The A B C of Collecting Old English China," by J. F. Blacker. "The Medicine Way of the Palefaces," by Marion Reid Girardot, is a new novel by the author of "Steve of the Bar G Ranch." Other works of fiction to be published by the same company are "Beside the Tidewater," by Philip Hubbard, and "The Stronger Light," by Mary A. Balch.

Although Ovid forms the basis of much of our English literature, strangely enough there has never been an adequate metrical translation of his "Metamorphoses." That is why the forthcoming translation (Cornhill Publishing Company) is awaited with unusual interest in literary circles where the classics still hold their own. The translator, Brookes More, himself a well-known poet, has not only given to this work the best part of his twenty years of labor, but he has brought to the task a natural appreciation and kinship with the older poet that bids fair to make the com-

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pleted work one of the outstanding events of the present century in literary circles.

Harold Nicolson, author of "Sweet Waters" (Houghton Mifflin Company), is already known in America as the writer of a short study of "Paul Verlaine"—a book of power and beauty. In England he is well known also as a rising young diplomat, the son of Lord Carnock. It is his diplomatic experiences that form the basis for "Sweet Waters." Balkan intrigue, Turks, New and Old, Levantine and Englishmen—where could an author who knows the ground find more charming material for a novel?

Since James Joyce attracted attention with "Dubliners," a volume of short stories, no Irishman has made so pronounced an impression in fiction as Daniel Corkery. His "The Hounds of Banba" (B. W. Huebsch) consists of short stories that fix the Irish revolution for history as no conventional history can do. The Sinn Fein movement as it stirred the heart and mind of the nation provides the themes for tales which are likely to endure as the contributions of art to the psychology of the revolution. They reproduce the troubled soul of the Irish people during their great historical crisis.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Europe—Whither Bound?

Despite a disposition to be more or less "fed up" on books on Europe's plight one is apt to find Stephen Graham's new book both interesting and instructive. The chief interest of the book lies in its "news" quality. Europe is in such a fluid state that only the very latest reports are of any value to the practical reader. Mr. Graham has but very lately completed a tour of the capitals of Europe, and his book is composed of letters written on the spot of his observations.

Mr. Graham first tapped the stream of European conditions at Athens. The new Greece since the fall of Venizelos is presented to us—not exactly an attractive picture. "You do not hear a good word said for the Greek by any race in Europe," says Mr. Graham. At Constantinople we catch a glimpse of "a city now of appalling unhappiness and misery."

Naturally, the chapter on Germany is one of supreme interest. Berlin is not the city it was. From being perhaps the cleanest and most orderly city on the Continent it has become one of dirty streets and unkempt people and one of broken regulations. Mr. Graham graphically sums up the change in Berlin—"a city that had no slums and no poor in 1914 now becoming a slum *en bloc*." And yet, strange to say, every one is employed.

The letter from London is equally illuminating. "You would hardly think that England herself was in mortal danger. London astonishes the traveler." Our traveler's main impression is one of frivolity and materialism carried to the Nth degree. There is a neurotic interest in sport, and particularly in gambling. "England loses matches, and the nation seems as much plunged in gloom as she was at the failures of the old South Afri-

can war." Nor is even secondary public interest in vital matters. After sport divorce is the great attraction. In fact one begins to realize, perhaps only dimly, that England is in a very bad way. Her greater material advantages over other European nations has partially served to blind us to the issue. England is probably now where the Continent was a generation ago. Today, even France is sobered and the rest of Europe is melancholic, but England has risen to hitherto unknown heights of extravagant pleasure-seeking.

Mr. Graham has certainly rendered us a service in sketching so vividly and so intelligently the Europe of the latter half of 1921.

EUROPE—WHITHER BOUND? By Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

## Foster on Auction.

A great deal has been written on auction, but most of it has been based on the older theories of bridge and whist. Mr. Foster shows that auction is basically different from these earlier games, and that actual analysis of results proves the ancient conventions unsound and misleading when applied to auction play. He established the fact that every hand in auction has a fixed value for attack or defense, which can be absolutely depended on to yield a certain return in tricks to the player who understands these values and bases his bids upon them. Mr. Foster's work finally puts auction on a scientific basis.

FOSTER ON AUCTION. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama.

"The Great Galeoto" is familiar to English readers, but despite even the new interest in Spanish literature due to Jacinto Benaventi's recent capture of the Nobel Prize there are

not many translations of Spanish plays into English. Spanish literature is among the most untranslated of European schools. So that a new edition of such a book as "Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama" is always welcome. One's only regret is that there are but three plays included. These three, however, were selected with discrimination. They represent three of the varied aspects of modern Spanish genius, Echegaray, Goldós, and Guimera, the Catalan nationalist. Two of the plays—the "Duchess of San Quentin," by Benito Pérez-Goldós, and "Daniela," by Angel Guimera—were never translated into English before the publication of this volume. And it is for these we particularly rejoice. "The Great Galeoto," splendid thing though it is, was available before. The present volume is a new edition of Barrett H. Clark's collection, to which he has contributed a new preface.

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2.50.

## New Books Received.

EDGAR A. POE: A STUDY. By John W. Robertson, M. D. San Francisco: Privately printed; \$7.50.

Part 1, A Psychopathic Study; Part 2, A Biographical Study.

ESTHER AND BERENICE. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Two historical plays based on Racine.

CHINA'S PLACE IN THE SUN. By Stanley High. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

An account of China's situation today.

RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST. By Leo Pasvolvsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A history of the imperialistic policy of the old Russia in Asia, and the more recent policy of Soviet Russia in the Far East.

SHAKESPEARE: A PLAY. By Clifford Bax and H. F. Rubenstein. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

LENIN. By M. A. Landau-Aldanov. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An estimation of Lenin by a member of the party of Miakotine and Pechekhonof.

TRADITION AND PROGRESS. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

PAN AND THE TWINS. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A fantasy.

NEAR EASTERN AFFAIRS AND CONDITIONS. By Stephen Panaretto. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

Lectures by the Bulgarian Minister to the United States.

FOSTER'S SKAT MANUAL. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The technique of Skat.

SWEET WATERS. By Harold Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A novel of Near Eastern diplomacy.

LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIET FREAN. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A novel.

THE PRINCIPAL FRAGMENTS OF MENANDER. With an English translation by Francis G. Allinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

The Loeb Classical Library.

THUCYDIDES. With an English translation by Charles Forster Smith. In four volumes; Volume 3, "History of the Peloponnesian War." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

The Loeb Classical Library.

AUSONIUS. With an English translation by Hugh G. Evelyn White, M. A. In two volumes; Volume II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

The Loeb Classical Library.

CALLIMACHUS AND LYCOPHRON. With an English translation by A. W. Mair. ARATUS. With an English translation by G. R. Mair. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

The Loeb Classical Library.

LUCIAN. With an English translation by A. M. Harmon. In eight volumes; Volume III. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

The Loeb Classical Library.

THE RICH LITTLE POOR BOY. By Eleanor Gates. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

MY LIFE IN PARIS FIFTY YEARS AGO. By A. Ellen Stanton. Boston: The Stratford Company.

Autobiographical.

## A Fallacy Concerning Russians.

In a review of "The Note-Books of Anton Chekhov" and the "Reminiscences of Chekhov," by Gorky, Kurpin, and Bunin (B. W. Huebsch), in the New York Evening Telegram, Frederick James Gregg, critic of books and art, points out the absurdity of the common notion that Russians are "gloomy." "Chekhov," says Mr. Gregg, "is the most charming personality to be found anywhere among the writers of high rank in the period that ended with the great war." He speaks of the "wise optimism" of Chekhov, quoting from a description by the "bitter Gorky" of Chekhov in his garden in the Caucasus:

"His love was not that of a proprietor; it was something else—a mightier and wiser consciousness. He would often say, looking at his orchard with a twinkling eye: 'Look, I have planted each tree here, and certainly they were dear to me. . . . But this is of no consequence. Before I came here all this was



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waste land and ravines, all covered with stones and thistles. Then I came and turned this wilderness into a cultivated, beautiful place. . . . Do you know that in three or four hundred years all the earth will become a flourishing garden? And life will then be exceedingly light and comfortable." And yet this was the man whom many Western critics used to describe as a "pessimist."

A museum will be opened in Paris this year in the Avenue des Gobelins. It will not be an orangerie like the Luxembourg or a residence like the Louvre, but a building especially designed for museum purposes, and will contain a collection of the old tapestries woven by the Gobelins towards the end of the fifteenth century on the banks of the Bièvre, a little stream now hardly better than a sewer.

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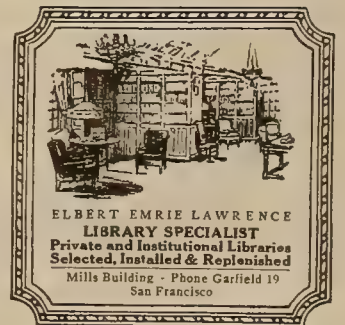
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### "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM."

David Belasco does not write great plays, but he unquestionably knows how to reach the hearts of his public. He does this in his near-great moments, which, in this play, happens in the middle act, when the shade of Peter makes agonizing efforts to communicate with those he loved, so that he could undo the mischief he had done in life by exacting a promise.

The story, it will be remembered, is that of an elderly, Dutch-descended tulip-grower, living in a Dutch-settled town in New York State. The promise was exacted from Kathrien, his deeply-loved adopted child—or adopted niece—who pledged herself, a short time before Peter's sudden death from a heart seizure, to marry his nephew, an individual whom all instinctively disliked except Peter. Peter had strong family feeling. The prosperous business had been carried on by his forbears for seven generations, and he wished it to continue in his family. Frederick, the nephew, thought otherwise, but concealed his sentiments from his uncle.

Death opened Peter's eyes to the dissimulation and cold-heartedness of Frederick, and to his own folly. He keeps the pact made to his doctor and old friend, Andrew MacPherson, to return, and in the brown shadows of the mellow old, wood-lined Dutch interior we see Peter, pathetically striving, striving to communicate his releasement of Kathie's pledge.

This is the supreme act of the play. Even the most frivolous spirits in an audience, on the avid search of a motive for laughter, feel the pathos of seeing that touching visitor from the shades, helpless in the home he had dominated, and unseen by the bright eyes of youth that he had so loved.

In this act David Belasco has drawn with remarkable success upon those resources of stagecraft in which he is so adept. It is not any too easy to create a supernatural atmosphere on the stage, but he has succeeded signally in doing so. A thunder storm and the coming of twilight unite to create thick shadows, and Kathie's grief and longing for her uncle suggest the familiar but lost presence. And suddenly it is there, standing in the midst of the family group, holding forth tentative arms, offering shadow caresses. The phantom speaks, and at first all ears are dull. But it gradually it seems as if the urge of the anguished spirit communicated itself to living ears and hearts.

The method by which Belasco has brought this situation about repays study, for it is full of admirable detail. The various personages on the stage, at different times, show an uneasy perception of an unseen presence, and once or twice they seem to obtain a momentary glimpse of Peter's yearning countenance.

Yet all the time Belasco, the master of stagecraft and the skilled feeler of the public pulse, so contrives as to make the ultimate success of the communication within the bounds of possibility.

Willem, the delicate boy—and, unknown to all, the illegitimate victim of Frederick's secret sin—is sensitive, emotional, and receptive to suggestion. This tender spirit is the one that finally hears and sees the phantom visitor. But—and here again Belasco's skill comes in—the sturdy repudiator of spiritual interference may easily prove that such beings as Willem have hallucinations, or intuitions; and that he fancied the bodiless presence with which the others heard him speaking. And thus no one can definitely accuse the author of countenancing spiritualism.

However that may be, the scene is one of strong dramatic interest, mysterious and delicately suggestive in its supernatural element; and the wistful appeal conveyed by the yearning dead and the suffering living reaches the sympathies with potent effect.

The final act registers a slight fall from the intensity of suspense created in the onlooker in the second act. This is almost inevitable, for a happy wind-up must too often make some demand upon the mechanics of drama-turgy, but the idea that Willem was the channel of communication between the quick and the dead because he was so near death was well in accord with the general scheme. And the close suggested coming felicity for the two troubled spirits.

The play first came out about ten years ago. The idea was suggested to Belasco by a rumor

—never verified—that Professor William James had made a compact similar to Peter's and the doctor's with a fellow-scientist interested in psychical research. From this root idea Belasco constructed his plot, and the play attracted wide attention and moved audiences deeply.

Its present revival may be said to be timely, because the results of the war have turned many yearning hearts toward the hope that the dead can revisit the haunts of the living. Belasco's play, however, like Barrie's "Mary Rose" and like "Smilin' Through" can not help those mischievous harpies who, posing as spiritualists, prey on human sorrow. It is an interesting dramatic fancy most interestingly worked out. It offers a warning to pig-headed even if kind-hearted family autocrats not to meddle too much with human destinies. It discourages such pledges as Kathie made, and it pleases the bump of supernaturalism which timidly grows somewhere in the shadows of the human mind by endowing the departed shade with so human a yearning for those left behind that it bridges the gulf that yawns between life and death.

Mr. Belasco has sent out a good company with his play, some of the actors having been previously identified with the rôles. David Warfield, with his emotional temperament, evidently feels a kind of reverence for the rôle of Peter Grimm, which he no doubt loves. He lovingly endows it with innumerable fine touches, and seems born to play the rôle. So finely done are these brush-strokes of naturalness over his most pleasingly conceived portrait of Peter that it is regrettable that he allows his habit of bursting into a winding-up shout in order to create laughter degenerate into a mannerism. And in his determination that the thing should seem real and natural he allowed the pauses in his telephone interview to last too long.

But Warfield is an artist by temperament as well as achievement, and possesses for his audiences a singularly lovable personality. His hair has grown gray, nearly white; but one of his great charms is the engagingly child-like youth expressed in his most pleasing countenance.

Miriam Doyle is sweet and rather pretty, and has qualities appropriate to the character of Kathie, although one suspects that she is an "on the circuit" actress rather than a choice that would appear in a New York production. But she wept feelingly, and fitted into the Dutch interior. John Sainpolis, with that slight touch of Mephistophelianism that is indicated in his countenance, satisfied in the character of the dissimulative nephew. Joseph Brennan gave an admirably Scotch portrait of the doctor; Marie Bates, although in the rôle of Mrs. Bartholomew she had scarcely enough material for her skill as a character comedienne, amused in her brief scenes, and Richard Dupont, although rather long-legged for an eight-year-old boy, showed real dramatic talent and force in the scene in the second act in which the young player held the stage. Other players who pleased in more subordinate rôles are Messrs. Boag and Wellington, while Marie Reichardt played the faithful old Dutch retainer, and David Malcolm a lively clown.

A sign, perhaps, that the play is not thoroughly up to date is a lack of characterization in the rôles, for the subtlety of psychology in the depiction of character has developed greatly since Mr. Belasco wrote his play.

### "THE LUCKY ONE."

We were rather lucky ones ourselves in seeing this play at the Maitland last week, for it contains an interesting phase of character contrast and the psychology that is provocative because it is veiled, as soul conditions in life are frequently veiled. "The Lucky One" is the drama of a clouded soul. It presents a family group and a few outsiders in natural relationships and there is plenty of incidental chit chat in the play, so that the general tone is that of comedy. But although the play seems to wear the dress of comedy, the underlying theme is essentially serious.

Two brothers are placed in contrast, the one brilliant and charming both professionally and socially, the other heavy, sombre, almost dull, but not lacking in a very clear and passionately jealous perception of his status as compared with that of his brother. It is a state of things for which the only remedy is surgery, for the overlooked one should always get out and transfer himself to a new environment.

But it is the result of going against nature, which intended that the young ones should flit from the parent nest when they begin overcrowding each other. Dark indeed must be the hidden record of these family rivalries that would have died of inanition if the various rivaling pairs had been normally separated.

In "The Lucky One" the author incites the spectator to further interest by leaving him groping for the clue to the real natures of the two brothers. In a rather leisurely first act he places the characters and their relationships, and perhaps rather drags things a little. We

must remember, however—we do, indeed, realize afterwards—that the author is showing the instinctive attitude of all the characters to the two brothers. To the cheerful, lively, talkative, ready-witted, graceful-mannered, and agreeably but not effusively demonstrative Gerald they hand over unreserved liking, while rather overlooking his silent brother.

In the second act we are in a state of suspense. We know not the secrets of those deeply differing natures; while in the third the hearts of the two brothers are fully bared to each other, and in this soul revelation the looker-on is carried along with them on the tide of emotion that swept the concealing waves from the bare rocks of fundamental character.

Such plays as this make a strong appeal to the sympathies of players, who respond to the dramatic vitality which lies in character contrast, and the Maitland players made a particularly creditable appearance in "The Lucky One."

### THE POWYS LECTURES.

Professor Powys is making considerable of a success with his present course of morning lectures, which deal in large part with up-to-date fiction. The English critic does not hesitate to administer knock-down blows to such fictional favorites as do not please him, having in particular seized "If Winter Comes" by the scruff of the neck and given it a vigorous shaking. But, though one can not but feel that the author too thoroughly invoked the wrath of the Furies against his hero, surely all must admire the fine touches in the depiction of the character of Mabel, and the contrast and instinctive antagonism in the natures of the married pair.

I have an idea as to why Professor Powys chewed up "If Winter Comes" into small bits. Mr. Hutchinson, the author, invoked that terrific shower of calamities upon Mark Sahre because he was going to give some happiness to Mabel's hapless ex-husband at the extreme end. Now Hutchinson as an author evidently has a Puritanic conscience. He felt that he was not justified in bestowing that lurking happiness until it was first earned by making Mark climb the hill of Calvary. So, his Puritanic conscience urging him on, he contrived so many calamities that the flesh and blood of readers finally rebelled.

But it was the evidence of a Puritanic conscience that caused the rebellion of Professor Powys, who seems to be a queer mixture of atheist, pagan, and aesthetic worshipper of the picturesque side of religious creeds. But he hates a Puritanic conscience as the devil hates holy water.

Professor Powys has a flair for selecting topics that please the many. Also, the result of past lecture tours has given the Oxford intellectual a following. Hence he is filling the Maitland Theatre on Tuesday and Friday mornings, and devout worshippers may hear him expound on what he thinks about such widely discussed books as "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," and "Moon Calf" and its sequel, while those whose tastes include the well-seasoned favorites of an earlier era may listen to his verdict on Jane Austen's "Emma" or Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," while the rehabilitated "Jurgen" also has a hearing.

Although the professor seems to appeal more particularly to the tastes of women, a course of Sunday evening lectures on political and sociological subjects will give the men a chance to discover whether they can subscribe to the enthusiasms of their womenfolk, who greatly enjoy Professor Powys' fine diction.

### GREEK DRAMA.

Lovers of the ancient Greek literature had a treat last week in listening to Miss Dorothea Spinney's recital of Euripides' "The Alcestis." This well-known interpreter, being gifted by nature with a fine voice and an appearance that lends itself to the effect created by Grecian costume, accomplished the appropriate atmosphere. The stage of the Maitland Theatre was hung with a dark, smoke-colored drapery, and against this the figure of the reciter was silhouetted with beautiful effect, the light but dimmed blue of her draperies making the required contrast.

Miss Spinney has evidently made a study of Greek poses, and the vision was frequently gratified by a pleased recognition of gestures and attitudes that have come down to us from famous designs on Greek coins and vases or on the entablature of some storied temple.

Added to the visual gratification afforded the spectators, the lady revealed a fine dramatic ability in conveying the warm humanity of the Euripidean characters.

On February 22d the talented interpreter will give "Hamlet," but, on the 24th, with "Medea," she returns again to the dramatic literature of the early Greeks.

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### CANADA AT THE CONFERENCE.

Will the new Canadian administration appoint a Canadian minister at Washington? (queries the Toronto correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*). American correspondents have recently declared that the understanding of official Washington is that the movement to appoint a minister has been squelched on account of the disinclination of the British Foreign Office to permit the foreign policy of any of its dominions to be handled separately. Emphasis has also been placed on the argument that Canadian officials can gain easy access to the British ambassador, who at present, in the person of Sir Auckland Geddes, happens, through his previous residence in Canada, to have had facilities for becoming familiar with the Canadian viewpoint.

Commenting on the foregoing information, the *Winnipeg Free Press* makes the following pointed observations:

"There has been right along a suspicion in Canada that some powerful secret influence was being directed against the fulfillment of the Canadian government's policy of appointing a representative of the Dominion at Washington. Two Canadian premiers in succession, Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Meighen, favored this innovation. Twice the Canadian Parliament voted money for the maintenance of a Canadian minister at Washington. But the appointment was never made, and the explanations of the delay that were given out never had the ring of genuineness. The supposition that the opposition came from Downing Street was widely held. At the Imperial Conference last June, however, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking for the British government, formally welcomed the suggestion that Canada should be directly represented at Washington. The Foreign Office is, however, pretty much a law to itself, and it is highly probable that it has been putting difficulties in the way."

The Canadian government, it is recalled, declined to permit the publication of the correspondence with the British government relating to the proposed appointment. These documents will now be open to the Liberals, who, presumably, will make them public. The new government, adds the *Winnipeg Free Press*, will have a golden opportunity to demonstrate the quality of its Canadianism by making the appointment to Washington without further delay.

Elsewhere regret is expressed that the British Foreign Office, and in particular the embassy at Washington, should seem to be so irreconcilably opposed to Canada's proposal. It does not help the situation that the opposition is being carried on behind the scenes. For a time Canadians were loth to believe that such opposition existed, but there is now little room for doubt in the matter. How the new government will grapple with the problem this opposition has presented, and in what form it will seek solution, are questions whose answer will be awaited with interest. It may be taken for granted that the day is past when Canada will be content to remain as a minor sub-department of a department of the British government in the matter of foreign affairs.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

On Monday, February 27th, David Warfield will begin the second and final week of his engagement in "The Return of Peter Grimm." The play, which is from the pen of Mr. Belasco himself, is brought forward again, after an absence from the stage of several years, in response to many requests and because its theme is one that engages the interest of the public at the present time. Never before has there been so much conjecture upon the possibility of communication between the spiritual and the material worlds as there is now, and seldom has the subject been more beautifully treated than by the two master craftsmen of the theatre, Mr. Belasco and Mr. Warfield.

As Peter Grimm, the gentle old Dutch-American florist, who returns from the spirit world to help those he loved on earth, Mr. Warfield presents a characterization of the utmost sincerity and dramatic power. Mr. Belasco has personally supervised every detail of the production, and he has surrounded Mr. Warfield with a company of the first order. Among the players are Marie Bates, Miriam Doyle, Marie Reichardt, Joseph Brennan, John Sainpolis, George Wellington, John F. Webber, Richard Dupont, William Boag, and David Malcom.

The Orpheum.

Langdon McCormick's sensational play, "The Storm," will be presented next week. The play ran for a year in New York and had long runs in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities. In "The Storm," which is now being presented in vaudeville as a feature attraction, Mr. McCormick has pro-

vided one of the most realistic fire effects ever witnessed. In this scene a forest fire is seen at first in the offing, creeping closer and closer to a log cabin where three people have been forced to remain for months. At the climax the fire bursts forth in all its fury. Blazing branches fall and the entire stage is a seething caldron of flames. A forest giant, one of the big trees, crashes with a shower of sparks through the roof of the cabin. For its presentation in vaudeville Mr. McCormick has provided a splendid cast, which includes Edward Arnold, Guy Cunningham, Miss Cecilia Franke, Max von Mitzel, Miss Isis Maynard, and a complete working crew of stage mechanics and electricians who are used to produce the sensational fire effect.

George N. Brown is the world's champion walker. He invented a machine, a sort of treadmill, by which he can hike on the stage, and with this apparatus he became one of the novelty successes in vaudeville. Since hiking became a favorite sport and a medically prescribed exercise, Mr. Brown's popularity has increased, because all pedestrians are anxious to see him and learn by observation the proper way of walking. Brown has done a mile in six minutes eight and two-fifths seconds, which is the world's record and almost a minute under the former record.

Burt Gordon and Gene Ford present a comedy skit, "Recital Classique." Miss Ford as a captivating singing teacher endeavors to teach Mr. Gordon, an impossible pupil, the vocal art.

One of the best-liked teams of colored comedians in the business was Cooper and Robinson. Now Robinson is going it alone. He sings, dances, and talks, and does all three as only one of his race can.

Jess Libonati, one of the acknowledged masters of the xylophone, devotes most of his programme to syncopation. It is probably more difficult to play ragtime on an xylophone than on any other instrument, as each note is caused by the tap of the xylophone sticks, and in ragtime there are twice as many notes to a measure as any other form of music.

The three big features of this week are being retained for a second week. Keane and Whitney in their extraordinary comedy travesty, "The Gossipy Sex"; Tom Patricola, "The Dancing Fool," whose comedy is unsurpassed in vaudeville annals, with Miss Irene Delroy, and La Bernicia with her excellent company in their classic dance features, all grace next week's programme, assuring, along with the five new acts and the feature, "The Storm," the most exceptional bill of the season.

Ethel Barrymore in "Déclassée"

Miss Barrymore is to be seen at the Columbia Theatre in "Déclassée" for a limited engagement beginning Monday evening, March 6th. The first performance of Ethel Barrymore in Zoe Akins' play, "Déclassée," at the New York Empire Theatre was accorded an ovation that has become an interesting fact of theatrical history. Throughout the entire season Miss Barrymore occupied the stage of the Empire Theatre, achieving the distinction of being the only star who ever opened and closed a season at the aristocratic Frohman playhouse, playing the same piece continuously. The New York première of "Déclassée" occurred in early October, and Miss Barrymore and the play remained at the Empire Theatre until late June of the following year. At Powers' Theatre in Chicago, later, Miss Barrymore established a new record for enormous attendance and receipts. For fifty consecutive performances there was not an unoccupied seat in the theatre, and twice the engagement was extended to meet the unparalleled demand for seats.

The Godowsky Concerts.

Leopold Godowsky, who is at present on a coast-to-coast concert tour, will give two recitals, on Tuesday night, March 21st, and on Sunday afternoon, March 26th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, under the local management of Frank W. Healy. Mr. Godowsky will sail on May 20th for a South American tour of at least twelve weeks this summer. Following his South American tour, Mr. Godowsky will make an extensive tour of the Orient, playing in China, Japan, India, and possibly a few other countries. He will not be heard again in the United States for several years.

On March 3d, 10th, 17th (Fridays) and March 5th, 12th, 19th (Sundays) the Ferriers will give in La Gaité Française the lyric drama "Werther," arranged from Goethe's famous romantic novel, "The Sorrows of Werther," the music by Massenet. A capable company of singers has been rehearsing, and the prospects are good for a performance that will be interesting both musically and dramatically.

Fritz Kreisler comes to San Francisco on Sunday afternoon (Easter Sunday), April 16th, for his only concert in Northern California. He will play at the Exposition Auditorium under the local management of Frank W. Healy.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "QUEST."

No polar expedition in history in all probability was ever so well equipped for determining scientific facts as is that of Sir Ernest Shackleton, whose death off the shores of South Georgia is announced in the news dispatches (says the Portland *Oregonian*). Final "discovery" of the two geographical spots known respectively as the North and South Poles having removed a particularly romantic incentive for that particular form of research, exploration in both hemispheres has recently taken a more scientific aspect, as has been evidenced in the north by Stefansson's recent work, by Roald Amundsen's plans for the future and by the supporters of Shackleton.

Attainment of material results was the prime purpose of the party which manned the *Quest*. Composed almost entirely of scientists, who were bent on navigating their own ship for the purpose of economizing personnel, this group of devoted humanitarians proposed to make science their sole guide. From the time that her head was pointed south from the Cape of Good Hope, the *Quest* entered upon a programme which included making a full hydrographic survey as well as a complete chart of the air currents, of exploring islands of the ocean which may have lain in silent oblivion since the very beginning of terrestrial time, of investigating the bird, animal, and marine life of those islands and their surroundings, and of recording their geological and magnetic phenomena. Meanwhile, so complete was the equipment of the voyagers, it was intended that a complete set of motion pictures should be obtained in order that the study might be continued by other scientists at home and the results be published in a form that should stimulate universal interest and awaken the popular imagination.

Concentration of interest upon the poles themselves has had the effect, as Stefansson has pointed out, of diverting attention from manifestly more important matters. Shackleton had dismissed the pole from his mind, so far as this voyage was concerned. His mission was to add as much as possible to the sum of human knowledge of a vast region of which only the fringes have been touched by men. From the day that he sighted first land in the Antarctic south of Africa his researches were to have been invested with romance of a different sort from that which commonly attends exploration having only a geographical goal in view. It had been nearly a century since a ship had been in the particular waters, and there were at least three thousand miles of coast line still only vaguely mapped. It may even now be disclosed that Sir Ernest discovered new seas before he died, and that he found new gulfs indenting that ice-bound coast. All that was known of the region was that it held one rocky cliff of interest, in Enderby Land, but it was not known whether this promontory, which was called Cape Anne, was part of the Antarctic continent or of an island. It was part of the mission of the *Quest* to find, if possible, new whaling harbors and to study the habits of the southern fur seal, which had disappeared from the better-known islands of the Antarctic owing to the wanton slaughter of a century ago.

A remarkable feature of the expedition has been mentioned. This is her almost absolute lack of a crew—that is, a crew in distinction from the scientific workers. The latter, however, are all men of large experience apart from their restricted callings. At least six were companions of Shackleton on former voyages and practically without exception the personnel have seen service in the army or navy in the world war. Captain Hussey, for example, who is mentioned as having accompanied the body of the commander to South America, is not only a distinguished meteorologist, but he also achieved high merit in the artillery in France. Lieutenant-Commander Stenhouse was with Mawson in the *Aurora* in 1910-12, and also commanded a "mystery ship" during the war. Major Macklin, the biologist on the *Quest*, was surgeon on the *Endurance*, on which Shackleton voyaged in 1914-17. Commander Wild, Shackleton's second in command and the probable present head of the *Quest* expedition, was with Scott in the *Discovery*, with Shackleton in the *Nimrod*, with Mawson in the *Aurora*, and with Shackleton with the North Russian forces during the war.

The Alice Seckels Matinee Musical.

The next Alice Seckels' matinee musical, on Monday afternoon, February 27th, in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis, will introduce to San Francisco Vasa Prihoda, who became famous almost overnight. This young Bohemian was found playing for a meal in a restaurant in Italy, and in a concert that was arranged for him a month later Genoa turned out *en masse* to hear him. He toured the Continent with great success last season and is meeting with the same enthusiasm on his first tour of America.

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The Powys Lectures.

There is speculation among the followers of John Cowper Powys as to whether or not at his Sunday evening lecture on the much-talked-of books, "Mirrors of Downing Street" and "Glass of Fashion," he will reveal the identity of the Man with the Duster, the anonymous author of these stories.

Powys is also giving timely literary lectures on modern fiction every Tuesday and Friday morning at 11 o'clock at the Maitland Theatre, under the management of Jessica Colbert. The subjects at the Friday morning lecture will be "Waddington of Wyck," "Emma," and "The Voyage Out." On Tuesday he will discuss "Moon Calf," "The Briary Bush," "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," and "The Song of the Lark."

Powys himself is an author of distinction, having written essays, novels, and poems, among which the most popular are "Suspended Judgments," "Visions and Revisions," "Rodmore," "Wood and Stone," and "Wolf'sbane."

The Paul Elder Lectures.

W. L. George is coming to San Francisco to deliver a series of three lectures under the direction of Paul Elder. George is the author of "A Bed of Roses," "The Second Blooming," and "Ursula Trent," in which he discusses the intricacies of modern social life. His first lecture, on "The Intelligence of Woman," will be delivered Thursday evening, March 2d. Monday evening, the 6th, he will speak on "Love and Marriage." His last lecture is dated for Wednesday evening, March 8th, when he will lecture on "Anatole France."

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Sunday, 8:15 p. m., Feb. 26—"Mirrors of Downing Street," "Glass of Fashion," by The Man with the Duster.

Tuesday, 11 a. m., Feb. 28—"Moon Calf," "The Briary Bush," "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," "The Song of the Lark."

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**VANITY FAIR.**

If there is anything so out-moded as a play or a vaudeville act based on divorce and with scene in Reno that show or stunt will have to be revamped. Alexandria is now the thing. Reno is a back number. For the unenlightened, we explain that Alexandria is not an erstwhile unknown burg on the Mexican border, nor is it anywhere else in the tamed and close-shorn West. Alexandria had a history before Reno had a future. Alexandria, in short, is old enough to know better. For the new and most efficient divorce mill is located, alas, on the sacredly orthodox soil of Virginia. And this despite the fact that the state laws of Virginia require a year's residence before granting a divorce decree. But in this respect the part which is Alexandria is faster than the whole which is Virginia. A divorce, it is claimed, can be secured in Alexandria in forty-two days, which is supposed, moreover, not to be record time, but a fair average, provided, of course, the proper lawyer is selected. The moral is obvious: East is West. The process is said to be so amazingly simple—so, noiseless, expeditious, and inexpensive—particularly so noiseless—that for two years it has defied detection. It seems a pity that anything so efficient should now be called in question. But though the mills of Alexandria turn swiftly and those of justice in general emulate the gods' in their slowness, detection has nevertheless caught up with the shrewd lawyers of this refuge for the maritally unhappy. A committee of the bar association has been investigating charges that divorces have been obtained without any actual residence in the state on the part of the petitioners and upon the flimsiest sort of evidence. The charge is serious, and according to report well founded. The investigation has already revealed the significant fact that of corporation court cases Nos. 1141 to 1241—fairly recent cases taken at random—only one is reported other than a divorce case. At first blush it would seem that the fine old conservative society of Virginia was undermined. But we hasten to reassure those who believe in a Solid South. The cases are mostly imported. Divorce making is simply, or rather has been for the past several years, the main industry of sleepy little Alexandria in whose historic Christ Church George Washington was a vestryman. This fact, after all, is not shocking from a scientific viewpoint. Washington was a true American and divorce is the most characteristic contribution of our own United States to latter-day civilization. In fact it is rather fitting that the home of the father of our country should also be the home of American privilege. But even divorce should be legal. It is astonishing that its practitioners should be content with an illicit brand, since it is of the nature of divorce to be legal. Otherwise it is nothing. Of course the corporation court of Alexandria requires the petitioner to prove a year's residence, but one of the sad revelations that the investigating committee has made is that *ex post facto* residence in Alexandria is very, very cheap. A year's posterior rent is rated at about \$30. And, too, notice of the divorce must be advertised in an Alexandria paper for four weeks. But that slight delay over, and armed with a year's rent receipt and some evidence—of more or less damning nature, of course—and the path of the would-be divorcé or divorcée is cleared. Or rather, was cleared, as one must persistently bring one's tenses up to date in this very current matter. No one knows what the divorce requirements of the near future will be in Alexandria. If the committee of the bar association is successful, doubtless more than "a nightie hung in a cupboard somewhere"—to quote one authority on the subject—and a bogus receipt will be required.

Statistics have it that San Francisco women use only a half-million dollars' worth of cosmetics annually. Figuring roughly on a population of half a million and making due allowance for sex and age, we calculate that three to four dollars is expended yearly by each woman. That would not go very far on powder alone—powder being the one cosmetic that is pretty generally allowed to every one. This is a new light on our calcimined beauties. How do they do it? Of course one must bear in mind that even in San Francisco there are a few women—probably in convents—who use no make-up whatever. That leaves a little more for their more artificial sisters. But it still remains astonishing. We suspect the drug store corporation of being poor statisticians. St. Louis is said to "consume" six times as much in the way of rouge, lipsticks, eyebrow pencils, etc. The question has been raised, do they put it on in strata? True, St. Louis is larger than San Francisco, which alters one's first impression. But is it even possible that the staid metropolis of the Middle West is as be-painted as are the belles of Powell Street? Can statistics lie or have our eyes deceived us?

It seems incredible, but the consensus of opinion is that whereas the American business man is among the most astute the world

has ever known, the woman lags behind her British and Latin sisters when it comes to certain commercial enterprises which require deftness of judgment and calculating ability. There is that amazing example in England of the woman boniface, Lady Courtenay Honeywood, who has lifted a stupendous debt from her husband's estate, Ebington Place, in Kent, simply by taking over third-rate hotels about Ascot and on the Isle of Wight and making them over into the coziest inns, so long lamented by the traveling public. Every feature of the inns in the days of coaching she revived, and these picturesque adjuncts she filled in tiled bathrooms, electrical equipment in rooms and in kitchens; everywhere were home-made, embroidered and hemstitched napery and linen, and the fine British weave of rugs on the floors. Now it appears that Lady Honeywood sighs for new worlds to conquer, and she contemplates trying her hand at inns in various American mountain resorts—the Adirondacks, the Lake George region, and the surpassingly splendid opportunities offered in the Canadian Rockies. There are mammoth hotels everywhere, and after a conventional pattern they are mechanically perfect. But the guest is as a bee in a hive, and each of these hostleries resembles the other as closely as forest trees. Now, inns which will take only a limited number of guests, and these of what the British call the recommended class, would pay in this country, where even the most energetic and social get weary of the hurly-burly life of the hotel. But Lady Honeywood has no American counterpart.

A group of Continental architects has recently been studying the suburban houses about Philadelphia, the oldest and best developed type of country house to be found in the English-speaking part of this continent. It is little short of marvelous the way in which these dwellings, some of them more than two hundred years old, have been transformed into modern homes without losing an inch of their exterior beauty and the solid air of antiquity which is their chief charm. Mr. Charles Biddle of Torresdale has used an aged stone square mansion as central part for a great winged house, with roof gardens, terraces, sun parlors—every luxury of the era—and yet the old contour is unbroken. The system used by this group of architects is to modernize the interiors and fit them up with every detail required by modern civilization, while retaining the gardens, aged trees, shrubs, and outbuildings.

According to medical authorities the healthiest children are usually born to a father not more than forty and a mother not more than thirty-five.

The lemurs of Madagascar are the most primitive monkeys.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Sam, a colored "clicker," sold Mose a mule. A few days later Mose told Sam the mule was blind. "What makes yo' think dat dat mule is blind?" "Why, I turned him loose in a field, and he ran right into a tree." "Mose, dat mule aint blind. He just don't give a dam."

Pat was helping the gardener on a gentleman's place and, observing a shallow stone basin containing water, he inquired what it was for. "That," said the gardener, "is a bird bath." "Don't ye be foolin' me," grinned Pat. "What is it?" "A bird bath, I tell you. Why do you doubt it?" "Because I don't believe there's a burrd alive that can tell Saturday night from any other."

Sam Watkins, colored, was seeking a permit from a prohibition agent to buy wine. "What do you want it for?" asked the agent. "For sacreligious purposes, suh." "For sacreligious purposes?" You mean sacramental purposes." "Dat's it, suh. An' the committee has done appointed me tuh get it." "What kind of wine does your committee want?" "Well, suh, we talked it all over, and finally decided on gin."

"Snowball" Jackson had just returned from a trip. "Ah tell you, boys, it sho' am nice to be back home, eatin' good home cookin'. My wife makes de bes' biscuit in de world." "She do! She do!" enthusiastically spoke up one of the group of darkies around him. "What's dat!" bellowed Snowball. "What you-all know 'bout my wife's biscuit?" "I don't mean she do!" quickly apologized his friend; "I mean do she!"

"Don't prolong and draw out your stories to such an extent," said the editor to the seedy-looking individual who supplied him with his thrillers. "Condense them somewhat when nearing the finish." So this is how the writer finished off his next story—and, incidentally, the villain: "The villain took a Scotch whisky, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip pocket, and, lastly, his life."

For reasons of economy a certain dowager had to part with her faithful and efficient butler. She gave him a cordial reference to a prospective employer. A few days later she was annoyed to get a catechism of questions from this lady: "Was he courteous, gentlemanly, honest, and of distinguished appearance?" To which she replied: "The Dowager Lady Blank wishes to say that if her butler owned half the virtues enumerated she would have married him herself years ago."

Representative Caraway of Arkansas said of a man who had failed: "He was doomed to fail. His life has been, in fact, nothing but a series of failures. "The first chapter of this series began in an insurance office where he obtained his first job, that of office boy. He had only just begun on this job when his boss looked up from an important letter one morning and said irritably: 'Don't whistle at your work, boy.' 'I aint workin', sir,' he answered; 'I'm only just whistlin'."

Just before the big show started the lion tamer and the dog trainer were seated in the dressing tent conversing about their respective acts. "How's that new dog you bought last month coming along?" inquired the lion tamer. "He's learning fast, and will make a good performer if I can ever get him accustomed to this jumping from town to town," replied the other. "It's going to be some job, though. Why, the day we showed in Kansas City he buried a bone beside the centre pole, and he tried to dig it up in Topeka the next day."

The parish priest had dropped in to see one of his flock, and, to prove his kindly interest in the family and all its members, he began to ask one of the little colleens how she was progressing at school. The usual questions as to the spelling of the interesting word "cat," and so forth, were put and answered. Then the priest turned to a more abstruse subject, geography. "Now, tell me, dear, what is a lake?" he asked. The little maid puckered her brows in thought for a moment. Then she said: "Plaze, yer rivrince, it's a kettle wid a hole in it."

It was a few hours after the operation for appendicitis in the Naval Hospital at Charleston, South Carolina. The nurse was sitting by his bed and the doctor had come by to see how he was getting along. Some of the yard force were burning trash in the yard just beyond his window, and the fire was very bright. He showed no signs of waking up. The doctor said to the nurse: "Miss Mary, will you please lower the shade? The patient is waking." "But, doctor," said the nurse, "the sunshine will do him good." "I know that,

but if he wakes up and sees that fire out there he will think the operation was not successful."

One morning a negro sauntered into the office of a white friend. "Good-mawnin', Mr. Withrow. Kin I use yo' phone a minute?" he asked. "Why, certainly, Sam." Sam called his number, and after a few minutes' wait, said: "Is this Mrs. Whiteside? Well, I seen in de papeh where you-all wanted a good cullud man. Is you still wantin' one? Then the man youse got is puctfully satisfactory, and you doesn't conneplate makin' no change soon? All right, ma'am. Good-by." Mr. Withrow called to Sam as he left the phone, "Now that's too bad, Sam, that the place is filled." "Oh, dat's all right, Mr. Withrow, I'se de nigger what's got de job, but I'se jest a-wantin' to check up."

Pat Rooney had just opened a new home brew foundry, and as it was a rainy day there were quite a number of Pat's friends in the place seeking shelter from the storm. An Englishman was standing at the bar with a worried look on his face, which an Irishman named Mike noticed. Mike asked him what the trouble was. "This beer is awful," said the Englishman, "but I wouldn't dare let it stand for fear Pat would be insulted." "You're right," said Mike, sympathetically, "but I have a scheme. That fellow next to you has a raincoat on. Pour it into his pocket." "But," said the Englishman, "he is liable to catch me in the act." "Not a chance in the world," said Mike, with a chuckle. "I just poured mine into your pocket."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Can You Tell?

When the English tongue we speak  
Why "break" is not rhymed with "break"?  
Will you tell me why it's true  
We saw "saw" but likewise "few";  
And the fashioner of verse  
Can not cap his "horse" with "worse"?  
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";  
"Cord" is different from "word";  
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;  
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."  
Think of "hose," and "dose," and "lose";  
And of "goose," and also "choose."  
Think of "comb," and "tomb," and "bomb";  
"Doll," and "roll," and "home," and "some";  
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"  
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?  
We have "blood," and "food," and "good,"  
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."  
Wherefore "done," but "gone," and "lone"?  
Is there any reason known, --The Arrow.

Madrid.

According to some recent travelers, Madrid is one of the busiest and most progressive cities of southern Europe and the sleepy old world spot of former days is no longer recognizable. The principal avenues are filled with new and most ambitious-looking banks, while as many skyscrapers show against the horizon there as in Berlin, and everywhere are signs of building activities and the installation of the latest civic improvements. A recent addition to the number of splendid art galleries which the Spanish capital possesses is the Institute de Valencia de Don Juan, a private collection which resembles the Wallace and Soane collections of London and in lesser degree the fine aggregation of canvases and

curios presented by the late Henry C. Frick to New York City. This institute is on Calle de Fortuny, and besides some excellent canvases of Spanish masters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it has the most complete assortment of old pottery known to exist, some of the Hispano-Moresque sort, absolutely unique and priceless. There are also large assortments of early furniture, tapestries, rugs, silver, and gold work and every example of the early crafts of Spain. The extensive collection of souvenirs, medals, and pictures belonging to the late Eugénie, former Empress of France, is the property of this new institute. The complete regalia of the Gold Fleece, the only known outside of Vienna, was in the possession of Eugénie.

The London *Morning Post* finds that the general belief in the unbusinesslike temper of artists is a quite mistaken one, and declares that the bankruptcy courts of the British Isles could give testimony that unbusinesslike business men are more numerous there than unbusinesslike artists. It calls attention to the willingness of artists at the present day to associate themselves with honorable business, holding exhibitions in bonnet shops and tailoring establishments. In Paris the young men are showing their work in cafés, and in London a young artist and his wife from Glasgow have started a modest tea shop with the artist's own pictures decorating the walls and staircase and, of course, for sale.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Helen Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pierce, and Mr. Victor Cooley was solemnized last Saturday at the bride's home in Santa Clara. Mr. and Mrs. Cooley will reside in Dallas, Texas.

The marriage of Miss Ola Willett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Willett, and Mr. Lorin Tryon took place last Saturday at the Swedenborgian Church. The Misses Audrey and Barbara Willett were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Marston Campbell was the best man. Mr. Tryon is the son of Mrs. E. H. Tryon.

The marriage of Mrs. Madeleine Clay Harrold of Oakland and Mr. Albert Ricker of Boston was solemnized Saturday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Charles C. Clay, in Piedmont, Rev. C. D. Milliken officiating. Mr. Ricker is the son of Mrs. William A. Ricker of Vermont. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Ricker will reside on La Salle Avenue in Oakland.

Seventy-five bachelors of the Bay cities were hosts at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, entertaining several score of the younger set. Among the hosts were Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Warren Clark, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Talant Tubbs, Mr. George Tallant, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Jr., Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. John Boyden, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Robert Hooker, Jr., and Mr. Richard Lee.

Mrs. William Henshaw entertained more than a hundred guests at luncheon Thursday in her apartments at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Monday at the St. Francis, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. William Porter, Miss Louise Boyd, Mr. Robert Henderson, and Mr. Percy King.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery gave a dinner Saturday in San Mateo, their guests including Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Katharine Grant, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Frederick Tillmann, and Mr. Léon Walker.

Mrs. Arthur Foster entertained at a reception Friday in San Rafael, complimenting Mrs. Katherine Phillips Edson of San Francisco and Mrs. E. N. Townsend of New York.

Mrs. Willis Polk entertained the members of a literary club in San Mateo Thursday afternoon. Among those at the tea were Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mrs. Harry Poett, Mrs. Gerald Williamson, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Edward Howard, Mrs. John Meyers, Mrs. Austin Moore, Mrs. Andrew McCarthy, Mrs. Harry Howard, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Francis Loomis, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Arthur Redington, Miss Mary Lansdale, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Emilie Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus gave a dinner Thursday, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, and Dr. and Mrs. Frank Rohner.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown gave a dinner Friday evening for Mr. and Mrs. John Borgard of Portland, Oregon.

Miss Jean Seales gave a bridge-tea Thursday in Piedmont, complimenting Mrs. Duncan Frisell. Others at the party were Mrs. Walton Hedges, Jr., Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Agnes von Adelung, and Miss Emily Seales.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport were dinner hosts Wednesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr, Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Harwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams.

Mrs. Gustave Ziel gave a dinner Wednesday in San Rafael. Her guests included Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. G. P. Pomeroy, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. C. J. Foster, Mrs. Andrew Talbott, Mrs. Alfred Dubois, Mrs. Louis Kuhns, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Miss Mary Coppée, Miss Anne Pentz, Miss Margaret Foster, and Miss Marie Lichtenberg.

Lord and Lady Rodney were the guests of honor at a dance given last Friday in the San Mateo Polo Club. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore, and Mr. Richard Tobin arranged the affair. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Pentris Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore, and Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley.

Complimenting Miss Barbara Kimble, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueras gave a dinner Friday at the Palace. Their guests included Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Hélène de Latour, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Gerald Hermann, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, and Mr. Orel Goldaracena.

Master Paul Clark gave a children's party Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark in San Mateo in honor of Master George Rodney and Master John Rodney, sons of Lord and Lady Rodi.

Mr. and Mrs. William O'Donnell gave a dinner

Thursday evening, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswick of New Orleans.

Mrs. Harry Webb entertained more than a score of guests at luncheon Thursday. The affair was held at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury gave a tea Thursday afternoon for Miss Sally Lucas Jean and Miss Helen Crawford. Mrs. William P. Lucas, Mrs. Alfred de Ropp and Mrs. John Collier assisted in receiving the guests.

Complimenting Mrs. Fay Boericke, Mrs. Ralston White gave a tea last Monday at the Town and Country Club. Her guests included Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Warren Perry, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mrs. Hanson Grubb, Mrs. Benjamin Upham, Miss Edith Slack, and Miss Dorothy Woodworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a dinner Tuesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee were dinner hosts Tuesday. Among their guests were Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Léon Walker, and Mr. Barroll McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum gave a dinner last Friday in Burlingame, their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, and Mr. George Garritt.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin gave a dinner in San Mateo Friday evening, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery.

An informal dance and bridge party was given by Miss Barbara Benjamin, sub-debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Benjamin, at her home on Jackson Street on Friday evening. Among those asked were Miss Katherine Dorn, Miss Miriam Ebright, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Kathleen Musto, Miss Dorothy Kierulff, Miss Jacqueline Keesling, Miss Dorcas Jackson, Miss Kathryn Chase, Miss Jean Wakefield, Mr. Frederick Moore, Mr. Donald Strandberg, Mr. Richard McKee, Mr. Wesley Wahl, Mr. Edwin Macdonald, Mr. Howard Mayers, Mr. John Wholly, Mr. Richard Greene, and Mr. Victor Boierie.

The annual Pebble Beach paper chase, which was scheduled to be held on February 25th, has been postponed until Wednesday, March 29th. This was decided by the Del Monte Polo Club, under whose auspices the event will be held. The paper chase will start from the Del Monte Lodge and extend approximately three and a half to four miles. The paper chase has long been a popular competition with lovers of the horse. A race known as the hare starts out five minutes in advance of the flight and lays a trail of cut paper which the horsemen follow to the finishing point. The new date will present the contest during the course of the annual spring polo tournament, which starts on March 25th and lasts until April 9th. Another horse feature to be staged during the tournament will be the gymkana at the polo fields on Saturday, April 1st.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

Mrs. Richard McCreery will be the queen of this year's Mardi Gras Ball, which will be held on February 28th at the Civic Auditorium. It will be an Arabian Ball, with all the splendor of the Far East as a setting. The queen will have for her court groups of slaves, dancers, houis, and odaliques. The slaves will be Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Amanda McNear, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Miss Helen St. Goar, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mrs. Ralston Page, Miss Carol Cambron, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Barbara Willett, and Miss Gladys Tattersall. The dancers will be Mrs. Walker Kamm, Miss Barbara Kimble, Mrs. Virginia Loop, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Mrs. Charles Corbet, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Aileen McWilliams, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Mrs. Gerald Williamson, Miss Claire Knight, Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, and Mrs. Algernon Gibson. A group of young women who will act as odaliques is composed of Mrs. Warren Spieker, Miss Martha Mohun, Miss Doris Wirtner, Mrs. George Bowles, Miss Sue McDonald, and Miss Cornelia Gwynn. The houis will be Mrs. Martha Leet, Miss Geraldine Grace, Mrs. Corbett Moody, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Edith von Rhein, and Miss Beatrice Lund. Two Nautch girls will be Mrs. Nion Tucker and Miss Helen Garritt. Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent will also be in the pageant and will wear a brilliantly colored slave costume. The men in the court will be Messrs. Alfred de Ropp, George McNear, Jr., Gordon Johnson, Orel Goldaracena, Wendell Kuhn, Léon Brooks Walker, George Montgomery, Barroll McNear, Warren Clark, William Hendrickson, James McIntosh, Gordon Hitchcock, Ensigns Lawbaugh and Brooke of the U. S. S. Idaho.

In a Paris gallery dedicated to antique furniture an attempt has recently been made to show modern pictures with the idea of proving the possibility of thus gaining a homogeneous effect. One of the French critics, admitting that this often has been successfully accomplished by amateurs, adds that it is wholly a question of choosing the right kind of modern picture and establishing a relationship between the work of the old designers and artisans and the modern artist represented. Certain moderns belong to precisely the same artistic family as certain old masters of decoration.

## Dinner to the Japanese Envoys.

An outstanding social event of the week was the dinner given on Monday night at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to the returning Japanese commissioners to the Washington Conference, Baron Kato and Mr. Hanahara. It was under the auspices of the Japan Society of America, of which Mr. Francis B. Loomis is president. The arrangements were in the best form, and the floral decorations, despite the season, were especially beautiful. Mr. William Sproule was to have presided, but in his absence, due to illness, that duty fell to the president of the Japan Society. At the speakers' tables, besides the guests of the evening, were Mr. Francis B. Loomis, Admiral Shoemaker, U. S. N., Mr. Ishabashi of Stanford University, Captain Paul Perigord of Pasadena, Mr. Alfred Holman, Mr. John Hays Hammond, Mr. Peter Dunne, and Mr. W. H. Crocker. Addresses were made by the special guests, Baron Kato and Mr. Hanahara, and by Mr. Hammond, Mr. Dunne, and Captain Perigord. Following is a list of the banqueters:

Mr. Ashizawa, Mr. W. H. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. K. Abiko, Mr. and Mrs. L. Avenali, Mrs. Ednah Tiken, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, Miss Katherine Ball, Mr. J. V. Braga, Mrs. Margaret Beaumont, Mrs. Reginald Brook, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bray, Mrs. John Baker, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. David Barrows, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, General and Mrs. George Barnett, Mr. Guy C. Calden, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Conners, Mrs. Frederick Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carlston, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cowles, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Miss Emily Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. Clagstone, Judge and Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Charles E. Curry, Mrs. Estelle Carpenter, Mr. E. B. de Surville, Mr. and Mrs. K. Doi, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Deering, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. K. Debusch, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Sewall Dolliver, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. Frederick Faulkner, Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Mr. George Filmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Gove, Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Haworth, Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss C. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holman, Judge and Mrs. William H. Hunt, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hincley, Judge and Mrs. Louis E. Harrier, Admiral A. S. Halstead, Captain Hinds, U. S. N., Mr. R. B. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mr. J. G. Hoyt, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Dr. Herbert B. Johnson, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Colonel and Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Mr. S. Koh, Mr. and Mrs. Kofoid, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kawasaki, Mr. E. Kimura, Dr. Kojima, Mrs. Kirsted, Mr. and Mrs. J. Knowland, Mr. Ken Kanda, Mrs. D. S. Lisberger, Mr. S. J. Lisberger, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leimert, Miss Edith Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Loomis, Captain Leigh, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lawrence, Miss Josephine Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, Major-General Morton, Mr. Walter Martin, Mrs. Margaret May, Mr. and Mrs. John McGregor, Mr. Lloyd A. Myers, Miss Laura McKinstry, Admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKean, Judge and Mrs. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Monteagle, Mr. and Mrs. C. McIntosh, Mr. Paul Myers, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Michaels, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McKee, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffett, Dr. Clay McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. McKean, General Thornwell Mulally, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNab, Dr. C. S. Nash, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. K. Nagasawa, Captain K. Nomura, Mrs. William K. Newton, Mr. W. A. Newcome, Mr. and Mrs. Nowell, Mr. M. Odagiri, Miss O'Connor, Mr. George Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Porter, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Philip, Captain J. R. Pringle, Dr. John K. Plince, Mr. G. P. Rixford, Mr. and Mrs. Redington, Mr. Frederick H. Randall, Mrs. Atherton Russell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reed, Consul and Mrs. George Romanofsky, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, Judge and Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele, Vice-Admiral W. R. Shoemaker, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesson, Mr. E. A. Sturge, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Roy Steiner, Mr. Charles Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Summers, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mrs. Mae Shorb, Mrs. William Sproule, Mr. T. Takimoto, Mr. T. Teshima, Mr. N. Tatsukawa, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William Hincley Taylor, Mr. Y. Tomita, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Mr. Henry B. Taylor, Rev. K. Uchida, Commander and Mrs. Walter Vernon, Consul-General and Mrs. Van Coenen Torchiana, Dr. and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Mr. Thomas S. Williams, Mrs. Bernard Westermann, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Willetts, Colonel E. Wittenmeyer, Mr. Horace Wilson, Miss Ruth Wetmore, Mr. George F. Whitney, Mrs. Louise Weick, Mrs. Sarah S. Winslow, Captain Williams, U. S. N., Vice-Consul Yedo, Mrs. S. Yada, Consul-General and Mrs. Yih.

A curious complication has arisen in France over the right of a museum to exhibit a portrait that has been acquired by legacy. Count Potocki left to the Bonnat Museum at Bayonne, which holds many of the artist's works, a portrait that Bonnat had made of the Countess Potocki. But the latter objected to having her portrait publicly displayed in the museum and brought the questions before the courts. She has obtained from the judge the right to keep the portrait in seclusion while awaiting the ultimate decision.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Miss Jane Flood, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Mary Donohoe sailed Saturday for Europe. Later they will visit Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower have returned to Los Angeles, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Broderick Tower in the southern city. Before returning to Philadelphia they will visit in Pasadena and Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hood of Philadelphia have gone to Santa Barbara, after a week's stay at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Evans will sail in April for Europe. They will spend the summer months in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad have as their house guest Mrs. William Newton of New York. Mrs. Newton has recently been visiting Judge and Mrs. William Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings have arrived in England, where they expect to remain a year. They made the trip from California to New York by way of Panama, and visited Jamaica and Martinique before sailing for abroad.

Mr. Walter Dillingham of Honolulu has been spending several days in San Francisco at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and Miss Vida Dodge sailed Sunday for Europe to be gone several months.

Mrs. Donzell Stoney and Miss Katherine Stoney are visiting in Charleston, South Carolina. They will be joined shortly by Mr. Stoney, who will accompany them home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb have returned to Santa Barbara, after having passed the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Underhill are spending a portion of their wedding trip at Del Monte. They will leave shortly for Santa Barbara for a week's sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott and Mrs. Jane Hayne have returned from Pebble Beach, where they passed the week-end with Mr. William Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore moved last week to San Mateo, where they have rented the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher for the summer.

Miss Marion Fitzhugh has gone to Biskra, in Algiers, where she is resting from her post-war work. She expects to return to California this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher will spend the summer abroad. They will sail in March. In Paris they will be joined by Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, who are leaving for Europe the latter part of February.

Miss Eudora Clover, who spent the winter at her Cloverdale ranch, returned last week to Washington.

Dr. Aurelia Rinehardt will return in March from Chicago.

Lord and Lady Rodney and their two sons left Tuesday for Saskatchewan, Canada, where they will remain for several weeks before sailing for England.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending the

winter season. The last fortnight of her visit in the south Mrs. Moore was the guest of Mrs. Hastings Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Gross, the latter of whom was Miss Virginia Harrison, have taken a villa in the Upper Mustapha near Algiers. Mr. Gross is a student at the University of Algiers.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Boericke arrived last week from New York and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White in Mill Valley.

Mr. Gustav Sutro has come from New York to make his permanent home in California. He has taken the Cadwalader place in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswig left Monday for New Orleans, after a two weeks' visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schwabacher have gone to Pasadena for a visit of several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Watriss of New York have been visiting Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in Millbrae.

Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott in Burlingame, will sail March 4th for Japan. After touring the Orient, Mrs. Brooke will continue around the world to England.

Mrs. Edgar Stow of Santa Barbara is visiting Mrs. James Goodwin in Redwood City. Before returning south Mrs. Stow will spend several days in San Francisco.

Mrs. Edward Lowe has gone to the Atlantic coast for a fortnight's sojourn.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who recently returned to New York from Palm Beach, will sail for Europe the close of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf and the Misses Charlotte and Elizabeth Cerf will leave in May for Europe to be gone two years.

Miss Jean Park will leave next week for Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park. Miss Park arrived here ten days ago from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bruce will leave next week for Washington, where they will be joined by Miss Ethel Jacks, who is visiting in Virginia.

Miss Louise Bullock has arrived in New York, after a visit in Panama and Central America. She will return the latter part of March to California.

Mrs. Frederick Baxter of Santa Barbara is spending several days in San Francisco. She is at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. R. P. Schwerin and Mr. Hiram Johnson, Jr., returned last week from Washington, where they have been since Christmas.

Miss Johanna Volkman and Miss Elsa Schilling will return early in March from a visit in New York and Boston.

Mrs. Carson Ricks is spending several days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams have sailed for England, where they will pass several weeks before leaving for their home in South Africa.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento is spending several days in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris left Wednesday for New York. They were accompanied by Mr. Joseph Thompson. They will return in six weeks to their home in Saratoga.

Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy left Thursday for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett are in New York for a few weeks. They are staying at the Ritz-Carlton.

Captain and Mrs. Richard Leigh arrived in San Francisco Sunday from San Pedro. The navy officer is in command of the U. S. S. Tennessee.

Mrs. Horatio Livermore returned Sunday from New York. Miss Beth Livermore, who is still on the Atlantic coast, will return to California in June.

Mrs. Frank Miller of Chicago is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby in Ross.

Mrs. B. F. Hutchison, wife of Rear-Admiral Hutchison, U. S. N., arrived in San Francisco a few days ago and is staying at the Cecil Hotel. Admiral Hutchison will come to San Francisco today on the flagship California.

Miss Florence Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Adams Martin, has been visiting friends in the Adirondacks and just returned to Philadelphia. She will join her parents in California some time in June.

Mr. and Mrs. David H. Morse of Seattle, who have been coming to California every year, have paid a visit to Del Monte, after taking in Arizona. They are now on their way home.

Mrs. I. A. Bullard and her brother, Mr. F. S. Morse, are paying their yearly visit to Del Monte. They make their home in Japan six months out of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Faulquier of Ottawa are making a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. N. T. Driscoll and Mrs. Charlotte Armstrong of Victoria are sojourning at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. S. F. Priestley of Stockton have returned home, after a stay of six weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Welsh of Bellingham, Washington, are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Todd of Victoria, B. C., are at Del Monte.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. O. Stuart, Mr. D. C. Edwards, Minneapolis; Mr. C. D. Kornard, Shanghai; Mr. and Mrs. Theo Jacobs, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Meyer, Oxford; Mr. W. F. Donlin, Detroit; Mr. C. P. Castle, Salt Lake City; Mr. Walter Kohlberg, Philadelphia; Mr. F. W. Currier, Minneapolis; Mr. J. A. Welch, Spokane; Mr. W. S. Dreyfuss, New York; Mr. E. J. Moore, St. Louis; Mr. W. J. Skelton, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. E. Swift Newton, Philadelphia; Mr. P. H. Greer, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Snellenberg, Philadelphia; Mr. and

Mrs. George de Bois, Sacramento; Mr. R. G. Gaxiola, Havana; Mexico; Mr. Frank W. Wentworth, Chicago; Mr. R. G. Piggott, Cleveland; Mr. F. L. Birdsey, Chicago; Mr. William C. Hamburg, Detroit; Mr. T. H. Kelly, Tracy; Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Boyce, New York.

Arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moore, Bellevue, Ohio; Mr. H. B. Saxton, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Johnston, Preston; Mr. Harry Orr, Glenburn; Mr. E. T. Dumble, Houston, Texas; Mr. J. Molleman, Holland; Mr. William Stacy and family, Cincinnati; Mr. J. M. Jorgensen, Mr. E. E. Skidmore, Fresno; Mr. C. G. Krueger, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chilton, San Jose; Mr. A. H. Briggs, Los Gatos; Mr. Frank A. Buck, Calcutta; Mr. Lem Banks, Cloverdale; Mr. George W. Kingsbury, Watsonville; Mr. G. J. Osborn, Marion, Indiana; Mr. W. J. Dennis, Portland; Mr. George H. Grauer, Yokohama; Mr. Robert Atkinson, Santa Ana; Mr. Jay Schultze, New Hampton, Iowa; Mr. C. H. Kanam, San Luis Obispo; Mr. J. Kramer, Mr. Carl Palmer, Los Angeles; Mr. Percy H. Johnson, Fresno; Mr. L. A. Brooks, San Jose.

Among those recently registered at the Palace are Mr. Fred Bixby, Long Beach; Mr. H. R. MacMillan, Salt Lake City; Mr. L. B. Barde, Seattle; Mr. E. W. Ison, Chicago; Mr. A. G. Cushman, Oatman, Arizona; Mr. M. A. Perry, Boston; Mr. W. T. Cressman, Chicago; Mr. W. C. Krecheffoff, Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Eastman, Seattle; Mr. E. C. Templeton, Peking; Mr. C. M. Johnson, Pueblo, Colorado; Mr. A. L. Castle, Quincy; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Taylor, Los Angeles; Mr. H. S. Bates, Menlo Park; Mr. C. Carpenter, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hufuagel, Mount Vernon, New York; Mr. H. A. Watson, Minneapolis; Mr. Amados Horn, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. Felix Weil, New York; Mr. A. A. Vickery, Los Angeles; Mr. G. R. Duncan, Fort William, Ontario; Mr. L. N. Stott, Pasadena; Mr. Rex H. Hampton, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Smith, Seattle; Mr. Archibald W. Brown, Trenton, New York.

#### The Fine Arts Society.

Dr. Koliang Yih, a distinguished Chinese scholar and diplomat, will be the speaker at a tea given by the University of Fine Arts Association at the St. Francis Hotel on next Tuesday afternoon. Following a student career in this country and in Europe, Dr. Koliang Yih was connected with the University of Education of Peking. More recently he has been secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington. Mrs. William

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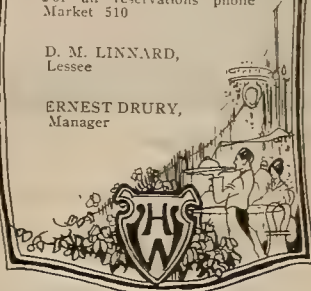
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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"It's 9 o'clock, and you promised to meet me at 7." "Oh, Reggie, I thought I said 8."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

"I am told that you and your husband had a falling out." "Never in your life; simply divorced."—*Paris Le Rire.*

Ted—Tom claims to be quite a golf player. What do you think? Ned—I'd rather wait until I hear what his caddy says.—*New York Sun.*

Visitor (teasingly)—Will you let me have your doll's house, Doris? Doris—No, but I'll let you one of the top rooms for fourpence a week.—*London Passing Show.*

"You keep a great stock of blank applications for marriage licenses, I see. More than you can use in ten years." "They tear up a great many in their nervousness. A paternal government allows for that."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"When the burglar emerged from the cellar, there was I with my revolver pointed straight at him." "Did you tell him to throw up his hands?" "Heavens, no! He was carrying an armful of my home brew."—*Boston Transcript.*

"But surely," said the haughty woman, "if I pay fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?" "Of course, madam," the guard replied, politely, "provided he does not put his feet on it."—*Pearson's Magazine.*

"Girls, motherhood has many problems. Baby got big red spots all over, and I couldn't find a thing about it in the book, so I got a specialist up here. He said, 'mosquito bites,' and there went the twenty dollars I meant to put into a jade cigarette holder."—*Judge.*

"Why don't you let your daughter assume some of your household cares? She is old enough to be a great help to you." "Oh, she does a lot. I hardly ever have to clean up after her when she makes fudge now."—*Washington Times.*

"My dear," said Mr. Plunger when he went home one evening, "I've something important to tell you—a receiver has been appointed to take charge of my affairs." "How nice!" cooed Mrs. Plunger. "When will he hold his first reception?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"I left lovey in tears," said the young husband, frantically. "What shall I do, father?" "Send for her mother, my boy. Let the old lady settle your quarrel." "But that would be a matter of days, you know." "Then send for her dressmaker."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

She—Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest? He—Of

course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for. She—But suppose I should die first? He—Then I would be provided for.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Why were you not suspicious of that thief who grabbed a tray of diamonds and darted out of the door?" "He disarmed suspicion," said the jeweler. "Yes?" "He said he wanted to look at some engagement rings and the fellow acted the part so well he actually stammered and turned red."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Just a word," said the lawyer to his fair client. "Yes?" "If your husband asks for the custody of the poodle don't try to win the sympathy of the court by weeping and calling the—er—little animal your 'precious darling.'" "Why not?" "The judge is the father of ten children, and he's proud of it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"What!" said the indignant old gentleman, "you want to marry my daughter? Why, it was only a few years ago that you were caddying for me." "Yes, sir," the young man replied; "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. I hope I have sense enough to realize that a very bad golfer may make a fairly good father-in-law."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do you ever make mistakes?" "Oh, yes," said the druggist. "We make mistakes occasionally. One of our customers thought he was buying extract the other day, but a clerk gave him horse liniment instead. He drank it, too." "Any complaint?" "No complaint. Several of his neighbors came in the next morning with prescriptions from a veterinarian."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

After fidgeting about over his tea, the youth suddenly blurted out: "Can I go out tonight, mother, to see my lass?" "Yes," said his mother, grudgingly, "but come back in half an hour." At the expiration of that time the youth returned. "And did you see your sweetheart?" asked his mother. "Yes, mother; and she would have seen me, too, if I hadn't bobbed down behind the hedge."—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

"Can any man in this audience truthfully say that education has hurt his business?" challenged the educator. "I can," answered a small man in the rear row. "And might I ask what your business is?" asked the educator. "Certainly," answered the other. "I used to make a good living peddling the book, 'What Every Young Girl Should Know'; but there's no demand for it any longer."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

### The Last Bit of London Bridge.

The builders of the new giant office block on the edge of the river at London Bridge allowed people the other morning to take a final glimpse of the arch of old London Bridge, found when the foundations were being dug (says the *Manchester Guardian*). For a century or so this noble piece of masonry, all unknown, had been holding up the yellow-faced Pearl Insurance office, now destroyed. Preservation of the relic was impossible, so, like the remains of the Roman camp at Manchester, the ancient arch must be brought to light only to disappear forever.

Clerks from warehouses round and a few determined women sightseers were scrambling down ladders into the clayey pit where, in the vague light, the powerful span of the arch swept over their heads. It was all wonderfully fresh and eloquent. Marks of use could be traced on the silvery stone. One might pass one's hand over the ivory surface of the arch and follow the wear of the tides of many centuries—of more than seven centuries, if this is indeed part of the original bridge of Peter of Colechurch. The water has carved the soft stone into curves, as you might scoop out a cheese with a knife. This was the most eloquent thing to be seen.

The work of the early eighteenth-century could be studied in the three moulded ribs of Portland stone put under the old bridge at

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that period to strengthen it, and the spring of the arch of the additions which in 1759 widened the bridge was revealed also. An old mooring ring still in place was the only human touch—oddly enough, no interesting relics were found in the old slime.

It was interesting, if only for a minute, to inspect this fossil of old London, dug out of its mediæval bed while the crowd of lunch-hour office youths looked down rather jeeringly from the parapet of new London Bridge. These were the very stones that upheld those rows of sharp-toothed houses built along the mediæval bridge which made of it the river heart of old London.

### Short-Haired Women.

Russia has become a nation of short-haired women. This to the newcomer is supposed to be a symptom of Communist leanings, in a country where the men formerly advertised their faith in the Soviet brand of politics by wearing long hair, heavy beards, leather coats, and top boots. As a matter of fact, the majority of short-haired women are not Communists at all. They earned their short hair by surviving the typhus. Typhus is as common in Russia as mumps in the United States. Those who contract it, men or women, have their heads shaved.

Sweden has not had a war for a century.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The U. C. Board of Regents.

There are three vacancies in the Board of Regents of the State University—one due to the death of Mr. Taussig, two to expiration of the fixed terms to which the incumbents—Mrs. Sartori of Los Angeles and Mr. P. E. Bowles of San Francisco—were appointed. Mrs. Sartori came into the board under appointment to fill the unexpired term of the late Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. Her service therefore has covered only the past two years. In that period Mrs. Sartori has demonstrated her qualifications by intelligence, industry, and enthusiasm. She ought to be reappointed. Mr. Bowles came into the board some fourteen years ago to fill an unexpired term. He took up the work with interest and energy and in the succeeding years has been diligent in it. No other member of the board has met its responsibilities in more definite spirit of devotion or with closer attention to its details. His enthusiasm as a botanist, his interest in library development, his skill in finance, his practical common sense in relation to the general interests of the university have all been exercised unremittingly. Mr. Bowles' retirement from the board would be a distinct loss to the university. His continuation in it would be nothing more than a proper recognition of his services. We hear clamorous echoes of various class demands for direct representation in the Board of Regents. Governor Stephens, we trust, will not be influenced by them to give special recognition to any particular "interest," much less to deny to either Mrs. Sartori or

Mr. Bowles the compliment their service merits. The university is no place for the "bloc" principle in administration. It is open to all upon equal terms and its administration has thus far avoided the experience of clashing interests that have damaged the standing of other and similar institutions.

### A Colossal Moral Blunder.

The soldier bonus bill, so its advocates insist, is only the carrying out of a pledge made by the Republican party at its national convention of 1920. They have said this so often that no doubt they have come to believe it. Let us consult the record. The platform plank which is construed as a "pledge" is as follows:

We hold in imperishable remembrance the valor and the patriotism of the soldiers and sailors of America who fought in the great war for human liberty, and we pledge ourselves to discharge to the fullest the obligations which a grateful nation justly should fulfill, in appreciation of the services rendered by its defenders on sea and on land.

Republicans are not ungrateful. Throughout their history they have shown their gratitude toward the nation's defenders. Liberal legislation for the care of the disabled and infirm and their dependents has ever marked Republican policy toward the soldier and sailor of all the wars in which our country has participated. The present Congress has appropriated generously for the disabled of the world war.

The amounts already applied and authorized for the fiscal year 1920-21 for this purpose reached the stupendous sum of \$1,180,571,893. This legislation is significant of the party's purpose in generously caring for the maimed and disabled men of the recent war.

Concurrently the convention, dealing with the subject of taxation, spoke of the burden as "staggering," declaring further that

sound policy \* \* \* demands the early accomplishment of that real reduction of the tax burden which may be achieved by substituting simple for complex tax laws and procedure; prompt and certain determination for the tax liability for delay and uncertainty; tax laws which do not, for tax laws which do, excessively mulct the consumer or needlessly repress enterprise and thrift.

These expressions must be taken together. Their construction into a promise to provide a general bonus for ex-service men is not merely strained, but absolutely unwarranted. Under this interpretation the party is held to a pledge which in truth it did not make either directly or by implication. In plain logic the tax plank forbids extravagance in the sphere of national finance. President Harding's position that our essential obligation is to the disabled is not only in accord with the platform, but the complete fulfillment of its assurances. The government is giving attention to the disabled men, caring for them in hospitals, reeducating them in ways designed to make them efficient and self-supporting members of society, providing in special cases liberal cash allowances—and this is all that was promised.

Now let us see how the demand for the bonus originated: The American Legion came into being professedly as an instrument of national service through which the men who had made sacrifices as members of the armies of the United States in time of war were to approach the tasks and responsibilities of citizenship in time of peace in similar patriotic spirit. But just as the American Legion, following the St. Louis convention, began to assume large proportions several rival organizations of ex-service men came into existence. There was the Private Soldiers' and Sailors' League, with membership limited to enlisted men, formed frankly and openly for the purpose of securing a bonus with other financial assistance from the government. Here and there throughout the country demagogues busied themselves in efforts to bring selfish elements among the ex-service men into organizations in which war service was to be commercialized to political and other ends. At about this time many of the local chapters and even some of the state organizations of the Legion went on record in opposition to the principle of the cash bonus. Immediately growth in membership

of the Legion was checked. The next step was suppression of anti-bonus sentiment in the Legion, and presently that organization was found standing for the bonus, with the effect of rapidly increasing its membership.

Many members and promoters of the Legion as originally formed deliberately compromised their convictions in respect to the bonus in order to obtain what they conceived to be a larger good, namely, the gathering together of as many service men as could be brought into it in order to prevent their drifting into radical organizations promoted by self-seeking demagogues. Here is all that there is of defense for the Legion in its present attitude. It is, of course, a defense that does not justify present demands; it merely points to an error of judgment on the part of those who did not foresee the lengths to which organized selfishness could go. Can it be doubted that the Legion, by permitting its bonus-seeking element to overwhelm it, has lost the capacity for service and citizenship that was in the minds of its earlier promoters?

There is a broad field for the cynic, the satirist, even for the humorist, in the situation at Washington, where Congress is snarled up in relation to two pestiferous questions: (1) the bonus; (2) the methods of raising money to meet it. It is a situation that does not speak for the political acumen of the make-up of Congress. Politicians of the past have usually been adroit enough to present a plausible appearance of virtue—of regard for the public—but here, in a panic over the coming election, all masks are off and the politicians stand forth in naked selfishness and pettiness. They are supporting the bonus, not because they believe it is right, not because the country is in a position to pay it, but because they deem it to be essential to their reelection this coming November.

Some nine months or more ago President Harding pointed out to Congress that the condition of the public treasury was not such as to justify the granting of a cash bonus. Here was his opportunity to kill the whole business by a straight-from-the-shoulder presentation of the matter in its moral logic. He missed the chance of a great service by limiting his presentation to the financial phase of the matter. More recently, when the situation became tense under the demand of congressmen for their own reelection benefits, a party council was assembled at the White House. It was made up of the chairman of the national committee and of various Republicans of both Senate and House. Immediately following, announcement was made that the bonus bill had become part of the party's legislative programme for this season. It is apparent that the council had overridden the judgment of the President and had determined that the bonus was necessary in order that the party might continue in control of the legislative branch. But the President would not go all the way; he stuck to his ground that if Congress shall write into law a cash bonus bill it must provide concurrently a method for raising the necessary revenue to cover the new obligation.

This is the situation today. In the meantime the congressional leaders who brought it about are beginning to fear that their judgment was wrong, because from all parts of the country there is pouring into Washington a flood of protests against the bonus and against the imposition of new taxes. The Republicans are not worrying alone, since the Democrats fully share their agitation. The latter see the Republicans getting into a hole and they can see no way to avoid getting into the same hole themselves. There is a veritable panic on Capitol Hill.

There is nothing more difficult than for those who have directly or by implication done a half-wrong to turn about and set themselves right. There is a way to do it in the present emergency, but it is a way that



calls for a kind of courage rarely found in those with whom politics rather than statesmanship is a profession. Having waded in and found the water deep, the Republicans at Washington ought now to face about and wade out. Admitted that return to the solid ground of sound principle and sound finance would be difficult, it is none the less to be borne in mind that danger lies ahead. Truly, it has been said that if Congress shall disregard the public will by enacting this bonus bill the people will rise in their wrath and smash Congress.

In the bringing about of the situation as it stands President Harding is not without fault. He missed his chance when he made naught of the principle involved in the bonus and made much of the expediences connected with it. None the less he is nearer right than anybody else involved in the present mix-up. It would, obviously, now be an embarrassment for him to get himself wholly right. But he is the one man able by his individual authority and the prestige of his office to call a halt upon a ruinous programme—ruinous less in its immediate demands than in its ultimate consequences. He ought to do it.

#### Diplomatic Contrasts.

The silences of a talkative man are always impressive. Lloyd George's normal aspect, however deceptive it may be, is one of frank communicativeness. When therefore he received in profound silence M. Poincaré's stern protest on the reparations issue and the Genoa Conference a week or two ago, his attitude proved very disconcerting to the French premier, who doubtless felt that the Welshman had stolen his thunder—or rather, his quietude. It seemed rather unjust that M. Poincaré, whose greatest accomplishment is silence, should be forced into such an unbecoming extreme of articulateness, while his opponent, who usually talks whenever possible, wraps himself God-like in a taciturn cloud.

This may seem a trifle, but it is not. It shows that there is something unsound in the tradition of silent diplomacy. The accent, at least, appears to have been misplaced. A talkative diplomat not only surrounds himself with a reassuring aura of candor, but when he chooses to remain silent, he creates an atmosphere of awe. The habitually silent negotiator, on the other hand, remains a subject of anxious conjecture until he declares himself, and then he can hardly fail to disappoint the expectation with which the world has surveyed his alabaster countenance. As an instance, one need only mention Colonel House. For a considerable time the Colonel, by the simple expedient of holding his tongue, worried Europe into thinking him the intellectual colossus of America. But when, at the entreaty of the press syndicates, the Colonel finally consented to interpret the mysteries of international politics to the American public, the result was distressing, not because his observations were unenlightening, but because they could not possibly justify the reputation for profundity with which his silence had invested him. "There are a sort of men," says Gratiano in the play, "who do a wilful stillness entertain, with purpose to be dressed in an opinion of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit; as who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark.' Men that therefore only are reputed wise for saying nothing." This need not be applied in its entirety to Colonel House. But its interest with regard to Lloyd George is that the very dogs stop barking when his lips are shut.

Until the Latin countries produce a statesman who can equal this Welshman in dramatic acumen, he will continue to dominate European diplomacy. He possesses the arts of Briand and Poincaré rolled into one, with a whimsical something added. But one imagines that in the sincere and artless part of him he has a great deal in common with Briand. The reports of the Cannes Conference suggested a more than official cordiality between the two, and it may be that Lloyd George had some thought of avenging the fall of his colleague and the dislocation of their plans by showing up the pretensions of the new premier. If this was his object, it was eminently successful. Nothing more than a few days' silence was needed to throw consternation into the Poincaré camp and arouse the opposition to a chorus of "You promised that you would make Lloyd George do what you wanted, but where are you getting? Perhaps Briand's way was the best after all."

Until this week none of the measures undertaken by

M. Poincaré when he assumed office had advanced a step. Even the Treaty of Alliance hung fire, evidently because it was being held as the price of French acquiescence in England's attitude toward Russia and Germany and in the English view of reparations. Whether Saturday's meeting between the premiers improved M. Poincaré's position remains to be shown. France's weapons are the threat of a Ruhr invasion, and refusal to participate in any scheme of reconstruction until her demands are met, but these are desperate and two-edged expedients, and she hardly dares employ them.

There is, in brief, a game called poker, and in it a manoeuvre called "bluff." M. Poincaré's appears to have been called.

#### A Movement for Promotion of Admiral Sims.

Mr. Hearst's *Examiner* tries to make scandal out of the fact that a multitude of American citizens, in appreciation of his distinguished and patriotic record, are desirous that Admiral Sims shall be given a substantial promotion before his retirement from active service some time this year. The editor of the *Argonaut*, among others, is quoted as approving a movement, if it may be so called, looking to the bestowal of the rank of Admiral upon the man who held that temporary rank during the war and who employed its authority with tact, skill, and success. The editor of the *Argonaut* admits the fact. He is proud to be enrolled among those who wish to see an honorable figure given a reward that will illustrate American appreciation of honorable service. Of course, Mr. Hearst stands opposed to any project calculated to emphasize or reward anybody who helped win the war; and this course accords perfectly with the attitude of criticism and obstruction that he sustained while the war was in progress. Along with others whose activities tended, in so far as they were heeded, to embarrass the efforts of the government and to make things easy for Germany, Mr. Hearst now would deny to distinguished merit honors it has fairly earned.

It was given to Admiral Sims to command the American naval forces sent into European waters to co-operate with the Allied fleets. A small man, a vain man, a contentious man, so commissioned, would have made himself, in his relations with our allies, a pest and a nuisance. Fortunately, we had in Admiral Sims a man of broad mind, of practical skill, of coöperative spirit. He had in hand a delicate duty and he so carried himself toward it as to make the most of our relatively small resources and to gain effective results. That he deserves well of his country all men of judgment and of patriotic feeling gladly admit. Just as General Pershing symbolizes our success in the fields of France, so Admiral Sims symbolizes our success in the naval phase of the war. He was content to serve. He asks for no reward. But his admirers would be glad if he might be given recognition in a form that would be to him personally a benefit, and that in its suggestion would be a stimulant to the arm to which he is attached and an inspiration to patriotism. If there be any scandal in open efforts to this end, Mr. Hearst is privileged to make the most of it.

#### The Treaties in the Senate.

Friends and critics alike of Senator Johnson regret the position he has taken in the matter of the Conference treaties. He has, of course, the right—indeed it would be his duty—to oppose confirmation in obedience to a sense of conviction. But unfortunately the impression prevails that Mr. Johnson's course stands related to political or other calculations and that it has scant foundation, or none at all, in devotion to principle. It is unfortunate for Mr. Johnson's repute that he has not established himself with the public—even with many who admire his gifts—as one whose sayings and doings are founded upon moral conviction. The reflection is general, if not unanimous, that in his love of conflict, his propensity to detraction, his association with radical elements, rather than a sense of duty, lie the inspiration of his assault upon the treaties. That the objections urged by Mr. Johnson and his associated group of chronic objectors will defeat confirmation is not believed. The treaties represent the judgment of statesmen of highest intelligence and of undoubted patriotic spirit. They have the approval of President Harding. Public opinion demands their confirmation. So supported, there seems little doubt that favorable action on the part of the Senate will

be prompt and decisive. Assuredly it should be so. Defeat of the treaties would be a national discredit, not more in its immediate effects than in what it would imply relative to American diplomacy. We can not afford to stand before the world as a nation whose councils are so contentious and divided as to render our government impotent in its relation to world affairs. Surely Mr. Johnson, Mr. Borah, and Mr. Reed and their associate irreconcilables must know this, and as surely they ought not to stand upon quibbles and trivialities respecting the great matters under consideration.

#### The Voice of Common Sense.

An intensely practical man, a man whose mind works honestly and definitely, a man with no vice of timidity, is Mr. Charles M. Schwab. Perhaps no one in the country is better placed through knowledge of men and things to visualize our national problems clearly or to define them with higher moral authority. What Mr. Schwab said at a meeting of the Ohio Society of New York last month (printed in another column) is worth serious attention. Mr. Schwab accurately appraises the situation in the declaration that if we are to have an outburst of industrial prosperity we must establish facilities in the field of transportation for taking care of enlarged activities. He is right in the further declaration that our commerce can not go forward confidently unless our railroads are put in position to carry the transportation of the country, made able to attract the capital needed for their rehabilitation and extension—essential, if they are to perform their service as common carriers.

Mr. Schwab does not seek to minimize the evils of the past, but he insists that by-gones shall be by-gones, and that the present need is for an unprejudiced and practical attitude of the public mind toward the railroads in their present conditions and as looking to the future. He has studied the situation and he finds the railroads of the country today in honest and capable hands, competent, if allowance shall be given them, to re-create for the public service a system of transportation adequate to the common welfare.

Mr. Schwab might have gone further to speak in similar spirit of our ocean transport service. At a dozen points its development is restricted. American shipping men may not, like their rivals of other countries, regulate their activities by world standards. They can not do business upon business principles because the laws of their country will not permit it. It is for this reason that our merchant marine is crippled and all but impotent. Again, it is for this reason that our leading men of maritime enterprise—Captain Robert Dollar locally notable—find it necessary to seek the privileges and the protection of foreign flags. Here is a field in which common sense needs to be exercised; and until its privileges shall be restored we shall have no merchant marine worthy of the name. A bounty system, such as is now proposed, may yield a measure of artificial relief. But it will be relatively of small utility. What is needed is to unbind the hands of our men of enterprise, to give them leave to compete unrestricted on the world's great highways.

#### Stumbling Toward Perfection.

The gravity of the *Roma* disaster can not be minimized. In the face of a catastrophe so distressing there can be no even-handed weighing of advantage against loss. But surely no one believes that this calamity will forestall or even hinder the future development of the dirigible. Much less is there reason for saying, as many people did under the shock of the first reports, that lighter-than-air craft should be abolished. This implies that they can be.

Such a contention shows an almost complete miscomprehension of human nature. As yet no horror or catastrophe has ever daunted the experimental impulse in humankind. The heavy mortality in the early days of plane flying stimulated rather than hindered the development of that invention. More general interest was centered on it; more minds set themselves to the task of obviating the imperfections which each new accident revealed. Moreover, the increased sense of danger attracted into aviation a great number of adventurers who would otherwise have preferred scaling Himalayas or photographing volcanoes. The fate of Locklear did not lessen the daring of Jenkins in stunt flying; the tragedy of Jenkins will not discourage others from flirting with death in a parachute. And



the collapse of the R-38 in Hull last summer did not lessen the demand for passenger space in the *Roma*.

This tendency is not to be deplored or regretted, in itself. Certainly it can not be abolished. The deplorable feature of the recent aeronautical accidents is their superfluity. At this date it seems an exasperating commentary upon human intelligence that any aviator need use a defective parachute—that its operation can not be made as accurate as, for example, the opening of a watch case, or that a rudder, an instrument with which we have had long experience in cruising the seas, should be the most defective detail in a ship with which we propose to navigate the air.

But all this is part of a stumbling toward perfection which seems to be the law of human progress. It would seem to be necessary to commit every error before its corresponding weakness can be eliminated, and to suffer every consequence of mistaken method before the right one can be found. And when, by this blundering procedure, one mechanism has been perfected, that indomitable pigmy, man, will set about perfecting by the same degrees other more perilous and sublime contrivances. Does any one seriously hope to arrest the process? Before such a result can be achieved, the inventive impulse of the race will have to be extinct, and this can only mean that the race itself will be no more.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Is Praise Indeed."

GENERAL OFFICE THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

NEW YORK CITY, February 14, 1922.

ALFRED HOLMAN, ESQ.—My Dear Holman: I have just seen a copy of the *Argonaut* of February 4th. \* \* \* The *Argonaut* seems to me even more interesting than it was in the old days of Frank Pixley, and that is certainly saying a good deal. I trust you are doing as well as you deserve, which is also saying a good deal. With all good wishes,  
MELVILLE E. STONE.

## A Word of Cheer from New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, February 18, 1922.

MR. ALFRED HOLMAN—Dear Sir: I congratulate you upon your article entitled "Politics and the Bonus" appearing in the *Argonaut* of February 11th. Honesty and fearlessness are traits to be commended wherever found. Evidently you place principle above party. Best wishes and hope that you will continue to educate the people as to what the bonus really means.  
A. L. VORIES.

## From an Advocate of the Bonus.

DUNSMUIR, CAL., February 26, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Until a few weeks ago I was a proud reader of your paper, but since I find that you have taken such a stand in regard to the soldier bonus I feel very different about the *Argonaut*. Taking Mr. Gerstle's letter, for example. We can not place him in the same position as the average soldier or ex-service man. He left a profession—a business, I presume, which in his absence would continue to accumulate wealth. Possibly not in the same proportions as if he personally conducted his affairs, but when he returned he had something to step into.

What did the average service man return to? After serving in the war he had no work to come back to and found it impossible to get any. It is true the service men performed a "citizen's duty," but what about the man who stayed at home on work of national importance? Did they earn the trifling wage that the soldier earned? Were they in the same dangers? No. They earned big money, far in excess of what they were entitled and benefited greatly by the war—and the man who gave all to serve, either by his own free will or by the will of his country?

Eager to serve for the cause of humanity, I joined the American Legion a year before America declared war. When the war ended I was liberally rewarded by a grateful nation for the small service I rendered. Those who stayed at home earned big money and were able to get all kinds of work and keep up to date, while the soldier staked his life for his country and when he returned he found he wasn't wanted and that there was no work. No gratuity is too big a compensation for such a service rendered and payment should have been arranged for a year ago.  
J. A. MARTIN.

## THE LEGION AND THE BONUS.

### A Protest and President MacNider's Reply to It

SAN FRANCISCO, February 15, 1922.

Hanford MacNider,  
Meridian Life Building,  
Indianapolis, Indiana—

Many Legion members in California are unalterably opposed to the adjusted compensation measure and ask me as one of their number to solicit at your hands a referendum vote of all members. Many who voted for the bonus desire now to vote against it. For the good of our great organization I venture to urge that this be done. Please answer collect, 633 Market Street, San Francisco.

WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP.

### TELEGRAM FROM MACNIDER TO VAN ANTWERP.

MASON CITY, February 18, 1922.

William C. Van Antwerp,  
633 Market Street,  
San Francisco, California—

This is matter for your department commander to settle. If considerable number of Legion men in California opposed to adjusted compensation you are practically alone in the nation. Negligible minority ex-service men opposed found in nearly every case traceable to financial interests fighting the bill on account of taxation. There is no such demand as yours nationally. The Legion has unanimously endorsed this bill in national convention. I am instructed and intend to carry out their programme to the best of my ability. As a Legion member, believe your duty to abide by will of the majority if you want to speak as Legion man. As ex-service man out-

side of organization you are of course free to do as you please.  
MACNIDER.

### LETTER FROM VAN ANTWERP TO MACNIDER.

633 MARKET STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO, February 23, 1922.

Hanford MacNider, Esquire,  
National Commander American Legion,  
Meridian Life Building,  
Indianapolis, Indiana—

MY DEAR MACNIDER: I have your telegram of the 18th instant in reply to mine of the 15th instant.

It is a discouraging and a disheartening message.

I pass over without comment your failure to answer my question regarding a referendum on the part of our membership, your insinuation that "financial interests" are behind those ex-service men who oppose the bonus, and your suggestion that I must abide by the will of the majority or resign. A telegram is an unsatisfactory medium and I know you to be incapable of rudeness. You were elected and instructed on a bonus platform, and having accepted that mandate you must see it through. The Legion could not have selected a better man, nor, I am bound to add, a more unworthy cause. But let that pass.

You and I volunteered for service under a vitalizing spiritual impulse. When we got home we joined the American Legion because, shocked and disillusion by the war and its aftermath, we found in it a hope and an ideal. Let us read over again the preamble of our constitution:

"For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great war; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

The preamble recited above says nothing about a bonus and I can not believe that any such mercenary thought influenced its authors. Yet for more than a year the bonus has been the principal concern of the Legion; for more than a year its lobby has been at work in Congress, and for more than a year its membership has steadily and rapidly declined. In a measure at least, cause and effect are here clearly defined.

You term this claim "adjusted compensation" because, as you put it, those who stayed at home made more money than those who went to war, and you propose to adjust this difference. Now in the first place it is not true that all industrial workers who remained at work received more or even as much as those under arms, nor is it true that all who went to war would have made large profits had they remained at home. Nevertheless it is unfortunately true that through graft, corruption, strikes, or other improper causes a small group of workmen in shipyards and war munition factories were grossly overpaid, and this is the class at whose excessive pay the adjusted compensation measure is directed. Bear in mind that of the 36,000,000 workers in the United States less than 10 per cent. were parties to this wage grab. The teachers, salesmen, clerks, ministers, postal employees, farmers, stenographers, etc.—our best types—got none of it. The hold-up was confined to but few, and it was a downright scandal. But two wrongs do not make a right, and the Legion should be the last group in the world to seek an adjustment or parity with the grafters who all but betrayed them while they were in the trenches. Upon this ground many thoughtful Legion men base their opposition to the whole bonus programme.

Again, while the Legion and its lobby have been engaged on the bonus programme there has arisen on the part of the public a degree of suspicion and distrust that none of us ever expected. You and I daily encounter newspaper editorials, magazine articles, and public speeches containing most unflattering comment on our patriotism and our citizenship. This criticism is not alone directed against us, but against all ex-service men, although the large majority never joined the Legion. This increasing unpopularity threatens to undermine all our usefulness and to thwart the purposes for which we came together, not as bonus-seekers, but as high-minded citizens imbued with a determination to serve the commonwealth. It distresses me immeasurably to add that, if the Legion is determined to insist upon the bonus in defiance of its own principles, in defiance of public opinion, in defiance of the warnings of the treasury, and in defiance of rudimentary citizenship, its career as a real American Legion will end ingloriously.

Nay more, in addition to injuring ourselves, our insistence on a bonus is sure to injure those sick, wounded, and mentally afflicted veterans for whose maintenance the American people were prepared to make any sacrifice. I am certain that the public solicitude for these unfortunates will diminish, consciously or unconsciously, as the spectacle is presented of increasing demands by hale and hearty veterans who returned from the war unscathed. I say "increasing demands" because every one knows that the demands for bonuses will not stop here and that for a generation to come they will reappear under different guises and different names. The effect of all this upon the public sympathy for our deserving wounded men is bound to be felt.

It has been declared in the Senate that seventy-five billion dollars must be spent on our disabled veterans before our obligation is discharged. This will call for large annual appropriations throughout the next generation. How will the public look upon this proper and legitimate appropriation when there is added to it from year to year sordid and mercenary demands for bonuses, honorariums, or adjusted compensations. It seems to me to be inevitable that the disabled men who need all our care and attention will lose vastly more by the bonus agitation than its proponents will gain. Have they not lost enough, these wounded and sick?

The lesson of the war was sacrifice; the lesson of its aftermath is sacrifice. The duty of 1917-18 is the duty of today. The men who came back from the war unimpaired in mind and body have no more right to ask a gratuity for doing their duty and for making their sacrifices than have those of all ages and both sexes who fought the good fight at home. Again I deny the Legion's right to impair the future welfare of their less fortunate brothers in arms who came back sick and wounded. Again I deny their right, or any man's right, to ask a gratuity for the high privilege of defending his country. Again I deny the right to put me and my ex-service colleagues on the same plane of adjusted compensation with those slackers, for such they were, who forced from our harassed people extortionate wages when the country was fighting for its life. Upon these beliefs we ex-service men stand firm, and for these principles we shall fight to the end.

It may be as you say, my dear MacNider, that these are the views of only a "negligible minority" of the Legion. You may be right, but I can not believe it. At any rate they are the views of those "100 per cent. Americans" whom the Legion in its preamble sought to enlist, and must retain, if it is to endure.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP.

## The American Railroads.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Ohio Society in New York, January 14th, Mr. Charles M. Schwab said:

Amid all the welter of world politics one can not help but see that the peoples of the world are day by day coming to a sounder understanding of their problems and a firmer determination to meet them with stout hearts and erect heads.

In this country we have many problems to be solved, but there is one particular point that I would like to make on this occasion, which it seems to me is fundamental to the restoration of American prosperity.

The greatest of American interests next to agriculture is that of transportation. I have been told that it would take five billion dollars to put our transportation companies abreast of the commercial requirements of the nation and to make up for their inability to expand and progress during the past few years. If we were to have an outburst of industrial prosperity, it is altogether unlikely that our railroads would be able to carry the burden.

Our railroads for the past two years have abandoned more miles of track than they have built, and in that period they have probably retired from service more freight and passenger cars than they have installed. In a country like ours, with its great future still ahead of it, that is an impossible situation.

We can not have prosperity, our country's commerce can not go forward confidently, unless our railroads are once again made prosperous, are put in position to carry the transportation of the country, and are able to attract the capital needed for them to perform their service as common carriers.

We have imposed upon our railroads a network of laws and restrictions which has made their rates no longer responsive to the changing commercial needs of the country, which has taken away from their managers the power to exercise initiative and enterprise, and which has made private capital unwilling to embark in railroad development except under most rigid guarantees.

I am a firm believer in the fact that the way to get results in life and in industry is to put your faith in men. When I went into the Emergency Fleet Corporation I did very little work myself, but the Emergency Fleet Corporation got great results because I spent my time making the men in charge of the job understand that I was behind them, giving them encouragement and confidence.

We should stop knocking our railroads, our railroad presidents, and railroad men in general. The railroads have had an awful drubbing, such as no other industry in the history of this nation has ever gone through.

There have been evils in the past, but the damage done in the restriction of enterprise and the prevention of progress, through the laws which have been passed, has been infinitely greater than all the material harm due to the financial scandals which were committed. *We should, of course, prevent evil and scandal, but we must also be careful not to stifle progress.*

But no matter what has taken place in the past, I am firmly of opinion that no finer and more conscientious lot of men was ever attempting to discharge their duties to the public under difficult conditions than the men who are today running the railroads of the United States.

Look about you, examine the names of the men who are today at the head of our railroads. Do you know a single one who does not deserve your implicit confidence? They are not speculators; they are not grafters; they are high-minded public servants deserving of public trust and of public enthusiasm.

Most of our railroad presidents started at the bottom of the ladder. Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, began as a rodman nearly fifty years ago. Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and Frederick Underwood of the Erie started as trainmen. Going through the list you will find that our railroad officers are today among the very best illustrations of what American boys can do with opportunity and ambition. There isn't a man today at the head of an American railroad who is not a credit to the industry with which he is connected and an asset to his country.

The American people are today boss of the railroads. Let us honor these men, help them in the solution of their difficulties, and make them feel that we are with them for progress and prosperity. Let us back our railroad officers as the manager of a great industry would get behind his department heads.

At every turn our railroad managers are hemmed in by rules, regulations, and restrictions which deprive them of power to exercise their discretion, prevent the exercise of the sound business judgment which has grown out of their long experience, and interfere with their doing acts which if done would contribute immeasurably to the restoration of prosperity.

Oftentimes the wisdom, judgment, and experience of an able and conscientious railroad executive is set at naught by the caprice of a railroad commissioner with no business experience whatever.

You never make progress by hamstringing ability and initiative, and no industry ever gave good service long if it wasn't prosperous itself.

My message, therefore, to the American people is that as a measure to contribute to the revival of prosperity in our country, let us repeal all the laws we have placed on the statute books which repress initiative, restrict enterprise, and dampen enthusiasm on the part of the men in charge of our railroads.

Let us make our railroad presidents feel that we regard them as honored public servants, and let us make every man engaged in the railroad business feel that the public is behind him and wants him and his company to be successful and prosperous.

Protect the public interest in every way that is necessary; maintain such regulation of railroads as actual experience shows to be justified, but abandon all the regulation which is based merely upon political motive and popular prejudice.

If we make our railroad regulations non-political, restore to our railroad managers the power to exercise ability and initiative, and make them feel that the public is behind them with all its force and energy, the miracles that will be wrought in the promotion of prosperity will astonish the world.

We need a new era in dealing with our railroads; and it is bound to come. I am a believer in American railroads and in the men who run them, and I propose as a measure of promoting the revival of prosperity in this great land of ours to do everything in my power to have these men receive that public support which they are entitled to enjoy.

With the object of keeping the Baltic open during the winter in the interests of trade, the Soviet government has acquired the ice-breaker *Sviatogor* from the British admiralty. The vessel is at present in the Firth of Forth, where she is being reconditioned. Resembling a battleship in appearance, she is the best-equipped ice-breaker afloat. She is capable of seven knots per hour through thick ice. In the Baltic she will work in conjunction with two other vessels of the same type.



## TWO PRIME MINISTERS.

Briand represents a type of man with whom one would like to become better acquainted. To the average American he has never been much more than a name, though the name was always favorably impressive. It sounded like brigand and had a suggestion of fire; it might have been the name of one who burned bridges on a generous and lusty scale, with gallantry, wholeheartedness, courage, and perhaps an occasional touch of mischievous humor. There is difficulty in dissociating names from our first impressions on hearing them, but it is the present writer's superstition that on the strength of a name he prefigured Briand as something of this sort, before learning much more about him. At any rate the picture is one that time tends to embellish and amplify without changing the strong essentials. Each new disclosure of the ex-premier's character confirms his initial claim to admiration and respect.

The latest earnest of his courage is the report, on the authority of Cunliffe-Owen, that he favors the reduction of the French war debt to America by selling us the possessions of France in the Caribbean Sea and her colony at Guiana, with the broader purpose of strengthening the confidence of this country in French protestations of friendship. Certainly no diplomatic measure could more readily or completely achieve its object. Something of the sort has long been advocated by the former American minister, Charles H. Sherrill, who hopes to see the Caribbean transformed into a Pan-American lake, and the threat of foreign control of the entrance to the Mississippi and the Panama Canal thereby removed. To this end, he has even advocated the purchase of all the West Indian possessions of Holland, France, and Great Britain.

A passing reference to this subject occurs in Sherrill's recent book, "Prime Ministers and Presidents," issued by the Doran Company. But the consummation, as far as France at least is concerned, is considered by Sherrill to be entirely remote. The usurpation of the executive function by the legislative in France has made the premier the logical and necessary sponsor for such a measure, but no prime minister would dare propose it. He would inevitably, says Sherrill, be voted down in the Chamber of Deputies, whose members are not prepared to look so far ahead, and whom no premier could hope to lead up to such a policy through mature deliberation, owing to the insecurity of his tenure of office.

Briand, however, is essentially a man who returns to an unsuccessful charge undaunted, and if he entertains the purpose with which he is credited we shall hear of it again. The risk of defeat in the chamber, grave though it was, did not prevent him from carrying through his plan of having Germany work out part of her money payments by providing German-made materials for use in French reconstruction. This plan, the details of which were negotiated by Loucheur, one of the largest business men in France, and Rathenau, the German "Electrical King," was a victory of political sagacity over the small-change attitude of Poincaré and his pursy train of what they used to call in Montmartre "marchandes de frites." It not only speeded up the work of reconstruction, but allayed much of the acerbity that had been aroused by France's continued occupation of the Ruhr district, and put skids under the militaristic faction at a time when they contemplated a disastrous sally.

Of this phase of his endeavor the Briand who shot across our firmament with such meteoric suddenness during the Peace Conference hardly offered a hint, and his fall from office on his return to France followed so close upon, that he vanished from sight at the very moment when American interest in him was keenest. One caught a fleeting glimpse of leonine hair, streaked with gray, Viking moustaches, a broad, full forehead betokening tolerance and large-mindedness, deep-carved facial lines that looked like scars of combat, and penetrating, far-seeing eyes of intense blue, with a glint of the humor or sympathy that is never quite absent from the gaze of those who have lived in close contact with the mass of their fellow-creatures. In his intimate study of the French premier Mr. Sherrill allows us to complete the picture. He attaches importance to the fact that Briand is a fisherman, as an indication that he adds the rarer quality of patience to the quick perception and clear reason so characteristic of his race. He has had the faith and determination to move such mountains of convention as Lord Curzon from the British Foreign Office to Paris, when that ponderous dignitary insisted on his coming to London as a mark of deference. He is ready to dare any odds for the vindication of a friend, as in the famous dispute in the Chamber over the antedated telegram. And he allows no interest or affiliation to interfere with what he conceives to be for the welfare of France, as was proven when as Socialist prime minister in 1910 he defeated the Socialist railway strike by summoning the strikers to military duty and assigning them to service on the railways they planned to desert. During the dispute over the Upper Silesia problem he refused to meet the clamor of his countrymen for the occupation of the Ruhr district when that move would have proved immensely popular and would have greatly

consolidated his power at home. He resisted this pressure, as he braved many another, because he sees beyond the boundaries of France in matters political and is free from the opportunism that gains present advantage at the loss of future standing in the comity of the world. In the courage with which he has contended, indifferent to calumny, for a sane and magnanimous statecraft he resembles Lloyd George, who at least has been battered with the same charges while attempting very similar things. Mr. Sherrill gives an interesting picture of the two premiers together. Like many of the other illustrative flashes in his book, it has the virtue of indicating a great deal more than it portrays:

Briand has a very pleasant sense of humor. When at the famous March, 1921, meeting in London, Lloyd George, expecting a reasonable indemnity suggestion from the German delegate, Dr. Simmons, found that on the contrary he seemed to be putting the blame for the war on the Allies, and almost to ask an apology from them to the poor, overburdened Germans, the British Prime Minister penciled a brief note to Briand. "In five minutes' time, you will hear that it is we who owe money to the Germans." Briand said nothing, but took out his watch and placed it on the table before him. At the end of exactly five minutes he pushed the watch over to Lloyd George with a paper on which he had written "Give it to him, and give him your shirt along with it."

Even sentiment, so potent a factor with all Latins, never prevents Briand's sense of humor from functioning. One day during the war Briand, then Prime Minister, after lunching at a restaurant in the Rue Royale with Lloyd George, set out on foot with him for the Foreign Office. On their way through the Place de la Concorde, they stopped before the statue of Strasbourg, draped in crepe, and covered with banners and flowers by devoted Alsatis. Said Lloyd George with much emotion, "I can never see that statue in its trappings of woe without an unspeakable sadness coming over me." Briand grasped his hand, saying, "Rest assured that when this war ends, we will remove those sad draperies." The distinguished Briton became thoughtful for a moment and then continued, "Perhaps, if some day after the war I should see in Berlin a statue of the German left bank of the Rhine similarly draped with mourning, I would feel the same emotion." "Ah!" replied Briand, "learn to control your emotions, lest you should also come upon another draped statue in Berlin representing the German colonies that the war had forced you to take from Germany—it wouldn't do then to show too much distress!"

Of the two statesmen Lloyd George would seem to be the less sincere, or at least the shrewder diplomat. He has the same hardihood in challenging long odds, but an even greater equanimity in meeting the ups and downs of the game, and a more malicious irony in confounding his opponents. He has Briand's sympathetic appeal, when he chooses to employ it, coupled with a wit that can be as swift and deadly as a rapier thrust, when he prefers to be sardonic. His orientation to conflicting ideas is quicker than Briand's and he has the Celtic gift of eluding his own theories, when they prove inopportune. A man who couples the talents of an actor with those of statesman and economist—to say nothing of a Welshman's native endowment of more than Jesuitical guile—is baffling even to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and must be almost vertiginous to the orderly Latin intelligence. And a statesman who finds as much pleasure and instruction in the society of children as in discussion with the master diplomats of Europe shows also a balance and perspective that is the prerogative of genius. No other term would seem to describe his amazingly versatile mind. Sherrill attributes his vogue with his countrymen to the fact that they are a nation of gamblers, and like to take a chance on a winner. Certainly the prime minister's record in the matter of results is in his favor. As a statesman he is also a new experience in English parliamentary history, which boasts a number of great figures with gifts analogous to his, but none with the same qualities in combination. Time will prove, perhaps, that in the range of his mental and moral qualities he is unique in the governmental history of the world.

One of his best weapons in debate is a searching irony that is all the more effective for being free from any overt suggestion of malice. He maintains an exasperating good humor—the accomplishment, perhaps, that his enemies find hardest to forgive him. He has inaugurated a witty tournament in the House of Commons by stimulating in the opposition an ill-advised hope of demolishing him with his own weapons. Lord Robert Cecil, who evidently plans to make Grey the next premier, is the only challenger to emerge from the contest with some shreds of dignity. Asquith, as appears from his speech a month ago against the Coalition Liberals, resorts to the old pose of solemn and misinterpreted dignity, and attempts to confuse his rival by a "more in sorrow than in anger" attitude, allowing his face to be momentarily contorted at the recollection that while he once looked on Lloyd George as a faithful friend, he is now "an old man, and too disillusioned to look for gratitude in politics." There was a time when this sentimental trick would have brought down the house, but a spirit of youthful expectancy has invaded Parliament, and the sigh with a violin obligato no longer chimes with the spirit of a people who have lost much of their reverence for what might be called the school of "silver and old lace."

An interesting example of Lloyd George's repartee at its most pungent, quoted by Mr. Sherrill, was his reply to Sylvia Pankhurst's declaration in a public speech that if he were her husband she would give him poison. "If she were my wife," he retorted, when told of the remark, "I would gladly take poison."

In referring to Sherrill's book, it may be timely

to mention a fact to which he has never alluded publicly: the fact that he was the unofficial agent employed by Briand to bring Loucheur and Rathenau together at Wiesbaden. For this great service he received from the French premier last August the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor. Among his other distinctions, he is responsible for having founded the series of inter-university athletic contests that developed into the Olympian games. He has been identified with several other movements to increase international co-operation and understanding, and has enjoyed personal contact with the most influential statesmen in Europe.

His curiously vivid and objective portraits of many of these are extremely valuable as living commentaries on the opinions a reader or spectator has to derive by inference. None is more illuminating than the pen picture of Lloyd George, and it deserves more than this fragmentary quotation:

Neatly dressed, his short, well-filled figure with the famous crooked legs that are the joy of the caricaturists soon passed out of my vision and I saw the noble head with its thatch of too long hair, the large eyes that might be blue or brown, that are, in fact, blue in merriment and brown in deeper emotion. I should have lost sight, I say, of his diminutive stature had it not been for a mannerism, meant to hide it, that instead, constantly emphasizes it. With his eye-glass occasionally thrust at me to make a verbal point he would step first towards me and then leaning far back he would step away and then back again, now advancing one shoulder and now the other—the in-and-out action of a trained boxer. The mannerism is that almost always the head leans away from you, just as Colonel Roosevelt's was wont to do, to lend an impression of greater height, but Lloyd George's head inclines generally to one side or the other, which Roosevelt did not. Roosevelt made his points by suddenly leaning towards his man and baring his teeth, but the Welshman makes his by leaning back and screwing up his eyes the better to observe how you take him.

Always there gleamed from between these narrowed lids a something, what was it? certainly not frankness. There ensued a pause as if he waited to see if he had made an impression, and if he had failed, instantly he chose another way to do so. Then, having succeeded, open wide flew the eyes and the franker expression returned.

With these two men, Lloyd George and Briand, more than any other in Europe, rests the destiny of the old world, and, in a considerable degree, our own.

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1, 1922.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Judge Theodore Brentano's appointment by President Harding as United States Minister to Hungary has been accepted by that country. Judge Brentano has served for more than thirty years on the bench of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois.

Dr. Richard Derby of Oyster Bay, son-in-law of the late President Roosevelt, has been nominated by Governor Miller to be manager of the Kings Park State Hospital, Long Island. Colonel Derby served overseas during the war with distinction as a member of the medical corps.

General Ludendorff is an example of loyalty, par excellence. He is still faithful to his former war lord. He was recently interviewed in the study at his home in Berlin, surrounded by mementoes of the old régime, among them being a statue of the former Kaiser. The general insisted on the latter being included in the photograph that the interviewer took.

Eliot Harlow Robinson is one of the most versatile of young American writers. The law is his profession. Mr. Robinson is a legal associate of Boston's fighting attorney-general, Mr. Allen. Robinson is a public speaker much in demand, a musician of note, a poet, and the author of many successful novels. During the late war he served as director of athletics in the French army. Mr. Robinson is a Bostonian.

Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Gordon Woodbury has had one of the most sensational adventures in yachting history. In a hurricane off Cape Charles, Mr. Woodbury was swept over the rail of his yacht, the *Half Moon*, and then was miraculously returned to his craft by another high wave. Several of his crew were also washed overboard, but all save one were rescued. The *Half Moon* was formerly the *Germania*, private yacht of the ex-Kaiser.

Edward R. Houghton was recently elected president of the Houghton Mifflin Company to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of George H. Mifflin. Mr. Houghton, who is a nephew of the late H. O. Houghton, the founder of the house, lives in Cambridge. He has been connected with the company since his graduation from college in 1893. He has more recently held the position of managing director of the Riverside Press, as well as being a member of the executive committee of the board of directors.

For some time France has had a new diplomatic office, that of Ambassador of the Air. And for that delicate function, for which not every one is fit, a woman, Mlle. Adrienne Bolland, has been nominated. This intrepid aviatrix was the first, it will be remembered, who flew over the Cordilleras of the Andes. This feat made her famous in South America. This renown incited the French government to accredit Mlle. Bolland to the Republic of Argentina, where she will represent France in all matters concerning aviation. Mme. Bolland has left for Buenos Ayres, equipped with all diplomatic powers.



THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

Nesta Webster Chronicles a Romance of the French Revolution.

In his ballade concerning the fair ladies of antiquity François Villon implored the prince to whom his verses were inscribed never to ask where all this beauty had vanished except with the afterword (which has since become the pet refrain of melancholy minor poets); "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" With regard to the exquisite dames whose fantasies helped excite the French Revolution, there are several other afterwords that would suit quite as well. The reader who has followed their dainty heels through the indecorous corridors of Louis XV's court will feel more disposed to inquire, "Where were the husbands of yesteryear?" The answer is probably that the gentlemen were similarly occupied. If all this is true, it is remarkable that any of the noble French genealogies survived this period, and that the modern French aristocrat, in tracing back his lineage, is not baffled here by the intricate ramifications of his family tree.

We have no intention, however, of repeating the discourtesy of Mark Twain in his argument with Bourget about grandmothers, and are convinced that the romancers and historians, in the interests of piquancy, have subtly exaggerated the domestic vagaries of the time. Historical periods are apt to be interpreted in terms of their most vivid characters, to the neglect of the *bon homme moyen*, or average and regular fellow who supplies the true continuity between the generations. In her biography of "The Chevalier de Boufflers" Miss Webster has had the happiness to select a man who represented both—who epitomized all the arts, graces, and light frivolities of his class and time, but joined to them the undertone of seriousness without which no picture of a society can be complete. It is to be remembered that the flower of the aristocracy to which Boufflers belonged supported America in her fight for freedom, that not a few, like him, fought for the ideals of such foreign patriots as Paoli, and that the ideas of liberty and humanity which resulted in the revolt of the masses toward the end of the century had many an ardent supporter among the classes usually pictured as wanton triflers with the serious facts of life.

This does not contradict the fact that the prevailing tone of French aristocracy in the eighteenth century was artificial and insouciant to a degree. Louis XV's cynical motto, "Things will last my time," was the sentiment of too many members of his court, whose careers reflected the carelessness with which they were ushered into this life and out of it. Of that school, the Chevalier de Bouffler's vivacious mother was a superlative type, and the circumstances of her son's birth were not calculated to engender in him a solemn view of human destiny:

One spring evening, May 30, 1738, the Court assembled at Commercy for the summer were awaiting the return of Mme. de Boufflers from the neighboring town of Bar-le-Duc, whither she had driven off gayly to transact some business. Her health at this moment demanded care, for her second child was shortly expected, and a serious-minded magistrate of the town had therefore been requested to escort her back. But the hour was growing late and the travelers were not yet in sight—what could have delayed their arrival?

At last a cloud of dust was observed in the distance, which, as it rolled nearer, proved to be indeed the long-expected post-chaise moving heavily along the road; but when finally it drew up before the steps of the château no sprightly marquise appeared from the interior; instead, the magistrate, a "grave and reverent seigneur," descended slowly to the ground, holding in his arms a bundle from which peeped out the tiny crumpled face of a new-born infant.

Bathed in confusion, the magistrate proceeded to explain the *contretemps* which had delayed their arrival. The post-chaise was half-way between Bar-le-Duc and Commercy when Madame la Marquise became aware of the imminent arrival of the child she was expecting. No village was in sight nor any passer-by who could come to the rescue in this emergency; there was nothing for it, therefore, but to stop the carriage and take refuge on the grass by the roadside. . . . He himself had performed the part of *accoucheur*.

Little had the magistrate dreamt, when he set out with the marquise from Bar-le-Duc that he would be required to perform so strange an office! No one who knew the lady, however, was surprised. Mme. de Boufflers never could do things like other people, nor, they were destined to discover, could the baby. Who, looking down on its absurd small face that memorable spring evening, dreamt that this little son of the irresponsible marquise would be one day known to the world as the most original man of his time—the famous Chevalier de Boufflers?

The marquise was one of the chief ornaments of the court of Stanislas, Duke of Lorraine, a dethroned King of Poland, who owed the duchy to the marriage of his daughter with Louis, and who had set up a miniature Versailles at Lunéville. Mme. de Boufflers here divided her attention between the amorous king and his no less susceptible courtiers, with music, books, and games of *cavagnole* and *comète* as minor diversions. In her diversified scroll of nights and days the chevalier's birth was so small an item that afterwards she was unable to recall the year in which it had occurred:

The king, now nearly sixty, far from handsome and of enormous bulk, could not hope to retain the exclusive favors of the marquise. He had long since recognized in his chancellor, M. de la Galaisière, a serious rival; but he accepted the situation with all the philosophy of the day. There was also the poet Saint-Lambert, created by himself a marquise—"a great jackanapes and a very tiny genius," said Horace Walpole—with whom Mme. de Boufflers acted in a pastoral play as Chloe to his Daphnis; but of all her adorers—and they were many—the only one for whom she had any real

affection was the young comptroller of finances, Monsieur Devau.

"Panpan"—for the name given him by Mme. de Graffigny was soon adopted by all his friends—was one of those comfortable, selfish, sympathetic creatures so often loved by idle women. With Mme. de Boufflers he was, says the *Journal de Collé*, an "animal privé"—or, as we should say today, a "tame cat"—and played the part of a sort of confidential butler ("une espèce de valet de chambre bel esprit,") whereby he insured her undying affection. The bearer of a nickname is usually a loveable sort of person, and so Devau, having been the "cher Panpan" of Mme. de Graffigny, became the "tendre veau" of Mme. de Boufflers; "Mon veau, mon charmant veau," we find her writing to him at the end of her life, long after other lovers were dead or forgotten.

Whilst Mme. de Bouffler was amusing herself at Lunéville with *bergeries*—as the eighteenth century aptly described the love affairs of the period—the baby, Stanislas, whose arrival had proved so untimely was sent away to a *nourrice* at Haroué, the country house of his grandmother the Princesse de Craon, mother of the Marquise de Boufflers.

The young chevalier's early training was of the same pattern:

How soon did the boy looking on at all this realize the truth about the "belle maman" he adored?—understand the true significance of these *bergeries* in which she played so charming a part? It is impossible to know how the realization came to him, but when it did come there were only two ways in which to meet it—with disgust, or with cynical indifference—Stanislas took the latter course. There was nothing, indeed, in his early influences to give him the most elementary ideas of morality, and since, at this discovery, one must either laugh or weep, he chose to laugh—and to continue to adore his mother. Yet he was at heart strangely serious. The attention he paid the sermons of Père Menoux, the court chaplain, so impressed the king that he exclaimed, "The boy is a flower destined to adorn the altar!" and henceforth the question of an ecclesiastical career for "Pataud" was often discussed by his mother and the king.

Meanwhile, the abbé to whom his education was confided was the last person in the world to increase the boy's respect for the church. "L'abbé Porquet" was a little fragile wreck of a man, yet so full of wit and gaiety that the king and Mme. de Boufflers were both delighted by him.

The first evening he was asked to say grace at the royal table disclosed his entire lack of religious knowledge.

"L'abbé," said the king, "will you repeat the *Bénédicté*?" Porquet "regretted deeply," but—he did not know it! Theology, he proceeded to explain later, did not interest him; he preferred Voltaire. But the principal thing in life was to enjoy oneself.

These sentiments, needless to say, found a ready echo in the minds of Lunéville, but the king, who believed in maintaining a respect for religious observances, felt it his duty to remonstrate with Porquet when he too openly expressed his skeptical opinions.

"L'abbé," he remarked pleasantly, "you must really moderate your views. Try to believe in the religion of which you are the apostle—I give you a year to do it in."

As the lad grew to maturity his parents decided that he was best fitted for a religious career, and to this profession he was ordained, in spite of his energetic protests. Though he and the Abbé Porquet were on terms of convivial comradeship, the character of this preceptor may have had something to do with the protests:

One evening Porquet, overcome by slumber during the performance of his office, stumbled over the words with startling results. The chapter for the day was out of Genesis, and described how God appeared in a dream to Jacob; but instead of saying, "Dieu apparut en songe à Jacob," the sleepy abbé read aloud this surprising sentence: "Dieu apparut en *singe* à Jacob."

"What!" cried the king in bewilderment, "surely you meant to say 'en songe'?"

But the abbé had no intention of admitting his mistake. Drawing himself up with dignity, he replied: "Ah, sire, with God all things are possible!"

The possession of such a ready wit could not fail to delight Mme. de Boufflers, and a laughing flirtation sprang up between them. Verses of the most daring kind flowed from the pen of the marquise, who found a new pastime in teasing the little "abbé." The beginning of a poem she once sent to him gives a strange idea of the terms she was on with her son's preceptor:

Jadis je plus à Porquet  
Et Porquet m'avait su plaire:  
Il devenait plus coquet;  
Je devenais moins sévère. . . .

It is difficult to imagine that Mme. de Boufflers could ever have been very severe, and Porquet was certainly the most amusing addition to the laughing world of Lunéville.

The chevalier, again in spite of his entreaties, was sent to Paris to receive his clerical training, but his rebellious spirit refused to conform to priestly restrictions, and a series of scandalizations followed that resulted in his abandonment of the priesthood. One of these was his publication of a romance called "Aline," which had an enormous vogue in the court, but none whatever in the seminary of Saint Sulpice. Thus discouraged, Boufflers plunged into the gay life of the time, and by his talents as an artist in pastel drawing, music, and satirical verse, as well as high-spirited conversation, won great favor. Sent on diplomatic missions, he proved a more lively than discreet ambassador, as when he arrived with a swollen cheek at the court of the corpulent Princess Christine of Saxony, and being ill received, wrote a poem to the "Puffy Princess" in which he attributed her coldness to the fact that he "bore on his face the half of her attractions." Followed wanderings as a painter in Switzerland and Hungary, and his return to regale Voltaire with sober and humorous impressions of the lands he had visited. Meanwhile his mother, the marquise, had been diverting herself after her fashion with new admirers, among them the Count of Tressan, who had been driven to Lunéville from Versailles by the displeasure of Mme. de Pompadour. Tressan was a redoubtable wooer, but he did not carry the citadel at one assault:

Baffled thus in his direct methods of attack, Tressan adopted a course curiously characteristic of the eighteenth century. Love, in this romantic age, was a malady to which every one was so liable that no one, falling a victim to it, felt it necessary to conceal the symptoms. Thus one lover would confide in another as an influenza patient might compare notes with

a fellow-sufferer on the stages of the disease. It was, therefore, quite natural that Tressan, tortured by the pangs of an unrequited love for Mme. de Boufflers, should write to her old lover, Panpan, who, having passed that way himself, might be expected to sympathize with the sufferings of another victim to the malady.

"I can not tell you, my dear Panpan," we find him writing frankly, "all that I have endured since yesterday . . . you know, my dear Panpan, what my feelings are . . . the wildest passion has overcome me, and reflection has not yet restored my reason. . . . You must have seen for days how she has overwhelmed me with disdain, irony, and persiflage. . . . endeavor, my dear Panpan, to discover her reasons. . . ." He longs to leave a kiss in her hair, to hide his aching heart in one of her little pink slippers—"dans une de ces jolies mules couleur de roses quoique je ne suis pas sûr cependant qu'il put s'y loger."

Apparently, however, the lady was not always cruel, for the letters convey hints of visits paid by her to his garden in Toul, where every flower reminds him agonizingly of her presence; and there were happy hours, too, when, seated by her harpsichord, the "divine warbler" (la divine fauvette), as he called her, sang to him alone.

A random correspondence kept mother and son *au fait* as to each other's adventures:

Mme. de Boufflers, though delighted with her son's literary talent—for his letters were read by every one at Lunéville and in Paris—was far too lazy to send many replies, and in his last letter to her the chevalier remarks: "I see that I shall have to return to Lunéville and help you to write to me." "Le plus errant des chevaliers" longed only now to wander to one spot on the earth's surface, and that was Lunéville. "You, *ma chère maman*, as you are worth more than everything that amuses me here, in order to break the bonds that keep me, send word that you are ill and want me—that would be a reason for throwing up everything and flying back to you. But don't go and put it vulgarly, for I shall be obliged to show your letter!" (N'allez pas vous y prendre grossièrement, parce que je serai obligé de montrer votre lettre.)

Apparently even at this stage of her life the pen of the marquise could hardly be trusted not to overstep the bounds of propriety, and one can only hope a decorous reply was forthcoming. It contained, at any rate, the necessary summons, for soon after the chevalier took leave of the sorrowing Voltaire and started on his homeward journey.

On the death of King Stanislas, Mme. de Boufflers came to Paris, and found that a relation of hers, the Duchess of Boufflers had somewhat exceeded her own reputation:

The duchesse, then thirty-seven and at the height of her successes, was one of the most scandalous women of her day. At the Court of the Regent her gallantries had been of so outrageous a description that the Comte de Tressan—the lover of the Marquise de Boufflers—had immortalized her in a poem beginning with these daring lines:

Quand Boufflers parut à la cour  
On eut vu la Mère d'Amour.  
Chacun s'empresait à lui plaire,  
Et chacun l'avait à son tour.

The duchess, whose strongest weapon through life was an imperturbable sang-froid, declared herself delighted with the verse when it reached her ears.

"It is so clever," she remarked to the Comte de Tressan, whom she shrewdly suspected of having composed it, "that I would not only forgive the author, but I would embrace him!" The guileless Tressan immediately fell into the trap. "Well, Madame la Duchesse, it was I!" But, instead of the promised embrace, the unfortunate poet found himself soundly boxed on both ears.

However, the individuality of the marquise brooked no competition, and her renown for wit and charm was rivaled only by her son's:

Meanwhile, the Chevalier de Boufflers, still in Paris with his mother and sister, was at the height of his popularity. Every *mémoire* of the period refers to his *bons mots* and his verses. "The chevalier's *bon mot* is excellent," wrote Horace Walpole to Mr. Conway: "and so is he. He has as much *bouffonnerie* as the Italians, with more wit and novelty. His impromptu verses are often admirable. Get Mme. du Defand to show you his 'Embassy to the Princesse Christine.'" Mme. du Defand, who often mentions the chevalier in her letters, had apparently a peculiar fondness for his disrespectful verses on the "Puffy Princess," for we hear of her singing them after supper to the assembled company at a party given by the King of Sweden—a strange performance for an old lady of seventy-four!

The chevalier's own supper parties were some of the gayest in Paris. "You have supped with the Chevalier de Boufflers," Walpole writes again: "did he act everything in the world, and sing everything in the world, and laugh at everything in the world?"

Several of his biographers have described Boufflers as ugly, but "Mme. de Créquy" tells us this was a slanderous legend started by a jealous rival, the Abbé de Talleyrand, who, at the time of the publication of "Aline, Reine de Golconde," attempted to pass himself off as the author of the famous story. Boufflers, hearing of the imposture, waited till he met the Abbé de Talleyrand in the *salon* of the Duchesse de Choiseul, and then broke a pause in the conversation by asking him genially whether he happened to know the works of Rabelais.

"Obviously," said the abbé drily.

"Obviously? Yet not well!" said the chevalier.

"Dare I ask you why?"

"Monsieur l'abbé," answered the author of "Aline" with a bow, "I asked you whether you knew the works of Rabelais because I had omitted to tell you that it was I who wrote them."

"Out of revenge for this," Mme. de Créquy says, "the abbé went about saying everywhere that the chevalier was intolerably ugly, and this is a point I can not admit. Monsieur de Boufflers has nothing in his face that is not dignified and noble, intelligent and witty, and this is all that can be required of a man's appearance. . . ."

It was about this time that the chevalier met the Countess of Sabran, and there began a long and sincere attachment that forms one of the great love stories of history. Around this idyll, as against the cold-hearted excesses of the court, and the brutal violence of the revolutionary background, the author weaves an enchanting tale, that is none the less magical for being true. If the style is a little too feminine for the subject matter, there is room for a book by a woman on an historical period of which men have been, hitherto, the almost exclusive interpreters.

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLER: A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending February 23, 1922, were \$118,200,000, an increase of \$16,500,000 over the corresponding week of last year.

In a rising stock market nearly all of the several hundred stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange advance in price. Some have extensive rises; others very slight ones. The logical thing to do, therefore, is to make an effort to select stocks with greatest possibilities of appreciation and a minimum of risk. Such a selection can be confined to, say,

its earnings outlook, and possibility of resumption of or increases in dividends.

In certain groups, the possibility of very large profits available for dividends on the common stocks during the next year or so seems, at this time, rather slim. Therefore, the stocks in the following groups may be dismissed from further consideration: sugars and food stocks, leathers, papers, motors and motor accessories (except Studebaker), rubbers and tires, coals, chemicals (except Davison), shipping, agricultural, or farming. The competition in all these lines is likely to be too severe and the demand not urgent enough to permit of large profits.

The groups remaining for consideration are: equipments, building stocks, railroads, public utilities, mining, steels, oils, tobaccos, electrics, chain stores, specialties.

The equipment stocks appear to offer the best opportunities. On the best authority it is stated that the railroads must spend a billion dollars a year for some time to rehabilitate their lines. The equipment companies piled up huge profits during the war period and lost none in the post-war slump in business. There are good possibilities of extra dividend distributions in such stocks as American Locomotive, Baldwin, and American Car & Foundry.

A building boom is now in progress and the outlook for an immense amount of building construction is bright. Scarcely anywhere during the past few years has building construction kept pace with the normal increase in population and the volume of business. Present low costs and large supplies of materials, labor, and money will furnish the basis for a building boom. Otis Elevator and United States Realty will profit from increased building operations.

The railroad situation is improving greatly and is bound to continue in that direction, with increased emphasis when general business revives and the wages of unionized railroad labor are reduced. In this group may be mentioned Texas & Pacific, Pere Marquette, St. Louis-San Francisco, Rock Island, St. Louis-Southwestern, Atchison, and Southern Pacific.

Every one knows that the world is short of copper and that the closing down of the mines has automatically reduced the supply. The price of copper has been pushed down as far as it will go. For some time to come the movements in its price should be upward, but it may be slow. The complete recovery of copper depends upon the revival of business at home and settled production abroad. As the prospects indicate that this will be gradual—especially the restoration of foreign demand—it follows that the copper market will reflect ease. Anaconda, Utah, and Chile are good selections in this group.

The consumption and production of petroleum have been increasing with great rapidity and the future demand will tax production resources. In spite of improvements in production or discovery of new fields, the indications are that petroleum prices during the next few years will move upward. The best possibilities in oil stocks appear to exist in Cosden, Phillips Petroleum, and California Petroleum.

In recent years the demand for tobacco, especially cigarettes, has grown tremendously and the industry is rather well centralized. P. Lorillard and United Retail Stores are the writer's selections in this group.

The outlook for the electrical business is excellent and the stocks in this group are recommended: Allis-Chalmers, Westinghouse, and General Electric.

Studebaker is in a class by itself in the motor group. Through constant experiments, the company has perfected vast improvements in its car, which is priced at a very reasonable figure. Its sales have been handled by one of the best selling organizations in America. There is every indication that the stockholders will receive during 1922 more than the present 7 per cent. dividend.

One of Wall Street's "golden rules" is: "Buy the stock that won't go down in a bear market—it will probably lead the next rise."

The widely-known investment firm of Cyrus Peirce & Co. is now established in new quarters on the tenth floor of the Insurance Exchange Building on California Street. The firm, which has occupied offices on the fourth floor of this building for about five years, has grown so rapidly that the old quarters have been found inadequate to cope with the business in hand. Almost the entire tenth floor has been taken up, and eventually the firm will occupy the whole floor. San Francisco is the headquarters of the firm, which has branches all up and down the Pacific Coast. All operations in its Oakland, San Jose, Fresno, Eureka, Stockton, Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, and Seattle branches are directed from the local office.

Dillon, Read & Co. and Cyrus Peirce & Co. are participating in an offering of 150,000,000 guilders Kingdom of the Netherlands (Holland) fifty-year 6 per cent. sinking fund bonds, dated March 1, 1922, due March 1, 1972. Non-callable for ten years. Coupon bonds in denomination of 2500 guilders (at par of exchange \$1005). Principal and interest payable at the head office of Nederlandsche Bank in Amsterdam in guilders and in New York through the office of Dillon, Read & Co., as fiscal agents for the loan in the United States, in dollars at the current rate of exchange prevailing at the time of payment.

Trading in listed bonds on the New York Stock Exchange during January exceeded all previous records for that month. The total turnover was \$416,772,900, exceeding the sales of January, 1921, by \$121,059,800, and January, 1920, by \$54,357,900. Heavy purchases by the government, corporations, and individuals brought the dealings in Liberty and Victory bonds and notes up to the enormous total of \$225,402,300. And this is only half the story, for a tremendous volume of bond sales was handled during the month in dealer-to-consumer or "over-the-counter" business, mainly in unlisted bonds, especially of the public utility variety, only a very small percentage of which are listed on the Stock Exchange.

It is not surprising that after this big January splurge bond dealings should reflect hesitancy and in some cases develop reactionary tendencies. Most recoveries, as in the security markets and in general business,

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are accomplished through successive waves of advancement rather than through uninterrupted upward progress. The market goes ahead strongly, slips back a bit, and then resumes its upward course.

The recovery in bond prices began, under rather unfortunate auspices, early in the fall of 1920, only to be interrupted and almost entirely wiped out as a result of the stringency in the money markets at the close of the year. The money pressure relieved, quotations rebounded early in 1921, and later reacted because of the acute business depression. The piling up of bank reserves and the release of large sums usually employed in industry began to be reflected in lower rates in the money market early last summer, and it was this development that started the recent sharp upward swing in bond prices.

The recovery in the highest grade of investment issues has outdistanced that in lower grade bonds. Gains have been so persistently maintained over the past six months



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a dozen stocks; all others should be disregarded (says *Forbes Magazine*).

Those who buy stocks for investment or speculation must keep fully informed regarding developments that affect them. If anything occurs to make a revision in original calculations necessary, they must act without any delay.

A selection of stocks should be based on a survey and forecast of developments in the general business field, including the financial,

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that some gilt-edged securities are now selling on a yield basis only about one-half of 1 per cent. above their minimum of the past two years. It is perfectly plain that such advances have about reached their limit, at least until taxes on incomes are sharply reduced, or done away with altogether. Along with the natural check of diminishing yields, a further factor of restraint has been found in the reviving prospects of soldier bonus legislation.

The bond market may hold steady at cur-

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rent levels or it may react, unless money rates are again revised downward in the near future. Whichever course is followed the most attractive purchases in the list are now to be found in the lower grade issues, such as the Baltimore & Ohio convertible 4½s, St. Louis & Southwestern first 4s, Denver & Rio Grande consolidated 4s, and the Frisco prior lien 4s.—*Forbes Magazine*.

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launched in this city under the name of Weeden & Co., with offices on the fifth floor of the Insurance Exchange Building. Associated with the new concern are Frank Weeden, until recently of the firm of Bradford, Weeden & Co., and Norman Weeden, his brother. Both are bond men of long experience on the Coast. Their new association together forms the first between brothers in a single concern here. Mr. Weeden has sold out all his interests in the Bradford-Weeden house. Mr. Norman Weeden has had extensive experience with Blyth, Witter & Co. and R. H. Moulton. The new house will deal in a general line of securities.

The stock market has a very different ring these days from that of December and at times last month. Much of the buying which was encouraged by bull activities was on the theory that business would be improving and that the only thing necessary to do to make large profits was to buy stocks and wait. Oftentimes people in buying stocks will recognize the fact that prices are a good deal up from where they had previously been, but if satisfied they will turn out all right eventually they make up their minds to hold through thick and thin in order to reap the ultimate profits. At the present time we are running into a season of very poor earnings reports. Too much attention should not be paid to the comparisons that many of our railroads are making in their net earnings. In the first place, a year ago our railroads were seemingly anxious to spend all they could to show as deplorable net earnings as possible in order to encourage favorable legislation. Toward the end of the year, in most cases, they had to cut expenses to the bone in order to make any such showing of earnings as would encourage their security holders. Especially was this necessary where new obligations were to be offered. Consequently now, although we see gross earnings decrease from 10 to 25 per cent. all over the country, the majority of railroads for December are showing net results better than was the case for December, 1920. It would seem that the railroads can not continue much longer to cut down their operating expenses, and, as further reduction in freight rates went into effect last month, we may look for some rather lugubrious reports when the January statements begin to come in.

At the same time there has been some pretty fair quality of buying in several of the low-priced rail stocks. The Toledo, St. Louis & Western situation has been entirely cleared up by the compromise of the Chicago & Alton litigation, and these stocks now are beginning to reflect the splendid accumulative buying that has been going on in them for some months. It looks as if the preferred stock will show for 1921 earnings equivalent to several times the dividend of 4 per cent. to which it is entitled and, in fact, the common will reveal an earning power that will make its price seem ridiculously low in comparison with some of the standard dividend-paying rails. There has also been some very good buying in Texas & Pacific and, from time to time, in Rock Island as well as in a few other stocks of road operating in the Southwest.

The United States Steel Corporation shows rather meagre earnings for the last quarter of last year and, in view of the unsatisfactory manner in which the steel trade has started the new year, the prospects are not brilliant for the current quarter. Meanwhile most of the independent steel companies are operating at a loss. There has been much talk of mergers, but it is difficult to suit every one concerned in efforts of this nature, and it is a question whether the market has not at times been too optimistic in this regard.

The majority of the Street seems to think that big business will open up with the spring. It is patent that a certain amount of business that is not now present will come with spring, just as the ice man comes in summer and the coal man in winter.

There are a good many public utilities that have turned the corner, and some stocks in this section of the list that are not among the

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dividend payers are in a way to become standard investment issues of their class. There are remarkable opportunities here and there for those of large income who naturally do not desire to pay more than is necessary in taxes in investment of substantial amounts in securities that do not pay a dividend but that will eventually not only pay, but will pay well and will in all human probability be recognized as good investments. When that time comes, of course, the stocks which may be picked up at low prices now will probably have appreciated in market value 50 to 100 per cent., and there will also be much less stringent tax requirements, so that the so-called "income-tax dodger" would thus be doubly feathering his nest.—*The Trader*.

The links in the commercial chain that bind this country to Latin America have been during the last decade as strong at least as those that connect many of her own states. The determining factor, not proximity only, not sentiment, has certainly not been banking nor finance (says the *Review*, issued by Strassburger & Co.). The agency of commerce that has produced this profitable condition is our position as the principal market for what Latin America produces. We pay the best prices, we consume more.

It is the obvious that is never seen and it is our blindness to that which others are seeing clearly that accounts for an evident weakening in our position in this field. This is not explained, as superficial observers never tire of repeating, by our aggressive methods. International trade is the outcome and the reward of aggressiveness. Intelligently applied, we need not fear a superabundant endowment of that quality. The causes lie deeper.

Critics in high places—how they got there is a mystery—consume much paper teaching those who know better than to read what they write, how export trade is developed. What they do not say is how it is to be retained in the face of intelligently directed competition. Export trade is often the result of accidental, exceptional, temporary circumstances. It is never maintained for long by anything but a persistent, intense study of the changing conditions that influence the countries with which the trade is done. It is not enough to study the requirements of those to whom we wish to continue to sell. A study of their productive potentialities, accompanied by a helping hand in development, is of at least equal importance. We must assist them to produce for our manufacturing use the things that are essential to a continuance of our export trade with them.

In the case of Latin American countries we have recognized this to a certain extent, but discretion has outrun valor, and although we would seem better able to play the part than any others, it is a fact that inroads are being made on a position that we could easily maintain and improve, could we be persuaded to cultivate longer vision.

For we ought to realize that our preponderance is of but recent growth. Dating back, in the case of the northern countries as far back as 1910 (in some cases as much as twenty years before that), in the case of South America, both Great Britain and Germany sold more before the war than we did. 1914 put Germany behind us in the race, in 1915 Great Britain fell behind. Both are fighting for a comeback, and there are others.

Empire Refineries, Inc., subsidiary of Cities Service Company, have completed arrangements for the opening of their refinery at Gainesville, Texas, on March 1st. The company's business has increased to such an extent during the past few months as to render necessary an additional supply of refined oils. Gasoline and fuel oil are the two products where consumption has been well maintained during the fall and winter and available stocks for both products for spring and summer consumption are much needed. An increase in export demand also plays an important part in connection with the products from this company's refineries. The opening of the Gainesville plant will bring the operations of Empire Refineries, Inc., up to about 75 per cent. of their 1920 activities.

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service, the largest and most comprehensive display that has been held on the Pacific Coast, will be on exhibition at the Civic Auditorium for a week starting next Monday, when the San Francisco Business Show will open its doors to the public. The Business Exposition Company, under whose direction the show will be held, announces that all plans and arrangements for the affair are practically completed. The exhibition is primarily an educational undertaking. The purpose is not to sell products, but to show as many business people as possible how the exhibits fit into different lines of work.

The last business show was held in San Francisco two years ago. Many firms that did not participate then are included in the present show. All the exhibits will be in the charge of experts, some of whom have been brought from the East at great expense.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The recipe for a best seller is one perpetually sought by pot-boilers not to mention invidiously authors in general. The sad thing is that a recipe for successful pot-boiling, like the recipe for happiness, is not found for the seeking. Perhaps the secret is that there is no formula or royal road to best selling. The product when it happens is the result of spontaneous combustion of the author's temperament and the popular taste of the moment. Due to the flexibility of the lat-

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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,650,000.00  
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A dividend of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending December 31, 1921.

ter element and the immense variety of the authorial temperament, it is impossible to reduce the thing to a chemical formula. The graph which would chart its curve would have to be thrown on the silver sheet and the fast motion camera used. Unfortunately the author can not turn the crank of his inspiration in any such ratio. Unhappily, publishing houses do not produce with the speed of the current news films. It remains for the combination which is genius, fate, or fool luck, according to the point of view, to produce a best seller. More often than not the lucky accident befalls an already bloated author on the more familiar principle that nothing succeeds like success. Too seldom is the unhappy pot-boiler the accidental discoverer of the current combination of popular fancy and his own fancy. Perhaps the steam from pot-boiling is not conducive to fancy. Perhaps the lack of it is even more blighting.

Nevertheless there is a horrible fascination in studying the lineaments of a best seller and Mr. Hutchinson's phenomenal success, "If Winter Comes," is the very palpable example that one must study. There is practically no other up-to-date text-book. There is nothing to indicate the fate of the best seller about "If Winter Comes." It has neither the stamp of Harold Bell Wright nor of Gyp. It is neither seraphic nor salacious. In that respect it is extraordinary. There are lots of good books that fall into neither of the above categories, but they are infrequently best sellers. True, they often become classics. So far there is certainly no automatic route to multitudinous editions. What is it about "If Winter Comes" that has captivated the reading public to the extent of buying 285,000 copies? It is not a particularly well-written or "well-done" book, but the public never has been a stickler on that point. Quite the contrary. But "If Winter Comes" is not trashy. There are long passages in it—the incoherent monologue of the solicitor friend—that are unconsciously tedious, and that are only read, or painfully skimmed, because they contain so much that is vital to plot continuity. The story, theme aside, is melodramatic. The theme is explicitly developed, but the story is obviously made to fit. Still it is nowhere near the domain of trashy fiction. It is serious and sincere, and it makes no bid for the sensational.

One of the book's best bids for rapid selling is its title. "If Winter Comes" is an intriguing title. If one is unfamiliar with Shelley, it may mean anything, and an unlimited promise is always alluring. It is of the nature of gambling. One pays two dollars and takes a chance. If you do know the line from Shelley, or if you turn the title-page and read it inscribed there, you are reassured. It is distinctly optimistic. Such a book ought to be a good tonic. The ultimate effect on the swelling editions is the same. Indubitably, a good title is an excellent thing.

Moreover, "If Winter Comes," unlike many a book with a catch title, lives up to its name. Its name is the theme and one is cheered, remarkably cheered, by having an optimistic theme driven home for a change. It is a good antidote for one's too easy cynicism, which alas! is only fostered by the lugubrious sort of fiction—the most optimistic thing about which was that it was fiction—that has been absorbing popular interest. But there, we fear, is the precise explanation of why a nice book like "If Winter Comes" is popular just now. It is the inevitable reaction from "Main Street" and "Moon Calf." The path of the pendulum oscillates. *Tout pas, tout cas, tout se remplace.*

Judging Mr. Hutchinson's book aside from its inevitable qualities as a best seller, it is, critically speaking, remarkable chiefly for its characterization. The character of Mark Sabre is one that will live in the memory. Nona is a charming woman, but she is comparatively a lay figure. The garrulous Hapgood is an infernal bore who will undoubtedly live long indeed on that painful reminiscence. It is well and good to represent natural conversation on the part of your puppets, but a character who talks pages with only gasps for pauses serves only as a reminder of one's most tedious acquaintance. He is the last person one wishes to encounter between covers. Mabel, on the other hand, is awfully well done. She is done to the life. She is even more natural than her protagonist, Mark, and infinitely more alive than the lovely Nona. Still, the remarkable, the original thing about "If Winter Comes" is the creation of Mark Sabre. Unharmonious and shrewish wives have been done before in fiction. They are, in fact, a great standby of authors, most of whom, from Milton to Carlyle—one dares not mention later cases—have been provided with a perpetual model. One suspects a kindly fate of providing authors with such wives so that they may always have an inspiration for copy, like the blue bird, at home, close to them. A charming wife, like Nona, would make very

poor copy. Her only excuse for existence is the previous existence of Mabel. She is needed merely for relief—artistically and otherwise. But the creation of Mark Sabre is original, if not actually unique. It is a portrayal of some, though limited, genius as it really is, and not as it has always been brilliantly depicted by authors who saw themselves as they doubtless would have liked to have been. If Mr. Hutchinson's book is anywise autobiographical as regards the portrait of Mark, he is a very honest man. No need to say modest. Our hero is an admirable man. But it requires candor to see oneself as his prototype, sans literary retouching of any sort. That is one reason why it is remarkable that "If Winter Comes" has been a best seller. But a closer inspection suggests that that, after all, may be the explanation. It is the something different we are always seeking. We want it in books even more than in anything else. A book may sell for many reasons. It may make us feel angelic or it may make us feel wicked. Either course is popular. But if it makes us feel clever its success is assured.

R. G.

#### Notes of Books and Authors.

George Birmingham, the Irish novelist, whose real name is James Owen Hannay and who is a canon of the Catholic Church, is living in France.

Mr. Alec Waugh, who has a new novel in the press, published "The Loom of Youth" when he was nineteen. His only modern rival in precocity is Mr. Selwyn Jepson. Both the "boy marvels" inherit their literary talent from their fathers. In this connection it has been noted that Thomas Hardy was thirty-two before he wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree," Mr. J. D. Beresford was thirty-eight when "Jacob Stahl" was published, Joseph Conrad was thirty-three when his first novel, "Atmayer's Folly," appeared, and John Galsworthy was thirty-seven when the first of his novels, "The Island Pharisees," was published. Hugh Walpole wrote "The Wooden Horse" at the age of twenty-five, and H. G. Wells published his first novel when he was twenty-nine.

The Duttons have ready for immediate publication a new novel by Richard Washburn Child, American Ambassador to Italy. Its title is announced as "The Hands of Nara," and it is said to touch a little upon occult things and to be centrally concerned with the relations between a famous American medical specialist and a young woman from Russia who convinces him finally that the most important factor in life is "the sorcery of something in the soul."

The popular interest these days in the wireless telephone has necessitated the printing of a twelfth edition of A. Frederick Collins' volume, "The Book of Wireless," the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., report. Many amateurs are using this book, not only in making and installing wireless apparatus, but in detecting what is wrong so as to make repairs. It is simple enough for a twelve-year-old boy to understand.

James James, the satirical critic of women, is an Australian, who, the Duttons say, is fairly safe from American Babettes until he yields to the lure of the inevitable lecture tour. Then Heaven help him! His extraordinary name, by the way, is said to be genuine.

The writing of a preface for W. D. McCrackan's forthcoming book on "The New Palestine" (to be published by Page, Boston) was the last piece of literary work done by Lord Bryce before his death. The preface, which has just reached Mr. McCrackan's publishers, is in Lord Bryce's own handwriting and was signed by England's "really great man" just two days before his death.

Lord Bryce's lectures on international relations, given at the Institute of Politics at Williams College, were published by the Macmillan Company on February 21st.

Frederick Chamberlain's important historical work, "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," has already gone into a second edition in England, where it was first published a few weeks ago. Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., will issue the American edition early in March, and, as the author is an American, his book will undoubtedly provoke extended controversy here, as it has in England.

In his selected list of the twelve best translations of 1921 Edward J. O'Brien included "The Seven Wives of Bluebeard," by Anatole France, translated by B. D. Stewart, and "Roumanian Stories," translated by Lucy Byng, both published by the John Lane Company.

A new edition of "Foster's Skat Manual" has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. In a preface to this new edition, the third, the author says that "among those who play cards for the intellectual amusement they afford, rather than as an excuse for gambling, skat still holds its position as the best of all card games." He adds that "the game has now all the fascinations and possibilities of auction bridge, with none of its drawbacks,"

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and thinks that "at a no distant day skat may be the national game." The author, R. F. Foster, card editor of the New York Tribune, is one of the most famous international authorities upon card games and is the author of several works, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., on card games, such as "Auction Made Easy," "Foster's Pirate Bridge," and "Russian Bank," of which they have just brought out a new edition, as they have also of his "Foster on Auction."

Carolyn Wells has perhaps the most complete collection of Walt Whitman in the world, with copies of every known edition. She does not especially admire Whitman, but undertook the collection largely because her friends assured her it was a prodigious task, and one foredoomed to failure. Most of her rarest volumes were acquired by the simple expedient of writing to certain booksellers in various parts of the world.

It takes a long time to exhaust the writings of voluminous writers. Nearly all Pepys' is now in print, but it is probable that new letters of Horace Walpole will be gleaned for many a year. Many of Charles Lamb's letters are still unpublished. And now it seems that we are to have a considerable aftermath of Byron's. These hitherto unpublished letters were long in the possession of Lady Dorchester, daughter of Byron's trusted friend, John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton). She appears to have been uncertain what to do with them. On the publication of "Astarte," which she greatly disapproved, she abandoned her intention to leave the collection to Lord Lovelace, and pitched on Lord Rosebery, with the strong encouragement of Mr. John Murray. But in the end she left the letters to Mr. Murray himself, to his astonishment, and now we are to have them in two volumes. They cover most of his life, but particularly the very period hitherto least represented—his social career in London.



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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Stevensoniana.

"Moral Emblems & Other Poems, written and illustrated with wood cuts by Robert Louis Stevenson, first printed at the Davos Press by Lloyd Osbourne and with a preface by the same," is the rather extraordinary legend on the title-page of a recent book. The "preface by the same" elucidates the reader's quandary. It is a very charming preface written by Stevenson's step-son as an explanation of this interesting scrap of Stevensoniana.

When Lloyd Osbourne was a youngster of twelve he and his mother and step-father, who "was an unsuccessful author named Robert Louis Stevenson," lived in a chalet on a Swiss mountainside overlooking the village of Davos-Platz, where Stevenson was staying for his health and "where consumptives coming to get well more often died." The unsuccessful author was dependent, in so far as he was unsuccessful, on his rich parents in Edinburgh. It was all the little family could do to make ends meet at an expensive Swiss resort; and the boy grew used to hearing a sentence which, he says, struck at his heart. It was, "Fanny, I shall have to write to my father." The effect on young Osbourne was to develop early a business instinct. He had the happy idea of a printing press and began business by printing programmes for the Saturday night concerts of the Hotel Belvidere. The business developed and young Lloyd, having successfully written and printed a very slim book of eight pages entitled "Black Canyon, or Life in the Far West," discovered that publishing books was more profitable than printing programmes and lottery tickets. The publisher's stepfather followed this business career to the extent of being fired with a similar ambition.

Their first joint venture was the publishing of a manuscript called "Not I, and Other Poems"—all which figure in the present volume. They occupy four pages, all told. Louis—as his step-son explains he always disrespectfully called him—was enchanted with the success of the booklet, for its entire edition of fifty copies sold immediately. The author declared it the only successful book he had ever written. Another book was in the making when the publisher sighed for illustrations—and the quaint wood cuts that adorn our little volume were the result. Stevenson cut the designs out of fretwood. He found the work of illustrating "Moral Emblems" engrossingly interesting. His step-son overheard him tell a visitor: "I can not tell you what a god-send these silly blocks have been to me. When I can write no more, and read no more, and think no more, I can pass whole hours engraving these blocks in blissful contentment."

"Moral Emblems," ninety copies of it, price sixpence, came out and its reception was sensational, according to its publisher. And the second "Moral Emblems" came out, this time price ninepence, and the youthful publisher amassed upwards of five pounds. Both sets appear in the present volume along with other and later ventures of the "unsuccessful author" and his publishing kinsman. These latter include "The Graver and the Pen," "The Pirate and the Apothecary," and "The Builder's Doom." For the last poem no illustrations were

either drawn or engraved. "It marked the decline of a once flourishing business," writes the publisher and partner of R. L. S. But "Moral Emblems and Other Poems" should repeat the earlier successes of the Davos Press.

MORAL EMBLEMS AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons: \$1.25.

## The Magic of Jewels.

A very interesting book both to the average reader and to the person with a penchant for precious stones and their lore is "The Magic and Science of Jewels and Stones," by Isidore Kozminsky. This is a book that combines the science of gems with a very readable discussion of their history, mythology, and literature. Mr. Kozminsky's book is popular only in the sense that it is easy to read and that it doubtless will be widely read. But his method is exhaustive and his science wears the appearance of extreme accuracy. The book is handsomely illustrated with thirty-nine specimens in color and twenty-two other illustrations.

THE MAGIC AND SCIENCE OF JEWELS AND STONES. By Isidore Kozminsky. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: \$4.50.

## The Psychic Life of Insects

M. Bouvier, the author of "The Psychic Life of Insects," is known to the scientific world for his articles and monographs on various phases of animal life. His present volume was twenty years in the making. "It was only a little before the war," says its author, "that I gathered up the loose threads and commenced actually to write it." The writing of it was done in the mornings and evenings, the main part of the day being given to other employments. It is thus, evidently, a work of love.

The psychology of insects is not even a familiar term to the average reader, but he as well as the entomologist will find M. Bouvier's book of extraordinary interest. It opens an almost unexplored field to scientists and laymen alike. Much that has hitherto been accounted for by easy application of the word instinct seem, rather, from M. Bouvier's researches, to be the result of memory, experience, and even of an elementary sort of reasoning. For some insects show judgment and judgment implies reason.

"The Psychic Life of Insects" is translated from the French by L. O. Howard, an eminent American entomologist, the author of many scientific monographs. E. L. Bouvier is a member of the Institute of France and professor of entomology of the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle.

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF INSECTS. By E. L. Bouvier. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

## Little Rays of Moonshine.

A. P. Herbert, better known as A. P. H. of *Punch*, has collected a number of his papers from that weekly, the *London Mercury*, and the *Outlook* and published them under the appropriate if somewhat Leacockian title, "Little Rays of Moonshine." All of these papers, we must confess, are not equally felicitous, but those that are funny make up for the deficit. If the criterion of funniness is the loudness of one's laughter, the palm should here be awarded to Mr. Herbert's "A

Criminal Type." If loud guffawing is a criterion that essay in humor would be awarded a high place anywhere. Unfortunately one is reminded that, like Velasquez' painting which could only be appreciated by artists, and Browning's poetry, which is said to be comprehended only by devotees of Calliope, this particular *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Herbert's can be only fully relished by typists, preferably the amateur variety who have learnt by the two or three-finger method. After a "Criminal Type" Mr. Herbert's "Little Guigol" plays are perhaps the most excruciating. Even an ardent admirer of Maeterlinck must collapse helplessly before "The Lurch," which is a Little Guigol that "has somehow got mixed up with M. Maeterlinck." However, on the principle that it is bad to advertise the funniness of a story before you tell it, we should not go any further in the dissecting and appraising of A. R. H.'s humor.

LITTLE RAYS OF MOONSHINE. By A. P. Herbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

## New Books Received.

PRIME MINISTERS AND PRESIDENTS. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

Intimate impressions of the men who are leading the governments of the world.

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. A memoir of the French Revolution.

WAYFARERS IN ARCADY. By Charles Vince. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. Travel essays.

SNOWDRIFT. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. A novel of the Far North.

THE MAGIC AND SCIENCE OF PRECIOUS STONES. By Isidore Kozminsky. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.50.

THE CORNERSTONE OF PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE. By Francis Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company; \$3. A narrative of seven years.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE. By Lilian Bennett-Thompson and George Hubbard. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75. A story of love and political intrigue.

CARAVANS BY NIGHT. By Harry Hervey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90. A novel of India.

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF INSECTS. By E. L. Bouvier. New York: The Century Company; \$2. Translated by L. O. Howard.

THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN. By W. F. Alder. New York: The Century Company; \$2. Adventures in a cannibal island.

AFTER THE WAR. By Colonel Repington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5. A continuation of Colonel Repington's diary.

THE FAIR REWARDS. By Thomas Beer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A story of the American stage spanning the period from the Frohman's opening of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the old Lyceum to the production of "The Jest" at the Plymouth.

THE JOY OF LIVING. By Sidney Gowing. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. A novel of comedy.

OH, SUSANNA! By Meade Minnigerode. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90. A romance of the old American merchant marine.

REALMS OF THE LIVING DEAD. By Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss. San Francisco: The Curtiss Philosophic Book Company. "A brief description of life after death."

THE MESSAGE OF AQUARIA. By Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss. San Francisco: The Curtiss Philosophic Book Company. "The significance and mission of the Aquarian Age."

## Four Thousand Years Ago.

Excavations made at Kaisargarh, in Asia Minor, have revealed that 2400 years before the Christian era there dwelt there a Babylonian, partly military, partly commercial, colony.

Its history is inscribed in cuneiform characters on tablets brought to light, all dating from the same epoch.

They give curious details of the manner in which this colony was governed by a "prince" and a "prefect," by the side of whom were a "princess" and a "prefectess," who had rights and powers absolutely equal to those of their masculine colleagues.

It is seen that in Burus, as that town was formerly called, the rights of woman were respected. Even as the men, women there could carry on business, bequeath their property and perform the same offices. Archaeologists therefore ask themselves today if there is not some truth in the story of the Amazons who, according to legend, lived in this very part of Asia Minor.

Not far from Burus is the "City of Women," where the later had their colleges and their university. This university comprised two faculties, of arts and of letters, each placed under the direction of a principal, who, however, was a man.

The tablets also indicate that many modern institutions were then known.

On the numerous routes that traversed the country a carrier distributed regularly letters of terra cotta. If they were without envelopes they were not without stamps, and



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these were of circular form. In one of the letters the writer wishes the carrier a bright moon and a clear sky on his nightly trip.

In some correspondence allusion is made to a kind of check; the messenger had received from the sender instructions to collect from the addressee a sum of money, the amount of which was indicated on the tablet—in brief, something like our postal money order.

The publication of "The Dauphin Louis XVII, The Riddle of the Temple" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), in which M. Lenôtre marshals convincing evidence that the child who died in the temple was not the prince and that the little uncrowned king escaped and lost his identity somewhere in the turmoil and confusion of the revolution, brings to life old legends that young Louis came to America and that our fathers unknowingly harbored the heir to the throne of France. One of the most persistent of these legends is that the child was brought to Canada, where he was adopted by an Indian chief. After several years in the north woods with the Iroquois the boy was sent to Deerfield, Massachusetts, to be educated as a missionary on the invitation of a pious Puritan elder. Young Eleazar Williams, as he was then called, grew up an honor to his profession and became one of the most influential missionaries to his people, but his patrician bearing and his marked resemblance to the Bourbons caused comment wherever he went. When the Rev. Eleazar was an old man, so the story runs, the Prince de Joinville, the son of Louis XVIII and cousin of the little lost Dauphin, paid a visit to the United States, found Eleazar Williams, revealed to him that he was in reality the King of France and offered him a princely revenue if he would sign an abdication in favor of his uncle, but the stout-hearted old Puritan refused to sell his birthright for a fortune, so he died as he had lived, obscure but honored.

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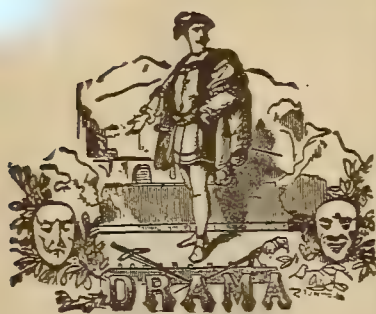
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## THE ORPHEUM.

The bill at the Orpheum has extra good features this week, even the *Æsop* "Film Fables" being particularly clever and amusing. I wonder, by the way, if Terry, the ingenious deviser of these weekly fables, isn't making his everlasting fortune at it.

Besides the stereotyped features—a highly skilled xylophonist, and two nonsense couples—they show us Robert Emmett Keane in two different acts; and Robert Emmett is worth it. I wondered, when I heard this young man pattering off a perfect imitation of a sporty Englishman and a homesick Scotchman, whether the young man has British blood in his veins. But certainly he has keen observation, a prehensile ear, and an imitative tongue. Also he has keen sense of humor, and he is a very good actor.

This is shown in his second turn, "The Gossipy Sex," in which he acts the rôle of a male dispenser of scandal. In this sketch we also see Claire Whitney, a screen star who appears in this vaudeville act probably as a tender of marital affection. I judge so because, in a short speech made by Mr. Keane following upon evidences of great favor from the audience after he had made a hit in "A Vaudeville Delight," the young man remarked, in a rather proudly proprietary tone, that we would see his wife in "The Gossipy Sex."

The wife, Claire Whitney, is an exceedingly ornate, shapely, and handsomely dressed and modish blonde. Also she acts well. The sketch—which is by Lawrence Grattan—is characterized by easy, slangy dialogue, good situations, and a neat wrap-up.

It is, by the way, quite evident from the favor with which audiences receive "The Gossipy Sex," which is given as a straight play, and not as an exhibition of vaudeville monkey shining, that vaudeville audiences have not outlived their taste for the higher standard in playlets, in spite of having been treated rather shabbily in that respect since the war.

La Bernicia, the excellent star toe-dancer, knows her business in more ways than one, since she is shrewd enough to have first-class support. Her three or four assistant dancers are remarkably limber-jointed young women, and the scenic effect of the Oriental dances, the music of which was judiciously selected and well played, gave the audience the desired Oriental "kick."

Tom Patricola is the nuttiest of amusing "nuts," Irene Delroy is a cutie cute, and the Gordon-Ford pair, or, rather, Burt Gordon, contrive to amuse.

The big feature of the bill is, of course, "The Storm." Evidently this is a tabloid version of a full-length spectacular melodrama which has had its big time in New York, Chicago, and London.

In this tabloid version the action is speeded up to the extreme degree of improbability, for the three characters—two men and a girl—are rivaling, courting, singing, laughing, and

dancing only a few minutes before the ominous red glow shows behind the dark Canadian forest.

The setting is excellent; altogether sylvan and far from the madding crowd. A very successful effect of distance is given, and a sense of reality in the forest set is obtained by blending painted scenery with property tall trees in the foreground.

The three principal players—Cecelia Frank, Edward Arnold, and Guy Cunningham—are expert players, the love story interests, and then, by degrees, the unobtrusive crimson glow flickers, fades, deepens, becomes lurid. Soaring flames appear, devouring the unresisting trees; or so it seems. In the foreground each tall trunk is stored with electrical apparatus, and thrilling effects of the trees being devoured to their very hearts are conveyed. Bushes blaze fiercely. The tallest tree totters—or, anyway, we think it does—and falls across the roof of the lonely little log hut, neatly bisecting it. Of course there is a thrilling rescue. The best man shows the mettle of a hero, and with a sigh of relief we perceive that the girl with the fascinating French-Canadian accent has discovered, even in the midst of the terrifying conflagration, where to give her heart and hand.

"The Fire," though, would seem a more appropriate title than "The Storm"; which suggests that some ingenious stage engineer ought to work up a big storm act; wind, rain, thunder, lightning, flood oozing under the threshold; and so on. Audiences would like it; for who does not love the savage moods of old Mother Nature?

## AT THE MAITLAND.

As I sat at the Maitland Monday evening, seeing an earnest if not polished performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," I found myself deploring the migratory tendencies of players. For here, at the Maitland, is the possibility of having a group of players welded by the hard-working director into a competent stock company. Since Mr. Maitland opened his Stockton Street theatre he has had, at different times, two very good leading men—Messrs. Smythe and Fee—and a very talented leading lady, Mary Morris (who, by the way, recently appeared at Berkeley as "Hedda Gabler" in a local production, under the auspices of the School Women's Club). Lea Penman, although her technique is rather incomplete, is handsome, quick-witted, fairly versatile, and makes a very creditable appearance in rôles especially suited to her temperament and abilities. Muriel Valli was a distinct loss, for she put special study in every characterization. Alice Easton, although not markedly talented, had the makings of a winning young ingénue. And so one could go on, enumerating a number of the members of the Maitland company who, although limited in talent and deficient in training, had the makings of satisfactory players. If they had stayed and submitted to the wear-and-tear discipline of a stock company they could have become one of an acting group of recognized merit, worthy of the plays that are put on at the Maitland Theatre. But as it is the director is continually having a fresh lot to lick into shape.

I really wonder that some of the seasoned old producers who are too worn out to enter into the strenuous competition in the East do not recognize the possibilities here, and come and end their days here heading such an enterprise. San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, their hands strengthened by the support of many of the smaller in-between cities, ought to be able to support such an organization. Its headquarters could be in San Francisco, and its flying buttresses—in the shape of a traveling adjunct to the main company—could carry each pronounced local success up and down the Coast. There ought to be something in it.

True, the producer would need the prestige to make advantageous arrangements with the heads of New York theatres. And I do not overlook the presence of a stock company here at the Alcazar. But that house frankly makes its bid for a different line of custom from that that I am considering. It is, in fact, the class of people that go to the Maitland. The regular patrons of the Maitland and of the Players Theatre, and others who habitually patronize the big, expensive traveling organizations, but who would also go regularly to see plays done by good players, are really hungry for more first-class acting. They recognize that we can't have the best. The East is too powerful a magnet. But in a city of the size of San Francisco we ought to be able to support a really capable fixed stock company giving first-class plays.

This week Lea Penman appears as Mrs. Warren in Shaw's famous play. Gray hair and no paint to speak of play hob with Miss Penman's youth and freshness. There is no subtlety in her delineation of the still disreputable mother of Vivie, but considerable human nature. Dorothy Wetmore, in spite of some uncertainty in her lines—for Bernard Shaw is merciless in his exactions on the memories of players—got away from her too frequently dolorous note and conveyed the

idea of Vivie's mannishness and logical hardness. William Guilbert appeared to better advantage than usual as Sir George Croft, and Sidney Riggs, Thomas Miller, and Walter Corey completed the cast. Mr. Riggs as that irreverent rattle, Frank Gardner, performing prodigies in the way of memorizing very difficult lines, even if his technic did give evidences of being young and tender.

## POPULAR FICTION.

Everybody, more or less, reads fiction, and it is evident that since the new school of unromantic young men and women writers have emerged everybody wants somebody to take them by the hand, leading them out of their amazement, and sometimes bewilderment, and rising to explain.

So Professor Powys is having very attentive audiences. Tuesday he had a fistful of popular subjects: "Moon Calf," and its sequel, "The Briary Bush," "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett," and Willa Sibert Cather's "Song of the Lark."

Mr. Powys is a discerning critic. He goes right to the very soul of the books he considers. He gave an interesting impression of Willa Sibert Cather, whose withers would be wrung if she could hear his condemnation of the writer who is one with the country that she knows and loves going innocently and mistakenly to New York for copy. "Only the geniuses," says Powys, "dare to stay at home."

"Miss Lulu Bett"—the novel—he considers a work of genius, although the author's shrewdness and determination "to get it over" prevented her from attaining in that book to her full artistic stature. He points out—and we recognize its truthfulness—the curious mixture in Zona Gale of a cynically detached observation and a deep pity for such simple-minded, helpless beings—"eternal Cinderellas"—as Lulu Bett, who are born to be exploited by perfectly respectable people who yet are hard, malicious, and cruel. The world is full of them, but when they read of the cruelties of others they will never take it to themselves.

In a very just criticism on "Main Street" the professor pointed out that Sinclair Lewis is not a genius, "because a genius would never try to ridicule Main Street." In other words, he fails to recognize the real beauties in human nature. "The Sinclair Lewis culture is culture without humanity; which is no culture at all." And the critic further points his criticism by demanding why the ridiculer of Main Street never found a Lulu Bett in that bleak thoroughfare.

In considering "Moon Calf," the reviewer, who knows Floyd Dell, entered into a disquisition upon the character of the self-revealing author of that popular novel. He considers him a human butterfly, fleeing from the possessive instincts of woman; which certainly accords with the leading character of "The Moon Calf," whose autobiographical identity with the author we easily sense. Professor Powys, alluding to the photographic quality of the novel—and which, to my taste, deprives it of much of the charm it might otherwise possess—says that Floyd Dell, "that little imp," exploited numerous friends and acquaintances in the book. The professor, while admiring Dell as "a prismatic bubble," "a male Undine," was comfortably oblivious, apparently, of the brand new sets of morals—or omissions of them—which characterize the young man group to which Floyd Dell belongs. But really there isn't much to say. It is a characteristic of the times, the mental and moral independence of young men and women, and it will probably take two or three decades and the coming of a new generation to see how it is going to work out. Perhaps W. L. George, who, under Paul Elder's auspices, lectures here this week, may try to enlighten us.

## THE GIBBS LECTURE.

Sir Philip Gibbs, one of the foremost correspondents of the war, friend and brother of soldiers in all ranks of life, and knighted for the services his sympathetic pen has given to humanity, has been a visitor to San Francisco this week, and, under Paul Elder's management, given two lectures to large and attentive audiences.

The English journalist's writings have revealed him as a man of profound sensibility, and his features, which are stamped by the pallor which too many of the survivors of the war carry with them as a heritage of the hardships of the trenches, bear out the testimony of his writings. Sir Philip's speech, as well as his features, is very English. Indeed, in commenting on the minor and "purely accidental" differences between the British and the American people, one of which, he said, lay in their accent, he related that once, while addressing an American audience, a voice called to him from the audience to "take the marbles out of his mouth."

In both lectures the speaker discussed the after effects of the war, dwelling more particularly in the first one on the changes in other countries, while in the second he dis-

cussed the effect it had had on the social life of Great Britain.

Old conditions, he told us, are passing. The county families can no longer maintain their feudal state because of the immensely high taxes. The country mansions are being denuded of their art treasures, which are sold, and the great estates listed for sale.

There is, he tells us, a revolution in English thoughts and minds, and the old, romantic England, of which Americans loved to read, will soon be gone.

England has lost its insularity since German shot and shell were aimed at its very heart from the Zeppelins during the war. Comradeship in the trenches made many English of the intellectual and patrician classes acquainted, for the first time, with the better qualities of the men of the slums. Caste barriers became weakened in consequence, when the more fortunate ones saw such fine soldiers emerge from those lowly ranks.

From the discussion of these changes the speaker passed to a consideration of the status of the workingman, who, during the era of high wages, had been able to purchase things that brought beauty and hope and joy into the family life. The subsequent unrest in the ranks of labor was due, said Sir Philip, to the workman's fear of a lowered standard of living to its former depressing level.

The lecturer, eventually departing from a discussion of social conditions, took up the subject of the disagreement between Great Britain and France concerning the restoration of German industry, and finally ended on a note of strong hopefulness in respect to the friendship between the two great English-speaking nations.

Sir Philip's face is turned hopefully toward the changes that have been brought about by the war, but the most humanly interesting part of his lecture was that in which, as a Briton, he could but be saddened in seeing the passing away of that picturesque England of which the great Victorians wrote. But even while, as a Briton, he felt some melancholy over its passing, as a humanitarian, he bails the coming of a new order of things in which the slum-dweller and the factory toiler will develop into a full-fledged human being.

## THE COLOR ORGAN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose once popular books no doubt can be found lingering on the shelves of old-fashioned New England libraries, wrote in her time several stories about heaven—the subject obsessed her—and in one of them she described the simple enjoyments and pleasures of a homely, appealingly commonsensical heaven, most of them of an outdoor nature. But she imagined one indoor recreation which, it is not at all impossible, may have had something to do with the original mental suggestion of "the color organ."

Mr. Thomas Wilfred's "color organ" has been attracting the attention of volatile New York. The color organ throws a series of changing colors on a screen while music, which is selected because of its alleged harmony with the colors which simultaneously appear, completes the artistic effect.

Some of the music which is played by Mr. Wilfred is also composed by him. Further-

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more he is, apparently, not only a creator of the idea, but of the organ itself.

It is a distinctly novel conception, and, as described by sympathetic spectators and auditors, it seems to have artistic possibilities. Artists, probably, have been greatly interested. The idea of evolving color combinations which are analogous to chords of music recalls the very radical ideas advanced about painting by Willard Huntington Wright in his book, "Modern Painting." Speaking of the theory of the Synchronists, who eliminated all representations of objects from the pictorial art, the author says, "Thus was brought about the final purification of painting. Form was entirely divorced from any realistic consideration: and color became an organic function." And he compares this evolution to music, "which passed through the same development from the imitation of natural sounds to harmonic abstraction."

It is perhaps pertinent to add that devoutness is by no means the universal attitude in respect to the color organ. Audiences have given evidences of being wearied by the length of the entertainment, the flow of color, whether or not attended by music, sometimes gets on frivolous nerves, and some commentators who give every evidence of being people of mind have voted the color organ a bore.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A dispatch from Melbourne says that at one prison recently the inmates went on a strike—though it does not appear that they walked out—because the prison library contained none of the works of O. Henry and several other favorite American authors.

## JOHN COWPER POWYS

Noted English Author

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Sunday, 8:15 p. m., March 5—"The Problem of Crime."

Tuesday, 11 a. m., March 7—"Eric Dorn," "The World's Illusion."

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

### The Columbia Theatre.

Miss Barrymore is coming to the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday evening. She will be seen in "Déclassée," the play by Zoe Akins in which her success has become a fact of important theatrical history. From October of 1920 to June of last year New York crowded the Empire Theatre to witness Miss Barrymore's performance in Miss Akins' play. In "Déclassée" Miss Akins has fitted Miss Barrymore with one of the best rôles of her career. She is Lady Helen Haden, a young Englishwoman of aristocratic birth and environment to whom, through no fault of her own save an amusing recklessness, unhappy circumstances bring matrimonial disaster. Adrift from her accustomed surroundings, Lady Helen is seen next in New York, embarked upon a social career at once precarious and amusing. The centre of a gay group of unusual, inconsequential worldlings, and with happiness seemingly almost within her grasp, her adventures come to a close in a final note of gripping, pathetic tragedy.

The Frohman Company has surrounded Miss Barrymore with a capable group of players, including Edward Emery, Henry Daniell, Philip Lord, Cyril Delevanti, Charles Wellesly, Hubbard Kirkpatrick, Alfred Hesse, W. G. Leith, Edward Le Hay, Irby Marshall, Virginia Chauvenet, Jane West, Mary R. de Wolf, Gabrielle Ravine, Ina Niland, Estelle Thebaud, and others.

### The Maitland Playhouse.

Another Shaw revival is to be offered next week, commencing Monday night, when George Bernard Shaw's well-known drama, "Man and Superman," comes to the Maitland for the entire week. Director Arthur Maitland produced "Man and Superman" two seasons ago at the Stockton Street house, and it proved the biggest hit of the year.

This revival has been urged by patrons of the Maitland and there is every reason to believe the success of two years ago will be repeated during the coming week. It is the old story of the pursuit of man by woman, done in the sarcastic vein of the noted Irish playwright. Followers of the Maitland have never been surfeited by the Shaw plays, and those who have never witnessed this drama have a treat in prospect.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession," the most widely discussed of all the Shaw plays, is doing a good business this week at the Stockton Street house.

John Drew's popular comedy success, "The Duke of Killcrankie," is in rehearsal at the Maitland, and "The Climax" is another play shortly to be revived.

### The Orpheum.

Pat Rooney, one of the most imitated of eccentric dancers, with Marion Bent, is coming in a revue called "Rings of Smoke." A number of pretty girls and a jazz band are features of the elaborate revue written by Edgar Allen Woolf, Cliff Hess, Joseph Stanley, and Pat Rooney.

"In a Smile or Two" is offered by Lester Crawford and Helen Broderick. The ingredients are blended together to a nicety and served by an attractive girl and a pleasing young man.

Julia Nash has left the legitimate stage. She has given vaudeville, together with C. H. O'Donnell, a number of playlets mostly written by her clever co-star. This season "Almost Single" is her vehicle and this, like "Three G. M.," is from Mr. O'Donnell's pen. It is a humorous domestic sketch.

Joe Shriner and Billy Fitzsimmons have selected a corner news-stand as the scene for their comedy diversion entitled "The News-dealer." They represent him as an interesting type, with his fingers constantly on the public pulse.

Ann Grey recently returned from abroad, where she was on concert tour with her harp. She comes to America by way of the vaudeville stage.

Redford and Winchester are two very clever and eccentric jugglers. They are recognized as most skilful and at the same time most amusing.

Davis and Pelle are entitled to call their performance an equilibristic marathon. From the time they begin until they conclude their performance the topmount is in the air constantly.

"The Storn." will remain a second week. Next week is positively the final week of its appearance here.

Many interesting dramatic activities are frequently going on in Berkeley, but here in San Francisco we are oblivious of them, for, after all, we are two cities, each interested in our own affairs. The Greek Theatre Players are responsible for some of the most notable performances given in Berkeley by talented amateurs, and are really worthy of the attention of people here who feel a genuine interest in the drama. Last week they played at Wheeler Hall "The Lonely Way," a sequel written by Arthur Schnitzler, the famous Viennese author, to his "The Affairs of Ana-

tol." This week it will be played again on March 4th and 5th. No doubt the establishment of a School of the Art of the Theatre under the direction of Messrs. Hume and Pischel has greatly stimulated interest in things of the drama in the university city. Which suggests an idea—why could not all these "little theatre" enterprises loosely organize in one and draw upon each other's resources in the line of talent, keeping finances separate. But no, they won't; any more than San Francisco and Oakland will.

### Pope's Sistine Chapel Choir.

The Pope's Sistine Chapel Choir from the Vatican, Rome, is booked on the British P. & O. liner *Maldora*, sailing from Naples for Melbourne, Australia, where the choir will make its first appearance in history away from the European continent on Easter Sunday, April 15th. The Australian tour, which was recently booked by Thomas Quinlan of London, representing a group of influential music lovers and leading citizens of the important centres of the Antipodes, covers a period of eight weeks minimum and fourteen weeks maximum.

Manager Frank W. Healy of this city hopes that the wishes of Monsignor Antonio Rella, the conductor of the world-famous choir, to have the organization come to the principal cities of North and South America before returning to Rome will be gratified, and to insure this extension of their tour Healy is preparing a list of music lovers of this city who will guarantee twelve appearances on the Pacific Coast by the choir. Healy has been commissioned to submit such a list of guarantors to Rome for approval before the Sistine Choir departs for Australia on the 12th of March, and if the underwriting arrangements and personnel are satisfactory to the Vatican authorities it is believed that permission will be granted to have the choir come to the Pacific Coast upon completion of its Australian appearances.

### The San Francisco Museum of Art Lectures.

The first of the series of lectures to be given in connection with the exhibitions of Japanese art now at the Palace of Fine Arts will be devoted to an interpretation of the art and symbolism of Japanese flower arrangements, which is one of the most interesting features of this unusual group of exhibitions. The lecture will be given by Mr. Torao Kawasaki, an authority on Japanese poetry and music, Friday, March 3d. These flower arrangements are all made with natural flowers and approximately cover the whole gamut of the art from the most informal to the most complicated decorations. Flower arrangement is a distinctive type of art by itself, as is the ceremonial tea in Japan.

To master the art is said to require years of patient study and practice, but to acquire its rudiments is not so difficult. Mr. Kawasaki will also show the relationship between this art and the art of painting, as exemplified in the collection of paintings by the group of artists known as the Nippon Bijutsu-in of Tokyo, whose pictures fill two galleries of the Oriental section, near the flower arrangements.

Tickets for these lectures, costing \$1 for the course of six, or 25 cents for each individual lecture, may be obtained at the office of the Museum in the Palace of Fine Arts. Museum members are admitted free upon presentation of their membership cards. The lectures begin promptly at 2 o'clock.

### Drive for the Boy Scouts.

The executive board of the Boy Scout organization will start a campaign on Monday next for funds to carry on their work during the coming year. The sum desired is \$55,000. John A. McGregor is chairman of the campaign committee and Carl O. Dustin will direct the canvass. "In making up the budget," says the committee, "every item has been eliminated that was not absolutely essential to sustaining efficiency."

### The Paul Elder Lectures.

"Love and Marriage" is the subject of a lecture to be given Monday evening in the Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis, by the English novelist, W. L. George. His last lecture in San Francisco will be a study of Anatole France. At this lecture (Wednesday evening, March 8th) he will be introduced by George Douglas. These lectures are given under the management of Paul Elder.

One hundred years ago, or, more exactly, on December 8, 1821, the *Journal Débats* published the following item: "There is now much talk in Milan of an invention for which the author, a certain Cataneo, has just got a license from the Emperor of Austria. Several times already they have tried in England and France to make a carriage move without horses, but every time it was observed that the mechanism gave rise to insuperable difficulties. Mr. Cataneo not only dispenses with the team, but by means of his mechanism one single horse keeps up and accelerates the movement to a point at which he does easily the work of four horses."



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### John Cowper Powys.

Lecturing on the works of recent important modern writers, John Cowper Powys will this Friday discuss "Cytherea," by Hergesheimer, and "Jurgen," by James Branch Cabell. Tuesday next his subjects will be "Eric Dorn," by Ben Hecht, and "The World's Illusion," by Wasserman.

Powys, whose lectures take place at the Maitland Theatre under the management of Jessica Colbert, also gives popular Sunday evening talks, and will have as a theme this coming Sunday, "The Problem of Crime." Powys will discuss this subject, not in a general sense; but specifically, touching upon the crimes of sex, psycho-analysis, the unemployed, and various other points, and the effect upon the world today of this criminal impulse in different directions.

Woman in Finland enjoys almost equal rights with the man. In school she has, in the common instruction with the male youth, opportunity to contend with them and to acquire the same knowledge. After completing the school education almost all vocations are open to her, and she is found in all branches of industry, but especially in business houses, in public offices, and similar institutions. She can not occupy the office of minister, however, and some high appointive posts. Practically, woman is the equal of man. She has the right of suffrage and she herself is eligible to all elective offices. The Finnish Diet actually counts twenty female deputies among its members.

The proverbial phrase, "to face the music," is probably derived from the stage, where it was used by actors in the greenroom when preparing to go on the boards.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Popular interest has centered even more feverishly on the engagement or potential engagement of America's greatest heiress than it has on Princess Mary's own. And a few short weeks ago, in fact before Mathilde's romantic bomb had burst into the headlines of our hectic press, one would have thought it impossible for another engagement to hold a candle to the limelight of publicity that blazes about the minutest details of Mary's

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nuptials. However, America has broken the British record. Whereas the princess' affair partakes of a private, albeit highly ceremonious, nature and is at its most redundant phase still brilliantly tinted with British local color, Miss Mathilde's has become an international episode. The princess had a good running start on our heiress, but despite her momentum, Mathilde can fairly be said to have caught up with her in the flagging of public attention. In fact, the greatest attention to the princess' betrothal has been centered on her trousseau and her gifts, her sport costumes and her linen chests. Nothing so prosaic has been featured in the American-Swiss romance. And yet, strange to say, there are several analogies between the two affairs. Both were founded on a friendship founded on the sport of horsemanship. Oser is, according to some reports, of noble birth, and by all reports of a fine old Swiss family. Like the royal consort, he is of the interesting age of forty. In view of the fact that so much comment has been made on the age of Miss Mathilde's choice, it seems almost invidious to draw the comparison. But in the interests of free speech we do ask the question—why is forty all right for the viscount and all wrong for the Swiss cavalryman? The matter is swathed in mystery. We trust we are not committing a grave diplomatic breach. However, the McCormick-Oser affair has reached such international proportions

that any discussion of it borders on the nature of diplomacy. There is still one thing that can be done to cut the Gordian knot of our international intrigue. It does not smack of the camera stellata and its method would be somewhat new in diplomatic usage. Still in extreme cases extreme measures must be adopted. Now that practically every one in the English and we presume in the French, German, and Italian (i. e., Swiss) speaking world has had time thoroughly to master the details of the proposed alliance, we suggest that a referendum be taken and that Miss Mathilde, as a good American or a prospective good Swiss citizen, abide by the decision of the people. It seems to be their affair fully as much as it hers.

Paris, the home of Western logic, has reversed the epitome of its old wisdom, and adopted the slogan *cherchez l'homme*. It was like the Gallic temperament to come straight to the point. It would have been very un-French to dodge the issue. In the happy past of France woman figured largely. Today she is a drug on the market. She is not far to seek. In fact France is said to be sobered to the point of having practically renounced romance. Poor France! Can she still be French? England is in the giddy throes of pleasure-seeking, but pleasure and catastrophe are incompatible to the straight-hewed Gallic mind. What the war really has done is to reveal the inherent logic of the French mind. In the days of uxorious peace woman was the *raison d'être* of the gallant Gaul's existence. Now in the all too polygamous aftermath of the war she has ceased to have a reason for existing herself. The national mind of France swings straight to the point, *cherchez l'homme*. Not perhaps quite in the old sense. Even a Frenchman would hardly admit that man could be at the bottom of any mischief. But find him anyway. The symptom of the reversed philosophy of France is the new rage of featuring masculine beauty in the theatre. Where once half of Paris turned out to see lovely woman clad in pearls and a ribbon or two, now at least three-fourths of Paris turns out to see glorious man à la Adam. Nor is this merely a new manifestation of French theatrical depravity. It is the French genius for candid logic.

On the principle that misery loves company we found it very refreshing to read in a recent Manchester *Guardian* Lucio's, that delectable versifier's, reaction to the social status quo. Lucio, we infer, like the rest of us, sighs for the good old days when hospitality existed. His present wail is on the decadent though inexorable custom of requesting guests to "bring something for supper." Alas! for Max Beerbohm's division of the human race into hosts and guests. The host along with other professional classes is automatically deprived of his job in these times. Lucky for Max himself that he found his own category among the guests. And lucky the rest of us who can gracefully forego the privileges of hosting. What the new race must needs develop is a composite creature half guest, half host, who reck nothing at all of bringing his supper and "likewise a well-appointed flask." England is not as yet suffering under the odium of prohibition, but the income tax seems to have had a similar effect on convivial parties. And a touch of deprivation makes the whole world kin. We are all in the same leak-proof boat. Which reminds one that when Mr. Balfour was asked what he thought of prohibition he replied: "America will be very dull when it begins."

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**STORYETTES.**  
**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

A negro charged with stealing a watch had been arraigned before the court. The judge was not convinced that he was guilty and said: "You are acquitted, Sam." "Acquitted," repeated Sam doubtfully. "What do you mean, judge?" "That's the sentence; you are acquitted." Still looking somewhat confused, Sam said: "Judge, does dat mean I have to give the watch back?"

An old dorky got up one night at a revival meeting and said: "Brudders an' sisters, you knows an' I knows dat I aint been what I oughter been. Ise robbed hen roosts and stole hawgs, an' tole lies, an' got drunk an' slashed folks wi' mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed an' swore; but I thank the Lord der's one thing I aint nebber done; I aint nebber lost mah religion."

Anatole France, who is seventy-eight, went to Stockholm to receive his Nobel Prize just after recovering from a severe illness. He was fearful of catching cold, and wore several well-padded waistcoats under his coat. The Swedish custom officers were suspicious. "What have you got in here?" one of them asked, with his hands on the great novelist's coat. "France," was the reply.

Johnnie, aged six, was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked: "Where have you been, my son?" "Playing postman," replied Willie. "I gave a letter to all the houses in our street. Really, truly letters, too." "Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother in amazement. "They were those old ones in your bureau drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

"Eamonn de Valera, whatever his shortcomings as a statesman, is surely gifted with wit," said a member of the Clan Na Gael in Philadelphia. "Once at a supper at my house the talk turned to Irish bulls. 'Define an Irish bull,' a young lady says to Valera. Quick as a flash Valera comes back at her with: 'Suppose there are thirteen cows lying down in a field, and one of them is standing up—that would be a bull.'"

The young wife entered the kitchen rather nervously, and, after hesitating for a few seconds, said to the cook: "Oh, cook, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, and the next day it is the fish, and the third day it is the roast, in fact, it's always something or other." The cook replied with feeling, "Well, mum, I'm sorry for you. It must be awful to live with a gentleman like that."

Cuthbert had been listening for half an hour to a lecture from his father on the evils of late nights and late risings in the morning. "You will never amount to anything" said the father, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm." "Ha, ha!" laughed Cuthbert. "How about the worm? What did he get for turning out so early?" "My son," replied the father, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night; he was on his way home."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, congratulated on the marvelous success of his recent foreign tour, said with a smile: "We can all get on with foreigners, you know, if we will remember not to criticize. A foreigner's country is to him what your family is to you. You will criticize it yourself, but criticism from the outside you can't and won't abide. An American said to an Englishman one day: 'London's a dull hole.' 'As an Englishman,' said the other, 'I object to that remark. I agree with it, but I object to it.'"

Stephen Leacock, during his recent lecture tour abroad, appeared at a popular seaside resort on the southern coast of England. The hall was a large one, but the audience was conspicuously small. Mr. Leacock thus began his address: "It has been forty-three years since my last appearance in B—; neither the sea nor the sky seems quite as blue as I remember them, but I am quite sure, judging by the size of the audience tonight, that the population of the city has shrunk at least one-third."

Pierce Van Vleck, the Baltimore financier, said at a dinner party: "Keeping a husband in hot water will never make him tender. Ignorance of this primary truth causes a lot of divorces. A Baltimorean got on a trolley-car the other day in anything but a tender mood. His wife, because he could not afford her an \$800 set of Siberian rat, had snatched the morning paper out of his hand, called him a shiftless, knock-kneed failure, and thrown his freshly-opened package of cigarettes into the stove. So this man, his mood not at all tender, got on the car and took a seat beside

**THE MERRY MUSE.**  
**Bleat if I Know.**  
We two had a row  
Somehow!  
Perhaps she was fretful, and I didn't care,  
Or, perhaps, I did something she couldn't bear.  
Or, perhaps, a depression advanced in the air,  
But, however that may be, the disturbance was there,  
And a storm began to brew,  
At first it muttered,  
And hard words were uttered,  
Then harder and harder until things grew  
Supremely unpleasant for each of us two,  
And I came to think  
We had reached the brink  
Of the grave of a friendship, whose loss we should rue,  
So I begged her pardon—what less could I do?  
She declared she was wrong—I hope it was true—  
And the tempest's frown  
Smoothed slowly down,  
And it rumbled and sighed,  
And whispered and died  
Away,  
Yet all I can say  
To this very day  
Is we two had a row.  
—La Touche Hancock in Judge.

**St. Margaret's.**  
St. Margaret's, in Westminster, London, has, under the auspices of the Sulgrave Manor Society, assumed quite an importance in the sight-seeing parties made up of Americans. Hitherto if the varied visitor had time for the vast abbey he was considered in luck, but now he divides his moments between the two historic churches. In St. Margaret's that prince of courtiers, Sir Walter Raleigh, was

buried, and under the memorial window erected by American subscription to this pioneer of the Western world and to his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, is the familiar verse composed by James Russell Lowell at the dedication. John Milton was married in St. Margaret's and George W. Childs contributed a window in commemoration of this, and John Greenleaf Whittier composed the stanza which adorns it. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the verse which marks the tomb of his friend, Cyril Lytton Farrar, a son of Archdeacon Farrar, who was for so long the rector of St. Margaret's. For all these reasons the society engaged in promoting good will and friendship between the English-speaking races deems it as important for tourists to visit this smaller church as the adjacent abbey. Another reason might be that the wife of the present rector is that Mary Endicott who married Joseph Chamberlain and, on his death, the Rev. William Hartley Carnegie, a canon of Westminster and the rector of the parish church of the British Parliament and its honorary chaplain.

Five-hundred-ruble notes are no longer legal tender in Moscow. A recent decree of the Moscow Soviet announces that hereafter street railways and other government institutions will accept nothing less than thousand-ruble notes. A thousand-ruble note is worth half an American cent at the present legal rate of exchange. At the old par of Russian exchange a thousand-ruble note would be worth \$515.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Laura Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hay Chapman, and Mr. John Baldwin, son of Mrs. William Sproule, was solemnized in San Francisco Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin have gone to Portland on their wedding trip. They will make their home in the northern city.

The Mardi Gras Ball for the benefit of the Children's Hospital was held this week in the Civic Auditorium. Mrs. Richard McCreery, as Queen Scheherezade, reigned over the court, which recalled the period of the Arabian Nights. Mr. Clarence Follis was King of the Mardi Gras. Several score of the younger set were the court attendants.

Mrs. Henry Crocker gave a reception Saturday afternoon for Miss Mary Julia Crocker. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Othello Scribner, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. William Van Fleet, Mrs. W. P. Lucas, Mrs. B. I. Wheeler, Mrs. Laughlin McLaine, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. F. C. McCreery, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Edith Grant, and Miss Alice Requa.

Mrs. N. L. Nokes gave a tea last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. William Newton of New York.

Mrs. Henry Scott gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the St. Francis, complimenting Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London. Among the guests were Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs.

Horace Chase, Mrs. Harry Webb of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. William Younger, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. George Barnett, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. I. N. Walter entertained a group of friends at the Mardi Gras Ball this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and the Misses Margaret and Rosemonde Lee entertained at dinner Thursday evening at the Palace. Among their guests were Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Frances Pringle, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Ensign Atherton Macondray, U. S. N., Mr. Cuyler Lee, Jr., Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. William Smith, Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker gave a dinner Wednesday evening for Miss Amanda McNear and Mr. William Hendrickson.

Miss Edith Grant and Miss Mary Martin were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Louis Montague. Others at the affair were Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Lawton Filer, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin gave a dinner Friday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted and Mrs. Charles Felton gave a dinner-dance at the Palace Saturday for Miss Frances Pringle. Among the guests were Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Inez Macondray, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Stanley Morrison, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., Mr. Paul Kennedy, Ensign Atherton Macondray, U. S. N., Mr. Léon Walker, and Mr. Barroll McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained a group of friends at supper Friday evening at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn entertained at dinner Thursday evening for the Misses Katharine and Marianne Kuhn. Others at the affair were Miss Elena Folger, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Edward Maltby, and Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr.

The Misses Elizabeth and Ellita Adams gave a bridge-tea last Friday, their guests including Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Winthrop Austin, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Frances Glessner of Chicago, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, Miss Geraldine King, and Miss Gertrude Minton.

A bridge-tea was held last Thursday at the residence of Mrs. Horace Pillsbury to finance the work being done by the Woman's Auxiliary of the University of California Hospital clinic. Mrs. Ashton Potter served tea, assisted by Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Platt Kent, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Amanda McNear, and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King were dinner hosts this week before the Mardi Gras Ball. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. William Roth, and Mr. Robert Hunter of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker entertained at dinner before the Mardi Gras Ball this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a dinner-dance Friday night, complimenting Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lawton Filer, and Miss Hélène de Latour.

Others at the affair were Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, and Mr. Edward Maltby.

Miss Louise Boyd entertained a group of friends at supper at the Mardi Gras Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thayer Iaccaci were the guests of honor at a dinner given Thursday by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Miss Ysabel Chase, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained a supper party at the Mardi Gras Ball. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mrs. Herman Duryea of New York, and Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Iaccaci, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Miss Ysabel Chase, and Mr. Russell Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a dinner before the Mardi Gras Ball this week. In their party were Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ryone, Mr. Clarence Follis, and Mr. Sidney Smyth.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour entertained at dinner Tuesday evening, with their guests later attending the Mardi Gras Ball. In the group were Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., Mr. Léon Walker, and Mr. George Tallant.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson gave a dinner last Thursday in Burlingame for Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Iaccaci.

## Persia Greets Ireland.

The Irish Free State already has secured international recognition (says the New York Tribune). Routine of the provisional government's work was broken when, complete with fez on head and scimitar at side, a representative of the Shah of Persia visited the City Hall, where the government is at present established. He came to offer to Arthur Griffith, as president of the Dail, and to Michael Collins, as head of the provisional government, flowery congratulations on this "glorious epoch in Irish history," coupled with the hope that Ireland may be "one of the happiest and most progressive countries of the world."

Griffith and Collins in their replies said that they were very much touched by the message from such an ancient and famous nation, and hoped that the future would afford many opportunities for the two nations to help each other. It looks an empty compliment, but Ireland and Persia are not so very far apart after all.

They say, dear Moore, your lays are sung—  
Can it be true, you lucky man?—  
By moonlight in the Persian tongue  
Along the streets of Ispahan.

sang the Irish poet Luttrell to Tom Moore, recalling his associations with the East. And the most famous rendering of Omar Khayyam into English was by the Irishman Edward Fitzgerald. A translation of Omar into Irish was published last year by Professor O'Donoghue of University College, Cork. It only remains to add that Anglo-Persian oil shares stand at a premium on the Dublin Stock Exchange.

## Proverbial Foolishness.

Dr. Millicent Mortimer Miller, president of the Denver Birth Control League, said at a luncheon:

"Proverbs are supposed to be wise, but they are really foolish. Look at the proverbs, for example, concerning woman. Why, they make woman out to be the worst scoundrel unhung. 'You know the old English proverb,

A woman, a dog, a walnut tree,  
The more you beat them, the better they be.

"There's a gallant proverb for you! I don't understand the part about the walnut tree, but the part about dogs and women is quite clear enough.

"The chivalrous Spanish have a proverb running

Were a woman as little as she is good,  
A pea pod would make her a gown and a hood.

"The Germans say, 'There are only two good women in the world—one is dead, and the other can't be found.'

"Persia has a fine proverb. It is, 'Women and dragons are best out of the world.'

"The Corsicans, Hindus, and Russians are united in their advocacy of woman-beating—or, at least, their proverbs make you think so.

"The Corsicans say, 'As good and bad horses both need the spur, so good and bad women both need the whip.' The Hindus say, 'A husband is neither obeyed nor loved by his wife unless he beats her.' And the Russians say, 'Drive out woman's wickedness with the knout, and do it daily, lest wickedness return.'"

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Admiral and Mrs. E. W. Eberle arrived in San Francisco Friday. They are staying at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Wayne Cuyler of Paris, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Richard McCreery, is at present staying at El Encanto in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Watriss of New York have left for Southern California, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor have left on a trip through the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Van Court are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail, in Santa Barbara.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman are spending several weeks in Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore returned the first of the week to San Mateo from Pasadena.

Mrs. Herman Duryea arrived last week from New York and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery in Burlingame.

Mrs. Reginald Brooke of London, who has been spending several weeks in California, left Wednesday for Portland. Mrs. Brooke will sail today for the Orient.

Mrs. John Drum has returned to Burlingame from a brief visit in Southern California.

Mr. Bulkley Wells of New York has left for Southern California, after a short sojourn in San Francisco.

Mrs. Frank Gray Griswold of New York arrived several days ago in Santa Barbara. She is staying at El Mirasol.

Mr. Harry Crocker returned last Wednesday from a sojourn of several months abroad.

Mrs. Eugene Braden and Miss Louise Braden sailed last week on the *Adriatic* for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin and Mrs. C. W. Haskins of New York have returned to Burlingame from a trip to Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden have been passing several days at the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pritchett of New York have taken a house in Santa Barbara for the spring months.

Mr. King Macomber has returned to California from France, where he has been residing for the past year.

Mr. Sidney Smyth of New York is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hammond of New York are passing several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cooley, whose marriage took place last week, are staying at the Hotel Arlington in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb left Friday for their home in Montecito, after a visit here of several weeks.

Ensign Atherton Macondray, U. S. N., has been spending a few days in San Francisco with his mother. The young officer is stationed at San Pedro.

Mr. Templeton Crocker left Wednesday for New York to join Mrs. Crocker. They will sail March 17th for Europe.

Mr. Clarence Carrigan, who has been consul at Lyons, France, for several years, has been

transferred to Milan as consul. Mrs. Carrigan's mother, Mrs. James Sperry, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ricker are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Miss Helen Crocker has gone to Palm Beach, Florida, with Mrs. Hope Slater.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman have reopened their house in Burlingame, after having spent the winter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderton have returned to San Mateo from a trip to the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leib sailed last week for Honolulu.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt have returned from a trip to San Diego.

Miss Louise Bullock has returned to New York from a trip through Central America and Panama.

Mrs. George Lent and Miss Jennie Hooker will leave this month for Europe. They will be gone until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett have sailed for France to join the Misses Alice and Lucy Hanchett.

Mrs. Lucien Brunswig and Miss Marguerite Brunswig of Los Angeles have gone to New Orleans for a sojourn of several weeks. They will be joined in the south by Mr. Brunswig and the group will sail for Europe the latter part of the month.

Miss Lucia Chase returned last week to her home in Waterbury, Connecticut. Mrs. George Barnett, whom Miss Chase has been visiting, will leave next week for Washington to join her daughter, Miss Anne Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker have returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Gorgas is visiting Commander and Mrs. Harold Bowen at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker will reopen their Burlingame home the first week of April.

Mrs. Barton Cuyler and Miss Grace Cuyler have arrived from New York and are visiting in Alameda. Later they will go to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald are spending the spring months in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. S. Morley Jackson and Mr. Robert M. Jackson of Tacoma, Washington, are stopping at the St. Francis.

That John Gay was a poet who did not let his genius interfere with his comfort one deduces from seeing the remarkable chair in which he wrote "The Beggar's Opera." Although two hundred years old, this chair is still in good condition and combines many clever devices which might be recommended to modern poets. It is of mahogany with stuffed seat, back, and arms covered with brown leather and studded with brass nails. Under each arm is a shaped receptacle for writing materials. These are pivoted and swing on metal pins bolted to the arms. The right-hand tray is nicely divided into various shapes for different articles, such as ink bottles and pens. From the left arm projects an adjustable candlestick. When not in use these trays can be swung back under the arms of the chair. Under the seat is a drawer for holding manuscripts and at the back a secret drawer in which were discovered several unpublished poems. If the jolly eighteenth-century wit could have seen the vivid, whimsical setting which the young English artist, Lovat Frazer, gave the revival of his famous opera last year in London and the equally beautiful edition of the book designed and illustrated by Mr. Frazer which Doubleday, Page & Co. have published in this country, he would have been amazed and gratified.

In the environs of Falun, in the north of Sweden, is what is held to be the oldest operated mine in the world. As early as 1225 copper began to be extracted from it. In the seventeenth century the mine constituted the principal source of copper of Europe. Today it no longer produces the same quantities, but in its deep shafts and galleries are found pyrites of sulphur, which are used for the manufacture of sulphuric acid and other chemical products. It is the least modern mine imaginable, for it is lacking elevators or even buckets and windlass for the workman to descend and ascend. For this purpose they use sloping galleries and long ladders. The walls of the mine are always covered with ice. Drainage and ventilation are obtained by means of a wheel pump, the like of which is seen nowhere else. Besides copper and pyrites the mine produces a little gold. The claim is made in Sweden that the gold for the crown and sceptre of the king was extracted from the Falun mine.

The Cornhill Publishing Company of Boston has recently opened a branch office at 7 West Forty-Ninth Street, New York City.

The length of the Capitol at Washington is 751 feet and its width 350 feet.

An adult sea lion has been known to eat forty-four salmon in a day.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### Old Manuscript.

The sky  
is that beautiful old parchment  
in which the sun  
and the moon  
keep their diary.  
To read it all,  
one must become a linguist  
more learned than Father Wisdom;  
and a visionary  
more clairvoyant than Mother Dream.  
But to feel it,  
one must be an apostle:  
one who is more than intimate  
in having been, always,  
the only confidant—  
like the earth  
or the sea.

—Alfred Kreymborg.

### Road-Song of the Bandar Log.

Here we go in a flung festoon,  
Half-way up to the jealous moon!  
Don't you envy our princely bands?  
Don't you wish you had extra hands?  
Wouldn't you like if your tails were—so—  
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?  
Now you're angry, but—never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,  
Thinking of beautiful things we know;  
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,  
All complete, in a minute or two—  
Something noble and grand and good,  
Won by merely wishing we could.  
Now we're going to—never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

All the talk we ever have heard  
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—  
Hide or fin or scale or feather—  
Jabber it quickly and all together!  
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!  
Now we are talking just like men.  
Let's pretend we are . . . never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!  
This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through  
the pines,  
That rocket by where, light and high, the wild-  
grape swings.  
By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise  
we make,  
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splen-  
did things!

—Rudyard Kipling.

### The Field of Glory.

War shook the land where Levi dwelt,  
And fired the dismal wrath he felt,  
That such a doom was ever wrought  
As his, to toil while others fought;  
To toil, to dream—and still to dream,  
With one day barren as another;  
To consummate, as it would seem,  
The dry despair of his old mother.

Far off one afternoon began  
The sound of man destroying man;  
And Levi, sick with nameless rage,  
Condemned again his heritage,  
And sighed for scars that might have come,  
And would, if once he could have sundered  
Those harsh, inhering claims of home  
That held him while he cursed and wondered.

Another day, and then there came,  
Rough, bloody, ribald, hungry, lame,  
But yet themselves, to Levi's door,  
Two remnants of the day before.  
They laughed at him and what he sought;  
They jeered him, and his painful acre;  
But Levi knew that they had fought,  
And left their manners to their Maker.

That night, for the grim widow's ears,  
With hopes that hid themselves in fears,  
He told of arms, and fiery deeds,  
Whereat one leaps the while he reads,  
And said he'd be no more a clown,  
While others drew the breath of battle.—  
The mother looked him up and down,  
And laughed—a scant laugh with a rattle.

She told him what she found to tell,  
And Levi listened, and heard well  
Some admonitions of a voice  
That left him no cause to rejoice.—  
He sought a friend, and found the stars,  
And prayed aloud that they should aid him;  
But they said not a word of wars,  
Or of a reason why God made him.

And who's of this or that estate  
We do not wholly calculate,  
When baffling shades that shift and cling  
Are not without their glimmering;  
When even Levi, tired of faith,  
Beloved of none, forgot by many,  
Dismissed as an inferior wraith,  
Reborn may be as great as any.

—From "Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson."

### Clay Hills.

It is easy to mould the yielding clay.  
And many shapes grow into beauty  
Under the facile hand.  
But forms of clay are lightly broken;  
They will lie shattered and forgotten in a dingy  
corner.

But underneath the slipping clay  
Is rock. . . .  
I would rather work in stubborn rock  
All the years of my life,  
And make one strong thing  
And set it in a high, clean place,  
To recall the granite strength of my desire.

—Jean Starr Untermeyer.

German savants have ascertained that navy blue was the fashionable Egyptian color, 2000 B. C. Indigo blue was the dye used.

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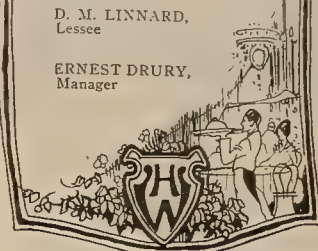
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## Pearls.

For centuries the Chinese have acted upon the knowledge that a pearl is a disease of the oyster, but so far they have been able to produce nothing but mother of pearl. An English scientist is experimenting now on one of the Poumotu Islands, the most famous pearl fisheries of the world. In "The Cruise of the Dream Ship" Ralph Stock describes what has been accomplished so far in these experiments. He takes an oyster from the lagoon, opens it carefully by the slow insertion of a wooden wedge, and places a pilule of beeswax against the main muscle. The mantle of the oyster then covers it with mother-of-pearl and in the course of a few months there forms a blister, or a fair imitation of a half-pearl. But the real pearl comes from the flesh of the oyster, and in order to produce a genuine pearl the scientist breeds oysters on the lagoon, dissects them under the microscope for signs of the parasite that undoubtedly causes the pearl, and injects into their flesh all manner of foreign matter.

Men who want the submarine retained in an honorable service would be horror-struck if any one charged them with approving of the dum dum bullet or any other instrument or practice in warfare prohibited by a Hague convention (says the *New York Times*). If the submarine were blacklisted tomorrow by the Disarmament Conference, it would not have a defender left. Everybody would anathematize it because of the use the Germans made of it during the war. The long list of the ships they sank in wanton disregard of the humane interdictions of international law—helpless merchantmen, liners carrying innocent women and children, and even hospital ships, marked, lighted, and flagged for immunity from attack even by the Germans—should be read at the conference when the submarine is discussed, followed by Mr. Balfour's prediction, made before the Chamber of Commerce in this city after the war, that if there were another conflict between nations "the least scrupulous of the belligerents" would behave as Germany did, "and the commerce of the whole civilized world would be disorganized and destroyed." No case can be made out for the use of the submarine against merchantmen—and it would always be employed to raid the enemy's trading ships—without violation of the humanities imposed by international law, no matter how excellent are the intentions of the nation that commissions them. If merchant ships were to be made immune, as hospital ships are supposed to be, there might be an honorable place in a fleet for a submarine, theoretically at least, but war will never be waged against warcraft only. The world wants the submarine abolished. The conference can do nothing that will win it more applause.

An exhibition of modern French arts and crafts is just now closing in Tokyo. The Japanese have been buying European art in large quantities and important examples during the past two years. A recently founded society of 100 painters in Berlin has received an invitation to take part in the large general exhibition to be held in Tokyo next April with a special exhibition of their own work.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"One never hears a breath of scandal about her." "Why? Hasn't she any friends?"—*London Mail*.

"So the big one you hooked got away? Sorry, but I know how you feel—been single three times myself."—*Judge*.

"I hear some of these profs lead a fast life." "I doubt it; none of 'em passed me this year."—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

The President (a few years hence)—Where's the army? The Secretary of War—He's gone out rowing in the navy.—*Cornell Widow*.

Freshman—Did you call me, sir? Absent-Minded Senior—Yes, here's some money. Run down and get me a haircut.—*Chicago Phoenix*.

Vicar—All sinners, Mary, will be washed whiter than snow. Old Beggar Woman—Not them as truly repents, I 'opes, sir.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Customer—I can't find my wife anywhere. What shall I do? The Shopwalker—Just start talking to our pretty assistant over there.—*London Opinion*.

Teacher—Helen, can you tell me the difference between "to like" and "to love"? Helen—Yes. I like my mamma, but I love chocolate.—*Houston Post*.

Little Boy—It's hard, very hard. Mother—What's hard, dear? Little Boy—Why, Jimmy Jones next door spits down on me, and it's so hard to spit up.—*London Mail*.

A contemporary states that it is not known why St. Andrew became the patron saint of Scotland. One theory is that he was the cheapest saint they could get.—*Punch*.

Georgie—Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would they give him a big bass voice like a frog? Mother—Good gracious, no! They'd kill him! Georgie—Well, they didn't!—*London Answers*.

"Can't you give me any proof that you really love me and want to marry me?" "Well, I found out that my engagement ring was cut glass and haven't ever said anything about it."—*Iowa Frivol*.

The Fiancée—You will give up smoking when we are married, won't you, Felix? The Fiancé—I don't smoke at all. The Fiancée—Oh, what a shame!—*Munich Megendorfer Blätter*.

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Jennie?" "I'm going to be an old maid." "An old maid, dear. Why?" "'Cause I don't think I'd like to kiss a man a hundred times and tell him he's handsome every time

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I go shopping. I'd rather earn money and buy things for myself."—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.

Judge—Do you mean to say that such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye? Plaintiff—Your honor, he wasn't a physical wreck until he gave me the black eye.—*"Topics of the Day" Films*.

"Why is Fred in disgrace with Marguerite, Mayme?" "He rose hastily when her mother entered the parlor." "Well, a gentleman should rise—" "And dropped the girl on the floor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Scots Farmer (to unwelcome visitor)—A'm delighted tae see ye. But, man, it's an awfu' nicht for a call. Visitor (hanging up dripping coat)—Ye're richt. But a gran' nicht for findin' folk at hame.—*London Punch*.

Lady—Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce. Tobe—Yessum, she done gone back to Alabama. Lady—Who will do my washing now? Tobe—Well, mum, I'se co'tin' again, and I co'ts rapid.—*"Topics of the Day" Films*.

Prof.—Parse "kiss." Stude—"Kiss" is a noun, generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is not singular, and it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me. It is more common than proper.—*New York Medley*.

"My husband is so good to his employees," said Mrs. Youngwedd, proudly. "He came home late last night, all tired out, poor boy, and I heard him murmur in his sleep, 'Jim, I'll raise you ten.' And business is so dull, too."—*Boston Transcript*.

Villain (laughing)—Ha, ha! You are helpless, the old homestead belongs to me. Hero—And where are the papers? Villain—At the blacksmith's. Hero—You are having them forged. Villain—Nay, nay. I am having them filed.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Dobbins—Your portrait is finished, Miss Swift, excepting the delicate tone on your—er—cheeks. As you have your vanity-box with you, would you mind stepping down and putting on the finishing touch yourself? You could do it better than I, I am sure.—*Judge*.

"Oh, I just bust a lookin' glass. I'm goin' to have seven years' bad luck." "I don't believe that, 'cause a friend of mine bust one an' she never had no seven years' bad luck. It was only three days later she was killed in an explosion—so I wouldn't worry about it."—*Life*.

A man who—it was said—had become moderately rich as a result of a couple of not very unfortunate fires, contemplated the purchase of a small cinema in the Midlands. "Do you think it will go?" he asked a friend. "Why shouldn't it?" said the friend. "It's all wood."—*London Telegraph*.

Inquisitive Young Daughter—Papa, what do you do all day long at the office? Father (not paying much attention to the question, as he is busy reading the evening paper)—Oh, nothing. Daughter (not easily discouraged)—Well, how do you know when you are through?—*Illinois Life Bulletin*.

### PECULIARITIES OF THE MOON.

When Professor Pickering, the well-known American astronomer, startled the world with the recent statement that the moon was inhabited, and Dr. Crommelin in London bestirred a passing tremor with the thought that the lunar body might soon fall on our heads, a little philosopher and quite famous head of the government observatory at Bourges, France, M. Moreux, sat back and smiled (says a cable to the *New York Tribune*). Theodore Moreux happens to be a priest as well as a star gazer.

Pickering announced that his persistent observations of the moon proved there were strange changes on its surface and curious green and dark brown colors which looked suspiciously like vegetation. He ventured the opinion that if there was vegetation there must be animals and perhaps men. The world sat up and listened. People wondered if there could not be earth-moon communication. Europe was stirred along with the rest of the world. All except the Abbé Moreux, who picked up paper and pen, took out his reference books and started to answer Pickering with arguments he believed that worthy American astronomer somehow had overlooked.

According to Moreux, it is very difficult to come to any conclusions about the appearance of the moon, for in studying it there is a change every moment. Both the world and the moon are moving constantly, and the shadows cast by the sun on the moon's surface are changing shape as you look at it. Therefore a variety of changing shapes appears to the astronomer and he can not recall any one condition definitely. One can see the same spot on the moon from the same angle only once every 243 days. Therefore a man could spend his life studying one condition and not have time enough to come to a scientific conclusion. Even so, there are



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slight changes in the moon's position with relation to the earth, which means that an astronomer might never be able to find exactly the same set of conditions which would permit him to make an authoritative statement on the subject. M. Bigourdan, director of the National Bureau of the Hour, which is the government's Paris observatory, adds here that our atmosphere prevents and always has prevented all astronomers from making accurate observations of the moon. Given the agreement that for every scientific fact the same set of conditions must be studied almost an infinite number of times, it is evident, M. Moreux thinks, that Mr. Pickering could not have had sufficient data to back up the statements he made.

The little French astronomer-priest assumes in a lengthy thesis answering the California savant that it is generally admitted that there is practically no atmosphere on the moon; or, at any rate, only enough to depress the mercury in a barometer about three-quarters of a millimeter. That equals about the same amount of air that could be found in a pneumatic tube which is supposed to be devoid of air. Perhaps microbes could exist in such an atmosphere, but it is extremely doubtful. Further, under these conditions there is nothing to keep the sun's ultra-violet rays from penetrating to the surface of the moon, and there is no cellulose which can resist an ultra-violet ray. These rays are so strong that all bacteria must perish and all life dies if exposed to them for one minute. The day on the moon is equal to fourteen of our days, so, asks the French observer, how could anything live there subject to fourteen days of steady ultra-violet rays when one minute of such exposure would kill it?

The temperature on the moon is another point on which Moreux believes Pickering seems to have slipped up. It is agreed among scientists that with fourteen days of sunlight, untempered by any appreciable atmosphere, the temperature of the moon's surface would reach at least 392 degrees Fahrenheit of heat, and likewise during the fourteen nights of cold the moon cools down to a point around at least 328 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. What kind of life, he adds, could endure

such heat and such cold and adapt itself every fourteen days to a change of over 700 degrees?

To delvers in musical history "The Beggar's Opera" is interesting because it fixes the date of the first use in public of the piano. At a performance in 1767 it was announced that a Miss Buckler would sing a song from "Judith," accompanied on a new instrument called the pianoforte, a novelty that was a strong drawing card.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The President and the Treaties.

President Harding takes high ground in the matter of the Conference treaties now before the Senate. He will "neither lobby, trade, supplicate, nor admonish" for their acceptance. Commissioners acting in conjunction with the President spent many weeks in the work of arranging these treaties. As written they represent the findings of intelligent and patriotic effort; they have gone to the Senate with the approval of the Executive. They stand upon their merits. The President has done his work and he will do nothing more.

There is dignity and force in the President's attitude; and in so far as it departs radically from recent executive policy, it is the more to be commended for that. In recent years we have had far too much of what may be styled executive electioneering in respect to matters not properly within the field of executive authority. This practice has at many points well-nigh revolutionized our system. It has added to the responsibilities of the executive. It has robbed the Senate both of its dignity and its authority. It has led to courses perilously near the line of executive bribery. In its various impositions it has cost the country vast sums of money. Mr. Harding is right. The treaties should stand on their merits.

For the Senate the President's announcement should have the effect of moral stimulus. With a revived sense of authority there should come a revived sense of responsibility. In the matter of these treaties the Senate

holds in its hand the reputé of the government of the United States—its powers as well—in the sphere of international diplomacy. Confirmation of the treaties will go far to establish this country as a controlling force in world affairs. Rejection of the treaties will be a mark of the impotence of our government in its dealing with other countries. If these treaties, under the circumstances of their negotiation, shall not be confirmed, then it will be useless, or something worse, for us to attempt anything further in the line of international contracts. The world will sneer, and will be entitled to sneer, at a country that invites coöperation, gives direction to international councils, and then fails to ratify engagements of its own contriving. In brief, it is for the Senate to say if in future the United States shall be a leading force in international affairs or if it shall become the laughing-stock of foreign chancelleries. Various reservations are suggested to the treaties as they stand. No one of them adds anything to the force of the original documents. They add nothing to reservations made in the treaties themselves. They represent nothing but the spirit of stupid and mischievous meddling. The treaties ought to be adopted as they stand.

The position of Messrs. Borah, Reed, La Follette, Johnson, and other chronic objectors has not one leg of logic to stand upon. It is representative of nothing more or less than the hateful spirit of obstruction behind which lurk the inspirations of personal vanity and political calculation. These motives—mischievous, pestiferous, wholly unworthy—merit rebuke and they ought to find it promptly and emphatically at the hands of a Senate inspired by self-respect and solicitous for the dignity, the power, and the honor of the United States.

### A Moral Issue.

When the cash bonus project was revived only a few weeks ago the first protest came from the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mellon put the financial argument in terms plain and strong. But there was little response from the country. Dollar worshippers as Americans are often sneeringly declared to be by foreign critics, they never shirk an obligation. What America owes she can and will pay. It was not until the moral aspects of the issue were put before the public that it got popular attention. But from the hour that the moral enormity of the proposal was made emphatic public condemnation has grown until now it bids fair to estop the whole bad business. Where financial arguments were held negligible, moral considerations have aroused the country.

The gross manner in which the demand for a bonus is urged has stirred universal indignation. Under a thin camouflage of equitable pretense, an organization making parade of its voting strength has taken Congress figuratively by the throat. Unless the public treasury shall be opened to them, some three or four millions of men, it is declared, will drive the present members of Congress from their seats. The demand is, Stand and Deliver! We are in politics, say the Legion leaders, and we will not be denied! Only once before in the recent history of the country—when in 1918 the railroad brotherhoods "held up" the Wilson administration—has any issue been so brutally put before the government and people of the United States. The grossness of this demand has been matched by the pusillanimity of Congress, with hardly a pretense of other than a motive of political self-defense. There has been a preliminary surrender. A veritable wave of timidity—of cowardice—overwhelmed Congress and brought the bulk of its members two weeks ago to an attitude of shameful acquiescence to a shameless demand. If we may credit the expressions of Mr. Fordney, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the House of Representatives stood ready last week to yield consent that the doors of the treasury

be opened and that the claimants be permitted to gorge themselves. This surrender was not in recognition of an equity, but as a bribe to an organization of remorseless raiders.

Curiously, among something more than five hundred members of our national legislature only three or four voices were raised in protest. The onslaught appeared for a time to have been successful. Congress stood trembling in its boots, whipped into acquiescence. It was at this point that the press of the country came to the rescue. Not always is it courageous or prompt; but in this instance it has risen to its duty in a manner that illustrates its power as it must surely stimulate its self-respect. The *Argonaut* is proud to have stood in the van of protestants with journals like the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald*, the *Boston Transcript*, and others of wide circulation and of great capability of impressing the public conscience. Many delinquents there have been—notably the Hearst papers—but the moral weight of those who have dared to speak out has overborne those who have cowered in fear of reprisals. The bonus project now stands naked—in its true character as an outrageous assault upon the financial fortunes of the country, and as a still more outrageous project regarded as a moral offense. By presentments irrefutable in their moral force and in their appeal to judgment, the people of the country have been stirred to realization of the crime contemplated and in prospect.

Tardily, Congress has been impressed with a sense of the delinquency of a surrender which it had all but put into effect. The Administration, from the first obviously conscious of the brewing mischief but lacking hardihood to meet the onslaught as it should have been met, has newly taken heart. The project has been halted. It now remains to be demonstrated if there abides in Congress and in the Executive branch sufficient strength to face the demand, as it will again be urged, with a stern "Thou shalt not!"

### The Republican Party and Its Pledges.

In the year 1920, when the existing National Administration—President and Congress—was nominated and elected, the temper of the country was toward conservatism and economy in administration and in opposition to the Wilson foreign policy. The Republican platform declared that the party "will resist all attempts to overthrow the foundations of the government or to weaken the force of its controlling principles and ideals, whether these attempts be made in the form of international policy or domestic agitation." Here, summarized, we have the Republican appeal to the country, the appeal upon which the party was placed in power. Proceeding further, the Republican platform declared: "We undertake to end executive autocracy and to restore to the people their constitutional government." Here was a truly enticing pledge, one that found special favor with a people who had had more than enough of absolutism in the presidency. The remainder of the platform promises were in application to these fundamental planks.

A certain measure of progress has been made in carrying these promises into effect, but the full programme has not been enacted, while new and extraneous and expensive objects and proposals to Congress multiply, each furthered by its own particular bloc or group. The party into whose charge the government was given has not carried out its programme. The machinery seems inadequate to put into effect the promises that won a majority of seven million voters. President Harding has tried to make good the party pledges to the country, but he has tried in vain. His failure, in so far as he has failed, is due to the fact that the principle of party government has broken down. Explanation is in plain view. Each senator and representative who is up for reelection is anxious to do what a majority of the voters in his particular



state or district want him to do. The few who are interested in legislation for the good of the entire country are in helpless minority. In brief, small politics, merely personal politics, has usurped the seats where statesmanship should abide. Party authority, the principle that from the foundation of the government until now has been a dependable force, no longer exists.

In the meantime Congress is in a state of perplexity, a condition which fairly parallels the state of the public mind. Under the theory of its recent practice, Congress desires to follow the country rather than to lead it. But it is confused by the jangle of diverse voices that beat upon its ears. Because it can not define the public mood, Congress can not make up its mind on the soldiers' cash bonus, the American valuation plan as opposed to the foreign valuation plan as the basis for tariff legislation, or on other controverted questions that are before the national legislature. Each little politician, anxious for reelection, seeks to avoid whatever may possibly give offense to anybody in his state or district. The result is that Congress has practically abdicated its responsibilities as they relate to the national welfare by shunting these issues upon the shoulders of the Executive.

President Harding came into office earnestly wishing to leave to Congress things that under the Constitution rest upon its authority. He thought he might rely securely upon the fact that in each branch of Congress there was a majority chosen, as he himself was, under the definite pledges of the Republican party. As directed by the Constitution, he outlined a programme based on the party pledges and he called upon the Republican members of Congress to carry out these pledges. The response has been disappointing; Congress, intent upon the local interests of its members, will not act upon its own initiative. It will be a pity, truly, if Mr. Harding shall have in the end to thrust to one side the ideals with which he entered the presidency, and if he shall be forced to resort, as his predecessors have done, to a species of "driving" not contemplated by the Constitution and warranted only, if at all, by the necessities of keeping faith with the country.

We hear the suggestion that, since blocs are the fashion of the day, there should be formed in Congress a party bloc devoted to carrying out the pledges upon which the party came into control of the government. A movement to this end would have the value of a moral basis and, as compared with the demands of geography and of special interests, a distinct moral authority. A group holding as the first of its responsibilities support of the Executive in carrying out the pledges of the party would surely have the respect of the country, and having it, could not fail to stand justified before the constituencies. There is that in the character of Americans which respects a man of his word, whether in politics or in other relationships. A group of men in Congress declaring their purpose to sustain by their acts the pledges upon which they were elected, even though a minority, would have a mighty influence upon legislation, and we venture the judgment that its members would lose nothing on individual account. Loyalty to principle, faithfulness to pledges, will unfailingly command approval and support where cringing subservience unfailingly falls into contempt.

#### A Modern Ulysses and His Bow.

Mr. Lloyd George, a man of no party, under constant fire of criticism at the hands of men of various parties, contrives year in and year out to hold his place as the head of the British government. Every now and again there develops some kind of movement to oust him, but he never gets ousted. Every now and again somebody bobs up cheerfully with the report that he is about to resign, but he never resigns. He continues to find practical support from many men of high position who cordially dislike him. The secret is that Mr. Lloyd George has talents and has attained a position matched by no other man in the contemporary life of England. Those who would like to see him cast down from his high place are not able to name any other man competent to the great task of the premiership at a time when not only England but the whole of Europe is in flux. Lord Gray, Lord Robert Churchill, Mr. Asquith, and a dozen others are now and again named tentatively in connection with the premiership; but even those who nominate them know in their hearts that the "come-down" from Lloyd George to any one of his suggested rivals would be pitiful, painful, even ridiculous. So Mr. Lloyd George goes on, holding

his great post by the strength of an unrivaled personal power sustained by an unrivaled prestige.

#### The Genoa Conference.

It is not likely that the United States will be represented actively in the Genoa Conference, the purpose of which is to consider ways and means of rehabilitating Europe. We shall no doubt have an official "observer" there, but that is the length to which our participation will go. It is understood—though not yet announced—that this decision has been reached personally by the President after conference with members of his cabinet and upon the basis of careful study of the European situation.

It is Mr. Harding's conviction that we can not at this time be helpful in restoring political and economic stability in Europe, largely because any such attempt would inevitably land us in one or another of the opposing group camps in European politics. Our policy will be to move ahead as rapidly as possible in the refunding of debts owing to us by the European states, operating through the commission which has recently been appointed. These operations will be conducted one by one with the several debtor nations. President Harding's idea is to be generous, but not to the degree of prodigality, and to make settlements with a careful aim to preservation of American interests viewed in the broadest aspect. By this means, it is believed, we may help to relieve the European situation. Any other course would hardly be wise in respect of the fact that common ground for the United States and Europe is impossible in a situation where we are a creditor nation and all the others debtor nations. When the work of debt refunding has been accomplished, the United States will be in position to consider requests from Europe for aid in restoring economic, if not political, normality on that continent. When that time arrives, so President Harding broadly intimates, we shall not be unmindful of our world obligations.

While remaining aloof for reasons above suggested, the American government is profoundly interested in what shall be done by the Genoa Conference. Washington is not disturbed over reports regarding recent conferences between Lloyd George and Poincaré. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* reports, for example, that the two premiers have a definite understanding that the decisions of the Genoa meeting would be turned over for enforcement to the League of Nations. This may or may not be true. If true, it is in no way disturbing to established American policy. The government of the United States is not unfriendly to the League of Nations and not without hope that it may become an agency of large practical value in European affairs. But it is the view of the present Administration that the sphere of the League is Europe. If the League can become the instrumentality of bringing about such a relationship between the European states as their real interest requires, then the United States will be in position to be helpful in a large way. Europe now is convulsed, openly or under cover, by jealousies and controversies, and this fact is the most serious obstacle to rehabilitation. There must be some solidarity in Europe before the United States can help.

#### Editorial Notes.

The homely phrase which describes a hasty-tempered man as cutting off his nose to spite his face finds humorous illustration in the resignation of Professor Rieber of the State University because a location not to his liking has been selected for the projected campus "bowl." Now, time and sober-second-thought having cooled him down, Professor Rieber is giving an imitation of the man who, having jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes, took second thought, and with all his might and main a second time jumped into the self-same bush and scratched them in again. No doubt a kindly administration will overlook a hasty act due to an overwrought temperament. Yet we can but wonder if one of so little poise is fairly qualified as an instructor of youth.

Those who were commissioned to select a site for the "bowl" took into consideration all the elements entering into the project, including accessibility for the public, convenience of students, cost of construction, etc. When all the considerations had been threshed out, choice was made of the Strawberry Cañon site. This judgment was concurred in by engineers and other

experts and finally confirmed by the Board of Regents. It would seem, in the face of a determination so carefully worked out, that there ought to be no objection—certainly none that would warrant a professor of philosophy, who has no responsibility relative to matters athletic, in kicking against the traces and making a fool of himself. The plain English of the matter is that it was none of Professor Rieber's business. Further, his resignation in a fit of pique would seem the mark of a character deficient in an elementary sense of propriety.

In the news from South America we have evidence of the fact that the United States has no monopoly of the radical and pestiferous politician. A shining example of this type appears to be one Hipolito Yrigoyen, the "progressive" President of the Argentine, who in a recent election won against Señor Naon, a brilliant conservative who had a distinguished diplomatic career at Washington. Yrigoyen, it appears, is a man something after the Hiram Johnson sort—virile, unctuous—altogether a hellofaffeller. He has, it appears, established what the Argentinos term a "personalist policy." The phrase is illuminating. All observers of politics have noted that men of the hellofaffeller type, when they get into power, invariably establish a "personalist policy." Here, with a lesser measure of euphony, we have termed this sort of thing "building up a personal machine." "Personalist policy" is better. The Argentinos are to be congratulated upon contributing something of value to the lexicon of politics.

Truly a "scrap of paper" is the British announcement of retirement from the protectorate of Egypt. Under the reserved conditions Britain is still to hold Egypt in the hollow of her hand. Practically, the only withdrawal is that of certain military forces, with substitution of some names of things for other names. The Egyptians are to be subject, as heretofore, to British authority in all matters essential to the safety of the water route to India. This is not saying that England has acted gracelessly in the matter. No system possible to be established independently of Egypt would be able to protect that country from an external aggression. Furthermore, it is one of the necessities of the situation that the Suez Canal be held open. Protection alike of Egypt and the Canal must rest upon a power more potent than that of the Egyptians themselves. Under these conditions England must hold rein either loose or tight, as situations may demand, over Egypt.

In some respects the attitude of England toward Egypt is parallel to that of the United States toward Cuba. In one sense Cuban independence is a very real and vital thing, but all the world knows that there is a string to it. Whenever the Cubans fail, as they have done again and again, to direct their own affairs efficiently, we step in, take over affairs for a while, and straighten things out. If any other country were to assail Cuba we would go immediately to her protection. We do not assume to manage the affairs of Cuba so long as Cuba can manage them for herself. We don't demand revenues from her. We don't impose our laws upon her. None the less Cuba, in a broad sense, is under the dominion of the United States. So with Egypt in her relation to England; and so it must continue to be for an indefinite period.

There are situations in which strong nations must inevitably hold authority over weak nations. Japan's authority over Korea is a case in point. Whoever possesses Korea holds in suspense a sword over Japan. So long as the Koreans were independent and free from outside authority, Japan was safe. But when, twenty-five years ago, China undertook to move over upon Korea, Japan was compelled to intervene. She did intervene and whipped China back into her place. Then came Russia in an attempt at "peaceful penetration" with ulterior designs upon Korea. Again Japan, in defense of her own position, was compelled to interfere, and as history records she did it effectively. Then, under necessity of making herself secure in her island home, she took over Korea herself. Measured by moral standards, it was not altogether a righteous proceeding; and it was made worse by arbitrary and cruel methods of administration. The yoke was fitted too tight. The driving was too hard. The record stands as a reproach against Japan. None the less, under the rule of self-



preservation, Japan's domination of Korea was a necessity, precisely as England's control over Egypt is a necessity, precisely as our control over Cuba is a necessity.

Among the latest suggestions for meeting economic objections to the cash bonus proposal comes one to the effect that certificates of "borrowing power" be issued in place of cash. Truly a happy thought, and one that will appeal to the note-shaving gentry of whom no city is so large or no hamlet so small as not to have its full quota. Does any one of practical sense doubt that if this suggestion shall be carried into effect fully half of the certificates will speedily find their way into brokers' offices upon terms decidedly advantageous to the note-shaving business?

Dr. John Casper Branner, dead within the week at his home at Palo Alto, was a man of noble attainments and of high character. He was a great teacher; and in the brief period of his service as president of Stanford University he illustrated administrative powers of high order. There was nothing spectacular about Dr. Branner. His instinct was that of quiet service. He both avoided and loathed all forms of self-advertisement. But when large duties were put upon him he carried them effectively and with dignity. No small part of Dr. Branner's achievements as a teacher was that he gave to Herbert Hoover his fundamental engineering training, with much else that became inspiring motives of Mr. Hoover's character and career.

On the part of old-time San Franciscans, memories of other days are revived by announcement of the death in Paris of Sylvain Weill, brother of the late Raphael Weill, and long associated with the mercantile life of San Francisco. It is many years since Mr. Weill's active life here and his return to his early home in Paris, but he retained always affectionate memory of his San Francisco associations. For many years it has been his chief pleasure to receive San Francisco friends at his home in Paris.

Under existing conditions it becomes a necessity for the United States, if she is to extend or to maintain her foreign commerce, to subsidize our merchant marine. Other nations are operating ships under this policy, and unless our ships are to be driven from blue water we must meet the competition. But the most serious handicap upon American shippers is our system of restrictive laws. American shipping men may not build or buy ships in the world's markets. They may not man their ships under advantages available to their rivals of other nations. In arranging for subsidies we ought concurrently to unshackle American enterprise upon the sea. Subsidies will help, but they make a poor substitute for freedom of action—for conditions unrestrained by whimsical and costly and vexatious restrictions.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Words of Sobriety and Wisdom.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Although a little late, I would like to have my say on the matter of the bonus. I enlisted in the navy and served some few months at Mare Island. My physical loss was nothing, but financially I was out a great deal, and when I return to my pre-service position I did not reap any war raises, for I went back at the same pay that I was receiving when I left. However, I do not consider that of any consequence, as I did not enlist with a view to financial reward. Therefore I am opposed to this bonus matter.

I know that our crippled and wounded veterans deserve unlimited aid and care. But to hand out money lavishly to able-bodied men would be the height of folly. A paid-up life-insurance policy would be far better, but I think that the real cure for most of our industrial troubles is work and economy.

And surely the incentive for such will not be found in the giving of a bonus by politicians. Let's all pull together for a greater nation, whose people seek only that which is gained by honest effort. Surely, in his heart, the really industrious veteran does not seek financial reward for services which duty demanded. I hope our politicians, law-makers, and executives will soon cease quibbling over a bonus and settle down to questions of greater import, such as care for cripples of the war, industrial development, and the final decision on prohibition, which under present conditions is worse than a failure in San Francisco.

JOHN J. WISE.

### For Flag and Country—Not for a Bonus.

(From the Portland Oregonian.)

SOUTH BEND, WASH., February 19, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR: The main topic of the day is the soldier bonus. The more I read about it the more my American red blood boils in my veins.

So I say as an ex-service man, down with the bonus bill, and down with it to defeat. The nation is staggering with debts. What is the use of dragging our nation deeper in the mire?

I joined the colors to defend our flag and country. I am eligible to a bonus, if there be one. But I did not fight for bonus, but for our flag and country. I am going to fight the

bonus with the same vigor and energy. This bonus must be settled once for all and must be defeated at any cost.

Personally, I thank your representative, Mr. McArthur, from the Third District of Oregon, for taking such a stand as he does, and I sincerely hope that the Congress will not be blindfolded when the members vote on this so-called bonus bill.

JOSEPH JANALIK.

### Frederick Palmer on the Bonus

Mr. Frederick Palmer, well-known author and correspondent, who has seen more wars than any professional soldier alive, and who served with General Pershing during the entire period of the latter's service in France, writes a notable article on the bonus question in the *New York Times* of February 12th. Referring to the section of the bonus bill providing farms of government land for those who may choose this form of "adjusted compensation," Mr. Palmer says:

More is needed for success in farming than land. It is worse than useless to attempt farming without some capital—which few returned soldiers seeking government lands have—and especially without the knowledge and training of the farmer. The idea that any one can get a living out of the ground if he only has the ground is a delusion which has cost many a one dear. Farming is a business, which demands training and knowledge, just as carpentering does; only if the carpenter goes at his job untrained and ignorant, he does not get a second job, while the farmer owning his land can and must make one futile attempt after another before failure is decisive and ruinous. Still there undoubtedly are among the returned soldiers enough men with capital and experience sufficient to warrant giving them land if they wish it. So this provision of the bill may be allowed to pass.

Referring to the argument advanced by friends of the bonus that men who worked in government service at home in civil life received pay in most cases larger than that of those in the trenches, Mr. Palmer says:

This leaves out of sight the difference between the civilian and the soldier. The former worked under conditions strictly commercial; his wages were understood to be complete payment for his work. He may, like every noble laborer, have put more labor, thought, and devotion into his work than money could possibly repay, or, on the other hand, the wages he received may have been excessive. Both these considerations were outside the contract. He agreed to do a specific thing and to regard the specific sum he received as full compensation. Pay-day cleared scores with his job. But with the soldier it was different. The wages he received, though they were larger and his comforts greater than were ever provided for any army in the world, were only a part of his payment. By far the greater part lay in the honor accorded him, the honor given from a recognition of his loyalty, his facing of danger, his sacrifice of himself for others, the honor due to the defender of common liberties and the champion of the right. It is this honor which the nation lavished visibly on the burial of the unknown soldier, who was regarded as its recipient and its symbol. And now the advocates of the bonus propose that this shall be commuted into money. "Yes, we were heroes and all that," they declare, "but now we want to be paid for it. We prefer to take it in cash; \$400 apiece will be about the market rate for heroism. That would settle things up and raise us to the level of the workmen in the shipyards. Let's have things squared."

But this argument cuts the ground from under itself and is therefore suicidal. The tribute of honor to the soldier is given because of his nobility in sacrificing himself for his country. But if he commutes his sacrifices for cash, those services are no longer unselfish and noble and he has therefore no claim to extra compensation for them; they have been included in the payment already made. He has in truth been crowned with a halo, a real halo of intrinsic and lofty worth, on the value of which his speeches in patriotic meetings are loud. It is consequently a depressing sight when one sees him going about peddling his halo or insisting that they shall be bought up wholesale. It is much as if a distinguished general, on the presentation to him of a sword in recognition of his services, should say that if it is all the same to the committee he would prefer to take it in groceries. The hero who has sold his halo for cash is not on the level of the civilian who never had a halo, but must take a lower place.

There are, of course, high-minded soldiers who feel all this and scorn the commercialization of their patriotism by a bonus. The American Legion itself apparently was at first of this noble mind, for at its organization it passed a self-denying ordinance expressly declaring that it would not go into politics. This action was then approved by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. I have seen neither approval nor repudiation by him since of the action of the American Legion. One can imagine the fierce wrath of his distinguished father if the proposal had been made to him to pay him for his charge at San Juan.

The case may be put in a few words. The truly patriotic soldier stands on a higher level than the ordinary citizen. The American Legion is proposing to sell that level for cash. Considering the vast difference between the two conditions, it is surprising that they are willing to sell out for so small a price per head. If the bonus bill passes, the button of the American Legion will show, not the man who risked his life for his country, but will advertise its wearer as the man who sold his halo.

China until recently was the country of mothers-in-law, where they reigned and used their power to make martyrs of their daughters-in-law. One can not imagine to what point this ferocious authority was carried. But their good time is nearing an end; the young wives have liberated themselves in the Chinese Republic. The feminists of Canton have won a "glorious victory." First, there is no longer any marriage code. Second, the wife has the right to keep all she has earned. Third, the divorce laws are the same for the two sexes. It would be interesting to know what is thought of all this by the old mandarins with crystal or mother-of-pearl buttons.

In the industrial area in the Ural the twelve-hour working day has been introduced, together with a transition to job work. As a result of this the daily production of rolled iron has increased by 5000 puds; that is to say, it has reached the peace level. Henceforward it is proposed to work in three shifts so that the production can be raised to 6000 puds.

In 1621 James I conferred the titles knights and baronets of Nova Scotia on a number of Scotch adventurers whose object was to colonize North America.

## THE USES OF EDUCATION.

There is a great deal of criticism nowadays drifting nebulously about the subject of education, which is neither pointed nor authoritative, and so has little value except to indicate the fact that our educational system has fallen under some suspicion, or at least into some vague disfavor, and that probably there is something about it that might be better if we could only find what that something is.

One thing undoubtedly wrong with it, and apparent even to the layman, is the tendency of our colleges and universities to become more and more like country clubs and less like institutions of real learning and general culture. Athletics has been raised to undue importance, and too much stress has been laid upon the advantages of seats of learning as nice places in which to spend the years of youth, acquiring as little scholarship as may be, and forming connections that may become valuable later when one is on the hunt for a good position in business and society.

Much of this has followed the development of a leisure class in America, and one that has not long been in a position of culture compared to such a class in Europe. Growing out of the increasing wealth of the country, following the civil war, has come a sentiment somewhat inimical to the slow processes of solid learning and the discipline arising therefrom, independent of the special requirements of the various vocations. The learning which should lie at the foundation of character, patient, thorough, broad, and deep, has, almost concurrently with the elective system, been largely sacrificed to sport and student ease.

The elective system, a generation ago, appeared to have some valuable attributes. It seemed to accord with liberty and individualism. But academic individualism is almost a contradiction in terms, and the exercise of liberty may well wait until one has at least reached years of discretion. Under the elective system, young persons were invited to choose their life work, at a time when they had little understanding of life and less of work. They were invited into a sort of Woolworth store of building materials, where they could acquire rafters and shingles and begin to erect the fabric of character, like the people in Swift's romance, from the roof downward. More recently we have had the destructive effects of the European war, when "campus activities" in behalf of victory absorbed undue amounts of the student's time, and became the excuse for neglected scholarship.

Under these conditions it is well that one of the great educators of the country, a man who stands for practical and sound citizenship as well as scholarly attainment, should endeavor to recall us to the real lamp of learning. No one who has followed his course in American life and American politics can accuse Nicholas Murray Butler of speaking or writing from the cloistered point of view. In his annual report for 1921, as president of Columbia University, the head of the great institution on Morningside Heights has some criticisms to offer that are at once pointed and authoritative, and well worth the attention of every one who feels that the state's money devoted to educational purposes should obtain for us something better in our national development than campus activities whose exercises of executive skill might just as well be derived from other sources, and athletic preeminence which can be obtained by the requisite industry in the gymnasium of an athletic club. Of the changes that have taken place in educational ideals during the past generation, the president of Columbia remarks:

"Young men were no longer thought to be ignorant if they left college without any serious and sustained discipline, and without any genuine grasp upon the underlying facts and the controlling history of civilization, provided they had put their names down for a sufficient number of so-called courses of study, however unrelated, however superficial, and however insignificant. The result has been that side by side with an earnest, devoted, and high-minded body of young college graduates there has gone out into American life a very substantial group of those who have gained college degrees, but who are, to all intents and purposes, as undisciplined and uneducated both in mind and in morals as if they had enjoyed no advantages whatsoever. To be sure, the members of this group are relatively small in number, but they often gain an influence and a notoriety out of all proportion to their size."

One of the growing vices in education is over-organization. Federal aid of state activities has laid its paternal hand upon the educational systems of the states. The inevitable next step is to bureaucratize and bring into uniformity the educational system of the country. Any such motive is denied, but it is evident, and grows, moreover, from the disposition of bureaucracy to extend itself. The ultimate control of education by central authority would tend to destroy the effect of vitalizing local influences and of intimate contact with the people themselves, under which it has flourished in the past. In fact, we can not touch the subject without observing how closely it is connected with the growth of paternalistic, socialistic, bureaucratic



ideas and ideals. In the opinion of Dean Inge, bureaucratic socialism will probably work, but its effect is paralysis. In the opinion of President Butler, "Bureaucrats and experts will speedily take the life out of even the best schools and reduce them to dried and mounted specimens of pedagogic fatuity. Unless the school is both the work and the pride of the community which it serves, it is nothing."

Now these are not mere clever trifles, thrown off by a dilettante for his amusement and the admiration of his friends. Dissatisfaction with education is growing, not subsiding, and to the serious concern of educators. Moreover, the trouble is not confined to the United States. Twenty years ago the French embarked on the then new policy of early specialization with a view to fitting individuals for special careers, instead of sailing safely along the well-marked course of the general training of youth. Today they are trying to sail back again, if they can find the channel. They see clearly now that the true mission of secondary education is to develop the trained mind that is capable of adaptation to the varied requirements of life.

Nor is it the educator alone who perceives the dangerous divagation. So demoralizing has it been to the human material presenting itself annually for organization in the social machinery that the Lyons Chamber of Commerce has deplored the effects of the present programme of secondary instruction; and these practical men of industry and finance especially criticize the abandonment of Latin and Greek. Representatives of the English Labor Party have stated that they were seriously concerned about the restriction of education in industrial districts to barely utilitarian subjects.

Any employer or organizer knows how difficult it is today to get hold of adaptable persons, thoroughly trained persons, above all reliably trained persons, of character and steadiness. Industrial plants need them, commercial houses need them, society needs them, life needs them; they are not forthcoming in numbers adequate to our needs. President Butler cites a recent statement of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, to the effect that candidates in increasing numbers were presenting themselves for certificates in French and German and Spanish and shorthand, without the ability to write, either in the literary or calligraphic sense. Now we were promised that all the election and selection by students, and all the specialization for "life work," would produce just the opposite result from this sort of ineffectiveness and inadequacy. And sports and campus activities would supply just the right sort of training for practical values. They would develop efficiency, executive ability, and a broader and more thorough understanding of the requirements of society. Have they done it?

Apparently the most important issue that has agitated the University of California in twenty years is not whether the "humanities" shall be elective or prescribed, nor what the proper subjects of education shall be, but where the new football arena shall be situated. For the present, that row transcends in importance every consideration of scholarship, even to causing the resignation of a member of the faculty of philosophy. How George H. Howison would have scorned the whole clap-trap controversy! Yet it grows naturally out of the exaggerated emphasis that has been laid for the past thirty-five years on athletic combat as a way of popularizing universities.

Education, says President Butler, can not dispense with scholarship. And it may be added that the ideals of scholarship are infinitely above the material and transient requirements of definite trades and arts. To understand the fundamental conditions of civilization and to know the inspirations derivable from the mighty past of the race, is more than to be given the equipment for meeting the day's material necessities. Felix Adler was once asked to address a young men's club meeting at Cooper Union. He said, in effect, "If they are concerned only with the amelioration of their physical condition, I am not interested. But if they seek light upon the things of the mind and spirit I shall be glad of the opportunity to contribute what light I can."

In education we can not profitably ignore the literature of the Romans and the Greeks. It is the key to what is civilized. The administrative genius of Rome, and the intellectual brilliance of that strange race at the tip of the Balkan peninsula, along the coast of Asia Minor, and scattered over the isles of the Aegean Sea, those whom Kinglake so grandly called "imagining men," these are the endowment of mankind for its endless battle with nature and the night. They can not well be neglected for "bowls," for "tracks," for campus activities, for snap courses, for special instruction in matters that endure for a season instead of for time.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8, 1922.

F. M. T.

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has found through statistics that there are seventy-one colleges and universities in this country now that offer special training for foreign service. A total enrollment for the ten institutions, each having more than 100 students taking foreign trade subjects, gives a registration of 2255 students. The University of Washington, Seattle, heads the list with 407 students and New York University is second with 401 students.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Victor Emmanuel has conferred the decoration of Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy on William R. Mead of New York, president of the American Academy in Rome. The honor was bestowed in recognition of Mr. Mead's pioneer work in introducing Roman and Italian renaissance architectural styles in America. Mr. Mead is a member of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, architects, of New York. His firm drew the plans for the most notable structures in New York, including Madison Square Garden, the new postoffice, and the municipal office building.

Mrs. Larz Anderson, wife of the former Ambassador to Brussels and Tokyo, has manifested still another phase of versatility by publishing a novel. Mrs. Anderson, who is the daughter of Commodore George Perkins, has received the French Croix de Guerre, the Belgian Medal of Elizabeth with Red Cross, and the Red Cross of the Order of Merit of Japan. Isabel Perkins was born in Boston in 1876. She was educated at a private school in Boston; and married, 1897, Larz Anderson of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Anderson is the author of a number of books for children and of several books of travel. She is the first woman to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from George Washington University (1918).

Albert Henry Washburn of Middleborough, Massachusetts, has been nominated by President Harding as our diplomatic representative at Vienna. Mr. Washburn served as consul at Magdeburg, Germany, 1890-3, and at one time was private secretary to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Mr. Washburn is a lawyer with offices in New York. He was special United States Treasury counsel in customs cases, 1901-04, when he resigned to enter private practice. He is a permanent member of the United States Legal Advisory Board of Massachusetts. Since 1917 he has been president of the Association of the Customs Bar; and since 1919 he has been professor of political science and international law at Dartmouth College. He is senior member of the firm of Comstock & Washburn.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook* and author of many religious books, recently passed his eighty-sixth birthday. Dr. Abbott was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 18, 1835. He was graduated from the University of New York in 1853 and received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard and Yale, respectively, in 1890 and 1903. Meanwhile he had been admitted to the New York bar, 1856—an organization of which he is still a member. In 1860 he was ordained and from '60 to '65 he was pastor of a Congregational church in Terre Haute, Indiana. From '65 to '69 he was preaching in New York. From thence to 1888 he was engaged in writing, but in the latter year he succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a post he held till '99. With Henry Ward Beecher he had been associate editor of the *Christian Union*. In 1893 he became editor-in-chief of the *Outlook*. In his long and varied life Dr. Abbott has become one of the most characteristic figures in American letters.

Mme. Marie Jeritza, the new star of the Metropolitan, received her musical education in Vienna, where under the training of Puccini she became one of the stars of the opera in that city famous at one time as an opera centre. She has sung in Russia, Budapest, and the Scandinavian countries. And as a singer of great promise had been asked to come to America at the outbreak of the war. When she did come to America last October there were few comments. A new singer had joined the forces of the Metropolitan. That was all that was heard till after the first performance of "La Tosca." Now it is said to be hard to obtain opera seats when Mme. Jeritza sings, except at fabulous prices and through speculators. Jeritza's most striking feature is her heavy blonde hair. She looks to be in her early twenties. She is a native of Brünn, formerly a city in Austria, but since the recent partitioning of states in Central Europe, part of Czechoslovakia. Four years ago the singer married Baron von Popper. Mme. Jeritza is going to Carlsbad in April, when the opera season closes. This does not mean a complete rest, as her professor will coach her during the summer. Later in the summer the singer plans to go to her little place in the Tyrolean Alps, about ten hours from Vienna. Even here, though, she plans to continue her work for the coming New York season. The programme for next year will be given her before she leaves, and this will mean a hard summer's work. It is possible that she will sing in Norway and Sweden before returning to America in the fall.

A few days before the announcement that the Order of Merit had been bestowed on Sir James Barrie, the following speculation appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*: "Four suggested Sir James Frazer as a man of world reputation, whose work had stood the test of time. His 'Golden Bough' was first published thirty-two years ago. Professor F. H. Bradley, the philosopher, it was agreed, was in the same class, although on the more crowded side. He, too, would honor the order. Lord Grey and Mr. Asquith were named, but as Lord Morley, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Haldane are members, the politicians have already four out of the eleven civil members. Mr. Rudyard

Kipling was well supported, but it is believed that he had already declined the honor. Why was Mr. Sargent not of the order—surely there were artists in England since Sir L. Alma-Tadema died? The answer is that Mr. Sargent is an American and the order is open only to British subjects as ordinary members, foreign members being honorary, and it would be absurd to put Mr. Sargent among the foreign members. There is no painter in England holding quite the same prestige, although the names of Mr. Wilson Steer, whose portrait hangs in the Uffizzi at Florence, and Mr. Augustus John at once come to mind. The most distinguished living English sculptor is, of course, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, but as he is no longer a member of any English body and lives abroad he is unlikely to be chosen. In architecture the name that came to every one's mind was Sir Edward Lutyens. It was agreed that he was a certainty, but the general feeling was that his time had not yet come. The same was thought of Mr. Conrad and Mr. Gilbert Murray. The question was raised why no woman had been appointed since Florence Nightingale. Mrs. Fawcett's name was the one on which there was agreement."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Ode.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

—William Collins.

### The Battle of Limerick.

Ye Genii of the nation,  
Who look with veneration,  
And Ireland's desolation on sadly deplore;  
Ye sons of General Jackson,  
Who thrangle on the Saxon,  
Attend to the transaction upon Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,  
'Tis William Smith O'Brine,  
Reprints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more:  
O the Saxons can't endure  
To see him on the flure,  
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore.

This valliant son of Mars  
Had been to visit Par's,  
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor;  
And to welcome his return  
From pilgrimages furren,  
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board  
Young Meagher of the Sword;  
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore:  
And Mitchil of Belfast  
We bade to our repast,  
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sows,  
To see the butthered rowls,  
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,  
And the muffins and the crumpets,  
And the band of harps and thrumpets,  
To celebrated the sworry upon Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,  
O'Brine began to spake;  
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar  
Of a ragamuffin rout  
Began to yell and shout,  
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,  
They battered and they banged;  
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;  
They smashed the lovely windies  
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),  
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,  
Drowned puppies and dead rats,  
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;  
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,  
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,  
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

Oh the girls began to scrame  
And upset the milk and crame;  
And the honorable gintlemen, they cursed and swore:  
And Mitchil of Belfast,  
'Twas he that looked agast,  
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

Oh the lovely tay was spilt  
On that day of Ireland's guilt;  
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?"  
'Tis a national disgrace;  
Let me go and veil me face";  
And he bouted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"  
Says Meagher of the Sword,  
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore";  
But the best use Tommy made  
Of his famous battle blade  
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine  
Was raging like a line;  
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;  
In his glory he arose,  
And he rush'd upon his foes,  
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons  
In squadthrons and platoons,  
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore:  
And they beat the rattatoo,  
But the Peellers came in view,  
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

—W. M. Thackeray.



# MORE BIBLIOLATRY.

A. Edward Newton, Writer and Collector, Continues to Write and Collect.

The exact relation between bibliolatriy and burglary has not yet been traced, but we believe there are bibliolaters, or bibliophiles, who collect books merely for the "faces of their backs," and who would suffer little damage if other bibliophiles, gifted with burglarious talents, were to take away their treasures and substitute deceptively painted boards. Then, undoubtedly, there are bibliophiles who read the books they collect. And here and there we have one who not only collects and reads, but who produces more of these objects of worship—like some pagan Polynesian who from "bowing down to wood and stone," reaches a stage in which he hews out gods in rows. Of such last is Dr. A. Edward Newton, collector and essayist. And it may justly be said of him that he chops out good gods.

His earlier volume, "The Amenities of Book Collecting," was imbued with the charms of a charming personality. Now he tenders "A Magnificent Farce," composed of essays, and some related chapters, drawn from a life of culture and fine friendships, and from his extraordinary collection of illustrative materials. Its spirit of humorous candor instantly forms a bond with the reader, and one feels throughout that he is being admitted to a literary intimacy with a rare character.

A. Edward Newton is a Philadelphia manufacturer, "decorated" for his service to letters with academic degrees from several universities; and he says of the formation of taste and style that brought him this distinction:

Trollope is said to have damaged his reputation by his confession as to the way in which he wrote; at the risk of utterly destroying mine, I want to say that any style I may have acquired is the result of writing advertisements of electrical apparatus for many years. When one is selling a page of writing, one receives, I suppose, as much as five, or even twenty-five dollars a page. When one is buying a page of advertising, one pays anywhere from one hundred to five thousand dollars a page! The discriminating reader will discover upon which page the most time is spent.

With A. Edward Newton, the joy of collecting flows, apparently, from the duty of collecting. This is real worship, ethical, moral, beyond mere pagan god-carving and devil-dodging. He serves his cult with devotion. He tells us:

When I think how much pleasure I get from reading, I feel it my duty to buy as many current books as I can. I "collect" Meredith and Stevenson, the purchase of whose books no longer benefits them. Why should I not also collect George Moore or Locke or Conrad or Hergesheimer? which, by the way, I do. And while you may not be able to get such an inscription in your copy of the first edition of Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" as I have in mine, you should get a copy of the book before it is too late. All these men are engaged in carrying on the glorious tradition of English literature. It is my duty to give them what encouragement I can; to pay tribute to them. I wish I were not singular in this.

But there is more in him than mere reverence for letters in general and blind adulation of greatness. He is constructively critical. With masterly vigor he bashes in the heads of some undeserving traditions. We judge that the attitude of Ruskin in regard to fine bindings at prohibitive tariffs would to him hardly look sane, to say nothing of sensible. What he thinks of William Morris in this field he thus makes clear:

I have always resented William Morris' attitude toward books. Constantly preaching on art and beauty for the people, he set about producing books which are as expensive as they are beautiful, which only rich men can buy, and which not one man in a hundred owning them reads. Whereas my friend Mr. Mosher of Portland, Maine—I call him friend because we have tastes in common; I have, in point of fact, never met him or done more than exchange a check for a book with him—has produced, not a few, but hundreds of books which are as nearly faultless as books can be, at prices which are positively cheap.

The foibles of his own class seem quite apparent to him. There are collectors who will pay a tall price for a book whose age or priority is marked by some broken letter, when they could get a better-printed copy at almost no price at all. In a footnote on a certain work our author says:

The word "Wrote" is indicative of the first edition, which is now worth five thousand dollars. When "wrote" became "written" as it did in the later editions, the value sinks to a few shillings.

And the man seems to have no piety whatever about the demi-gods. You browse through page after page of fascinating chat and lace-like humor, and suddenly you get some such tonic cold shower as this:

From contemplation one may become wise, but knowledge comes only by study. It was the future rather than the past that interested Whitman, and he prophesied in a large and ample way, carefully avoiding details. The names of the world's great men came glibly to his tongue as needed, but I suspect that he knew little of them besides. His literary judgments and pronouncements were frequently foolish.

That is terrible. Whitman is supposed by certain mystics to have entered into "cosmic consciousness," whatever that may mean—a sublime status of unknown metes and bounds reached only by a few Buddhas. To have a book collector and author whom universities have encouraged point out to us that any judgment of Whitman on any subject in human ken could be foolish,

is like having an Einstein come along and tell us that everything straight is bent.

The volume takes its title from the first essay, which is concerned with the most spectacular of state trials, that of Warren Hastings. Dr. Newton lives at Daylesford, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where there is a little shed-and-platform station, named by an old man after the English estate of his particular admiration, Hastings. A train conversation with a fellow-commuter who thought there should be a monument to the great Indian satrap at Valley Forge, because we should "keep alive the names of those old Revolutionary heroes," led to a re-reading of Macaulay on the trial, beginning thus:

After dinner, lighting a cigar, I strolled about my library, murmuring to myself, "The Hall was worthy of the trial; it had resounded with acclamations at the coronations of thirty kings,"—or some such matter. I had not read Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings, which is one of his best, for many years; but these purple patches have a way of fixing themselves, somewhat unsteadily perhaps, even in so poor a memory as mine. The subject haunted me, but I could not remember whether the great trial had resulted in a conviction or an acquittal, or exactly what it was about. "High crimes and misdemeanors"—my memory seemed to say. It might not be a bad idea to revive a faded recollection. I had expected to be through with Warren Hastings before I had finish my cigar, but a year was to elapse before I was tired of the subject. One of the joys of being a desultory reader is that one may read as one chooses.

An immense amount has been written on Warren Hastings, but, as is usual, when Macaulay has written upon a subject, what he has said is remembered, and all else is forgotten. At this late day a phrase much employed by one of Hastings' biographers, "Be this as it may," suggests that one can take one's choice of the many contradictory statements and draw one's own conclusions.

Follows a discussion of this significant episode which our author stigmatizes as "A Magnificent Farce," and illumines with the most revealing observations. One of them with a world of meaning in it occurs in this vivid exposition of the changes of time and politics:

But many and great changes had taken place in England during Hastings' absence—changes of which Hastings, who was an administrator rather than a politician, could know nothing, and which majesty deemed unworthy of notice. The mere fact that Hastings was favorably received by the king raised up a party against him. The younger Pitt, who was in power, at once became suspicious. Hastings had probably forgotten his arch-enemy, Francis; but Francis had come to have great influence over Burke, then at the height of his reputation; and we are justified in believing that Burke was prompted, not alone by his partisan zeal, but by his love of justice, when he decided that Hastings' conduct in India should be reviewed in London.

The Indian question was then a difficult question, as the Irish question now is, and seemingly as impossible of solution. To say "India" was to start something. Instantly there was a division of public opinion. The king, the court, and Lord Chancellor Thurlow all took Hastings' side. Burke ranged on his, Pitt, Sheridan, and Fox; indeed, almost without exception the most brilliant and forceful men in the nation. The preparation for the trial was the work of several years and the brief (?), when printed with its index, filled twenty-four folio volumes.

As to the method, or lack of method, of pursuing, roping, breaking, and riding the hobby-horse of book collecting, this may comfort those inexpert in such matters:

It is a curious thing, what trifling incidents give a slant to one's collecting; all through life it is the same story. One goes to a party, passes a dish of ice-cream to a person with a pair of particularly bright eyes, becomes engaged, married, and done for almost before one knows it. My interest in Defoe came about just as fortuitously. Many years ago I was spending a week or so in Oxford, occasionally running up to London on business. One day my affairs took me into the City Road, and having an hour to spare, I spent it prowling around in Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, looking at the graves of the all-but-forgotten worthies buried there. Quite unexpectedly I came upon the grave of Bunyan, and a little later upon the monument to Defoe, erected by subscriptions of the children of England. The discovery gave me a pleasant thrill. That evening, after dinner, in a tiny smoking-room of the King's Arms in Oxford, I fell into conversation with an American gentleman who appeared interested in Defoe, and to him, in a few well-chosen words, I imparted my opinion of the author of "Robinson Crusoe." He agreed with me, set me right here and there, and was a very charming companion altogether. Subsequently I was rather disconcerted when I discovered that I had been explaining Defoe to the greatest living authority on that author—Professor William P. Trent of Columbia University. He was spending a summer in Oxford, engaged in the well-nigh insuperable task of studying Defoe pamphlets in the Bodleian Library.

There are chapters dealing with the luck of the collector, with the conduct of book shops, and of booksellers, with searches for souvenirs of Keats and Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith. There are chapters on a quarto Hamlet, and on mad Blake, and on "My Old Lady, London." Such subjects as these might be discussed by anybody, though it is difficult to believe they would be discussed with more of grace and sympathy. Dr. Newton loves his London, and we suspect him of drinking tea of afternoons. These subjects, we say, might be discussed by anybody. But where is the bibliolater who could induce London to break his leg?

For A. Edward Newton, London did just that, with the help of a four-wheeler navigated by a drunken pilot. It is a rare, probably unique, distinction. We would almost wager what you like that this is the only bibliophile who is also an essayist and has sold stuff to the *Atlantic*, who has had his leg broken in just that manner. The probabilities are much against it, and it may not happen again in a century; but this one time it happened. And though it was excruciating, the reader bears it with fortitude, for straightway, and almost before he knows it, the author is whisked into the charity ward of a London hospital, there to remain

for weeks under circumstances denied and impossible to any ordinary writer. It is St. Bartholomew's—"Bart's" as its affectionate inmates call it, and he presents this sort of picture of its inside life:

But to return to Pitcairn Ward. It was a large room, with a high ceiling, and with two rows of beds, twelve to a row, on either side of a wide aisle. It was heated by a soft-coal-burning device, something like a range, but with a large open grate, the smoke from which curled lazily up the chimney. One morning it was discovered that the fire was out; and as this seemed to indicate neglect, and certainly meant work for the ward-maid, each patient as he woke and made this discovery sang out cheerily, "Fire's out." To these remarks the maid usually replied by asking the speaker to mind his own business; or perhaps she contented herself by making faces or sticking her tongue out at him.

Presently a curious sound was heard from the chimney, as of a fluttering of birds, followed by a curious cry, "Peep, peep, peep," which was instantly recognized by those familiar with it as being the professional call of the chimney sweep. Some one cried, "Sweeps!" The effect was instantaneous. As when one discovers a ship in mid-ocean and announces the fact, all rush to the rail, so all who could crowded in wheel-chairs around the fireplace, only to be told to "Be off" by the ward-maid.

Presently the sounds grew louder, until, at last, a tall, slender lad, black with soot from head to foot, armed with brushes and brooms, slid down into the grate, leaped out, gave a little scream, bowed, and disappeared, almost before we could clap our eyes upon him. My intention had been to ask the little urchin to get into a bed next to mine, at that moment vacant, and give an imitation of Charles Lamb's chimney-sweep "asleep like a young Howard in the state bed of Arundel Castle." I probably saved myself a lot of trouble by being so surprised at his quick entrance and get-away that I said not a single word. "A chimney-sweeper quickly makes his way through a crowd by being dirty."

Here, lingering in pain, Dr. Newton learned the Cockney language until he could speak it like a native; and he learned at the same time these things about the Cockney shave:

Anything kinder, anything more considerate than the authorities of the hospital, from Mr. Willett down to the ward-maid, could hardly be imagined. There was, however, one ordeal against which I set my face like flint—namely, shaving. Shaving was I think an extra; its cost, a penny. Every day a man and a boy entered the ward, the boy carrying a small tub filled with thick soapsuds, the man with a razor incredibly sharp. One cried, "Shaves?" and perhaps from two or half a dozen beds came the word, "Yus." No time was lost in preliminaries. A common towel was tied around one's neck, and a brush like a large round paint-brush was dipped into the thick lather. With a quick movement, the result of much practice, the boy made a pass or two from ear to ear; with a twist and a return movement, the cheeks, lips, mouth, and chin were covered with soap. The man wielded a razor in much the same manner, and the victim spent the next hour or two patting his face with his hands, then withdrawing them and looking at them, as if he expected to see them covered with blood. The operation was complete. I use the word "operation" advisedly; although chloroform was not administered, I always insisted that it should have been.

In this day of new-fangled Socialisms one wonders whether any real, living Utopians have survived. Dr. Newton found at least one, and he was important. It was at Sawyer's bookshop in Oxford Street that our author met John Burns, the great labor leader, "without whose approval not a statue, not a pillar-box or a fire plug had been located for the past twenty years, and who had, when the war broke out, resigned all his offices of honor and emolument because he could not conscientiously go along with the government." The chance encounter led not merely to an interesting visit to Burns' home, there to inspect his great collection of books and pamphlets, but to a revelation of the man himself; for he put into Newton's hands a little copy of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," which he had bought, as a boy, for a sixpence, and said: "This book has made me what I am; for me it is the greatest book in the world; it is the first book I ever bought, it is the cornerstone of my library—the foundation on which I have built my life. Now let us have tea."

These essays throughout are the vehicle for a delicious personal humor, a humor that toys with the trifles which, as the French seer said, are important if we think them important, and which performs the inestimable service of sweetening life. There are a hundred little things on which the mind loves to dwell, and dozens of crackling epigrams such as "the sex which we have been taught to think of as fair." Yet the author has the masculine courage to be disagreeable when he thinks that is needed, and after some account of his London experiences, he returns to America, and finishes his volume thus:

We came home, and our first impressions were those of annoyance. As a nation, we have no manners; one might have supposed that we, rather than the English, had had our nervous systems exposed to the shock of battle; that we, rather than they, had been subject to air-raids and to the deprivations of war; that we had become a debtor rather than a creditor nation. We found rudeness and surliness everywhere. The man in the street had a "grouch," despite the fact that he was getting more pay for less work than any other man in the world, and that the President had told him he had an inalienable right to strike. For the first time in my life I felt that "labor would have to liquidate," to use a phrase to which, in the past, I have greatly objected. No question was civilly answered. The porter who carried our bags took a substantial tip with a sneer, and passed on. It may be that America is "the land of the free and the home of the brave"; but we found our cities dangerous, noisy, and hideously filthy. It is not pleasant to say these things, but they are true.

A MAGNIFICENT FARCE AND OTHER DIVERSIONS OF A BOOK COLLECTOR. By A. Edward Newton, author of "The Amenities of Book Collecting." Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$4.

Polo originated in China over 1200 years ago, according to a returned traveler and lecturer. The Chinese played polo on donkeys.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 4, 1922, were \$143,000,000, an increase of \$11,700,000, or nearly 9 per cent. over those of the corresponding week last year.

The scientific relation between the soldiers' bonus and business recovery is thus analyzed

of the bonus vary from \$1,590,000,000 to sums hugely in excess of this. The lowest figure is equivalent to more than one-third of the total amount of capital available for investment in securities in the United States in 1921. State legislation has already been enacted providing for bonuses and similar benefits amounting to more than \$350,000,000, although referenda are pending with respect to part of this amount.

Plans to meet bonus requirements by taxes would perhaps be free from some of the ill effects of a large-bond issue, but in the long run it seems likely that the result would be equally bad on business. In some quarters the belief has apparently gained ground that the expenditure of bonus payments by the beneficiaries would serve to stimulate activity. If the recipients were to make the best possible use of the bonus money by adding it to their savings, it is obvious that no business stimulation would result. If, however, these funds

should be immediately turned into the channels of consumption, the resulting stimulation would be temporary in character and would doubtless be followed by reaction, as the spending of the gratuities would in large part be uneconomical.

Increases in the number of carloads of freight have been so substantial and persistent since the opening of the year 1922 as to constitute a very persuasive indication that general business is reviving. When car loading began to show an increase in the second week in January, says the *Railway Age*, it was thought that this might be due to temporary causes. The taxes on transportation were removed on January 1st and it was believed the decline in freight shipments in December was partly due to the fact that some shippers were holding back commodities to avoid payment of the tax and would forward them in January. However, if the increase in shipments had been due to the release of goods held back to avoid the tax it would hardly have continued at an accelerated rate clear into February. It

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eventually be the young men who served in the world war. These men are now the most productive part of the population of the country. They are just entering upon that period of life when responsibility for the nation's business is being gradually transferred to their shoulders. The best that could happen would be for each man, by his own efforts, to pay his own bonus. In practice, however, the result will be quite otherwise, the capable and thrifty being obliged ultimately to provide, not only for the payment of whatever bonus they may receive, but also for the payment of bonuses to their less capable and less industrious fellows. Estimates of the final cost

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might also be that the increase in shipments was due to a larger movement of coal in anticipation of a coal mine strike on April 1st, but while there has been an increase in shipments of coal it has been smaller relatively than the increases in shipments of other kinds. After experience with the fluctuations in railroad and other lines of business during the last year and a half, most people were somewhat slow to acclaim any apparent improvement as permanent or as the harbinger of still further improvements. Certainly, however, if the recent increases in carloadings indicate anything at all, they indicate a distinct tendency toward improvement in general business.

Were there no other reason why every self-respecting and intelligent citizen should cast his vote against this suicidal proposal to take the control of California's sources of water and power out of the reach of the people of California, says Strassburger & Co.'s Review, on the proposed California Water and Power Act, it should be enough to emphasize the inevitable tendency of all such measures to fetter the development of individuality. For individualism, not socialism, has been the motive power of every step towards civilization that the human race has made. The story of progress is the staging of individual expres-



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Logan & Bryan have removed their main office to 401 Montgomery Street, a change necessitated by expanding business. The new quarters are equipped with all facilities for the execution of orders, as well as for the convenience of patrons. The new bulletin boards are larger, and the offices, being on a corner, are well lighted. Logan & Bryan have maintained offices in San Francisco for many years and are said to have been the first to bring a special wire service to this city for the benefit of investors in New York stocks.

Now that the right to unite for coöperative marketing purposes has been confirmed to the farmer by Congress, says the Oakland Bank of Savings, we may expect to see him benefit through these agencies according to the skill with which they are operated. If properly

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Exports to Europe have declined from \$2,440,597,216 for the seven months ending January, 1921, to \$1,219,687,511 for the similar period ending with January of this year.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Whatever prejudices one has against the published diary *per se* melt under a perusal of Colonel Repington's latest—"After the War" (Houghton Mifflin). In short, one comes to the conclusion that there are diarists and diarists—a novel conclusion whose inspiration required the appearance of a legitimate diary.

By a legitimate diary one of course means a diary whose end justifies its means. A less subtle code of ethics would damn all diaries

because it is so easy for them to be bad. We prefer to be broader minded and even tolerate the many for the few. I am not sure it would not be worth while to tolerate the many for Colonel Repington's one. Judging entirely from his present volume, one surmises the author's previous one, unfortunately linked with other notorious memoirs of the day, must also have been legitimate. If on the complicated maze of the war he brought to bear the same keen intuition and brilliant explication with which he elucidates the equally complicated peace, then "The First World War" must be the most nearly important book on the war. One can not say "most important" where most were not.

To return to Colonel Repington's kaleidoscopic view of Europe in the past two years—the interesting thing about it is that it is different from the pictures we are used to getting. As the latter are mostly superficial when they are not propaganda, it is perhaps not strange that the lieutenant-colonel's reports should differ. His are not superficial, whatever else they may be. Besides there is a tremendous fascination about these cryptic close-ups that the diary officer has given us. They have all the intrinsic value of news—the book is hot from the press and closes with a report of the Washington Conference—and all the authority of first-hand history. Colonel Repington's publisher vaunts him as the only man of the era capable of adequately picturing Europe and the remnants of European civilization today. Superlatives are always dangerous, but it is safe to say that he is the only man up to date who has adequately interpreted the chaos of post-war Europe.

Apropos of diaries—and the subject is ubiquitous—Margot Asquith has explained how she came to publish hers. It was very simple. She had kept a diary all her life and was as surprised as any of her future readers were warranted to become when a publisher approached her with a handsome offer. Of course she accepted, because, as she candidly explains to interviewers, she needed the money.

Colonel Repington's affair is therefore patently in another class. His book is not published primarily as a pot-boiler. It doubtless serves that purpose because of its author's intimacy with the great and because he has a pen expressive as Margot's own. But his personal descriptions—particularly of women—are of a much more kindly order. Margot frankly admits that she dislikes women and the colonel as frankly admits that he does not. One is struck by the great number of women to whom he attributes grace and beauty. On that score alone our two leading diarists are at loggerheads. But personalities play a far less significant rôle in "After the War" than in Margot's famous autobiography. In the former they are casual decorations; in the latter life tissue. Colonel Repington's journal is kept with the conscious intention of becoming a source book of history. To quote his publisher again, he is the Pepys and Evelyn of our age conveniently compressed into a single individuality. This arrangement is advantageous. It obviates possible discrepancies that otherwise might challenge the authenticity of the whole. Clearly every age should have its biographer. It should be an official appointment—not left to haphazard genius. It is sheer luck that so suitable a chronicler as Colonel Repington should be self-appointed. Not every man with even his inside information wields as trenchant a pen.

Much has been said and written on the prevalence of lecturers, particularly of imported lecturers. The appeal of the imported lecturer is obvious. He comes from a strange country and is supposed to import a little of it with himself. The domestic lecturer will always be under a handicap to his foreign colleague for this reason. At least, he will be until the unhappy day dawns when we follow in Russia's footsteps. Many strange things have come out of Russia, but we hope that she keeps a monopoly of her present literary activities. Lecturing is said to be all the rage in Russia. Owing to the high cost of publishing, Russian authors have been forced to divert their literary efforts towards the lecture platform. Knowing the Russian objection to oratory, one's heart is wrung by the sad spectacle. But if it is hard on the authors, consider the auditors. An English wit has brought home the situation to the Anglo-Saxon imagination. He pictures for us a Russian Henry James reeling off a chapter from a soap-box of a Russian "Golden Bowl" to an agonized group of commuters waiting for the home train. The idea is painful, though a chapter from Dostoyevsky or Artzybashev would be even more so. Still, whoever the author, the case would be bad enough. And it is not cheering to reflect that the worse the author the more like he is to seize the happy uncensored precinct of a corner soap-box. One could understand mob rule and revolution if the printing presses were to strike and writers be allowed to vic-

timize their public even more recklessly than they do in print. However, one hopes it is a far cry to such a state of affairs elsewhere than in Russia. The local lecturer is not yet in demand nor is his life desired by the victimized mob. Meanwhile we succumb to imported talent. It is said that the hard-up British author need only sign up for a lecture tour of the States to recoup his fortunes. But let him beware. If he runs the thing into the ground he may find that he has more than his fortunes to recoup. It is not in malice pre-  
pense nor in a spirit of inhospitality that we cry, "Enough is enough." R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

The Serignan home of the great naturalist, Jean Henri Fabre, is to be purchased by the French government and made an adjunct of the Museum of Natural History under the Minister of Public Instruction. Mlle. Agla Fabre, the naturalist's daughter, will remain as custodian.

The Theatre Guild has met with a check at the hands of New York audiences—let us hope but a temporary and not discouraging one. In spite of an ambitious investiture, with much pictorial beauty in the form of color, lighting, and rich costuming, "He Who Gets Slapped" was not much applauded, and is said to have fallen flat. It is not alone. For nearly two years Broadway has resounded with the crash of falling plays. The efforts of the Theatre Guild are always watched by the discriminating with interest and with hope, but in this case there seems to have been a failure to detect the "inner meaning" of Leonid Andreev, the Russian dramatist. It might be inferred, in other words, that "the audience was not a success."

And now we have a "greatest living European expert on baseball." Whom do you suspect? E. V. Lucas, writer of almost exotic delicacy, associated in imagination with Charles Lamb, with art galleries, with delightful wanderings about London. Think of E. V. Lucas as a "fan"!

Are the literary affections of boys more constant than those of men? The question is raised by certain announcements of a leading Eastern publishing house. It is commonly estimated that an ordinary novel's life is from six months to a year. But it seems that boys differ from their elders in never letting go of an old favorite. At the same time that they publish a list of new boys' books, D. Appleton & Co. announce the twenty-fourth printing of the famous "Cruise of the Cachetot," by Frank T. Bullen, the twentieth printing of Barbour's "Behind the Line" and the seventh of the same popular writer's "Forward Pass," the eighth of Walter Camp's "Jack Hall at Yale," the fifth of William Heyliger's "Strike Three," and, to turn from fiction to more serious writing, the fourth of "Your Biggest Job—School or Business," in which Henry

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Lewis Smith, president of Washington and Lee University, gives counsel in a way which boys are glad to heed. It is evident that a good boys' book keeps its appeal almost indefinitely.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's volume of Collected Poems has been voted by the thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Authors' Club at New York the book of most enduring value to American letters published during 1921. This was the view of a large majority of the 260 members. The collection bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company.

Literary Italians are said to be quite severely critical of "Notturmo," the product of Gabrielle d'Annunzio's confinement in a dark room, when he was threatened with blindness owing to an airplane accident. During this distressing season the author wrote his impressions on long strips of paper: a heterogeneous mass of memories and sensations covering days of war and days of peace. It is his first literary production since the great conflict in which he played such a rocket-like part, but some of his countrymen feel that owing to a certain infusion of personal vanity and perhaps some lowering of standard compared with his earlier work, it is not happy.

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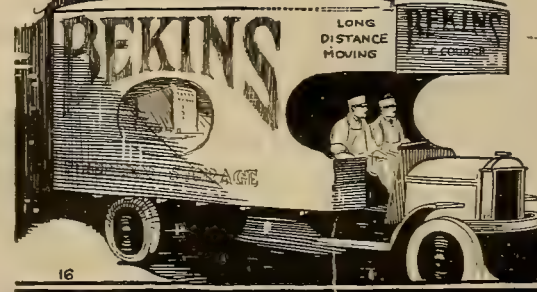


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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

An Ordeal of Honor.

That a book may have a weak beginning, drag through a few chapters half-heartedly, and then spring into lively being is the moral of "An Ordeal of Honor." It is amazing that a novel with every earmark of conventional piffle—chance motor encounter, handsome son of a baron, family skeleton, and aristocratic albeit impoverished heroine—should boast a plot interest such as few novels have. Yet that is the case this time. So mechanically does "An Ordeal of Honor" start on its excursion into the realm of romance that the reader, if he has the naïveté to follow the plot through half its course, fully expects it to end as monotonously as it began. It does not. The fact points at least two morals—that it is not safe to review a book from reading the first two-thirds, though most reviewers would assure you that it is, and that a writer of a rattling good yarn would do far better to hang out a few signals to that effect before even the most hardy of his followers will have dropped by the wayside.

As a matter of fact "An Ordeal of Honor" gives evidence of having been written at various times, under differing inspirations, and, one would not be surprised to hear, by different authors. It is not a homogeneous whole. It begins life as a conventional society romance of the happy encounter school of fiction so largely fostered by Harold MacGrath. It evolves into a cynical picture of English upper-class manners in a way that is reminiscent of Michael Sadleir's recent book. After that it becomes a detective story, and up to date the vote is that detective stories are Mr. Pryde's forte. But the last fifth—it is literally that—becomes high-class fiction. It is better written, for one thing, but the principal distinction from the foregoing samples of versatility is that the portion of "An Ordeal of Honor" following Auburn's attempt to escape from prison, or rather, following his capture, lives and is vital. The long-suffering victim of Mr. Pryde's various styles expects Auburn to get away. He doesn't, and from that point on the yarn smacks of probability. One is encouraged to finish, and stranger still, the best is reserved for the last. The dénouement of "An Ordeal of Honor" is one of the most dramatic in recent fiction. And what is better still, it is plausible.

AN ORDEAL OF HONOR. By Anthony Pryde. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2.

Fiona Macleod.

The ardent though perhaps few admirers of the Celtic fantasies of Fiona Macleod have doubtless rejoiced to see some of the lesser-known stories published in a recent handsome edition by Duffield & Co. Fiona Macleod, whose real name was William Sharp, was one of the most remarkable characters in English

literature. The prose poems which he published under his odd pseudonym are among the most exquisite of their kind; the verse and prose—the latter mostly biographical—which he published throughout his normal literary career was of fair but mediocre quality.

The secret of Sharp's authorship of the Fiona Macleod books was, curiously enough, kept till his death in 1905. As late as May, 1899, Fiona Macleod wrote the *Athenaeum* stating that she wrote only under her own name. Sharp would enjoy a unique position in letters if for no other reason than that he had chosen to write under a woman's name. Or perhaps Fiona is not a feminine name in Gaelic. The Celtic tongues have some queer divisions of grammatical and orthographic gender from the Anglo-Saxon viewpoint. But it was evidently accepted as a woman's name by the British public, and Sharp seems to have fallen in with the joke. It would not be the first time that a man prided himself on doing one thing well—anthologies and memoirs in his case—and meanwhile and unawares did something else very much better. Or was it a curious case of dual identity that flourished and faded before the heyday of the psychiatrist?

Sharp was born in 1857 at Paisley and spent his youth in the western highlands of Scotland, doubtless amassing the legendary lore that he was later to transmute to some of the most perfect prose in our language. He attended Glasgow University, and shortly after graduation went to Australia for his health. After a cruise in the Pacific he settled in London as a bank clerk, but soon launched into journalism. He began by contributing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and later, in 1885, he became art critic of the *Glasgow Herald*. Also in '85 he married his cousin, Elizabeth Amelia Sharp, who collaborated with him in compiling the "Lyrica Celtica." Anthologies of verse were Sharp's great hobby. He also compiled "Sonnets of the Century" and "American Sonnets," and he was the general editor of the excellent "Canterbury Poets" series. He wrote a great deal of original verse, but his prose biographies are better known—particularly that of Rossetti, whom he knew intimately, and Shelley. Sharp even tried his dextrous hand at novel writing, and "Silence Farm" remains as a testimonial that that form also fell below his perfect mastery of Celtic myths. As Fiona Macleod, Sharp became the most conspicuous Scottish writer of the modern Gaelic renaissance. The delicious illustrations—colored prints on nice dark green mats and little line drawings for heads and tails—are not the least attraction of the new publication. But the tales themselves lift one out of the murky monotony of reality and convey their readers to the enchanted land of Celtic faery. "The Hills of Ruel and Other Stories," which has just precipitated this odd chapter of literary history, should renew interest in the beautiful

work of Fiona Macleod, forerunner of the Celtic renaissance.

THE HILLS OF RUEI AND OTHER STORIES. By Fiona Macleod. New York: Duffield & Co.

A Penny Whistle.

"A Penny Whistle" is one of the several volumes of B. L. T.'s that were in preparation at the time of his death. This little volume comprises some of the best of Mr. Taylor's always excellent light satiric verse. They were B. L. T.'s own choice of his production for the last eight years of his life and represented well his versatility and charm. They range from the familiar daintiness of the "Babette Ballads" to such a delightful profanity as the following eulogy of Shaw:

Let critics chew your plays, and find  
Fit matter for their trade of whacking;  
Let pundits analyze your mind,  
And say that this or that is lacking.

For critic sass or pundit gas  
I do not care a week-old cruller:  
I only know that when you pass  
This world will be a damsite duller.

But B. L. T.'s appreciation of current literature was not limited to contemporary humor. No one would accuse Yeats of humor, and yet B. L. T. addresses him thus:

Singer of "Innisfree" and "Wandering Aengus,"  
Put on your clothes and smite the "blooming lyre"  
You smote erewhile. Sing us the songs you sang us—  
Of "Cathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire."

Walk with us through long dappled grass at golden noon,  
And pluck at eve "the silver apples of the moon."

Too long in alien fields you've been a rover;  
Back to the fairies, fogs, and Druid stuff!  
Be like the thrush, who "sings each song twice over,"

Knowing that we shall never have enough.  
Else we may fancy that you never can recapture  
(As Mr. Browning wrote) that "first fine careless rapture."

Altogether a very charming volume—"A Penny Whistle"—and one to make its reader await eagerly the subsequent volumes of B. L. T.'s uniform works.

A PENNY WHISTLE. By Bert Leston Taylor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

New Books Received.

THE MODERN CITY AND ITS GOVERNMENT. By William Farr Capes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

An analysis of civic government.

MATHEMATICAL PHILOSOPHY. By Cassius J. Keyser. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.70.

A study of fate and freedom.

OUR HAWAII. By Charmian Kittredge London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

Islands and islanders.

THE PURPLE PEARL. By Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weakes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.90.

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WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY, 1914-1917. By Major-General Sir Alfred Knox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$15.

Being chiefly extracts from the diary of a military attaché.

BUDDHIST PSALMS. Translated from the Japanese of Shinran Shonin by S. Yamabe and L. Adams Beck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35.

LINCOLN. By Dean Charles R. Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

A study of Lincoln's character.

EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN. By Mazo de la Roche. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A novel.

THE LIFE OF CLARA BARTON. By William E. Barton. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$10.

The life of the founder of the American Red Cross.

YOLLOP. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.

A burglar story.

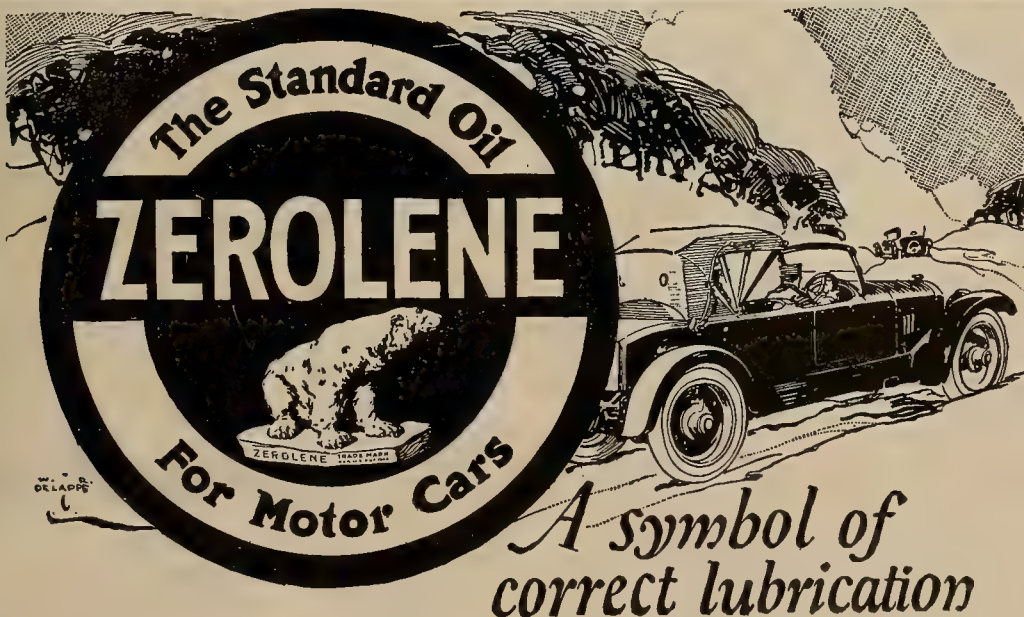
FIFTY-FIFTY. By Frederick G. Johnson. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co.

A three-act farce.

PEEWEE. By William MacHarg. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company.

The story of a lost identity.

Publishers of the most important Russian newspapers have formed a cooperative association or trust, according to information received in Stockholm. The combine is to control the administration and distribution of the different papers and owners of the papers become stockholders in the trust. The Communist party is now contemplating a plan to give the daily newspapers economic freedom while the government will retain political control. Any deficit in the yearly budget of these semi-official newspapers will be covered by the Soviet government, and the central executive committee of the government will be requested to set aside a permanent fund for the support of the press.

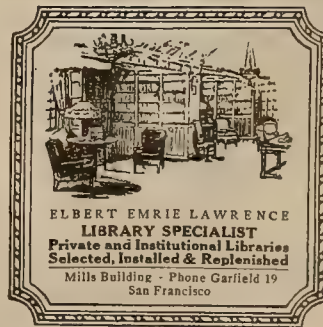


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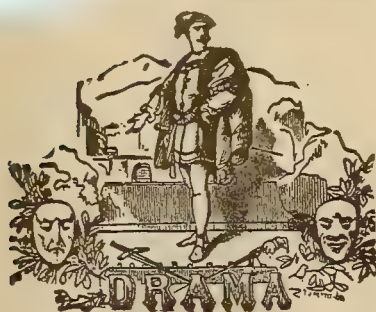
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"DECLASSEE."

The name of Zoë Akins, author of "Déclassée," has been resounding in the New York press and on New York tongues for over a year. She is a writer of marked individuality, judging from the numerous comments, favorable or adverse, on "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," which has been having a long run at the Plymouth. "Déclassée" is a more theatrical play than "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," and in it we do not see the author at her best. It presents the theme, already so frequently used in English drama, of the British aristocrat de-throned by her own imprudence from her high place in the most exclusive and patrician caste in the world. As we read the programme with high anticipation we think of "Lady Windermere's Fan," Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," Galsworthy's "The Fugitive," Pinero's "Iris" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It needs not membership in that exclusive caste to realize the homesick longing of those women who are exiled from its honors and privileges. And so, knowing from the title what is coming, we would fain hold back Lady Helen Haden, the daughter of a hundred earls, when we foresee that a proud, fearless, reckless, hot-headed, and uncalculating patrician is going to throw away her high estate. And yet, unlike the other women in the plays mentioned, she is unstained. It seemed to me that the first act, in which the foundation was laid for the social tragedy, is the best. The second act, which shows three or four groups sitting at tea in the lounge of a New York hotel, is rather aggravating. People come and go, and the different groups in turn pop up in a lot of dialogue, the others subsiding into mute pantomime. The effect is not natural, and it is taxing to the hearing and the understanding. We have to place the new characters, and recognize those already met in their unfamiliar street wear. I freely confess that I was rather slow in placing the ambassadorial group; also in catching the conversation on the fly, for there is an epidemic of indistinctness, or inaudibility, in the "Déclassée" company which made the ellipses in Zoë Akins' rather peculiar style even more elliptical. There was one actress at the back left table, a minor member of the company, who was determined to be heard though the heavens fell. May heaven's choicest blessings light upon her head!

This second act shows Lady Helen in her equivocal position. She has lost social prestige, financial credit; she is cut by American climbers, and she is wooed by a man with a left-handed offer. Still, she is so loved by her old and real friends that when the ambassadorial group see her they metaphorically take her to their hearts.

At any rate, in the third act the left-handed wooer becomes right-handed, and things look safe for Lady Helen. Unfortunately the suitor is romantic. His spirit of romanticism has made him recognize that Lady Helen has loved and suffered, and in a mood of generosity and self-sacrifice he is prepared to efface himself in favor of a returned and regenerated lover.

This precipitates catastrophe, for Lady Helen only sees a slight in the withdrawal of her suitor, who has wished to surprise her with the unexpected sight of her old lover.

Zoë Akins has a talent for contriving surprises, but she works tortuously to accomplish them. In the first act we were surprised at Thayer's rascality, in the last at the woman's constancy, the man's regeneration, but we do not sympathize with it. Once a cur—of that kind, anyway—always a cur. Apparently the author does not sympathize either, since she invokes a catastrophe to allow Lady Helen a way out.

The company that has been selected to support Ethel Barrymore is of sufficient merit, but not of striking quality. We are not likely to go off the handle over any of them. The leading man, Henry Daniell, is a young Englishman easy in a drawing-room, but who has not quite sufficient charm and magnetism to account for Thayer's empire over the constant heart of a glorious woman—for that is what the author means her to be—such as Lady Helen. Edward Emery gave an agreeable pre-entation of the rich American Jew who was so gentle and considerate to his cast-off mistress when real love came for another woman. Jane West was very handsome and smart and hard as the beautiful and uncompassionate Mrs. Leslie, Virginia Chauvenet

and Irby Marshall were satisfactory as English aristocrats, and Gabrielle Ravine's appearance suited the rôle of the fortune-teller. Mary De Wolf expressed the gentleness and constancy of the rejected mistress, but she stands and walks like an inexperienced player. Messrs. Lord as Sir Bruce, Delevanti as Harry, Hubbard as Del Magiore, and Wellesley as Sir Emmett Wildering complete the cast except for the star, all being competent to fill their rôles to our satisfaction.

Ethel Barrymore has not been here for ten years. We last saw her, as I remember, at the Orpheum in "The Ten-Pound Look." We have been hearing so much about her weight that it surely is not maladroitness to mention that it is still there, in spite of a mendacious press agent's fairy tale. But so is Ethel Barrymore, the handsome, magnetic, eye-engrossing woman; changed, of course, and with her mannerisms more pronounced, but still womanly, fascinating, almost—but not quite—irresistible.

But, away from her fond and faithful New York constituency, we, who survey Miss Barrymore with calmer vision, find that, born actress though she is, inevitably destined like all her family for the stage, dowered with a rich and magnetic personality, lovely once and still handsome in her markedly individualistic style, she has allowed an incrustation of faults to form over her marked talent. I am much inclined to think that, somewhat spoiled by the atmosphere of adulation in which she has passed her stage life, Miss Barrymore has underestimated the discrimination of her public, and allowed herself to lapse from her artistic standards. Else how account for the slipshodness of her speech? That is an old fault, but she has allowed it to grow on her. In her long speeches she falls into a sort of exaggerated vocal slide, tumbles several words together, and I know no player of reputation who can so lightly and airily vault over a full stop, and leave it crushed and disregarded. Furthermore, in pursuit of the naturalistic method she allows her delightful contralto voice to lapse into inaudible murmurs. Naturalness is no consolation whatever to an audience that does not know what the naturalistic player is talking about.

Besides these faults of acting Miss Barrymore, in the first act particularly, was not as well groomed as a popular actress, fresh from the purlieus of New York, seat of American style, should be. Some one complained bitterly that she wore r-b-b-r c-r-s-ts, and I shouldn't wonder if it is true. Besides, her slippers were decidedly shabby. But she did look stunning in the ivory white satin.

Against these omissions, artistic and sartorial, we must place the dramatic instinct of the woman which made her depict Lady Helen as so dauntless in the face of life's ignoble terrors. That smile in the face of the world meant, "I am the captain of my soul." In the final scene, however, her position was unsuitable, and Lady Helen's final exit too prolonged. But, generally speaking, the actress fills Zoë Akins' concept of a woman of surpassing charm and splendid, naturally noble womanhood whose social preëminence in the first act makes her wistful, homesick longing for the England that is lost to her all the more touching in the later scenes. There are spots on the sun, true; it is less dazzling than of yore; but still its effulgence warms our hearts.

#### THE W. L. GEORGE LECTURE.

What's the matter with San Francisco, generally so ready to look up New York sensations that come our way? W. L. George was a New York success. He has been widely quoted in the New York press for his comments on our country and our womenkind, and these excerpts from his lectures went far afield in the American press.

Add to this that W. L. George is one of the most prominent members of the modern school of British fiction and that he is a noted feminist, and you have an additional and very cogent reason for thinking he would attract large numbers of women.

But at his first lecture, entitled "The Intelligence of Women," there was a greater representation of men. Perhaps the mean things went to learn if there is a such a thing, and perhaps the women suspected that cold water was going to be thrown on their pretensions. At any rate they held back, but I wager they will turn out strong to hear the authority on problems concerned with sex offer his views as to how men and women get along in a—presumably—life partnership.

In his first lectures it was apparent at once that the English author had popularized his discourse by making it anecdotal and witty. "Woman," says Mr. George, with a specious air of conviction, "is not inferior; only different." And then he proceeds to give a number of instances that show that woman has no logic. They are prone to vain repetition, when trying to prove a point, and to interpose illogical assertions as impediments in the path of logic.

The miserable wretch accuses us of superstition, of getting sick of discussions before

they have reached their logical conclusion, and—crowning affront—of woman not being the mystery that she has always popularly been supposed to be; man himself having invented the fable of the mystery of woman. However, he gets in a few whacks at the men, when he recalls Shakespeare's, Dante's, and Goethe's attitude of superiority toward women, and that man more than woman is terrified by public opinion; in other words, that Mrs. Grundy is Mr. Grundy.

One of the most discerning of Mr. George's remarks, after he had poked a little fun at woman for enjoying, with an air of superiority, her alleged inscrutability, was that in which he advanced the idea that there was no mystery of woman, but a mystery of mankind; men puzzling women, and women puzzling men.

As to the sentimental idea concerning womanhood, the greater purity and saintliness of woman, her tenderness, the soft hand on the brow of care, etc., the lecturer absolutely refrained from applying a single poultice to feminine vanity.

As his books show, Mr. George is a modern of the moderns. The moderns have parted with much of the reticence that used to characterize Anglo-Saxon fiction. Nowadays they are much given to adventures in sexuality. Of course women read them with absorbing interest, for that is the only opportunity many women have in our faulty code of civilization approximately to penetrate the secrets of life.

The deficiency in these modernists who are so given to brilliantly written analyses of secret amours is that, like the Latin novelists, they are so obsessed by their subject that they fail to open to our view those larger and finer vistas of the human life and soul—or call it heart, if you prefer—which put courage and hope into us and give some refreshing exercise to our finer sensibilities.

Truth-telling is the aim of the modernist; and perhaps these young men who live the lives that they so truthfully depict offer a few clues to the older generation with which to penetrate the enigmatic soul of twentieth-century youth.

Let us therefore have the truth. But there are truths and truths. There is little doubt that the war has had a deterrent effect upon the flowering of human virtues. Young men and women lost their ideals, and some day the logical result will be that the newer generations will have truer ones. But in the meantime, while we recognize that modern fiction is a phase in human evolution which we must accept, we still hope that it will not continue to bear such a strong family resemblance to Continental fiction.

There are, it is true, great differences; there is, for instance, much keener analysis in the Anglo-Saxon fiction, the French being content sardonically to lay the adventures of their puppets before us without much comment.

#### AT THE PLAYERS.

March at the Players has come in like a lamb, as "Plots and Playwrights" (by Edward Massey) requires a cast of seventeen for its presentation, and a group of the junior members of the club—young lambkins in the limelight—are brought to the fore. This is as it should be, for, though the Players Theatre has, in a measure, entered into the commercial game, yet after all it is a society of amateurs who have joined for the purpose of occasionally appearing before the public and bidding for its favor.

Being in the commercial game would seem to necessitate putting forward the more sophisticated players of the organization rather oftener than the small fry. But the small fry have their rights, and they have been duly heeded in the selection of the cast for "Plots and Playwrights."

It should be added, however, that the small fry do not have it all their own way, since Mrs. Jane Parent, the senior member of the Players, and Mr. Frank Darien, temporary director during the vacation of Mr. Reginald Travers, fill two of the important rôles with the ease and assurance of veterans.

Miriam Elkus, also, who is a favorite with the Players' clientèle, contributes a very natural brogue to the rôle of a lodging-house Goodheart, who takes a friendly interest in the affairs of the most respectable lodgers.

"Plots and Playwrights" is a novelty. It presents a separate little drama for each floor of the lodging-house, and has a grand wind-up when everything goes off like gay fireworks into burlesque melodrama.

The little separate dramas are fairly interesting, and the wind-up act sufficiently absurd. But the general effect lacks dramatic unity, and one feels that the playwright has not put his besticks into a work of this kind. It is lively fantasia, but only talent and experience could make it show itself off.

However, it is, as I said, a good selection in order to give the kindergartners a chance. Not that they are all kindergartners; Peggy Tomson, Percy McGuire, Léon Bowen, Ernest Clewe, and one or two others having made good in previous rôles. But as a general

thing the cast made an impression of extreme youth and tender inexperience.

But it is a red-letter experience in their ranks. The bright young gum-chewing girl—I can't locate her on the long programme—made a hit. Happy gum-chewer! But, little gum-chewer, you must get some of that scratchiness out of your voice, even if you are trying to be tough. Young Peggy Shearer has a silvery little voice of her own, but she needs to borrow some of the gum-chewer's—Edith West, her name is—greater ease in gesture and attitude.

As for the rest, it was just a swirl of young men who were not sufficiently remarkable to be disentangled. But they all plunged into their rôles with youthful abandon, and an equally youthful audience reflected their ardor of dramatic enjoyment.

A novelty in the restaurant scene was the set used; a black and white silhouette representing cups, steins, tea-pots, and so forth, standing in cut-out white distinctness against a black background.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Bulgaria's Unique Stamp.

Copies of the new set of postage stamps issued by Bulgaria late in December have just arrived in this country (according to the New York Times). They are arousing peculiar interest among collectors because they are the first stamps upon which the portrait of a journalist has ever appeared. The stamps are a commemorative set, issued in memory of the services to Bulgaria of James David Bourchier, who for more than thirty years was the Balkan correspondent of the London Times. He died on December 30, 1920, and the stamps were placed in circulation on that date last year, the first anniversary of his death.

Mr. Bourchier spent more than half of his life in the Balkans and the neighboring countries in the southeastern part of Europe. Besides his extensive newspaper and periodical writings he wrote several books and he was decorated with various orders by the rulers of Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro. He died in Bulgaria and is buried in the church of the Rilo Monastery, on one of the loftiest mountain ranges near the southwestern border of the country.

This is the first time in the history of philately that a country has issued a complete set of stamps commemorative of the deeds of a foreigner. It is seldom that a country honors in its postal design the memory of a prominent person of a foreign land. A portrait of Washington has appeared on a stamp of Brazil, several South American countries honor Bolívar on their stamps, and Chile, several years ago, on one stamp, portrayed Admiral Lord Cochrane, who commanded the Chilean navy in its war of independence about a century ago. These are exceptional cases, and the honor paid by Bulgaria to the British writer, Bourchier, is exceptional.

Special facilities to care for the spiritual welfare of church members addicted to playing golf Sunday morning will be installed by the Dixmoor Golf Club of Chicago. A wireless receiving station will be set up as soon as the links are opened in the spring, so that members can listen to their favorite pastor while enjoying a cigarette on the veranda.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Duke of Killcrankie," written by Captain Robert Marshall and played so successfully by John Drew, opens Monday night at the Maitland, and a clever, amusing comedy is to be offered the play-going public.

Drew, when he started in this comedy, was supported by Fannie Brough, a famous English actress, and Margaret Dale. Drew had also played "The Royal Family" and "Second in Command," both by Marshall, but he made the biggest hit with his characterization of the Duke, who was in love with several women. Arthur Maitland will, of course, appear in the title-role.

That the public is not surfeited with Shaw plays has been evident from the enthusiasm and good crowds that have been greeting "Man and Superman," that story of the pursuit of man by woman being done this week at the Maitland. It is easily one of the most popular of the Shaw plays, and the performance is all that could be desired.

"The Climax," by Locke, will follow "The Duke of Killcrankie."

The Orpheum.

Hal Skelley is from musical comedy. He is credited with being the best extemporaneous comedian on the stage, and it is claimed that he can dance any dance conceivable. His present vehicle is a comedy skit with music called "The Mutual Man." The story is a new handling of mistaken identity.

In size Ruby Norton tips the scales around the 100th mark. In ability she is a heavy-

weight, and so she has been dubbed "the little big star of song." Miss Norton returns next week, with Clarence Senna, a piano soloist, who also plays accompanist.

To do one thing, and do it well, is quite an accomplishment for most of us, while the ability to accomplish two things simultaneously made a name for one Julius Caesar that has endured for two thousand years. Harry Kahne, who will be seen at the Orpheum next week, seems destined for a spot in the Hall of Fame, as he succeeds in baffling audiences everywhere by accomplishing six different things at one time. The six mental achievements of Mr. Kahne include reading and transcribing to a blackboard newspaper headings, written upside down and backwards, listening to and answering questions pertaining to the capitals of the states, giving their population, and telling what the cities are noted for, adding a column of figures upside down and backwards, and dividing a number up in the billions given him by the audience into six unequal parts, which, when added together, make the original sum.

Miller and Mack are called "the Bing Boys." They are a snappy pair of eccentric and dancing funsters. They get a laugh as well as a lift out of a song.

"A Little of This and That" as provided by Keegan and O'Rourke makes a lot of entertainment. They offer a specialty of songs and talk.

Kinzo, the Japanese juggler, has but just come from the Orient. All of Kinzo's feats are different.

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent and their enjoyable "Rings of Smoke" remain a second week, and so does Ann Gray, the harpist.

The Grand Opera Season.

The Chicago Grand Opera Company will open its second season in San Francisco on Monday evening, March 27th, in the Civic Auditorium, under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer. The Auditorium will be transformed into the semblance of an opera house, and additional care is being given to the comfort of the patrons. A horseshoe of boxes is being constructed and every seat on the lower floor is being set at an elevation and an angle that will allow a perfect view of the stage.

"Aida" will open the fortnight's engagement on March 27th. Rosa Raisa sings the title-role, with Edward Johnson as Rhadames. Cyrena Van Gordon will be heard as Amneris, and Giacomo Rimini will lend distinction to the rôle of the Ethiopian king, Amonasro. The great chorus, the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet, and the stage band of forty will make this an impressive performance.

The director-general, Mary Garden, will make her first appearance this season on Tuesday night in Montemezzi's tragic opera of mediæval Italy, "The Love of Three Kings." With her will be heard Lucien Muratore, the peerless French tenor, and also Georges Baklanoff and Virgilio Lazzari.

Josef Schwarz will be heard in "Rigoletto" on Wednesday evening. The impression made by Schwarz in the rôle of the Jester was one of the reasons that led Mary Garden to repeat the opera this year. Edith Mason, the American soprano, will sing the rôle of Gilda. One of the operas which is awaited with the greatest of interest is "Salomé," which will afford local music lovers the opportunity to see Mary Garden in one of the rôles which she has made her own. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" will be revived by the Chicago company for the Saturday matinee on April 8th. The rôle of Dick Johnson will be sung by Ulysses Lappas the young Greek tenor. Lappas sang the part in New York a few weeks ago with remarkable success. Rosa Raisa will be the Minnie of the cast and Giacomo Rimini will impersonate the sheriff, Jack Rance.

Other operas in the repertoire are "Tannhäuser," with Raisa, Van Gordon, Martin, and Schwarz; "The Juggler of Notre Dame," in which Mary Garden will sing, supported by Dufranne and Lazzari; "Romeo and Juliet," with Edith Mason, Lucien Muratore, and Georges Baklanoff; "The Jewels of the Madonna," with Rosa Raisa, Lamont, and Rimini; "Louise," in which Ulysses Lappas will sing Julien to the Louise of Mary Garden; "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Mason in the title-rôle; "Norma," with Rosa Raisa, Irene Pavloska, Forrest Lamont, and Virgilio Lazzari; "La Bohème," with Edith Mason, Irene Pavloska, Edward Johnson, Giacomo Rimini, and Virgilio Lazzari, and "Monna Vanna," with Mary Garden, Lucien Muratore, and Georges Baklanoff.

The Pope's Choir.

The Pope's Sistine Chapel Choir of the Vatican, consisting of fifty-four of the picked voices of Italy, is scheduled to sail tomorrow from Naples on the British P. & O. steamer *Naldora* for Melbourne, Australia, where on Saturday, April 15th, the choir will commence a concert tour of the Antipodes lasting from eight to fourteen weeks. Following that, it is anticipated that arrangements will have been completed whereby San Francisco and other cities of the Pacific Coast will have a series

of twelve concerts, and Manager Frank W. Healy is asking that \$45,000 be guaranteed to underwrite them.

His Grace, Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, R. M. Tobin, secretary of the Hibernia Bank, Mr. W. H. Leahy, proprietor of the Tivoli Opera House, and Mr. A. P. Giannini on behalf of the Bank of Italy have subscribed to the guarantee fund.

The Columbia Theatre.

The Columbia Theatre announces a series of comic opera revivals, to follow Ethel Barrymore. The singing organization recently heard here under the Ralph Dunbar management is to return with added stars. Nearly fifty people will be heard in the opening production of "The Mikado." "Pinafore" also is to be staged. The productions will be complete in every respect, and the numbers will be sung by fresh, young voices.

Ethel Barrymore will enter Monday upon the second week of her present San Francisco engagement in "Déclasseé," at the Columbia.

Godowsky and Kreisler.

Leopold Godowsky, pianist, will give concerts at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, March 21st, and Sunday afternoon, March 26th, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy.

Fritz Kreisler will be heard in his only recital in Northern California on Easter Sunday, April 16th, at the Exposition Auditorium, under the same local management.

Miss Grace Ewing, contralto interpreter of French folk songs, recently gave a much enjoyed programme before the Ebell Club of Oakland, which comprised songs of the children, legendary folklore, and historical songs.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS AND THE POPE.

A remarkable interview—sympathetic and appraising—with Benedict XV is contained in Sir Philip Gibbs' recent book, "More That Must Be Told" (Harpers). Sir Philip describes how he obtained this unusual honor, and goes into details about the interview, which takes on added significance since the Pope's death:

"I have said that the ideals of the time are the same in the antechambers of the Pope as in the thatched cot of the peasant. That sounds like an affected phrase, yet not long after the war it was in the Pope's own room, and from the Pope himself, that I heard the proof of that. Looking back upon that interview I had with him in the Vatican, I am astonished at the temerity with which I asked for it and the rapidity with which it was granted, for it was against all precedents and contrary to the austere etiquette and privacy which surround the Vatican. My intermediary was a certain Monsignor Ceretti. . . . He laughed heartily when I told him of my desire. 'Impossible!' he said. 'They don't allow journalists, even at a public audience.' 'Of course there was no chance, and I put the idea out of my head until at the Hotel Bristol I received a card permitting me to be received in private audience by Sa Sainteté for twenty minutes, at noon on the following day. The impossible had happened! . . . So through the golden sunlight of an October day in Rome, in the year 1919, I drove in an old carrozza to the Vatican. I felt like a man with a great mission. I was going to get a message which might help the sick old world a little. . . .

"Benedict XV . . . was a simple figure, dressed in white, not so tall as I had expected—a tiny man—and with a scholar's look, a little austere at first glance. Only at a glance, for, after my first salute, and when I asked him for permission to speak in French, he laughed in a genial way, and said, in French also, 'In that language we shall understand each other.' 'Then he took me by the hand and led me to a chair close to his own, so that we sat side by side.

"He asked me about America first, having heard that I had been there not long ago, and then asked me to tell him about the little studies I have been making of the conditions of Europe after the war. . . .

"I noticed that throughout our conversation the Pope's thoughts seemed to be concentrated mostly upon the conditions of the working classes. He spoke of the people rather than of their rulers, and of the poor rather than of the rich.

"When, for instance, I referred again to the strikes and other symptoms of social unrest in many countries, he said: 'The people have been irritated by a sense of injustice. . . . There are many men who have made money out of this war.' 'He made a gesture with his forefinger and thumb, as though touching money, and said: 'Those who grew rich out of the war will have to pay. The burden of taxation will, no doubt, fall heavily upon them.'

"Speaking about the relations between capi-

tal and labor. . . . 'All teaching, . . . may be summed up in two words—Justice and Charity. If men behave justly and with real Christian charity toward one another, many of the troubles of the world will be removed. But without justice and charity there will be no social progress.'

"The words he had spoken were not sensational. To be quite truthful, I was disappointed with them. There was nothing in what he had said which would call to the hearts of peoples with trumpet notes, no great cry of pity and appeal, no passion of spiritual leadership. Here was a little, scholarly man, using no high-flown phrases, but talking with keen common sense, sincere interest in the problems of democracy, sadness at the tragedy of the world. . . . Most people would see nothing but platitudes in what he told me. Yet, after all . . . they were platitudes based upon the authority of old and wise tradition, and upon a faith in Christ, and such words spoken by a Pope or by a peasant might fall strangely upon the ears of a world deafened by loud and hostile cries, after a war in which such a phrase as 'Christian charity' was mocked by hatred and cruelty."

Impersonations of Dickens' Characters.

Frank C. Thompson, "a man with many voices," will give an "Impersonation of Dickens' Characters" in the Paul Elder Gallery, Wednesday afternoon, March 15th, at 2:30 o'clock. Mr. Thompson, who interprets almost fifty parts, will give a selection entirely different from that rendered in his highly successful "Afternoon with Dickens" last fall, including such favorites as Mr. Toots, Squeers, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Crupp, Scrooge, and Sydney Carton.

"Well, so long," said the aviator, nonchalantly, as he prepared to drop 5000 feet earthward. "Pardon me for mentioning it," said the pilot, "but you haven't hooked on your parachute yet." "Thanks, old top. In another minute I would have been gone without it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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Friday, 11 a. m., March 10—"Search of the Past," "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Sunday, 8:15 p. m.—"Society and Divorce."

Tuesday, 11 a. m., March 14—"Moby Dick or the White Whale," "Toilers of the Sea."

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## VANITY FAIR.

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ings, smoke cigarettes, doll up, go petting, discard their stays, and ask boldly what they want to know, but they are the same girls who wore balloon sleeves and danced the two-step to Sousa marches.' This kindly view from one who ought to know is most reassuring. Of course the chief fault with the modern co-ed is the basic fault that she is a woman. It is not that she is a modern, but that she is a co-ed; and not that she is a college girl, but a girl. One should not get away from fundamentals. And yet it is one of her own sex and kind who has dealt her the unkindest blow of all. If co-eds, from Cornell to the University of California, are consoled by the women's dean of the former seat of learning they can nevertheless be only chagrined by the exposure of a junior at the western university. This young woman declares that the average attractive co-ed at Berkeley in particular and at all co-educational colleges generally attains her degree, not by cultivating books, but looks—her own—and not by the study of subjects, always dry and unattractive to the female of the species, but by the much more profitable study of human nature—her prof's. In short, the co-ed's critic at Berkeley maintains that her colleagues work their way through college by vamping. Despite a decent tendency to revolt from any charge including that overworked term, a sense of fairness—entirely divorced from any morbid interest in the subject—compelled one to study Miss Eyre's exposé. Her accusing document is a farce printed in the university paper, the *Occident*. Astonishingly enough, though Miss Eyre sets out to prove her thesis, that co-eds graduate as a result of vamping rather than of studious research, her farce suggests only the contrary—that the vamping co-ed comes to speedy grief. The moral is a little clouded, but one infers at least that farces should not be weighted with grave charges. They are apt to snap under the strain. Miss Eyre's essay in the thematic farce but proves the statement of the kindly dean of Cornell—that woman is the same in all eras and—dare we say?—at all ages.

There is probably nothing else so fascinating to the average good American as the high sound of titles. Accordingly Mr. Balfour's refusal of a dukedom resounds with even greater magnanimity here than in England. We can understand, of course, why an American citizen should refuse British honors. We point with pride to Sargent's still extant American citizenship. But a Britisher born and bred—! That is incredible. The idea of one of our countrymen refusing a high American honor brings it home with still greater force. The Briton could teach us something in the way of disinterested national service. But as a matter of titular importance the subject has another interest. English aristocrats of great old historic houses have a family pride hard for the American individualist to comprehend. For an Englishman who has inherited the best of British blood to accept a title and a new name is to cast aspersions on what he justly regards as the greater dignity of the old one. For a man to submit to a newly created title implies that he is bettering himself and that he stood in need of aggrandizement. There one has the hauteur of the aristocratic individualist as distinct from his republican colleague, whose glory in new honors suggests to the crudely analogical mind a naive primitive glorying in gifts of wampum. However, there have been more amusing though equally altruistic reasons for declining titles. The late Sir Edward Malet declined the peerage offered him on his retirement from the diplomatic service because acceptance would have lowered the rank of his wife, who, as long as her husband was a commoner, retained the rank and precedence of a duke's daughter. If Sir Edward had been raised to the peerage as a baronet she would have immediately dropped several points in the scale of British precedence. Gladstone declined a peerage, not because of any aristocratic scruple, but because he was denied the title—the Earl of Liverpool—on which his heart was set. Others have declined promotion to the peerage because they could ill afford the upkeep of such a luxury; and still others insist on a life peerage only, to protect their heirs from inherited expense. Mr. Balfour's refusal, however, stands out as one of the most dignified on English record.

The latest, according to *Punch*, is the dancing breakfast. Not that a *déjeuner dansant* is more radical than a *thé dansante* so far as we can see. Dancing, once associated with the hours after dark, has by a simple metamorphosis easily understood by science come to be a recreation associated with meals. If a dinner-dance is a normal affair, why balk at a breakfast dance? Neither one is satisfactory to a person with a healthy appetite, but then exercise should stimulate the jaded appetite and besides who has a healthy hunger any more, anyway? Altogether the breakfast dance ought to catch on. For the benefit of the curious we quote from *Punch*: "The dancing breakfast is undoubtedly a develop-

ment that has caught firmly on, especially with the younger generation, although there are some of the older and more conservative school who protest that the dancer's day ought not to begin till luncheon time. As one of the latter sighed the other day, 'If a man can't go to bed in the morning when can he go?' All the same, no week-end hostess who knows her duties neglects to provide a drummer and a saxophone player for those early birds that feel like sandwiching a fox-trot between the porridge and the kippers. The leading restaurants, too, have been prompt to fall in with this movement, and at one or two of them the band is in attendance as early as 8 o'clock for the convenience of the busy ones in these days when it is quite the thing to be busy."

Gallileo discovered the law of the pendulum, and some one else has found regnant in human life such swings as the pendulum makes. We oscillate. The steadiest-looking institutions seem worse than jelly in their instability, worse than water in their impotence to keep a fixed form. Rigidity is not. Children teach their parents, wives govern husbands, and there comes news from Paris that the male sex is now mainly interested in lace bordered handkerchiefs, and stays and cuff ruffs, and contributes the larger half of the customers of the perfumer. It may be the effect of reaction from the Flanders mud and the grime and physical wretchedness of the trenches, but whatever the cause it looks as though man were fixing himself to be courted. Well, it might be a relief, and a solution. Flowers and theatre tickets, and birthday and Christmas and St. Valentine's Day remembrances, to say nothing of the jeweler occasionally, doubtless have, in many matrimonial border-line cases, proved strong deterrents to those whose natural indolence inclined them to bachelorhood. Threats of taxing them to the altar seem unavailing; the brutes are more disposed to pay. But perhaps their repugnance has been, not so much to the velvet-covered chains of domesticity, as the intricate, technical, hazardous, laborious, and often sleep-destroying adventures of courtship. The proper labors of it, added to the normal struggle for existence, would seem to be enough. But there are usually added, we believe, the intense anxieties occasioned by the variant graces and uncertainly provocative charms of the object of pursuit. The man who has been trying to guess the course of the stock market all day, often finds himself called upon to spend part of the evening guessing (or trying to guess, the big stupid) what part of the perfect lover he overlooked yesterday or last week—a part in a code more intricate than free masonry or the Chinese alphabet. For an entire evening the least-experienced flapper can maintain a precarious conversational balance between tickling tantalization and irritant titillation, enough to drive the tired business man into a duck-blind for life. As a matter of reality, however, we understand they soon return for more punishment. For, we can not share the Shavian view that it is woman who now pursues man, netting him in the gossamer snares that so abruptly grow to hempen cables. No doubt the snares are there, but she can only be justly charged at present with luring him into them. If this allurements shall be turned to downright pursuit, the swing of the matrimonial pendulum will be back to its other limit; and the stage of life will be set for some diverting drama; not the least interesting feature of which will be the sport the audience derives from seeing how fast the new quarry purposes to run.

**Shackleton's London Clubs.**

Sir Ernest Shackleton in the intervals of his expeditions and travels figured a good deal in London life (says the *Manchester Guardian*). He had a way of being prominent wherever he went. Leadership is a gift which comes out even when there is no leading. He had some family troubles, and took on a burden not necessarily his which handicapped him when he most needed his resources.

Latterly his favorite club was the Marlborough, where he was immensely popular. He created an innovation in that centre of leisure and propriety by conducting a large part of his correspondence and giving interviews there to aspirants after fame who wished to join his expedition.

Another club, a very homely one, in which Shackleton was greatly welcomed was a little dining society in Soho called "The Penguins," consisting of Arctic and Antarctic explorers and some friends interested in their work. Stefansson, Bruce, Young, and many other heads of expeditions were entertained there in a simple and warm way. Shackleton was one of several of the members who died on service. The most loved was little Murray, the oceanographer, who sang many a Scottish song in that low-roofed room with its frieze of penguins painted under the ceiling. He was lost in one of Stefansson's expeditions.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two Irish-Americans, one of whom had never before seen Erin, were representing the United States at a convention in Dublin. "Fifty-three years ago," declared one, "I left Ireland a naked little boy, without a dollar in me pockets." The audience was greatly affected and the other speaker decided not to be outdone. "Until last week," he orated, "I had never set foot in the land of me birth."

During a sermon recently delivered by a Philadelphia clergyman there were frequent references to "sanctimonious, psalm-singing, professed Christians who have no real religion in their make-up." A lad of ten who had heard the sermon remarked to his father when they returned home: "Dad, I shouldn't have thought Dr. Smith would have spoken that way about Christians this morning. There might have been some of them in church."

The new minister had asked Al Jones to lead in prayer. It was Al's first experience, but, not wishing to disappoint his new pastor, he complied. Twenty minutes later found him still praying. The congregation was becoming restless. Finally, from a deacon's pew, there came a loud and devout, "Amen." Unbending his knees, the supplicant exclaimed, "God bless you, deacon! That's the word I've been trying to think of ever since I started."

A British cyclist rode on through the rain. He was drenched and splashed from head to foot with mud. He saw a countryman walking toward him. "How far to Riston?" he asked. "Eight miles in the other direction," was the answer. "You're going the wrong way," "The other way!" gasped the cyclist. "But the last signpost pointed 'This Way to Riston.'" "Ah, that post was turned around long ago to confuse the Zeppelins," answered the countryman with a knowing smile.

The young New England bride had risen early and descended to the kitchen of the big old Southern home. Mammy Caroline had not yet arrived, and as the young bride watched she emerged from her quarters, and entering the kitchen, began preparations for breakfast. "Why, Caroline!" said her mistress, "aren't you going to wash your face and hands before you start breakfast?" "Lord bless yo', honey," replied the unabashed Caroline, "it don't make me dirty to sleep."

Mrs. M. had arrived at the little station in Vermont on a cold stormy evening and had hired an old man to drive her to her friend's farm up among the hills. The roads were in bad condition from the storm, and the ride was altogether a very uncomfortable one. "How much do I owe you?" she asked on arriving at her destination. "Well, ma'am," said the old man, "my reg'lar price is a dollar, but seein' as it's sech a bad night and the goin' so terrible, I'll call it seventy-five cents."

A Wall Street broker was the father of a small family which he rarely was able to see, as he was too engrossed in making a fortune. One night, however, he was to stay home and take care of the several young offspring alone. The next morning his wife asked him if he underwent any difficulties. "Oh," he said, "I got them all to bed O. K. except that little red-headed one. I had to lick her before she'd go." "Why, John!" his wife exclaimed. "That isn't our child. She lives across the street!"

Cortlandt Bleeker, congratulated at Piping Rock on the smartness of a new lounging suit, said: "London clothes are very good looking, but the trousers are always uncomfortable. They come up nearly to your chin, you know. This cut is supposed to have a corset-like effect and to make the coat set better. A nobleman was once rebuked by the king for the shabbiness of his trousers. 'A man of your rank,' the king said sternly, 'ought to wear better trousers than those.' You'd think the nobleman's answer was a joke, but no—he was speaking the literal truth when he said to the king in a tremulous voice: 'Sir, my trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart.'"

A farmer and his wife were up before a justice of the peace for assault and battery. The complainant was their hired man. The farmer had been beating his wife, when the hired man interfered. The farmer had immediately turned on the hired man, and for a time the two had it nip and tuck. Suddenly the farmer's wife had thrown herself on the hired man, kicking, clawing, and shouting, "What do you mean by interferin'? Guess my ol' man's got a right to beat me if he wants to!" After hearing the testimony, the judge said to the woman: "You must have great esteem and respect for your hus-

band when you will help him beat up a man who has just prevented him from beating you up." "Taint that, jedge," replied the woman, "but 'safety first' is my motto. So long as Jake was a-gettin' th' best of it I said nothin', but when I seed that he was a-tirin' an' thet my ol' man was a-goin' to lick him, I knowed thet if I didn't stick up fer my ol' man I'd a got a good lickin'. 'Safety first' is my motto, jedge."

General Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner on his yacht *Romola*, told a war story. "What was true of the civil war will be true of the world war some day," he began. "In a hotel smoking-room back in the '90s a number of veterans got into a dispute over a certain battle. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued very turbulently. But a quiet man spoke up and said: 'Gentlemen, I happened to be there at that engagement, and I think I can settle the point at issue.' And settle it he did. The hotel proprietor, much impressed, said to him when he got through: 'My dear sir, what may have been your rank in the army?' 'I was a private, sir, a full private,' was the calm reply. A short time afterward the full private asked for his bill, as he was about to depart, but the proprietor said to him: 'Not a penny, sir! Not a penny! You owe me nothing.' 'Why, how is that?' the other demanded in bewilderment. 'I couldn't dream of charging you, sir,' said the proprietor warmly. 'You are the first private I have ever met.'"

"Have you ever read 'To a Fieldmouse'?" "Why, no! How do you get them to listen?" —*Yale Record*.

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Nan's lips are ever sweet (for Thomas told me so);  
Her hands are soft (I think James ought to know);  
She likes to hug (at least so Julius said);  
She loves to kiss (I got this straight from Fred).  
A ring looks swell upon her hand (said Dick);  
When she says "yes" she's charming (murmured Nick).  
She loves the light real low (I learned from Ned);  
Her hair is silky (this I owe to Jed).  
She cuddles, oh, so nicely (voiced Eugene);  
She clings to one so vinelike (murmured Deane).  
Her cheeks are made of velvet (gurgled Van);  
Their color ne'er comes off (suggested Dan).  
I really feel that with kind words like these—  
You folks may view the matter as you please—  
That I'm indeed a very lucky man.  
To get so versatile a wife as Nan.

—Raymond L. Kurtz in Judge.

Colonial Ancestors of the Volstead Act.

Although the colonial Virginians were hard-riding, hard-drinking, hospitable, and gallant gentlemen, little inclined to brook undue restraints of their personal liberty by legislation, it is recorded that they did at one time attempt to enforce a prohibition measure. In "Potomac Landings" Paul Wilstach tells about the fate of this ancestor of the Volstead Act. "Small 'tipping houses,' probably mere drinking bars, for the refreshment of travelers became so numerous that Virginia passed her first prohibition laws limiting each county to one at the courthouse and one at a public landing or ferry. But the law was not

popular and was quickly swept aside, says Mr. Wilstach. The inns and coffee houses were so attractive with their convivial tap rooms that they became an embarrassment to the colonial government, for the clerks in the provincial offices spent far more time tipping at their bars than in recording deeds in the government offices. Jellie's tavern in St. Mary's City, the first capital of Maryland, was so alluring that the council in 1696 requested the mayor and aldermen to suppress it. The legislature also made stringent laws regarding the comfort of the traveler. The St. Mary's bonifaces, according to Mr. Wilstach, were obliged to have at least twenty feather beds, and in their stables they were required to furnish room for at least twenty horses.

"To all those victims of the exorbitant bootlegger who regret the days when a drink was a drink instead of a transaction in high finance the Maryland laws against profiteering in liquors will be interesting. Among the charges fixed by the legislature were: 'Brandy, malaga and sherry, 10 shillings per gallon; canary, 12 shillings; French, Rhenish, Dutch, and English wines, 6 shillings; Mum, 3 shillings; plain cider, 25, and boiled cider, 30 lbs. tobacco per quart.' Lodging in bed with sheets was also fixed at 12 pence, and diet 1 shilling per meal."

"What's all that noise gwine on ovah at yo' house last night?" asked an old colored woman of another. "Sounded like a lot of catamounts done broke loose." "Dat? Why, dat was nothin' only de gen'man from the furniture store collecting his easy payments." —*The Bullock Way*.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

At a small dinner recently given by Mrs. Everett Ames, formerly of Oakland, at her apartments at the Wickersham in Portland, Oregon, the news of her engagement to Mr. James Gillison of that city was informally announced. Definite plans for the wedding have not been announced, as Mrs. Ames has but recently returned to Portland from the East. Mr. Gillison is associated with Balfour, Guthrie & Co. in Portland, and is a resident member of the Arlington Club of that city.

The marriage of Mrs. Marie Haydel Benoist of St. Louis and Mr. Gordon Tevis, son of Mr. William S. Tevis, was solemnized last Saturday at Carmelita Parish House in Montecito, Rev. Father Serra officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Tevis have gone to New Orleans on their wedding trip and later will go to Havana and Panama before returning to California. They will make their home in Los Angeles.

The marriage of Mrs. Katherine Peppers of Oakland and Mr. Carleton Earle Miller, son of Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller, took place Tuesday at Calvary Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Lynn officiating. Miss Mary Josselyn was the maid of honor. Mr. Frank Peterson was the best man. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Miller will reside in San Francisco.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth La Boyteaux, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux of San Francisco and New York, and Captain Edward Pegram, Jr., the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pegram of New Canaan, Connecticut, was solemnized February 25th, at the Church of Heavenly Rest in New York, Bishop Herbert Shipman officiating. A reception followed at the bride's home on Park Avenue. Miss Mary La Boyteaux was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Lily Duperti of New York, Miss Rachel Mellom of Pittsburg, Miss Elizabeth Allen of Bronxville, and Miss Isabel MacLeish of Richmond, Virginia. Captain William Vernon was the best man and the ushers were Captain Otto Praeger, Lieutenant Edgar Marburg, Mr. Frederick Wright, Mr. Chester Spalding, and Mr. Charles Hickox.

For the benefit of the Girl's Recreation and Home Club a Horse Show is being held by the auxiliary of the institution at the Seventh Avenue Riding School. They are giving three performances, the closing one being held tonight. Among the members of the auxiliary are Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mrs. John Breuner, Mrs. Alfred Swinerton, Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. Daniel Volkman, Mrs. Richard Heiman, Mrs. William Leib, Mrs. W. R. Leet, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot, Mrs. George Ebricht, Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Miss Agnes and Miss Mary Harrison gave a bridge-tea last Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz gave a dinner at the Palace Thursday for Miss Barbara Kimble, their guests including Miss Edna Taylor, Miss

Lawton Filer, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Ensign Nicholas Van Bergen, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, and Mr. George McNear.

Mrs. Edwin Griffith and Miss Mary Pauline Coppée were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Thursday in San Rafael by Miss Margaret Foster.

Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman gave a dinner-dance at Tait's-at-the-Beach Thursday for Miss Hatherly Brittain and Mr. William Bliss. Among their guests were Dr. and Mrs. Walter Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken.

Complimenting Mrs. George Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. William Sesson gave a dinner Saturday night. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Bradley, Mrs. F. P. Pfingst, Miss Maye Carroll, and Mr. R. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon Sunday in Piedmont for Admiral and Mrs. Eberle.

Commander and Mrs. Frederick Perkins gave a dinner Saturday at Mare Island, complimenting Admiral and Mrs. J. McKean.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame for Mrs. Herman Duryea of New York. Their guests were Mrs. Edward Thaw, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Cornelia Armsby, Captain Symington, Mr. Gordon Armsby, and Mr. Joseph Redding.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner last evening at the St. Francis, preceding the Horse Show.

Miss Jean Searles gave a tea Tuesday in Piedmont in compliment to Mrs. Holbrook Goodale, wife of Ensign Goodale, of the U. S. S. California.

Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge gave a bridge party Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. William Tubbs entertained more than a dozen guests at luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Paul Fay gave a tea last Monday, her guests including Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Cox, Mrs. Clarence Oddie, Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. George Lyman, Mrs. Effingham Sutton, Mrs. Warren Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Leo Merle, Mrs. Edgar Freeman, and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet.

Miss Helen St. Goar entertained at tea Saturday at the Palace.

Captain and Mrs. Clark Woodward gave a tea last week in Coronado, complimenting Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle.

Miss Louise Mahoney and Miss Frances Jolliffe received the guests at the opening of the Court-yard Studios Tearooms in Chinatown Monday afternoon. Those present were Mrs. William Younger, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. Snell Cobb, Mrs. Wood-

worth Selfridge, Mrs. Florence Sloss, Mrs. Campbell Shorb, Mrs. Herbert Crittenden, Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Elizabeth Zane, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Harriet Jolliffe, and Miss Constance Beardsley.

Commander and Mrs. George Landerberger gave a dinner Thursday evening at Yerba Buena as a farewell to Commander and Mrs. John Pond. In the party were Colonel and Mrs. Giles Bishop, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. John Ballard, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. John Baughman, Miss Mary Ward, and Lieutenant-Commander Perkins.

Mrs. R. T. Harding gave a luncheon Thursday at the Palace, complimenting Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego. Among her guests were Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. William Blake, Mrs. John McDonald, Mrs. Armstrong Taylor, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. S. Yada, and Miss Alice Grimes.

In honor of Mrs. Edward Eberle and Mrs. George Barnett, Mrs. R. P. Scherwin was a luncheon hostess Thursday in San Mateo.

Mrs. George Fordeier gave a luncheon Thursday at the Francisca Club, those at the affairs having been Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. Thomas Williams, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, Mrs. Harold Dollar, Mrs. Frederick Palmer, Mrs. William Weir, Mrs. Harry Willari, Mrs. John Polhemus, Mrs. Frank Grace, and Mrs. Charles Shiels.

Mrs. Duncan Frissell was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday at the Palace by Mrs. Robert Richards. Her guests were Mrs. David Barrows, Mrs. Salem Pohlman, Mrs. William de Fremery, Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Ralph Merritt, Mrs. Francis Shook, Mrs. Langley Porter, Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Miss Ella Barrows, and Miss Zeta Baker.

A tea was given Sunday, March 5th, on board the U. S. S. battleship California by Commander Bradley and officers to Mr. Pablo Sanchez and party, composed of prominent Spanish-American friends residing at present in this city. The party consisted of Don Francisco Dueñas and daughters, Miss Maria Teresa Dueñas, Miss Edelmira Dueñas, Mrs. Luis de Alarcon, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Miss Ella Tarraga, Miss Marian Lopez, Miss Sally O'Bear, and Mr. Francisco Dueñas, Jr.

Polo interest will be transferred to the northern part of California this month with tournaments scheduled at San Mateo and Del Monte. These matches are looked forward to with interest, as teams are well balanced this season and rivalry among the followers of the various clubs keen. The Del Monte Spring Tournament will open on March 25th and there will be in competition representations from the Midwick Club, the Denver Country Club, San Mateo Polo Club, the Monterey Presidio, and Del Monte. One of the feature events to be contested will be the special match between the north and the south for the S. F. B. Morse Poppy Club. Side features to the polo tournament will be a paper chase on March 29th and a Gymkana on April 1st.

The golf features holding sway at Del Monte consist of the freak Bletcherin Contest this coming week-end and the Pebble Beach Gold Golf Vase on March 17th to 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis Winkler are being congratulated upon the birth of a son at their home in Java.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

## Operatic Lectures

Those who, in a devout spirit, are making preparation for the Chicago Grand Opera season are taking a course in interpretative opera recitals from Sydney Francis Hoben, who travels around the world presenting his interesting opera repertory, with musical selections rendered on the piano. Mr. Hoben's present course of four operas presumably to be sung here in the coming opera season, which is given under the management of Miss Seckels, will conclude with "Tannhäuser" on March 13th and "Norma" on March 16th. His method is to give some particulars of the life and works of the composer, classify his music according to its school, and then graphically tell the story, which is interpolated with selections from the musical score.

## A Shaw Play at Berkeley.

"Getting Married," perhaps the most delightful of Bernard Shaw's satirical comedies on marriage, the next production scheduled by the Greek Theatre Players of the University of California, will be performed on Saturday night, March 11th, with repetitions on March 17th and 18th. The production Saturday night, at Wheeler Hall, will feature Irving Pichel in the part of St. John Hotchkiss, which was originally created by William Faversham. Nancy Tyler will play Mrs. Bridgeworth. Other players will be Pamela Tyler, Clayton Lane, Violette Wilson, Harold Minger, Walter Plunkett, Charles Dillman, Edward Hogan, and Mary Morris.

## The Next Training Camp.

Major Robert A. Roos, assistant chief of staff of the Ninety-First Division, visited Del Monte and cities on the Monterey peninsula over the week-end to familiarize himself with the proposed site of the training camp to take place in July and August. The camp will be located on a level stretch of ground overlooking the polo fields and race-track. While no definite decision has been rendered, the officials and citizens of the cities on the Monterey peninsula are confident that they will be given an opportunity to assist in the establishment of a very successful camp.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

The Misses Fannie and May Friedlander are en route to Tahiti and Australia, having sailed from San Francisco last Friday. They will be away until the late summer.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., have returned to San Diego, after a short visit here. They will come north again in a few weeks and will sail from here for Europe by way of Panama.

Mrs. Thomas Garritt of Seattle and New York has left for Southern California, after a visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr.

Mrs. Herman Duryea of New York will leave next week for Santa Barbara for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Watriss of New York have concluded their visit with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Millbrae, and are visiting in Santa Barbara. They are at El Mirasol.

Mrs. George Barnett is in Washington, where she will pass a few weeks. She will go to New York before returning to California.

Mrs. Schultz Hopkins and her little son will leave shortly for Pebble Beach, where they will open their summer cottage.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman has gone to Pasadena for a visit of several weeks. She is at the Hotel Maryland.

Miss Cornelia Armsby, Miss Ysabel Chase, and Mr. Raymond Armsby are traveling through the southern part of the state. They will spend the greater part of the trip in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Eck returned last week from New York, where they passed the month of February. Mr. and Mrs. Van Eck will leave in May for Europe to spend the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham have rented the Gregory house in Menlo Park. They will take possession of it shortly after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans have gone to Santa Barbara for a brief sojourn. They are at El Encanto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig and Miss Marguerite Brunswig of Los Angeles will sail in April for Europe to be gone a year. They are at present visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Toledano in New Orleans.

Mrs. Richard Sprague is en route home from Europe, where she has been passing the greater part of the winter. She was recently in Gibraltar with Mr. Sprague's cousins, the American consul, Mr. Richard Sprague, and Mrs. Sprague.

Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle are spending a few weeks at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling will leave shortly on a trip through Southern California. They will be accompanied by Miss Ruth Hobart and Miss Elita Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Guernsey Curran of Oyster Bay, New York, are visiting in California. At present they are at Del Monte.

Commander and Mrs. William A. Smead have come from San Pedro and are staying at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Miss Emilie Parrott, and Mr. John Parrott will leave the first of the week for Santa Barbara to be gone a month.

Mrs. Edwin Griffith and Miss Mary Pauline Coppée have left for New York en route to Europe. They will go directly to London to be among the guests at the wedding of their nephew, Mr. Wharton Thurston, and Miss Evelyn Poett, which will take place in the middle of April.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King will spend the summer at Atherton, where they have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde Smith has returned to Honolulu, after a visit of four months with Mrs. Alexander Garceau.

Mrs. Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham have left India and are en route to San Francisco.

They went to the Far East from Europe, and in Jaitur they were the guests of Sir James Butler. Mrs. Graham and her daughter will visit in San Francisco for a week before returning south.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne are sojourning at the Breakers, Palm Beach, where they will be throughout the month of March.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy are at Cap Ferrat, where they have reopened their villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman have taken a place in Menlo Park for the summer opposite the Flood place, Linden Towers.

Mr. James D. Phelan, who has been touring the Orient for some months, has extended his travels to include Egypt. He sailed from Bombay January 28th. On his arrival in Europe, Mr. Phelan and the members of his party will tour Italy and Spain, where they will pass the spring and early summer. Among those in the group are Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Ward Barron, and Mr. Noel Sullivan.

Ensign Atherton Macondray, Jr., has returned to San Diego, after a brief visit with Mrs. Macondray in town.

Mrs. Edward Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton Howard returned last week from San Francisco, after an extended visit in New York and Washington.

Mrs. Parrott Whitney has moved from Broadway to a residence on Vallejo Street.

Miss Louise Bradbury and Miss Rosario Einstein of Los Angeles have returned south, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jenkins.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Pritchett have returned from New York to Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Hildreth Meiere will spend the summer abroad and has engaged passage for June 14th. She will go directly to Italy.

Mrs. William Pringle has been obliged to postpone her return to California until after Easter. She is at present in New York.

Mrs. Thomas Driscoll has returned from a trip to Pasadena.

Among Eastern visitors now at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. J. Burnham Perry of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Burns of New York, Mr. and Mrs. I. O. Ball of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. David N. Minton of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Mason of Boston.

Miss Jessie M. Ewing has gone East to be the guest of Mrs. W. D. Wurtsbaugh, wife of the commandant of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois. From there Miss Ewing will visit in Washington and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stimmel (nee Miss Elsie Bishop) whose marriage was celebrated in San Francisco last Saturday, are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Holt of Stockton entertained a party of friends at their Pebble Beach home over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy, with their daughter, Miss Bernardie Murphy, and Mrs. Murphy's sister, Miss Sue Sinnott, will leave for New York the latter part of March, whence they will sail for Europe to remain several months.

Among the guests recently registered at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. Fred James, Sacramento; Mr. B. C. Ladd, Kansas City; Mr. George N. Glass, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. A. L. Schultz, Mr. S. B. Montgomery, Chicago; Mr. H. B. Hare, New York; Dr. C. C. McClain, Bakersfield; Mr. John H. Higlier, Los Angeles; Mr. J. H. Eagen, Fresno; Mr. L. E. Burrows and daughter, Los Angeles; Mrs. George W. Kingsbury, Watsonville; Mrs. J. R. Johnson, Rockford, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boyd, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. C. Sears, Atascadero; Mrs. E. D. Moulton, Ripon; Mr. John C. Chase, Fresno; Mr. H. H. Gray, Chicago; Mrs. Lorna Moon, Hollywood; Mr. D. J. L. Davis, New York; Mr. A. B. Rilovich, Watsonville.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mrs. Elythe Tate Thompson, Fresno; Mr. H. E. Folkens, Mr. Charles V. Zone, Los Angeles; Mr. Ivan Abrahamson, New York; Mr. W. M. Morton, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wallace, Salt Lake City; Mr. W. O. Todd, Bakersfield; Mr. R. B. Kunpe, Portland; Mr. G. Fletcher Obey, London; Mr. N. B. H. Parker, Boston; Mr. Charles H. Maxey, Portland, Maine; Mr. I. W. Alexander, Fresno; Mr. M. J. Vogel, New York; Mr. E. G. Hurst, Los Angeles; Mr. D. V. Fennessy, El Paso; Mr. Russ L. Whitney, Chicago; Mr. R. B. Ball, Mr. J. B. Lippincott, Mr. C. L. Nickle, Los Angeles; Dr. H. V. Short, Sacramento; Mr. L. D. Sale, Mr. Maynard Gardner, Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Lieutenant E. R. Reynolds, U. S. A.; Captain W. F. Freehoff, U. S. A.; Mr. Joseph Scott, Los Angeles; Mr. J. M. McGee, Oroville; Mr. L. W. Landicky, Washington, D. C.; Mr. George W. Hauck, Marysville; Mr. F. H. Merrill, Los Angeles; Mr. Victor Koch, New York; Mr. H. B. Finch, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Connor, Dublin, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. James D. McCormack, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bloch, Philadelphia; Mr. E. O. Watis, Ogden; Mr. William T. Prossert, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kelly, Mr. M. J. Kelly, Minneapolis; Mr. R. R. Fox, Seattle; Mr. Robert R. Lord, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mr. Thomas J. McManus, Mr. Philip M. King, New York.

Professor Leuschner on Comets

The final free popular illustrated lecture of the present series under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific will be given on Friday, March 17th, at 8 p. m., at Native Sons Hall, by Dr. A. O. Leuschner, professor of astronomy and director of the



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The Powys Lectures.

John Cowper Powys will lecture Sunday evening at the Maitland Theatre on why he considers marriage an experiment in friendship which has nothing to do with love. Powys will touch upon noted divorces in history, especially that of Napoleon and Josephine, and he will bring in the effect of divorce upon the younger generation.

The talks by Mr. Powys on "Books That Live and Die," taking place every Tuesday and Friday morning, also at the Maitland Theatre, under the management of Jessica Colbert, are drawing large audiences.

On Tuesday Powys will lecture on "Moby Dick or the White Whale," by Herman Melville, and "Toilers of the Sea," by Victor Hugo.

A prisoner in court was asked the usual question—"Guilty or not guilty?" "Yes," responded the man at the bar. "What's that?" asked the judge, sharply. "I was asked whether I am guilty or not guilty, and of course I am. Of the two conditions I could not well escape both." "But which are you?" "Oh, go on, judge! What's the jury for?"—Los Angeles Times.

The small African warrior ant will permit his body to be torn from his head before he will let go the hold of his mandibles.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Give me a new novel which will go well with a sea-green tea-gown and ash-blonde hair."—*Berlin Lustige Blätter*.

Husband (at a dance)—Jolly attractive little thing that—what? Wife—Ye-es. I'm very much afraid she's got a past in front of her.—*Punch*.

"And why does the death of this friend affect you so deeply?" "Ah! Had I married him I should now be a widow."—*Rome Il Travaso*.

"A Virginia man never saw an automobile until last Friday, his ninety-eighth birthday." "That's one reason he's ninety-eight!"—*Schenectady Gazette*.

Father—What does your teacher say about your poor arithmetic work? Anthony—He said he'd rather you would not help me with it.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Prisoner—Good-morning, judge. Judge—How old are you? Prisoner—Twenty-nine. Judge—You'll be thirty when you get out.—*Chicago Phoenix*.

"Poor Edith seems utterly crushed. You know she used to hang on Jack's every word." "Yes." "Well, the other day he broke it!"—*Boston Transcript*.

Visitor—It's funny, but I can never get your baby to play with a rattle. Artist Mother—Not at all; his father was never athletic either.—*London Mail*.

"May I have a dance, miss?" "Most assuredly; you may have number fourteen."—

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"Thanks, but I'll be gone by that time." "So will I."—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Teacher—Now, Rollo, use the word "ruthless" in a sentence. Rollo—Every team in the American League except the Yankees is Ruthless.—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

Rough—So your cawldige cawmic isn't making a hit? Rau—Naw. None of the faculty is even talking of kicking it out.—*Washington and Jefferson Wag Jag*.

Pedestrian (to traffic cop)—Officer, what is the quickest way to the hospital? Cop—Well, you cross here and you'll be there in fifteen minutes.—*Amsterdam De Notrekraker*.

"What qualities must a man have to be a successful financier?" "He must be able to make other people's money pay him for the privilege of working overtime."—*New York Sun*.

"I wonder if it's true that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris?" "One can not tell; but I think it very probable that bad Parisians, when they die, go to America."—*London Mail*.

"Be careful of that tiger!" "Oh, we are not afraid of him hurting anybody." "I know that. But I don't want the comedian to maul him to death. Tigers cost money."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Father-in-Law—I've asked you here to dinner for the last time, my boy, for I'm sorry to tell you I've lost all my money. Son-in-Law—Great Scot! Then I married for love, after all.—*Windsor Magazine*.

Mother (severely)—Bobby, you mustn't use those naughty words! Wherever did you learn them? Bobby—From pa's shaving, uncle's golf, cousin Jim's Ford, and auntie's parrot.—*London Passing Show*.

Diner—Where's my change? Waiter—Dar aint no change; dat's mah tip. Diner—But I didn't tell you you could have it. Waiter—Oh, dat's all right, boss. Ah's fo'getful mahself sometimes.—*Boston Transcript*.

Elibu Root was cross-examining a young woman in court one day. "How old are you?" he asked. The young woman hesitated. "Don't hesitate," said Mr. Root. "The longer you hesitate the older you are."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Gee, old man, that's a peach of a stenographer you've got there. But why two of 'em; don't you find it a frightful expense?" "Well, yes; but there's really work to be done at times, so I have to have the other one to attend to it."—*Judge*.

Comedian—Why did you break off your engagement with the leading lady? Tragedian—Because she had the cheek to demand that her name should be printed on the wedding invitations in bigger and blacker type than mine.—*London Mail*.

The Plutocrat (to would-be son-in-law)—Is it my daughter you want, sir, or is it her money? The Suitor—Sir, you know very well that I am an amateur athlete. The Plutocrat—What's that got to do with it? The Suitor—A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money.—*London Passing Show*.

"Did you find out what that sporty-lookin' stranger was doin' in Chiggersville?" asked Bill Wopit, the garage man. "Nope," said Sam Puttyfut, the leading grocer. "I ast him what his business was, an' he said he was th' feller who built th' pyramids." "A kind of architect, eh?" "Naw. I knew right off he was tryin' to fool me. I don't know much, but I know them things was built before th' civil war, which was a consider'ble time before that young whippersnapper was born."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## Freedom of the Knees.

A woman professor of Vassar College who has been studying the health of girls for more

than a third of a century finds that it is better than it has ever been (says the Portland Oregonian). The girl of today is sturdier, she says, and better able to do a day's work and to withstand disease than her mother was. This may be due in part to greater freedom from drudgery, to the general movement for education in hygiene, to wider opportunity for recreation and particularly to indulgence in outdoor sports, but the professor thinks that the chief reason is reform in dress. The speaker mentions the short skirt. Ten years ago this would have been viewed with horror; five years ago it excited a kind of prurient curiosity in the minds of a few; but it is a sign of our sanity that this stage is quickly passed. Now it is reasonably certain that the old-fashioned garment, which not only swept the streets, but hampered the movements of the wearer, will never return. The Paris fashion-makers have said that it will, but we doubt it. The new freedom means too much to those who have tasted it.

The dean of women of Northwestern University and a woman leader of the Illinois Vigilantes' Association join the professor in pronouncing judgment on the modern girl and in finding her the better for the change which has taken place. "The young woman of today," said the vigilantes' leader, "is morally trustworthy and sound at heart." It is no sign of decay that she has cast aside a restriction upon free movements, any more than it was a token of degeneracy when in larger numbers than ever before in our history she took to wearing sensible shoes. It is now remembered that the vogue of the open-throated waist was hailed with gloomy "scientific" predictions that it would invite respiratory diseases and end eventually in the extermination of the sex. No such thing happened, of course, because fundamentally there was no more reason why a low-neck garment should react unfavorably on a healthy girl than on a sailor. Plenty of fresh air never hurt any one, and freedom of muscular movement is as desirable for a girl as for a boy.

It is now seen that the outcry against the short skirt was largely the product of sur-

prise, or rather of opposition to any inroad on our traditions. The war, which gave a new reputability to knickerbockers and overalls on women, did not establish them as a fashion for reasons which were mostly æsthetic, but it did give emphasis to hygiene, comfort, and convenience, and the shorter skirt was the final compromise. The latter is still with us because it appeals to common sense. This is, as has been suggested, one of the favorable signs of the times. Popular acceptance is already so complete that we can think of nothing that would look more "old-fashioned" than a woman walking down the street wearing a dress that swept the sidewalks as she went along.

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## FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Senator Johnson and the Treaties.

Not alone critics of Senator Johnson, but his friends and admirers as well, are profoundly regretful at the course he has taken in the matter of the Conference treaties. It has been the hope of practically everybody in his home state that with respect to this great issue Mr. Johnson might restrain his temperamental bent to opposition and detraction. Here the achievements of the Washington Conference are regarded as of special, in truth of local significance. Our position facing the Pacific Ocean makes it matter of special importance that our relationships with the Eastern front of Asia, particularly Japan, shall be pacific and friendly. Satisfaction here over the adjustment of differences between our country and Japan has been general; and it is most unfortunate that a critic of this adjustment has been found in one whose privilege and whose duty it is to speak for California.

There is further regret that Senator Johnson, by his course with respect to the treaties, is antagonizing the aims and efforts of President Harding. California regards President Harding with cordial approval. It views the course of his administration with something warmer than mere approval. It desires, not only in its own interest, but sentimentally that the hands of Mr. Harding shall be upheld. It is truly matter of chagrin that a man who should voice the sentiment of California in the highest councils of the nation has per-

mitted his unhappy bias of opposition, his instinctive vice of spectacular detraction, to render him blind to his obligations.

It is needless to point out that the highest intelligence of the country desires confirmation of the treaties. In the Senate those who reflect the spirit of patriotism and of moral progress stand for ratification. It is truly a pity that Mr. Johnson has chosen to stand apart from those who represent the will of the country, to ally himself and to make common cause with such chronic malcontents and obstructionists as Senators Borah, La Follette, and Reed. Better was expected of Mr. Johnson even by those of us who from time to time have questioned his capabilities of impersonal judgment and constructive mind.

Senator Johnson's attitude in this matter has a bearing upon the immediate political situation in California. His successor is to be chosen within the current year; and it has been conceded that Senator Johnson should be his own successor. In many minds entirely consonant with this idea recent events have raised a serious question. Is it right that California shall be represented by a man who will not hearken to the judgment and desires of our people? Is it discreet that California through one of its senators shall stand at odds with the Administration? Both the sentiment and interest of California are involved in these queries.

### The Treaties in the Senate.

Let nobody in excess of innocence deceive himself with the notion that the Four-Power treaty now before the Senate is being considered upon its merits alone. Things are not done that way in the United States Senate. In legislative bodies—not only in our own country, but in every other—everything stands related to something else. In one form or another, politics and personality enter into consideration of every project, great and small alike. Understanding of what is going on at Washington will be aided by a glance at the situation, including its background of political and personal motives. Not all of these motives are visible, but enough is in view to outline the situation.

First it must be said that the politics behind the contest over the treaties in the Senate is of the peanut variety, narrow, partisan, even factional and wholly disreputable. It proceeds on the Democratic side from a conference held recently by Messrs. Cox, Tumulty, Harrison, and other party leaders, wherein it was decided that the Democratic minority should in every possible way obstruct the Republican majority to the end of confusing and breaking down its legislative programme. Consideration of the treaties and of every other subject bearing the stamp of Republican initiative or approval is to be delayed, hindered, made difficult. Even ex-President Wilson appears to have been brought into this vicious programme, for where he once showed a good spirit, he has now taken the back track in the matter of ratification of the treaties. An effect of this piratical programme was the withdrawal from the following of Senator Underwood of seven of the thirteen Democratic members who voted to ratify the Yap treaty. This, of course, puts Underwood in an awkward position. He is the nominal leader of his party in the Senate; he was a member of the Conference that drafted the treaties; he has undertaken to win co-operation of the Democratic minority for confirmation. Now, according to estimates made at Washington, his following is so reduced that he can only count on six Democratic votes besides his own.

Another phase of the situation is the attitude of chronic objectors on the Republican side of the house to anything and everything that does not originate with themselves. In the matter of the treaties and other things, Senators Borah, Johnson, and La Follette are pursuing their ordinary political tactics. They are op-

positionists, if not on principle, at least in obedience to habit. It is their way of making themselves important in the Senate, of exploiting themselves before the country. Vanity, with an innate love for the spectacular, is their main inspiration. One may not speak positively in such matters, but another probable motive is the calculation of getting into such position that the Administration may be brought to pay them to get into line by concessions in the form of patronage. But whatever the motive or combination of motives, there stands the little group of obstructionists making sacrifice of the potentialities and dignity of their country, coöperating with the opponents of the party which they profess to represent and through which, in fact, they came to the posts they occupy.

Most notable of the purely personal considerations behind obstructive tactics in the Senate relative to the treaties is the animosity of the Republican irreconcilables to Senator Lodge. Borah, Johnson, and La Follette have not recovered from a resentment that they have been nourishing now for several years. They have, when human passions are taken into consideration, a certain privilege of dislike for Lodge, who has upon occasion assumed the arrogance of a superior culture and who has more than once exhibited his contempt for these more or less uncombed wild-westerners. However all this may be, the irreconcilable group likes to make things unpleasant for Lodge and would not be chagrined if he should fail to be returned to the Senate. There is an obvious play to bring Lodge out into the open—in other words, to put him into position where he must make an extended argument in support of the treaties. If in the speech which it is sought to compel him to make he shall take the idealistic position, the opposition (Democrats and Republican irreconcilables) will take the materialistic, and vice versa. If Lodge should say anything favorable to Great Britain, as inevitably he must, here would be political ammunition for the Democrats to be used upon the Irish vote in Massachusetts. The irreconcilables seem willing to play the part of tail to this particular kite.

The programme outlined by the Cox-Tumulty-Harrison confab has gone far enough to cut the ground from under Senator Underwood. It has found a very considerable support. As we have already said, of the thirteen Democrats who joined Underwood in voting to ratify the Yap treaty seven are disposed to turn tail and follow the opposition programme as it has been defined. This makes a grave situation. Only thirty-three votes are needed to defeat ratification. Twenty-two are definitely committed in opposition, and with the seven recalcitrants added to the roster runs up to twenty-nine. The margin is perilously small. Only the pressure of public opinion will bring to support of the treaty the necessary two-thirds vote. It is in this situation—a situation in which every vote counts—that Messrs. Borah, Johnson, and La Follette stand arrayed in coöperation with the party to which they are nominally opposed and against the party they nominally represent. They further stand arrayed against the wish of the great mass of intelligent and patriotic people of the United States.

Brother Bryan, always to be depended upon to do the unexpected thing, appeared in Washington last week and at once got in touch with Democratic senators who are opposing ratification. With customary vehemence he declared opposition to the Pacific treaties to be "bad in principle and bad in policy," demanding that Democratic senators turn about and insist upon ratification. How effective Mr. Bryan's appeal may be remains for future determination. Of course, Mr. Bryan could not leave well enough alone. His counsels went beyond the demand for ratification to include one of his familiar pacifist arguments, urging that after the treaties have been ratified the Democrats shall insist



on reducing the size of the navy far below the minimum established by the naval limitations treaty

Senator Harrison, who for the moment has usurped Mr. Underwood's powers as leader of the minority, is an interesting character. He has the engaging and altogether likable personality that goes with the name of "Pat." He hails from Mississippi, and the first and last interest of his life is partisan politics. He joys in filibustering and directs that game with the naïve disregard of straightforward candor characteristic of the tricky political ringmaster that he is. No matter what comes before the Senate bearing the Republican trademark, "Pat" is "agin" it. One day it may be a procedure for establishing the budget system; the next it may be something tending to obstruct procedure to the same end. It is all the same to "Pat." He is a "Dimmycrat," and whatever may tend to delay or embarrassment to the Republican legislative programme "Pat" falls heavily upon it with both feet.

In the meantime President Harding, having done everything in his power to recommend the treaties to the Senate, having pointed out the consequences of their failure, having declared that he will "neither lobby, trade, supplicate, nor admonish," has gone South for a brief vacation. There is dignity in a course that leaves to the Senate the responsibility that attaches to it under the Constitution. It is for the Senate to determine whether the United States government is or is not capable of functioning in the sphere of international affairs. More specifically, as the situation stands, it is up to three nominally Republican senators—Messrs. Borah, Johnson, and La Follette—to determine this great and vital issue. These three men can not fail to know that public sentiment favors adoption of the treaties; and if they shall continue to stand in opposition it will be in contempt of views and courses they are in honor bound to represent.

#### Witchcraft at Chico.

It is likely that the appetite for signs and wonders is only exceeded by the thirst for light wines and beers. There is a type of mind, and if it is not in the majority it represents at least a very large minority, that seems to need something supernatural to think about, and to believe in. It has not thus far been possible for rationalism to catch up with the birth rate, and so there is an active market for modern miracles. At one time the best people took a hand in the hanging of witches, or approved the practice when indulged in by the grim pietists of that day. Today, the prevailing disposition is not sanguinary, nor igneous, but wondering, and perhaps grateful for something at which to wonder. As long as credulity takes this harmless form it may be regarded with charity and tolerance, until we get better schoolteachers.

In addition, most people like to guess. Hence the profits made by the composers of puzzles, who minister at least to the great recreative instinct of the race. Fishing has its closed seasons, but guessing is open all year. At the pleasant little town of Chico, in Butte County, the guessing has recently been very good, the wondering and believing of the best quality. Last Sunday a lot of people who had long been puzzled about Jonah and the whale and where Cain got his wife seem to have given it up and flocked to Chico in their automobiles to guess at the origin of the showers of stones that have piqued curiosity for the past two months.

It appears that Mr. Charge owns a warehouse; and from time to time its iron roof resounds to the impact of a cobble; sometimes a whole volley. Mr. Charge can not explain it. The petrological dew may fall at any hour, but the downfall is more likely to occur at 11 a. m., or 2 p. m. The direction whence the stones come is unknown. The town marshal put on his star and examined the heavens, but to no avail. An operative psychologist, as distinguished from a mere empiric, or faculty psychologist, rushed to the scene from San Francisco. He searched a number of witnesses and set down their answers in a note-book thoughtfully brought along for the purpose, but could find no material or mundane explanation. Because of this negative finding, the positive conclusion is now established in the minds of many that this is a business of spirits, a proper study for the Society of Psychological Research, perhaps for the speculations and explanations of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Camille Flammarion, or some other restless intellect unsatisfied with physical causes. The operative psychologist has encountered competition of the gravest character, for

a negro woman medium has offered, for a price, to stop the cobblefall, and is willing to forego payment until it has ceased for forty-eight hours. Nothing could be fairer.

Human, and physical, explanations have been offered in abundance, but they are not desired. They are regarded as faith-destroying, and hence sinful. Credulity appears to be the primal instinct of our race. As far as we know, the horses, cows, and elephants are not gifted with it. Dogs seem to have it to some degree, for they believe in the goodness of men, despite the persecutions of women. But in human beings it springs eternal, like the hope of which it is probably a supporting part.

There are those who have believed in banshees. Others have believed in the "precipitation of matter," whereby, in defiance of physical law, matter of one sort has penetrated matter of another sort, and, as mist, has passed clean through it, to reorganize on the other side. Some believe in spirit photographs, admitting they might be produced by double exposures, but certain they are not. Long before photography the sect of Ophalopsychites, if that is the way to spell it, believed that by sitting in one posture and gazing at the umbilicus until their overstrained optic nerves began to play strange tricks they could see the "light of Mt. Tabor," which illuminated the Transfiguration; and the kennels of Constantinople ran blood about that. Some have believed in the fourth dimension. Others have believed in the "lost Atlantis," sunk somewhere out in the roaring ocean by the subsidence that formed the latter, although it was not formed that way. Others have believed that the American Indians were the ten lost tribes of Israel, although those ten lost tribes were merely swallowed up in the surrounding ragamuffins on the fringe of Judea. Others have believed that the ancient Egyptians could poke a stick in the ground and concentrate on it enough energy to build the Pyramids—something the Pacific Gas and Electric Company would probably pay handsomely to know how to do. Others have believed the dried blood of St. Janarius of Naples liquifies at a certain time, and grow quite abusive of the saint if he is slow with the miracle. Others have believed the Cardiff Giant was a petrified man, and refused to be undecieved when the roysterers that made it of gypsum confessed the fraud. Others have believed that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, because the general understanding is that he did not. Others believed that a mysterious and hence supernatural wind blew out of the forehead of Eusapia Palladino and stirred her hair, even after Joseph Rinn stopped it by putting his hand across her mouth.

It is amusing, and it is pathetic. People have the will to believe largely because they are dissatisfied with anything that can be known. Belief is rosy and romantic. Science is hard and dry. The *Argonaut* has, of course, its own theory about the Chico rockfall. But why break down all that beautiful faith in the work of malignant spirits? Why put an end to all the good guessing?

#### A Peasant Born Pope.

Pope Pius XI is the son of Francesco Ratti, an Italian weaver. His mother was Teresa Galli Ratti, like her husband a peasant. This fact is interesting as illustrating the democratic background of an aristocratic system that has sustained itself through centuries. The organization of the Catholic Church is essentially aristocratic in character in a sense that it is in the hands of an autocratic group, based upon aristocratic models, and proceeds upon aristocratic traditions. It differs from other aristocracies in a sense that it is recruited from merit drawn from every rank, class, and caste. Its special and particular virtue and the principle of its continuing strength lies in the fact that the rule of heredity has no part in it. Aristocracies in ordinary social organizations are recruited under the hereditary principle. The son of a duke becomes a duke; the son of a lord becomes a lord. Personal character, individual competence, make no figures in the case. It is at this point where aristocracies fail. Human quality under the privileges of rank and luxury inevitably declines. And it is for this reason that aristocracies commonly wither through intellectual and moral vacuities to nothingness. The system of the Catholic organization has a sounder basis in that it seeks talent wherever it may be found, bringing to the hierarchy the best from everywhere, even

installing upon the throne of St. Peter a man peasant-born but worthy under the tests of individual merit.

#### Editorial Notes.

Lawyers representative of all sections of the state have taken it upon themselves to advise the public in the matter of the coming election of judges of the Supreme Court. This action is not only within the bounds of propriety, but a notable aid to public judgment. Nobody knows so well what the qualifications of judges of the Supreme Court, or of any court, should be as the lawyers of the state. Chief Justice Shaw, ex-Chief Justice Angellotti, ex-Judge Slack, Messrs. Devlin, Dunne, Sullivan, and their associates deserve, not criticism, but thanks for the interest they have taken in this vastly important matter. Even those who declare their preference to be "free" in the matter of choice for judges have no basis of just criticism. No man is freer than the man who is willing to receive and act upon expert counsels.

President Harding's determination that the railroads and the "essential utilities" shall be "kept going," no matter what the trainmen's unions or the coal miners' unions shall threaten to do, is one of practical wisdom and of executive duty. It is in recognition of the "party of the third part"—that is, of the public interest—which is of greater importance than the private interest of trainmen or coal miners. It is further right that the public should be assured in advance that its interest will be protected and that prospective strikers shall also know in advance that they will not be permitted in selfishness and recklessness to prosecute their demands at the public cost.

Secretary Hughes' statement that he was personally the author of the Four-Power Pact in its original form is of course conclusive with orderly-minded and decently-minded persons. Whoever questions Mr. Hughes' candor in the matter lacks something that is elemental in dignity and decency; and what is more, writes himself down as one whose passions have overwhelmed both his judgment and his taste. However, the important question in relation to the Four-Power Pact is what it is and what it stands for. What hand wrote it is a matter of secondary interest, or of none at all. When Senator Borah and his associated crew of mad obstructionists seek to make question of the authorship of the document rather than of what it says, they exhibit themselves in the character of demagogues and charlatans eager to play upon the passions and prejudices of ignorance and stupidity.

It is made plain by those who speak, if not with authority at least with judgment, that President Harding will not approve any measure providing a cash bonus for service men unless it shall make the necessary provision for funds. That such provision can not be made without serious embarrassment of the finances, and therefore of the essential interests of the country, is now manifest. It is further manifest that Congress will not provide the money by the only method of which the President will approve. In this situation what will be the course of Congress? We can only guess. The House of Representatives is in a panic, due to fear on the part of its membership of the "soldier vote." In this situation the House of Representatives is likely to pass a bonus bill with no provision for meeting its demands. In all likelihood the bill will "hang up" in the Senate. But if the Senate, in fear of reprisals from the soldier vote, should join with the House and pass such a bill as is proposed, then the President may be expected to veto it. He put a stop last year to precipitate action and will probably do it again. In the meantime the country is coming to see this whole proposal in its true light—as a moral issue. A large self-respecting element of service men is making its voice heard in protest. It is too soon to say that the project may ultimately break down of its own weight, but it is certain that the current is now running that way.

The picturesque island of Mont Saint Michel (Normandy) appears to be jeopardized as the result of a landslide which has occurred there. The main street of the island has given way, leaving a gap twenty-five feet wide by twenty feet long. Engineers have been summoned to carry out an examination of the foundations of the beautiful old abbey which crowns the rock, as it is feared that the landslide may extend to the vaults on which the abbey stands.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From a Visitor to San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: A stranger in this fair city is almost bewildered by the many things of which it can be justly proud; its beautiful bay, its unique situation, the life and animation of its streets, and the courtesy and hospitality of its people. But, if I may without impertinence, I would like to congratulate San Francisco upon its possession of two things of graver importance; first, its citizen who wrote the letter signed Mark Gerstle in the *Argonaut*; second, the *Argonaut* itself. This is the only paper I have seen which has lifted the discussion of the bonus to the soldiers out of the sordid level of dollars to the place where it belongs, the higher level of the moral side of the question.

Shall America give a "tip" to those splendid youths whose dash and courage won the whole-hearted admiration of all who had the good fortune to see at close range what America could send to us?

We are old and tired nations in Europe, our traditions are the growth of centuries; we have not America's opportunity of starting upon the building of a tradition for the glory of the sons and grandsons of the boys who were in France. They came gallantly to our assistance, eager, cheerful, gay; a charming breeziness of manner covering, as we at the front instantly realized, the dauntless spirit of self-sacrifice. To each one it must have meant a step toward a high ideal, a step which they might never have taken in their comfortable, peaceful lives at home. How cruel, then, to tear from their young eyes that fair vision of something better than the material side of life and—pay them! If duty (not "pay") be the soul of the tradition carried down to the sons and the sons' sons of these youths, then America can rest proud and secure in the knowledge that if ever it is her fate—as it was England's—to decide between an ignoble safety and honor at any sacrifice, the country will be behind her—for honor.

I have rejoiced to hear many of the boys who came home unscathed deplore the fact that the "bonus" question was ever raised. "We can work," they say; "give anything you like—the more the better—to the wounded and disabled." The daring "doughboy" of France is no less daring in America when he "hustles" to make up for lost time and "get ahead" in his life's work. He is willing and able to fend for himself, and would be the first to cheer on the solons in Washington if they would spend all their efforts towards greatly assisting those splendid boys who have been brought home—broken.

W. H. L.

Problems of Transportation.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: No problem of graver consequence confronts the country than that of the railroads, as is evidenced by the constantly increasing public attention that it commands. In the *Argonaut* of March 4th an interesting excerpt appears from a speech of the always interesting Charles M. Schwab to the Ohio Society.

Mr. Schwab makes eloquent plea in behalf of the railroads, the gist of which is to let the dead past bury its dead and whatever was done in the past to let bygones be bygones. Every one will agree with Mr. Schwab; the only difficulty in meeting this view seems to be the impossibility of doing so. Mr. Schwab stated he had been told that the railroads needed at least five billions to place them in condition to handle efficiently the transportation of the country. Should the additional strain of a revival of business and a return of prosperity be put upon the rails, while in their present physical condition, Mr. Schwab believes that it could but result in a paralysis in transportation that would materially abate that prosperity.

This is not only all and sadly true, but it is probably even more indigo-hued than Mr. Schwab has painted it. The late James J. Hill, who had the habit of startling and unpalatable truth, some fifteen years ago said in an interview that caused both a sensation and consternation that at that time the railroads needed nine billions to rehabilitate them. The chances are that they need more now than they did then.

From the ninety-seven billion ton miles hauled by the railroads in 1890 Mr. Daniel Willard stated last year that in 1920 they had been called on to haul some 450 billion ton miles. An even more disquieting fact was revealed by the *Railway Age*, which stated that an analysis of the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission from 1903 to 1920 proved that a locomotive in the last-named year hauled almost 20 per cent. less in car mileage than it did seventeen years before.

When it is remembered that one carload in every seven hauled by a locomotive must be fuel for its own use and that but 6 per cent. of that fuel can be turned into energy and 94 per cent. is waste, it makes the *Railway Age's* disclosure ominously disagreeable. These and other things it is that make it difficult to let bygones be bygones, for overcapitalization in the past is in part responsible for the inability of the railroads to finance their needs in the present.

Mr. R. B. Swayne in a letter to the *Argonaut* in its issue of February 25th gives another angle and offers a solution to the California end of the problem. Mr. Swayne attributes the financial difficulties of both the railroads and electric railways to the competition of commercialized motor transportation. To drive motor buses and trucks from the highways Mr. Swayne apparently believes would, as he puts it, conserve our beautiful highway system and preserve the steam and electric railways. The haul for which the motors compete is of course the short one. It was a fast contracting one with the railroads from a variety of causes long before motor competition put in its appearance. Mr. Swayne states that the trucks, freight and passenger, amounting to but 5 per cent. of the highway traffic, do more damage to the highways than the other 95 per cent. do. This seems hardly possible, as there are but 35,000 trucks and over 650,000 automobiles in the state. But even if it is, the tests at Pittsburg, California, on the experimental highway prove that it is the freight truck, and not the passenger bus, that is to blame.

The passenger buses because of their long wheel bases (from 190 to 220 inches), shock absorbers, and other devices, do little if any greater damage to the highway at the speed at which they are run than do privately-owned automobiles. A loaded bus deflected the slab .008 inches standing still. This deflection lessened at various speeds to .004 inches at thirty miles. A 120-inch wheel based, solid-tired truck, with the same weight, showed approximately twice the deflection. The explanation given was that "under thirty miles an hour the short wheel bases give a cumulative effect to impact. When the front wheels strike an uneven place the weight is thrown up and, on the short wheel base, comes down just in time to double upon the impact as the rear wheels strike the obstruction." Any one who has led a cup and ball existence in the tonneau of an automobile, while those in the driving seat rode in unbounded comfort, knows from experience the force and discomfort of this double impact.

Of one angle of this form of transportation Roger W. Babson, the economic authority, recently wrote:

"That there is going to be a great change from the ordinary street railway service to motor bus service is inevitable. \* \* \* Engineers and bankers hesitate to finance bus systems

because they fear that the inauguration of this kind of service will adversely affect their present investment in tractions. Unfortunately the interests which control our street railway systems feel that any encouragement of the motor bus would ultimately result in harm to them and to their profession. This is of course short-sighted, but it is probably human."

These are but an angle or two of the railroad problem, which seems to have as many as a porcupine has quills. The only thing that is at present certain in the future of the railroads is that their problem will be solved because it must be.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

From Mr. E. W. Putnam.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: It was with extreme disappointment that I read your words concerning the judgment of certain citizens against the use of Strawberry Cañon as a site for the Stadium. I shall simply quote a few words of my friends, Professor Rieber and Bruce Porter, trusting that you will give their thought its properly controlling place in this matter. All that I enclose has been quoted in the daily papers:

"And often I have visioned that cañon developed without serious injury to its natural beauty for the higher spiritual and intellectual uses of the university."

"The project is therefore a shocking waste of the university's present and future resources."

Professor Rieber is one of our very best men.

Very sincerely, E. W. PUTNAM.

A Protest from Mr. Bruce Porter.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13, 1921.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The responsibility of the regents of the University of California in the choice of the site of the new stadium is, to the citizen who looks beyond the present, a very heavy one.

If, now, the choice of the regents is for the destruction of the finest natural feature possessed by any seat of learning in America, that choice will mean that this institution, so devotedly built up by the best intelligences of the community and so unquestioningly supported by every citizen taxpayer, who trusted these leaders and had faith in the use and value of the higher education, this institution is to be suddenly committed to the lower purpose of a university blown big by the spirit of boosting advertisement, of size and excitement, a place for the gathering of vast congregations of people to "hurrah" in the interests of competitive sport.

A stadium is of course to be built; it is to be part of a generous provision for the legitimate activities of youth. But to glorify a side issue, a relaxation, by the destruction of irreplaceable natural beauty, is to deliberately change the destiny of the university from a place for the cultivation of the higher faculties and inclinations in young men and women; to change the established centre for the ideals of all the citizens of the state into a place where, by this very example of ruthless destruction, the best is not fostered nor conserved and where the immediate second rate is put above all the lasting satisfactions and rewards.

This is not a decision to be governed by the undergraduate desire to "put one over on Stanford." The regents are above such childishness. They are, we trust, to prove that they know themselves to be the trustees for the whole future of the University of California.

BRUCE PORTER.

A Veteran's Protest Against the Bonus.

PHILADELPHIA, March 9, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I enclose herewith my check covering renewal subscription to the paper for a period of one year.

I notice with interest the letter written by Mr. Mark L. Gerstle in your issue of February 25th. The pending legislation in Washington on the subject of adjusted compensation is bad in principle. It seems to me that Mr. Gerstle has clearly set forth in the letter above referred to an argument which attacks in principle the proposed legislation.

I had the honor to serve as a member of the American Expeditionary Forces in a combat division, and it is my feeling that if properly appealed to the former members of combat organizations could see that the attempt on the part of the American Legion to put this legislation through in Washington will ultimately work against the best interests of the vast majority of people in this country.

May I in closing commend the action that the *Argonaut* has taken in doing its bit to show the country by and large how dangerous this legislation may be, and, in my opinion, how un-American?

Yours, very truly,

DAVID E. WILLIAMS, JR.

A Bonus Inflation Bill.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Whatever may be the merits of the Bonus proposal certainly the bill prepared by the Ways and Means Committee is the worst that has been suggested. In the first place, it utterly ignores President Harding's statement that he would approve no bill of the kind which did not carry in it means for raising the necessary revenue, and a sales tax is his only suggestion. Evidently Republican leaders are going to rush the bill through the House simply to save their faces in the coming election, although they do not expect it to pass the Senate.

As at present drawn the bill might be properly called an act to inflate the currency by \$2,000,000,000, since that is what it amounts to. Under the bill every veteran, to whom \$50 or less is coming, is to receive cash, although there is no cash in sight for the purpose. Some others may accept vocational training or help in getting farms and homes, for which also there is no money provided; but the great majority will receive Certificates of Indebtedness from the treasury on which all banks are authorized to loan 50 per cent. of the face value at interest not exceeding 2 per cent. above the Federal Reserve rate of the district.

Now there is no possible compulsion upon banks to loan money on this collateral, but it is likely that under pressure most of them will do so. This means that so much money will be withdrawn from commercial purposes and the banks will have to get heavy discounts at the Federal Reserve banks, although the veterans' paper is not eligible. It is conservatively estimated that this will eventually require an inflation of the currency by at least \$2,000,000,000. Nothing could be more disastrous than this. The currency issued does not represent any constructive purpose whatever, is not to help commerce or industry, but to cover frozen loans which it will take years of taxation to pay.

We submit that this is an impossible measure. If we must pay a bonus it should be paid out of taxation. To tie up the finance and industry of the country by inflating the currency as proposed would be the most serious blow the nation has ever received in times of peace. It would be disastrous.

The phrase "born in the purple" refers to the porphyry-lined room in the palace at Constantinople where the empresses of the Eastern empire were confined.

The Church of the Divinity, New York, boasts the only woman pastor in Greater Gotham.

THE TROUBLE IN INDIA.

Religious Complications Make It of Serious Moment to a Troubled World.

The week saw Sir Edwin Montagu out of the cabinet and Mahatma Ghandi in jail, wherewith Ghandi becomes the Eugene Debs of the British Empire, and India attains evil eminence as a trouble centre of the first rank. And there is nothing in its history to indicate that if it once set out to be a trouble centre it would long be satisfied with a position in the second rank.

There may be no truth in the legend, but the spirit of India, if there is such a thing, is probably best presented to the imagination by the story of the sad and beautiful end of Gotama Buddha, to the effect that in pursuit of a spiritual ideal he fed himself to a hungry tigress so that she might furnish milk to her cubs; thereby reducing the number of men and increasing the number of tigers. A policy that works out that way is about the sort of statecraft that would naturally appeal to Ghandi and his idealistic followers.

For, India is a strange world. Its inhabitants probably know more things that are not so than any similar mass of men except the passing generation of the Chinese. The Prussian historian, Treitschki, propagating hatred of Great Britain by emphasizing her "oppression" of India, said: "Religion? Why India is religion!" In the opinion of some persons that is what is the matter with it. Her people exhibit astonishing faiths, astonishing powers of logical reasoning from false premises to worse conclusions, astonishing lack of any saving sort of pragmatism throughout their many so-called philosophies. They live their creeds, and they have too many. They try to make them a guide to life instead of leaving them conveniently checked in the mosque or the temple when worship is over. The result is a worse confusion of thought and purpose than would ordinarily be indicated by the statement that there are 700 native states; that seventy of them, inhabited by 70,000,000 people, are still governed by hereditary native sovereignties; that there are 315,000,000 people in the peninsula, only about 16,000,000 of whom can read and write; that they speak more than forty languages divided into 145 dialects; and that the Hindu part of the population is separated into more than 2300 castes, with innumerable branches, the technique of whose obstructive and worthless restrictions and prescriptions and pollutions and disabling defilements and expensive purifications it has proved beyond the patience of any ordinary European to learn. Social anarchy and waste of time and energy could hardly go farther, and until Ghandi arose about the only unifying process India ever knew came in the form of subjugation: a mode which, of course, has not been peculiar to that unhappy region.

Into this apparently hopeless mess the English, in devious and immoral ways, intruded, but once under the load of responsibility they carried it like Englishmen, and established some measure of administrative unity over more than 200,000,000 of these warring people. Since the British went into India and stopped the wars and violence and ritualistic murder and general crime, and took steps to hold down the famines and plagues, the population has increased by 100,000,000, or almost the population of the United States. Of the whole people, 66,000,000 are fighting Mohammedans, and about 60,000,000 are pariahs, outcasts, eaters of beef, denied even the use of the roads because they pollute at sixty-four feet.

In addition to its bad sanitation and its natural political chaos, India has the evil financial reputation of being the "sink of silver"; also the sink of gold, and gems and portable wealth of all sorts. It has always been a country where money was hoarded instead of being put to legitimate capitalistic use. Hence its general poverty and the wretchedness of its masses, side by side with the fact that since the days of Alexander it has been a good country for military conquerors to attack and plunder. Even after the establishment of the British raj, this hoarding habit persisted, along with the castes and creeds, so that being without any open, general money market, interest rates have been villainously high and the usurer has flourished. That was another thing the English attended to, at least far enough to promote the physical progress of the country on a large scale. They capitalized development, mainly from London, so that irrigating canals and railroads could be built, and famine and plague and other evils laid under intelligent control; a thing the native Indians, in their ignorance and corruption, were as helpless to do for themselves as the natives of the Napa State Hospital would be. Capitalization means civilization—always has, always will. British control has meant British capital and British rates of interest. It is true that by contrast with the fairy-like Hindu and the stately Mohammedan architecture, some of the larger British railway stations have been architectural horrors, suggesting Vancouver, or Buffalo, or St. Louis; but the people don't usually get much nutriment



from Pearl Mosques and Taj Mahals and silver bridges over the Jumna. In the decade between 1901 and 1911 the population grew from 294 millions to 315 millions. That many more persons were enabled in an already overcrowded country to survive and subsist. Yet in many of the bazaars today Englishmen are not safe, and recently an American named Doherty was beaten to death because he was a white man.

Progress brought discontent. The present Indian troubles do not, as many suppose, date from the world war. Railroads, mails, newspapers, intercommunication of facts and ideas, produced a national consciousness. Even the pariahs are rebelling against their ancient ostracism. The thing has been brewing for twenty years, instead of five. Of course, the world war was a precipitant, and President Wilson's doctrine of self-determination did not greatly soothe these discontents. But they are old, and have been long forming and growing. Exactly what is going on there is not clear in detail. There has evidently been considerable suppression of news. But here and there a wisp of smoke betrays the smothered fires. We have heard a little of the terrible Moplah uprising. We know that Mr. Ghandi has incited some sort of resistance, non-violent in any declared purpose, but resulting in the combined Hindu and Moslem hoodlums of Bombay falling on the helpless Parsees and butchering many of them. He fasted for that, but it did not resuscitate a single dead Parsee. Just how far-reaching his plans have been was indicated recently by one of his more moderate followers, Sir Sankaran Nair, who thus described his "demands": the government must show penitence by releasing all political prisoners; Sir Michael O'Dwyer and General Dyer and others must be deprived of their pensions; Great Britain must evacuate Egypt, and France must give up Syria. India must have full dominion status at once. These demands Sir Sankaran Nair calls impossible. But Ghandi gave the Viceroy seven days to comply, and secure compliance, before starting his "civil disobedience," including the general refusal to pay taxes. The Viceroy said the demands were such as no government could even discuss, much less accept, and continued: "The issue is no longer between this or that programme of advance, but between lawlessness with all its dangerous consequences and the maintenance of those principles which lie at the root of all civilized government. Mass civil disobedience is fraught with such danger to the state that it must be met with sternness and severity." In other words, running the Prince of Wales around to a few official receptions through lines of lean, brown vegetarians stimulated with claque enthusiasm is not going to meet the situation at all.

And the Ghandi demands throw into strong light the world importance of his movement. It is not India alone that is affected. That might easily and bloodily be dealt with. But he has formed a junction of his Hindus with the Moslem element, and when you touch that you wake up a large, irritable passenger on this rather poorly operated planet. Islam is international, to a far greater extent than Socialism ever will be. It is an explosive religion. It stretches from Timbuctoo to Mindanao, and is in a beautifully strategic position for blowing up the world. It is entirely possible that because of its Moslem population, and the uncomfortable position of Turkey, and the British-promoted independence of the Hedjaz with its holy Mohammedan places, and the British-encouraged movement to make Palestine, with still more Mohammedans, a national home for the Jewish people—it is entirely possible that India, and not Russia, is the most critical trouble area of the world today.

Comes now the publication by the Earl of Reading, authorized by his chief, the visionary Montagu, of the message urging the restoration of Constantinople, Thrace, and Smyrna to the Turks, and the recognition of the suzerainty of the Sultan over the Moslem holy places—which would mean the virtual subjugation of the Hedjaz, and probably Zion, to a renovated Porte. And South Africa in ferment, and British labor in worse ferment, and the Paris conference on the Near East problems, including the French protectorate over Syria, set for March 22d! No wonder there is added bitterness between liberal and conservative elements of the coalition government. No wonder Lloyd George has jounced Montagu out of the cabinet. No wonder he had to go to Wales for a rest; if the Welsh miners will let him. No wonder there is talk of the resignation of the Earl of Reading. Sitting on the world has a fine sound, but this looks as though the British had been trying to do it too literally and too extensively.

But India is their job now. The consequences of anarchy would be too terrible to contemplate, and so would the consequences of a great Mohammedan uprising against the weary Western populations of Europe. Should India be fit to be free? Certainly. Is it? That is another question. F. M. T.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15, 1922.

The slutation of English-speaking races of shaking hands is very ancient. It is mentioned by Homer, Aristophanes, and by Virgil. As the confirmation of a bargain, it appears in II Kings x:15. It is nevertheless practically relegated to the Anglo-Saxon races today.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Father Joseph M. Denby of Marion, Ohio, establishes a precedent in being appointed by President Harding as consul-general to Tangiers, Morocco. He is the first Catholic priest to be named by this country for a diplomatic post.

E. Alexander Powell has been made a commander of the Order of the Crown of Roumania by the King of Roumania in recognition of his book, "The New Frontiers of Freedom," an account of post-war conditions in the Balkans.

President Walter Dill Scott of Northwestern University, an authority on the psychology of advertising, was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his work as director of the committee on classification of personnel in the army during the world war.

Among eminent recent sitters to the fashionable portrait painter, Philip de Laszlo, are General Pershing, Mr. Elihu Root, and Chief Justice Taft. Mr. de Laszlo has been engaged to paint the President and his Cabinet, a picture which will probably be hung in the Cabinet room of the executive offices.

Another honor was conferred on General Pershing when the University of Pennsylvania bestowed the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him. At the same time Sir Arthur William Currie, former commander of the Canadian expeditionary forces and now president of McGill University, was similarly honored by the same institution. The ceremony took place in Philadelphia on Washington's Birthday.

Mrs. Harding is establishing many claims to pre-eminence in her exalted rôle, but she has one which is just reaching public knowledge. This is her indefatigable zeal in learning of illness or bereavements in the official set and in her own large circle of friends. While almost all of her predecessors have been content to send a line of condolence or sympathy in the event of grief, and of congratulation on those happier family occasions, the present mistress of the White House "says it with flowers" as well.

Dr. Hugo A. Rennert, professor of romantic languages at the University of Pennsylvania, has been decorated by the King of Spain "in recognition of his work in promoting the Spanish language and culture." The honor conferred upon him was "Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Isabel the Catholic." The letter accompanying the declaration declared that it was bestowed to show the appreciation of the Spanish people for the notable service Dr. Rennert has rendered in America in behalf of the culture and language of Spain.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt sailed recently for what seems her annual pilgrimage to the grave of her son Quentin and to visit some of the adjacent cemeteries where American soldiers are buried. She belongs to one of the committees that have in charge the floral adorning of these graves. The wife of the former President will, however, during this sojourn abroad carry out an intention that has been in mind for some years—that of visiting the Holy Land to spend the Easter season. She and the late Colonel Roosevelt had planned this just before he died, in January, 1919. Conditions have been such that only now can his widow make the more extended part of the journey.

Edward Julian Nally, president of the Wireless Corporation of America, a subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, began life as a messenger boy with the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1875. For the next few years he filled various positions till in 1890 he became general superintendent of the Western Division, Postal Telegraph Cable Company, a position he held till 1906. He became director of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company in 1913. He opened the first commercial wireless circuit between the United States and Hawaii in 1914; extended it to Japan in 1916, and between the United States and Great Britain, 1920. The future of American commercial wireless is said to lie largely in the hands of Mr. Nally and the Wireless Corporation of America.

Sir Gordon Hewart, British attorney-general, is one of the men behind the scenes in British politics. It is said that practical politicians count him one of the four most important men in the United Kingdom and that the reason he did not attend the Washington Conference was because, like Lloyd George, he could not be spared. Gordon Hewart launched into journalism when he "came down" from Oxford in 1891. He was chiefly engaged on the now defunct *Morning Leader*. A too sensitive conscience is said to have caused him to forego the drudgery of a journalistic career when he made the remarkable choice of the law for a conscientious substitute. He was called to the bar in 1902; was solicitor-general, 1916-19; and has been attorney-general since the latter date. Sir Gordon is a Liberal in British politics. He was knighted in 1916.

Among the many recent embassy shifts are the following important transfers: Warren Delano Robbins, now chief of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department, is to be counselor of the American Embassy at Berlin. Elridge Gerry Green, now at Sofia, is to be secretary of embassy at Paris, and Norval Richardson, now at Lisbon, is to be secretary of the embassy at

Tokyo. Francis White, first secretary of the embassy at Buenos Aires, is transferred to the Department of State. Jefferson Patterson of the Department of State is to be transferred to the legation at Peking; and Percy Blair, also of the State Department, to Buenos Aires. Stokely W. Morgan, first secretary of the legation at La Paz, is to be first secretary of the legation at Berne. William Walker Smith, now at Berne, is to be first secretary of the legation at Tegucigalpa.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Fancy.

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth,  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming:  
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloy with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the caked snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overawed,  
Fancy, high-commission'd!—send her!  
She has vassals to attend her:  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth:  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear;  
Rustle of the reaped corn;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn:  
And, in the same moment—hark!  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold;  
White-plumed lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearled with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the fieldmouse peep  
Meagre from its celled sleep;  
And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree;  
When the beehive casts its swarm;  
Quiet on her mossy nest;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the beehive cast its swarm;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering  
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! Let her loose;  
Every thing is spoilt by use:  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid  
Whose lip mature is ever new?  
Where's the eye, however blue,  
Doth not weary? Where's the face  
One would meet in every place?  
Where's the voice, however soft,  
One would hear so very oft?  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.  
Let, then, winged Fancy find  
Thee a mistress to thy mind:  
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
Ere the God of Torment taught her  
How to frown and how to chide;  
With a waist and with a side  
White as Hebe's, when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh  
Of the Fancy's silken leash:  
Quickly break her prison-string,  
And such joys as these she'll bring.—  
Let the winged Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

—John Keats.

### Earliest Spring.

Tossing his mane of snow in wildest eddies and tangles,  
Lion-like March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath,  
Through all the moaning chimneys, and 'thwart all the hollows  
and angles  
Round the shuddering house, threatening of winter and death.  
But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow  
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift  
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow,  
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.  
Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream, or  
desire  
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and  
goes—  
Rapture of life ineffable, perfect—as if in the brier,  
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.  
—William Dean Howells.

The well-known tinker's dam was not a swear-word, but a little dab of clay or putty to impound the solder.



## THIS DECADENT AND CHAOTIC AGE.

Colonel Repington Snap-Shots Post-Bellum Europe.

"The war seems to have killed off all but the vulgarians" might be taken as the culminating philosophy of Colonel Repington's additional diaries. And his survey of topsy-turvy Europe in the year 1921 leads to the conclusion that the war has made vulgarians of the few extant who were not. It speaks rather well for humanity that the *status quo* of Western civilization turned them into nothing worse than vulgarians, if by the latter expressive term one means people who have lost, however temporarily, the accurate guidance of taste and reason. Europe—one still feels safe in rigid classification—is in the clutch of vulgarians—bolsheviks, reactionaries, revolutionists, counter-revolutionists, fanatical decadents of every sort, but all decadent, because that is the order of things in Europe.

It would be hard to say which part of the Continent demands immediate attention, so critical is the condition throughout. Czecho-Slovakia appears to be the danger zone, thanks to the unskillful partitioning of the peace. Germany, owing to its traditional obtuseness, is one of the least interesting. One's heart is wrung for France. Poor France! To think that the home of Western reason and its inevitable offspring, good taste, should now harbor willful stubbornness and irrationality. Writing in Greece, another state of extra precarious conditions, Colonel Repington notes:

French influence here has been practically destroyed by France's own faults during the war and after it. Opinion is quite unanimous on this point, and on the fact that English influence is supreme. France seems to have lost her political instinct as Gounaris declared, and maybe that the loss of her Russian ally has destroyed the basis of her Eastern policy.

This observation is the more remarkable as it was written months before the late Conference. To be sure, the opinion of Greece is a more or less volatile affair depending on the turn of royalist-revolutionary fortunes. Another recent traveler in Greece has reported the classic country as the enemy of practically every other European state. According to our diarist, however, Greece condescends to play favorites:

Maximos said that when Greeks spoke of the Allies, they now meant England who had the mastery of the world. France's influence was dead. Italy was not of much account. Greece wished to act with England, but without financial help in Asia Minor could not long continue to carry out the Allied policy. He agreed that Greece required fifty years to solidify her gains by the war, and I warned him of ambitious projects against Constantinople which would ruin everything.

Colonel Repington is naturally royalist in sympathy. He notes with approval that Constantine is really the national hero. After an interview with M. Robert de Billy, the French minister in Greece, he writes:

He thought that Venizelos' fall was due to his own failings. He had great ability, but was always in the clouds, had a board-school child's notions of finance, and let others carry on the internal policy while he was interesting himself in the big questions of foreign policy. Venizelos knew well that he would some day have to carry out a huge programme of internal reform after he had got his New Greece. The country was in a bad state administratively, and an immense work awaited the new government. Venizelos had carried on by his subordinates a system of tyranny which had proved his ruin. It could be excused during the war, but not after it. He admitted that the Greeks could smash the Turks, but did not see what the limit of their action could be. He did not much believe in the barrier of Turks against Bolshevism. . . . He knows too much of Greece, and says that the big people think that by saying that a thing is to be, it will be, whereas it will not be so in Greece. The psychology of the Greeks was very special. They ruled their government and were not ruled by it, as France and England were. The Greeks still regarded the world as made up of Greeks and Barbarians and thought it a condescension when they said that Greece was with this power or that. They were astounded when they found that this power was not with them. The Greeks were very subtle and trained to politics from infancy. They ate, drank, thought, and dreamed politics. When Rhalys came to apologize to Mme. Politis for having her windows broken, the lady said to her boy of six how nice it was for a prime minister to have taken such a step. "Pish! It was only a phrase," scoffed the infant.

This is an illuminating view of the Greek temperament, always one of the most baffling of the European, and considered Eastern by the remainder of the Continent. Perhaps because of their Oriental heritage, at any rate because of their merciless, businesslike method of reconstruction, the Greeks stand one of the best chances of coming out on top of the *débâcle*. From the outsider's viewpoint, it does not seem to matter much which party controls—so dominant is the Greek passion for government.

The direct antithesis of this state is to be found in Austria:

I don't think that people in Austria are thinking in political terms. The *res angustia domi* makes every one think of him or herself in economic terms. I am told that Austrians frequently say, well, anyhow we are by ourselves now, and need no more worry ourselves about what the Czechs, or Croats, or Magyars want. I am also told that the Entente ministers here have been constantly feeding the Austrians with hope of material support which never materializes, and that governments here have made their book on it.

This stupid materialism is what one would expect of a people who have never been allowed to learn to think. But conditions in Germany proper are even worse:

In general I found that the Bavarians frankly admit that they lost the war, and are not bothering much about the reasons why they lost it. The *Eimwohnerwehr* have given up their arms with reluctance, but admit that the vast extension of the movement was an error.

At least the Bavarians were honest than the Prussians. But Colonel Repington is more surprised than are we:

I never knew a people so changed as the Germans since the war. I think they are still dazed by their fall. They not only fell, they crashed. They can not get over it, understand it, or account for it. They are fearfully humiliated and very sad and sorry for themselves. They indubitably regard our view, that they began the war, as a fiction, and consider that the chief duty of German statesmanship must be to expose that fiction. They put down the original cause of the war to the encircling policy of England and avow that Russia mobilized first. So they regard the Versailles treaty as shameless brutality, and their clever if coarse caricaturists represent poor Michel—the German peasant—as a sort of saint, a harmless unarmed creature exposed daily to fresh bullying by the Allied powers. I doubt whether the men who fought in the war, and the older men who did not, will ever get over their experience of these years. Youth is more elastic, and it may be the German youth who may restore Germany to a high position. At present one hates talking to a German and a German hates talking to us.

In fact Germany is in pretty bad flavor in Europe. She may have forgiven herself for starting the conflagration, but her neighbors would forgive her more readily if she were not so self-righteous. Again poor France has to bear the burden of the odium:

In general the position of France at this moment is that Germany has shown flagrant bad faith by refusing to meet her obligations over reparations, by refusing to disarm her secret forces, and by neglecting to prosecute her war criminals. She demands the moral support of England in the measures of coercion which she is now compelled to begin, measures which will apply to the centre of the Imperialist and reactionary agitation. L. G. has publicly declared the German proposals to be "thoroughly unsatisfactory" and has agreed in principle to the Ruhr occupation. The Belgian press seems solid with France.

Naturally, Germany refuses to disarm her secret forces. All the straws point to a further and more emphatic expression of her righteous wrath. Colonel Repington had an interview with Captain Florange of the Inter-Allied Army of the Rhine on the subject of the hidden formations of the German army:

Each regiment of infantry is known, or believed, to possess three complete sets of arms, clothing, and equipment, and the seven divisions could become twenty-one on expansion, while the cavalry could become seven divisions.

It is necessary that the redundant arms and equipment should be given up. There are also more engineers than are allowed and the bridge-trains are enough for an army corps. The depots might similarly expand. The twenty-one divisions, if formed, might number 300,000 men, and it is probable that they would be completed as fast as the *Reichswehr* was made up when it went to put down the Ruhr revolt. This the French think to be only a covering force. The National Army is expected to group itself behind on the *Schupo* or *Schützpolizei* nucleus, which is the old dog in a new doublet, namely the old *Sicherheitspolizei* abolished by order of the Allies, but in fact handed over to the Ministry of the Interior and only renamed. It has 80,000 men in Prussia, and in all 150,000 men. It is considered to be the *cadre* of the future national army. How they will be formed is not precisely known, but the *livrets* or small books of 7,000,000 men are in existence and touch is kept with men through the pensions officer. There is also a system of passing men through the *Schupo* for nominally experimental training stages, which looks ominously like the old Prussian camouflage after 1806. Given the many rifles and machine guns known to exist, and the probability that many guns are also concealed, a good-sized body of troops could be formed, probably 1,500,000 it is thought, and the idea is that the triplicated *Reichswehr* would delay an enemy until this force was assembled in the interior. Such an idea has been formulated by a German general and is becoming a sort of doctrine.

Once again Colonel Repington gave the Teutonic character the benefit of the doubt:

I said, "Do you really believe that a people who have suffered so much want war again?" Florange said, No, the people did not, but the old Imperialist and reactionary parties wanted to reestablish a strong Germany and it was difficult to prevent them from doing so. This disastrous docility of the German people, and the hankering of all but Socialists for Monarchism, made many things possible. There was all this huge mass of officers out of work who longed for the reestablishment of their prerogatives, and these people naturally wished to act soon, as they could not afford to wait. If we could put off the possibility of a war for fifteen or twenty years, until this class and the trained soldiers were *hors de cause*, and the old military spirit had given way to the civil spirit, we might get over the danger of a fresh German aggression.

France may be temporarily *hors de combat*, but French opinion seems to have its usual rating. Colonel Repington explored it wherever he found it. M. André Lefèvre, late war minister in the governments of Millerand and Leygues, is the source of the following observations:

A striking character of whom we shall hear more if he lives. About the strongest man in Parliament here, not Jingo, but with a fixed idea that any measures are preferable to the resumption of war with Germany, which event he considers certain within five years unless we adopt drastic courses. He confirms Buat's estimate of the Boche preparations and puts their rifles down at four millions and their Maxims at many thousands. He also tells me that many essential parts of submarines are under construction, and I asked him to publish the information at once if it was authentic. He said that he would. He also believes that orders for arms are being executed in Sweden and elsewhere and that they are for the Germans eventually. His view is that directly the Commissions of Control are withdrawn, Germany will recommence to arm, and that it will not take her long to become the old Germany.

Lefèvre was as good as his word and printed in the *Journal* the details of Boche preparations for building submarines. This was in March, 1921, but the data seems to have cut little, if any, figure in the recent Conference.

More expert French opinion is elicited from Degoutte. General Degoutte was commander of the Inter-Allied Army of the Rhine:

Degoutte considered Upper Silesia to be still the great danger of the present moment and asked my opinion about it.

I said that I could find good grounds for all this in turn; for that of the Germans that all Upper Silesia should remain to them, because in a plebiscite they had polled 60 to 65 per cent. of the votes; for the Korfanty line, because I believed there was a tiny Polish majority east of this line; for Briand's desire to treat the whole mineral region as one, because the exploited and unexploited mineral region included both the triangle and the Pless-Rybnik Kreise; and lastly for the Anglo-Italian thesis, because the industrial triangle was really a region by itself, containing all the great agglomerations of people in Upper Silesia, where the Germans had a 50,000 majority.

A French journalist, M. Herbertte, who writes the leaders on foreign policy in *Le Temps*, contributed the following:

He thought, like Pétain, that we had made a bad peace, and regretted the break-up of Austria as I did. Czecho-Slovakia now stretched across to Europe and was like a cartridge of dynamite, hating everybody round them, but appearing to him more Slav and pro-Russian than anything else. Austria was bound to go to Germany some day, and Germany would then extend over Hungary next. He thought the new Serb State had more possibilities than any other carved out of the old Austria. We agreed to differ about the Greeks. He thought we were laying up great trouble for ourselves in future with Russia, owing to our backing of the Greeks and because of the little Baltic States which we had created. A revived Russia would sweep all this away.

One had almost forgotten Russia in view of Colonel Repington's revelations of other revolutionary states. As a matter of fact the diarist also ignores the great Slav experiment. Perhaps it would be useless to study so fluid a state. Perhaps it is reserved for a later volume.

Despite its bad name, Colonel Repington finds a good word for Czecho-Slovakia:

Now if we turn to the commercial and industrial side of the life here, it is certain that this little state is the most viable of all in this part of the world in its industrial present and future. It comprises about three-quarters of the riches of the former Austria, and though it is short by about 30 per cent. of the annual foodstuffs required, it has almost everything else needed for itself and much over for exportation. It is a good going business concern, but as it lives by its industries it competes with us, and owing to the high rate of exchange it can not buy our goods, while the control of the government over imports and the cheap production here make our merchants wary. There is scarcely any trade between Czecho-Slovakia and the countries at the top of the tree in the exchange scale. We might find a large field for banking here, but nothing is done, and the Germans are nearly sure to seize this outlet before long. . . . The Czechs rather play the Germans the game that the Germans formerly played them, and it is a dear price to be paid some day for the sake of paltry revenge. The aristocratic Germans sulk in their homes and wring their hands. They hate the Czechs, whom they have always considered an inferior race. They never even learned the Czech language, and now they refuse diplomatic appointments which Benes offers them and take little part in public life. These are in fact faults on both sides. Perhaps common interest will hold the two together for a time, but I do not see a recovered Germany failing to attract their Bohemian brother Germans now that the old German-Austria is in such low water, and the old empire is no more.

But it is unfair to the colonel's book to imply that all of it is lugubriously prophetic, though undoubtedly his attempt to face the European facts is the greatest merit of his excellent book:

A good Clemenceau story, if a trifle premature, at lunch today. Clemenceau reaches heaven and is taxed by St. Peter with not having confessed his sins. "But, holy saint," replied Clemenceau, "since I reached heaven I have been searching high and low for a priest and can not find a single one!" Another story of him after his operation for appendicitis. He was asked how he felt without it. "Quite well," replied the Tiger. "There are only two perfectly useless things in the world. One is an appendix and the other is Poincaré!"

And even the exigencies of post-war conditions afford an occasional smile:

Two good stories at dinner tonight. One, the receipt of a letter by the Hungarian government from the League of Nations requesting them to establish a sanitary cordon on the Polish frontier to prevent the spread of typhus. The fact that there is no such frontier is not yet known at Geneva. The other, an F.O. letter refusing to send petrol to Budapest, but saying that a lorry would be sent out via Trieste and that it could travel backwards and forwards from Budapest to Bucharest for supplies which, they believed, were available there. A rough calculation showed that the journey to Bucharest and back was one thousand miles or nearly as far as from Budapest to London. I wished that Henry Labouchere had been alive and in diplomacy here to answer that letter. He would have made the F.O. squirm.

It has been impossible in the limited space here to even suggest the numerous personalities that pass so vividly through the colonel's pages. Their discovery is a pleasure reserved for readers of the book. But just one sketch may be indulged in now:

Friday, April 29, 1921. Went off to see M. Clemenceau at his old address 8 Rue Franklin at 9 a. m. The same old commonplace bourgeois den, with the dark enclosed court all surrounded by other houses, and in the dining-room, where I waited for a few minutes, the same dirty old woodwork on the walls, crying for coats of paint, and the ordinary, almost lodging-house furniture, and the red carpet worn threadbare and in patches at the entrance. What a home for a man who has won the greatest war in history! Clemenceau came out of his room to find me. He was in the same old clothes and with a black half-turban cap on his head, and an almost imperceptible bit more stiff in his gait. But directly we sat down opposite one another at the well-known writing table. I saw that there was all the old fire, the alert brain, the rapid thought, the clear word, the penetrating sarcasm, in fact the old master who won the war and the tiger who destroyed so many ministries. I could not see a vestige of failure of his intellectual powers, and the eyes danced and glared and flashed, and the fun came rolling out with the same old humor, witicism, and profound knowledge of character and human nature.

As a portrait of one of the few who have not become vulgarians, the above is in striking contrast to the panorama unrolled by the colonel's trenchant pen.

AFTER THE WAR. By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 11, 1922, were \$128,900,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$130,700,000; a decrease of \$1,800,000.

Until the fundamental principles of investment are taught in our public schools many people will continue to gain their knowledge of such matters from their own sad experience, says John K. Barnes in *Century Magazine*. Books are printed which, if read carefully and the knowledge thus acquired applied

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to the investment of funds, would save many people from the loss of their savings; but, unfortunately, not many people read them. Meanwhile the interest in investments is growing and there was never a greater need for investment education. Therefore any rules which provide a short-cut to the results that investment education could be expected to bring are of value.

For years the law regulating savings bank investments in New York State has been a

curity back of them and as to the record of earnings of the company issuing them. These make up the principal classes of securities in which New York savings banks can invest their funds. This list of so-called "legal" investments has been used for years as a guide to the selection of securities for those who wanted the safest investments they could get. Bonds in this savings bank list usually sell several points above others that are just as good but for some reason or other do not come in the list. As public utility bonds and industrial bonds have become better seasoned there have been opportunities for safe investment among them that would bring in a considerably higher interest; and there are also good possibilities for investment in railroad securities outside of those which are legal for savings banks to buy.

Andrew Carnegie, a great maker of wealth and also a great conservator of it, recognized this, and in his will he laid down certain rules for his trustees to follow in selecting securities for the investment of his fortune. These rules afford an excellent guide for those who do not wish to follow the more conservative New York savings bank law, but yet want conservative guidance in making their investments. They show that Carnegie's oft-quoted admonition to put all one's eggs in one basket and then watch that basket did not apply to investment, but to business ventures—a fact which is made clear by Carnegie himself in his autobiography. After he retired from the steel business, where he kept close watch of his eggs, he began to diversify his investments by the purchase of underlying main line railroad bonds. His investment rules left for his trustees permit them to invest in the following:

"1. In such securities as are sanctioned by the laws of the State of New York as proper investments for savings banks.

"2. In bonds secured by first mortgage on railroads in the United States upon the common stock of which dividends shall have been regularly paid for at least two successive years immediately preceding the time of such investment. (Under the New York savings bank law 4 per cent. dividends must have been paid for five years.)

"3. In any other class of bonds of any trunk railroad company in the United States in high credit, which has not failed to pay regular dividends on all its stock for at least five years immediately preceding such investment. (The savings bank law applies only to mortgage bonds.)

"4. In the preferred stock of any railroad company that meets the above requirements.

"5. In the bonds or preferred stock of any industrial corporation in the United States which shall not have failed to pay dividends on all its stock for at least five years immediately prior to such investment.

"6. In bonds secured by first mortgage on improved real estate in the United States worth, in the opinion of competent appraisers, a clear 50 per centum more than the amount of the mortgage. (This permits mortgages up to 66 2-3 per cent. of valuation.)

"7. In certificates of established bond and mortgage companies or trust companies secured by the deposit of specific bonds and

mortgages answering the foregoing requirements."

Carnegie did not speculate himself and he left no provision for his trustees to do so. He early resolved to own no stock that was bought and sold upon any stock exchange. "Such a course," he says in his autobiography, "should commend itself to every man in the manufacturing business and to all professional men. For the manufacturing man especially the rule would seem all important. His mind must be kept calm and free if he is to decide wisely the problems which are continually coming before him. Nothing tells in the long run like good judgment, and no sound judgment can remain with the man whose mind is disturbed by the mercurial changes of the stock exchange. It places him under an influence akin to intoxication.

Merchants and manufacturers, in general, would have some grounds for a feeling of apprehension if the course of the markets and the current of events during the first few weeks of the present year were a sure index of the tendencies and conditions likely to prevail throughout the coming months; but there is no warrant or justification, fortunately, for any such conclusion. January is nothing but an arbitrary subdivision of the calendar which, of itself, determines nothing of the future, and the inconclusive character, generally, of developments within that period may be inferred from the fact that January is usually the dullest month, industrially, of the entire twelve. That alone—under existing circumstances—ought to be sufficient, by way of an explanation, to satisfy or reassure any one who has experience a feeling of disappointment or alarm over the somewhat inauspicious opening of 1922, says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*.

It is fairly typical of human nature that whatever is unfavorable in a situation appears doubly so at a time of extreme dullness. Given such a condition and various matters, financial, commercial, industrial, or political—some of them mere trifles—which at a time of abounding activity would scarcely be noticed, or would be ignored entirely, loom up as portentous happenings, or disturbing developments which seem to threaten the entire fabric of business and the stability of government. And, of course, the converse of the proposition is true, for when a buying craze seizes upon the community, as was the case in 1919, all warnings go unheeded, all caution is thrown to the winds and men plunge forward madly as though nothing could end the advancing movement. But we are not now dealing with that phase of this most curious and interesting problem of collective or market psychology.

That expectations regarding the enduring quality of the improvement noticed in certain departments of trade last autumn were pitched too high has long been apparent. In fact, it was clear to every observer as early as November that industry was again wavering or slipping back, and January was chiefly notable in emphasizing that feature and in demonstrating also that the recovery in business would be a slow and painful process. There was nothing unexpected or unusual about the recession, but, to the contrary, it is precisely what has been predicted of the markets ever since the similarity between the present reaction and the

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great depression that followed the panic of 1873 became recognized and appreciated. The recovery on that occasion was marked by an alternating series of rallies and recessions, and experienced economists and business men have expressed the opinion that business would travel the same road again. And it may be said that nothing which has developed in recent months has tended to modify this conclusion in any important particular.

There can be little if any doubt that as a result, chiefly, of seasonal dullness there has been a disposition upon the part of superficial observers to attach an undue importance to the fact that general business has shown no



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signs of a marked improvement and that the slight betterment which occurred in special lines of trade last year has not in every instance been maintained in full. In consequence, a depression of sentiment has settled down upon the markets as profound in some respects as that which prevailed up to August. Reports of financial and commercial difficulties, of the unsatisfactory condition of trade and the disturbing tendencies of legislation and of politics are attracting a great deal of attention and are figuring prominently in all business discussions. In fact the community appears to be talking of little or nothing else.

This is the season for the annual corporation reports, and the fact that many of those which have been coming to hand reflect simply appalling losses as a result of last year's business has added materially to the prevail-

pany, a deficit of \$2,985,794, and the list might be expanded almost indefinitely.

Strassburger & Co. are offering \$221,000 Corcoran Irrigation District, Kings County, California, serial gold 6 per cent. coupon bonds, at prices to yield 5 1/2 per cent. The income derived from these bonds is wholly exempt from Federal income taxes, including both the normal taxes, surtaxes, and excess profit taxes. Ownership certificates are not required when interest coupons are collected. Approved by the State Irrigation District Bond Commission, composed of the superintendent of banks, the state engineer, and the attorney-general, as a legal investment for California savings banks, commercial banks, trust companies, trust funds, insurance companies, state school funds, and all public funds which may be invested in state, county, city, or school district bonds; and as legally acceptable to secure deposits of state, county, and city funds in California banks. Assessed value of district for taxation purposes, \$5,165,738.80.

E. G. Elliott & Co., Inc., are offering practically all of the available units of the Osage Royalty Company. The Osage Royalty Company is a common law trust company with an authorized capitalization of 1000 units, par value, \$200 per unit. The company's holdings comprise leases of 920 acres in the Osage oil fields in Weston County, Wyoming. The Osage Royalty Company has leased to the Inland Oil and Refining Company 400 acres for \$100,000 cash for the privilege of drilling the 400 acres. It is the Inland Oil and Refining Company's intention to drill 100 wells on this lease. One well started and paid for in full by the Osage Royalty Company—down 700 feet—will be completed in ninety days. Two more wells being drilled by the Inland Oil and Refining Company are to be completed in ninety days.

The Holland Land Company has advised Hunter, Dulin & Co., who underwrote their issue of \$2,500,000 6 per cent. bonds, dated December 1, 1919, that up to February 28, 1922, \$520,000 of these bonds had been redeemed and retired through the sinking fund. The Holland Land Company has just passed through an unusually successful year in spite of the conditions prevailing in all agricultural markets and in farming communities. Land sale contracts at the present time pledged with the trustees as further security for the bond issue total \$3,891,557.65.

Henry L. Doherty & Co. and Cities Service Company, who own and control Empire Refineries, Inc., Crew Levick Company, and Empire Gas and Fuel Company with the large Mid-Continent production and holdings of the latter company, announce that they have entered into a working arrangement for a period of years with the Carson Petroleum Company

which gives Cities Service Company interests first call on the export facilities of the Carson Petroleum Company.

The Carson Petroleum Company has just completed one of the most modern export plants in the world, located in the port of New Orleans. This terminal includes approximately 1,000,000 barrels of steel tankage with pipe-line and pumping equipment for loading tankers at a rate of approximately 2500 barrels per hour, together with complete casing, canning, and barreling facilities with a capacity for manufacturing, filling, and loading aboard ships approximately 10,000 cases and 1500 wood or steel barrels of petroleum products daily. The plant is equipped throughout with a complete modern conveying system for handling empty and filled packages from the point of manufacture and filling over the company's own docks into a ship's hold.

Hunter, Dulin & Co., who underwrote in 1915 \$225,000 Consolidated Water Company of Pomona first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds, state that the company has had a successful year. Their operating revenue for the year 1921 amounted to \$83,665.58. Operating expenses, including depreciation, amounted to \$59,797.51. Bond interest amounted to \$14,887.31. Net earnings were approximately one and one-half times bond interest. Income invested in betterments during the year 1921 amounted to \$23,095.25.

To take care of greatly increased production demand the Crittall Casement Window Company has begun the erection of a new plant at Detroit, Michigan. The plant is being built by A. A. Albrecht, contractor, and will be ready for occupancy May 1st. The plans are the Crittall Casement Window

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ing condition of mind in financial and business circles. In the present temper of Wall Street it makes little or no difference that the statements and the losses bear upon past conditions and that the present situation and the outlook may be far better. The rank and file simply ignore that feature and dwell upon the losses and deficits, which seem to confirm their theory of an unimproved industrial position, and it is no doubt true that many months or years must elapse before some corporations are as strong financially as they were before the reaction set in. Some idea of what business was called upon to withstand last year may be inferred from the fact that the annual statement of Armour & Co. disclosed a deficit of \$31,709,817; that of Sears-Roebuck & Co., a deficit, after charges, dividends, etc., of \$19,094,127; that of the Consolidated Gas Company, a deficit of \$9,979,537; that of the J. I. Case Plow Com-



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Company's own. This building is designed to be the central and larger of a group of three, the other two to be built later. The main building is 300 feet long by 100 in width, and will contain the general offices as well as the steel casement factory.

The Sweetwater Corporation have just issued their yearly report of the year ending December 31, 1921, which is made public through Hunter, Dulin & Co., who underwrote the \$450,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds in 1920, of which \$30,000 have been retired to date by the serial sinking fund.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Now that the radio has become a *fait accompli* one begins to speculate what its ultimate effect on literature will be. Its influence on the art of letters may not be at first apparent, but a very immediate result can be foreseen with respect to newspapers; and journalism and literature are very closely allied. It is not hard to imagine a newspaperless era. The system used would be analogous to that employed by the African na-

tives who have inter-village communication by means of drum beating. Of course not even the most fatuous member of the journalistic profession would hold that the fall of newspapers means a relapse to barbarism. But there is the analogy and it shows how revolving human progress is.

With newspapers gone, it is a short step to the abolition of all other periodicals, for most journals are of merely current interest and with our mind's eye we are now regarding a time when print will be reserved for the purposes of preservation only. People with a hobby for preserving files of newspapers will be a little out of luck and one will miss the light fuel that newspapers so readily lend themselves to, but otherwise, where would be the loss if all journals, daily and otherwise, could come, literally, in one ear and out the other?

Cultivated literature is not so easily managed. There will still be old-fashioned people with a hankering for books, *per se*. Again, the person with a love for books as things, regardless of what wisdom or folly they contain, will be out of luck. One feels for him, but has even keener sympathies for the playwright with a fondness for "the library" as a scene of setting. Indubitably, a radio receiving station has not the atmosphere of a library, the something rare and refined that a library full of dusty and probably germy books connotes. But one hopes for the sake of dramatist and novelist that libraries will not become extinct even though books do. Libraries, like speech, seem to be a human attribute, but we suspect that they will one day be composed of dictaphone records. There were libraries before the invention of print; they will probably survive the invention of the radio and dictaphone.

As for any effect the radio may have on current fiction and most contemporaneous non-fiction, one can not regret it whatever it will be. Of course, there are shining exceptions. There have been several notable books published within the last week. A book that is said to challenge comparison with the tremendous "Education of Henry Adams" is "Up Stream," an American chronicle, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Boni & Liveright). A book that bodes significance has just been put out by the Houghton Mifflin Company—"The Fall of Mary Stuart," by Frank A. Mumby. This remarkable volume is largely composed of Mary's correspondence and is a veritable source-book of history. Another Houghton Mifflin book of great charm is "American Portraits, 1875-1900," by Gamaliel Bradford. E. P. Dutton & Co., who have been going strong on books of an abstract nature of late—they are the publishers of the most important Einstein books, including the recent "Einstein the Searcher," by Alexander Moszkowski—have just issued two books of great philosophical importance. They are "Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion," by the Baron F. von Hügel, and "Our Unconscious Mind," by Frederick Pierce. These are all good books, some of them may be great books, but they and their kind are a small leaven in the great mass of print that would be better out of print. If the radio kills the latter—we are not quite sure how it will, but all the straws point that way—so much the better. Cheap fiction has to a large extent been supplanted by the movies, but it does not follow that the latter are a blessing in disguise. The trash is still there, only more of it. The lecture platform has superseded a certain type of didactic and reminiscence literature. The world of letters is certainly not the loser, and the lecture platform has the distinct virtue that one can stay away from it. Truly, the times could be worse. But the problem before us is the fate of letters. Our age has been called a mechanical one. It is said to contribute little toward culture, though much toward comfort. But Clio and Thalia and Calliope herself can not regret our scientific era if among other things we learn to suppress unnecessary books. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

The George H. Doran Company announces the publication of a novel by Arnold Bennett. "Mr. Prohack" is Mr. Bennett's first since the advent of "The Pretty Lady" (Doran), published in 1918. This last novel is said to be a delightful treatment of a new rich man endeavoring to "take things easy" scientifically and expensively.

A further installment of Queen Victoria's letters, edited by Mr. G. E. Buckle, will be published in 1924.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's next novel, "This Freedom," is to be published in England in the autumn.

H. G. Wells' novels, "The Passionate Friends" and "The Country of the Blind," have been recently filmed.

Among the forthcoming publications of the J. B. Lippincott Company is a novel by Dr. Burris Jenkins, entitled "The Bracegirdle." This is a romance of London in the days of King William of Orange, the story of a

charming and talented actress, Anne Bracegirdle, who was one of the famous characters of the London stage in the seventeenth century. Dr. Jenkins will be remembered as the author of "Princess Salome: A Tale of the Days of Camel-Bells."

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, editor of the colossal new four-volume work, "The Outline of Science," the first volume of which is to be published this spring by G. P. Putnam's Sons, holds the chair of natural history at Aberdeen University.

Romance and Stevenson are not dead, if we may judge from the experience of the publishers of the new Vailima Edition of the author. Not many weeks ago it was announced that Charles Scribner's Sons, in co-operation with the five publishers in England of the works of Stevenson, were preparing a comprehensive edition in twenty-six volumes, to appear at intervals during the present year. Before a volume actually appeared in England, the supply of one thousand sets for Great Britain was exhausted and the Vailima was held at a premium. Something of the popularity of the work of Stevenson in America may be inferred from the statement just sent out by the publishers in this country that the American supply of one thousand sets has been sold, although only four of the twenty-six volumes have actually appeared, and that the price of the edition has been advanced. This is even more significant than the experience in England, as each American set has actually been sold to an individual customer.

Mr. Stanley Rinehart, son of Mary Roberts Rinehart, is the partner of Mr. Doran, the publisher, whose daughter he married. Though but just over forty, Mrs. Rinehart is a grandmother.

Sir James Frazer, author of "The Golden Bough," has been further immortalized by M. Antoine Bourdelle, the great French sculptor, who has just completed a bust of the English folk-lore.

S. B. H. Hurst, whose "Coomer Ali" has been recently published by Harper & Brothers, has from the age of sixteen sailed cargoes to Japan, China, India, and Java. He has taken pilgrims to Mecca and convicts to Andaman. Harpers have signed him up for a series of novels.

Ancient Greece's fourth great art was that of vase-painting, and although an extensive literature in the shape of monographs has grown up about it, due to the important discoveries resulting from recent excavations in Greece and Italy, a full history of the subject has been wanting. A volume just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., "Greek Vase-Painting," is a very careful and important work, giving a history of Greek vases in all their periods, which affords for all students of classical art the history and study, at once comprehensive and detailed, which they have long needed. It is by the German authority,

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Dr. Ernst Buschor, has been translated by G. C. Richards of Oriel College, Oxford, and has a preface by Percy Gardner, professor of classical archaeology in the University of Oxford. It is beautifully illustrated with one hundred and sixty examples of vase painting reproduced in half-tone engraving on special paper.

There is to be a new edition of John Henry Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," a novel that made a great stir in its day. Even then, when the novel was not the universal reading that it is now, "John Inglesant" had a great vogue, for it raised vital religious and ecclesiastical questions when interests in those subjects ran high in England. Incidentally, it was much canvassed by Gladstone and other notables.

The Australian postmaster-general has an intelligent idea of what comprises a book. He has ruled out of that category directories, acts of parliament, law reports (although digests are excepted), statistical works, turf and stud registers, music books, fashion journals, and cookery books.

Two or three million years ago trees like the magnolia flourished within the Arctic circle.

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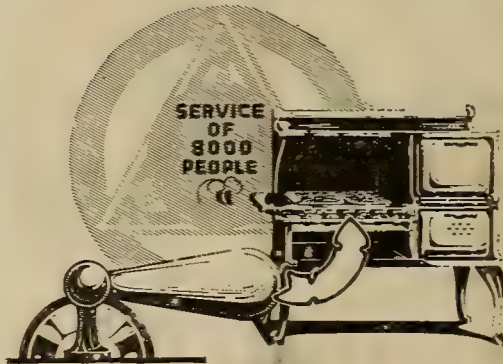
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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Hands of Nara.

Just as a few years ago all the world was dance mad, now every one has become a devotee of the psychic. The two are symptoms of the same unrest. Hard physical exercise is one way of "getting out of oneself"—the slogan that becomes a fetish with the characters of "The Hands of Nara"—and psychic hypnotism is another way. The *dramatis personae* of Mr. Child's new novel choose the latter.

It is not quite clear whether Mr. Child is rejecting or advocating the measure. Perhaps he is just stating the case. As an argument his book cancels itself in several respects. But as a picture of contemporary society it is faithful. Vanessa Yates discovers after a more or less hectic career of pleasure-seeking that self-sacrifice is the true recipe for self-escape, but Vanessa chooses another escape. After all, that is what most of us do. Few have the courage of their consciences. Nara Alexieff believes in magic and miracles, but lives to repudiate her own powers. Evidently in obedience to the law of compensation Emlen Claveloux, our hero-physician, and worshipper at the altar of truth, swerves round to see the virtues of the spirit. A fair exchange. And though it leaves one in considerable doubt as to the writer's actual convictions, it makes for verisimilitude. It is rather a relief to find a thoughtful novel that is not the exposition of a private belief.

As a story "The Hands of Nara" has considerable dramatic interest. It is one more of the many novels that have borrowed their local coloring from the juxtaposition of nationalities that is one of the aftermaths of the war.

THE HANDS OF NARA. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A History of California.

A popular history by an authoritative historian is an admirable conjunction. Many so-called histories are written in a popular vein that merely add to the sum of misinformation of the public. On the other hand, the professional historian is usually uninterested in popular dissemination of knowledge. Dr.

Chapman is therefore rendering a rather unusual service in his "History of California," which is as authoritative as thirteen years of intensive preparation and the author's immense historical experience can make it.

The present volume, sub-titled "The Spanish Period," takes the story of California from its known beginnings up to 1847. It is the narrative of one of the most romantic chapters of history, perhaps only equaled in the New World by the French conquest of the lower Mississippi. Even that phase of American development is hardly as epic, or as significant in its later bearings on our country. But though the period covered is that of the Spanish possession, the rôle of the Spaniard is given in its proper perspective. Russian and English foreign relations, internal Indian affairs, and the American element all play their part in Dr. Chapman's perspective. "A History of California" is a noteworthy volume.

A HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. By Charles Edward Chapman. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

Wayfarers in Arcady.

Readers of Mr. Vince's "The Street of Faces" and "England in France" will be interested to see a new collection of his essays in print. "Wayfarers in Arcady," is more of a nature study than either of his two previous books, and in that respect will appeal to a slightly different public. But every one who reads essays must be interested in his work and every one with a discriminating taste for English prose built with the architectural surety of Hillaire Belloc's will read his writings for the unusual gratification that they afford.

"Wayfarers in Arcady" is reminiscent of Hillaire Belloc's outdoor books in yet another way. It deals largely with roads and road pilgrims, with hills and downs. Not that Mr. Vince is an imitator. His talent is too sincere to plagiarize. It is simply that he belongs to a small class of writers who find their inspiration in wayfaring—a form of literature that seems to be particularly conducive to a progressive style and a logical course of writing.

Charles Vince is an English journalist who fought with the Royal Sussex Regiment dur-

ing the war, until in 1917 he was appointed to the staff, serving in the Military Intelligence Directorate.

WAYFARERS IN ARCADY. By Charles Vince. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

The Life of the Weevil.

Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, the translator of so much of the best of French literature into English, and particularly of the works of Henri Fabre, has gathered into the present book the essays on weevils contained in the "Souvenirs Entomologiques." Some of these essays have already appeared in English in "The Life and Love of the Insect" and "Social Life of the Insect World," but the greater part is fresh material. The book is doubly interesting inasmuch as it is probably the last of Mr. de Mattos' admirable translations.

THE LIFE OF THE WEEVIL. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.50.

Seeds of Time.

A new volume of verse by John Drinkwater is "Seeds of Time," a number of short poems, many of which have appeared in periodicals, and are now gathered together for the first time. The selection has been carefully made to suit the plaintif motif of the title and these verses are characteristic of Mr. Drinkwater's graceful muse.

SEEDS OF TIME. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

One Man's View.

Another volume of the limited edition of Leonard Merrick's works has just been published—"One Man's View." Readers of Mr. Merrick are familiar with this romance and with its difference from the more typical Merrick tales of Tricotrin and Conrad. "One Man's View" is reminiscent of the better Barrie novels, but has a distinct genre of its own. Exquisitely written and gently dealing with human weakness, it is yet one of the sincerest of modern novels. We hesitate to apply the word realistic, so miserably have its uses been deflected, but "One Man's View" is realistic in the sense that its plot is plausible and its characters react in a natural way. A repudiation of "One Man's View" leads one to the gloomy conclusion that they wrote better novels in the 'nineties.

ONE MAN'S VIEW. By Leonard Merrick. With an introduction by Granville Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

New Books Received.

SHE BLOWS! AND SPARK AT THAT! By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

Experiences on a whaler in the 'seventies.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS, 1875-1900. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

Studies of eight American personalities and the periods in which they lived.

WANDERERS. By Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.  
Translated from the Norwegian by W. W. Worster.

THE SOUL OF A CHILD. By Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.  
A novel of childhood.

SALT LAKE. By Pierre Benoit. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.  
Translated from the French by Florence and Victor Llona.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW. By the Baroness von Hutton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.  
A novel.

THE HANDS OF NARA. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.  
A novel.

A DICTIONARY OF CLASSIFIED QUOTATIONS. By W. Gurney Benham. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$5.

PSYCHOLOGY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A BEHAVIORIST. By John B. Watson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.

AGATE OF CEDAR. By Katharine Morse. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.  
Verse.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.  
A novel.

THE BRACEGIRL. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.  
A tale of London in the days of King William of Orange.

FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE? By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: Orchard Hill Press; \$1.

HISTORIC PARIS. By Jetta S. Wolfe. New York: John Lane Company.  
A guidebook to old Paris.

TORQUIL'S SUCCESS. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.  
A novel.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1921 AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2.

THE EVOLUTION OF CIVILIZATION. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.  
A history of civilization.

THE WAYS OF LAUGHTER. By Harold Begbie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.  
A comedy of interferences.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HENRY FORD. By Sarah T. Bushnell. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company.



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A History of California  
The Spanish Period

By Charles E. Chapman

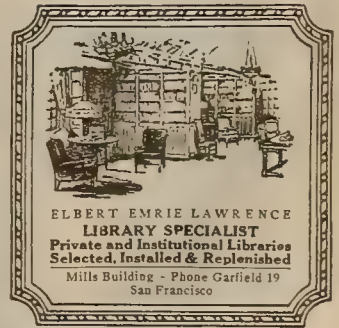
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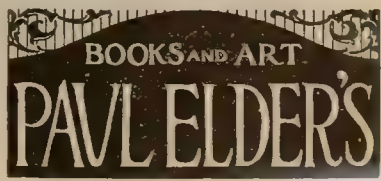
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### MAITLAND LEAVES US. AVE ATQUE VALE.

Arthur Maitland has arrived. A movement, headed by the mayor of Portland, Maine, and backed by all the musical, literary, and dramatic societies of that city, has been initiated, as a result of which Mr. Maitland has accepted an offer to continue in Portland the work he has been doing in San Francisco.

Two hundred and fifty subscribers will give the director financial backing, and a fine modern theatre that will hold two hundred and fifty people is in process of being built.

No doubt Mr. Maitland could give a year or two turn about to various of the leading cities of the country, and do well. But Portland evidently wants him and his work for a lengthy period. At any rate, the theatre is leased for a term of ten years. And, as an earnest of the feeling of satisfaction over the affair, a committee of citizens headed by the mayor will meet Director Maitland the day he arrives in Portland and tender him a public reception and banquet.

Director Maitland has another reason for feeling that recognition of his work is in the air. A prominent citizen of New Orleans, who was visiting San Francisco, saw two performances of the Maitland Players, one of them being Shaw's "Getting Married." The visiting New Orleanist, when he went home, got busy, as a result of which he got a \$40,000 guarantee from his fellow-citizens for a thirty weeks' season by Maitland and his company in New Orleans. Mr. Maitland, being otherwise engaged, could not accept it, but he must feel quite jubilant to have a double crown of laurel on his brow.

In the meantime San Francisco theatre-goers will miss the Maitland Theatre and the splendid line of plays with which we have gratefully made acquaintance through the young director's untiring work. We wish him every success, realizing with mingled regret and congratulation that our loss is Portland's gain.

The rueful patrons of the Maitland Theatre, thus bereft, have but two more weeks, counting the present, in which to enjoy the performances of the Maitland Players. "The Duke of Killcrankie," the bill for this week, will be remembered by confirmed theatre-goers as a popular vehicle for John Drew. It is one of the agreeable comedies written by Captain Marshall, all of whose pieces had a light, graceful touch, pleasant humor, and an ingratiating social atmosphere.

Here in San Francisco we saw Lawrence d'Orsay in the part, the tall, hee-haw Englishman with the accent and the eye-glass, who during his heyday enjoyed considerable popularity in the English rôles that particularly suited him.

The play, naturally, has a few reminders—the absence of the telephone and the motor—that it is not strictly up to date. But it fits in well with the happy mood of Director Maitland, who makes a most agreeable figure as the ingenious duke, playing the rôle of a modern Lochinvar.

Lea Penman, who accompanies the Maitland group to Portland, where she will remain as a member of the company, and Dorothy Wetmore, whom experience in the Maitland line of plays is appreciably developing, were attractive in the rôles of the two reluctant young women that were kidnapped and immured in Killcrankie Castle by the two enterprising suitors. Nance Wienusky gave the correct worldly tone to the rôle of an aristocratic dowager, and Sydney Riggs, who has been useful in twice filling prominent rôles, showed that he had made great strides.

"The Climax," by Locke—William Locke, I suppose—is the appropriate title for the final bill, after which the Maitlanders make their exit in a brilliant aura of recognition and success.

And now remains to be seen whether another manager will profit by entering the field so soon to be vacated by Mr. Maitland. We are assured that quantities of good, experienced New York players are in their favorite metropolis officiating, in order to earn a living, in rather menial positions. It would be a good time for the manager who wants to live and work under quieter conditions than in hectic New York to jump over here with a stock company and try it on us in San Francisco.

### W. L. GEORGE'S FINAL LECTURE.

On Wednesday evening W. L. George, under the auspices of Paul Elder, offered a very interesting interpretation of several of the satirical works of that greatest of satirists, Anatole France. The lecturer mentioned at once Anatole France's disbelief in Christian dogma, and his tolerant conviction that man is a very poor thing. And we can but recognize immediately that this detachment enables Anatole France to take an unbiased view of life and the queer doings of mankind. How queer he considers them we may deduce from such of his statements as this: that mankind wants myths, and, in the absence of any, creates them. Hence when Greek mythology went, man evolved the Christian myth to take its place.

How sovereign is this great thinker's contempt for humankind may also be gathered from his "Penguin Island," that great and mordant satire, in which the foolish birds are typical of man. In this the satirist shows how ridiculous, in his estimation, are man's conventions and moral and political institutions. Possibly there never was a work in which a satirist so neatly and contemptuously made man and life's sophistries a punctured bladder reduced to shapelessness on the end of a thrusting pen.

Anatole France's symbolic treatment of foolish mankind turns up again in the Bergeret books, in which Mr. George pointed out that Bergeret, the man—who is plainly France himself—is the Godhead of his dog, Ricquet, while Ricquet is man in the attitude of worship.

Such profound, deeply-rooted cynicism as is expressed in the France literature is, to the receptive conventionalist in thought, immensely disintegrating. For while France allows himself emotions to the extent of being a patriot—as he proved during the war—and at once scorns, loves, and pities mankind, his whole theory of life, as the lecturer pointed out, is that pleasure is the only useful thing in it. Which recalls the horrors depicted in the lives of the self-flagellating monks in France's "Thais," in which was embodied his reprobation of the asceticisms and religious fanaticism practiced in the early Christian era, when hapless man hit upon his fantastic theory of the virtue of celibacy.

Mr. George, as we may gather from his books, is a good deal of a cynic himself, but

he disagrees with Anatole France's conclusion that men always remain the same. He greatly admires him as a thinker, nevertheless neatly analyzes his character, which he states to be that of a man of both reason and instinct, the one warring against the other, but he considers that he fails as a novelist to live up to his high intellectual estate, his novels being incoherent and full of digressions.

Evidently Mr. George has discovered that our American culture is superficial and incomplete. At any rate he gave us liberal examples of Anatole France's satires, with illuminating comments; which is an excellent idea, since France's literary output is so copious that only an interpreter, such as Mr. George himself, would be apt to be familiar with it all. Added to which we were not at all unwilling to have our memory of what we had once read refreshed, and our comprehension enlarged.

### TRANSLATING "DECLASSEE."

All the world and his wife are going to see Ethel Barrymore in "Déclassée." And when they come away everybody asks everybody else what Ethel Barrymore was getting at in that long speech just following her entrance about "wawa," or "baba," or "vava." As an act of pure Christian consideration I am copying the speech from the February, 1920, number of *Current Opinion*, in which there is a summary of the play, and some very liberal excerpts therefrom. And I would be willing to make a bet that there will be a run on that number in the library from those baffled persons who like the *Zoë Akin* play and love Ethel Barrymore, but who didn't get the Varvick speech and other speeches:

*Lady Helen (with a laugh)*—"The mad Varvicks will soon trouble the world no longer. I suppose you don't know about the mad Varvicks? There was once quite a lot of us, and now I'm the only one left. We were very gay about five hundred years ago, but even then we were a little mad, too, I suppose. And we kept on being gay and mad through some of the soberest days that England has ever known. Sometimes we lost our heads; sometimes we went to house parties in the Tower; sometimes we hunted with the king and knew all the secrets of the queen. But there never was a battle fought for England, by land or sea, in which some Varvick did not offer his gay, mad life. Perhaps that's how we got the habit of dying. We've always died. I think we've rather liked dying—just as we've always liked our ghosts and our debts and our hereditary goat and our scandals and our troubadours and our fortune-telling gipsies and even our white sheep. We do admit to an occasional white sheep in the family—one every century or so."

### POWYS ON PROUST.

The series of bulky novels by Marcel Proust, which follow each other in a sequential line and enable the diligent reader to meet the same people over and over again, has attracted considerable attention both in and out of France. The Proust novels are not easy reading. One must be in the grip of a real enthusiasm to master something like twenty volumes; for the six are divided up by this writer, who so reluctantly lays down his pen, into volumes within volumes.

Professor Powys seems to have attained to that state of enthusiasm, and discoursed most interestingly last Friday morning on the matter and manner of the Proust novel, which he declares to be the finest that have come out in twenty years.

The two great merits of the series are pronounced by Professor Powys to be an inspired and absolutely faithful picture of the blue-blooded aristocracy of Europe—the Europe of several decades ago—and an exquisitely profound perception of that lonely ego within us that reacts in its own solitude to the panorama of life. And there were other points he mentioned with immense admiration: the perfect taste displayed by the author in his revelation of the aristocrat at ease with his own kind; and the æsthetic delight with which the author surveys every aspect, including the dullest, of life.

The lecturer mentioned Rolland's "Jean Christophe," only to compare that lengthy series to Proust's, to its own disadvantage. Nor can Thackeray or Meredith, declared Mr. Powys with holy enthusiasm, compare, in their pictures of English patricians, with Marcel Proust, who is to fiction what Van Dyke was to painting: an aristocrat depicting aristocrats with the art of a master.

No doubt Mr. Powys' audience, fired by his eloquence, went home resolved to plunge into this new and fascinating sea of fiction. But a lot of them are going to fall by the wayside. The mere aspect of a Proust novel is terrifying, for the pages are alarmingly compact looking, the dialogue comparatively infrequent, the style discursive, and the sentences of unwieldy length. I counted one that contained 170 words. An appreciator of Marcel Proust would smile disdainfully at that comment, but when you get a book full of sentences of that length, many of them

containing parentheses three or four lines long, it gives to novel-reading the appearance of hard work.

I am not speaking from the point of view of an English-speaking person reading French, for, being alarmed at the general aspect of "A L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur," which I had by me, I sprang it on some inoffensive French friends. They toiled through it, partly because they felt the intellectual finesse of the author, but nevertheless they intend in future to cut his acquaintance. One of the comments, made by a French intellectualist who has passed his life in the study of French literature, is that undoubtedly there are nuggets of gold in the Proust novels, but that there is too much dull drudgery necessary to dig them out.

For Marcel Proust has the habit of indulging in lengthy reflections on life, human nature, the passing show. They contain truth, undoubtedly, but, as with the person who unconsciously thinks aloud, they include many slight, fugitive ideas that are not worthy of preservation in print; in such quantity, at any rate.

There is truth in what he says, but his reflections are too piffling, too essentially uninteresting to block the main current of the novel. Besides, Proust has a way of getting away from his subject. He is frightfully discursive, and when he gets to reflecting he sends out so many divergent shoots that if his printed meditations were diagrammed they would look as errant as the rills running away in meandering streams from an overturned tub of water.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The American Indians are probably descended from immigrants from Asia by way of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Ethel Barrymore is playing to packed houses at the Columbia Theatre in Zoë Akins' unusual play, "Déclassée." As Lady Helen Haden, the heroine of Miss Akins' story, Miss Barrymore has a rôle of the kind in which her following likes to see her best. But one more week remains of her present engagement at the Columbia Theatre, the farewell San Francisco performance having been definitely announced to take place Saturday evening, March 25th. Seats for all remaining performances were placed on sale Thursday morning, March 16th, and the demand has been very heavy.

The Orpheum.

And now it is Mrs. Sidney Drew who is embarking upon a vaudeville cruise. Mrs. Drew has "captained" many an amusement ship in the movies, the drama, and now the two-a-day. Her career on the screen is too well known to require comment. When Mrs. Drew deserted the movies for the legitimate stage it was as a star and, of course, she comes to vaudeville as an undisputed headliner. Here she is offering a playlet by Edwin Burke called "Predestination." "Predestination" gives a new angle to the triangle. It is described as a domestic comedy.

Being a laughing stock is a decided asset if you happen to be the laughing stock of vaudeville. Ray and Emma Dean say they are this, and their antics prove their claim. Ray assumes the character of a "wise hick." Emma sings well and does straight for Ray's clowning.

Pinto and Boyle present "The Mysterious Musical Trunk." This sounds as though they were prestidigitators or illusionists. They are nothing of the sort, but they are comedians

and musicians. They offer an Italian comedy act of talk, song, and music on novel instruments.

The world's art is necessarily confined to a few art galleries divided among many nations. The public is familiar with the great sculptures by copies of photographs. Weston's Models afford a much better opportunity to see these treasures. They produce with living models the masterpieces from famous galleries.

Raymond Wilbert is described as "the Unusual Fellow," and the description is constantly appropriate because Wilbert is at the same time exceptional, uncommon, singular, and extraordinary. He offers a specialty that is unique and original.

Lois Bennett, who hails from this Coast, has done principally concert work and light opera. In vaudeville her splendid voice is heard in a series of musical melodies, the songs that do more than please.

Miss Ruby Norton in a new repertoire of songs and Hal Skelley and his excellent company in "The Mutual Man" will remain for a second week.

Farewell to the Maitland.

After five years in San Francisco, Arthur Maitland will close the doors of the Maitland Playhouse for the last time after this week's performance of Edward J. Locke's serio-comedy, "The Climax." Director Maitland is leaving for the East the first of April, having accepted an offer from Portland, Maine, where he will open a theatre about the first of July.

Arthur Maitland opened the "little theatre" venture at the Hotel St. Francis, and three seasons ago with his own company started the Maitland Playhouse, on Stockton Street above Post.

For this week the John Drew success, "The Duke of Killcrankie," is being played most successfully by the Maitland company.

The Mikado.

Those who heard the Dunbar Opera Company in the recent production of "Robin Hood" will appreciate the singing quality of the cast promised for the forthcoming revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's gem of comic operas, "The Mikado." The light opera organization is returning to the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, March 26th, with three elaborate revivals, "The Mikado," "The Bohemian Girl," and "Pinafore." There is so much of charm, so much of wit, and so much of delightful music to "The Mikado" that a complete light opera company will be able to shine in its rendition.

The cast of "The Mikado" will be as follows: Edward Andrews as Koko, Harry Pfeil as Nankipoo, Carl Bundschu as Poo Bah, George Olson as the Mikado, Edward Thomas as Pish Tush, Theo Pennington and Nellie Andrews alternating in the rôle of Yum Yum, Paula Ayres as Katisha, June Reed as Pitti Sing.

San Francisco Opera Season.

Because of its spectacular nature, Verdi's "Aida" has been selected for the opening of the Chicago Grand Opera Company's second San Francisco season on Monday evening, March 27th. On that night Rosa Raisa will be welcomed once more to San Francisco in the title-rôle. Edward Johnson will sing the rôle of the Egyptian warrior, Rhadames. The contralto rôle of Amneris will be taken by the American contralto Cyrena Van Gordon, and Giacomo Rimini will be heard as the Ethiopian king, Amonasro. The Pauley Oukrainy Ballet, a large chorus, and a stage band of forty are features of the production.

On Tuesday evening Director-General Mary Garden will make her first appearance of the engagement as Fiora in Montemezzi's picturesque opera, "The Love of Three Kings." With her will be heard Lucien Muratore, who is singing with his former vigor and charm after his recovery from a recent operation. The cast will include Georges Baklanoff and Virgilio Lazzari, with Giorgio Polacco, the principal conductor of the organization, at the director's stand.

Josef Schwarz, who made his American debut here last season in "Rigoletto," will sing the rôle of the Jester once more on Wednesday evening. Edith Mason will sing the rôle of Gilda and will doubtless repeat the triumph which she has scored in this opera in Chicago and New York this season.

For Thursday evening "Tannhäuser" is scheduled with a cast including Rosa Raisa, Cyrena Van Gordon, Riccardo Martin, and Josef Schwarz. On Friday evening Mary Garden will make her second appearance in the title-rôle of "The Juggler of Notre Dame," supported by Hector Dufranne and Virgilio Lazzari. Edith Mason, Lucien Muratore, and Georges Baklanoff will take the principal rôles in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Saturday matinée, and for Saturday evening "The Jewels of the Madonna" is promised with Rosa Raisa as Mariella.

The second week of the engagement will open on Monday evening, April 3d, with Charpentier's "Louise." Mary Garden, as act-

ress, will sing the title-rôle, and as director-general will introduce to the West Ulysses Lappas, the Greek, tenor, who will be heard as Julien.

Edith Mason will sing the title-rôle in Puccini's Madame Butterfly" on Tuesday evening, with Irene Pavloska as Suzuki, Edward Johnson as Pinkerton, and Giacomo Rimini as Sharpless. Bellini's "Norma," an opera that demands a dramatic soprano of exceptional power, will be revived on Wednesday evening as a vehicle for the artistry of Rosa Raisa.

A high light of the season will be the production of Richard Strauss' "Salomé" on Thursday evening. This work, which has not been seen here for ten years, will afford music lovers an opportunity to see Miss Garden in her most widely discussed rôle, in which she appeared more than one hundred times in Paris.

"La Bohème" is the bill for Friday evening, with Edith Mason as Mimi and Edward Johnson as Rodolfo. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," which has not been seen here since Henry Savage presented it in 1912, will be given for the final Saturday matinée. Rosa Raisa will take the part of Minnie, Ulysses Lappas will be the dashing bandit, Dick Johnson, and Giacomo Rimini will sing the part of the Sheriff. The engagement will close on Saturday evening with "Monna Vanna," with Mary Garden, Lucien Muratore, and Georges Baklanoff in the cast.

Godowsky.

Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, will appear in recital next Tuesday night, March 21st, at 8:30 o'clock, and next Sunday afternoon, March 26th, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Scottish Rite Auditorium, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. Godowsky's interpretations of the old and tried compositions from the masters, as well as new works by modern writers, is recognized the world over as authoritative.

Kreisler.

Fritz Kreisler will give a recital on Easter Sunday afternoon, April 16th, at the Exposition Auditorium, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. At all Kreisler's recitals Carl Lamson coöperates as accompanist.

The Sequoia Little Theatre has a change of programme this month. Four one-act plays have pleased its clientèle, one of them by Mr. Gay Lombard, a member of the Bohemian Club. August Strindberg's "The Stronger" also appears on the programme.

The Powys Lectures.

In response to requests, John Cowper Powys will give three additional morning lectures at the Maitland Theatre on "Great Personalities." "Anatole France" will be the subject this Friday morning. Sunday night, also at the Maitland Theatre, Powys will talk on "Where the World Is Tending," expressing whether in his opinion evolution or degeneration best applies to this subject. "Lloyd George" and "Oscar Wilde" are the topics of next week's morning lectures. Following his engagements here, which extend until the last of March, Powys will go on tour of Southern California.

Mero-Fanning Joint Recital.

At the next number of the Alice Seckels' Matinée Musicales Selby G. Oppenheimer will present Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian pianist, and Cecil Fanning, the American baritone, in joint recital. In this recital Mme. Mero's share of the programme will include an interesting Chopin group and works by Brahms, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, and the Second Liszt Rhapsody. The concert will take place in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel, Monday afternoon, March 20th.

H. A. Franck at the Elder Gallery

Harry A. Franck will speak in the Paul Elder Gallery, Wednesday afternoon, March 22d, at 2:30 o'clock, on "A Vagabond Journey Through the Orient," and again Thursday evening, March 23d, in the Scottish Rite Auditorium, on "Oriental South America," describing the Argentine, Uruguay, Brazil, the British, French, and Dutch Guineas and Venezuela. On each occasion slides from his own photographs will be shown.

The reissue of "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road," by H. Addington Bruce, with its vivid picture of pioneer life and social conditions west of the Appalachians in the eighteenth century, recalls the contemporary description of Boone, written by the great naturalist Audubon, who passed a night with him in a West Virginia cabin: "The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the Western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true."

Shriners' Excursion.

Negotiations will soon be completed, it is stated by Mr. Albert Rebel, president of the Pacific Atlantic Travel Bureau, Inc., to charter the British steamship *King Alexander*, formerly the German liner *Cleveland*, for an excursion of sixty days from New York to San Francisco and Honolulu. A party numbering 1200 will leave New York the 24th of May and will arrive here in time for the Shriners' Convention. Then the steamer will leave for Honolulu, where she will stop five days, to return after that to New York with a stop-over at Havana. Mr. T. S. Edwards of this city, vice-president of the corporation, is now in New York looking after the arrangements. According to reports from the East, the excursion plan has received a tremendous endorsement and the steamship will probably be booked to capacity. Even many San Francisco Shriners are going East to make the return trip with the *King Alexander*.

In Japan during the past year there died the famous "Karasake no Matsu," or sacred pine, popularly believed to be 1200 years old and celebrated for centuries in songs and legends. The tree is of unusual form. Though only thirty feet in height, its branches cover a span of 163 feet from east to west and 154 feet from north to south.

JOHN COWPER POWYS

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Friday, March 17, 11 a. m.—"Anatole France."

Sunday, March 19, 8:15 p. m.—"Where the World Is Tending."

Tuesday, March 21, 11 a. m.—"Lloyd George."

Friday, March 24, 11 a. m.—"Oscar Wilde."

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bosses. That was disgraceful, and in addition it was silly, because they did not have to endure it. They were at the mercy of the shifting interests of parties. Why stand that? The women wouldn't. Cliques and factions controlled them. They must be feeble-minded, or at least they were lacking in any proper measure of manliness and pride. Great, helpless simpletons, they indulged in remonstrances and then in braggadocio, when the remonstrances were of no avail and the braggadocio had no basis. Woman had endured them, searched them, sounded them, and found them hollow and well-nigh valueless. Their public morals were uncertain, or else, alas, too certain, and their politics were as corrupt as in their most nearly sane and rebellious hours they represented them to be. In a public and social sense there was no good in them, no reliance to be placed upon them. Like the degenerate Persians, "their acts were as the water and their words were like the wind." The hideous spoils system stood as an evil monument to the incapacity, the neglect, the natural insufficiency and general failure of masculine politics. For centuries men had been tried, and this was the pitiful result. They were about good enough and skillful enough to discharge some routine task each day and bring home the bacon or the pork chops or the standing roast at night, if they didn't forget it, but heaven knew they frequently did forget it, and they hadn't another thing in the world to think about. No wonder everything was in a mess. Men made it so. They complained of public frauds and abuses daily for two years at a time, and then they went to the polls and voted the straight party ticket, and the corruption of all things political, financial, and social went right on, and why not? Let the women vote. Let the competent sex, the moral sex, the conserving, steady, home-keeping sex with its deep experience of the requirements of life—let that sex take hold of politics, and politics would become several shades cleaner than a hound's tooth and whiter than the driven snow, whoever may have driven it. There would be no more bosses. There would be no blind following of party. There would be no more immoral trading. Rings and political trusts would hide their diminished heads, while the purest and most unselfish patriotism would mount the seats of power and begin the dispensation of that heretofore futile desire of the human heart, impartial justice, under the ægis of a cleansed and renovated bisexual citizenship.

Well, it was done, in California and throughout the nation. Woman was endowed with the purifying power of the ballot. And now that everything has been thereby reformed and all the crooked things have been made straight, and there is no more trading, and no more abuse of spoils, and no partisan use of patronage, let us see how it has worked, and just what are the outlines of the new millennium. According to a keen political observer and writer of the local daily press, Mrs. Gladys Magill, Democratic national committeewoman, made efforts to have the State League of Iroquois Clubs write the Democratic National Congressional Committee and commend it for appointing the aforesaid Mrs. Gladys Magill. This precipitated an acrid sort of debate at the recent league convention

between the faction of Mrs. Magill and another supporting Mrs. Nellie Donohoe, Democratic national committeewoman, the latter faction holding that their chieftainess (one hesitates to use the word boss) because of her place in the party organization "holds the high powers of the Democratic party among the women of the state, while Mrs. Magill's friends say that she will be the big factor among the Democratic women, especially as she will have the patronage." Since all the purification and rejuvenation and moral uplift have come true according to promise (and who, having heard those promises and predictions can doubt it now?), we are moved, in all humility and eke timidity, to ask, Can Such Things Be?

It has often been pointed out by our English friends, with an infuriating sort of friendliness, that the desire for bigness in cities is an American habit of mind, arising largely out of the American mind's extremely youthful condition; and the observation is usually accompanied by the equally infuriating prophecy that we shall some day get over it, which will, of course, retroactively prove the worst imputations of present immaturity. And lo! Now comes the city of London, perhaps smarting a little from the fact of having to play second fiddle in point of size to the city of New York, and actually offers prizes in a contest for suggestions of the best method for making the town on the Thames the "magnet of the world." Or, if it isn't really the city of London that does it, the thing is done and conducted by somebody in and for that city; probably some newspaper reflecting with fidelity the desires of its readers, although how they find out those desires is much of a mystery to the present writer. However, we accept the assumption that becoming the magnet of the world is the present ambition of the city that has until lately been the largest aggregate of miserable humanity dwelling in one small spot.

Now, why, in the sacred name of private profit, should London wish to become the magnet of the world? It is already too large. The inhabitants do not, we understand, derive much intellectual stimulus from the points of one another's elbows driven several times daily into one another's ribs. Its busses have all they can do to haul the crowds, and its streets all they can do to accommodate the busses, and its barmaids have all they can do to serve the public with its "bitter," and its lords and young bucks have all they can do getting around to bus the barmaids; which somehow seems to complete the circle. What London would gain by disturbing this perfect balance we can not understand. Any sudden access of young bucks would necessitate an increase in the number of barmaids to be bussed, any access of population would call for more busses (gasoline) to haul it through the streets. In every activity the accommodations would be overcrowded, even more than they are at present. Yet somebody, concerned for London's prestige as the greatest city in the world, notwithstanding that the desire to be the greatest city in the world is a vulgar and infantile Americanism, offers prizes up to a thousand dollars for suggestions as to ways and means whereby London may regain its proud position at the top of the heap—a preeminence it used to pretend it cared nothing about.

And the capital prize in that contest was won by an Indiana girl: Miss Alice Young, a newspaper reporter of Mishawaka. Naturally. If you are going to be the biggest city, the place to learn how is where the biggest cities grow. She told London just what to do. Was there ever a woman that couldn't tell you just what to do? She said London should have brighter and cleaner stations, with warm waiting rooms and good restaurants. She may have had the station at Buffalo in mind. Its railways should all be electrified twenty miles out of town. The smoke nuisance should be abated—just like Pittsburgh. There should be an offering of prizes for the smartest business section—like Sixth Avenue, New York. Light wines should be sold at all hours. 'Ear! 'Ear! Eliminate street refuse. Take down all walls hiding gardens, whether the owners wished to surrender their bought-and-paid-for privacy or not. Have dancing and popular entertainment in the hotels, at popular prices, and provide clean, modern office buildings on the American plan. That's all. And it is as good as most advice. The great difficulty with the best advice in the world is the taking of it. If you wish to become rich, for example, the only thing needful is to buy stocks when they are low and sell them when they are high. But when is that? If Miss Young wishes to deal very generously with London she might refuse to accept that money until she is able to tell the Londoners how to carry out her programme.

It is said that the reason American Presidents are inaugurated on March 4th is that for centuries the quadrennial recurrence of the date can be trusted not to be a Sunday.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An African was on trial in a Southern court for an offense against the dignity of the commonwealth. The jury filed in. His honor asked for the verdict. "We find the defendant guilty," the foreman replied, "and fix his punishment at thirty-five years in the penitentiary." You could hear a pin drop as the prisoner was asked: "Have you anything to say?" And, as he rose to his feet: "Yo' honor, I has only dis much ter say. You white gennens sure is mighty liberal wif some one else's time."

Mlle. Lenglen, the lawn tennis champion, said at a dinner while in New York: "I like America, and I particularly like the generous portions you give in your restaurants. In France, poor France, it is another story. I live in Nice, and one evening an American gentleman and his wife took me to dinner at one of the restaurants in the Avenue de la Gare—Avenue de la Victorie we call it now. Well, the American gentleman was a great wag, and he poked a great deal of fun at the mean little portions that were served to us. At the end of the meat course the waiter asked him: 'How did you find your steak, monsieur?' 'Oh, quite easily,' said the American; 'I'm a detective, you know.'"

Midnight, and in the smoking-room of a club sat a young man huddled in a chair. A friend entered. "Hello, Smith," he asked, cheerfully, "not going home yet?" "No," muttered the despairing one, "I—I daren't." "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter? It's the end of everything. It means ruin, grief, and a spoiled life!" The friend looked frightened. "Here, Smith, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you." Smith clinched his fists till the knuckles showed white. "No one can help me," he cried in agony. "I have come to the end of all things! At 8 o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said."

He was a small, bow-legged, watery-eyed private in a colored stevedore company working at Brest. He was homesick and miserable. The morning after the news of the armistice he went to his sergeant, a big raw-boned, powerful colored boy from Texas, and said: "Sarge, I'se tired, an' I wants ter go back home ter Alabama. I has toted dese here boxes from de ships to de cars until my shoulder is done wore down to de bone. I 'listed for de duration ob de wah, an' now de wah is done over, an' I wants ter git on back home." The sergeant looked him over, and up and down. If looks could kill, he would have been dead. "Nigger," he said, "git yourself back on dat job! De wah am over! Dat's right! But de duration am just started!"

The head of one of the large American railroad companies was making inquiries with regard to acquiring a small branch line which belonged to one old man. "Now, as to the state of your road," he asked, "is it well and safely laid?" "Sir," replied the old man indignantly, "ours is the safest line in the country. I may say we have been running for over twenty years, and have never had a collision." "That's good!" exclaimed the big man. "And what's more, sir," went on the proprietor of the little line, "a collision would be impossible." "How do you make that out?" queried the other in surprise. "I know that the latest automatic devices are excellent, but 'impossible' is a big word." "It is literally true with us," was the proud rejoinder. "In what way?" "Well, sir, we have only one train."

Some years ago, before the auto-bus, Francois, a native Louisianian and a devout Catholic, had been in the employ of the small town's local livery stable driving the "hack" between the depot and the hotels. His employers one day became suspicious that Francois had not been turning into their office all the cash fares he was collecting and called him in. "Francois, how long have you been working for us?" "Oh, about twenty year." "How much are we paying you a month?" "Twenty dollar month." "Well, we have a new proposition now to make to you." "What it is?" asked Francois. "If you will go with us before your priest and make a solemn vow that you will turn into this office all the cash fares you collect we will pay you \$100 a month." "Say," replied Francois, his eyes registering contempt, "you tink I'm dam fool, eh?"

"Scrambled eggs," ordered a customer in a city market restaurant. "Milk toast," murmured his companion, who was not feeling well. "Scramble two and a graveyard stew," sang out the waitress with the Titian hair. "Here," corrected the second man. "I want milk toast." "You'll get it, Buddy," replied the girl. "That's what they call milk toast down in Pittsburgh where I worked." The

two customers held a conference and decided to "put one over" on the "fresh young thing" from Pittsburgh. The first one wanted a glass of milk and the second a cup of black coffee. When the girl appeared to put a "set up" of the restaurant artillery in front of the men the second man gave the following order: "A bottle of lacteal fluid for my friend and a scuttle of Java with no sea foam for me." "Chalk one an' a dipper of ink," shouted the girl. She didn't even smile.

Chairman Topping of the Republic Iron and Steel Company in Washington the other day said: "Tariff manipulators ought to understand trade conditions thoroughly. These men go wrong sometimes because they are too hasty. They remind me of the banker. A successful banker, having retired, thought he'd get up a stable. As he had no knowledge of horseflesh he decided he would take a little expert advice. He knew a livery stable keeper and he went to see the man. 'Thompson,' he said, 'I am going to buy a stable of horses. Now, when they are trotted out for my inspection, how will I tell how old they are?' I don't want to buy a lot of antiquated nags, you know." The liveryman said it was by their teeth that horses' ages were told. He intended to go into the matter a little further, but the millionaire, satisfied hurried off. The next day a fine coach horse was submitted to him by a dealer. 'How much do you want for this animal?' he asked. 'About \$1200,' the dealer answered. The millionaire opened the horse's mouth and studied its teeth with slow care. Then wiping his hands, he laughed harshly. 'Take it away,' he said. 'It's thirty-two years old.'

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Large Order.

(On the departure for Europe of Dr. A. Edward Newton, the bibliophile, Carolyn Wells wrote him the following rhymed letter, which appears in his latest work, "A Magnificent Farce," from the press of the Atlantic Monthly.)

A. EDWARD NEWTON: Dear Friend and Philosopher:  
Also your wife (tho' you'll never be boss of her!)  
So you're to sail on the good *Imperator*  
O'er Byron's justly famed deep, dark blue water.  
As I sat musing,—up here in Connecticut,—  
Your letter reached me, and you can just bet I cut  
Down to the shops of this hamlet Berkshirian,  
Seeking a draught from the old spring Pierian.  
For, I opined, no flowers or confessions—  
Only a book—for the Man of Collections.  
Certain conventions admit of no lenities,  
Only a book for the Man of "Amenities."  
Down to the village I went with celerity,  
Said to the Shopman with eager asperity,  
"I want a book for one A. Edward Newton—  
Something high-priced and a bit hifalutin.  
For it's a parting gift—sort of a souvenir;  
No modern novel, dolled up in a new veneer!  
Rather some old tome all leathery and lacquered,—  
Some First Edition of Dickens or Thackeray—  
Something that's truly a worth-while memorial  
To one the *Atlantic* in lines editorial,  
Says is 'of Letters a Doctor and Ornament!'"  
(And I admit you're a handsome adornment!)  
"Give me," I begged, "some unique *Enchiridion*,  
Some precious copy of 'Epipsychidion',  
Some ancient Horn Book, or rare *Incunabula*,"—  
Right here, his jaw dropped,—his eyes became  
globular;  
"Show me," I went on, "a binding *Zachnsdorfian*,  
To please this Minotaur Anthropomorphian;  
A tall Shakespeare quarto, an Omar Khayyam,  
An early edition of Bacon or Lamb—"

"Oh, say," his eyes shone, "there's a butcher next door—  
A quarter of Lamb you can get at his store!"  
More in sorrow than anger, I murmured, "Good-day."  
Bookless, helpless, and hopeless, went sadly away.  
And that is the reason, O A. Edward Newton,  
No rare Rabelais, Rasselas, or Rasputin  
To you as a parting remembrance I send.  
From my over-full heart I can merely commend  
Your soul to your Maker, your luggage to Cook,  
And wait you "Bon Voyage" in place of a book.  
May your buys over there be far more than your  
sells,  
Is the wish of yours faithfully,  
CAROLYN WELLS.

A printer had sore feet (says the *Boot and Shoe Recorder*). He had to stand for long hours at his case, setting up type and then distributing it back again from the forms. The floor became pretty hard after five or six hours of this, so he got hold of a rubber mat to stand on and put this in front of the case. But the printer's devil was full of mischief and would hide the mat during the noon hour or before the printer in question came to work. So in order to fool the printer's devil the printer-with-the-sore-feet worked out a scheme which, according to the traditions of the industry, laid the foundation for the whole business of rubber heels, now one of the considerable industries of the country running into millions of dollars. For the printer took his rubber mat and cut out soles and heels from it, tacked them on to his shoes, and thus equipped, went about his work in peace—in utter defiance of printer's devils and oblivious of the fact that he was founding a new industry.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie entertained at luncheon last Saturday, complimenting Mrs. Edward Eberle, wife of Admiral Eberle. The affair was held at the Francesca Club. Among those asked to meet the guest of honor were Mrs. Charles Gove, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Arthur Page Brown, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. G. Clarence Williams, Mrs. Charles Green, Miss Flora Low, and Miss Mary Taylor.

Admiral and Mrs. Benjamin Hutchinson and Admiral and Mrs. Richard Jackson were the guests of honor at a reception given Sunday by Commodore and Mrs. James Bull.

Mrs. William Kent gave a tea Monday in Kentfield for Baroness Helen de Bisping of Poland. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Thomas Kent, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Mrs. Parker Maddox, and Mrs. William Kent, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes gave a dinner at the Woman's Athletic Club Friday night for Miss Kate Boardman. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Miss Harriet Brownell, Miss Frances Stent, Miss Mary Elizabeth Beedy, Miss Frances Mace, Miss Dorothy Stevenson, Miss Jean McLaughlin, Miss Marian Mace, Miss Beulah Gibbons, Mr. Peter Beaver, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Jr., Mr. Bert Price, Mr. Arthur Stevenson, Mr. Henry Stevenson, Mr. George Stevenson, Mr. Jack Watson, Mr. James Leonard, and Mrs. Lorimer Harrell.

Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley were hosts at luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle.

Mrs. Russell Hutton gave a dinner Friday night in Burlingame, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Wynne Maxon of Los Angeles, Commander Hannigan, and Mr. Curtice Hutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dodge entertained at dinner Monday evening in compliment to Major and Mrs. Ulysses Grant of San Diego.

The Misses Anna, Ethel, and Kate Beaver gave a bridge-tea Friday in honor of Mrs. Edward Farnsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin were the guests of honor at a dinner given in Burlingame by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker entertained a group of friends at the Horse Show last Friday night, in their party having been Commander and Mrs. Albert Rees, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent was a luncheon hostess Saturday in San Mateo.

Colonel and Mrs. Chase Kennedy entertained at dinner Saturday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Among their guests were General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Colonel and Mrs. Gouverneur Packer,

Colonel and Mrs. George Gillis, Colonel and Mrs. William Bannister, Colonel and Mrs. Moor Falls, Major and Mrs. Frederick Griffith, Mrs. John B. Murphy, Mrs. Lillian Baxter, General Charles Morton, and Captain Henry Brickley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle gave a tea Saturday at the Fairmont, having among their guests Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Pauline Clagstone, Mr. Osgood Hooker, and Mr. Wallace Campbell.

Mrs. Edward Eberle was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. William Fitzhugh. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. Templin Potts, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Edward Bosqui, Mrs. William Hunt, Mrs. Norval Nokes, and Mrs. A. B. Hammond.

Mrs. Robert Bentley gave a bridge-tea Saturday for Mrs. Edward Farnsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a dinner before the Horse Show Saturday evening.

A fancy dress children's party was held at the Fairmont Saturday afternoon under the chaperonage of Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Orville Pratt, and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle were complimented at luncheon Thursday by Captain and Mrs. Clarence Williams. The affair was given on board the U. S. S. *New Mexico* and among the guests were Admiral and Mrs. Benjamin Hutchinson, Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald, Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Langborne, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton entertained at bridge Friday evening.

Miss May Sinsheimer entertained at luncheon last Thursday, complimenting Mrs. Harry Durbrow. The affair was held at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling was hostess to a group of the younger set at the Horse Show last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Lawton Filer entertained at dinner Friday night in Burlingame, complimenting Miss Eleanor Carlisle of New York.

Mrs. William Younger entertained at luncheon last Thursday in compliment to Mrs. Joseph Marks.

Captain and Mrs. Newton Bet gave a supper-dance last Tuesday evening, their guests including Miss Mary Gorgas, Miss Edith Kinnersley, Captain Drew, Commander Walter Sharp, and Lieutenant-Commander John Thom.

Mr. and Mrs. William Friedlander were dinner hosts last Wednesday evening in San Mateo.

Mrs. Lawrence Harris gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Ralph King.

Miss Alyse Allen gave a bridge-tea at Stanford Court last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Knight Smith gave a luncheon and bridge last Wednesday, among her guests having been Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mrs. Stuart Baldwin, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. George Hammer, Mrs. P. C. Hale, Mrs. Edward Prather, Miss Effie Brown, and Miss Alice Grimes.

Mrs. Francis Davis gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Fairmont.

The Annual Spring Polo Tournament at Del Monte opens March 25th. Practically all the teams in California, as well as a team from the

Denver Country Club, will be on hand to participate. The tournament marks the close of the California winter polo season and will bring the stars together for their last clash. Among some of the visiting polo players who will be on hand will be Mr. Carleton Burke, Mr. Arthur Perkins, Mr. Teddy Miller, Mr. Lafayette Hughes, Mr. C. A. Wigmore, Mr. Elmer Boeseke, Mr. George Moore, Mr. W. S. Tevis, Jr., Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Major Max Gleichmann, Mr. Lawrence Rumsey, Major W. A. Robenson, and officers of the Monterey Presidio. Side features which will attract interest during the course of the tournament will be a paper chase over the trails at Pebble Beach on March 29th and a Gymkana at the polo field on April 1st.

## Dinner to the Ambassador Geddes.

Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, is now en route to California, where he is engaged to deliver the Charter Day address at the State University on March 23d. The British community is taking the lead in arranging a dinner in honor of the ambassador to be given at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday evening, March 22d. The committee of arrangements includes Messrs. John McGregor, David Duncan, Bruce Heathcott, John Lawson, James Vinter, John McNab, and J. C. Fyfe. Tickets for the dinner may be had upon application.

## The French Section of the Museum of Arts.

The inauguration of the French Section of the Museum will take place on Friday afternoon, March 24th, at 2:30 o'clock, when a loan collection of selected French engravings from the Chalcographic Department of the Louvre, Paris, will be opened with a private view and reception to the friends and supporters of the Museum.

This collection presents the work of sixty-odd of the foremost eighteenth and nineteenth-century French engravers in the most brilliant impressions, thus giving a survey of this art at a time when France was supreme in the field of engraving. It comprises the names of the men who have made French engraving famous and includes such contemporary exponents of graphic art as Leopold Flameng, who died in 1911, and the present-day Emile Jean Sulpis, whose masterly plates sustain the tradition of his predecessors.

The Chalcographic Department of the Louvre was established by Louis XIV under the direction of Colbert, who secured the magnificent collection of engravings compiled by Monsieur de Marolles, Abbé de Ville Loin, that contained not less than 274 portfolios in which the works of the masters were methodically arranged from the origin of engraving up to 1616. The work begun by Louis XIV was continued by Louis XV and Louis XVI, who made important additions to the collection, which has been augmented since from time to time until today it is regarded as perhaps the foremost print collection in the world.

On this occasion the statue of Victor Hugo by August Rodin, which was the last work to come from the great French sculptor, will be unveiled and presented to the French Section of the Museum by Mr. Michel D. Weill on behalf of his uncle, the late Raphael Weill, and a collection of modern French etchings, lithographs, and wood cuts by members of the Barbizon school and by French impressionists will be presented to this section by a group of friends of the Museum. Among others this collection includes examples of the work of Manet, Cézane, Forain, and their predecessors, Corot, Daubigny, and Mallet. This is the first comprehensive collection of modern French graphic art so far made available to the public in San Francisco.

Director Laurvik is having the Victor Hugo bust installed opposite the entrance to the centre rotunda, where it will occupy one of the most imposing positions in the Museum. Mr. Neltner, consul-general of France, together with a reception committee composed of prominent San Franciscans and members of the French colony, will participate in the unveiling and presentation ceremonies, which are strictly by invitation to members and friends of the Museum.

An appropriate programme of French music will be rendered by Mrs. Rose Dear-dorff Shaw, who will play a group of Debussy; by Miss Marie Milliet, who will sing a group of early French songs, and by Lajos Fenster, who will render a group of modern French violin compositions. André Ferrier will recite in the original one of Victor Hugo's shorter poems, and Director Laurvik will deliver a brief eulogy on Rodin and the late Raphael Weill, the donor of the statue. The collections will be placed on public view the day after the inauguration.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Whitlaw Reid will leave for New York the latter part of the month and will sail in April for Europe to visit her daughter, Lady Ward. Miss Sophie Beylard will accompany Mrs. Reid abroad.

Mrs. Leslie Miller Moore will leave in April for Europe to spend the summer and autumn abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham have taken a house in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore is spending a few weeks in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Wynne returned Tuesday from Tokyo, where the former has been stationed with the American Embassy. After a brief visit with Mr. Wynne's mother, the couple will leave for Washington reside.

Mr. Talbot Walker has returned to Santa Barbara, after a fortnight's sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Farragut Ashe have taken an apartment on California Street for the remainder of the year.

Mrs. Clark Thompson of Santa Barbara returned last Thursday to her home, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. Edgar Stow has returned to her home in Goleta, after a visit in Redwood City with Mrs. James Robinson.

Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle left the first of the week for Long Beach, after a brief sojourn in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have been passing a few days in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Richard McCreery left Sunday for Pasadena to join her mother, Mrs. Wayne Cuyler,

who was a recent guest at the McCreery residence in Burlingame.

Mrs. Harry Durbrow left Wednesday on a European trip.

Miss Wynne Maxon of Los Angeles is spending a few days in Burlingame with Mrs. Russell Hutton.

Mrs. Lloyd Ackerman will spend the summer in San Mateo, where she has taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooke will leave in April for Menlo Park, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Miss Erma McDonnell has returned to Los Angeles from Alcatraz, where she has been visiting Miss Sue McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore, who are at present in Pasadena, will leave shortly for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington have recently purchased the San Mateo residence of Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent.

Miss Emilie Parrott and Mr. John Parrott will return the first of the week from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann will leave shortly for Europe to remain throughout the summer.

Mrs. Albert Weil will spend the summer months in San Mateo, where she has taken the residence of Miss Kathleen Finnegan.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace and Miss Geraldine Grace returned Monday to Santa Rosa. They spent the winter at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker will spend the summer in Menlo Park, where they have rented the residence of Mr. Richard Mulcahy.

Mrs. Erle Brownell and the Misses Sophia and Harriet Brownell are planning to pass the summer months in European travel. Mrs. Brownell and Miss Harriet Brownell will leave here in June to join Miss Sophia Brownell, who is attending an Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin left Sunday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne have returned from Palm Beach, Florida. They will leave shortly for Woodside to reopen their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour spent the week-end at their ranch at Rutherford. They will leave in June for Europe.

Mrs. Harry Hill will leave in April for New York en route to Europe, where she will spend the summer in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman will leave with in a few weeks for a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King will return the first of April to their ranch at Melford, after having spent the winter months in San Francisco with Mrs. Joseph King.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering and Miss Francesca Deering have returned to Paris from a trip to Egypt.

Mr. Louis Sloss returned Friday from a trip to New York.

Mrs. Edward Farnsworth left this week for New York en route to Europe, making the trip by way of Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. Florence F. Schloss left Sunday for New York en route to Paris, where they will remain for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent returned Friday from a trip to Portland and are staying at the Burlingame Club. They are planning a trip to the South Sea Islands during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Montague sailed last Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Carpenter are spending a week in Coronado.

Mrs. Joseph Marks will leave in May for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Earle Miller have returned from their wedding trip. They will leave next month for Santa Barbara.

The Misses Agnes and Nell Lowry will leave the 25th of March for France, to be gone indefinitely.

Miss Eleanor Carlisle of New York, who has been visiting Miss Lawton Filer in Burlingame, sailed Tuesday for Honolulu with Governor Allen of Kansas and Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. Herman Duryea of New York, who has been visiting in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, left Saturday for Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dimond returned Friday from a sojourn on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. William Storey have arrived in San Francisco from Chicago. They will remain here for a very brief visit.

Miss Elena Folger returned the first of the week from San Mateo, where she has been visiting Miss Ruth Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker returned last week from a trip to Southern California.

Mrs. Schultz Hopkins and her little son left Saturday for Pebble Beach, where they will spend the spring and summer.

Mrs. Frederick Pickering and her daughter, Mrs. Tenney Williams, left Wednesday for New York. They will go abroad later in the season.

Admiral and Mrs. Benjamin Hutchinson left Sunday for Southern California, after a week's sojourn in San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. T. Bull will arrive from Washington next week on a tour of inspection. The army officer is a son of Commodore and Mrs. James Bull.

Mrs. Richard Jackson, wife of Admiral Jackson, left Thursday for Long Beach. Admiral Jackson sailed south Monday.

Mr. Alfred Stillman sailed today for Holland, making the trip by way of Panama and Cuba.

Mr. Guy Duval has arrived from New York

and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. George Moore in Ross. He returned yesterday from Southern California, where he has spent the past week with Mr. Kenneth Moore. Mr. Duval will leave the end of the month for New York, and will be accompanied by Miss Julia Duval, who has been passing the winter in California.

Baroness Helen de Bisping of Poland spent the week-end in Kentfield with Mr. and Mrs. William Kent.

Mrs. Burton Elkins is enroute to San Francisco from the Orient. She will arrive here early in April.

Mrs. Allen Sutton and Miss Barbara Sutton have returned to Belvedere, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen has gone to Santa Barbara for a fortnight's visit.

Miss Laura E. Bosqui is visiting Mrs. John Tallant at her home in Palo Alto.

Visitors from the southern part of the state who are sojourning at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Van Hise, Mrs. Rosalind Morse Lovell, Miss Genevieve Morse Hay, Mrs. Dorsey Hagen, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hopper, Mrs. H. F. Coates, Miss Margaret Coates, Miss Katherine D. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin H. Lewis, Mr. A. F. McClintock, Mr. J. E. Lovell, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Naylen, Mrs. A. L. Cheney, Mrs. George B. Griffith, Mr. J. B. Wood, Mr. G. A. Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. John Treanor, Los Angeles; Mrs. Kate M. Blinn, Mrs. Martha L. Lewis, Mr. Eugene Tanke, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vreeland, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. B. Franklin Mahoney, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Katenkamp, Santa Barbara.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Everson and family, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Simpson, Valaut, Pennsylvania; Mr. J. C. Stille, Salt Lake City; Mr. M. M. Sarnoville, Reno; Mr. H. B. Smith, Chicago; Mr. J. S. Connors, Los Angeles; Mr. S. E. Merman, Turlock; Mr. H. L. Masser, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Burkhardt, Los Angeles; Mr. R. H. Scanlon, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wilson, Seattle; Mr. H. G. Shedd, Omaha; Mr. A. J. Scaife, Cleveland; Mr. William Kahriman, Fresno; Mr. J. F. Kolb, Cleveland; Mr. W. C. Estep, Pasadena; Mr. H. E. Rupp, Seattle; Mr. J. R. Williams, Reno; Mr. Louis Butler, Auburn; Mr. T. W. Taft, Willets; Mr. R. L. Royce, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Included among the recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Baillargeon, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Rhodes, Tacoma; Mr. A. J. August, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Clark, Englewood, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Sacramento; Mr. Alex E. Krug, St. Louis; Mr. John W. Esmond, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Coleman, Denver; Mr. F. E. Trask, Los Angeles; Mr. H. T. MacClung, Nainaimo, B. C.; Mr. Ira Lackey, Chicago; Mrs. Charles R. Drake, Long Beach; Mrs. Austin Corbin, Mrs. Herbert Marks, Spokane; Mr. L. M. Shore, Kansas City; Mr. W. T. Benson, Salt Lake City; Mr. Carl A. Garrettson, Mr. W. E. Getz, Los Angeles; Mr. George D. Porter, Spokane.



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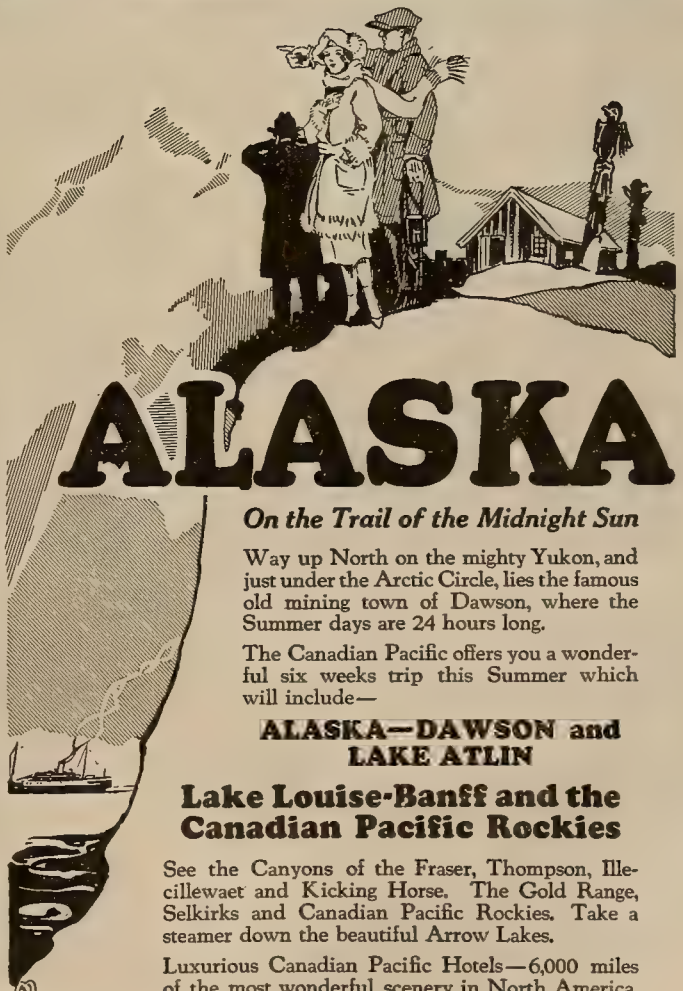
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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

No woman is so angelic as to prefer a halo to a hat.—*London Opinion*.

"What is this proposed reciprocity with Canada?" "I believe they agree not to arrest our bootleggers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Bibbie—How did ye hurt yer hand? Been fightin'? Eddie—Yep. Those were awful sharp teeth Sammy Jones used to have.—*Life*.

Customer (with week's beard)—Do you think that old razor will do it? Barber—It will, sir—if the handle don't break.—*London Tit-Bits*.

"No woman ever takes another woman's advice about frocks." "Naturally. You don't ask the enemy how to win the war."—*London Opinion*, from a Play.

"Never ask a girl for the makings." "Why not?" "Too careless. Get their tobacco all mixed up with face powder and lip rouge."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Old Lady—Dear me—has the little boy bumped his head? Little Girl—No, 'm; we was singin' outside a 'ouse an' some one emptied a water-jug on 'im. Old Lady—But

how did he get that bump? Little Girl—That was it, mum—the water was froze!—*London Passing Show*.

Sunday-School Teacher—Nancy, why must we be kind to the poor? Nancy—Please, teacher, because in these days any of them might become rich.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"These Edna M. Slime novels are sticking." "So I notice. Now, shall we offer her as a premium to boost Shakespeare, or shall we offer Shakespeare with her?"—*Judge*.

Conductor (new to the job)—I'm sure the old boy just here has paid his fare twice. Think I had better tell him about it? Motor-man—No-o! Ask him for it again.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Class-Conscious Comrade (shipwrecked and nearing land)—Well, we've done our eight hours, Joe. Wot about knocking off? The Other—Righto! (Both drown.)—*London Passing Show*.

If appearances do not deceive us, the thing that is causing most discontent at the present time is the shortage of \$6000 a year jobs with very little work attached to them.—*Houston Post*.

Bride's Kid Brother (at wedding)—No more quarters out of him now, I suppose—but I guess I can still work sis for hush money. He's awfully jealous of her old beaux.—*Harper's*.

Admiring Youth—You are quick at repartee. Miss Cayenne—I hope not. Women who are quick at repartee usually betray dispositions which leave them slow to marry.—*Washington Star*.

"You have been a long time!" "Yes. It took Paul a quarter of an hour to remember where the cloak-room tickets were." "And where were they?" "In my handbag!"—*Munich Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Is your cook going to stay?" "It happens quite by accident," replied Mrs. Crosslots, "that she is." "How do you mean 'by accident'?" "She dropped a hot stove lid on her foot and can't travel."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Jones—Yes, Larry stayed over in England after the war. He works in a but-terine factory now and gets £30 a month. Mrs. Sylvester—Thirty pounds a month? What does he do with it? He can't eat all that!—*Detroit News*.

"If Foch had been an Englishman—" began an officer in a mess half a hundred miles behind the lines, to be interrupted disgustedly by his senior with: "Foch! Foch! If Foch had been an Englishman they'd have made him into a poor old area commandant, to look after the Chinese and see the billets were clean—like they've blankety-blank well done with me!"—*London Morning Post*.

#### Portrait.

Forlorn and lank her ravaged tresses hang,  
Her skirt is bobbed to match her curtailed hair;  
Across her brow a trimly scissored bang  
Lies plasterwise; her eyebrows, plucked with care,  
Are arched like segments of a chocolate heart;  
Upon her cheeks red disks, from rouge-daubed rag,  
Proclaim the matchless candor of her art,  
Which found its model in the Nippon flag.  
In fearsome contrast are the lips and nose  
Of this much-tended face of eighteen years:  
Below, a flame; above, dense arctic snows—  
And yet no sign of natural thaw appears.

Now that I've done this honest portrait of her,  
I wonder more than ever why I love her.

—Ben Ray Redman in Punch.

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Condition at Close of Business March 10, 1922

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|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
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| U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....                           | 6,794,145.81    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                             | 741,412.78      |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco..... | 150,000.00      |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....           | 1,122,743.17    |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                                | 10,743,553.36   |
|   | \$43,490,348.07 |

#### LIABILITIES

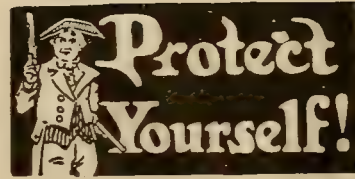
|                                    |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital.....                       | \$2,000,000.00  |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 6,245,403.21    |
| Circulation.....                   | 2,000,000.00    |
| Letters of Credit.....             | 1,142,584.22    |
| Deposits.....                      | 32,102,360.64   |
|                                    | \$43,490,348.07 |

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#### AFRICA, THE HOME OF HUMANITY?

The recent discovery in a cave in Northern Rhodesia of a human skull apparently many thousands of years old seems to put Africa on the map for the first time as the probable field of development for men who played an important part in the life of pre-historic Europe, says the *New York Tribune*. Where the most important old human skulls have been discovered heretofore and what their locations seem to indicate is told in the following bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society:

"Europe has long been recognized as merely the stage on which late acts of the great drama of the development of man and his civilization have been played. None of the races that have lived in Europe during the long period of man's life on earth is believed to have originated there. Hitherto all evidence pointed to Asia as the source of the succeeding waves of human immigrants as it was the source, at least approximately, of the thousands of horses, deer, and cattle that swarmed into the country during the inter-glacial periods.

"Races had come across the land bridges from Africa, but for the most part they had merely used Northern Africa as a path, coming from Arabia or Farther Asia. The one exception known was the strange appearance along the southern fringe of Europe at one time of a race akin to the negro pygmies of present-day Central Africa. But these small negroids were an unimportant factor and soon vanished.

"So far as Europe is concerned, the Heidelberg men were the earliest known human inhabitants. A single jawbone discovered in Germany represents the data from which conclusions have been drawn in regard to this race, which is supposed to have lived some 200,000 years ago. They are classed as the first wholly human beings of whom fossils have been discovered and are supposed to have been later by probably a quarter of a million years than the ape-man whose skull was discovered in Java.

"The Heidelberg men were apparently succeeded about 75,000 years ago by a long persisting type of whom many fossils have been found—the Neanderthal man. Skulls and bones of this widely diffused people have been found in France, Germany, Belgium, Croatia, on the Channel Isles, on the rock of Gibraltar, and in Malta. They were cave-dwelling hunters and for more than 50,000 years lived off the herds of horses, deer, and cattle that abounded in Europe during that period.

"These Neanderthal men were much more advanced than the men of Heidelberg, but still they were lower in the scale than any savage of the present day. They were squat, burly, big-headed, and thick-skulled. Their brows projected markedly over cavernous eyes, they were almost chinless, and their knees were permanently bent. The first skull of these people, discovered more than sixty years ago, was so widely divergent from existing skulls that one scientist insisted that it was a malformation. It was only after the discovery of other fossils that the former existence of this race was generally accepted.

"Though Neanderthal remains have been discovered at the very edge of northern Africa, notably in Gibraltar and Malta, there

has been no general tendency to look upon Africa as the source of that people. The skull and bones recently discovered in northern Rhodesia, however, are believed to be of the general Neanderthal type, and their discovery opens up the possibility that it was from Africa that Europe's Neanderthal horde came. The 'broken hill skull,' as the African fossil is called, is in some ways more primitive than the European Neanderthal skulls, though it is believed to be more recent. These facts give added weight to the belief that the skull recently found was nearer than the European fossils to the original point of dissemination of the Neanderthal men.

"The Neanderthal men represent about the last-known types of humans with skull development lower than that of present-day savages. When they disappeared 25,000 or 30,000 years ago they were succeeded by the Cro-Magnon men, hunters and also artists, who have left remarkable drawings of animals on the walls of certain caves in France. They were a tall, finely built, intelligent race, the first known men generally rated as belonging to the same species as our own homo sapiens."

Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, inventor of the Fiske range-finder, radio control of moving vessels, and other devices used in navies, has obtained a patent on a new invention called the Fiske Reading Machine, designed to reduce reading matter to tabloid form and enable anybody to carry with him many copies of books without even bulging out his pockets. The machine is described in the *New York Times* as a narrow strip of aluminum, surmounted by a small magnifying glass. Bands of paper, on which reading matter is reproduced through photo-engraving in a space one-hundredth smaller than the original type, are passed through the machine as it is held in the hand, with the eye looking through the magnifying lens. Five of the paper bands, printed on both sides, contain about 100,000 words, the number of words in the average novel.

To be faithful, one must be dreadfully in love or dreadfully ugly.—*London Opinion*.

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VOL. LXXXX. No. 2348.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 25, 1922.

Price Ten Cents

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Hate Going Down.

With the ratification of the Four-Power treaty, and the prospects for ratification are good at this writing, we may come to a point where we can look forward to a cessation of hate as a policy; especially if the Irish can prevail upon themselves to stop shooting across the Ulster line. The settlement of the Irish trouble, and the Egyptian trouble, and the troubles with our own treaty irreconcilables, may make it possible to conduct our affairs for a little while without so much bitterness and gall. It would be a grand thing to wake up some morning and feel that we did not have to hate anybody that day and perhaps would not have to hate very actively for another week or so.

The thing has been getting tiresome. There was the case of Germany. We had to hate what she was doing for several years, and not to have hated it would have argued something very wrong with the person guilty of such neglect. We do not exactly love Germany yet, and would not contribute much for serenades and flowers for the Reich, but at least the days of boiling rage are past, and we can give that hate a rest as far as its active forms are concerned. But no sooner did we see such a rest in sight than Mr. Hearst began demanding that we hate England, and then France and Japan. Perhaps some did, but probably not many more than were already engaged in that activity. A cessation of the Irish troubles, if they ever will cease, would reduce a good deal of our Anglophobia to dead waste.

It has never been easy to hate the French. And now it seems unnecessary much longer to hate the Japanese.

Mr. Johnson has made more or less political capital out of his Japanophobia, but there are signs that it is beginning to peter out. The treaty fight ought to prove about the last of it. Here in California it has for some time been a politically profitable thing to promote, and a few dextrous politicians appear to feel that something can still be made of it, but unless the Japanese problem becomes pressing in new and unexpected forms it is likely that we can give ourselves a brief vacation from that duty and think about the opera or who the next senator from California will be.

This does not mean, of course, that we should begin right away to manifest snuggling affection for the subjects of the Mikado. That would probably be neither understood nor appreciated. It should be sufficient if for awhile we cease to regard them as active or potential enemies. We are certain to have them a good deal on our minds, because they are right across the ocean from us, and that ocean is not much wider now than the Mediterranean was between the ancient Romans and the Carthaginians. But having in effect agreed to restrict military operations each to its own side of the water, there is no reason remaining why the two countries may not for the time being, and perhaps for many years to come, confine their interchanges to peaceful diplomacy and trade. We are aware that by the peddlers of international hate this will be regarded as a great mistake, and denounced in terms as a suicidal policy. But hate is an emotion, and emotions are transient. We can not feel the same way, nor with equal intensity, all the time. And as a matter of psychology we can imagine a condition under which a people, having hated another people too long, and having become, as it were, overhated, or foundered on it, might experience a revulsion of feeling just at the wrong time and rush to embrace the enemy on the field of battle.

Of course, Japan has her Ireland; that is to say, Korea. And if we had as many Koreans voting in this country as there are descendants of the Emerald Isle, Japanophobia could be set down for an indefinite run. But we have rarely met an American who really cared a great deal what happened to the old government of Korea, recognized as about the most corrupt and worthless in the known world, except as an excuse for hating Japan. So that we may expect hatred of Japan to subside little by little and the two peoples to get into a frame of mind which will enable them to avail themselves of each other's arts and ideas without keeping knives up their sleeves.

Yes, it looks as though it might become a better world for a little while. Even Theodore Bell has ceased to hate the Republican party, "and yet," to paraphrase Porphyria's Lover, "Gavin McNab has not said a word."

### America and Russia.

The interest of the American people in the Russian people is just what it has been ever since the dark days of the civil war, when Russia proved her friendship for the Union. We wish them nothing but good, and can not look with complacency on any schemes of outside nations to rob them of their territory while they are helpless. The refusal to recognize the present so-called government, which is not a government in any worthy sense and has done nothing to merit recognition, is another matter. When 600,000 active manipulators, fired with a ruthless social fanaticism, seize autocratic power over 160,000,000 helpless people, and rob some, and kill others, and afflict the survivors in every imaginable way, and reduce a vast and potentially wealthy country to such straits of want that the population starves by millions and mothers are said to eat their children, it does not help the victims at all to "recognize" their despoilers and oppressors. That is

the record, in brief, of the Soviet power. The blockade had very little to do with it—practically nothing. Such a country as Russia could easily have lived within itself and found in the blockade only stimulus for internal development that would have made it permanently self-sufficing. But the effort to wipe out private profits and destroy capital had its inevitable sequel in a great nation's paralysis. Russia is very sick, and socialism is its disease. The people of this country hope she will recover, but the hope is not lively under present conditions.

### Islam's Awakening.

When an American brought up as a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic, or a Campbellite, undertakes to read the Koran, he is usually puzzled by its lack of continuity, its discursiveness, its off-hand dealing with any and every subject that occurred to its author, its absence of anything resembling connected plot or story. When it comes to interpretation the possibilities are rich, for ambiguity seems to open the way in every other paragraph. But to get any clear and definite notion of what the leading characters did and why they did it, or even who they were and what their early surroundings and home influences, seems beyond the mere Western intellect. The Koran is said to have been written on separate palm leaves and then gathered into a book. Anybody who will try to write a book that way will find it very difficult to pursue a logical sequence or produce an orderly result. In the absence of filing cabinets and card indices, by the time the last palm tree in the oasis had been defoliated, a lot of leaves from the first tree would have been lost, and several from the other trees as well. The protests of the owner of the date grove would not assist composition. And altogether the ultimate product might be expected to read a good deal like a dictionary, or thesaurus, or book of synonyms. The more a Westerner reads in the Koran, the less he seems to be finding out, until it becomes a relief to turn to a daily newspaper, even though the guesses of the correspondents about Washington affairs may not always seem closely related.

Nevertheless, the inhabitants of this globe are not all Western men, nor Northern, nor Southern. A great many of them dwell east of a given point—say Timbuctoo—and of these about 300,000,000 appear to believe that Mohammed did all that could be expected of him when he undertook to produce a work that should set everything right in the world. Many of them are sure that if the Koran were accepted as the universal authority everything would be as it should; and at times in the past Mohammedans have manifested great impatience with peoples that have been so blind and stubborn as to oppose the reconstruction of society on the Mohammedan plan.

Had Mohammedan countries continued to progress in Western science as rapidly as the magnificent intellectual achievements of the Caliphate of Cordova once promised, we could today rely upon a weakening of the well-known theological (and surgical) passion, and upon the dominating influence of secular and peaceful motives. But after having helped lay the bed plates of Western science the Arabian civilization in Spain was expelled and destroyed, and nothing remotely resembling it ever reasserted itself in the Mohammedan world. It was not his religion nor his polygamy that made the Turk the "sick man of Europe," but his lack of scientific attainment, of the daily discipline and drill of a civilization dependent for its existence and operation on exact physical knowledge.

And that is the reason why Islam is dangerous today. Its fanaticism is strong because its exact knowledge is weak. Its early spread was astounding, so much so that in a single century it had extended itself over a greater area than the Roman Empire. To primitive, simple peoples it makes an appeal like a con-



tagion, and today it belts the world right across Africa and Asia, into China and the Philippines; and Lord Northcliffe on his westward voyage finds his first mosque in the Fiji Islands. If Christianity had not been geographically in the way it is possible the Eskimos would now be followers of the Prophet. Without Charles Martel and Jan Zbieszki, the probability is that they would have been.

Since the days of Xerxes, Asia has been the peril of Europe. For centuries European statesmanship has had to carry Asia on its mind. The common people could forget Ghengiz Khan and Mahmoud II, but the historian and the diplomat have had to understand that Asia does not change, and at any time may produce another organizing strategist to be reckoned with.

Western Europe is a long time recovering from the recent upheaval, and is in no condition for a resumption of world hostilities. Yet the results of that upheaval have been to unify and revivify Islam, and make it conscious of wrongs and insults in far greater degree than the German propagandists before the war were able to accomplish. The whole Mohammedan world today has been embittered by Zionism, and Zionism wasn't worth it. It has been embittered by the Anatolian adventure of the royalist Greeks, and that adventure wasn't worth it. It has been embittered by the humiliation of the Sultan, head of the Islamic religion, and that probably was worth it, but ought to have been achieved before, when Europe was stronger. The French protectorate over Syria and the establishment of the Kingdom of the Hedjaz appear to be additional grievances. Whether turning Egypt over to an Albanian king, or at least the descendant of an Albanian, is going to do much to placate feelings so deep and so vengeful is problematic. The situation has grown quite serious, and in the contemplation of Lord Northcliffe has possibilities of broad and expansive trouble.

Of this trouble the recent developments in India are a symptom. If the British were to withdraw tomorrow, the Mohammedans would probably make themselves masters of the peninsula, whence they would be in a pretty good position to organize all Islam against the Western world. The main difficulty appears to be in the renewed consciousness of Islam, which has been more or less somnolent for several generations. We seem about to be confronted with the yellow peril under Mohammedan auspices—but the old British Empire has muddled through a great many tight places and can probably muddle through this one.

### The Law and the Lawyer.

There is something to be said for both sides of the question that is agitating members of the Bar Association, present and prospective. In a sense the future character of the Bar Association and the legal profession hangs in the balance. Theoretically, a change may be for the better or the worse. Actually, changes have a way of being inevitable and rather more often for the better than the worse. The trouble with legal science is precisely that it changes so little. It has been said that the law is at least three hundred years behind its fellow scientific callings, though there is something rather funny in even thinking of the law as a scientific profession, so hidebound is it by tradition. Only the other day a case was decided in England obviously unfairly, because there was still on the statute books a law dating from the rule of King Canute to the effect that a wife can not be held for breaking the law if she does so at her husband's instigation. Either the weaker sex was not considered responsible, or the economic side of the problem was taken into consideration. A wife cast off by her criminally-minded husband would probably fall to the care of the state. English law is an archaic institution and the American variation is in little better case. A cynic might be moved to remark that any change would be for the better.

The foregoing, however, has to do with the theory of the law. The Bar Association's proposal is primarily concerned with its practice. The healthy symptom is that any change at all should be sought in an institution that seems to be a direct descendant of the law of the Medes and Persians, so undeviating has been its course. And, remarkable to relate, the proposed change comes from within and not without. It is a case of "Physician, cure thyself," and it remains to be seen whether or not the bar can deal justice to itself. It would seem, *a priori*, that if the bar and its functionaries can not adequately settle the moot question whether or not a college education should be pre-

requisite to the practice of law, no one could settle it. Popular opinion, however, can always settle anything, in its own estimation. In the present instance popular opinion veers rather toward an opposition to the association's proposal. The sentimental objection that Lincoln himself would have been barred is too weak for serious rebuttal. When men of one-hundredth of Lincoln's ability acquire college educations in the teeth of adversity, it is giving our great American little credit indeed to suppose that he could not have made the grade. The real popular objection is an inherent one with the American people. It is the line of least resistance—the same thing that tends to lower the bars at our state universities; the path should not be made hard, but easy—quantity, not quality.

However, there is one legitimate objection to the proposed measure. A college education injures no one of strong mental calibre. There is no insidious evil there. The danger lies in the direction of still greater crystallization of the law. The present system allows men of the common people who have not become transmuted by an academic career to act as a leaven among the greater number that have. The danger lies in having so vital an institution removed even a degree further from the needs of the common people. It is a question which is the lesser evil—the suppression of shysters and ignoramuses or the academizing of a great human institution. After all, the chief argument in favor of the change is that it is a change.

### Again the Newberry Case.

The fact that the Newberry case has been settled decisively and finally does not prevent certain pettifoggers and demagogues in the Senate from continual and contumelious reference to it. The purpose, plainly enough, is grossly partisan. What is desired is to create the impression in the country that Newberry, after being corruptly elected, was seated corruptly in the Republican interest. The effect of these endeavors has been to bring to Newberry's support certain powerful moral forces. On Friday of last week Senator Poin-dexter, taking note of efforts to make a continuing scandal of the Newberry case, introduced a letter written by the late President Roosevelt at a time when Newberry had won nomination in the Michigan primary. Addressing Newberry, Mr. Roosevelt said:

I congratulate you on your nomination, but far more do I congratulate Michigan and all our people. It was my good fortune to have you serve under me as Secretary of the Navy, and I can testify personally to your efficiency and your disinterested and single-minded zeal for the public service. To a very peculiar degree you have stood for that kind of government which puts the interest of the people as a whole first and foremost, and treats all other considerations as negligible when the public weal is involved. \* \* \* Michigan is facing the test, clear-cut and without shadow of a chance for misunderstanding, between patriotism and Americanism on one side, and on the other pacifism and that foolish sham cosmopolitanism which thinks it clever to deride the American flag and to proclaim that it would as soon be a Hindu or Chinaman as an American. If there should be at any time in the future a Hindu Senate, and it should choose, in a spirit of cosmopolitanism, to admit outsiders, there is no reason why Mr. Ford should not aspire to membership therein, but he would be signally out of place in the American Senate so long as that body is dominated by men who zealously believe in the American ideal and faithfully endeavor to serve the American people.

This was written in October, 1918, at a time following the August primary, in which Newberry as a candidate for the Republican party won over Ford, and prior to the November election, in which Newberry again won as the Republican candidate as against Ford, this time in the character of Democratic nominee. Mr. Roosevelt is not the only man of high moral and patriotic prestige who, having carefully weighed the circumstances attending the Newberry case, gave judgment in Newberry's favor. Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania, a man of the highest character, entered the Senate only a few days prior to the vote by which Newberry was given his seat. His analysis of the case is probably the clearest of the many given to the public. Noting the expenditure made by Newberry's friends in the August primary (Newberry being absent from the state in war service), Senator Pepper said:

This money was all spent for purposes authorized by the Michigan statute governing election expenses. Whether the money was wasted or wisely spent is a matter of opinion. It is likewise a matter of opinion as to how much money it is justifiable to spend on campaign publicity. \* \* \* The people chose Newberry and rejected Ford by a clear majority of over 4000 votes. Nobody contended in the Senate that this election was other than fair or that money had been used improperly to influence it. The entire expenditure under attack

was a preliminary expenditure. Newberry, having been duly elected, and the judgment of conspiracy to defraud entered against him having been reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States, was sworn in as a senator and began the discharges of his duties. Ford, having thus been twice defeated, once by his fellow-citizens and once by the highest court in the land, added still another to his list of affronts to patriotism and decency by instituting in the Senate a contest to wrest Newberry from his seat, although Ford himself had no possible claim of title to it.

The question before the Senate thereupon was this: Where a senator is fairly chosen by a majority of the voters of his state after a full public discussion of the expenditures made previous to the primary, shall the Senate vote to expel him on the ground that it would have been in better taste for the majority of voters to vote the other way? In other words, shall the Senate substitute its judgment for that of the people of Michigan as to what is a reasonable pre-primary expenditure?

From the moment that I perceived this to be the real question in the case I was never in doubt about the answer. Some senators who were opposed to expulsion thought fit to couple their conclusion with a condemnation of so large an expenditure. Personally, I had no opinion on the subject, because enormous publicity expenditures are a necessary incident of the direct primary system. My view was—and is—that where charges of corruption are not sustained and where the whole question is one of the reasonableness of the expenditure the people of the state are themselves the final judges and that the Senate should not disturb their verdict. I accordingly voted against expulsion, although if I had been framing the resolution I would have framed it differently. I have heard the subject twice reargued in the Senate since the final vote was taken, and these posthumous arguments, which were both vehement and vitriolic, have confirmed me in my opinion that any other discussion would have been the mongrel offspring of malice and muddled thinking.

Senator Pepper's presentment puts the matter in clear moral light. Without justifying heavy expenditure in primary elections, it exhibits the reason for it under the direct primary system. Either the candidate or his friends must put his views and judgments before the voting public, or the voting public must be left to declare its preference without adequate information of the candidate's character and views. No moral issue as related to Newberry was in question, since he did not participate personally in the primary campaign and made no contribution to it. The point for the Senate to consider, as Senator Pepper points out, was not the propriety of campaign expenditures, but the legality of Mr. Newberry's election, and with respect to that no issue was raised. Surely it is time to drop this matter, certainly in so far as there may be involved in it any reflection upon the moral status of Mr. Newberry.

So far as Newberry himself is concerned, the incident is closed. To pursue him further would be an exercise in slander. There remains open, however, the question as to the propriety of primary expenditure. Here there is room for difference of judgment. Obviously, under the direct primary system, there is need of preliminary exploitation of the qualifications of candidates—of "campaigns" that can only be made by the candidate or his supporters at very considerable cost. The alternative is return to the convention system. Which is the better way? The mind of the *Argonaut* is entirely clear. It does not claim—indeed nobody can pretend—that the convention system is ideal. But it has at least the merit of bringing to congressional service men of higher qualifications than the direct primary system has yielded. Under the convention system candidates are selected; under the direct primary system candidates select themselves. Thus, automatically, men of modesty stay in the background while self-seekers come to the front. Whoever will compare the official organization of the country—including members of the Senate and the House of Representatives—can not fail to see that there has been a sharp decline both in the intellectual and the moral fibre of men commissioned in public life.

### Modernizing Ourselves.

President Harding has been subjected to some rather pointed and authoritative criticism recently because of his appointment of two senators on the American delegation to the late Conference. It is pointed out that "lifting" members of the legislative branch of the government over into the executive branch, and assigning to them labors of treaty drafting or treaty negotiating, is opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, which jealously discriminates between the three different governmental functions, legislative, judicial, and executive, and seeks to keep them rigorously separate. In this case it is pointed out that the employment of Senators Underwood and Lodge is a more serious matter than that of one man holding two positions—it tends to a



confusion of the requisite checks and balances of our political organization, and also to such a confusion of duties that the necessary limits of responsibility are obscured and partly erased. In other words it has become, or soon will become, impossible to tell where legislative responsibility ceases and executive begins, which is a state of affairs in direct contravention of our institutions.

There is merit in the criticism. The men who drafted the Constitution were sharp observers of political dynamics. Some of them had suffered in their dearest interests from political abuses under a system which in their day still sought to make the will of the executive the law of the land. Hamilton had not so suffered, but he was a keen student of laws, and in addition he was a business man and knew about how such things could always be trusted to work. The Constitution's clear-cut tripartite division of governmental powers reflected the most advanced opinion of the time as to what the people needed for their safety from tyrants. And inasmuch as they did not purpose to permit the country to become entangled in European intrigue they saw no reason why treaty making, which is also law making, should not be subject to the revision at least of the upper house of the law-making body. Undoubtedly it should be.

But that is a different matter from saying that the two branches should do no work in common in a business so vital as the preliminary negotiations. That seems to have been a Wilsonian error which President Harding did not purpose to commit. President Wilson did not care to have the Senate represented at Versailles. About those negotiations on which the fate of the world depended he seemed willing that the law-making branch might learn what it could from the newspapers and then reject or ratify. It rejected. President Harding might have proceeded in the same manner to a similar result, but not being a Bourbon he preferred to profit by the Wilsonian experience. He determined that this time the Senate should be implicated in and accessory to the executive labors of negotiation, and so thoroughly involved that it never could complain of having been ignored. Both parties were represented, quite properly, in a matter which was not of either party separately, but of both and of the nation.

And it has worked. By the time this number of the *Argonaut* is out the treaty will probably have been ratified, but even in the disastrous event of its defeat the arrangement has operated well to this extent, that the senatorial debates have been informed throughout, because Senators Lodge and Underwood have been there with the intimate knowledge of the executive's case and ready for all objectors, just as members of a British ministry are always ready for interpolations on the floor of the House of Commons. This has driven the opposition members to terrible but almost legitimate exertions, and has robbed them, Republicans and Democrats alike, of the personal grievance and senatorial dignity argument, which would have been without merit, but would inevitably have been resorted to under the promptings of Mr. Hearst and the senator from Rumpus Ridge. In fact, with the exception of a few rather noisy episodes, the course of the treaties in the Senate has been a debate rather than a rumpus.

The Constitution may not have provided for exactly the sort of machinery President Harding devised to meet the Pacific problem. But it should be remembered that when that revered instrument was drafted there was no Pacific problem. There were many things for which it could not provide—notably the emancipation of the slaves. Moreover, the national isolation which the founders thought could be preserved to the end of the national story is gone. We are entangled in foreign affairs, both European and Asiatic, and it were the height of folly to ignore or deny the fact. The thing has come about very largely through the development of certain mechanical and military arts, improvements in communication and in navigation, as well as through the vast expansion of manufacturing and foreign commerce, until all the larger wars of the future threaten to involve us exactly as the great war involved us, and therefore threaten to affect the fortunes and the livelihood of the humblest member of our industrial and commercial system. Think back to 1914 and recall how little interest we had in the assassination at Sarajevo. At that time our diplomacy was largely a matter of making some reciprocity bargains and agreements not to discriminate against goods

hauled in foreign bottoms. It could well be taken care of in the precise way laid down in the Constitution. What sane person could so regard our foreign interests now?

For diplomacy of importance there was vital need of exactly such machinery, or organization, as President Harding devised when he drafted Senators Lodge and Underwood from the legislative branch of the government to do a piece of work in the executive branch, in order that when that work got into the legislative branch for ratification or rejection, it might there be received without prejudice and treated with intelligence. The President's policy in the matter not only disarmed much malice in advance; it was broad and wise, and in addition it was constructive. Instead of being criticized as a violation of the Constitution it ought to be received by the public as an addition to the Constitution and made by future chief executives the practice in all our diplomacy of a critical character. If the Constitution makes the Senate a participant in the adoption of a treaty, the Senate should be a participant in the negotiation of it, when the treaty is important. Neither the executive nor the legislative branch of the government is going to lose anything by it. The only branch that might lose by it is that consisting of the irreconcilables, which is one the fundamental law did not seem to contemplate.

### Editorial Notes.

There is cause for grave concern in the condition of the Associated Charities, whose report for 1921 is summarized in this issue of the *Argonaut*. The organization is confronted both by an increasing deficit and by growing demands for relief. So serious is the situation that unless substantial support is contributed very soon many and perhaps all of the association's activities will have to be curtailed, or even given up entirely; a tragedy no such community as this would care to contemplate.

The *New York Times* calls the credit bonus scheme "a bill to cut off banking accommodations to farmers as well as to business and commerce." This is because the credit that would go to the American Legion under the Fordney plan, a credit extended to get votes, would reduce by just that much the credit available for productive enterprise. It is strange how the mind of the politician, once centered on votes, forgets the fundamental principle of finance, which is the fundamental principle of physics and mechanics and everything else mundane: that you can't make something out of nothing, that you can't eat your cake and have it, too, that if you have four apples and take two away you will only have two left. It is like trying to teach a Chinaman why there can not be such a thing as perpetual motion. The main function of a financier in the government is to keep in mind that there are only 100 cents in a dollar and that the thing can not be made to stretch. Fortunately we have such a financier at the head of the treasury.

The American Federation of Labor's Washington lobby, or "Joint Legislative Conference" as it is euphemistically called, has condemned the Jones ship subsidy bill, not on the ground that it is not a good bill for the country as a whole, or would not assist in promoting the merchant marine, but because for one thing the naval reserve section of it "provides for a body of men who are to be used in case of strikes or lockouts." That has a good old reminiscent sound, as of the days before the great war. Nothing could be done then and apparently nothing can be done now to increase the nation's defensive strength if by any possibility it might be perverted to the uses of a police force in case of strike or lockout. Just what is it the Federation of Labor thinks it might want to do in case of a strike or lockout that would be interfered with by the naval reserve section of the ship subsidy act?

There seems to be no limit to what Ambrose Bierce called "the horrors of peace." Political campaigning by wireless telephony has begun.

Compulsory work for women is to be imposed by the Bulgarian peasant government. The peasant women who do manual labor, say partisans of the law, will take pleasure in "seeing those ladies in silk stockings" rustle about a bit. The law is to be applied first in the capital, Sofia, then in the smaller cities and eventually in the villages and country, where, however, custom and necessity leave few idle.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### From an Overheated Champion of the Bonus.

MANKATO, MINNESOTA, March 13, 1922.  
THE ARGONAUT, SAN FRANCISCO—Gentlemen: I wish to let you know that I believe you are a bunch of cowards. If my last letter was personal, then know that your last editorial was also very much personal.

For your benefit I hope the Japs bombard the Pacific Coast some night and that all these silver-heeled patriots get routed out in the a. m. to take a little mustard with their breakfast.  
Very truly,  
GEORGE SWANSON.

#### Pertinent But Hardly Practicable.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 16, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the matter of "The Adjusted Compensation Bill," it is one thing to pass the bill and please everybody, and quite another thing to raise the money for it and please everybody.

Might I suggest that one way to make the difference clear to those most interested would be for the powers who must raise the money to intimate, that if the bill becomes a law, the most equitable manner of raising the necessary funds will be by assessing a poll tax of \$5 per annum on every adult man or woman entitled to vote on national matters until the needed amount is raised.

For a great many voters this may seem like "giving until it hurts," but it will attest their 100 per cent. patriotism and their regard for the soldier's need of the proposed bonus.

Also it might show the congressmen who are eager to pass the bill in what way they will inevitably incur a just though ignominious form of resentment from the voters who might choose to administer it until it hurt—like a swift kick "from the back of the beyond."  
THE MAN FROM JAPAN.

#### The Pride of the Soldier

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 18, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I was married in 1860, and when the slogan sounded, "We're coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong," my husband was swept along, and I, having only a baby boy to provide for, went back to teaching. When the men came back—those who did; mine found a grave in Southern earth—they went to work at whatever they found to do. Of course, they had no candy and doughnuts served to them and no girls had been provided to recite, sing, and dance for them; perhaps that kept them humble and willing to pick up loose ends and just do their best, until the lawyers started the race for pensions. But the majority were proud of their service and became the backbone of our country, rising to all kinds of eminence; but never stooping to ask for alms in any form.

There must be something radically wrong in the way our children are prepared for life; which seems to be explained by the books I read, regarding the child in all its phases and written by spinsters of both sexes, who have never known the gamut of a parent's feelings and understanding. Had these young men been taught manly pride and true patriotism they could not stoop to ask for alms and step down to being common mercenaries. And so many of the claimers never even saw "Flanders' Fields," but stayed right here and now play at being heroes.

While nothing we can feel or do for those who upheld our country's honor, whether with blood and suffering or not, is sufficient, yet to yield to unjust demands would be inexcusable and I wish to thank you for the fearlessness and candor with which the *Argonaut* has fought for the right and is still doing it.  
Most appreciatively,  
MRS. WILLA A. LEONARD.

### VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

#### THE PASSPORT NUISANCE.

(Manchester Guardian.)

Holland has been able of late to make arrangements with France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Luxembourg under which travelers of Dutch nationality will no longer have to obtain a visa from the authorities of these countries. Only the production of a passport is now necessary. These agreements are, of course, reciprocal.

Members of the Dutch First Chamber having inquired whether it would not be possible to suppress the passport visum altogether, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that he has been striving to attain this end. He mentioned, however, specifically that all the efforts of the Dutch government to make with the British government an arrangement similar to the one explained above had led to no result. It would be interesting to know the reasons invoked by the British authorities for their refusal to suppress the visum between Great Britain and Holland. They have already made such an agreement with France and Belgium; why, therefore, should they raise obstacles against Holland?

This attitude of the British government is all the more surprising as relations between Great Britain and Holland have been extremely cordial of late years, whereas the relations between Holland and Belgium have been somewhat strained.

#### NOT EXACTLY MORIBUND.

(New York Times.)

Forecasts of the British budget, to be presented by the chancellor of the exchequer before the end of this month, are that a small surplus will be reported for the current fiscal year. This would be surprising, after the way in which the estimates of revenue were shot to pieces by the strikes of last summer. Still more surprising is the report that the chancellor sees his way to reducing the income tax a shilling in the pound. Such a cut would be as popular as unexpected, and the cynical minded will see in it convincing proof that the government is preparing for a general election. But there is no doubt that England has been steadily improving her financial position.

In a recent speech in the city of London the lord chancellor went so far as to assert that its old "financial supremacy," making London "the central nerve of the finance of the world," was now being restored. Whether the facts fully bear him out on that point or not, there can be no doubt that Lord Birkenhead is correct in assigning the causes for the remarkable recovery. Great Britain has refused to walk in "the primrose path of unsound finance." She has met expenses by savings and by taxes, not by printing currency. She has toiled and stinted herself and patiently waited. Now she is beginning to reap the rewards of clinging stubbornly to the sound methods of finance and of commerce which generations have demonstrated to Englishmen to be true wisdom and from which they have no idea of departing.

#### COMMON INTERESTS WITH THE DOMINION.

(The American Review of Reviews.)

There is no country more gallant than Canada—none with a better record in recent times. And there is no other that is bound to the United States by so many ties of mutual interest and of friendly association. Canada's place is now distinctly



fixed in the group of peoples called the British Commonwealth, and it is henceforth understood that the Dominion is entirely independent in all that pertains to her own affairs. Thus she will be at liberty to send an ambassador of her own to Washington whenever it may seem desirable. She has long made her own tariff arrangements without dictation or interference from London. As we have more than once remarked in these pages, it is high time that a seat was made for Canada in the council room of the Pan-American Union at Washington. At this stage in tariff discussion it should be strongly urged by those who look well into the future that the welfare of the two halves of North America are to be regarded as identical. To create ill-will by tariff legislation at Washington, when we are trying to create good-will by all other means, would be harmful in any direction—transatlantic, transpacific, or southward; but it would be especially mischievous and unsound as a policy directed against our Canadian friends, whose prosperity is only less vital to us than is that of our own states.

#### IRRECONCILABILITY.

(Portland Oregonian.)

Senator Johnson, Senator Borah, Senator France, and Senator La Follette—the irreconcilable four, reconciled by their irreconcilability to stand together for one reconciled moment—voted for the Robinson amendment, in order to destroy the treaty, not to amend it, not to put a mere reservation on it. If it had been adopted they would in turn have voted against the amended treaty. They would have done it because they are the irreconcilables.

It is useless perhaps to ask why they are irreconcilables. As well ask one to explain the mystery of life, or of the creation, or of evil, or man, or woman, or ghosts. They are irreconcilables because they are irreconcilables. What Harding is for, they are against. What Hughes is for, they are against. What the Republican party is for, they are against. What the decent opinion of mankind is for, they are against.

We should like to see a direct referendum on the Four-Power pact in Idaho and in California. Undoubtedly these states would endorse the pact and thus by their votes repudiate Borah and Johnson. Nor have we any doubt that in any election these states would endorse Borah and Johnson. More irreconcilability. They want the treaty, which means peace in the Pacific and for America, and they want Borah and Johnson, which means war in the Senate, and great difficulty in getting for Idaho and California, in common with all the other states, what Idaho and California do their utmost to prevent by sending Borah and Johnson to the Senate. But Idaho and California, by ratification of the treaty in the Senate, will get what they want, in spite of themselves.

#### CALL THE TROOPS HOME.

(New York Herald.)

The claim of the United States of \$241,000,000, filed against the account of German reparations and presented to the Allied finance ministers now sitting in Paris, came as a shock to the Allies. It is causing wide discussion among them, but not sufficient disturbance to have swerved them from the scheduled distribution of the one billion German gold marks to England, France, and Belgium.

Before the American claim was presented the finance ministers had made their distribution plans and they went straight through without change and without regard to or consideration for the American claim.

Apparently the Allies had accepted it as a matter of course that America would present no bill for the services of her troops on the Rhine, though why this view isn't clear. The burden of comment, both officially and from the press, is that, while America's position with regard to this matter may have a measure of justice, yet the way for her to collect the money on her claim is exceedingly obscure.

One suggestion is that America collect it from sequestered German funds in the United States, but one of the highest diplomatic and legal authorities in the French government has pointed out that Germany can not pay out a single mark without the consent of the Reparations Commission and that should the United States seek to collect this claim from Germany the Allies would protest.

In view of the general attitude of the Allies with regard to this \$241,000,000 claim it looks, on the face of it, as if America's contribution to the military forces on the Rhine hasn't been very good business for her; looks as if a continuation of her troops on the Rhine in this situation would be worse business; looks as if the sensible thing for America to do is to bring her troops home without further delay.

This would have the effect of eliminating discussion and misunderstanding as to future charges for their services. They have been there three and a half years and there is no convincing reason why they should remain there any longer, there is no convincing evidence that they are performing any worth-while service by remaining there.

#### THE GREATEST ON EARTH.

(New York Times.)

Once more the great free West has put New York in its place. No sooner does Columbia University announce an enrollment of 32,240, with the modest commentary that this seems to give our city the largest university in the world, than the University of California proclaims a student body of 43,266, "without including the university farm."

The idea of a university seems to have been greatly expanded in recent decades. Columbia, for example, has some 2800 undergraduates and 8200 graduate and professional students; the remaining 21,000 are counted in the summer school and extension courses. Girls to whom a summer in New York is the only alleviation of the humdrum routine of schoolteaching in a small town, and to whom the Columbia summer school is the only excuse for a trip to New York, go to swell the total, as well as the immense horde who go in for the various forms of "extension."

Extension, according to physicists and logicians, is usually gained at the expense of intension; but some of our most extended universities are our best. Meantime, salutations to California, which has assembled the greatest grand glittering galaxy of students known in all history, and without the added attraction which brings so many to a summer school located in New York City. The University of California covers the state with its extensions: from Shasta's icy mountain to Colorado's coral strand, where Mack Sennett's bathing beauties play in the golden sand. A worthy incarnation of the greatest of states, where no frost can damage the crops of superlatives.

Giovanni Verga, the novelist, died in January at Catania, aged eighty-two years. His literary importance was not less than that of D'Annunzio. His novels of country life, with their stern moral message, remind one somewhat of Hardy. Their range may be less, but some may regard their art as stronger. Verga was the first Italian novelist to follow the naturalist movement and to break with the romantic tradition of Manoni. He wrote a play, "Cavalleria Rusticana," which furnished the subject for Mascagni's opera.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who was recently in Ypres, is one of the donors of the fund to rebuild the Gothic Cloth Hall.

Mirza Hussein Khan Alai is Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Persian government in the United States.

Lillian Russell is in Europe with her husband, Alexander P. Moore, to study immigration problems at the request of President Harding and Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor.

One of England's foremost liquor manufacturers was elevated to the peerage in the king's New Year honor list. Sir James Buchanan, now Lord Buchanan, quite properly hails from Glasgow.

Mrs. Alexander Gross, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who recently returned from a trip of exploration to Brazil, has gone to Paris to report her discovery of a radium mine to Mme. Curie.

Commander Hayne Ellis, U. S. N., has been selected by Secretary of the Navy Denby to be his personal aide. He succeeds Captain David Sellers, U. S. N., who has been made commander of the U. S. S. Maryland.

The Marchioness Curzon, a titled American, who was formerly Miss Grace Hinds of Alabama, daughter of the late J. Monroe Hinds, American Minister to Brazil, has been created Dame, Grand Cross, of the British Empire.

Spain is following in the footsteps of England and America as an up-to-date country should. Her parliament is soon to be graced by a woman, Señora Carmen León, who has been nominated for a seat in the Spanish law-making body by the Romanones party in Madrid.

Mrs. Nelson P. Radick of Fulda, Minnesota, was the first farm woman to appear before the Senate Agricultural Committee to aid in attempts to obtain adequate prices for farm produce. She is a director of the United Society of Agriculture, of which Benjamin C. March is the managing director.

Dr. Henry A. Rusby, who headed the biological expedition into the wilds of the Amazon basin, has been obliged by ill health to return to this country. Dr. Rusby, who is dean of the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University, has brought with him several new narcotic drugs, which the scientific world hopes will be valuable additions to pharmaceuticals.

José M. Seron of the Radio Corporation of America, a Chilean, twenty-eight years old, has set a new world's record for the reception of continental code by wireless. The record was formerly held by B. G. Seutter of the wireless station of the New York Times. Seutter was placed second this year. Seron came to this country less than two years ago with little knowledge of English and of radio.

Miss Anna Vaughan Hyatt, American sculptor, has been decorated by the French government with the insignia of the chevalier of the Legion of Honor in recognition of her famous Joan of Arc statue. Miss Hyatt is a pupil of Gutzon Borglum. She was awarded a silver medal at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915 and the Rodin gold medal at Philadelphia in 1917. She is curator of sculpture of the French Museum of Art in the United States.

It was rumored some time ago that Mme. Raymond Poincaré intended to run for the office of deputy at the next election. At present no French law permits women to vote or hold office. But the news was that the premier was working for such a law and that the wife of the premier would be one of the first women to profit by it. Interviewed on the subject, Mme. Poincaré said: "There is only one feminist in this house, and it is the premier, not I."

Hugh S. Gibson, United States Minister to Poland, was recently married in Brussels to Miss Ynes Reytiens, the daughter of Major and Mme. Reytiens, of an old Brussels family. Mr. Gibson first met his bride when he was first secretary of the legation in the Belgian capital—a post he held from 1914 to 1916. Mr. Gibson, who was born in Los Angeles about thirty-nine years ago, has seen diplomatic service in Honduras, London, Washington, Havana, Brussels, Paris, and the inter-allied mission to countries of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. He is the author of "A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium, 1917."

Mr. Thomas Hastings, architect of the New York Public Library, has been selected by the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects as a fit recipient of the Royal Gold Medal of Architecture for the current year. Mr. Hastings was born in New York in 1860, and is a graduate of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Since 1884 he has been a partner of the firm of Carrère & Hastings, who were the architects of the National Academy of Design, the Ponce de Léon and Alcazar hotels at St. Augustine, Florida, and many other notable buildings. Mr. Hastings is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and president of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects. He is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, France. He will be

remembered by San Franciscans as the designer of the Tower of Jewels at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Dr. Hubert Work, who took the oath of office as Postmaster-General to succeed Will Hays, hails from Colorado, but was born in Marion Center, Pennsylvania. He took his M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1885 and began practicing in Greeley, Colorado, in the same year. In 1896 he founded the Woodcraft Hospital for mental and nervous diseases in Pueblo, Colorado. He was a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention in 1908; chairman of the Colorado Republican State Central Committee in 1912; and has been member from Colorado of the Republican National Committee. Dr. Work was a lieutenant-colonel of the M. C., U. S. A., during the war.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### The Isles of Greece.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse:  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' Islands of the Blest.

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave. . . .

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must we but blush?—Our fathers' blood  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still! and silent all?  
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave? . . .

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades!  
O that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind. . . .

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords and native ranks  
The only hope of courage dwells:  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad. . . .

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down you cup of Samian wine!

—Lord Byron.

##### The Houses.

(A SONG OF THE DOMINIONS.)

'Twixt my house and thy house the pathway is broad,  
In thy house or my house is half the world's hoard;  
By my house and thy house hangs all the world's fate,  
On thy house and my house lies half the world's hate.

For my house and thy house no help shall we find  
Save thy house and my house—kin cleaving to kind:  
If my house be taken, thine tumbleth anon,  
If thy house be forfeit, mine followeth soon.

'Twixt my house and thy house what talk can there be  
Of headship or lordship, or service or fee?  
Since my house to thy house no greater can send  
Than thy house to my house—friend comforting friend;  
And thy house to my house no meaner can bring  
Than my house to thy house—King counseling King.

—Rudyard Kipling.

In nine months up to October, Germany bought \$300,476,000 worth of American goods and shipped us only \$59,401,000 worth. Where did that trifling difference of about \$240,000,000 come from? Who furnished it? Where did they get it? Was it their own money? Or is Germany on the lists for an unlimited charge account?—*Capper's Weekly*.

The first Christian marriage ceremony in the American colonies was performed at Jamestown in 1609.



## THREE GREAT EGOISTS.

Gamaliel Bradford's Gallery Contains Portraits of Whistler, Jefferson, and Adams.

Egoism is not, generally speaking, a characteristic American trait. Conceit, perhaps; but egoism is rarer than its too frequently loose application would imply. It is a subtlety that older nations manifest quite freely among their cultured classes. Though of course it is not necessary to point out to the most ingenuous that there are egoists and egoists. Suffice it to say, without going into a dissertation on the history of the word, that the three examples selected here are of entirely different types. The fact that three out of eight of Mr. Bradford's great Americans qualify for the post of egoism does not mean that Americans are innately egoistic, but that, as has often been stated before, great men are above nationalities. And, too, great men are frequently imbued with a great case of ego.

If the casual reader of American letters and affairs were asked to name the American with the greatest degree of *amour propre* he would probably answer Jimmie Whistler—that is, if he did not reply "T. R." Whistler is taken as the example par excellence of self-satisfaction, which to most persons' notion is synonymous with egoism. It is only one branch of it. Probably the true answer up to date of the most egotistical American is Henry Adams, and that despite his having been anything but self-complacent. His was the super egoism that rears impatiently at its own vulgarity. His was the art that conceals art. To the uninitiate he might pass as the most modest of men; but who dares add "and the most unassuming"? In fact, beside these two arch examples of the differing poles of egoism it seems poor classification to drag in so natural and normal a conceit as Joseph Jefferson's. But Jefferson represents the native egoism of art and is necessary for the trilogy.

Jefferson is the eldest of our three specimens, but Whistler flags first attention by virtue of his having become an historic figure. He is crystallized as a "character." Readers of the Pennells' life and journals of Whistler know the facts of his life. Mr. Bradford spares us the boredom of repetition. For the benefit of those innocent of acquaintance with the Pennells' weighty tomes he summarizes as follows:

Whistler was born in Lowell, like other great men. He did not like it, would have preferred his mother's Southern dwelling-place, and sometimes implied that he was born in Baltimore. He declared in court that he was born in Saint Petersburg. He once said to an inquisitive model: "My child, I never was born. I came from on high"; and the model answered, with a frivolous impertinence that charmed him, "I should say you came from below." He was as reticent about his age as he was about his birthplace. But the hard fact is that he was born in Lowell in 1834. To be born in Lowell, to grow up in Russia, to be educated at West Point, to paint in France and England, with vague dashes to Venice and Valparaiso, and to die in London at seventy makes a sufficiently variegated career. Even so, it was less variegated without than within.

Mr. Bradford finds the explanation of Whistler's eccentricity and conceit in his explicit candor. Candor is, of course, the mark of the true artist. A statesman can avoid the imputation of egoism, but a true artist, never:

In all these varied phases of simplicity and sophistication what strikes me most is a certain childlikeness. The child is a naked man, and in many respects so was Whistler. The child clue accounts for many of his oddities and reconciles many of his contradictions. He thought some strange things; but above all, he said and did what he thought, as most of us do not. Take his infinite delight in his own work. What artist in any line does not feel it? But some conceal it more than Whistler. Gazing with rapt adoration at one of his pictures, he said to Keppel: "Now, isn't it beautiful?" "It certainly is," said Keppel. And Whistler: "No, but isn't it beautiful?" "It is, indeed," said Keppel. And Whistler again, "raising his voice to a scream, with a not too wicked blasphemy, and bringing his hand down upon his knee with a bang so as to give superlative emphasis to the last word of his sentence, "—it! isn't it beautiful?"

The "child clue," as Mr. Bradford calls his discovery, is really very acute. It accounts for practically everything about Whistler, vanity, fickleness, quarrelsomeness, and particularly the last. But the child clue is really the artist clue:

Moreover, in all his fights and quarrels, he liked and respected—possibly, as Du Maurier insinuates,—a little dreaded—those who stood up to him and answered back. If you dodged and cowered, he would pursue you remorselessly. If you gave him as good as he sent, he would laugh that shrill "Ha! Ha!" and let you go. Mark Twain visited him and was looking over his pictures. "Oh," cried Whistler, "don't touch that! Don't you see, it isn't dry?" "I don't mind," said Mark. "I have gloves on." From that moment they got along famously. When the artist was painting Lady Meux, he vexed and bothered and badgered her past endurance. Finally she snapped out, "See here, Jimmie Whistler! You keep a civil tongue in that head of yours, or I will have in some one to finish those portraits you made of me." All Whistler could find to say was, "How dare you? How dare you?"

He was not, for all his litigation, a logician or a debater. But he was veracious. Only, and this is unchildlike, he could be truthful at his own expense. That was the innate artist in him. We disagree with Mr. Bradford in the following:

The child clue will stay with us, as before. Those who knew Whistler best frequently recur to it: "When off his guard, he was often a pathetic kid" (Alexander Harrison,

quoted by Frank Harris in "Contemporary Portraits"). The childlike candor rarely failed, not only in asserting merits, but even in recognizing defects: "He was the most absolutely truthful man about himself that I ever met. I never knew him to hide an opinion or a thought—not to try to excuse an action." And with the candor in professing opinions went a high and energetic courage in defending them, a courage that was sometimes blatant and tactless, but seems to have been genuine, even to the point of admitting his own failures.

With all the weaknesses of childishness, Whistler had one of its strongest points—that of loyal affection to the people for whom he really cared. His rapid-fire friendships were of a different order of things. Few men, artists or other, go on record for filial and marital devotion such as Whistler's. Mr. Bradford neglects to seize this clue as one of the most valuable for his theory:

Two attachments to women, at any rate, played a large part in his career. He adored his mother and obeyed her in his youth. He adored her and watched over her in his riper years. Although he resented any critical suggestion of sentiment in his portrait of her, he confided to a friend, speaking very slowly and softly, "Yes—yes—one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible." When he was over fifty, he stumbled upon a marriage, fortuitous as most other external events in his life; but the marriage was singularly happy; he adored his wife as he had his mother, and her death shattered him in a way to confute those who denied him human tenderness.

There is something akin to the genius of Whistler in that of Joe Jefferson. It is the childlike artist quality. But whereas Jefferson was even more naïve and far less sophisticated than Whistler, he was more of a man—perhaps because he was less of an artist. Jefferson's, too, was a more lovable quality of personality. His vanity was spontaneous, but he was fully aware of it:

There is no doubt that he himself felt the charges of repetition and self-assertion, though he could always meet them with his charming humor, as when he tells the story of his friends' giving him a Christmas present of "The Rivals" with all the parts but his own cut out. The cleverest thing he ever said as to the lack of variety was his answer to Matthews, who charged him with making a fortune with one part and a carpet-bag. "It is perhaps better to play one part in different ways than to play many parts all in one way."

His egotism, like Whistler's, was the more manifest because of his sincerity and frankness:

But Jefferson's ample admission of his faults and weaknesses is apparent everywhere and is really charming. He agrees to accept a rôle to please a friend: "I did so, partly to help my old partner, and partly to see my name in large letters. This was the first time I had ever enjoyed that felicity, and it had a most soothing influence upon me." He sees a rival actor and appreciates his excellence, "though I must confess that I had a hard struggle even inwardly to acknowledge it. As I look back and call to mind the slight touch of envy that I felt that night, I am afraid that I had hoped to see something not quite so good, and was a little annoyed to find him such a capital actor." All actors and all men feel these things; not all have the honesty to say them.

Whistler's case exactly. The main difference between the temperaments of these two great exponents of American art was that whereas Jefferson was sincere throughout, Whistler was only really so in his work. The man himself was a poseur, from his assumed foreign birth to his exaggerated cane and cultivated white plume. Jefferson's genius took less the form of make-believe, despite the nature of his art. Where Whistler played at being an eccentric as a small boy plays at pirates Jefferson had a very real taste for childish things:

"At New Orleans," he said to Mr. Wilson, "Eugene Field and I ranged through the curiosity shops, and the man would buy dolls and such things." And Wilson told him that "Field said he never saw a man like Jefferson—that his eye was caught with all sorts of gewgaws, and that he simply squandered money on trifles." And Jefferson chuckled, "That's it: one-half the world thinks the other half crazy."

His taste for toys was the ruling passion of a happy youngster:

With this airy, gracious, fantastic temper Jefferson had always something in common, however practical he might be when a compelling occasion called for it. He loved dolls, and toyshops, would spend hours in them, watching the children and entering into their ecstasies. He would stand before the windows and put chatter into the dolls' mouths.

Like Whistler, he adored his family and was gentle with inferiors:

Irregularities in conduct and irregularities in artistic method he would not tolerate. But he was reasonable in discipline, and he was gentle, as gentle, we are told, with his subordinates as with his children and grandchildren. In strong contrast to actors like Macready and Forrest, he had the largest patience in meeting unexpected difficulties. One night the curtain dropped in the midst of a critical scene. Jefferson accepted the situation with perfect calmness. Afterwards he inquired the cause of the trouble, and one of the stage hands explained that he had leaned against the button that gave the signal. "Well," said Jefferson, "will you kindly find some other place to lean tomorrow night?"

It is interesting to note that the one point—and the only one—of contact that the super-egoist, Henry Adams, has with our other two specimens is that of a great admiration for women:

With women he fared somewhat better than with men, and few men have been more frank about acknowledging their debt to the other sex. "In after life he made a general law of experience—no woman had ever driven him wrong; no man had ever driven him right." And at all times and on all occasions he paid his debt with abundance of praise, tempered, of course, with such reserve as was to be expected from one who had all his life been seeking education and had not found it. To be sure, he readily admits entire ignorance as to the character, motives, and purposes of woman-kind. "The study of history is useful to the historian by teaching him his ignorance of women; and the mass of this ignorance crushes one who is familiar enough with what are called historical sources to realize how few women have ever been known." But such admission of ignorance, especially

for one who triumphed in ignorance on all subjects, only made it easier to recognize and celebrate the charm.

Aside from this gentle phase of his nature, his is a totally different temperament and the least American of the three. There was something in him foreign even to Anglo-Saxon genius. Spiritually he belonged to a far older race than either:

"For him, only the Greek, the Italian, or the French standards had claims to respect, and the barbarism of Shakespeare was as flagrant as to Voltaire; but his theory never affected his practice. . . . he read his Shakespeare as the Evangel of conservative Christian anarchy, neither very conservative nor very Christian, but stupendously anarchistic." But tried by the one final, ever-repeated test, all that art offers is about as unsatisfactory as American politics or tropical dreams. "Art was a superb field for education, but at every turn he met the same old figure, like a battered and illegible signpost that ought to direct him to the next station, but never did."

There is something rather Eastern in his colossal diffidence to life and his impatience at its limitations. All the world knows of his disconsolate search for an education. The best the world had to offer was not good enough for Henry Adams:

It is hardly necessary to say that, with this restless and unsatisfied spirit the period which sees education finished for most men did not even see it begun. The infant who starts with the definition of a teacher as "a man employed to tell lies to little boys" is not very likely to get large results from early schooling. The juvenile Adams surveyed Boston and Quincy and found them distinctly wanting, in his eyes, though not in their own. "Boston had solved the universe; or had offered and realized the best solution yet tried. The problem was worked out." But not for him.

The redeeming quality of Adams' incessant demand for more education is that it was sincerely the most pressing fact of his existence. A vainer man would have felt that though others got little from school and college, he at least must get more. On the contrary Adams ranked himself on a plane with his fellows. His discontent was actually partially for them. He admitted many of them his superiors:

"Harvard College was a good school, but at bottom what the boy disliked most was any school at all. He did not want to be one in a hundred—one per cent. of an education." Furthermore, with the willingness we all have to acknowledge weaknesses we should not wish others to find in us, he declares that "he had not wit or scope or force. Judges always ranked him beneath a rival, if he had any; and he believed the judges were right."

When a man admits that his brain power is not of the highest and yet demands the best there is and is discontented with that, he is either remarkably self-centred or remarkably altruistic. If the latter, then his incessant demands for something better than the best were simply what he felt all men entitled to. It is just possible that Adams himself never analyzed this phase of his extraordinary case. Analysis was not his strong point. He does not even clearly define the fetich, education. But there is something pervading the Henry Adams atmosphere that inclines one to accept the former alternative. If he were concerned at all with the rest of humanity it was as an abstract extension of the ego with which he was so perpetually involved:

"All that Henry Adams ever saw in man was a reflection of his own ignorance." The great obstacle for sensitive natures to all social pleasure, the immense intrusion of one's self, was always present to him, never entirely got rid of. "His little mistakes in etiquette or address made him writhe with torture." And of one concrete, tormenting incident he says, "This might seem humorous to some, but to him the world turned ashes." The annoyances were great and the compensations trifling.

And not only did Boston fail him. All the rest of the world was equally tried and found wanting:

The truth is, that in this infinitely reiterated demand for education there is something too much of the egotism which Henry Adams inherited from his distinguished great-grandfather and which had not been altogether dissipated by the intermixture of two generations of differing blood, it being always recognized that egotism is perfectly compatible with shyness, reserve, and even self-effacement. In the preface to his autobiography Adams points out that the great lesson of Rousseau to the autobiographer was to beware of the Ego. In consequence Adams himself conscientiously avoids the pronoun "I" and writes of his efforts and failures in the third person. As a result it appears to me that the impression of egotism is much increased. We are all accustomed to the harmless habit of the "I"; but to have Henry Adams constantly obtruding Henry Adams produces a singular and in the end singularly exasperating effect.

It is amusing that it was precisely Whistler's vain-glorious use of the third person singular that had such a mordant effect on his enemies and critics. The use of his own proper name to avoid the appearance of egoism is probably the only public naïveté that Adams was ever guilty of.

Mr. Bradford is more discursive of Henry Adams' life, since every one is not familiar with the details, despite or because of the formidable "Education of Henry Adams." The summary is very interesting in this telescopic form, as even a careful reading of the autobiography leaves one in a rather dazed than illuminated state.

In fact, "American Portraits" serves the admirable purpose of lighting up a number of bright, particular, American lives. The book is the first of a series in which the author hopes to cover American history, progressing backwards to the seventeenth century.

AMERICAN PORTRAITS, 1875-1900. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Coffee was introduced into London about 1652. There are persons who believe that before that year life in London was not worth living.

Thomas Hardy has almost ceased prose writing.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 18, 1922, were \$144,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$150,500,000; a decrease of \$5,800,000.

There has been a quickened interest in the steel trade, though it has not resulted in any material change in prices. Buying has been stimulated by the approach of spring, and seasonal improvement will be under way in the near future.

Preparations for the resumption of copper mining here and there are going on, not-

be well enough not to follow advances too far.

Cotton seems pretty good value at current market prices, and it would not require much in the way of export demands or the breaking up of the textile strike in New England and resumption of buying by the mills to bring about a decided rise in this staple. At the same time the mills have a considerable surplus on hand and continue to report rather cautious buying on the part of their customers. Meantime, one may expect rather unimportant speculation in the cotton market.

The stock market from time to time gives evidence of very good selling having been consummated in many leading stocks, and it is apparent at times that conservative interests are not favorable to any excessive speculation at present. The situation at Washington is complicated. The Administration is one that is very pleasing in the main to all business interests. It may be merely "good politics" on the part of those in power at Washington to help business, but, whatever the reason, certainly there have come from the Administration more real notes of encouragement in a month than had come in some former periods in a year.

The one thing that is particularly bothering business sentiment just now is the bonus question. Business can not understand how members of Congress can shut their eyes to the warnings that have been so plainly indicated by leading financial authorities, not only in the government, but throughout the nation, and go on bull-headedly in what would seem to be the pursuit of political profits by way of appeasing a certain element of their constituencies. It must make at least a very large minority of the veterans of the last war blush a bit when they see their legion's chieftain brandishing a club in the face of the President.

It would seem almost impossible of conception that any well-minded publicist would take advantage of this general situation to attempt to feather his own political nest or to increase his own business interests. And yet that is exactly what it would seem a certain "american" is doing day after day in a brazen effort to browbeat the opponents of the bonus measure at Washington into some action inspired by fear rather than conscience.

It is strange also that even some very hard-headed financial interests seem to think that a bonus via the sales tax would be negligible so far as the prosperity of the country is concerned. It is impossible to see but that a tax is a tax, and that if the government raises a few million dollars or a few billions, the money has to come from somewhere and will be a definite and positive burden upon the general public.

The stock market, of course, reflects in a surface way for the most part, and it remains to be seen what would really happen if the bonus plan should be made into law.

Meantime, labor promises to cut up some high jinks in the coal fields and hopes to enlist the aid of the railway unions to win continuance of practically war-time conditions; while the railway wages problem itself is still to be settled. And tax day approaches.

Despite the fact that many annual reports coming to hand now are showing large deficits, and for some companies the turn in the road seems far away even yet, and despite, also, the very rotten situation that has long existed and results of which are just now developing in connection with "bucketteering," there is an undercurrent of real optimism, helped, no doubt, to a large extent by the better grain prices and the consequent assistance to the agricultural element.

Among some low-priced railroads and among a great many public utilities there are still bargains to be found. Among the public utilities one of the big opportunities is the Market Street Railway issues. Last week the senior issue went on a dividend basis, marking one of the final steps in the culmination of over fifteen years of efforts in upbuilding the transportation system of San Francisco after the prostration of the city by fire.—*The Trader.*

The problem of Europe's indebtedness to the United States will be a live issue for many years to come, the National Bank of Commerce in New York believes. Because of the present world-wide business depression, the confusion in international trade, and the financial difficulties of a number of the nations of Europe, refunding legislation does not settle the large question of international obligations, the bank says in the March number of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*.

"Foreign governments owe to the United States approximately \$11,000,000,000, largely payable on demand," it adds. "On February 9th the President signed a bill creating a commission to arrange the refunding of these obligations. The commission is specifically empowered within three years to refund and extend the time of payment of the principal or the interest of any obligations of any foreign government arising out of the world

war, now held or hereafter acquired by the United States. The converted obligations may not have a maturity beyond June 15, 1947, or an interest rate of less than 4½ per cent. Authority to cancel any part of the indebtedness or to substitute the obligations of one country for another is specifically withheld from the commission by the terms of the act.

"It seems reasonable to predict that the commission will extend as lenient terms to our former allies in the matter of refunding these debts as are possible under the terms of the present legislation. In the country at large there are two well-defined opinions as to the question of ultimate payment—one for and one against the full cancellation of the debts.

"The case for cancellation was well stated in a recent address by Mr. Justice Clarke of the United States Supreme Court. The arguments run that for three years the Allies fought the Central Powers without our assistance. Our advances went to further the common victory and were nothing less than our share in the war, so that in equity there really is nothing owing us.

"But assuming that the Allies can pay—so runs the argument—may it not be a question whether it is to our best interest that they do so? It is not necessary to demonstrate that our debtors must meet both the yearly interest payments and amortizations chiefly by sending goods—manufactured goods—into this country. The annual interest alone on our foreign credits at 4½ per cent. comes to a round half-billion dollars. Our favorable trade balance of last year was about \$2,000,000,000. If our allies are able to meet their interest obligations, our trade balance will probably show a rapid readjustment during the next few years. The balance may shift to a so-called favorable one, with imports exceeding exports conceivably by as much as a half-billion dollars. Such a sudden readjustment, such an influx of manufactured goods from abroad, would possibly entail serious consequences, prolonging for a long period unsatisfactory business conditions. If, however, our investors should purchase foreign securities on a large scale, readjustment may be partially arrested. Such are the main points of this phase of the case.

"One of the most forceful of the arguments of the pro-cancellation forces is only incidentally moral or economic. They hold that if we press for the collection of these advances we shall in the years to come gain the reputation of being the Shylock of international finance. They point to history to demonstrate that the repayment of huge international debts, whether tribute or borrowings, usually breeds a spirit of mutual distrust, suspicion, and ultimate hatred between the parties involved. And they raise the question whether for a nation with a large foreign trade the possibility of such an outcome is worth the candle.

"Those who wish to see our loans collected in full present counter arguments. They hold that the war was primarily the war of Europe, precipitated by European imperialism, to which her opponents contributed as well as Germany. Our sole interest was to insure the defeat of Germany, so that in future years we should not have to oppose her alone. We asked no assistance in maintaining our armies in the line; the funds borrowed from us by our allies to maintain their armies are their just and due obligations; and they should expect to repay them. The cancellation of international obligations is a dangerous precedent to establish. Furthermore, the spoils of war in the shape of land acquisition and reparations in kind and money have gone entirely to others; we asked nothing in this connection.

"On the economic side of the question the opponents of cancellation maintain that if our government can collect from its debtors yearly interest of a half-billion dollars or more, our taxes can be commensurably cut down. Lightened taxation is in turn expected to give a decided impetus to business revival. However opinions may differ as to the positive influence of taxation upon business activity, all sides will agree that taxation is at the present time absorbing a larger share of the national income than is desirable.

"In any case it is certain that this refunding legislation does not settle the large question of international indebtedness. The present world-wide business depression, the confusion in international trade, and the financial difficulties of a number of the nations of Europe will make the problem of external national debts and consequently the general question of the adjustment of accounts between the nations live issues for many years to come."

Uncertainty as to bonus legislation is now the dominating factor in the bond market and an important adverse factor in business, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York. The possibility of large additional government flotations instead of reduction of the public debt has unquestionably resulted in hesitation in the market for bonds. Estimates of the final cost of the bonus vary from \$1,590,000,000 to sums hugely in excess of this. The

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lowest figure is equivalent to more than one-third of the total amount of capital available for investment in securities in the United States in 1921. State legislation has already been enacted providing for bonuses and similar benefits amounting to more than \$350,-



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helped the grain markets a good deal, and certainly the rise in corn has been of vast assistance to the farmer, who has also profited by the corresponding advance in meat products. At the same time the farmer is still inclined to be cautious so far as possibly overextending his commitments is concerned, and there is talk of a considerable reduction in crop acreage this year. The grain markets are likely to be rather wild for the next month or two and, possibly, it will

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000,000, although referenda are pending with respect to part of this amount.

Plans to meet bonus requirements by taxes would perhaps be free from some of the ill effects of a large bond issue, but in the long run it seems likely that the result would be equally as bad on business. In some quarters the belief has apparently gained ground that the expenditure of bonus payments by the

who served in the world war. These men are now the most productive part of the population of the country. They are just entering upon that period of life when responsibility for the nation's business is being gradually transferred to their shoulders. The best that could happen would be for each man, by his own efforts, to pay his own bonus. In practice, however, the result will be quite otherwise, the capable and thrifty being obliged ultimately to provide, not only for the payment of whatever bonus they may receive, but also for the payment of bonuses to their less capable and less industrious fellows.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$60,000 Southern Boulevard District, Lassen County, California, gold 6 per cent. bonds, due serially, to yield 5.60 per cent., tax exempt.

Southern Boulevard District includes the city of Susanville, the county seat, and about 1620 square miles—the southern half of Lassen County. A large part of the district is devoted to general farming and stock raising. About 25,000 acres are being put under irrigation, greatly increasing their productivity and value. The district also includes valuable tracts of timber.

Government ownership and operation of electric light and power utilities, as exemplified by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, is not a success, from the view-

point of either service or low cost, as compared to privately-owned and publicly-regulated electric light and power companies in the United States and Canada, according to a report made to the National Electric Light Association by the engineering firm of Murray & Flood of New York City.

The investigation was made for the purpose of obtaining complete economic data from which to draw a comparison between governmentally-owned and privately-owned utilities. This led to a consideration of the political and economic structure of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, which operates the largest government-owned system in existence, and to a comparison between that system and others privately owned and operated, but subject to public regulation, both in the United States and Canada.

In summarizing the results of the investigation the report asserts that no system of electric service such as that operated by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario is applicable in the United States. It shows that the service rendered by privately-owned utilities under public regulation is cheaper and better than that rendered by governmentally-owned utilities, and that even in Ontario, which has what is generally looked upon as the most successful example of government-owned utilities, private capital and enterprise have contributed more to the upbuilding of civic, industrial, and commercial life than has the government-owned project.

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In Quebec, the report states that privately-owned electric light and power companies serve the people of that province at a cost of 32 per cent., or approximately one-third less than the cost of similar service to residents of Ontario, and that the cost in Quebec is 27 per cent. less than to even those consumers residing in the Canadian-Niagara district. In addition, private companies in Quebec deliver 84 per cent. more energy per capita than does the Hydro-Electric Power Commission to its customers in Ontario, while the generating capacity available for Quebec is 89 per cent. greater than that available upon the lines of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission in Ontario.

In this connection the report states that privately-owned and operated companies in every case are delivering power to their customers at a considerably lower average cost per k.w.h. than in the case of government electric utilities, and that the number of k.w.h. generated per capita served is greater.

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beneficiaries would serve to stimulate activity. If the recipients were to make the best possible use of the bonus money by adding it to their savings, it is obvious that no business stimulation would result. If, however, these funds should be immediately turned into the channels of consumption, the resulting stimulation would be temporary in character and would doubtless be followed by reaction, as

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the spending of the gratuities would in large part be uneconomical.

The main requisite to business recovery is the lightening of governmental requirements for funds for unproductive purposes. The addition at this time of the large sums necessary for the payment of a bonus, whether provided by taxes or bond issues, to the heavy burden which already must be borne, could be regarded only as a disaster, and the chief sufferers from the evil effects of such a course of action must eventually be the young men



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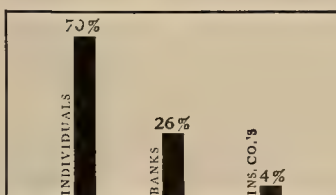
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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Much has been written and said about the reaction of the war on fiction. Some prophets maintained that the effect would be a swing towards realism; others, towards romanticism. As there have been probably as many reactions as there are novel readers, and certainly many more than there are novelists to record the phenomenon, it is not strange that post-war fiction is of a strangely variegated pattern. One of the most delightful phases it

presents is the novel of childhood. Along with our satiation of war, tragedy, romance is a closely related satiation of ourselves. And as we must have human interest we turn with relief to the novel of childhood. Two charming and totally different ones were brought out in the past week—one by the publisher of "Moon-Calf," a fact mentioned to emphasize Mr. Knopf's versatility. This is "Explorers of the Dawn," by Mazo de la Roche, a young Canadian novelist. The other book, published by Macmillan, is "Humbug," by E. M. Delafield. The latter is labeled "a study in education"; the former is serenely guiltless of a theme.

Christopher Morley, who writes the introduction to "Explorers of the Dawn," and to whom we are evidently indebted for its present publication, says, "Of course, this is not one of those books that 'everybody must read.'" Perhaps not. The very young themselves might not enjoy it despite its reeking of youth, real youth, not the tawdry thing of the teens and twenties that twenty-four novels out of twenty-five stuff us with. The traditional man from Mars judging our world from its supposed mirror, the novel, would conclude that we sprang into existence aged seventeen—with a few rare exceptions the youngest age that figures in fiction—and abruptly passed into a limbo of non-existence aged thirty-three. The latter is even a liberal statement, for except one or two heroines of Thackeray and De Morgan, I doubt if a heroine is ever really over thirty. But to return to the pristine glory of the "Explorers of the Dawn"—its hero, for certainly the Seraph is its hero, progresses from four or thereabouts to the neighborhood of six. And whether or not every one should read this delectable book, certainly the Seraph should become a household allusion wherever English is understood or five-year-old boys flourish. Angel, due to the fact that he is four years the Seraph's senior, is much less interesting. His is a charming portrait, but one does not gloat over him, and gloat is the only adequate expression for one's attitude toward the Seraph. Mr. Morley carefully refrained from quoting, for altruistic fear of spoiling the reader's pleasure. And it is a thing not to be lightly disregarded. But it is nevertheless with sheer will power that one restrains oneself from quoting the Seraph here, and it is safe to say that he will be very widely quoted in the future.

"Humbug," also a study of child life quite as much as a study of education, is a very different thing. Where Miss de la Roche's epic of infancy seems to take root and grow from its own lyric buoyancy, Miss Delafield's story of a childhood has all the earmarks of careful workmanship. It is much better craft than the "Explorers of the Dawn," whose string of charming coincidences finally partakes of a delicate burlesque, but it is lesser art. "Humbug" is the story of two little girls, a fact that perhaps accounts for its being a tragedy while its joyous contemporary history of three boys could be prescribed as an antidote to melancholia. And yet these two books have startling analogies. Both are among the most faithful portraits of children in English literature. There are pages of "Humbug" descriptive of poor Vonnie's sufferings that are calculated to draw tears from a Prussian officer. The careful psychological study of Lily's reaction to her parents' well-meant cruelties will touch the bell of recognition in any one who has ever known intimately a conventional Victorian household. The effect on Lily of her wrong-headed training is traced to early maturity. "Explorers of the Dawn," also indirectly a study of education—are not Mrs. Handsomebody's tuition and persecution the mainsprings of the plot?—stops short at the respective ages of six, nine, and ten of its three youthful swashbucklers. Omitting John and Angel, who are charming persons, but still not forgettable, and reserving the Seraph for a place we are sure his coquettish little heart would have thrilled at, beside Lily, and we have surely two of the most lifelike portraits and—to use a word the newspaper have rapidly popularized to triteness—two of the most appealing figures one is apt to meet between the covers of books.

Further manifestation that the novel of extreme youth is a definite phase of our present psychology is Edwin Björkman's "The Soul of a Child," the history of a boy from five to fifteen. Not having read Mr. Björkman's novel, his first incidentally, I mention it here only for the significance of its theme. Like "Explorers of the Dawn," it is published by Mr. Knopf. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

A new novel, "Double-Crossed," by W. Douglas Newton, the author of "Low Ceilings," is announced. D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers.

When A. S. M. Hutchinson met Sinclair Lewis recently in London he had to own up that he had not read "Main Street." Lewis,

however, was able to retaliate by stating that the perusal of "If Winter Comes" was a pleasure still in store for him. Once this confession was out of the way they became good friends.

Houdini's forthcoming book, which E. P. Dutton & Co. have promised for March publication under the title of "Paper Tricks," has had its title changed and will be called instead "Paper Magic." It will be, according to the announcement, of particular interest to amateurs in parlor amusements and to organizers of all manner of social entertainment, for it will explain how to do many kinds of sleight-of-hand tricks and produce many puzzling illusions—all that brood of magic stunts that seem to belie possibility and are always interesting.

Annie Fellows Johnston has recently sent to her publishers (Page, Boston) the manuscript of a new Little Colonel book—"The Road of the Loving Heart," an allegory, which will appear in book form next summer.

Have you ever racked your brains for the translation of a mile of letters placed after a prominent man's name? If you have you will enjoy the story told by Charles Hitchcock Sherrill in his "Prime Ministers and Presidents" (Doran). Sir George Reid, the former Australian prime minister, has been made Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, and he was quick to sense the bitter feeling aroused. Upon being asked by an opposition newspaper man what the initials K. C. M. G. meant, he replied: "It only means—Keep Calling Me George."

A volume of prose by Tagore is being brought out by the Macmillan Company under the title "Creative Unity." The chapters focus on the theme of the unity of life, but they cover a wide range of subjects, from "The Poet's Religion," with its striking comparison between some of the great poets of England and of India, to a discussion of the evils of a narrow nationalism, and of woman and the home in the West and in the East. There is a resemblance in these essays to the best work of Emerson, both in loftiness of purpose and in distinction and lucidity of style.

Since the typewriter has done away with the hand-written manuscript and collectors find it increasingly difficult to secure manuscripts of modern authors, galley proof corrected by the author has acquired a high value. In recent sales at the American Art Galleries corrected galley proof of Kipling's stories published in the *Ladies' Home Journal* brought high prices. The first corrected galley of "Wieland's Sword," with many changes and corrections in Kipling's hand, fetched \$320; "Young Men at the Manor," first corrected proof, \$360; second corrected proof, \$210. The first corrected proof of "The Knights of the Joyous Venture" brought \$340 and the same price was paid for the first corrected galley proof of "Old Men at Pevensy."

The Duttons announce for early publication the fourth and final volume of the series of "The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero," which Clayton Hamilton has edited, with introductions and critical and biographical comment. The forthcoming volume will contain the two plays, "Mid-Channel" and "The Thunderbolt."

John Drew's reminiscences of his long and varied experience, covering half a century as an actor, will be published somewhat later this spring by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title, "My Years on the Stage." The work promises to be a valuable contribution to the

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history of the theatre in the United States, as well as an intimate revelation of a personality that, as seen from behind the footlights, has been wonderfully agreeable to two generations of American theatre-goers.

Walter H. Page, war-time Ambassador to Great Britain, whose letters are running in the *World's Work*, was the founder and former editor of that magazine and was formerly editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Colonel House has pronounced the Page letters classics.

"The Modern City and Its Government," recently brought out by the Duttons, is by William Parr Capes, director of the New York State Bureau of Municipal Information. In this position and as secretary of the New York state conference of mayors and other city officials, he has had unusual opportunity for gaining knowledge of city problems and how to meet them in cities widely varying in size and condition.

When Stefansson last set out for the Arctic he carried with him twenty books of his own selection. Only two of these were novels, one being De Morgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost."

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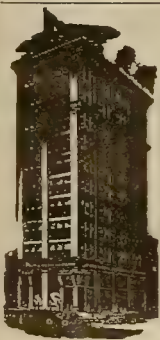
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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Rahab.

"Rahab," by Waldo Frank, is a book that defies classification, but reminds one both in its incoherency and horridness of a nightmare. Incidentally it should have been called "The Degraded in Spite of Herself." If the foregoing seems a bit strong one can only say that it would be superfluous to mince matters in reviewing a book where they are so wholly unminced. Mr. Frank's chief qualification for publicity—and he will undoubtedly receive some for "Rahab"—is his perfect simplicity in calling a spade a spade. Throughout the choppy, rather inchoate and discursive narrative no possible opportunity is lost to call things by their right names.

Candor is a very good thing, but one wonders sickly, after a hasty and disgusted perusal of "Rahab," whether even candor can not be grossly overdone. Writers of Mr. Frank's obvious morbidity should be either criminologists, when they could wallow contentedly in the subject that most interests them, or else they should have psychopathic treatment. At least they should not be allowed to break out in print. It is bad for them and is as bad as the sensational newspaper or movie for the public. "Rahab" is completely obsessed by one idea, and since we are following Mr. Frank's example of plain speaking that idea is sensuality.

Young writers, and one knows Mr. Frank is young by his absorption in his candid subject, have an idea that the more lurid they are the more lifelike, in short the more Balzacian. Nothing is more mistaken. Balzac is a great portraitist, not a priest performing morbid rites. And granted that Mr. Waldo's theme really is of interest to people like himself, even they should be protected from their

own obsession in such matters. It is only so much the worse that the writer's earthy theme is thinly veneered with a pseudo-spiritual one. Two wrongs do not make a right. Neither does one find God through the ministrations of either the flesh or the devil. And the present reviewer doubts very much whether Fanny found holiness in the underworld. It is the one place where the author slipped in his realistic nomenclature. Not holiness, Mr. Frank, but resignation. And one can be resigned to anything—even to a modern novel that has not the redeeming feature of Rabelaisian wit.

RAHAB. By Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

The World Book.

The editors of "The World Book" claim that it has been planned somewhat differently from the older encyclopedias. Technical terms, for instance, have been sparingly employed, as many readers are only further confused by them. All long articles have been presented under sub-heads, and in many of them an outline of points is given for the guidance of the reader.

Extensive use has been made of cross references and lists of related topics, so that the reader in the study of any subject can quickly turn to all the articles that relate to it. Departmental and general indexes enable the reader to locate any subject in which he is interested without loss of time. The correct pronunciation of all unusual or difficult terms is given.

The profusion of its illustrations is not the least of this work's attractions. Over 5000 pictures appear in its 6528 pages, and there are many diagrams and sketches. Most of the illustrations are like those in a dictionary, just large enough to help in eluci-

dating the text, but there are hundreds of pictures, sketches, and maps, two-page, one-page, and half-page, many of them colored. Animal and plant life, historical events, geographical topics, and scientific subjects are copiously represented. Certainly, on the pictorial side, the publishers have given a generous measure.

The ten volumes are well bound and admirably printed, and each page lies flat when it is turned. It contains every evidence of care and reliability, and vies with the famous standard encyclopedias in the range of topics. It can be recommended sincerely to the public.

THE WORLD BOOK. An Encyclopedia of Organized Knowledge in Story and Pictures, Revised to September, 1921. In ten volumes. Chicago: W. F. Quarrie & Co.

The Spirit of the Common Law.

"The Spirit of the Common Law," by Roscoe Pound, is one of the admirable series of Dartmouth alumni lectureships. The author who is Carter professor of jurisprudence in Harvard University, has long made a special study of the history and philosophy of the common law; and although many of his papers on that subject have been published, the present volume is probably the first adequate, modern summarization of the legal tradition of the Anglo-American races. "The Spirit of the Common Law" is not a technical treatise, and though these lectures were originally delivered before law students and bar associations, their present form is perfectly intelligible to any layman interested enough to read a book on the common law. Some chapter headings are: "Puritanism and the Law," "The Pioneers and the Law," "The Philosophy of Law in the Nineteenth Century," and "Legal Reason." These lectures may be read as separate entities.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COMMON LAW. By Roscoe Pound. Boston. Marshall Jones Company; \$2.50.

An Outline of English Literature.

A book that makes an excellent guide in the study of English literature is an "Outline History of English and American Literature." It will make a handy reference book for the general reader who has not ready access to more exhaustive histories of literature, and it may be used as a supplementary text in English classes as a guide to more extensive reading. Its recommendations are its compactness and its simplicity. It is not a book for the scholar, but rather for the young student or the average reader of English literature.

OUTLINE HISTORY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Clarence E. Ackley. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.

New Books Received.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50. Eight lectures delivered in the United States in August, 1921.

KIEL AND JUTLAND. By Commander Georg von Hase. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6. Translated by Arthur Chambers and F. A. Holt.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Melville Best Anderson. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Company.

A line-for-line version in the *terza rima*, the meter of the original.

SILVER CROSS. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. A story of sixteenth-century England.

OUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND. By Frederick Pierce. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3. A practical application of the knowledge of the subconscious mind.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By the Baron F. von Hügel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

HIS DOG. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

The story of a man on the down grade who is redeemed by his dog.

UP STREAM. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3. The autobiography of an American critic.

RAHAB. By Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2. A novel.

FRESH EVERY HOUR. By John Peter Toohey. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2. The adventures of a publicity man.

THE ROMANCE OF FIDDLER'S GREEN. By Clara Endicott Sears. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75. A novel of old New England.

THE BACKSLIDERS. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.90.

SAINT TERESA. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

THE FALL OF MARY STUART. By Frank A. Mumby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5. An interpretation of Mary Stuart from her correspondence.

THE OUTCAST. By Selma Lagerlöf. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.90. Translated from the Swedish by W. Worster.

THE PRISONERS OF HARTLING. By J. D. Beresford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. A novel.

THE BODY IN THE BLUE ROOM. By Sidney Williams. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. A mystery story.



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HUMBAG. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. A novel.

THE GREAT PRINCE SHAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. A novel of world politics in 1934.

THE MEXICAN MIND. By Wallace Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50. A study of national psychology.

JANE JOURNEYS ON. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75. A novel.

THE ART OF THINKING. By T. Sharper Knowlson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.35.

PRACTICAL SELF-HELP. By Christian D. Larson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

MENDOZA AND A LITTLE LADY. By William Caine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. A story of studio life.

CHANTING WHEELS. By Hubbard Hutchinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. A novel.

SATURDAY NIGHTS. By Earl G. Curtis. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company. A novel.

SACRIFICE. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A novel.

A Reuter message from Christiania says that a Moscow wireless states that the bodies of Tessem and Knudsen, who left Captain Amundsen's expedition in October, 1918, have now been found by a Russian expedition prospecting for coal near the mouth of the Yenisei. Captain Otto Sverdrup states that the leader of the Norwegian expedition which searched unsuccessfully for the two missing explorers had made an agreement with the Russian expedition in question that the latter body should assist with the search. Captain Sverdrup believes that the bodies were probably found near Cape Wild, where he had made a depot in 1915, and he supposed that Tessem and Knudsen were looking for this depot, which may have been destroyed through lack of protection, when they lost their lives.

The Circus Maximus would accommodate 380,000 spectators.

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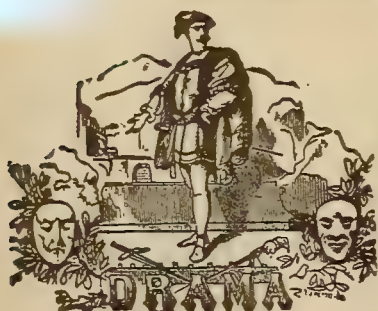
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## THE SEQUOIA LITTLE THEATRE.

The March programme for this little playhouse shows an unmistakable advance in merit over the previous performances. Miss Ruth Brenner contrived to assemble a really talented group, including young aspirants and several players of considerable experience who have been professionals and feel an artistic sympathy with her desire to give local talent a good working opportunity.

August Strindberg's one-act curio, "The Stronger," was done with professional poise by Mrs. Prosper Reiter and Miss Peggy Schafer, the handsome, somewhat exotic, and plastic features of the latter young lady fitting with remarkable suitability into what one conceives might be the dramatist's idea of Mlle. Y. Mrs. Reiter played, with an attractive touch of foreignness and with appropriate mobility of mood, the rôle of the wife, and Ruth Brenner gave a touch of the bizarre to the setting.

Pretty Peggy Schafer, with her mobile countenance that can enable its owner to look both mediæval and modern, has unmistakable talent, for she gave the appropriate touch of fascination and mystery to the silent woman whose face said so much.

"The Mourner," a somewhat mortuary sketch by Gay Lombard, may be said to be another curio. It was well done by the three players, Clarise Russell, Basil Sarasin—only a servant, but doing his small bit with judgment—and Esther Jarrett. The latter young lady, who has had some experience in musical comedy, nevertheless wept out the grief of the unknown mourner as heartily as Carolyn Green laughed at the Players Theatre in "The Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The young lady did her part well, but a dramatic sketch that is largely taken up with a burst of sorrowful weeping for a dead man fortunately invisible in an adjoining room, and that culminates in a prayer—audiences don't like prayers—does not very successfully commend itself.

"Violet Souls," a satire by John Jex, will please husbands because it shows up a frivolous wife very much in the wrong and properly castigated by a hitherto too submissive

husband. We saw the play some years ago at the Players when William S. Rainey read the author's comments out in front; rather a neat satirical touch that was omitted at the Sequoia. This play was also well acted by Myrtle Blake, Edwin Anton, Walter Goldberg, and Mary Chambers; the latter young lady making her first public appearance, and doing it creditably.

"Forgotten Souls," a drama from the Yiddish by David Pinski, was played by people of professional experience, which accounts for the surprise felt by many in the audience at the really moving acting of Max Newman and Mrs. Willard Moore. The play has beauty of motive, and the two "forgotten souls" were so sympathetically rendered by Mrs. Moore and Mr. Newman that real pathos—that supreme aim in plays of this type—was responded to by the moved spectators.

During the month of April and May Miss Brenner will select the choicest examples from the programmes already given, and play to order before club organizations and the like.

## THE ORPHEUM.

The headliner this week is Mrs. Sydney Drew, with Thomas J. Carrigan, in a comedy sketch called "Predestination." That foolish old idea that nobody is missed when they drop out is all nonsense. Everybody worth while is missed, and the Sydney Drews have been very definitely missed from vaudeville programmes. We are uncommonly glad to have Mrs. Drew back again. It is not surprising that after her widowhood she retired temporarily from the line of work so closely associated with the memory of her husband. But having her back again makes us pray that she will stay, for vaudeville sketches in which we see actors and acting have been considerably rarer than they used to be.

Into her work in "Predestination" Mrs. Drew introduced those neat shadings of stress and comedy significations that caused us immediately to enjoy the sensation of seeing real acting. Besides, the lady has a most attractive personality, her appearance pleases, since it also is attractive and unspoiled by any attempts at achieving girlishness, and she is handsomely gowned.

The sketch gave her ample opportunity for delicate conveyances of wifely sarcasm, and the dialogue and plot are alike clever; in, of course, a superficial way, as is exacted in vaudeville. Mrs. Drew has very good support, and "Predestination" neatly hit off the taste of the confirmed vaudevillians.

Next in merit comes "The Mutual Man," the Hal Skelley act, with fetching little Ina Williams as a miniature main support, and two dresy pretties, Eunice Sauvain and Ida Kashner, furnishing the dancing girl element. Hal Skelley and Ina Williams suggest that ancient quibble, the long and the short of it.

They are well matched except for size; both full of zip, whirlwinds of energy, Ina like a dancing, leaping, resilient, little gray terrier, Hal Skelley a long-legged epitome of physical and mental humor. So many unexpected comicallities whirl to the fore in "The Mutual Man" that it is impossible to describe it. But the Skelley-Williams turn made an extremely large-sized success and left the audience clamoring for more. The piece is handsomely mounted, and is so full of the elements of success that it is probably destined to be featured on a high-salaried basis in one of the "revues" which have now become too numerous to mention specifically.

Ruby Norton is an enticing little blonde who can dance and sing with lots of dash, and who knows how to costume herself effectively. She has a good piano accompanist.

In contrast to her is the Lois Bennett act, Miss Bennett being a sweet and pretty warbler, but of the linnet type. How this little woodbird—for there is not the least suggestion of New York about her—could perpetrate that falling-off pink gown is a facer. What geese girls are! That girl never guessed that she didn't have the figure for the lavish display she made, that the gown gave us the fidgets, and that its perilous poise was totally unsuited to her fresh, wholesome, attractive personality.

Pinto and Boyle and the Deans supplied the fill-in element, Raymond Wilbert gave a remarkable exhibition of unusually clever juggling, and the programme ended with the Weston display of living statuary; hackneyed, perhaps, but always striking and beautiful, and, I think, always enjoyed by the spectators.

## READINGS AND IMPERSONATIONS.

Although this is an epoch in which the taste for drama seems practically universal, the very children itching to act, and doing so with amazing skill and address when they are properly trained, there are quantities of people that greatly enjoy readings and impersonations. I noticed at the Sydney Hoben opera summaries with how childlike a mental attitude the listeners were absorbed in listening to the story. At the Paul Elder gallery this week Frank C. Thompson, "the man with many voices," amused and entertained both the rising and the risen generation by recitations from Dickens, Shakespeare, Kipling, and Stevenson. Sophisticated audiences—of women, particularly—were enraptured with Dorothea Spinney's recitations of ancient Greek plays, and at the Salon Français recently Mlle. Claire Werleman delighted an audience that understood French by the various changes of mood so enchantingly expressed by the *deux*; pathos that moistened the listener's eyes in Coppée's "L'Epave," nobility and an elfin enchantment in the two Leconte de Lisle poems, a young girl's plasticity of mood in Coudin's "Oh! Monsieur," and delightfully varied characterizations in the three La Fontaine fables.

In the East, where the population of amusement seekers is so dense, people who have a genuine talent for this sort of thing can make a good living by carrying their one programme from place to place. Ruth Draper, for instance, whom San Franciscans will remember for her excellent character sketches, has "arrived" in New York. She writes her own sketches, is the only one on her programme, and this winter has been filling houses nightly at a very smart figure for seats and has entirely cut out her Pacific Coast itinerary.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., of San Francisco, an impersonator of local prominence, during a winter's stay in New York, when she gave several recitals, including impersonations of prominent actresses, had the opportunity to discover by personal experience how eagerly receptive are Eastern audiences to this line of entertainment, and, in spite of New York's liberal array of theatrical attractions, how ready are the most fashionable and sophisticated classes there in their enjoyment and appreciation of this sort of stage work.

And in vaudeville houses one may notice the same attitude on the part of auditors. It is, of course, a form of theatrical entertainment, the listeners feeling as if they were hearing tiny miniatures of the drama, which offers supreme pleasure to the twentieth-century humanity that is so eager to get away from itself.

## THE MERO-FANNING RECITAL.

The double magnet of Yolanda Mero and Cecil Fanning drew to the St. Francis ballroom last Monday afternoon a large audience of fashionables who most enthusiastically set the seal of their approval on the quality of the offering.

Mme. Mero, the Hungarian pianist, revealed herself as an unexceptionable artist, at once solid and brilliant in her attainments. The mere movements of her hands and arms inspired confidence, so graceful and easy were they, while showing a man's strength in the fortissimo passages. The pianist played a Chopin group first, and her versatility speedily became apparent. From the thunders of emotional tempests she offered the contrast of

moods of witchery and joy delicately caressed from the keys.

Although her second group of numbers was less interesting, she gave such a masterly interpretation of the Liszt Second Rhapsodie, which was her final number, that she had some difficulty in escaping from the plaudits of the now thoroughly aroused audience. All told, the player yielded four or five encores to the overwhelming demand.

Cecil Fanning, the young baritone whom we first heard at Festival Hall during the Exposition, has a fine, ringing organ, rather low in range, but telling in general effect. Like David Bispham of the past, and Reinhold Werrenrath of the present, Mr. Fanning makes a point of so balancing the words with the music that the sentiment is fully conveyed. It amounts, in fact, to a combination of music and elocution. Those who have heard Werrenrath sing the ballad of "Lochinvar" will see the application.

Mr. Fanning thus dramatizes his numbers, which, generally speaking, are selected for their suitability to this form of art. Schubert's beautiful song, "The Wanderer," supplied an instance of pathos, "Left" of satiric humor, and "The Song of the Dagger" of intense drama, although De Grassi's composition is lacking in musical appeal. A very enjoyable instance of Mr. Fanning's specialty was the old poem, "The Last Leaf," with a simple but expressive musical setting, which was given as an encore.

Mr. Fanning closed his contribution to the recital with Loewe's "Archibald Douglas," an interesting example of old-fashioned balladry.

The young baritone displayed the acquired flexibility of a rather heavy voice in two numbers, one from Schubert, the other from Schumann, but dramatic song is his forte. His voice is a resounding one; so much so

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that in spite of his unusual distinctness the big vocal volume at times so fills the porches of the ears as to blur the articulation of the words.

This is the last but one of the series of Alice Seckels' Musical Matinées. The sixth and final concert will take place on April 17th, when Percy Grainger, the composer-pianist, will appear.

### THE MASTER PIANIST.

Godowsky, the superman among pianists as he is often called, is among us, and students of the piano turned out with the greatest anticipation at his Tuesday night recital.

They were not disappointed. This artist, who has been associated with many great musicians only eventually to become his own teacher, has a supreme knowledge of the technique of his art. He amazed by the variety of his tone color, by the perfection of his runs, by the artistic serenity with which he holds himself in reserve while kindling emotions in others, and by the noble beauty of his tone. One feels that the pianist we admired yesterday should today bend the knee to this throned majesty among artists. Perhaps one of Godowsky's most admirable attributes is his simple, unswerving sincerity. For when a musician unites to his technical qualifications the perfect poise resulting from good taste, judgment, sympathy, and the calm wisdom of the inspired artist, a fine sincerity is a last and most moving touch.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"You didn't take that divorce case." "No. When I asked my fair visitor what grounds she had for seeking a divorce from her husband she said she'd met another man who was a 'perfect dear.'" "Umph!" "I flatter myself that I'm a pretty fair lawyer, but I didn't see how I could go into court and argue a case like that."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Broek, in Holland, is said to be the cleanest city in the world.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### For Opera Lovers.

Monday evening the Chicago Grand Opera Company will open its second annual engagement of two weeks in the Civic Auditorium, which has been transformed into a commodious and practicable opera house. The boxes this year are built in a semi-circle similar to that of the "Metropolitan Horseshoe," and the rear sections of seats are raised to an elevation that will give every patron a direct view of the great stage.

The repertoire surpasses in interest the list of operas presented last year. In making her selections Mary Garden has endeavored to include as many comparative novelties as could be crowded into the brief engagement. Six operas which have not been heard here for many years will be revived. These are "Tannhäuser," "The Juggler of Notre Dame," "Louise," "Norma," "Salomé," and "The Girl of the Golden West." In response to hundreds of requests three operas—"The Love of Three Kings," "Rigoletto," and "Monna Vanna"—will be repeated from last year's repertoire.

Gabriel Govlez, the famous composer who has been conducting French opera for the Chicago forces this year, has been added by Miss Garden to the staff of conductors for their Western tour. He comes to San Francisco especially to conduct the performance of "Louise," in order that that opera of Parisian life may be presented with the genuine French spirit. This equips the company with four conductors for the local engagement, Giorgio Polacco having the principal place, with Pietro Cimmini and Alexander Smallens as assistants.

A spectacular performance of Verdi's "Aida," with the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, a large chorus, and a stage band of forty, will open the fortnight's season Monday evening. On Tuesday evening Mary Garden will be heard here for the second time in her picturesque impersonation of Fiora in Montemezzi's lyric tragedy of medieval Italy, "The Love of Three Kings." Josef Schwarz, the Russian baritone whose American debut in the title rôle of "Rigoletto" was one of the memorable events of last season, will be heard again in the same part on Wednesday evening. This performance will be marked also by the first appearance here of Edith Mason. For Thursday evening "Tannhäuser" is scheduled, with a powerful cast including Rosa Raisa as Elizabeth, Cyrena Van Gordon as Venus, Edward Johnson as Tannhäuser, and Josef Schwarz as Wolfram. Massenet's miracle play, "The Juggler of Notre Dame," will be presented on Friday evening, with Mary Garden as Jean and Hector Dufranne as Boniface. At the Saturday matinee Edith Mason and Lucien Muratore will be heard in Gounod's melodic setting of "Romeo and Juliet," with Giorgio Polacco as conductor. The evening bill will be Wolf Ferrari's passionate opera of modern Neapolitan life, "The Jewels of the Madonna."

The second week of the engagement will begin on Monday evening, April 3d, with Charpentier's "Louise," in which Mary Garden will sing the title-rôle under the direction of Gabriel Govlez. On Tuesday night Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" will be given, with Edith Mason as Cio Cio San. "Norma" will be presented on Wednesday evening, with Rosa Raisa singing the soprano rôle. Richard Strauss' "Salomé," which has been the storm centre of so much controversy, is announced for Thursday evening, with Mary Garden in the title-rôle. Puccini's "La Bohème" is the offering for Friday night of the second week, with Edith Mason as Mimì.

The engagement will close with two performances on Saturday, April 8th. In the afternoon Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" will be performed under the direction of Alexander Smallens. The evening performance will be the repetition from last year, Mary Garden appearing again in the title-rôle of Fevrier's "Monna Vanna."

#### Comic Opera.

The Dunbar Comic Opera Company will open an engagement at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday, March 26th. "The Mikado" will be the initial presentation for the week. During the stay of the Dunbar Company there will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The Dunbar Company will be remembered in San Francisco for its presentation of "Robin Hood" at the Columbia Theatre in December. An enlarged chorus enhances the value of the plays. The cast includes Theo Pennington, Nellie Andrews, Paula Ayres, Harry Pfeil, Edward Andrews, George Olsen, Carl Bunsch, William Degan, and George O'Donnell.

For the week beginning April 2d "H. M. S. Pinafore" will be offered, and "The Bohemian Girl" during the week beginning April 9th.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

American audiences know Adelaide and Hughes well. They have found time to appear frequently abroad, but most of their professional career has been devoted to entertaining their own folks. They have appeared in musical comedy and in vaudeville, invari-

ably with the highest artistic success and on each of their engagements they have a new routine. This engagement is no exception, and it is said that their programme this year is their best. It is handsomely costumed and staged and Joseph Michael Daly presides at the piano.

Making the British laugh right out loud is supposed to be an almost impossible accomplishment. Frank Van Hoven ties knots in this year tradition. He succeeded, not only in making his British audiences smile, but figuratively threw them into paroxysms of hilarious laughter, and by so doing he became one of the most popular American comedians who ever went to London. Van Hoven is a unique entertainer with a comedy effect that is quite unforgettable and has led to innumerable attempts at imitation.

A spectacular riding novelty is offered by James Dutton and company, the society equestrians. In a stage dressing of velvet curtains Mr. Dutton and his two pretty assistants execute a number of difficult feats of bareback riding. The horses are nearly white and a white dog adds to the picture.

"Watch Your Step." It isn't necessary when is as sure footed as the Four Ortons. A slender strand of wire under their feet answers the purpose of the most substantial foundation. Their athletic gyrations lend to comedy, which is permitted to repose principally in the care of that awful Orton, "The Duke of Duck." This chap is as dextrous as the others, and for his fun often resorts to an exceedingly difficult and hazardous feat.

Mrs. Sidney Drew with Thomas Carrigan in "Predestination" will remain a second week, as will Ray and Emma Dean.

#### Last Night at the Maitland.

Arthur Maitland will bring his "little theatre" activities to a close in San Francisco on Saturday, when, after a matinee and the evening performances of Edward J. Locke's charming play, "The Climax," the Maitland Playhouse will be closed permanently.

Mr. Maitland is leaving on the first of next month for Portland, Maine, where he has entered into a contract with the people of that city, who are constructing a theatre for him. This project forces the closing of the Maitland before the contemplated end of the season.

#### "Wild Birds."

The most important production of the Greek Theatre Players this season will be "Wild Birds," by Dan Totheroh of San Francisco, which will have its initial performance on Saturday night, March 25th. This play won the \$300 prize offered in 1921 by the Greek Theatre for the best play by a California author.

The action of the play takes place in a remote rural community. Its theme is the first love experience of an adolescent boy and girl. The ignorance of the people who surround them distorts and finally kills the relation of the young people. Unlike many modern American plays, this one is free from propaganda and sociological preoccupations, although it reflects directly certain typical elements in American life. Its construction is sure and deft, owing perhaps to the experience which the Players Theatre of San Francisco has offered Mr. Totheroh.

Irving Pichel and Violette Wilson play the parts of Adam Larsen and Mazie. Mary Babcock and Harold Luck play the parts of Mrs. Slag and John Slag, the two people who finally bring ruin upon Mazie and Adam. Corrie Slag, their daughter, will be played by Mary Morris. Other parts will be taken by Lloyd Corrigan, Elwyn Rafetto, Dorothy Luck, Albert Lee, and Edward Hogan.

#### Godowsky's Concluding Appearance

Leopold Godowsky and his masterly pianism will be in evidence again Sunday afternoon, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. It is said that this will be Godowsky's farewell appearance in San Francisco for a period of four years. In addition to the numbers on the announced programme, Mr. Godowsky will give many extra and encore numbers.

#### Miss Penman Remains.

Miss Lea Penman, leading lady of the Maitland playhouse, will not, contrary to previous announcements, accompany the Maitlands East, but will take a needed vacation on the Coast.

#### "The Sorcerer" at the Players.

More than usual interest is being taken in the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Sorcerer." The first performance will take place at the Players Theatre, Friday evening, March 31st.

Reginald Travers, the director, announces that the cast selected is quite the strongest ever seen in any of the Players Club's operatic performances. The rôles are to be interpreted by the following principals and a chorus of forty: S. Ralph Kellner, Trafford Charlton, Easton Kent, Nelson McGee, Joseph D. Hamilton, Frederic McNulty, Carl Vinther, George H. Hooke, Richard Leonard, Baldwin McGaw, Sallie Benfield, Ruth Scott Laidlaw,

Marguerite Fry Silvey, Jane Parent, Atha A. Hillback, and Floye Lewis Giffin.

Austin Mosher is musical director and George H. Hooke choral master. Special ballets are under the direction of Katharine Edson, and the costumes and scenery are designed by Gerstle Mack.

"The Sorcerer" was originally done in New York at the Casino with Lillian Russell and Henry Dixey in the cast. It has not been heard in San Francisco since the old Tivoli days.

There are only two more performances of "Plots and Playwrights," by Edward Massey, on March 24th and 25th.

#### New Orleans—Past and Present.

New Orleans is the one centre of population over which Uncle Sam has jurisdiction which has floated the flag of five separate rulers and in the picturesqueness which comes only of such political vicissitudes it resembles more closely cities of the Old World. Originally French and named for the saintly king who led the crusades, Louisiana and its capital city passed into the hands of the Spanish. Then the British flag flew briefly from the pole in Place d'Armes, and this was replaced by the Stars and Stripes. This was pulled down for the flag of the Confederacy and again was replaced by the Star-Spangled Banner. Not even Quebec, which is much more ancient, has the wealth of legendary history and ghosts and phantoms flitting about its narrow, crooked streets. The visitor is told that on certain darkened nights in the old Creole streets, near the French market, and the ancient cemeteries riverward, weird phantoms rove at will. Some bold spirits haunt those houses where the conspirators lived who planned Napoleon's deliverance from St. Helena—so goes the tale. Its once famous carnivals have lost so much of their brilliancy and vogue that it seems reasonable to accept the prophecy that in less than a decade they will pass into history like those of Venice, Rome, and Nice. But the old city remains, where the food seems to surpass even that of Paris, where the opera flourishes as in New York, and for a longer period every winter, and where all the loveliness of flowers and fruit may be enjoyed as on the Riviera.

No one knows real monotony like the wife who has finally succeeded in reforming her husband.—*London Opinion.*

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is strange how Father Time, that endless old busybody with the Ingersoll hourglass and hacked-up scythe, and no other sartorial productions on him to speak of, brings the most irreconcilable things into agreement if you will only be patient and give him a chance. Here is the case of former President and now Chief Justice Taft. No one could ever accuse him, by any stretch of the most overstretched imagination, of radical propensities or any disposition to disturb vested interests or established professional rights not lawless in character. His whole career exhibits the marks of safe, sane, orderly conservatism. Since his elevation to his present office, the nation has frequently sighed the long, satisfied sigh of relief. Here was the rock of our foundation—a somewhat round rock, but hard-grained and heavy, stable with the inertia of avoidpoups in generous degree. As one gazed upon the familiar outlines of his figure, real or depicted, with its reliable contours and lack of adventurous or experimental angularities, one was moved to feel that the right pilot was on the bridge at last and the ship of state would be built on substantial underpinning—for feeling is seldom rational, and mixes its metaphors worse than a late lamented cocktail shaker.

And now Chief Justice Taft takes strange, but not untried ground. He arises before the national conference of bar associations and announces the opinion that we have all the lawyers we need, and there is likely to be no dearth of them. Wherein he almost aligns himself with one of the most pestiferous persons that ever disturbed peaceful society, for it was Jack Cade who said, according to that veracious chronicler of events, William Shakespeare, "The first thing we do, let's hang all the lawyers." Of course, our Chief Justice, most considerate and kindly of men, and, moreover, duly observant of the forms and safeguards of the law, does not suggest and would never sanction such very direct action as the reprehensible Cade proposed. What he urges is a sort of professional birth control, like Margaret Sanger—fewer legalistic infants and better ones—but

unlike Mrs. Sanger he tells right out in meeting how it is to be done. It is to be done, not by the process of infant exposure and natural selection that now keep down the ranks of the legalistic infants by driving the unsuccessful into the real estate business or the insurance game, but by insisting upon two years of college training before matriculation at a law school. He goes even farther than the American Bar Association in this matter, and expresses the hope that a complete college course will be made prerequisite. If such a plan is to be put into effect, one wonders where we are to get any more of those rugged old legal practitioners who once were blacksmiths, or how Lincoln ever could have been admitted to the bar, or Jake Rauer permitted to practice on his own slow debtors.

Now that the last word has been said in facial camouflage and there is no longer a human feature that has not endured the maximum of artificial culture, from hirsutous pruning of brow and scalp to rebuilding noses surgically, our love of the artificial has had to find further outlet in the mask. As yet the mask has been limited to the stage. But there is no reason why it should be so limited. A mask is of course a very uncomfortable garment, but women are said to suffer willingly any torment in the acquisition of beauty, and men, while admittedly weaker in this respect, console themselves with the reflection that they stand less in need of improvement. Moreover, if we could all endure the discomfort of the mask for the altruistic purpose of propagating flu germs we should be able to wear them selfishly for our own improvement and in the interests of our neighbors' aesthetic nerve. So far as appearances go, Ponce de Léon's magic rejuvenator is at last at hand. Not only may all women now be Mary Pickfords; they can all be eternally young. Nor need the reformers protest. Ethically there is no difference between cementing artificial strata on the skin and wearing it loosely adjusted by ribbons. A suggestion for masquerade revels is that one wears one's natural face, as it would naturally be a complete disguise. This also is a valuable hint for royalty and politicians traveling incog. or any other person wishing to avoid being mobbed. The new contrivance will enable us to dodge creditors, bodesome acquaintances, and detectives. That alone would be worth a good bit of discomfort. And who can tell?—perhaps like the happy hypocrite in Max Beerbohm's fairy tale we would eventually grow into our lovely masks, a phenomenon which in the hypocrite's case saved him a monthly mask bill and won him the love of a beggar maid.

At least one great American biologist has discerned the fact that the aristocracies of the older European countries have become, through selected lines of descent, a separate race. The women, especially, are endowed with attributes, mental, temperamental, and physical, which set them off from the ordinary run of human beings. It is apparent in aristocratic bearing and that unconscious deportment, so difficult of acquisition, and even of imitation, by the families of wealthy brewers and others recently elevated to the peerage. The wealthy and powerful have had their choice of grace and beauty for wives so long that grace and beauty in extraordinary degree have come to characterize the ladies of England. This being so, it may justly be regarded as a bit of tragedy that one important specification recently found necessary should have been overlooked in the composition of the aristocratic feminine form. We refer to gauge, or breadth.

The omission to standardize it has led to consequences as grave in their way as the absence of a standard gauge for railway tracks might be. As long as the peeresses gyrated through orbits where there was plenty of space no serious trouble occurred; but at the wedding of the Princess Mary it was necessary to economize room, and then it became embarrassing. The lord chamberlain, Lord Atholl, proceeding on the assumption that sylph-like forms were the possession of all the peeresses, provided seating accommodations wherein the chairs were of sixteen-inch gauge. It was found that such units would not meet the situation at all, and that while there were a few young duchesses of fifteen-inch gauge, the average ran to about eighteen or nineteen. In a row of twenty-four chairs there would only be accommodations for twenty-one peeresses, even by sitting as tight as possible, which in many cases of long-standing jealousy might be conceived to be quite uncomfortable, mentally as well as physically. It was even whispered about that in the case of some of the older duchesses, two feet would not have been too much. The problem is a serious one to those entrusted with the administration of empire. At any time it is likely to arise in embarrassing and even exasperating form. A lot of twenty-four-inch duchesses trying to overflow onto one another's sixteen-inch chairs and still sit in a straight row might well threaten the stability of the white man's government.

The worst of it is that no matter how carefully their ancestors may have been selected for slimmness in youth, and love rarely looks much beyond youth when choosing a mate, the years pass on and the feminine form in most cases persists in getting broader and broader in spite of form-fitting devices, standard furniture, gauges, gigs, and restraining apparatus of all sorts whatsoever. It is too late to do anything about those peeresses who now exceed the standard gauge except to pray that violence and revolution may be averted. But the future is still somewhat within the control of the younger peers. Having had their attention directed to the necessities of the case, they should proceed in arranging their connubial alliances more carefully than ever.

The newspapers are making quite a to do about Mme. Lenin's first published portrait. We have heard much of the lady's modest shrinking from publicity and have given her all due credit for a quality but too rare in these press-agent-ridden days; a quality the more remarkable as dislike of the limelight is not the outstanding characteristic of the Soviet régime. We had pictured the typical Russian girl student, bobbed hair, square jaw, long Oriental eyes, and lithely slender figure. Alas for preconceived ideas. The explanation of Mme. Lenin's abnormal reluctance to face the camera is obvious. Her portrait is published at last. One deduces the lugubrious moral that when a woman is not vain, there is a reason.

It has been waggishly suggested in high circles of European society that, since peeresses were becoming waitresses and laundresses, the best course would be to raise domestic to the peerage. The law of compensation and compensated adjustment. Whether or not they are doing anything about it over there, we were quick to act on the suggestion here. True, we had to transmute the idea to a republican form. We can not make duchesses of serving maids. But the principle involved is identical. The transatlantic idea was to raise the dignity of servitude to befit the new servitors. Naturally enough, Boston, our transplanted English suburb, was the first section of our country to catch on. Boston University is offering a course for bellhops and waiters. Alas for the caste system that will creep into even the worst regulated of democracies. Gone are the days when the son of the average lower middle-class family blithely left high school and became a bellhop, dreaming that in the fullness of time he would become head waiter and eventually own the hotel. That era is passed. Bellhopping, waiting, and by implication hotel owning will soon become professions of the cultured uppish classes. Not every policeman, fireman, and butcher can send his boy to college. Policemen and druggists, perhaps, but not butchers and firemen. It is a most partial distinction.

The late Pope Benedict XV was a militant feminist and many times expressed the opinion that women had a great mission in the world, and for Christianity in particular, but he was as outspoken in his criticism as he was in his praise when some trait in woman did not meet with his approval. He thoroughly disliked short skirts. According to a story which has just come from Rome, the Pope noticed one day crossing the court of St. Damaso a woman who had called at the Vatican on some business with the secretariat. She was wearing the latest Paris style of skirt which barely covered the knees. Turning to one of the bishops near him, the Pope said: "I really can not understand some women. They have no respect for any one, not even the Pope. In the days of my youth I recall that all the young girls, my sisters for instance, were pestering their mothers to put them in long skirts. Now it appears that all the old women wish to wear short ones."

Chicago, Rhode Island, Reno, and all other American divorce resorts must yield the palm to Burma for the facility, economy, and expedition with which matrimonial knots can be untied. When, "on the road to Mandalay," a Burmese couple have agreed to separate, they simply light two candles, one for each, and watch and wait to see whose candle first burns down. The one whose fate has thus been decided leaves forever the common home; the unfortunate one can not take away anything but the clothes on his or her person. The other becomes the sole proprietor of the entire common property.

The following short sentence, says Bombaugh's "Facts and Fancies," was dictated by Lord Palmerston to eleven cabinet ministers, every one of whom made some mistake in spelling it: "It is disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato." Try it on your friends.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ben Dierks has an express agency and transfer business in a village in Sonoma County. Recently he detailed one of his teamsters with a wagon and pair to take a San Francisco man and wife to their country place a few miles out of town. The bill, as composed by the teamster, read: "Haul grip, grub, and people, three hours, three dollars."

As many persons are aware, most of the older streets in Montreal are named after saints, male and female. A progressive Yankee has a typical American drug store at the corner of two of these streets, and last summer he put the following sign in his window: "Meet your girl here for an ice-cream soda. This is where St. Thomas meets St. Genevieve."

A congressman took a taxi one rainy day from the Capitol to his home in the suburbs. Upon arrival the chauffeur charged him four dollars. "But," protested the member of Congress, "you are charging me for four miles. I understand the distance is only two and a half miles." "It is, as a general thing, sir," assented the taxi driver, "but, you see, we skidded a lot."

An old Scotchman, David Gordon, who was seriously ill, had been wheeled by his relatives into making a will. They were gathered about his bedside watching him laboriously sign it. He struggled as far as D-a-v-i-d, then fell back exhausted. "D, Uncle David, D," urged a nephew. "Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot with feeble indignation. "I'll dee when I'm ready, you avaricious wretch!"

A story was recently told to exemplify the pride which every man should take in the work by which he makes his living, no matter how humble it may be. Two street sweepers, seated on a curbstone, were discussing a comrade who had died the day before. "Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one. "Ye-e-s," conceded the other thoughtfully. "But don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp posts?"

Dean Inge told a story recently that is like to endanger his reputation for gloominess. He was remarking that the byways as well as the highways of church life furnish much in the way of wit and humor. He proceeded to relate the story of a certain rector's cook. One evening they allowed her to choose the hymn for family prayers. When the ceremony was over the vicar's wife said to her: "That was a very nice hymn you chose this evening, cook!" "Yes, mum," said the cook, "it's the number of my policeman."

Senator Lenroot tells a story that emphasizes the safety of the *maillard* as a bathing garment. A beautiful Eastern girl unused to the sleeveless, legless garment appeared in one on a California beach and gazed timidly at the tremendous Pacific breakers. "Is it safe?" she asked an attendant. "That wild sea makes me nervous." "Don't be nervous, lady," said the attendant, studying the girl's figure with respectful admiration. "All the young fellers'll be keeping an eye on you all the time."

"Before Shackleton sailed south on the *Quest*," said a friend, "he got all kinds of boxes and packages from cranks—tea tablets, medicated whisky, cowhide underwear, compressed fuel, and so forth. A club acquaintance sent him a small keg labeled, 'Not to be opened till the furthestest point south is reached.' But Shackleton, a wily bird, opened the keg at once. It was full of lard or some such substance, and inside the cover was this word: 'Axle grease for the pole.'"

A teacher at a certain private school strives to instill filial devotion in her pupils. Recently she asked her class in what way they had been helping their parents. Various answers were given of a more or less to-be-expected nature, till she reached a little girl who had been casting rather contemptuous glances at the humdrum reports. When her turn came the eyes of the others were fixed on her as she lives in an opulent home that boasts a staff of servants. "Well, Gracie," the teacher asked, "what have you been doing to help mamma?" "Oh, lots," was the scornful response of Gracie, "but mostly I go to the country club and get cigarettes for her."

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House said at a Chicago tea: "Laundry prices are so high that clean things are a luxury, even to dukes. The old Duke of Devonshire once saw in a newspaper that among a certain young bride's wedding presents was a set of silver napkin rings. 'What the devil are napkin rings?' the duke asked. 'In a certain class of society,' a noble sociologist explained, 'clean napkins are

not furnished with every meal, and therefore each member of the family has a distinctive napkin ring.' The old duke thought this over in silence for a long time. Then he exclaimed: 'Good God!'

In an engineer officers' training school the senior officer had his own ideas about examinations. He lined the applicants up and pointed to the open doorway, beyond which lay a pile of sand and cement and a prostrate flagpole. "Suppose," he demanded, "you were captain of a company and you wished to erect that flagpole. How would you go about it?" The further he got down the line, the more complicated became the answers. Finally he arrived at the last man. "Sir, if I was captain of the company," replied this candidate, "and wanted to erect that flagpole, I'd call the top kicker and say: 'Sergeant, put up that flagpole, and be snappy about it.'"

James K. Hackett, who played Shakespeare very successfully during the Paris season by invitation of the French government, told an entertaining story recently. "Once after a performance of 'Macbeth,'" he said, "a card was brought in to me, and I consented to see its owner, though he was a stranger. Well, the man came in pompously enough. He was elderly and he was afflicted with a bad stutter. He w-wanted to k-know, however, if I hadn't a vacancy for him, as it was his heart's desire to be a great tragedian. Well, I said, of course, that I could do nothing for him. So he took up his hat, heaved a deep sigh, and murmured: 'Then I'll have to k-keep on t-teaching elocution for the p-present.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Thackeray's Rhymed Review.

(The rhymed review is not a new journalistic stunt by any means. The following is Thackeray's rhymed review of "The Sorrows of Werther"—Goethe's sentimental novel.)

Werther had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter;  
Would you know how first he met her?  
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And for all the wealth of Indies,  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

Napoleonic Relics.

Mrs. Charles Joseph Bonaparte, though long past the years when active service is obligatory, socially or otherwise, is spending much of her day on the data requisite to make intelligent for the casual visitor the important collection of Napoleonic relics bequeathed by the late Attorney-General to the Peabody Library of Baltimore.

This collection had been gathered by that intrepid Betsy Patterson, who made so many chapters of history, political as well as ecclesiastical, during the régime of the first Napoleon. Her many years of exile while struggling for the recognition of the rights of her

son, young Jerome Bonaparte, included those immediately after Waterloo, when it was not difficult to get souvenirs of the most personal sort of the fallen emperor, of his empress, Marie Louise, and of the former empress, Josephine. There are some exquisite miniatures of the various members of the Bonaparte families and of the marshals and other distinguished men of that era, together with documents rare and interesting. Swords, small arms, and some flags are also in this collection, with a few articles of jewelry and the costumes worn by Miss Patterson and the faithless Jerome on the occasion of the marriage by Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, December 30, 1803. Some of the historic correspondence which Mme. Jerome Bonaparte had with the Vatican about the validity of her marriage is also included in the documentary bequest. Pope Pius VII, who upheld the action of the vicar of the Catholic Church in the United States in marrying the brother of the emperor to Miss Patterson, was subsequently imprisoned by Napoleon.

*El Imparcial*, a Spanish paper, publishes a report from Santibanez of the discovery there of extensive remains of what apparently was once a Roman city. Traces of a highway running in the direction of Astorga; cisterns, with piping of copper; gold coins, fragments of ceramics, and vases filled with ashes are said to have been unearthed in the vicinity. An investigation has been ordered.

A woman at Cleveland, Ohio, after attending a revival meeting, admitted that she had divorced eight husbands. There is some talk of her being elected an honorary cinema star.



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kennedy of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Kennedy, and Mr. Richard Ashton Hutchinson of Shanghai. The marriage will take place in the fall.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor entertained several score of her friends at luncheon last Wednesday. The affair was held at the Fairmont. Among the guests were Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. William O'Donnell, Mrs. Robert Woods, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Frederick Moody, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Benjamin Brodie, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Charles Brigham, Mrs. John B. Metcalf, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Arthur Page Brown, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Edward Eberle, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Henry Kierstedt, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Charles Lyman, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Sr., Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Henry Weil, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. William Fullam, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Mrs. Lorraine Scott, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Alexander Garcean, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. W. M. Newhall, Sr., Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Paul Clagstone, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. George Kelham, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. Charles Gove, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mrs. Eugene Gallois, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. George Cushing, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Lily O'Connor, and Miss Lena Blanding.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle gave a tea last Tuesday, complimenting Miss Sara Dean.

Miss Amanda McNear and Mr. Baroll McNear gave a dinner Friday evening, their guests including Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Hugh Porter, and Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker entertained at luncheon Sunday in San Mateo.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club for Miss Grace Barton Cuyler of New York. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Alexander McCallum, Mrs.

Barton Cuyler, Mrs. Sidney Drew, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosemonde Lee, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mrs. William Fitzgugh gave a luncheon Friday for the Misses Agnes and Nellie Lowry.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ellery entertained at dinner and the theatre Friday evening, their guests having included General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, General and Mrs. Chase Kennedy, Colonel and Mrs. Kenyon Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White, and Mr. and Mrs. Leland Peck.

Mrs. George Somers was a luncheon hostess Tuesday at the Francisca Club. Among her guests were Mrs. Milan Soule, Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. F. C. McCreary, Mrs. Charles Suydam, Mrs. Cullen Welby, Mrs. Charles C. Nichol, Mrs. Albert McKee, Mrs. Arthur Foote, Mrs. Robert Noble, Mrs. Jessie Hooper Beatty, Mrs. W. W. Grissim, Mrs. William Weir, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Edward Haas, Mrs. Knight Smith, Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. J. G. Sutton, Mrs. Andrew Griffin, Mrs. C. C. Judson, Mrs. Frank Somers, Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mrs. William Ophuls, Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mrs. Albert Houston, Mrs. W. P. Plummer, Mrs. Robert Davis, Mrs. Kaspar Pischel, Mrs. Franklin Zane, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Edna Hamilton, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. Willis Walker entertained at tea last Saturday, complimenting Miss Mary Sandall of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner Sunday night for Miss Ethel Barrymore. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Curran, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Preston Drown, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. Henry Daniels, and Mr. John Lawson.

Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule gave a luncheon Sunday at the Clift for the Misses Agnes and Nellie Lowry.

Mrs. John Casserly entertained at tea Sunday in San Mateo for Baroness Helena de Bisping of Poland.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin gave a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore, Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mrs. John Drum, Miss Katherine Ramsey, Mr. William Tevis, Jr., Mr. Lawrence Rumsey of Buffalo, New York, and Major William Robertson.

Mrs. W. W. Menzies entertained at luncheon a few days ago at the Francisca Club for her sister, Miss McIntosh. Others in the party were Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Franklin Wharton of Philadelphia, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop of Boston, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. M. C. Stetson, Mrs. Barrett Learned of Washington, D. C., and Miss Margaret Foster.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan was a luncheon hostess Thursday at the Francisca Club.

Mr. Raymond Armsby gave a theatre and supper party last Thursday for Miss Mary Martin, his guests including Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Katharine

Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Edna Hopkins, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. James McIntosh, and Mr. William W. Crocker.

Mrs. Ralph King was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday by Mrs. Lawrence Harris. Others at the affair were Mrs. Vere Ellinwood, Mrs. Hewitt Davenport, Mrs. Frederick Blackburn, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr.

Mrs. Harry Jenkins gave a luncheon last Thursday for Mrs. Charles Farquharson.

General Charles Morton entertained at dinner Wednesday evening at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Harry Dodge gave a tea Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. David Goodale of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent gave a dinner Saturday night at the Burlingame Club for a group of the debutantes and their escorts. Among the young girls in the party were Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Mary Martin, and Miss Lawton Filer.

Mrs. William Storey of Chicago was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Saturday at the Town and Country Club by Mrs. Robert Davis. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. Paul Goodloe, Mrs. Hall Roe, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Spencer Davis, Mrs. J. J. Valentine, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. J. P. Langborne, Mrs. S. K. Pittman, Mrs. Samuel Welch, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. W. P. Plummer, Mrs. Edward Wright, and Mrs. A. M. Grimm.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schmidt entertained at dinner Tuesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wolff, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Volkman, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Grau, Mr. and Mrs. George Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Alla Henshaw Chickering, Mrs. Harold Barnard, and Mrs. Harry Hill.

An entertainment of a musical and dramatic nature, given March 17th at the Potter School, packed the hall. The seniors specialized on jazz, comedy, impersonations, and negro minstrelsy. Among those students whose performance showed special merit were Messrs. Miller, Gump, Simon, Turner, Johnston, Sutro, Fleishhacker, and Levinson.

## THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.

Relief work conducted by the people of San Francisco through the Associated Charities for the year 1921 reached the unprecedented figure of 10,796 individuals cared for, according to the report just made public.

While disclosing a record economy in application of the funds supplied, the report states that the extent of destitution in 1921 was such as to leave the association with a serious deficit. The following expenditure report of the Associated Charities dollar for dollar for 1921 is cited by the officials as definite assurance that every dollar invested by public-spirited San Franciscans is expended to create a maximum of relief:

Relief in kind, food, clothing, and shelter, \$8,715; relief in service, \$0,748. Out of every dollar the report announces \$9463 spent in direct relief, with a minimized overhead cost of \$0,537.

In explanation of the remarkably low overhead cost it is said by the directors of the association that this has been made possible by a foster-mother system that is unsurpassed in the United States. This system "provides the wholesome surrounding of actual home life and the devoted care of foster-mothers, selected for their deep sympathy and intelligent ministrations in behalf of their charges."

Under the head of family relief, 1993 families were provided for, a total embracing 3269 adults and 5202 children. Emergency relief was extended to these people for some time of the year, amounting in terms of continued support to the care of 543 children. Supported in part by Associated Charities funds and in part by state and county funds, 1760 children were provided for under the care of their own or foster-mothers. Without taking into consideration the number of children receiving widow's pension money through the disbursing agency of the association, the San Francisco organization supported 9699 individuals wholly or in part for some portion of the year. Of these, 6430 were children.

A development of importance for the year past, it is stated, has been in the relief work conducted in behalf of unmarried mothers. This department gets in touch with young unmarried mothers before confinement or while in the hospital. Its work is to provide convalescent care and other material relief when needed, and help plan for the future of mother and baby. The expenditure in the department of unmarried mothers for 1921 was \$3514, administered by a social worker of special qualifications who has been recognized by the San Francisco Hospital in the follow-up of its maternity department. It is her duty to co-operate closely with the other hospitals and form a connecting link between the hospitals, the child-caring agencies, and all other rescue homes in good standing.

While the Associated Charities is not provided with a force large enough to do constructive relief work for all whose temporary need it meets, intensive care is rendered to

its foster home children, to pensioned mothers, and to the sick and suffering.

A pressing need of workers to make possible the relief needed by many families and children is made public. Particular demand exists for visiting nurses to care for the sick in their homes and the babies in foster homes. Trained workers are also needed to guide and supervise the foster-children.

Nobiliary orders and badges of honor in Germany hitherto, upon the death of the owner, have been left as souvenirs to his heirs, though only upon payment to the state of their bullion value. Now the prime minister announces that because of the increased value of gold he is compelled, in the interest of the state, to increase by 100 per cent. the prices of all such decorations. It does not appear that this applies to the Iron Cross, though it has been so numerous awarded, one would think, as materially to affect the supply of that most useful metal.

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Scenic "Coast Line" by Day.

5:00 p. m.—Sunset Limited

Leave after Business Day is over—arrive for early morning engagements.

8:00 p. m.—Lark

Dine at home; sleep late; breakfast leisurely—arrive for 10 A. M. appointments.

8:15 p. m.—Sunset Express

A full night's rest and shorter day trip—100 miles along shore Pacific Ocean.

7:45 a. m.

9:30 a. m.

12:10 p. m.

Via San Joaquin Valley Line  
(Ferry Station)

10:40 a. m.—Los Angeles Express

Opportunity to see the wonderful development of San Joaquin Valley.

4:00 p. m.—Tehachapi

Leave after—arrive before banking hours. Crosses the scenic Tehachapi Mountains.

6:00 p. m.—Owl

Leave after Business Day—arrive for early morning engagements.

7:40 a. m.

9:40 a. m.

8:50 a. m.

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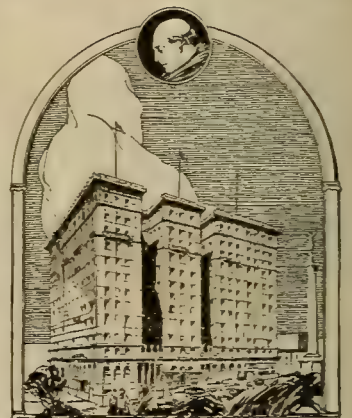
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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Miss Ellita Adams, and Miss Ruth Hobart left Monday for New York, where they will pass the coming six weeks at the Ritz-Carlton. Miss Hobart will shortly join her mother, Mrs. Wheeler, at Bryn Mawr. Miss Adams will spend the summer abroad with her mother and sisters, who will leave for the Atlantic coast in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney have taken possession of their new residence on Broadway and Franklin Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Root arrived last week from the Atlantic coast. They are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William Storey of Chicago spent the week-end in Burlingame with the latter's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe.

Miss Louise Bradbury of Los Angeles and her niece, Miss Rosario Winston, arrived last week from the south. They will remain in San Francisco a fortnight with Miss Winston's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jenkins.

Mr. John Drum left last week on a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Mary Donohoe, who went abroad several weeks ago, are at present in Italy.

Mr. Douglas Alexander has returned to California from Seattle, where he has resided for the past two years. He will make his home for the present with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson in Burlingame.

Mrs. Philip Bowles, Jr., will return the first of the week from Los Angeles.

Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes of London arrived Sunday from Southern California. They are guests at the St. Francis.

Mr. George Armsby, who arrived last week from New York, has left for the southern part of the state with Miss Cornelia Armsby and Mr. Raymond Armsby. They are visiting former Governor Livingston Beckman of Newport, Rhode Island, in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, and Miss Claudine Spreckels will leave in April for Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer Fuller are passing a fortnight in Southern California.

Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann and Miss Edith Dohrmann will leave in June on a European trip to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bliss and Miss Elizabeth Bliss left several days ago for the southern part of the state. They are at present in Pasadena.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Miss Sophy Beylard left Sunday for New York. They will sail in April for England, where Miss Beylard will be joined by her father.

Mrs. Albert Van Court is spending a week in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wright have returned to Santa Barbara from a month's sojourn in Los Angeles. They will be at the Hotel Arlington until their new home is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gould are en route to San Francisco from Guatemala. They will proceed shortly to London, where the former has been recently appointed secretary of the American Embassy.

Mr. Harry Stetson and Mr. Allan Kittle left last Thursday for New York and will sail within

a few days for Europe. They will remain in London until after the marriage of Miss Evelyn Poett and Mr. Wharton Thurston.

Mrs. Jane Hayne and Miss Ysabel Chase returned the first of the week from a trip to Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer are in Roumania, where they will remain for several weeks. In the summer they will go to Constantinople.

Mr. Archibald Johnson has returned from a sojourn at Coronado.

Mrs. Arthur Lord is en route to Naples, where she will be joined by Miss Edith Bull. After a tour of the Mediterranean they will travel through Italy and France.

Mr. Joseph Catherwood has arrived in Spain, where he will remain for a month. In May he will join his cousin, Mrs. Alan Wallace, in Italy. Later in the summer Mr. Catherwood will visit Count and Countess Joaquin de Pereyra in France.

Mr. Bowie Detrick and Mr. Van Dyke Johns will return to the United States from Honolulu in July. They will go to New York to compete for the Davis tennis cup, making the trip by way of Canada. Mrs. Bowie Detrick, Jr., will come to San Francisco to await their homecoming.

Mrs. John Elliott is visiting in Washington with Mrs. Charles Williams. She recently returned from Santiago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris will leave in April for Woodside, where they will reopen their country home.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman will leave in May for New York, to remain until after the graduation of Miss Lisa Stillman from Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear and Mr. Jack Breeden have returned to Paris from Egypt. They have been joined by Mr. Edward McNear and Mr. Frederick McNear, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Tryon will return the first of the week from their wedding trip, which was passed on the Atlantic coast.

Miss Emilie Parrott and Mr. John Parrott, Jr., returned Thursday to San Mateo from a trip through Southern California.

Baroness Helena de Bisping of Poland spent the week-end in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. John Casserly.

Mrs. William Younger has taken apartments at the Fairmont, where she will remain until next month, when she will leave for New York and Europe. Her new home at Sacramento and Mason Streets is in the course of erection.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, who left for the south several days ago, are staying at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corbet left Sunday for Salt Lake City, after a sojourn of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. James Phelan, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Ward Barron, and Mr. Noel Sullivan, who have been on a world tour, are at present in Paris. They will remain abroad for several months longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., have returned from a trip to Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker and their children will arrive next month from Santa Barbara to take possession of the residence of the late Mrs. Cyrus Walker in San Mateo.

Miss Mary Sandall of New York is passing a few days in San Francisco. She will leave shortly for Montecito to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower have returned to their Los Angeles home from a trip to Pasadena.

Miss Frances Jolliffe will leave April 1st for New York and Europe. In New York she will visit Mrs. Harry Shoemaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond have gone to Samoa, Humboldt County, to make their permanent home. They spent the winter in town with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond.

Miss Alice De Lamar of New York has gone to Palm Beach for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker sailed last week for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin have returned to Burlingame from a trip to Santa Barbara and Pasadena.

Mr. Harwood White has returned to Los Angeles from New York.

Miss Mary Eyre and Miss Cecily Casserly sailed last week for France to be away indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Iaccaci have returned to New York, after a sojourn of several weeks in California. They will sail in April for France and later in the year will tour Italy and Spain. They will remain abroad until October.

Mrs. George Barr Baker will arrive in May from New York. She has taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone in Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. Walter Hobart and Mrs. Frederick Hussey have returned to San Mateo from a visit to their ranch at Beowave, Nevada.

Count and Countess Eric Lewenhaupt will leave England in May for the Austrian Tyrol. Later they will go to Switzerland. In July they will take a house in Brittany, where they will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone will leave shortly on a European trip.

Mrs. Edward Mulligan returned Saturday to Redlands, after a week's visit in San Francisco with her brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman.

Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo have returned to Pasadena, after a brief visit in San Francisco. They spent the week-end at the Samarkand in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin sailed Wednesday for Europe to be gone indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Achille Roos have sold their

Jackson Street residence and will make their future home at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Barton Cuyler and Miss Grace Barton Cuyler of New York are visiting in Alameda for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper sailed a few days ago for Paris, where they will join Mr. James Phelan's party.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin have returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery have returned to Burlingame from a trip to Pasadena.

Hotel Whitcomb registrants include Mr. G. E. A. Leitch, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Johnson, Burlingame; Mr. E. C. Sears, Atascadero; Mr. Homer S. Duffy, Santa Barbara; Dr. J. F. Traux, Lompoc; Mr. George H. Cardiff, Santa Cruz; Mr. B. G. Stahley, South Bend, Indiana; Mr. Isaiah Hartman, Mr. W. B. Perry, Boulder Creek; Mr. L. J. Heiberg, Chicago; Mr. L. L. Orentzen, Gonzales; Mr. C. O. Olsen, Paraiso Springs; Mr. Glen Wilbur, Yuba City; Mr. F. B. Willard, Saratoga; Mr. G. A. Beard, Mount Vernon, New York; Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Wilson, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shirk, Stockton; Mr. Walter L. Christman, San Jose; Mr. C. S. Fortune, Mr. D. W. Carmichael, Sacramento; Mr. A. L. Sommers, Chicago; Mr. J. M. Ward, Denver; Mr. D. J. L. Davis, New York; Mr. Elmer J. Eye, Los Angeles; Colonel R. B. Turner, U. S. A.

Registered at the St. Francis are Bishop W. H. Moreland, Sacramento; Mr. W. A. Walsh, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Korick, Phoenix; Mr. George P. Bent, Los Angeles; Mr. Bert H. Nathan, Mr. George Mosser, New York; Mr. W. T. Herick, Waco, Texas; Mr. Edward Gassman, Jr., Chicago; Mr. Alvin K. Matzer, Seattle; Mr. H. F. Morrow, Portland; Mr. S. H. Barrows, Chicago; Mr. B. Scannell, Omaha; Mr. W. I. Elliott, Mr. W. J. Charlesworth, Sacramento; Mr. J. L. Isaacs, Milwaukee; Mr. W. E. White, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Lyter, Salinas, Kansas; Mr. W. T. Ramsay, New York; Mr. J. T. Carr, Santa Barbara; Mr. T. J. Mara, New York; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Geiger, Chicago; Mr. C. A. Robertson, Sacramento.

Among the recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. J. O. Boyd, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Wilson, Saratoga; Mr. and Mrs. Newton R. Zobel, Atherton; Mr. John M. Perry, Stockton; Mr. A. Emory Wishon, Fresno; Mr. Malcolm Glendinning, Spokane; Mr. E. O. Menz, Los Angeles; Mr. L. A. Nares, Fresno; Mr. William Walker, Los Angeles; Mr. J. A. Hughes, Bakersfield; Mr. Llewellyn Bixby Long Beach; Mr. Robert H. McAdoo, New York; Mr. David Blankenhorn, Los Angeles; Mr. C. M. Weber, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reed, Long Beach; Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Ogden, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Gonley Burcham, Tucson; Dr. and Mrs. Seymour De Witt Ludlum, Philadelphia; Mr. W. H. Morely, Santa Barbara; Mr. L. H. Steinhart, Portland; Mr. C. L. Robinson, New York.

### INDIA'S ONLY WOMAN MONARCH.

The Wali of Kalat, the Jam of Las Bela, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Begum of Bhopal.

These are not countersigns for secret societies nor characters in the latest musical-comedy hit, but flesh and blood rulers whose names turn up in the news now and then to make weary editors tear their hair. Upon the latest to break into the front pages—the Begum of Bhopal, who has just entertained the Prince of Wales—some light is thrown by a bulletin on Bhopal issued by the National Geographic Society.

"Bhopal upsets a good many cherished Western Hemisphere notions of the East and its customs," says the bulletin. "The country is ruled by Mahometans, in whose eyes women are popularly supposed to be inferior beings existing for man's pleasure, and who must be kept carefully secluded from the world. Yet Bhopal has the only woman ruler in India, Sultan Jahan Begum, and she is actually the power in the land, ruling it actively. Moreover, she is not an exception in a long line of masculine rulers, as was Queen Victoria, but is the third successive Begum to rule the country. Her queer title, incidentally, is roughly the feminine equivalent of Nawab and Rajah. One Western conception she does not live up to. Though she appears constantly in public, she is always veiled. Few are her subjects indeed who know the appearance of the face that rules them."

"It is confusing, too, to the Westerner unfamiliar with India's hodge podge of religions to find that though Bhopal is the second most important Mahometan country in India, its population is 73 per cent. Hindu and only 13 per cent. Mahometan. Its present ruling family was founded by an Afghan soldier of fortune who leased some adjoining territory from the Mogul empire in 1708, took Bhopal by force of arms, and declared himself an independent Nawab.

"Bhopal is in almost the exact centre of India. It is slightly smaller than the State of New Jersey and has a population of close to three-quarters of a million. It is largely a plateau region, with considerable areas of fertile soil and large expanses of grass-covered downs which support cattle. In the patches of jungle leopards and tigers find cover and an abundance of wild fowl makes it a haven for the hunter.

"Bhopal City, the seat of the Begum, is one of the most picturesquely situated of the Indian capitals. Its surroundings testify to a high order of engineering ability on the part of the Indians when medieval Europeans



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were doing little to harness Nature's forces or to modify the face of the earth. With quaint terraced streets, the city is built up the side of a ridge 500 feet in height and its lower edge is bathed by a large artificial lake impounded by a massive dam. Just beyond this lake is a second large body of water held by a greater dam, which is believed to have been built in the eleventh century at the latest, and perhaps much earlier. The dam creating the larger lake also separates the two lakes, and near it is a great pile of white palaces. From the palaces a spacious flight of steps leads, through a huge gateway, to the water's edge. The city is about the size of St. Joseph, Missouri.

"Not far from Bhopal City are the ruins of an even more ambitious engineering project—dams which 1000 years ago created a lake 250 square miles in extent, which is said to have materially modified the climate in its neighborhood. The dams were destroyed nearly 100 years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, and the old bed of the lake, whose soil is exceedingly rich, now produces a good part of the opium which Bhopal exports.

"Famine laid a heavy hand on Bhopal in 1899-1900, and the population at the following census showed a reduction of 30 per cent. Even today in many of the villages of the country abandoned houses are to be seen in various stages of decay. The country is progressive in many ways and dates much of its progress from its energetic first Begum, Sikandar, who introduced reforms which have been carried on by her daughter and granddaughter."

The state exhibit of California wild flowers opens at the St. Francis Hotel on April 20th, continuing until the 22d. The exhibit, given under the auspices of the Wild Flower Conservation League, which is doing excellent work in the state by stimulating an interest in the preservation of the native flora, has become a very popular institution. The work is directed by Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, head of the Wild Flower Conservation League. Several thousand San Francisco school children visited the display of flowers last year, in company with their teachers. Luther Burbank, David Starr Jordan, and other eminent scientists will participate in the programme this April.

One way to make a woman happy is to envy her.—London Opinion.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Rub*—Do you ever miss a meal? *Dub*—Oh, occasionally I attend a banquet.—*Life*.

*Howard*—Schuyler sees no fault in his wife. *Jay*—Blessed be the tie that blinds.—*Life*.

*She* (petulantly)—Jack, you make love like an amateur. *He*—That's where the art comes in.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Lady* (engaging nurse)—Have you had any experience with children? *Nurse*—Oh, yes! I was a child once myself.—*Judge*.

*Howard*—Women in politics make me sick! What sort of office could Miss Oldgirl fill? *Jay*—The office that seeks the man.—*Judge*.

*Rastus*—Who-all's the boss in yoah home? *Finney*—Boss! *Boss*! Why, niggah, Ah makes mah wife do evahthing she wants to!—*Judge*.

"I hardly know how to decide this case." "Well, judge, there are two sides to every question." "This is a triangle."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*First Cannibal*—Our chief has hay fever. *Second Cannibal*—What brought it on? *First Cannibal*—He ate a grass widow.—*Journal American Medical Association*.

"A sixty-dollar hat?" "Yes." "My husband wouldn't buy me a sixty-dollar hat." "He would if you started to yell for a grand piano."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Alice*—Gladys is a queer girl. *Virginia*—How's that? *Alice*—She told George he might kiss her if he could catch her. *Virginia*—Well? *Alice*—She really ran.—*Judge*.

*Teacher*—Johnny, if you don't behave I'll have to send a note to your father. *Johnny*—You'd better not. Ma's as jealous as a cat.—*American Legion Weekly*.

*Mrs. Asquith* is lecturing in the United States on "People I Have Met." Some of the people in question are wondering when they are going to hear the last of it.—*Eve*.

*Soph*—Lend me five, old man, and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you. *Frosh*—Yes; that's what I am afraid of.—*Washington Ghost*.

"Don't you wish sometimes that God had made you a woman?" "Well, I—" "Never mind. Maybe he has and you haven't found her yet."—*Royal Gaboon*.

*Client*—I am afraid you are making the sum to be recovered too high. *Lawyer*—Oh, well, a suit for damages is always cut large enough to allow for shrinkage, you know.—*Boston Transcript*.

A man who had had his purse stolen in a crowd received this letter one day: "Sir, I steal your munny. Remauss is noring me,

so I send sum of it back to you. Wen it nors again I will send sum more."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

*The Interviewer*—And please, sir, what have you to say on the subject of anonymous letters? *The Great Man*—Stupid misses! I admit I invariably read anonymous letters—but I never answer them.—*Paris L'Illustration*.

"You can notice the days getting longer already," said the suburban philosopher. "Right you are," said his neighbor. "Another month, and we'll be able to stand out at night and wait for a car by daylight."—*Toronto Telegram*.

*Exasperated Wife*—My dear man, you learnt to drill in the army; why can't you pick this up? It's a perfectly simple step. Any one would think you were mentally deficient. *Husband*—Almost the sergeant's own words, dear.—*Punch*.

"I dined at my fiancée's home yesterday." "I suppose they regard you as one of the family by now, don't they?" "Not exactly. They haven't reached the point where they bawl me out if I make a spot on the tablecloth."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I have a cold," said the girl. "Yes?" "How much is this cold cure?" "One dollar." "Will it help me?" "You never can tell what will help a cold." "That is true. So I guess I'll have a box of candy instead."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Helpful Small Boy*—I beg your pardon, sir, but your car was stolen about ten minutes ago. *Car Owner*—Well, why didn't you raise an alarm and stop the thieves? *Boy*—I never thought of that, sir; but it's all right—I took the number of the car.—*Punch*.

"But surely," said the haughty dame, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?" "Of course, madam," the guard replied politely, "provided he does not put his feet on it."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"Pretty good rubber you have now," said the fat patron of a Turkish bath. "Yes," said the proprietor. "I thought the fellow would make good when I hired him." "He works like an experienced man." "He's had plenty of experience, all right. He used to swab decks on a liner."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Coppers—nasty, suspicious, interfering blokes," exclaimed Bill. "Always sneak in about where they're not wanted. I fairly 'ates a copper. An' now I reads in the papers about a feller being charged with pretendin' to be one!" "A feller wot'd pretend to be a copper," rejoined his pal darkly, "ud do anything."—*London Winning Post*.

## Aerial Cartography.

New York City has been "mapped" from the air in sixty-nine minutes, according to an announcement from the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, describing a new type of aerial camera perfected by Sherman M. Fairchild, president of the Fairchild Aerial Camera Company. Operating from an airplane at a height of 10,000 feet, the photographer snapped 100 photographs of that number of sections into which the city had been divided. "These photographs fitted together form a mosaic of thirty-two square miles area, showing distinctly every street and building," says the statement. "Even vehicles and pedestrians are discernible in the picture, just as one would see them if he were looking straight down from a height of two miles."

To assure this accuracy over unlimited areas, Mr. Fairchild developed what is known as a between-the-lens shutter which it is said actually saves the brief instant which other shutters spend traversing the plate during the exposure, says the *New York Times*. This instant would matter little in ordinary photography, but in mapping, or taking vertical views, the speed of the airplane would cause a distortion in the map. The perfected camera also includes an electric timing device and an automatic interval device. Mr. Fairchild, who is in his early twenties, said that the camera represented three years of experimentation.

An examination of the mosaic bears out the claims of Mr. Fairchild. It is possible to pick out virtually any building in the city. The Battery, Madison Square, Fifth Avenue, office buildings, private dwellings, as well as the various centres of traffic and population are portrayed in true proportion. The photograph is more than eight feet long and twenty inches wide.

City officials who have inspected the mosaic said that aerial photographs of this character had a practical value which was certain to be recognized.

"Such a photograph would be a great help to us in directing a raid or surrounding a burglar," Police Inspector Davis said. Commissioner Joseph Johnson of the department of public works said that he had intended going by automobile to inspect two proposed operations, but with the map in front of him he found he could attend to the task without leaving his office.



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## The Ring and the Girl.

Solomonic judgment on property rights in engagement rings comes from New York. According to the *New York Times*, a \$660 diamond engagement ring in the life of Morris Herschowitz, chauffeur, is as nothing when compared with the charms of Miss Sadie Neudlman. But a \$660 diamond ring in the life of Miss Neudlman, when compared with Morris, is something to be thought over carefully.

Justice William Caffrey, in the Eighth District Municipal Court, heard the case of Herschowitz against Neudlman. The ring, it appeared, was given by Morris to Sadie last August with the understanding that the wedding was to take place after the Jewish holidays last fall. By Morris' version, he asked her, when the time came, but Morris said she merely looked at and through him and asked him whence came the original idea—or words to that effect.

Indeed, Morris told the court, Miss Neudlman spoke of her big brother and his ability to separate Morris from the Neudlman household, should he, Morris, ever bring up the subject of matrimony again. However, as Morris explained, he asked her right away: "You promised to marry me, didn't you?" Morris said Sadie responded by putting him out of the house.

Then Miss Neudlman told her side. Certainly, Morris had given her the ring, but it had been understood that the wedding would not be until her older sister was married, which event might occur tomorrow, next week, or next year, but which certainly would take place. After her explanation, Herschowitz told how he and Sadie had been sweethearts for ten years. Then Justice Caffrey picked up the ring and, holding it between his thumb and forefinger, asked Morris:

"Do you want this precious stone or do you want this precious girl?"

"I want the girl," promptly replied Herschowitz.

"And do you," said the justice to the girl, "want to marry Morris?"

Sadie looked at Morris and at the ring and

falteringly said, "I'll have to think it over."

"Well," replied the judge, rapping for the next case, "you'll either marry Herschowitz by June 25th or forfeit the ring."

"I hear tell that a passel of fellers out hunting over tuther side of Mount Pisgah seed a wild boy and took a shot at him yiste'd'y," related a neighbor. "They say he didn't have any clothes on and ran like a deer." "That so?" returned Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "Aw, well, he haint none of my children as far as I know. Tennyrate, my wife has been making so much pester for the last three, four months, about the kids not having anything to wear, that tuther day when I sold a hoss I bought a whole bolt of cloth, and I reckon likely by this time she's made 'em all the britches and one thing and another they need. If they're running around naked it's their own fault."—*Kansas City Star*.

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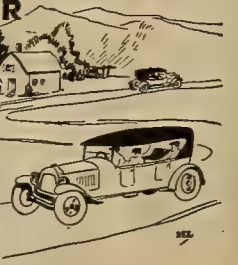
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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Germany's Turn.

Herr Doctor Chancellor Wirt of Germany, speaking of the coming economic conference at Genoa, expresses the fear that it may treat the problem of rehabilitating Germany in a "spirit of arbitrary dictation." There is some ground for his apprehension. When a whole nation behaves in such a manner that it treats every concession as a sign of mental weakness, every effort at conciliatory policies as symptomatic of fear, when its leaders harbor the theory that the peoples they have wronged, and the nations large parts of whose territory they have destroyed, are impudent beggar children to be flouted and further wronged to the end of time, when "arbitrary dictation" is proved by long experience to be the only sort of thing that nation can understand, when its commercial leader prepares to insult the world afresh by sending over the seven seas the names of Ludendorff, Tirpitz, and Buelow as the names of three great German ships, there is some reason to believe that arbitrary dictation is in sight. And the sooner it is applied the sooner will the bill of damages be paid and the financial world set running again. It can not be done amiably and with consideration for the feelings of a people that consider no feelings but their own.

It is an iniquitous thing, and one not to be borne by any statesmanship that believes in the necessity of justice as a basis of world stability, that the taxes in

Germany today are far lower per capita of population than they are in France. The plain meaning of that is that the aggressor in the war, and the loser of the war, is in better financial condition than the nation attacked and wronged. No economic obfuscations by German financial experts or sympathizers should be permitted to veil this condition or blind us to its significance. It is Germany's turn to "give until it hurts," and there can be little doubt that arbitrary dictation is the only way to bring that about.

### The Four-Power Treaty and Senator Johnson.

As to the ultimate authority of the Four-Power treaty, or any other "scrap of paper," opinions differ. But there can be no doubt that the popular mind of America finds in this engagement a hope, if not a guaranty, of peace. If it lacks the merit of assurance, it has at least the value of defining an ideal, and in the inter-relationships of nations ideals count for something. Even Bismarck grasped this principle. His prophecy of forty years ago that in the next war "victory will be determined by the 'imponderables'" was a tribute to the force of ideals, in other words of moral motives. Recent events impress the lesson. But for the "imponderables"—but for the fact that she fought against ideals of equity and of sentiment—Germany would have won the war.

Yet in prudence it is to be borne in mind that international engagements, however ideally conceived and however ceremoniously confirmed, rest upon a shifting foundation. The policies of nations are determined by their interests or their passions; and as the interest or temper of future times may differ from the interest or temper of today, so the policy of today may become obsolete. The only assurance of good faith and amity between nations lies in mutual understanding. When that is lost, when understanding and good-will are transmuted into passion, "scraps of paper" have not hitherto served to stay the wrath of nations.

It is at this point that hopes are based upon the Four-Power treaty. It is an agreement between four nations with large interests in the Pacific Ocean to "respect" each other's rights as they are now established and recognized. Further, it is an agreement between the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan, should any difficulties arise between them, or should any other power threaten the peace of the Pacific, to meet in conference and talk things over. This agreement is to remain in force for ten years and continue after that time subject to the right of any one of the contracting parties to terminate it upon twelve months' notice. That harm may come out of this simple engagement is not conceivable. That good may come of it is probable. We have a concrete illustration in achievements of the Conference recently held at Washington. It has dissipated clouds that have caused anxiety in recent times. It has established an atmosphere of good-will where before there was jealousy and apprehension. It has cleared up the scandal of Shantung and it has brought about conditions tending to protection of China against policies of selfishness and aggression. So much has been achieved tending to sustained international equities as to afford hope for effects similarly to be worked out in times to come under the conference system. Not everybody, as has been developed in senatorial discussions at Washington, shares this hope. But those who doubt are few as compared with the many who see in the arrangement a distinct step in the progress of international relationships.

Throughout the country public sentiment has hailed ratification of the Four-Power treaty with approval, even with enthusiasm. It is appraised in California as a settlement of differences between this country and Japan that have long ranked—and rankled

—as an "issue." It was, therefore, a disappointment and a matter of chagrin that our senior senator took ground against the treaty and against the Administration, joining his efforts to defeat ratification with the Democratic minority and with those of a little group of chronic objectors. The great meeting held in the San Francisco Auditorium last week was designed not more in approval of the Four-Power treaty than as a protest against Senator Johnson's course in opposing it. The meeting as representing the sentiment of California did not go beyond the mark in declaring that "the attitude of Senator Hiram W. Johnson does not reflect our sober and earnest convictions."

Senator Johnson's answer to the chairman of the meeting is worthy of attention—indeed of admiration—not as justifying his judgment, but as defining a standard of conscientious and spirited action on the part of men in representative position. "I am always glad," he said, "to have the views of a considerable number of my constituents. \* \* \* I recognize the right of every man to his opinion and to the public expression of that opinion, \* \* \* but I recognize, too, that one who occupies a position as United States senator must, in the questions which come to him, reach his decisions and cast his votes as his judgment and his conscience dictate. He would, indeed, be a poor and contemptible representative who yielded his conscience and his judgment to every varying popular gust, or to every demand which might be made upon him by groups or individuals."

Here is a clear and forcible expression of a spirit in accord with the best traditions that have come down from the earlier days of our representative system. Here is declared a principle that every thoughtful man must respect. It is a principle which, if sustained upon the basis of intelligence and of moral conviction, should control in representative government. In glowing phrases it condemns and rebukes the cringing subserviency that yields to "every varying gust." That we have and have had too much of that sort of thing all will admit.

But from Senator Johnson this high declaration smacks of melodrama. It has the flavor of euphemy rather than of convincing force. It does not accord with Mr. Johnson's history or with his character. Now, for something more than a decade, Mr. Johnson has been a potent figure in the political life of California. He has been governor of the state. He has been a senator from California in the Congress of the United States. His activities have been incessant and the achievements associated with his name, if not wholly admirable, have been notable. But with all his very considerable personal force, with all the emphasis of his very considerable powers of expression, he has not been able to impress the people of California as a man of integrity of mind. Even his political friends, while stressing his "cleverness," have little or naught to say of his moral dependability. Mr. Johnson knows—none better—the value of rhetorical periods; they make the major part of his stock in trade. In the immediate instance he has declared in terms a sound and worthy principle in republican government. But it does not go down with the public because the public does not definitely respect the man. Coming from Julius Kahn—not to mention others—an expression like that above quoted would command whole-hearted respect because it would be convincing at the points of sincerity and integrity of mind. Coming from Mr. Johnson, it bears all the marks of a calculated euphemism, lacking the true ring of moral metal. Splendidly as it resounds, it does not in multitudes of minds nullify the impression that Mr. Johnson's attitude in the matter immediately at issue had its inspiration in motives less worthy than he would have us believe. His course in the matter of the treaty follows too



ously the policies of his friend and patron, Mr. Hearst. It dovetails too precisely with his instinct of detraction, his habit of denunciation, his propensity to offensive combat.

The fact that Mr. Johnson in a matter of profound importance has misinterpreted the sentiment of California, entered into alliance with the Democratic party, affiliated himself with the little group of chronic senatorial malcontents, and in effect broken with President Harding has stirred in many minds the suggestion that a man of steadier habits of thought and action and of more loyal type would better serve our interests in the Senate. It is argued that California as a Republican state ought to be represented by a man definitely and dependably a Republican. It is argued, further, that both the sentiment and the interests of California call for coöperation on the part of her representatives with the Harding administration. There is force in these presentments. Assuredly a majority of the people of California would prefer to see in the post now held by Mr. Johnson a man of less combative spirit, a man free from association with the Borahs and the La Follettes, a man pledged under the commitments of party loyalty, a man unsmirched by affiliation with Hearstism. There are those who believe that in the coming election a man of another and better spirit might win over Mr. Johnson. But there are many who doubt it. The man at once competent, willing, and available may be difficult to find. The Johnson political machine, though perhaps not what it once was, is still the largest concrete force in the political life of the state. It came into existence under conditions now past; in reality it is an anachronism, but it remains a force to be reckoned with.

#### Incidental to Prohibition.

In the course of a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives last week Mr. Crissinger, Comptroller of the Currency, testified that many banks in various parts of the country are loaded up with "questionable loans." The phrase was a bit of delicate camouflage covering the fact that a surprising number of banks, notably in Florida, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and even the national capital, hold bootleggers' paper running in the aggregate to tens of millions of dollars. A single bank on the Atlantic seaboard has been found to be carrying paper to the extent of a million dollars of a man engaged in a fraudulent deal in "kosher" wine, imported ostensibly to supply the needs of Jewish congregations, whose members under the law are permitted to have ten gallons of wine a year. Other banks have been found heavily involved in the same deal. But it is not alone in kosher wine that many banks of the country are participating as financial backers—in other words, as partners—in the bootlegging business. All up and down the Atlantic coast and to a limited extent on the Pacific side of the continent banks have been supplying funds to men whose business, known to the bankers or otherwise, is that of importing and selling liquors in contempt of the Volstead Act. The fact is illustrative of a condition in which the country has been plunged by an effort to do an impossible thing, namely, to substitute an arbitrary legal regulation for a law of custom established immemorially and fixed in the habits of millions of persons.

In the kosher wine deal above referred to the banks involved were compelled to take over great stocks in warehouses when the prohibition enforcement officers shut down on methods of distribution that were in practice only a few weeks ago. The Comptroller is compelling these banks, as he discovers the facts, to force liquidation of "questionable" paper. But the astounding fact is that if he should press his demands too hard a number of banks of high standing would have to close their doors. This is not saying that the government is a party to any deal by which the banks are permitted to dispose of the stocks of liquors which many of them are holding as security for loans, but it is not giving them sufficient leeway to get out without serious loss. The matter is being handled discreetly, and it is well, since radical action on the part of the government would inevitably prove disastrous.

Some of the ramifications of the colossal deal in kosher wine have humorous aspects. For example, a great number of fake rabbis were certified to by former Prohibition Commissioner Kramer and were duly recognized by him. They were distributors for the so-

called kosher wine. Many of these fake rabbis sold cards certifying that the holder is a member of a Jewish congregation and thus entitled to a wine ration. This phase of the conspiracy was exposed some weeks back in New York. The names of Houlihan, Murphy, Moriarity, Olsen, Schmidt, Johnson, Rutherford, Sinclair, McLeod, and Milliken were found among those who had cards declaring them to be attendants at mythical synagogues. Prohibition officers find that the fake rabbi game has been active in California, particularly in the vicinity of Hollywood, where if the certificates of synagogue membership are to be believed a majority of the population is made up of Jews. One member of the Hollywood colony was found to hold membership in five congregations, no one of which seems to have a substantial existence.

#### Where There Is No Peace.

We are told, and have no difficulty in believing, that Senator Johnson will return to California and endeavor to replenish his depleted political stock by jumping into a fight on the Japanese. Former Senator Phelan, though of the opposing party, has been in Japan assembling arms and armor for the same dismal conflict, and from the same side. It is not conceivable that so much belligerent disposition and such abundant ammunition should go entirely to waste—so any faint prospects we ever thought we had discerned of a peaceful and dignified senatorial contest are already obscured by the preliminary dust of combat. It looks as though no matter who the opposing candidates in either party may be, we are in for another tiresome political battle on an issue of which many persons in this state are grown intolerably weary, and from which they have had reason to believe they might some day enjoy a needed rest.

Senator Johnson is a sort of paleontological survival from the fighting age. He first came into public notice as a fighter, and he remained in the public eye in that character. Even James J. Corbett left the ring for the stage, but not so Senator Johnson. He stays on after his geological period has passed, like the plesiosaurus now supposed to infest the otherwise peaceful waters of a Patagonian lake. We do not mean to suggest any particular physical resemblance—he has not a swan's neck and a horse's head, as the plesiosaurus now figuring in the news dispatches is said to have. Nor could he be compared to the extinct megalotherium, the giant sloth of the Pleistocene deposits. He may be out on a limb, but we have not thought that California's senior senator got there after the manner of the sloth, hanging on by his feet and progressing horizontally dorsal side down. Nor does he much resemble the archæopteryx, although the archæopteryx was a bird. He seems more like the carnivorous, or meat-eating dinosaur, of the Upper Jurassic, standing ever on his hind feet and using his head for those rending and battering functions to which it is so admirably adapted. And his outer integument suggests the impenetrable plates of the giant armadillo.

Of course, Senator Johnson's political beginnings are somewhat less remote than the geological epochs to which we have referred. The course of man is more quickly run. It is but a few short years since he began to sacrifice himself to Great Moral Causes, and to stand depicted in solemn cartoons hand in hand with Roosevelt. The point is that the times and battles which called him forth are over, the trumpet blasts are stilled, the captured banners of the enemy are gathering dust in the cathedrals of the righteous—that is to say, the offices of the clutter of expensive commissions we owe to his great political organizing ability; while he wishes to go right on fighting battles, because he is a fighting man and sees nothing unless he sees it red.

Grant said: "Let us have peace." That is the aspiration of a weary world. The time has come when we should have it. It seems as though, in California at least, we might enjoy a breathing spell in an era of good will. But apparently it is not to be if Senator Johnson can prevent it, and if his political fortunes can be made to thrive in the welter of more wars, though they be but verbal ones. It is a great pity, and a great disappointment.

#### The Army and Navy Proposals.

It is gratifying to learn that President Harding intends to resist to the limit of his powers the attempt being made in the House arbitrarily to cut appropriations for the army and navy far below the figures deter-

mined by the Administration as the minimum of safety. Secretary of War Weeks and Julius Kahn, both in active opposition to radical proposals, are not acting in the dark.

The demands made in Congress for radical reduction come almost entirely from the old pacifist element that did so much in 1915 and 1916 to prevent adequate preparation for an inevitable war and which refuses to profit by the lessons of experience. There is no general demand for the radical cuts proposed, and such of the leading members of the House as are giving countenance to the pacifist propaganda are doing so from petty motives. For one thing, jealousy of the reputation for economy achieved by the Dawes Budget Bureau is felt by certain leading members of Congress. They want to exhibit themselves as more efficient money savers than the executive officers of the government; and to the end of such a showing they make no scruple of sacrificing the dignity and even the security of the country.

The champions of a melodramatic economy in military expenditure propose to withdraw the garrisons from Hawaii, from the Philippines, from China, and from the Canal Zone, and to so reduce the number of army officers as to make it physically impossible to carry out any project for adequately training the National Guard and the Organized Reserves as contemplated by the National Defense Act of 1920. They would make the navy hopelessly ineffective for any really important work and in general leave the military arm in a condition of disorganization and unpreparedness that has always cost so frightfully in lives and money when we have had to unsheath the sword.

And with it all the proposed savings to be made are inconsequential when compared with other public and private expenditures. In a speech on the floor of the House last week Julius Kahn pointed out that the people of this country in the year 1921 expended for pipes and smokers' material a total of \$1,151,000,000, or almost twice as much as the total estimates for army and navy. In 1921 the total appropriations for the army, including such civilian activities as rivers and harbors work, were \$418,000,000. The Budget Bureau's estimate for the coming year is \$360,000,000. In the same year the country spent for candy and chewing gum \$750,000,000 and for soda water and confections \$834,000,000.

In this matter of the army and navy we have another difference between the President and the House of Representatives to be added to the break with respect to the soldiers' bonus. Representatives Fordney and Mondell, respectively head of the Ways and Means Committee and majority leader, seem determined upon forcing a breach between the executive and the legislative branch. Mr. Harding still hopes to prevent an open split, but he is reported to be "getting madder and madder." In the matter of the army and navy appropriations he is taking the facts to the country over the head of Congress, and to a lesser degree he is pursuing the same course in regard to the bonus. Representative Lineberger of our own state, himself an ex-service man, is one of the few who realize the exact situation. He has pointed out to his colleagues that as they come up for reelection this fall they will find that the Harding administration stands higher with the country than does Congress and that they will do well to run as Harding Republicans rather than as anti-Harding Republicans. He is making some converts, and he has excited the fears of many timid ones.

#### Blasted Hopes.

Just when we had begun to have hopes for the moral future of our country, they are dashed mercilessly to the ground with the report of "false alarm." Yesterday word came from New York that our national morals were to be snatched from the edge of the precipice by the simple device of a municipal ordinance forbidding women to smoke in public. How simple and yet how effective! No longer would the hardened Harlemites have his faith in woman destroyed by the insidious poison of her nicotine breath. It might still be alcoholic, but even a New Yorker would scarcely be disillusioned by alcohol. And as all the world knows, tobacco is the most disillusioning substance there is. It is only one remove from dope. In fact the innocent New York clubmen, bohemians, and literati that frequent the places of amusement banned by our too unreal ordinance are no doubt reminded of Hollywood and "snow parties" when they see smoke



emitted from feminine lips. And alas, they still will be reminded, for the ordinance whose existence we so fondly hailed yesterday is reported now to be non-existent. It does not exist and there never was such an ordinance.

We had even gone so far as to reconstruct the ancient Boston gag, "Lady, you will have to throw away that cigarette, you are not in New York," to "Lady, (etc.) you are not in Tijuana." However, while there is a W. C. T. U. there is hope. America may yet be saved.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### A Suggestion from Colonel Robert M. Thompson.

SANTA BARBARA, March 18, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: You will agree that unless Germany pays the Allies, the Allies (with the possible exception of England) can not pay us. If, then, Germany is unable to pay, we will lose the money that Europe owes us, and France will be humiliated by having to confess bankruptcy and inability to pay her debts.

We can prevent this, and set Europe's financial machine in order almost at once, by exchanging the bonds of the Allied nations that we hold for assignments of claims on Germany. By exchanging with England her bonds for the French bonds that she holds we would practically control all of the French exterior debt.

Europe owes us about ten and a half billion dollars, which is about one-third of the total amount which was assessed against Germany by the Reparations Commission. If Germany were to pay us four hundred millions a year for forty years it would take care of the interest on ten billions of 3 per cent. forty-year bonds, and leave one hundred million dollars for a sinking fund which would pay them at maturity.

Before the war the young men of Germany gave two years of their lives to learn how to destroy things, and they were supported by general taxation. If the young men continue to give two years of their lives for the benefit of Germany, but will learn how to produce things, their products will pay Germany's debt to the world.

For instance, in the past we have shipped to Germany as much as two million bales of cotton a year. She has the machinery and trained men to convert this into goods, which in the past were largely consumed by her own people. The goods made from a bale of cotton are on the average worth a hundred dollars more than the raw cotton.

If we were to ship two million bales of cotton to Germany in our own ships, the goods manufactured from this cotton would be worth two hundred million dollars more than the raw cotton, and the goods would be paid for by the German people, and not by the government.

In the same way, fifty or seventy-five millions more could be realized from copper; and potash, dyes, toys, and a few other specialties would make up the four hundred million dollars.

If our government were to offer the public a forty-year 3 per cent. government bond, free from all taxation, including inheritance taxes, they would at once be absorbed by our people in exchange for outstanding bonds; and as the German payments would take care of the interest and sinking fund, it would reduce the amount which we have to raise annually on account of the debt by four hundred twenty-five to four hundred fifty million dollars.

France would at once be relieved from all exterior debt and she would still have the balance of her claims against Germany; and what is better, she would have a renewed credit which would enable her to borrow in the markets of the world all that she needed to promptly rebuild her towns and works and restore her mines.

Our people have given liberally to France and to Belgium and to Russia, but the dribbles that we have given have helped the individual but have not helped the nation. Let us all take hold and do a big thing and really help France, and in helping France let us help the world.

Yours very truly,  
ROBERT M. THOMPSON.

### A Veteran's View of the Bonus.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have just read the *Argonaut* of February 25th giving space to Mr. Gerstle's letter resigning from a Legion post because of his non-belief in payment of a "bonus."

His resignation in my opinion was a mistake. He should have fought the bonus from the inside, not outside the Legion, as thousands of Legionnaires are doing.

The writer entered the civil war April 19, 1861, for three months and three years service. Resigned June 30, 1864, to go home on crutches from wounds received in April, September, and November, 1863. Reentered the army June 13, 1867, and retired from disability June 28, 1878. Restored to active duty in world war and demobilized on eighty-third birthday, January 15, 1919.

To General Jackson is ascribed the saying, "To the victors belong the spoils." I believe in that doctrine, and not in a bonus. I do believe the American Legion should combine, nominate and elect a member of the Legion to every political office—Presidents, senators, representatives, all state, county, and city offices. And a good place to begin is in California by electing that gallant soldier and gentleman, Major Linberger, senator to succeed that puffball and would-be Jesus Christ of politics, Hiram Johnson. Comrades, that would be a bonus worth having.

The next election in California ought to send a Legionnaire representative from every district except Julius Kahn's. He is a valuable many in any Congress.

W. N. WILLIAMS.

The English in asking that the Victoria Cross be awarded to the cat which so heroically saved her young during the fire of the Printemps only follow an example given by the Queen of England herself. To appreciate the value of this reward we must remember that the Victoria Cross is for a soldier, general or private, the highest military order. In the last war at the utmost fifty have been awarded. However, several dogs belonging to the British army have received this honor. These were: Bob, of the Royal Berkshire, which in the Afghanistan war saved the life of several soldiers; Jack, which accomplished the same feats at the battle of the Alma, and Jerry, a hero of the Crimean war, which received from the city of Dublin a medal and—a dinner. The odds are that the mess made the dog happier than the medal.

## THE PROBLEM OF ZIONISM.

It Is Beginning to Appear as a Troublesome Part of the International Turmoil.

A pause in the output of news and discussion about Zionism seems to indicate a pause in the development of that romantic movement, and perhaps it is just as well. The two things are more than merely coincidental. Toward the end of last year, Zionists began to admit that their aspirations had met with a check. There has been more or less turbulence in Palestine, manifesting itself in Mohammedan riots. Jews were killed at Jaffa, and Sir Herbert Samuel, the English high commissioner under mandate, had to announce a suspension of immigration. It seems to be another case where the Wilsonian doctrine of self-determination has had unexpected results because it was taken seriously by some unconsidered element of a mixed population.

Zionism was born of sentiment and literature, as well as of persecution. Its most engaging interpreter was probably the Jewish author, Israel Zangwill, the force and beauty of whose argumentation were of a quality to obscure the judgment with the rosy clouds of enthusiasm. Unfortunately it is a hard world, and sentiment and enthusiasm will not take us far against the obstacles of interest and selfishness and rooted beliefs. To make Palestine a national home for the Jewish people has been a fine thing to think about and talk about in London, but in Palestine itself it has proved another matter. London and the home government have been very strongly attached to the idea, but even an English Jew sent to Palestine as a high commissioner to aid in the accomplishment of the great and beautiful design encounters practical obstacles that make him hesitate, waver, and finally impose the temporary check himself. And it is found advisable, but probably not especially effective, to send propagandists to this country in the effort to bring about a revival of interest which will furnish the eternally needful funds to keep things going.

It cuts the heart out of a great and liberal impulse. But the trouble with Zionism is that it is not much more. It seems to lack basis in fact or necessity or possibility; possibility, at least, beyond the merest fractional solution of the Jewish problem. Palestine might be made a home for a few Jewish people—in fact it is already that, and has been for thousands of years. But making it "a national home for the Jewish people," if it has any meaning, means too much; it means far more than the present inhabitants of Palestine will submit to, and they appear quite ready to manifest self-determination by riots and massacre. That may be narrow-minded, but it is very real, and a thing statesmanship should have counted upon before Balfour made his celebrated declaration in 1917.

There is no present Jewish title to Palestine, in any valid sense. The old title was based upon the conquest of Canaan and the victory of David over the Jebusites. But if a title can be gained by conquest it can be lost in the same way, and the Jewish title was so lost. Neither can any right to the country as a national territory be based on the present occupancy, for the non-Jewish element is far too preponderant. Of the present inhabitants of the country, only about 12 per cent. is Jewish. The rest is to a larger degree Christian, to an overwhelming extent Mohammedan. The half-million Mohammedans will never consent to be governed by the 80,000 Jews. And unless the Jews are to be the governing body, what becomes of the aspiration toward a Jewish state? It is the conception of a Jewish state in Palestine that is of practical concern to the world. If Zionism had no political connotation, if it meant merely making Palestine the spiritual goal of the Jews, as it has been for centuries of many Christians and of many Mohammedans, if Balfour had constructed his phrase to read "a spiritual home for the Jewish people," the matter would have been merely one of private worship, and would have meant little more, in a practical sense, than the condition under which Jews have long been permitted to regard their former national home and resort to it if they chose for purposes of devotion and spiritual renewal. But Balfour's phrase, "national home," immediately gave fresh impulse to political Zionism, and in the possibilities of that the whole world, in its present techy and irritable state of mind and feeling, has a vital interest.

It has been pointed out by Israel Abrahams that the term "Jewish State" is self-contradictory because the thing itself has become impossible. "If it be Jewish it can not be a state; if it be a state it can not be Jewish." In other words, if it should admit to equal share in the government the other elements of the population, and in any rough proportion to the proportion of those elements, it would become a nation of mixed races. That is what most modern countries are, and none more so than the United States. And unless Palestine took that form it never could become a state at all. It is not conceivable that the world today would encourage the establishment of a political organism in which a small minority formed a privileged governing caste on ac-

count of some claim to superiority in its religious system, or some highly venerated way of regarding man's relations to the Deity. That would be Brahmanism. Such a government would not only be most undemocratic, but under present conditions it would be something equally bad: it would be unstable, and a constant menace to the peace of the world.

We can see some slight analogy to the Palestine condition in our own state of Utah. There a "chosen people" once constituted almost the whole of society. Today the Mormons number some 40 per cent. of the population of Salt Lake City, and about 70 per cent. of the population of the state outside of the metropolis. The political arrangements usually form a rough balance with the theological division; but even in the rural districts, Utah can not be regarded as a Mormon state. It is an American state. So are all the other states of the Union. Maryland is not a Roman Catholic state, Connecticut is not a Unitarian state, Kentucky is not a Baptist or a Presbyterian state. And if Palestine is to become a state at all, it will be better for the world's prospects of peace if it is made a Palestinian state, and not a Jewish one. If its political condition must conform to its preponderant group religion, it would probably be on a more stable basis if it were a Mohammedan state—little as Mohammedan states have contributed to the advance of culture and civilization. One might almost as well talk about erecting a Jewish state of Iowa or Missouri, as to talk of a Jewish state of Palestine. It could only be supported by force of arms, and the world is sick of that.

Zionism undoubtedly makes a potent appeal to the imagination, to the love of the romantic and the picturesque that lives in all persons of sentiment and active mental life. Palestine has been the home of two great religions, the Jewish and the Christian, and it has had great importance in the development of Mohammedanism. To Jerusalem many Mohammedans look as a city almost as sacred as Mecca and Medina. In the literature and the culture of Western Europe it has had a supreme position. For two centuries the chivalry of France, England, Flanders, Germany, Italy, and to some extent Spain and Portugal, fought to free it from its Turkish conquerors, and from those wars brought back to barbarous and uncultured peoples new ideas of civilization and the arts. One great crusade was diverted to the capture of Constantinople, and the culture of the Eastern empire was revealed to the wondering gaze of rough-handed fighting men that could not read or write. There has been magic and mystery and the most intense emotionalism in the thought of Palestine for ages. It has furnished the inspiration, not only for systems of worship, but for great human and democratic conceptions of politics and government. And when, in the 'eighties of the nineteenth century, Russian and Austrian persecution of Jews gave rise to the aspiration on the part of the persecuted to return to their old home and again be a nation, the impulse excited the sympathy of good people, Jewish and Christian, everywhere.

But like most matters of sentiment and enthusiasm, the project now appears impractical. Conditions change every day, and in two thousand years they change a great deal. The chicken does not go back into the egg. The whole number of Jews in the world approximates 15,000,000. They could not all go back to Palestine. The land would not support them, nor anywhere near that number. It is a poor land, mostly stones and sand and hot camel trails and a rather unpromising Arabian population which for centuries has been miserably misgoverned by the all-blighting Turks. But bad as Turkish misrule was, it was misrule by co-religionists of the great majority of the people. Under modern engineers the country might be considerably improved, but never to the extent of supporting a very much larger population than dwells there now. No disinterested financiers would pitch upon it as a highly favorable place for agricultural development. Since the Zionist movement began, about 10,000 Jews have gone there, and by their industry and executive ability, combined with some capital, they have greatly improved several sections and have even elevated the conditions of life for the Syrian and Arabian inhabitants about them. Employment conditions have been bettered, wages have increased, better dwellings have become the rule for Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans alike. But the growth that has taken place has not been capable of indefinite extension. The Palestine Foundation Fund had large and attractive plans for promoting immigration, agricultural improvement of all sorts, afforestation, drainage, irrigation, education, sanitation, and the development of electric power, all supported on a system of cooperative and mortgage banks. But capitalists did not come forward in any great numbers; and of the Jewish immigration, by far the larger part was labor, which the Arabs have bitterly resented on two grounds, one that it came from Eastern Europe and was tainted with Bolshevism, to which the Arabs have not yet learned to give their undivided love, and the other that it reduced the opportunity for employment, although the effect of the new Jewish penetration had been exactly the opposite. Like all human effort, the development, on the economic side, appears to have encountered the law of diminishing returns. On the social and political side it has encountered the religious rancor and intolerance that seem to pervert all thi-



Oriental, and from which we in this country are so nearly free in a practical political sense that it is difficult for the average American to understand why it has to be so seriously reckoned with in European and Asiatic politics.

It is fortunate that Zionism has not been made compulsory. Aside from the impossibility of making a small, semi-arid country of poor soil and climate, a country of about 10,000 square miles, or a little smaller than the state of Maryland, support 15,000,000 people, there are large numbers of those 15,000,000, especially in England and the United States, that do not appear to feel the need of any better national home than they have now. So the movement has encountered, not merely inertia, but active opposition, and not merely opposition among the Palestinians, but organized opposition among certain Jews in this country who believe it to be mischievous. We should find it difficult to imagine Mark Gerstle, or the Slosses, or Otto Kahn or Julius Kahn flocking to make their residences amid the sun-burnt wastes of Palestine or the dirt and diseases and night-howling dogs of modern Jerusalem.

The Jewish race has outgrown its old home. Its centres of culture are in the most advanced countries of the world, the powers of its genius are a contribution to all humanity. And that argues no weakening of fidelity to Jewish ideals and Jewish faith. The writer was once present at a Saturday meeting of the directorate of one of San Francisco's foremost civic organizations, when a member came in late and made this apology: "Gentlemen, I've just come from the synagogue. I felt that I couldn't be a good citizen unless I was first a good Jew, just as I feel that I can't be a good Jew unless I am a good citizen." That was Gustave Brenner. Such a spirit has little room for a double, that is to say a divided, allegiance; and from a "selfishly patriotic" point of view it would be a tragedy for any country now possessing that spirit to lose any of it to a Palestinian state, whether of mixed or purely Jewish elements.

The Mohammedan people of Palestine can hardly be blamed for their opposition to political Zionism. They claim that Palestine is their country, inherited for centuries, and that they are entitled to the employment and the profit there may be in its development. It is a short-sighted view, of course, for they have done little with the land since they have been domiciled there, and have actually profited, as we have said above, by such growth as Zionism has been able to promote. Nevertheless their attitude of obstruction is a very human one, and might have been expected. To them it is not as though Zionism had grown up within the country. It is something totally alien and they feel it is being forced on them from without. That makes it assume some of the aspects of invasion, and, peaceful though it may be, they do not purpose to submit peacefully to it. Their strongest religious feelings are involved. On this point Dr. Morris Jastrow says in his "Zionism and the Future of Palestine":

"In Jerusalem, in the cave under the sacred rock around which the chief mosque is built, the mark of Mohammed's head is shown. Day and night Mohammedans may be found in this cave seeking by prayer to Allah to obtain the merit that attaches to the sanctity of this spot. The rock represents the site of Solomon's Temple, but its sacred character antedates even the coming of the Hebrews by an indefinite number of centuries. The rock itself is a survival of primitive stone worship."

Considerations such as these seem far removed from the practical Western world of today, but they are still regnant in the Orient. Perhaps if it were proposed to make California a Buddhist state we should find ourselves not altogether free from them. They should form a serious part of the problems now being discussed by the Paris conference on conditions in the Near East. Unless that conference succeeds in making Zionism tolerable to the half-million Mohammedans of Palestine, or else in vastly modifying its nature and its aims, it will not have done a perfect piece of work.

MORTON TODD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29, 1922.

The ruined city of Ypres is being completely restored at a pace astounding to the hordes of American visitors who have passed that way bound for the south of France and the Algerian and Egyptian resorts. The Cloth Hall, that marvelous building of the age of guilds, is gradually assuming the light and delicate beauty which has made it rank with the loveliest of the medieval halls. But many of the Americans who have dropped by Ypres have been highly amused by the mayor's proclamation, in French and Flemish and then translated into only one foreign tongue, English, to the effect that the visitor is on holy ground, and that a stone or piece of gravel must not be removed, since all will again be gathered together in the rehabilitated structures.

London will not imitate New York in erecting skyscrapers, if the ideas of the Royal Institute of British Architects are carried out. The architects have voted against a report of their building acts committee advocating alteration of the London regulations to allow the erection of buildings 120 feet in height, instead of eighty feet, as at present.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Kitty Kiernan of Granard, County Longford, Ireland, affianced wife of Michael Collins, will make a very attractive first lady of the Irish Free State—to judge by her photos.

Marshal Foch recently attended the wedding of his niece in his native town, Tarbes, in the Pyrenees and was enrolled in the local veterans' association, after having refused honorary membership.

Captain Palazzoni, one of Italy's war heroes, who was wounded, mutilated, and decorated for valor, has started a newspaper having as its avowed object the vindication of ex-President Wilson's policy toward Italy.

"Lone Wolf" is the only Indian artist whose work is universally recognized. He has done more to visualize his people for the world than any other painter. His paintings of Indian subjects have been favorably mentioned both in American and European exhibitions.

Sir Arthur Balfour, as one must call him now, confesses that he was greatly embarrassed by American reporters. Our newspaper men expected typed copies of his speeches before they were delivered. Sir Arthur claims he never wrote out a speech in his life.

Edouard Belin, a French inventor, and discoverer of telephotography, has perfected an instrument for transmitting finger-prints by telegraph. Transmission of the prints requires only fifteen minutes. The telegraph will greatly reduce the chance of criminal escapes.

Miss Micheline Resco, a Parisian artist, has been selected by General Pershing to paint the portrait of himself that is to be the principal American exhibit in the Musée de l'Armée in Paris. The portrait is a gift of the Knights of Columbus in the name of the American people to the Fine Arts Ministry of France.

Professor Wesley Clair Mitchell has been appointed by the trustees of Columbia University to the chair of economics. Professor Mitchell has taught economics at the University of California, the University of Chicago, Harvard, and previously at Columbia. He is the author of several important works on economics.

The former Hungarian emperor, Charles, is reported to be in destitute circumstances in Madeira, unable to pay rent for his villa. Charles, it is said, now inhabits a very dilapidated house that lacks conveniences for his household. Hungarian legitimist followers of Charles have collected 2,000,000 crowns for his temporary relief.

Alice Hastings Bradley, daughter of the Herbert E. Bradleys of Chicago, is the youngest explorer of darkest Africa. Miss Bradley at the age of six accompanied the expedition of Dr. Carl E. Akeley of the American Museum of Natural History into the interior of the Belgian Congo. She was the first white child ever seen by the pigmy tribes.

Mayor John F. Hylan of New York was recently made a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy by Ambassador Ricci—the ceremony taking place in the mayor's reception room in the presence of a number of Italians. Mayor Hylan was decorated for services rendered Italians in New York City, where there are almost twice as many Italians as in Rome.

Ruth Muskrat, a young Indian girl of the Cherokee tribe, is chosen by her people to represent American Indians in a world's conference of men and women students from forty countries. The young delegate to the World's Student Christian Federation, whose conference meets in Peking this month, is part white and a student at the University of Kansas. Miss Muskrat is said to be well versed in the history of her nation. She is from that portion of the Cherokee tribe whose people were so ruthlessly driven West during the so-called "century of dishonor." From the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Cherokees have intermarried with the whites. They were the first Indian tribe to have a written language. It consisted of an alphabet of fifty-eight symbols and is still in use among the Indians. Miss Muskrat's trip has been made possible by the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Rear-Admiral George W. McElroy, general inspector of machinery for the bureau of steam engineering of the navy, stationed at Philadelphia, was recently retired for age. He has been in the service nearly forty-five years and has earned many honors, including advancement in grade for "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle during the war with Spain." When Cervera's fleet tried to escape from Santiago Harbor on July 3, 1898, Commander Wainwright, on the *Gloucester*, once the late J. P. Morgan's yacht, waited until the Spanish armored ships, with which he could not cope, had come out, and then raced in toward the harbor entrance to attack the destroyers which followed the armorclads. The *Gloucester*, by reason of McElroy's skilful handling of her machinery, was largely responsible for driving all the destroyers ashore or sinking them. The rear-admiral was decorated with a Navy Cross for the successful conduct of important and responsible duty during the world war.

Viscount Peel, who has accepted the post declined by Lord Derby of Secretary for India, comes from a

family of famous British politicians. His father, the first Viscount Peel, was considered one of the greatest speakers in the history of the House of Commons and his grandfather was Sir Robert Peel. The present viscount has had a notable political career himself, and like so many present-day politicians has had his fling at journalism. He acted as *Daily Telegraph* correspondent during the Græco-Turkish war, but was engrossed with weightier matters during the late war. He was colonel of the Bedfordshire Yeomanry, 1912-1915; chairman of the Committee on Detention of Neutral Vessels, 1916; joint parliamentary secretary to the National Service Department, 1917, and Under Secretary of State for War, 1919-1921. Viscount Peel is now Minister of Transport and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but neither office entitles him to sit with the cabinet. He will resign the transport post to accept the secretaryship.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Burro.

Belovéd vagrant of the ample ear;  
Philosopher; gray hobo of the dunes;  
Delight of children; thistle-chewing seer,  
From Lebanon and eld, how many moons?

Muse of mañana; sturdy foe of haste,  
Complacent in your poise, your attitude;  
A statue of dejection, shaggy-faced,  
Or plodding with your pack of cedar wood;

Pausing to turn your head, with motion stiff,  
As though you half-imagined something wrong;  
Wondering if you were there, complete, or if  
The rest of you forgot to come along.

What melancholy thoughts bestir your breast,  
When, like an ancient pump, you lift a tone,  
Lose it and lift another, with a zest  
Known to no beast on earth save you alone?

Your melody means something deep, unseen,  
A storied mem'ry of some old Romance,  
And ears attuned to mysteries, might glean  
More from your song than simple assonance.

You sing the Truth, without a touch of guile,  
And Truth were sad enough—and yet your guise  
Of March-mad melancholy moves a smile,  
And thus the world is richer, burro-wise:

Richer, because you are yourself; you please  
That subtle sense that loves the ludicrous,  
Scorning no lesson. Oh, Demosthenes  
Of Andalusia, left to preach to us!

Dogging the sunlight of some empty street  
Content with what your indolence may find—  
Let the world rock, and you will keep your feet;  
Let the world run, and you will stray behind.

—O. R. in "Songs of Horses." Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

### Night.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,—  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,  
Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sigh'd for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turn'd to her rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
"Wouldst thou me?"  
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,  
"Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,  
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon—  
Sleep will come when thou art fled,  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon!—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

### I Do Not Love Thee.

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!  
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;  
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,  
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,  
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me:  
And often in my solitude I sigh  
That those I do love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,  
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)  
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone  
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,  
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,  
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,  
Often than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!  
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;  
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,  
Because they see me gazing where thou art.  
—Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton.



## A GREAT CITIZEN.

Charles A. Murdock Contributes to Local History a Study of Horatio Stebbins.

It would be of great social value if some method could be devised to induce Charles A. Murdock to write more books. Perhaps the best method would be for the public to buy generously those he does write. His richness of life and experience, the results of his lofty outlook over men and events, should have permanent record and indefinite multiplication through print, as a leaven of good. And when he devotes his pen to such a subject as Horatio Stebbins, he makes an invaluable contribution to the treasures of local tradition.

The subject of Mr. Murdock's latest volume is his intimate friend, the successor to Thomas Starr King in the Unitarian ministry of San Francisco. Dr. Stebbins was born on a Massachusetts farm over a hundred years ago; on August 8, 1821. He died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, almost twenty years ago; on April 11, 1902. From 1864 to 1900, a period of thirty-five years, he not only filled his pulpit in San Francisco, but he occupied the position of a great citizen, a moderating, conserving, and humanizing influence in a rapidly changing community that sorely needed steadfast guides for its social and ethical life.

Massachusetts and the Puritan stock was just the combination that gives spine and purpose to character. The old Bay State is the sort of cold, rugged country that turns out men like Samuel Adams and Daniel Webster. They took things seriously there, and the seriousness often appeals to our author, who knew the land well, for it was his own birthplace, as whimsically humorous. Of the community of Wilbraham, where the Stebbins family had long resided, he gives this sharp, New England picture:

The location of the meeting-house was a stirring issue. It was six years before Wigwam Hill triumphed, and it was twelve years before this site was accepted, the church built, and all the gallery seats were installed.

What could a mere German tyrant on an English throne expect to do with a lot of hard-heads like that? There could be no question on which side of the struggle for independence such people would be found. Says Mr. Murdock:

The community was intensely loyal to the cause of the colonies. In 1774 a pledge against purchasing or consuming goods imported from Great Britain was signed by one hundred and twenty-five determined men, ten of whom bore the name of Stebbins. In 1775 the call from Lexington was promptly answered by a company of volunteers. Another company rallied at Bennington to the relief of Gates. At least ten of the Stebbins family served in the Continental army. In church matters the family was interested, but independent. In 1805, when a petition for a Methodist Episcopal Church was presented to the town, thirteen of the proponents signed the name of Stebbins, and several of the same name signed a protest against it.

From such an ancestry and in such a community Horatio Stebbins was born on August 8, 1821, of the eighth generation of his American family. His father was a well-to-do farmer, a man of good mind but limited education. He was just and upright, respected by his neighbors. In his family relations he united gentleness and wise severity. He made his son a companion.

Persons afraid of work would have had little opportunity even to survive in such an environment, and it was thus that young Stebbins grew up:

Next to the family and the home comes the influence of community life and customs. It was almost a hundred years ago, and there was far less relaxation from Puritan severity than we find today. There was far greater simplicity, and a rigor we know little. Life was a serious business. To make a living, simple though it was, was not easy, and hard work was a necessary habit of existence. Happiness, if reached, depended little on self-indulgence. Accumulations of wealth were infrequent, amusements few, and pleasure hardly expected. Frivolity was frowned upon as something that could not be afforded. Economy was a part of the atmosphere, and extended to the expression of affection. The church loomed large as a part of life, and, although its standards were narrow and its demands rigid, it nurtured strong characters. Waste did not weaken and luxury did not corrupt. The difficulty of getting anything spurred effort, and vigorous effort generated the strength required to accomplish purpose.

Horatio Stebbins received his degree at Harvard in 1848. His friend Horace Davis, ten years younger, graduated in 1849. It may be inferred that the nine years' priority represents about the time taken to overcome the handicap of having to earn his own way. How much it added to the fibre of his character can not possibly be shown, but no one could know Dr. Stebbins without feeling that his strength and independence had been largely fostered by his circumstances.

Years afterward Dr. Stebbins wrote his son:

When I was a youth, I worked in the open field: I often felt that it was hard, and I longed to be free; but when I began to study, I found that hard, and it seemed to me that to work with my muscles or the bare earth would be a rest! A noble self-direction always requires firmness, and often it requires fortitude. It requires more energy to lead a true student life than it does to pile up stones in the field, or to weed corn in the heat of the sun. You have not been situated as I was, but I hope you will get as much discipline of will and purpose in academic life as I got in rustic labors. Concentration is the soul of discipline.

Not many years after his graduation Horatio Stebbins received a call to preach at Portland, Maine, and was in the ministry there when the civil war broke out. To him it was a moral issue, and one that might with the greatest propriety be brought into the life of a church. He did not hesitate. Says his biographer:

At the opening of the civil war trying problems presented

themselves, and there was constant need for prompt decision on new issues. Men were troubled, for the heavens were dark, and they were called to act where they were in doubt. On the Sunday following the fall of Fort Sumter, the congregation found the pulpit draped with the American flag. It disturbed and shocked some of the more conservative. They had never seen a flag in a church, and they felt that it was out of place. They thought the minister indiscreet, and promptly warned him of the danger in raising an issue that had nothing to do with religion. He had counted the cost, but his religion included loyalty to country, and the flag remained, with its full significance.

He had no narrow views of "churchianity." To him, religion was vital and the church was a living thing, and he once stated this conception of it:

The office of the Christian church, as I understand it, is to stimulate personal character and life to moral and spiritual excellence, and to cherish those revering sentiments toward God in which all excellence at last has its root. It is not primarily to engage the soul in the work of its own salvation, but to engage it rather in a free, abounding human life. Progressive apprehension of spiritual truth, the nature of man, duty, and destiny, is the keynote of human welfare. To have an idea of the meaning of this world and to respect it, to study its wants and apply the principles of righteousness and human charity to life and experience, and to find the kingdom of heaven in the helpful and hopeful conditions of earthly existence, in short, to befriend whatever is human, this is the office of a Christian church. It is not the office of the church to reflect public opinion, like the press, but to show the pattern forever in the mount, and that moral and spiritual ideals are the glory of the world.

If the church survives, it will be because she is inspired and guided by the spirit of truth that will lead her to all truth; and all truth is unity, not of opinion, but of heart and will.

The Kentucky legislators who recently came within one vote of excluding the teaching of evolution from the educational system of their state might think that over.

While Dr. Stebbins was in the Portland ministry, California was being guided politically aright, as to the dark issue of secession, by Thomas Starr King, or Starr King as he was more generally called, the great Unitarian divine whose matchless oratory probably did more than any other one thing to hold the state in the Union. Starr King was loyal San Francisco's pride. To the present writer, at least, his name was beautiful, and suggested that of a race horse, with connotations of brilliance and velocity. He was not an easy man to succeed, but when he died Dr. Stebbins was chosen to take his place. It was a most difficult succession, for the Stebbins personality appears still to have retained that economy in expressions of affection which had become the habit of the New England farmers. The warmth and love that animated him were apt to kindle within rather than in the effusive, outward Western way. But his dependable goodness and real humanity won, as they were sure to do. He had a deep and almost prophetic insight into public affairs, one instance of which must be cited:

Dr. Stebbins was soon in demand for addresses before various organizations. He rested satisfied with no perfunctory performance, but always had something of real value to say, worth the hearing. The Society of California Pioneers rejoice in and glorify the past, harking back to the early days and felicitating themselves on their pioneering. In September, 1865, he addressed them and said, among other things well to heed:

"Nothing can save us from Spanish decline and Mexican littleness but communication with the world, that rapid and sure intercourse with human society which assimilates the interests of mankind. We must boldly affirm this, not in lugubrious strain of croaking, but as the firm ground of our hopes concerning the growth and prosperity of our state, namely, that the powers that have made her prosperity thus far have done their best, and that no great impulse of human affairs denoting permanent progress can be felt here, until the great highways are opened over sea and land, and the world—the many-sided industries, arts, commerce, and literature—is imparted to us."

His fund of sympathy seemed deep as the sea, his charity for human weakness inexhaustible:

His people were never scolded for what they failed to do, nor prodded to immediate action. He was long-minded and patient. Nothing excited him to passionate denunciation or frenzied appeal. He never stormed at sinners, but he could be appropriately severe and never failed uncompromisingly to denounce wrong. His gospel was the reality and supremacy of the spirit, the integrity of the universe, and the beauty of holiness. He was fearless and free. He respected man and he trusted God. He sought abundant life, and he walked humbly, in faithfulness and honor. He commanded complete respect and confidence, and as time went on he gained a firm hold on the affections of his parishioners and the regard of the community.

Stebbins was most democratic, and his democracy was of the heart and the feelings, based on the Christian conception of the brotherhood of man. This passage recalls Carlyle's statement in his "French Revolution," demonstrating the advent of democracy; that a cab driver might thenceforth challenge a duke:

I remember that once, when he returned from an Eastern trip, I inquired how he was impressed by a man whom I knew he had met. He shook his head as he said: "I was disappointed in him; I heard him speak discourteously to a cab-driver." He was a consistent democrat, always considerate and kindly, and so it happened that not a man who ever sawed wood for him, or drove his hack, or checked his baggage, failed to be his admiring friend.

It is not to be supposed that any man of such insight into life would fail to see the fun in it or be himself without the humorous emotion. These are good stories of him:

He was friendly with a contractor, who had been greatly perplexed over a lawsuit brought against him in connection with the construction of one of the buildings of the University of California. Mr. George A. Nourse, a trusted parishioner, was attorney for the contractor, who poured out a tale of woe. Dr. Stebbins listened patiently, and then, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder, said: "Never mind! Nourse and I will stick to you as long as you have a cent."

The story may lose in the telling, but the answer did not fail in its purpose.

He found the Yosemite Valley tremendously impressive, but I think that he enjoyed two touches of human nature still more. One discovery was a stage-driver, a real character who evidently reciprocated the interest he aroused. Dr. Stebbins shared the front seat with him, and they "talked horse" almost exclusively. A remark of Mr. Horace Davis disclosed the fact that his companion was a clergyman, whereat the driver turned and asked, "Are you a minister?" The doctor replied, "Yes, that's what I am when I'm at home." "Well," rejoined the driver, "I don't know what kind of a preacher you are, but there's a damned good horseman spoiled."

The other was the "remarks" of a tourist in an ancient hotel register. As I remember, it modestly read something like this: "John Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana, president of Studebaker Brothers, who manufacture twenty-four complete wagons every day; six hundred every month; seventy-two hundred every year!—And yet this is nothing, compared with the wonders of the Almighty as displayed in the Yosemite Valley."

Aside from his stimulating, tonic example of good citizenship, California owes Dr. Stebbins more than it could ever repay any man for his work in basing its public educational system on the broadest foundations of intellectual freedom. His own soul could tolerate no narrowness. Not so much what a man believed, but what he lived, was the important thing to him. Of his attitude toward other creeds than his the author says:

Dr. Stebbins was never disposed to unsettle those whose religious convictions or theological opinions differed from his own. He encouraged no one to come to us with large expectations, or to hasten out of orthodoxy until he felt that he must. He deplored the loss that often resulted when the old faith was given up before the new was firmly established, and the misconception on the part of the unripe as to what it means to be a liberal. On his return from a trip to Oregon, he remarked that he found men whose only idea of liberalism was that it allowed a man to shoot ducks on Sunday.

As to his services to education, the record runs:

Dr. Stebbins early became interested in the College of California, which graduated its first class, three in number, in 1864, the year he came. It was located in Oakland, and represented large hopes. On June 7, 1865, he addressed a meeting of the alumni, and the next year he delivered the Commencement oration. In the newspaper English of the period it was pronounced "brief, pertinent, philosophical, effectively delivered, and warmly applauded."

He became a member of the board of trustees, and later was elected president of the board. He was influential in transferring the organization and property to the state as the foundation for the University of California, subsequently located at Berkeley. He was appointed a regent for the state, and was reappointed from time to time until he had served continuously for twenty-six years. He was not, himself, a minute scholar, but he knew the means of scholarship and was without doubt completely equipped for leadership in formulating and sustaining a really great university. The other members of the board deferred to him with advantage to the cause.

In considering Dr. Stebbins' contribution to the cause of education in California, one may well speak here of his interest in Stanford University, founded some twelve years later than the period covered in this chapter, but carrying forward the same convictions of the worth of study and culture. He contributed in many important ways to its formation and administration. He was a trusted friend of both Senator and Mrs. Stanford, and they often consulted him. From the nature of things he could not take an active part in details, but he could and did give frequent counsel. He retained his position on the board of trustees until his removal to New England. He took part in many public occasions there, and the university and the splendid gift that made it possible were the subject of notable addresses.

President Charles W. Eliot referred to his great service to the state, saying that he had done more than could be estimated to give the California universities the place they occupy among the educational institutions of the land and to shape their present standards. As a result of his presence it is everywhere understood that these universities are built on freedom of thought.

Such a mind grows at times grandly prophetic. Could Dr. Stebbins have lived until 1914 he would not more clearly have discovered the factors that threw the world into confusion than he evidently did in 1898, just at the close of the war with Spain, when he wrote as follows to the American Ambassador in Berlin:

"HON. ANDREW D. WHITE: I thank, heartily for your speech at Leipzig on the Fourth of June, united with that for wisdom, discretion, and indies the courteous felicity of expression which such delicacy that we, here at Your position has been forest in your conduct, and it is a home, have felt a lively satisfaction that our confidence source of great anguish. Your speech displays the quality has been abundant politician, a wise statesman, a statesman of a disposition of freedom. The touchy spirit of independence has, in some minds, excited evil forebodings; man's decision. You have ignored these extremes, by the in of right reason, and the manners of a prince of liberty. That is a singular felicity of speech where you give our cause such historic setting: 'The struggle of a new era of right against an old era of wrong.' The war was inevitable; it is over: my only desire now is that diplomacy may be so wise and so honorable that statesmen may believe in one another in all national efforts to promote the welfare of humankind. Bismarck is dead! The heavens do not weep; nor is there a ripple of grief in the heart of man. A statesman so bereft of great human nature as to think of founding a modern state without principles of individual liberty does not attract the applause nor the gratitude of the world."

There is no space here to dwell upon the intimacies between our fellow-citizen, Mr. Murdock, and this fine exemplar of citizenship, his friend and pastor through thirty-five long years. The record is an admiring one, as it well might be, for Horatio Stebbins left a deep impression on the life of California. He was a most worthy successor to Starr King, and this is a better and stronger community today because he lived in it. But in addition to this subject, we need another book from Charles A. Murdock. San Francisco can not have too many.

HORATIO STEBBINS, HIS MINISTRY AND PERSONALITY. By Charles A. Murdock. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 25, 1922, were \$122,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$130,000,000; a decrease of \$7,500,000.

The present activity in building operations is an outstanding feature of the general business situation. The building industry in the United States is second in importance only to agriculture and many million workmen directly and indirectly are dependent upon it. In the more active building sections of the country that are systematically reported, com-

investment, has not expanded correspondingly.

Despite the handicap of high costs, home-building activity is being maintained for the present because the housing necessity compels it, even on the basis of uneconomical investments. Public building and construction are also being done on a high cost basis which will be reflected in high tax rates for years to come. Public building, like residence building, can not continue indefinitely under these conditions.

Labor itself is the chief sufferer in the situation. Resistance by important classes of labor to wage declines in a period of declining prices disorganizes the entire productive organization of the country and contributes to unemployment in other lines. The maintenance of building operations on high wage levels delays general wage readjustment. It means exorbitant rents and prohibitive costs for homes for workmen. It is a general deterrent to a return to normal industrial, commercial, and financial activity.

On the whole labor costs in the building field are not greatly reduced from their maximum. Transportation is a very large part of the laid-down cost of building materials and the adjustment of railroad rates is deferred by the refusal of railway labor to recognize that the period of war wages is over. In other words, high building costs are being maintained directly and indirectly by labor costs. It is there that the fundamental correction must be made.

The world's immediate needs for investment capital must be largely supplied by the United States and prosperity within the country will be dependent upon its making sound investments in foreign markets as much as upon finding foreign markets for its goods. The recent marked increase in foreign securities flotations in New York signalizes the growing importance of America's position as an international lender. For many years before the war, the annual total volume of new domestic and foreign securities placed within the United States was normally about twice that of any other single country.

The war diverted the course of international finance from established channels and increased the needs and borrowings of other nations from the American market, but the developments under peace conditions would have been along similar lines.

America will not have matters all her own way in world finance. There is severe competition ahead. Improving money conditions abroad, particularly in London, where there has been a marked lowering of rates, will increase effective rivalry with this country. The favorable position of the dollar among the currencies of the world has made foreign borrowings here particularly advantageous in the past few years, but as the premium on the dollar declines this advantage will be re-

duced. International competition demands the further development in America of sound foreign investment experience and judgment.

Improvement in business with increased stability in underlying conditions characterized the period from February 16th to March 15th. Prices of the major commodities have shown only normal fluctuations. Many lines of industry give evidence of increased activity and there appears to have been some decrease in industrial unemployment. Retail trade over the country is reported as unsatisfactory, but mail order houses generally show an increase in business, attributable to the improved purchasing power and mental attitude of the farmer, due to the rise in agricultural prices.

Wholesale trade is generally reported to be better, although a considerable degree of caution wisely prevails. The rate of iron and steel production has increased, but the volume of forward orders still remains restricted. Immediate demand for boots and shoes is less active and other sections of the hide and leather trade continue to lag. The cotton textile situation is handicapped by strikes in the New England cotton mills. Wool manufacture is operating at a fair rate, although the demand for woolen and worsted fabrics has been disappointing. There has been a marked increase of activity in the manufacture of automobiles, tires, and accessories. Car loadings have increased materially during recent weeks. Exports are at a low level, but this is normally the season of a light export movement. Business failures have declined in number since the beginning of the year. The past month has shown improvement in fundamental conditions, and consequently in business sentiment, as has been the case each month since midsummer of 1921. The period of extreme discouragement in the United States has now passed and there is widespread and justified confidence in the long future.

The marked decrease in the demand for iron and steel products which developed in the midsummer of 1920 continued until the early fall of 1921, when there was some improvement. As stated in the annual report of the United States Steel Corporation for last year the subsidiary companies carried forward into 1921 a substantial tonnage of orders for steel products. This enabled them to operate at an average of somewhat over 70 per cent. of capacity during the first quarter. The degree of operations dropped in succeeding months and reached the low point for the year in July, when the output was only about 29 per cent. The average production for the entire year in rolled and other finished products for sale was 47.5 per cent. of capacity, the lowest ratio of production to capacity in any year since the organization of the corporation. Concurrently with the decrease in demand for steel products there were marked declines in the prices obtained for nearly all classes of the same. These price reductions as a

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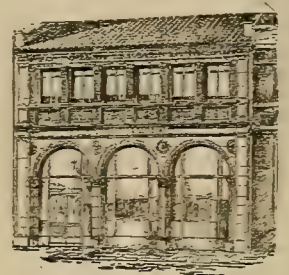
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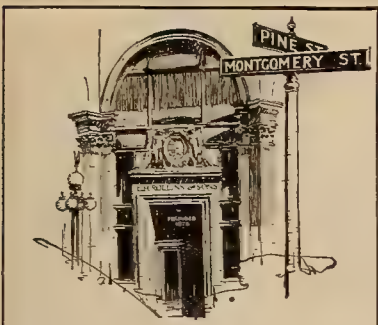
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rule exceeded the decreases it was possible to effect in the cost of production through the reduction in unit prices of factors entering into cost of operations and the exercise of rigid economies. A number of elements in the cost of producing steel show little if any recession from war-time figures, notably that of railroad transportation, which on a basis of existing rate conditions averages in the case of the subsidiary companies upwards of 40 per cent. of the total cost of producing steel. At the close of the year the prices prevailing for some products were below the cost of production. Since the beginning of 1922, and to the date of writing this report, the new orders received have been equal to about one-half the total capacity of the plants of the subsidiary companies.

A minister in New Jersey recently received and sent in to this magazine a circular offer-

ing stock based on a "newly patented self-feeding, refillable toothbrush," says the *World's Work*. The opening paragraph of this circular read:

"Would you invest \$100 or more now in an article that you thought better from a standpoint of financial returns than the Gillette Safety Razor, which stock is reputed to be worth \$22,000 for every \$100 originally invested?"

It closed with the other most universally used piece of ammunition of the get-rich-quick promoter—the hurry-hurry warning, designed to make the prospect send in his money before he has time to reflect or make an investigation. Here is that paragraph:

"If you have funds for immediate investment mail the below today—otherwise don't bother. Thirty days from now will be too late for the 50 per cent. bonus. This is one of those real opportunities every one dreams of, but only those who have courage enough to back their own opinion profit by."

The only date on this circular was "February, 1922," so it would be impossible to tell when the thirty days was up. The promoter did not want to miss any subscriptions, however, because the prospect might think the time had expired. Probably that same circular is now being sent to a different "sucker list," dated "March, 1922." The other arguments of this "self-feeding, refillable toothbrush" circular were ludicrous, but attention in this article is directed to a serious consideration of that one argument which is used so effectively in appealing to the cupidity of human nature.

This argument, in its final analysis, is: "Because Henry Ford and a few others made a success in the automobile field, this new company will also be a great success; because Gillette was successful in the manufacture and marketing of a special article, every stranger who has a patent on an article that might be used by the public is worth backing with your money."

This argument, as applied to the automobile field, is about the same as saying that because a few of the men who went to the Klondike in 1898 came back with fortunes, a man could go up there now and strike it rich. As applied to safety razors and self-feeding toothbrushes, it is the same as saying that because gold was discovered in Alaska it will be discovered in one's back yard.

The promoter, however, maintains the truth of his statements of these enormous profits of the past, and the credulous investor supplies the connecting reasoning that induces him to send in his money for the new promotion. The promoter does not have to say that his company is going to do as well. He simply supplies the "truth" and lets the cupidity of human nature do the rest. But his "truth" is not the whole truth, and an examination of these statements with that in mind should be enlightening to the investor.

In the first place, there were two Ford companies that passed out of existence before the present Ford Motor Company was organized. In the earliest of these, ex-Mayor Maybury of Detroit and some of his friends lost all the money they put up. When the present company was formed, Mr. A. Y. Malcolmson, who had backed Ford in his experimental work, got a block of stock; two lawyers who drew the incorporation papers each put in \$5000 and took stock, and Mr. John S. Grey, a Detroit capitalist, was induced to put in some money. The company had \$28,000 cash capital to start with. The Dodge brothers built a factory to manufacture the first Ford cars and also took stock in the company. Never was any Ford Motor Company stock offered to the public, and it is safe to conclude that Ford would not have had the mechanical and business genius that has accounted for the success of his company if he had offered the stock to the public, or permitted it to be offered, by pointing out the success which the International Harvester Company had enjoyed in manufacturing machinery to expand the productive capacity of the farmer.

Much the same story could be told about the early days of the other companies, from which time the returns shown by this promoter have been reckoned. It would be more to the point and much more honest if those of his kind would show what profits might have been made from the time these stocks were first available to the public, but it would not serve their purpose as well. And that would still be grossly misleading, for it would be only half of that story. The other half is the part the investor should inquire about.

General Motors stock, for instance, since it has been available to the public, has shown a remarkable advance in market price, but subsequently it has suffered a severe decline. If one had gotten in at the lowest price at which he could have bought it and if he had sold it at the highest in 1920, a return of \$45,000 on \$500 would have been realized. On the other hand, if an investor got in at the high point of 1920 he would have only \$95 left today out of \$500. In the case of the Saxon and the Chalmers Motors both of these companies have had to go through reorganizations in which their original stockholders have been

called upon for assessments and their stock is now worth very little.

The truth is that if a man had "invested"—to use the promoter's word—\$500 in every motor company that has lived, died, or been a still-born promotion, at the lowest prices at which he could have secured the stock, he would now have enough worthless stock certificates to paper a hall, and the return that he would be getting on the few that are paying dividends would be only a drop as compared to the bucket of interest he might be enjoying if he had bought only high-grade bonds. He would have secured no Ford Motor stock to offset part of his losses.

And if all the millionaires of the country had "invested" \$500 in every promotion proposition of every kind that has made use of the methods here described, they would be subjects for public charity today. The underlying truth is that new propositions of merit do not make use of these methods.

The government of Canada is in serious danger of having its credit destroyed by its railroad policy.

The railways owned by the Dominion of Canada failed in 1921 by about \$20,000,000 to earn enough to pay their operating expenses.

To this must be added about \$100,000,000 for interest on the investment which was not earned.

Therefore, directly and indirectly, government ownership of the railways last year added to the burdens of the Canadian taxpayer around \$120,000,000.

The deficit officially admitted by the Canadian government for 1920 was over \$70,000,000, but this did not include interest on a large part of the railways.

J. L. Payne, former controller of statistics of the Department of Railways and Canals, estimated the total losses, direct and indirect, in 1920 at about \$136,000,000.

The railway deficit of Canada is becoming an extremely serious thing. Canada has only nine million people and the Dominion government has an annual revenue of only about \$450,000,000.

Government railway deficits were incurred by the railways of the United States in 1918 and 1919 under government operation.

Since the government guarantees to the railroads of the United States were withdrawn they have incurred losses, but the taxpayers have not had to pay them.—*Industrial News Bureau*.

The offering by Bond & Goodwin and Bond & Goodwin & Tucker, Inc., of \$500,000 Western Meat Company first mortgage ten-year 7 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds marks one of the most important pieces of local industrial financing which has been arranged this year.

The Western Meat Company has been engaged in the meat-packing business in California since 1894, and is widely known in business and livestock circles throughout most of California, Nevada, and southern Oregon. The Swift and Morris interests of Chicago are among the principal stockholders.

These bonds will constitute the only funded debt of the company and will be a direct first mortgage on all of the real property of the company, including its plants and equipment in San Francisco, South San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Sacramento, and Fresno, and all the capital stock of the South San Francisco Union Stock Yards Company.

The property of the company applicable to this mortgage, plus actual cost of additions up to December 31, 1921, has been appraised at \$2,700,690, or more than five times the amount of the bonds now offered.

Gross earnings of \$1,235,641.13 of Cities Service Company for February, 1922, were approximately the same as the earnings for the preceding month, although February earnings were for but twenty-eight days comparing with thirty-one days for January. After providing for all expenses and interest, the balance for the month was \$1,022,183.40, which, after charging preferred dividends, left a balance available for reserves, common stock, and surplus of \$613,433.05. For the twelve months ending February 28, 1922, gross earnings of Cities Service Company were \$12,863,346.71, with net after expenses and interest of \$10,269,663.16. After charging requirements for preferred dividends, there was a balance for reserves, common stock, and surplus for the twelve months of \$5,399,212.31. Requirements for payment of preferred dividends for the twelve months were earned 2.11 times, with \$11.66 earned per share on the average amount of common stock outstanding for the period. As of March 10, 1922, total reserves and surplus of Cities Service Company were \$48,815,052.60.

President Harding's newspaper, the Marion (Ohio) *Daily Star*, has the following to say editorially about municipal or public ownership of public utilities:

"The municipal shop of Chicago, built and equipped by the city at a cost of \$2,700,000, have ceased to operate as municipal institutions. Under municipal ownership repairs

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and supplies cost three times what the same work with the same materials would have cost if let out to privately-managed concerns. It's the same old story of inefficiency which invariably follows municipal, state, or Federal ownership. And yet there are people right here in Marion who still advocate municipal ownership of public utilities."

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The week from April 2d to 8th is "Religious Book Week," according to an announcement from the Religious Book Week Committee. Either, coincidentally, because it is Lent, or out of deference for the committee's plans, most of the publishing houses are bringing out books of a religious nature. President Harding has stamped the movement with his approval. He endorses the programme "with pleasure." E. P. Dutton & Co.,

always among the most earnest and gracious of the great publishers, have produced a book especially for the occasion. And it is a happy coincidence that the American publication of the latest of "A Gentleman with a Duster's" books also coincides with this week. For, logically enough, "A Gentleman with a Duster" has turned from triumphs of political and social exposures to an illuminating survey of the modern church and its exponents.

Boni & Liveright announce a book by that delightful historian, Dr. Van Loon, called "The Story of the Bible," which chimes in tune with the Easter spirit. If "The Story of the Bible" measures up to Dr. Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind"—and we shall be cruelly disappointed if it does not—it will be a book to cherish. In fact there is a crying need in our superficial age for a Bible shorn of its formidableness. We have grown used to following the line of least resistance; our generation from infancy up has had things made easy for it. It is now high time some one made the Bible easy. Dr. Van Loon's intention was, he says, "to tell my boys what they want to know, to answer their questions and make them familiar with the story and the characters of the world's most remarkable book, a book which has influenced in countless ways a large section of humanity." Some of the most daring books written incidentally, including "Alice in Wonderland," have been written for the author's children. Dr. Van Loon's object only enhances our anxiety to read "The Story of the Bible." But we venture to prophesy that, like "Alice in Wonderland," Dr. Van Loon's new book will be read fully as much if not more by adults who have never been able to overcome the somewhat terrifying aspect of the Bible itself.

A book for the more venturesome is "The Evolution of the New Testament," by the Rev. J. E. Symes (E. P. Dutton & Co.), but one would want to be a more intrepid biblical scholar than most of us are to tackle that. It is nevertheless an invaluable reference book, as it reveals all that is known of New Testament authors, states the order and circumstances under which the books were written and how they have come to occupy their unique position among Christian writings. The volume has many notes and a truly exhaustive bibliography.

More important to the average reader is a book by a Florentine writer, the Baron Friedrich von Hügel. "Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is especially dedicated by its publishers to religious book week. Like the Bible, the baron's book is apt to show a redoubtable front. In reality it is one of the easiest to read of books—as I believe many maintain the Bible is. Emphasis should be made on the word "philosophy" in the title. These papers are preeminently philosophical and are in fact remarkable for a clear, logical lucidity too often lacking in even the most scholarly of philosophical writings. The baron's English, for it is evidently his, is not only distinguished, it is perfectly idiomatic. Some of the papers were first delivered in Italian, but there is no trace of the translation about them. The book is a piece of masterly English and a genuine contribution to philosophical thought. Though written by a churchman, it is neither controversial nor pious. It is reminiscent of the pellucid style and sweet reasonableness of John Henry Newman.

Another timely contribution to the Lent book season is "The Crisis of the Churches," by Leighton Parks (Charles Scribner's Sons). Dr. Parks, who is rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, has treated his subject broadly. The crisis of the churches is the world's crisis. The text, church unity will be of interest to every church member in the country.

It is safe to predict that of our little quota of religious books here, "Painted Windows," by "A Gentleman with a Duster" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), will be the most widely read and discussed. "A Gentleman with a Duster" has an even more swinging opportunity for satire than hitherto. In "Painted Windows"—our anonymous author retains his happy headline facility for titles—the dry-cleaning author "reveals the chaos of opinion which disturbs the modern church." Evidently his theme is identical with that of Dr. Parks mentioned above. Having read neither, we are perfectly unprejudiced. But it would be interesting to read them comparatively. "Painted Windows" will be treated in the review columns of the *Argonaut* later. Meanwhile I venture to guess that the "bold book" of the dusting gentleman presents in a more sensational manner the same desperate exposé that the rector of St. Bartholomew's gives in all seriousness as the status quo of modern religion. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

An unpublished Mark Twain poem has been sent in to the great humorist's publishers, the Harpers, by Mrs. E. B. C. Hanington of Kimberley, British Columbia. In an accompanying letter Mrs. Hanington explained that

the poem was written for her son, who was at that time just a youngster. She inclosed the manuscript, which is in Mark Twain's own handwriting and hilarious with his characteristic humor, authorizing the publishers to print the poem if they saw fit. The Harpers, realizing the great value of the little poem, have sent it on to the Mark Twain estate, where it will be held until the return from Europe of Mark Twain's official biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine.

G. K. Chesterton is at present engaged on three different new books—the much-heralded American impressions, a complete edition of his verse, and "Eugenics and Other Evils." One can imagine G. K.'s glee at the ample opportunities afforded him by the last title.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has just finished a new novel, "The Head of the House of Coombe." It is thirty-five years since she captured the English-speaking world with "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

There is a far-sighted tradition among English writers, which we suspect originated among Scotch writers, to attach themselves to publishing houses. The advantages are manifest. But whether they land the job as a result of a successful book or whether they publish the book as a result of the job is not quite clear. Mr. J. D. Beresford is reader for Messrs. Collins. Mr. Michael Sadleir of "Privilege" fame is on Messrs. Constable's staff. Mr. Frank Swinnerton and Mr. Geoffrey Whithworth are on the staff of Messrs. Chatto and Winders.

A translation of "La Feu," by Henri Barbusse, is being widely read by the German working class.

The Oxford University Press American Branch has nearly ready two volumes of essays or lectures—"Wiltshire Essays," by Maurice Hewlett, and "The Problem of Style," by J. Middleton Murry.

"Etruscan Tomb Paintings: Their Subjects and Significance" is a copiously illustrated volume by Frederick Poulsen of Copenhagen, which the American Branch of the Oxford Press is about to publish.

Edgar Lee Masters' novel, "Children of the Market Place," is announced by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Masters writes: "My book is a study of the country between 1833 and 1900, built around Stephen Douglas, who was intensely American, who watched with jealous eyes the diplomacy of England and strove to defeat it in the interests of his own country. It is a study, too, in the defeat of Douglas, a character of the Titan type, who ran counter to the will of Zeus, the world spirit. The name of Lincoln does not occur in the book until almost the end. This is an artistic symbol of the fact that for nearly twenty years before Lincoln was known Douglas was the most famous statesman of America."

In a "Musical Tour Through the Land of the Past," recently published by the Holts, Romain Rolland pays a visit to Samuel Pepys, devoting an entire chapter to that famous diarist's unconquerable penchant for music. Rolland ransacks the "Diary," which he considers a barometer of English musical taste about the year 1660, and brings out many amusingly ingenious passages. He pokes gentle fun at Pepys' difficulties in attempting to teach his unmusical wife to sing, at her decidedly negative ability, at Pepys' song-meanderings with his wife's maid, etc. Here are two of the many delightful quotations: "And after supper falling to singing with Mercer did however, sit up with her, she pleasing me with her singing of 'Helpe,

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helps," till past midnight." "Coming in I find my wife plainly satisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because the girl do take music mightily readily, and she do not, and musique is the thing of the world that I love most."

The Princeton University Press has recently published a fourth edition, revised, of "Hereditary and Environment in the Development of Men," by Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of biology in Princeton University. This is the eighth printing of this popular book, which made its appearance in 1915. The new edition, revised and rewritten, contains fresh material which adds to the scientific value and general interest of the work.

Dr. Augusto Cochrane de Alencar, the Ambassador from Brazil, has recently edited for immediate publication in English some of the novels of his father, the late Señor José de Alencar of Rio Janeiro. De Alencar was perhaps the best known of Brazilian writers. One of his novels is the basis for Gomes' libretto, "Il Guarani," whose marches and overtures are known everywhere.

SAINT TERESA  
By Henry Sydnor Harrison

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And still I couldn't leave that book"

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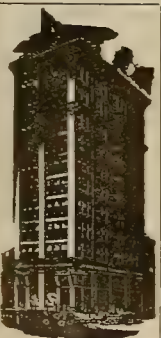
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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Modern Italian Surgery.

It is almost impossible to write of "Modern Italian Surgery" without the preface that though the idea of Rome as the mother of most of the liberal arts—Greece is the father—is familiar enough, it yet comes with a shock of surprise to the average amount of ignorance that Italy has for centuries ranked pre-eminent among nations for her medical and surgical excellence. But such is the case. Dr. De Vecchi's book, which is an exposition of Italy's contemporary place in medical science joined to a history of the evolution of medicine and surgery in Italian universities, is literally a mine of information. Information, it would seem, for both layman and professional. It is not strange that the general public will find much that is new and even contrary to its preconceived notions; but it is remarkable that Italian surgery was only discovered by the war among the profession itself.

A résumé of the important steps of modern surgical development made by Italian scientists makes one wonder what other nations have contributed along these lines. According to our author, they had not even fully utilized Italian discoveries, which were rather discredited than otherwise, until the war made every experiment significant. Dr. George David Stewart, president of the New York Academy of Medicine, who has written the foreword to this volume, enumerates some of the particular strides made by modern Italian surgery. They are numerous, but the two most remarkable are Morelli's method of lung surgery and Vanghetti's kineplastic treatment for amputations.

The latter half of Dr. De Vecchi's book is devoted to a history of the universities of Italy, with special reference to the development of medical studies. Tradition attributes the foundation of the University of Bologna to Theodosius II in the fifth century, but the historical date of its foundation has been fixed at 1088. It is popularly believed among Italian intellectuals that Bologna is destined to be "a sort of post-graduate study and education for the world." Whatever her future, Italy has had a great medical past. From the tenth to the fifteenth centuries she was supremely the medical centre of the world. The achievements of the great men who graduated from and taught in the old Italian universities would require volumes to record. We can at least enumerate Constanzo Varolio, the world's greatest anatomist; Giulio Casserio, who first coordinated physiology and anatomy in reference to the vital functions of the body—a discovery which led to the further one of the circulation of the blood, described by William Harvey, who was one of Casserio's pupils at the University of Padua; Enrico Bottini, who initiated the use of carbolic acid solutions in operations long before Lister even mentioned it; Da Carpi, who published probably the first accurate anatomical work, and Fabricius ab Aquapendente, who has the merit of having established the character of a useful and accurate science.

One's enthusiasm in dealing with one in an effort to do justice to the great work of which Dr. De Vecchi's book is a monument, but a halt must be called somewhere.

In addition to its intrinsic merits, Dr. De Vecchi's book is locally interesting. The author is an eminent Italian who studied at the University of Turin, but who has spent his entire professional life in America. Dr. Paolo de Vecchi was a prominent surgeon in San Francisco for years before the great fire. He is at present a resident of New York City. His book is a tribute to his own great enthusiasms as well as to the surgical importance of his native land.

MODERN ITALIAN SURGERY, AND OLD UNIVERSITIES OF ITALY. By Paolo De Vecchi, M. D. New York: Paul B. Hoeber.

## Saint Teresa.

An odd plot with an ordinary ending is how "Saint Teresa" may be characterized. We hoped against hope that it would not have the inevitable usual ending, that there need be no introduction of commonplace romance in a book sufficiently weighted with romance of another and a rarer sort. But in vain. The moving pictures are supposed to supply what the public wants, and judging from their prosperity, they do. And what movie director would waste time on a picture sans the conventional happy future-to-be? The novelists have merely watched the way the straws blew. No serious conscientious novelist, anxious to give courtesy and satisfaction, would dream of writing a novel whose theme rises above the mundane vulgarities of romance unless he capitulates toward the end of his performance with a wholly gratuitous drop into the bog of sentimentality. Presumably the public wades through anything from two to four hundred pages merely to be rewarded with a censored description of a love scene. Truly the strangest thing in nature is human lack of logic.

However, our complaint of "Saint Teresa" is confined to the last few pages. Otherwise, Mr. Harrison—and we give him the benefit of the doubt to assume that he doesn't like the ending any better than we do—has written an extremely readable, well-written book that has the ring—except for its unfortunate finish—of verisimilitude. Even the extraordinary figure of Teresa De Silver is not without its eccentric prototypes. And even they no doubt occasionally fall from the austere heights of supernormality. Mr. Harrison's and Saint Teresa's conclusion is not impossible. But it is too bad not to salvage one book from the deadly boredom of a love affair, tame or other. Well and good for the reader who leisurely peruses a novel a month and whose romantic vitality can assimilate a different *affaire d'amour* that frequently. But personally we have a grudge against Mr. Harrison for spoiling one day that might otherwise have been sans romance.

"Saint Teresa"—for the benefit of the many who like a happy finish whether or not—is the story of a struggle of principles, pacifism versus patriotism, idealism versus practicality in the early days of America's participation in the war. It is a vital theme and the interest is well sustained—till near the end.

SAINT TERESA. By Henry Sydney Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

## The Foreman and His Job.

During the past few years industrial managers throughout the country have come to realize the great importance of the foreman

and his job. Foremen's conferences are a result of the new interest taken in this phase of industrialism—conferences in which foremen and minor executives are brought together under the direction of a "conference leader" for the discussion for the purpose of producing the best results under their own particular conditions of organization. The author of the present volume has played a prominent part in such conferences and has gathered contributions and suggestions from many foremen. He has compiled his material and arranged it so that it covers the entire field of operation. While the book deals more directly with the problems of a foreman in an industrial plant, the questions raised and the suggestions made apply almost as well to any one having supervisory responsibilities in plant, office, or commercial establishments.

THE FOREMAN AND HIS JOB. By Charles R. Allen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.50.

## An Anthology of Irish Verse.

Since the growth of the new school of Anglo-Irish literature and the accompanying renaissance of interest in Celtic literature there has been felt the want of an anthology of Irish poetry. Padraic Colum has supplied the long-felt need with his "Anthology of Irish Verse," which he says he would rather call an anthology of the poetry of Ireland, as his effort has been "to take the poetry of the people in the mass, and then to make a selection that would be representative of the people rather than of individual poets." Mr. Colum has followed his plan well. His theme is distinctly national and choice has been made of verse that reflects the national spirit rather than of the best work of Irish poets. Unlike the Oxford books of verse, the order followed is not chronological. Poems are grouped rather loosely under subject matter, as, for instance, "The Celtic World and the Land of Faery" and "Street Songs and Countryside Songs."

The only adverse criticism we make of this admirable collection is that the poems are undated. It may be that in the case of many anonymous and folk songs a date can not be determined, but in such cases it would be even interesting to know that the song's age is unknown.

Mr. Colum's compact introduction is an adequate guide to Irish poetic literature.

ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE FROM EARLIEST SOURCES TO THE PRESENT. Edited with an introduction by Padraic Colum. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.

## New Books Received.

NENE. By Ernest Péronchon. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.  
A novel of French peasant life.

MY AMERICAN DIARY. By Clare Sheridan. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.

THE ROAD TO THE WORLD. By Webb Walderon. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.  
A novel.

BIRTHRIGHT. By T. S. Stribling. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.  
A novel that deals with the negro problem.

DAVID THE SON OF JESSE. By Marjorie Strachey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.  
A biblical novel.

ASIA AT THE CROSS ROADS. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company; \$3.  
Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines.

THE CRISIS OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Charles E. Lummis. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

THE RISE OF JESSE. By Marjorie Strachey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.  
A biblical novel.

THE CRISIS OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS. By H. C. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.  
An eighteenth-century adventure story.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.  
A novel of New York's literary and dramatic circles.

THE VERTICAL CITY. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.90.  
A novel of New York.

CONSOLATION. By Albion Fellows Bacon. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; 75 cents.  
A spiritual experience.

FINDING YOUTH. By Harvey Allen. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.  
A human experience.

FAMOUS MYSTERY STORIES. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

TOWARDS THE GREAT PEACE. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones & Co.; \$2.50.  
Dartmouth Alumni Lectureships.

SHEPHERDS OF THE WILD. By Edison Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.  
A Western novel.

KIMONO. By John Paris. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.  
A novel of Japan.

NEWSPAPER RATE BOOK. New York: Nelson Chesman & Co.; \$5.  
A catalogue of newspapers and periodicals in the



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THE MARRIAGE OF PATRICIA PEPPERDAY. By Grace Miller White. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.90.  
A novel.

THE ILLUSION. By Raymond Escholier. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.  
Authorized English version of "Dansons la Trompeuse."

IF. By Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.  
A play in four acts.

THE IMAGE AND OTHER PLAYS. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.  
A new series of Irish plays.

ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE FROM EARLIEST SOURCES TO THE PRESENT. Edited with an introduction by Padraic Colum. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.

THE TRAGEDY AT THE BEACH CLUB. By William Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

There has long been a legend among O. Henry's admirers connected with the publishing world that a packet of the great short-story-teller's letters, many of them charming expressions of his whimsical humor, has remained all these years locked up in a safety deposit vault, the key of which was held by the recipient of the letters. This was Miss Mabel Wagnalls, the daughter of the publisher, who, in 1910, after the death of her father, O. Henry, inherited the letters. She has now consented to their issue in a limited edition to be brought out in the spring by Doubleday, Page & Co. in their 377 series of de luxe, numbered editions. The title, "Letters to Lithopolis," refers to the quaint little Ohio village where Miss Wagnalls spent the summers. Lithopolis appealed to O. Henry's sense of humor and led him to make several whimsical sketches of the metropolis and its inhabitants.

"Pierre et Luce," Romain Rolland's new novel, is an exquisite idyll, the story of a boy and girl whose love is born "under the wing of death"—the war.

## "THE TRUTH SEEKER"

This is the name of the oldest continuously existing Freethought periodical in the world. It is the official organ of The American Secular Union, the objectives of which are for the very best interests of our nation, and of the vital affairs of life. It is published weekly, ably edited, has a wide list of able contributors, and its columns are open to all worthy contributions. Many good things may be lost from lack of investigation. Send a dime for a sample copy, or a dollar for a trial subscription for three months, to The Truth Seeker, 49 Vesey Street, New York—mentioning The Argonaut.

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emotional or dramatic at the piano. He evidently loves Chopin, for he gave seven Chopin numbers. Of them all I thought he gave a most inspired interpretation of the Nocturne G major, the introspection of which evidently appeals to his special idiosyncrasy. It is like the musings of Hamlet set to music, and, as Godowsky rendered it, seemed like the two voices in a man's soul debating, discussing on life, death, or eternity. Marvelously beautiful was the eloquent tonal coloring in Godowsky's interpretation of this composition, in which he makes soul speak to soul.

In the final group we were offered compositions more various in style, the pianist having gratified the earnest seekers after technical excellence by beginning his programme with Schumann's "Twelve Symphonic Studies," in which was afforded a prolonged revelation of technical mastery practically absolute.

The Liadow Berceuse was not sufficiently tender and brooding, nor did the Rubinstein Serenade seem impassioned enough. Indeed, what Godowsky gave of his innermost was in the Chopin group. Liszt is too fiery and compelling a vehicle for Godowsky's calmer, more meditative genius, although in the Liszt "Tarantelle" he wove the most exquisite tonal embroideries, and led us dazzled to a place of beauty to exhibit to us in this realm of tone, chaplets of pearls and diamonds of incredible preciousness.

There are times in listening to this great artist that we merely wonder and admire. And then come passages in which we recognize that genius is there. For genius Godowsky has. I do not speak now of his supremacy in technique, but of that soul quality with which he at times lends a coloring of nobility to his tones. Sometimes he strikes chords almost as moving to the imagination as a great, calm sea. And again the poet in him lapses, and the listener is absorbed only in a profound appreciation of the technique of a master.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### The Composer of "Funiculi-Funicula"

The death of Signor Denza recalls a mistake of Richard Strauss, who embodied "Funiculi-Funicula" in his orchestral fantasia, "Aus Italien," under the impression that it was an old folk-song. But Strauss was mistaken only in so far as the song is modern and most likely was written by Denza in London, where he lived for a number of years. "Funiculi-Funicula" is undoubtedly a genuine folk-song, and Denza is the only modern composer who has achieved as much, if there is anything in the saying, "I care not who makes the laws, let me write the songs."

Denza was a most remarkable man. Apart from this folk-song and a number of rather sentimental ballads, he did little of importance in real composition. He was, however, a great authority on singing, and the Royal Academy of Music loses in him one of the best exponents of the old Italian methods. He must have been one of the very few leading musicians who could claim to have sat on the seat of the great Mercadante, the heart and soul of the Neapolitan school and once a musician of world-wide reputation.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

The final presentation of "The Mikado," that delightful work by Gilbert and Sullivan, will be given this Saturday afternoon and night by the Dunbar Comic Opera Company at the Columbia Theatre. The splendidly-voiced organization has made a hit with music lovers, who anticipate a treat in the rendition of "The Bohemian Girl," announced for one week commencing with Sunday night. Always popular with theatre-goers, this Balfe opera in three acts will be staged in an elaborate fashion with a chorus of thirty and an orchestra under the baton of Hazelrigg. The title-role will be sung by Theo Pennington. Harry Pfeil will be seen and heard in the rôle of Thaddeus and Ed Andrews will be the Devilshoof of the cast. Paula Ayres, with her rich contralto voice, will essay the rôle of the Gipsy Queen, and Carl Bundschu that of Count Arnheim. George Olson, Ed Thomas, June Reed, Paula Rohrer, will all appear in the production of "The Bohemian Girl" with its many musical gems—"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Then You'll Remember Me," "Heart Bow'd Down," "Fair Land of Poland," etc. The third and final week of the comic opera engagement will be devoted to a big revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore."

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

"The Eighteenth Amendment" will receive dramatic exposition at the Orpheum next week, at the hands of James J. Corbett and Billy Van. Mr. Corbett may be remembered as the one-time champion heavyweight pugilist of the world; and what he does to the Eighteenth Amendment, with Mr. Van waving the towel in his corner between rounds, is said to be very funny.

Princess Jue Quon Tai is Chinese, and is referred to as the fairest flower of the old régime. She is certainly fair of face and figure and of charming manner, with just enough of that pleasing coquetry necessary to make the fair sex attractive and the ability to look well in either Chinese or American clothes. She has a good soprano voice, which she uses effectively in both Chinese and English.

Denis Chabot, the boy from Belgium, and Nonnette Tortini, the girl from France, offer an Americanized satire entitled, "When the Clock Rings." Mr. Chabot plays the violin and piano well, is a good comedian, and has the knack of putting songs over. His partner, Miss Tortini, is typically French, pert, attractive, vivacious, clever, and pretty to look upon, and wears clothes as one expects to find them worn on the boulevard.

There is always something new at the seashore. If there is any doubt of this fact Hugh McCormick and Grace Wallace will dispel it because their "At the Seashore" is something different. Mr. McCormick and Miss Wallace offer a ventriloquial comedy. The scene is a seashore hotel run by an old man who acts as life guard.

When Berk and Sawan are not actually dancing they are thinking up ideas for new dances, and the result is that they have an unusually large selection of dance steps. Among the best of these is a variety of Russian backsteps.

Adelaide and Hughes in their marvelous dance offering, Frank Van Hoven, "the Dippy Mad Magician," who has been throwing audiences into convulsions this week, and Artie Mehlinger and George Meyer, with a brand new collection of songs, will remain a second week.

##### "The Sorcerer"

The Players Club opens its spring season Friday evening with a brilliant revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera, "The Sorcerer." One of the best singing casts the organization has ever brought together, with a singing chorus of forty, will be heard in this production.

Marguerite Fry Silvey sings the leading soprano rôle—that of Aline—and the tenor rôles are competently looked after by Nelson McGee, Easton Kent, and Joseph D. Hamilton. Baldwin McGaw and Trasford Charlton will be heard alternately in the part of the Sorcerer. Others in the cast of principals are S. Ralph Kellner, Sallie Benfield, Ruth Scott Laidlaw, Jane Parent, Atha A. Hillback, Floyd Lewis Giffen, and George H. Hooke. Austin Mosher is the musical director, and the general production is under the direction of Reginald Travers.

"The Sorcerer" was originally done in New York at the Old Casino, with Lillian Russell and Henry Dixey in the cast. It has not been heard in San Francisco since the old Tivoli days.

##### Kreisler Here But Once.

Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, who has not been heard in San Francisco for five years, will give his only recital in Northern California at the Exposition Auditorium on Eastern Sunday afternoon, April 16th, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy.

At the request of many, Mr. Kreisler has

included in his programme the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven. Carl Lamson will be at the piano.

##### Royal Gift for Rella.

Monsignor Rella, the conductor of the Sistine Chapel Choir, which Manager Frank W. Healy hopes to present in San Francisco some time next August, recently received from the Dowager Queen of Italy and Queen Elena a joint souvenir in appreciation of his direction in Rome of the two great concerts he gave for the restoration of a church in northern Italy, ruined during the great war. The gift took the form of a set of musical biographies bound in ivory and bearing the joint monograms of the royal donors. Monsignor Rella, who is a fluent composer, was at one time professor of music at the North American College at Rome, and no less a person than Toscanini has described him as the greatest choral conductor in the world.

##### The Telephone a French Invention?

There are now multitudes, who at a distance of thousands of kilometers, listen to concerts which, under the direction of Commandant Lorrain, the Eiffel Tower emits daily for four and a half to five hours.

This is the hour of tea. And music, which, it said, makes manners more gentle, also facilitates digestion.

While awaiting the time, when radio-telephony will be in general use, it is timely, says *Le Petit Journal*, to throw a retrospective look at the invention of the telephone.

It was sixty-eight years ago. A certain Charles Bourseul, a modest functionary employed in the Bourse, conceived an apparatus based on the principle of the transmission of the voice by an electrical conductor. He submitted his invention to several chiefs of his service. They advised him to do nothing with it.

Disappointed, rebuffed, but headstrong, Bourseul, nevertheless, in 1854, published in *l'Illustration* a strongly documented article on his discovery.

Twenty-eight years later, in 1882, Graham Bell and Edison, the reinventors of the telephone, frankly rendered homage to the French precursor.

Bourseul then lived on a small pension in a small market town, where he had gone to cultivate a garden. The French government, enlightened by the American revelation, discovered the unappreciated inventor and granted him, together with the red ribbon, a pension of 2000 francs.

Secretary of the Navy Denby has directed the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company to complete building the battleship *West Virginia*, it having been decided that that vessel, and not the *Washington*, should be finished under the terms of the naval limitation treaty.

##### Allenby of Megiddo.

General Allenby, when made a peer in recognition of his achievement as Deliverer of the Holy Land, took the title "Lord Allenby of Megiddo," or Armageddon, says the *New York Times*. He may come into another distinction as liberator of Egypt. He was recently pictured by the *Times* artist as if pondering over the riddle of Egypt, figured by the Sphinx in the background. It is characteristic of Allenby to take time to think his riddles through, and then to execute his decisions swiftly. In Palestine his plans for advance in the spring of 1918 were suddenly interrupted by the withdrawal of some of his troops to the western front. But he soon developed a new army with such thoroughness of discipline and strategy that when he suddenly did strike, as was said by the *London Times* after the battle of Armageddon (which made it impossible for the Turk to continue in the war), he achieved with artistic completeness a military conception unsurpassed in the brilliancy of its plan. So consummate was his success that it has been called a battle of dreams, because all that the soldier "dreamed" in his plans came true to the last detail.

It is too soon to say that Lord Allenby has guessed the riddle of Egypt. He has acted with such decision in treating self-seeking demagogues, with such consideration and sense of justice in meeting those who have the good of the Egyptian people really at heart, and with such straightforwardness and honor in everything, that it seems probable he has either divined out of his own experience or discovered in the Milner report the happy answer both for Egypt and for England. It is devoutly to be hoped that General Allenby will soon find himself released from his task in Egypt by the very completeness of his success in it, so that other nations in his debt may have an opportunity to welcome to their shores this greatest Crusader.

An international exhibition of stage-settings is being held in Amsterdam. English, American, Swiss, French, German, and Dutch artists are vying to show the best they can devise in scenery and costumes. The greatest interest is said to be shown in Shakespearean settings.

Among the natural phenomena of March was a flood in Venice.

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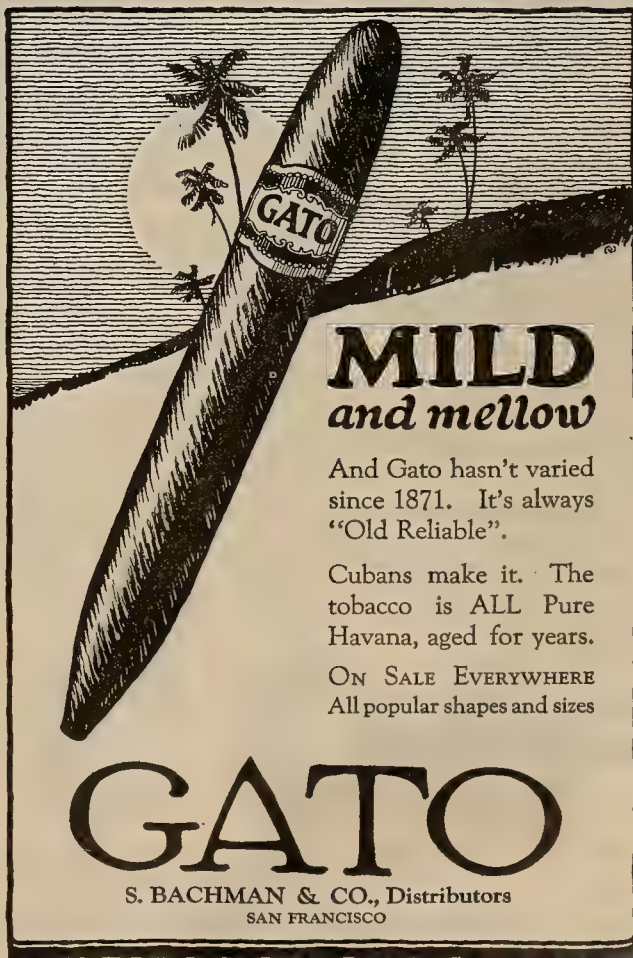
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## VANITY FAIR.

The feminist rebellion, the woman's strike, long predicted, long expected, long curiously and apprehensively awaited, appears to have begun, and after the nature of "movements" in this age of strenuous propaganda and expert press agenting may be trusted, if it gets off to a good start, to spread like any other form of influenza. The endemic focus is still confined to Clinton County, Iowa, but the nature of the contagion, its acutely infectious character, and the country-wide continuity of the possible contacts, so to speak, may be trusted to bring about a rapid dissemination, unless nature has provided some powerful prophylaxis. With no government agency established to deal with the situation, although there appears these days to be a government bureau for dealing with every other known complaint and ailment of human kind, the encysting of the lesion will probably prove beyond the powers of the body politic. As we read the dispatches we fear the worst. It appears that in the town of Charlotte, Clinton County, Iowa, the great prairie state that has

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contributed so much to the development of the southern or movie end of California, Mrs. James McDermott is running for mayor, and Mrs. Nick Steiner and Mrs. Martin Neilson are candidates for the city council. They are being opposed by men candidates. Just who those daring, or hungry, men are the news does not relate, but one instinctively knows three men who they are not. Those three men are James McDermott, Nick Steiner, and Martin Neilson. As far as the dispatches from the theatre of war are concerned, those gentlemen dwell in obscurity, perhaps in security. The trouble does not appear to be domestic, and if it were we should be little agitated about it. What makes it of public moment is that it has taken on a public aspect that may well excite alarm. For it is said that more than a score of the town's fairest daughters have served notice on the town's eligible and ineligible bachelors that unless the feminine candidates are elected the aforesaid bachelors, eligible or ineligible, need not call around. It is not a question of individual merit. It matters not how strenuously any given bachelor may have labored to elect some other man's wife to council or mayoralty. The condition in the ukase is clear and unmistakable. Those ladies must be elected, or the unmarried men of Charlotte will have to pass their evenings henceforth in the movie theatre, the lecture room, or the dry pool hall.

Needless to point out again, the ultimatum is not merely of local concern. It may not be so very important whether these ladies are elected to these particular offices or not. If they are not, we may suppose that politics in Charlotte will continue to be conducted in the good old way, some of the victors enjoying all the spoils that will go around, after the internecine strife in the victorious party over the division of those spoils has subsided with the usual manifestations of bolting, treason, recrimination, and general soreheadedness, gradually healing with the slow approach of renewed hope and the next election. And private life in Charlotte may be expected to heal itself in time, so that the tinkle of mandolins will again be heard on Wednesday nights from the dim piazzas under the elms, although in many cases it will not be the same mandolin tinkling to the same girl. And if the feminine candidates are elected, we may expect politics to be conducted just about in the same way, with the possible addition of some great constructive achievement, such as the establishment of a municipal pussy-willow farm so that the "feminist movement" may be carried a step farther. No. It is not the fate of Charlotte that alarms, for if things are improperly conducted there, after the ladies take over the town government, the rest of the population can move and the bondholders look elsewhere for their remedy. What we are concerned about is how far the new coercive method is applicable in national politics, and whether or not any way can be discovered to stop this threatened wholesale corruption of the suffrage. For the business looks bad. The example is easy to imitate. And if the women of the nation once woke up to the fact that they might acquire an unlimited provision of pussy-willows merely by refusing men callers before every city, state, or national election, it might seem to them better than the present method of supply, and then no one could tell what would happen either to our town housekeeping or our foreign relations.

Fortunately there is one little rift of light in the darkness, one gleam of hope through the clouds that lower. It is related by the veracious correspondent of the Associated Press that the ultimatum was conceived and first proclaimed by the mothers of Charlotte, and that the daughters of Charlotte merely approved the mandate. If those daughters still retain any respect for maternal authority, and we admit that such a thing is extremely unlikely in this day and age—but if they do retain any respect for such authority, the whole trouble may in the nick of time be averted through the intelligently excited operation of natural law. For there is probably no force in organized opinion, no power in any public movement whatsoever, comparable to the ceaseless, endless energy of maternal competition for eligible bachelors. Let the bachelors of Charlotte take the bull by the horns. It is their duty, it is their high and holy privilege, to maintain the purity of our elections and the unsullied character of our politics. Let them provide themselves with banners bearing the stirring legend, "Votes for Men, Not Mannikins," and picket the residences of their home town. Let them shift about, no one picketing the residence where once he was wont to tease the mandolin or pluck the catgut of the light guitar, but each pacing the sidewalk before the home of what used to be some other fellow's girl. They can confidently expect general consternation in maternal breasts, followed by delicately-worded invitations to call once more but be sure and say nothing about it. They may even expect cake. But cake or popcorn, they will achieve their independence. And having achieved theirs, they will have done

much for their country, and for every married Mr. Jiggs in it.

From the current *Bookman* we cull this concatenation of words, phrases, dashes, and interjection marks. It is by Carl Sandburg:

This is a good book? Yes?  
Throw it at the moon.  
Stand on the ball of your right foot  
And come to the lunge of a centre fielder  
Straddling in a throw for the home plate.  
Let her go—span—this book for the moon—yes?  
And then—other books, good books, even the best books—shoot 'em with a long twist at the moon—yes?

It was designated poetry. Poor Keats, and poor Kipling! If that is poetry they were sadly mistaken in what they undertook and in what they did. If that is poetry there is no sense in keeping unfortunate persons in mad-houses any longer. Our hospitals for the insane must be full of poets. If that is poetry the gentleman that went to Africa to learn to talk to the baboons and chimpanzees would better have remained at home. He could have had a poet brought to him every morning from the nearest psychopathic ward, and derived from him as much of force, beauty, wit, and philosophy as he could have learned from any monkey of the lot. If that is poetry, any person henceforth finding himself in the company of a poet is entitled to adopt extreme measures for his own security.

More and more clearly the experience of the world seems to confirm the wisdom in that cryptic warning Pythagoras gave his disciples, "abstain from beans." If Claude A. Barnes of Marysville had heeded the Pythagorean admonition he would now be at large. Unfortunately, business brought him into too close association with the leguminous food product, which he saw daily spread before him in such redundant volume that it seemed as though the supply were sufficient for all the needs of man and a little over. He worked in a bean warehouse; and some of those beans that were his employers' he used to ship to Sacramento, and then go there and collect for the shipments, applying the moneys so gathered to his own uses—touring car, gasoline, tires, fine furniture in his house, jewelry, and the like. His employers did not seem sensible of their losses, any more than they would have missed a few barrels of water out of the Yuba. The possibilities of beans, used in this way, were astonishing.

But the ways of Providence are more so. It may be recalled that Peer Gynt once had occasion to remark: "God is good. But economical, that He is not." In order to recall Mr. Barnes of Marysville to a due and proper sense of his ethical lapse, and of his temporarily forgotten obligations toward the beans in his custody, Providence derailed a train on the Sacramento Northern, upon which train Mr. Barnes was transporting for his own financial advancement beans belonging to another. We can not presume to say that Providence spilled the beans; rather that Mr. Barnes did. It was an expensive method of dealing with the matter, but effective, for the railway company notified the owners of the beans, who thus learned for the first time of the shipment, and of Mr. Barnes' peculiar business genius. That promoted complications. The grand jury took a hand in the bean business of Mr. Barnes, and another agency of Providence known as a court of law recalled him to an understanding of his duty by means of an indeterminate sentence for grand larceny. And the moral of that is, that if you must deal unlawfully with other people's beans, transport them on a railway that Providence can not wreck.

If the movies are not trying to attain prudery they are at least striving for prudence, which is sometimes just as good. Managers and "producers" are viewing with alarm the recent public demand for moral pictures, and are cudgeling tired brains for ways and means whereby films may be turned out in volume, which shall be at once pure and profitable. It is a distressing situation, for they know that the aforesaid public demand is largely public humbug, and that if you try to conform to humbug you are quite likely to find yourself with quantities of unsaleable goods on hand. We should like to assist these hard-worked men, and hence refer them for a model of chemical purity and of free and lightsome humor to a play just produced at the University of California under the title "Wild Birds," which is as good a movie title as you will find on any billboard. Its purity shines with the effulgence of all the pearls that ever "lay under Oman's green water," which is sufficiently indicated by this passage from a competent reviewer: "When the farmer learns that the love of the boy and girl has brought consequences and that she is to become a mother, he beats the boy to death and the girl jumps down the well." We should think the movie people could "do with that," and it is right from the university campus.

A slip of a girl can make the steadiest man fall.—*London Opinion.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Junior was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face and, of course, had to be sent away. One time his mother, nearly losing patience, said: "Junior, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away." "Well," said Junior meekly, "once you forgot."

A cowman from Medicine Bow stepped into a cigar store in Chicago and asked for a match. "Matches," replied the clerk, "are for sale, not to give away." "How much are they?" "One cent a box." The cowman bought a box, and handed it back after taking out a match. "Here," he said, "put that back on your shelf, and when a gentleman asks you for a light give him one."

A vicar of a scattered rural parish had a remarkable knowledge of the fungi. So keen was he on his hobby, that he sometimes neglected his pastoral work to search for specimens. One day he stopped to see a bed-ridden old lady, who immediately reminded him how long it was since he had made his last call. "If I had been a toadstool," she declared, "you'd have been to see me long ago."

Simpson had been invited to the wedding of his friend, Tom. Arriving at the home, Simpson was formally introduced to the bride—whom he had never met. After the ceremony, Simpson drew his friend aside. "Tom," he whispered, "what in the world is the matter with you? Why, that woman is twice as old as you! Her hair and her teeth are false, and she's as ugly as a toad." "You needn't whisper, Simpson; she's also deaf."

Donald MacTavish lay a-dying. He had been all day about it, and his wife, who had watched with patient expectancy since early morn, began to feel the call of her neglected household duties. "Awel, Don," she said, as she moved the light to the table by his bed, "I mus' gang along to the kitchen the noo. Ye'll no be takin' yer departure afore I come back. But if ye should, ye'll not forget to blow out the candle afore ye dee, wiil ye?"

The fact that his supposedly adored big brother was returning home from college that day had been carefully concealed from ten-year-old Tommy until he came back from school. "Tommy," said his mother, after her younger son had gone upstairs to wash his face, and the elder had been concealed in the pantry, "I have a big surprise for you." "I know what it is," replied Tommy unconcernedly. "Brother's back." "Why, how did you guess that?" "Because my bank won't rattle any more."

Frederick Niven's "A Tale That Is Told" has a note for library ladies who want "the very latest." Two in Glasgow asked in turn and in duet for half a dozen novels, all of which were announced unprocurable with the stereotyped, "I'm sorry, there is not a copy in at present." At last the youth who attended to them came triumphantly back with a volume they had asked for. "Oh," said one. "We won't have it, since it is in. It can't be any good. We want books that every one is reading." The other agreed: "If it's in, we don't want it."

"Well," cried Mrs. Henpeck, "our son is engaged to be married. We will write to the dear lad and congratulate him." Mr. H. agreed; he dared not do otherwise. "My darling boy," read the son the next day, "what glorious news! Your father and I rejoice in your happiness. It has long been our greatest wish that you should marry. A good woman is heaven's precious gift to man. She brings out all the best in him, and helps him to suppress all that is evil." Then there was a postscript in a different handwriting: "Your mother has gone for a stamp. Keep single, you young noodle."

Abraham Lincoln Jones, colored, was in indignant controversy with Washington Scott, also colored. The dice had been turning up in favor of the chocolate-tinged Washington, and a faint suspicion of fraud began to dawn upon Jones. "Look heah, you niggah," he blurted out, "dem things got to tuhn diff'nt or day's goin' be a big fuss roun' heah!" "Fuss? Man, fuss? W'at kine of fuss yo' kallilate stahtin'?" Know who I am? Down in Looville dey call me Wood Alcohol, I'se so tough." "Wood Alcohol! Dat aint no name fo' yo'," rejoined Abraham. "Why, down Nashville, whah I come from, dey'd call yo' Sweet Cidah."

The ceremony was over, both had "I willed" and the happy couple were receiving the clergyman's blessing. First he said a few cheering words to the bride, then he turned to the bridegroom to give him a few words of advice. "Now, my son," he said, "you

have come to the end of all your troubles." A few months passed and the man met the clergyman again. Overcoming his feelings, the man managed to gulp out: "I thought you told me at my wedding I had come to the end of all my troubles?" The clergyman smiled. "My friend," he beamed, "I did not tell you which end."

A young but exceptionally brilliant professor in a Western college was dismissed from the faculty because of his inordinate betting. The president, interested in his career, secured him a position in an Eastern college. To the president there he wrote: "The young man has a promising future, and anything you can do to cure him of betting will be of benefit to society." The professor went East, and was cordially received. Conversation had proceeded but a few moments when he said to the president, "I'll bet you seventy-five dollars you have a wart between your shoulder blades." The president hesitated. "Young man," he said, "I never bet; but just to teach you a lesson I will take you up." He thereupon proved to the young man's satisfaction that he was in error, and the professor paid the seventy-five. The president wrote West relating the incident, concluding—"I hope that I have cured him." The other wrote back: "I fear the case is hopeless. The very day he left here he bet me one hundred dollars that he could make you take off your shirt."

Old Mrs. Practical—My dear, it's about time for you to choose a mate. Young Miss Nautical—Mate nothing! I have my eye on a captain.—Judge.

THE MERRY MUSE.

"All Put."

("Bring something for supper" is a request often found penciled, according to the *Daily Chronicle*, after a formally printed invitation to a dance.)

To Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
The bard presents his deep respects;  
He will, he begs to say, appear  
On Wednesday week, as she directs;  
And with him he will also take  
(As all her cards expressly ask)  
A lump of pie, a slice of cake,  
Likewise a well-appointed flask.

Of course, he'll bring as hitherto  
His own tame partner for the ball,  
Aware that if he doesn't do  
There won't be one for him at all;  
He notes (with some relief once more)  
That, after all, as matters stand,  
He's not supposed to lay the floor  
Or hire and bring along the band.

However, that will doubtless come;  
But, meanwhile, we would fain inquire,  
Does no one, giving rout or drum,  
Arrange to give the thing entire?  
As fashion fixes such affairs,  
Does no one ever send around  
An invitation-card that bears  
The reassuring note "All Found"?  
—Lucio in the *Manchester Guardian*.

Inconstant Nature.

At Pebble Beach the Del Monte Properties Company is planting some deciduous trees, thereby inviting the criticism of sundry persons who regard such a departure as artificial and hence objectionable. To such critics, Mark Daniels, the landscape artist, has this to say, in the *Del Monte Chukkur*:

"It is doubtful whether that group of people who are always crying, 'Oh, let's keep our planting natural,' say what they mean or know what they are saying. In all probability they mean that nothing should be planted except those species that are growing in the immediate vicinity. But this is not natural in the slightest degree.

"Nature, particularly in the case of her flora and silva, is continually changing. Our geologists give an accurate record of the constant changes in the character of our land vegetation that has been going on since the early periods of the world's history. The Cycads, Auricarias, Ginkos, Yews, and Cedars are gradually being crowded off the earth by later varieties of broadleaf and coniferous trees. Birds and breezes scatter seeds over the world and new varieties spring up in old places. Climatic conditions change, cypress gives way to pine, and later the pine yields to casacara. The sycamore drives the older inhabitants from the valley and buckeyes take possession of the sloping ravines. You can see the process going on at present at Pebble Beach. At the mouth of Wildcat Cañon the willows are driving back into the hills. Evidently the 'Keep it natural' group do not mean exactly what they say. Nature means constant change, and the judicious introduction of varieties of flora and silva is no contravention of its habits."

According to Dr. C. E. Moldeuke, the Egyptologist, the alphabet was not invented by the Phœnicians, who merely "lifted" twenty-two letters from the Egyptians and then spread them as their own through Greece and Italy.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald gave a luncheon Sunday at Alcatraz for Colonel and Mrs. James Kennedy. Others at the affair were Colonel and Mrs. William Bannister, Colonel and Mrs. Herbert Shaw, Major and Mrs. Royal Reynolds, Major and Mrs. Edward Huber, and Dr. and Mrs. James Edwards.

Miss Katharine Ramsay entertained at luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club. In her party were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Douglas Alexander, Mr. Baldwin Wood, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mrs. Marcus Koshland entertained at luncheon last week for Miss Sophie Breslau.

A dinner-dance will be given at Tait's-at-the-Beach on April 17th for the benefit of the Canon Kip Community House. Among those who have taken tables for the affair are Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. Arthur Sharpe, Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mrs. Charles Blyth, and Mr. Frank Madison.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club last week by Mrs. E. W. Crellin. Among the guests were Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. Harry Jenkins, Mrs. George Field, Mrs. P. C. Hale, Mrs. William Devereux, Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. Alexander Black, Mrs. John Hostater, Mrs. Andrew Lawrence, Mrs. Walton Thorne, Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen, and Mrs. Julian Thorne.

Mrs. William Younger entertained at luncheon last Thursday, her guests including Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. John Rosseter, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Frances Joliffe, Mrs. James Cooper, and Mrs. Frank Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark gave a luncheon Sunday in San Mateo before the polo game.

Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley gave a dinner last Thursday in San Mateo. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Major C. C. Chandler, Mr. Lafayette Hughes of Denver, and Mr. Carleton Burke of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Alfred Ford was a luncheon hostess Friday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Mrs. Robert Cranston of New Zealand.

Mrs. Roger Lapham gave a luncheon Friday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club for Mrs. Norman McBeth of Los Angeles. Others at the affair were Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Arthur Watson, Mrs. Frank Rohmeier, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. John Polhemus, Mrs. Clarence Oddie, Mrs. Ernest McCormick, Mrs. Raymond Benjamin, Mrs. Latham McMullin, and Miss Louise Boyd.

Major and Mrs. James Rogers gave a dinner

last Wednesday evening, their guests including Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, Colonel and Mrs. Robert Mearns, and Colonel and Mrs. James Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Schwabacher gave a dinner at the St. Francis Friday evening in honor of Mrs. A. Schwabacher.

Mrs. Benjamin Gunn gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club. A dinner was held at the Fairmont Hotel last Thursday evening in compliment to Sir Auckland Geddes of London. The affair was attended by several score.

Miss Mary Gorgas entertained at tea Monday afternoon, complimenting Mrs. David Goodale of Philadelphia and her sister, Miss Carol Shepherd.

A dinner-dance was given Monday evening by a group of army officers stationed at Alcatraz, the affair having been arranged in honor of Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald and Miss Sue Alston McDonald.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon Wednesday for Mrs. Anson Phelps of New York. Miss Helene de Latour was a dinner hostess last Wednesday evening, among her guests having been Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Edward Harriman, Jr., Mr. Hugh Porter, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Paul Kennedy, and Mr. Louis Garat.

Mrs. John Polhemus gave a luncheon at the Francisco Club last Wednesday, her guests including Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Franklin Rohner, Mrs. Raymond Benjamin, and Mrs. Arthur Watson.

Miss Mary Boardman gave a tea Monday in honor of Mrs. Carl Kincaid of Tampico.

Miss Alice Goodfellow gave a dance Saturday evening at the Hotel Oakland, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Alice Marvin, Miss Laura Miller, Mr. John Knox, Mr. Donald Rheem, Mr. William Rheem, and Mr. Will Moller.

The Misses Catherine and Pauline Wheeler gave a luncheon Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club for Mrs. David Goodale of Philadelphia, their guests including Mrs. Lorin Tryon, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Milo Robbins, Miss Edith Kinnersley, Miss Carol Shepard, and Miss Mary Gorgas.

Mr. Sanford Sachs gave a dinner Saturday at Tait's-at-the-Beach. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Blumenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Roos, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Newbauer, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Landsberg, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Beck, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Beck, and Mr. and Mrs. L. Landsberg.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop of Boston gave a tea at the Francisco Club Friday afternoon. Some of the guests were Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Clara Darling, Mrs. Milan Soule, Mrs. William Mills, Mrs. David Starr Jordan, Mrs. James Heron, Mrs. John McDonald, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. Richmond Smith, Mrs. Henry Seale, Mrs. Sewall Doliver, Mrs. Frederick Moody, Mrs. Frederick Joyce, Mrs. John Williams, Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson Mrs. George Buck-

nell, Mrs. Nathaniel Gardner, Mrs. Armstrong Fairclough, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. David Mears, Mrs. Osgood Putnam, Mrs. Edgar Marbourg, Mrs. William Butler, Mrs. Charles White, Miss Katrine Fairclough, Miss Sara Deane, and Miss Margaret Lothrop.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter gave a dinner Sunday evening in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering gave a supper party in Burlingame Sunday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Miss Anita Minton, Miss Katharine Ramsay, Mrs. Albert Rees, Mr. Elmer Boeske, and Mr. Will Tevis, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent were the guests of honor at a dinner given Friday by Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne. In the party were also Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mr. Robert Henderson.

Mrs. Sue Merriman gave a dinner Friday night at the Presidio for Miss Patricia Merriman. Among the guests were Miss Elizabeth Merriman, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Mary Edie, Miss Evelyn Judge, Mr. Carroll Pearce, Captain Henry Brickley, Captain Paul Gripper, Lieutenant Jack Hodson, Lieutenant Percy Lowe, and Lieutenant Roland McNamee.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury gave a children's party Friday for Miss Peggy Pillsbury. Among her guests were Miss Marianne Avenali, Miss Marguerite Garceau, Miss Elizabeth Lent, Miss Dorothy Lyman, Miss Constanza Avenali, Miss Angelica Hill, Miss Leone Weeks, Miss Julia Grant, Miss Jane Swinnerton, Miss Dorothy MacGavin, Miss Helen MacGavin, Miss Betty Lyman, Miss Virginia McMullin, Miss Lucy King, Miss Hollis Patigian, Miss Frances King, Miss Barbara Wolff, Master King Harris, Master Lawrence Harris, Jr., Master Russell Pratt, Master Peter Gallagher, Master Ralph King, Jr., Master August Schilling, Master Judson Somers, Master Alan Fleishacker, Master George North, Jr., Master Peter Pond, Master Carl Wolff, Jr., Master Norwood Breeze, Master Thayer Messer, Master Rudolph Schilling, Jr., Master Orville Pratt, Master Peter McBean, Master Jack Kuhn, Master Robert Harris, and Master George Cadwalader, Jr.

The Misses Rosemonde and Margaret Lee gave a dinner Friday evening, among their guests having been Miss Elita Adams, Miss Helene de Latour, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Gordon Johnson, and Mr. Gerald Herrmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor were luncheon hosts on Sunday, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. George Lent. The affair was held at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin.

Mr. Franklin Hutton gave a dinner in Burlingame Saturday evening. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Grace Russell Hutton, Mr. Currie Hutton, Mr. Richard Schwerin, and Mr. Charles Fulton of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Emmert of San Francisco, formerly of Detroit, entertained at a dinner-dance at Del Monte on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Prentiss of San Francisco gave a dinner-dance at Del Monte Lodge on Sunday evening. Those around the table were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Smith, Miss Eleanor Walker of New York City, Miss Vivian Gordon, and Mr. Sawyer Mongton.

Mrs. J. S. Oyster of San Francisco is receiving the sympathy of her friends over the accident she sustained while stepping from an automobile. She suffered a sprained knee, and has shortened her stay at Del Monte Lodge to return to her home in San Francisco for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

## William Webster Ellsworth at the Elder Gallery.

William Webster Ellsworth, a well-known American publisher, recently retiring as the president of the Century Company, will speak in the Paul Elder Gallery, Wednesday afternoon, April 5th, at 2:30 o'clock, on "Forty Years a Publisher," a lecture of literary reminiscences. Ellsworth will tell anecdotes of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Jack London, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry James, Joseph Jefferson, John Burroughs, and many others. He will tell of the celebrated suppressed interview with the German emperor in 1908. His San Francisco engagement is under the direction of Paul Elder.

## "The Flaming Arrow."

A presentation of Mary Carr Moore's opera, "The Flaming Arrow," followed the annual breakfast of the Philomath Club on last Monday afternoon at the Century Club. To hear a rendition of this musical gem, which was directed by the composer, is forever to refute the theory that woman possesses no creative genius. Mary Carr Moore (Mrs. Arthur Duclos) is one of the really talented women of the West. Her rank as a composer was established several years ago upon the first rendition, in Seattle, of her opera, "Narcissa."

## Whitcomb Bridge Luncheon.

Invitations have been issued by the Hotel Whitcomb for a bridge-luncheon, which will take place on Tuesday afternoon, April 14th. Guests who attend the luncheon are to become charter members of the Whitcomb Bridge-Luncheon Club, which will meet one afternoon in each month at the hotel.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Phelps of New York arrived in San Francisco Tuesday. They are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague.

Colonel and Mrs. John McDonald and Miss Sue Alston McDonald left Tuesday for a European trip. They will be away until the close of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott returned the close of the week from a sojourn at the Parrott ranch in Chico.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy sailed last week for Europe, to be away several months.

Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy arrived Sunday in Burlingame from Santa Barbara. She has been visiting Miss Cornelia Armsby.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker will arrive Monday from Santa Barbara. They will spend the summer at the Walker place in San Mateo.

Mrs. Herman Duryea of New York, who recently visited Mr. and Mrs. McCreery in Burlingame is spending a week in the Ojai Valley near Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre have purchased a residence on Pacific Avenue and Buchanan Street. They will take possession of it next month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent will leave tomorrow for New York. They will sail for Europe on April 11th.

Mr. William Leib sailed last Saturday for Honolulu to join Mrs. Leib. They will tour the Orient before returning to California.

Mrs. Sigmund Stern has returned to San Francisco from a visit of several weeks in New York and Boston.

Miss Marion Zeile will arrive early in April from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Tryon returned last week from their wedding trip which they passed in the East.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr and Mr. Robert Burroughs have left for New York, after a brief visit in San Mateo.

The Misses Catherine and Pauline Wheeler returned last week from Honolulu. They are staying at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Lawton Filer returned Monday to Burlingame, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Arthur Geissler arrived last week from New York. She is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McBeth of Los Angeles

have been visiting in San Francisco for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon John of Chilc, recently guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cook of Berkeley, sailed on Sunday for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and their daughters have reopened their Menlo Park home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis will leave the first of the week for their ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Clara Darling will sail in June for Europe, where she will join her nephew, Mr. Joseph Catherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham will return in April from abroad. They are at present in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Eckstein are visiting Mrs. A. Schwabacher at the St. Francis.

Mr. Spencer Fisher of Bay City, Michigan, is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Heliene de Latour, who have spent the winter in San Francisco, will leave Tuesday for their ranch at Rutherford, where they will remain until the close of May. They will sail in the early part of June for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali will reopen their San Francisco home next month. They have been away for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., and their children will leave for a European trip in the autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick will leave within a fortnight for their summer residence in Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine have rented Mrs. Ward Barron's house in Burlingame for the summer months.

Mrs. Stewart White and Mr. Harwood White have returned to Santa Barbara from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White in San Mateo.

Miss Elsa Schilling and Miss Johanna Volkman returned last week from a sojourn of several months on the Atlantic coast.

Commander William Lee will sail Thursday for Cavite, where he will be joined by Mrs. Lee. The navy officer has been stationed recently in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman and little Miss Genevieve Lyman took their departure for the East, en route to Europe, today. They will be abroad throughout the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent and their family will move to Burlingame about April 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt will leave for the Eastern metropolis about the middle of April and they will sail for Europe in time to take the last Mediterranean cruise. Later they will travel through Spain and France. They will not return to California until the fall.

Mrs. Elia Williams has been enjoying a visit of several days in Pasadena.

Mrs. Walter Baldwin has returned from Belvedere, where she has been passing a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Thomson of Santa Barbara are making an extended visit at Del Monte Lodge in company with Mrs. Thomson's sister and brother, Miss Gladys Tattersall and Mr. James Tattersall.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Sinclair sailed on the S. S. Yale for a two weeks' stay in San Diego and Santa Barbara.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Brewster, Hartford, Connecticut; former Mayor and Mrs. Meredith P. Snyder, Los Angeles; Mr. W. L. Van Es, Rotterdam; Mr. J. W. K. Pennink, The Hague; Mr. and Mrs. J. Dorsenne, Paris, France; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Loggie, Loggieville, Canada; Mrs. Mabel F. Glenn, Pontiac, Michigan; Mr. W. S. Sink, Cloverdale; Mr. H. H. Rosenberg, Chicago; Mr. L. A. Eaton, Los Angeles; Mr. George W. Kingsbury, Watsonville; Mr. E. N. Nathan, Sacramento; Mr. George E. Savory, Stockton; Mr. C. L. Montgomery, Merced; Mr. S. C. Jeffries, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Koch, Ross; Mrs. H. A. Velin, Los Angeles; Mr. H. A. Kuehnst, San Diego; Mr. T. C. Rees; McCook, Nebraska; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Reynolds, Santa Barbara; Mr. W. E. Jewell, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. House, Dallas, Texas.

Registrations at the St. Francis include Mrs. Joseph Strauss, Washington, D. C.; Mr. John H. Diehl, Kent, Ohio; Mr. James Lascelles, Fresno; Mr. W. R. Chace, Cincinnati; Mr. D. H. Steinmetz, Sonora; Dr. C. Figueroa, Dr. F. M. Rodriguez, Central America; Mr. E. Briones, Guatemala; Mr. John V. Farwell, Chicago; Mr. F. A. Spencer, Portland; Mr. C. T. Small, St. Louis; Mr. J. D. Barton, Mr. Howard A. Boyle, New York; Mr. H. F. Baker, Boston; Mr. M. D. Staninger, New Orleans; Mr. B. J. Wasserman, Philadelphia; Mr. Irwin H. Jelinek, Buffalo; Mr. Ashley B. Cove, New York; Mr. S. L. Lowengait, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schwartz, Los Angeles; Mr. Clyde C. Nelson, Prescott, Arizona; Mr. E. J. Fisk, Modesto; Mr. Theo Nagele, Chicago.

Stephen Vincent Benet writes from France: "We have a small studio with the coldest stone floors on record at the above address (21 Rue Visconte) for a couple of months, and are highly content therewith—wood fires and the native wines furnish some protection from the chill. Had a wonderful month in the south of France and Italy and are enjoying life, marriage, and Europe quite inordinately. We expect to be back about May."

To have Columbus discover America cost less than \$7500.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Montessori Child.

I know some little girls and boys  
Who play with blocks and other toys;  
But no one offers toys to me  
Except to use as "stimuli."

I look at children romp and shriek;  
They play a game called hide-and-seek;  
They run and hide, and shout and run,  
And have the greatest lot of fun.

But where I go they only play  
To gather knowledge day by day,  
And so absorb an education  
Through "muscular coordination."

They gum rough letters on a board,  
I learn them of my own accord;  
I play at hide-and-seek with these,  
And thus I get my A, B, C's.

Some children have a game called war,  
They march lead soldiers on the floor;  
But where I go it is enough  
To know that things are smooth or rough.

While other children call it "fun"  
To hop and skip and jump and run  
I do these things unconsciously  
To set my little spirit free.

While other children merely play,  
I garner wisdom every day.  
I'm never up to childish tricks.  
Yes, aint I cute? I'm only six!

—Bert Leston Taylor.

Grand Op.

If opera "flats" were done by Tintoretto,  
Instead of being painted by machine,  
I'd lend no ear to music or libretto,  
But spend the evening gazing at the scene.

If opera "books" were written by a poet  
And not the work of literary "shines,"  
The band might play and I should never know it;  
I'd sit content to listen to the lines.

If opera scores were more than ornamental,  
Were music pure and simple, nobly planned—  
Instead of being merely incidental—  
I'd close my eyes and listen to the band.

But op. at best is but a combination,  
It isn't this or that thing or the next;  
The song but serves the scene as decoration,  
The scene but serves to decorate the text.

So when to op. in raiment glad I amble,  
'Tis not as music worshipper I go.  
The thing that draws me is the toot ensamble—  
The purple pageant of the Passing Show.

—Bert Leston Taylor.

Words to an Irish Air,

If I had a lover, now, who would he be?  
Yourself with your laughter, your gay gallantry?  
Yet I'd know when you kissed me your heart was  
not mine,

But kneeling in tears at a lost lady's shrine.  
Or if I should seek him who loves me too well,  
Do you think with my head on his breast he  
could tell?

Would he know that however I strove to be true  
My vagabond heart was still following you?  
This dicing of hearts is a perilous game;  
Be it one or another the end is the same,

There is sure to be sorrow however they fall,  
So I think I shall not have a lover at all.  
—From "Vigils," by Aline Kilmer.

Little Things.

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very  
gay

About the rush of faces in the town by day,  
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,  
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed. . . .

And the soft March wind, and the low March mist  
Are better than kisses in the dark street kissed. . . .  
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes at  
dawn,

The fragrance of a trim green village lawn,  
The hearing of the murmur of the rain at play—  
These things are beautiful, beautiful as day!  
And I shan't stand waiting for love or scorn  
When the feast is laid for a day new-born. . . .

Oh, better let the little things I loved when little  
Return when the heart finds the great things  
brittle;

And better is a temple made of bark and thong  
Than a tall stone temple that may stand too long.

—Orrick Johns.

Dante.

1321-1921.

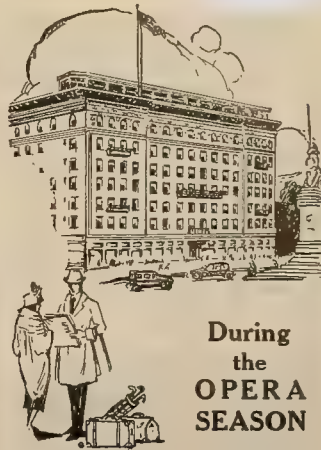
On clear autumnal evenings I have stood  
Upon the bridge of jewelers and seen  
The twilight fall on Florence, Arno's queen;  
And every gliding form in cloak and hood  
Was you, and every maid with gilded snood  
On flaxen hair was Beatrice, sweet, serene,  
High above passion, touching life with clean  
Virginal hands, that beckoned to elude!

And always in my mind the wonder grows,  
With Beatrice your wife would you have sung  
Those deathless songs whose beauty swells and  
flows

Down centuries of time? Could you have wrung  
Such music from love-gratified repose,  
Gained inspiration from soft hands that clung?  
—Virginia Taylor McCormick in "Voices."

"We'll have to stop work on 'The Gladiator's  
Daughter,'" said the movie producer. "But  
we've built a section of Rome just for that  
picture." "We can use it for 'The Steel  
King's Romance.' Put up a few modern signs,  
have one of our utility men pose as a traffic  
cop and we'll call it Pittsburgh."—Birmingham  
Age-Herald.

Three Minnesota cities—Goodhue, St. Peter,  
and Cohato—are presided over by women  
mayors.



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the  
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Junior Golf.

The California Golf Association has announced the dates of July 13th to 16th for the holding of the fourth annual State Junior Championship at Del Monte. A number of boys will participate in this event, as it comes during school vacation, when their parents will be down for a visit. The Annual Golf Celebration, which will settle the championship for men and women, will come on September 2d to 10th, taking in the Labor Day and Admission Day holidays.

Training for Husbands.

One evening, according to the Spanish newspapers, a young Spanish nobleman, the possessor of a vast estate and a magnificent chateau in the neighborhood of Cordova, visited a traveling menagerie.

There he was dazzled by the sight of a young and beautiful woman who made a dozen ferocious jaguars perform various tricks. To see her was, to him, to fall passionately in love with her. He ascertained that she belonged to a good family of Madrid, which had vainly tried to prevent her from following her vocation as animal tamer, and was of irreproachable morals.

The nobleman offered his title, his estate, his hand. She accepted. But eight days after the wedding the young woman refused to receive all friends and acquaintances and remained alone in the chateau with her husband, who also became invisible.

This lasted four months, at the end of which the husband escaped and hastened to complain to the authorities. His bride, incapable of surrendering her profession, had promoted him to the rank of a jaguar and spent most of her time with a horsewhip making him perform the tricks of her former pets at the menagerie.

This "jaguar in spite of himself" preferred saving himself by fleeing like a hare, and now he asks the courts to separate him from his trainer-wife.

A resident of Konigsburg, Germany, recently papered the walls of his room with Austrian and Polish banknotes. Thousand-crown notes were used as a border and 100-pound notes formed the remainder of the "wallpaper."

The Passion Play at Oberammergau owes its inception to the gratitude of the peasants for the cessation of the plague in 1633.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pamela, do try to be content with your lot!" "That's just the trouble, auntie. You see it isn't a lot!"—*London Mail*.

"Mamma," said little Fred, "this catechism is awfully hard. Can't you get me a kitty-chism?"—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.

"What's your husband growling about?" "Oh, he is angry because I'm taking him out to spend a pleasant evening."—*Judge*.

"You're a genius! Ever have to work on an empty stomach?" "My dear, I'm a sculptor, not a tattoo artist."—*London Mail*.

"Your husband is a great home-lover, isn't he?" "Yes, especially on the evenings when we're invited out together."—*Boston Transcript*.

Customer—Wha' fo' yer got dat rubbish plant in de show window? Barber—Dat am to infoam de public de we gibs massage treatment.—*Judge*.

"Have you a good part in the film?" "Yes. In the first reel I drink two glasses of champagne, and in the last I laugh sardonically."—*Christiania Humoristen*.

"I have to tell you, miss, that it will need five years of intensive training before you can sing as well as you think you can now."—*Stockholm Sondags Nisse*.

The Father—I have been thinking, my dear boy, of retiring next year and leaving the business to you. His Prodigal—There's no hurry,

is there, father dear? You go ahead and work a few years yet, and then we can retire together.—*Stockholm Kasper*.

"Willie!" asked the pretty teacher, "what is the plural of man?" "Men," answered the small pupil. "And the plural of child?" "Twins."—*The Crescent*.

"Isn't it awfully cold at nights now?" "Yes. I have so many blankets on my bed that I have to have a bookmarker to see where to get in."—*London Mail*.

"You have nerve to suggest my taking you into partnership. What's the idea?" "Wouldn't you rather have your daughter marry your partner than your clerk?"—*Dallas News*.

Mr. Glastonbury (to applicant for butler's vacancy)—Have you had any experience? Applicant—I have, sir. For three years I was butler for the Great Featurely Film Company.—*Life*.

Post—Do you always advise your neurasthenic patients to have a constant companion? Alienist—Always. The companion immediately becomes another neurasthenic patient.—*Houston Post*.

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" "I don't know, sir, but I can certainly save you 50 per cent. of her present cost to you."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Madam, since you are looking at things for your living room and for your boudoir, could I show you one of our new escritoirs?" "Thank you, no. There's nobody at our house who could play on it, anyway."—*Philadelphia Retail Ledger*.

St. Peter—You say you were a writer on a college comic magazine? Applicant—Yes, St. Peter. St. Peter—Step into the elevator, please. Applicant—How soon does it go up? St. Peter—It doesn't go up; it goes down.—*Virginia Reel*.

Uncle John promised little Florence a new doll. He took her to the doll department in one of the big stores and said: "Now, Florence, which shall it be—a boy or girl?" "Twins," promptly replied Florence.—*New York Sunday News*.

"All men are liars," said the pretty girl, and burst into tears. "But, my dear," said her friend, "you mustn't be such a cynic. There are exceptions." "Oh, very likely," said the pretty girl, "but all the really nice men are liars."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"I can't play 'Macbeth' before twenty people," said the famished tragedian. "Think about your art," said his manager, soothingly. "I can not even do that," replied the star, with a tragic gesture. "A stage hand is eating a 'hot dog' in the wings."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Sportsman—How's that boy I sent you shaping for a hunt servant? Huntsman—Not must use, I'm afraid. You remember the other day, when we had that good fifty minutes spoiled by runnin' to ground in the dark? Well, only next morning I heard that boy whistling as if nothing had happened.—*Punch*.

"Your honor, I was not intoxicated." "But this officer says you were trying to climb a lamp post." "I was, your honor. A couple of cerise crocodiles had been following me around all day, and I don't mind telling you that they were getting on my nerves."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Who is the wisest man mentioned in the Scriptures?" asked a teacher of one of her Sunday-school class. "Paul," exclaimed the little fellow, confidently. "Oh, no, Johnnie; Paul was a very good man, but Solomon is mentioned as the wisest man." "Well, my father says Paul was the wisest man, because he never married, and I think my father ought to know," replied the boy emphatically.—*Los Angeles Times*.



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## A FRENCH VIEW.

Those Americans who love to sneer at "the failure of prohibition" will be distressed by the opinion of a disinterested French observer, who is of course a moderate drinker and would be glad to see French wines and liquors admitted into the United States (says the *New York Times*). M. Joseph Galtier sends to the *Paris Temps* his impressions of the dryness of America. "Over the whole surface of the United States," he writes mournfully, "only a few rare privileged persons are able to scorn the prohibition law. The mass is condemned to a dull hydrophily." The privilege of extraterritoriality gave the delegates to the Conference exemption from the prevailing siccity. They were free to drink what they liked, but the members of the American government set a good example. "I lunched two or three times with Mr. Hughes," says M. Galtier, "at banquets where he was the guest of honor, and also with a small party at one of the Washington clubs. Water and pieces of ice flowed continuously. That was the official drink, the state drink. Besides that nothing was tolerated but a sort of fruit juice, a water 'cup' with such a strong concentrated aroma that you thought you were drinking an elixir and strong essences, all the perfumes of Araby. Surely, special palates and gullets are needed to endure these learned mixtures." At the White House, at a "five o'clock," nothing but chocolate and tea. "President Harding is a convinced prohibitionist."

Wine, alcoholic liquors of any sort, are "apples of the Garden of the Hesperides, Rheingold." It is a game with no fixed rules to prize them. Extraterritoriality couldn't protect the treasure of the French delegates. On the way from the station to their hotel in Washington a case of Italian vermouth, "destined to fabricate cocktails," was stolen from the truck. This was only the beginning of a series of mysterious disappearances. One Frenchman had carefully carried from New York a bottle of real Pernod absinthe. He cherished it as the apple of his eye. He took infinite precautions to hide it. It fled on mysterious wings the very day of his arrival. A still cleverer instance of the strong desire to rob the delegates of the means of sin was the evanishment of a case of champagne. From its hiding place in the seventh story this faded away invisibly. Somebody weary of "dull hydrophily" sought the bubble champagne even at that dizzy height.

In New York there is a certain alleviation of the rigors of prohibition, but prices are prohibitive. Twenty-five dollars for a quart of champagne! Think of that, and say if even wettest New York is not arid save for a few Fortunati! Dinners and suppers are rather dreary on account of the lack of wine. A fashionable cabaret is a cold affair in the absence of the "great animator." It is the fashion for gentlemen to carry in their "revolver pocket" a silver flask of whisky, a "flasket." But, whatever the practices of the few and the portage and colportage of clandestine whisky in New York, "prohibition really exists." Diplomats and foreigners mingling in their society or in fashionable society may be skeptical about the sway of the dry régime. M. Galtier hears ever the rattling of the pieces of ice in the universal

great American beverage. "Never go on board without biscuit" is a maxim of sailors. If you are going to the United States, don't forget your store of wines and liquors, our French friend warns his countrymen. He doesn't say how those forbidden guests are to be retained at the dock by tourists who have no right to utter the open sesame of extraterritoriality.

## Fasting for Health.

A secret for the preservation of good health is claimed to have been discovered by the English physician, Dr. Leonard Williams, who writes about it in the *Lancet*. He has observed in the case of himself and numerous patients that a fast of a few days strengthened the body against all kinds of diseases and kept all of them youthful, fresh, and elastic. Dr. Williams prescribes a three-day fast with no food of any kind and only water to drink. Those who submit to this treatment feel on the first day, craving; the second, resignation; the third, rejoicing and rejuvenation.

The rationale of its beneficence, according to Dr. Williams, is probably as follows: In the ordinary routine of town life we do not completely oxidize all that is taken into the body. There remains a residue, which is only partly oxidized. These "sub-oxidizes," as he calls them, are mildly but cumulatively toxic and give rise to many of the minor maladies and discomforts of everyday life.

All insignia of monarchical Germany must be removed from the public buildings, Minister of the Interior Adolf Koester recently told the Reichstag. He added that the government had decided to fix a definite period within which this decision would be carried out. Exceptions will be made, he said, only where these emblems have been structurally incorporated in buildings where their removal would destroy the architectural value and effect. All paintings, busts, and statues in government offices must also be removed if their retention is incompatible with the republican régime.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Symphony Orchestra.

However it may be regretted, the fact none the less remains that for several years past there has been a rift in the lute of San Francisco's musical community. Maintenance of the Symphony Orchestra has been made difficult and its worth as a community interest measurably diminished because a very considerable number of persons normally able and normally willing to contribute to its support have been out of sympathy with its administration. Many things have contributed to this condition, most seriously personal and national sentiments associated with the war. Leadership of the orchestra has been a bone of contention—a contention so serious as seriously to affect the fortunes of the Musical Association. The short of it is that there is a Hertz faction and an anti-Hertz faction; and this being so, Mr. Hertz, whose abilities as a leader are unquestioned, has become an obstacle to the maintenance and development of the orchestra. The feeling has existed too long and runs too deep for friendly adjustment. So long as Mr. Hertz remains the musical community will be broken into factions and the orchestra will lack the backing that it should and would have from a united community. Under these circumstances Mr. Hertz ought to retire. Not because he has failed artistically, but because continuance of his leadership means continuance of animosities and contentions and therefore a hindrance to the mu-

sical interests of San Francisco. Even if Mr. Hertz' partisans should be willing to supply financial support for continuance of the Hertz régime it would be a mistake to go on with it, since both in its musical and social effects it has become a source of division and ill-will.

At best, with all elements of the musical community pulling together, maintenance of a highly efficient symphony orchestra in San Francisco is something of a problem; and this problem ought not to be made more serious by stubborn insistence upon uncompromisable conditions. Sound policy calls for reorganization of the orchestra. All of which is said without reflection upon the artistic or the personal merits of that very capable organizer and leader, Mr. Alfred Hertz.

### Political Meddling.

Those who heard the gentleman from Czecho-Slovakia at the Commonwealth Club luncheon the other day did not learn a great deal about the concrete causes of suffering in Central Europe, because the lecturer felt the grievances of classes and failed to define the common troubles in terms of work and economics. But those who heard the editor of the *Nation's Business* at the Oakland Chamber of Commerce luncheon the following Monday did hear something we should all do well to heed, for it was definite and it presented an evil which, through imitation and repetition, has grown typical of our country, and which if that country were not so strong and wealthy would bring upon us burdens almost as heavy as those the states of Central Europe now have to bear. If we have made an odious comparison between the two speakers it is merely to point a moral through contrast of method. One was a witty Bohemian savant, dealing in generalities, whose sallies at the present industrial constitution of society amused, but did not convince. The other was a plain-spoken American who knows business troubles when he sees them, and understands that they are the burden of all classes alike.

In both regions, Central Europe and the United States, it is a plain case of too much government. We are not cursed here as they are in Europe with a multiplication of boundaries to retard the flow of merchandise and reduce production and distribution to an almost fatal minimum. But we are cursed with a lot of doctrinaires and theorists who know nothing about the requirements of production and distribution, and who induce legislators who know less to pass paternalistic and meddlesome laws which interfere at critical points with that general striving for individual betterment which is the greatest material force in human affairs, and which alone has ever been found competent to feed, clothe, shelter, and advance the civilization of any considerable number of people whose culture was a single degree beyond the merest primitive. Security for property, that men may be induced and enabled to accumulate capital; freedom of bargain and sale, whether of commodities or services; the enforcement of contracts freely entered into; and the enforcement of criminal justice against any sort of criminal, no matter what social excuse he may plead for his crime—such things are indispensable to any measure of prosperity. On such policies has been based the present industrial order, which, in spite of all its defects, has produced every worth-while material element of our civilization. "Business," word hated by the long-hairs and damned by the mentally diseased, has brought within the general reach almost every method, appliance, and commodity which now contributes to a life of reasonable comfort and safety and health, as well as of pleasure or of intellectual progress. For even those great altruists who have brought forth political systems and scientific discoveries for the benefit of man have had to be supported, while they labored, by the fruits of the individualistic industrial system. Every article

of trade we see advertised in a street-car, a magazine, or a newspaper has come into existence because some individual hoped to profit by its production and sale. No government has ever been established that could do this work so effectively, nor on so grand a scale, as the automatically coördinated efforts of all the individuals of the nation, trying to serve the public because they had to in order to serve their own greed. At times, as the *Argonaut* has indicated elsewhere, the meaner-minded business man has a tendency to grow intolerably tyrannous. The selfish motive is not beautiful nor poetic. The system is not ideal. But it works and sweats and plans and worries for us all, day and night, in farm and mine and factory and counting-house. It has been working that way since the days of Tyre and Carthage, and there is no reason in the nature of man to believe that anything much better will be developed for a long time to come.

Yet we have incessant interferences by statute with these great spontaneous forces that are trying to do the work of the world. We have had political pests in our legislatures who have introduced bills to regulate the size of bird cages, and of blankets, and the length of the turn-over of hotel sheets, no matter whether you wanted a hotel sheet that would choke you in your sleep or not. In California we have been cursed with a lot of regulatory commissions, whose plain purpose was to reverse all political evolution and step backwards from a hard-won reign of law to a reign of men, or little pesky kings. They have interfered with fundamentals and have added heavy handicaps to industry, while drawing their salaries out of a continually growing taxation. We are not yet ruined by it, but the tendency toward paternalism, or political meddling, is growing stronger every day, and it is wholly evil.

The editor of the *Nation's Business*, Mr. Thorpe, told his audience in Oakland that in a three-months survey of the country Senator Borah had discovered 1000 legislative bills providing that government should interfere with business in some way or another. Now, if government were omniscient, its interference would not be a good thing, because it is much better that men work out their own salvation. They can never be more than children if somebody else does it for them. But government is not omniscient, and if there ever was a time in history when that fact stuck out like the sore thumb of the world it is now. Government is nothing but a lot of men, and they are not all the most able and effective men in the community, either. Many of the members of our state legislatures could not make a success of keeping a coffee-and-doughnut restaurant. Yet they have the power to establish new, tax-supported commissions to regulate everything under the sun, from the height of stools in department stores to telling a farmer whether he can or can not bore for water on his own land.

Perhaps it is too much to hope there will be an end of it. But a strong man who would threaten all further legislation of that variety with a veto, and promise to abolish a few regulating commissions if he could, would make a mighty good candidate for governor of this state, or any other.

### A Statesman Who Doesn't Cringe.

Mr. Lloyd George never leaves anybody in doubt as to his projects. If he wants something he goes straight to it. Determination, candor, with indifference, real or apparent, to his own political fortunes, make a combination that lifts him as a practical statesman immeasurably above his contemporaries.

The latest project of Mr. Lloyd George is the establishment of working relations with Russia. He proposes a limited recognition of the existing Russian régime subject to (1) recognition of Russian debts contracted under the Czarist régime; (2) reduction of the Red army; (3) pledge on the part of the existing



to hold to present geographic limits; (4) opening of Russian ports; (5) maintenance in Russia of agencies for the protection of trade. Nothing remotely suggestive of sympathy with the Soviet régime is proposed. Recognition in the form Mr. George advises does not imply a moral whitewash. It is simply an economic arrangement.

In the opinion of Mr. Lloyd George the economic disease from which Europe is suffering may not be cured while Russia stands isolate and apart. The supplies which Russia only can yield are needed; the market for finished products which Russia affords is essential. It is with reference to these considerations that the proposed policy has been formulated. That what he wants today runs counter to fixed British sentiment and that it involves a radical change in policy is perfectly well known to Mr. Lloyd George. None the less he seeks to pursue a course essential in his judgment to the welfare of England; and he put the matter up to Parliament on Monday of this week. He demanded a vote of confidence with the clear intimation that failure to receive it would mark the end of his career in the premiership. He faced many elements of hostility—a fixed opposing national sentiment, an organized group of laborites, a mass of opposing jealousy and general unfriendliness. The vote tells the story. A resolution of confidence carried by the overwhelming vote of 372 to 94. Now Mr. Lloyd George will go to the Genoa conference strong, not only in definite purposes, but strong in the declared support of fundamental authority in the British government.

The world looks with admiration upon a man who combines with the powers of a great position the ability to sustain himself under criticism, plus indifference to his immediate personal fortunes. Right or wrong in his judgments, such a man is a truly dignified figure. He presents a splendid contrast to the cringing politician—whose name is legion here and elsewhere—so fearful of his tenure as to sacrifice all that is worth while in individual character to preservation of his job.

#### Status of the Bonus Raid.

The bonus bill is now comfortably asleep in the files of the Senate Finance Committee. When it went over from the House last week its friends wished to have it referred to the Committee on Appropriations. Objection was made by Senator Wadsworth, who from the first has stood against the raid, and after some discussion his suggestion that the bill go to the Finance Committee prevailed. That it will come again before the Senate soon or in anything like the form it passed the House is not expected. The Finance Committee is notoriously never in a hurry. Furthermore, it has in hand a tariff bill and several other still undigested proposals, and these will have to be gotten out of the way before the bonus bill may be considered. Two members of the committee, Chairman McCumber and Mr. La Follette, both hot advocates of the bonus, would like to accord it preferential treatment, putting it on the schedules ahead of its regular order, but a large majority of the committee is reported to be against peremptory or hurried procedure.

While opponents of the bill have thus succeeded in thrusting it to one side, its promoters are not idle. Commander MacNider of the American Legion and Edward Betelheimer, legislative agent of the Society of Veterans of Foreign Wars, are on the ground and of course pulling every leg in sight. The former is quoted as saying:

The overwhelming majority given in the House shows that the representatives, close to the heart of the people, realize the justness of the measure, and in spite of the highly organized propaganda in opposition know the great mass of Americans want this debt to the veterans paid, and paid now. Any measure which has been twice passed by the lower house by overwhelming majorities and made the unfinished business of the Senate is at once inevitable legislation.

Mr. Betelheimer speaks in a tone less unctuous, but more suggestive of fighting spirit:

We are going to concentrate on the Senate now and urge immediate hearings on the bonus bill. There can't be any dilly-dallying because the time is getting late and we want our bonus before this session of Congress ends. We have our best men working on the Senate now and we find most of the senators very receptive.

Expert observers get the impression that these promoters of quick action are in for a period of hard sledding. Members of the Senate are not so immediately interested in the November election, and in this

as in other matters they have a more definite sense of their national responsibilities than members of the House. They are more likely to hearken to counsels from the head of the treasury and from the Administration than the more or less rag-tag-and-bobtail membership of the House. Secretary Mellon is of course in close touch with the Senate Finance Committee and with leading members of the Senate, and his emphatic and sustained protest against the proposed legislation is likely to have serious weight. The President has given no indication of his attitude, further than his declaration of a month ago pointing out that he could see no feasible method of financing the bonus proposal other than that of a general sales tax. His practice is not to pass judgment on matters pending in advance of enactment, but from his former expressions inference is plain that he does not approve the measure as it passed the House. Many members in the Senate are not committed, and their disposition is to look to Mr. Harding for guidance.

The Senate may be depended upon not to follow the example of the House in consideration of this measure. Whatever its ultimate fate may be, it will not be "jammed" through. Gag rule will not be applied and there will be no interference with the disposition of senators to offer amendments. The one certain thing is that the whole project will be thoroughly threshed over in debate when the bill shall get before the Senate.

In the meantime opposition to the raid is obviously gaining strength throughout the country. The manner in which it has been presented, the threats made in its urgency, the pitiful subserviency of a majority of the members of the House—these conditions and incidents have created a profound and a profoundly adverse sentiment. It would be going too far to say that the movement is now universally recognized as an indefensible raid upon the treasury, but it is certain that many in and out of Congress so regard it. Opposition sentiment on the part of ex-service men is also making itself heard, and even many members of the House who voted for the bill under pressure of their fears have gained light from the snowstorm of approving telegrams and letters that have come to the courageous ones who voted in opposition.

The country now pretty generally understands that this measure is first of all only a political hold-up; further, that public sentiment is generally against it, that it threatens serious disturbance in the movement back to "normalcy," that it is an embarrassment to the responsible Administration, and that it is repugnant to sober judgment. But there remains one matter to which attention has not emphatically been called, and that is the cost of the machinery that would be required to carry out the programme as defined. Under the proposal claims are to be presented by not less than 4,250,000 soldiers, sailors, and marines scattered in all parts of the world. Each of these claims would have to be checked up with the records; proper blanks would have to be filled out and orders issued for payment of the sums to which the men—and certain women, too—would be entitled. It is estimated that in the simplest case at least four letters would have to pass between the departments and the claimants. The minimum number of letters would be 20,000,000, no small item for the Postoffice Department, when it is borne in mind that these letters would travel postage free. The present force of clerks would not be capable of carrying on this enormous correspondence. War Department officials estimate that it would require at least five thousand more clerks to handle the army claimants and the navy figures that it would require at least five hundred clerks to take care of its share of the business. When the army was demobilized it took five thousand extra clerks to arrange for the payment of the sixty-dollar bonus which was intended to help the soldiers get back to normal conditions. What the money cost of the enormous clerical and administrative machine would be nobody dares guess, but anybody who can visualize the work in its entirety can not fail to understand that it would call for an enormous sum.

#### A Russian's View of the Russian Situation.

Within the week the *Argonaut* has had the privilege of having a free talk with a distinguished Russian belonging to what may be termed the constructive, democratic element of that country, of course anti-Bolshe-

vist. This gentleman, who may not be named, is of high individual authority and he is in constant touch through correspondence with the heart of Russia. In effect his judgment is that if the outer world will keep hands off and let nature take her course Russia will presently emerge from her troubles sound and whole. By presently, of course, he means a period of months that may stretch into a few years. He deplores all suggestions of military intervention, and particularly he denounces the Hugo Stinnes and other outside plans for economic restoration, all of which, he points out, are based upon the idea of establishing some form of mandate over his country. In the opinion of this careful observer the shell of Bolshevism which covers Russia is being worn thinner and thinner, presently to be cracked and destroyed by the new life that is germinating beneath the surface. Russia, he declares, is vibrating with this new life. His belief is that political reconstruction will work out by itself. His advices are to the effect that the Red army, already suffering in its morale, when it finds no armed enemies against it, will disintegrate and that gradually there will emerge a new Russia made up of a confederation of states in which liberty and property rights will be fully guaranteed. Further, the gentleman quoted is suspicious and fearful of any attempt by Europe to help in the reconstruction of Russia. His own view is that the United States is the only unselfish friend of the Russian people. It will be, he declares, to America that the new Russia will turn for capital and skill when it enters upon the period of wholesome development which he sees just around the corner. Russia wants nothing, says our informant, in the way of charity, but when it shall become stabilized it will offer an attractive field for American enterprise and for the employment of American capital.

#### Hope at Last.

One of the worst of modern tyrannies is that of the "booster" in a small town. He will destroy any natural beauty and anything fine in his environment to add a few dollars to the price of real estate. He will kill trees in the hope of profit, and sacrifice the wooded banks of streams to make his village look like every other village. He takes his ideas of beauty and of what he calls progress from little rings of street contractors and cement sidewalk men. His highest artistic aspiration is a city hall with a dome on it like every other city hall and county courthouse in the country. His great god is progress, which is usually a humbug. His favorite verb is "boost," which is a vulgar and disgusting word because it stands for a vulgar and disgusting thing. If you criticize his ways he will damn you for an old barnacle and a drag upon civilization. In conspiracy with the small town merchant who wants a profit, not only on the potatoes he sells, but on the real estate where he sells them, he is desperately hard to subdue, and few efforts have been made to suppress him. But all overstrained patience snaps at last, and at the pretty little town of Carmel-by-the-Sea, chosen home of authors and artists, rebellion has broken out against further vulgarization through the cheat and imposture of needless public improvements. The people who live in Carmel and support the merchants and "boosters" with their trade went there to live because they loved it as it was, with its sandy roads that curve lovingly past old oaks and pines, its sidewalks that are intimate little Indian trails, its dunes and its seascapes and its placid, homey life, untroubled by the roar and grind of business. Having bought and paid for the environment they loved, they are now threatened by the humbug of "progress." The "boosters" have decreed that the oaks and pines must come down so the streets can be graded, curbed, and paved like Market Street, and that there must be a city hall where the politicians can do their loafing more conveniently. This has incited three bold patriots to run for the town council on a platform promising to "keep Carmel off the map," to preserve its old trees, its soft roads, its winding trails, and its delightful freedom from lamp posts and a city hall; in other words, its reticence, its dignity, and its beauty. They are everlastingly right. One of them says: "If you think that a glass factory is of greater value to the town than a sand dune, if you truly want Carmel-by-the-Sea to become a booming metropolis, don't vote for me." If this intelligent effort is successful at the polls, it will probably, however, defeat one of its own objects. Carmel will be decidedly on the map, for other towns similarly afflicted will wish to know how emancipation



was accomplished, and how all this pseudo-progress came to receive the well-earned axe.

### Editorial Notes

A writer in the current *Forum* discusses the question, "Is Drink Killing England?" Without fear of provoking even passing discussion we venture to say that if drink could kill England, England would now be one with Nineveh and Tyre, and the lion and the lizard would undoubtedly keep the pubs wherein she gloried and drank deep.

The war and its aftermath has made wholesale havoc among the dynasties of Central Europe. There remains only one Central European state with a sovereign—Lichtenstein, which lies between Austria and Switzerland, a state so small that it can be traversed in a motor-car in twenty minutes. In 1914 there were forty-one dynasties in the world. Twenty-four lost their thrones during the war. The German princes, including the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, abdicated as individuals only. Not one of the Hohenzollerns or other dynasties who ruled over the central parts of Germany abdicated in the name of the entire family.

General Leonard Wood appears to be doing a man's job in the Philippines, according to statements of Justice E. Finley Johnson of the supreme court of the islands. He has won the coöperation of the island peoples, reduced the annual expenses of government by about \$25,000,000, started repairing its dilapidated finances, speeded up the administration of justice, and set afoot measures to control the rinderpest among the work animals; a good deal for one man to do in a few months. General Wood must have had to begin by undoing a great deal of the work of his predecessor and restoring the prestige and authority of the American administrators in the islands. In no other way could such satisfactory progress be explained.

Captain F. E. Guest, Secretary of the British Air Ministry, declared in the House of Commons last week that the next war, "if it comes," will be a war of giant airplanes scattering bombs of incredible power and rendering navies and armies practically obsolete. He insists that the British air force must be prepared to meet the first clash of war, since "air men will be two hundred miles away in the first action before the first reservist has caught a train or the first battleship has got up steam." Captain Guest outlined the probability of airplanes carrying small forces of artillery and infantry. He said: "In ten years' time combats between the forces of the air will be grotesquely and pathetically one-sided affairs." Colonial Secretary Winston Churchill, supporting Captain Guest, said that had the late war lasted a few months longer operations against Berlin would have been conducted by Great Britain with vastly improved airships. He added that full development had never been reached "owing to our running short of enemies."

The last consignment of bodies of American soldiers who died in France was dispatched from Brest on the 22d of last month. The total number of bodies returned is 45,023. Agents of the army who have been carrying on the work of collecting and dispatching the bodies have gone to England, where there are ninety-seven bodies of American soldiers who died in widely scattered parts of the British Isles. Some 500 other bodies of Americans, whose relatives have decided to leave them in England, will be concentrated in a permanent cemetery at Broadwood, Surrey, where the British government has given a site. There will remain permanently in France something more than 30,000 American dead. An elaborate scheme of beautification has been devised by a special commission for the four cemeteries in France which have been given over by the French government. The four "Fields of Honor" are: Suresnes Cemetery, near Paris; Bony, near San Quentin; Belleau Wood, near Château-Thierry, and the Argonne or Romagne cemetery, near Romagne-sous-Montfaucon. Each cemetery will have a resting house and chapel for visitors and the graves will be marked by uniform headstones. The French people continue to exhibit the kindest attitude toward the American graves. A Sunday never goes by without scores of French folk visiting the cemeteries and placing flowers upon the graves. The bodies that have been sent home and those that will remain on French soil have been gathered from more than five hundred cemeteries

throughout France, Alsace-Lorraine, and Germany. A permanent office will be maintained in Paris for the convenience of American visitors.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### Religion and India.

LOS GATOS, CAL., March 26, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In the *Argonaut* of March 18th, F. M. T. dwells on "The Troubles of India," giving an interesting series of facts about England's attempt to bring order out of chaos in ruling a strange alien people. The troubles are not all in India, but in England's and the writer's failure to appreciate the Oriental mind. "India is religion," quoting a German historian—here the *Argonaut's* correspondent approaches the secret. But he does not seem to realize that religion must be permitted the language of poetry. This is necessary because religion tries to express in words the depths of sympathy, compassion, love, and fellow-feeling that lie just beyond the realm of words. The truths of religion are borderland truths and belong in the "empire of silence," as Thomas Carlyle often said. In this world India is supreme. But when language is used, it takes the form of exaggeration which the Occidental mind does not grasp. Just see what F. M. T., as a Western thinker, makes out of Gautama Siddhartha's appreciation of motherhood and the nourishing of young life. This principle is foremost in every native religion.

"There may be no truth in the legend, but the spirit of India, if there is such a thing, is probably best presented to the imagination by the story of the sad and beautiful end of Gotama Buddha, to the effect that in pursuit of a spiritual ideal he fed himself to a hungry tigress so that she might furnish milk to her cubs: thereby reducing the number of men and increasing the number of tigers. A policy that works out that way is about the sort of statecraft that would naturally appeal to Ghandi and his idealistic followers."

Only a dry-as-dust theologian may be permitted the "thereby." The literal-minded West does not catch the spirit of compassionate love, with its "thereby." As well ask why Jesus did not report the robbery on the Jericho Road. Every religious parable is subject to the same left-handed interpretation.

There is such a thing as the spirit of India. It lives in a real world beyond words, which is religion. Words conceal or reveal religion, but are not the essence of a Fourth Dimension which might best be described as Silence. Mr. Ghandi, physically speaking, is the weakest of men. Sitting on his Oriental rug dressed in the cheapest garments, he has a power that is baffling. That power can not be revealed to the Western mind until a reality is admitted for that silence. The culture and scholarship of England in appreciating this reality in the past has been her strength in India. Many times it served her, more often than her sword. Can it be that this scholarship is waning, and that her leaders see nothing but foolishness in India and her holy men?

India's reality says to England: Thus far and no farther! The respect for that invisible line, foolishness it may seem to us, will save India and England as well.

ARTHUR B. HEER.

#### Here Is Common Sense.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 25, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The controversy that seems to be disturbing the City of Berkeley and the State University over the site for the new Stadium has apparently halted the progress of the whole matter, and it may be well to reconsider what many of us have already thought, and that is, "Why build two stadiums within fifty miles of each other?"

To the ordinary individual it seems like a waste of money, and judging from present criticisms there is no good place for the proposed new stadium near the university in Berkeley.

There is only one event in the year that demands a big stadium, and if it were a hundred miles away it would be an easy matter to crowd a large amphitheatre for the big football game, and any one who wants to see the big game could see it at Palo Alto.

If capital and interest mean anything to either the state or Stanford, or to the public, then there is no reason on earth for spending a million dollars on another big stadium that is empty and lonesome 728 days out of every two years. Every one seems convinced that a very small grandstand would seat all the enthusiasts for any other event than the big game.

The writer is a subscriber and is not trying to get his money back, but would prefer to donate it to some deficiency fund.

L. L. M.

#### Hiram Johnson, Dissenter.

(Houston (Texas) Chronicle, March 3d.)

It has taken the country ten years to find out that Hiram Johnson is a dissenter, not a progressive. There is no telling how long it will take California, though next fall's vote should offer a hint.

But first let it be acknowledged that Hiram Johnson has made his mark in the world; a jagged, zigzag, noisy mark; a mark which is the more disappointing because it promised so much.

In 1912 he blossomed out as running mate to Theodore Roosevelt, which was some introduction for so young and inexperienced a man. The country gave him a splendid reception, all things considered, and many people jumped to the conclusion that they beheld another President in the making. Perchance, Mr. Johnson himself was one of these.

That was in the heyday of progressivism, when the country had not learned to distinguish a chronic kicker from men who disagreed with prevailing conditions only because they thought they had something better to offer.

Even four years later, when Hiram Johnson posed as the silent nemesis of Mr. Hughes, the country failed to discern his grouching. "He is an independent," murmured the mass, "willing to take a chance for his convictions, not bound by party affiliations."

But in 1919, when this same Hiram Johnson turned his venomous tongue against that Wilson whom he had helped elect, the country found itself suspecting things, and now that he is taking a similar course toward President Harding, the country is still more suspicious.

With whom does Hiram Johnson agree? With what policy is he in accord?

There is an impassable gulf of difference between a progressive and a dissenter. The one is a constructive thinker, the other an opportunist.

A progressive dissents only when it becomes necessary. A dissenter is a progressive only when it is convenient.

A progressive knows what he wants, and is for it. A dissenter waits to see what somebody else wants, and is against it.

We do not believe that Hiram Johnson speaks the language of California. We do not believe that he is typical of that purposeful, optimistic spirit which has developed on the Pacific Coast. We do not believe that he can continue to lead four million along the paths of aimless kick and discord much longer.

### VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

#### IT DEPENDS ON WHO KNOWS WHAT.

(New York Times.)

The strange remarks made last week by the British Ambassador at the University of California may be accounted for by the fact that he was speaking as a professor to professors. Only as the expression of an inferiority complex can one explain his assertion:

"The vast majority of men in public life in mental capacity and knowledge are far behind the best minds and the best thought as represented by the highly specialized university professor. That knowledge which is power is not present in our governments today."

Knowledge was noticeably present in most governments only a few years ago, at the end of the war and after. It could plausibly be argued that Mr. Wilson's knowledge was actually a source of weakness. He knew more than most people, and knew that he knew it; conceivably some of his failures to win the support of public sentiment were due to this fact. Also, the public knew that Mr. Wilson was a best mind, and reacted accordingly in distrust. The deliberations of the wise men who controlled the Republican convention of 1920—and who, if they had wished, could have thrown the nomination to a professor—did not suggest any great conviction that knowledge is power.

Where are the professors who embellished the British war government? Sir Auckland is about the only survivor; and, though it could be maintained that highly specialized knowledge is the source of Mr. Lloyd George's strength, it is not a knowledge of anything that is taught in universities. And citizens of New York, contemplating the results of the last municipal election and reading of the new functions of the City Hall in the censorship of art and history, will feel that the British Ambassador has got the proposition reversed. Power is knowledge; a plurality of 400,000 confers omniscience.

#### THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

(Portland Oregonian.)

The strike of 600,000 employees of the bituminous coal mines is the result of one of those efforts at readjustment which are compelled by the change from war to peace conditions. Union miners demand continuation of the present rates of pay and reduction of working hours from forty-eight to thirty a week. Operators say that the union scale is 40 per cent. higher than that paid at non-union mines; that the latter are taking away their customers, and that they must reduce wages in order to stay in business and make any profit at all. They say that wages must be readjusted, and they are ready for a strike in confidence that within three months it will have this effect, while existing stocks of coal are sufficient to keep industry and railroads running.

Operators oppose government intervention on the ground that it is unnecessary, as there will be no shortage of fuel and as the parties immediately concerned and those dependent on them or doing business with them will be the only losers. It is impossible that a great industry employing such a large number of men and spread over many states can suddenly become idle without other bad effects. Though the season of maximum employment in other industries is opening, those industries can not absorb all of the several million unemployed. Undoubtedly many of them will be tempted to work in the mines. Experience teaches that the strikers will not regard with indifference any movement to supplant them, and that disorder is likely to follow.

#### A DEFENSE OF THAT BLOC.

(Pacific Rural Press.)

In connection with the claim that public affairs should be safeguarded and administered by those who have the best scientific knowledge and thinking ability and not wholly legislated for by lawyers, who know only law, and administered by professional office-holders, who only know how to get office, it is pertinent to suggest that the population-group of Americans which has recently made most notable progress toward expert legislation is the organized farmers of this country. Their representatives in Washington and in this state have been proceeding some time upon the policy of taking stands, not upon what they may fancy are their right and privileges, but upon what the most careful research by experts proves to be such. In making their conditions and requirements known they have put into practice what, according to Dr. Geddes' thesis, is the ideal way, viz: to arrive at the best knowledge by scientific research and to issue no authorized declarations or demands until such basis for them is demonstrated. It was the adoption of this wise policy and the demonstrations which flowed from it which induced the legislators of the "agricultural bloc" at Washington to associate themselves as they have done and to secure the legislation which they already have and will continue to bring through on the basis of demonstration of truth and fairness. The old agricultural policy of class-pleading filled the dome of the national capitol with oratory; the new agricultural policy of setting forth the best knowledge for the guidance of legislators is not only filling the pages of the statute books with laws, but is affording a basis for better executive policies. The best knowledge in farming is the secret of its internal progress and success; the best knowledge of farming exalts the industry in public esteem and insures its prosperity.

#### OUR POLITICAL BAROMETER.

(New York Herald.)

The triumph of the Republican candidate for Congress, John E. Nelson, in the Third Maine District Monday over Ernest L. McLean, the Democratic candidate, is not a thing to make Republicans throughout the country feel that they have a walkover in the Congress elections this fall.

In 1920 this same district gave John A. Peters a plurality of 19,000. Now it gives 6500. In 1920 Peters had the advantage of the presidential vote and the Republican landslide, so no worth-while conclusion can be drawn from the wide contrast in these two votes.

But in previous Congress elections we get figures which in contrast with those of the Monday election throw some light on the matter. In 1914 the Republican plurality was only 1515, but that was when the national government was Democratic and it came close on the heels of the Republican-Progressive party split of 1912. There was still much feeling between the two elements at the time of that election. Moreover, there was no woman vote, as there was no woman vote in 1916, when the Peters plurality was 3654. And in 1916 the Progressives were not enthusiasts in their support of the old party.

In 1918 the Peters plurality was 5363, and without the woman vote. While the New York *Herald* hasn't the figures giving the woman vote in Monday's election it thinks it approximately safe to say that 40 per cent. of the 23,000 votes cast were from women. Deducting this 40 per cent. from Nelson's plurality of 6500 leaves but 3900 in contrast with the Peters plurality of 5363 in 1918.

A further fact that has a bearing on the Monday election is that it was a special election to fill a vacancy—not a regular election when politics is boiling. The total vote cast on Monday was less than half that cast in the same district in 1920. Considered all in all the result of this Maine elec-



A safe indication of what will happen this fall in the Congress elections.

### THE BONUS. (The World's Work.)

The other of the two most dangerous economic proposals before Congress is the soldiers' bonus. This measure is economically unsound, essentially unpatriotic, and subversive of both public and private morals.

At present the plea for a bonus, or gift, or dole, is being camouflaged under the softened term of "adjusted compensation." The ingenious argument for it runs like this: Five million young men, at the outset of promising careers, were suddenly seized by the government for the defense of the country and were kept for two years in uniform at thirty dollars a month, when they would otherwise have been earning more than this amount and would also have been gaining two years' momentum toward their careers. At the same time, so the argument runs, millions of older men beyond draft age, and millions of young men who were either slackers or physically disqualified, enjoyed the high wages of the war period and occupied the jobs left by the men who went into uniform. Therefore, the men in uniform should now have the lost earnings of those two years equalized to them in the form of "adjusted compensation," in cash or in equivalent advantages.

The argument is obviously fallacious as a generalization. There is no assurance that the great majority of the men in uniform could have earned more than thirty dollars a month, plus all living expenses, if they had been out of uniform. It is, on the contrary, quite certain that if they had stayed out of uniform they would soon have been working under German task-masters for very much less than a dollar a day. And it is clear that "adjusted compensation" is a meaningless term—to "adjust" a drafted day-laborer's lost wages by the same gift of a lump sum as you "adjust" a drafted expert accountant's lost wages is no "adjustment" at all.

But go deeper into the political morals of the issue. To read the arguments of the proponents of the bonus, one would think that the soldiers regarded themselves in the same light as the Hessians who sold their services to George the Third. There is much talk of having "fought the country's battles," but no suggestion that after all it was *their* own country they fought for. The attitude is rather that of hired mercenaries who, having answered successfully a stranger's call for police protection, come now to present that stranger's bill.

It was said above that the bonus is subversive of public and private morals. One has only to recall our experience with civil war pensions to realize what this means.

The American Legion was organized with many fair words about its social and patriotic virtues. It early went on record with a pledge that it would keep out of politics and especially out of the pension game of grab. The movement for so-called "adjusted compensation" is discreditable hedging upon that pledge. It is like the first drink of liquor to a man who can not restrain his appetite. If human nature has not changed, and if our experience with past wars means anything, the public has only to yield to this first demand to find that it has created a vicious habit in millions of men who will then grow unashamed to ask for unearned gifts under the name of "service pensions" and other terms disguising a mere acceptance of charity from the common funds. The effects of this habit upon the individual are notorious.

Nothing here said is intended to oppose immediate assistance to men injured in the service or permanent positions to men permanently incapacitated by their service. They deserve their country's aid, and anything the Legion can do in their behalf will receive the support of the public. But men who suffered no physical or mental injury in the war have no just claim upon the public's money.

### THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF TRUTH. (Los Angeles Times.)

If you desire to know "the exact truth" concerning the "constructive governmental work of the state" apply to Governor Stephens or any member of the state machine. Such is, in substance, a statement issued by Fulton Lane, president of the Public Affairs Lyceum. \* \* \*

How nice! If you want to know "the exact truth" about why California has the highest per capita tax of any state in the Union do not ask the wicked Los Angeles Times or the State Taxpayers' Association or any member of the legislature who opposed the King tax bill two years ago—do not ask those who pay the money, but the ones who spend it. If you want to know anything about the Forty Fat Commissions, if you want "the exact truth," ask one of the commissioners. They alone are disinterested parties; they alone are without prejudice. They are all "public-spirited citizens," and they all have sufficient leisure to go anywhere in the state, at any time, and tell you all about it.

The Times hesitates as to whether to call this naïveté or gall. These pay-roll patriots are either more verdant than the Southern California countryside in April or they believe the Southern California electorate to be more credulous than those who answer advertisements in a matrimonial magazine.

### SELF-PROPAGATING PATERNALISM. (Santa Barbara Daily News.)

Thomas Babbington Macaulay was considered, in his day, something of a thinker. If he had lived in the present century he would have been an old fogey, decidedly behind the times, and would have trained with the has-beens.

In one of his essays he drew upon his imagination for the grotesque and the impossible. He said: "Why should not they take away the child from the mother, select the nurse, regulate the school, overlook the playground, fix the hours of labor and of recreation, prescribe what ballads shall be sung, what tunes shall be played, what books shall be read, what physics shall be swallowed? Why should they not choose our wives, limit our expenses and stint us to a certain number of dishes of meat, of glasses of wine, and of cups of tea?" \* \* \*

The only portion of the prophecy of Macaulay that has not come true is that of the husband selecting a wife, and the wife a husband. As yet a man is permitted to select his own wife, and a woman is permitted as yet to select her own husband, without interference by the police.

In the city of Santa Barbara no one escapes. Everything in the moral, industrial, and commercial world is to be owned, operated, supervised, or censored, from the birth of a baby to the burial of a human body. A man can not establish a grocery without getting the consent of the council of the city of Santa Barbara, and to get that consent he must first secure the assent of a majority of the owners of property within 400 feet of the location of the proposed store.

The Congress of the United States has within the past ten years expended four billions of dollars in the maintenance of commissions, boards, and bureaus, the bulk of which has been squandered in doing for the people that which it would have been much better for them to have done for themselves.

The desire to attend to other people's business grows by that upon which it feeds; the cost of these commissions is increasing yearly, and doubling every five years.

Would it not be a good thing to now establish a commission whose object is to get rid of commissions? Why not fight fire with fire? Why not get the antidote for the snake-bite from the snake?

### INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. Reid Dick is the sculptor of the Viscount Bryce bust to be presented to the American people through the famous Sulgrave Institute.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, an English actress, is a pioneer in the new field of actress-managing. She is one of the first women to manage a theatre in London.

On April 27th, the 100th anniversary of the birth of General U. S. Grant, a new statue of the great American soldier will be unveiled in Washington by the Princess Cantacuzene, the general's granddaughter.

George B. Lockwood, editor of the *National Republican*, has been made secretary of the Republican National Committee, succeeding Clarence Miller, whose death occurred a short time ago.

The new Italian premier, the Hon. Luigi Facta, a lieutenant of the former prime minister, Giolitti, has had a brilliant career as a journalist and a lawyer. His cabinet is remarkable for the impartial representation of different factions.

Miss Edwina Ashley, England's greatest heiress, is reported engaged to Lord Louis Mount Batten of the Prince of Wales' staff in India. Miss Ashley is the granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, who left her a hundred million pounds.

Even Turkey has produced its "greatest woman." Halide Edib Hanoum, educator, poetess, and politician, is a powerful influence in that country. Halide has a finger in every Turkish political pie. She is greatly concerned over the national *status quo*.

Samuel Glucksman, a sergeant of the Sixth Marines, has been decorated by every Allied government for his distinguished service during the world war. One of his feats was the capture of twenty Germans single-handed in an engagement at Mont Blanc.

Cyril W. Armstrong, a traveling salesman, newspaper reporter, and an attorney of Chicago, recently fell heir to a large estate in Africa accompanied by a British title. It is said that Mr. Armstrong is wavering between the alternative of being an English earl or an American citizen.

Sir Ross Macpherson Smith, the Australian aviator, who has just published the record of his flight from England to Australia in 1919, and who made another pioneer flight from Cairo to Calcutta in 1918, is a young man of thirty with a string of war-won honors after his name. Sir Ross is a noted Australian sportsman.

The career of Lord Reading, the British Viceroy in India since 1921, has been that of one of the most brilliant lawyers of his generation. As Mr. Rufus Isaacs he was for many years a Member of Parliament for the town of Reading. He served as Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and in 1913 he was Lord Chief Justice of England. In 1910 he had been made a baron and in 1917 he assumed his present title of Earl of Reading. He was high commissioner and special ambassador at Washington in 1918. He was sent as Viceroy to India because of his great administrative and political ability. Incidentally, Lord Reading was the first Attorney-General to take his place as a cabinet member, 1912.

Senator Frank Bosworth Brandegee, who has stood for reservations in the treaties, is one of the most influential Republicans in the Senate. A typical Connecticut man and a Yale graduate, Mr. Brandegee has been in Republican politics since his admission to the bar in 1888. After service in the legislature and the House of Representatives he entered the Senate in 1905 at the age of forty. A Republican who stoutly supported the treaties is Senator Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota. Mr. Kellogg was a distinguished lawyer at St. Paul and an influential Republican before entering upon public office. He was elected to the Senate in 1916 and will therefore come up for reelection this year. Mr. Kellogg is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee.

Selma Lagerlöf, who has recently returned to the forefront of European letters, enjoys a unique place among women writers. She is the only woman so far to receive the Nobel Prize for literature, and she is a member of the Royal Swedish Academy. Born in 1858, the daughter of a Swedish army officer, Miss Lagerlöf was educated to be a teacher and taught for ten years before her unusual talents were discovered. From 1895 she devoted herself exclusively to writing and travel. Though she is chiefly known to English readers by "Gösta Berling's Saga" and "Jerusalem," Miss Lagerlöf has been an industrious and prolific writer. "The Outcasts," which is now attracting attention to the Swedish authoress, is only her second latest book. Miss Lagerlöf is not a prophet unhonored in her own country. In addition to the two honors already mentioned she has been created Doctor *honoris causa* by the Upsala University and is by virtue of that degree the Honorable Selma Lagerlöf, Dr. Phil.

Dr. William Henry Welch, head of the School of Hygiene and Public Health of Johns Hopkins University, which has done such notable work in preventive medicine since its foundation in 1916, is one of the most brilliant and distinguished pathologists in the

United States. His string of degrees is monotonous. There are fifteen or sixteen of them and they include recognition by practically all the great medical schools of Europe and America. In addition to his long active hospital service at Bellevue Hospital Medical College and at Johns Hopkins Hospital, he is president of the Maryland State Board of Health, president of the board of directors of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, trustee of the Carnegie Institute, and a member or a fellow of a score or so of the other medical associations. Dr. Welch served as a colonel in the world war and was awarded the D. S. M. for his services in the American Red Cross. He is the author of a number of works on pathological subjects. The special school of hygiene and public health at Johns Hopkins is the pioneer school of preventive medicine in this country.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### Let Us Be Merry Before We Go.

If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,  
Could, more than drinking, my cares compose  
A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,  
And hope tomorrow would end my woes.  
But as in wailing there's nought availing,  
And Death unfeeling will strike the blow,  
Then for that reason, and for a season,  
Let us be merry before we go.

To joy a stranger, a wayward ranger,  
In every danger my course I've run;  
Now hope all ending, and death befriending,  
His last aid lending, my cares are done.  
No more a rover, or hapless lover,  
My griefs are over—my glass runs low;  
Then for that reason, and for a season,  
Let us be merry before we go.

—John Philpot Curran.

#### A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
When nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,  
And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
"Arise, ye more than dead!"  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Music's power obey.  
From harmony, heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?  
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
His listening brethren stood around,  
And, wondering, on their faces fell  
To worship that celestial sound:  
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour  
Excites us to arms,  
With shrill notes of anger,  
And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries Hark! the foes come;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!  
The soft complaining flute,  
In dying notes, discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion,  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach,  
The sacred organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;  
And trees unrooted left their place;  
Squacious of the lyre;  
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd  
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

#### GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the Blest above;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky!—John Dryden.

#### Misconceptions.

This is a spray the Bird clung to,  
Making it blossom with pleasure,  
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,  
Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
O, what a hope beyond measure  
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to,—  
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the Queen leant on,  
Thrill'd in a minute erratic,  
Ere the true bosom she bent on,  
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.  
O, what a fancy ecstatic  
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—  
Love to be saved for it, proffer'd to, spent on!

—Robert Browning.



## VANITAS VANITATUM.

"A Gentleman with a Duster" Now Polishes Off a Few Ecclesiastics.

"A Gentleman with a Duster," having dry-cleaned society and trained a high-power hose on politics, has replaced his more potent tools with a chamois skin. We now witness his delicate operation on "painted windows." Having got more or less used to his mordant methods in the past, it is with trepidation that one watches him in the act of delicately polishing off the translucent, but evidently according to our energetic author, alas! not transparent, personality of the religious of today. It may as well be said at the outset that those who relished the anonymous author's exposé of the aristocracy and the government may come to "Painted Windows" hoping for more. But they will either go disappointed or remain to pray. Our own immediate reaction to the book was to envy England for boasting such a galaxy of saints. "Painted Windows"—the title—implies deliberate darkness. It implies, not merely an interior where light is kept out by the chrome, vermillion, and cobalt of ecclesiasticism, but where even their darkening hues are *enfonce* by the dust of ages. Strange it is then that most of the personalities so deftly placed before us here are radiant even in their filtered light. Is it possible that "A Gentleman with a Duster" himself entered the church flourishing the implements of his trade—but remained to pay his devotions? The query inevitably presents itself as one passes one saintly portrait after another, mostly saints who themselves sound angelic clarions of reform. What does "A Gentleman with a Duster" want? Even he seems intensely to admire most of his victims:

When our day is done, and men look back to the shadows we have left behind us, and there is no longer any spell of personal magnetism to delude right judgment, I think that the figure of Dean Inge may emerge from the dim and too crowded tapestry of our period with something of the force, richness, and abiding strength which gives Dr. Johnson his great place among authentic Englishmen.

Dean Inge repays observation and study. He is distinctly a "character." His appearance is minutely described here; and indeed a large part of the charm of "Painted Windows" is the intimate acquaintance one makes with these dignitaries of the church as people rather than as ecclesiastics. Does the author expect a saint to have canceled human nature? Probably the false premise is in assuming that human nature can produce a saint. Be that as it may, we think Dean Inge is a near cousin to one. This description of his appearance bears us out:

Few public men, with perhaps the exception of Samuel Rogers, ever cared so little about appearance. It is believed that the dean would be indistinguishable from a tramp but for the constant admonishment and active benevolence of Mrs. Inge. As it is, he is something more than shabby, and only escapes a disreputable appearance by the finest of hairs, resembling, as I have suggested, one of those poor Russian noblemen whom Dostoevsky loved to place in the dismal and sordid atmosphere of a lodging-house, there to shine like golden planets by the force of their ideas.

Even our author, keen in pursuit of an exposé, expresses himself admiringly as follows:

Let no man suppose that the intellectual virtues are outside the range of religion. "Candor, moral courage, intellectual honesty, scrupulous accuracy, chivalrous fairness, endless docility to facts, disinterested collaboration, unconquerable hopefulness and perseverance, manly renunciation of popularity and easy honors, love of bracing labor and strengthening solitude; these, and many other cognate qualities," says Baron von Hügel, "bear upon them the impress of God and His Christ." What Dr. Inge, who quotes these words, says of Plotinus declares his own character. He speaks of "the intense honesty of the man, who never shirks a difficulty or writes an insincere word."

And yet "A Gentleman with a Duster" feels that there is something wrong somewhere. He craves perfection:

I feel myself that his mind is made up, though he is still thinking and still seeking; and I attribute his indecision as a leader, his want of weight in the affairs of mankind, to one fatal deficiency in his mysticism. It is, I presume to suggest, a mysticism which is separated by no gulf from egoism—egoism of the highest order and the most spiritual character, but still egoism. In his quest of God he is not conscious of others. He thinks of mankind with interest, not with affection. Humanity is a spectacle, not a brotherhood.

The author's discovery of a "fatal deficiency in his mysticism" is nevertheless in direct contrast to this revelation:

I have spoken to him about psychical research and the modern interest in spiritualism. "I don't think much of that!" he replied. Then, in a lower key, "It was not through animism and necromancy that the Jews came to believe in immortality." How did they reach that belief? "By thinking things out, and asking the question, Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

In fact we think that our purifying gentleman is inconsistent in the extreme, for he takes issue with the austere dean at the very quality that typifies his saintliness:

But he lacks that profound sympathy with the human race which gives to moral decisiveness the creative energy of the great fighter. A lesser man than Erasmus left a greater mark on the sixteenth century.

He then confounds confusion by quoting Bacon: "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." Granted Bacon's ethical infallibility, he yet

referred to worldly people. The farther a "saint" progresses from worldly interests and towards asceticism, the more he loses touch with human joys and ills. One must be reasonable in one's demands.

One of the most interesting figures among these "studies in religious personality," partly because it is that of a woman, partly because it is that of a true religious perfectly balanced with sanity, is that of Miss Maude Royden:

Pushkin said that Russia turned an Asian face towards Europe and a European face towards Asia.

This acute saying may be applied to Miss Royden. To the prosperous and timid Christian she appears as a dangerous evangelist of socialism, and to the fiery socialist as a tame and sentimental apostle of Christianity. As in the case of Russia, so in the case of this interesting and courageous woman; one must go to neither extremity, neither to the *bourgeoisie* nor to the *apacherie*, if one would discover the truth of her nature.

For his own part, "A Gentleman with a Duster" is all praise of Miss Royden's beautiful character. For our part, we did not know that such a combination of all the virtues was possible:

Miss Royden's memoirs, if they are ever written, would have, I think, the rather unusual merit of pleasing both saints and sinners; the saints by the depth and beauty of her spiritual experience, the sinners by her freedom from every shade of cant and by her strong, almost masculine, sympathy with the difficulties of our human nature. Catherine the Great, in her colloquies with the nervous and hesitating Diderot, used to say, "Proceed; between men all is allowable." One may affirm of Miss Royden that she is at once a true woman and a great man.

Her life has been one of unusual interest. Born the daughter of Sir Thomas Royden of Frankby Hall, Birkenhead, there was nothing in her early life or conventional heredity to forecast her remarkable future. Nothing, perhaps, but the fact that she was born lame:

Miss Royden, it should be said, had been prepared by a long experience of pain to feel sympathy with the sufferings of other people. Her mind had been lamentably plowed up ever since the dawn of memory to receive the divine grain of compassion.

At birth both her hips were dislocated, and lameness has been her lot all through life. Such was her spirit, however, that this saddening and serious affliction, dogging her days and nights with pain, seldom prevented her from joining in the vigorous games and sports of the Royden family. She was something of a boy even in those days, and pluck was the very centre of her science of existence.

The accident of compassion may have had much to do with her later vocation—she was until recently assistant preacher at the City Temple and has been a social worker since youth—but one likes to think that even if she had always enjoyed perfect health her noble spirit would have asserted itself:

Her first step towards a life of service was joining a Women's Settlement in Liverpool, a city which has wealth enough to impress and gratify the disciples of Mr. Samuel Smiles, and slums enough to excite and infuriate the disciples of Karl Marx. Here Miss Royden worked for three years, serving her novitiate as it were in the ministry of mercy, a notable figure in the dark streets of Liverpool, that eager little body, with its dragging leg, its struggling hips, its head held high to look the whole world in the face on the chance, nay, but in the hope, that a bright smile from eyes as clear as day might do some poor devil a bit of good.

One wonders what use the Gentleman has for his duster here.

Miss Royden has been active in suffrage work since 1908. It is rather strange that the suffragists have not made more of her allegiance. In England, where she is a familiar figure, her support ought to be a powerful one to any movement:

It is a grateful experience to sit with this woman, who is so like the best of men, but it is so manifestly the staunchest of women. Her face reveals the force of her emotions, her voice, which is musical and persuasive, the depth of her compassion. In her sitting-room, which is almost a study and nearly an office, hangs a portrait of Newman, and a *prie-Dieu* stands against one of the walls half-hidden by bookshelves. She is one of the few very busy people I have known who give one no feeling of an inward commotion.

Miss Royden is in strong contrast to the ecclesiastical type of Dean Inge. Where he is all austerity she is immensely human. With her the church, Christianity, is a means to an end, the objective being to help suffering humanity:

What men and women want to know in these days, Miss Royden assures me out of the richness of her great experience, is whether Christianity works, *whether it does things*. The majority of people, she feels sure, are looking about for "something that helps"—something that will strengthen men and women to fight down their lower nature, that will convince them that their higher nature is a reality, and that will give them a living sense of companionship in their difficult lives—lives often as drab and depressing as they are morally difficult.

Having shown us in the character of Dean Inge what a modern churchman should not be, one may reasonably assume that "A Gentleman with a Duster" regards Miss Royden as all that he or she should be:

Yet I feel fairly certain that she would admit, if pressed with the question, that the working of any better system can depend for its success only upon a much better humanity. For she is one of those who is bewildered by the selfishness of men and women, a brutal, arrogant, challenging, and wholly unashamed selfishness, which publicly seeks its own pleasures, publicly displays the offending symbols of its offensive wealth, publicly indulges itself in most shameful and infuriating luxuries, even at a time when children are dying like flies of starvation and pestilence, and while men of their own household, who fought to save civilization from the despotism of the Prussian theory, tramp the streets, hungry and bitter-hearted, looking for work.

Certainly there is no other justification for her portrait here than as a model of an exemplary life.

Neither our author nor we can wax so enthusiastic over Father Knox. Not being familiar with English

ecclesiastical affairs, we do not know whether or not he is typical of the English Catholic priest. Probably it is true that the genius of the English race does not easily adapt itself to popery. Cape and surplice do not seem to become the British physique. It is problematical at best, but the fact remains that Father Knox strikes one as a worldly man who has accidentally become a priest:

There is a story that when Father Knox was an undergraduate at Oxford he sat down one day to choose whether he would be an agnostic or a Roman Catholic. "But is there not some doubt in the matter?" inquired a friend of mine, to whom I repeated the tale. "Did he really sit down and choose, or did he only toss up?"

Because he has not come to his calling with an open mind, and because according to our author he is afraid to open his mind, Father Knox preaches an archaic variety of mediæval lore which is as different from Dean Inge's spiritual message as the latter is from Miss Royden's humane one:

He seems to me one of the most pathetic examples I ever encountered of the ruin wrought by Fear. I think that the one motive of his life has been a constant terror of finding himself in the wrong. The door, which for Dr. Inge has no key, because it has no lock, is to Ronald Knox a door of terror which opens only to a single key—and a door which as surely shuts out from eternal life the soul that is wrong as the soul that is wicked. He must have certainty. He dare not contemplate the prospect of awaking one day to find his religious life "a ghastly mistake."

At last we find a use for the Gentleman's Duster. And the Gentleman himself seizes his opportunity with avidity. This is what he—and most of us—came for:

Every religion in history, from the worship of Osiris, Serapis, and Mithras to the loathsome rites practiced in the darkness of African forests, has been handed down as unquestionable truth commanding the loyalty of its disciples. What logic, what magic of holiness, could destroy a false religion if tradition is sacrosanct and all innovation of the devil?

We turn with relief to Archbishop Randall Davidson:

His grave earnestness is balanced by a conviction that humor is not without a serious purpose. He looks upon life in the average, avoiding all abnormality, and he sees the average with a genial smile. He thoroughly appreciates the oddities of English character, and would ask with Gladstone, "In what country except ours (as I know to have happened) would a Parish Ball have been got up in order to supply funds for a Parish Hearse?"

But again we suspect him of not being spiritual enough for the anonymous critic, whose anonymity, by the way, ought not to remain much longer in doubt. It should not be hard in so small a country as England to find a writer who knows intimately all the leading lights of the church. Any journalist might be familiar with Downing Street and any resident of Mayfair with a trenchant pen might expose the other residents, but surely few of either class must be familiar with the ecclesiastical worthies of the day.

Returning to Archbishop Davidson, a characteristically unspiritual story of him is as follows:

His attitude to the excitements and sensations of the passing day may be gathered from a simple incident. During the most heady days of the war, that is to say, days when people made least use of their heads, I encountered him at the country-house of a well-known statesman. One morning, while we were being lined up for a photograph, the board of our host came and forced himself between the archbishop and myself. "What would the newspapers say," exclaimed the archbishop in my ear, "if they knew his name is—Kaiser!"

The final portrait of the twelve pilloried in "Painted Windows" may or may not be the typical churchman referred to immediately in the author's conclusion. Of course Randall Davidson is an archbishop and not a curate, which removes the curse, but a typical churchman he is, and it is the type against which the Gentleman is so impotently waving his duster:

Something is wrong with the church. It is impious to think that heaven interposed in the affairs of humanity to produce that ridiculous mouse, the modern curate. No teacher in the history of the world ever occupied a lower place in the respect of men. So deep is the pit into which the modern minister has fallen that no one attempts to get him out. He is abandoned by the world. He figures with the starving children of Russia in appeals to the charitable an object of pity. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed, but the shepherd also looks up from his pit of poverty and neglect, as hungry as the sheep, hungry for the bare necessities of animal life.

Our author has dealt with twelve very different types of latter-day saint, of which we have given four representative specimens. He then comes to the conclusion that something is wrong with the church, which probably any of the twelve would have freely told him. Certainly none of the dozen would agree with the following:

Science is the one voice that condemns in these days the self-destroying madness of a world set on seeking to live habitually in the lower life. Sometimes journalism may light a candle of reason in our darkness, as when the *Times* recently pointed out in a leading article that the half-humorous interest of the world in the murderer Landru had its rise in a profound instinct of the human spirit, namely, that horror must be laughed at if it is not to be feared—to fear it is to be overwhelmed by it. This instinct is "an unconscious refusal to believe in the ultimate reality of evil; it is the predecessor of the scientific spirit which says that evil is something to be overcome by understanding it."

There are those who would say that science had created the self-destroying madness seeking to live habitually in the lower life. That may be a sophistic quibble. However, it is science that has made possible our luxury-loving life, and if it can now produce the antidote, it is no more than it should do. Why blame the church?

PAINTED WINDOWS. By "A Gentleman with a Duster." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 1, 1922, were \$121,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$122,700,000; a decrease of \$1,600,000.

The drop in money rates to new low marks in recent months has inspired mixed sentiments in Wall Street; at least, so far as the stock market is concerned, for, of course, only one construction could be put upon such a

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development with respect to the bond market, says J. G. Donley, Jr., in *Forbes Magazine*. Some observers have been inspired to greater bullishness on speculative stocks because of the greater volume of loanable funds available at lower rates, while others fear that the pronounced ease in money is a reflection of retarded business recovery and a forerunner of a disappointingly light spring trade.

There is much to be said on both sides. But, looking back over past records of money rate movements, it is found that call money is likely to be in freest supply in the months

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of February to August, inclusive, in the normal year. The present ease, therefore, may be regarded as a normal movement, heightened perhaps by the very leisurely pace of the business recovery, and accentuated also by the heavy liquidation of bank loans in the West and South which has followed the recovery in prices of farm products.

Now that trade recovery, as slow as it is, has definitely begun, it seems most logical to regard the increasing supply of loanable funds as a bullish factor, because under our system of stock trading, carried on to a large extent

on borrowed funds, the interior foundation of any broad speculation must rest upon a complaisant money market.

The most important recent development of positive constructiveness has been the confident recovery in corn and wheat and sterling exchange, which followed unhesitatingly the disconcertingly wide reaction in those markets. Such a sturdy comeback has brought conviction that price improvement has been genuine and based on something more stable than pyramid speculation. A similar reaction undoubtedly would do the stock market good, for it would serve to bring into line those who have insisted on maintaining a skeptical, waiting attitude.

But, disregarding those who are waiting for a reaction, it can not be denied that participation on the part of the general public has rapidly increased. Already the market has gone through several million-share days, and the breadth of dealings, as measured by the number of issues traded in, has seldom been exceeded. Caution is probably still the best policy with regard to speculative issues which have had unduly large advances since last September; but there are a number of stocks which have lagged behind and which may be expected to be brought up into line, even if other parts of the market should suffer a relapse.

Pacific Gas and Electric is particularly attractive as one of the good gas stocks which is out of line. Other gas and utility stocks, such as Columbia Gas and Electric, Consolidated Gas, and People's Gas, have advanced twenty points or so on the average, while Pacific Gas and Electric has so far scarcely moved. Earnings are good, the 5 per cent. dividend is safe, and the yield of 7.5 per cent. has recently attracted confident buying. Another stock that is out of line is California Packing, which yields nearly 8 per cent. at current prices. This company handles a stable line of canned goods and in the past year it has worked out of a difficult inventory position and succeeded in selling its new pack at a profit. Over the longer future the outlook is for gradually increasing earnings.

Another guide to profitable speculation is to be found in the balance sheets now being published. In many cases balance sheets have pointed to pronounced improvement in the financial condition of concerns making a very poor showing in their income accounts for 1921. For instance, United Drug reported a deficit of over \$3,500,000 after dividends, but its balance sheet showed an increase of more than \$11,000,000 in net working capital. American Can, with small net earnings for its common stock, revealed such a strong financial position in its balance sheet that the stock has already advanced several points and looks for a considerable further advance. Loft, Inc., not only showed good earnings in a bad year, but its balance sheet reflects a decidedly strong financial position. Of course, there are poor balance sheets as well as good. One of the bad examples was that of Pierce Arrow, which shows an acute need for new financing. But, taken all in all, balance sheets have been much better than Wall Street expected, and the reason very likely is that inventories, even though reduced at a loss which was reflected in the income account, have been partly turned into cash, permitting the reduction of bank debts, and the setting up of a stronger position as to liquid assets.

Sears Roebuck has made a good response to the improvement in prices of products of the farm, but this stock has only started on its recovery. It should be bought outright and held for a very substantial rise within the next year or two.

With time money ruling at the lowest rates in a long while, the bull pools have had it pretty much their own way in the market of late, and have made exceptional headway in many specialties which had more or less been ignored in the advance in the leading stocks which took place earlier in the year. Incidentally most of these leading stocks have done very little beyond what they had done last month, which would seem to indicate that there may have been a good deal of quiet selling in such securities under cover of strength in the specialties.

At the same time we have a market in which it seems easier to make money on the buying side than on the selling side, and this has a natural tendency to increase the appetite of buyers. Certainly we may expect that the market may come to an overbought position and our so long overdue reaction will then take place.

There is a good deal of merger talk in Wall Street these days. The Interstate Commerce Commission has opened the way for many mergers in our railroad world. New York Central has been exceedingly strong of late on account of such talk, and certainly the tape action suggests that splendid buying has been going on in that issue as well as in stocks of subsidiary companies helped by the hope that some favorable offer will be made for the minority stockholdings. Quite naturally suggestions of this sort and the recent acqui-

sition by the Nickelplate interests of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western Railroad furnish arguments which pools may use to advantage in connection with various minor rails.

Standard railroad stocks like New York Central, Southern Pacific, Norfolk & Western, and Atchafalpa appeal with particular force to those far-sighted investors who expect rather long-continued ease in the money market and can see a splendid profit in carrying such stocks on account of their dividends, to say nothing of the prospect of a big rise in their market valuations later on.

In the steel trade there is continued talk of a merger of independent interests, and some of the steel stocks have gone higher than they have been for a year or two past. Not much money is being made now by any of them, and probably not a few of them are actually operating at a loss, whereas there is also continued talk of possibility of foreign competition cutting in on domestic steel business at coast points. At the same time there is no captain of industry more certain of prosperity ahead than the managers of our steel plants, who have done such remarkable things in the development of this business in the United States, and when railroad rates and wages are properly adjusted we may look forward to a real boom in steel.—*The Trader*.

Few people seem to realize the amount of expansion in our transportation machine necessary to keep pace with the growth of the country, said Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, before the Interstate Commerce Commission. And an equal few seem to have any notion of the price we pay for not having it.

Our country is more dependent upon railway transport than any other. All others have comparatively greater coast lines and internal waterways.

The experience of the twenty years before the war has shown that we must build an extension of lines, including terminal facilities, additional sidings, etc., every year equal to the construction of a new railway from New York to San Francisco.

We must add at least 120,000 cars and 2500 locomotives annually to our equipment. Since we entered the war in 1917 we have constructed at least 10,000 miles of railways less than our increasing population and economic development called for and we are behind in rolling stock by about 4000 locomotives and 200,000 cars.

I wish to emphasize that unless we can have an immediate resumption of construction and equipment, our commercial community will pay treble the cost of the whole of them in their losses of a single season.

The very moment that we reach anything like normal business we shall see a repetition of car shortages, followed by an increase in the cost of coal to the consumer from one to three dollars a ton.

We shall again see premiums of 20 cents a bushel for the use of cars for moving grain.

We shall, in fact, see a shortage of commodities to the consumer; and we shall see gluts upon the hands of the producers.

We shall see factories filled with orders again closed for lack of cars; we shall see large intermittency in employment; and we shall see the usual profiteering in commodities due to a stricture between the producer and consumer.

There would be no difficulty whatever, by basing such losses on the experiences we have already had, to calculate a loss to the American people of a billion dollars for each one of these periodic transportation shortages.

It was a big broad stock market the entire month of March, with prices advancing to new high levels, and total sales at times above the million mark. All bear news was ignored, and the much-talked-of reaction failed to materialize, but on the contrary there have been further exhibitions of underlying strength, say E. F. Hutton & Co. in their April monthly review. Public interest is gradually increasing, although the theory of professionals is that it will require something of a setback in values to establish a new buying basis attractive to the public. The assumption is that the advance thus far has discounted the recovery in business, but the fact that the market does not react is suggestive that business is more substantial than at first anticipated. Looking over the general situation, there would seem to be more basis for this belief than has hitherto appeared on the surface. What has appeared to be merely seasonal activity now has a more permanent look, and the treasury officials at Washington, as a result of the reports received through financial centres all over the country, confirm this belief.

The most conservative barometer is the steel industry, which has been showing slow but steady improvement, together with a tendency in the direction of the stabilization of prices. The Steel Corporation is now operating at about 70 per cent. of its capacity, and it is predicted that before the summer ends, it will be up to 80 per cent. The independent companies generally exceed 50 per cent., and some of them are running up to 60 per cent.

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Copper sales this far have been the heaviest of any time since the trade depression set in, and the greater part has been for export.

Unusual activity has also been experienced in the motor industry.

What is of importance is that unemploy-



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ment in industrial centres is being steadily reduced. Of course we still have our labor troubles, but Wall Street does not take them seriously. Even the threatened coal strike is not regarded as a bear factor, and if it does take place, it will not last long.

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3 per cent., and the bond market reflects the easiness in the money situation as an advancing market.

A revival of buying in the dividend-paying transportation shares, the past month, put them to new high prices for this year, due to the fact that the earnings continue to show

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improvement. Statements of earnings for the month of February, recently issued by several important railroads, including the Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Illinois Central systems, show a handsome increase in net earnings that is very gratifying to their stockholders and encouraging to prospective buyers. Sentiment in favor of higher prices for railroad securities continues to grow as it becomes evident that the business of the transportation companies is steadily increasing and that the properties are being operated with the strictest economy.

The New England Mutual Life Company announces the appointment of Mr. Fred H.

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Beaver, Jr., as agency director of the San Francisco general agency. Mr. Beaver was formerly associated with the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company. He has the heritage of the best in life insurance practice, since his father was for thirty years San Francisco general agent of the Pacific Mutual in the firm of Kilgarif & Beaver.

Jack Martin, president of the Holsom Baking Company, and Chester S. Parker, sales manager of the Sperry Flour Company, announce a joint ownership of the Holsom Baking Company. The Holsom Baking Company took over the Young & Swain Baking Company several months ago, and up to now all

the stock has been held by Jack Martin. C. S. Parker has purchased one-half the stock, making the business virtually a partnership. Mr. Parker has resigned from the Sperry Flour Company in order to devote all of his time as vice-president and director of sales of the Holsom Baking Company. Jack Martin remains as president and general manager and will actively direct manufacture and publicity.

Imports of refined petroleum into Great Britain recorded in the aggregate an increase in volume in 1921, but a fall in value, say Henry L. Doherty & Co. Against 486,998,063 gallons, valued at £10,482,060, in 1913, and 875,199,000 gallons, valued at £66,317,760, in 1920, imports in the last year rose to 1,061,456,989 gallons, valued at £52,817,217. The average import price was just under one shilling per gallon, compared with one shilling six pence in 1920 and with a fraction over five pence per gallon in the pre-war year. The only item in which decreases in volume occurred in 1921 as compared with the previous year were lamp oil and lubricating oil.

Although the quantity of the refined petroleum oils imported in 1921 greatly exceeded that of 1920, there was a marked decrease in the total value, owing to the decline in prices. In spite of this decline, however, the 1921 prices are still greatly in excess of those of 1913.

The aggregate reexports of petroleum from

the United Kingdom, which totaled 4,126,381 gallons valued at £144,311 in 1913 and had risen in 1920 to 53,717,198 gallons valued at £5,387,367, fell to the comparatively low figure of 18,572,697 gallons valued at £1,483,194 in 1921. Lamp oil reexports were about one-sixth, motor spirit and lubricating oil each about one-half, gas oil about one-eighth, and fuel oil approximately one-thirteenth of the 1920 quantities. The total value of the reexports of refined petroleum from the United Kingdom in 1921, although less than one-third of that of the preceding year, was ten times that of the pre-war year, 1913. Also the average prices per gallon, which showed marked decreases as compared with 1920, are still greatly in excess of those of 1913.

The increase of 186,257,989 gallons in aggregate imports and the decrease of 35,144,501 gallons in reexports indicates a stock of over 200,000,000 gallons in 1921 available for consumption compared with 1920.

The exports of refined petroleum, principally lubricating oil, from the United Kingdom totaled 9,156,451 gallons, valued at £1,273,147 during 1921, as compared with 10,391,258 gallons valued at £1,981,446 in 1920.

Investment in radio stocks and securities, state Léon Goldman & Co., have been very active of late and eagerly sought after by large and small investors. As this industry

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develops a corresponding high profit can be foreseen, as was the case years ago with the telephone and telegraph companies, when enormous profits were made.

The Southern Pacific Company has asked for bids on the construction of 2000 single-sheathed, steel superstructure, automobile cars of fifty tons capacity to be used on its Pacific system, according to an announcement by George McCormick, general superintendent of motive power for the railroad.

These cars, which will be the most modern type of automobile cars, will be equipped with double-swing end doors and staggered side doors having ten feet clear opening.

According to McCormick, the Southern Pacific now has 2107 automobile cars in use on its Pacific system and the new order will be the largest ever placed by a Western railroad for this class of equipment.

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CHAPTER II  
*It is easy to buy bonds*

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The recent publication of Lord Bryce's "International Relations" is of topical interest sandwiched in, as it is, between two great international conferences. This volume—which is published by the Macmillan Company, which is also the publisher of "The Study of American History" and of the celebrated work on modern democracies—embodies a series of eight lectures delivered in the United States in August of last year. James Bryce's interest in

Anglo-American amicable relations is synonymous with his name, and among his many activities to promote good international fellowship was his connection with the Institute of Politics of Williams College, under whose auspices these lectures were delivered. The book purports to be mainly non-professional. The author did not "attempt to deal with the more intricate branches of the large subject covered by the term International Relations." The non-professional character of these eight papers on the history, the present, and the problematical future of international politics lies, however, solely in their merit of intelligibility. It is a veritable outline of international politics, and like Wells' famous outline seeks its roots in the beginnings of things. But in its merit of being alike intelligible to diplomatist and layman its unprofessional nature ceases. For the rest, the late Conference at Washington might have done worse than study the new outline and we recommend it as a text for Genoa and afterwards. Lord Bryce's theme is that the study of history, with its accompaniments of perspective and breadth of outlook, is the only hope for a solution to the muddled relations existing between states and the revolutionary conditions within. "International Relations" should be read by every one who is capable of forming an intelligent opinion on world politics.

Bryce's second last publication was "The Study of American History," which was his inaugural lecture upon accepting the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature, and Institutions. It is a remarkable fact that until the foundation of this chair there was not anywhere in the British Isles university instruction in American history or institutions. In 1911 the British-American Peace Centenary Committee discovered the deficiency and turned its attention to providing adequate courses of American history in British universities. The foundation of such a chair was placed among the foremost articles of its programme for the celebration of the Centenary of the Treaty of Ghent (1814-1914). However, the world war interrupted that project, even as it had frustrated so many others. Before the war was over the committee had been dissolved, handing over its functions to the Sulgrave Institution and the Anglo-American Society. It was the latter society that did finally found the much-needed chair that Lord Bryce and his colleagues in international friendship hoped so fervently would promote and cement Anglo-American fraternity. The little volume, which is an address, rather than a weighty contribution to historical research, is chiefly interesting in its connection with the new-made British institution of a chair in American history.

Viscount Bryce's last visit to this country was in the summer of 1921, when he came to take part in the discussions of the Institute of Politics at Williams College. He was not unnaturally regarded as the dean of the conference out of whose lectures grew "International Relations." Lord Bryce died suddenly, shortly after his return to England, at Sidmouth on January 22, 1922. Thus ended the long life that had begun on the 10th of May, 1838, at Belfast, Ireland. The remarkable career of the man is too well known to need further comment; but some light is thrown on his character and achievements by a study of his forebears. His career then becomes a document in heredity. James Bryce's grandfather was one of the long army of martyrs known as the Covenanters. His mother's ancestors had fought and died for the cause at Bothwell Brig. She brought up her son to her faith and he never deserted it. However, ardent Covenanter and anti-Burgher though he was, James Bryce clashed with the other anti-Burghers and was dismissed from their elect midst. He went to the north of Ireland and settled in Aghadoe, where he lived for more than half a century and died at the age of ninety. But it was a half-century of religious war. James Bryce was again unique among anti-Burghers. He was admonished by the Ulster Synod, accused of schismatical courses, suspended, and driven out. Then followed a hard struggle in an unproductive land, supported only by a few followers as poor as himself. But with the obstinacy and constancy of the Scotch-Irish Ulster Protestant, James Bryce and his little sect won out at last. Neighboring ministers came to fall in line with Bryce, who now occupied a sort of unofficial post of bishop over them. All this was food for the soul, but there was often no bread in the house and the children, including Lord Bryce's father, often went hungry, always went barefoot, and pursued the study of theology and the classics. Their mother, who had been Catherine Annan, taught them Greek. She also did the housework and visited the sick. Such were Lord Bryce's forebears. And their history accounts for such abnormal feats in his career as the writing of the "Holy Roman Empire" at the age of twenty-six and the perhaps even greater achievement of producing "Modern Democracies" at the age of eighty-three.

R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

"The Home Radio: How to Make and Use It" is a timely book which the Harpers announce for early publication. A. Hyatt Verrill is the author of this book, which should serve as a guide to the thousands who are now using wireless telephone receiving sets. The author has avoided all technical terms and dissertations, and has aimed to make his directions and explanations plain and simple, illustrated by purely diagrammatic figures. It is intended for those who wish to know how to make, use, or adjust home radios.

Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron" is to be translated into Braille, the alphabet of the blind. It is an interesting fact that Howard Pyle's art training was received exclusively in America.

Mr. Oscar Beringer, the well-known composer, who died recently, was a great friend of Dickens. He composed an opera for which Dickens wrote the libretto that was performed privately years ago, but was never made public.

Miss Rose Macaulay's novel, "Dangerous Ages," has won the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize awarded by a committee sitting in Paris to an English work of imagination published between June 30, 1920, and June 29, 1921.

James Branch Cabell's "Gallantry" in a new and revised edition is on the McBride spring list. "Gallantry" (Dizain des Fêtes Gallantes) is composed of ten eighteenth-century scenes laid partly in George II's England, partly in France of the time of Louis Quinze.

Francis Hackett's "The Story of the Irish Nation" is to be published this month, according to an announcement by the Century Company. It is a story from the oldest times to the establishment of the autonomous state. Mr. Hackett is the literary editor of the *New Republic*.

Robinson Crusoe's Island is said to be populated by three hundred families, who support themselves by fishing. The island, a few hundred miles off the coast of Chile, is the island of Juan Fernandez, and it was there that Alexander Selkirk was monarch of all he surveyed for fourteen years.

Ralph Mayhew, "the Bubble Book Man," and David Cory, creator of the Puss in Boots, Jr. Series, address their countless children readers through a new medium now—the home radiophone. Mr. Mayhew talks to his juvenile audience every Sunday evening from 6:30 to 7 from the Newark station, WJZ; Mr. Cory, every Thursday from the Newark station at 6:45. Both supply good-night stories for kiddies within the belt of Eastern time.

On Thomas Seltzer's spring list are D. H. Lawrence's "Aaron Rod"; "Intrusion," a novel, by Beatrice Kean Seymour; Hamilton Fyfe's "The Widow's Cruise," a humorous and

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satirical novel; "Love and Dian," by Concordia Merrel; "Jeremiah," a play by Stefan Zweig; "Fantasia of the Unconscious," by D. H. Lawrence, and "Old Europe's Suicide," a brief history of Europe, 1912-1919, by Brigadier-General C. B. Thomson.

The Macmillan Company published on March 21st Sir Harry Johnston's new novel, "The Veneerings," and Marguerite Wilkins' story of "The Dingbat of Arcady."

# Telephone

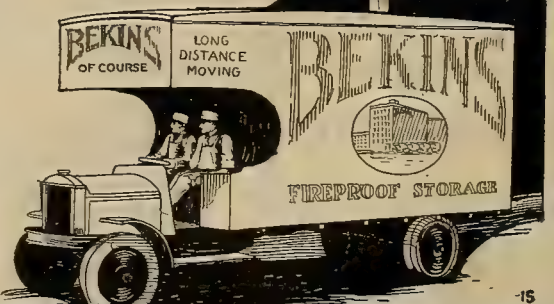
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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Elinor Colhouse.

"Elinor Colhouse" is not, properly speaking, a novel at all. It is an episode in a novel. However, its author, while admitting that it is one of five parts of a long work, thinks that it can stand alone. It could in the manner of the average long short story, read in a magazine, if its grip on one were no more felt than is the average magazine story. The truth is that Mr. Hudson's peculiar gifts for realism are so effective that one does not think of the book as a factitious work of art—which it undoubtedly is—but rather as an actual case. It is one of the few, very few, books that leave you with defined curiosity as to its outcome.

Since one has already been invited to consider every possible combination of human affairs that can be compassed in several hundred pages and dubbed a work of fiction, it is hard at first even to understand the effect of "Elinor Colhouse." It is not the charm exerted by so many novels of fascinating or lovable characters. One is no more acquainted and scarcely more attracted by Richard Kurt, hero, than one is by the average man whose domestic or business fiascos hail him with a flare of newspaper publicity. His is an attenuated personality and a conventional type. Still, with Elinor, we scarcely are acquainted with him. Elinor herself is both a type and an individual, and far from an admirable one. She is the typical spoiled American beauty who never had much character and will have less in proportion to her future spoiling. She has scarcely a redeeming trait and her domestic unloveliness is revealed with the impersonal air of a dictaphone in a trial scene. And yet we are *qui vive* to know what becomes of her and what becomes of her nice but not particularly noteworthy husband, just as we are avid to learn the latest installment of a dramatic follow-up in the morning newspaper.

Mr. Hudson, consciously or unconsciously, has taken a leaf from the human-interest type of journalism, and we suspect that the effect is accidental. He is obviously a writer who is intensely interested in actualities. He has a keen sense of the dramatic—rather unrelieved by humor—but he never lets it run away with him. His drama never becomes theatrical; it has the more effective face of plausibility. In other words, his dénouement is the inevitable result of his given facts, and one follows them with such keen interest just because they ring familiar changes.

"Elinor Colhouse" is a remarkable book. One is tired of bandying the word verisimilitude, and yet it applies with perfect aptness to this chapter of average human nature. Its publisher says that it is a novel women will talk about. We disagree. It is a novel that women will intensely dislike, because it is not flattering. Incidentally, one would think it the work of a clever woman novelist—so

shadowy is Richard, so adroitly are Elinor's manoeuvres presented—but we are given to understand that the author is Mr. Hudson. We rather think it is a woman at that, if for no other reason than that Mr. Knopf's usual tabloid authorial biography is missing from the first flap.

ELINOR COLHOUSE. By Stephen Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

The Training of a Secretary

For those engaged in secretarial work or for those who contemplate taking it up as a profession this book should prove of practical value, as it is the result of long practical experience. The possibilities in the field for persons of energy and initiative are demonstrated and the reader is introduced to the technique of secretaryship by easy stages. Powers, by-laws, the taking of minutes, forms, mechanical helps, the work of private, social, and other secretaries, and financial compensation have all been dealt with adequately. An interesting feature is the general historical aspect of the profession, together with an account of famous secretaries and their careers.

THE TRAINING OF A SECRETARY. By Arthur L. Church. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75.

London to Melbourne by Air.

"14,000 Miles Through the Air" is the story of the first flight made by aeroplane from England to Australia. Sir Ross Smith, following his war service as a British airman, undertook to return to his native Melbourne from London via the air. His record of his daring and successful voyage is told in clear, untechnical English, and the narrative is more packed with thrilling adventure than most adventure stories.

14,000 MILES THROUGH THE AIR. By Sir Ross Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

New Books Received.

THE OPEN SPACES. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2. A book for nature lovers.

HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents.

A story of an incident in Roosevelt's life.

MY MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS. By Chauncey M. Depew. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4. Autobiography.

THE FORSYTE SAGA. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

"The Man of Property," "In Chancery," and "To Let," with two interludes, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" and "Awakening," in one volume.

THE RED HOUSE OF MYSTERY. By A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A mystery story.

A PRISONER OF THE REDS. By Francis McCullagh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

The story of a British officer captured in Siberia.

RIVERS AND THEIR MYSTERIES. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield & Co. Popular physiography.

GUY HAMILTON SCULL. By Henry J. Case. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$3.50. Biography.

PAINTED WINDOWS. By a Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Studies in religious personality.

WALL SHADOWS. By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. A study in American prisons.

THE MYSTERY OF MORMONISM. By Stuart Martin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.50.

AS CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS GROW. By Katherine Chandler. San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Company.

CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

An imaginary autobiography.

14,000 MILES THROUGH THE AIR. By Sir Ross Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3. The story of the first flight made by aeroplane from England to Australia.

THE ADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL TRAMP. By Harry L. Foster. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.50.

Roughing it in South America.

THE HERITAGE OF THE HILLS. By Arthur Preston Hankins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A Western story.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS. By Charles J. Dutton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A detective story.

THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75. A novel.

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS. By Richard Matthews Hallet. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel of the West.

REFLECTIONS OF A T. B. M. By Himself. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

A compendium of feminine traits and foibles.

THE ART OF THINKING. By T. Sharper Knowlson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.35.

THE OPEN ROAD TO MIND TRAINING. By Esme Wingfield Stratford. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

HANDBOOK OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT. By Charles M. Fassett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

ASSETS OF THE IDEAL CITY. By Charles M. Fassett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

SIR DAVID WEARS A CROWN. By Stuart Walker. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; 50 cents.

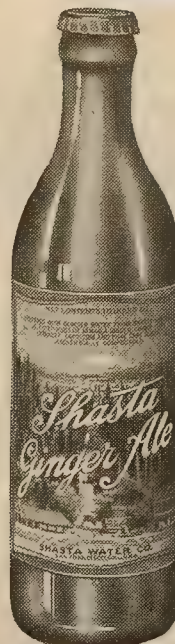
Modern plays, edited by Frank Shay.

THURSDAY EVENING. By Christopher Morley. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; 50 cents.

Modern plays, edited by Frank Shay.

TRULY RURAL. By Richardson Wright. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A story of the rejuvenation of an old country house within and without by the editor of *House and Garden*.



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THE WISDOM OF THE BEASTS. By Charles Augustus Strong. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Modern fables satirizing current schools of philosophy.

LITTLE FOLKS' BOOK OF NATURE. By Hiram Hunter. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.25.

FREE RANGE LANNING. By George Owen Baxter. New York: Chelsea House; \$1.75.

A Western story.

The world is treated to what has been called "another attempt to lift the obscurity that hangs over Shakespeare"—although if Shakespeare was obscure one wonders what fame might be. This effort is by two young dramatists, H. F. Rubinstein and Clifford Bax, and the *Liverpool Post* thus compares their work with the best-known previous attempts: "Frank Harris created a figure in a tragic mask, bitter, pitiable, wretched. Shaw, missing the superb Shakespearean irony and gayety in his portrait, gave us a roistering jester 'Very like myself.' Harris found that Shakespeare's passion for the Dark Lady cankered and took on proud flesh in him, and tortured him to nervous breakdown and madness. Shaw showed us a man with a faculty for laughing at everybody, including himself, and a journalistic passion for noting down fine phrases. The one was impressive, the other amusing, but neither told the whole truth. Messrs. Rubinstein and Bax have made a more comprehensive study, and the result is a play which must stand as the most convincing statement of the Shakespearean enigma until it is supplanted by a better."

Archibald Marshall is working on his new novel, "The Rectory Family," which will be a continuation of his Clinton Series, and will be published in the fall by Dodd, Mead & Co.

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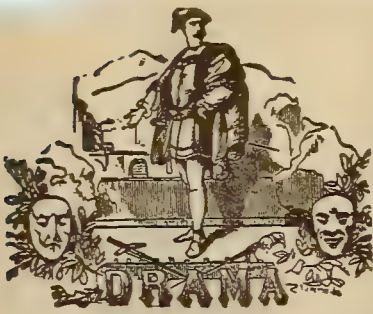
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## GRAND OPERA.

Singers can do wonders in conquering illness and singing above a cold. By the time this column is printed the public will know whether Mary Garden is able partly to fulfill her engagement. The necessary postponement of her performance did away with the possibility of reviewing her work for this week's issue. Rosa Raisa has proved a prop and a stay to the operatic organization during the necessary substitutions. Her powerful, dramatic soprano has responded ably to the extra demands made upon it, the singer herself evidently possessing a large stock of vitality.

She sang Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights of last week in succession, the extra call upon her vocal powers not being noticeable in its effect until Saturday night, when her voice seemed somewhat lessened in volume.

To add to this lady's other vocal feats she gave a short outdoor day concert in front of the Chronicle Building early last week. Also, she unexpectedly was obliged to assume the taxing rôle of Elsa in "Lohengrin"—the substitute bill for Friday night—and on the previous evening, when an exceptionally large audience turned out for "Tanhäuser," she won many plaudits for her singing in the rôle of Elizabeth.

Altogether, Raisa will have put in rather a strenuous two weeks when the season is over. For these singing birds are not wont to overtax their powers by frequent performances, once they have arrived. Muratore, for instance, the star tenor of the troupe, was billed for only three performances. Raisa was the principal figure not only in the three operas mentioned, but in "Aida" as well.

The star cast for Saturday, however, was at the matinee, when Muratore, Edith Mason, and Hector Dufranne sang, Muratore's appearance, with Polacco as conductor, lending to the matinee bill even greater importance.

However, the choicer sections in the vast auditorium were well filled on Saturday night, the presence of some thousands showing that "The Jewels of the Madonna" is a popular opera. The beauty of the music, which has that popular quality of making itself immediately appreciated on a first hearing, is more particularly responsible, but the piece is a modern music-drama, or melodrama, and we naturally appreciate what belongs to our time.

Then there are the two beautiful intermezzos, and the eloquence with which the orchestration interprets the changing moods of the emotional Neapolitans, who come and go during the three acts like a human incarnation of the joy of excitement.

In the midst of all this first act stir, and rush, and vivacity, Raisa's presentation of Maliella retained its arresting quality. The singer emphasized the gipsy qualities of Carmela's wild-hearted adopted daughter, and her

close-reefed black hair framing features suited to the rôle lent vraisemblance to the character.

The volatile street groups, frivolous, amorous, and gay, made a strikingly effective contrast to the religious cortège which accompanied the statue of the Virgin, whose jeweled ugliness supplied the suggestion which results in the principal motive of the drama.

The missing quality in the opera is the element of sympathy. These boo-hooing Latins weeping freely on mamma's bosom do not particularly appeal to our feelings, although no doubt in southern Europe they represent reality of type. In Maliella we sense something dangerous; a wild, lawless nature not made for domestic preoccupations, as shown by the impetuosity with which Maliella turned her back on the urge and beckoning of seductive life in a moment of frenzied emotion.

Forrest Lamont and Giacomo Rimini were the two prominent male figures on Saturday night, the tenor showing at the beginning a slight tendency to shear away from the pitch. But this weakness he conquered eventually, giving also a very effectual representation of Gennaro's sufferings.

Giacoma Rimini was, dramatically, a figure to match Raisa's Maliella. They formed a couple strikingly real in the artificial surroundings of opera, the big, athletic baritone putting into the Camorrist leader's love-making a most appropriate suggestion of recklessness and conscienceless.

Giacoma Rimini's great, athletic body fittingly houses a full-bodied baritone, but, oddly enough, it doesn't flow out with sufficient freedom, and is disfigured by a chronic vibrato. There is, in fact, opportunity for this singer to improve his naturally fine vocal equipment by further study; particularly as he has an excellent stage presence, a dramatic temperament, and great intelligence in exercising it.

Maria Claessens, Margery Maxwell, Irene Pavloska, and a long list of lesser singers rounded out a cast that gave us San Franciscans our first real acquaintance with the full dramatic and musical possibilities of the opera; the orchestration, as rendered under Pietro Cimmini's baton, playing an almost equally prominent part with the vocalism, the stream of vivid, eloquent, changeable music flowing like a great, multi-colored tide, illuminating the dramatic action, to whose emotional tempests it forms a background of harmonious loveliness.

The opera, as is the case with every one heretofore presented during the present season, was mounted with excellent realistic and dramatic effect. The setting in the middle act was almost too impressive. It showed what looked like the lofty and imposing façade of an old stone church, whereas it was only the exterior of a Neapolitan tenement house. But the picture it presented was, architecturally, a fine composition, and lent dramatic dignity to the wild, rather sinister love of Maliella for Raffaele.

Lovers of music who are solicitous for San Francisco to hold her own as a music centre, or, at least, as a centre of confirmed appreciation of music, have been exhorting San Franciscans to buck up, even if Mary Garden may not soon recover; her appearance being still uncertain at this writing (Tuesday), in spite of confident assurances on the invalid's part that she will be Johnny on the spot on Wednesday night.

But the second week—with "Madam Butterfly" billed—began auspiciously with a good-sized audience, larger, I should judge, than those of either of the Saturday audiences.

The public, by the way, never heeds exhortations or admonitions about patronizing high-class attractions because it ought to. Like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth, and it blew into the Auditorium by the thousand on Monday night, simply because it loves the opera "Madam Butterfly."

All of the choicer sections of the house, as on Saturday night, were well filled, but the people also spilled over into the contiguous and less desirable territory, and they were there in sufficient numbers to supply that sense of exhilaration which comes when one is a unit in a vast and keenly expectant throng.

Assured as we were in advance of a fine performance, the off-stage aria of Cho-Cho-San made us realize the beauty, purity, and strict adherence to pitch of Edith Mason's soprano. So it remained throughout the opera; a vocal organ of real loveliness, always colored by the tints and shades of Cho-Cho-San's tenderly varied emotions.

If Edith Mason's physical representation could have matched her vocal and dramatic equipment she would have been ideal for the part. But when the child-bride became a suffering woman the actress and the singer were fused into one, and the impersonation was deeply moving.

The invaluable tenor, Edward Johnson, sang the rôle of Pinkerton with great lyric charm, and acted with romantic fervor. Georges Baklanoff succeeded in giving a remarkably strong effect of Sharpless' fundamental disapproval of the Japanese union, even while maintaining a sort of majestic immobility; and the big Russian's beautiful voice flows from his noble sounding-board of a chest like a broad, smooth river of tone.

Irene Pavloska's fine, suave, dramatic contralto, and the fervor with which the singer expressed the poignancy or Suzuki's sympathy were instrumental in heightening the pathos of the general representation, although it seemed to me that the character came a little out of the self-effacement generally characteristic of the rôle; such, for instance, as was practiced on this same stage by Alice Gentle in this rôle six months ago.

A very good bit of acting was done by Octave Dua in the rôle of the rapacious and servile marriage-broker, although the astounding make-up was overdone, and looked as if Goro had begun to putrefy.

The other rôles, those of Kate Pinkerton, sung by Philine Falsco, of Constantin Nicolay's Bonze, and José Mojica's Yamadori, were in good hands, each singer contributing to the general effect the intense emotional suggestion which is so marked a character of this opera.

It is strange how Italians took hold of a short story written by an American about a Japanese woman and the curious social conditions of an alien race and gave it such surpassing beauty and pathos that it stands now as one of the great operas. There is no opera of which the story is told so simply and genuinely, and with such an absence of operatic artificiality, as this has been by those master librettists, Illaca and Giacosa; the latter, indeed, standing very high in Italy as a dramatist in his own right. And Puccini surpassed his highest flights in this opera.

Incredibly beautiful are the orchestral harmonies. There is humanness of tone to the marvelous pathos of those passages which mirror the suffering in Cho-Cho-San's gentle soul, as she stands the night through hoping, longing, and, at the last, fearfully questioning; the supernal suffering of the constant woman-soul inflicted by the earthy, faithless male.

Yes, it is true, perhaps, that Cho-Cho-San was more innocent than Japanese girls in her position are wont to be; true, also, that there are many money-loving Madam Chrysanthème's in Japan. But Madam Butterfly stands for the exception: the exquisite, tender nature created to express purity, constancy, and love. And Puccini wove most inspired music, which expressed the fragrance and beauty of the tender, submissive, faithful heart that was dedicated to suffering, and bound to bruise itself against the hard forgetfulness and selfishness of average humanity.

No other opera, as it seems when we pause to recall them one by one, is so rich in æsthetic suggestion as this. Every setting expresses the Japanese delight in flower and foliage forms, and the beauty of growing things. And to this aspect of the opera full justice was done by the management on Monday night, the Orientalism in costume and architecture lending beauty of design, color, and form to the media employed in each set.

Polacco led, and the untiring vigilance which he exercises over every department of his orchestra resulted in an eloquence and beauty of tonal harmonies which we have never heard surpassed; and possibly never heard equaled in this special score.

## "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Funny old, rusty, musty, fusty opera! Funny old stilted situations, toploftical dialogue, such as is nowadays used in burlesques

of melodrama! "Leave us! I would be alone!" "Start not," says Arline, "I would chaffly (sic) remain." This is Theo Pennington, who squeaks her pretty singing voice up to the top areas of her head when she changes to a speaking voice.

You can't help enjoying the old ballads in "The Bohemian Girl," but you must be an awful dub if you don't chuckle over the situations. "And now, my friends," says the Count, after a brief interval of battle, murder, and sudden death, "we will resume the festivities."

The Count is extremely pious. His myrmidons would pursue the lawless abductor of the little Arline. But no. First they must wait an operatic prayer skywards. So, while the abductor makes tracks up into the mountain fastnesses with the little Arnheim heiress over his shoulder, the genteel Count detains the myrmidons in prayer. Result, Devils-hoof has successfully fished the coop, and the too devout Count is minus an heiress.

And then Papa Arnheim, after a decade or so, is still plunged into unassuaged grief over the loss of his child. He sings "The Heart Bowed Down," and we remember tenderly how, in our teens, we used to feel right down sorry for the nice, aristocratic, lace-ruffled, inconsolable papa-count.

Then in the market-place where the gipsies assemble there is the mark on the arm of the prettiest gipsy, a start, recognition, "My Child!" and forthwith, without any unnecessary fussing over legal proofs, Arline, the gipsy girl, instantly finds that when she dreamt she dwelt in marble halls she dreamt true.

Yes, it is a dear old piece of absurdity, and we enjoy it in a different way from what we did in those happy past days when the Count's weight of woe was so overwhelming

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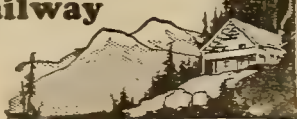
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that you could almost spoon it up from his marble halls.

The lively young crickets of "The Mikado" are perfectly matter of fact under these different circumstances. The dialogue comes out like the words of a mechanical doll, but they sing for all they are worth. They don't know much about shading, bless their hearts, but to them so far there is not much shading in life anyway. The clear, ringing notes fairly jump out of their lusty young throats. They—the chorus, particularly—make ecstatic forward movements full of the joy of life as they sing. Lucky kidlets! How they do love their job!

Ed Andrews' comedy training lies in abeyance this week, lost in the folds of Devilshoof's gipsy draperies. For Devilshoof, like the gipsy queen, belongs to melodrama, and fun hasn't much chance in the melodramatic sentimentalities of the one Balfie opera that the public ever knew.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Saint-Saëns.

Somebody has called Mr. Arnold Bennett the Gordon Selfridge of letters, but with much more point could Saint-Saëns be called the Gordon Selfridge of music, writes N. C. in the Manchester Guardian. He was a sort of universal provider of composition. Whatever your musical want Saint-Saëns could "reach you down" a fair idea of it—symphony, ballet, piano concerto, opera, Messe Solennelle, march for military band, symphonic poem, or fantasia for harp. If versatility were genius Saint-Saëns would be second to none among the composers of all time. But though, as Gounod said, Saint-Saëns could write at will a work in the style of Rossini, of Verdi, of Schumann, or of Wagner, he had no style of his own. You can find every composer known to music in Saint-Saëns—save Saint-Saëns. The real creative genius can not so easily conceal his personality as Saint-Saëns could; let him put his content—or, to use the current coin of the aestheticians, his "intuition"—into as many forms as may be, there yet will emerge from his art some touch that betrays the man. Even the most universal of all artists was always Shakespearean. Hamlet speaks with Othello's accent. The very sculions in the "Comédie Humaine" have genius—the genius of Balzac. The style is the man.

Saint-Saëns himself was a very shrewd critic, and he had no illusions. He was the man of the world all over, with a charming dash of cynicism in his wit. Though he trafficked with the most ambitious forms of music he never inflated himself absurdly in an attempt to fill them. Unlike one or two of the dons circulating in British music of the 'nineties, who had a semblance of Saint-Saëns' technical alacrity, but none of his common sense, Saint-Saëns did not ape the manners of the masters out of snobishness or vanity. He worked at the big forms as he worked at the small forms, because he was in love with his beautiful technique, and, like an artist, never tired of watching the dextrous play of it here, there, and everywhere. He always kept within his limitations, and hardly ever got ponderous. He wrote intriguing essays in composition rather than composition itself. It is not hard to imagine a gentle smile of irony from him on reading in Mr. Hervey's biography this sentence: "How, indeed, can one hope to convey an idea of a musical personality so consistent yet so wayward, so classical yet so romantic, so grave yet so gay? How describe this protean composer who finds himself equally at home whether writing an opera, a string quartet, a symphony, or a simple song?" "I am an eclectic," Saint-Saëns once said of himself, and that was the right thing to say of a man who was very good at saying the right thing.

The last slave in the State of New York, a negress named Margaret Pine, died in 1857.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

The third and final week of the Dunbar comic opera season at the Columbia Theatre will open this Sunday night with a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's two-act comic opera, "H. M. S. Pinafore," one of the most popular light operas ever staged. Ralph Rackstraw will be sung by Harry Pfeil, and Dick Dead-eye by Ray Goerler. Theo Pennington will be the Josephine, and she is expected to make an even bigger hit than she did in the "Robin Hood" production. Little Buttercup will be sung by Paula Ayres, and Ed Andrews is entrusted with the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter. K. C. B., while Captain Corcoran will be played by Carl Bunsch. George Olsen as Bill Bobstay and Regina Manville as Hebe will complete the cast. Song gems of great popularity are included in this work. Among them are "We Sail the Ocean Blue," "I'm Called Little Buttercup," "The Merry Maiden and the Tar," "Farewell, My Own."

Easter Monday night, April 17th, marks the opening of Chauncey Olcott's annual engagement at the Columbia. The vehicle that he has chosen for his San Francisco offering is "Ragged Robin," by Rida Johnson Young and Rita Olcott. A Broadway cast headed by Ethel Intropidi will assist. Already the gallery gods are getting ready to whistle Olcott's new song hits.

The Orpheum Next Week.

William Seabury's latest divertissement is an assortment of pleasing songs and dances. Assisting him are Rose Stone, Edith May Capes, Marie Cavanaugh, Margaret Quimby, J. Roney Clements, and Bud L. Cooper. This is said to be the ultimate in intimate little revues.

Both Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp have been legitimate players for years. They ventured into the two-a-day with a sketch by Agnes Scott called "The Wall Between" and followed this with a one-act play by Hugh Herbert called "Discontent." Their new playlet is called "Wire Collect," and was written by William Anthony McGuire. Mr. McGuire has written several distinctive sketches, and the biggest of the season's Broadway hits was from his pen—"Six-Cylinder Love."

Who else but a Scot could be named Sandy Shaw? And where else could we find that same delightful burr-burr which Sandy Shaw uses so pleasantly, except in Scotchmen? There are few Scots like Sandy. He has a highly developed sense of humor and a happy knack of singing songs so that their memory lingers.

Norris' Colliers in "Springtime Follies" is the happy, joyous title of one of the prettiest animal acts today in vaudeville.

The Rinaldo Brothers in Roman art have selected sculpture as an artistic endeavor, with the hint that athletics in those days was also an art. They give a series of poses depicting various well-known statues. They also engage in a hand-to-hand balancing act and some difficult gymnastics.

Billy B. Van and James J. Corbett in their funny skit, "The Eighteenth Amendment," Princess Jue Quon Tai, the Chinese prima donna, and Berk and Sawm with their snappy steps will remain for a second week.

A Creditable Production

"The Sorcerer" at the Players Club Friday and Saturday nights during April and May is attracting attention for the way it has been staged and costumed. Scenery and costumes are unusual. The dances put on by Katharine Edson are also interesting features. A good cast of principals and a chorus of forty make this production one of the best things the Players Club has done.

Kreisler's Offering

Here is the programme which A. R. Kreisler will give in San Francisco at the Exposition Auditorium on Easter Sunday and at the Municipal Auditorium in Fresno on Monday night, April 17th:

Kreutzer Sonata ..... Beethoven  
Allegro sostenuto—Presto.  
Andante con variazioni Presto.  
Concerto in E minor ..... Mendelssohn  
Allegro molto appassionato—Andante.  
Allegretto non troppo.  
Allegro molto vivace.  
Hymn to the Sun ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Ballet Music from "Rosemunde" ..... Schubert  
Lot's Land ..... Cyril Scott  
La Gitana, Caprice Viennois ..... Kreisler

The three men in the musical world who draw the largest audiences at present are John McCormack, tenor; Fritz Kreisler, violinist; and Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist. McCormack, Kreisler, and Rachmaninoff always give what they themselves like best, and this makes their triumph the greater; they raise the public to their level and the genius which warms their hearts kindles enthusiasm even in those who do not ordinarily care for music. There are more men at their recitals than at any other similar musical entertainments.

Kreisler, who made a modest beginning in San Francisco some fifteen years ago, will give his only San Francisco recital on Easter Sunday, April 16th, at the Exposition Audi-

torium. This recital, under the local management of Frank W. Healy, already has such a large advance sale as to indicate that every seat in the great hall will be filled when Mr. Kreisler appears.

Polo at Del Monte.

The matches in the Del Monte Polo Tournament will run until April 9th, when the California winter season closes. Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Schroder, Mrs. David Blankenhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Miller, Miss Louise Burke, Carleton Burke, Arthur Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Peoples, Miss Beatrice Peoples, and Mr. and Mrs. Keith Spalding have been among the southerners at the games.

Much concern is felt over the serious accident which Major Robertson sustained in the polo match against Midwick on Sunday. He is suffering from concussion of the brain and other serious injuries, and his condition is reported as critical.

The North vs. South Feature Polo Match will close the Del Monte tournament and the season in California next Sunday. Carleton Burke, the Midwick star, will captain the southern team, and will probably have in the line-up Teddy Miller, Elmer Boeseke, Arthur Perkins, and himself. The north line-up will likely consist of Tom Driscoll, Eric Pedley, Hugh Drury, and Will Tevis, Jr.

Among the polo set from San Mateo and the Peninsula who took in the matches at Del Monte over the week-end were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Miss Katherine Ramsey, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Richard DeC. Schwerin, Mr. Archibald Johnson, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. John Parrott, and Mr. W. W. Crocker.

THE DECAY OF GRAND JURIES.

For several centuries the spirit of comedy has found pasture in grand juries (says the Manchester Guardian). The Brown who boasted that the Browns had been grand jurors ever since the flood was a standing butt of Elizabethan wit. The travelers whom Falstaff robbed at Gadshill pleaded that they were grand jurors, in the spirit of the French lady who, at a still more serious crisis, asked her father confessor if God would not think twice before damning a person of her quality. "Grand jurors, are ye?" Falstaff replied. "Well jure ye, i' faith." Something of this contumacious spirit towards grand juries has betrayed itself since the war, even in grand jurors themselves. Among other war economies, we did without them then, yet justice managed to get itself done. Until that great hazard had been run, it was perhaps a not completely refutable view that the admirable previous results of our trials at Assizes and Quarter Sessions had only been rendered possible by the discretion of grand juries in throwing or refraining from throwing out bills. Until some convulsion even greater than the war prevents all the cocks in the world from crowing, there may linger the simple faith of Chanticleer that the sun gets up because Chanticleer crows.

Indeed, even the simple faith of the Elizabethan grand juror appears even now, after the war, to linger in the bosom of the chairman of the East Riding Quarter Sessions. His defense of the system on Tuesday shows us a soul in which there is no guile. "He liked," he said, "being a grand jurymen because of the position of enormous power that it gave to them. They stood above judges, juries, and even courts of law. They absolutely had plenary power to prevent any man being put on trial." It sounds as if grand jurors must be the Hidden Hand of which some of our sterner patriots used to talk darkly during the war. A grand jury, this champion said, could "go into a room and hold a secret inquiry not bound by any rules of evidence," and if in this secret session they decided to veto a trial, they "gave no reasons and were bound by an oath of secrecy not to reveal anything that happened in their room." Described with this warmth, it seems an almost guilty pleasure. But the speaker justified it on the ground that "in the criminal law of England the scales were not held even; they were always tipped in favor of the accused persons," and the grand jury was just one tip more. Of course we all want to be nice and chivalrous about benefits of doubts and so forth, but still we have to remember that for some years now we have given accused persons a new security in the Court of Criminal Appeal. May we not go just a little too far in the direction of making criminal justice a kind of safety net for fish, warranted not to catch them if it can help it? Court-martial justice in the army sometimes approaches this ideal of inoffensiveness to offenders, because the judges are usually good-natured men, highly conscious of being no judicial experts, and desperately anxious not to convict the innocent, whatever else they may do wrong. Besides, is the grand jury ever really relied upon as a deliverer by innocence falsely accused? Is not its only substantial effect to give a pleasant sense of public function and prestige to a certain num-

ber of persons who have not so much else to do as they should, and also to waste the time of a certain number of others who would much rather be elsewhere, doing some work of real use to themselves or the public or both?

The Hudson River was not originally discovered by Henry of that surname, but by Giovanni Verrazani, an Italian sailing on a mission for the King of France. He entered the Narrows in 1524.

Britain lost 700,000 men in the world war.

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State of California, City and County of San Francisco—As:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *Argonaut* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher ..... Alfred Holman  
Editor and Managing Editor, Alfred Holman  
Business Manager, Wm. J. Milliken

2. That the owners are: The *Argonaut* Publishing Company, Alfred Holman, sole owner.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and sub-scribed before me this 28th day of March, 1922.

(Seal) JOHN McCALLAN,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.  
(My commission expires April 12, 1925.)

**VANITY FAIR.**

At Charlotte, Iowa, the worst has happened, the feared has come to pass, the cake is dough, the beans are spilled, the fat is in the fire, the women's strike is now undoubtedly on, and Wednesday night, which is beaux' night in Charlotte just-as Saturday night is bath night, and which was once devoted to the tender sighings and bosom-fluttering boldnesses of the masculine advance, is given over to the dearth and desolation that "dwell in the cold o' the moon." Those feminine candidates for mayor and the city council, Mrs. James McDermott, Mrs. Nick Steiner, and Mrs. Martin Neilson, have been permitted to taste the bitterness of defeat. Jim, Nick, and Martin may welcome back their spouses to the kitchen stove and other domestic amenities, glad to endure long dissertations on how it happened, in return for the reestablishment of their connubial raptures, and careless of the outcast state of their fellow male Charlotteans; but to those whom a cruel ukase has condemned either to eternal celibacy or to exile from their native gumbo soil, the affair is no joke. Red rust roosts upon the wires of the useless mandolin, and nothing comes but silence from the bosom of the light guitar. The sentence imposed in advance by the young women of Charlotte upon the bachelors of their fair city was that if the lady candidates were not elected, the aforesaid bachelors need never again call around. Those candidates were not elected.

Further than that, the news appears to have been suppressed. Unlike the coal strike, the women's strike has had little publicity. Some dark, official censorship, perhaps of the Chamber of Commerce or the Rotary Club exercised through the recently elected masculine mayor, seems to hang over the scene and prevent the light of truth from leaking forth. But as the ukase was imperative and the sentence unconditional, we have no doubt of the sad state of affairs at the focus of trouble. The resolution with which this edict issued left no room for doubt as to the outcome. For Charlotte bachelors, there can be no resource on Wednesday night henceforth but the prayer-meeting or the soft-drink parlor. Well, the prayer-meeting is where they belong. Let them pray, and groan and testify. All is lost, save the Iowa, and Southern California, brand of piety. It serves them right. Vanity Fair warned them to rebel, resist, parade with banners, and adopt other tactics calculated to make the fair sex fair. We have not heard that our advice was heeded. We can do no more for Charlotte. Let the mandolin wires rust, the catgut snap in the night like that of the harp that hung, until recently, on Tara's walls, the race suicide go on. We pass to themes more violent still.

Our slaughterhouses are in peril. The feminist movement threatens to oversweep and engulf them, just when we had begun to cherish some hope of a shrinkage in the price of meat. Dr. Albert Sy of the University of Buffalo, speaking before the delegates of the Erie County Women's Clubs, warns the said delegates and all their sisters that they must mend their ways of taking nutriment. Being duly constructive in his criticism, Dr. Sy tells them how. Says Sy: "Be 100 per cent. cannibal; eat raw meat, drink the blood of the slaughtered animal, and gnaw the bones to the marrow, to attain the highest degree of physical perfection." And what woman (club or domestic) was ever known in the world to whom counsels of physical perfection lacked cogency and compelling force? Dr. Sy's advice goes even farther than that, possesses an added attraction that draws like a poultice on a carbuncle. It promises a new fad. Women have tried so many things of late to increase the interest of life, and to enable them to express themselves and take their proper place of larger usefulness in the world! They have tried cocktails, and cigarettes and creosote-reeking pipes. They have abhorred the pipes and probably the cigarettes, but at least they were something new. They have paraded the streets of our largest cities clad all the way down to the knees in the skins of skunks and jaguars and other wild animals. They have gambled at bridge and stud poker in order to break the chains of the slavery that bound them. They have gone into politics. In that newly-awakened sex-consciousness which was to set them forever free they have read sex novels, and studied Sig Freud's Dream Book, and have followed with eagerness the psychic researches of such profound feminists as W. L. George and David Lawrence and Tex Rickard. It was not much good. At home there always awaited them at the close of club meeting or afternoon parade certain sordid and degrading contacts which chain the soul to earth and frazzle up the tender feathers of the spirit's new-fledged wings; such as cleaning the baby's neck and ears or sewing a patch on the old man's garden pants. From such a prison as repressed womanhood has had to endure, who would not flee to pastures new?

And now comes Dr. Sy, and points out that

those pastures are the abattoir. *En Avant!* Ribs and scapulae, chine and thigh! Away with rolled oats! Away with tea! Blood's the thing! Cracking bones for the raw marrow within is what gave physical perfection to the sabre-toothed tiger, and shall our women hesitate? Never let it be said that they clung to their chains, or hugged the dull conventions of their grandmothers, when the way to glorious self-expression and physical perfection lay before them, and science invited to the feast of horns, hides, and tallow. We may expect our abattoirs to be overrun, and the contents devoured down to the hoofs. Even the horses are no longer safe, and their owners may as well take warning and do what they can to salvage the saddles and the shoes.

The only wonder is that the Buffalo savant's discovery was not sooner made. A wider observation would long ago have shown us what was lacking to physical perfection among women, and thus we might have anticipated his prescription by many generations. For example, the tribes in the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika are devoted to a diet of live lizards. The women are said to be very beautiful; by those Tanganyikan men who admire them. White men do not, but that argues merely narrowness of intellect—the feeble-minded creatures seem to prefer the pale and delicate females with white skins, who live on cooked food. Again, the Eskimo women attained their physical perfection by a diet of raw seal meat, with an occasional candle. Some of them have proved attractive to whalers after the second winter in the Arctic, their charms quite potent when approached from the windward side. Again, the women of Kurdistan, who live on tallow, thereby acquire that "moon-faced" look so much admired by their lords. Their perfection is undeniable. And the Indian women of the plains, who derived a large part of their nutriment from chewing the inside of fresh buffalo hides to make robes were always noted for their pulchritude. So the doctor appears to be on the right track, and we may expect the rush for the slaughterhouses to begin. Of course, when the women have attained physical perfection they will have become more desirable to men, which will mean more of the bondage of home, more little necks and ears to be cleaned. But perhaps some of them are willing to risk even that.

Of great assistance to the development of feminine perfection will be the fixation of the waist line, or equator. At present this matter is enshrouded in mystery, the exact situation of the feminine equator unknown. It appears to be rambling about somewhere between the shoulders and the knees, with some risk that it may slip off altogether. Among the arbiters of fashion there is no consistency of opinion on the subject, and it looks as though a new Congress of Vienna, or of Paris, or of Versailles would be necessary to settle the business; perhaps by decision to be enforced by some new international league or alliance. The great authorities are all at sea just now. Chanel declares the equatorial line of the fashionable woman will be somewhere between the hips and the knees. This is low. Patou says it will be a diagonal, a sort of ecliptic, ascending from a point four inches above the right knee to a point one inch below the left hip. Not so, says Bouillet; it shall be just below the hips, but a trifle higher behind than in front—thus suggesting Harry Léon Wilson's mythical animal, the high-behind. Paul Poirer approaches the normal by declaring that it shall be just above the hips, while Worth dares to be logical by laying down the rule that the waist line should be at the waist. This leaves nothing to settle except the question, where is that?

Compared with the issue of the feminine equator, it looks as though the Genoa Conference would have but simple things to deal with. If it be true that wars are provoked by women, world peace is afar. One shudders to think what might follow a bad decision and the discovery by womankind that her waist line was not where she wished it to be. And there is another dangerous phase of the matter. Nothing has thus far been said about length, upon which, of course, diameter depends.

New Caledonia is afflicted with a strange scourge; it is invaded by stags. These animals are growing so numerous as to constitute a veritable danger. Prices have been offered for killing them, and the New Caledonians, who are too few to strive against them, appeal to the Australians. A very simple means has been suggested to destroy them. It consists in turning tigers loose against them in the New Caledonian jungle. But the inhabitants, after reflection, have preferred to keep the stags.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old lady of seventy, a member of a long-lived family, had been paying a visit to her mother, aged ninety-five. The aged daughter was rather tearful at the parting. "Good-by, dear mother!" she said, "I hope we shall meet again." "I hope so, my child," her mother briskly retorted. "They tell me you are looking very well."

A young married woman who was something of a flirt was in the habit of receiving attentions from her admirers in the absence of her husband. One evening an old flame was calling on her who ventured to become reminiscent. "Ah," he sighed, "if only you had married me instead of George." "Then I should have been with George at this very moment, instead of with you," was the coquettish wife's retort.

A real estate agent was showing a prospective buyer over a large estate in the south of England. He was a youngster who had been through the war and had become Americanized. As the car threaded its way through English lanes he extolled the natural beauties of the place, park, meadows, woods. At last, the car having arrived at a clear space where there were neither trees nor gardens, the enthusiastic agent pointed heavenwards. Waving his arm, he concluded, "And there's a sun for you! Can you beat it?"

Shortly after buying a new car an Irishman had the misfortune to collide with a telegraph pole. The accident was fatal to both car and owner. It devolved upon the late driver's friend Denis to break the news to the widow. "Well," asked a friend, "how did you come out?" "Fine," said Denis. "I began easylike telling her her husband was kilt entirely and horribly mangled, and then I gradually led up to the climax and told her that divvle a stick or a spring was left of the car."

Martha was a pale little wife whose white cheeks indicated her listless condition. Her husband worried about her lack of bloom till Cousin Helen came from the East for a visit. Martha improved wonderfully with bright companionship. Her husband was not slow to express his gratitude to his wife's cousin. "Helen, you can't imagine how much good your visit has done Martha. She looks ten years younger." "Well, I am so glad, Cousin George," Helen babbled. "And if she keeps on using that rouge I'm leaving her she'll always have that healthy complexion, like mine."

Booth Tarkington is said to be an admirer of the gentler qualities of the colored people. The following story at least bears up the assumption. "They are a delightful race," Mr. Tarkington is quoted as saying. "I know a minister who once married a young colored couple. 'How much Ah owes you, rev'und,' the bridegroom asked after the ceremony. 'Oh,' said the minister, 'pay me whatever it is worth to you.' The young darky looked his dusky bride over from head to foot with adoring eyes. Turning to the minister, he said, 'You's ruined me fo' life, rev'und, yo' shoa' has!'"

An old sergeant equally noted for his ability as a drillmaster and for his proficient profanity was always assigned the job of breaking in raw recruits. A captain with advanced ideas took him to task. He succinctly pointed out that the sergeant's duty was to teach the men to drill—not to swear. The sergeant docilely acquiesced, but the following day the captain overheard the reformed sergeant say at drill: "Now I want you to step out lively, my sons. And keep your eyes straight to the front, my sons. And hold your heads up, my sons. You know the kind of sons I mean."

The Whistler Journal quotes Thomas Carlyle's experience when he sat for his portrait to Watts: "There was Mr. Watts, a mon of note. And I went to his studio, and there was much meestification, and screens were drawn around the easel, and curtains were drawn, and I was not allowed to see anything. And then at last the screens were drawn aside, and there I was. And I looked. Mr. Watts, a great mon, he said to me, 'How do you like it?' And I turned to Mr. Watts, and I said: 'Mon, I would have ye know I am in the habit of wurin' clean lunen.'"

A free lance journalist found himself on a train without a ticket and decided to play the deadhead game. When the conductor appeared he told him that he had left his pocket-book at home, but that he was on the staff of the *Daily News*. "All right," said the official, "come forward to the next car. We've the editor of the *Daily News* aboard and he can identify you." There was no turning back now, so the passenger followed the conductor, expecting ignominious exposure, but to his great surprise the editor, looking up from his

paper, said simply: "Yes, conductor, that's all right. The man is on my staff." When the conductor had departed the free lance undertook to express his gratitude to the great man for his magnanimous falsehood. "Oh, don't mention it," said the other. "You see, I'm not the editor of the *Daily News*."

A Middle West tourist tells the following story: "I was promenading the deck of a steamer en route to San Francisco from Los Angeles. The ocean was decidedly rough and the boat rolled from side to side. A submarine captain on board told me the boat was top-heavy, and it was loaded light. I was passing the entrance to the bridge when people began pouring from their cabins, buckling on life preservers, faces blanched and terror-stricken. There was a concerted rush to starboard. The boat gave an upward heave, and a woman fainted and fell at my feet. I picked up a life-preserver and, buckling it about her waist, carried her to a railing. A captain in uniform ran shouting into the crowd, but his voice was drowned in the confusion. As I leaped to the rail to dive overboard I glanced over my shoulder. The crowd had paused. Women were chatting comfortably, while the men were calmly enjoying a smoke. A man in puttees, carrying a megaphone, approached me and grinned: 'We are making a moving picture, but we didn't shoot this scene. This was the rehearsal. You got so much pep in it we'll give you a \$50 voucher if you'll do it over and make the dive.'"

The ancient Egyptians had incubators in which slaves served as thermometers.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Family Tree.

My dad was a famous two-gun man,  
I'm sure you remember his name:  
As Loose-Trigger Pete  
He could shoot awful neat  
When a piker nosed in on his game.  
A rustler he was by perfesbion  
Till one of his pals spilled his dope,  
An' dad paid his fine  
From the branch of a pine  
At the end of a hundred-foot rope.  
His father before him was clever  
In his little amachure way;  
Cards was his style,  
An' he laid by a pile  
As a dealer in ol' Santa Fé.  
But he shuffled 'em jes once too often:  
They caught him one night with th' goods.  
An' although he was hung  
We are proud that he swung  
From the prettiest pine in the woods.  
An' so if I say it as shouldn't  
I come from a famous ol' line,  
So you'll understand  
Why this mornin' I stand  
At the foot of a wide-spreadin' pine.  
They got me for stoppin' th' mail coach;  
Yes, jes' once too often for me.  
But dad and his dad  
When they see, will be glad  
That I swing from the family tree.  
—George Mitchell in Judge.

## A Superior Messenger.

When Brussels was under the yoke of the invaders a notable Belgian one day went to the convent of the Jesuits and asked secretly if it were not possible to get a letter forwarded to his son, a defender of the Yser.

"That's extremely difficult," they told him. "We are spied upon. The Germans are more vigilant than ever. Still, we'll see."

A few days later the father of the soldier saw a workingman coming to his house.

"I am sent by the Jesuits," he said to him. "I'll try to cross the lines. Give me your letter."

"Here it is. Take this for your trouble, and let's go to the café and drink to the success of your mission."

"With pleasure."

A week later the workingman came again. He brought the soldier's reply. Delighted, the Belgian kissed him, and the two again went to the café to drink, this time to victory. After which the Belgian hastened to the Jesuit Fathers to thank them.

"I'd like to see the superior," he said.

"The superior? Why, he was in your house this morning."

"This morning?"

"Yes, this very morning. He was the workingman who carried your letter to Furness."

A special dispatch to the *New York Times* tells of a Department of Commerce announcement that to relieve the coin shortage in Colombia the Philadelphia Mint will make \$3,000,000 50-centavo pieces from silver furnished by the Equitable Trust Company of New York.

The term Yankee, according to Bombaugh, is not Indian, but Dutch, and means to snarl and quarrel. It was applied by the burghers of New Amsterdam to the invaders from Connecticut.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Agnes Page-Brown, to Mr. Henry Percival Dodge, American Minister to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Their marriage will take place in the autumn. Miss Page-Brown is at present in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen St. Goar, to Lieutenant-Commander Ernest Gunther, United States Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gunther of Memphis, Tennessee. Their marriage will take place in May. The news of the betrothal was made known at a luncheon given for Miss St. Goar on Thursday by Mrs. Frederick St. Goar. The guests included Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Dent McDonough, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Miss Mary Boardman, and Miss Agnes Shreve.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jean Shiels, to Mr. William Sherman Hoelscher, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hoelscher. No date has been set for the wedding.

Colonel and Mrs. Henry May of Washington have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Isabelle May, and Mr. Harry Black of New York. No date has been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Waller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wait Waller, to Mr. Henry Seagrave Carrington of New York was solemnized in St. Thomas Church, New York, last month. Mr. and Mrs. Carrington will reside at Hempstead, Long Island.

Colonel and Mrs. Frank Cheatham gave a dinner last week for Major and Mrs. Royal Reynolds. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. William Denman, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger, Mrs. Thomas Van Ness, and General Frank Winter.

Mr. William Crocker gave a supper-dance Saturday night at Pebble Beach. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Mr. Carleton Burke, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Will Tevis, Jr., Mr. Lafayette Hughes, Mr. Archibald Johnson, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Douglas Alexander, Mr. Elmer Boescke, and Mr. Arthur Perkins.

Mr. Riccardo Martin was the guest of honor at a dinner given Sunday night by Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Yvonne Romer.

Mrs. George Hammer was a luncheon hostess Friday in Piedmont, when she entertained Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Knight Smith, Mrs. Spens Black, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. Edward Prather, Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Miss Violet Whitney, and Miss Alice Grimes.

Mrs. Rex Sherer gave a luncheon last Friday in San Rafael, complimenting Miss Gertrude Minton. Among the guests were Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. Philip Foster Brown, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. Renson Bird, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Thomas Kent, Miss Caroline Avery of New Jersey, Miss

Elsa Korbel, Miss Jean Boyd, and Miss Charlotte Ziel.

Miss Edna Taylor gave a dinner Thursday night for Miss Eleanor Spreckels, the guests having included Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Ellita Adams, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Will Magee, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy entertained at dinner Saturday night for Mr. Edward Johnson.

Miss Elizabeth Magee entertained at a luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Eleanor Spreckels. The guests included Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Grace Cuyler of New York, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Geraldine King, and Miss Laura Miller.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent entertained at dinner last week, with her guests later attending the opera. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean.

Mrs. Mark Requa entertained at luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson gave a dinner Friday night for Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark. Mr. and Mrs. John Drum gave a dinner before the opera Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent entertained at dinner Thursday evening, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, and Mr. Ferdinand Reis.

Mrs. Barton Cuyler gave a luncheon on Wednesday, March 29th, for her daughter, Miss Grace Cuyler. The guests were Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Mrs. Alexander McCullem, Mrs. Robert Knight, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth McGee, Miss Claire Knight, and Miss Edith Grant.

Mrs. Ralph King was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Hewitt Davenport. Others at the affair were Mrs. Joseph King, Sr., Mrs. Frederick Kroll, Mrs. Joseph King, Jr., Mrs. Allen Taylor, Mrs. George North, and Mrs. Frederick Blackburn.

Mrs. William Porter was a luncheon hostess Friday, complimenting Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Hélène de Latour. Others at the affair were Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Rosemonde Lee, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Marianne Kuhn, Miss Katharine Kuhn, Miss Grace Cuyler of New York, Miss Edith Grant, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp entertained at luncheon Saturday.

Mr. Raymond Armsby gave a dinner at the Palace Wednesday, with his guests later attending the opera. Among those present were Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann, Miss Cornelia Armsby, and Mr. George Armsby.

Mrs. William Dohrmann was the guest of honor at a bridge-ten given last Tuesday by Mrs. Lyle Ghirardelli.

Mr. Charles Farquharson gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. George Ali of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg entertained at dinner Thursday night, with their guests later attending the opera.

Mrs. Francis Davis was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Lewis Hobart. The guests included Mrs. Marcel Cerf, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Fannie McCreary, Mrs. William

Van Fleet, Mrs. Stuart Baldwin, Mrs. James Langhorne, and Miss Helen Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth gave a dinner Friday night for Miss Cornelia Armsby, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. George Armsby.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained at dinner Friday night at the St. Francis. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening at the St. Francis, complimenting Mrs. Stern's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer of New York.

Mrs. Harry Scott gave a luncheon Wednesday for Mrs. Frederick Cowan of Salt Lake. Her guests included Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mrs. Frank Judge, Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mrs. John Gallois, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, and Mrs. Walker Salisbury.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a dinner Wednesday night, their guests including Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, General Charles Morton, Admiral Alexander Halstead, and Mr. Alexander of New York.

Mrs. Edward Thaw of New York entertained at dinner last week at the Palace, with her guests later attending the opera. Her guests were Commander and Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Miss Maude Fay, Captain Powers Symington, U. S. N., and Mr. Joseph Redding.

In honor of Mrs. Clara Darling, Mrs. James H. Bull gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Fairmont.

The officers of the Letterman General Hospital gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday evening, complimenting Colonel and Mrs. Albert Truby and Colonel and Mrs. James Kennedy and Miss Katherine Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker gave a tea Saturday. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Volkmann, and Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter.

Prior to her departure for Europe, Miss Eleanor Spreckels gave a week-end party at Sobre Vista. Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., chaperoned and others present were Miss Claudine Spreckels, Miss Edith and Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., and Mr. Cyril McNear.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a luncheon Monday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Her guests included Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Ella Hotaling, Mrs. Isador Manheimer of Seattle, Mrs. Edward Thaw of Pittsburg, Miss Maude Fay, and Miss Cornelia O'Connor.

Mrs. John Johnston entertained at luncheon last Wednesday, her guests including Mrs. George Ali, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Miss Maude Fay, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. Herbert Shaw gave a bridge-ten last Tuesday at the Presidio for Mrs. James Kennedy and Mrs. Royal Reynolds.

## Mrs. Sargeant's Paintings.

A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Genève Rixford Sargeant opens in the Palace of Fine Arts April 7th. The collection fills one gallery and covers Mrs. Sargeant's development over a period of thirty-four years, ranging from an early landscape study of the sandhills and bay at Land's End painted in 1888 down to a very interesting and colorful portrait of "Ora" painted last year. Between these two dates her art runs the gamut of Whistlerian tonalities and colorful impressionistic renderings of figure, landscape, and flowers. Mrs. Sargeant is one of those painters who has not found it necessary to go far afield for her subject-matter.

She is extremely successful in her portrait characterizations, such as her portrait of the late Mathilde Wismer. Her portraits of "Father and Son," "The Boy with the Boat," and "The Little Mother" each in its way reflects that inner observation which is a true record of personality successfully visualized on canvas. Her portrait of "Margaret," which was awarded the Martin B. Cahn prize by the Art Institute of Chicago as far back as 1903, is a capital bit of painting in the Whistlerian mode, which was then the predominant influence among the younger painters of the day.

By no means one of the most sensational exhibitions held in the Palace of Fine Arts, it will probably be considered one of the most charming. The exhibition will continue for a period of six weeks. The Museum is open to the public free daily from 10 to 5, including Sundays and holidays.

## Sperry Flour Awarded International Cup.

The Victory Challenge Cup, annually awarded at the Glasgow Bakers' Exhibition, again has been given to Sperry Flour, according to cable advices just received. It is significant that Sperry Flour was the only flour from the United States used in the bakings. It is doubly significant that this flour received the Victory Challenge Cup last year also. "Thus you see," said one of the officials of the Sperry Flour Company in commenting on the award, "that the fame of Sperry Flour has not alone hurdled state boundary lines, but has spanned the sea itself."

The 150 people of Goust, in the lower Pyrenees, have enjoyed self-determination as an independent republic since the early part of the seventeenth century. Goust is a mile square.

## The California Historical Society.

The California Historical Society has again been revived, and the following are the officers and directors: President, Charles Templeton Crocker; first vice-president, H. R. Wagner; second vice-president, E. S. Heller; third vice-president, C. O. G. Miller; secretary and treasurer, T. W. Hubbard; directors—Charles Templeton Crocker, H. R. Wagner, E. S. Heller, C. O. G. Miller, T. W. Hubbard, John S. Drum, E. J. Molera, Alfred Holman, R. E. Cowan, D. Q. Troy, and Walter S. Martin.

This society was incorporated as early as 1852 and was revived in 1886.

An invitation has been extended to all interested in the society to join, and names can be sent to this office or to the office of the secretary in the Phelan Building.

In ancient Rome the commodity hauling was done at night, and the streets by day were reserved for pedestrians and those carried in chairs.

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| Owl.....                 | 6:00 p. m.        | 8:50 a. m.      |

## 4 Down the Coast Line

|                         | Lv. 3d St. Station | Ar. Los Angeles |
|-------------------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| Shore Line Limited..... | 8:00 a. m.         | 10:30 p. m.     |
| Sunset Limited.....     | 5:00 p. m.         | 7:45 a. m.      |
| Lark.....               | 8:00 p. m.         | 9:30 a. m.      |
| Sunset Express.....     | 8:15 p. m.         | 12:10 p. m.     |

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Colonel and Mrs. James Kennedy and Miss Katherine Kennedy sailed Wednesday for the Philippines to be gone indefinitely.

Mrs. Frederick Cowan of Salt Lake City has returned to Utah, after a brief visit in Burlingame with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Cates are passing three weeks in San Francisco from their home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble and Miss Barbara Kimble are spending several weeks in Hollywood. They are guests at the Hollywood Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill left last week for the Atlantic coast to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rodgers and their children have arrived from China on a several months' visit to San Francisco. They have taken the Henry Coon residence on Broadway during the absence of Mrs. Coon in Java.

Mrs. George Barnett will return next week to California from Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cooley have concluded their wedding trip and have gone to Dallas, Texas, where they will reside in future.

Miss Caroline Avery of New Jersey is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall of San Rafael.

Major and Mrs. Royal Reynolds sailed Wednesday for the Philippine Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thayer Iaccaci will sail next Tuesday for Europe and they will spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. William Kuh has gone to Pittsburg to spend a month with her sister, Mrs. William Scaife.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Jane Hayne, and Miss Ysabel Chase returned Monday from Pebble Beach, where they passed the weekend.

Miss Cornelia Armsby and Mr. Raymond Armsby left Tuesday for the Atlantic coast. Miss Armsby will visit Mrs. George Armsby for several days before sailing for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour left yesterday for their ranch at Rutherford, after a brief visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt and their children will go to their ranch near Chico next week to be gone three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter have returned to San Mateo, after a brief sojourn in Del Monte.

Mrs. Barton Cuyler of New York, Miss Grace

Cuyler, and Mr. Barton Cuyler have been visiting in Alameda. They will leave in the near future on a European trip.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and the Misses Eleanor and Claudine Spreckels and Miss Frances Jolliffe left Tuesday for New York. They will sail the first of the week for Europe to be gone until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., will spend the summer in Burlingame, where they have taken the residence of Miss Amy Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Montague, who returned last week from their wedding trip, have taken a house in San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, and Mr. and Mrs. Empey Robertson returned Sunday from a brief sojourn in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman and their little daughter will sail Tuesday for France to join Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley spent the weekend at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer of New York are passing several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White will sail in a few weeks for the South Sea Islands to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train left Friday for Los Angeles, after a visit of several weeks in town with Mr. and Mrs. George McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, who went abroad several weeks ago, are visiting at Cannes with Lady Margaret Waterlow. They will leave shortly for Biarritz.

Count and Countess André de Limur will spend the summer in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker. They have recently been passing several weeks at Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman will sail July 4th for Europe to join Mrs. Leslie Miller Moore.

Mrs. George Bowles and Mrs. William Roth returned the first of the week from a brief sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Harry Stetson is passing several weeks in Rome. She will return shortly to London to rejoin Mr. Stetson, who sailed last week from New York for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin have returned from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gould arrived Monday from Managua, Nicaragua. They expect to leave next week for Canada en route to the former's new post in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Sr., are enjoying a several weeks' sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Towne left Saturday for a visit of six weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, who spent the winter in San Francisco, will reopen their San Rafael home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Train of New York are spending several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Dohrmann, who left last week for New York, will sail Tuesday for London with Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara. They will pass several weeks there with Mr. and Mrs. Prince Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse will return Monday from Del Monte, where they passed the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich have been spending several days in town from the Fairmont and will return the first of the week to Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. John Conrad have gone to England for a visit of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark left Sunday for New York en route to Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear and their family returned yesterday to their home in Ross.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman left Tuesday for Europe to be gone two months.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mr. Richard Tobin, and Master Paul Clark left last Saturday for New York en route to Europe. They will join the Misses Mary, Agnes, and Virginia Clark, who are at school in France, and will return with them to pass the summer in California.

Mrs. George Bowles has returned from a brief visit in Santa Barbara.

Miss Cora Jane Food has returned from a several months' sojourn in New York.

Mrs. Henry Kauffman is visiting Major and Mrs. Loring Pickering in San Mateo. She will return to Seattle in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent and Miss Rosemary Vincent will leave next week for Ireland to pass a month. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent will return to California in June to pass the summer in Burlingame, where they have taken the residence of the late Mrs. W. G. Irwin.

Mrs. William La Boyteaux and Miss Mary La Boyteaux have arrived from New York on a month's visit in California. They will pass next week in Del Monte.

Mrs. William Robertson has gone to Monterey from San Diego and has joined Major Robertson there.

Mrs. Macondray Moore returned Tuesday from San Mateo, where she had visited Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze.

Miss Louise Bradbury and Miss Rosario Winston have returned to their home in Duarte, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jenkins in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., are entertaining Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., at their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley and their children will go next week to Pebble Beach to pass the Eastertide.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. R. D. Sibley, Fresno; Mr. R. C. Merryman,

Exeter; Mr. W. R. Baker, Chicago; Mr. Ben E. Crouch, Chico; Mr. Charles B. Hamilton, Los Angeles; Mr. Joe Reichel, Kansas City; Mr. Barney Alles, Kansas City; Mr. E. A. Salter, Belleville, Illinois; Mr. A. A. Furth, New York; Mr. J. W. Deane, Denver; Mr. J. W. Jewett, New York; Mr. John W. Sword, Houston, Texas; Dr. N. C. Hands, Rutherford, New Jersey; Mr. W. P. Wass, Boston; Mr. W. J. Black, Chicago; Mr. Robert E. Theobald, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Savin, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Charlton, New York; Mr. James J. Corbett, Orpheum Circuit; Mr. Ellis A. Gimbel, Philadelphia; Mr. E. H. Phee, Chicago; Mr. Frank Boland, New York; Mr. M. M. Allison, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Guests at the Whitcomb include Mr. J. C. S. Kranginoons, Java; Mme. Irene Pavloska, Chicago Grand Opera; Mr. Frank Kirby, U. S. N.; Mr. H. E. Rupp, Seattle; Mr. Charles W. Eaton, Haverhill, Massachusetts; Mr. J. A. Evans, Saratoga; Mr. D. N. Carmichael, Sacramento; Mr. B. F. Carlisle, Seattle; Mr. J. O. Ball, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Harry Horr, Glenburn; Mr. John R. Quinn, Delano; Mr. William A. Brinck, Winters; Mr. A. T. Ulrich, Mr. J. G. Walton, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Brinsmaid, Mr. P. M. Robinson, Los Angeles; Mrs. George B. Hamlin, Minneapolis; Mrs. William Skeels, Sacramento; Miss Rose Mitchell, Miss Mabel Grace, Chicago Grand Opera; Mr. H. L. Patterson, Sacramento.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### My Light with Yours.

When sea has devoured the ships,  
And the spires and the towers  
Have gone back to the hills,  
And all the cities  
Are one with the plains again.  
And the beauty of bronze  
And the strength of steel  
Are blown over silent continents,  
As the desert sand is blown—  
My dust with yours forever.

When folly and wisdom are no more,  
And fire is no more,  
Because man is no more;  
When the dead world slowly spinning  
Drifts and falls through the void—  
My light with yours  
In the Light of Lights forever!

—Edgar Lee Masters.

#### Nirvana.

Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriel,  
Over the stars that murmur as they go  
Lighting your lattice-window far below.  
And every star some of the glory spells  
Whereof I know.

I have forgotten you, long, long ago;  
Like the sweet, silver singing of thin bells  
Vanished, or music fading faint and low.  
Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriel,  
Who loved you so. —John Hall Wheelock.

#### A New Ballad of Charity.

God knows how time shall use me yet,  
For I with brain too wise have known  
A world corrupt, nor can forget  
Some evil there as still my own—  
Poor griefs henceforth may be alone  
My calendars to reckon by,  
But in my empires overthrown  
I'll keep a heart of charity.

Wronged, and wrong doing, still I'll pray  
For gentleness to all my kind,  
So soon tomorrow strikes today,  
And then a day when all is blind,  
And the vainglory of the mind  
Passes, and all together lie  
Where nothing is but hope to find  
The excellence of charity.

There is no virtue in us all  
But keeps with sin for housefellow,  
And, when the blade of death shall fall,  
Starveling and naked must we go;  
And none of all shall warrant show  
To save him from damnation by,  
But only this—"Dear God, you owe  
All that I dealt of Charity."

And, O you English, let us make  
Our hearts a little wise today,  
And learn for best religion's sake  
To walk awhile the homeward way.  
Too long we cast an alien clay  
And towards a far and fading sky  
Too long a pilgrimage we pay—  
For there is not our charity.

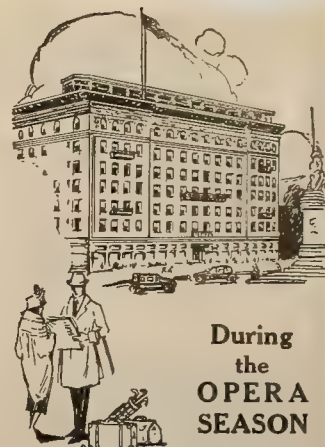
Since I am English bred, I'll keep  
A year and year my journey still  
By little Langdale tarns asleep,  
Or, with my rhymes on Bredon Hill,  
I will go shepherding until  
The shires from Severn down to Wye  
Are figured messages to fill  
My quietness with charity.

And where the yellowhammer sings  
From bramble blooms in Water Lane  
I'll make a world of sweeter things  
Than are in blind ambition's brain,  
And there I will forget the pain  
Of envy and the fears defy  
That in love's bitterness complain—  
Because I walk with charity.

The primroses of Bagley Wood,  
Old apple trees at Piddington,  
Helvellyn in his cloudy hood—  
Shall I not write them, one by one,  
The true, the best, occasion  
Of all my faith before I die?

For other gossellers are none  
To teach me holy charity.  
—John Drinkwater in "Seeds of Time."

Modern scholars do not believe the Pyramids were built by any lost art of engineering. Probably it was mere brute strength working on long ramps.



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### Death of Mrs. R. Gilman Brown

The London Times of February 23d records the death, at Esher Lodge, Esher, England, of Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, for many years a leading figure in women's golf in California and on the Pacific Coast.

As a member of the San Rafael Golf Club and of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club she was between 1897 and 1906 active in all club and inter-club matches. She was the moving force in forming the California Women's Golf Association, and won the first championship played under its auspices.

Her last public success in California was winning the Mrs. William H. Crocker Cup; finally won a second time at Burlingame in 1906 in a hardly contested match.

On her removal to England in 1906-7 she became a member of the Burhill Golf Club, near London; was three times captain of the club, competed in all of the English championships up to the war, and was active in all that could foster the interests of the game.

The State Exhibit of California Wild Flowers opens at the St. Francis Hotel on April 20th and continues for three days. Informal musical programmes have been arranged for both afternoon and evening, and brief addresses by such leading scientists and educators as Benjamin Ide Wheeler, David Starr Jordan, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, and Dr. William Frederic Bate of the Sierra Club. Mr. and Mrs. Luther Burbank will be in attendance. Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, head of the Wild Flower Conservation League, is directing the exhibit, assisted by Mrs. Roxana Ferris of Stanford University, who will assume the responsibility of identifying, with the aid of her advanced students in the botany department, the mammoth collection of wild flowers and native plant life which will be sent in from all sections of the state. This is the eighth annual state exhibit of our wild flowers and native shrubs, the object being to impress the public with the variety, charm, and value of this particular phase of California's outdoor loveliness and to stimulate interest in its protection.

Classic Rome had no street lights.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tommy—Dad, what's a Scotch mist?  
 Father—When a man asks you to have a nip and you don't hear him.—*Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Jameson—Do you believe that awful story they tell about her? Mrs. Johnson—Of course I do! What is it?—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Post—Were you disappointed because you had such a miserable time? Parker—Oh, no! The invitation referred to it as a picnic.—*Judge*.

"What! You are drinking and belong to a temperance society!" "Yes. But I haven't paid my yearly subscription yet."—*Stockholm Strix*.

Journalism—In my opinion, no one can be good-looking unless well dressed. *Fine Arts*—And yet Venus was a success.—*Columbia Jester*.

Jack—Halloa, Bert, who's the girl? Bert—What d'you mean? Jack—Well, you're not wearing a collar like that for fun, are you?—*London Tit-Bits*.

Teacher—Willie, what is a cubic yard? Willie—I don't know for sure, but it must be a yard that them Cuban kids play in.—*New York American*.

Miss Flap—She swears that no young man's lips have ever touched hers. Miss Flip—Well, that's enough to make any girl swear, I think.—*New York Sun*.

Knicker—What do you think of the modern jokes? Bocher—Oh, they are about the same as the old ones. Knicker—Yes, and a little older, eh?—*Stevens Tech. Stone Mill*.

"Did you telephone the plumber that the hot-water pipes are leaking?" "Yes, my dear." "What did he say?" "He said he'd put us on his waiting list."—*New York Sun*.

Wife (awakened)—Why so grumpy, Tom? Didn't your host have a congenial gathering? Tom (sighing)—Yeah; there were several men present with rather winning personalities.—*Judge*.

Motorist—You say this isn't the road to Mudville? Then that fellow down the line lied to me. Wayfarer—Hee-Hee! How d'ye know he did? Mebbe it's me that's lyin'.—*American Legion Weekly*.

Mistress—I've lost the key of my writing-desk, Marie. Go and look in the old trunk in the kitchen—you might find an old key that will fit. Marie—It's no use, madame, I tried them all long ago, and none of them fit.—*Paris Le Matin*.

Colored Rookie—I'd lak to have a new pair o' shoes, suh! Sergeant—Are your shoes worn out? Colored Rookie—Worn out! Man,

the bottoms of mah shoes are so thin Ah can step on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails!—*Pitt Panther*.

He is a negro boy eleven years of age. He peddles fish from a pushcart in Freeport, Long Island. "What is your name?" asked a kindly woman customer. "Mose, mostly," he replied, "but mah maiden name is Captain."—*New York Evening Post*.

It was the fag-end of a tedious evening. At the close of the third twenty-minute lapse he said plaintively: "I wish I had money. I'd travel." "Well," she replied, as she began to unroll her stocking, "how much do you need?"—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*.

The preacher was out on the links and thought a small moral lesson might not be amiss. "I notice," he remarked mildly, "that the players who get the lowest scores are not those who swear." "Why the hell should they?" snorted the gloomy golfer, as he dug up another slice of turf.—*Pickup*.

First Workingman—What sort of a job have you got now? Second Workingman—Oh, I collect alms on the Putreaux bridge, between midnight and 1 o'clock in the morning. First Workingman—Are the people particularly generous there at that hour? Second Workingman—Yes. They generally give me everything they have on them.—*Paris Le Baionnette*.

"You admit you were speeding?" "Yes, your honor." "A frank confession goes a long way in this court. What excuse have you for exceeding the speed limit?" "A man in a little old rattletrap flivver drove up behind me and bawled to me to get out of the way and let somebody use the street who could get more out of one cylinder than I could get out of six." "Umph! I do a little motoring myself. I'll let you off with the minimum fine this time."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

## A Remembered President.

The anniversary of Grover Cleveland's birth (March 18th) passed without public celebration or even public notice; but his rugged personality and his great though undramatic public service are not forgotten, says the *New York Times*. Indeed, as time goes on there is a deeper and wider public appreciation of his stanch and unswerving statesmanship. Many in his own day saw ponderousness, stubbornness, and hardness in what, now in perspective, becomes heroic stature. It is certain that he is to be remembered among the great Presidents.

He was accustomed to go all the way around a matter before he made up his mind, but then he accepted the conclusion, whether it was for his own political or personal advantage or not. This sometimes had the appearance of headstrong will, but with him it was a moral obligation. That was the reason why one of the kindest and most sensitive of men had a reputation for being indifferent to public opinion and sometimes brutal in vetoing what others had voted. And the very heaviness of his official utterances was evidence of his scrupulous desire to tell the whole truth with utmost accuracy, to reveal the whole course by which his mind had reached its unalterable determination.

Richard Watson Gilder said of Mr. Cleveland that he was the "honestest man" he had ever known. His honesty was, however, not negative. It was of the aggressive sort that went out to meet dishonesty, and did not await attack. All in all, he was such a virile type of citizen and public servant as to invite the gratitude and admiration—and even affection—of a truly democratic people. Our generation should not fail to tell our children of him. Another 18th of March should not pass without observance of the day.

## Superstition in Palestine.

The British administration in Palestine is trying to stamp out some of the peculiar superstitions of the peasants and has appointed a committee of district governors to advise it as to the best method of attaining that purpose.

After four years of occupation, the authorities are beginning to realize that superstition plays an important rôle in keeping the peasants in ignorance.

Some of the native beliefs are very interesting. One government official discovered that he had transgressed a tradition the other day when he stepped over a baby's coat as he crossed a village street.

His action was noticed by a group of women who halted him and told him he would have to retrace his steps or the baby would surely die. As their attitude was menacing, he did so to save himself from attack.

The same official on another occasion was invited to take lunch with the Moukhtar (head) of a village. As he entered the guest chamber, he stumbled and fell headlong on the floor. The host told him that his falling was sure to bring bad luck to the village unless he saw fit to forego the lunch.

It is a common practice for girls to visit Willies (prophets' tombs) and lay there pieces of their garments, believing that by so doing



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they are sure to get married soon. Sometimes they go without food or drink for seven days for the same purpose.

Married women who have no children, trying to avoid divorce, go to cemeteries and walk over children's tombs in order to have some of their own. Often, to be blessed with children, they go to mosques, walk seven times around the building, and then smash an egg in the gateway.

These are only a few of the odd customs which are commonly practiced by the peasants and which the government is anxious to destroy.

## Epitaph.

Here lie the bones of Ed McGee—

A wiz at snappy repartee,

The butt of Eddie's sharpest quip

Packed a six-gun on his hip!

—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

Don't forget that the pensive sweetheart may make an expensive wife.—*London Opinion*.

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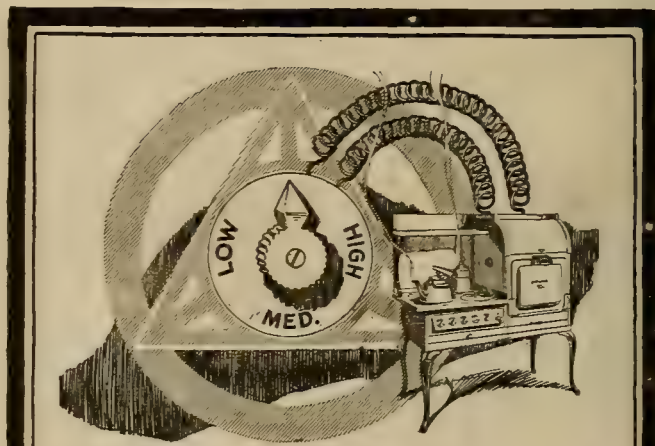
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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Hope from Genoa.

It would not be in the nature of things European just now to have the Genoa Conference open with the formal affability of a starched-up children's party. Since the Versailles treaty too much hate has been fermenting among the thirty-four nations represented, and many of the delegates are worse than strangers yet. Nevertheless, the frankness of Lloyd George, who knows about what to expect from the others in the way of contention for their national interests, will probably prove a good thing, just as the frankness of Secretary Hughes, when he opened the Armament Conference, cleared the way for getting right at the business in hand. Britain's interest is relief of unemployment through her export trade, and she can not be blamed if she tries for it. The most important new, unknown, and therefore dreaded element in the whole puzzle is the Russian one. That is a variant, for Bolshevism has broken down, and the Soviet government is trying to make the transition back to capitalism without conceding that communism has proved a stupid tragedy. It is said that Russia will try to retreat from communism and remain socialistic, but the statement is self-contradictory, for communism and socialism are essentially identical, no matter what milder definition socialists may try to give their creed. A government in such a transition is likely to do something surprising; and the Russian government has, in the proposal of Tchitcherin favoring disarmament. That brought discord in the shape of a protest from France, whose vital

concern is defense. Lloyd George conceded that disarmament was not on the agenda, but declared the opinion that in spite of this fact, limitation would result. So shines a good deed in a naughty world, for if it does result, the Genoa Conference will be following the example of the Washington Conference, and working from President Harding's initiative toward the peace and future happiness of Europe. One shadow falls across the prospect: a member of the German delegation declares his country is greatly interested in Tchitcherin's proposal. Perhaps France will recognize it as something made in Germany.

### A Bit of House-Cleaning.

President Harding's summary dismissal of the whole staff of thirty-two executive heads of the Department of Engraving and Printing has made a tremendous stir at Washington. It is taken to indicate that there is to be a house-cleaning in the various departments and bureaus of the government, something that is and has long been needed. Various stories are afloat as to the motives behind the President's action, and curiosity has not been appeased by the tart explanation that the dismissals were "for the good of the service." One report is to the effect that discovery has been made of frauds in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving by which the government has been mulcted of vast sums, although this theory finds no support in the positive statement of Secretary Mellon that "there is no suspicion of irregularities," and that dismissals were "for the sake of efficiency."

A pretty definite hint of another motive comes from a frank Republican congressman, intimate at the White House, to the effect that "there are four good reasons—Joseph P. Tumulty, A. Mitchel Palmer, Tim Ansberry, and Daniel C. Roper." This remark is interpreted as implying that there have been continuous leaks from the Department of Printing and Engraving and that the beneficiaries of the system have been a group of lawyers rather closely associated with the late administration. Gossip connects various executive departments with similar leaks. A member of the Cabinet is reported as complaining that if he wrote a letter Tumulty knew its contents before it got out of the town.

It is common understanding at Washington that through friends and agents, not only in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, but in various departments of the government, the old McAdoo-Tumulty organization is strongly entrenched. Certain it is that what is known as the "Tumulty crowd" is continually coming into possession of information which enables it to "hog" a vast volume of legal business growing out of governmental plans and doings. This comes about through the fact that the departments and bureaus were filled with men who got their appointments under the Democratic régime and largely through the favor of Tumulty. Gratitude for favors past with hope of profits to come are declared to be the motives which impel many confidential minor officials and employees to carry to their late patrons whatever may be of interest to them. It is freely alleged that information thus obtained becomes effective, not only for financial profit, but also for the political purpose of discrediting the Harding administration.

A Democratic theory for the dismissals in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is that the President's order was made to get rid of Democrats and make places for Republicans, and this theory has some support in the fact that Attorney-General Daugherty declared before the House Committee on Appropriations last month that the civil service system is responsible for a marked decrease of efficiency in the conduct of government business. Admitted that this was an indiscreet remark, the fact nevertheless remains that it was a word of truth. No one who has had close observa-

tion of the work of the government can truthfully deny that civil service employees, taken as a whole, exhibit a low average of efficiency. But it is also true that the spoils system, while it was in vogue, did not produce a high average of efficiency. Neither under the system of political appointment nor under the so-called merit system does civil service work out ideally. Only impracticable idealists believe that any system in governmental service can approach in discipline and efficiency the results ordinarily achieved in private employments. The experience of the United States government is that of other countries. Complaints of governmental inefficiency in England are as frequent and as specific as those we hear at home. There has long been a popular belief that the civil service bureaucracy established under the German Empire was highly efficient, but that is not the testimony of those who knew the facts. Count von Bernstorff, formerly German Ambassador at Washington, and other experienced Germans might be quoted to the effect that German civil service under the empire was at many points slack and inefficient.

Apart from its relations with partisan politics, the civil service has become more or less a political machine. The Federal Employees' Union, with its membership scattered all over the country, articulating with other labor organizations, has become a power. It holds in its hands a club—and it does not hesitate to wield it—over timid congressmen and even over department heads. There is in its hands still another means of high effectiveness. The civil service people are always able to use the channels of publicity. Through their acquaintance with correspondents of the press and upon the basis of their inside knowledge of affairs and events, they have a whip which is used freely to bring into submission officials of any and every rank.

If it be true that action in the case of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is the beginning of a general house-cleaning, it is further true that the movement comes none too soon. It is not too much to say that there is not a department nor a bureau of the administrative organization that would not be the better for thorough raking-over, purification, and fumigation.

### Charity Begins at Home.

Of "drives" there is no end. They are urged in a hundred interests and in the name of every sentiment. They have become a burden and a pest. The one saving fact in the situation is that many, perhaps most of them, relate to interests that are sentimental rather than vital and imperative. Society can contrive to rub along without augmented facilities for higher education, without new or enlarged artistic centres, without taxing itself to provide world tours and uniforms for Columbia Park or other troupes of boys, without aiding the thousand-and-one organizations and projects calculated in the spirit of beneficence, æsthetics, vanity, or the interest of the promoters.

But there is one obligation which no community can shirk and which no man or woman of humanitarian spirit wishes to shirk. The care of orphaned or abandoned children is an obligation which not only appeals to fundamental sympathies, but which lays its command upon all. In San Francisco we have an agency that takes upon itself this first of community obligations, the care of those who may not care for themselves. To this work the Associated Charities brings experience, intelligence, devotion. How well it does its work only those who have had some observation of its methods and achievements may fully comprehend. Such an opportunity was given last week to the editor of the Argonaut, and his hat is off in respect, even in veneration, to the devoted group that is giving its skill, its time, its energies, its patience to carrying on a work whose obligation rests upon the whole community.

There are in San Francisco approximately 1400



phaned or abandoned children whose allowance from the state and county must be supplemented by donations to provide the necessities of life. This is done by the Associated Charities, not only done, but done with the kind of care that tends to transmute waifs into good citizens, all at a minimum cost. In addition, there are 1700 children to whom daily bread must be supplied to save them from starvation. This is not only a noble work, it is necessary work. It must be done if the community is to maintain its self-respect.

In the year 1921 the Associated Charities of San Francisco expended the sum of \$557,042.47. Of every dollar .8733 was expended for food, clothing, and shelter, .0733 in relief and social service. Thus .9466 was spent for actual relief. The overhead administration and financial account took from the fund .0534—a little over 5 per cent. Ninety-four and two-thirds cents of every dollar provided for the Associated Charities went directly to relief of helpless humanity, the bulk of it for children.

Men and brethren, charity begins at home. Those who can do it may properly give to miscellaneous educational and artistic purposes; they may build opera houses and buy baseball bats for playgrounds. They may do usefully and with propriety these things and many more. But before all else there comes the community's obligation to care for those of its own who may not care for themselves. Before every other beneficent project or every other interest in San Francisco comes this, the greatest of all our charities, the care of helpless children.

The Associated Charities needs for the purposes above defined the sum of \$275,000. This is the recommendation of a group of citizens who have studied the situation in all its bearings. They characterize it as truly "vital and urgent." Among those who after investigation have so declared are Wallace M. Alexander, William Sproule, John A. McGregor, Frederick J. Koster, Frank B. Anderson, Walton M. Moore, C. R. Johnson, Kenneth R. Kingsbury, Milton Esberg, William P. Roth, Robert I. Bentley, B. F. Schlesinger, Sig Stern, W. I. Brobeck, John Drum, William H. Crocker, Ansley K. Salz, Warren H. McBryde, and Andrew G. Griffin.

A "vital and urgent" call so attested must not go unheeded. This obligation is immediate and fundamentally it rests upon us all. Verily, charity begins at home.

### China.

Word comes from Washington that out of the present confusion in China there is likely to come presently a new and unified government containing elements of potential strength. Here is the argument: Our old friend, Wu Ting Fang, is foreign minister under President Sun Yat Sen of the South Chinese Republic, claiming to be the constitutional government of China and with its capital at Canton. Wu Ting Fang and his associates in the South Chinese Republic denounce the government at Peking, headed by Hsu Shih Chang, as a usurpation. Wu Ting Fang has a very able son, young Wu, who has been in the north, at Mukden, for some weeks past consulting and advising with that picturesque and powerful ex-bandit and Manchurian military leader, Chang Tso Lin. It appears that young Wu has joined up with Chang Tso Lin and has become a member of the latter's staff. On this basis the South Chinese propagandists, both numerous and active at Washington, are declaring that Chang Tso Lin and Sun Yat Sen have formed an alliance.

Now an alliance of Sun Yat Sen and Chang Tso Lin would imply the end of the weak and trembling Peking government, which has existed only by sufferance of Chang Tso Lin, back of whom stands his highly efficient and rather more than less ruthless army in Manchuria. It is true that Chang's army and Sun Yat Sen's army are widely separated and that between them is established another army headed by Wei Pei Fu, owing presumptive allegiance to the Peking government, and in full control of the Yang-Tse Valley. Wei Pei Fu, of course, could not stand against a concerted aggressive movement from both his flanks, and if threatened he would very likely join up with the new combination. These possibilities are exciting the diplomats at Washington who are interested in Far Eastern affairs. It may be said that all evidences point to an alliance between Sun Yat Sen and Chang Tso Lin. If this shall really happen the result would be the return of Sun Yat Sen to Peking under Chang Tso Lin's protec-

tion and his reestablishment with his parliament in the capital from which he was expelled some years ago. With Sun Yat Sen as president and the powerful and adroit Chang Tso Lin supporting him, China would be in the way of having a stable government.

It is generally believed that Chang Tso Lin has been in the pay of the Japanese government and that the idea of the latter has been to employ him in extending its authority under the fiction of a North China Republic. This, however, is not certain and it has been the opinion of European observers that Chang would double-cross the Japanese at any time he might find it advantageous to do so. But however this may be, the North China Republic, under the authority of Chang Tso Lin, has been a weak affair, largely drawing such sources of strength as it possesses from the Japanese connection.

It hardly needs to be added that where there is so much confusion and so little integrity any or all calculations may fail. But there seems little doubt that the best hope of China lies in the success of Sun Yat Sen's Southern Republic with extension of its authority to the northern province. It has at least the merit of being under Chinese as distinct from Japanese inspiration. On the whole, as viewed from this distance it appears to be the best hope for the reorganization of China on broad national lines.

The fundamental difference between the Pekinese and the Cantonese governmental organizations appears to be the familiar one of conservatism and progressivism. The dominant ideals of the Pekinese group are those of old China; the ideals of the Cantonese group have been affected largely by contact of their leaders, notably Wu Ting Fang, with the Western world. There is, we fear, little of what we call patriotism, and still less of our ideals of integrity, on the part of either. But one thing is certain, namely, if China is to have share and part with the modern world it is more likely to come through her practical and progressive elements than through the dreamers and conservatives who have hitherto ruled at Peking and have held their country back from modern ideas of progress.

### The Symphony Orchestra.

Within the week there has come to the *Argonaut* a half-score or more "Letters to the Editor" relative to the long-standing contention over the management and leadership of the Symphony Orchestra. They are withheld from publication since all are written in the spirit of critical partisanship and calculated rather to inflame than to allay the too passionate feeling that has been engendered between the Hertz and anti-Hertz factions. The *Argonaut* thus departs from its habit of permitting free expression through its columns respecting matters of public interest because it can not permit itself to be made a vehicle of rancor and contention.

In its comment of last week the *Argonaut* did not have in view the putting of fresh fuel upon the flames. Its hope, on the other hand, was to point the way to a friendly adjustment. Such an adjustment can come only through a fresh deal—with new leadership of the orchestra. The feeling over Mr. Hertz has reached a point where compromise is not practicable. So long as Mr. Hertz remains there will be contention and more contention; and a certain effect will be, if not to break down the Musical Association, to limit its efficiency. The trouble originated in sentiment—true or false, it does not matter—about the war. It bears no relationship to any other matter—either personal or (as some have suggested) racial. Any attempt to bring into it extraneous matters could only result in further estrangements among the musical community and in more serious damage to our musical interests.

The situation may be likened to the too-familiar squabbles in church organization, where one faction loves and the other hates some particular clergyman. In such cases there is but one remedy, namely, retirement of the man about whom the conflict rages. By this means, and by this means only, wounds may be healed, hatreds exorcised, and the spirit of brotherly love promoted. Precisely so in the case of the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hertz is a bone of contention, and the passions related to it have their roots deep in the soil of national sentiment. The mischief began with the war and it continues as an aftermath of the war. That is all there is to it—all else is irrelevant.

Mr. Hertz is not to blame for his nationality, or his natural sympathies, whatever they were or are, or for the babblings of those who have championed him or

those who have opposed him. He has done well with the orchestra. Under his leadership it has been brought to a high state of efficiency. But his continued leadership means nothing less serious than continued division and partial nullification of the forces that should make for maintenance of high musical standards and of coöperative spirit in the musical community.

The fact that partisans of Mr. Hertz have provided means for his continued leadership, while a notable tribute and a circumstance to be reckoned with, ought not to be decisive. It tends to promote discord rather than to develop harmony. Under the new financial prospects Mr. Hertz may or may not be able to remain. If he is a man of delicacy he will retire. He is, we hope, too much of a man, too much of a musician, too specifically a gentleman in character and spirit to permit himself to become a stumbling block in the path of the musical development of San Francisco.

### The National "Pork Barrel."

The work of the government in development of the waterways of the country is done under the auspices of the War Department, but up to now funds for this purpose have been provided by special appropriation distinct from ordinary military expenditures. This year, for the first time, rivers and harbors appropriations are carried in the consolidated army appropriations bill. The change is not to the good, since appropriations for the maintenance of the army and navy are essentially national in character, related to the good of the entire country, while provision for rivers and harbors is parochial in character and spells individual political benefits. Some years ago in an endeavor to get away from log-rolling practice in the making of rivers and harbors appropriations the rule was established of appropriating a single lump sum for all projects. This left to a board of army engineers, having rivers and harbors work in charge, the duty of appropriating amounts to the several projects in accordance with the board's own estimate of their relative needs. This rule for a time eliminated log-rolling, but recently it has served to revive that practice in a new form. The lump-sum plan brings into the ranks of treasury raiders all those who entertain hopes that the board of engineers may increase the sums to be allotted to their own pet projects. Thus it is not difficult to rally support to proposals to increase the lump sum.

Rivers and harbors appropriations for the last ten years have aggregated \$300,500,000, or an average of \$30,050,000 a year. At the beginning of the present fiscal year, July 1, 1921, there was an unexpended balance on hand—the accumulation of previous appropriations—of \$44,000,000. The army engineers estimate that by the end of this fiscal year, June 30th next, there will have been expended \$30,000,000 of this balance, leaving on hand \$14,000,000. Figuring upon this basis, the Budget Bureau's recommendation of \$27,000,000 for the coming fiscal year, added to the unexpended balance of \$14,000,000, will make a total of \$41,000,000 for the year as against the maximum of \$60,000,000 recommended by the board of engineers, a sum which the Budget Bureau held to be excessive when measured by the actual needs and the revenue resources. Now comes the House of Representatives, with the fall elections in mind, adding by special action the sum of \$15,000,000 to the Budget Bureau's estimate, thus running the total for the year up to \$56,000,000.

Thus the House takes the position that the Budget Bureau did not know what it was doing when it set the figure of \$27,000,000 as sufficient for the new appropriation. Curiously enough, this is the same House that has rejected the Budget Bureau's estimate for the maintenance of the army and which presently is to reject the bureau's estimate for maintenance of the navy, cutting the appropriations for both services far below the line of safety marked by the Administration. Mondell, the Republican floor leader, at once saw the inconsistency of the House in its attitude to the two classes of appropriations. "Are we," he said, "to carry out our programme of economy? Are we to stand by the budget's estimates, or are our lines to break when organized assault is made by some of the members who have creeks from which they desire to have water hyacinths gathered or which they wish to have deepened for a navigation that is hoped for rather than expected?" Again, curiously, this is the same Mondell who has given aid and countenance in the matter of disregarding, not only the Budget Bureau's estimate



for maintenance of the army, but against the Administration's advice against dangerous reduction in the national defense.

The whole business of appropriations for rivers and harbors has long been a scandal. It is not without point that the annual rivers and harbors appropriation bill has been styled the "pork barrel." The bill has been made up on the log-rolling principle—"you tickle me and I'll tickle you." Millions of government money have gone into unnecessary, whimsical, and even ridiculous projects, not for the purpose of promoting commerce, but to the sole end of assisting congressmen in maintaining support in their districts. Year by year the appropriation has increased, vast sums being expended where no good could possibly result, while important and necessary projects have been overlooked or carried on in a fitful and wasteful manner. There seems, as the latest action plainly indicates, small chance of reform. The plan by which rivers and harbors appropriations are tied up with the general army appropriation bill is poorly calculated to sustain an economic or effective rivers and harbors policy.

### MARSHAL JOFFRE.

**San Francisco Has Been Honored by a Visit from One of the Makers of History.**

It has been the privilege of the people of California in recent months to come into contact with two of the eminent men of the world. Both were marshals of France, holders of the supreme military title of one of the great nations, living representatives of a long line of soldiers of the kingdom, the empire, and the republic. It is not often that a city such as San Francisco, in a situation relatively remote, is favored with the living presence of men supremely great.

Generations may come and pass onward and the time be unpropitious for the development of such men, or they may live and die and the opportunity never come for them to realize themselves. To the second decade of the twentieth century these words can not be said to apply. Whether for evil or for good, the years recently passed have been momentous ones. Much that seemed fixed has been overthrown and shattered. The wreck of the old order carried down with it a great part of the accumulated dross of men and institutions that time had gathered in some of the peoples of Europe. Weak and mediocre men holding high places have had their weakness and mediocrity exposed to the world, which has hurried them into oblivion. Great men, resting quietly in obscure positions, have suddenly been called upon to take up the burdens of humanity and to solve such of the complex problems of the time as their particular talents fitted them to deal with. Of all those who played well their parts in the great war none was called upon to bear greater responsibility or to make more momentous decisions, and none was found more firm and true, than he who was commander-in-chief of the army of France in 1914—the old soldier who crossed the Bay one sunny morning last week to his welcome in this city.

To one who observed him closely there was a touch of fatigue after his long journey, such as will come to a man no longer young. There was in his fine, kindly old face, however, that which fatigue could not conceal—the glance of clear intelligence and the evidence of that powerful and decisive mind which broke the greatest military organization the world has ever seen, and brought to naught plans of conquest and dominion matured and perfected through half a century. The photographs of Marshal Joffre fail to reveal his character. The military cap pulled low down covers quick eyes, and the grizzled moustache conceals in a way a firm, determined mouth. We are familiar with the sturdy figure, but from the photographs we can not know the man so well as we may after a few minutes of close observation.

It is well to go back and review the events that followed so swiftly on the decision of the German government to start the war it hoped would bring it world dominion. The sweep of the German armies through Belgium and northern France in the long days of August, 1914, seemed to warrant the confidence of the creators of the Teutonic military system. The perfected state socialism of the Germans had given their masters a machine that, apparently, nothing could stop. All through August and into September came the disheartening news of the retreat and disaster of the French armies and the small contingent of British troops on their left. Would the retreat ever stop, or would the French be rolled up and surrounded? Would there be another Sedan, and a Germany paramount over the civilized world? Of what happened in those days, much is obscure and much will never be told. The multitude of detail is too great ever to be set down in books, or even comprehended. What we do know is that behind all the obscurity one great man, sup-

ported by able generals, remained calm amid what appeared to be disaster and defeat. When the time came, when the position was correct and the forces were well in hand, the French commander turned his armies upon the pursuing Germans and inflicted upon them a reverse which in the issues at stake and in the magnitude of the forces engaged has no parallel in history.

The battle of the Grand Couronne de Nancy had been won by De Castelnau in the closing days of August, and this fact made possible the battle of the Marne. The French right was secure. Six armies lay along the rolling plains from Paris to Verdun under the commanders Maunoury, French, Franchet d'Esperey, Foch, Langle de Cary, and Sarraill, when on that memorable 5th of September the commander-in-chief, recognizing the exposed German right flank by a change in the direction of Von Kluck's march, ordered an attack the next morning along the whole line. The armies that had been fighting and retreating for many long days and nights suddenly turned on their pursuers. Across the hundred and twenty miles of plains, rivers, and hills rose a storm of battle the violence and magnitude of which had been until then unknown.

The perfected, automatic machine of the invaders proved inferior to the greater generalship, the clearer minds, and the more intelligent valor of the French. Men died by thousands to achieve that victory. In six days of conflict, the advance of the Germans had been stopped, their armies had been thrown back in confusion, and they had been driven in retreat to their prepared trenches on the Aisne. All the plans and preparations of years were undone and overturned. Four more years of fighting and the waste of war had to come before the menace of the German socialistic state would be finally removed from the world. Other men and other armies carried the conflict to its victorious end.

The battle of the Marne definitely ended the plan of a quick German triumph. On that wide field was determined, as at Marathon, the Metaurus, or at Tours, the course of human history for centuries to come. The principle of absolutism of rulers, of the domination of the state, and of the exploitation of peoples was settled against the advocates of those theories and in favor of the rights of the individual, the sanctity of national agreements, and the welfare of common humanity. The battle of the Marne was the turning point in the struggle, and future historians will relate its incidents, just as Creasy tells the tale of fifteen other famous fields where the fate of men and nations has been determined. An American officer, traversing the scene of this great battle while the war still held, noted where here and there the French and the British had struggled, and thought with keen regret that at this supreme crisis in world affairs his country was absent from the side of those who fought the battle of civilization.

Upon the shoulders of the man who was recently among us rested the supreme burden of this conflict. All other men in the vast army had some one above them to whom they could look for direction and command. Of all the millions engaged, he alone must determine for himself the situation, make his dispositions, and trust the fortunes of his country and civilization to the wisdom of his choice. That he was ably seconded by great generals and a great army is true, but upon the commander-in-chief lay the ultimate responsibility, and from it he could not escape. Fortunately, indeed, it was that at the head of the French armies was a man who embodied the best characteristics of that nation—firmness, calmness, and a clearness of mind and vision that in the end made them victors over the larger and better organized but less intelligent enemy. Marshal Joffre in his character and abilities is a true representative of the real French people, so little understood by Americans and so wilfully misrepresented by themselves.

The events of the great war are rapidly fading into the haze of the past. In time all those who took part in the struggle will disappear from the scene. In the long Gallery of Battles at Versailles some future painter of France will endeavor to depict the Marne battle, the portrait of the commander will be painted, and the pages of history will bear the record of the struggle. More fortunate are we who have been permitted to stand at gaze while the sturdy figure of the old soldier passed along our streets under the Tri-color and the Stars and Stripes. Greatness is rare in the world—or at least is hard to discover. Nature determines in an arbitrary manner where the truly great shall be born, and it is infrequently among the self-constituted rulers of men. An obscure town under the snowy mountains of France and Spain was the birthplace of Marshal Joffre. He was called upon in his time to bear the weight of a responsibility so crushing that few among the myriads of men could have carried it. Such supreme ability as he displayed in the hour of trial constitutes the real majesty of mankind. A great man has been with us for a few days, and has gone on. We have been signally honored.

JOHN D. GALLOWAY.

Lord Byron used to make it his boast that he wrote for fame, not money, and in consequence declined for some time any remuneration for his poems.

### NEW YORK LETTER.

Crime, Baseball, Rum Running, German Bonds, Theatrical Troubles, Coal, Billiards, and Politics.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1922.

More than 25,000 police permits to carry weapons have been issued recently under the Sullivan Act to persons doing business in the financial district. This is a slight indication of the prevalence of crime in New York, notwithstanding the dead line established some time ago at Chambers Street. Selling weapons except to persons holding permits is prohibited, and the theory seems to be that the police are sufficiently well acquainted with the crooks to issue permits only to prospective victims. The reply, or as a modern psychologist would call it, the reaction, of the crooks to this interference with their well-established trade has been to stock their arsenals by mail order. As one of them explained, it is very simple—just send five dollars to the proper persons in Chicago, with a letter, and you will receive a cheap but serviceable revolver. Citizens have been thinking of hiring body guards; which would provide employment for any number of highwaymen, and enable them to lead honest lives, after the manner of Bedouin sheiks. That would be another respect in which New York would resemble a desert.

The high cost of baseball has become a matter of interest with all real fanatics. It has been mounting rapidly of late, and the growing popularity of some of the stars has given little comfort to the club owners. The moving-picture interests have discovered that it is the public that makes the star, and when the public has made one, the producer feels that he has to pay about what the star demands. So does the star. A baseball performer's success is not quite so much a matter of popular favoritism, because he has to do something definite to get into the public eye, and repeat it often in order to stay there. Babe Ruth would not be much of a favorite without those long clouts into the bleachers, nor would he long remain a favorite if he only knocked one or two and tried to live the rest of the season on his laurels. But having become a star by grace of his big stick and the public's approval, and having shown ability to keep on hitting, he is almost in a position to have his askings, and they are much—\$75,000 a year, it is intimated, or estimated, besides home-run bonuses. It is said that Rogers Hornsby, of the St. Louis National League team, cuts into his owners to the tune of \$25,000 annually. Such figures are not yet common, but added to scores of lesser nicks in the gate receipts they help swell the cost of baseball this year to a figure well over \$2,000,000, the wise believe. They are saying that salaries in the National League will reach \$1,200,000, and that the total for the American League will probably top that.

Chief E. C. Yellowley of the general staff of prohibition agents thinks boot-legging conditions are improving, but so must the boot-leggers, if current information on the traffic is even approximately correct. The thirsty will be comforted to know that "rum" in its variety is pouring over the Canadian border into New York State by twenty-two roads, in high-powered automobiles, at seventy miles an hour, and it is said that many of the up-state farmers are profiting handsomely by participation in the business. Barns are being used for storage and "blending"—this blending being the introduction of various ingredients to swell the volume. It is on these that the consumer takes his chance, if they leave him a chance. The boot-legger's paradise in Canada is the little town of Valley Field. According to farmer testimony it is not unusual to hear from fifty to sixty cars of liquor pass in the night by a single road. One farmer owns up to making \$500 shoveling snow for boot-leggers. The business must not be delayed.

Canada does not prohibit export if it is carried on by daylight, so the lake carriers of the contraband depart from the Canadian side before sunset, and make Grand Island in the Niagara River, where they wait for darkness. Speedy motor launches are to be put into service by the enforcement agents to block this traffic. Airplanes will be resorted to. There is also a plan to station fifty agents along the border, to report to a central agency at Buffalo. Yet lively as conditions are along the northern frontier, they are said to be much livelier in Florida, where great quantities of liquor are landed from the Bahamas and shipped to New York as fruits and vegetables. The profits are tremendous. One Florida operator has said that if he could get three carloads through to New York he could retire on a fortune.

The first German industrial bonds to be put out in this country since before the war will be offered by a New York house. These bonds are backed by the preferred stock of several industrial companies, and they are thought to be a sort of feeler for other issues, perhaps for government bonds later. Four of the largest banks in Germany have formed a fifth, known as the Bank für Industriewerte Actien Gesellschaft, and through it what is practically an investment trust has been formed. The B. I. A. Bank, as it is known in Germany, has acquired the stock of thirty-two large



corporations, covering almost every industry in the country, and one of the significant facts about them is that their average dividends amounted to 12 per cent. in 1919, 15 per cent. in 1920, and 23 per cent. last year.

New York theatrical managers and producers have not been happy for a long time. They say the motion pictures have killed "the road," and that the local public has become fickle. Also, too many theatres have been built; or, rather, they have been built faster than the public demand has developed. Managerial troubles have been accentuated by some peculiar forms of unionism among actors and stage hands, and this has had some odd effects on the drama. The number of actors has become standardized at from seven to eleven—there are no more mob scenes with armies of supers; plays are not being written that way to any very great extent, or if they are they have small chance of acceptance. Ingenious devices have been evolved to avoid the use of scenery, but it has not been found possible to eliminate it altogether, so the drama has in many instances almost been forced into the form of three acts in one set, which can be built for the whole run and never changed. There are exceptions, but they have to be of extraordinary promise to tempt a producer into more dependence on scene shifters than he can avoid.

The latest phase of theatrical trouble takes the form of more litigation between the erstwhile partners in production, Klaw and Erlanger. Last summer Abraham Erlanger staged "Two Little Girls in Blue," a musical comedy of merit, at the George M. Cohan Theatre on Broadway. It paid a little and then lost a little and finally closed. Now comes Marc Klaw on behalf of himself and other stockholders of the theatre alleging that the original lease provided that the theatre should take 35 per cent. of the gross receipts, but that after they began declining, and while Klaw was abroad, the arrangement was so altered that the receipts were pooled, the theatre to take half the profits. This was not so good for the theatre as the original arrangement, and Klaw wants his former partner to make up the difference. If the drama is to be dragged through the courts some people are wondering where it will bring up. However, this is not the first dramatic litigation.

A new development in the coal strike situation is expected by well-informed people here, in the shape of an entrance into the controversy by the consumers of coal. Officials of the United Mine Workers have admitted that representatives of certain consumers' interests, including many in New England, have broached the question of a hearing at the conference between the anthracite miners and the operators. This conference is being held at the Union League Club, and the negotiations are quite private, but bulletins of a formal character are handed out. They are written like the "minutes of the last meeting," but thus far are less interesting. Meanwhile it is learned from sources outside the conference that a considerable number of Russian and Czechoslovakian miners are going back to Europe, some at the invitation of Big Bill Heywood, who, it is said, wants 7000 of them to operate a coal concession under the Soviet government of Russia. It would not be a very large proportion of the 600,000 men supposed to be out.

The government has begun the trial of forty-four individuals and nineteen corporations, all members of the Cement Manufacturers' Protective Association, for violation of the Sherman anti-trust act. This is said to be the first prosecution based upon the open price competition plan for the exchange of information. The defendants say there was no illegality in the exchange, but the government claims that they were thereby enabled to control both the supply and the price, and that they monopolized the manufacture of 90 per cent. of the cement made in the East.

Willie Hoppe, for sixteen years the world's champion balkline billiardist, but recently beaten by young Jake Schaefer, has permanently retired, according to a statement of his manager, R. B. Benjamin. He and Benjamin and Charles Peterson, the fancy-shot expert of St. Louis, will establish a string of billiard halls, and Hoppe will devote his time to their management, and to instruction.

Politicians are always looking for any little rift between Mayor Hylan and Hearst. Some think they see the beginning of one in the recent appointment of a Tammany man to succeed a Hearst man on the board of water supply, with a salary of \$12,000 a year and little to do. This job was held by the late L. J. O'Reilly, Hearst's political lieutenant. Hylan has now appointed to fill it Philip J. Donohue, treasurer of Tammany Hall. Since the completion of the Catskill aqueduct system, the board of water supply has not had much to do, and there has been talk of abolishing it. That, however, would be too much for the taxpayers to hope for. They can only try to guess whether this means coolness between Hylan and Hearst, or a still closer bond of sympathy between Hearst, Hylan, and Charlie Murphy, warm places for more of their friends, and former Governor Al Smith on the outside trying to look in. A Hylan appointment always means something beyond mere work for the appointee.

STUYVESANT.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sigfried Wagner, son of the noted composer, will visit the United States shortly to enlist American aid in reviving the Bayreuth Festival in 1923. The festival is a season of Wagner music in the National Theatre, which the composer opened in 1876.

Charles Keck, New York sculptor, is putting the finishing touches on a statue to be presented to the Brazilian government by the American Chamber of Commerce in Rio de Janeiro. The statue is next in size only to Miss Liberty, which it closely resembles.

"The Angel of Siberia" is the title bestowed upon Miss Elsa Brandstrom of Sweden, Red Cross worker, by the Russian war prisoners and civilians. Miss Elsa, who is the daughter of General Edward Brandstrom, for many years Swedish Minister to Petrograd under the Czarist régime, is planning to visit the United States in the interests of the Russian famine sufferers.

A unique memorial to Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary was unveiled by his daughter, Mrs. Edward Stafford ("the Snow Baby"), in the Arlington National Cemetery on the thirteenth anniversary of Peary's discovery of the North Pole, April 6th. The memorial is in the shape of a huge granite spheroid fashioned to represent the earth, with the North Pole indicated by a bronze star.

Not every one is aware that Paul Revere's descendants are still going strong and doing honor to their historic name. The present representative is Paul Revere, 7th, a six-foot-two youngster of Brookline, who has just celebrated his nineteenth birthday. It is in April near the anniversary of the famous midnight ride of April 19, 1775. The seventh Paul wears the uniform of the Lenox Road Cadets.

One of the chiefs of the Fiji Islands has a remarkable record. Descendant of a famous line of chieftains, he is also an Oxford graduate, served as cook with the R. M. A. Corps in France in 1916, and later as a clerk with the Royal Scotch Borderers. He has been medaled by King George for bravery. Despite his good running start, he has deserted civilization and returned to the South Pacific to live among his fellow Fiji Islanders.

The first official envoy of the Irish Free State has arrived at Washington in the person of Timothy Smiddy. Professor Smiddy is dean of the faculty of commerce at University College, Cork, and professor of economics at the University of Cork. He is a member of the trade boards of Ireland and the author of various publications on economic subjects. Professor Smiddy, who is one of Ireland's most learned economists, is in his middle forties. He will serve here as special representative of the Dail Eireann until the election of a successor by the Irish Free State.

King Alfonso of Spain has turned horse enthusiast. All the eminent nobles are supporting the king in the campaign to put Spain on the sporting map and plans are afoot to make racing in Madrid claim the attention of the world. It seems likely that the Spanish racing of 1922 will assume all the importance of the English Derby or the Paris Grand Prix. Mr. Harry Payne Whitney and Reginald Vanderbilt are seeking entries and several British sportsmen are already erecting shelters for their steeds in Madrid. Alphonso is president of the Jockey Club, which has all the arrangements in hand.

Captain John Lyon is the oldest skipper on the Hudson River today. He is eighty-eight years old and has been employed on Hudson River steamboats for seventy-one years. Before the Nyack-Tarrytown ferry was installed he used to run a steamboat which brought commuters to New York each morning from Hudson River towns. Among his passengers were Horace Greeley and Admiral Farragut. The skipper of the Tappan Zee, as Captain Lyon is known in his home village of Nyack, is a short, white-haired, red-faced Scotchman. He is said to know the Tappan Zee even better than Washington Irving did.

Mr. Richard E. Pennoyer has reentered the diplomatic service and is now chargé d'affaires of the American Embassy in Berlin, awaiting the coming of the ambassador, Mr. Alan Houghton. Mr. Pennoyer is the husband of Lady Winifred Ingestre, whose American marriage caused so many complications, because of her small son's succession to the senior earldom of Great Britain—that of Shrewsbury. Lady Ingestre is compelled to reside in England with the young earl, who has succeeded his grandfather. Lady Ingestre, however, makes frequent visits to Berlin, being a plucky aviator and not averse to the rapid flights over the North Sea. Mr. Pennoyer has been in the diplomatic service for nearly ten years. He is a resident of Oakland, California.

Mr. J. Alfred Spender, who has retired after a quarter of a century from the editorship of the *Westminster Gazette*, is said to be the last of the "great editors" of the old English school. He was among the last of the great editors to stamp his paper with his own mentality. His qualifications for intellectual liberal journalism—of which the *Westminster Gazette* is the most conspicuous exponent—were great. The son of a well-known woman novelist, and himself the product

of Oxford's finest culture, he knew intimately all the great men of Liberalism during his time. He received the confidences of every considerable Liberal from Harcourt and Rosebery to Asquith and Lloyd George. His interest was always in opinions and never in news except as it was conducive to opinion. It is not strange in this sensation-loving age that the *Westminster Gazette* has not a large circulation. Mr. Spender is the author of several books of a critical and political nature.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Fairy Land.

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green:  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—  
The wild waves whist,—  
Foot it feathery here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark!  
Bow, wow,  
The watch-dogs bark:  
Bow, wow,  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-doo!

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I fly  
After summer merrily:  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange:  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them—  
Ding-dong, bell!  
—William Shakespeare.

## A Pilgrim's Way.

I do not look for holy saints to guide me on my way,  
Or male and female devils to lead my feet astray.  
If these are added, I rejoice—if not, I shall not mind,  
So long as I have leave and choice to meet my fellow-kind.  
For as we come and as we go (and deadly soon go we!)  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

Thus I will honour pious men whose virtue shines so bright  
(Though none are more amazed than I when I by chance do  
right).

And I will pity foolish men for woe their sins have bred  
(Though ninety-nine per cent. of mine I brought on my own  
head).

And, Amorite or Emerite, or General Averagee,  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

And when they bore me overmuch, I will not shake mine  
ears,  
Recalling many thousand such whom I have bored to tears.  
And when they labour to impress, I will not doubt nor scoff:  
Since I myself have done no less and—sometimes pulled it off.  
Yea, as we are and we are not, and we pretend to be,  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

And when they work me random wrong, as oftentimes hath  
been,  
I will not cherish hate too long (my hands are none too  
clean).

And when they do me random good I will not feign surprise,  
No more than those whom I have cheered with wayside  
charities.

But, as we give and as we take—what'er our takings be—  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

But when I meet with frantic folk who sinfully declare  
There is no pardon for their sin, the same I will not spare  
Till I have proved that Heaven and Hell which in our hearts  
we have  
Show nothing irredeemable on either side the grave.  
For as we live and as we die—if utter Death there be—  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!  
—Rudyard Kipling in "The Years Between."



## A GOOD AMERICAN AND HIS TIMES.

Senator Depew Contributes to History Some Reflections on His Eighty Years.

He is probably the most successful, and deservedly successful, man this country ever produced whose name was Chauncey. Once at a political meeting the Bowery named him "The Peach," and he accepted it as an honor, and became "Chauncey the Peach." It was only one of his many honors, and they were all well earned. Now he is eighty-seven years old, hale and strong, going to business every day, and he will probably make it a hundred. He has caught the "mirror" habit, and contributes to his later times "My Memories of Eighty Years," which are admirable reflections of his earlier days—all those days, in fact, of which he was a part. He has been a United States senator. He has been president of a great railway company, and is now chairman of its board of directors. He has seen the formation and development of the Vanderbilt system, and of many another, and of the Republican party. Of that party he has been a conspicuous member, and he has wielded a strong influence in its councils. He has seen it grow and has helped it grow, always seeming to understand what was needed, and what could be done, with a strong, sure common sense and a limitless fund of good nature and charity for human failings. If there is a typical, or composite, American gentleman, it is probably Senator Depew.

It can not be said that his beginnings were humble or surrounded by the hardships of the frontier. If they had been it is doubtful if he could have become such a perfect cosmopolite, in addition to being such a good American.

His connection with the Republican party began with its inception. His connection with what became the New York Central Railroad has covered practically the whole period of the construction and development of railroads in the United States. To be a part of such history is to touch the heights of life. And Senator Depew was always a creditable part of it. He is not the greatest man the country ever produced, but what a marvel of a country it would be if every citizen had his ability, and integrity and cheerfulness! His "Memories" are largely of men, and in good part anecdotal. He must have seen a lot of rascality in his time, but there is no bitterness in his book. It considerably enriches our annals. It is not exhaustive biography, but a quite distinct and highly colored thread in the weaving of the national texture.

Chauncey Depew had the advantages of a college education. He notes no disadvantages, but his observations on certain studies have value as the opinion of a highly successful man. He tells us:

I entered Yale in 1852 and graduated in 1856. The college of that period was very primitive compared with the university to which it has grown. Our class of ninety-seven was regarded as unusually large. The classics and mathematics, Greek and Latin, were the dominant features of instruction. Athletics had not yet appeared, though rowing and boat-racing came in during my term. The outstanding feature of the institution was the literary societies: the Linonia and the Brothers of Unity. The debates at the weekly meetings were kept up and maintained upon a high and efficient plane. Both societies were practically deliberative bodies and discussed with vigor the current questions of the day. Under this training Yale sent out an unusual number of men who became eloquent preachers, distinguished physicians, and famous lawyers. While the majority of students now on leaving college enter business or professions like engineering, which is allied to business, at that time nearly every young man was destined for the ministry, law, or medicine. My own class furnished two of the nine judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a large majority of those who were admitted to the bar attained judicial honors.

It is a singular commentary on the education of that time that the students who won the highest honors and carried off the college prizes, which could only be done by excelling in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, were far outstripped in after-life by their classmates who fell below their high standard of collegiate scholarship, but were distinguished for an all-around interest in subjects not featured in the college curriculum.

The civil war closed in 1865, and one of its lessons had been the necessity for more railroads. Depew entered the law department of the Vanderbilt system in 1866, when that system consisted of the Hudson River and Harlem roads; the Harlem 128 miles long, the Hudson River 140. The total railway mileage of the country was then 36,000. The Vanderbilt system now covers 20,000, and the total for the country has grown to 261,000. Our internal commerce is greater in volume than the whole foreign trade of the world; and this "has all come about during the period covered by the official career of a railroad man who is still in the service: an attorney in 1866, a vice-president in 1882, president in 1885, chairman of the board of directors in 1899, and still in that office."

Depew has always been an indefatigable speaker—not a great orator, but a ready and acceptable and convincing one, prepared on his subjects in advance, and capable of meeting an emergency on his feet. It was a gift that made him a great political campaigner, and we mean no discourtesy when we say that for two generations and part of a third he has been a great war-horse, wheel-horse, and fire-horse of the Republican party. He has fought its battles. He has helped haul its load on some very sharp turns. He

has galloped to every party conflagration and helped put it out, when that was possible. He has deserved well of the Republicans, and they have done pretty well by him, although they did not make him President. Perhaps it is just as well. Perhaps we are not yet ready for a railroad president in the White House, and perhaps they could not have landed him there. His good-natured observations on politics now are illuminating and diverting. Of conventions he may be presumed to know something, and he is worth heeding when he says of them:

Political conventions are the most interesting of popular gatherings. The members have been delegated by their fellow-citizens to represent them, and they are above the average in intelligence and political information of conditions in the state and nation, as the convention represents the state or the republic. The belief that they are generally boss-governed is a mistake. The party leader, sometimes designated as boss, invariably consults with the strongest men there are in the convention before he arrives at a decision. He is generally successful, because he has so well prepared the way, and his own judgment is always modified and frequently changed in these conferences.

When it came to choosing a running-mate for Taft the party managers were confronted by an embarrassment of material. They wanted to nominate James Sherman, but a lot of good men were in the way. So they resorted to dangerous strategy:

The method adopted by one of the leading managers was both adroit and hazardous. He would call up a candidate on the telephone and say to him: "The friends of Mr. Taft are very favorable to you for Vice-President. Will you accept the nomination?" The candidate would hesitate and begin to explain his ambitions, his career and its possibilities, and the matter which he would have to consider. Before the prospective candidate had finished, the manager would say, "Very sorry, deeply regret," and put up the telephone.

When the nomination was made these gentlemen who might have succeeded would come around to the manager and say impatiently and indignantly: "I was all right. Why did you cut me off?" However, these gentlemen have had their compensation. Whenever you meet one of them he will say to you: "I was offered the vice-presidency with Taft, but was so situated that I could not accept."

This "inner light" on party politics as practiced in the United States does no harm, and serves to illustrate the nature of the task of management. It proceeds from intimate knowledge of men and events, and the material dates back to the civil war and the days of reconstruction. There is some interesting campaign history on the second election of Lincoln. The Democrats nominated General McClellan, and "here occurred," says our author, "one of those little things which so often in our country have turned the tide." He explains:

The platform committee, and the convention afterwards, permitted to go into the platform a phrase proposed by Clement C. Vallandigham of Ohio, the phrase being, "The war is a failure." Soon after the adjournment of the convention, to the victories of Farragut and Sherman was added the spectacular campaign and the victory of Sheridan in the Valley of Shenandoah. The campaign at once took on a new phase. It was the opportunity for the orator.

It is difficult now to recreate the scenes of that campaign. The people had been greatly disheartened. Every family was in bereavement, with a son lost and others still in the service. Taxes were onerous and economic and business conditions very bad. Then came this reaction, which seemed to promise an early victory for the Union. The orator naturally picked up the phrase, "The war is a failure"; then he pictured Farragut tied to the shrouds of his flagship; then he portrayed Grant's victories in the Mississippi campaign, Hooker's "battle above the clouds," the advance of the Army of the Cumberland; then he enthusiastically described Sheridan leaving the War Department hearing of the battle in Shenandoah Valley, speeding on and rallying his defeated troops, reforming them and leading them to victory, and finished with reciting some of the stirring war poems.

Mr. Lincoln's election under the conditions and circumstances was probably more due to that unfortunate phrase in the Democratic platform than to any other cause.

A man who served as long in the United States Senate as Chauncey Depew may be presumed to know something about it. Despite its dignity and its fine old traditions, it always contains possibilities of Rumpus Ridge effects in debate. Here is a delightful little picture of it in this aspect:

One of the characters of the Senate, and one of the upheavals of the Populist movement was Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas. Davis was loudly, vociferously, and clamorously a friend of the people. Precisely what he did to benefit the people was never very clear, but if we must take his word for it, he was the only friend the people had. Among his efforts to help the people was to denounce big business of all kinds and anything which gave large employment or had great capital. I think that in his own mind the ideal state would have been made of small landowners and an occasional lawyer. He himself was a lawyer.

One day he attacked me, as I was sitting there listening to him, in a most vicious way, as the representative of big corporations, especially railroads, and one of the leading men in the worst city in the world, New York, and as the associate of bankers and capitalists. When he finished Senator Crane went over to his seat and told him that he had made a great mistake, warned him that he had gone so far that I might be dangerous to him personally, but in addition to that, with my ridicule and humor, I would make him the laughing-stock of the Senate and of the country. Jeff, greatly alarmed, waddled over to my seat and said: "Senator Depew, I hope you did not take seriously what I said. I did not mean anything against you. I won't do it again, but I thought that you would not care, because it won't hurt you, and it does help me out in Arkansas." I replied: "Jeff, old man, if it helps you, do it as often as you like." Needless to say, he did not repeat.

Like the "Mirrors of Downing Street" and the "Mirrors of Washington," these memoirs deal with noted personalities. There are chapters devoted to Lincoln, Grant, Conkling, Greeley, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Blaine, McKinley, and Roosevelt. Some of these are character sketches, without being pretentious or in any sense labored. Depew

had the breadth of mind to admire Grover Cleveland, and says of him: "He had more political courage of the General Jackson type than almost any man who ever held great responsible positions. If he had once made up his mind and believed he was right, no suggestions of expediency or popularity had any influence on him." Cleveland's difficulties in advancing civil service reform awakened our author's sympathy, and he says:

There was an aggravation, also, growing out of the fact that the Democrats had been out of office for twenty-four years. We can hardly visualize or conceive now of their hunger for office. The rule for rescuing people dying of starvation is to feed them in very small quantities, and frequently. By trying this, the President became one of the most unpopular of men who had ever held office; in fact, so unpopular among the Democratic senators and members of the House that a story which Zebulon Vance of North Carolina told went all over the country and still survives. Vance, who had a large proportion of the citizens of North Carolina on his waiting list, and could get none of them appointed, said that the situation, which ought to be one of rejoicing at the election of a president of his own party, was like that of a client of his who had inherited a farm from his father. There were so many difficulties about the title and getting possession of it and delay, that the son said: "I almost wish father had not died."

However, Mr. Cleveland in his deliberate way did accomplish the impossible. He largely regained favor with his party by satisfying their demands, and at the same time so enlarged the scope of civil-service requirements as to receive the commendation of the two great leaders of the civil-service movement—George William Curtis and Carl Schurz.

Cleveland's courses in regard to the railroad strike of his day and in regard to the sound money issue are thus recounted:

A strike of the men on the railroads tied up transportation. Railroads are the arteries of travel, commerce, and trade. To stop them is to prevent the transportation of provisions or of coal, to starve and freeze cities and communities. Cleveland used the whole power of the Federal government to keep free the transportation on the railways and to punish as the enemies of the whole people those who were trying to stop them. It was a lesson which has been of incalculable value ever since in keeping open these great highways.

He forced through the repeal of the silver purchasing law by every source and pressure and the unlimited use of patronage. His party were almost unanimous for the silver standard and resented this repeal as a crime, but it saved the country from general bankruptcy. Except in the use of patronage to help his silver legislation, he offended his party by improving the civil service and retaining Theodore Roosevelt as head of the Civil Service Commission. These crises required from the President an extraordinary degree of courage and steadfastness.

Here is a little characterization of President Benjamin Harrison of more than passing interest:

It was said of him by a senator who was his friend, and the remark is quoted by Senator Hoar, that if he spoke to an audience of ten thousand people, he would make every one of them his friend, but if he were introduced to each of them afterwards, each would depart his enemy. I think that his manner, which was so unfortunate, came from the fact that his career had been one of battle, from his early struggles to his triumphant successes.

McKinley and Roosevelt, as unlike as two good men in the same office might well be, are thus treated, in part:

President McKinley had spent most of his life in the House of Representatives. He loved the associations and life of Congress. The most erratic and uncertain of bodies is Congress to an executive who does not understand its temper and characteristics. McKinley was past master of this. Almost every President has been greatly relieved when Congress adjourned, but Mr. McKinley often expressed to me his wish that Congress would always be in session, as he never was so happy as when he could be in daily contact with it. His door was open at all times to a senator or a member of the House of Representatives. If either failed to see him at least once a week, the absentee usually received a message stating that the President desired him to call.

When Mr. Roosevelt as Vice-President came to preside over the Senate, it was soon evident that he would not be a success. His talents were executive and administrative. The position of the presiding officer of the United States Senate is at once easy and difficult. The Senate desires impartiality, equable temper, and knowledge of parliamentary law from its presiding officer. But it will not submit to any attempt on the part of the presiding officer to direct or advise it, and will instantly resent any arbitrary ruling. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt presided only at a few meetings before the final adjournment. When Congress met again he was President of the United States.

On another occasion I was entering his private office as another senator was coming out of the Cabinet room, which was filled. He called out: "Senator Depew, do you know that man going out?" I answered: "Yes, he is a colleague of mine in the Senate." "Well," he shouted, "he is a crook." His judgment subsequently proved correct.

There are views of European men of note in a most interesting chapter entitled "Recollections from Abroad." He met Browning on one occasion, and gives us this significant note on the Browning cult, which might apply to all similar ones:

Mr. Browning said that nothing gratified him so much as the popularity of his works in the United States. He was especially pleased and also embarrassed by our Browning societies, of which there seemed to be a great many over here. They sent him papers which were read by members of the societies, interpreting his poems. These American friends discovered meanings which had never occurred to him, and were to him an entirely novel view of his own productions.

The author discusses "Ambassadors and Ministers," "Governors of New York State," "Fifty-Six Years with the New York Central Railroad Company," "Orators and Campaign Speakers," "National Republican Conventions," "Journalists and Financiers," "Actors and Men of Letters," and "Societies and Public Banquets," all in the happiest vein of reminiscence and anecdote. It might have been greater history, but it could not have been better entertainment.

MY MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS. By Chauncey M. Depew. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 8, 1922, were \$140,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$116,700,000; a gain of \$23,500,000.

The bond market was characterized by active investment buying from February 16th to March 15th, and the market strength of recent months showed no abatement. The improvement in foreign exchange during the earlier part of the period was reflected in ad-

\$685,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1921. Of the total, \$430,000,000 were United States government issues, \$229,000,000 were railroad bonds, and \$263,000,000 were bonds of other kinds. Increases over 1921 occurred in all classes, but transactions in United States government bonds constitute a smaller proportion of the year's total to date than they did a year ago. A striking feature of the present market is the active trading in foreign issues.

Total transactions in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange from February 16th to March 15th were \$337,000,000, compared with \$367,000,000 from January 16th to February 15th. New bonds and notes offered on this market during the period closing March 15th were \$350,000,000, compared with over \$400,000,000 during the preceding period, which was longer by three business days. Foreign issues totaled approximately \$150,000,000.

On March 8th the Secretary of the Treasury announced an issue of \$250,000,000 one-year 4½ per cent. treasury certificates, which was heavily oversubscribed. Foreign offerings continue to be of great importance. A \$27,000,000 issue of 7 per cent. gold bonds of Argentina due February 1, 1927, was offered at 99 to yield about 7.25 per cent. A second block of \$40,000,000 twenty-five-year 6 per cent. bonds of the Dutch East Indies was offered at 94¾, to yield about 6.73 to 6.35, according to redemption date.

A considerable part of the foreign offerings of the period has been issued in foreign currencies. Midi Railroad Company bonds amounting to 25,000,000 francs were promptly absorbed. The outstanding issue, however, was that of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The total amount was 150,000,000 guilders, equivalent to about \$60,000,000, of fifty-year bonds, callable after ten years. Half the issue 75,000,000 guilders, was made in the United States, the other half in Holland, and both offerings were promptly subscribed. A unique feature of this issue, as contrasted with foreign obligations offered here heretofore, is that principal and interest are not payable in United States currency. They are expressly payable in guilders at the prevailing rate of foreign exchange. At par the guilder is worth 40.20 cents. On March 15th it was currently quoted at 3.55 cents.

The sale of railroad equipment trust certificates has continued, the total amount of such certificates sold by the government to March 15th being \$220,791,000.

The feature in the steel trade lately has been a sharp price advance in bars, shapes, and plates announced by the independent concerns. Lest too much importance be attached to this development, however, it should be remembered that prices for these lines had been ruling a good deal below the average of pre-war years, while on the other hand averages of other products, and especially of steel rails, are still far and away above the pre-war averages. There has been an increasing amount of buying of late mostly for prompt delivery due possibly to the fear of the coal strike interrupting trade. There are reports from time to time of foreign competition making some inroads upon our markets, and this feature of the situation may be watched closely for possible effects later on prices.

Considerable improvement in the copper metal situation has taken place of late and prices have advanced somewhat. The European outlook, however, is not so favorable as to suggest any extraordinary copper demand for export.

Notwithstanding the increase in the value of grain held by our farmers on account of the recent advance in the market, estimated at over \$550,000,000, it is figured that there has been an almost similar gain in the value of livestock. This heartens the farmer, but before we jump to the conclusion that it all means a remarkable revival in purchasing

power of our agricultural communities one may take note that a high Federal Reserve official is responsible for the statement that the frozen loans in the farming communities are still a grave problem. The higher prices for his product, however, will make the farmer anxious to grow larger crops and raise more livestock, and this will mean a strenuous demand upon the banking resources in the agricultural districts.

We have had pretty good reactions in some of the grains after their recent sensational advances, and while the market may be a dangerous one, especially in wheat, it looks like May wheat is a much better purchase on weak places than it will prove a sale on strong ones.

Reports from a government experiment station in Louisiana suggest that the 1922 cotton crop is facing prospects of a more serious depreciation from boll weevil than has ever been known, and particularly in the valley and general lowlands, where the cotton is prone to thrive luxuriantly. The advice is given that considerable damage may be averted by very early planting. There seems to be a better feeling in the South, so far as acreage is concerned, but of course the 1922 crop is hardly subject for estimation at this time, and the present surplus is certainly none too large.

The stock market has drifted into a specialty affair, with public participation showing a tendency to increase, but as yet no such wide public buying as to suggest one of the big shake-outs characteristic of a market that is overbought all around. There are plenty of stocks in which definite distribution has taken place and which when the time comes will not show that character of supporting orders necessary to prevent a decided slump, but in the main sentiment is hopeful, and if the coal strike does not develop much more serious tendencies than may be expected it would seem reasonable policy to follow the movement in the special stocks.

Recent advances in stocks like Kelsey Wheel, American Ice, May Stores, Kresge, and Woolworth reflect confident belief of the larger interests concerned in these properties that there will be some very agreeable news for shareholders who are patient.

Some of the independent steel stocks seem to be headed for a sort of bull circus a little later in connection with merger deals. Stocks like Midvale Steel, Republic Steel, and Lackawanna Steel have intrinsic value of at least twice their present selling price on the average and their book values run a good deal higher. These companies, it is believed, will enter into merger plans, and as a consequence their stocks will likely be exciting a good deal of bullish attention from time to time.

There is much that may be said of some of the standard rails and better class of preferred industrials in reference to the easier tendencies in the money market, while there are not a few long-priced rails which offer exceedingly attractive opportunities for the long pull. Among the latter the stocks of such reorganized companies as Wabash, Missouri Pacific, Western Pacific, St. Louis & San Francisco, Wheeling & Lake Erie, and Seaboard Airline would seem particularly attractive. There are other stocks like the Toledo, St. Louis & Western, Texas & Pacific, Colorado Southern, the St. Louis Southwestern, and Kansas City Southern that should do very well for one to buy for the long pull with a fair prospect of seeing 50 to 100 per cent. profit in his money during the next year. All this, of course, in event that the railroad and coal labor situations work out reasonably well.—The Trader.

The United States Steel Corporation has followed the lead of the independent interests in advancing prices here and there in the trade, and further price advances are to be expected. This development is possibly merely a seasonal one, though it may be confessed that the independent steel companies have in the main been losing money for some

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months past. There is a growth in building operations in various sections of the country that is helping the steel trade materially, and there has been some rather more liberal buying by the railroads notwithstanding the rate and wage situations. Easy money conditions have permitted railroad and other corpora-



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tions to finance their requirements much more satisfactorily than for a long time past. Meanwhile, there has grown in the trade a feeling of confidence that foreign steel makers can not expect to make any material inroads into our domestic business. For a time it

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was thought Germany might be an important competitor, but the raw material problem enters into the German situation possibly in such a way as to prevent this.

There is a growing feeling that the copper metal trade will be doing a great deal better before long. Naturally the expansion of pub-

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vances in the prices of foreign bonds, many foreign issues having made new high records for the year, but the recent fluctuations in exchange have caused irregularity. A feature of the market, not heretofore in evidence since money rates declined, has been the re-appearance of an active demand for short-time notes of the highest quality at rates between 5 and 5½ per cent., says the National Bank of Commerce of New York in *Commerce Monthly* for April.

The market for Liberty Bonds has been characterized by hesitancy on account of

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pending bonus legislation, but despite this fact, prices have held well. The Victory 4½ per cent. notes, due May 20, 1923, have gone above par as a result of the offer of the United States treasury to exchange them for an issue of treasury notes due March 15, 1926, and bearing 4½ per cent.

Stock exchange dealings for the year to date reflect the sustained activity of the bond market. Total transactions in bonds of all kinds from January 1st to March 15th amounted to \$922,000,000 compared with

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lic improvements, and especially the fact that at last bankers are again disposed to finance sound public utility and electrical enterprises generally is creating an undertone of favorable sentiment which affects, not only the copper, but other metal markets.

Labor unrest has at times influenced selling in the commodity markets, and particularly in cotton, but the cotton situation seems unduly sound.

An improvement in livestock prices has cre-

State-owned plants for power development mean destructive competition in an industry that is particularly strong in the West.

Either the state is to sink the money of the taxpayer on an experimental competition or competition is to attack existing plants.

In Western states plans are under way to develop from \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year of hydro-electric power with new capital.

Is it better to bring this capital from the outside or within the state into active use or to issue state bonds and burden taxpayers?

The development of power plants and distribution of hydro-electric power is proceeding as normally as the construction of the railroads was before Federal and state regulation and operation intervened.

State and Federal socialism are not adapted to the needs of the American people and are not fitted to our institutions and theories of government and will wreck and bankrupt states and nation if kept up.—*Industrial News Bureau.*

Bradford, Weeden & Co., the well-known local investment bankers, announce the change of their corporate name to Bradford, Kimball & Co., effective April 16th. This change now includes in the firm style the name of Mr. Sherman Kimball, who has been identified with the bond business on the Pacific Coast for many years and who was one of the original members of the corporation. Mr. Kimball is in charge of the buying and underwriting department of the company.

It is almost time to call a halt on scare articles about the depletion of oil reserves in the United States. The wrong method is being adopted for directing attention to the necessity of conserving our resources and ceasing to act as though Nature's fecundity in this respect will last forever. Those to whom the headlines are addressed are beginning to think that there is some ulterior motive behind the apparent "drive," says the *Review*, published by Strassburger & Co.

It is a safe rule to read the figures of experts carefully, and do one's best to unravel the geological problems presented by them (not forgetting that historians have always had the last word in the controversies of the past), but to make one's own deductions. The mentality of the scientific mind insures a technically truthful presentation of the facts of the case dealt with, but when the lesson to be learned from them is given, the less attention paid the better. Contrary to general opinion, the expert sees only what he wishes to see, though compelled to present the whole picture.

Domestic production and imports, consumption and exports, are the factors of immediate concern. The increased production of the United States during the last three years shows signs of slowing down, imports (when not artificially curtailed) have been in-

creasing, exports during the same period have not changed materially. With the exception of ten months, stocks have increased monthly over the same period. Domestic consumption has nearly doubled.

The months-supply in storage over the last four years has varied between the figures 3 and 7½, the average being about 5. It can not be said that there has at any time been too much oil in sight, when we consider the relation between our production and that of the rest of the world, and, of course, the hitherto demands of industry. The ratio between the oil in sight and consumption has, during the same period, been reflected with remarkable accuracy in the oil price, though the two curves have not always moved together.

The importance of Mexican production may be exaggerated in some quarters, but it controls the situation at present. Since the beginning of 1917 the deficiency in the amount of oil produced in this country to meet the demands of consumption and export has increased from about 2,000,000 barrels to 7,210,000 barrels. There have even been months in which consumption (counting exports) has exceeded domestic production plus imports.

Stephens & Co. have completed arrangements for moving their offices from their former quarters in the Merchants' National Bank Building to the new building recently erected for them at 65 Sutter Street, where they will occupy much larger quarters, giving increased facilities and personnel.

This step, taken by one of the oldest California investment houses, with offices in Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and Oakland, is simply another indication of the extent to which the California market is developing.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$200,000 Sanitary District No. 1, Marin County, California, gold 6 per cent. bonds to yield 5.25 per cent., tax exempt. This district of Marin County comprises about twenty-four square miles of the most valuable and best improved portion of the county. It includes the cities of Ross, San Anselmo, Kentfield, Fairfax, Manor, Yolanda, Lansdale, Pacheco, and the surrounding territory. Because of its favorable location and natural advantages, the territory within the district has become one of the most popular suburbs of San Francisco. Frequent transportation is provided by the electric lines of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad. Marin County has an assessed valuation of \$24,662,673 with no debt. Incorporated cities within the district have a total net debt of \$148,900.

What will be the effect upon the trade of the United States of the recent establishment of Egypt as an absolutely independent political entity? The growth of our trade with Egypt in recent years, says the *Trade Record*

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of the National City Bank of New York, has been one of the striking features of the commercial changes during and since the war. Our total trade with Egypt in the year preceding the war but about \$17,000,000; in the closing year of the war it was \$35,000,000, in 1919 it advanced to \$55,000,000, and in 1920 totaled \$135,000,000. With the general reduction which characterized world international trade in 1921 and the sharp fall off in purchasing power of that country by reason of the low prices of its cotton the total of our trade with Egypt fell to \$36,000,000, but was still more than double that in 1913 or in any year prior to the war.

This growth in our trade with Egypt has been especially striking in the matter of merchandise exported to that country. Prior to the war our exports to Egypt seldom exceeded \$2,000,000, and in many years were far less than that sum. In 1915 they advanced to \$5,000,000 and in 1916 were over \$14,000,000, dropping off in 1917 and 1918 by reason of transportation difficulties, but again advancing to \$15,000,000 in 1919, and \$38,000,000 in 1920.

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ated increasing demand for corn for feeding purposes, and in consequence the huge surplus is being worked off rather rapidly. This helps the grain situation generally, and grain values on the whole do not seem high.

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Is it not a fact that per population and investment in securities the average Western state has more power development than it can sell?

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

There has been quite an outburst of French fiction into English translation and American publication recently. Nor has the manifestation been by any means local to one or two publishers. To enumerate, there is the great peasant novel "Nène," by Ernest Perochon, the rural schoolteacher, who was bombed out of obscurity by the publication of his novel and its subsequent winning of the Prix Goncourt in 1920. "Nène" has just reached

American readers in the form of a translation published by the George H. Doran Company. Then there is the other great popular favorite of the French, "Salt Lake," by Pierre Benoit. This is a rather remarkable story of Salt Lake City in the days of Brigham Young. The translation that reaches America is issued by Alfred A. Knopf. A third effervescence of French fiction into English, via this time the publication of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is "The Illusion," by Raymond Escholier, which in its original form under the title "Dansons la Trompeuse" won the Lady Northcliffe prize for the most important French fiction of its year. It is "The Illusion" that we wish especially to consider now.

M. Escholier has taken a theme that is singularly unhackneyed, despite the fact—or because of it—that it lies within everyday experience. "The Illusion" is not a story; it is a portrait of an elderly belle, the pathetic figure of a beauty, defying age. When Therese Lestelle was a girl her coming was "as if some one had thrown an armful of sweet briar on the fire." Alas that the old age of such an exquisite creature could not be equally charming. Mme. Lestelle, the widow of later years and uncertain age, frizzed her dyed hair and painted her face. She was the centre of innocent gossip—for her sins ceased with her artifice of appearance—in the pastoral region of provincial France of which "The Illusion" gives so clear and fresh a picture. It is regrettable but true that one can not imagine an English-writing novelist dealing with this trite idea with the ease and poetry of M. Escholier. He, the imaginary English or American writer, would almost surely have stressed his satire to breaking point. M. Escholier treats it as the delicate tragedy that it is, faintly, but oh so faintly, touched with irony.

Quite one of the most noteworthy novels of recent times is "The Longest Journey," by E. M. Forster (Alfred A. Knopf). Forster is said to be admired by the cognoscenti of England and to be as yet undiscovered by America. It will be strange if he does not spring into speedy recognition here when "The Longest Journey" is read. We are not sure that this is a great book, but it is indubitably a real one, and perhaps that is, after all, a definition of a great one. Rickie Elliot's life story is very real without being at all commonplace. It is hard to find the exact and more than golden mean between the two in a novel—whether you are reading it or writing it. I don't know whether any novelist deliberately puts his idea on the scales that measure ordinariness and its lack, but many a one might profit by doing so. If his characters are hyperbolic and paragonic, the all-too-ordinary reader loses interest in them. One might as well read Greek mythology. But the antidote is not simply to shun perfection. It is in some queer way to shun both the poles of perfection, the equator of the emotions, and yet eschew the temperate zone of ordinariness. It must be really very hard to write a good novel, and we give full credit to Mr. Forster for having done so. Like so many significant English novels, "The Longest Journey" is biographical. It is all very well for the French to pick and choose, to compose, and to give one facet of the whole. But it seems to suit the English temperament to be biographical. It is because we are less interested in art and more engrossed in reality. "The Illusion," discussed above, deals with realities—as seen by a poet. "The Longest Journey" deals with realities as seen by any Englishman who might have known Rickie throughout his brief, disastrous life. The French are not fond of realism *per se*, but only as a contrast or protest to drab ordinariness. Perhaps for all their art they have never learnt the art of balancing between our two extremes. But they are masters in evading it by the illusion of beauty. One enjoys "The Illusion" as one enjoys a pastel; one reads it for its loveliness. Commonly told, it would be nothing. Very different is the Anglo-Saxon standard of merit. No degree of ordinary writing could spoil the thematic interest of "The Longest Journey." Mr. Forster's theme is really notable—though not unheard of. It is that people are to be classified by their temperaments rather than by minds, manners, or still more concrete personalia. Rickie, with only an ordinary mind and indifferent talent, was cursed with a philosophic, "clever" temperament. He was condemned to live with his materialistic, unimaginative wife and brother-in-law. That is the whole of his story, but Mr. Forster has treated it admirably. It is an immense relief to find so human a novel so free of sex-complexes. To the average civilized life, even as to Rickie's and Ansell's, sex is an incident. In fact civilization means the conquest of sex, and yet the average novel is permeated and dominated by sex. Again we thank Mr. Forster for his sane stand. The real things of life are, according to Mr. Forster, and we heartily agree, the things of the mind. It is comparatively unimportant—

we are again quoting our author indirectly and approvingly—whether you are happy or unhappy in love or whether you ever are in love. It is devilishly important that you live your own life, think your own thoughts, act according to your own conscience, and, to use the proverbial expression, own your own soul. All that is the theme of "The Longest Journey," one of the sincerest, most interesting, and most vital novels we have read of late.

On a somewhat cognate idea "Lilia Chenoworth," by Lee Wilson Dodd, a recent publication of the Duttons, is based. But the temperament that plays havoc with the characters of "Lilia Chenoworth" is the familiar artistic one. According to Mr. Dodd, people either have it or haven't it, and one can not mix the sheep and the goats. To hark back to "The Longest Journey," its path is never crossed by the artistic temperament. Its burden is the dozen other varieties that make for human incompatibility. Like many other current novels, the latter half of "Lilia Chenoworth" far excels the first. It must be that the modern novelist's temperament, to mention still another variety, is impatient of craftsmanship and of rewriting. His work gradually gets better and he leaves the finished (!) product as it stands, weak beginning, mediocre middle, and quite excellent end. Whether or not this can be adopted as a generalization, it is true of "Lilia Chenoworth," which is a very uneven piece of work and would be a very fine one if it were all equal to its best. It sounds like a conundrum, and indeed some parts of our story remind us of one. It is far from being a homogeneous whole; and though it may be argued that so is life, we are just disagreeable enough to add that the heterogeneous quality of "Lilia Chenoworth" does not for us match colors with the kaleidoscope of life. However, we think that Mr. Dodd has a very remarkable talent—his descriptive vein is very fine and his characters are vital—and that if he once acquires the habit of careful workmanship he will produce very big things in deed. In "Lilia Chenoworth" the viewpoint shifts too distressingly and the key in which the book should be written is not sustained throughout. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Chief among the Yale University Press books of the season are Aimée Dostoyevsky's study of her father, the Russian novelist; Dean Roscoe Pound's "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Law"; Chief Justice William Howard Taft's "Liberty Under Law," and "Poems from the Yale Record."

Elizabeth Kemper Adams, whose recent book, "Women Professional Workers," was published by the Macmillan Company, is the instructor of the Columbia University extension course on professional occupations. She was for years professor of education at Smith College.

Miss Maude Royden, who is one of the personalities selected by "A Gentleman with a Duster" in "Painted Windows," is soon to come to America to address an international conference of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Royden is the author of "Sex and Character," shortly to be published by the Putnams.

Gunnar Gunnarsson, whose novel, "Guest the One-Eyed," has just been published by Knopf, is an Icelander. He learned Danish in order to compass a larger audience, and when it is remembered that Icelandic is as different from Danish as Latin is from French, and that very few Danes learn Icelandic, and that Icelanders find great difficulty in the guttural Danish, Gunnarsson's feat is invariably compared to Conrad's. "Guest the One-Eyed" is an epic work, originally published in Danish

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in four separate volumes. It is said to be similar to "The Wandering Jew" in its central figures of a repentant sinner. The scene is Iceland, and the primitive life of the Icelandic people today is depicted.

Cassius J. Keyser, whose book on mathematical philosophy was recently published by the Duttons, has had a typically American career. He was born during the civil war in a log cabin on a farm in Ohio. His early contact with nature revealed the essential beauties of the heavens and the earth and inspired him to search for knowledge. It led him to the University of Missouri, to the University of Michigan, where he studied law, and to Columbia University. He deserted the law, however, chose mathematics as his specialty, and adopted the law as his profession. He has been for some years Adrain professor of mathematics at Columbia. "Mathematical Philosophy," his new book, is intended, not only for mathematicians, but for educated men and women of every kind of interest.

S. B. H. Hurst, sailor-author and creator of "Coomer Ali," intends to write a book which he will call "Remarkable Characters of the Persian Gulf." However, he says he will not dare call it anything but fiction, so improbable is the nature of his material. Mr. Hurst tells of a one-eyed African who told him there is hidden in Kism a perfect pearl, large as a man's head. The one-eyed one had been the leader of a gang of pearl pirates. Mr. Hurst is at present at work on a new novel which Harpers will publish.

"Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance, 1921," by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard-Bury and other members of the expedition, is to be published this spring by the English house, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. In addition to a history of the expedition, there is an outline of the preparations for the attempt this season. The geology, survey, and fauna and flora of the region are also dealt with. The volume is illustrated from the finest of the series of photographs which were exhibited at the Alpine Club's Hall in London.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## David, the Son of Jesse.

An unusual departure from the stereotyped historical novel is that of Marjorie Strachey in her new work, "David, the Son of Jesse." A novel of biblical times is apt to have a rather small audience. There is, after all, only a limited class of readers who like historical fiction, and biblical fiction seems even more formidable. But so modern is Miss Strachey's novel, so potent is the Strachey method of infusing life into documents, that "David, the Son of Jesse," becomes drama of the most arresting sort. Not that the action is anywhere keyed up. The author gets her effect rather from a matter-of-fact handling and complete absence of the factitious note of "reconstruction." One is not bored by the latter element, so common to the historical novel, and so distressing to the critical taste of any one who wants art to conceal art. Miss Strachey's art and her research, which must have been laborious, are entirely concealed. The effect is that of sheer drama, spiced with the pungent air of biblical grandeur.

DAVID, THE SON OF JESSE. By Marjorie Strachey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

## The Latest Thing.

"The Latest Thing and Other Things," by Alexander Black, is a collection of amusing papers, whose merit lies rather in their momentary titillation than in depth of thought or opinion. Mr. Black has a joyous facility of phrase, and one reads paper after paper in a sort of happy hypnotism, enchanted by style. It is somewhat disconcerting upon finishing to find out that you hardly know what he has been talking about, but whatever it was, he talked brilliantly. It is the sort of thing that—overheard at a gathering of the wits—one would label clever talk or "good" talk. We suspect Mr. Black of being, like another great wit of paradox fame, rather a victim of his too easily ridden pen. Nevertheless "The Latest Thing" makes very good reading, particularly of the sort guaranteed to enliven a dull train ride or to bridge an insomniac night.

THE LATEST THING. By Alexander Black. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

## Free Range Lanning.

A Wild West story that has some of the freshness formerly associated with the regions of the Rockies is "Free Range Lanning," by George Owen Baxter. It has the usual love theme running through it and the characters

are the usual strong wild men, some good, mostly bad, and a beautiful girl. Its difference from the too conventionalized tale of the woolly West lies in a certain sincerity of tone and vitality of action. As Western novels go it is unusual.

FREE RANGE LANNING. By George Owen Baxter. New York: Chelsea House; \$1.75.

## The Bracegirdle.

"The Bracegirdle" is a novel of England in the days of William of Orange, the principal character being that of Anne Bracegirdle, idol of the London stage and toast of English coffee-houses. The story of Anne's hazardous affairs is adventurous enough to suit the most active taste; and hers and Lovell's affair is plentifully enlivened with the dashing history of the times. Though not a serious historical novel, "The Bracegirdle" supplied a vivid picture of seventeenth-century England, and Anne's story is indubitably based on fact. She was a player at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane and was comonly called "The Diana of the English Stage." Occasional glimpses of the great characters of the day aid in the historical illusion—Dryden, Congreve, Halifax, and the king himself appear. The attempt to restore the dialect of the seventeenth century is conscientious, but perhaps unhappy. Many readers find a strange dialect trying to read even when it is as perfectly comprehensible as in the present case. Historical novelists, like translators, should find a golden mean between literal transcribing and too thorough modernizing or domesticizing their idiom.

THE BRACEGIRDLE. By Buttris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

## Saint-Saëns

Admirers of Camille Saint-Saëns and music lovers generally will welcome an adequate little handbook on the great French composer by Arthur Hervey, author of "French Music in the XIX Century" and "Masters of French Music." As the nature of these studies implies, Mr. Hervey is peculiarly well fitted to write of Saint-Saëns, and he does so with the greatest sympathy. If he occasionally waxes enthusiastic, it is no more than any Saint-Saëns disciple would do in his place.

Without attempting to be biographical in the scientific sense, the author supplies a résumé of the facts of Saint-Saëns' life, followed by a more special study of his musical career. The third division of the book is a critical study of Saint-Saëns' literary activities. Like so many geniuses his talent was of a universal nature not limited to one form of expression. The book concludes with a list of musical compositions and a Saint-Saëns bibliography.

SAINT-SAËNS. By Arthur Hervey. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

## The Wisdom of the Beasts.

Charles Augustus Strong, Columbia professor of psychology, has rendered his philosophy in a popular form, called "The Wisdom of the Beasts"—a book of modern fables. In his brief but truly illuminating sketches here, Professor Strong hits off the prevalent schools of philosophy, pragmatism, monism, neo-realism, Bergson's vitalism, and Einstein's relativity. Professor Strong writes with the simplicity of true fabular style and his beasts converse more divertingly than do the human characters in most fiction. "The Wisdom of the Beasts" is piquant, amusing, and thoughtful.

THE WISDOM OF THE BEASTS. By Charles Augustus Strong. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

## Watched by Wild Animals.

Not the least of the features of "Watched by Wild Animals," the new Enos A. Mills nature book, is the extreme clearness of the illustrations, themselves a liberal education in Rocky Mountain animal life, but Mr. Mills' latest would be a good animal book if it had no illustrations at all. He is an enthusiastic nature lover and particularly an animal enthusiast, and he writes for his own kind; but it would be hard to imagine the most indifferent reader coming away entirely unimpressed by "Watched by Wild Animals." Mr. Mills is an excellent writer as well as a trained observer of animal antics.

WATCHED BY WILD ANIMALS. By Enos A. Mills. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50.

## The Divine Comedy

One's first impression of Mr. Anderson's translation of Dante's Comedy is of the handsome format of the book, its clear print, fine paper, and proportions. As befits so onerous a production, it is distinctly a library edition, made to be read and to endure and meanwhile to be good library furniture.

Mr. Anderson has accomplished a *tour de force* in his translation. He attempted and achieved what has hitherto been considered impossible—a line-for-line translation in the triple rime of the original. But not only has the translator been faithful to the text—he has made of it great English poetry. The present translation of "The Divine Comedy" should be welcome to all students of litera-

ture and to every one unable to read Dante in the original. The book is illustrated with Florentine coats-of-arms and is furnished with marginal notes.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Melville Best Anderson. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Company.

## Handbook of Municipal Government.

A "Handbook of Municipal Government," by Charles M. Fassett, a former mayor of Spokane, is not of the theoretic type of civic books. Mr. Fassett has had practical experience in city managing and his handbook is a working hypothesis rather than a theory. The present volume is a treatise of various forms of government which have been actually put in practice and found successful. The handbook takes up by turns the borough, the town meeting, the federal type of government, the mayor-council type, the responsible executive, the commission form, and the city manager. American cities today are undergoing many changes in their types of government; and the present volume is a timely contribution to civic literature and guide to civic government.

HANDBOOK OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT. By Charles M. Fassett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

## New Books Received.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY. By E. M. Forster. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A novel of Cambridge.

A GLANCE TOWARD SHAKESPEARE. By John Jay Chapman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.25.

An interpretation of Shakespeare.

THE VENERINGS. By Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A sequel to Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend."

OPIATE ADDICTION. By Edward Huntington Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

Its handling and treatment.

YOUNG BOSWELL. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$3.50.

Some chapters of the life of Boswell before he became famous.

JAMES K. POLK. By Eugene Irving McCormac. Berkeley: University of California Press.

A political biography.

HISTORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE OF 1851. By Mary Floyd Williams. Berkeley: University of California Press.

LIVES OF POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS. By Sarah K. Bolton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.

Revised and enlarged edition.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA CHRONICLE, APRIL 1922. Berkeley: University of California Press; 50 cents.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Wilbur Fiske Gordy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60.

A history for grade school children.

THE YELLOW STREAK. By Valentine Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A mystery story.

THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A book of memories.

WATCHED BY WILD ANIMALS. By Enos A. Mills. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50.

A book for nature lovers.

A LITTLE LEAVEN. By Katharine Grey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

A novel of the Kentucky mountains.

A MAN OF PURPOSE. By Donald Richberg. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

MR. FAUST. By Arthur Davidson Ficke. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25.

A play in four acts.

SHEILA OF BIG WRECK COVE. By James A. Cooper. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.75.

A story of Cape Cod.

THE WILD HEART. By Emma-Lindsay Squier. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; \$2.

Introduction by Gene Stratton-Porter.

THE VANISHING POINT. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

A mystery story.

"TEX." By Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.90.

A novel of the old West.

SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON. By Charles Alden Seltzer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.90.

A story of the Rockies.

AN ENGINEER'S NOTEBOOK. By William McFee. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.

Essays.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Joseph Walker. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

Famous Americans for young readers.

THE LORSTICK TRAIL. By Douglas Durkin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75.

A story of Northern Canada.

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## Women Rivals of H. G. Wells.

Today a great number of Englishwomen are reading history at the universities, teaching it when qualified and many devoting themselves to the fascinations of research.

It has been said that as a rule women have little historical sense, but this winter many books by Englishwomen on historical subjects have been published, and one is considered by many to be the greatest authority on monastic history.

"At least six women historians have made such reputations for themselves that their fame will last for generations," says the secretary of the Royal Historical Society.

It seems that the war is mainly responsible for this new outlet for women. The upheaval in Europe made many women want to look back into the story of Europe and so they took up historical research and some became members of the Royal Historical Society, though the standard of fellowship is exacting.

The population of Java is about seven times that of Australia, although the island is only about 600 miles long and 250 miles wide. Its tea estates and factories and buildings erected thereon are much better and cleaner and more modern than those of Ceylon and India. The sugar industry is run on the best and most scientific lines, although the output is not so large as Cuba's. The rubber industry is rapidly approaching the high standard reached in the Federated Malay States. The government telephone system is infinitely better than those in Singapore, Colombo, and Sydney, and compares very favorably with that of London and New York.

The English Channel was crossed by a balloon in 1785.

## "THE TRUTH SEEKER"

This is the name of the oldest continuously existing Freethought periodical in the world. It is the official organ of The American Secular Union, the objectives of which are for the very best interests of our nation, and of the vital affairs of life. It is published weekly, ably edited, has a wide list of able contributors, and its columns are open to all worthy contributions. Many good things may be lost from lack of investigation. Send a dime for a sample copy, or a dollar for a trial subscription for three months, to The Truth Seeker, 49 Vesey Street, New York—mentioning The Argonaut.

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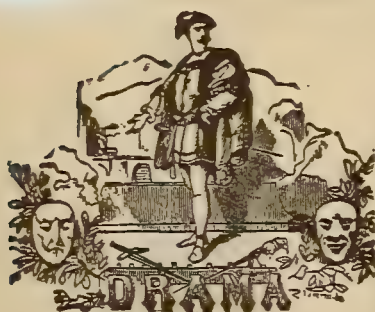
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Full information and maps may be had from T. J. Wilder, Real Estate Department, Spring Valley Water Company, 375 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Douglas 2562.





### "THE SORCERER."

A particularly striking investiture of "The Sorcerer," the predominating colors being black and mellow maize yellow, is giving the Players Theatre a handsome appearance this week. One set does for the two acts, and the very chic costumes for the large chorus are made of the same colors.

"The Sorcerer," while it does not stand in the same rank as the well-known Gilbert and Sullivan favorites, is more fertile in melodies and, perhaps, less labored in humor than "Ruddigore." Its central idea is really better; that of love-philandering an entire village, in order that an infatuated and happily betrothed young man may enable all around him to share in the love bliss which pervades his being.

Of course, as in "Midsummer Night's Dream," everything goes to sixes and sevens, peers mate with pew-openers, and constant hearts are made temporarily inconstant until the mischief is finally and happily remedied.

In order fitly to present these musical pieces a call is made on the talented personnel of the company that can both sing and act. To give an idea of the opportunity that an attraction of this kind affords to the membership of the Players Club it may be mentioned that with the alternates and the chorus there are fifty members who will appear before the public, during the April and May run of the piece, forty-two of them being on the stage at each representation. There are alternates in all but two of the eight important rôles, one of the actors appearing before the curtain at each performance to state which ones appear on that special occasion.

Constant appearances before the public are changing the status of some of these young people from that of amateurs to professionals. As a result of their comparatively considerable experience Marguerite Fry Silvey, Ruth Scott Laidlaw, Atha A. Hillbaek, Jane Parent, Baldwin McGaw, Nelson McGee, Frederick McNulty, S. Ralph Kellner, and George H. Hooke played with the aplomb of veterans. There was, indeed, such a high polish on the performance that a stranger present, unaware of the conditions in the club and the status of the players, would not for a moment have regarded it as a performance by amateurs; which is more than one could say of many performances that we have seen here by alleged professionals.

Perhaps the most strikingly finished performance in respect to *élan*, a spirit of burlesque, appropriateness of gesture and pose, and mental ebullience was that of Baldwin McGaw in the rôle of the sorcerer. Mr. McGaw has not been hitherto numbered among the singers of the Players, but a pleasant singing voice and extreme dramatic intelligence enabled the young player to cover the singing part of his rôle most acceptably.

The spectacular voice of the troupe is possessed by Marguerite Fry Silvey, the young lady in the leading soprano rôle of Aline. Miss Silvey's voice does not show up so well

in the plain, workaday passages of her rôle, but when it strikes the decorative parts it loses its unevenness, becomes more full, round, and assured, and shows very considerable reserves of silver-toned volume. The young lady acts with ease and assurance, but she lapses every now and then into an in-elegance of accent that shows the need of mending her fences in that respect; a reproach that can be leveled against no others of the present cast.

Atha A. Hillbaek also sang well and acted with ease, and Ruth Scott Laidlaw made up to be a charmingly pretty and aristocratic old lady in the rôle of Lady Sangazure, making a hit with her pleasingly melodious rendering of the interpolated Arthur Sullivan love lyric, "Once Again."

Nelson McGee made a fine appearance in the graceful costume of Alexis, and sang the part in a voice of satisfying volume and range, Frederick McNulty gave a notably good burlesque representation of the old vicar, Jane Parent put the stage peasant flavor into the character of the buxom pew-opener, S. Ralph Kellner showed professional poise as Sir Marmaduke, and George H. Hooke was full-voiced and unctuous as the notary.

The deficiency in the general representation was due to the lack of a full-sized brand of Gilbertian fun in the opera. It takes very talented comedians to develop the humor in rôles rather slenderly equipped therewith, and it seems that when "The Sorcerer" had its first London representation nearly five decades ago George Grossmith began with the rôle of John Wellington Wells, the sorcerer of the piece, his great success in the long roll of Gilbertian characters which made his name well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

A peculiarly dry and restrained humor, so say the annals of the times, enabled "Gee Gee" to develop the Gilbertian humor to its fullest. So that Grossmith was a very important factor in elevating "The Sorcerer" to the public favor it subsequently enjoyed.

But in this piece we see neither of the famous partners at their greatest. Only it is most interesting to trace, in these revivals of the less well-known Gilbert and Sullivan pieces, the coming of that sureness of touch which was subsequently to bring world-wide fame to the gifted pair.

### "PINAFORE."

The singers at the Columbia are giving lots of pleasure this week to audiences with their revival of "Pinafore." There have, of course, been many revivals of this opera that "a-many years ago" was the lively forerunner of the long line of Gilbert and Sullivan opera burlesques. But these pieces remain eternally young and fresh and humorous; their melodic charm is unimpaired, their travesty of the grandiose solemnities of opera make you chuckle anew each time, and sad indeed is that spectator who can not laugh until his side aches over the antics of Gilbert's primest clowns.

True, Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., is not one of the funniest of these, ridiculous and smile-provoking though the sentimental old duffer is. But the opera as a whole is a delightful travesty, and one that is felt and appreciated all the more just after seeing the sentimental inanities of "The Bohemian Girl." For, logically, "The Bohemian Girl" is just the sort of thing Gilbert was travestying.

It is difficult to write about "Pinafore" without becoming reminiscent. "Do you remember how all the church choirs formed themselves into 'Pinafore' companies when the 'Pinafore' epidemic hit the country?" "Yes; and even children's companies toured the circuits." "And what a lovely Josephine!"—but there! we must restrain our-

selves. "Pinafore" has been reminisced to death.

At present young America has taken it in hand. The youth and freshness of the Dunbar singers' voices tell delightfully in the opera. The old choruses seem as fresh as the carolings of this spring's song-birds, and the simplicity of the delicious melodies makes them so singable that the young company render them with the style of well-trained vocalists. Theo Pennington's voice was lovely in Josephine's lyrics; it is a sin to force so strong and true an organ, as she occasionally and most unnecessarily does. Paula Ayres was an excellent Buttercup, and as, in the past, we have been befuddled with many Buttercups who were no singers, it was a great pleasure to witness the rôle so well sung and acted.

Ed Andrews, of course, was the Sir Joseph of tradition; a polite old Philistine, very insistent in his good manners, the lines spoken admirably by this experienced comedian; too experienced to let himself lapse into the mechanical tone of the bored tyro going for the five-hundredth time over a too well-known part.

Carl Bundschu, who has an Irish twinkle in his eye, in spite of his German name, did well with the rôle of the Captain. Harry Pfeil, whose elastic mouth has a constitutional tendency to smile, was properly solemn as the romantically oppressed Rafe, and poured his ample tenor out in lyric waves of delightful melody.

The choruses were most enjoyable, and if you don't mind a certain naïveté in the personality of the soprano, the tenor, and the smaller fry of the company, and if you don't know the opera too, too well, you can derive a very great deal of pleasure from the performance.

### GRANDEST GRAND OPERA.

This opera game is no joke, and I shouldn't wonder if the local guarantors, and the heads of the Chicago Grand Opera organization are feeling rather rueful these times. For to those heads San Francisco may prove the goose that laid the golden egg.

The Chicago Grand Opera organization ought to be hardened to losses, for its financial affairs are not conservatively handled, and it has lost terrifically in Chicago and New York. Out here on its Western tour it did well only in Portland, Oregon.

About San Francisco, its success a year ago made it too hopeful. In the interim the Scotti troupe, with singers from the Metropolitan, had carried off a wad of operatic shekels, and it was too soon for a community that has not a densely settled section back of it to have another season of seven-and-a-half-dollar-a-seat opera. We were already drained pretty dry, and it ought to have been a full year before we were again treated to grandest grand opera. Besides, the Chicago operatic organization ought to have recalled past history. In 1913, under the prudent management of Doctor Leahy it had a financially successful season at the Tivoli. In 1914 it came again, but it broke away from the management of the tried and proved local man, and lost money.

The mistake this time was in coming so soon. It is also felt that it was insufficiently provided with leading singers. Out here we, in our innocent Californian way, want to roll our tongues over a number of big names and say, "I heard so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so." Whereas we were obliged to say, "Yes, I heard Raisa and Johnson in this, and that, and the other."

And there's another point: the public has learned all the dips, spurs, and angles of the Exposition Auditorium. True, this ugly, lead-colored monstrosity—I speak of the interior, but certainly the exterior is nothing to boast of—that ought to have been a beautiful amphitheatre has served us some good turns. Its possibilities were first discovered when John McCormack used it for his Red Cross benefit concert. Then Frank Healy hired it for the two Galli-Curci recitals, and the thousands that assembled within it drew nation-wide attention to its possibilities; for it was practically filled at both recitals.

Profiting by this success, Mr. Healy hired it for the Scotti Grand Opera troupe. They only stayed a week, but the cautious financial policy followed resulted in pecuniary success. After that the Chicago Grand Opera organization sat up and took notice, and then began the see-saw between the two operatic organizations, which resulted in our having grandest grand opera four times in two years.

No one need feel that reproaches can be leveled against San Francisco for the pecuniary losses suffered by the Chicago people; for, here on the verge of the Pacific Ocean, with a comparatively slenderly populated farming district back of it, our city has poured out half a million dollars all told for the San Francisco Symphony Association, has supported several in-between minor operatic seasons during the after-war years, has twice sent the Scotti troupe away rejoicing, has liberally patronized the recitals of famous artists, sent the Chicago Grand Opera people away a year ago with their wallets well

stuffed, and has simply been called on too soon and too often to keep up its operatic record.

No, there has been a lack of judgment somewhere, but not here. San Franciscans, as I say, have learned the Exposition Auditorium by heart, and I doubt if anything as spectacular as grand opera will fill it again. Recitals may, free blows will, but people want to see the spectacle at grand opera, and acres of the side seats are anathema to our perspicacious opera lovers, who regard opera as something to be seen as well as heard.

### THE ORPHEUM.

That old yarn about the Roman cherub that died from being gilded all over his bare skin to make a papal holiday seems to be discredited, for they are doing that sort of thing nowadays, and we can see an instance of it this week in the Rinaldo Brothers' "Roman Art" act at the Orpheum. It makes them look, by turns, as the lights change, like silver, gold, or bronze statues, but on the whole the marbling effect is more beautiful. The Rinaldo Brothers give a fine act in balancing, strong-man feats, and statuesque poses.

There are two dancing acts, Berk and Sawm's being more in the nature of a fill-in, in spite of the nimbleness of the pair and their handsome setting. But the girl is a tyro in singing and couldn't seem to get her stuff over. The William Seabury act is quite an elaborate affair, with a number of handsome sets and striking costumes to set off a gorgeous Oriental interlude. Four girls do a lot of excellent dancing, figuring as bare-legged odalisques in a highly decorative dream born in the brain of the blonde young traveler who goes to sleep in a Pullman. This is William Seabury, who is no slouch of a

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dancer himself, although he good-naturedly recognized that the enthusiasm of the audience was particularly aroused by his troupe of pretty and skillful girl dancers.

There is ample variety on the bill this week, Sandy Shaw giving a Harry Lauderish act in kilts with a Scotch accent that you could chop off in chunks. The accent and the costume and the voice are all right, but the performer is devoid of the genial humor necessary for an act of this kind.

"Wire Collect" is a sentimental little comedy of the sort audiences like; just a man and a girl falling in love to the accompaniment of American jests. Clarence Oliver does his part well, the girl only fairly, and her speaking voice is badly in need of being licked into shape.

An exotic touch—or an attempt at it—is supplied by the presence of Princess Jue Quon Tai, a Chinese young lady who claims to speak English with an accent picked up in her native China. But you can't fool us, Quon Tai dear. When you branch out in speech of any length we recognize the Americanized speech that we hear from the youths and maidens in the Chinatown shops. For some reason—their thoroughness, I suppose—the public-school-educated Chinese pick up the worst and most distressing brand of hard-English—or American, rather, for the English would run a mile from the Kansas City brand of their native speech—and that is the kind that we hear coming anomalously from the almond-eyed youth in Chinatown.

Jue Quon Tai's act is not particularly interesting because of her pretense of speaking English with an accent—very badly assumed—and because she seems to feel it necessary to dish up in her songs with an air of surprised innocence all the numerous improprieties and extravagances that Miss America is guilty of during the present epoch; and because her voice is too throaty; and because the act had a decidedly amateurish flavor.

So we parted from her without regret, but in a subsequent act in which she appeared, borrowed by Jim Corbett to help him out, she looked twice as pretty, several degrees younger and slenderer, and was very cute in her dainty disdain of the tippler whose attentions were supposed to offend her aristocratic sensibilities.

The best thing on the bill is that of Billy B. Van and James J. Corbett in an immensely funny patter act called "The Eighteenth Amendment."

In this act Jim Corbett, turned out most irreproachably in a sport suit that would make a dyed-in-the-wool dude ache with envy, served as a sort of feeder to Billy Van, who had all the fat lines, the jokes, the ridiculousness, while the stately Jim drew him out,

admonished him, and occasionally thumped him into good behavior.

It was really a very good idea. Corbett is popular, therefore his presence was liked; but in his comfortable, liberal-minded way he is perfectly aware that he can only feed. He knows that any jokes he might fire at the house would share in the rigid, well-creased perfection of his trousers, the perfect cut of his coat, the fit of his latest-agoony sport shoes; but he couldn't make them go. So Billy does the going. He makes everything skate along on wheels, puts whalebone into the jokes, extemporizes not a few himself—he must, they pop out so spontaneously—and keeps the laughter at high pressure. His material is very good, and he himself is a born fun-maker.

It really was an edifying and interesting sight to see the tall ex-pugilist placidly sacrificing his self-importance for the good of the act.

The bill closed with a trained dog act in which half a dozen beautiful collies showed off their talents with comparative willingness.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

Chauncey Olcott, supported by a New York cast and augmented orchestra, will begin a two-weeks engagement at the Columbia Theatre Monday, April 17th, in the three-act idyl of Irish romance, "Ragged Robin," by Rida Johnson Young and Rita Olcott. It is an Irish fairy play of the days when the simple folk believed in the "good little people." Reviewers say that with its elements of fantasy and Celtic folk-lore "Ragged Robin" is unquestionably the best vehicle in which this noted actor has ever appeared. Mr. Olcott's song repertoire for this engagement includes "Sweet Girl of My Dreams," "Each Day Till I Die," "In Dublin's Fair City," "I Used to Believe in Fairies," "The Click of Her Little Brogans," and "When." Though Irish in sentiment, their heart interest and tunefulness will appeal, for they are the kind the audience hums as the curtain rings down on the last act.

##### Henry Miller Coming.

Henry Miller's organization, to open at the Columbia Theatre two weeks hence, will include, besides the actor-manager, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, and other notable players. Miller has secured a new play from the pens of A. E. Thomas and Harrison Rhodes, entitled "Her Friend the King." The play is based on the novel by Harrison Rhodes called "High Life." Besides those already mentioned, the company will include Geoffrey Kerr, who scored a triumph in the Miller production of "Just Suppose," Mary Carroll, Marguerite St. John, Bert Leigh, A. G. Andrews, and Elmer Brown.

##### The Kreisler Concert.

Some fifteen years ago a handful of music lovers sat in a small hall in San Francisco to hear a violin recital by the then comparatively unknown Fritz Kreisler. Most of these auditors had heard all the other violinists of those times and they were eager to see if the mild-mannered fellow before them would equal the best efforts of his competitors. The general verdict was that he had surpassed them in technique, interpretation, quality of tone, and skill in bowing, and that none had quite approached him in the matter of style, and ability to reach the hearts of his auditors. Kreisler's admirers in San Francisco have so increased since those first appearances of fifteen years ago that next Sunday afternoon at the Exposition Auditorium he will face the largest audience that ever attended a violin recital anywhere. People are coming from as far north as Chico, as far east as Ogden, Utah, and every point in California will be represented by music lovers. The concert will commence promptly at 2:30.

##### "Wild Birds" on the Way.

The Greek Theatre Players will be seen for the first time in San Francisco during the week of April 10th in a production of "Wild Birds," by Dan Totheroh, which won the \$300 prize offered in 1921 by the Greek Theatre for the best play by a Californian author. Future performances will be given at the Players Club on April 18th and 19th, 25th and 26th. Totheroh's play has aroused much comment since its first production by the Greek Theatre Players in Berkeley a month ago. His work is already known to San Francisco through the Players Club productions of several one-act plays and a three-act drama, "The Exiles."

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

Josephine Victor is the headliner on the coming week's bill. Miss Victor will be seen here in a romance, "Juliet and Romeo," by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Miss Victor made her Broadway debut in 1907 in a leading rôle in "The Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock. Since then she has added to her fame

by appearances with Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle," Tom Jefferson in "The Other Fellow," and in scores of other successes. Last season she created the principal rôle in Galsworthy's "The Skin Game." She is supported by a capable company of players in her current offering.

There may be different opinions as to the perfect woman. There is, however, no question that Dainty Marie's figure approaches closely to perfection.

Lynn and Smith throw their talkology into high gear, resulting in a racey conversation. Their speed is laughter, and all through the act the speedometer records that they are exceeding the speed limit. Basil Lynn was late of Toombes and Lynn, and with his new partner an association is formed that proves an exceedingly happy one.

One must be versatile to offer variety and James Silver, Helen Duval, and George Kirby are versatile, therefore their comedy variety skit is a laugh of this and a laugh of that tied together in such a capable way that the knots don't show. They call their little package of mirth "The Star Boarder."

Bert Howard, author, composer, comedian, and pianist extraordinary, is here again, this time with a new offering consisting of a repertoire of songs, smart patter, and piano playing, which he bills under the modest title of "The Man with the Piano."

When Alex Patty was a boy his mother, like most mothers, in reply to innumerable queries, admonished him to use his head, and Alex Patty must have taken his mother literally, because he not only uses his head to think with, but also to walk with and for many phenomenal feats. Patty is known as the upside down genius and his work entitles him to the title.

A laugh, a tune, a step, pep, looks, ability. This is a brief summary of "Even As You and I," offered by Ford and Cunningham. George Ford is a comedian with original methods and Flo Cunningham is both pleasing to the eye and ear. The little skit was written by Blair Treynor. If it is amusement you want Ford and Cunningham can give it to you.

William Seabury and his excellent company in their intimate revue are the only hold-overs, and their's is an act that can be enjoyed a second time even more than at first showing.

#### THE CHURCH AND THE MOUNTAINS.

Now that Cardinal Ratti has become Pope Pius XI the world is learning how distinguished he was in many fields as a priest of the church (says the New York Times). Nothing in his career excites more interest than his proficiency in manly sports, particularly the skill and daring he displayed as a mountain climber. There should be no astonishment that a priest has excelled as an Alpinist. Cardinal Ratti had an illustrious predecessor in Father Placidus, who was born at Truns in 1782. He, too, was a scholar, as much at home in his library as in the mountain passes, where from an early age he tended his father's flocks. When Father Placidus was past seventy he continued to climb. He made first ascents of the Stockhorn (11,411 feet) in 1788, the Rheinwaldhorn (11,148 feet) in 1789, the Piz Urlaun (11,063 feet) in 1793. It is said of him: "He was a learned and broad-minded man; and the mountains, with their quiet sanity, seem to have helped him to bear constant vexation." His trials were more than once of a political nature. A sermon on the text, "Put not your trust in princes," caused him to be imprisoned in Innsbruck for eighteen months. It appears that the French, who had driven out the Austrians, were his jailers. Previously his monastery had been burned, his notes and manuscripts going up in the flames.

As a mountain climber his great ambition in life was to conquer the difficult Todi (11,887 feet). He failed in two attempts, but reached a gap known as Porta da Spescha, from which point he saw two chamois hunters climb to the summit, 1000 feet above. Father Placidus died a philosopher at the age of eighty-two. He has been described as "a mountaineer who missed his way and strayed into the priesthood." But, as a matter of fact, he was a mountaineer almost to the last. Cardinal Ratti is a mountaineer who has been elevated to the Vatican, and who never seems to have missed his way either in the Alpine passes or in the duties of his sacred calling.

In the early history of mountaineering in the Alps the church played a part which should be better known. Local monks first climbed the Titlis and Monte Leone. It was M. Clement, the curé of Champéry, who made the first ascent of the Dent du Midi. Bourrit, an ecclesiastic, had several triumphs to his credit, but he failed in an attempt on Mont Blanc, owing to bad weather. He won greater fame as an early historian of the Alps. He does not seem to have been ambitious for distinction in the church. To its honors he preferred the position of preceptor of Geneva Cathedral, which gave him leisure and opportunity for mountain climbing. He was an Alpinist in the summer and made copy of his

adventures in the short winter days. It was Bourrit who wrote:

"It is there [in the mountains] that the rulers of the world and the heads of nations ought to hold their meetings. Raised above the arena of passions and petty interests, and placed more immediately under the influence of Divine inspiration, one would see them descend from these mountains, each like a new Moses bringing with them codes of law based upon equity and justice."

Among the most cherished memories of the new Pope in the Vatican will be the days and nights he spent in the great white spaces on the glacier of Tribolazione and among the peaks of Monte Rosa. It may be that from his hazardous experiences he will draw inspiration to discharge the responsibilities of his exalted office.

Playing-cards, according to a Chinese authority, were invented in 1120 for the amusement of the court of the Emperor Seun-ho. Eight centuries of trouble followed, but perhaps they would anyhow.

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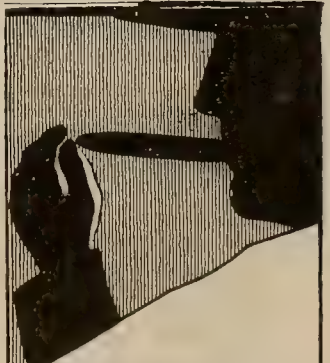
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## VANITY FAIR.

Women on juries have been the cause of painful anxieties to many Eastern sheriffs of late, who have felt that new and expensive accommodations were needed for their protection while locked up. All sorts of chaperonage has been suggested, little of it consistent with the laws protecting persons on trial and other litigants; curtains have been hung in the night quarters, and more specific facilities for privacy have been installed in courthouse annexes, but things have not reached an altogether satisfactory condition. Now arises a new trouble and a new demand: the necessity for protecting the male jurors from women members. A case has arisen in Oakland in which affidavits affirm that a woman juror in a damage suit so wrought upon the feelings of other jurors by various forms of persuasion, running the gamut from cajoleries to browbeating and intimidation, that many votes were changed from a verdict for the defendant to one awarding the plaintiff \$25,000 damages. The judge has granted a new trial, and expresses regret that the law does not enable him to do more than that. This passes the problem of chaperonage and becomes a matter of personal safety. It is no longer a question of conveniences in the jury hotel or a wing of the courthouse. The sanctity of the jury room and the integrity of verdicts must be preserved. A good way to do that might be to install iron cages in which the male jurors could take refuge while the

women jurors raged without. Thus the men in their cages would be protected from the women in their rages; much like the animal tamer in the story, although his wife gave him no credit for valor when he fled from her wrath to the mercy of tigers. It is not, of course, a question of valor, but of justice. If cages will not do it, our male jurors may have to wear armor.

The resolution and desperate rigor with which society fights crime in this country was never better exemplified than in the suggestion made to Mayor Hylan of New York by Leonard Lieblich, editor of the *Musical Courier*, that burglars' homes be furnished with pianos. Here we may have the solution of our gravest problem, the supersession of all penology, the extinction of police departments, the end of crime. Some gentlemen were discussing a measure to permit the city to erect a municipal home of the arts, in order that more of the money of the taxpayers might be spent by those who know how to spend it, instead of by those who merely earn it and having earned it manifest a sordid disposition to save it, or use it selfishly for their own families—a self-centered motive which all constructive statesmen and blanked verse poets know should be resisted to the uttermost. Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who in his idle moments acts as chairman of the Metropolitan Opera Company, said he believed the cause of many crimes was a desire to get away from the dullness of everyday life. He thought music would be a deterrent. The mayor made the sensational statement that he was in favor of keeping down crime, and the musical editor came back at him with the prescription of a harpsichord for every crook, thereby scoring one in the penological progress race over August Vollmer, Berkeley's Golden Rule police chief, whom the Brass Rule nigger slammed in the beizer with a hunk of coal.

There has long been recognized by the intelligentsia or *cognoscenti* a sort of psychic harmony between melody and madness. It has also been recognized that criminals in their hours of ease are "moved by concourse of sweet sounds." As the librettist has said:

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,  
When the villain isn't occupied with crime,  
He loves to hear the gentle brook a-gurgling,  
And listen to the merry village chime.

We believe, however, that this is the first time it has been proposed to counter crime with counterpoint. It would make an interesting experiment. It should not cost a municipality more than a few million to supply pianos to all second-story workers who could be induced to register their home addresses. The piano manufacturers would be glad to have the money; the taxpayers, as usual, don't matter. Those who do not perform with fluency by hand could be supplied with mechanical players. This, with all set, the millennium should begin, unless it wishes to wait for the twentieth amendment. A Chopin nocturne might be dangerously nocturnal. But a burglar who had made up his mind to crack a jewelry shop could console himself with a few "Gems from the Operas." It would not supply bread for his starving children, nor gauds and gowns for his poor wife, but doubtless that would soon become known to our penal psychiatrists, who would in turn convince our Golden Rule municipal authorities that no sincere reform could be accomplished until our burglars' ladies were made fit for the best society, and then these things would be remedied; at the taxpayers' expense, of course. Where else would they get the money? True, there would be difficulties, of a minor sort. For example, it is well known that burglars, like Jerry Cruncher with the rust always on his hands, sleep in the daytime and work at night. We could not expect this régime to be altered, so we may expect irritable neighbors who get tired of the strains of such masters as Schubert and Mendelssohn and Bach and Irving Berlin to throw open their futile windows and beg their burglarious serenaders for heaven's sake to go burgle something and let them sleep. Somebody is always interfering with the plans of our idealists, somebody is always dragging back our most interesting convicts to their lives of shame just when they are about to abandon business and turn honest. But in spite of such small defects the idea appeals. We have tried orchids, and pink tea, and indeterminate sentences and the parole system and psychology and almost everything except pianos and severe punishment. To avoid scarifying the hearts of our sentimental penologists through the infliction of severe punishment, by all means let the taxpayers prepare to pay for pianos; if it isn't that, it will be something else. That the taxpayers may not be able to afford any pianos of their own is a consideration unworthy any person devoted to the redemption of criminals. It marks the *bourgeois* soul, which can never rise above the level of its own till, can never understand why it is better to have its money taken by the state and devoted to the benefit of crooks than to risk having the crooks come and get it direct. Such persons are beneath the consideration of hobo-reformers,

psychiatrists, and rag-time poets. And neither will they get it.

One small misgiving occurs. The most successful burglar of all time was Alexander the Great. He burgled Greece, Asia Minor, and Persia, and had jimmied his way pretty well into India, when his army began to count its share and called a strike on him. Not being gifted with the eloquence of Cortez under similar circumstances, he caved right down the bank and turned back. Soon afterward he caught cold, and feeling that his occupation, as Othello's would be after him, was gone, he died. Otherwise he might have organized a new gang and burgled the Chinese Empire, which would have made Japan's twenty-one demands look like a concession to sell red lemonade at a circus. And this great world-burglar liked music with his meals. Can any one doubt it after reading Dryden's testimony on the subject? It may be metrically dislocated here and there, but it is plain and direct. According to Dryden's statement, he knew Alexander personally, and Alexander had plenty of looters playing the lute around the cook-house where he ate. There may have been a few sackbuts and hautboys and citherns and citoles, too; but of course the case is not determinative because the piano was not yet evolved. In Alexander's day it consisted of a few strings stretched over a sheep-skull. Steinway had not yet put his mark upon it, and Godowsky would hardly have known where to put his magical fingers and thumbs. But if the sort of music Dryden describes could soothe Alexander and make him willing to stay around where Thais could tame him, a real Knabe might have been better for Persepolis than the antique fire department that so miserably fell down the night of the great conflagration. But even after this illuminating example the subject lies pretty much in the realm of conjecture. The piano idea is a novelty. It might drive some burglars to homicide. But it is no more absurd than some of the other modern ways of fighting crime.

Professor Utter of the University of California thus utters himself about spelling though without its *ugh*, and *cough* likewise, and *autumn* without its *n*, and other devices of the late Josh Billings and Theodore Roosevelt: "I found simplified spelling neither useful, beautiful, nor funny, and therefore a non-essential in the journalism of the world. It does not require any more effort to spell in the old way than to remember to simplify. Simple spelling can not establish itself by decree, for it has no authority. It must win its place by consent of the governed, and it has not a winning personality." That is utterly the best utterance Professor Utter ever uttered. Spelled words are pictures. To remove parts of them on the ground that we can get along with what is left would be about as sensible as removing the trees from a landscape painting because we do not need the wood.

Poor T. P. O'Connor! This versatile Hibernian has had to turn from the troubles of Ireland to the troubles of motion-picture censorship, and he has no assurance that they will be much easier to deal with. He is chairman of the British Board of Film Censors, and he says that on one recent occasion he had to see a film five times after his examiners had seen it three or four times and could come to no decision. It must have been one of those border-line cases. We do not understand why the coalition government should have inflicted this cruel and unusual punishment. It could not have been done in the United States, where we enjoy the safeguards of a written constitution. And we can think of nothing in the long parliamentary career of "T. P." to justify it. The mere fact that he is an Irishman should have furnished the suggestion of punishment enough, for whatever his offense, by merely sending him back to Ireland. The deodorization of unsanitary films is not easy. The British board has enumerated sixty-seven objectionable points, and like the long battle between the designers of defensive armor and offensive armament, we may expect the film producers to exercise the utmost ingenuity in the invention of ambiguous and unclassifiable offenses that may barely get by. In fact, an attractive "caption" preceding the exhibition of a film should be "Barely Passed by the Board of Censors." That ought to please everybody, and what more could a government agency desire?

There are today two women architects in Paris. Both passed their examination with such distinction that this fact found special mention in the presence of forty-seven male examiners. In England there are, according to the latest statistics, among others, 312 women physicians, 380 women journalists, 219 women pallbearers, 662 female cab drivers, 74 women chimney sweepers, 438 female smiths, 493 female drummers, and not less than 3669 professional painters.

Hobson—Sir, I am a self-made man. Dobson—Who interrupted you?—Tit-Bits.

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The footpad's victim looked nervously down the barrel of the footpad's gun. "Be c-careful w-with that," he gibbered. "It might go off." "Ah, well," said the footpad. "I can easily reload."

When C. M. Bissell was in charge of the old Harlem Railroad he issued an order that whenever a conductor collected a cash fare he must give a receipt, and enter the amount on a stub. Very soon a committee from the conductors called and asked for more pay. Bissell inquired: "Why, boys, why do you ask for that now?" There was some hesitation and then the oldest committeeman said: "Mr. Bissell, you used to be a conductor yourself."

This is a tale of four Johns, from Chauncey Depew's "Memories." When John King was general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio under John H. Garrett, Johns Hopkins died. Another John King was executor of the estate. At the funeral he received this telegram, which he read and then handed to the other John King, for whom it was intended: "Present my sympathies to the family and my high appreciation of Mr. Johns Hopkins, and borrow from the executor all you can at 5 per cent.—Garrett."

A rural minister was bothered by the postman not only reading his postcards, but communicating their information to others. One day he wrote a postcard to a medical friend who lived at the other end of the village. It read, "I would tell you more only I know the postman will read it." Then he put the card in the letter-box, whence it was collected, and taken to the postoffice and sent out for delivery. The postman stamped into the doctor's office with the card, threw it on the table, and exclaimed angrily, "He's a liar! I don't read 'em."

One of the most frequently quoted arguments against prohibition is that it is hard on dope fiends. Not being able to take an occasional holiday from drugs with booze, the drug fiend is rapidly going to pieces. Prohibition Commissioner Haynes said at a luncheon in New York: "Well, now, if prohibition is hard on the drug fiends I'm sorry, for I don't want to be hard on anybody. But, friends, did you ever look at a drug fiend—his shifty eye, his lax mouth, his receding chin? It is hard to look at a drug fiend without repeating in utter discouragement the old Chinese proverb: 'Rotten wood can not be carved.'"

Chauncey Depew tells this one on Melville E. Ingalls, who as a railroad president had combined and rehabilitated several bankrupt lines. Ingalls returned for a rest to the little Maine village where he was born, and at the hot-stove senate in the general store an old farmer said: "Melville, they dew tell thet yer gittin' a selery of nigh onto ten thousand dollars every year." Ingalls, who was drawing several times that sum, admitted the ten thousand; whereon the old farmer observed: "Well, thet jes' shows whut luck an' cheek kin dew fer a feller."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said in a Y. M. C. A. address in New York: "Scientific management is here to stay. Those who oppose it are as shiftless as the old earl. The old earl, before going to his bath to dress for dinner one evening, for some reason counted his money, six five-pound notes, and laid them on his dressing table as usual. On returning from his bath he again counted his money, and one of the five-pound notes was missing. He looked ruefully at his valet busily fastening pearl studs in his evening shirt. 'Humph,' said the old earl, 'a loss of five pounds. I never counted my money before and I never will again. It doesn't pay.'"

Judge Oscar Hallam in his address before the South Dakota Bar Association told this good one: "I recall a case of assault and battery against the Koltski family, and in the course of the examination it developed that the Koltski family dog had taken an active part. Mrs. Koltski, when on the stand, was asked if she didn't instigate the activities of the dog. She insisted that she did not. The attorney said, 'Didn't you say, "Sic 'em, Caesar?" for that was the dog's name. She said, 'No, I did not.' The attorney said, 'You said something to the dog?' She replied, 'Well, what if I did?' He insisted: 'Tell us what you said to the dog.' She answered, 'Why, I said, "Don't sic 'em, Caesar.'"

"Before the world war," said Dempster Dunn, the Washington reformer, "a good many of us looked with approval on the sentimental socialism preached by Shaw, Wells, and certain other highbrows; but we've had a bit of a taste of socialism now, and it doesn't taste as good as it used to look. 'Boys,' I said to a group of Pinks the other

day, 'I know exactly what you want. You want, in the first place, a régime where money doesn't exist.' 'Exactly!' the Pinks agreed. 'Where one woman doesn't wear thousand-dollar gowns while another goes in rags, but all dress alike in clean, sanitary, durable clothes.' 'Exactly, comrade!' 'Where all work the same number of hours, eat the same food, occupy the same kind of habitations!' 'That's the cheese!' 'Well, boys,' said I, and I sneered in the Pinks' excited faces, 'there are lots of places where that kind of régime is to be found. These places are called prisons or jails.'"

The Yankee invasion of Texas is making things difficult for the native plantation owner. After years of tenantry satisfactory on both sides, and particularly favorable to Uncle Jake, the old negro appeared before his landlord and announced his intention of leaving him. "Why, what are you going to leave me for?" asked Mr. Harris, who looked upon Uncle Jake as a life-long pensioner. "How come? Why, jes' 'cause I is gwine wo'k ovah on the Yank plantation yondah." "Why, you old sinner you! Haven't I always treated you fair and square? Given you your own garden and a good bit left over from your share each year to send your boy to Tuskegee and to buy Aunt Viny's clothes?" "You shuah nuff hab did all which you say, Mistah Harris." "Then why do you want to go over there when you can make more here farming my plantation on shares?" "This away," confided Uncle Jake, half apologetically and half proudly, "I is gwine wo'k ovah the'ah 'cause them Yanks they is call they niggers 'Mistah.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Love Lyric of a Cynic

The subterfuge  
Of patch and rouge  
Is far too crude for my love;  
No painted cheek  
Or lips bespeak  
The charms ended in my love  
Her pleasant face  
Is not the place  
Luella hides the trick of her;  
The artifice  
Of my sweet miss  
Is in her heart. How chic of her!  
—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Names.

Of all the toys that bend the back  
Of that old peddler, Fame,  
The cheapest bauble in the pack  
Is an immortal name.  
One cost the Good Samaritan  
Two pennies at the inn;  
And Charles the King, at last a man,  
A thought for Nelly Gwynne.

King Alfred as a cook unbent;  
Duke Harold spake a joke;  
A sip of water Sidney spent  
And Raleigh spoiled a cloak.

Step up: to think you must be flush  
To buy a name is wrong;  
Godiva bought one with a blush  
And Lovelace with a song.  
—T. W. Jones in Judge.

A Swiss Woman's Village.

The village of Champéry in Switzerland, canton of Valais, from which the ascent of the Dent de Midi is started, has two claims

to fame, says the New York Tribune; its beautiful location and the fact that it is annually inhabited exclusively by women. Only a few officials belong to the strong sex, whose representatives, although natives of the village, stay there only temporarily.

The reason for this strange phenomenon is that there is no work for the men. The little agricultural labor required for the poor acres of the surrounding land is performed by the women. The men of Champéry are therefore compelled to look for work abroad. At the age of sixteen the young people emigrate and only return to the village for a brief stay.

The women are beautiful and strong. They wear neither skirt nor corset, but breeches and jerkin, while a red handkerchief wound around the head serves as a hat. The young girls amuse themselves with dancing, of which they are particularly fond, and with skiing. The old women indulge passionately in smoking, and fill their pipes with self-raised herbs.

If cough drops are advertised as being useful in the treatment of coughs they are not taxable now. If cough drops are advertised as cough candy, or not as being expressly useful for coughs, they are taxable. So runs the latest ruling from the funny house in Washington. Those tax experts can split hair into three parts lengthwise.—The Stirring Rod.

Of Orientals resident in Canada, British Columbia has 90 per cent. of the Chinese and Japanese and practically 100 per cent of the Hindus.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Lolita Burling Gearing of Santa Barbara and Dr. Edgar Daniel Smith of Los Olivos. Their marriage will take place Monday in the southern city.

The marriage of Mrs. Dorothy Chapman Foss, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Chapman of San Francisco, and Mr. Albert Hickman took place a fortnight ago in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Hickman will reside in the Eastern city.

Miss Amanda McNear and Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., were the guests of honor at a dinner given Friday evening by Mrs. James Moffitt. Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali chaperoned the affair and among the guests were Miss Alice Requa, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Edith Grant, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Will Magee, Jr., Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Blair Sherman, Mr. William Schuman, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, and Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr.

Dr. Wilson Shiels gave a luncheon last Monday at the Bohemian Club for Major-General Charles Morton. His guests included Brigadier-General Edmund Wittenmyer, Major-General Francis Kernan, Lieutenant-General Hunter Liggett, Major-General George Barnett, Mr. William Shiels, Mr. Charles Shiels, Colonel Guy Edie, Dr. Ernest Johnstone, and Mr. Haig Patigian.

Mrs. Atholl McBean gave a luncheon Thursday for Miss Mary Sandall of New York. Others at the affair were Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Sr., Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Roy Pike, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Miss Marjorie Joselyn, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg entertained at dinner last Thursday evening, with their guests later attending the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon last week in Burlingame for Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Muratore. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, General Charles Morton, Admiral Alexander Halstead, and Colonel H. H. Whitcomb.

Miss Louise Boyd entertained a group of friends at dinner Thursday evening.

Mrs. Frank Johnson gave a luncheon last Friday for Miss Mary Stuart La Boyteaux. Her guests included Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Josephine Grant, and Miss Edith Grant.

Mrs. Norman McLaren entertained at tea last Wednesday at the Town and Country Club for Mrs. Dudley Cates of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker gave a dinner Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Aian Van Fleet entertained at bridge last Friday, their guests including Mr. and

Mrs. Horace Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline, Mr. and Mrs. Empey Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christin, and Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson.

For the benefit of the Little Children's Aid a theatre party will be held at the Century the evening of May 1st.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker and Mr. Harry Crocker entertained Tuesday at dinner for Miss Amanda McNear and Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr. Their guests included Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Ellita Adams, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. William Schumann, Mr. Edward Maltby, and Mr. Barroll McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear gave a house party over the week-end at their country home near Mount Diablo.

Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli gave a bridge-tea Thursday afternoon, her guests including Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. George Ebricht, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Werner Lawson, Mrs. Alan Cline, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Lorin Tryon, Mrs. Lorraine Mackay, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Edward Rice, and Miss Elizabeth Oyster.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker entertained at a luncheon Wednesday in the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Richard Hanna entertained at luncheon Wednesday for Mrs. Brundred Pittsburg. Her guests included Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Wallace Alexander, Mrs. Cook of Honolulu, Mrs. E. B. Rodgers, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. James Black, and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Cates of Chicago were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke Johns gave a dinner last Tuesday at the Palace for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dowsett of Honolulu.

Mrs. John Myers gave a luncheon last Thursday in Burlingame, her guests including Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. Jerome Landfield, Mrs. Arthur Redington, Mrs. Paul Clagstone, Mrs. Francis Loomis, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, and Mrs. John Casserly.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster gave a luncheon and bridge last Wednesday, those at the affair having been Mrs. Lorin Tryon, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Edward Rice, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Werner Lawson, and Miss Cécile Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore gave a dinner Wednesday night at Tai's-at-the-Beach. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mann.

Mrs. Preston Drown gave a dinner Wednesday night for Mr. and Mrs. John Pitcher of Chicago.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a bridge party Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger entertained at dinner Tuesday evening. Among those at the affair were Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham,

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. John Pitcher of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman, and Mr. Charles Black.

Many parties are being arranged for the wild flower pageant and tea-dance, which takes place on the Saturday following Easter in connection with the exhibit of California wild flowers. The patronesses who are interested in the work which this organization is doing have engaged tables long in advance, and among those who will entertain are Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Frederic W. Bradley, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Charles S. Stanton, Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Robert I. Bentley, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, and many others. Boxes have been taken by Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. George A. McGowan, and Mrs. Edwin Holmes. Tables have also been reserved by the California Club, Papyrus Club, University Fine Arts, and the Pen Woman's League.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Hedges, Jr., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

## At Del Monte.

Mrs. W. A. Robertson, her mother, Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, and brother, Mr. Roderrick Tower, have been greeted by many friends while at Del Monte. Their mission here is at the bedside of Major W. A. Robertson, who was severely injured in the polo match. Major Robertson is happily on the road to recovery, but it will be many weeks before he will be up and about again.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of San Francisco was a visitor over the week-end at Del Monte, and has taken a house to spend the summer with her family on the Monterey Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh E. Whitney of Chicago, who come to California every winter, are greeting old friends at Del Monte. Among them are Mr. B. F. Bacon, also of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse have been entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks at their Pebble Beach home over the week-end.

Mrs. Samuel Knight of San Francisco has purchased a homesite at Pebble Beach overlooking Carmel Bay, and intends spending much of her time there.

Members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco are coming to Del Monte on April 28th to 30th for their annual golf celebration. Members of Islam Temple will also stage a golf tournament at Del Monte on May 5th to 7th and the sportsmen and the ladies of the California Indians will be at Del Monte on May 8th to 14th.

## AUSTRALIA'S CAPITAL.

The Sydney Herald reports as follows an address of Premier Hughes of the Australian Commonwealth on the subject of the proposed Federal capital at Canberra:

"I stand for the building of the Federal capital at Canberra with the greatest possible speed consistent with our financial circumstances. What that rate is I can not discuss at present. But I do say that this commonwealth will not come into the fulness of the glory that rightly belongs to it, and a public opinion that is Australian and not parochial will never be created, until the Parliament is housed on territory of its own.

"I should be very glad to answer a question as to when we are going to Canberra to take up our official residence, but I do not know, and I do not think any one else knows. About the constitutional obligation to establish the capital at Canberra there can be no question at all. It is perfectly true that the Constitution does not specify any time limit for the transfer of the capital, but time is the essence of all contracts, and it was undoubtedly the intention when the contracts were made that the capital should be built in our time.

"Unfortunately the war has intervened, and that no man could foresee. The consequences of the war are very obvious. We have, for example, a crushing debt, but this government was returned with a definite policy in regard to the capital. In effect it was promised that the government would push on with the construction of the capital up to the limit of its financial capacity. I can not amplify that any more just now, but by that promise I stand. I am a believer in Canberra. There is no Federal government in the world that can hope to stand as a power, or can hope to maintain a solid and enduring influence in a sea of parochialism unless it conducts its Parliament in its own house.

"We are a commonwealth made up of states, each one with a strong sense of its own individuality. If one state is to dominate the policy of the commonwealth, then it must be to the detriment of the other states. That is why the Dominion of Canada has its own Parliament in its own territory at Ottawa. Perhaps it is because of this thing more than anything else that Canada has made such progress. I do not think that we shall ever make the progress that the commonwealth deserves," Mr. Hughes concluded, "until we have set up our own Parliament. America and Canada in the very early days never had to face the position that now con-

fronts us. Today we have a debt greater than that of Britain before the war. We have to consider very carefully everything that we propose to do. That is the only limitation at present upon the building of the capital. But it must be remembered that the Parliament sets the pace regarding the amount of money to be spent."

The State Exhibit of California Wild Flowers opens at the Hotel St. Francis next Thursday, April 20th, and continues for three days. Specimens for the display will be sent in from all sections of the state and will be labeled by botanists with their scientific and common terms, furnishing visitors with a liberal education in our native plant life. Brief addresses will be given on the subject by several noted speakers, and informal musical numbers will be added to the programme. The pageant of California wild flowers, an exquisite flower masque, will be given in the Colonial Ballroom on Saturday afternoon, April 22d.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman have arrived in Honolulu, where they will remain for several weeks. They will be joined in Burlingame during the summer by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have taken the house of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith will arrive from Guatemala in June to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. James Otis.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle have taken the house of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman in Belvedere for the summer. They will be joined in June by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Jr., of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Cates of Chicago left Thursday for the East, after a brief visit in San Francisco. They spent the week-end in Ross with Mr. and Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold.

Mrs. Edward Thaw and Miss Maude Fay left Sunday for New York.

Miss Mary Sandall of New York returned Thursday from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mrs. William Bliss.

Baron and Baroness J. C. Van Eck and their children are spending a week at the Tillman ranch at Aptos.

Major and Mrs. Laurence Redington, who have resided in Washington since their marriage last year, have been transferred to Camp Holabird, Maryland. They are at present staying at the Hotel Stafford in Baltimore.

Mrs. Burton Elkins and Mrs. Katherine Wellman returned last week from China to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and the Misses Eleanor and Claudine Spreckels sailed Tuesday for Europe to pass the summer. They will be joined later in the season by Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cudahy of Chicago have taken a house at Marion, near Boston, for the summer. They were recently joined by Mrs. Cudahy's sister, Miss Amy Brewer, and Mrs. Herbert Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling will reopen their home at Woodside the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Armsby have returned to Ross, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth will spend the summer in Woodside, where they have leased the home of Mrs. Athearn Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker will leave next week on a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Iaccaci are en route to England. They will remain abroad throughout the summer.

Mrs. Brundred of Pittsburg is spending several weeks in San Francisco as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, who have been traveling abroad for several months, are at present

in China. They were accompanied on their trip by their niece, Miss Louise Gerstle.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nickel have reopened their Menlo Park home for the summer.

Miss Ruth Hobart will spend the summer in California with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart. She is at present with her mother, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight will spend the summer at Pebble Beach, where they have recently purchased a homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson left Saturday for a three-weeks visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear and their son and daughter returned Saturday to Ross, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson have taken a house at Pebble Beach for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis of Bakersfield have been spending several days in San Francisco at the Cliff.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller and their children sailed Tuesday for Europe to pass the summer in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent are spending several days in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard have taken an apartment at Lyon and Jackson Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley and the Misses Margaret and Florence Bentley are spending a week at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Clement Tobin and Miss Aileen Tobin are spending the Easter tide in Rome. They returned there recently from Egypt.

Mrs. Adolph Scheld and Miss Margaret Scheld have returned to Sacramento, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling will return next month from New York. They will spend the summer at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson at Woodside.

Miss Emelie Tubbs is visiting Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman at San Diego.

Mrs. Henry Kaufman of Seattle is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Loring Pickering, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Reginald Broke of London, who spent the winter in California with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Henry Shoemaker of New York. She will sail today for her home in England, having given up her trip to the Orient.

Mr. William Crocker entertained a house party over the week-end at Pebble Beach, his guests including Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Katherine Ramsey, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Harry Crocker, and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dowsett of Honolulu are visiting in San Francisco. They are guests at the Cliff.

Mrs. Gerald Williamson and her children will leave shortly for England, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill have gone to Chicago for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent have taken possession of their new home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool left last Tuesday for New York to join Mrs. Richard Sprague.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer in Burlingame. The Filers recently reopened their home there for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel returned last week from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George McNear at their home near Mount Diablo.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Korbel have returned to Petaluma, after a brief visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pitcher of Chicago have been spending several days in San Francisco.

Mr. Homer Curran is passing several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Willott are entertaining the latter's niece, Mrs. William Ballantine of Washington, at their home on Scott Street.

Mrs. William La Boyteaux and Miss Mary Stuart La Boyteaux have been spending the past week at Del Monte.

Miss Barbara Donohoe has returned from Baltimore, where she has been spending the winter with Mrs. Richard Cromwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery and Miss Edna Taylor will leave today for Menlo Park to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick have reopened their home in Menlo Park for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent returned today to their summer home at Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Tryon, who have resided at the Fairmont since their return from their wedding trip, have taken a house on Green Street.

Mrs. Peter Martin and Mr. Charles Oelrichs Martin, who have been traveling abroad, are at present in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leib are traveling through China and Japan. They will not return home until July.

Mr. William La Boyteaux will arrive today from New York to join Mrs. La Boyteaux and their daughter over the Easter holidays.

Mr. Adolph C. Miller, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, is in California on a business trip. He and Mrs. Miller are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Homer King and daughter at their home on Broadway.

Among those registered at the St. Francis are Mr. Carl Stearne, Seattle; Mr. Edward A. Nolte, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Goldberg, Los Angeles; Mr. J. G. May, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jones, Oak Park, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Spalding, Boston; Mrs. D. C. Scott, Tacoma; Mr. George R. Gibson, Chicago; Mr. W. C. Fischer, St. Louis; Mr. S. P. De Lano, Mr. E. J. Orsenigo, New York; Mr. Charles E. Virden, Sacramento; Mr. J. T. Labouchere, Holland; Mr. R. H. Sharp, Shanghai; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lovell, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Waechter, Frederick, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stephens, Detroit; Mr. I. Marx, Detroit; Mr. Grant McCarthy, Los Angeles; Mr. E. F. Du Rieu, Schenectady, New York; Mr. J. Breitman, Cincinnati; Mr. Sam Dearborn, Jr., Chicago; Mr. A. Bailey, Boston.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mrs. Fred Krull, Mrs. Edward Krull, Sacramento; Mr. W. W. Patterson, Britle, Mani-

toba; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wentworth, Los Angeles; Mrs. A. M. Daniels, New York; Mr. Lou Hill, Mr. C. M. Brickford, Portland; Mr. R. H. Gillette, Minneapolis; Mr. E. C. Robertson, Los Angeles; Mr. R. R. Eachers, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Wilson, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hall, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Portal, Los Altos; Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Trowbridge, Sacramento; Colonel and Mrs. T. Smeeton, Lytton; Mrs. J. Ann Martin, Palo Alto; Mr. D. W. Streeter, Healdsburg; Mr. L. F. Hill, Gustine; Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Egerton, Los Angeles; Mr. E. C. Keane and family, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. Lester E. Wise, Detroit.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Wonder.

Come out with me and watch a line of mountains  
Crawl like a huge blue snake across the distance;  
Or hear a row of trees like glittering fountains  
Splash in the sun with sibilant insistence;  
Come out and see how goldenrods are burning  
Where spring brushed by and left a fire that lingers,  
Or try to touch them, all the while discerning  
How in the breeze they shy beneath your fingers;

And some rapt windless night come out and listen  
To the gold glimmering stars silently flowing  
Over the world, a stone in a stream where glisten  
Strange lights from skies of which there is no knowing;—

And through your spirit's unlit deep will blunder  
Like dusk, a hush and holiness and wonder. . . .

#### Clouds.

There is a splendor in the castled clouds  
That float like ghosts of vanished Babylons,  
When haughty silence moves above the crowds  
And sunset fills the blue with carven bronze.

There is a grandeur in the peopled mists  
Dark with the secret shadows of the sea,  
Rolling to keep their hushed mysterious trysts  
With phantom Babylons that are to be.

O you who crowd the streets, and laugh and cry,  
You do not realize some distant time  
Silence shall chant the epics of the sky,  
Your dream, your grief, the glitter of your prime;

The shadows of your towers and lights and homes  
Shall float above some unborn city's domes.  
—Oscar Williams in "The Golden Darkness."  
—Published by the Yale University Press.

### Spring's Pilgrimage.

When Spring is born of Winter  
Then there comes a day  
In early April with the warmth of May,  
The clouds go gadding and the winds turn mild,  
And Spring is born in sunlight,  
Merry child!  
Her nurse is April with the misty eyes;  
The birds sing round her cradle  
Where she lies  
In green-streaked woodlands by the mantled ponds,  
Where the young ferns unfurl their snakey fronds.

She comes up from the South  
With a bird whistle on her pouting mouth,  
And sits upon some hill  
Her mother, Winter, has kept cold and still,  
Till her Sun-lover melts the snow—  
Then out the strong floods go,  
Leaping like horses to the sea,  
And the green frogs go mad with glee.  
Ah! When that child is on her way  
The trees make ready, in the North  
The robins herald her  
And the buds put forth.  
Puss Willow's little catkins are a-strir,  
And it is all, is all for her!

But for a little while  
She lingers in the South,  
Wandering the moss-draped aisle,  
Brushing the shiest flowers with her mouth,  
Tuning her swanny throat  
To the lush warble of the swamp-bird's note,  
Beneath the lamp-hung jasmine's vine tent  
Her warm, delicious childhood soon is spent.

Then forth she fares,  
About the middle of the month of May,  
A young girl, wild-eyed, gay;  
The mountains are her stairs,  
The birds her harbingers,  
With merry song  
The peewit pipes her as she trips along—  
The trumpet flowers blow fanfares.  
Even the sea caves know her  
And deep down  
The mermen chime the bells  
In some dim town,  
Where wrecks lie rotten and forgotten;  
The shark's fin glides  
More avidly among the sea-isle tides—  
The whole glad earth  
Hails her with gales of mirth.  
The frantic midges dance;  
There is tumultuous lowing from the cattle.  
When Spring fares northward from the South,  
The young sun bangers for her cherry mouth  
And the black stallions scream as in battle.  
—Hervey Allen in "Wampum and Old Gold."  
Published by the Yale University Press.

### The Ruins of Carthage.

Seldom has there been an archaeological enterprise which piqued curiosity as does the proposed excavation of the site of Carthage; for Carthage was not merely one of the greatest cities of the ancient world, but the greatest metropolis of the Semitic race, says the New York Tribune. It was a city which more than any other, save only Rome, was calculated to affect and to determine the subsequent history of the world. It was there that



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was fought to a finish the struggle between the sons of Japhet and the sons of Shem, and that was determined whether the Aryan or the Semitic should be the dominant race. The Punic wars were not merely international; they were ethnic.

With all its greatness, it was the fate of Carthage to perish more utterly than any other city of comparable importance and to leave fewer of its own records than any other. Carthage had apparently little or no literature or art of its own. Of all its literature only two books survive, and they only in translations—the "Periplus" of Hanno and the "De Re Rustica" of Mago; and neither of them tells us anything about Carthage itself and its people.

We have therefore been dependent for our knowledge of Carthage upon the two nations which were its inveterate enemies and one of which was its ultimate destroyer. That in those circumstances we should have so favorable an account of it, and particularly of its greatest man, is perhaps the highest tribute that could be paid to it and to him. Hannibal's only historians were the hostile Romans, and yet their story of him, in spite of their enmity, is so eulogistic that he has come to be regarded as perhaps the greatest of military leaders.

Cato's demand at last prevailed, and Carthage was destroyed with a completeness which no other such city ever suffered. Yet we can scarcely doubt that beneath the desert sands there lie relics of the past the unearthing and interpretation of which will throw new light upon the history and character of the city.

There will be special timeliness and perhaps profit in exploring the remains of Carthage, just as the spiritual civilization of the world has emerged from a great struggle for supremacy with the purely material, because precisely such was the struggle which ended in the destruction of Carthage. That city fell and left no annals of its own because its civilization was wholly material, while that of Rome, with all her faults, had regard to letters and art, to philosophy and laws, to the spirit as well as to the body of mankind.

Some faint idea of the debt of the eleven billion dollars owed the United States by the Allies may be derived from the fact that the whole Christian era has lasted few more than a billion minutes.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is the bearded lady your mamma?" "No, she's my daddy."—*Stockholm Kasper.*

"You can't lend me a couple of dollars?" "Sure enough, but how did you know it?"—*Copenhagen Kleds-Hans.*

Tailor (measuring customer)—And how will you have the hip pocket, sir? For a flask or revolver?—*New York Herald.*

He—I could dance on like this forever. She—Oh, I'm sure you don't mean it. You're bound to improve.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"This is a cigar which you can offer to anybody!" "Thank you. I want one which I can smoke myself."—*Berlin Der Brummer.*

"Are you the only girl he has ever loved?" "That question is a back number, mother. I took him away from my dearest friend."—*Judge.*

"Chollie looks tired. Does he work hard?" "What, Chollie? He works just about as hard as a sundial does on a rainy day."—*Boston Transcript.*

Gushing Girlie—I believe I've dawked with you before, haven't I? Her Victim—I dunno, if you have why don't you do it now?—*L'audevide News.*

The Departing Guest—Don't let me miss my train. Chauffeur—No fear o' that, sir. Guv'nor said if I did, it'd cost me my job.—*London Opinion.*

"Papa," asked little Willie, "why do they call it the mother-tongue?" "Well," answered father, "just see who uses it the most."—*Bowdoin Bearskin.*

Rastus (at the dance)—Mandy, is your programme full? Mandy—Lawdy, no, it takes mo' dan two sandwiches an' a cup of tea to fill ma programme.—*The Owl.*

He—So the jury awarded Flossie \$200 a week alimony? She—Yes; she says it would seem so good now not to be dependent upon a man for her income.—*Wayside Tales.*

Diner—Can I get a drink of lickie here? Waiter—You aint a revenue officer, are you? Diner—Great heavens! Do I have to be a revenue officer to get one?—*New York Sun.*

"Has this photoplay you are talking about any educational value?" "Have you ever seen a roulette wheel in operation?" "No." "It will educate you to that extent."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Hubby, you hired a very pretty typist." "My partner hired her." "But he says you employed her." "Does he? That man is really of very little help to me in my work."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Willie—Is Mr. Smith very ill, doctor?

## EAT

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Doctor—Yes, my boy; it will be months before he's about again. Willie—Well, you won't forget, will you, it was my banana skin he slipped on?—*London Passing Show.*

"Has that young Thingmajigger person proposed to you yet?" "No, mamma, but don't worry; he's going to teach me to drive his car, and if he doesn't grab me pretty soon I'll start for a ditch."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

"Waiter, here's a half-crown for you." "Thank you, sir. Did you wish to reserve a table?" "No. In a few minutes I shall come in with two ladies, and I want you to tell us that every table is engaged."—*London Passing Show.*

"Men," she declared contemptuously, "are absolutely lacking in self-control, judgment, and good taste." "Possibly, my dear," he responded, "but just think how many old maids there would be if they were not."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Personally, you know, I am very fond of hunting. But then, you see, I belong to the society for the protection of animals. However, I found a way out of my difficulty. When hunting, I use blank cartridges."—*Paris La Baionnette.*

Grogan—O! it'll not take it. It's too high. There's as much nourishment in a pint av paynuts as in two pounds av steak, anyway. Butcher—That may be, but there's no gravy an' nothin' for the cat an' no hash the next day.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Dearest," he said, sighing like a furnace, "it doesn't seem like the same old smile you used to give me." "Oh, no, Jack," replied the sweet thing, "this is a new one. I have been studying at a school of dramatic art."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Fleurette—I have been to see that new play of Machin's. Marie—Full of ideas, isn't it? Fleurette—Yes; I especially noticed a skirt of lace, cross-gored; a coat in a new shade of gray, and an orange tunic decorated with green spots.—*Paris La Baionnette.*

Governess (to Mabel, just returned from a week-end visit)—And did you have a nice time with your grandmother, dear? Mabel—Well, as a matter of fact I was rather bored. Between you and me, Miss Pringle, Granny is a bit early victorious.—*Punch.*

"Sometimes, John," said Brashkin's wife, "I do get a little discouraged, and think you are hard to please." "You don't say so," was the astonishing rejoinder. "Yes, but I must admit there is one thing you never found fault with—the way I look when I wear my last year's clothes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Say, take a look at that kid out there by the ash hopper, and see if he's one of our'n, will you?" said Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas, addressing his wife. "Probably he is, but I've been noticing him off and on for the last four, five days, and he's sorter got me guessing. Mebby you'd better ketch him and wash his face, to make shore."—*Kansas City Star.*

## His Passing Fancy.

There was a man who fancied that,  
 By driving good and fast,  
 He'd get his car across the tracks  
 Before the train came past;  
 He'd miss the engine by an inch,  
 And make the train hand sore,  
 There was a man who fancied that. . .  
 There isn't any more.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

## A New Pledge.

The members of the Chicago Women's Club have subscribed to the following pledge:

"I love the United States of America, I love my country's flag, I love my country's language. I promise:

"1. That I will not dishonor my country's speech by leaving off the last syllables of words;

"2. That I will say a good American 'yes' and 'no' instead of an Indian grunt 'umhum' and 'nup um' or a foreign 'ya' or 'yeh' and 'nope';

"3. That I will improve American speech by enunciating distinctly and by speaking pleasantly and sincerely;

"4. That I will try to make my country's language beautiful for the many boys and girls of foreign nations who come here to live;

"5. That I will learn to articulate correctly one word a day for one year."

A young Parisian inventor hopes shortly to enable the fashionable Parisienne when promenading the Bois de Boulogne to enjoy the strains of the orchestral music sent out by the Eiffel Tower wireless, to hear the latest scandal concerning her best friend, and to receive a detailed report from her cook concerning the progress of the pot-au-feu for lunch. This young inventor has placed the radio antennae in a parasol so that madame when expecting a communication from home or desiring to hear a concert has only to raise her dainty sunshade and "listen in."



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## A WAR-TIME BLESSING.

Helium has figured prominently in discussions pertaining to airship explosions, and particularly to that of the *Roma*. Many aeronautical engineers have attributed the failure to use this non-explosive levitating gas as the cause for the heavy loss of life in the *Roma* accident, since many passengers might have survived the fall if there had been no explosion and consequent fire. A timely article in this connection is headed "Helium: An Important National Asset," by Lieutenant-Commander Zachary Lansdowne, U. S. N., which appeared in a recent issue of the *U. S. Air Service*. Commander Lansdowne has the distinction of being the only American to cross the Atlantic by air—he was a member of the crew of the British *R-34*. He says that helium is one of the few war-time governmental undertakings which has proved to be a blessing in disguise:

"Helium is one of nature's own products; it is not a manufactured compound, but a true chemical element. The invention of the spectroscope made its discovery possible. In 1868 the British astronomer, Lockyer, visited India to observe an eclipse of the sun visible only in that country. Using the spectroscope for the first time to examine the colored atmosphere which envelops the sun, Lockyer noted a bright yellow line in the spectrum which did not correspond with that of any known substance. The discovery of a new element was conceded; Lockyer named it helium, after helios, the Greek word for sun.

"In 1895, twenty-seven years after Lockyer's discovery, helium was found in the earth. It was really stumbled into during experiments with natural gas consumption, the reduction of uraninite, in the analysis of the air, and certain gases given off by mineral springs. Various experiments with helium brought out its remarkable properties, all of which were well known at the beginning of the world war, hence the feverish haste with which the Allies hunted all available gas supplies in an effort to obtain helium in sufficient quantities to make it a factor in the struggle. The search was in vain, although an extremely minute percentage of helium was found in the gases given off by the volcanic fumaroles near Naples, especially Mount Vesuvius.

"When we entered the war, however, a further diligent search was made in this country for adequate supplies of helium to fill the balloons and airships in use among the Allied forces. The search was made with good reason, and the expenditures made by this government entirely justified, for helium is the real 'pooh-bah' gas of the aeronautical world.

"Being absolutely inert, thus not combining with any other substance, helium can not burn; moreover, only the most extreme temperatures of heat and cold affect it, consequently it has extraordinary stability with respect to volume; that is, it does not readily expand or contract, a vital characteristic in airship gases. Pure helium has 92 per cent. of the lifting properties of pure hydrogen, the lightest known gas, while hydrogen is highly inflammable and readily combines with other elements, is inordinately affected by heat and cold and sunlight, and diffuses with

rapidity. Small wonder that the Allies wished to replace hydrogen by helium!

"While our efforts to supply helium for use at the front did not materialize, we did extract enough of the gas to permit us to ship to the coast en route for Europe 150,000 cubic feet. The armistice, however, stopped the shipment. Considering the time factor alone, this was more than a creditable performance; it was remarkable. Before our joint army and navy helium board began work there had never been extracted more than 150 cubic feet of helium in all the world. And it was worth, on the market, \$1750 a cubic foot. It can now be produced for 10 cents a cubic foot."

Inside Dublin Castle—what are the alterations? Mr. Griffith's first order has been to tell the judges and the civil servants and everybody so employed to go on in the immediate future exactly as they had been going on in the immediate past, says P. W. Wilson in the *North American Review*. The fact is, of course, that for a generation or more Ireland has been, in all essentials, governing herself. The idea that relays of British bureaucrats proceeded to the country to rob the poor people of their hard-won savings was untrue. The civil service in Ireland is in the main Irish. If Mr. Griffith tried to dismiss the civil servants it would be from Ireland, not England, that he would hear. Also, the entire local government of Ireland—the cities, towns, and counties—has long been elected by the Irish themselves, and the establishment of a Free State here will make no difference except a return to what President Harding calls normalcy.

The municipal authorities of Frankfort, Germany, have decided to name a principal street after Jacob Henry Schiff, American philanthropist, who was born there January 10, 1847. The Schiffs, whose record is said to be the longest of any Jewish family now in existence, have been residing at Frankfort since the fourteenth century. As an expression of their gratitude, the heirs of the financier presented the authorities with 2,000,000 marks to be used for municipal purposes.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Coaxing the Millennium.

An invitation has gone out to the people of California to go to the polls next November and commit an act of Bolshevism; not Bolshevism with its Terror, which might not be popular in this state, nor wholesale Bolshevism all at once, but a little of the essential principle of the thing, which is the destruction of capitalism, or private property in the instruments of production, and the substitution of the state as the producing and distributing agency. This is all the Russian socialists want, and all they have perpetrated the Terror for; and to the extent to which they have been able to bring it about, private capital in Russia was for a time and to a large degree eliminated, and the government took over the industries. That has enabled the people who did not like capitalism to feed, shelter, clothe, and educate the rest of the Russians on a basis of socialism. "Under socialism," as our agitators love to put it, the clothing has not been very good and is pretty much worn out, education is confined largely to show schools, shelter is falling down, the factories have become debating and disputing societies with broken roofs and demolished machinery, the table board in general has been very poor, and the nation has become what Dean Inge calls a "festering corpse." It is proposed to try a little of this great political principle in California within the field of water and power development, about as much as can be executed for half a billion dollars, to be raised by mortgaging the state; and the public will have an oppor-

tunity at the November election to vote on the proposal in the shape of the Water and Power Amendment to the Constitution. How the half-billion dollars is to be raised under this plan, and what shall be the main powers and privileges of the unknown board that is to have the spending of it, is indicated by Morton Todd in this week's *Argonaut*. The article points out, in terms of politics and economics, the meaning of this effort to put the government into business. It will be followed by others showing the essential unsoundness of policy involved, and some of the results achieved in North Dakota by having business done by politicians instead of by business men. The matter demands the attention of the electorate now in order that the gravity of the situation may be understood in time. It can be stated with confidence that this is the most amazing proposal ever put before the voters of the state, and it is all the more so because of the teachings of recent events.

### Germanizing Russia.

The news of a Russo-German treaty, negotiated and signed at Genoa without the knowledge of the Allies, is somewhat portentous, although the general condition of eastern European affairs has long made it evident that there was a decided drift in that direction. Russia sadly needs reorganization and discipline, as well as a revival of industry on the only basis that can promise production, which is the capitalistic basis; and Germany is amply talented to bring about that reorganization, reestablish production and distribution, and swing again into world power as the dominating force of a well-disciplined population of more than 200,000,000 people. The old French proverb says "opportunity makes the thief." Russia has been Germany's opportunity, and German perfidy has done the rest. Observers of events have seen it coming for some time; for, after all, it is a quite natural economic arrangement under existing circumstances.

The question now before the world is whether the Allies are to permit the new union to get the jump on them, or in some way change those circumstances. Disarmament in Germany has probably been a sham and a cheat. We do not know, and the commission of the Allies can not discover, to what extent the disarmament terms of the treaty of Versailles have been evaded by the nation that regarded the guarantee of Belgian neutrality as a scrap of paper, but if the Allies have been building any hopes on German promises of becoming nationally impotent, they have been quite simple-minded. A few years under the new treaty would see Germany on her feet, and Russia, under her tutelage, producing vast quantities of munitions and storing them where they could readily be come at for a new onslaught on the civilization of Western Europe which the Teutons and the present rulers of Russia appear to hate with equal venom.

Why, then, should there be so much insistence that France lead the way in the reduction of land armaments? Her lessons have been bitter, and she has not permitted her interest in the restoration of trade to blind her to the possibilities of more war and the prudence of preparedness. A survey of fifteen centuries has shown that after the fall of the power of Rome with its genius for keeping the peace throughout the empire, the Germans have broken across the Rhine and invaded France at average repeated intervals of fifty years. Those experiences are ingrained in the texture of French tradition. They are part of the national consciousness, almost of the national blood inheritance. Probably there has been no generation of Frenchmen for all those centuries that has not heard from the elders at the fireside, and read in the national literature, accounts of the ravages of German armies on French soil, and the last, too well remembered, exceeded in calculated savagery anything that had gone before. A friendly and allied Russia to the eastward

was an important element of security. That Russia is no more. She has gone crazy, and passed over to the enemy. Until she was in some way restored to sanity and usefulness France could only expect a recurrence of the blow. And there is far less hopefulness in the situation now than a week ago.

It is not a bright prospect for anybody, except the German militarists, who are again busy publishing their books of war philosophy, amended to meet the present fluctuant state of Europe and of Asia. It belies the hope of a limitation of land armaments, and if the business assumes an aspect of menace in the near future it may even have serious repercussions on the reduction of navies. The millennium has not yet arrived. A lamb might lie down with a sick lion, but he would only be safe until the lion recovered his appetite. It seems hardly time for general disarmament, although it may take ten or twenty years for the Germans to make ready to strike. In the meantime we should be glad President Harding has not yet yielded to the sentimental pacifists and congressional fence-menders, and consented to dangerous reductions of the army and navy personnel. Until peace is really here and on a secure foundation, no sane people with anything to lose can permit the art of war to be forgotten, or its military nucleus to be so diminished that fresh armies and navies could not quickly be trained. Such views may seem gloomy, but they are better than for the nation to wake up at some distant day when the lessons of these days have been forgotten, and find that it has been living in a fool's paradise.

### The American Plan.

If 2100 building trade mechanics in this city wish to quit their jobs, they have a right to do it. We can imagine no emergency in time of peace that would justify any social power in compelling them to remain at work. To say that the public interest requires that there shall be no strikes or lockouts is a doctrine at war with the public's highest interest of all, which is liberty. The men have a right to quit in protest against the non-union status of other men on the jobs with them, or because they do not like the color of the architect's necktie, or the brand of plug tobacco the foreman chews. This is a free country, and that is their right, and it is a right they can not bargain away without injury to the whole social order, of which they are a part. Schemes of compulsory arbitration may work as temporary expedients, but they are not American, and they are not worth the individual liberty they cost.

If the contractors on the building jobs now going on in San Francisco wish to ignore the union rule against having non-union men on the job, that is their right, too. It is more than their right, it is their duty. That rule is an un-American thing. Pushed to its logical end it would turn hundreds of thousands of independent Americans into a Hindu caste of jobless men. It is also an outrage on the public. Its general observance would cause an increase in the cost of living. The public might conceivably be willing, under some extraordinary condition of general distress, but it was never consulted, no such condition exists in this country, and we do not believe it is willing. It has a moral if not a legal right to the benefit of open competition in labor as well as in other things, including capital. That right has often been stolen from it by agreements amounting to conspiracies between employers and employees. Of the humbug doctrine that capital and labor should get together, Ambrose Bierce, one of our keenest intellects, once said: "God help the rest of us if they ever do." They did, and the public has paid. No pretense can disguise it.

The American Plan is the first "out" from that situation San Francisco has seen in twenty years. It is rightly named. It needs no defense. No condition ever should have been permitted to arise that could make it



appear a novelty. It means that no man shall be discriminated against (and at the public expense) because he sees fit not to join a labor organization. That is all there is to it—and it is enough. Nothing less is American. The right to work when work is offered is just as sacred as the right to quit work, and the whole powers of the state and of society should and must be brought to bear to protect and enforce it.

Labor unions, as a matter of policy, keep up the hue and cry that the government is on the side of capital. That is in no sense true, and it should never be permitted to become true, any more than government should be permitted to range itself on the side of union laborism. The public interest is in an enforcement of the peace, and of American principles of freedom and legal equality. More than that neither capital nor labor has a right to demand.

Under the American Plan, as far as it has been in effect in this city, there has been a more rapid advancement of San Francisco than this generation has seen before, and more work for the building trades than at any time since the fevered days of reconstruction following the earthquake and fire. Not all the recent progress can rightly be ascribed to the open shop, nor all the preceding paralysis to the closed shop; nor is prosperity the whole test of the matter. But the fact remains that the closed shop is un-American and wrong in principle, and never should have been tolerated by the general public, which is the party that had to pay for it, and further that it has retarded the progress of San Francisco about as long as this city ought to stand it. The *Argonaut* is making no special plea for the contractors. Few of them are pure and holy men who would set the public interest above their own. Nor is it trying to defend the system under which materials are controlled in quantity and price, and withheld from jobs on which only union men are employed. Its interest is that of San Francisco and the general good, which can only prosper as a whole on a basis of equity and right.

One phase of the situation must be admitted: in San Francisco, owing to the coercive closed shop conditions of the past twenty years, the best workmen, generally speaking, are in the unions. That is their privilege and their interest. But it has nothing to do with the right of a man who is not a union member to have work if work offers, regardless of that particular fact, nor with the right of the public to have him at work if he wishes to labor and can find an employer willing to hire him. One contention of the labor leaders is that the presence of an inferior laborer on a job, receiving equal wages with the effective union workman, tends to slow down the better man. It need not. A contractor would be very unwise who, having his free choice, continued to employ inferior workmen for any reason whatever, and if the contractors have their freedom of choice that matter will take care of itself through survival of the fittest, to the public benefit; as most matters do under conditions of liberty. Union labor must understand, too, that the crimes committed in its name and for its cause in the past are still unforgotten and unforgiven in this city, and that a repetition of them will not be tolerated.

#### The California Historical Society.

The third reincarnation of the California Historical Society revives interest and evokes enthusiasm in one of the most fertile fields of American research. It is a rather remarkable fact that California, with one of the richest and most dramatic of state pasts, is the one state in the Union to take her heritage casually. Our interest in the past is both casual and spasmodic. It might even be termed faddish. Whereas that of other states, even though their histories read as mere records of immigration and emigration, is a carefully kept public institution.

And it should be so here. A state need not be charged with overweening local pride to keep its records and tend its cemeteries and other local landmarks. In fact historical societies are state institutions in many states, perhaps in most—a cogent reason why they are so buried in oblivion. A state historical society undoubtedly does it work, and does it adequately in so far as research and record are concerned, but it fails of necessity in the third article of its creed—that of keeping awake popular interest. It is one of the assets of the revived California Historical Society that it is of the nature of a personal enterprise and that its appeal is directly to the individual citizen. Needless to say, has the great disadvantage that a state society es-

capas—it must be self-supporting. The latter fact accounts for its intermittent vitality.

Now that it is on the mend for the third time and giving promise of entire recuperation, it is not amiss to review the facts of its history. The origin of the California Historical Society is apocryphal—a fact which should add a haze of glamour to the already sufficient glow of our subject. The society supposedly originated in 1852 and was incorporated April 29th of that year under the name of the Historical Society of the State of California. However, according to the office of the corporation commissioner in Sacramento there is no record of any such incorporation; nor has the California State Library any record of this first organization. The only clue to its existence was a statement probably made at the time of its "revival" in 1886 by Mr. Doyle, the president of the third society. Meanwhile there had been a second attempt in 1870. The society of '70 is only less mythical than its predecessor of 1852. The golden age of the association was the 1886-1893 period, during its third and palmiest epoch.

The society of '86 was largely due to the efforts of Edward S. Holden, who came to the university at the end of 1885 as president. Knowing nothing of the previous associations, he and a few others interested in the preservation of California chronicles organized a third society under the same name. After a singularly flourishing era from 1886 on, the organization suddenly flickered into oblivion in 1893. An unsuccessful attempt was made to revive it in 1903.

The present effort should be more successful. For one thing there is a steadily accumulating interest in the literature of California, an interest not confined to the state. The present manifestation is a voluntary movement on the part of several gentlemen who are eager to promote an historical society of California and who desire that it shall be placed on a sound foundation. The cause of failure of the previous societies was undoubtedly the lack of a sufficient financial basis. Funds are needed for the collection of information, for the publication of a regularly issued journal as well as occasional extra publications, and for the maintenance of adequate quarters. It is proposed that the necessary money shall be secured by means of subscriptions of one hundred dollars per year, payable for a period of five years. The response to date justifies the society's hope for a prosperous future.

#### Some Rare Jury Effects.

Behold, now, the apotheosis of adiposity. Arbuckle returns from the judicial laundry cleansed and almost purified. Few traces of impudicity are left, and these, it is hoped by the owners of his films, will not be noticed. That particular hope may or may not be well grounded, but in either event there can be no doubt of the rehabilitated value of the celluloid. It has taken eight months to do it, and a total expenditure of perhaps \$500,000, a tremendous part of which this luckless city and county contributed, and which the moving-picture industry ought to reimburse to it.

But what is that compared to one of the grandest triumphs of the jury system known to Anglo-Saxon annals? Out of three juries, twenty-four jurors, not counting the alternates, voted him innocent, and twelve voted him guilty, although the twelve were not on the same jury. If he could have obtained the last verdict at the first trial, he would have been 100 per cent. pure; pure as a lily, or a dove, or a milk-white doe, or anything else noted in song and story for utter spotlessness—whether such things deserve their fame or not. As it is, there are those votes for conviction—two at one time and ten at another. Had those twelve jurors been gathered at one trial, their opinions would have been just as valid, but what a difference it would have made to the defendant, and to the owners of his films!

It recalls, in reverse, the case of the Man from Yallerhouse, suspected of having smallpox. The Strangers took a vote on it, and "those in favor of this here bein' smallpox" won. If a few more members had attended the meeting who believed that it was not, the Man from Yallerhouse would have had his health. As it was, he had to be hospitalized in the town calaboose and nursed by the marshal, a severe penalty for such an offense.

The Arbuckle business is quite Pythagorean, being so much a matter of numbers. On the numerical basis, the defendant is twenty-four thirty-sixths, or two-thirds, pure. It is enough. In fact, for purposes of profit it

is probably far better than 100 per cent. purity. The two-thirds will justify the commercial gentlemen engaged in the motion-picture "art" in releasing the corpulent person's films, on the basis of the current humbug that the patrons of the movies want pure pictures; and the other one-third of doubt, or impurity, or whatever you wish to call it, will probably cause long lines to form at the box-offices of three thousand theatres on the basis of the fact that they do not. An Arbuckle film just released at Buffalo caused an increase of 20 per cent. in the "house." Thus vision tempts the venture and reality gathers the money. Mr. Arbuckle is vindicated, the jury system is vindicated, the movie fans will have what they want, and the film owners will be rewarded in a manner beyond the reach of the censors. Mr. Hays holds up the release of the cherubic pictures temporarily, but there is little doubt that some benzoate of soda can be found which will make them as pure as the person they depict. What more could any one ask?

Well, there is this the public could and should ask. We infer from the argument of Mr. Gavin McNab that he believes testimony was concocted, or doctored, or "processed," by the district attorney's office to secure a conviction that it once seemed might be popular, but that would have been unwarranted by the guilt of the accused. Since we can not believe that an attorney of Mr. McNab's character and standing at the bar would descend to misrepresentation, or even to improper loose talk, in order to save a guilty client, we must suppose that he had reason to believe what he said when he said it. Arbuckle's three trials are said to have cost us some \$20,000, and probably they came to more than twice that, if we count the time and labors of a lot of deputies and detectives and bailiffs, not to mention the rental of the courtroom space which any well-conducted department store would charge. There is also the fear that some innocent man might be convicted to make a district attorney's popularity. That is, there is a possibility that some such tragedy might happen, although we grant its improbability, for we believe that almost all men who reach the bar of justice under indictment are guilty. Nevertheless, considering the power of the district attorney's office, and the effectiveness of its courtroom proceedings, the thought that it might ever become overzealous and exceed the limits of proper practice in order to secure convictions which some gust of popular passion demanded is disquieting.

If Mr. McNab has any evidence that such a thing has occurred in the Arbuckle case, he owes it to the public to lay that evidence before the grand jury, and put the district attorney's office on its defense in the matter. He owes it to the public, and he owes it to his client, who has had twelve out of three dozen jurors vote him guilty, and whom a considerable number of persons who have followed the case in the public prints are not yet satisfied to believe altogether innocent, in spite of the statement prepared by Attorney Brennan of counsel for the defense and signed at his suggestion by the third dozen of jurors. The district attorney's office should welcome such an opportunity to clear itself of Mr. McNab's charges, if it can, for the wholly extemporary retort of Attorney Friedman, to the effect that if they had been jobbing the case they would have done a better job, is not in itself decisive. They might, and they might not. They might have lacked the talent to fabricate a more conclusive texture of evidence.

Altogether, the case raises questions that have not been settled by the verdict—not the question of Arbuckle's guilt, which is settled in the sense that it can never be reopened in a criminal trial, but questions of the efficiency of the jury system, and of the character of prosecution before juries. Too many of these trials are dropped as soon as the verdict is in. If Mr. McNab does not care to appear before the grand jury and submit what he knows and believes about the integrity of this particular prosecution, we believe the grand jury has ample power to ventilate the business. It could hire special counsel, summon the attorneys and detectives and witnesses on both sides, and make an effort to learn the whole truth about what has taken on the appearance of an extraordinary case looked at from either end. That would vindicate the grand jury, which as an institution to be continued indefinitely is in some need of it. As to the petit jury trial system, that is probably beyond cure by any direct treatment, homeopathic, allopathic, osteopathic, chiropractic, Christian Science, Home of Truth, or anything else. The irrationality of its operation is enough to tempt both sides



to impropriety in trials. But it has acquired an almost sacred character, and we shall probably have to endure it for a long time.

#### Editorial Notes.

In Napa County, orchards and new lands are being planted to grapes. They may yet bear huge signs reading "The Repeal of Prohibition Would Destroy This Vineyard."

The ownership of Wrangell Island seems likely to become the subject of dispute between Great Britain and the United States, the point at issue being priority of discovery. Stefansson claims it for Britain on account of his recent visit, while the American claim rests on the work of the *Corwin* and the *Rogers* when they were searching for the survivors of the De Long expedition, in 1881. The natives are said to be friendly to both sides. In that case, why hasn't anybody thought of leaving it to the natives? They were there first.

At Carmel-by-the-Sea, the town political ticket stigmatized as long-haired, or anti-progressive, has won. Enough heat seems to have been generated in the campaign somewhat to warm but not burn out the bearings of the social machinery, and peace has settled over the dunes which Perry Newberry declared were better than glass factories. The trees, the soft roads, the winding footpaths, have been relieved, and humbug progress will have to stay its hand. The outcome may be regarded as a successful protest, not against real progress, necessitated by natural growth and changing conditions, but against the selfishly forced improvements that tend to satisfy the financial hunger of the improvers and a few small tradesmen rather than the needs of the community as a whole. If Carmel continues to grow, as it will perforce, and by virtue of the very features preserved by the anti-progressives, it will reach a stage where material improvement will have to be permitted. Then the antis will have no recourse except to move to some less thickly settled neighborhood. It is sad, but human experience shows that the city can not be the country and keep its health.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Some Needless Burdens.

SAWTELLE, CAL., April 13, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I am a member of the Soldiers' Home, Pacific Branch, and am greatly pleased to have access to your valuable *Argonaut*, and particularly to read the many articles on the bonus. I have thought many times I should compliment you.

I have been associated, as orderly, with about 150 of the world war boys during the past two years. I have wondered why some of them should be in the hospital. I am sure their benefits, at an expense of \$3 per day to the government, and compensations of an average of \$60 per month, should be discontinued; high rollers, out much at night, and in bed much of the day; always ready for their meals.

The men referred to, and others in the homes who are well and able, should be out and earning their living instead of laying back and bleeding the government for everything possible.

It's a pity we have not more men of influence like you and Harding and Mellon who dare to act. You declared your position when the bonus was more in favor than now.

Again you are in accord, I think, with most of us as to the destiny politically of Senator Johnson. His fall began when he snubbed Charles E. Hughes at Long Beach, California—a man who is so far his superior.

I served my country all through the civil war.

Respectfully, E. P. THAYER.

##### From an Appreciative Reader.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I want to congratulate you upon the article in last week's issue, entitled "Political Meddling." I have not seen or read or heard anything that strikes so directly at the root of the matter as that article. I believe that the people generally are more and more coming to the same conclusions concerning government concern for the public welfare. There seems to have been in the last fifty years a complete reversal of the functions of government, and from being a creature of the people it has become a sort of benevolent dispenser of bounties. Nothing truer has been said than your "if government were omniscient, its interference would not be a good thing because it is much better that men should work out their own salvation." To my mind anything beyond police activity is altogether out of the province of sound government, and history teaches that anything further is the beginning of the end of all government. And when we in this twentieth century are adopting and propagating theories and enacting laws which centuries ago were weighed and found wanting, we are putting out the signboard that we are traveling the road all republics and democracies have trod.

I. H. MORSE.

A decline was registered in railroad traffic during 1921 of 28.3 per cent. under that of 1920, the greatest ever recorded in American transportation history, according to the Association of Railway Executives. Compiling the estimates from reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the association said that in 1921 the number of tons of freight carried one mile in the United States was 344,167,000,000, or 104,390,000,000 less than the ton-miles of 1920. The decrease in the Eastern district was 24¼ per cent., in the Western district 22½, and in the Southern 20.6.

#### THE WATER AND POWER AMENDMENT.

Californians Are Invited to Assume a Debt of \$500,000,000 for an Experiment in Socialism.

That infantile habit of mind which instinctively turns to the government as to an indulgent papa to do the things that should be done by the individual has combined with the ambitions of some self-appointed improvers to produce an amazing proposal to the people of California. It is that they amend their Constitution so that the whole state shall be mortgaged for half a billion dollars to be put into the hands of some unknown persons yet to be appointed by an unknown governor yet to be elected, in order that they may buy sites and develop water and hydro-electric power, and engage in any other business helpful to such development, and sell the power at cost. And it would cost like sin.

The proposal will come before the voters at the November election, under the form of the California Water and Power Act, an "initiated" measure, and if very many of the voters are careless enough to stay away from the polls and permit the minority of professional meddlers to vote the thing through, they will have put the matter beyond the control even of the legislature.

Among the docile Germans such a proposal would be in keeping with the paternalistic policies that have undermined personal morality and good sense and turned them into obedient cannon-fodder for militarists; but among the Americans, whose individual freedom and private enterprise have made them the richest and most powerful of nations, and especially among the descendants of the California pioneers, who were accustomed to settle their affairs without leaning on the government, it is, to say the least, anomalous.

It can only be ascribed to the growing spirit of political meddling, hoping to revolutionize society through the loose economic thinking of large numbers of our people and get it on a basis of Russian communism. It is to be done under the guise of a battle of "Democracy vs. Privilege," as the printed propaganda for the enterprise puts it; in relation to which it may be observed that Bolshevism was initiated that way, and so was the Non-Partisan League brand of socialism, which in less than seven years has almost bankrupted the State of North Dakota. Yet 80,000 persons have signed the initiative petition for the water and power amendment. It is easy to get people of a certain type to sign anything they are requested to sign, if approached by an amiable drummer working at the rate of 10 cents an autograph.

The provisions of the act should be examined by the persons who are invited to mortgage their homes for its objects.

In the first place, the mere size of the proposed issue is alarming, and suggests some soap-box philosopher's wild and disordered vaporings. Five hundred million dollars would increase the state's debt six times. The interest alone, \$30,000,000 a year, would amount to about two-thirds of the entire present financial requirements for conducting the state government. The "full faith and credit of the State of California is hereby pledged for the payment of the principal of said bonds as the same mature, and the interest accruing thereon as the same falls due." That makes it a mortgage on every stick of property in California, on every farm and every home, and with the proceeds it is proposed to plunge into one of the most technical and speculative undertakings the scientific imagination coupled with the boldest spirit of financial adventure has ever developed. This is no business for politicians. It can only be conducted safely by the most highly trained electrical and mechanical engineers, on principles laid down by the most skillful of financial experts and enforced by men of the greatest administrative talent and resolution, through organizations built up and disciplined like armies. Any other approach invites disaster. But it would not be disaster to the officeholders. The losses would fall on the taxpayers. The waste, the mistakes of judgment, the costly experimentation, the false starts and neglected detail, the imperfections of management, the laziness and office jealousy and personal pretensions and lack of team work among the various human elements engaged—these things would not be checked and corrected by shrewd men fearful of financial losses, but would be left, as all such matters in government are, to the handling of appointees whose personal fortunes were in no way involved, and who would always have the comfortable feeling that whatever their mistakes, neglect, and lack of vision, the public would have to foot the bills. Private enterprises are worked out under the fear of bankruptcy. Why should any particular political appointee, why should all of them put together, fear to bankrupt state projects so vast and intricate that no personal responsibility could ever be traced through their complexities? The people can always pay more taxes.

In fact, paying more taxes is specifically provided for in the proposed act itself, and in two ways.

First, with the money raised by the sale of the bonds,

sites and properties are to be bought, and thereby removed from the taxing power of the state. That means the state will have to raise its revenues by taxing more heavily the balance of the privately-owned property. There is no escape from that. There are only a hundred cents in a dollar, and it won't stretch. All the office-holders, including the new army of them to be appointed under this project, must be fed. As Governor Johnson said, "a man must eat." The job-holders under this scheme would eat a great deal, for it takes about two men that can't be fired to do the work of one man in private employ that can be.

Second, the proposed amendment will, if adopted, provide that "if at any time the moneys in the state treasury applicable to the payment of interest or principal of said bonds shall be insufficient to pay the same as it falls due, moneys shall be temporarily advanced from the general fund for that purpose, and there is hereby appropriated from the general fund in the state treasury such sum annually as will be necessary to pay such interest and principal, and there shall be collected each year in the same manner and at the same time as other state revenue is collected such sum in addition to the other revenues of the state as shall be required to pay the sums appropriated for payment of interest and principal as herein provided." True, the board must return it—if it can. If its speculative ventures go wrong, however, the taxpayers will make up the deficiency and stand the grief.

The proposed act provides that bonds may be sold not only to get capital to develop a project; but if the project loses money, if it has been a mistake like the Non-Partisan League's packing-house at Fargo, and various other ventures, and there is no market for the water and power developed, or if the development has been badly engineered, or has proceeded in so wasteful a manner that no rates the public is willing to pay will cover interest on the investment, more bonds may be issued for operation and maintenance. That is pyramiding the debt. In private business it leads to a crash, almost inevitably. But under this plan it will not, because the taxpayer is always here. He can not escape. He just "pays, and pays, and pays."

The California Water and Power Board, which this amendment would create but the members of which the long-suffering taxpayers do not yet know, would have virtually unlimited control of the expenditure of the money. The surety bonds of the members would be fixed by the governor, and while the legislature would have the power to raise their salaries it would not be empowered to remove them except by a two-thirds vote of all its members, and then only for dereliction of duty, corruption, or incompetence. The legislature must provide for their possible recall by the people. But as a matter of practice, neither method of removal is ever likely to be effective even to displace a corrupt official, and if it were employed it could not make good his stealings or his waste or his mistakes of judgment or his careless administration of his office. The checks in the proposed act are poor security for the moneys it is proposed to borrow. The real security is in the homes and farms and stocks and bonds and savings accounts of the people of California.

This as yet unknown board is to have power to buy, condemn, or lease any property necessary or convenient for the purposes of the act; and to build anything necessary thereto; even to require the reservation from sale or other disposition of any land or material of the state it thinks it may need—water, water rights, dam sites, no matter who wished to develop them. It could condemn copper mines if it fancied them, start equipment factories, build distributing systems for towns that have none in order to sell them power—to do about anything it might wish to do with the taxpayers' money, with only the flimsiest pretense of check upon its acts. The board could enter into contracts with the United States or other states. It would be subject to no practical control as the corporations now serving California are. Such powers are dangerous for any men to have, and would put the board in a position to make itself the real government of the state.

Perhaps the most dangerous angle of this grant of power is the rate-making one. The board would have the privilege of discriminating between different localities and different customers. That would enable it to punish political disobedience by raising rates for energy or for water, or buy political support by spending huge sums in doubtful localities. Nobody could escape it. The worst tyrannies ever charged against a monopolistic railroad in this country before the days of the Interstate Commerce Commission would be well within its privileges. It could build up a manufacturing centre at the expense of others already established, and then rule it under a threat of ruin through raising the price of its basic necessity. Under the best imaginable conditions of administration, every enterprise, every law, and every institution in California would have to play second fiddle to the projects of the Water and Power Board. And the public does not know, and will not know next November, who its new rulers are to be.

The provision for condemnation proceedings indicates the limitless power the proponents of this visionary speculation with other people's money intend to confer upon the board. It makes the board's decision conclusive evidence of the necessity of taking the prop-



erty it sues to condemn. Courts can not protect from it. Under this provision all the hydro-electric plants in the state could be removed as possible competitors. A key unit of operation could be taken from a going concern and the balance left a cripple. Thus the board could acquire an unrestrained, unregulated government monopoly, so vast in its operations that no conceivable public vigilance could ever detect and prove its incompetence or its corruption, or do anything about it if it could.

There are other provisions of minor importance, too voluminous to recite here. They are mostly for the object of supporting the main policy and carrying out the purposes of the act, which are identical with the purposes of the Bolshevik government in Russia, as far as hydro-electric development is concerned. It is not yet proposed to sweep all the industry of California into state operation at once, as they attempted in Russia, but the principle is exactly the same. It is a scheme of governmental paternalism, and it appeals to the childish imagination of impractical dreamers and doctrinaires. What it proposes is by far the most extensive and irresponsible experiment in socialism thus far offered in the United States. There is no public exigency that calls for it. It is purely gratuitous; a "flier," in support of a vision and a dream, in the most difficult and technical field of modern industry, and one in which much remains to be discovered and developed. The powers it seeks to convey in order to make the fantasy come true are such as no people jealous of their liberties would ever entrust to any political body if they could help it and knew what they were doing.

Of course, some of the busy supporters of the scheme (persons like the mayor of Berkeley, elected partly by the votes of Finnish socialists), who perhaps look for some lucrative attorneyship or other job in so great a speculation, talk fervently of the injustice done the people by capitalists who have "grabbed" power sites and made themselves rich at the public expense. But if such "grabbing" had never taken place, the streams that now turn up electric energy in California, lighting our homes and rotating the wheels of factories, would now be running wastefully to the sea, coal mines and oil wells would never have been opened for the making of gas and kerosene, and we should still be using tallow dips and whale oil lamps for light. And a sad but instructive fact about it is that the two capitalists whose great practical talents did more than anything else to develop hydro-electric energy in this state are comparatively poor men today, and they knew their business better than any board any governor is likely to appoint to make this colossal dream materialize. If the men that conceived and built the early power projects of California could not keep off the financial rocks, clever financiers as they were, Heaven help the taxpayers when the political Water and Power Board gets through dipping into the state treasury to make good its amateur mistakes.

The peculiar type of mind that sympathizes with this scheme has begun to disclose itself. It is of the sort that is dazzled by the word-paintings of Marxian socialism, until it hates anything practical and anybody that has pursued practical methods to concrete achievement. It believes that all that is necessary to promote the welfare of society is to drive the individual out of business and put the government in his place; notwithstanding that all civilization is the result of individual initiative working for private profit, and almost never getting as much of it as it had a right to hope. A government is never anything but a lot of office-holders. Men have never been able to create one that could do their work as well as they could do it for themselves, or serve them as well as their own free efforts do. But in the complexity of modern affairs this fact is lost sight of, and visionaries dream of a perfect social order, which only greedy and evil men prevent their fellows from entering. So they start such movements as the Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, and waste the money of the taxpayers until a state is nearly bankrupt, or they make a Russian revolution and turn a vast empire into a soup kitchen.

The declared purpose of the proposed amendment is "to conserve, develop, and control the waters of the state for the use and benefit of the people." That is exactly what is being done today by private corporations, and better done than any government will ever do it. That the state can do it cheaper through political appointees with nothing at stake but money belonging to somebody else is an idle dream. But there are people in numbers that cherish such dreams. Some of them are banded together in little flocks of the fervent and the faithful under the style of the Non-Partisan League. They have adopted the Water and Power Act as part of their programme of North Dakota ruin for California; and that is the sort of act it is, and the sort of support it has. MORTON TODD.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1922.

The United States Navy has a new use for motion picture: and a new sort of machine with which to take them. By means of a long-range picture machine of new type excellent photographs of shots landing in target practice are now taken from a safe distance. There is no hand-cranking as the machine is run by a tiny motor.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Werner Triebner, Germany's premier parachute jumper, recently successfully performed his fifty-fourth parachute jump, which is said to be the world's record.

Mrs. E. W. Bemis, formerly of New York City, has been elected county commissioner for Cook County, Illinois, in which capacity she will help manage a \$3,660,000,000 corporation. Mrs. Bemis is the first woman to hold an elective office in the history of Illinois.

Two "reds" were recently elected to the municipal council of Paris, when André Marty and M. Badina were overwhelmingly chosen for office in the city council. The two communists were elected to the council last year, but were not allowed to serve, as the council of state ruled that they had lost their civil rights as a result of having been convicted for a part in the Black Sea mutiny.

One of the foremost big-game hunters in the world is a twenty-three-year-old girl, Miss Martha Miller. As a member of the Akeley party of the American Museum of Natural History to the jungles of Central Africa, Miss Miller carried off the hunting honors in competition with two experienced men. The only elephant bagged on the expedition was brought down by Miss Miller, who also has a lion or two to her credit.

Albert Wolff, Belgian composer and former French director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. For the past fifteen years Mr. Wolff has been with the Opéra Comique of Paris. For several seasons he acted as chef d'orchestra and was later made musical director. M. Wolff, who is a Belgian by birth and a naturalized Frenchman, took a valiant part in the war as an airman. It was while he was in the army that he composed the music to "L'Oiseau Bleu."

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is honorable president and surgeon-in-general of the hospital at Rosebruge, Belgium, which is maintained by Mrs. Edward L. Spears, wife of the British general. Mrs. Spears, who was formerly Mrs. Borden Turner of New Jersey, has a vast fortune derived from lacteal patents, which she spends unstintingly for philanthropic purposes. The hospital at Rosebruge has the benefit of the most improved surgical instruments and treatments are installed immediately upon scientific acceptance.

Syud Hossain, who was one of the three specially elected delegates sent to Paris and London in 1920 to put the Indian case before the Allied statesmen who drafted the peace treaty with Turkey, is India's foremost publicist and probably her greatest peacemaker. Mr. Hossain is at present writing for the English and American press in an effort to clarify the Indian muddle. Syud Hossain has been editor of the *Independent*, the largest national daily newspaper in Northern India. He was also at one time editor of the official organ of the Indian National Congress in London.

Poland has a new leader in the person of Dr. George Michalski, Polish minister of finance, who consented to accept this post in the Ponikowski cabinet on the condition that his own programme of reconstruction be authorized by the Diet. His condition was accepted and Dr. Michalski enjoys as a consequence an arbitrary power probably never before possessed by a minister of finance. He is said to be the nearest approach to a dictator extant out of Russia. The new Polish leader was for years head of the Land Bank of Galicia, which was the means of furnishing financial backing to Galician agriculture before the war. When Poland was reorganized after the peace of Versailles there was a popular demand for Michalski's inclusion in the government, but as his suggestions were not well received he refused to consider office until the recent offer of the Diet after the fall of the Witos ministry last September. Dr. Michalski's progress toward withdrawing Poland's huge issue of paper currency and creating new taxes has been remarkable. He has accomplished what financial experts declared to be impossible.

Mayor James Michael Curley of Boston, who is known as the "low-brow" mayor as a polite concession after his older epithet "the convict candidate" and "the convict mayor," is one of the most interesting personalities in the country. Incidentally, none of the nicknames quoted above is justified. Curley is not an ex-convict, though he was once in jail for sixty days for a remarkably quixottish reason. He and another man had taken some civil service examinations for a couple of friends who lacked intelligence enough to pass them themselves. As for the epithet "low-brow," beloved of Boston high-brows, it has stuck to him since his debut into politics from Boston's low-brow district, the old Seventeenth Ward. Curley's father was a day laborer and Curley himself did not get through grammar school. His tastes, however, are anything but low-brow; he is an ardent student of the classics as well as of American politics. His present term is not Curley's first as mayor of Boston, despite the immense prejudice against his past. He was mayor for the term 1914-18, but was defeated for reelection in 1917. Among other phases of his political career was his period as congressman—

he was a member of the Sixty-Second and Sixty-Third Congresses. His great achievement in the three months he has been mayor was to persuade Washington to open Boston's grain harbor. He succeeded by public subscription in making up the differential on grain sent to Boston.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks and gapes for drink again;  
The plants suck in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair;  
The sea itself (which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink)  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy Sun (and one would guess  
By 's drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,  
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:  
They drink and dance by their own light,  
They drink and revel all the night:  
Nothing in Nature's sober found.  
But an eternal health goes round.  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,  
Fill all the glasses there—for why  
Should every creature drink but I?  
Why, man of morals, tell me why?  
—Abraham Cowley.

### Uriel.

It fell in the ancient periods  
Which the brooding soul surveys,  
Or ever the wild Time coin'd itself  
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel,  
Which in Paradise befell.  
Once, among the Pleiads walking,  
Sayd overheard the young gods talking;  
And the treason, too long pent,  
To his ears was evident.  
The young deities discuss'd  
Laws of form, and metre just,  
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,  
What subsisteth, and what seems.  
One, with low tones that decide,  
And doubt and reverend use defied,  
With a look that solved the sphere,  
And stirr'd the devils everywhere,  
Gave his sentiment divine  
Against the being of a line.  
"Line in nature is not found:  
Unit and universe are round;  
In vain produced, all rays return;  
Evil will bless, and ice will burn."  
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,  
A shudder ran around the sky;  
The stern old war-gods shook their heads;  
The seraphs frown'd from myrtle-beds;  
Seem'd to the holy festival  
The rash word boded ill to all;  
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;  
The bounds of good and ill were rent;  
Strong Hades could not keep his own,  
But all slid to confusion.

A sad self-knowledge withering fell  
On the beauty of Uriel;  
In heaven once eminent, the god  
Withdrew that hour into his cloud;  
Whether doom'd to long gyration  
In the sea of generation,  
Or by knowledge grown too bright  
To hit the nerve of feeble sight—  
Straightway a forgetting wind  
Stole over the celestial kind,  
And their lips the secret kept,  
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.  
But, now and then, truth-speaking things  
Shamed the angels' veiling wings;  
And, shrilling from the solar course,  
Or from fruit of chemic force,  
Procession of a soul in matter,  
Or the speeding change of water,  
Or out of the good of evil born,  
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,  
And a blush tinged the supper sky,  
And the gods shook, they knew not why.  
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

### The Ballade of Dead Ladies.

Tell me now in what hidden way is  
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?  
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,  
Neither of them the fairer woman?  
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,  
Only heard on river and mere,—  
She whose beauty was more than human? . . .  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,  
For whose sake Abelard, I ween,  
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?  
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)  
And where, I pray you, is the Queen  
Who willed that Buridan should steer  
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine?  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,  
With a voice like any mermaid,—  
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,  
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,—  
And that good Joan whom Englishmen  
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—  
Mother of God, where are they then? . . .  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,  
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,  
Except with this for an overword,—  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

—From the French of François Villon. Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Those European nations seem to be in the position of the man who complained that his creditors wished him to deplete his capital by using it to pay his debts.



## CLEANSING POLITICS IN THE "FIFTIES."

Mary Floyd Williams Contributes an Historical Study of the Vigilance Committee.

The writer of this review long hoped that some serious modern historian would treat at exhaustive length of the San Francisco Vigilantes, without apologizing for them. Mary Floyd Williams adopts a somewhat exculpatory inflection, and at the same time handles the subject so thoroughly and well that her work in this field is unlikely to have a successor. Her "apologetics" are good; but they are unnecessary, and being so are a bit individious. The brave and dangerous labors of the Committee of Vigilance are the chief glory of local history. No such "color of romance" has tinged the dawn of any city in America since the conquest of Mexico. And no really open-minded San Franciscan can read Miss Williams' book without that feeling of pride expressed by Kipling when, paraphrasing St. Paul, he said: "Of no mean city am I."

The above criticism is not meant in any spirit of censoriousness. It is more an individual dissent from a detail. As a whole, the work is admirable and of the utmost historical value. The clear and lively narrative, the explicit descriptions where material existed, the exhaustive treatment indicated by the voluminous footnotes and a second volume of more than 800 pages of "papers," all copiously indexed, mark a work of first-class importance. It is edited by Herbert E. Bolton of the Department of History of the University of California, issues as one of the university's publications in history, and is a worthy product of scholarship. If anything has been assumed, or left to chance, or taken whole from the loose accounts of secondary historiographers, this writer is unable to detect it. The documentary foundation appears to be without a crack.

The work of the reorganized Committee of '56 has in large measure veiled from our retrospective gaze the far more critical beginning in '51. Yet the Committee of '51 was the body that took the long chance and defied a government which, for all its members then knew, might have beaten and destroyed them. The identity of the two organizations is thus indicated:

It has been necessary to touch lightly on five years of California's development in order to place the Committee of Vigilance of 1851 in its historical relation to the Committee of 1856. The latter is usually designated the "Great Committee," and the work of the former is obscured by the more spectacular features of the larger association. Yet in spite of the silence that lay between the last notice of the Committee of '51 and the call that rallied the Committee of '56, the organic unity of the two bodies is proved by many tokens: by the personnel of the leaders, by the adoption of the old constitution, by the membership certificate with its significant "Reorganized," and by the silver medal struck for the committeemen, which bears the old symbol, the Watchful Eye of Vigilance, encircled by the legend "Organized 9th June, 1851. Reorganized 14th May, 1856."

Social conditions were unusual. They had sprung out of nothing. Even physical equipment for dealing with crime was absent:

The total lack of prison facilities gave rise to most perplexing problems. Under the Mexican system the punishment of white culprits had usually taken the form of a fine, while Indians had been whipped. In consequence the jails were not constructed for other than temporary confinement, and when a guard was necessary it was furnished by the citizens. The inventory of prison equipment in Yerba Buena, January, 1846, consisted of

- 1 serviceable padlock
- 2 chairs
- 1 pair of shackles which are missing and should be searched for in passing

It is said that a hungry prisoner of that town called on one of the first American alcaldes with the door of the calaboose on his back, and demanded his breakfast.

Most of our readers are familiar with the state of society produced by the presence of the "Hounds" and "Sydney Ducks," and the Tammany politicians who got control of the infant government and sold them protection. It was against political corruption that the Vigilantes were forced to rebel. The movement was corrective of politics more than of crime itself. Here is the picture:

The only stabilized asset in the state was official patronage, and the exploitation of a people absorbed in financial adventures and unambitious for political preferment. This exploitation was conducted with a persistency of purpose, a skill in organization, and an utter abandonment to corruption that turned party conventions into a farce, dominated elections by bands of shoulder strikers and repeaters, and invented ballot-boxes that served the bosses exactly as his magic hat serves the stage magician. Amateur politicians were helpless in such hands. They passed ordinances to regulate gambling, drinking, and social disorder, built their jails, and even elected many incorruptible magistrates, but every sporadic effort at reform was frustrated by the intrigue that kept the tools of the bosses in the strategic positions of administration and finance.

Here, too, is a good sketch of the administration of justice, the more interesting because it involves the familiar figure of Sam Brannan, who afterward became the first president of the Committee of Vigilance of 1851:

Legal methods of the time may be illustrated as follows. In December, 1848, C. E. Pickett, a merchant at Sutter's Fort, killed a man in self-defense. Sam Brannan, who had a store at the same place, insisted that Pickett should be tried for murder. When the first and second alcaldes and the sheriff resigned to avoid conducting the prosecution, Brannan called a mass meeting to elect new officers. Every one who was suggested for alcalde declined and finally Brannan, himself, was chosen. The nomination for a prosecuting attorney like-

wise went through the circuit of the meeting, and was also finally accepted by Brannan. The prisoner then procured counsel, the sheriff pro tem. was ordered to bring drinks and cigars for all concerned, and arguments lasted far into the night, while Captain Sutter, one of the jury, wrapped in a Mexican serape, leaned against the wall fast asleep. Brannan, as prosecuting attorney, summed up the evidence against the accused in spite of the fact that Brannan, as alcalde, was judge at the trial. The jury disagreed, and the sheriff was charged to hold the prisoner, but, as he had neither jail nor irons, it was decided to admit Pickett to bail, which was promptly furnished by the jurymen. "Thus ended the first criminal trial ever had at Sutter's Fort. At a subsequent and soberer trial Pickett was acquitted."

At San Francisco, things were quite "mixed" socially, and in need of American regulation. Our author notes:

The typical pioneer was no longer in the ascendant. Men came from every section of the land, and from every walk of life. Puritans and drunkards, clergymen and convicts, honest and dishonest, rich and poor—they strode side by side across the plains, crowded the decks of steamers, and worked shoulder to shoulder in the diggings. A little later came all the world, and the people of Europe and Asia and Africa brought to California every social inheritance entailed upon humanity since the dawn of history.

Not much humor is to be expected in the tragic business of illegal capital punishment, but Miss Williams has perhaps unconsciously accomplished it in one condensed paragraph which samples to us the life of the locality. Sam Whittaker was not the first man the committee hanged, but he faithfully represents the type—and the times. Of his contributions to the general welfare we are given this beautifully shaded little pastel:

After some vicissitudes he formed a partnership with an Australian named Teddy McCormac, and together they opened the Port Phillip House, which quickly became a rendezvous for thieves and ruffians. There the two men led a career of successful crime until they treacherously despoiled too intimate an acquaintance, one James Kelly, "the fighting man," who reimbursed himself by selling out the Port Phillip House while the senior partner was in Monterey committing perjury in the interests of the robbers of the Custom House. Whittaker, thus dispossessed, removed to the Hogans' establishment during Mr. Hogan's absence in the mines.

That was the state of affairs which some critics of the Vigilantes have maintained should have been left for correction to the "constituted authorities." It had been left to them, and it had continued because it was left to them. In passing we may mention that one of the most strenuous advocates of "law and order," in opposition to the lawlessness of the committee, was the city attorney, Frank M. Pixley, founder of the *Argonaut*. When the Vigilantes hanged Stuart, Pixley lost a steady client who was often in need of defense against larceny charges. Stuart's confession complains of the stiffness of Pixley's fees.

The nature of the committee's purpose and methods is shown in the following paragraphs:

The primary object of the Committee was not the punishment of criminals, but the protection of society. As soon as the courts gave promise of better efficiency the Committee turned to them as the most desirable source of discipline, and adopted the policy of delivering to the officers of the law those prisoners whose guilt was so clearly established that conviction might be expected, and whose crimes were not so heinous that the safety of the community demanded their execution.

It has already been stated that the Vigilantes preserved written records of their work, signed by their names or identification numbers. The "Minutes and Miscellaneous Papers of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance" fill eight hundred octavo pages, and represent hours of laborious and conscientious writing on the part of the officers and members. No one can glance even casually through these unique documents without receiving a profound impression of the order and system prevailing in the work of the Committee. They have also an air of intense sincerity; the very haste and roughness of composition preclude the idea of evidence deliberately fabricated to conceal brutality or injustice, and careful comparison with the contemporary press and with the law reports there published establishes their accuracy so far as verification is now possible.

As retold from the records of its daily work, the proceedings of the Committee were not impetuous or reckless, but rather painstaking and cautious, both in seeking criminals and in controlling the activities of the more impulsive members. The methods adopted to accomplish these purposes are perhaps the clearest indication of the spirit which animated the organization.

One of the most active figures in the movement has, we believe, received too little credit for his part until Miss Williams' researches disclosed how really vital his services were. This was Stephen Payran, who furnished the underlying philosophy or at least the major premise which such movements always need. Of him the author says:

It is a very curious circumstance that while so many of the members, even those of minor importance, have left behind them biographical records of more or less interest, little can now be learned of the man whose personality really dominated the most active months of the association. This was Stephen Payran, number 46 [42], who served as president of the Executive Committee from about July 4 to November 12, 1851, and who wrote a large number of the more important papers filed during the intervening period.

In August, 1851, Payran stated in the newspapers that he had then been in California nearly three years. Other committeemen have said that he was a professional copyist from Philadelphia, and the neatness and legibility of his handwriting testify to his skill in such an employment. More than any other member of the committee he gave voice to the idea that the people had a right to assume direct control of public affairs, when their elected representatives failed to carry out their will. His sincere conviction, his quick imagination, and his ready pen gave him a power of expression that distinguished him as a sincere idealist from among the more practical merchants who did not extend their thoughts beyond the emergencies that confronted them.

Of course, there are striking presentations of such familiar figures as Brannan, William Tell Coleman (with a portrait), and of Isaac Bluxome, the dreaded and mysterious "33, Secretary," who signed the decrees. There are many other biographical notes; but

these are details. We can only suggest the broader outlines.

That first hanging must have been a breathless affair. The others could proceed on a basis of experience and practical immunity, but the first one was a plunge into the unknown, a testing of unmeasured forces. Would the community support the committee, or permit the political machine it was attacking to overpower and hang or ruin them all? Could they even rely on one another? It was exactly the situation that confronted the American revolutionists when Franklin told his colleagues they must all hang together or they would all hang separately. Such crises take a majestic courage, and the Vigilantes had it. Says the history:

So matters stood when the meeting of Tuesday evening adjourned, after some hundred men had signed the roll. While a small group lingered in the room a startling knock beat upon the closed door, and when it was opened two or three members of the committee entered, dragging between them a powerful and defiant prisoner. This was John Jenkins, who had that very evening entered the empty office of George W. Virgin on Long Wharf, seized a small safe, and dropped with it into a boat lying at the end of the pier. Virgin arrived in time to raise a hue and cry while the thief was still in sight. Seeing that capture was imminent Jenkins threw his booty overboard and surrendered to a boatman, John Sullivan, who had joined the chase as he was returning from a vessel lying out in the stream. David B. Arrowsmith and James F. Curtis, both members of the committee, assisted Sullivan in securing his prisoner, and George E. Schenck, who encountered them as they emerged into Commercial Street, urged them to take Jenkins before the Committee, instead of to the police station, as had been their intention. The suggestion was adopted, and in a few minutes the newly pledged Vigilantes faced the first acute problem to arise under their self-assumed responsibilities.

In this case there was no doubt as to the overt act of violence nor as to the need for assembling the General Committee. Suddenly the bell of the California Engine Company struck a signal unfamiliar to the ears of San Francisco: two measured taps, a pause, two taps, another interval, and again the two notes, until the attention of every man within its sound had been caught by the summons. Quickly the Monumental bell echoed the call: two strokes and silence; two, and two, and two! Then San Francisco swarmed into the humming streets, and as the initiated passed swiftly to the rendezvous at Brannan's building, a mystified crowd ran behind. Without there was excitement; men knocked at the guarded door, whispered a pass word, and gained admission, or asked in vain because they were ignorant of the countersign. Within there was hasty consultation, initial confusion, and swiftly emerging order. There was a chairman, Brannan, and a secretary, Bluxome. An immediate trial was decreed. A jury was selected; Schenck was appointed prosecuting attorney; the particulars of the theft were rehearsed by witnesses. The evidence was conclusive; the verdict was "guilty."

While the majority of the Committee advocated summary action lest delay might defeat their plans, they felt that it was necessary to ascertain whether or not the community at large would support them in their self-assumed office. Sam Brannan, therefore, was appointed to address the men without, and to ask for an expression of their sentiments. The events of the evening were thenceforth shifted to the open streets, and we can find full reports in the contemporary newspapers.

At a quarter before 1 o'clock Brannan mounted a sand dune near the place of trial, the crowd closed in about him, and he told them of the formation of the Committee, the arrest of Jenkins, and his trial for grand larceny. He recounted the nature of the evidence, the clear proof of guilt, the conviction, and the sentence of death within an hour on the public square. Then he demanded that his auditors declare whether or not this action should be approved. The response was a tumultuous cry of "Yes!" mingled with cheers and some dissenting "Noes!" Next came a voice from below: "Who is the speaker?" Mr. Brannan was named—and no name was more familiar than his. Another voice: "Who are the Committee?" But the prudent and sympathetic assemblage raised a warning cry: "No names! no names!" and then divided, some hurrying to the Plaza to watch developments there, and some remaining behind to await the appearance of Jenkins.

The Committee of Vigilance was thus fully launched upon its public career within a week of its initial gathering, and so strong was popular sentiment in its favor that the authorities took no steps to dissolve it. The verdict of the coroner's jury never resulted in any indictments, and the "association of citizens styling themselves the Committee of Vigilance" was unhampered in the prosecution of its work.

The work grew. The Vigilance Committee became practically the government of the town. It even searched ships for undesirable immigrants, long before such a policy was ever enforced at Castle Garden.

They were an obstinate lot. With the help of the governor, and Jack Hays, the sheriff, Whittaker was rescued from the committee's jail. There was an investigation of suspected negligence, at which the sheriff appeared and vindicated the committee members who had had the prisoners in their custody. Then occurred this grim episode:

On the very day after the rescue Hays allowed Ryckman to interview the prisoners. "Mr. Ryckman," said Whittaker, "I hope you are not sorry that we made our escape." "You have not made your escape," was the inexorable reply. "You have been convicted, and you will be executed beyond the shadow of doubt. There is no power on earth that can save you."

And in spite of the sheriff they took Whittaker and McKenzie from the county jail and hanged them. That made four. Some order was restored, and committee activities subsided, but they had to be resumed under William T. Coleman five years later. There followed at San Francisco ten or fifteen years of the best municipal government in the United States.

All these developments are admirably traced against broad backgrounds of American social inheritance. No more valuable contribution to local history has been made, and very few things have been written on local subjects that are as fascinating.

HISTORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1851: A STUDY OF SOCIAL CONTROL ON THE CALIFORNIA FRONTIER IN THE DAYS OF THE GOLD RUSH. Berkeley, California: University of California Press; \$5.

PAPERS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1851. \$5.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 15, 1922, were \$141,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$135,100,000; an increase of \$5,900,000.

Just at the time when Wall Street and the business community as a whole had settled down to belief that no important action of the markets, no change for the better in the financial outlook, could occur before spring

was much irregularity in the railway and industrial securities. With the foreign government bonds dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, however, the market reached an almost unprecedented pitch of activity. Largely because of the greatly increased purchases of these securities, transactions in bonds far surpassed all previous records for the period; the total of purchases of the foreign bonds alone, during the two first months, rising from \$40,000,000 in 1921 to \$100,000,000 in 1922. Practically all of the foreign loans rose above the prices at which they had been subscribed in the five preceding years.

This happened in the face of a series of new foreign loans, running beyond a hundred million, which were offered and immediately taken in the American market. It did not merely measure overflowing American surplus capital, nor did it merely indicate the awakening of the American investing public to the striking fact, shown by the calculation of the largest international banking house, that out of a total \$2,587,000,000 of Allied government loans placed in New York since the war began, \$1,769,000,000 had actually been redeemed by the end of 1921. As a matter of fact the rise in similar securities on the London market, especially after the Bank of England's discount rate was reduced in February to the lowest figure since the war began, was more rapid than the advance in Wall Street.

British war loans went in that month well above their original price of issue; both these and other high-grade English securities sold 10 to 30 per cent. above their lowest price of 1921. With all due allowance for the influence of the world-wide fall in money rates on values of fixed investments, this notable movement testified as positively to a changing view regarding the economic outlook of the European countries whose governments had put out these bonds as the great rise of United States bonds during 1867 and 1868 testified to the belief of that day's home and foreign investors in this country's future.

At the beginning of the present year the rise in foreign exchange had halted. Rates on the European countries had already risen as much as even the banking community thought was warranted by the European situation. This view was held not only by the London philosophers who had been talking of "stabilizing" sterling exchange at \$3.63, or by the English bankers who last autumn intimated that financial London, disliking rapid changes, would be well content to see the rate remain for a year or so around \$3.80. The franc had declined sharply on the New York exchange market when France opposed the attitude of her allies on the questions of armaments and German reparations, and a new French ministry came into power on that issue. Nevertheless, resumption of the upward sweep of exchange rates during February brought the franc to the highest rate since January of 1920, and carried sterling from \$4.17 to \$4.44½, which compared with its low price of \$3.18 two years ago and was only 42 cents, or 9 per cent., below the normal par of exchange. Some of the very people who in England were talking last autumn of the impossibility of maintaining the rate above four dollars are now remarking comfortably that sterling may reach par of exchange next summer.

The expectation may easily be premature. But the change of attitude was strikingly embodied in last month's public statement of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer to Parliament, to the effect that a "free gold market" (meaning virtually resumed gold payments on the currency) will be approved by the government "at the earliest date at which the state of the exchanges renders the course possible and desirable." For this remarkable movement of exchange on Europe, as for the equally notable movement of the prices for European securities, there was more than one visible reason. In so far as the abnormal premium on American exchange, in 1920 and 1921, the discount on European exchange at New York, measured the immense surplus of exports in the American foreign trade, the influence was disappearing. Taken together, December and January recorded the smallest excess of our merchandise exports over imports since the autumn of 1914.

January's export surplus, \$63,000,000, compared with \$446,000,000 in January of 1921. It was exceeded in the corresponding month of five out of the eight years which immediately preceded the war; in addition to which, Europe in January of 1922 was sending gold to the United States in amounts five to ten times as great as the import of the pre-war years. On the other hand, Great Britain's surplus of merchandise imports over exports fell during January actually to the smallest total of any month since August of 1913. The January import surplus was £4,890,000; the average monthly import surplus of the pre-war year was £11,000,000.

This great change in the balance of merchandise trade affected every European country. Whether it can or can not continue on its present scale, it conforms to the logic of a situation in which Europe owes prodigious

sums on current account to America which it must mostly pay in goods. That it would reverse the downward movement of New York exchange on Europe was inevitable, always supposing a disastrous economic situation in Europe did not offset the improvement of its foreign trade through the flight of investment capital from Europe to America. But, as the bond market has shown, nothing of that kind is happening.

Instead of the capital of England and France and neutral Europe seeking refuge in the United States, American capital has been moving in large amounts into securities of the sound European countries. That has notoriously occurred during this present season, not only through subscription to new "dollar loans" offered by European governments on the New York market, but through extensive purchases on the markets of Europe itself. Such a movement is good evidence of the longer view which financial judgment is taking of the future of Europe, and it is certainly not unconnected also with the further reduction in the French and English war-time paper currencies, during the past few weeks, to the lowest totals since the armistice. Precisely as the changing balance of exports and imports means payment of Europe's current American indebtedness in goods, so this contraction of inflated paper means the narrowing of the percentage of depreciation and the gradual approach of a day when American drafts on a European bank will be paid by that bank in gold.

These evidences of European economic recovery were naturally welcome in the American market. They could affect only indirectly, however, the course of American industrial revival. Indeed, our decreasing exports, one of the factors in the recovery of Europe's economic equilibrium, were themselves a heavy handicap to our producing trades, and meantime the agricultural West continued, until a month or more of the new year had lapsed, to be sunk in the deepest of industrial depression. Wheat, which sold at Chicago for \$1.80 per bushel a year ago and at \$3 two years ago, had reached \$1.03 toward the end of 1921. Corn, which brought \$1.30 per bushel in January, 1920, and 76½ cents a bushel in January, 1921, had declined to 50 cents. For wheat this was distinctly a "pre-war price"; for corn it was lower than the midwinter price in the half-dozen years before 1914. Farmers and merchants agreed in the statement that these prices were well below actual cost of production under present conditions.

Yet the grain trade seemed to be wholly skeptical over the possibility of higher prices, and the farmers, under pressure of the banks to which they were heavily indebted, continued to throw their grain on a falling market. In February a change occurred. Starting with higher bids from European consuming countries, the price of wheat began to rise. From \$1.07, at which it sold in the first month of the year, it advanced with such rapidity that by the opening of March it had reached \$1.49½. Corn, as against its January price of 52 cents per bushel, had risen to 70. These were by far the highest prices paid since the present crop was harvested; they represented increase of 40 per cent. from the season's lowest for the grain remaining unsold on the farms—which usually, at this time of year, amounts to more than 150,000,000 bushels of wheat and more than 1,000,000,000 bushels of corn. The actual enhancement of market value for such an unsold surplus would figure out \$270,000,000.

The reason for this rapid recovery was no mystery. It was not merely the decrease of half a million acres in the area of the newly-planted winter wheat crop; wheat sold around the dollar price for weeks after the government's acreage report had been published, in December. What actually happened was the discovery that the grain trade's earlier ideas of the whole world's grain yield of 1921 had been grossly exaggerated. It is true that France, England, Italy, and even Germany had increased their wheat production; between them these four countries raised 180,000,000 bushels more than in 1920. But with its gaze fixed on these European harvests, the grain market had overlooked the fact that India's wheat crop had decreased 121,000,000 bushels, to the smallest figure in a dozen years; that the United States had produced 40,000,000 bushels less than the year before, and, by no means least important in the reckoning, that the disastrous Russian famine had not only stopped shipments from that country to central Europe, but had drawn huge amounts from the grain reserves of the outside world.

Furthermore, with its mind chiefly impressed by the fall in the total value of our wheat exports during 1921, a consequence of lower prices, the grain trade had scarcely noticed that the actual quantity exported in that year was not only 60,000,000 bushels greater than in 1920, but actually the largest ever made in a single year—exceeding by 30 per cent. even the shipments of 1915, whose harvest was 200,000,000 bushels greater than last year's. When the yield of last autumn's crop was known, grain experts estimated that 250,000,000 bushels could be spared for export in the

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crop season ending with next June. That figure had already been exceeded in the actual shipments up to February.

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of the country in the face of a coal strike which might be deemed to contain at least possibilities of more serious disturbance than most of the country could have expected. If anything were needed to reconcile one to the belief that stocks had been going into strong hands during such days of unsettlement as we

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have had from time to time during the past month or so the recent tape action should furnish sufficient argument. In other words, it looks as if we had gone into the spring rise in stocks without the normal February-March reaction, and, until we come to an

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or autumn, events of significance began to happen, says Alexander Dana Noyes in *Scribner's Magazine*. In the economic field as elsewhere, the last month or two of winter is usually a time of financial inertia, of what may be called economic low vitality. This season it has been marked by several occurrences in financial and commercial markets which were not only striking in themselves, but foreshadowed a changing situation. Some of them embodied the resumption, with increasing emphasis, of movements which had got distinctly under way in the autumn

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months, but had subsided at the opening of the new year. Others represented absolute reversal of a previous drift of things. All of them raised extremely interesting questions regarding the economic future.

After its sudden advance toward the end of 1921, the investment bond market halted during January in what seemed a mood of indecision; but the pause was only preliminary to a new forward movement during the next six weeks, in a shape which may fairly be termed spectacular. The autumn rise of Liberty Bonds had not continued and there

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overbought position on the part of the public, possibly we may not expect anything more than the normal though at times sharp reactions that interfere with any real bull movement, unless, of course, some developments of peculiarly bearish character should serve to shake the confidence of those who have been accumulating stocks.

Continuance of very cheap time money naturally helps all investment issues, first bonds and then the better class of preferred stocks, to advance in price, and the surplus demand from investors will naturally flow into first-class common stocks and second and even third-rate bonds.

The idea that the bonus measure will pass and will in itself involve another period of

Railroad reports announced so far this year have been striking in their disclosure of the ability of the several managements to curtail operating expenses sufficiently to permit of very largely increased net earnings, notwithstanding still rather unsatisfactory gross business.

Many conservative railroad heads who looked upon the situation pessimistically even a month or two ago are now acquiring new "hearts of hope," and in consequence we are seeing the gradual absorption of railway issues along with other evidences of further accumulation of the low-priced rails by those who believe that this year will mark the beginning of a big boom in that class of securities. Certainly so far as most low-priced railroad stocks are concerned, the earnings trend shows there are a great many dividend possibilities in this section of the list and in stocks that are selling even yet much lower than they have sold in former fairly bullish markets in rails when their dividend prospects were not as favorable as at present.

Ability to readily finance new enterprises is working in favor of the public utility group in general, and indeed in favor of almost everything there is on the list. Certainly the copper stocks have been going into strong hands in connection with the gradual absorption of the surplus, and the definite assumption that even the moderate resumption in copper-mining activities that is taking place will not be sufficient to meet any too well the copper requirements expected later in the year.

This ability to finance of course affects building operations of every sort, and in this way all the steel companies. It means, as well, that many concerns that seemed to be on the edge of receivership on occasions in the past may be permitted to stagger through their difficulties until they are on firm ground again. Mr. Morgan is quoted as having said in reference to the Mexican bond situation that any debtor who is honestly desirous of meeting his obligations should be given every opportunity to do so, and this would seem to apply, not only to the Mexican government and its outstanding foreign bonds, but also to industrial, railway, and other corporations which, while they may not have kept intact sufficient assets to cover the requirements of note issues, still are showing such ability in curtailing expenses and increasing their business as to mean that they are actually earning money again.—*The Trader*.

A vast reconstruction programme, the cost of which will exceed \$300,000, has been undertaken by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in Stanislaus County. This work, intended to give improved service to this rapidly growing section, includes a new 60,000-volt line from Modesto to Hughson, new substations at Hughson, Turlock, and Riverbank, and the rebuilding of the switching and regulating equipment at the Modesto sub-station.

The transmission lines from Modesto to Hughson will be eight miles in length, connecting at Modesto with two separate circuits from Newman and Manteca. New 17,000-volt circuits will also be constructed to supply the territory in the vicinity of Hughson.

At Hughson a new station is to be built, consisting of two banks of transformers with a combined capacity of approximately 6000 horsepower. Improvement of the station grounds and permanent quarters for the operating force will also be built.

The present Turlock sub-station is to be replaced by a substantial reinforced concrete structure and the transformer capacity is to be increased from 1000 to 2700 horsepower.

The present Modesto switching equipment is to be removed and will be replaced by new and modern switches and regulators.

Riverbank has been chosen by the Santa Fé Railroad Company as the site of their new icing plant for stocking refrigerator cars. Over 600 horsepower in motors will be installed, necessitating a new sub-station to take care of this large demand.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is offering \$47,500 Wallowa County, Oregon, School District No. 12 5½ per cent. gold bonds, due April 1, 1942, in denominations of \$500.

School District No. 12 of Wallowa County, Oregon, includes within its boundaries the entire city of Wallowa and considerable adjacent territory. Wallowa is situated 350 miles east of Portland on the La Grande-Joseph branch of the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company. Wallowa is a well-built city serving an extensive agricultural section. It has a large flour mill, creamery, three planing mills, sawmill, and box factory. Its water system is municipally owned. Wallowa County is situated in the extreme northeast corner of the state, has an area of 3169 square miles, and is a very important agricultural and stock-raising county.

Darke, Riley & Thomas, investment and banking house, with offices in Los Angeles, Pasadena, and Santa Barbara, have recently opened an office in San Francisco in the new California Commercial Union Building, 315 Montgomery Street. The San Francisco office is under the management of Mr. Charles A. Thorpe, a man of wide experience in the bond and investment business. The firm of Drake, Riley & Thomas handles government, municipal, and corporation bonds, and has built up a splendid record in Southern California.

A new offering of \$360,000 first mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds of the Rudy Properties Company is being placed on the market by Hunter, Dulin & Co. and the First Securities Company of Los Angeles.

These bonds are secured by a first mortgage on six properties, aggregating 1765 acres

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A Rome dispatch tells that in a hypogeum found in excavating for a large garage have been discovered what archaeologists believe are authentic contemporary portraits, painted from life, of St. Peter and St. Paul.

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inflation in prices generally should be ignored. That we will have fluctuations in prices of commodities in particular and in general goes without saying, but to expect the banking interests of the country to permit of any such inflation of prices as we saw a year or two ago would be to suggest that they were willing to cut loose the anchor of conservatism and sail the essentially unsafe waters of inflation once again.

After news of strikes comes generally news of negotiations for settlement and finally the actual ending. Consequently the market for textile stocks and for railroad securities and coal issues affected by current labor troubles would seem reasonable purchases on all the fair reactions that may come in the market until the time comes to discount the clearing of the labor skies.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Despite all gloomy prognostications to the contrary, the novel continues to flourish and sometimes even appears to be more consequential than ever before. Some of the most important recent publications have been fiction; and the past week has been noteworthy in that it brought to the light of print a book that bids fair to outlive 99 per cent, of its contemporaries. "Vocations," we venture to

say, will take its place among the few hundred English novels that one calls "classics" or "standard novels," according to whether he is of a worshipful or litote-esque frame of mind. "Vocations," whose author is the Irish novelist, Gerald O'Donovan (Boni & Live-right; \$2), may or may not become a best seller. Many people seek in current fiction what Mr. Knopf so aptly calls the "literature of escape," and such are apt to pass up "Vocations" on the strength of its rather formidable flap-descriptions. For, for once, a publisher's description, so far from exaggerating the merits of its subject, does not even adequately rise to the occasion. But "Vocations" does bear on its face a letter of recommendation, a letter from George Moore, whose sympathy with the book, at once so like and so unlike his own work, can readily be imagined. Mr. Moore regrets that he has not time to "write a prodigiously favorable article about it." In lieu of that, he recommends it to its publisher and its public. I have quoted from Mr. George Moore for two reasons—first because his criticism of a book is not to be taken lightly, and second because of the analogy between "Vocations" and Mr. Moore's own books; though I hasten to add there is nothing of the nature of a "school" about "Vocations." It is a spontaneous and energetic growth, not a diffused inspiration from another man. If it does remind poignantly of "Mullin," probably Moore's most sincere and human novel, it is because both Mr. Moore and Mr. O'Donovan availed themselves of the same material, the genteel and semigenteel strata of Irish country life; and both approached it with a dispassionate determination to render it to the life and to demonstrate the unique drama that lurks in any society deeply imbued with church affiliations. In addition to the identity of their subject matter, both Gerald O'Donovan and George Moore have the clear cryptic idiom characteristic of good Irish style and familiar to the world at large through Bernard Shaw's dry elucidations.

So much for the sake of devotees of Moore: they are sure to delight in "Vocations." For the rest of the world—and I feel that I have a brief to bring "Vocations" to the attention of every one who appreciates literature—it may be added that Mr. O'Donovan has none of the sybaritic quality that ruins George Moore for persons of less hedonistic tendencies. If he lacks the golden tones and velvet surfaces of Moore, O'Donovan has nevertheless a compensating quality in that he is always healthy. "Vocations" is one of the sanest of books, despite a subject that would tempt the recording angel to sensationalism.

I hesitate to state the theme of Mr. O'Donovan's book for fear of frightening off those who eschew sensation and those whose feelings would be hurt. But briefly, it is an exposure of the irrationality of convent life, treated, however, with such tact and with such exquisitely good sense that not even the most devout religieuse could be wounded by its argument. Unlike most thematic novels, the theme is consistent and persistent, but is so identical with the dramatic interest of the book that there is nowhere the effect of a plot concocted to camouflage a sermon.

For the rest "Vocations" is a charming novel, and so engrossing that it is practically impossible to part with it before following it to its eminently satisfactory conclusion.

Carl Van Vechten has written a very curious book which defies classification as to form and which contains an essence of pagan amorality combined with an almost stoical sincerity. It is a commonplace that critics read into books elements their author did not put in; and it is possible that Mr. Van Vechten has purposed in "Peter Whiffle" (Knopf; \$2.50) nothing more alarming than a quaint and rather harmlessly naughty story. Or he may have done exactly what he purports to do and written the true biography of a friend. Whether Peter Whiffle himself ever existed or not, certainly many of the people that appear here did and do. We recognize most of them and in fact many appear under their own names. But the interesting point is that "Peter Whiffle" is not merely a superficially charming chronicle. Peter himself, decadent and slacker and hedonist that he was, whose only practical virtue was his decorative personality, had stumbled on a great truth. Truth itself is an illusion, since nothing is static and truth implies permanency. This not precisely original discovery of Peter's is made the working hypothesis of his life and of Mr. Van Vechten's book. Peter's other great idea was that books are not worth the writing—a rather interesting theory which we wish more incipient authors would be bitten with before they became authors in fact.

Getting away from the deeply philosophical and historical interest of "Peter Whiffle," which I strongly suspect of being happy coincidences, Mr. Van Vechten has written a delightfully amusing history that is like nothing else under the sun. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

"The Amateur's Book of the Dahlia," which Doubleday, Page & Co. published on March 24th, is a record of the experiences and experiments of Mrs. Charles H. Stout, known to all gardeners as one of the most successful amateur dahlia growers in the United States and the winner of many medals for her famous dahlias the Emily D. Renwick, Gertrude Dahl, J. Harrison Dick, and many others. The study of Mrs. Stout's favorite flower deals with all phases of dahlia culture, from pursuit of dahlias old and new to the latest developments of hybridizing. The book is so comprehensive that the editor of the *Garden Magazine* says it will obviate the necessity of writing another book on the subject for at least ten years.

The highest price ever paid for a single edition of any author's work was recorded when Gabriel Wells, a dealer in rare books, paid upward of \$200,000 for a new definitive de luxe edition of Mark Twain. The sale of the de luxe edition was made by P. F. Collier & Son Company, who sell the Mark Twain sets. Harper & Brothers, who publish all of Mark Twain's works, arranged for this extraordinary edition with Albert Bigelow Paine, the great humorist's official biographer.

Hamlin Garland, whose works the Harpers will bring out in a uniform edition in May, is planning to take his wife and two daughters to London shortly. He will pass six months there on the "back trail" of the Garlands and McClintocks, giving himself over to the task of seeing England and getting in touch with what is being done by the younger writers. When he returns in autumn his nineteen-year-old daughter, Mary Isabel, will share the lecture platform with him.

Sir Gerald Du Maurier is said to be very busy working on the production of Macdonald Hastings' dramatic version of "If Winter Comes." Cyril Maude has obtained the American rights of the play.

It has been recently pointed out with reference to "What's What in the Labor Movement," by Waldo R. Brown, that many labor terms are of foreign origin, Swedish, Dutch, Indian, French, and that a dictionary of labor terms, such as the above, is necessary to intelligent comprehension of labor terminology.

According to the announcement of the O. Henry Memorial Committee, Edison Marshall has won the first prize of \$500 for the best short story of 1921. Sixteen stories were

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chosen by the committee, which was created in 1918 by the Society of Arts and Sciences of New York as a memorial to O. Henry. The name of the prize-winning story is "The Heart of Little Shikara." Mr. Marshall is a young Oregon author and is chiefly known for his stories of the out-of-doors and wild animals.

Shane Leslie's newest book, "The Oppidan," which will be published immediately in England, is a novel of Eton. According to the publishers, it is not so much a school story as a "glowing panorama of Eton life and manners set in the period of the declining years of Queen Victoria." Shane Leslie's previous books include "Cardinal Manning" and "The End of the Chapter."

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## American History.

An attractive "History of the United States," by Wilbur Fiske Gordy, is suitable for seventh or eighth grade study. The book is published to stand the strain of hard wear and is lavishly illustrated with reproductions from historical paintings in color and with innumerable black and white cuts. It is adequately supplied with maps. Mr. Gordy has treated his material with a dramatic simplicity that is sure to arouse the historic interest of young students. The book has the further merit of being up to date—it takes its narrative through the year 1921, including, of course, a history of the arms conference.

Another history, which is rather of the high school variety, or which makes a satisfactory reference book for the average reader, is "American History and Government," by Matthew Page Andrews. As its title indicates, it is more particularly a political history and is therefore more interesting to the mature reader than the average history textbook. The author explains in his preface that his object is to interpret history rather than to record it.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Wilbur Fiske Gordy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60.

AMERICAN HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT. By Matthew Page Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

## The Prisoners of Hartling.

Mr. Beresford has written an extremely readable yarn of a more or less improbable character and has produced a very polished piece of work, beautifully put together and smooth of surface. That is as much as one can say for "The Prisoners of Hartling," despite the fact that it is second best seller or something of the sort in England. Was it

Disraeli said that agriculture and politics are the only essential ingredients of the English novel? "The Prisoners of Hartling" rises to one-half of that recipe in that it is a story of English country house life and of country sports. But the charming environment of Hartling is all the reward we found for sharing the imprisonment of its inmates. Mr. Beresford's error from our viewpoint is in having lit, however unfortunately, on an elaborate and rather unusual plot, to the unfolding of which all other interest is sacrificed. This method of procedure is only excusable in an avowed mystery or confessed detective story. In a serious novel it is inexcusable to invite your reader to a game of being baffled, to put him on guard that he must follow every clue you give him and seize every clue you drop, however casually. We are free to confess that a novel of plot bores us, and in our present mood would like to declare that no great novel ever had a complicated or odd plot. At least, it is a bad beginning and it takes a very great man to live it down. The novel of giddy gothic design should have the rest of the Dickens equipment of fantasia—of gargoyle decorations and rococo style.

THE PRISONERS OF HARTLING. By J. D. Beresford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

## Two Juvenile Books.

A nature book for children from six to ten is "The Little People of the Garden," by Ruth O. Dyer. The information, which is scientifically accurate, is presented in a form that will attract even the youngest children. Miss Dyer has here set forth the lives and habits of bees, ants, earthworms, frogs, and the other small fauna of the garden in story form that will appeal to all youngsters.

The same publishers have simultaneously issued an attractive book for growing girls—"Peggy Pretend," by Millicent Evison. This

is the sort of tale of old-time Southern tradition that the girl of boarding-school age delights in. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company is to be commended for its charming publications for children.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE GARDEN. By Ruth O. Dyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

PEGGY PRETEND. By Millicent Evison. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

## New Books Received.

LILIA CHENOWETH. By Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

SAINT-SAENS. By Arthur Hervey. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

Biography.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF POLITICS. By Charles A. Beard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

THE WHITE KAMU. By Edward Alden Jewell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A novel of the South Seas.

THE RAYNOR-SLADE AMALGAMATION. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

A detective story.

PETER WHIFFLE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A biographical novel.

KINFOLKS. By Ann Cobb. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Kentucky mountain rhymes.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. W. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A play woven about the personality of Mary Wollstonecraft.

SOULS FOR SALE. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel.

MORE BEETLES. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.50.

THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE. By Ada Barrett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel.

GENERAL BRAMBLE. By André Maurois. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Translated from the French by Jules Castier and Ronald Boswell.

THE MOON ROCK. By Arthur J. Reese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A mystery story.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE GARDEN. By Ruth O. Dyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

Juvenile.

PEGGY PRETEND. By Millicent Evison. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

Juvenile.

THE LE GALLIENNE BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. Edited with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.50.

From the tenth century to the present.

VOCATIONS. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

REVELATION. By Dulcie Deamer. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel of Jerusalem.

SHAKESPEARE. By Raymond M. Alden. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50.

In Master Spirits of Literature Series.

THE WINTER BELL. By Henry M. Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

HISTORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE OF 1851. By Mary Floyd Williams. Berkeley: University of California Press; \$5.

PAPERS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE. Edited by Mary Floyd Williams. Berkeley: University of California Press; \$5.

Publications of the Academy of Pacific Coast History, Volume 4.

## About Radium.

Why is radium the most expensive substance in the world? queries the *Manchester Guardian*. Lecturing on radio-activity before the Royal Institution, Sir Ernest Rutherford gave much interesting information in answer to this question. He stated that the most important source of radium is a mineral named carnotite, which occurs in America in Colorado and Utah. On an average 5000 tons of rock have to be dealt with to obtain 500 tons of carnotite, and these 500 tons of selected ore only contain about fifty to 100 pounds of material containing radium, which then has to be carefully treated to get the precious grains of radium out of it.

The other important source of radium is pitch-blende, but in order to represent the actual amount of radium in a ton of it, one would have to represent one ton of pitch-blende by a line on a diagram stretching from London to Edinburgh, and on this scale the radium would then be represented by a line only four inches long. Pitch-blende, which is found in various parts of the world, is a curious conglomeration of a large number of elements, and Sir Ernest Rutherford remarked that he had heard it suggested that when the Creator got tired of creating the elements He dumped the rest into pitch-blende.

The lecturer went on to mention that the output of the radium was very small owing to the vast masses of rock that had to be dealt with in order to secure a few grains of this precious substance. In fact, the output to



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date of radium in Europe and America was only forty and 130 grammes respectively, giving a total world output up to the present of about 170 grammes, or approximately five and a half ounces. This would not be overweight if posted in an envelope with four penny stamps on it. The total value of this five and a half ounces of radium is from £3,250,000 to £4,750,000, or, roughly, £1,000,000 per ounce.

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## THE KREISLER RECITAL.

It seemed during the recent opera season that the public had quite definitely tabooed the upstairs side seats in the Exposition Auditorium, so extensive was the spread of unoccupied territory. But give the music-lovers of San Francisco such an artist to listen to as Kreisler, and they will submerge the farthest reaches of the vast auditorium beneath a sea of human beings. There were empty seats here and there last Sunday, but none of those stretches of vacant space that make the heart of the impresario sad. No doubt it was a record for a violin recital, for nine thousand is the figure that has been mentioned as covering the number present, and my observation would bear that out.

Kreisler made a deep impression on San Franciscans at his earlier recitals, and later visits of world-famous and unusually gifted geniuses such as Heifitz, Mischa Elman, and other violinists have not lessened it. To many Kreisler seems the king of them all. The reposeful dignity and mental and physical poise with which he faces a vast audience such as that of last Sunday night cause the unthinking to fear that he is not dowered with the sensitive temperament that would enable him to sway the emotions of his listeners. But that calm, controlled demeanor means depths and depths of strength in reserve.

His first attack is immediately reassuring; so easy, so sure, so brilliantly expressive, so full of the undertones and overtones of life are the strains he draws from his bow that simultaneously the mind is stimulated and the emotions stirred.

He gave the famous Kreutzer Sonata first—no light feat for a violinist to begin his recital with—and led his dazzled listeners on by graduated stages to the tremendous crescendo of the last movement.

Following came the Mendelssohn Concerto in E minor, in which the magic bow of this supreme master of subtly emotional tone seemed to weave new meanings. Meltingly sweet, a marvel of yearning loveliness, was

the appassionato movement, and when the player reached the third movement with its amazing dance of the bow over flashing notes that came in a glittering shower, but never jostled each other, there were murmurings and subdued outcries of amazement and delight from the rapt audience.

Kreisler gave his listeners variety in the last group. There was the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Hymn to the Sun," Schubert's ballet music from "Rosamunde," and Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," a piece in which Carl Lamson, the sympathetic accompanist, joined with the violinist in weaving tones full of fairy-like fantasy.

"La Gitana" and the famous "Caprice Viennois" closed—or tried to—the programme, both Kreisler's own compositions. They say an artist never stands still, and to take a single composition—"La Gitana"—one perceives the truth of the saying. Perhaps it is because of the terrible emotions that Kreisler, in common with many artists in his country, lived through during the war, but in this composition of his own, which Kreisler plays with so much love, he displayed an even more profound conception, and a proportionate ability to express it, of that truth which puzzles the too literal nature, that joy and sadness are closely allied, and never can they be wholly removed one from the other.

The audience, as is always the case with "Caprice Viennois," was charmed by the almost unbelievable mingling of swiftness, sureness, delicacy, and flashing brilliancy with which Kreisler handles his bow in this piece. It expresses a delightful mood of subtly compounded elements scarcely analyzable, although the preponderant element is joy. It always exhilarates Kreisler's hearers, and when this number—the last on the programme—was completed, the throng in the further stretches of the vast level poured forward almost as if drawn by a magnet, filling every available space about the platform as they gazed earnestly upon the features of the artist, almost as if they feared he would never return.

Once there it was impossible to move them. They sued for an encore and got it; for another, and got that. No doubt even that supple yet steely right arm of Kreisler's was tired, but, with no evidence of fatigue, he played yet again. But they were insatiable; even past the limits of proper consideration. But the only way to start the immense throng homewards was to begin a gradual extinction of the lights; so that finally they moved slowly and reluctantly away.

## AT THE ORPHEUM.

There is no press agent's bluff in calling it an all-star bill at the Orpheum this week. In fact there are evidences of prosperity in the Orpheum Circuit even in these calamitous times, when New York theatres are perpetu-

ally going dark. But the Jim Corbett-Billy Van act of last week was, according to all accounts, a \$2000-a-week attraction, Billy Van being a fifteen-hundred-dollar man and Jim Corbett drawing five hundred dollars weekly.

This week they have a tremendous headliner in the "Juliet and Romeo" piece, with Miss Josephine Victor, the rising young Shakespearean actress, as star. It sounds as if it might be too high-browish for a vaudeville audience, but not a bit of it. The audience listens devoutly, with no bewraying coughs to break the stillness, for their romantic sensibilities are keenly and pleasurably affected, and though the comedy is delicate it is wholly comprehensible, for it bears upon feminine complexities and professional jealousy.

Miss Victor is a delightful actress. As Juliet, when she descended from the bier, her movements had the poetic grace due to Shakespearean tragedy. And in the later phases, when Juliet becomes a star actress behind the scenes, she is a modern woman; a bewitching creature, all compounded of sudden, flashing changes of mood; pretty, piquant, money-voiced, irresistible.

And how beautifully, how appropriately, she is gowned! It was a queer sensation to feel ourselves thus suddenly propelled into the Montague-Capulet tragedy. Imagination immediately began to work, and we found ourselves murmuring involuntarily,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Juliet's beautiful grave-robe, and the gestures and movements of the graceful woman in it, were as poetically appropriate as were the irresistible charm and dainty modishness of the bewitching creature later in her glimmering frock, chic and modern. And then, suddenly, we found ourselves confronting the familiar tragedy of the player. The fading of youth, beauty, and charm, the coming of age, the passing of prestige, professional extinction. All this does not happen to Juliet, but her spoiled, petted perceptions of life brush against another's tragedy, and a realization of what is really important in life comes to the petted star.

Thus it may be seen that there is very much in the play, and that romance, comedy, tragedy, and the untheatrical truths of life by turns project themselves upon the ever sympathetic consciousness.

The play is by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, and Miss Victor is supported by an excellent company. Hartley Power is a handsome and capable leading man, and Marie Falls, John Costello, and George Stanley provide good support.

Bert Howard, "the man with the piano," is a genuine humorist and an intimate friend of the piano keys. He gives an enormously enjoyable Gallic impersonation, monologues breezily between stunts, and keeps the audience on the steady, delighted grin when it isn't roaring. He fools with the piano, admonishes it, capers over and under it, plays jokes with its compliant keys, which seem to grin delightedly at him, entering into the joke when he shakes a reproving finger at them. In fact, Bert is a cute old thingum.

Another starry act is that entitled "The Star Boarder," in which James Silver gives a very taking representation of an ancient rube of a simple nature and with a youthful heart. Mr. Silver revives dear old Yankee intonations which our smart modernness and the tendency to eliminate sectional distinctiveness are gradually eradicating. His old landlord might have come out of the pages of Oliver Wendell Holmes' novels, which, probably, are no longer read, but which contain the most delightfully humorous yet truthful sketches of Yankee character.

"The Star Boarder" features also George Kirby, a long-legged youth who can act comedy and sing sentiment, and Helen Duval serves as a neat little interlocutor with the two comedians.

In "A Racy Conversation" two men spar amusingly, Basil Lynn giving a very good take-off of a monocled Britisher with an asthmatic cough, while William Smythe sings ballads in a mellow voice and serves as a feeder to the other's comedy.

"Dainty Marie" is on this week in her familiar act. Few women in vaudeville wear a more revealing costume than "Dainty Marie," who has a very pretty figure and doesn't care who knows it. But somehow her matter-of-factness, and a kind of wholesomeness of type enables her to carry it off. The audience always enjoys her act, and the changing spectacle of her pretty figure in its white fleshings making startling acrobatic silhouettes against the dark background gives it a series of enjoyable sensations. Marie Meeker—as her full name is given—gives her usual casual monologues as she evolves on the rings, dropping casual jokelets in an occasional casual lisp, and showing that she always remains a favorite.

George Ford and Flo Cunningham entertain with male and female patter, George Ford throwing in a funny imitation or so, and both dancing. In the prolonged controversy as to whether or not the pair are mar-

ried they have hit on an idea which keeps the audience well amused.

Alex Patty does upside-down balancing skillfully, and eats, juggles, and plays the violin while standing on his head; clever, but too suggestive of prolonged physical discomfort.

The only left-over is the William Seabury dancing act, which is very good of its kind, and so handsomely, tastefully, and elaborately mounted that we rather suspect William of having engaged a genuine and expensive artist to design the handsome sets and costumes.

Mr. Seabury, indeed, sets out to gratify the eye only. He speaks sloppily, the Oriental pianist who plays so well enunciates like an untrained schoolboy, and the girls just give

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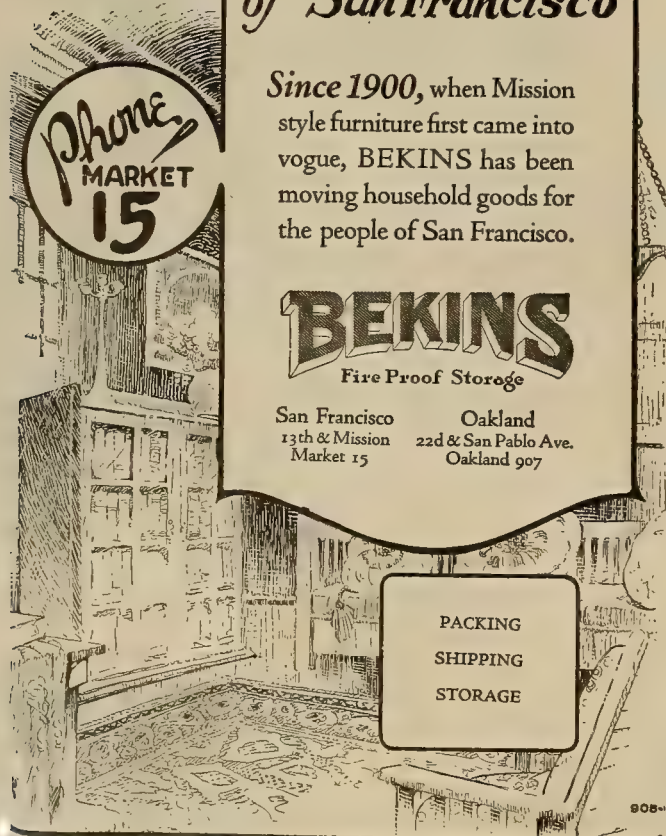
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feeble twittings. But the spectacle is opulent, the dancing first-class, and the act makes a great hit with the audience.

#### CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

Chauncey Olcott has a public of his own. There must be something lovable in the man, for out in front there are quantities of people drawn to see him who not only enjoy his acting and singing, but who have a strong personal regard for him, and waft great gusts of friendly affection across the footlights with every handclap.

Olcott's special kind of art is a survival, and as such no longer belongs to our time. But it is cherished all the more because it has become uncommon by those who remain faithful to it.

This special form of dramatic art was developed by Dion Boucicault, for those broths of boys that Olcott plays are direct descendants of Conn the Shaughran and all the rest of them.

However, the comedy offered by Olcott is of a more retiring type. Sentiment is his forte, his light but still sweet and mellow singing voice aiding him in expressing the character of a tuneful vagabond whose lyrics soften the hearts of the countryside and win their liking.

Rida Johnson Young, in collaboration with Rita Olcott, wrote "Ragged Robin" for Mr. Olcott, the piece itself being also a survival, and curiously, successfully old-fashioned in flavor. It might easily pass for having been written thirty or forty years ago.

There is a fairy element in it—the play is located in Ireland in the year 1830—and "the good little people" are seen at their revels, a pretty queen of the magic well showing in her glimmering, jeweled greenness above the well top.

There are brogues to burn in "Ragged Robin," that of Josie Chafin being particularly native in flavor. Ethel Intropidi does not attempt, or only partly, the Irish brogue, but she is something like an old-fashioned flower growing in a peasant's cottage garden, and pleases us in the rôle of Irish Margaret Grattan. There are over a dozen more in the cast, James A. Bliss helping in the comedy, and several picturesquely attired figures—that of the father, for instance—aiding to bring back the old, almost lost atmosphere.

Chauncey Olcott himself belongs only in that atmosphere. I shouldn't wonder if he really believes in fairies; there is something innocent and unworldly in his countenance which helps him to retain a flavor of its vanishing youth; and he no doubt long since persuaded himself that this superficial art which he expresses is the real thing.

At any rate he sings and acts it convincingly to those who still love it, and there are plenty of them, for a large and extremely affectionate audience was assembled to greet him on his opening night, to hang on his accents, and to call lustily, as he stood before the curtain bowered in welcoming blooms, for their favorite songs.

These demands Mr. Olcott yielded to with a heart and a half. But he is not niggardly with his audience in any sense, having selected an appropriately endowed company for the numerous cast, and dressed the play in the prettiest and most fitting of costumes. For the blooming garden around Andrew Grattan's home was a place of beauty, careful settings had been devised for the woods and the bog where the fairies met, and the interiors were all in full suggestion of an olden time when hard wood gave a mellow frame-work to picturesquely brown and wooing interiors.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Another thing the world seems to need just now is a professional treaty writer who can suit everybody.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

The Doris Humphreys Dancers, a sextet, until recently were unknown. Unheralded they came to New York, and the morning after their first performance they were the talk of the town.

Lucas and Francis are spoofing the vamps in a skit called "Vampires and Fools." Mr. Lucas and his associates make this a high light of fun.

The slogan of the Three Musketeers of literary fame was "one for all and all for one." Pretty Peggy Parker, who until this season shared vaudeville honors with Eddie Buzzell, has produced a musicallette called "The Four Musketeers," and their slogan is "fun for all and all for fun." While Miss Parker is a charming little comedienne, she is also a good vocalist and a very pleasing and attractive dancer. Her songs are in a comedy vein, and they entitle her to distinction as a singer. Her assistants are a male quartet, four modern knights of "The House of Entertainment."

Fred Fenton and Sammy Fields offer a bit of a surprise which they call "Appearing in Person," and to reserve this surprise for their auditors, nothing is said of what they do in advance. "Appearing in Person," however, is

probably the brightest thing they have offered and considering their past efforts, this is saying a great deal.

The Haley Sisters are among the most talented of those who follow the footlights to fame. Recently they created a furor in musical comedy and were featured with "His Little Widow." These girls possess all the requirements of a superfine organization.

Greene and Barstow in their "Novelty Diversion" have an offering which has an entirely different vaudeville idea.

Miss Josephine Victor and her company of players in "Juliet and Romeo," and Basil Lynn and William Smythe in their "Racey Conversation" will remain to delight audiences for a second week.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

Chauncey Olcott in "Ragged Robin" will be at the Columbia Theatre for a second and final week commencing with Sunday night, April 23d. Olcott's lyric voice has lost none of its charm for his followers, and he is delighting them with "Sweet Girl of My Dreams," "I Used to Believe in the Fairies," "Click of Her Little Brogues," and "When."

"Ragged Robin" is a play of Irish romance and fairy lore from the pen of Rida Johnson Young and Rita Olcott, and the cast presenting it in support of the star gives a superior

performance. Matinees are Wednesday and Saturday.

Henry Miller and Blanche Bates are coming to the Columbia Theatre for about five weeks to present two or three new comedies never tried in this country. On Monday night, May 1st, they will appear in the first of these, "Her Friend the King," by A. E. Thomas and Harrison Rhodes. "Her Friend the King" is based on a successful novel entitled "High Life," by Mr. Rhodes. With the Miller-Bates organization is Miss Ruth Chatterton, last seen here in J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose" and for two special matinees in "Into the Sunlight."

##### Vaudeville Artists' Benefit.

The Orpheum Theatre will donate to the insurance fund of the National Vaudeville Artists the gross receipts from the matinee of Friday, April 21st. Over 600 theatres in the United States and Canada joined in this benefit, which is a yearly event. The National Vaudeville Artists is an organization with a membership of over 12,000, all artists of the vaudeville stage. The proceeds of the "testimonial matinee" will go into a fund which will provide every member of the National Vaudeville Artists with an insurance policy of \$1000, payable immediately to the family upon the member's decease. Charitable contributions are not solicited from the public.



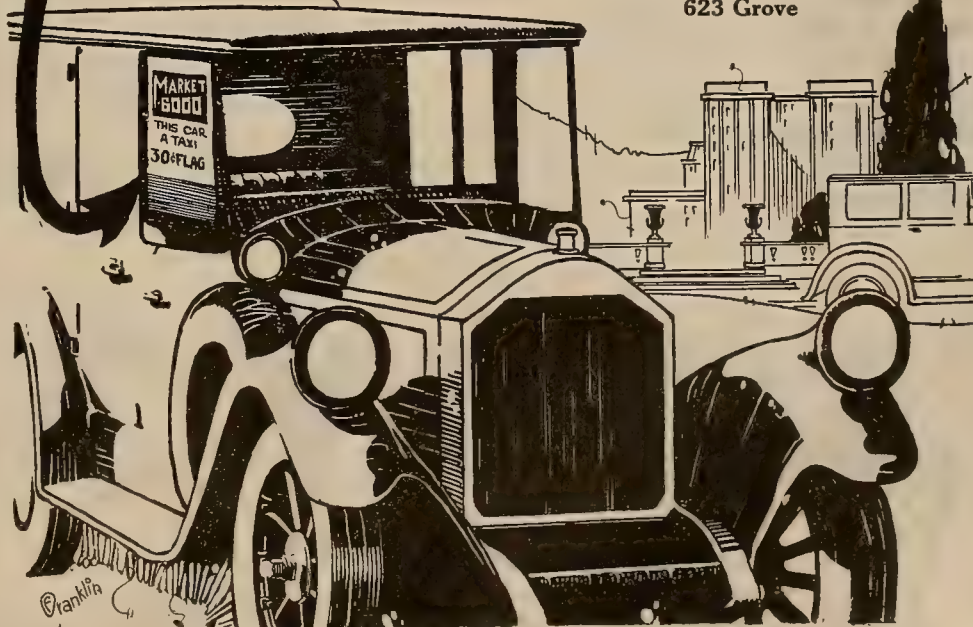
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The Wednesday evening darkness of Charlotte, Iowa, since the failure of the Great Feministic Movement there, and the execution of the sentence of banishment on bachelors, sequent upon that failure, has its counterpart in London, where the effort to jazz up the town on the American plan suggested by the Indiana girl reporter has tumbled to the ground and smashed itself to bits. The Londoners refuse to stop burning coal and choking their chimneys and their throats and their atmosphere with soot. They seem wedded to their "London Particulars," as they call their beloved fogs, and prefer outer darkness to freezing to death in the interest of making their city the "magnet of the world." Likewise they will not condemn their railway depots and build new, and they will persist in their peculiar and offensive virtue of closing their public houses at a certain time every night, which is the height of English respectability. One of the Mishavaka young lady's suggestions to the Londoners was to have good restaurants. They refuse; or it is too much trouble; or they entertain the delusion that those they now have are good enough. They purpose to cling to their "weal-an'-am" pie, which would sink a walrus in the sea, and their Yorkshire puddin', which would do to sole shoes, and their soft-boiled fish smothered in kite paste. They may be reduced to second place in point of population, or even to fifth if necessary, but they will not learn to cook. So a great many New Yorkers this year are going to remain in New York, and a great many Parisians are going to remain in Paris, and the sea-coal fogs are going to remain in London. Meanwhile the Indiana girl's advice is as good as it ever was, and as good as most advice, which requires to be taken in order to cure. And meanwhile, also, those that love London love it as it is and will continue so to do; just as those that love Carmel-by-the-Sea love that as it is, and wish to "keep it off the map." It is a good deal like the taste for pineapple pie. If you like pineapple pie, why that's the way you are, and there's nothing to be done about it.

Viscount Lascelle's sword might do henceforth for a shake frob, but as a weapon it is probably out of business for good. Princess Mary used it at the wedding breakfast to cut a London wedding cake. We need no further account of its condition. It is ruined. No temper of Damascus could emerge from such a test other than a bent and hacked-up thing, unfit for further service except splitting shakes, or perhaps taking up carpets. Prince Henry offered to get a hatchet, but the bride, with that pretty persistence in destruction which sometimes impels the sweetest of women to dig out a jammed wash-bowl plug with her husband's razor, rejected it and sacrificed the sword. Anticipating the wreckage that was about to ensue, the Duke of York suggested a Lewis gun for the job, but the lady went ahead, and strewed the plain with crumbs and chips. The devastation must have been awful. We can think of but one parallel to that chaotic scene, and that occurred when J. D. Galloway returned from overseas, where he had been serving as a major, and was made to carve a cake at a certain club dinner. He fell upon that cake as though it had been a platoon of Prussians, and soon had it beaten, butchered, routed and dispersed all over his end of the table. Whereupon O. K. Cushing remarked: "I understand for the first time in my life what is meant by the old phrase 'the officer's mess.'"

Roswell Miller was well off in his own right, and he did not materially impoverish himself when he married the only daughter of the late Andrew Carnegie. He might have spent his life in sport, travel, or the inanities of what is called society, or he might have become a cog in the wheel of a big business organization, but he preferred to be an instructor of engineering in New York University. Like the case of the man that was in love with his own wife, that is perfectly legal. We hope he can teach. There never will be too many teachers that can teach, just as there never can be too few of the sort that can not. But that his good example will be of much value to other rich young men, which has been claimed for him, is open to serious doubt. Rich men have their own ways of looking at things, and young men seldom notice the good examples all about them. Rich men that have grown old working are likely to continue the habit, not from necessity or altruistic urge, but because they never cultivated any time-wasting virtues; and among young men, rich or poor, those that really like to work are about as rare as feathers on a sheep. Most of them that work at all do so because they have to, and would anyhow through recognition of necessity; not because some millionaire sets them a good example. Those that are improvident, or unambitious, and do not care to work, can not be made to by the example of somebody who frankly does it because he likes to and not because he must. If they were in his place

they would not, and that is all there is to it. The power of example has been vastly overrated—that is, of good example. The world is a hive of industry, but that is owing to necessity, not choice. The general disposition is to sit down on the shore, like the Kanaka, and watch the waves work. And we'll never get over it. Any socialistic régime that proposes to remove the spur of poverty or even blunt its rowels proposes its own early dissolution. The normal man is a loafer, with his eye peeled for a pretty ankle. That's why women shortened their skirts.

The doctrine of self-determination has caused much confusion in Europe, especially among the little states recently released by the war from the domination and tyranny of Austria. It appears to have been taken too seriously by too many persons. Among others are the typists and stenographers in the civil service of Czechoslovakia. They wish to be self-determining, and with President Wilson's friend at the head of the government saw no reason to suspect that they were not. President Masaryk seemed to be at one with the Wilson administration on this theory of what was good for mankind, and no question had been raised as to any possible limitations or restraints upon its application to womankind. Suddenly the whole female part of the civil service is electrified most unpleasantly by an edict in derogation of personal liberty and self-determination in dress. Girls in the government employ are to appear henceforth in string blouses "closed up to the neck." Why? Why, in the name of liberty, shall women be constrained to apparel approved by some dry-as-dust old fussy official? Shall their first and deepest instinct be warped and perverted by some amateur bureaucrat who measures efficiency by the chips whittled from the office lead pencils? Self-determination forbid! Better the ghosts that once "beleaguered the walls of Prague" (although we forget why they did it) than these animated mummies with no thought for the charms of the office flapper—or perhaps too much. Life in Vienna was never thus; nor life in Paris. And if it is to be so strait-laced in Prague, what is to become of Bohemia?

The dry-as-dusts are now taking account of the exact amount of thrill that may be conveyed by a soul kiss. They do it, or propose to do it, by some mechanical device akin to the air pump and deflated tire with which the physician takes your blood pressure. Such, at least, is the latest story from New York. If the kiss is of the soul variety, the dial will register one set of statistics. If it is merely of the stage type, another value shows. One wonders what would happen if one party to the tested osculation delivered a soul kiss and the other a stage kiss—probably it would bust the dern machine wide open.

**Feminine Discontent.**

The young Englishwomen who are now admitted to the University of Oxford with the same rights as the men have formulated some complaints against their male classmates. They are too polite!

They rush to open doors when a girl wants to enter or leave the room.

If the girls are late at lectures they rise to offer them their seats.

"All this is unbearable," declare the women students. "These excessive gallantries on the part of these gentlemen are intended to give us to understand that they do not consider us their equals."

"It is perhaps true," observes *Le Petit Parisien*. "But what is also so is that if the Oxford students were not to lavish on their women comrades those marks of courtesy the latter, with a pout of contempt, would say: 'Lord, how rude these young men are!'"

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R. M. HAAN



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A post-war French story of hotel exigencies is as follows: A motorer through Touraine complained at *petit déjeuner* about his coffee. It did not taste like coffee. He told the waiter, "It has a kind of cocoa taste." The waiter smelled and sampled the beverage. He was covered with contrition. "I'm sorry, sir. A most unfortunate mistake. I've brought you tea."

A young lawyer wrote a prominent practitioner in Dallas, Texas, asking what chance there was for a man of his stamp in that section. "I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and I am an honest man." The great Texan wrote back, "If you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition here, and as you are a Republican, the game laws will protect you."

The cold spell has brought the usual advice not to sit over a fire, but to harden oneself in the open air in order to keep warm. The most admirable of the hardening school was a former Cameron of Lochiel. When bivouacking with his son in the depths of winter Cameron noticed that the boy had rolled a snowball to make a pillow. Immediately he kicked it away. "No effeminacy, boy!" he commanded, sternly.

In these days, when England is overrun by the proletariat, anything may happen. The English waiter, always a professional snob, has lost some of his old-time finesse. A profiteer was lunching at Claridge's the other day, and preparatory to the ordeal had knotted his napkin about his neck. The waiter hurried forward with a wink to the more knowing patrons and inquired in a carrying voice, "Haircut or shave, sir?"

On one of Mr. Lincoln's trips to army headquarters in the "Wilderness," accompanied by Noah Brooks, he was driven over the corduroy road in a six-mule army wagon by a very profane driver. Mr. Lincoln stood it as long as he could, then touching the driver on his shoulder inquired, "My friend, aren't you an Episcopalian?" "Yes," was the gruff reply. "I thought so. You swear like Seward, and he's a church warden up in Syracuse."

On the occasion of her hundredth birthday the village centenarian received a visit from the vicar. Being anxious to hear from her own lips what she considered had been the source of her strength and sustenance, he said: "My dear Mrs. Adams, pray tell me, in order that I may tell to others, what has been the secret of your longevity?" The vicar waited with unusual eagerness for the old lady's reply, but he was hardly prepared for it when it came. "Victuals!" she answered.

A Pittsburgh bellboy is credited with an ingenious method for calling sleepy guests. A man leaving instructions to be called early is awakened on the following morning with a loud tattoo on the door. In answer to the sleepy guest's inquiry the bellhop answers, "I have a message for you, sir." The usual reaction is for the sleepy one to jump, however reluctantly, out of bed, stumblingly reach the door, and grab the envelope tendered him. The message, of course, reads, "It is time to get up."

Ben Turpin's press agent is said to be responsible for a story that the comedian's admirers enjoy, whether it is true or not. Turpin approached the teller of a strange bank with a check to be cashed. The teller did not recognize him. Such is fame! "Have you any way to identify yourself?" asked the non-movie-attending teller. "Sure," replied Ben, and he became cross-eyed and did his great film fall. "Now, do you know me?" he asked confidently. "No," answered the teller, "but here's your money. You have earned it."

A story, brought back a few years ago from Peking, gives as clear a picture as may be found of how arrogant, armed nations have bulldozed and despoiled big docile China. There was a Yankee seeking a concession in China either to build a railroad or work a mine, and he was summoned before some gorgeously-robed Chinese officials. On a table in front of them lay a crazy-quilt map of China—in many colors. Behind the chairs of the Chinese officials stood agents of various foreign governments. "I will do this work here," said the American, pointing to a red spot on the map. "I'm sorry," spoke up the agent of John Bull, "but the red part of China belongs to Great Britain." "We'll sink our money over here, then," affirmed the Yankee, indicating a splotch of blue. But another foreign gentleman objected. "The blue section of the map," he said, "is German." So it went. This section of the map was Japanese; that was preempted by some other power. Finally, his patience exhausted, the American

turned to the Chinese officials and asked: "Where the hell is China, anyway?"

In answer to a letter from his bank calling his loan, a wealthy California rancher wrote this letter: "For the following reasons I am unable to send you the check asked for: I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, flattened out, and squeezed dry, first by the government, state, and county, for Federal war tax, excess profit tax, merchant's license and auto tax, and then by every society and organization that the inventive mind can invent to extract what I may or may not possess. I have contributed to the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., K. of C., X. Y. Z., the Woman's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Purple Cross, the Double Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief and every hospital in town. Then on top of it all came the Associated Charities and the Society for the Suppression of Useless Giving. The government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it, I am inspected, suspected, examined, reexamined, informed, required and commanded, so I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire, or hope of the human race; and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow, and steal money to give away, I have been cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up and robbed. And the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what in Hell is coming next."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Dining-Room Gallery

What dining-room would be complete Without the English country seat. Our appetites with pleasure whetting, To baying hounds and chairs upsetting.

The drooping fowl upon the wall Is fraught with great appeal to all. No wonder it makes such demand Upon our salivary gland.

And then the ever-present fish Inanimate upon the dish, Has scaled the heights of popularity With undisputed solidarity.

But most of all I like the fruit Depicted by the mind astute, Who knows our interest to heighten Expecting daily it will ripen.

I think the final choice will be A portrait sketch of Burgundy, Extinct in hotel and emporium, With wreath entitled—In Memoriam.  
—Elsie B. Driggs in Judge.

## Future of Education.

The future of education in England turns more on the treatment of the teacher than on anything else. Learning holds its head much higher in Ireland and in Scotland than in England, says the *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*. An Irishman respects the teacher because he respects learning as one of the spiritual mysteries, and in paying his respect the Irishman acknowledges the claims of a spiritual life. In Scotland the teacher represents an aspect of life that has been invested with importance and authority ever since the days of John Knox. In England all the tra-

ditions are the other way. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries put education in its place as the servant of social and industrial power. The prevailing idea of the eighteenth century was that a small class should be educated on the lines proper for a gentleman, and the persons who did the work of education were like a superior type of domestic servant. In the case of the universities and public schools this standard was corrected in the nineteenth century as a result of the Liberal movement that reinvigorated public school education and set up the civil service. But nobody who has had much to do with the management of secondary schools is unaware of the appalling extent to which this spirit survives in the authorities who control the grammar schools, and the scandalous salaries that were paid until a year or two ago in these schools were its natural expression.

Things, like persons, *Figaro* philosophizes, suffer strange turns of fate. Expecting the world war to last a long time, the American administration contracted for enormous quantities of cloth for soldiers' uniforms. But, happily, the war came to a more speedy end than had been anticipated. In consequence, great quantities of the fabric which was to have clothed the gallant doughboys were thrown upon the market and were purchased by a French concern—for lining for the taxicabs of Paris!

Mrs. Anne Royall was the first woman journalist. She was a great nuisance around Washington for many years and narrowly escaped being ducked, under an old law, as a common scold.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Miriam Gerstle, and Mr. Godfrey Tope of London. Their marriage will take place in the summer.

The marriage of Miss Lolita Burling Gearing and Dr. Edgar Daniel Smith of Los Olivos took place Monday in Santa Barbara.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Page-Brown, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, and Mr. Henry Percival Dodge was solemnized Wednesday at the American church in Paris. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Dodge will reside in Belgrade.

The marriage of Miss Marie Rockwell and Mr. Arthur Castle of San Francisco was solemnized Sunday at the Hotel Vanderbilt in New York, Dr. Alfred Martin officiating. The bride was unattended. Mr. Charles Farquharson was his brother-in-law's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Castle sailed Wednesday for England and on the conclusion of their wedding trip they will reside in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNear gave a dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Amanda McNear and Mr. Will Hendrickson, Jr. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Jr., Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Alice Regua, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. William Schuman, and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin gave a luncheon Wednesday for Miss Mary Stuart La Boyteaux. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott gave a dinner Tuesday evening for Mr. and Mrs. William La Boyteaux.

In honor of Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon Wednesday. Her guests were Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mrs. John Brooke, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Willis Walker,

Mrs. Robert Noble, Mrs. Edward Bosqui, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullard, Jr., gave a bridge party Tuesday, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fairlie, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. James Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Berdt, Miss Olive Craig, and Mr. Donald Craig.

In honor of Mrs. Henry Kaufman, Mrs. Loring Pickering gave a luncheon Tuesday in San Mateo. Her guests were Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Charles Gove, Mrs. Robert Woods, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, and Miss Jennie Hooker.

Miss Helen St. Goar was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week by Mrs. Clarence Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy gave a dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Robert Bentley gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Clift, complimenting Mrs. William La Boyteaux.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade gave a children's party Saturday for Miss Betty Slade.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Kamm gave a children's party Easter Sunday in Burlingame for Master Charles Kamm. Some of those who attended the affair with their children were Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderton, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Farmer Fuller, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler.

Miss Mary Kennedy was the guest of honor at a bridge-tea given Monday by Miss Marjorie Spring at the Woman's Athletic Club. Among the guests were Mrs. Harry Magee, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. William Stafford Gibbs, Mrs. George O'Connor, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Dorothy Gris-sim, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Beatrice Soule, Miss Jean Clift Seales, Miss Catherine Armstrong, Miss Gertrude Bosworth, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Jane Howard, Miss Aida Baxter, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Claire Knight, and Miss Vera Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp entertained at dinner Monday evening at Tait's-at-the-Beach for Miss Frances Pringle. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Hélène de Latour, Mr. Francis Farquhar, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Gerald Herrmann, and Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker entertained at dinner Sunday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. Leigh Babson of New York, and Mr. M. H. de Young.

Mr. Evan Pillsbury, Jr., entertained a group of

friends at the dinner-dance held Monday at Tait's-at-the-Beach for the Canon Kip Community House. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison chaperoned the party, whose members included Miss Elena Folger, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Ellita Adams, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, and Mr. Russell Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss Hayden gave a children's party Eastern Sunday for Miss Mary Hayden.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent gave a picnic last Sunday in Saratoga, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, and Mr. George Armsby.

Mrs. John Casserly gave a musicale Sunday evening in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller entertained at dinner Monday evening, their guests including Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. Léon Walker, and Mr. Will Magee, Jr.

A no host party was held Monday at the dinner-dance given for the Canon Kip Community House at Tait's-at-the-Beach. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Keneth Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley.

For the Canon Kip Community House on Second Street a dinner-dance was held Monday at Tait's-at-the-Beach, which was turned over for the benefit to the committee of women who are financing the maintenance of the neighborhood centre. Among those who entertained were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Suro, Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave an informal tea Thursday afternoon, April 13th, at the Clift Hotel. Mr. W. A. D'Egilbert, commissioner-general for California at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, gave a short talk on an uneconomic question. The guests were Mrs. W. A. D'Egilbert, Mrs. W. A. Fitzgerald, Mrs. H. M. Tenney, Mrs. George H. Cabaniss, Mrs. Robert E. Jewett, Mrs. Frank K. Mott, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. W. J. Gray, Mrs. J. C. Levy, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. William Harold Wilson, Mrs. Martial Davoust, Mrs. David Louderback, Mrs. De Witt Warr, Mrs. O. H. Fernbach, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Mrs. I. B. Weston, Mrs. A. W. Stokes, Mrs. Edwin Ransom Place, Mrs. E. Hansen, Mrs. William Beckman, Mrs. John Galloway, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, Mrs. T. Graham Crothers, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. George Bucknall, Mrs. John S. Phillips, Mrs. George A. Mullin, Mrs. O. M. Goldaracena, Mrs. Samuel Backus, Mrs. J. Has Brouck, Mrs. Horace Ball, Mrs. J. E. Bennett, Mrs. L. Barker, Mrs. John M. Bailhache, Mrs. F. Bartels, Mrs. Attilio S. Musante, Mrs. A. F. Pillsbury, Mrs. Clovis A. Farnsworth, Mrs. Abbie E. Wilkins, Mrs. Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Edward Gray Stetson, Mrs. W. J. Eyre, Mrs. J. F. D. Curtis, Mrs. Philip C. Stetson, Miss Jessica Lee Briggs, Miss Moyle, and Miss L. Erickson.

Mrs. Frank Perry Hooper entertained at a bridge-tea at her home on Laguna Street on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

## Affairs at the Whitecomb.

Cards have been issued by the Hotel Whitecomb announcing two formal events for the roof garden to take place during May. On Tuesday afternoon, May 2d, a bridge-luncheon will be arranged by the hotel, for which reservations are now being made, and on Tuesday, May 16th, a bridge-tea will be given.

Bulgaria's famous "Valley of Roses," which supplied 90 per cent. of the world's supply of attar, or oil of roses, is threatened with ruin. Over half the rose bushes in the valley, situated at the foot of the Balkans, comprising thousands of acres, have been seized with a disease resembling very much the phyloxera. Experts thus far have discovered neither the nature of the disease nor a remedy. The minister of agriculture has already proposed, in vain, several prizes for the invention of an effective remedy. Last year's crop of attar was only 3000 kilogrammes, and the great decrease is due chiefly to the mysterious disease, which attacks the roots of the rose bush.

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|               | 1    | 2    | 3    | 4    | 5    | 6    |
| 7             | 8    | 9    | 10   | 11   | 12   | 13   |
| 14            | 15   | 16   | 17   | 18   | 19   | 20   |
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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Herman Duryea of New York left Thursday for the Atlantic coast, after a month's visit in California.

Miss Joan Bird and Miss Margaret McCormack of Salt Lake have been passing the Easter holidays in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury.

Mrs. Frank Hicks arrived last week from Los Angeles to spend the Easter holidays with Miss Alice Hicks, who is attending the College of the Sacred Heart in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Werner Lawson left last week for Boise, Idaho, to join Mr. Lawson for a visit of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer will come to California in July for a brief sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar and Miss Helen St. Goar returned last week from a trip to Colorado.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower has returned to Coronado, after a visit to Del Monte with her daughter, Mrs. William Robertson.

Mrs. Charles Clark, Master Paul Clark, and Mr. Richard Tobin sailed last Wednesday for Europe, where they will join Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean and Master Peter McBean returned Monday from a trip to Pasadena.

The Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan will spend three months in Siam.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gould left last week for Canada en route to England.

Mr. Evan Pillsbury, Jr., arrived last week from Connecticut to spend the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have moved to their Menlo Park home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton left Friday for Menlo Park, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt left Saturday for New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl will leave next month for Paris to join Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone will leave May 1st for a European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling are returning to San Francisco from New York toward the end of the month. They have again leased the John Lawson place at Woodside, and will divide the

summer between Woodside and their apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams left Saturday for Menlo Park, where they will spend the summer months.

Mrs. Percy Williams and the Misses Frances and Louise Sprague have taken a house in Palo Alto for the summer.

Mrs. Richard Sprague arrived last week in New York from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego sailed Saturday for Europe. They will be gone throughout the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman spent the week-end in Del Monte.

Mr. Homer Curran has returned from a trip to New York.

Major and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., will leave in May for Ross to spend the summer.

Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley spent the week-end in Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison and their little daughter are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe and their sons have taken a cottage near the Mount Diablo Country Club for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Tevis have returned to Los Angeles, after a brief visit to San Francisco.

Colonel and Mrs. Louis Rand, who left San Francisco two weeks ago, are passing a fortnight in Washington. They will sail for Europe next week.

Mr. Leigh Babson of Boston spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Mrs. George Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin have arrived in Paris from Munich. They will spend the summer with Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett returned last week from a visit of several months in Europe. The Misses Alice and Lucy Hanchett, who accompanied them to the United States, will remain in New York a week longer.

Mrs. E. D. Roberts of Los Angeles, who has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Kamm, in San Mateo, will leave next week for New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon, who has been spending the winter in New York, will return to California in June.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing have taken possession of the Frederick Beaver residence on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford are visiting at Mentone on the Riviera, where they are the guests of Lady Waterlow of England. In May they will join Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have taken a house at Pacific Avenue and Octavia Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker have returned to San Mateo from a visit to the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander of New York will spend a part of the summer in California with Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels and Mr. Howard Spreckels will leave the first of June for Burlingame to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Peters of Boston spent the week-end in Kentfield with Mr. and Mrs. William Kent.

Mrs. Edward Parramore of Santa Barbara is passing a week in San Francisco. She is at the Fairmont.

Mrs. John Casserly left this week for a visit of several days in Santa Barbara.

Sir Wilfred Peek of Devonshire, England, is staying at the St. Francis for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Clement left yesterday for Portland, after a two weeks' visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nickel and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinerton spent the week-end at Mount Diablo with Mr. and Mrs. George McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Sr., have returned from a trip through the southern part of the state.

Captain Clifford Erskine-Bolst has been spending a week in San Francisco at the St. Francis. Captain and Mrs. Erskine-Bolst will sail for England May 6th.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs has returned from a visit in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dabney. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman have been spending the Easter holidays in Los Angeles, where Mr. Albert Boardman is attending school.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery and Miss Helen Garritt spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker left Monday for New York.

Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman are spending a fortnight in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan are enjoying a month's sojourn in New York.

Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown and Mrs. Daniel Murphy will spend the late summer abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt will spend the summer in Ross, where they have purchased the residence of Mr. Henry Brune.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Shiels of Piedmont will leave on May 1st for San Francisco, where for the next two years they will reside at 2234 Van Ness Avenue.

St. Francis guests include Mr. Leslie Simmons, Pasadena; Mr. J. G. Randall, Missoula, Montana; Mr. I. D. Bogan, Mr. R. D. Emery, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hubert Ballantine, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Pierce, Meriden, Connecticut; Mr. George E. Warren, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Preston, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McAllister, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Cabe, New York; Mr. J. D. Fredericks, Los Angeles; Mr. George A. Haines, Detroit; Mr. W. S. D. Smith, Seattle; Mr. L. A. McDonald, Milwaukee; Mr. Robert Werner, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Strecker, Boston; Mr. William B. Stymus, Jr., New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wolf, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hubley, Pasadena.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Ford, Merced; Mr. W. W. Carr, Mr. S. S. Brinsmaid, Los Angeles; Mr. A. W. McNaughton, Boston; Mr. Clarence R. Dutton, Ignacio; Mr. John M. Kelly, Omaha; Mrs. Gilbert M. Weeks, Mrs. F. J. Sweazey, Chicago; Mr. E.

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Among those registered at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gramer, Detroit; Mr. D. C. Magie, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Newburgh, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wilson, Sacramento; Dr. C. F. English, Stockton; Mr. Walter Hampden, New York; Mr. C. H. Wakefield, Merced; Mr. J. Sessenberger, Los Angeles; Mr. J. C. Knapp, Minneapolis; Mr. J. C. Claves, Anaheim; Mr. J. H. Fay, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hansen, Selma; Mr. C. Moore, Glendale.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Here for a Time, a Breath of Time.

With the lone hills of sheep,  
Stone-scarred and gray,  
And the lone bleat;  
With the brown old sleeping meres that meet  
The storm's sweep,  
The sun's sway  
And the stars, and all the seasons, with unaltering face;  
With the moor-mists swift  
As they have swift  
Down the slow dayfall since the ancient days;  
With the sound of the last curlew drifting  
As it hath drifted  
To the new dawn beat  
Of tired innumerable wings:  
These pitilessly aloof  
In their harsh loneliness,  
These pitifully weak  
Against the stress  
Of the eternal rebuff,  
Here, for a little span  
On their illimitable bleak  
Abideth the warm memory  
O man.

Here, for a time, a breath of time, he brings  
Faiths groping past the hills, and visionings;  
Faiths and visionings great and sure  
As the calm of the moor.  
With feeble scratchings he made his mark  
On the hill's steep;  
For a day and a dark  
They endure,  
By a dark they outlast his laughter and tears,  
His song.  
The feeble scratchings he hath traced along  
By the hill's feet  
Fainter as they uplift to the farthest crest  
And the cloud-veils,  
Outliving by a dark  
The faiths and the fears  
Of his breast  
And the visionings—  
By these he maketh his mark.  
With the lone hills of sheep  
Overspreading his eyes, and on his ears  
The lone bleat,  
He sinketh in sleep.  
Deep  
As the deep of dales  
Is his sleep;  
More deep  
Than the brown old sleep of meres that meet  
The storm's sweep,  
The sun's sway  
And the stars, and all the seasons, with unaltering face.

He dreams: in his dream he passeth not away.  
He endureth even as they  
These most solitary things,  
These pitilessly aloof  
In their harsh loneliness,  
These pitifully weak  
Against the stress  
Of the eternal rebuff—  
The lone hills, stone-scarred and gray,  
The storm's sweep,  
The stars, and the sun's sway;  
The moor-mists swift  
As they have swift  
Down the slow dayfall since the ancient days;  
The sound of the last curlew drifting  
As it hath drifted  
To the new dawn beat of tired innumerable wings.  
—Thomas Moulton in "Down Here the Hawthorn."  
Published by the George H. Doran Company.

### Flood-Tide.

From the heart of the mystic ocean  
Comes the call of the Infinite,  
As I stand on the shore and listen  
In the summer dark, star-lit.  
I stretch my arms to the billows  
That break on the sandy beach,  
And I guard in my soul the lesson  
That only the sea can teach.  
The message is not for the many  
But only the strong, whose souls  
Have passed through the world unshackled  
And never lost sight of their foals;  
Whose feet have never stumbled,  
Whose heads have never been bowed,  
Who, dauntless have steered their passage  
Where the deepest furrows plowed.  
The Infinite calls me ever  
And I pray when my body has died,  
I may wait for the new life somewhere  
As a part of the great Flood-Tide.  
—Virginia T. McCormick in "Star Dust and Gardens."

### To Whom It May Concern.

May each newborn day find you newborn too,  
With faith and strength for tasks to do—  
With a newborn vision, a far-reaching sight,  
For the seemingly wrong perhaps is just right.  
—Annette Henriksen.

William Murdoch first used gas in 1792.



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San Francisco is to have two evenings of fun with the American humorist, Joseph C. Lincoln, known as "The Cape Cod Chronicler." Lincoln is the author of "Cap'n Dri" and a score of other Cape Cod novels, "Cape Cod Ballads" and "Shavings," a play. He reads histories even better than he writes them.

He is scheduled to appear, under the direction of Paul Elder, in the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, April 25th and 27th. He will also speak in the Paul Elder Gallery Wednesday afternoon, April 26th. The programme will be different on each occasion.

A Chinese baby in China receives its name under peculiar circumstances. If it is a boy its head is shaved at a feast to which friends and relatives are invited. Many bring presents. In some parts of the country the present takes the form of a silver plate with good wishes engraved upon it.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A man, in love with a dimple, often makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl.—*London Opinion.*

Little Girl (caught stealing jam)—Well, mummy, I'm very sorry; but these little lapses will occur.—*Punch.*

Judge—What made you pick this man's pocket? Prisoner—Judge, I never picked it. It just happened to be next.—*Judge.*

Teacher—What is a mummy? Junior—A mummy is—a mummy is—a mummy is a poppy's wife.—*Youngstown Telegram.*

First College Man—I want you to come to our dance tonight. Second Ditto—Thanks. Is it formal; or shall I wear my own clothes?—*Life.*

Irate Mother—I'll larn yer! Throw rice on the princess, would yer, when it was meant for yer farver's curry!—*London Passing Show.*

"Did your brother have any luck when he was hunting tigers in India, John?" "Yes, sir, great luck—he never met any."—*Irish World.*

Fisherman—Don't you want to buy some fine crabs, sir? Look—they're all alive. Summer Boarder—Yes, but are they fresh?—*Paris Le Journal Amusant.*

Registrar—Mr. Brown, you have overcut French. Why do you go to New York so often? Stude—Why—I—er—go to see my grandmother. Registrar—Do you mean the

one I saw you with last Saturday? Wonderful how these old women get around nowadays!—*Yale Record.*

Guest—Do you make a reduction to people in the same line of business? Manager—Yes. Are you a restaurateur? Guest—No. I'm a thief by profession.—*Paris La Baionnette.*

"Fashions are hindrances to health." "I don't think so," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Only robust people can wear silk stockings in winter and furs in summer."—*Washington Star.*

"Here's my bill," said the surgeon. "Wish you would pay down \$100, and then \$25 per week." "Sounds like buying an automobile," said the patient. "I am," said the surgeon.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The Larger Boy—I want a tooth out, an' I don't want gas, 'cos I'm in a 'urry. The Dentist—That's a brave young man! Which tooth is it? The Larger Boy—Show 'im yer tooth, Albert.—*London Passing Show.*

"What's it the sign of when your girl refuses to kiss you?" asks a hurt contemporary. Well, it used to mean she had a split lip or had been eating onions, and we don't believe the feminine nature has changed any.—*Buffalo Times.*

The Waiter (who is on a week's notice)—Did you have tomato or pea soup, sir? The Customer—Heaven knows! It tasted more like soap. The Waiter—Ah, that would be tomato, sir. The pea soup tastes like paraffin.—*Punch.*

Judge Priest—Parson, that turkey you sold me yesterday wasn't a tame one as you claimed it to be, for I found shot in it. Parson Brown—Judge, dat was a tame turkey jest like I sed it was; dem shot was meant for me.—*Judge.*

Sandy—So ye didn't go away for the New Year, Mac? Mac—No, Sandy. The Macgregors wrote an' invited me to their place, an' I'd like to have gone, but they forgot tae enclosed a stamped envelope for reply.—*London Passing Show.*

It was during the impaneling of a jury; the following colloquy occurred: "You are a property-holder?" "Yes, your honor." "Married or single?" "I have been married for five years, your honor." "Have you formed or expressed any opinion?" "Not for five years, your honor."—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Sherlock and the faithful Watson were strolling down Piccadilly. "There's a woman in very short skirts just behind us, my dear doctor," murmured the great detective. "Marvelous!" enthused Watson, after he had corroborated the statement by a glance behind. "How in the world did you ever know without turning your head?" "Purely elementary, dear old fellow. I merely observed the faces of the people who are walking toward us."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Who remembers the name of Aaron Manby? It is just one hundred years ago since the first iron steamboat left the dockyards of Tipton, in England, and, after being tested on the Thames, was employed in a direct service between London and Paris. In 1822 a return was made to the House of Commons showing the time consumed by steamers as compared with sailing vessels on some thirty coasting routes; the average speed given for steamers in the best of these was from eight to nine knots, while the average time taken varied from one-half to one-sixth (or even less) of the time taken by sailing vessels. After the first sea voyage the Aaron Manby was employed solely on the Seine, where it navigated as late as 1846.

A tax on congressional explanations of votes on the soldier bonus might raise enough to pay the soldier bonus.

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### New York's Good Taste.

George Wybo, the well-known French architect, on returning from America has published in *l'Intransigeant* his impressions of architecture in this country.

"An examination of the thirty or forty-story-high office buildings raised within recent years," he says, "buildings of an impeccable though rapid execution, well proportioned, with harmonious lines, with sober decorations, made of splendid and well-worked materials, causes us to modify a too generally accepted opinion, and to recognize a new art, in the true sense of the word, an art calculated to make us receive strong impressions, such as we receive from the power and grandeur of our cathedrals and other monuments of the past.

"In lower Broadway and near the City Hall," he says, speaking of New York, "rising to a height of over 200 metres, are the most formidable business temples, such as the Woolworth, Equitable, Adams, Cunard, Bankers' Trust and Liberty Tower buildings. These, different among themselves, but each in its own genre, by their construction, their form, their lines of architecture and their disposition are indisputably masterpieces.

"The public institutions, such as the new Municipal Building, the Hudson River docks, the Custom House, the new Public Library, Pennsylvania Station, the Grand Central Terminal and the hotels Commodore, Biltmore, Vanderbilt, Belmont and Pennsylvania, are also, not only by their aspect, their beautiful proportions, and their execution, but also by their arrangement, their utility, and their perfect order, beautiful monuments which do honor to the city possessing them and to the architects who built them.

"The new churches, the most remarkable of which is that of St. Thomas; the beautiful dwelling houses, the clubs, the banks, the stores of luxury on Fifth Avenue, displaying the choicest materials, marble, precious woods and stones and the finest chiseled bronze, are worthy of the elegant customers who visit them; for one must recognize the delicate taste shown by New York women, both in their toilet and their homes."

Upon this the editor of *l'Intransigeant* re-

marks that the good taste of Americans can not cause surprise, because they appreciate the masterpieces of French art.

Candid Hostess (on seeing her nephew's fiancée for the first time)—I never should have known you from your photograph. Reggie told me you were so pretty. Reggie's Fiancée—No, I'm not pretty, so I have to try to be nice, and it's such a bore. Have you ever tried?—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Eleven per cent. of the foreign-born white population in the United States, ten years of age or older, according to the 1920 census, was unable to speak English.

## PORTOLA WOODS

### A Spring Valley Subdivision

In the desirable Woodside district of San Mateo County is the country-home acreage known as Portola Woods. It adjoins the Family Farm and the properties of Stanford University, being situated less than five miles from the University buildings.

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Home-sites vary in size from 8 to 39 acres. For the parcels that remain unsold prices per acre range from \$450 to \$650—lower than prevailing prices for similar property in that region. These prices are particularly attractive compared with prices of city lots.

The high-class improvements on the parcels already sold stamp the countryside so unmistakably that this subdivision can not fail to appeal to the most discriminating seeker after the ideal country-home site.

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Full information and maps may be had from T. J. Wilder, Real Estate Department, Spring Valley Water Company, 375 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Douglas 2562.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Possible Bridge.

The prospects for improved transportation in and out of San Francisco have been greatly bettered by recent developments, and the handicaps of the city's peninsular location, if it imposes any handicaps, should shortly be reduced to the minimum. The Hyde Street-Marin County ferry plans are going along well. It seems reasonable to expect that Yerba Buena Island will be turned into something useful as a union railway terminal and the ferry haul thus cut in two; and that the bridge will be built across the bay—at Dumbarton Point. There are those who believe that if Yerba Buena Island could have been made a railway terminal fifty years ago the work done at Port Costa would have been much more quickly and economically performed near San Francisco. Anti-corporation hatreds prevented it then, and it is a sign of growing reason and understanding that this shadow does not appear to darken the present prospects. Building a bridge at Dumbarton Point is something that can be done, and it will be done the sooner if there can be diverted to it the energy of eloquence certain persons have heretofore devoted to bridging the bay in the line of Yerba Buena Island. That bridge was built of unalloyed optimism. Optimism is a fine, stimulating thing, often born of youth and inexperience, sometimes valuable as a tonic to the human system and the social order, but often strangely misleading as to conclusions. The island bridge project had behind it the au-

tomobile interests. The automobile business is a young business, and the salesmen in it are, as a rule, young men, gifted beyond all reasonable requirements with that emotive mental stimulus known as enthusiasm. Bridges are not built by enthusiasm, but by hard-headed, cost-counting, and distance-figuring engineers; better qualified, perhaps, if they have a dash of cold Scotch blood. Bridging the bay between city and island hardly belongs in the realm of prophecy—it is more a matter of poetry. But when we get down to Dumbarton we are on a basis at least of the possible. The basin south of that line is not important, and some day, to indulge in a little prophecy, it may be filled in and used to support the skyscrapers of a really greater San Francisco. In the meantime, the best accommodation for automobiles crossing the bay will continue to be the mobile ferryboat with its flexible schedule, alterable to fit changing "load" conditions. We should have more of them, and then our transportation troubles would be greatly diminished. Of course, one of the worst aspects of the business is the peak load of Sundays, with comparatively idle plant the balance of the week. But that applies to bridges as well as ferryboats. And while a ferryboat that was superfluous six days of the week might be taken somewhere else for that period and put into other service, the bridge must stay where it is. There is hardly any way to reduce that peak except to introduce five or six new religions with distributed days for observance, by automobile. We do not expect that. Yet the engineers say they can do anything if they can get the money.

### The Faith of France.

When Premier Poincaré, from Bar-le-Duc, declares that France will if necessary see to it alone that the treaty of Versailles is executed in case Germany attempts to evade the reparations payment, he undoubtedly voices the determination of the French people, who have been over-patient with an exasperating situation and have reason to feel they have failed to receive just recognition of their forbearance from any quarter. In the interests of harmony, France has accepted reductions of her dues from the Germans, only to be misunderstood and misrepresented even in this country, by persons who should have had more respect for her heroism and her sacrifices. There will probably be no further wavering. There is nothing vacillating about French sentiment where a bill is concerned; and those that have been expecting submissive amiability until the reparations payments, through successive adjustments, should have diminished to the vanishing point will probably find that, like Cousin Egbert, France can be pushed just so far.

The war cost her \$56,130,000,000 and the ruin of seven of her richest departments. She did not provoke it; on the contrary she did what she could to placate her implacable enemy by withdrawing her armies ten miles behind the frontier within forty-eight hours of the actual outbreak of hostilities. That may have been a "gesture," but it was a noble one, a significant one, and one that really involved the gravest dangers. She lost 1,400,000 men and incalculable wealth in the disorganization of her trade and industry. Yet at the London conference of May, 1921, in order to help the restoration of Europe, she voluntarily consented to a reduction of her just claim on Germany, as fixed by the Reparations Commission, from 218,000,000,000 francs to about 180,000,000,000 francs, or approximately 20 per cent. Claims of America and England for feeding the Germans after the armistice, and for keeping troops on the Rhine, were given priority over those of France, so that she has not yet received a cent from Germany, and her government has had to advance for German account some 80,000,000,000 francs for restoration of the area the Germans devastated, for pensions to those they widowed, orphaned,

wounded and disabled, and for interest on the sums her government had to borrow for these purposes.

Germany was not devastated. She had no ruined mines and factory districts. In 1921 she spent more than 250,000,000,000 marks; raising railroad wages, building workmen's cottages, and, what is more significant of inclination, collecting as little as possible in the way of railroad fares and taxes while permitting her people to export their stocks, bonds, and money to Switzerland. She is today launching a new merchant marine, and three of her largest ships bear the names of Tirpitz, Ludendorff, and Buelow—an insult to the nations she wronged. The French people are paying taxes at the rate of \$45.62 a head annually—the German at the rate of \$13.88.

To a casual observer from another planet it might appear that Germany had performed an act of merit for which she was now enjoying a well-earned reward. She is, in fact, likely to reimburse herself rapidly out of her new Russian business for every pfennig she spent trying to conquer western Europe.

In spite of this inequitable and iniquitous state of affairs, propaganda is incessant, and even appears on the floor of Congress at times, to discredit France and promote distrust of her on the part of her recent allies. She is accused of maintaining a large standing army. She has fewer men and officers under arms by 166,000 than she had in July, 1914. She is accused of wasting her resources on armaments. She spends far less today on her army than the United States, and less than half what is spent by Great Britain, in spite of the fact that German disarmament is largely sham and Germany is maintaining a pretty skeleton of a military system which can be expanded and mobilized on the shortest notice. She is accused of extravagance in a world that is starving. Yet she has reduced her budget and her paper money and seems to be applying to all her problems that care and thrift which are among her great national virtues.

These things should be understood. Some of them are well known, but are in danger of being forgotten unless there is reassertion of them in the midst of the continuous misrepresentation by the friends of the recent common enemy. The statistical basis of most of these statements appears in the course of an article by Stephane Lauzanne, a reputable French publicist, printed in the current *North American Review*. The article is entitled "France in the Dock," and that title should bring a sense of shame to those that have sought unjustly to put her there. She has bled for civilization, she has been the sacrifice of nations. If she wearies now of misrepresentation and injustice, and declares she will stand no more of it in the injurious form of further reduction of German reparations, Americans should be the last people on earth to blame her—we were last into the war. "Let us have peace"—and let us be just.

### The Return of Dolliverism.

If you have committed any new tariff schedules to memory from the bill recently reported out by the Senate Finance Committee, you will have time to unlearn them before the bill passes, for it is not going to pass very soon, and when it does it will not greatly resemble its present self, either in detail or in general purpose. The fluid condition of world affairs is having some strange effects, and the longer the passage of the bill is delayed the more radical the changes in it are likely to be. We shall probably have to bring up a changeling.

Observers at Washington remark that the tariff bill is now haunted by the ghost of Senator Dolliver of Iowa. Dolliver is dead, but his footfalls still reverberate through the corridors of the Capitol with echoes that are hollow and ominous. It was Dolliver who, in 1909, introduced the Iowa idea in the form of



insurgency against the Payne-Aldrich bill; that idea being that the farmer was more interested in low tariffs on what he had to buy than on high protection on what he had to sell, because his surplus is exported and hence the prices he receives are made abroad in competition with foreigners, while the prices he pays are made under domestic conditions, in which a high tariff prevents foreign competition from operating in his favor.

That seemed a good platform on which to stand for a moderate tariff. But the farmers have not of late consistently stood upon it. Last year they became alarmed over the dumping of a five-year accumulation of Australian wool and large quantities of Canadian wheat; and the farm bloc, organized, led, and told just where it might get off by the American Farm Bureau Federation, began demanding extraordinary protection on farm products. The farm bloc became extremely influential among a lot of congressmen that dread trouble, and the result was the agricultural emergency tariff.

Now comes the comic opera twist. The farmers' chorus is on the stage, with rakes, funny hats, big boots and all, prepared for a real agricultural hoe-down, the orchestra is tuned for "Turkey in the Straw," the fun is about to begin, when a messenger arrives announcing that the Australian wool is all used up and the Canadian wheat is as high as the American; and so no high tariff on such commodities can do the farmers any real good, whereas the wicked manufacturers who inhabit the big cities and have dark dealings with capitalists and bankers are about to receive a degree of protection heretofore unknown, under which they can charge what they like on whatever the farmer has to buy. Consternation. Dark stage. And when the lights go up again the farmers are figuring instead of singing and dancing.

The figuring appears to have led them back to, or at least toward, the Iowa idea and the Dolliver policy. The *Argonaut* is informed that the Farm Bureau Federation has denounced the American valuation plan as an instrument for raising a tariff barrier against imports. The farmers are beginning to understand that trade can not flow one way all the time, any more than water in a tub. Senator Gooding, an Idaho sheep-grower, had been made the head of a strictly Republican tariff bloc, and he was strong for the American valuation scheme, but he suddenly found that the scow had sunk under him. When the vote on the valuation clause was taken in the Finance Committee there were only three members who would stand for the new system. But the tariff bloc, on the theory that the farmer still wanted what he once had wanted, could not understand, and went ahead elevating farm schedules. And twenty-four hours after the bill was made public President J. R. Howard of the Farm Bureau Federation made a violent attack on it as containing indefensibly high rates on manufactured products. He went right back to the shocking Iowa notion of thirteen years ago: that the farmers are more interested in low rates on what they buy than on high rates on what they sell. And he said: "What the Senate needs is another Dolliver."

So the Iowa notion has come back, and Dolliverism stalks again through the marble halls of the Capitol. When Dolliver lived thatism was strong, and it seems likely to be so again. The farm bloc and the tariff bloc are very ill. It is said that their *morale* has been destroyed and their solidarity has departed. The agenda has been kicked into the Potomac, the league is busted. The situation invites parliamentary anarchy. And in the House, Fordney is fuming about the loss of the American valuation plan, and does not seem at all placated by the mechanism the present bill provides, through which the President has power within a 50 per cent. limit to raise and lower duties and fix their rates on the American wholesale price in order to prevent dumping.

In the meantime, persons who suppose the President has taken full charge of the situation are a little in error. He may be able to dominate Congress when he wishes to, but he sees no necessity for dominating it just now. In fact, it is better not. Making tariffs is the particular job of Congress, and to Congress belongs the responsibility, the glory, and the grief. President Harding is wise enough to understand that. He has just achieved one victory, in respect to the navy personnel, and judicious moderation is the keynote of his character. He will probably have something to say about the wisdom and the moral necessity of redeeming party pledges by the early enactment of a permanent tariff law, but it is also likely that he will not go very

far beyond that. We may not see any tariff legislation at all at this session of Congress, and by the time the matter is taken up again it may have become evident that what we need is a tariff that will enable Europe to trade a little more freely with us instead of less so, in order to stabilize the exchange situation and enable her to pay her debts. There would still be room for the principle of protection to operate, in cases where it was needed and found expedient.

### The Barbers of Oroville.

In Sacramento the Days of '49 Committee has "launched" a beard-growing contest among some aspirants for easy athletic honors who started from scratch with clean shaves and will finish at the coming celebration with enough hair for a mattress. It is a silly business, but this is a silly world, and so the capillary conflict has produced considerable publicity (which may or may not be valuable) for the capital of California. It will probably cause many more persons to hear of Sacramento than would ever have heard of it otherwise, but hardly to flock there and invest in real estate or put up office buildings in the hope of having them tenanted by other immigrants attracted to permanent settlement, investment, and development by the whisker sweepstakes. And the race itself seems lacking in power to thrill, the contestants being more suggestive of Rip Van Winkle than of good, going business. Watching other people's whiskers grow is a milder game than dry golf, and probably not much more exciting than Mark Twain's celebrated ride on a glacier. For that reason we should have expected the conflict to rage in silence, attracting rather pity than hostility and opposition.

But in such a distracted world you never can tell; and it appears that the hate habit has become so ingrained in us during recent years that, combined with the general disposition to reach for any selfish advantage, certain barbers of Oroville have started a drive against Sacramento's latest form of dissipation. They put their obstructionism on high moral grounds. They do not purpose forcibly to tie down and shave the chin athletes of their sister city and then collect for it, including tips, but in accordance with the prevalent practice of crying for help to some government commission every time anything is either desired or disliked, they appeal to have the cruel spectacle suppressed by the state board of health on the theory that it is insanitary. Thus they make themselves our protectors, and the state board of health their protectors, and acquire much merit for serving themselves; and incidentally, if they win, it is going to look very bad for our old Poughkeepsie friends the Smith Brothers, Trade and Mark.

Of course, what the barbers of Oroville really mean is that if the Sacramento example should result in bringing beards back into fashion it would be insanitary for the financial system of their ancient craft. It is neither a fresh nor a refreshing principle of political activity. It would be, on the contrary, both fresh and refreshing a sort of living Bughouse Fable, if the barbers would declare that in the interest of economy men should either wear beards and long hair as of yore, or shave themselves and have their wives apply the clippers to their heads; if salesmen in stores would persuade extravagant customers that they do not need to clutter up their homes, garrets, and back yards with so many useless things; if manufacturers would send lobbies to Washington to persuade Congress that they do not need quite so high a tariff; if the American Legion would say: "We think general business ought to be permitted to get on its feet so that the unemployed may find work before anything is done about a bonus, and then when almost everybody is earning money we probably shall not need any further help, except in cases of disablement"; if the automobile salesman would say: "It is not good business for you to buy a car until you have paid off the mortgage now on your home"; if a tailor would tell a customer: "I made that last suit so well that you do not need another just yet, and I refuse to make one for you. Take your money home to your wife and children, or put it in the bank and let the banker circulate it in the form of a loan to some needed and financially reproductive enterprise"; or if the milliner would say: "Madame, I think the cheaper hat is more becoming."

But nothing of the sort happens. Sometimes it looks as though it never would. Our guess is that it never will, at least in our time. We all seem to be made

from the same earthy substance as the barbers of Oroville. Several centuries ago the silversmiths of Ephesus raised the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," because they did a good business in images among her devotees, and Christianity seemed to threaten it. That principle is always at work in the world. Its recurrent assertion in new forms is part of the price of liberty. At worst, the barbers are no worse than the silversmiths.

Probably the greatest chapter, or lodge, of the Ancient Order of the Barbers of Oroville is now in session at Genoa.

### Too Many Laws.

This week's revelations in police corruption of the bootleg brand, or as the headline writers call it, "rum graft," among certain members of the San Francisco force will shock and humiliate those citizens who have believed their police were 100 per cent. pure and sacrosanct, if such persons there be; but the others will not be greatly surprised. Corruption is the natural result of laws that attempt to regulate the intimate habits and suppress the propensities of the people, and if there were before Volstead any police departments in the United States that were innocent and pure they probably are so no longer. Rum running has been made so lucrative and the illicit privilege so valuable that impetuous men can hardly be expected not to make merchandise of their power to interfere with it. Many of the New York police have made a very good thing of their positions, and not so long ago the chief of police of Chicago was quoted to the effect that probably half his force was engaged in bootlegging of some sort. Not even the Federal force is clean of such suspicions. Mr. Brolaski's term has just begun.

Chief O'Brien stoutly declares that he will make a clean sweep of any policemen found to be crooked. That is good talk for a person in his position. He could hardly say anything and say less. And he will have the sympathy of the judicious, and the moral support of every "dry" in the city and even some of the "wets." There will be shake-ups, and perhaps prosecutions, and afterwards the running and the moonshining will proceed as before—in fact, we doubt if the utmost virtuous activity will greatly interfere with its course, even while that activity is at its height. The condition invites corruption, and corruption there is going to be. That is the worst of it.

The matter goes much farther into the system of our politics and the evolution of our national life than the Volstead Act or the question of the sinfulness of liquor. The lesson of human experience is that corruption keeps pace with the multiplication of laws. It is a commonplace that the downfall of Rome was caused by the corruption of her ancient public virtues. But the deduction of some very astute modern historians is that the corruption was produced by excessive law-making. We have had an epidemic of it in this country for the past century, with the infection growing more virulent every year, the disease spreading in wider and wider circles. No lawyer any longer attempts to keep track of what legislatures are doing, or under what new statutes his clients are supposed to live and carry on their business. Attorneys rely on their ability to find out those things when they need to, but that is no longer easy, as it ought to be. And it has become equally difficult, in fact impossible, for any human brain to keep abreast of the judicial decisions that have to be multiplied over and over in the effort to do justice and prevent oppression in the wilderness of statutes where business finds itself wandering today.

Under such a condition it is too much even for innocence to expect venal men in office not to take advantage of their positions and extort money or favor or promote the interests of friends by means of privilege and discrimination. And venal men there will be in office, because there are so many men in office—more and more of them, to enforce all the new laws—commissions and bureaus, with their hosts of clerks and deputies and office help of various sorts until it has been calculated that on the average every fifty-two American taxpayers now carry forty-eight city, county, state and Federal job-holders on their backs; almost one per taxpayer.

The worst aspect of the business is not its money cost, but the tendency to set up government commissions and inspecting agencies to attend to all the affairs of life, until the sphere of activity of the individual is contracted to his mere physical functions and no room



is left either for a self-controlled private life or for the operation of individual initiative in enterprise and business. We can see this tendency illustrated in the present case. Police Captain Goff is, as far as we are informed, a good and zealous public servant, but he appears tempted by the importance and difficulty of his service to believe that that service should be facilitated by at least one method foreign to the spirit of American institutions: the European system of domiciliary visitation and search. He is quoted to the effect that it would be far more satisfactory from the police standpoint if there were a local ordinance allowing police officers the right of search under the "dry" law. Undoubtedly it would, but there is more in life than assisting the police in the enforcement of regulations against artificial sin. Continental Europeans may tolerate such official supervision and domestic invasion as would occur under such a system, but Americans should not, even if somebody gets an illicit drink of whisky occasionally. Unless the extension of paternalism in government is stopped, however, Americans will be forced into acquiescence with the minutest supervision of their private lives, for there will soon be no field left uninvaded by legislation and unregulated by some government commission with its flock of inspectors and deputies knocking at the door, prying into our affairs, demanding to know how many children we propose to have and when, and why our wives don't stay home and attend to their maternal duties on some plan laid down by government sociological experts. It has been estimated that city, state, and Federal law-making bodies in this country grind out about 100 laws daily. Most of these are meddlesome, mischievous, evil in their effect of reducing respect for law as an institution. Probably we are all law-breakers except those of us who are very ill; and it is doubtful if an invalid could go far in a wheelchair without transgressing some traffic regulation, passed for a temporary expediency which common-law decisions could have handled just as well.

Excessive law-making follows perverted political thinking; for underlying all this multiplicity of laws is the fundamental fallacy of paternalism—the idea that whatever is wrong ought to be righted and can be righted by passing a law about it, and that the government should be the good father of the people. That is a typically German error, and it led Germany into the bog. The main use of government, in this country at least, is to secure liberty and protect property. Equality it can not give. Nor can it ever take the place in industry of the free effort of the individual.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### From a Discerning Reader.

OAKLAND, April 21, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Enclosed please find my subscription to your valued paper for one year. In my reading there is no weekly that gives me more helpful suggestions and no periodical that does more to stimulate my thinking. Not that I see things eye to eye with your editorial policy, for I do not, almost as often as I do. But your steadfastness of purpose and placing of high principle above policy and temporary clamor command my respect. One needs to have a weekly message, written with discrimination, when other sheets have reported the death of Lenin one hundred times in the past few years, and when politicians, being leaderless, are almost daily reporting another bonus bill for passage in Congress. Yours truly, (RABBI) RUDOLPH I. COFFEE.

### The Arbuckle Testimony.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 22, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your editorial of April 22d on the Arbuckle case you refer to my charges that, in the effort to convict Arbuckle, the testimony was fabricated and processed. You then say: "Since we can not believe that an attorney of Mr. McNab's character and standing at the bar would descend to misrepresentation or even to improper loose talk in order to save a guilty client, we must suppose that he had reason to believe what he said when he said it."

My charges rested on the record of the case—the undisputed testimony. From many circumstances appearing in the record I cite the following:

On the day of the unhappy event in the hotel rooms there were four women present—one, the deceased; another, Maud Bambina Delmont, who became the complaining witness for the district attorney in swearing to the complaint against Arbuckle; the others, Miss Alice Blake and Miss Zey Prevost.

Mrs. Delmont, although in the beginning uniting with the district attorney in melodramatic, shocking and hysterical fulminations in the press, was allowed by the prosecution to leave the state and was never produced as a witness.

Miss Blake and Miss Prevost, without having committed, or being charged with, any offense, or being served with any process whatever, were seized by the district attorney and imprisoned for months in the home of one of his deputies and excluded from interview or examination by the defense.

Before the trial, the written statements of these young women were taken by the authorities.

As complete proof of my charges of fabricated testimony, I refer any person interested to the official transcript of the evidence, containing cross-examination of these, the principal witnesses for the state, in the three trials, and to their written statements. Yours very truly, GAVIN McNAB.

## GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS.

North Dakota Improvers See in the Water and Power Act an Extension of Their Blessings to California.

If a man had thirteen million dollars and thirteen children, and he gave the children everything they asked for, he would soon be reduced to thirteen cents, and the children would not have anything either. The hypothesis is fanciful, of course, and involves the assumption that the man inherited the money, for no one that had the sagacity to accumulate thirteen million dollars would behave that way. But a government which has assumed the paternal relation to the people would have a strong tendency in that direction.

Government does not have to make its money; it takes it from the taxpayers. Government can not make goods out of thin air at no expense. Yet the faith is cherished by an appallingly large number of persons that government can go into business and supply the people with goods or services for nothing. To persons not well acquainted with it, and unaccustomed to clear thinking, it seems like some great, benign power, gifted with infinite wisdom, that can take the place of the Deity on earth and make us all happy. But government is nothing but a lot of politicians, and most of them are inclined to indulge the demands of everybody; first, to get votes, by which they live, move, and have their being; and second, because, crooked or honest, they are as a class amiable and sympathetic persons who would really like to relieve all the distress there is and give everybody just what he asks for. The state treasury looks bottomless, the taxing power seems an endless resource. So there is temptation on both sides for government and people to assume the paternal and filial relation.

It won't work. A socialist observer has made that surprising discovery about Bolshevism: "the trouble with it is that it doesn't work." We do not, however, have to go so far afield and among conditions so foreign to see government trying to do business and miserably falling down on the job. The Federal government made a hash of operating the railroads and ships, and North Dakota tells even more luminously the story of paternalism, or state socialism, among American people of the best Scandinavian stock, operating from a heritage of American institutions and tradition. The state will recover in some shape, but many individuals are ruined for life, and will not recover any more than some of the old San Francisco families ruined by the earthquake and fire have recovered. They are human sacrifices on the altars erected by the dervishes of "government in business."

It is strange that so little news of the Non-Partisan League's activities has appeared in the daily press outside of North Dakota. It is the most interesting and instructive experiment that has taken place in this country since the civil war. We in California do not have to pay anything for it, unless we wish to repeat it, in which case the way is prepared. Even the price is set: \$500,000,000; although it can increase. We can multiply our state debt by five or six under the proposed Water and Power Amendment to the Constitution, in order to have politicians instead of business men develop water and electric energy, just as in North Dakota the people turned their treasury over to the politicians so that they might build grain elevators and flour mills, and homes that the people should have built for themselves, and conduct banks and insurance companies. Through the dust of the ensuing wreckage we can see some forty or fifty broken banks and the depositors whistling for their money, insurance a year or so behind in paying losses, loans called and mortgages foreclosed, and pathetic efforts making among the bewildered people to repair the ruin by means of co-operative grain pools, joint sales agencies, and other vagaries of Utopian collectivism—anything rather than admit they were wrong and return to American individualism and sound business principles. Says a Fargo business man in a letter to the *Coast Banker*:

No man living can portray the fearfulness of the situation engendered by them, and my sympathy goes out to you good people of California if you are in for a dose of Non-Partisan Leagueism. . . . At the time the Non-Partisan League took us over, about six years ago, this county owed only a little over \$300,000, and this included bonded as well as a small floating debt. As near as we can ascertain now, we owe in the neighborhood of from \$6,000,000 to \$7,000,000, and there is nothing to show for it except the aftermath of a financial debacle. Every known industry, such as state-owned homes, a state-owned mill and elevator, and a state bank, which all proved losing propositions, was tried, and was the means of plunging the state hopelessly into debt. It was the worst dream ever heard of and wound up just as any socialist proposition will. They had a free hand here and went the limit, and the results speak for themselves.

The *Courier-News* of Fargo, organ of the league, said in a recent issue: "Never in the history of our state has distress prevailed among the farmers as it does today. Never has want in all its naked ugliness shown itself as it is seen today in many parts of our state."

Of course, the league's organ does not blame the league. But such a condition as it depicts does not come on a great industrial class in an hour. "Yesterday this day's madness did prepare." It takes a long

season of folly to prepare for such a devolution, and then it makes headway slowly against stubborn resistance. In North Dakota the thing began with the election of a Non-Partisan League governor in 1916 and a legislature in 1918. Great enthusiasm was generated, as there always is about paternalistic projects that are going to save the people from the grasping and grabbing monopolists; and many of the small country newspapers espoused the beautiful new cause. Now, says the Hannaford (North Dakota) *Enterprise*, "nearly all the league newspapers are on the rocks, and farmer stockholders are holding the bag. Hell's to pay all around. One thing is demonstrated to the satisfaction of all fair-minded men, and that is that as soon as business is taken into politics efficiency and economy are lost and graft and favoritism take their places."

Lynn Frazier, the league's candidate for the United States Senate against Senator Porter J. McCumber, has the bright distinction of being the first governor of an American state to be recalled from office. That happened last October, under a law the league had fortunately passed. With him were recalled William Lemke, the attorney-general and real leader of the league, and the secretary of agriculture, whose name we forget, but it doesn't matter. Frazier, Lemke, and the secretary of agriculture were the industrial commission, charged with building elevators and mills, loaning state money on farms and for home-building, and operating a state bank. This political administration of industry was a chicken just out of the egg compared with the powers the California Water and Power Act would confer upon the board it seeks to create, but the people found they could not stand it. About a million was loaned on homes, and a million and a half on farms, and another million and a half was devoted to the construction of a mill and an elevator which were never completed. The whole population of the state is but 650,000. Before the days of the league the banks of North Dakota were accustomed to paying 2 per cent. on checking accounts and 4 on time deposits. That seemed stingy and avaricious on the part of the money devils, so the state-operated league bank began to pay 3 per cent. on checking accounts and 5½ on time deposits. To the general astonishment, something was wrong, and there were persons so evil-minded and inclined to compromise with iniquity that they expressed the suspicion that the money devils may have been right about those interest rates.

The industrial commission forced into the Bank of North Dakota as deposits all the funds of political subdivisions, but it was slow paying back. A hard-headed Jersey man that looked into the bank's affairs just before the recall found an account of "registered checks" amounting to \$260,000. It seemed new in bank accountancy, so he inquired about it and was told it meant the checks were "registered for payment" some day, when the bank could pay them. School districts also found that when they wanted to draw their deposits it had become quite inconvenient. That gave the farmers in those districts a picture of political banking. It was fine for the league-controlled school system to teach the children nothing but good league principles, but where was the principal the school districts had entrusted to the league bank? The absent money was eloquent. Critics of the league said the deposits had been loaned to politicians to gamble with. We do not know, but it is not unlikely. Townley got a nice loan for his sisal plantation in Florida. Aside from that there have been bitter complaints of discrimination in loans. The league bank didn't seem to treat borrowers any better than a regular old money-devil bank, and it treated depositors much worse. As for efficiency, it was found by the state auditor that it had cost about \$92,000 to lend \$2,000,000; quite an "overhead."

And it had not done especially well by the farmers, for whose salvation it had been established. In fact the money devils seemed to do better, for in seven months of 1920, while the Bank of North Dakota had been able or willing to loan but about \$3,000,000 for agricultural purposes, the Federal Reserve Bank at Minneapolis advanced to the North Dakota private banks to enable them to carry their farm customers \$7,646,165, and the state and national banks of St. Paul and Minneapolis, where the most diabolical middlemen lived, advanced some \$23,800,000. But perhaps that was just bait to get the farmers more securely into their power.

A typical league enterprise was the so-called Equity Packing Plant at Fargo. There is little animal husbandry in North Dakota, which is a wheat-growing state on a single-crop basis, and subject to all the vicissitudes of that limited and risky form of agriculture. One of the farmers' grievances was the price that had to be paid the Chicago packers for dressed meat. The cure was simple: just build a packing plant of their own. A representative of Armour & Co. was asked if a packing plant would pay in North Dakota, and he said that if it would Armour & Co. would have built one there long before. The collectivist packing-house was built. It was capitalized at \$3,000,000 and lost \$700,000 the first year. The Consumers' United Stores Company, another great league enterprise to rescue the farmers from the villainy of the middlemen, cost them a round million and then went into the hands of a



receiver. So it was found, altogether, that the collective enterprises were pretty lame, and that the government in business had resulted in trebling the taxes, had made marketing conditions worse instead of better, had fallen down at state home building, and in the prompt payment of hail and other forms of state-managed insurance, that the operation of the state flour mill for a year had lost more than the mill had cost, and that it was time for a new arrangement. The "enemies of the people" succeeded in recalling the governor and the other members of the industrial commission. But not, be it observed, before the damage had been done. Neither in North Dakota nor in the California Water and Power Act does the recall of the politicians recall the money the politicians have wasted. Nor does it restore the conditions of hope and confidence under which alone private enterprise will consent to operate.

There are two great differences, among many others, between government in business, and business men in business. One is that business men do not go into new enterprises on a grievance basis, nor until they have satisfied themselves from laborious study that the new investment is going to be profitable; in other words, that it is needed. Ever see a man sitting on a municipal trash can with a checker in his hand counting the people who pass? That is "business," finding out whether that location will justify improvement. If the little ticker doesn't show a large enough number to fit all the other favorable elements of the horoscope the improvement will have to wait until it does. The other difference is that if the business man makes a mistake, it is his child and he pays for it, but if the government makes it, the interest on the loss goes into the tax rate and the taxpayers pay it annually until they die. They pay it long after the cause is forgotten and fresh troubles have added other percentages to the rate.

To belabor the subject further in this field would be to paint the lily, or perfume the rose. The people of North Dakota made themselves worse off than they were before, but it must be conceded that they had some provocation, in addition to the troubles natural to their single-barreled agriculture, which was probably the underlying cause of their original distresses. California, where private enterprise has led the world in the development of hydro-electric energy, has had no such grievance. Rates are not high, and they are under the control of the railway commission anyhow. The people are being well served, and their industries are flourishing on the energy supplied by the established companies. They lost nothing when the power sites were "grabbed"; rather they gained an invaluable service on which much of the state's present remarkable prosperity is based, and which they never would have had otherwise. The Water and Power Act is the product of political busybodies.

The Non-Partisan League, whether its followers know it or not, is socialistic in object and character. The marks on it and men in it make that unmistakable. Judge Bruce, professor of law in the University of Minnesota and formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Dakota, has said on this subject:

There is nothing more illogical and absurd than the union in the Northwest of the socialist and farmer forces. It is the union of the lion and the lamb. It means the absolute assimilation of the latter if only the union continues. What is socialism, as defined by Karl Marx, by the Bolsheviks, by Wells, by all the socialistic leaders, and by all the writers on political economy? It is simply the government ownership and control of all the agencies of production. . . . If the so-called socialist orators told their audiences the real truth and defined socialism as it really should be defined, they would be accorded but a scant hearing and their followers would be few. Who of the farmers of the Northwest would be willing to throw their free homesteads, on which they have labored and which they now own, into the universal jackpot which socialism demands?

Efforts were made by the Non-Partisan Leaguers, as by the Bolsheviks, to extend the blessings of their system to other states, among them California. One of their "lecturers" is the socialist agitator Walter Thomas Mills, well known here. Mr. Mills is now organizing the Non-Partisan League in California, and so exactly in line with its socialistic nature and policy has the league found the proposed Water and Power Amendment to be that its official bulletin, the *Hundred Thousand*, published at Berkeley, says in its second number:

When the Modesto conference which created the preliminary organization of the Non-Partisan League of California adopted its declaration on behalf of the state development of natural resources, it had definitely in mind, among other matters, the referendum now pending on the Water and Power Act.

Note the "among other matters." The Water and Power Act is regarded by socialists as a good beginning in revolution. That is the sort of act it is, and that is the sort of support it has. MORTON TODD.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26, 1922.

A strange phenomenon, due, according to scientific authorities, to still unexplained magnetic influences, has for a whole month been observed daily in London. Watches and chronometers have been stopping suddenly. It has been useless to take them to the watchmaker, who could not detect the trouble, nor remedy it. After the lapse of an hour or two, however, the watches begin going again, and all that is needed is to set them at the right hour.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Two Portuguese aviators, Captains Sacadura and Coutinho, who successfully flew from Lisbon to Rio de Janeiro, have been decorated by their government for their transoceanic feat.

José Gomez, a Mexican laborer of La Habra, California, is an amateur sculptor whose work done in spare hours as recreation has been accepted by cathedrals in many parts of the country.

Miss Katharine Barry, the Irish "Joan of Arc," and sister of Kevin Barry, the last man to be hanged as a rebel by the British forces in Ireland, has arrived in this country, accompanied by Countess Markievicz, in the interests of the Irish Republic.

Rossana Zezos, Italian poetess and feminist leader, was recently imprisoned in Milan for wearing masculine attire. The intrepid Italian suffragist prefers jail in her chosen costume to liberty in the dress prescribed by the Italian government for women.

Two prominent radio fans are Secretary of State Hughes, who has long been a devotee, and General Pershing, who is rapidly becoming expert. Mr. Hughes has a receiving set in his home and has just had another installed in the State Department offices.

Major Charles M. Stedman of North Carolina and Henry Z. Osborne of California are the only "Blue and Gray" survivors in the National House of Representatives. Major Stedman fought four years under General Lee and Mr. Osborne enlisted at sixteen to serve under Grant.

Two Englishwomen to attain unusual positions recently for members of their sex are Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, daughter of Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., who has been appointed a justice of the peace for the County of London, and Miss Adler, who was recently elected deputy chairman of the London County Council—the first woman to hold that post.

Mrs. William E. Borah is one of the few senatorial wives of senatorial stock both by birth and marriage. Mrs. Borah is the daughter of the late William J. McConnell of Boise, who, together with the late George L. Shoup, was a member of the first senatorial pair from Idaho. Mrs. Borah met her husband for the first time when he, as a young orator of twenty-five, was making speeches for her father in his senatorial campaign.

Jordan Herbert Stabler is evidently possessed of a versatile genius. Formerly a member of the American diplomatic service, now by way of being a radio magnate, he has just appeared in a new rôle. Mr. Stabler has recently published his translations into English of the verse of the Portuguese poet, Antonio Castro Feijo. Feijo, now deceased, was once a diplomatic colleague of Mr. Stabler when the latter was secretary of the American legation at Stockholm.

The new ambassador from Russia, M. Boris Bakhetoff, is acknowledged by his colleagues to be one of the most astute members of his profession. He is an engineer, not a professional diplomat, hydraulics having been his specialty in his preëmbassy days. Like all cultured Russians, M. Bakhetoff is polyglot. His English, French, and German are said to be perfect. The new ambassador has thrown open the embassy on Friday mornings to the Russian relief organization of which Princess Cataczene is the leader.

Gray Silver, whose odd name is apt to be confounded with an alloy for currency, is the "legislative agent" of the American Farm Bureau Federation, the great trust of agricultural organizations throughout the country. It is said that even the "farm bloc," of which Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas is the chief, takes its orders from the A. F. B. F. Mr. Silver, who has the farmers' problems at the tip of his tongue, is regarded by some as almost the most powerful individual in Washington, and is certainly a force to be reckoned with by both houses.

Hermann H. Kohlsaat, veteran Chicago newspaper publisher, is gathering material for his political memoirs, about to appear serially under the title "From McKinley to Harding." They are said to abound in hitherto unpublished matter. Mr. Kohlsaat, who was born in Illinois in 1853, owns several large baking establishments in addition to his part ownerships of various newspapers. He has at various times been editor and publisher of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, editor of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, and of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Dr. Otto Weidfeldt, appointed recently as ambassador from Germany, is far from being a stranger at Washington. He has been for years one of the foremost economists and students of political science in Germany and has traveled extensively in this country in pursuit of his studies. The new ambassador is a very rich man—his princely income being derived from the famous Krupp works, of which he is general director. However, he is a rigid economist and has notified his government that he will not be concerned with social duties at his new post. The new German government does not provide immense funds for entertaining which previous ambassadors of the empire enjoyed—hence Dr. Weidfeldt's announcement. Dr. Weidfeldt is a friend of Lloyd George, whom he has known since the early

years of this century. Their friendship survived the bitterness of the great war and flourishes as prosperously as ever.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Duncan Gray.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
Look'd askint and unco skeigh,  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig;  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
Spak o' lowpin ower a linn!

Time and chance are but a tide,  
Slighted love is sair to bide;  
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty hizzie dee?  
She may gae to—France for me!

How it comes let doctors tell,  
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal;  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And O, her een, they spak sic things!

Duncan was a lad o' grace;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Maggie's was a piteous case;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Duncan couldna be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty baith;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't! —Robert Burns.

### The Green Linnet.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread  
Of spring's unclouded weather,  
In this sequestered nook how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
In all this covert of the blest:  
Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion!  
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,  
Presiding Spirit here today,  
Dost lead the revels of the May,  
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,  
Make all one band of paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
Art sole in thy employment;  
A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair,  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,  
Yet seeming still to hover;  
There! where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—  
A Brother of the dancing leaves;  
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves  
Pours forth his song in gushes;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked and treated with disdain  
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes.  
—William Wordsworth.

### The War Song of Dinas Vawr.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter;  
We therefore deemed it meet  
To carry off the latter.  
We made an expedition;  
We met a host, and quelled it;  
We forced a strong position,  
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,  
Where herds of kine were browsing,  
We made a mighty rally  
To furnish our carousing.  
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;  
We met them, and o'erthrew them:  
They struggled hard to beat us;  
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,  
The king marched forth to catch us;  
His rage surpassed all measure,  
But his people could not match us.  
He fled to his hall-pillars;  
And, ere our force we led off,  
Some sacked his house and cellars,  
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,  
Spilt blood enough to swim in:  
We orphaned many children,  
And widowed many women.  
The eagles and the ravens  
We glutted with our foemen;  
The heroes and the cravens,  
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,  
And much their land bemoaned them,  
Two thousand head of cattle,  
And the head of him who owned them:  
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,  
His head was borne before us;  
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,  
And his overthrow, our chorus.  
—Thomas Love Peacock.



## ANOTHER AMERICAN DIARY.

Clare Sheridan Adds Her Quota to the Foreign Gallery of American Impressions

If comparisons are odious, superlatives come in for at least their full share of odium. If we weren't the newest, biggest, richest, loudest, and according to our dearly loved critics, crudest of all countries, it is just possible that every foreign notable would not be called upon to leave to a curious posterity his precise reactions to our unicity. As it is, we must grin and bear our superlative burden alone while other nations come to criticize our dollar-made culture and remain to worship the first half of our formula. Briefly, although we feel that we can not go another American diary of foreign origin—we have no qualms for the home-grown product, as it is one of our native peculiarities, duly recorded by visiting diarists, that we regard the daily mirror of existence askance—we yet know that we will be called upon to read, laurelize, and disseminate perhaps myriad others, of which at least one, Margot's, is already before our satiated mind's eye.

It is perhaps a bit hard on the diarist of today and tomorrow to have to inherit our prejudice against his predecessor of yesterday. But since diarying is not an indispensable trade, and as the finished product is not an essential art, we refuse even to temper our reaction. Clare Sheridan speculates as to the humanness of Americans:

I motored back to Burlingame and hurriedly dressed and arrived extremely late at a dinner party. Wine flowed, and restored my jaded spirits. I looked round the table at the brilliant, cheerful, noisy company and a new thought came to me. I found myself pondering on the high moral standard imposed by the United States. Continually I ask myself this question: "Is the United States more moral than any other country? Are the men and women human, or has legislation and public opinion extinguished the devil that lives in human frames?" I find no answer.

We should like to supply one answer at least—that we are neither so inhuman nor so patient as we look. Even we, O Foreign Diarists, have our reactions.

The latter, however, are not, strictly speaking, the subject of this paper, which purports to be a review of Clare Sheridan's book. To do Mrs. Sheridan justice, she came to this country for a two-fold purpose. Of course, like Margot's, the mainspring of the visit was to make money. But, after all, that is every one's motive. Mrs. Sheridan's secondary though equally legitimate purpose was to sculpt portrait busts of eminent or rich Americans. Unfortunately for both projects, up to the close of "My American Diary" she found that our countrymen were not prone to have their ugliness immortalized in marble. The average great man is not a beauty and is busy. The result is obvious. We hope Mrs. Sheridan turned her attention to our upper-class women, who usually are both beautiful and idle. But she prefers men:

Mr. Liveright took me to lunch at the Dutch Treat Club. I knew nothing about it, nor by whom I was invited—and when we got up to the room in the elevator (we were late), it appeared that I was the only woman, among what seemed to me about seventy men. Had it been seventy women instead of men, I should have gone down in the elevator by which I came up. But I can stand this sort of party every day in the week! They were all very polite and the whole room rose to its feet as I came in.

Her taste is perhaps not strange when you reflect that Clare Sheridan, though considerable of a beauty herself, is one of the women who should have been a man. Six feet in stature, an adventurous disposition, and a genuine passion for work are not the attributes of the feminine woman.

To stop hedging and get back to "My American Diary," Mrs. Sheridan has written a series of slight sketches of the Americans who crossed her path. If the impressions of an unprejudiced visitor are superior to those of an informed one, some of our diarist's should be valuable indeed:

Mr. Liveright, my publisher, fetched me and took me to the Ritz, where we dined with Mr. Pulitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Swope, and Mr. B. M. Baruch. Mr. Pulitzer looks much too young to be the owner of the *World* and has the face of a well-bred Englishman. Mr. Baruch (whose name I mistook for Brooke) has white hair, fine features, and stands 6 feet 4. I gathered from the general conversation that I was talking to some one whom I should have heard of, and as I could think of no distinguished Brooke but Rupert Brooke, the poet, I asked if he was related. And then Mr. Baruch rather reprovingly spelt his name for me. Instantly by a faint glimmer of memory "Wall Street" came to my mind, and I seemed to have heard in London that he was a friend of Winston. He was interesting and unprejudiced.

But it is part of our foreign critics' make-up to consider American affairs not worthy of research till they are to be capitalized as first-hand impressions. Hence this pristine freshness—!

However, it is part of the game that we should know all about our visiting celebrities or else have it recorded against us that Americans are ignorant:

Soukine fetched me for dinner at Countess Gizycka's. Senator Edge took me in to dinner—I was sent in first as the guest of honor. On my other side was Mr. Lowry, whom I had met at tea at Mrs. Hard's. We stumbled in the course of conversation on a mutual friendship with Henry James. It happened by chance, but it was a happy chance. He loved Henry as all Henry's friends did. He nursed him through his last illness. Mr. Lowry had not guessed that I was the Sheridan to whom the best of Henry James' letters were written in the last volume. That tag of Soviet Russia which is tied tightly round my neck had obliterated any idea of my

being any one else! We talked of Rye, and of my own home, and the mention of Brede Place recalled to my vision spring in England, the peace and the remoteness of Sussex; "so far away," as Mr. Lowry said. So far away, indeed, that it seems like another world, and sometimes I wonder if I'll ever get back there.

Speaking of James, Mrs. Sheridan's most interesting story—from the present reviewer's standpoint—is not one of her impressions of current America, but an old story of Henry James that her cousin, Travers Jerome, told her:

He told me rather a sweet story about Henry James, whom he apparently took down to the East Side to show him around. To meet him, he invited Meyer Shonfeld, a Jewish sweatshop operator. He thought Meyer was the most opposite pole to Henry, and that it would be interesting. To Meyer, he said, "Study this man Henry James. He is a de-nationalized American, and I want your opinion of him." Henry, he says, was at his best that night; he, so to speak, threw off his veil, and was, what so seldom happened, the simple unmasked Henry. Afterwards, when they parted, Meyer turned to Travers, and with a glow of enthusiasm, said, "He's a real man! aint he—?" Surely as high a tribute as our beloved Henry ever received.

And probably the second most interesting is the light thrown on the personality of the author's aunt, Lady Randolph Churchill. Mrs. Sheridan received the sad news of Lady Churchill's death while she was sojourning in Mexico. All the world knows Lady Churchill, and the bits of intimate history that Clare Sheridan records in her diary are of interest to every one. Lady Churchill had played the rôle of foster-mother to her niece, whose tribute to her revered relative is as follows:

She had the rarest qualities, and the largest heart, which made her lovable. She was "worldly-wise," yet neither wise nor worldly. She loved passionately and generously as her heart dictated, and always she gave out more than she received. She married three times, and twice in a wayward and unworldly fashion. Partly what I am today is the result of her early influence. I used to admire and love her in a rather awe-struck way when I was a child, and when I was seventeen I believed she could do no wrong. Her judgment seemed to me infallible. In those days we lived exactly opposite, in great Cumberland Place, London, and I used to sit with her every morning and while she dressed I was made to read the leading articles in the *Times*. I was very shy, having ran wild for years in Ireland. Aunt Jennie took the raw and untamed girl, taught her how to do her hair; made her put on her clothes with care, and scolded her into a civilized woman. She used to say to me: "While you are dressing, put your mind to it, and do the best you can with yourself. After that, never give your appearance another thought." She would scold me unmercifully if I did not make an effort to talk to whatever man I sat next to at luncheon or dinner: "Remember you are asked, not for your amusement, but to contribute something to the party. . . ." The letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son were as nothing compared to the worldly advice of Jennie Churchill to her niece.

Mrs. Sheridan had, it seems, heard about Mr. Hearst and was panting to record her impressions of our most-talked-of publisher. Up to date, however, she was disappointed and could give us only the benefit of the diffused rays of his satellites:

We talked about the absent Mr. Hearst, whom I realize is a great storm centre in this country. I must meet him before my curiosity can be allayed. I want to get my own impression of him. Russia has taught me that individuals are not as the world says they are. Mrs. Hearst, who is very pretty, was treated like a queen. Men sat on the floor at her feet, admiringly, and social reformers sat at her elbow beseechingly, and she smiled and assented, and listened and promised, and did all that a perfectly good queen should do, and like a perfectly real queen, jewel crowned, she arose and left before any one else. But not without my telephone number and address. Mr. Brisbane eventually dropped me home in his car, he, too, promised, in the name of the queen, that I should meet Hearst, and maybe—who knows?

Occasionally, Mrs. Sheridan's Soviet soul bursts forth in socialistic indignation. She resents the fact that the Morgans do not throw open their home to the public on certain days. The idea is evidently that so much that is rich and rare should not be kept for the delectation of a few while the many are thirsting to refresh their eyes with the genuine Botticellis, Cellinis, and Michael Angelos. A noble thought, but one can not help sympathizing with the Morgans in not wishing to take the final step towards converting their home into a museum:

Mrs. Morgan and her daughter and son were there, the mother looked like their sister. The atmosphere of restraint and politeness among themselves gave one the impression of being with Austrian royals.

Florie Grenfell took me over the library. It is a wonderful place, and inconceivable that it is a private possession. Everything is arranged and labeled as though it were a public museum. Even the bibelots have their labels, and the smallest thing on a shelf is a priceless work of art. There was a little bronze Benvenuto Cellini, a Michael Angelo baby head, a Botticelli on an easel—etc., etc. I asked if the place were open certain days of the week to the public, but was told no.

Later, on being told that the police had ceased to hold themselves responsible for Mr. Morgan's life, Mrs. Sheridan reflects that if he "metaphorically shook hands with the world, he'd be as safe as, for instance, our Prince of Wales." She overlooks the fact that by shooting the Prince of Wales the assassin merely creates another heir to the throne. Whereas killing Mr. Morgan does not duplicate Mr. Morgan. It is a less thankless job than the hypothetical murder of the prince.

Even more than Mr. Hearst, Mrs. Sheridan wished to meet Charlie Chaplin, and here at least luck was with her. Her other impressions of Hollywood are practically submerged by Charlie and rumors of Charlie:

I dined, a small party, at the house of Gouverneur Morris. We had a Chinese dinner, especially prepared by his Chinese

cook. All through dinner the conversation was of Charlie Chaplin, his looks, his individuality, incidents in their friendship, and what I had missed. Never a word of criticism did I hear, every one talked of him with appreciation and affection, almost with pride. He had talked of me, they said. He had distributed "Mayfair to Moscow" among his friends, and most people thought we knew one another intimately. Finally I found myself, too, calling him "Charlie." . . . I feel like one who does not personally know the great, but know some one who does and writes home about it! After dinner we left the men, and went on a voyage of exploration round the house, which is bungalow in type, and very attractive and then in the bathroom we paused to powder our noses. In the bathroom we remained, three of us, perched on the baths' edge, forgot the men, and drifted into conversation which was all absorbing.

Of the same party she did record one non-Charlie impression:

One girl was a film actress with bobbed straight glossy henna hair. Her face was much made up, her mouth might have been of any other design than the painted one. She was decorative and futuristic and I liked looking at her. She intrigued me. The other girl was a vivacious and restless continuity-writer. Both were very young. They talked unreservedly about their love affairs, and I listened enraptured, as to a story of De Maupassant. In the end we were agreed that marriage would spoil everything and then the men, impatient of our absence, came and banged upon the bathroom door.

However, Charlie himself is the main interest in the Hollywood sojourn:

When he asked me about my work in this country, I explained that the United States had made of me a writer instead of a sculptor, and I told him my view of the American man who is so modest that he thinks it is a vanity to have his bust done.

"He does not mind having his portrait painted," I said, "he has grown accustomed to the idea. But he exaggerates the importance of a portrait bust. In fact he is quite unsimple, in his point of view, almost self-conscious—" and Charlie, looking at me half shyly, half humorously, as he sat tucked away in a sofa corner, under the light of the lamp: "I'm vain!" he said—"Thank goodness!" I said. And so we fixed it right away—that I will linger here until his bust is done.

On the way back to Hollywood Hotel, where he dropped me in his car, we had a discussion on marriage. He has the chivalry, and the instinct to protect, I maintained my fanaticism of freedom.

He is a strange little man with a great big soul. He made me think of Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley, in which he said that Shelley tired not so much of a woman's arms, as of her soul. It seemed to me that it was more a spiritual than a physical companionship that Charlie is subconsciously searching for, in his heart.

Our diarist had at last secured an order for a bust, and what was a greater event, succeeded in getting Charlie to sit for it without more ado:

Three whole days I have worked on that bust, with a concentration of effort that is exhausting. It is finished—I feel tonight the elation of a girl out of school. Moreover, I can sleep without the anxiety due to an unfinished work. Charlie is pleased, and I—well, I am never satisfied, but I am conscious of having accomplished my best. His friends who know his restless and capricious nature are surprised that he gave me those three whole days. I was fortunate, of course, in meeting him immediately upon his return, before he was reëngulfed in work. Moreover, with some perception, I planted myself with my materials in his house, and as I wanted him bare throated I begged him not to dress. A man in pajamas and dressing-gown does not suddenly get a notion to order his motor and go off to some place. I had him fairly anchored. Nevertheless he has been difficult to do. There is so much subtlety in the face, and sensitiveness, and all his varying personalities arrayed themselves before me, and had to be embodied into one interpretation.

Charlie would get down from the model stand and observe the progress through half-closed eyes. Once he said: "I wish this was not me, so that I could admire it as I please. I find him very interesting, this fellow you have made!"

We are grateful to Mrs. Sheridan for the scraps of Chaplin philosophy of which the following is typical:

He was trying to tell me what he thought was the ultimate aim of all our effort. He maintained that no artist would do great work until all petty ambition was obliterated.

"There must be no dreams of posterity, of immortality, no desire for admiration, for after all what are these worth . . . at best 1000 years hence people might walk round your immortal stone and say—it certainly is beautiful; yes, it is wonderful—(and Charlie acted the part)—Who did you say did it? Clare Sheridan 950 years ago—"and then," said Charlie, "in five minutes they will be saying, 'Where is that motor, I told him to be back in thirty-five minutes'—"—There is nothing, he said, so beautiful, that will make people forget their eggs and bacon for breakfast—as for admiration of the world—it's not worth anything—there is in the end but oneself to please—"You make something because it means something to you. You work, because you have a superabundance of vital energy, you find that not only you can make children but you can express yourself in other ways—in the end it is you—all you—your work, your thought, your conception of the beautiful, yours the happiness—yours the satisfaction; be brave enough to face the veil, and lift it, and see and know the void it hides, and stand before that void and know that within yourself is your world—"

Press agents may bellow the contrary to the winds, but the fact remains that "there is in the end but oneself to please." In so far as Mrs. Sheridan is a genuine advocate of this creed of the true artist, we admire her work, her energy, and her aims. But with all due respect to her ability as a sculptor and her native artistic temperament, we wish she would leave books to the professional writer. She says that America has made a writer of her. Even America is not that omnipotent. Why is it that of all the arts writing alone is thought to need no training? Any one can write is the average opinion. Mrs. Sheridan has a bright, chatty manner that will insure her readers, beyond a doubt. But her book is practically formless and the style is hectically feminine—the letter-writing style of the cultured lady. It is high time some one started a campaign against homebrew literature.

MY AMERICAN DIARY. By Clare Sheridan. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 22, 1922, were \$140,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$125,800,000; an increase of \$14,800,000.

Activity on the advance or on the decline has always been taken, in commodity as well as security markets, to indicate confirmation of the prevailing trend. That is why the active buying of steel, which came into the market following the advances made in the price sheets of the independent steel companies and followed by the United States

appear to be headed for higher prices over the next year or two. Steel bonds, despite the acute depression throughout the industry, have held very well all through the bear market in steel stocks, because it was well recognized that steel companies have laid away substantial amounts of surplus earnings out of their large war profits and that the mortgage securities of these concerns had little to fear from several months of bad business. And, now that the industry is again on the upgrade, the position of these bonds is rendered doubly secure.

In addition to their well-bulwarked position, most of these securities are protected by sinking funds which operate to reduce the floating supply; and many of them are redeemable at substantial premiums.

This latter feature has particularly interesting possibilities in the case of bonds of Steel Corporation subsidiaries. At the close of 1921, the Steel Corporation had cash and marketable securities of \$255,243,997, as compared without \$64,000,000 in 1914. At the same time net working capital has increased from \$227,000,000 to \$485,182,775. It would seem that the corporation is now in a position where it might be good policy to retire some of the subsidiary bonds out of surplus quick assets which may not for a time find full employment in the ordinary channels of its business.

Illinois Steel debenture 4½s and Indiana Steel first 5s are callable at 105 and interest. Both these issues are guaranteed unconditionally as to principal and interest by the Steel Corporation. They are substantial investments. The Steel Corporation second lien, sinking fund 5s are redeemable at 110 and interest, which is rather too high to permit of hopes of redemption *en bloc*. They have always been given a high investment rating, however, and in the past it has been the policy of the corporation to regularly invest its surplus funds in these securities.

The Bethlehem Steel Company first and refunding 5s, which may now be bought to return 5.4 per cent., were part of the pre-war funded debt, and they are now very strongly secured by earning power and physical property. They are a mortgage upon the entire property, now owned or hereafter acquired (except a few parcels of real estate), subject to the purchase money 6s and the first extension 5s. They are guaranteed principal and interest by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

Colorado Fuel & Iron has gradually been getting its properties into better condition, and this process has been helped considerably by the conservative dividend policy of its directors. The general 5s, of which only \$5,160,000 are outstanding, are secured by a mortgage on the entire property, and are redeemable at 105 and interest on any February 1st for the sinking fund.

The Lackawanna Steel Company has reduced its funded debt, including that of subsidiaries, nearly \$20,000,000 since 1914, placing the outstanding securities in a much stronger position than before the war. In 1920, bond interest was earned nearly five times over. The conversion privilege formerly carried by consolidated 5s of 1950 expired last February. These bonds are a direct obligation of the company, secured by a first mortgage on the manufacturing plant at Lackawanna, New York, subject to the first 5s. They are also a first lien on the capital stock of the Ellsworth Collieries and a second lien on about 90 per cent. of the capital stock of the Lackawanna Iron & Steel Company of Pennsylvania, and other stocks.

The Midvale Steel convertible sinking fund 5s are a direct obligation of the company, secured by deposit of all the capital stock of the Cambria Steel Company acquired or to be acquired. The conversion privilege is not attractive. Midvale has developed a rather substantial earning power under normal conditions and has built up a large profit and loss surplus out of earnings of the past six years. Total interest charges were earned fully five and one-half times over in 1920.

Republic Iron & Steel sinking fund 5s are the only mortgage security of the Republic Iron & Steel Company, with the exception of a small amount of subsidiary company bonds outstanding. They are a first mortgage on all its property now owned or hereafter acquired, being subject to only \$234,000 bonds of the Martin & Paine Coal Company. It is provided in the mortgage that the net quick assets shall at all times equal at least 40 per cent. of the amount of bonds outstanding.

Business conditions in California in 1921 are accurately reflected in the annual report of the Western Pacific Railroad Company, which has just been issued.

During the year the company had a revenue of \$8,974,264 from freight traffic, a decrease of 25.39 per cent., and a revenue from passengers of \$2,324,507, a decrease of 13.83 per cent., compared with 1920. The actual surplus from operations was \$486,083. Taxes were \$1,230,981 and much heavier than in preceding years.

President C. M. Levey in his report says: "The decrease in freight revenue is largely due to widespread business depression; to the heavy arrivals by water of foreign coal at San Francisco, and to Panama Canal competition. With the transcontinental railroads the Panama Canal competition is an exceedingly important factor, as the rail lines are subjected to unregulated competition by steamers. Under existing laws, rail-borne traffic between the states is under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but the water-borne traffic between the same states is wholly unregulated."

President Levey is optimistic as to the future, declaring that the 1922 outlook is better. The Western Pacific added materially to its trackage and facilities in 1921, among the principal additions and betterments being the following:

Niles-San Jose line completed.

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as stocks, multiply rapidly as prices rise. Those who were holding off for lower prices six months ago are likely now to bid against each other for the filling of needs that have been allowed to become pressing.

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over 350,000 tons for the first of this month, as compared with the first of March, is the one real sign of this nature that the steel industry is coming back nicely in this country, and it is not surprising that the figures were





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greeted with an outburst of buying among the steel stocks. The big steel men in this country are finally satisfied that their previous fears as to the prospects of foreign, and especially German, competition were not exactly well founded. It is not that the plants and the men and the ability are lacking in Germany, but it is the fact that raw materials are not abundant that would appear to prevent German competition being seriously felt in this country, and perhaps even in most

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competitive markets abroad. There has been such a dearth in the last few years in railroad buying and in building operations that business from these sources should increase immensely during 1922.

The steel companies that piled up nothing but deficits last year should now be able to make a more satisfactory showing. There is reason to believe that the merger plans among various independent concerns will be consummated, and, of course, in this general connection there would be furious speculation in

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the related shares. Already one combination has been effected, Replogle Steel having taken over Empire Steel and Iron, which will at once place Replogle in position to do something more than a banking business.

The spectacle of advancing prices throughout the list has naturally encouraged a great increase in the buying demand on the part of the public. Investors and speculators are coming back into the market in a manner most agreeable to brokers, who have put in some pretty hard years. Certainly the "million-share" days would naturally lead the bear element to feel that the market was overdue for a big reaction, and whenever any weak spots appear there will be plenty of bears ready to attack the market. However, it is possible that not for long months past have there been so many buying orders under the market here and there, placed by the outside public and by large interests who seem to be willing to continue their accumulations of securities that promise well in the future.

Our railroads have demonstrated in the main their ability to curtail expenses to such an extent as to permit of very liberal increase in net earnings, notwithstanding gross earnings have been showing declines, and this, of course, encourages holders of such securities to the belief that not only their dividends are secure, but that many rails not now on the dividend-paying list will within the next year or so be reinstated as paying securities.

So far as public utilities are concerned, they have shown remarkable recuperative powers. Their costs of operation have been coming down and their earnings and their gross business have been increasing in general with more prosperous business conditions. There are a great many public utilities that offer excellent opportunities for long-pull investment and speculation.—*The Trader.*

The annual meeting of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company was held at headquarters in San Francisco, April 11th. The outgoing directors were reelected and at a subsequent meeting all the officers, headed by W. E. Creed.

Features of the meeting were reports of Vice-President and General Manager John A. Britton and Second Vice-President and Treasurer A. F. Hockenbeamer. Some of the salient points of Britton's report were:

The company's operations now embrace thirty-six counties of Northern California, supplying a territory containing an estimated population of 2,000,000. The number of consumers served is 598,969, representing a gain of 29,610 above the total for the preceding year. The annual expenditure in the state for materials, salaries, dividends, and bond interest amounts to upwards of thirty million dollars. It employs 8213 men and women. The total payroll for 1921 was over \$13,000,000.

The operating revenues from all depart-

ments for the year 1921 totaled \$36,933,474, of which 61 per cent. was derived from electric sales, 34 per cent. from gas sales, and the remaining 5 per cent. from water, steam, and street railway operations. Operating revenues increased \$2,457,514 over the year 1920. Operating expenses amounted to \$27,348,162, distributed as follows: Labor, \$8,464,590; fuel oil, \$6,611,716; power purchased, materials and supplies and miscellaneous, \$4,456,817; taxes, \$3,265,895; rentals for lease of other plant, \$950,066; reserve for casualty and uncollectible accounts, \$530,000; reserve for depreciation, \$3,069,078. Operating expenses increased \$1,102,220 over 1920.

The gross expenditures for additions and betterments during 1921, not including the leased properties of the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company, amounted to \$18,651,563. Important units of construction work completed last year were: Steam electric plants—Oakland, 16,756 horsepower; hydroelectric plants—Spring Gap, Tuolumne County, 10,056 horsepower; Hat Creek, Shasta County (two plants), 33,512 horsepower. One hundred and sixty miles of high-tension transmission line were completed and put in operation.

High-pressure gas mains were placed in service from Sacramento to Woodland and from San Jose to Los Gatos. Good progress was made on the first large unit of the Pit River development, which is scheduled for completion on September 1, 1922, and will provide an additional 94,000 horsepower.

The Equitable Eastern Banking Corporation in its statement of condition at the close of business March 30, 1922, shows undivided profits of \$307,320.38, with total capital, surplus, and undivided profits figured at \$2,807,320.38. The Equitable Eastern Banking Corporation, a subsidiary of the Equitable Trust Company of New York, was organized in December, 1920, for the purpose of developing the Far Eastern business then being done by the Equitable Trust Company. It has offices at 37 Wall Street, New York, and at 1 Kiu-kiang Road, Shanghai.

Blair & Co., Inc., announce the removal of their San Francisco office to 433 California Street, mezzanine floor of the Insurance Exchange Building. Blair & Co. have one of the largest branch organizations in San Francisco of any of the large New York investment banking houses.

The American National Bank has on exhibition the celebrated Persian rug that was placed beneath the Liberty Bell at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The rug is the property of Thomas H. Kullujian, and is the subject of some romantic stories, among the rest that it was owned by several Shahs of Persia, one of whom presented it to a



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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

April, the supposed anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, has brought forth the usual bloom of fresh research and the usual burst of interest in Elizabethan affairs. At least two books have been published with direct reference to the date. One appears in the Duffield series, "Master Spirits of Literature," and is a popular life of the Bard of Avon by Raymond M. Alden, professor of

English in Stanford University. The other, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, is an unusual little book called "A Glance Toward Shakespeare," by John Jay Chapman.

Professor Alden's book, "Shakespeare," is of the handbook reference variety. It would make an excellent text for a Freshman or Sophomore Shakespeare course. That is to say, it is thorough and authentic and has the classified form of a text-book or a doctor's thesis. The age of Shakespeare is a valuable summary that any reader may be grateful for, and is in fact the most brilliant chapter of the book. For the rest it is a clearly written "life" that separates the wheat from the chaff and bulks its finds conveniently under definitive headings.

Mr. Chapman, in his cursory "Glance Toward Shakespeare," has played about his subject, darting here and there and occasionally scaling the heights with the insouciance of acrobacy. And like the sure-footed artist of the tight-rope, Mr. Chapman stops at will to execute an original flourish that leaves one breathless with admiration. He is concerned, for instance, about our modern inability to keep step with Shakespeare's light prancing measures. We are too heavy. Says Mr. Chapman apropos of a modern Shakespeare production: "Where poetry, foolery, and philosophy meet, as they do in these sylvan scenes—all of them tinged with a world that has long ago disappeared—we are like burglars dancing a minuet." However, elsewhere, viewing Elizabethan drama from another angle, Mr. Chapman opines that only the most ardent student of today would care to attend a genuine Shakespeare performance. His logical reconstruction of such an event is a practically sceneless piece in which the actors streamed across the stage, reciting their lines at a normal speaking rate. Our author argues that this must have been so because of the extreme length of many of the plays. And it is a rational supposition in view of the fact that English stagecraft was in its infancy. Nor was it a coincidence that the greatest dramas were produced in that primitive era. They were great—in our opinion—because they were free—untrammelled by tradition. The precise reason why no successor to Shakespeare has been so great is because he was paralyzed by Shakespeare's greatness.

In this opinion, however, we run counter to Mr. Chapman, who holds that English literature owes its greatness to its inspiration by the dramatist from Stratford and that we are now in grave danger of losing that inspiration with the downfall of the Shakespearean tradition, which, by the way, was at its height in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It is to those eras that we must turn for the rejuvenation of dramatic art, according to our author. Kemble and Garrick and Siddons may have acted Shakespeare as it has never been acted before or since, but it is not by exhuming the mummies of their art that we can recreate another. And though the cult of Shakespeare has undoubtedly been responsible for English culture, it has not been the source of English masterpieces. These rare phenomena have flourished rather in spite of the Shakespearean blast. And though the Bard has indubitably influenced the course of English letters it has been a malignant influence. For our native muse has been rather in the position of a precocious genius, who, having shot his bolt at twenty, fears to write more lest he dim his too early and too easily won laurels.

Aside from his theory of the indispensability of tradition—and tradition is essential, but unfortunately Anglo-Saxons have had an overdose of the precious essence—we cordially concur with Mr. Chapman's finds. Among the most amusing is his disquisition to the effect that Shakespeare could not draw a villain. Another happy flourish is this: "They are gay people, the English, and except when they try to be clever, are the cleverest people in the world"—a *mot* that we wickedly hope comes to the attention of Mr. Chesterton, whose cleverness is spoiled for the discerning—among whom we class ourselves—by its self-consciousness, which in turn is extraordinarily English.

A summary of these proportions is literally inadequate to suggest the real wealth in Mr. Chapman's paper. His 115 pages of synthetic criticism defy further condensation, and one can only refer the curious to "A Glance Toward Shakespeare," whose cleverness and refreshing discernment will reward alike the most wearied student of literature and the most casual reader.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Louis Joseph Vance was a husband at eighteen and a father at twenty; so he felt that it behooved him to augment his salary—that of a clerk in a New York telephone office—by writing a novel. He mapped out a plan by which he wrote fifteen hundred words nightly. He finished his novel on schedule time and took it to *Munsey's Magazine*, where it was accepted. Then he resigned his tele-

phone job and methodically set about to become a professional writer. His latest novel, "Linda Lee, Incorporated," purports to give an inside picture of motion-picture life in Hollywood. Mr. Vance writes from first-hand knowledge of the moving-picture world.

M. André Maurois, the witty author of "The Silences of Colonel Bramble" and "General Bramble," is a cloth manufacturer at Elbœuf.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who is a brother of Sir Philip Gibbs and Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs, has written a new novel entitled "The Rustle of Silk."

A new volume is appearing in the Cambridge Historical Series—a history of Holland. This means that the historical studies published in this series, and which were held up by the war, are again being pursued. Sir George W. Prothero is the editor of the Cambridge Historical Series and the brother of Lord Ernle, who was Mr. Rowland Prothero, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, before he was entitled. Sir George Prothero succeeded him as editor of the *Quarterly*.

The country house in the Kent village of Downe, near Orpington, where Charles Darwin lived is being offered for sale. It was thither, the *London Daily Chronicle* says, that Gladstone walked with Sir John Lubbock and the future Viscount Morley on a memorable Sunday afternoon recorded in Morley's "Life of Gladstone." Morley refers to Darwin's humble sense of the honor of this visit.

The Princeton University Press has recently published a fourth and revised edition of "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men," by Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of biology in Princeton University. This is the eighth printing of the book since its appearance in 1915.

Edgar Lee Masters' new book, "Children of the Market Place," besides being a novel is a study of this country of the years of 1833 to 1900. It is written in the form of an imaginary autobiography—the supposed reminiscences of an American pioneer.

Dean Inge, famous English churchman, and one of the subjects of "Painted Windows," the Gentleman with the Duster's new book, writes as follows in a review of the English edition: "The Gentleman with the Duster has exaggerated my intellectual even more than my physical stature, which is known to the police (for passport purposes, I hasten to add) as 5 feet 10 inches. He is very impolite about my clothes, most of which were manufactured by a competent clerical tailor as recently as 1913."

Another convention is shortly to be staged at Washington, this time one of American booksellers. Price standardization is to be one of the outstanding features for discussion at the forthcoming meeting, beginning May

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8th. The chief speaker on the subject will be Representative M. Clyde Kelly, one of the sponsors of the Stevens-Kelly bill, which is now being discussed by Congress. The Stevens-Kelly Price Maintenance Bill is of vital interest and importance to booksellers and publishers; it is being supported by practically every national commercial body in the country. More booksellers are expected to attend the convention this year than ever before.

From "Medieval Contributions to Civilization," by Hearnshaw and others, just published by Holt: "In the thirteenth century Pierre Dubois, a French lawyer, was foreshadowing the modern medical missionary by suggesting that women should be taught languages, surgery, medicine, and the rubrics and canons of the church, as a preliminary to work in the East. It is only fair to add that Pierre Dubois' ends were more medieval than his means. He wanted to recover the Holy Land. His women doctors were to marry intelligent infidels or schismatics, cure their bodily diseases first, and then take advantage of their gratitude to wheedle them out of their theological errors." Surely an infallible and original method!

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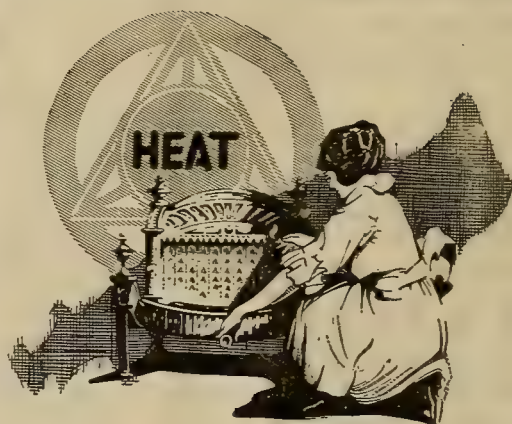
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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Esther and Bernice.

When an eminent author chooses to translate a foreign masterpiece rather than produce one himself, there is something pleasing in his modesty. There is interest also in the comparison he invites between his own qualities and those of his model, and in the disclosure of his literary preferences. But one is also led to suspect, fairly or not, that the springs of his creative impulse are running dry.

The reason for this may be that although many great author have applied themselves to translation, they have been writers of a more imitative and formal bent than Mr. Masfield. Among the high originators of thought and emotion few have cared to spend their gifts on mere "rendition." They have had too much of their own to say. And Mr. Masfield belongs with them rather than with the refashioners, decorators, polishers, or whatever one chooses to call those who are mainly preoccupied with perfection of form.

In fact, form and Mr. Masfield have generally been on rather uneasy terms. Some of his greatest things have been done in a kind of impetuous intolerance of formalism—"The Dauber," for example. But like most writers of a headlong temperament he has a profound respect for the quality least natural to him and has at times addressed himself to acquiring it.

It was this, perhaps, no less than his flair for braveries of action and high color that at-

tracted him into the drama, and it is this that bars him from entire success in that art. As regards construction, his plays often give an impression of laborious artifice relieved by a rebellious and irrepressible beauty. Only in the "Tragedy of Nan" are form and emotion fused in a fluid harmony which, despite its tinge of melodrama, approaches, in its rhythmic, fatal progression, the finest product of Greek drama.

We do not pretend to fathom how this happened. His failure in other similar attempts is not enlightening. But his success here may have helped lure him toward more distinctively classical austerities, as in the present translations from Racine.

If these are to be followed, as seems not unlikely, by creative attempts in a style nearer the classical model than "Pompey the Great," it will be apparent that Mr. Masfield has mistaken his great but peculiar powers. At any rate "Esther" is a mistake. It has a certain fine, clear coldness, more or less appropriate to Racine, but there are a great many authors who could have done this as well as Mr. Masfield, without hoping to rival him in his own field. As a matter of fact, they might have done it a great deal better. For, being a pronounced "original," Mr. Masfield is almost stiltedly the reverse under discipline.

Had he been less bemused by the high dignity of Racine in the story of Esther and Ahasuerus, and had he chosen rather to present the biblical story in a passionate and homelike version of his own, the result would have been worthier of commendation than anything in this volume.

ESTHER AND BERNICE: TWO PLAYS. By John Masfield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

More Jataka Tales.

The first volume of these tales, retold by Miss Babbitt from the translations of the original Sanskrit, which were made by the Guild of Jataka Translators, proved to be so popular as to suggest another volume. The new stories are in the same mood as the earlier ones and are supposed to refer to former incarnations of Buddha, the cleverest or most virtuous animal or person in each of the stories being a reincarnation of the Master, while the entire collection is regarded as sacred Buddhist lore. Despite its religious significance, which is only of curious interest to Western readers, these folk tales are as appropriate for young children as the juvenile versions of Aesop's fables, which they strongly resemble. They will also remind youngsters in their story interest of the Uncle Remus yarns. On the other hand, the philosophic depths of these Eastern fables, which are regarded as the oldest collection of folklore extant, and their classic simplicity will recommend them to adult readers. The new book, like its predecessor, is illustrated by the quaint silhouettes of Ellsworth Young.

MORE JATAKA TALES. By Ellen C. Babbitt. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25.

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New Books Received.

THE POETIC MIND. By F. C. Prescott. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A definition of the relation of literary composition to dreams, reveries, and subconscious states.

THE NEW HEAVENS. By George Ellery Hale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A summary of the latest achievements in astronomy for the general reader.

SONGS OUT OF DOORS. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

THE ISLAND CURE. By Grace Blanchard. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

A novel.

A MAN OF PURPOSE. By Donald Richberg. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

NEW VIEWPOINTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Arthur Meyer Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A study in American history.

THE SCARLET TANGIER. By J. Aubrey Tyson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

"Q." By Katharine Newlin Burt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE IRON MAN IN INDUSTRY. By Arthur Pound. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.75.

An outline of the social significance of automatic machinery.

THE ISLE OF SEVEN MOONS. By Robert Gordon Anderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90.

"A romance of untrodden shores and uncharted seas."

SERGEANT YORK AND HIS PEOPLE. By Sam K. Cowan. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; \$2.

Biography.

LINDA LEE, INCORPORATED. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A story of Hollywood.

MEETING YOUR CHILD'S PROBLEMS. By Miriam Finn Scott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

On the handling of children.

THE RUSTLE OF SILK. By Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.90.

A novel of post-war conditions.

BLACKY THE CROW. By Thornton Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

For boys and girls from four to twelve.

'PON-A-TIME TALES. By Richard A. Clarke. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.

For boys and girls from six to ten.

TED AND THE TELEPHONE. By Sara Ware Bassett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.65.

For boys fourteen and upwards.

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25.

More plays for children.

MORE JATAKA TALES. Retold by Ellen C. Babbitt. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25.

From the oldest collection of folklore extant.

THE BLUE CIRCLE. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.

A mystery story.

SHOE-BAR STRATTON. By Joseph B. Ames. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A Western novel.

THE TRUTH ABOUT VIOGOLLES. By Albert Kinross. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.

Short stories having a central figure in common.

THE STORY OF THE IRISH NATION. By Francis Hackett. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50.

A narrative history from Gaelic Ireland to the beginnings of the Free State.

THE STORY OF DRUGS. By Henry C. Fuller. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

A popular exposition of their origin, preparation, and commercial importance.

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE. By Durant Drake. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

TIMBER. By Harold Titus. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel of conservation.

LESTER F. WARD. By Emily Palmer Cape. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

A personal sketch.

THE WRECK HUNTERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

An adventure story for boys.

Where Kipling Wrote "The Light That Failed."

Thirty years make few changes in a London street, and Villiers Street running down to the Thames past the smoke-smudged walls of Charing Cross Railway Station is much the same as when Rudyard Kipling lived in Number 19, the Embankment Chambers, and struggled for recognition from the London editors, says Arthur Bartlett Maurice in "Literary Pilgrimages" in the New York Herald. The third floor rooms in the Embankment Chambers where Kipling worked in his early twenties are the scene of nearly all the stories with a London background that he has written.

"For example, 'The Light That Failed.' The rooms shared by Torpenhow and Dick Helder were Kipling's own rooms. From the doorway of No. 19 poor Dick, stricken with blindness, groped down to the water's edge for the sense of the Thames' damp and the feel of the ships that wafted to his nostrils the pungent smells of the East. Lying across that doorway, Torpenhow first found Bessie



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AT ALL DEALERS

SHASTA WATER COMPANY

Broke, the little street girl from 'south o' the river,' who fell in love with him, and revenged herself on Dick for his interference by scraping away the face of the Melancholia. On a table of the Kipling rooms in the Embankment Chambers, Charlie Mears, of 'The Finest Story in the World,' scrawled the words, meaningless to him, that told of the agony of the galley slave. The very table once had being. Kipling had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On the table he had graved the words: 'Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee'—the motto which the galley slave carved upon his oar."

In one of the "Letters to Lithopolis," the de luxe, numbered edition of O. Henry's letters to Miss Mabel Wagnalls, which Doubleday, Page & Co. have just published, the storyteller sets down his autobiography thus: "Texas Cowboy. Lazy. Thought writing stories might be easier than 'busting' broncos. Came to New York one year ago to earn bread, butter, jam, and possibly asparagus that way. Last week loaned an editor \$20. Please pardon the intrusion of finances, but I regard the transaction as an imperishable bay. Very few story writers have done that. Not many of them have the money. By the time they get it they know better."

A system of wireless communication is to be used to assist in breaking up rum running over the Canadian border into Michigan.

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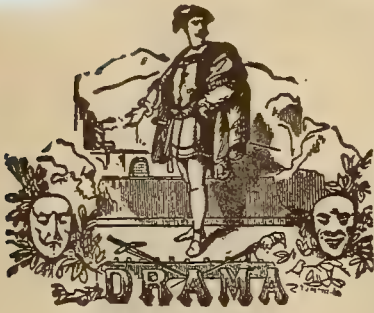
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Thus a paramount San Francisco problem is being solved in an epoch-making way because those with whom its solution rests have placed the interests of their City above all other considerations.





"WILD BIRDS."

I have an idea that the experiment of the Greek Players in coming on this side to give a play in their repertoire was not financially successful; which would be more of a reproach to San Franciscans if they had employed more publicity.

What they came over to give was "Wild Birds," the prize play by Dan Totheroh, with which the young San Francisco playwright won the \$300 prize in the play competition instituted by the Greek Theatre.

Mr. Totheroh's work is so meritorious that we San Franciscans may be rather proud of him, as the competition was open to all Californians. But we may hope, perhaps, too, that the visit of the Greek Players may be repeated on other occasions, as our acquaintanceship with their work we would not willingly permit to lapse. San Francisco is not so favorable an atmosphere to their line of work as Berkeley, and therefore it would depend on the hospitality of a comparatively limited number here; but that number should bestir themselves, on the occasion of any future visits, and not lose something really worth while.

"Wild Birds" is a tragedy founded on the ignorance and cruelty of human nature; for ignorance makes cruelty, where it does not already exist. It is a play eminently of its own time; this epoch in the phase of development of the drama in which gifted young men and women are playing an active part in pouring a bright illumination on those dusty, shadowy places in life which heretofore the dramatist and the fictionist have been chary of touching.

For the "Wild Birds" stand for youth at its springtime; the mating season when nature makes love spring involuntarily in young hearts.

In his "Wild Birds" Mr. Totheroh has depicted two young, actually innocent, pure-hearted adolescents on a lonely Middle West farm. They are waifs and strays; the girl an orphan working her way, the boy a refugee from a reform school whence horror had driven him to flight. Thus the two wild birds are trapped by a cruel hand, for the Slags are hard, even venomous taskmasters.

Mr. Totheroh's aim is to show the sort of ferocity of suspicion with which safely married folk, forgetting their own youth and its dumb yet normal yearnings for comradeship and love, view the inevitable veering together of the young and tender.

Mazie and Adam are little more than children; but she is seventeen when in her real loneliness the gentle, timid youth arrives and shares her labors. And the author has struck a vein of real pathos in his depiction of the character of Adam, who belongs to the pure in heart, but who, in the horror of his recollections of the reform school, believes because he has heard and seen and perhaps tentatively touched the pitch there that he has been hopelessly defiled.

The irresistible instinct which impels these two young creatures to grope blindly towards

each other reminds one of Wedekind's "The Awakening." But Wedekind had no real tenderness toward humanity, and the author of this play is more gentle and pitiful toward his "wild birds."

His sternness—for the young author has the air of indicting humanity for its hypocritical attitude toward instinctive love at the mating age—is perhaps too extreme. Adam, who was really a humble Parsifal, sought to enshrine little Mazie in the sheltering niche of marriage. But the fierce, intolerable scorn of the Slags, and the savage eloquence of a stranger-preacher who dealt out fire and brimstone with truculent delight, are scarcely typical of the attitude of the world toward young lovers who would legitimately mate. It is in the later phases of the tragedy that we realize with sympathy that the world does sometimes regard as transgressors the sinless who are actually sinned against.

Mr. Totheroh has worked out his tragedy with a sort of stark simplicity. The two waifs are barefoot, the youth is ragged, and all the characters are in calico and jeans. Life is down to its primitive elements; a bare struggle for subsistence.

The dialogue is terse. No flowers of fancy grow in that prairie settlement except in the wistful hearts of the youthful pair. The adventitious aids to the gradual growth of the sad drama are effectively brought in; Corie's wedding, the coming of full springtime, the emotionally inciting fancies of crazy Sandy, another "wild bird," old, now, and doomed to ignorantly cruel long imprisonments in the farm buildings to restrain him from his aimless wanderings, but, during his occasional escapes, recalling to the simple pair his strange adventures in the fields and forests that the poor wretch had so loved.

"Wild Birds" will have to begin its career in "little theatres" in order to make its way. The managers of commercial theatres would shake in their shoes at the mere sight of it. But sometimes these plays built on fundamental human nature will insist on going forward. We must not forget that Eugene O'Neill—who, by the way, was one of the judges in the prize play contest—is at present one of the most eminent, if not the most eminent, of our young native dramatists. His plays were first heard in the little theatres, until by mere natural momentum they forced their way to Broadway, where three of them are now running simultaneously.

Although Mr. Totheroh's is a gentler muse, the O'Neill influence is evident in "Wild Birds." Not that the Californian has been imitating the New Yorker, but from Eugene O'Neill's success he has, in common with other young playwrights, gained the courage to be true to his conviction of what constitutes real drama.

It is fortunate for the Californian that he has so molded his drama as to allow the spectator to leave off with the emotion of pity maintaining its ascendancy over horror at Slag's cruelty; the reverse of Eugene O'Neill's later method, which seems to verge too much toward animosity for the theatre-goer in its determination to horrify and repel.

Mr. Totheroh is fortunate in having his play so well presented. One feels as if Violette Hunt will inevitably become a professional and rise to success, so instinctively correct is her technique, so sympathetic, so unerring is her depiction of guileless little Mazie. Not only is the young player, who is childlike in size and appearance, a perfect representation physically of what we may conceive Mazie to be, but she conveys the very essence of that youth, artless, tender being, just trembling on the verge of her womanhood's awakening.

Mr. Irving Pichel, also, fell in line with our conception of Adam, and poured into the reticent yet ardent love murmurings of the

boy a strength of emotional appeal that made us feel to the full Adam's youth, his instinctive yearning, and his humble knightliness of soul.

But the play is well acted right through. Harold Luck gave a fine picture of Slag, the burly tyrant; and the rôles of the submissive, calicoed wife and daughter were excellently acted by Mary Babcock and Mary Morris. Elwyn Raffetto endowed Sandy with a bright-eyed craziness of aspect well in keeping with the character of a half-wit.

Edward Hogan's tramp had all that air of casual good-fellowship appropriate to the wandering hobo; and in their lesser rôles Albert Lee, Dorothy Luck, and Lloyd Carigan worked out the same singularly vivid identity with the characters assumed that had already surprised us in the more important ones, even the invisible revivalist conveying a strong sense of a truculently religious personality.

In fact, these Greek Players as a group show a surprisingly firm grasp on the technique of acting, from the principal rôles down. That they are as assured as professionals can not be said; as expert professionals, I mean, for they are much better than many professionals of good intention but poor execution that we have seen on the local stage.

But genuine enthusiasm tells. These people are in the grip of a real enthusiasm. There is nothing perfunctory in their work. Their imaginations function, which results in a stimulation of ours, and, as happens every now and then, this performance by amateurs was far more vivid and moving than it would have been played by the professional company of average merit.

At any rate, the play and the performance combined have left an exceedingly strong impression. Mr. Totheroh has made a few changes in his play, but his general plan is good. The tragedy is worked out progressively in a series of comparatively brief scenes, simple but effective settings for which have been supplied by the scenic artists of the Players Theatre.

"Wild Birds" does not induce a feeling of criticism, the only loose end, or, rather, slack thread, for the end was caught up in the last scene, being George Marshall's relations with Mazie. Whether or not he figured in the play merely in order to be the outside witness of the circumstances of Adam's death is uncertain, but his presence there was, from the point of play technique, advisable, as Slag was too conscienceless and cruel to be left at the final scene with only his own family and two eternally silent witnesses to know the truth.

#### NEGRO DRAMA.

Since the Ridgeley Torrance plays were acted in New York by a negro company, and Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" was played with Charles Gilpin, the negro actor, in the leading rôle, there has seemed to be a recognition by some Eastern managers that the negro has a place on the stage. Whether or not it is so, at least in so far as they can minister to the tastes of the whites, is not yet established. The colored race is exceedingly temperamental, and it seems as if, with proper teaching, dramatically gifted individuals of that race should shine in plays which truly express negro character.

This the Ridgeley Torrance plays do, but they seem to stand almost alone. And how rarely serious fiction, dramatic or otherwise, about negroes can hold the attention of the whites one realizes after reading T. S. Stribling's remarkable novel of negro life and character entitled "Birthright." This novel, which is just out, was written by a white resident of a Southern town presumably of the size and atmosphere of Hooker's Band in "Birthright." What is, to a Northerner, amazing and moving is the completeness and deep understanding with which Mr. Stribling interprets the darky character. Amazing is the success with which this sympathetic yet detached observer has penetrated under the dark skin and translated for us the farcical spirit, the futility, the helpless, hopeless aspiration, the tragedy of the race.

It seems on completing the book—which involuntarily one rereads immediately—as if "Birthright" can not fail in the future to stand as a classic, a manual, a prayer, to help in dealing with a great problem.

As a general thing it is not advisable to dramatize a novel. There is too much of the clashing psychology of the blacks and the whites to make "Birthright" transferable to the stage. But perhaps this novel will put into the mind of some equally gifted Southerner the idea of presenting in the drama the problem surrounding the pathetically lonely figure of the highly educated Southern negro.

Recently, indeed, there was a play of negro life and tendencies put upon the New York stage with Margaret Wycherly as the only white player. "Taboo," by Mary Hoyt Wiborg, is a dramatic presentation of the influence of voodoo on the mind and imagination of the Southern negro. The theme, however, is not treated realistically, but inclines toward the sensational and the spectacular.

The idea, however, of including voodoo in a dramatic survey on the negro character is a good one, being too important and essentially dramatic to overlook. It is difficult to estimate, from the conflicting reviews of Miss Wiborg's play, whether she has made real drama out of it. She used her theme as an illustration of the need for educating the colored race away from African superstition, and while not all of her reviewers were impressed by her treatment of it, some showed that imagination eagerly responded.

Robert Louis Stevenson, it will be remembered, had the voodoo motive serve in the West Indies tales of his "New Arabian Nights." George Cable also more than touched upon it in his once famous stories of negro slavery days, and of the necessary contacts of the two races, which so incensed the South.

I wonder, by the way, that the movie men, ever avid for new material, have never got their hooks into "The Grandissimes." It is a rather striking story, and full of pictures; real, yet dramatic; a reflection of life in a picturesque era; and the tragedy of the untamable African prince caught and mangled by the cruel slave machine is poignant and unforgettable.

#### PRODUCERS ARE COMING.

At last, it seems, San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast—in spirit if not in fact—is to serve as a centre for theatrical production. Oliver Morosco is one of the most—and probably the most—enterprising of theatrical men whose career has been identified with California. Why he has hitherto located his producing theatre in Los Angeles, why he will now establish another in San Francisco, are probably business secrets. But at least it means something to San Francisco theatrically, more particularly if Mr. Morosco will occasionally present a play of really high standing. It might be done, although a producer is apt to run to one special style.

Mr. Morosco has specialized in musical and sentimental comedy, and his success in New York with the pieces he sent over there show that he is thorough in the line of work he undertakes. He won't put us off with poor, cheap apologies, either with plays or productions, and those—typical of the biggest, most numerous class of theatre-goers—who particularly affect the line of theatrical entertainment he will offer are jubilant.

Getano Merola, who is directing the musical festival to take place at the Stanford stadium, has also expressed—whether tentatively or not remains to be seen—some idea of starting here a stock operatic organization to which visiting stars will be invited to lend prestige.

Well, it is a long time since we've really been on the map, and with theatres going dark in London, Paris, and New York, we'll have to wait awhile yet; but, as times are not so hard out here as in the rest of the

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world, something may come our way, for a few managers are casting speculative orbs in our direction, and who knows? Let us live in hope.

### THEATRICAL NOTES.

#### Shaw and Galsworthy.

Those two veteran dramatists, Shaw and Galsworthy, are still hard at it. In London they are running a cycle of the Galsworthy plays, and his new drama, "Loyalties," has made such an unqualified success that its transit to New York is inevitable.

"Loyalties" tells of the theft of a pocket-book containing £1000 value in notes made by a needy British officer who had distinguished himself in the war. He stole from a fellow-guest in a country house, and all the violated loyalties of tradition precipitated the subsequent tragedy.

Shaw has also had a cycle of plays produced, although in New York, the Theatre Guild having heroically tackled the strenuous job of producing by turns the several plays which make up "Back to Methuselah"; an alarming manifestation of Mr. Shaw's fecundity and prolixity in which, in a series of five separate dramas, he delves progressively back into the centuries.

In these plays Mr. Shaw's fertility of imagination and readiness in expression seem to have degenerated into a rather terrifying garb. The Theatre Guild plainly undertook to do for their favorite prophet what no other theatre, perhaps, would have tackled. His cleverness was evident, he was comic, inventive, ingenious, but interminable—his great fault.

The Shaw sense of humor was all there, but impaired by prolixity. Plainly, brilliant as was the work of the Guild in presenting this hippopotamatic drama, it was something to take in homeopathic doses. There were long expositions on art, science, literature, pathology, medicine, politics, sociology, and other abstractions, the plays, in fact, seeming to be a series of conversaciones; Shaw at his Shawest.

Apparently the hand of G. B. is losing its cunning, or else—confounding thought—he is busily engaged in making hay while the sun of public favor continues to shine.

#### Duse Re-appears.

Eleanora Duse is probably the greatest living player, but even she failed to win the public from which she had been so long secluded to tolerate a play that had an unhappy ending. "So Be It"—a peasant woman's resigned acceptance of the final crushing blow that fate had in store for her—is a play by a gifted young Italian dramatist, in which is depicted the fidelity with which a mother kept her vow to God by making a lifelong pilgrimage in gratitude that her prayers for saving the life of her sick child were granted.

The drama was brought out in Rome, Eleanora Duse acting the rôle of the mother. But when in the final act the mother, after long years, reveals herself to her grown son, only to be received with suspicion and coarse abuse, the audience hissed and cat-called so vehemently that Duse decided to drop the play from her repertoire.

It is curious that this greatly admired actress, emerging from her long retirement, after having previously made the strong-stomached Italian public accept D'Annunzio's morbid plays, should be so treated when presenting a serious one that was a reflection of life. But the incident forms another instance of the incalculable and undependable fancies of the public.

#### Co-operative Companies.

The hard times that have driven many professional players to other occupations have also stimulated them to coöperative enterprise. So far New York attempts have resulted in

nothing lasting, but in February the Players' Assembly, a group of players favorably known in the metropolis, organized and made a very systematic, well-conducted, businesslike start with the Parisian success, "Montmartre," for a vehicle. In April it is still running, which is pretty significant. Evidently they made it go.

In London the unemployed actors, alarmed at their inability to obtain the usual employment, got together, and, using the Actors' Fund for a financial backing, evolved a plan for running a theatre whereby the players would receive a small salary and a proportionate share of what remained after expenses were paid.

About the same time news came that the young dramatists in Paris who could not sell their wares organized an association of players in order to bring their work before the public and earn the withheld wherewithal.

All of which proves that when the wolf growls too alarmingly even artists will make a desperate attempt to be practical and businesslike.

#### They Have Brieux.

The movie man, rummaging among Brieux' old plays, has dug out "The Cradle" and revised it for American consumption. "The Cradle" is the profitable title, the central idea being similarly profitable.

A divorced couple meet at the bedside of their sick child, the mother there realizing that she must renounce her second marriage and devote herself to her child, pledge of a legitimate love. Thus, as her first husband is remarried, she remains alone by "the cradle."

The theme has also been approximately treated in another French drama, Paul Hervieu's "Le Dédale," and, whatever may be the tendencies toward divorce in American life, American movie fans will be sure to take kindly to it, so the indications are that Brieux is in for fat pickings.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### The Columbia Theatre.

Henry Miller has brought to San Francisco the finest dramatic organization in years, and all preparations have been made for the première of the new comedy, "Her Friend the King," announced for Monday night, May 1st, at the Columbia Theatre. In the cast will appear Henry Miller and Blanche Bates. Later on another new play will call for the appearance of Mr. Miller, Miss Bates, Miss Chatterton, Mr. McRae, and others of the organization.

Mr. Miller is held in high esteem in this city, and his organization can boast of being a distinguished organization. With him are Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, Geoffrey Kerr, Marguerite St. John, A. G. Andrews, Annette Westbay, Paul Harvey, Bert Leigh, Elmer Brown, and George Hadson.

"Her Friend the King" is by A. E. Thomas and Harrison Rhodes, from the book "High Life," by Mr. Rhodes. The play is for acts, all of which are laid in Switzerland, and Mr. Miller has prepared a production of completeness and detail. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

David Schooler has just staged what he terms "Music Hath Charms," an allegory. It tells in prose, verse, and music of the origin of music, melody, rhythm, harmony and technique. Four clever girls are required in addition to Mr. Schooler. Mareta Nally is Mr. Schooler's principal support and the trio of other assistants are Ellen Boyle, Ina Alcova, and Peggy Vane. Miss Nally is an all-around assistant. Misses Boyle and Vane are song-birds and Ina Alcova is a toe dancer. "Music Hath Charms" was written and staged by Dave Schooler and Herman Timberg.

The American tenor is no longer a mere hope. Not the least among the American artists who have helped to rid the musical world of this impression is Allan Rogers, a young American singer of vocal superiority there is not the slightest doubt. Mr. Rogers has already acquired an enviable position in musical circles. Musical critics, however, declare that there is no height so high that he can't scale if he tries. Mr. Rogers in his work and his ascending travels hand in hand with his wife, Leonora Allen, a young woman with a soprano of charm.

Requisitioning the services of E. L. Rice, the foremost minstrel and theatrical authority, and James Madison, famous vaudeville author, Howard J. Greer and Milton Hackey, vaudeville producers, asked if it was possible to get three real comedians of different methods and a singer that could really sing a ballad and have them all over sixty years of age. Mr. Rice was staggered momentarily. However, he went after it and succeeded in assembling a quartet consisting of John Gorman, of the famous Gorman Brothers; Charley Udell, of Udell and Pearce; Billy Golden, of "Turkey in the Straw" international fame, and Charley Whyte, who sang with Colonel Jack Haverly's Minstrels when singing had to be good. In

conjunction with the above list of "old timers" the promoters secured the services of Billy Tate, a juvenile, for interlocutor. It is an offering of "Auld Lang Syne" that will rejuvenate the old and delight the young.

James Doyle and Evelyn Cavanaugh are offering a unique skit called "In the Lobby."

Dezso Retter, an acrobatic comedian, internationally famous as "The Man Who Wrestles with Himself," appears in an offering called "The Gym King," consisting of a superior brand of comedy acrobatic stunts that are novel and original.

Jimmy Lucas with his "Vampires and Fools," Fenton and Fields in their excellent comedy, and Peggy Parker with her "Four Musketeers" remain for a second week.

At La Gaité Française they are giving "Pour Avoir Adrienne," which ran for nearly two years in Paris. They will play it on Friday and Saturday nights of this week, and on five or six dates in May.

#### The Lund Recital.

The Alice Seckels Salon Series, to be given at the Hotel Del Monte, which will consist of a set of programmes carefully selected to hit off the tastes of the guests, will be inaugurated on the evening of April 27th. Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., will, on this occasion, give a recital of character sketches and impersonations, which will include some of the new material acquired during her winter in New York. Among her impersonations of noted actresses will be included those of Gilda Varesi of "Enter Madame" fame and of Ethel Barrymore.

### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer are in New York now, having returned recently from Europe. They are coming to San Francisco in July.

Colonel and Mrs. Launcelot M. Purcell are in San Gabriel, visiting Colonel Purcell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gervais Purcell.

Mrs. John Henry Russell has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, in Piedmont. She returned to her home in Los Angeles the early part of the week.

Mrs. Eugene Burford Braden and her daughter, Miss Louise Braden, are in Nice, returned after a trip of two months through Italy.

Mrs. Ralph Cebrian, the Misses Isabelle, Beatrice, and Marcella Cebrian, Mr. Harry Cebrian, and Mr. J. C. Cebrian have gone to New York en route to Europe. They sail on the *Aquitania* on May 2d. They plan to return to California next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. A. Kessler are in San Francisco at the Fairmont Hotel en route to Washington, D. C. Mr. Kessler is a member of the diplomatic corps of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fusenot of Los Angeles are at the Fairmont Hotel, visiting their circle of San Francisco friends. They leave in a few days for Paris, where Mr. Fusenot's business interests take him.

Mrs. Ashton Potter is in Colorado visiting her sister, Mrs. David C. Brown.

Mrs. Harry Hill and her children left last week for Europe for an indefinite stay. Mrs. Hill will make Paris her headquarters and is planning to travel extensively while abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth motored to Monterey from their home in Burlingame. They are planning to build a summer home at Pebble Beach, where they will spend the greater part of this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Walker have come to the Fairmont from Minneapolis. They are on a visit to their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker of San Francisco and Pebble Beach and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker of Piedmont.

Miss Hélène de Latour returned on Monday from Menlo Park. With Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Miss Edna Taylor, the Misses Celia and Cornelia O'Conner, Miss de Latour is going to Beaulieu, the De Latour vineyard, during the absence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, in the East.

Mrs. Wallace Alexander and her daughter, Miss Martha Alexander, spent the week at Del Monte.

Hotel Whitecomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Davi, Pittsburg; Mrs. Annie M. Joslyn, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. A. Gunther, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Gould, Mountain View; Mrs. B. Villadsen, Salt Lake City; Mr. A. L. Barnhard, Denver; Mr. A. Tindall, New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Boehmer, Mr. Frank Bevernitz, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Thorn, Greenport, New York; Mrs. Warren Tilsen, Miss Marion Downey, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Emerich, Paso Robles; Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Key, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Deutsch, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Capron, Los Angeles; Miss Ethel R. Hughes, Rochester, New York.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. James Reeves, New York; Mrs. Clara Burdette, Pasadena; Mr. M. E. Norton, Los Angeles; Mr. J. A. Maxfield, San Diego; Mr. L. D. Van Horne, Merced; Mr. Natt Head, Del Monte; Mr. R. C. Watkins, Houston; Mr. T. O. Bobb, Los Angeles; Mr. Fred W. Nash, Omaha; Captain H. Ramwell, Bellingham; Mr. H. M. Caldwell, New York; Dr. J. Barton Powell, Stockton; Mr. Frank H. Davis, New York; Mr. Edward Loew, Grand Rapids; Mr. T. V. Scott, Los Angeles; Mr. F. F. Skeel, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bridgeford, Klamath Falls; Mr. George Watkins Evans, Hollywood; Mr. Guy Knupp, Porterville; Mr. E. J. Fentermacher, Fresno; Mr. E. A. Barnhart, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Marshall, Seattle.

At the St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Swift, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Mitchell, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Crusella, Havana, Cuba; Mr. and Mrs. Morris Switzer, New York; Mr. F. F. Peabody, Santa Barbara; Lieutenant W. C. Jones, U. S. A.; Mr. Ben L.

Frank, Los Angeles; Mr. Grover Inskeep, Long Beach; Mr. R. T. French, Middleville, Michigan; Mr. Robert Henkel, Detroit; Mr. W. M. Cummins, Watsonville; Mr. F. H. Curtis, Sacramento; Mr. C. H. Gier, Turlock; Mr. J. A. Cameron, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. Mann, Mr. S. Lowenstein, Canton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Scott and daughter, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frantz, Denver; Mr. William J. Ray, Minneapolis.

The *Leviathan*, the largest ship flying the American flag, and with the exception of the *New Majestic* of the White Star Line the largest ship in the world, has arrived at Newport News, Virginia, where she will be completely overhauled at an approximate cost of \$8,000,000.

According to Major J. J. Crowley of the War Risk Insurance Department, 30,000 persons are injured in the United States every day, five a minute die by accident, twenty-one a minute are hurt, and the total number of deaths and accidents is 11,000,000 a year.

A violoncello from Stradivarius that has been autographed by many famous musicians who have owned it at various times recently sold for 103,400 francs in Paris.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Certain influential sections of the British press are taking quite seriously, as well they may, the shortage of servants in England and its coincidence with the shortage of money among the aristocracy. They painfully remark the consequent necessity for many ladies to do their own housework, and for some even to go out to service. When English ladies do go out to service, they make pathetic efforts to do so anonymously, and in subtle ways to preserve the caste distinctions which have constituted so important a part of their social responsibilities for generations. As useful rather than merely graceful or ornamental persons, they have been discovering in themselves a sad lack of mastery of any practical kitchen arts, and are beginning in numbers to attend public cooking schools, never having had mothers that could teach them how to brown the sparrows, roll the biscuits, or extract the ambrosial savors from a good soup bone. As to buckwheats and "N'Orleans" on a snappy morning, of course that is totally beyond them, and will probably remain so; but there are things that English ladies might learn about cooking, many thousand things we should say, provided they could find anybody in England capable of teaching them. In a country where it is the general custom to have tea for breakfast, it does not seem likely that any very useful knowledge of the art of cookery will ever be acquired, but the ladies are going right at it, and perhaps determination will win.

Much social mystery, heretofore, has been made of this departure. Duchesses, as part of the newly poor, do not advertise what they are doing. It would shock British society to its foundations—perhaps rock it off its foundations. One might as well announce herself a convert to Malthusianism and go in for teaching the doctrine of birth control. Only the cooking-school instructors know the identity of some of their aristocratic pupils, and their business depends on keeping it dark. Many of these pupils have never before set foot in a kitchen, and whatever the outcome of the Genoa Conference, we may expect a great deal of indigestion in England for the next twenty-five years. The movement has been gaining headway, however, toward a position where secrecy may no longer be required, inasmuch as cooking is being directly patronized by some members of the elite. It is said that the Countess of Falmouth is now competent to boil eggs, and that Lady Henry Murray and Lady Chichester are "equal to" producing some of that lukewarm, vulcanized bread which accompanies English tea under the alias

of toast. A London editor, foreseeing more trouble for the empire, ironically asks: "Would it not be better instead of making cooks out of the nobility to raise cooks into the nobility?" It is a noble suggestion. Undoubtedly it would be better—and safer. But things can not always be as they should. An English king (he must have been very drunk at the time) once knighted a roast of beef, so that we have had to eat that particular cut under the name of Sir Loin ever since, and certainly there are cooks that should be honored in some such way. But as a rule they are not English cooks. However the question shall be settled, let the duchesses go right on. They can not make English cookery any worse than it is.

Ude, who cooked at Crockford's Club during the Regency, and who had been chef to Louis XIV, to Lord Sefton, and to the Duke of York in turn, declared that while music, dancing, fencing, painting and mechanics had professors under twenty years of age, excellence in cookery was never obtained under thirty. He left Lord Sefton flat because a guest put more pepper in his soup. There was a cook! But he was not English. In England was it said that God sends meat, the devil sends cooks.

A London dispatch of April 20th says: "The ocean failed to knock out Jack Dempsey, but English food put him out in the first round, as it has other trustful tourists. The champion kept close to his room most of the day following a dinner last night with the Dolly sisters. Manager Kearns admitted Jack was taking a recuperative rest, but otherwise the champion was in good shape."

In addition to Margot Asquith, Gibby Chesterton, W. L. George and their ilk, Muriel Harris of the Manchester *Guardian* has been giving us the up-and-down, and finds that our boys and girls are apt to marry young. She thinks this needs explaining, and proceeds:

"The whole question is, of course, largely economic. In the older countries it is the extremes—the very well off or the very poor—who marry early. The middle class has to wait for the possibility of an income. In America it is, comparatively, easier to earn an adequate income when you are very young than when you are older. American sentiment, again, is all with youth. For one thing, it likes a gamble, and you can gamble on the capacities of a young man, whereas you know definitely the limitations of the older man. Again, American life actually demands the youthful qualities of energy and enthusiasm and daring. Americans choose their young business men for very much the same qualities as the Air Board used to choose its aviators. Quite possibly the young man may continue at this high pitch later on; if not, he drops steadily behind and, in his turn, is superseded by youth again. This desire for youth on the part of the business man makes the pay of the young middle-class man comparatively high. At twenty-two or three he may easily be keeping a house of his own, a wife, and a motor. It implies also that he begins his business career very early, and that academic education in his case is somewhat at a discount.

"Besides earning a good deal of money very early, the American middle-class youth does not face the same risks as does the man of the older countries. There is no special virtue, for instance, in sticking to a job. Rather does it prove that you have not been able to make an opportunity to move on. The loss of a job, therefore, has nothing catastrophic about it. If you are tired of your bank, you turn to the advertisement department of a theatrical magazine. If this fails you, you can probably make a good income by selling patent toasters on commission to the big hotels. There are an enormous number of openings of the 'salesman' or commercial traveler kind for which there is no equivalent in Europe.

"As far as the girl is concerned, the American girl is brought up to marry almost in the Victorian sense. There is no question of her not being able to marry, and if she elects to remain single it is not, generally, from lack of opportunity. While there is a more serious movement now in the direction of higher education, it is not as yet at all comparable with higher education for girls in Europe. Accomplishments are still made a point of in the real Victorian sense. A girl must sing a little or play a little, and not very much is demanded of her in the way of thoroughness. Similarly she must dance beautifully, and must have exactly the right deportment or perish. Dress is a very important item from earliest childhood almost. Little American girls must have little American 'beaux' as a point of honor. A little girl of twelve told me in all seriousness that at parties you must never look as though you couldn't get a partner. Far better dance with a girl and tell the boys that you prefer it! The American girl, again, is remarkably domesticated from earliest youth. In the absence of nurseries, she is about with her mother or with the cook when she is not at school, and she learns cooking and housework and marketing almost as she goes along.

This domesticity is a trait of American girls, whether rich or poor. They are excellent needlewomen, and, in the absence of domestic service and of the genus 'little dressmaker,' they show extraordinary adaptability and cleverness in making up for the deficiency by their own work. Thus both boys and girls have a certain precocity in early youth, which culminates in the early marriage.

"The results of the early marriage differ a good deal. It means that the children have the advantage of young parents and that there is not the gap to be bridged between the generations which is the result of older marriages. American children are said to be spoilt, and in a sense this is true. In another sense, however, it is that there is a sort of camaraderie between parents and children, a kind of equality which prevents the absolute dictation of the one to the other. Ultimately this makes for very close ties between the two generations. Their interests, for one thing, are really so very similar. And just as the parents spoil the children, so the children later on are very much inclined to spoil the parents. The apparent lack of influence of the parents upon the children in early youth seems balanced by the very great influence wielded by the parents later on. Another result is the number of extremely youthful grandparents who abound in America. In some ways they strike one as being a little attenuated by having had all their important experiences so young. There has not been very much time, for instance, for making a background of culture and interests which shall serve them in good stead later on. In some ways they almost correspond to the spinster of the Old World, with the important difference that they have always the supreme interest of their children and grandchildren, and that they are young enough to share closely in their interests and doings. The early marriage, indeed, breaks down the barriers of the generations very much as the needs of the country make American class distinctions a very fluid quantity. It is, moreover, supremely natural—as were the youthful marriages of the great war—and the logical outcome of American needs and conditions of life."

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ingram Bywater, the English wit, who was incidentally a great smoker, used to repeat a repartee of Pope Pius IX to Cardinal Antonelli. Pio Nono, conversing with the Cardinal, lit a cigarette and handed his case to the Cardinal, who said austere, "You know, Holiness, that I have not that vice." "You know, Eminence," replied the Pope, "that if it were a vice, you would have it."

In a downtown building several people were waiting for the elevator. The car was crowded when a lady stepping in attempted to pull friend husband along. The alert operator called, "Just one more, that is all," and pushed the gentleman back. "So you want to separate us," said the lady. "Yes," was the answer; "I would rather separate you this way than the other way."

George Moore, the English novelist, and a group of other literati were discussing recent books. Mr. Moore wished to refer to the author of a new publication, but could not recall his name. "You know," said Moore, "the man with the funny name. Dear, dear, what is it? You know, a stupid name, a silly name." "Shaw?" suggested some one. "That's it," said Moore. "Shaw! What an extraordinary name!"

Lord Angus Kennedy tells the story of how once, while on a walking tour in a remote part of the Scottish Highlands, he came to a lonely inn. Being ravenously hungry, he entered, and asked the landlady for some poached eggs, as being the most likely dish to be provided at so short notice. The landlady shook her head. "We haven't any eggs, sir," she said. "But," lowering her voice to a whisper, "I dinna doot that I could get you a fine dish of poached salmon."

Mr. G. B. Burgin, who has written over sixty novels and has just produced his second book of personal memoirs, tells of a popular novelist of whom the public wearied. He retired to the country to grow apples, and then he wrote his best book. At his wife's suggestion he sent it to a publisher under another name. The book was a great success. The author wrote other successes and the secret has been kept to this day, while the public marvels at the wisdom of the "young author."

According to Representative Volstead, all drinkers are moderate drinkers in their own estimation. "What man ever admits to drinking immoderately?" asks the author of the dry enforcement law. "The moderate drinker, so called, reminds me of the moderate smoker, who said: 'Yes, I've cut my smoking down almost to nil. I only smoke now before breakfast, after lunch and dinner and between meals. I've altogether abandoned my habit of getting up in the night to smoke.'"

The curate was admonishing the village sport. "You ought not to spend all your wages, George." George indignantly retorted that he did not. "No?" queried the curate suspiciously. "No, sir," said George. "I make it a rule never to spend more'n two-thirds of my wages on no account whatever." "Well, well," said the curate pleasantly, "you put the rest in the bank, I suppose?" "No," said George, "I put it to a better use 'n that, sir. I give it to the wife to keep house on."

A Southern revival meeting was in progress. The parson was in an ecstatic state of reform. "Bruders and sistahs, I wants to warn you against de heinous crime ob shooting craps and fuddermo' I wants to warn you 'bout de heinous crime ob stealing wata-melons." At this juncture, a dandy in the back of the tent rose up, snapped his fingers, and sat down again. "Wharfo', brudder, does yo' rise up and snap yo' fingahs at my abjurations." "You jes' reminds me, pahson, whar all I lef' ma jackknife," was the penitent response.

Senator Lodge was holding forth about small nations. A little nation that had been put in its place by the Allies was under discussion and the representative from Massachusetts held that nations, like individuals, occasionally stood in need of reproof. "The Allies conducted themselves very nicely, I think. They were like the beautiful girl to whom a bald-headed and poverty-stricken bachelor had the effrontery to propose. 'Let's get married,' the bachelor said, grabbing the girl's hand. 'But who'd have us?' she laughed."

With a sentimental leaning toward the days of his own youth, a certain business man sent his son to the college where he had himself been educated. On arriving at the place of much knowledge the young man began to make a few inquiries. "I should like to see

my father's record," said he to the head of the college. "He was here in 1890." "I shall be very pleased to show you the record," was the reply. "But have you any special reason for consulting it?" "Well," replied the youth frankly, "when I left home dad told me not to disgrace his record, and I only want to see how far I can go."

In the early days there was a railroad in Tennessee which allowed its conductors to make their own rules affecting the traveling public. Sometimes one conductor had rules in direct conflict with the other. One of the conductors would permit passengers to take their dogs into the coaches with them. The conductor running opposite would not allow a dog on his train, not even in the baggage car. One day some hunters, returning to the city, met the conductor who would not allow a dog to ride on his train. When the train left the station the dog followed tied to the train, and had no difficulty in keeping up with it. When the conductor saw what was happening he was highly incensed over the disrespect shown to his train. "Watch your old dog when we start down grade," he stormed, "and see what happens to him. You think you are making fun of my train." A little later, when on the down grade, the conductor approached the rear platform, and not seeing the dog, called to the owner: "Now tell me, please, what has become of your dog." "Right here," retorted the passenger, pointing to a big hole in the floor of the coach, "see him under there? He just came under the coach to trot along in the shade."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Ode to Spring—and All That

Er—Spring!

You perfectly priceless old thing!  
I'm frightfully bucked at the signs that one sees;  
The jolly old sap in the topping old trees;  
The priceless old lilac, and that sort of rot;  
It jolly well cheers a chap up, does it not?  
It's so fearfully bright;  
So amazingly right.  
And one feels as one feels if one got rather tight.  
There's a tang in the air,  
If you know what I mean,  
And the grass, as it were,  
Is so frightfully green.  
We shall soon have the jolly old bee on the wing—  
Er—Spring.

Old fruit!

You've given old Winter the boot.  
The voice of the tailor is heard in the land  
(I wonder what my rotten credit will stand?),  
And the birds and the flow'rs (but especially the "birds")

Will be looking too perfectly priceless for words.  
We shall have to get stocks  
Of new ties and new socks,  
And of course we must alter the jolly old clocks;  
So a young fellow's fancy  
Turns nat'rally towards  
The river and Nancie,  
Or Betty and Lord's.  
In fact—as I said—you're a priceless old thing—  
Er—Spring.

Old bean!

It's—well, it's—you know what I mean.  
It's time I was oiling the jolly old bat,  
So, cutting a long story short, and all that,  
The theme of this jolly old song that I sing  
Is—er—jolly old Spring!

—Desmond Carter in London Opinion.

## Keeping Their Tags.

The holder of Britain's newest earldom—the former Arthur James Balfour—emulates well-established precedent in taking a title inclusive of his own name, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Sir Edward Grey became Viscount Grey of Falloden; Mr. Haldane, the well-known Liberal statesman, chose to be known as Viscount Haldane of Cloan; John Morley christened himself, as a peer, Viscount Morley of Blackburn, and Waldorf husband of Lady Astor, inherited the title of his father, who elected to be called Viscount Astor of Hever Castle.

Not all commoners elevated to the British peerage cling to their ancestral names. Lord Northcliffe (formerly Alfred Harmsworth) named himself after the North Cliff of England, near which his first country home at Broadstairs stands. The Earl of Reading (formerly Rufus Isaacs) took that title because he had for so many years represented the city of Reading in Parliament.

An opposition newspaper once suggested to a certain renowned Englishman, upon his achievement of a peerage, that he take the title of "Lord Help Us."

The inhabitants of the district of the port of New York devour, waste, spoil, and otherwise destroy 8,445,200,000 pounds of food every year. Sometimes it doesn't seem worth it.

"Flubdub says he doesn't know what whisky tastes like." "Must be one of these fellers that started drinking after the passing of the Volstead Act."—Judge.



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### PERSONAL.

#### Social Notes.

Miss Hélène Hooper, daughter of Mrs. Clara B. Hooper of California Street, has named May 20th as the date of her wedding to Mr. Charles Street, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Street. The ceremony will be performed in Woodside at the country home of Mr. John A. Hooper, uncle of Miss Hooper. On Saturday Miss Lorraine Browne entertained a score of guests at tea in honor of Miss Hooper. The affair took place at the Laguna Street home of Mr. John A. Hooper.

Judge and Mrs. Edward Harrison have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Agnes Harrison, to Mr. Hallock Vander Leek, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vander Leek of Los Angeles. No date has been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Doris Rodolph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rodolph, and Mr. Harold Havre was solemnized last Wednesday in Oakland. Mrs. Frank Moller was the matron of honor and the maid of honor was Miss Caroline Rodolph. Mr. Polk Dodson was the best man.

Mrs. Douglas McBryde gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Menlo Park Country Club for Miss Mary Dennis Searles. In the party were Miss

Harriett Brownell, Miss Grace Hamilton, Miss Frances Corbusier, Miss Frances Stent, Miss Phyllis Fay, and Miss Barbara Pond.

Miss Isabel Sherman gave a luncheon last Tuesday for Miss Gertrude Minton. Among the guests were Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Cynthia Boyd, and Miss Caroline Avery.

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman entertained at dinner Wednesday evening, complimenting Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a luncheon Tuesday for Mrs. Chauncey Olcott at the Golf and Country Club. Among the guests were Mrs. George Ebright, Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, and Mrs. Frederick Burnham of Martinez.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone were complimented at dinner Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. John Drum.

Miss Laura Miller was the guest of honor at a bridge party given Wednesday in Berkeley by Miss Janet Knox. The guests included Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Harry Magee, Mrs. Frances Langton, Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. Fitzgerald Marx, Mrs. Monroe Greenwood, Mrs. Salem Pohlman, Mrs. John Okell, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Marjorie Spring, Miss Winnifred Brown, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Katharine Bentley, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Jane Howard, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Jean Searles, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Katherine Armstrong, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Mary Adams, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Watt, and Miss Dorothy Dukes.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes gave a luncheon Wednesday for Mrs. Robert Greer. The guests were Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Alfred Suto, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Atherton Russell, Miss Elizabeth Zane, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. Laurance Scott gave a luncheon today in Burlingame, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone.

Mrs. Robert Greer was the guest of honor at a tea given Tuesday by Mrs. Alfred Spalding.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are spending the winter at El Mirasol. They are entertaining as their house guest Major Frederick Burnham of New York. A number of entertainments are planned for the visitor. A stag luncheon at the Montecito Country Club, with Mr. Hammond as host, was a large affair given for Major Burnham.

Miss Doris Schmiedell and Miss Betty Schmiedell entertained at a dance in compliment to Miss Amanda McNear and her fiancé, Mr. William A. Hendrickson, on Saturday at the Schmiedell home at Ross. Those who were entertained in addition to the guests of honor were Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Mr. Alfred D. Hendrickson, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr.

Harry Crocker, Mr. William Snuman, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Edward Maltby, and Mr. Gordon Moffitt.

Mrs. John A. McNear entertained for Miss McNear and Mr. Hendrickson at a dinner-dance at her home on Wednesday.

Miss Aileen McIntosh entertained at an informal luncheon for Miss McNear on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury are among those who will entertain guests Monday evening at the "Passing Show of 1921," to be given for the benefit of the Little Children's Aid by the Auxiliary. The theatre is given over for the evening to increase the funds of the charity.

Mrs. Frederick Sherman of Piedmont entertained at the Woman's Athletic Club on Thursday for Mrs. William Balltine of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Ballantine is visiting the Walter Willett home on Scott Street.

Miss Mary Kennedy, whose engagement to Mr. Richard Ashton Hutchinson of Shanghai has been announced, was entertained at the Woman's Athletic Club at a luncheon at which Miss Marjorie Spring presided. Among Miss Spring's other guests were Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Harry Magee, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, and Miss Hatherly Brittain.

Miss Ella Barrows presided on Thursday at a dinner given at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David P. Barrows. The dinner preceded the last dance of the Berkeley Assembly.

Mrs. Edson Adams entertained at her home on Gough Street, at bridge, on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy gave a dinner at their town home on Wednesday. Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller shared the honors. Mrs. Miller is leaving soon for Europe.

One of the weddings of Easter week was that of Miss Flora Muir, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Muir, to Mr. Helmer Dickey of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Dickey will reside in Chicago.

Miss Mary Martin entertained in honor of Miss Edna Taylor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin of Burlingame. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Judge, Mrs. Walter Filer, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Rosamunde Lee, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. George Leib, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. James Kuhn, Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Harry Crocker, and Mr. Léon Brooks Walker.

Complimenting her niece, Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at luncheon in her apartments at Stanford Court on Thursday afternoon. Miss Miller is to be the bride of Mr. John Knox in the summer. The guests at the luncheon were Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Robert Miller, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Grace Cuyler, Miss Geraldine Grace, and Miss Margaret Buckbee.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid gave a dinner for Lieutenant-Colonel Bull Thursday night at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown is planning to visit her daughter in Belgrade. Miss Agnes Page-Brown's wedding to Mr. H. Percival Dodge was solemnized in Paris last week.

Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull gave a dinner on Saturday in honor of their son, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Tilghman Bull, and Major. Clarence Danielson, who are here on a visit from Washington, D. C. Among the guests were Colonel and Mrs. Lucius Holbrook, Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Knapp, Mrs. Herbert Newhall, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Dorothy Simpson, General Charles Norton, Captain Brickley, and Mr. Wilfrid Bull.

Mrs. Francis Langton honored Miss Amanda McNear at luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club last week. Among Mrs. Langton's guests were Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Keneth McIntosh, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Josephine Grant, and Miss Ellita Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood entertained for Miss Laura Miller and Mr. John Knox at a bridge party at their home on Saturday evening. Guests asked in their honor were Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Claire Knight, Mr. William Bliss, Mr. Earl Breck, Mr. Thomas Dinsmore, Mr. Wilby Dinsmore, Mr. James Pulian, Mr. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. Donald Walsh, Mr. Edward Brown, and Mr. Merrill Brown.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor entertained at the St. Francis Hotel on Saturday afternoon at the tea-dance which terminated the annual wild-flower exhibit.

Del Monte is to have a series of sports and social diversions. On May 8th to 14th there will be a banner trapshooting tournament; on May 27th to 30th, an annual Decoration Day golf tournament; on May 23d to 25th, the annual girls' swimming carnival; on July 1st to 4th, the annual Independence Day tournament; on July 13th to 16th, the California junior golf championship; on July 22d to 23d, an aquatic circus in the Roman plunge; on August 4th to 6th, the Del Monte tennis championship; on August 25th to 27th, a summer golf tournament, and on September 2d to 10th, the California amateur golf championships.

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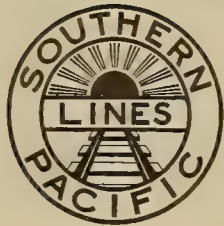
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## Beginning

| 1922 | MAY  |      |      |      |      |      | 1922 |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Sun. | Mon. | Tue. | Wed. | Thu. | Fri. | Sat. |      |
|      | 1    | 2    | 3    | 4    | 5    | 6    |      |
| 7    | 8    | 9    | 10   | 11   | 12   | 13   |      |
| 14   | 15   | 16   | 17   | 18   | 19   | 20   |      |
| 21   | 22   | 23   | 24   | 25   | 26   | 27   |      |
| 28   | 29   | 30   | 31   |      |      |      |      |

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How about this hunting with the camera?"  
"Takes a man of blameless character to stand it. You gotta stick to the truth."—*Judge*.

"Is your wife the boss of your household?"  
"She is," answered Mr. Meekton, "now that the hired girl has left."—*Washington Star*.

"Mr. Smith, is your son a member of any secret fraternity?" "He thinks he is, but he talks in his sleep."—*New York University Medley*.

"You are a beautiful girl, and I hope you think I am sincere." "I can't help thinking you are sincere when you talk like that."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"The hotel was so crowded I slept on a billiard table." "What did they charge you?" "Oh, the regular rate—80 cents an hour."—*New York Evening World*.

She (at her mirror)—Oh dear, who would think it—I'm approaching thirty. Her Friend—Patience, my dear; from now on you'll start getting farther away from it.—*Paris Le Rive*.

Mandy—Rastus, yo' all knows dat yo' remind me of dem dere flyin' machines? Rastus—No, Mandy; how's dat? Mandy—Why, because youse no good on earth.—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

The Minister (reprimanding the local scandal-monger)—I have always found old Mr. McNab a deeply religious man, and I think it is very wrong of you to accuse him of lack of faith. The Gossip—Ah, weel, sir, I'm aye suspicious o' a man that talks about his

EAT

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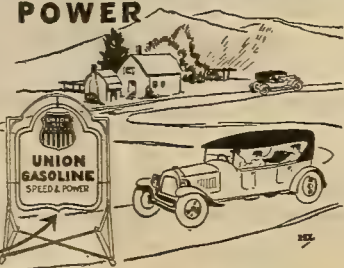
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faith an' then wears braces an' a belt at the same time.—*Punch*.

"Ah suttinly is glad to see yo' out of dat horsepittle, Sam. What done happen to yo' in dar?" "Ah done had mah bones X-rayed." "An' Ah bets a five-spot dey was loaded."—*Pickup*.

Jack—Ma! Freddie's been hurt at football! Fond Mamma—Oh, dear, dear! What does the telegram say? Jack—Nose broken. How shall I have it set, Greek or Roman?—*London Mail*.

Mother—Children's here's a quarter. Go down to the saloon and get your ice-cream cone and soda water. And on your way back, stop in the drug store and bring your father home.—*Life*.

Wife—How many fish did you catch last Saturday, George? Husband—Six, darling—all beauties. Wife—I thought so. That fish dealer has made a mistake again. He's charged us for eight.—*Stray Stories*.

Mr. Alfred Noyes tells that when in America he heard a Chicago girl give the following criticism of a famous work of art: "The Venus of Milo," she said, "is terribly early Victorian."—*London Morning Post*.

Mose—Watcha gonna call yo' new cow, Rastus? Rastus—Aint yo' heard Ah'se callin' her 'Nited States? Mose—No, watcha yo' callin' her dat for? Rastus—'Cause she done gone dry.—*Topics of the Day* Films.

"Why, Tommy!" exclaimed the Sunday-school teacher. "Don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?" "Not any more," explained Tommy. "I used to, though, when I had to sleep in a folding-bed."—*Judge*.

Employer—Is it true that when the clock strikes 6 you put down your pen and go, even if you are in the middle of a word? Clerk—Certainly not, sir. When it gets so near to 6 as that I never begin a word at all.—*Chicago Herald*.

"The advent of a national figure in the movie world," says a local commentator on Will Hays' transmogrification, "may presage a radical change." Note the archaic verb "presage." "Press agent" is the modern form.—*Chicago News*.

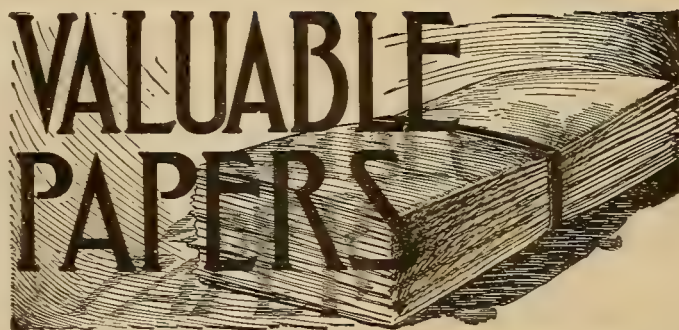
"What does you want to eat?" asked the old colored mammy of the traveler. "Corn pone," said the traveler. "I've glad you said corn pone," said the old lady, "cause it's the one thing I aint got anything else on hand of but."—*Toledo Blade*.

"How d'yer like yer new boss, Mame?" asked one stenographer of another on the Elevated. "Oh, he aint so bad, only he's kind o' bigoted." "What yer mean, bigoted?" "He seems ter think that words can only be spelled in his way."—*Boston Transcript*.

Professor Redmond (puffing the results obtained from the inflection of the voice)—Did I ever tell you the story of the actor who could read a menu so as to make his audience weep? Freshman (strangely moved)—He must have read the prices.—*New York Mercury*.

Following the marriage ceremony the groom called the minister aside and inquired the price of the service. "Well," said the minister, "you may pay me whatever it's worth to you." "Be reasonable!" groaned the groom. "This woman inherits a million dollars on her twenty-first birthday."—*California Pictorial*.

"Well," said the happy bridegroom to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?" "Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply. "You can better estimate the value of the service rendered." "Suppose we postpone settlement then—say for a year. By that time I shall know whether I ought to give you one hundred dollars or nothing." "No, no," said the clergyman, who was a married man himself, "make it five dollars now."—*Boston Transcript*.



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### A Peculiar People.

The eccentricities of the Doukhobors, that strange Russian sect of super-conscientious objectors, have attracted world-wide notice from time to time ever since they first presented, in the middle of the last century, an awkward problem which successive Czars attempted to meet by harrying them from one home to another in Russia, says the Manchester Guardian. The British Empire acquired a special and paternal interest in them in the 'nineties, for it was then that a staunch fight against conscription, followed by persecution, stimulated the orthodox among them to a kind of revival. Ignoring the backsliders who had been absorbed in the normal life of Russia, a majority of the Doukhobors at that time revived their ancient faith in all its curious details. They divided up their property, renounced tobacco, wine, and meat, and reiterated their vows against every kind of excess and against being parties to any sort of violence. The result was intensified persecution, from which many died. Tolstoy enlisted the sympathy of the Friends in England, who helped both with means and with a petition to the Czar that such uncomfortable subjects should be allowed to leave his realm. Thus it was that the Doukhobors, some 8000 strong, reached Canada, where they have proved themselves excellent, if eccentric, citizens. They established a useful brickmaking plant at Yorktown in 1907, and though small parties have constantly broken away to lead a nomadic life, the Canadian government has more than once paid tribute to their gentle, law-abiding nature. The ranks of the vagrant Doukhobors were reinforced in 1919, when a number of them voluntarily surrendered lands they had acquired, in favor of returned soldiers, and pushed westward. From the leader of these Western wanderers there now comes an ultimatum that is interesting to Canada. His people find the burden of taxation so heavy that, according to the Winnipeg Free Press, they propose to lighten their load by throwing their infants and infirm people into the Columbia River. Eccentricity must have its limits in any well-ordered state, and we do not doubt that the Western Doukhobor chief, Peter Veregin, knows this.

Either he has been reading Swift, and thinks an imitation of the "Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from Being a Burden to Their Parents and Country," by polishing them off, is good propaganda, or he has, without this inspiration, arrived at the same stroke of sarcasm. His threat will probably not be taken more seriously by the Canadian authorities than would a similar ultimatum from, say, the Plymouth Brethren by the British government. But it is certainly an effective way of calling attention to the privations that come of heavy taxation, as well as to the difficulties and obligations that attach to accepting as citizens so peculiar a people.

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Full information and maps may be had from T. J. Wilder, Real Estate Department, Spring Valley Water Company, 375 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Douglas 2562.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Saving an Art Treasure.

The Column of Progress on San Francisco's Marina is the finest object of its sort in the modern world, and few things in the ancient world surpassed it in beauty and æsthetic effect. No other city possesses such a distinction. By comparison, Trajan's Column, which suggested it, is a somewhat primitive forerunner, whose composition and artistic values have been improved by the modern artists, exactly as the automobile of today is a better thing than the automobile of twenty years ago. By comparison again, the Vendôme Column in Paris, which our column recalls, is lacking in beauty and inspiration. The San Francisco column is surmounted by one of the most dramatic plastic groups in the whole range of modern sculpture: Hermon A. MacNeil's "Adventurous Bowman," a bold and daring conception, expressing vividly the aspirations of the race and its determination to advance. Standing in full view of all the shipping that enters the harbor, there is nothing else conceivable that could so embody and convey the spirit of San Francisco; and its conception by the architects of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was nothing short of an inspiration. Fortunately the core of the column had to be constructed of a strong material. It is a sound, elastic steel frame, fit to withstand, if properly protected, the storms of years to come. But owing to the necessarily temporary nature of most exposition construction, the protection is

rapidly weathering away, and the column itself has become in external aspect a rather pathetic ruin. It is said that it would be neither difficult nor very expensive to restore the outer casing, coating it with hard material that would secure us this beautiful object in comparative permanence. We can imagine no more civilized use that could be made of a few thousand dollars than to preserve this unique, beautiful, and stimulating thing, to enrich the life of the city for unnumbered generations to come. Only, if restoration of the envelope is to be attempted it must be done with reverence for the work of the sculptors that contributed to its beauty. No policeman must be permitted to censor it, no mechanic to hide or discard its more delicate features, such as the exquisite suggestion of ships and voyages in the low relief of the helical band about it. Its great base should be preserved, with its tablets to the flying men, and Isidor Konti's bas-reliefs of struggling humanity. Above all, the "Adventurous Bowman" group should be retained exactly as it is, with the wonderful pedestal on which it stands. Those who will put their hands to this work and see it through with fidelity to the original form will do a great service to their city and deserve the name of patriot.

### Child Welfare Week.

The week of May 8th to 13th is Children's Week—not a period of sentimental observance, as Be Good to Animals Week, or Raisin Day, but a week set aside by the Child Welfare Division of the Department of Public Health to weigh and measure all children about to enter the public schools. Children of five and six are being registered this week for weighing even as their elders are being registered for voting; and the occasion is an equally important civic one.

At first blush, the child's weight may not seem of great significance. There are many platitudes about the subject—perhaps the silliest being that a healthy child has a fund of heaven-sent vitality that nothing can diminish. Scientific research now seems to indicate that nutrition is more important in childhood than at any other time—though it is always of paramount importance to general health—and that weight is an index to it.

Some time ago the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association carried out an experiment relative to the weight of school children. It is an accepted medical fact that children of a certain age and of certain measurements should have a corresponding weight. The Tuberculosis Association may not have been surprised at the result of their experiment, but San Francisco school authorities were. The interesting fact is that a comparison of school reports on the measuring and weighing done by the association showed that children of the superior neighborhoods, such as, for example, that of the Madison School, were under weight compared to youngsters from the poorer, foreign districts. Similar experiments carried out elsewhere yielded similar results. Dr. Royal Copeland's investigations in New York showed that the poor of the East Side have relatively healthier young than the best-nurtured children from the Riverside Drive or Fifth Avenue districts.

This does not mean that the slums are conducive to health or that the progeny of our foreign-born element is natively healthier than the young of American stock. It does mean that there is a fundamental difference in the living conditions of the children from the two extremes of society and that, strange to say, the odds are in favor of the poorer classes. It means that, contrary to one's preconceived notions, money does not buy health. And it means, above all, that health is founded on nutrition and exercise, and that unfortunately the children of the prosperous, despite better sanitary conditions and better medical treatment, do not eat the simple, nutritious foods on which the poor, by force of

evolution and self-preservation, largely subsist. With reference to this subject Dr. A. A. D'Ancona said that he would rather a child did not brush his teeth, essential as that is, than that he should not have simple, nutritious food.

The youngster of the upper middle-class family is probably allowed too much pocket money. He eats too many ice-cream sundaes and too many chocolates. He is kept up late for special, though too frequent, occasions, and does not get the outdoor exercise that his colleague in the poorer district enjoys of necessity. The slum youngster has no attractive nursery to keep him indoors. All of these are factors. It is, of course, an indubitable fact that owing to extreme poverty many children are underfed. The astonishing thing is that children of the upper classes should be underfed—which is what their under-weight condition implies.

### The Tariff in the Senate.

It is inevitable that the tariff, affecting producer and consumer alike, should become a large part of our industrial constitution, and so whenever that particular home brew is brewing the whole American family becomes interested in the product, and stands about wondering how it will taste and what result it is going to have upon the human system. According to the recent discussions in the Senate over the Senate Finance Committee's report, we are now about to receive, to switch the figure, an elastic tariff, one that will stretch with the national footsteps like the side of an old-fashioned gaiter shoe. The rubber is to be supplied by the President, whose delight it will be to make the thing expand and contract with the changing tensions of trade, because the authors of the bill in its present form frankly admit that such a wizard performance is beyond the miracle-working powers of Congress. That is going to make the President a very busy man if he tries to attend to it himself; he will learn sympathy for the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger with the hives. After attempting a few adjustments he will probably turn the job over to the Tariff Commission. Then, with railway rates regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, customs by the Tariff Commission, other phases of trade by the Federal Trade Commission, the length of skirts by a Skirt Commission, the number of stripes in a shirt by a Shirt Commission, and a few other commissions to attend to anything left over, with a Residuary Regulating Commission to regulate anything that may have been forgotten, and a good, high tariff on peanuts, we should take our place in the sun as the best regulated, best protected little nation on earth.

The Senate Finance Committee has labored long and hard over the rather raw material sent up by the House in the form of the Fordney bill, and has brought forth a tremendous piece of work, which the country at large will be a long time learning to understand. This much can be said for the laborers in this stony vineyard—that in the whole history of tariff legislation there probably has never been a time when international trade was so chaotic and the framing of a tariff law so beset with difficulty. It has necessitated an effort to meet the unexpected contingency, for in commerce today the unexpected contingency is the only thing that we can expect to meet. Manufacturers have asked for high tariff rates more because of what they feared than what they were experiencing. They know that certain Europeans are desperate, and they see all sorts of what they call unfair competition ahead. Certain industries brought forth and nourished by the war are threatened with early death unless artificial feeding is resorted to, and in the Senate chamber the question has arisen whether it would not be better to let these ill-begotten infants perish. Such does not seem to be the attitude of the framers of the bill, it must be said, and every effort is to be made to preserve what we



have received in that form. Bravely Senator Smoot and his colleagues are defending the schedules and the administrative features against a certain carping opposition led largely by Senator Jones of New Mexico, who persists in offering embarrassing reminders of consumers; a troublesome and, withal, an ungrateful race, without organization, whose vote is easily split by other issues.

Some features that come to the front at the present stage of development are the change from the American valuation to the foreign valuation plan, the transference to the President of a large field of activity that has a strong resemblance to legislative action and hence verges on the unconstitutional, and the definite abandonment of the old principle of reciprocity so dear to the hearts of James G. Blaine and his followers. On this last head Senator Smoot in debate the other day called attention to the fact that though the House bill attempted to apply the principle of reciprocity treaties, such arrangements negotiated in the past have yielded but meagre results, and only one of them (with Cuba) remains in force. Instead of this discriminative invention it is now proposed that the basis of our commercial relations shall be equal treatment to all and from all, without any more special bargains and treaties. It will be interesting to observe whether this idea can be carried through to the ultimate passage of the bill.

As to American valuation, it appears to have been found more complicated than foreign, even considering the Bedlamite effects of violently fluctuant exchange and debased European currency. It was not feasible to build it on the value of American products comparable and competitive with the imported article, because there are really few imported articles that have their exact counterparts in domestic manufacture. As to the wholesale selling price of the imported article in the United States, that depended on a great many variants, one of which was the tariff itself; in order to know what the tariff was to be you had to know what the selling price was to be, but in order to know what the selling price was to be you had to know what the tariff was to be; and there you were. Ole's second yump for the departed ferryboat had a solid take-off by comparison.

And right here the Senate committee goes through a manœuvre that might be designated a justifiable passing of the buck. It knows that there are Europeans so degraded in their instincts that in order to get trade they will descend to the nethermost depths of iniquity and offer to sell goods to Americans cheaper than Americans will. These villainies the committee feels must be repelled. But no tariff it can exact, based on foreign valuation, will be sufficient to repel them all, and so, although it admits the practical impossibility of founding anything definite on American valuation, it hands along to the President the duty of repelling dumping by tariffs formed just that way, and going to the extent of 50 per cent. of the value. This puts the President in the position of the mountain congressional candidate who told his audience: "The feller on the other ticket is gittin' this here tariff business all complicated up fer nothin'. Hit aint as bad as all that. If I'm elected an' I find the tariff is too high I'll lower it, an' if I find it's too low I'll hist it." He, was elected. In case of dumping, that is all the President will have to do.

It is believed by the committee, and where so much is in doubt belief is all that can be expected, that basing the schedules on the wholesale price of the imported article in the country of origin will result in duties lower than the House bill provided. Even so, these will be, if they are adopted, the highest duties under which we have ever tried to live, and with the anti-dumping, sliding scale weapons put into the hands of the President, it is felt that a full measure of protection has been provided for the American manufacturer. But the tariff bill has a long way to go. Times have been changing. We have become for the first time in our history the great creditor nation. Trade there must be, in the interest of world reconstruction, and of settlement of Europe's debts to us. The President has seen this, and issued a warning against "making our tariffs prohibitive"; and the Senate committee itself feels that cases may arise under which rates will prove too high and the consumer will be entitled to a reduction. The bill has lost the support of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and is even in danger of being attacked by it. The administrative features at least seem good, if not the schedules themselves. But if one of these

Siamese twins is killed the other will probably die with it.

### Recognition.

Outside of North Dakota, and still, to a great extent, within the boundaries of that distracted state, this is a capitalistic country. Lenin and Trotzky have not only admitted it, they have cursed us with the accusation of it. They are right. It is. It is also a country of free labor and it has progressed on that basis because there is no other way to progress; and it will be a fool, and its people will acquire appetites out of all proportion to the food in sight, if it ever tries the Lenin and Trotzky method. This does not mean that capitalists are all-wise and all-good and must have their way all the time. In detail there is no particular capitalistic way of doing things, because not all the owners of factories and mines, and employers of labor, pursue the same method. But it does mean that we have a fair amount of personal liberty left from the bureaucrats and other meddlers, that life and property are reasonably safe after the tax collectors and the highwaymen are through with us, that we have every religion ever revealed, that our workmen have a right to strike whenever they please to, but not to drive spikes in other people's saw-logs, and that they exercise their right a good deal more often than does their any good; that we still think a man that makes a contract ought to keep it or pay damages, that a private individual or a corporation can still own machinery and hire other men to operate it on terms mutually agreeable, and that as a nation we feel that people should at least aspire to what is known as common honesty; in none of which things do statesmen of the Lenin and Trotzky type appear to believe.

Yet they clamor to be "recognized" by the government of the United States. They have robbed a great class of Russian society of its goods and thousands of its lives, and they propose to trade with other people by means of the gold and jewels they have filched from their unfortunate countrymen and countrywomen, and from the government of Roumania, which banked its war chest in the Russian treasury when it feared the invasion of the Hun. Our political and industrial and ethical systems have nothing in common with the insane conditions prevailing in Russia. As far as we are concerned, Russia has no legal government, and that view is sound logic. The malignant despotism in control over there is no more a legal government than a Chinatown tong on the warpath is.

Another country has attempted to build on the same basis for the benefit of a few radicals in a nation of ignorant and helpless people, and that is Mexico. The Mexican constitution adopted by the Carranza régime in 1917 is a Bolshevik system. Mexico's rulers do not deserve the name of government any more than the Russian bandits do, or the forces under General Chang Tso-Lin, over in China. And Secretary Hughes knows it, and acts intelligently in the matter. He says, no recognition without a treaty guaranteeing American rights and property.

If anybody wants to take a chance on trading in Russia or in Mexico he can do it without our recognizing either one of those Bolshevik "governments." A good deal of trade is actually taking place. One American corporation is said to have established some drug stores in Moscow and Petrograd. A Brooklyn importer penetrated Russia last year and managed to get out with a lot of bristles, of which our brush factories were short. There is nothing to prevent it, except ordinary caution. But it will not take place on a very great scale, because in neither country have the people been left much to trade with, or encouraged to produce more than would barely sustain life. When we refuse to recognize such a system of general tyranny and spoliation we are not adding to their troubles. In Mexico we are merely defending our own people, for recognition would legalize all the confiscations of American property that have taken place under the Bolshevik constitution of Carranza.

Recognition be darned. Leave it to the State Department and the President. We have an administration now to which it is safe to leave such things, with assurance that it will act with due consideration of the facts and by the guidance of right and justice.

The practical limit for suspension bridge spans is estimated by army engineers as 2800 feet.

Since the discovery of the cobalt silver mines in 1903, Ontario has produced over 313,000,000 ounces of silver.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### Laurel Hill as a Memorial Park.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your article in recent issues on the "California Historical Society" will certainly arouse interest and enthusiasm throughout the state. What you say about the rich and dramatic history of California is striking and true. That we should neglect it is inexcusable; our heritage of history is worthy of more loving care.

In the older states much attention is paid to the care of cemeteries. They are invaluable records of genealogy and history. Often where the paper records have been destroyed, as in the revolutionary war and the war of 1812, records on the "mossy marbles" remain. In the genealogical and biographical magazines of the older states much space is given to the records of the cemeteries. Of those who rest in San Francisco's historic cemeteries many were native sons. There are also many who came from older states to lay the foundations of the new commonwealth.

When Colonel E. D. Baker advanced upon the platform in Portsmouth Square to pronounce the funeral oration over the bier of his friend, Senator Broderick, he uttered these solemn words: "Fellow-citizens, a senator lies dead before you!" No less than eleven United States senators have been entombed in Laurel Hill. Let us hold in reverence their historic resting-place.

On the peak of the highest hill, under the most conspicuous monument in Laurel Hill Cemetery, lies the body of David C. Broderick, elected United States senator from California in 1857. As the result of a quadrangular quarrel, involving Broderick, Gwin, Terry and Perley, the fates brought about a duel between Broderick and Terry, in which Broderick fell. He was buried in Laurel Hill on September 18, 1859. At the impressive funeral services held in the Plaza, Colonel E. D. Baker uttered a fiery philippic against dueling.

Once before Colonel Baker had delivered an eloquent elegiac address to the people of San Francisco—it was on May 30, 1854, when Laurel Hill was dedicated as a cemetery. "In this peaceful spot," he said, "the pioneers will rest forever." It was a momentous occasion in the history of the infant city. A great throng made its way out to the cemetery to listen to Baker's dedication oration. The only road to Laurel Hill wound out around the hills over Pacific Street to the Presidio, and thence to the cemetery gate. Bush Street was not yet planked and graded.

Baker, born in London in 1811, was brought to the United States when five years of age. He fought in the Black Hawk war; he went to Congress from Ohio, leaving his seat to fight in the Mexican war. In 1849 he was again in Congress. In 1851 he was superintendent of the Panama Railroad. In the Vigilante time, Baker defended Charles Cora, who had shot United States Marshal Richardson; for this Baker was ostracized. He left California for Oregon, where he was elected United States senator. When the civil war came on he raised a regiment and took it to the front, and fell in his first fight, at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861. He was buried at Laurel Hill within a rod of Broderick.

Not far away is the stately monument erected by Milton S. Latham (1827-1882). Elected governor of California in 1860, he served for five days only, and then resigned to fill the office of United States senator left vacant by Broderick's death.

William M. Gwin, who was elected United States senator from California in 1850, with John C. Frémont, was interred at Laurel Hill in 1885.

James A. McDougall (1819-1867), who succeeded Frémont as senator from California in 1853, was also buried here.

Another United States senator was John Percival Jones, born in 1829. On the bark *Eureka* he made the entire trip from his home in Cleveland, through the Great Lakes, the Welland Canal, down the St. Lawrence, around Cape Horn and up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco in 1850. He served in the California state senate from 1863 to 1867. He was elected United States senator from Nevada in 1873, and was reelected to the Senate in 1879. He was born in England; he was twice married. Mrs. Frederick MacMonnies, wife of the sculptor, and Mrs. Robert Farquhar are his daughters. He lived to an advanced age; recently his ashes were placed in the imposing vault of Colfax marble which he built at Laurel Hill more than fifty years ago.

William M. Stewart, James G. Fair (1831-1894), and William Sharon (1821-1885), all United States senators from Nevada, were buried in Laurel Hill.

A beautiful white marble tomb marks the resting-place of Aaron Augustus Sargent (1827-1887), "printer, lawyer, minister plenipotentiary, senator." He was elected United States senator from California in 1871.

General John F. Miller (1831-1886), a pioneer of '53, was elected United States senator from California in 1881. He served in the Union army from 1861 to 1865, was collector of the port of San Francisco for four years, and president of the Alaska Commercial Company. His daughter was Mrs. Richardson Clover. His body has been moved from Laurel Hill to Arlington, the National Military Cemetery near Washington; his monument still stands in Laurel Hill.

One of our earliest pioneers was Lieutenant Joseph L. Folsom, U. S. A. (1817-1855). His name is almost hidden under the oaks around his tombstone. Folsom Street was named for him. In 1847 he invested in all the Yerba Buena town lots he could buy, and afterwards bought the entire William A. Leidesdorff estate from the heirs, which made him a very wealthy man. He died at Mission San José.

In a miniature Gothic temple of brown sandstone lies Nicholas Luning—by his side his wife, two sons, a son-in-law, a grandson. Facing the east, its foundation stones built into a bank of velvety lawn, ivy, and geraniums, the Luning monument is unique.

Near by stands the tomb of William S. Clark, a pioneer of '46, who named Clark's Point and there drove the piles for the first wharf in San Francisco Bay.

In the large plot once owned by the Bank of California lies Robert Morrow, the Comstock magnate; he and the late Adam Grant were the principal owners of the old Sutter Street and Geary Street car lines.

Many of the early cemetery deeds were recorded in the city's archives, among them one to R. C. Rogers, in 1869. In early life Rogers was in the navy, and served in the Mexican war. He was president of the Bohemian Club from 1878 to 1880. But one inscription may be read on the white marble slab: "My Wife."

Another Laurel Hill deed recorded in 1869 was that to Reuben H. Lloyd (1836-1900), eminent Mason, distinguished attorney. He never married, and lived nearly all his life at the old home on Folsom Street.

Another eminent Mason buried here was Alexander Abell (1816-1890), with his wife and his daughter Madeline (1856-1888).

"Laurel Hill to Samuel Cowles" was another deed recorded, January 13, 1871. Cowles (1823-1880) was a well-known lawyer in the early days. Of his two handsome daughters, Myra married Joseph D. Redding, and now lives abroad. Anita married Thomas H. Reardon, on whose modest headstone is carved "60th Ohio Infantry."

In a well-kept family plot lies I. C. C. Russ (1785-1857), the founder of the Russ House. After his death his resi-



dence on Harrison Street, then in the suburbs, was converted into a popular resort known as the Russ Gardens.

On the crest of Broderick Hill, next to the reservoir, is the family plot of R. B. Woodward, founder of Woodward's Gardens, proprietor of the What Cheer House.

Across the avenue is the tall shaft of Isaac Friedlander (1824-1878), sometimes known as the "Wheat King." His son Carey (1858-1917) was for years secretary of the Merchants' Exchange and of the Chamber of Commerce.

Many of San Francisco's pioneers lie buried at Laurel Hill. Among them are: Thomas H. Selby (1820-1875), who founded the Selby Smelting Works and was once mayor of San Francisco; George Gordon (1820-1869), who laid out South Park and built the first sugar refinery here. (His daughter, Helen Mar, 1845-1874, was once made the heroine of a novel by a well-known writer); Frederick Bee, who died in 1892, and who was for a number of years consul for China in San Francisco; Bailey Sargent (1824-1889); Henry M. Newhall (1825-1882); Mrs. Anastasia Patten, who died in 1888, and her husband, Edmund Patten, who died in 1872. (Their daughter, Mrs. Corbin, resides in Washington, D. C.); Millen Griffith (1827-1896), the well-known shipping man; José Godoy, who died in 1869, and who was consul from Mexico to the United States.

The most elaborate monument in Laurel Hill is Senator Fair's—a copy of the gothic Sainte Chapelle at Paris, built by St. Louis as a shrine for the Crown of Thorns.

The most laconic epitaph in Laurel Hill is that carved on Judge Sanderson's massive slab:

SILAS W. SANDERSON  
FINAL DECREE

The most imposing monument in Laurel Hill is that of the Bourn family. It stands on a height, looking toward the ocean; from its base descends a sheer cliff—an ancient quarry. The monument is a pyramid—that form which in Egypt has for centuries defied the sandstorms sweeping from the Libyan desert, and which has even more successfully defied the vandal hand of man.

A PIONEER'S DAUGHTER.

#### The American Plan.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: San Francisco mechanics have struck to strengthen their unions. Frankly, they say so. They raised no issue as to wages or hours; gave no excuse; quite nonchalantly they walked out, merely remarking, as though casually, "We don't work any longer with non-union men." And by their action San Franciscans are again invited to meditate upon "closed shop" or "open shop."

"We won't work any longer with non-union men." That admits of but one interpretation, namely: If a mechanic is not a member of a union he shall not be permitted to work at his trade. Those contending for the "open shop" declare that any mechanic may work at his trade any time, anywhere; that every workman who desires to work shall have equal opportunity to do so; in short, that the opportunity to work shall not be confined to the members of a particular class.

I wonder if the lesson of the big midsummer strike in England last year has been forgotten? But that the leaders of that strike fumbled at the last moment, three great union brotherhoods would have overturned the government of Great Britain and precipitated anarchy. In England all of the trades are unionized. No such thing as "open shop" is known there. But, when comparisons are made, it must be remembered that in England laborers are all Englishmen, while in this country laborers, for the most part, are a hodgepodge of all nationalities—many unable to speak English, many anarchists, communists, I. W. W.s, acknowledging no allegiance to government, restrained from violating law and order only by fear of punishment: because of whose activities it became necessary for legislatures in Western states to enact stringent laws against acts of syndicalism—aneant the necessity for which legislation, the fire losses in the grain fields of California caused by the I. W. W. a few years ago (amounting to about \$10,000,000), and, as well, the prosecutions and convictions for "criminal syndicalism" in the various counties of the state, bear eloquent testimony.

There are not only obvious but ominous reasons why labor unions in this country should not be indulged nor dallied with as has been the case in England. Even in England, where the laboring class is homogeneous, there is an ever-increasing danger to the state. That is obvious. What, then, might we expect if the labor unions of the United States possessed such power or solidarity as those of England possess?

Every one ought to be familiar with the facts of contemporary history, especially should the sober-minded thinking men be familiar therewith, and consider their ways in their light. In our day a strike like the strike first referred to is not to be thought of as negligible; it means more than the casual fact that a few hundred working men have walked out; behind it lies a threat—a menace. Only a few days ago Samuel Gompers, in addressing the Chicago meeting of the American Federation of Labor, took occasion expressly to denounce the One Big Union (an International or Soviet idea) and to lash Foster, a Chicago labor leader, who stood there as its protagonist. The O. B. U. is radical and dangerous. Mr. Gompers, indeed, is opposed to it, but Mr. Gompers is a very old man, and there is a great possibility that his successor may be a radical.

Many believe that the strike first referred to (ordered by Eastern leaders) was much more than a casual strike in the intent of those leaders; they believe that the idea behind the strike was and is a continuing menace, not to be disregarded, much less thought of negligibly, but to be guarded against and fought against. If that conclusion is fair, then all of the potentialities of such a strike must be brought into the estimate—the economic of course, the political as well—and a defense provided. For the menace is not to the builders: the menace is to society.

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

#### True to Her Trust.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Please accept my heartiest thanks and congratulations for the excellent editorial in your issue of April 29th, entitled "The Faith of France."

I have observed with amazement the complacency, the lack of appreciation, with which the world regards France's splendid sacrifices to the general interest since the war.

I can claim no drop of French blood, but there are some of us who will never forget what France has done for the world. And we remember that since the days when Caesar was holding back the German barbarians from the cultivated fields of France with the strong arm of his legions, the French have had that same task handed down to them from generation to generation. They may have to serve civilization in like manner again.

Yours very truly, H. M. F.

There were 425,022 persons ten years of age and over in the State of New York in 1920 unable to write in any language. In New York City there were 281,121 illiterates, of whom 270,788 were foreign-born whites.

## SOCIALISM'S EFFORT IN CALIFORNIA.

### Proposed Water and Power Amendment Is Not Merely Bad Business But Worse Political Building

Even if the proposed Water and Power Amendment to the Constitution, to be voted upon next November, involved nothing more than the price at which the consumer could buy his energy and light and get water for irrigation, the project of turning over a vast and technical industry to a board of political appointees to manage and control would not be politically wise.

The value of our institutions is not to be measured by the price of electric energy; nor would any one familiar with the technique and discipline, the continuous research and invention, involved in the management of the great power companies of California ever expect improvement either in price or service from a state bureau; much less from a state bureau the heads of which are still unknown, but who are to be endowed with practically limitless powers, and to be without effective check on their disposal of half a billion dollars to be raised by a blanket mortgage on the property of every citizen in the state. If price alone were involved, the proposal would look like a more desperate gamble than Comstocks on a five-point margin, or wild-cat oil shares—less chance of winning, more likelihood that the commodity it is proposed to sell would cost more instead of less. In fact, a larger charge is virtually assured by the provision for paying off the principal of each project; something private corporations do not attempt and for which they do not tax the consumer.

But that is far from the most important consideration. Government in this country does not exist to provide water and energy, but liberty, opportunity, and security. Business men are too apt to debate the Water and Power Act as though it were merely a business matter. It is not. It is an effort to revolutionize in this important field the political system on which this nation has developed, and it is the greatest effort thus far made in that direction, at least in time of peace, unless we count as effort the crank proposals for nationalizing the railroads and everything else. Not even North Dakota has attempted socialism on so extensive a scale; it had no industry, except its agriculture, that was so large and important, and even the North Dakota socialists and their dupes did not attempt the political production of wheat. If they had, the valley of the Volga would now be a land flowing with milk, honey, pork spareribs and caviare compared with North Dakota.

And North Dakota had something to grumble about. It had been used with less than generosity by the millers of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the grain graders of their Chamber of Commerce, and the agriculture of the state was not very prosperous in the first place and probably never can be until they diversify it more, no matter how financed. California has no just complaints of its water and power corporations. They are efficiently conducted, and the rates are made by the railroad commission. They are probably regulated too much now for the public's good. For a corporation to have to go to some political appointees to ask permission to issue bonds, to be sold on the public market to grown-up people over twenty-one years of age, is ridiculous; however, we have such an arrangement, and it ought to satisfy the most meddlesome busybodies in the community; but apparently we have some that are past satisfying as long as anybody is making a profit. This is the true socialist spirit. In socialism there is no room for profit, according to the teachings of its bush-whiskered old dervish, Karl Marx. And without profit Russia has found that there is no production.

Now it is a peculiarity of revolutions that they do not originate with and are not carried out by the proletariat, which according to the socialists has been despoiled and should be feeling desperate, but among and by middle-class doctrinaires of strange beliefs. The proletariat does not ordinarily wish revolution until it is led by some meddler with a scheme. And that is what has developed in California. Our farming class, too, is generally prosperous. Our people have no such grievances as those of North Dakota, for example. They are merely in danger of being misled by a vision and a dream. But the danger is no less real for that.

The worst thing that could happen for the state would be to have the Water and Power Act carry and then become a success—in the only way in which the success of such a project is ever measured: that is, by its money returns. That would encourage the formation of other socialistic projects, until the state was a socialistic state. No such order of society could long feed itself, without reducing the people to driven slaves. They tried it in Russia. Even after they had reduced the people to driven slaves they found what society has always found, that slave labor is the most expensive and nearly profitless in the world, that adequate modern production could not be maintained by means of it, and that unless they were all to starve together it would be necessary to denationalize industry. So

Russia began to denationalize industry and invite capital to return. And just as Russia is denationalizing industry, California is invited to begin nationalizing it, and serving notice on capital to keep out.

The great dynamo of all human affairs, the prime mover that makes industry go and brings food and houses and civilization with all its arts, is the hope of private profit. Anybody that supposes it can be discarded for some lovely, altruistic principle of co-operation for the general good is politically at sea. He should be treated with kindness, unless he gets to pitching bombs, but he should not receive support for any of his ideas, for they are all certain to be based on a diseased belief in what is called the "exploitation of labor," to fatten the ribs of capital. They will be beautifully consistent, beautifully logical, difficult to refute if you grant his first premise. But they will not work, and their introduction into general human conduct merely interferes with the things that will work and are working for the general benefit.

For example, if this Water and Power Act were to be adopted by the people next November, it would be extremely hard to interest capital in any more development in California, at least on any scale commensurate with our needs. The thing is so manifestly unfair that men with money would not consider that they could be sure of receiving justice here. If after inducing capitalists to invest their money, their time, and the best efforts of their lives in the development of power projects, we are to set up state competition with them and endow an unknown political board with the power to condemn parts of their laboriously woven web and leave the rest a wreck, taking their business away from them because it looks profitable, what is to become of our reputation for justice and fair dealing? How safe is capital to consider California as a field for investment? How attractive is a California bond issue going to look when it is advertised in the New York Times for New York investors to buy?

Advocates of the act claim the state can borrow money cheaper than private corporations, and can, therefore, produce power cheaper, for it is merely a matter of the interest charge on the capital required. North Dakota did not find it so; and in harmony with the socialist tendency to blame the wicked owners of money for all their woes the North Dakota socialist politicians complained that they were being boycotted. But when men engage in visionary projects that other men know can not succeed, and when those other men are of the sort that have the money because they do understand such things, boycotts like that are very apt to happen, and it does not require any conspiracy to bring them about. Bond buyers that are intelligent about security are very apt to act alike without any preliminary agreement. They simply analyze business undertakings, and nearly all get the same answer.

It will be that way if California exhausts her credit by this vast issue or authorization. The market, after the North Dakota experience, will probably be very shy of half a billion dollars worth of bonds when the money is to be gambled on a project of state socialism. There is a limit to credit. It will not stretch indefinitely. And after the half-billion of bonds is marketed, if it ever is, what chance will there be for the state to borrow more money at need, unless this venture becomes a success? If that should happen, we might continue borrowing, until everybody owed all he had to the state and socialism was here. But long before that happened, the office-holders would have multiplied until everybody had a public job, with 98 per cent. loafing instead of working. Productive efficiency would have fallen to a minimum, as in Russia, and paralysis would have set in and crippled us beyond repair. We could not go far on that road before we reached a condition of exhausted credit and paralyzed ambition.

This bill is a direct frontal attack on private capital and the system of individual industry. That is why it is of such interest to those who seek to build their fortunes on industrial discontent. And business is in a poor position to defend itself, because it is selfish, and knows it, and knows that everybody else knows it. But out of that selfishness come the results that humanity has to have. The selfishness of capital, the hope of private profit—no beautiful thing, we grant—has produced all we know or are ever likely to know of what we call civilization. With all its defects, the individualistic system feeds, clothes, and shelters us. It gives us the liberal arts and the fine arts as well, for even an artist has to be capitalized. Every commodity known to trade, everything advertised in a street-car, a magazine, on a billboard or in a newspaper, everything in the White House or a Woolworth store, in a plumbing shop or a lumber yard, is accessible to us, if we have the price, because some capitalist hopes to make money out of it. Without that there is nothing. Witness Russia again.

These are sordid rather than poetic truths; but they are the only truths that will work, and so they are the only truths that are true. The fact that we have to have the price is a calamity, of course, involving for the vast masses of us that primal curse of mankind known as work. In other words we must all, practically speaking, produce something, and that is co-operation. But if we thought we could get the stuff we need for nothing we would not work to get it, any more than the capitalist would do his part in production



when deprived of the hope of private profit. There are individual exceptions to the rule, but they are rare, and not of sufficient importance to promise anything worth while or to build any plans upon.

Socialists complain that they have great difficulty converting the clerk class to their dismal gospel. That is because the clerk class works close to the capitalist class, and sees something, although dimly, of the essential toil directed by the keenest intelligence which the capitalist class devotes to its work. The socialist supposes that money makes money, and that to make it, it is only necessary to have a stake, like a gambler with a system. They made that mistake in North Dakota when the only state-operated bank in the country lent the money of its depositors to politicians. They thought "money makes money, and it's our turn." They did not mean to lose it; they just did not understand. Money does not make money. It takes money and brains, great abilities, genius and experience. Making money is one of the hardest tests of intelligence and character. There is nothing easy about it. Business men labor for every dollar the money in their care earns. And as they do it they supply us with the necessities of life and with its beauties and embellishments as well, if we know how to pick them. Capitalism is the mother and father of civilization. We shall never do without some form of it—we never have, since we came down out of the trees and crawled into the caves that were our early homes. It is now proposed that in order to put capital out of business we mortgage the property of every man, woman, and child in California and hand the money to politicians to play water and power with—it might as well be *rouge et noir*—as the money of the depositors in the Bank of North Dakota was lent to inexperienced persons. When they have lost the money, what? Why this bill would enable them to dip into the treasury for more. That is to be expressly provided in the Constitution, not in a statute that can be repealed or modified by the legislature if wisdom so directs. The proposed amendment distinctly states:

The full faith and credit of the State of California is hereby pledged for the payment of the principal of said bonds, as the same mature, and the interest accruing thereon as the same falls due. . . . If at any time the revenues from projects shall be insufficient to pay the interest on and principal of outstanding bonds as the same falls due, the committee, with the consent of the governor, in order to avoid appropriations from the general fund and resulting taxation, may issue and sell bonds to provide funds required to make such payments of interest or principal. . . . If at any time the moneys in the state treasury applicable to the payment of interest or principal of said bonds shall be insufficient to pay the same as it falls due, moneys shall be temporarily advanced from the general fund for that purpose, and there is hereby appropriated from the general fund in the treasury such sum annually as will be necessary to pay such interest and principal, and there shall be collected each year in the same manner and at the same time as other state revenue is collected such sum in addition to the other revenues of the state as shall be required to pay the sums appropriated for payment of interest and principal as herein provided, and it is hereby made the duty of all officers charged by law with any duty with regard to the levy and collection of said revenue to do and perform each and every act which shall be necessary to collect such additional sum. (Italics ours.)

Lenin has not much more power than that, at least over the revenues.

No wonder this project has the approval of the local chapter of the Non-Partisan League! That is where the Non-Partisan League exposed its friends. Its California organ endorsed the measure, thereby proving what sort of measure it is and what sort of support it has—socialistic. MORTON TODD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3, 1922.

Looking over the authoritative lists of governmental employees in every land it becomes obvious that woman has not yet broken in, except in elective posts like members of legislative bodies, mayors, and other municipal dignities. In the realm of statecraft, except to gain the rôle of confidential secretary to some big executive, she sings very small, despite the high chorus of feminists in every part of the world. Not a single woman has achieved a diplomatic post. Even the Soviet government of Russia, which promised so much to women in the early days, has gradually replaced the few feminine envoys sent to Finland and to Estonia by men. Sweden has several women counselors in the historical rôles of school directors and health officers, but these had been given to the gentler sex years before the general agitation about equal rights. This country simply refuses to consider a woman as diplomatic envoy, no matter to what country, and a woman cabinet official looks very far below the horizon just at present. From Russia comes the amusing statement that married women proved a tough nut to crack, because of the presence of their husbands with no official status and yet evidently expectant. This country has as yet been spared the thrill which will come inevitably when a married congresswoman arrives with her family and causes a revision in the existing laws of precedence.

France recognizes the value of air travel and its importance to the future. She has budgeted 154,878,000 francs for civilian aviation for the year 1922. Naturally, Paris is the great centre of French commercial aviation, the Le Bourget aerodrome in the suburbs taking on the appearance of a busy railway terminal. Airplanes to and from London (five departures daily) and Brussels carry the largest number of passengers.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Reed Smoot of Utah is the Senate Finance Committee's storehouse of figures and expert knowledge of tariff legislation. In fact, Senator Smoot has an encyclopædic knowledge of the history and ramifications of American industry, which he vocally publishes on occasion in the Senate.

The world checkers championship was recently determined in Glasgow with Mr. Hewart, an Englishman, as victor with two games over the American contestant, W. Banks, who had one game to his credit. The tournament, which lasted two weeks consisted of forty games, thirty-seven of which were drawn.

Fatma, a woman corporal in the Turkish army, has been given the rank of lieutenant in the Nationalist army, earning her promotion in action against the Greeks. It is the highest military rank held by a Turkish woman, though the Turkish army boasts several battalions of women who have shown great bravery and suffered heavy casualties.

M. Amable Maillet-Saint-Prix, a Parisian journalist, who was born in 1821 and is therefore in his hundred and second year, is in all probability the oldest journalist alive. He is at least the oldest working newspaperman, for he is still vigorous and not only writes a weekly article in the *Abeille de Seine-et-Oise*, published in Corbeil, but actually makes up the paper.

Edward L. Conn, until recently proprietor and publisher of the *Foreign News Service*, which specializes in American diplomatic developments abroad, has gone to Toko to become editor of an English language newspaper there, the *Japan Times and Mail*. Tokyo, though only the size of Philadelphia, has more daily newspapers than Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York combined.

Miss Blondelle Malone of Georgia is a specialist in garden-painting. Miss Malone, who comes of a family of artists, was a landscape painter until she met a certain English princess who owns many estates, and particularly many gardens, the latter of which she has a hobby for having painted. Miss Malone became the princess' official garden painter and has been a garden specialist ever since.

The heir to the Ottoman throne, Abdul Medjid, is something new in the way of Eastern potentates. According to European papers his life in Constantinople is a model of democracy. The future Commander of the Faithful, who is fifty years old, intensely enjoys the liberty of which he was deprived for thirty years by Abdul Hamid. He is said to divide his activities between music, painting, and writing. His library is stored with French books. His favorite writer is Anatole France, his favorite composer Beethoven. Two interesting signs of regeneration of the Ottoman Empire are the facts that Abdul Medjid can be approached without Oriental ceremony and that he has suppressed the harem of the palace.

Ilya Tolstoi, who is visiting America as an outspoken opponent of recognition of the Bolshevik government, is carrying on the philosophy of passive resistance of his illustrious father, Leo Tolstoi. Our Russian visitor looks for a complete collapse of the régime of Lenin and Trotzky this summer. The two dictators, he says, are even now in peril of crashing from their heights because the Russian treasury is getting low. Mr. Tolstoi prophesies that when the government funds are depleted the red army will turn upon its masters. The younger Tolstoi, who is said to bear a strong resemblance to his philosophic sire, would dissuade American and Allied loans to Russia on the ground that it would prolong the agony of the peasantry under Bolshevik rule.

Dr. A. F. Ossendowsky, who played an important part in the Czarist régime, having been a member of the technical committee of the imperial navy and of the foreign trade department, is attending the Genoa Conference at the request of France in order to place before the nations represented there the actual state of affairs in Russia. Dr. Ossendowsky is in a position to expound Russian affairs because of his long and varied connection with the old Russian government. He was a director of the All-Russian Council of Gold and Platinum Mine-Owners and for nine years served as secretary for industries to Count Witte. During the Washington Conference Dr. Ossendowsky was attached to the Polish legation as adviser on Far Eastern affairs. He is the author of "Beasts, Men, and Gods," a volume on Siberia.

Mr. William Phillips, the new Under Secretary of State, who has been chosen to succeed Henry P. Fletcher, recently sent to Belgium as ambassador, is one of the most capable of the younger men who were encouraged by President Roosevelt to enter our diplomatic service as a career. Mr. Phillips graduated at Harvard in 1900 and after studying law for several years went to London as private secretary to Ambassador Choate. Later he was transferred to the American Legation in China, and in 1907 he returned to take charge of our Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs. His next step was to become Third Assistant Secretary of State. Later he was First Secretary of our embassy at London, after which he again became Third Assistant Secretary of State, and finally Assistant Secretary. He has been minister to Holland since March, 1920. In his

present position of Under Secretary, Mr. Phillips ranks next to Secretary Hughes. He was a member of the national commission to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett, veteran Irish statesman and scholar, and the apostle of a modernized Ireland, is recognized as the forefront of the cooperative movement in Irish agriculture. Sir Horace has held many public positions in Ireland and has been ceaseless in his endeavors to heal the breach between Ulster and the South. He believes that economic, social, and educational advancement must prepare the way for Irish political freedom. It is interesting to note that Sir Horace Plunkett, who has long been interested in our country and our problems, has published a work on "The Rural Life Problem in the United States" and has been active in improving the condition of Southern negroes. For a number of years Sir Horace has engaged in cattle ranching on our Western plains. His practical wisdom, his vast knowledge, and his political vision have given him a place of remarkable influence throughout the English-speaking world.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Lone Mountain.

(CEMETERY, SAN FRANCISCO.)

This is that hill of awe  
That Persian Sindbad saw,—  
The mount magnetic;  
And on its seaward face,  
Scattered along its base,  
The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies  
Blown by each idle breeze,  
To and fro shifting;  
Yet to the bill of Fate  
All drawing, soon or late,—  
Day by day drifting;

Drifting forever here  
Barks that for many a year  
Braved wind and weather;  
Shallops but yesterday  
Launched on yon shining bay,—  
Drawn all together.

This is the end of all:  
Sun thyself by the wall,  
O poorer Hindbad!  
Envy not Sindbad's fame:  
Here come alike the same  
Hindbad and Sindbad. —Bret Harte.

### A Memory of Earth.

In the west dusk silver sweet,  
Down the violet-scented ways,  
As I moved with quiet feet  
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew  
Glass'd the eve and stars and skies;  
While I gazed a madness grew  
Into thunder'd battle-cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white  
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke,  
Ah, what faces pale and bright  
Where the dazzling battle broke!

There a hero-hearted queen  
With young beauty lit the van.  
Gone! the darkness flowed between  
All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom,  
Where the rabbits patter'd near,  
Shone a temple and a tomb  
With a legend carved clear:

Time put by a myriad fates  
That her day might dawn in glory:  
Death made wide a million gates  
So to close her tragic story.  
—A. E. (George William Russell).

### The Ivory Gate.

When, loved by poet and painter,  
The sunrise fills the sky,  
When night's gold urns wax fainter,  
And in depths of amber die—  
When the morn-breeze stirs the curtain,  
Bearing an odorous freight . . .  
Then visions strange, uncertain,  
Pour thick through the Ivory Gate.

Then the oars of Ithaca dip so  
Silently into the sea,  
That they wake not sad Calypso—  
And the hero wanders free:  
He breasts the ocean-furrows,  
At war with the words of Fate,  
And the blue tide's low sussurus  
Comes up to the Ivory Gate.

Or, clad in hide of leopard,  
Mid Ida's freshest dews,  
Paris, the Teuciran shepherd,  
His sweet Oenone woos:  
On the thought of her coming bridal  
Unuttered joy doth wait,  
While the tune of the false one's idyl  
Rings soft through the Ivory Gate.

Or down from green Helvellyn  
The sough of streams I hear,  
And my lazy sail is swelling—  
To the winds of Windermere:  
That girl with the rustic bodice  
Mid the ferry's laughing freight  
Is as fair as any goddess  
Who sweeps through the Ivory Gate.

Ah, the vision of dawn is leisure—  
But the truth of day is toil,  
And we pass from dreams of pleasure  
To the world's unstayed turmoil.  
Perchance, beyond the River  
Which guards the realms of Fate,  
Our spirits may dwell for ever  
Mid dreams of the Ivory Gate.  
—Mortimer Collins.



## MONGRELIZING AMERICA.

Kenneth L. Roberts Tells "Why Europe Leaves Home," and How It Affects This Country.

As long as the self-celebrated human race is what it is now there will be no end to explanations of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; also the Athenian, share and share alike. If the Romans, who were declining and falling for several centuries, could only have stopped it long enough to tell us why they were doing it, much ink would have been saved; but controversialists would have been deprived of their favorite argument against anything they did not happen to admire, from the farmer bloc to tight boots. They could not have said that the object of their antipathy, whatever that might be, was what caused the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, because there would have been, in some form of imperishable bronze, or graven deep in marble, the authentic explanation by the declining and falling Romans themselves, who were the only people on earth that ever knew—if they did know; and as they devoted themselves to their own ruin with all the joyful enthusiasm of a post-Volsteadian drunkard, they must have known something as to the reasons for their rash act. But they do not appear to have cared whether we knew about that business or not, and so the guessing about it, and the pretense of understanding it, have been for long a favorite amusement of our confessed *cognoscenti*.

Among whom we must classify Kenneth L. Roberts, for he has certainly cognoscated a good deal abroad that the folks at home ought to know. And from rambling around Europe after the war he has evolved his own pet antipathy, which is unrestricted immigration, and his own explanation of the basis of Gibbon's mighty work, which is, in one word, mongrelization. It is not inconsistent with David Starr Jordan's biological theory that war drained away the best blood of the nation and left only the muleteers and camp followers and roustabouts and sutlers and scuttlers and scuttlers to carry on with the daughters of the regiment. Those carriers-on were foreign labor, imported to do the work the native Roman or the native Greek should have done. They seemed a fine thing to have, for they solved the servant problem of that time, but look at those nations now, Mr. Roberts would say. Quite true. Look at them. And then look at us. We have the world by the cervical vertebrae, so to speak; but for how long?

Greece points his moral as well as Rome—they both declined and fell, and probably from similar causes. Boston suggests Athens, and so in Mr. Roberts' pages this comparison occurs:

It might be mentioned in passing that the last census showed that the population of Boston, sometimes known as the Athens of America, consisted of some three hundred thousand native-born Americans and some four hundred thousand aliens.

The aliens and slaves of Ancient Athens spoke the Greek tongue and they wore the Greek dress, but they were not Greeks. Citizenship was conferred on them, so that they might fight the battles of Greece. The result was inevitable. Any promiscuous crossing of breeds invariably produces mongrels, whether the crossing occurs in dogs or in humans, and whether it takes place in the Valley of the Nile or on the Attic plain or in the shadow of Rome's seven hills or along the stern and rock-bound shores of New England. People whose trust in catch-words is greater than their common sense are fatuous enough to believe that by pouring all the races of Europe in a human melting-pot, one can keep on producing the same breed of men that founded America, laid down its scheme of government, wrenched its farms and its cities from the wilderness, and produced its scientists, statesmen, artists, pioneers, authors and explorers. It is no more possible to do this than it is to turn a yapping, snarling pile of Pekinese, Chows, pugs, Boston terriers, poodles, beagles, collies, coach-dogs, wolf-hounds and mongrels into a kennel and have them produce litters of thoroughbred setters.

This mongrelization theory is the lesson Mr. Roberts wishes to convey to his country through his book, "Why Europe Leaves Home," and as it seems to us a good and sound one politically and economically, although there may be some doubt about the thing biologically, we are glad to help by calling attention to certain of his tenets. He is not sentimental about welcoming "the oppressed of every nation." That good old Fourth-of-July platitude seems to have been worn out on him. He does not appear to feel that the modern immigrant is likely to bring us any helpful respect for liberty and law nor any cooperation in operating them. He finds the uneasy, disgruntled, impoverished European desperate to get to America, but with little thought for America and much for himself and his flattened pocket-book. And he doesn't seem to believe that we can prosper as a nation much farther unless this flood is brought under control. He says:

Careful investigation in various parts of Europe has shown conclusively that if the United States should remove the ban on immigrants, emigration from Ireland to the United States would be at least three times as large in the ensuing five years as it was in the five years before the war; that five million people would emigrate from Germany in the ten years following the lifting of the ban, and that the majority of them would steer straight for America; that emigration from Italy to America for many years would be limited only by the number of passenger steamers assigned to the task of carrying immigrants to America from Italy. The same thing that is true of Italy is true of the new nations which used to be Austria-Hungary. Immigrants to America from these nations would fill every ship that is supplied for that purpose for years to come—unless America becomes permanently con-

vinced that her chances of assimilating this mass of humanity is even less than a humming-bird's chances of assimilating a box of carpet-tacks.

It is the threatened influx from southeastern Europe that seems most to have disturbed the author's equanimity, if he has any choice of evils. His pictures of the human breed in certain quarters are vivid and alarming, but we must limit ourselves to his more general statements; and here is a sketch of underlying human nature in the remains of Central Europe:

The people in the old Austria-Hungary ranged all the way from the refined and cultured individuals who lived in the great centres like Prague and Vienna and Budapest, used whipped-cream on their chocolate and murmured mutinously when there were fewer than fifty beautiful women in the ballet of "Faust," down to the hard-boiled Russians who wore sheepskin undergarments and slept on the mud floor of the living-room with the heifers and the pigs. They differed widely from one another in their traditions, their history, their religions, their languages, their cultures and their national costumes. They had only a few things in common: not one of the different peoples of old Austria-Hungary was ever satisfied with its government; each nationality had a bitter, passionate, and unwavering hatred for at least one adjoining nationality; and all of them wanted to go to America. In these things they were alike.

Certain peculiarities of our Slav brothers have impressed themselves on the author's mind and caused him to suspect that their facile assimilation to the American spirit and American institutions is largely bunk—or so we would infer from the following affectionate tribute:

Now all of the Slav races have certain peculiarities which are apt to make them dangerous members of large industrial communities. They are easily influenced; they will not acknowledge one another's equality; and they seize every opportunity to crush ruthlessly the people over whom they have a temporary advantage. The Russian, though he is a Slav, oppressed his brother Pole, who is a Slav, too. The Poles turned around and did the same thing to the Ruthenians, who are also Slavs. The Poles and the Czechs, Slavs all, consider themselves infinitely superior to each other. The Czechs rate themselves far above the Slovaks, while the Slovaks scorn the Russians with unbridled vigor, though the Russians are Slavs, too. The Czechs and the Jugo-Slavs are doing to the Austrians and the Hungarians the same thing that caused them to protest so violently against Austrian and Hungarian rule. These traits make them easy plucking for the labor agitator. When somebody tells them that they have been frightfully oppressed by being forced to accept wages of forty-two dollars a week, that the owners of the steel mills are vile creatures, and that the mills really belong to the workmen instead of the owners, they believe it, emit a hoarse Slav cheer of approval, and hunt around for bricks to bounce against the heads of the oppressive mill-owners. If they are assured in a loud voice that somebody is trying to rob them of their deserts, whether the deserts be a piece of land, a piece of pie, or peace of mind, they believe it implicitly, and riot and shed blood over it. Life for the Slav races for centuries has been just one riot after another. They have been brought up to break the laws of the people who govern them, and to fight them in open and in underhanded ways.

As to the devotion to American ideals among the oppressed peoples of Europe, and what might be called the "old home week" principle in immigration, he has this to say:

Advocates of unrestricted immigration frequently state flatly, and always imply, that present-day emigration from Europe is entirely wives to husbands or vice versa, and children to parents or vice versa. This is erroneous and misleading. Our immigration for the last thirty years has always been an immigration of relatives because of the inexhaustible European relative crop. The beet crop may fall down with a thud; the potato crop may freeze; the whiskey crop may be weak and backward; but the relative crop has always flourished and will always continue to flourish in Europe with a luxuriance that will make the green bay-tree, long noted for its flourishing powers, look like a wilted lettuce-leaf. This fact was determined years ago by the United States Immigration Commission. The relatives in America advertised in their letters the soft jobs that were to be had; and the relatives promptly came across, as one might say. There is nothing about immigration, as the present-day generation knows it, which demands any excess of sympathy, or any rush of sentimentality to the head.

I wish to repeat with all possible emphasis a statement which I have made many times before, and which a prolonged investigation of post-war emigration from the Baltic to the Balkans has continued to confirm: The tremendous movement of people from Europe to America which has been in progress for the last twenty years, and the even more tremendous one which is in prospect unless immigration is restricted with an iron hand, is purely, simply, and solely an economic movement. It is a movement which must not be misrepresented by sentimentalists and near-Americans as being a movement of oppressed people in search of religious or any other freedom. It must not be misrepresented as a sentimental journey to long-lost and passionately-missed relatives. It is a movement to a better job: a movement from the worst of economic conditions to the best of economic conditions: a movement of people from the lowest social and economic layer of Europe to a country where European standards of living are a menace to workmen, health, and institutions. Since this emigration is what it is, our lawmakers not only have every right in the world to control it in every respect and to cut it down to the irreducible minimum, but they also owe it to their country and to their people to see that it is controlled and cut down. And it might also be mentioned that they owe it to their children to see that the America in which they will have to live shall not be misruled and ruined by the mongrelization which must inevitably result from the promiscuous cross-breeding in America of every race in existence.

The future of America depends on the men she breeds. God has not given to America a special brand of ozone that enables her to ride triumphant over the laws of nature; and the hazy dreams of sentimentalists and the partisan desires of alien societies are poor substitutes for straight thinking and the inflexible rules of biology.

We are a practical people, despite our sentimental mushiness. When anybody complains of anything, from weather to cutworms, it is an American habit to ask, "What are you going to do about it?" Mr. Roberts makes this pertinent suggestion:

Congress has a bad habit of getting cold feet whenever there is a howl from alien interests over the hardships of any law that restricts immigration. When it gets cold feet, it at once decides to throw away the offending measure and

frame up another temporary law that will bring fewer complaints. This can't be done. If Congress wishes—as the country wishes—a law which shall restrict immigration properly, it must steel itself to complaints; for the alien interests in America will always emit agonized shrieks at any restrictions, no matter how mild they may be.

Immigration is too big and important a matter to the people of America to be controlled completely either by the Department of Labor or the Department of State. As long as these two departments have control of immigration, it will continue to be messed up by politics and by the hopeless incompetency of political appointees whose chief knowledge of the immigration problem consists of the belief that all male immigrants wear brown corduroy trousers and gold earrings and rub garlic in their hair.

Immigration is a matter which, to be properly handled, should be supervised and controlled by a Federal commission of five or seven men who have either made a careful study of immigration or who possess unusual qualifications for membership in such a commission. It should be the same sort of organization as the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it should be entirely removed from politics. If politics were allowed to enter into it, it would be subjected to the same apparently irresistible pressure to which our senators and congressmen were being subjected in 1920 and 1921 by so many near-Americans. The commission might, for example, be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate; but, however it were selected, it should be non-political.

The proper immigration law, then, would create a Federal commission to have entire and unhampered control of the administration of the law; and the law would clearly define the commission's duties.

It is our optimistic author's idea that this commission, having been duly appointed and having a man-sized job ahead of it with no elections to fear, and only an occasional theatrical growl out of a really relieved Congress, would function instead of funk; that it might stop immigration temporarily when the labor market was glutted, and let in a little when more was needed; moreover, that it should have and exercise power to direct the stream to places where it was really needed instead of letting it stagnate and breed social malaria in city slums. Perhaps intelligence could be introduced into the business, at least as much as there is in the business of importing fruit; so that we should not receive more alligator pears when we already had too many and needed bananas or pineapples—in other words, that when there was a shortage of miners and no Americans wanted the jobs, the immigration commission could send to the proper part of Hungary for more miners, and if vine dressers were wanted to make sure of the vintage under the dry laws it might encourage some to come from Italy. This would be more intelligent than intelligence tests, and more important in its results than finding out whether an immigrant said he intended becoming a citizen and could read the label on a can of beans in English. When there were five millions out of work in this country, as there were said to be in 1921, although it was exaggerated, no more would be permitted to enter and snap up the jobs for which Americans were suffering. Unskilled labor would not be permitted to infest the slum cities, and any that did not conform to requirements would be deported. That would be at least as intelligent as the practices of Murray & Ready's employment office, which makes it seem unlikely to happen through any political commission or agency.

This book is written "from de-propagandized information gathered in England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Danzig, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Turkey, and Greece, in the years 1920 and 1921." There are some wonderful pictures of the swarming of humanity, after the great disturbance of its ancient ant-nests. But it is not all gloomy. There were bright spots, even in Constantinople among the Russian refugees—such bright spots as this:

One of the prettiest girls that I ever saw was rushing cabbage soup from the kitchen to the tables. She was twenty-two years old, and her hair was the color of corn-silk in early September, and her eyes were as blue as—well, any magazine editor who was handed a colored photograph of her to use on the cover of his magazine would burst into tears of gratitude. Around her neck she had a triple string of pearls about as large as buck-shot. These were the genuine articles. The young woman was the Princess Vododskaya, a Tartar princess from Turkestan; and I don't mind saying that since I have seen her, the expression "Cream of Tartar" conveys more of a picture to me than it did some time ago.

And here is a picture of simple joys among the people whose homely and beautiful life is enshrined in the immortal verse of "The Cotter's Saturday Night":

As a result of their persistent tampering with hard liquor, the Scotch are able to produce some very finished specimens of the souse family. Saturday night, in any Scotch city or town, sees more whole-hearted ossication and spiffication than it sees anywhere else. There is, indeed, a belief in many parts of Scotland that Scotch water has an evil effect on the teeth; and strangers are urged warningly to "look what it does to iron." The Scotch also believe that water rusts and eats away the veins and the arteries and the internal organs, while whisky purifies and toughens and preserves them. If this is so, there are some Scotchmen who ought to live to be a million years old.

There is a refreshing vigor in Mr. Roberts' style, and a scornful, corrosive humor that is far more likely to etch its way into the case-hardened consciousness of the average congressman than any amount of mere vituperation. In fact, vituperation has about the same effect on a politician as profanity on a Duroc; he goes right on eating. This is a good book, and it may do good. It is dedicated to Booth Tarkington, who is a good American and a good fellow.

WHY EUROPE LEAVES HOME. By Kenneth L. Roberts. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$3.

Ireland seems to be another case of Siamese Twins. They are going to be very hard to bring up.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 29, 1922, were \$133,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$117,600,000; an increase of \$15,400,000.

The prosperity of the United States depends largely upon the prosperity of our so-called public utilities. We can not be successful as a nation unless the corporations that supply us with power, heat, light, transportation, and the means of communication

petitive company, for only one corporation controlled all the cars. The same thing was true in the matter of light, gas, and telephone service. The consequence was that Mr. Citizen generally sought to obtain his revenge through supporting the enactment of legislative measures to restrict the activities and limit the profits of the corporations that displaced him.

The circumstances under which people come in contact with the public utilities are calculated to foster impatience rather than unprejudiced thought and polite speech. Most of us climb aboard the street-cars when we are in a hurry, and use the telephone when we are busy. Such conditions do not encourage conservative action when affairs do not run smoothly. As a result, the stage is set for the entrance of the demagogue, who is quick to assume the rôle of the rescuer of a downtrodden people. Says he: "The solution of all these public-service problems is merely a matter of statutes. What we need are more laws, if we would free the people from capitalistic bondage."

Fortunately, we are entering a new era—a time of clear understanding. The people have learned through bitter experience that the solution of the problem relating to our public utilities involves something more than laws, city ordinances, or court decisions. They have come to know that the public utility is linked more closely with their lives than any other form of business; that the interest of the individual citizen and the interest of the public utility are one; that the utilities are enormous consumers of fuel, steel, lumber, rubber, concrete, and the various metals; that nearly every important citizen, either directly or indirectly, is a stockholder in one or more of the utilities; that a broken-down utility can do more than all else to ruin a town; that these public-service companies must be allowed to earn enough to enable them to give satisfactory service.

Likewise, on their part, the managers of our public utilities have undergone a change of heart, and have developed a new outlook in the matter of increased responsibility and the possibilities of greater service. They understand that public ill-will and distrust have come largely as a result of their own managerial misdeeds; that insufficient or poor service is a greater cause of complaint than high rates; that the failure of utilities properly to educate employees is largely to blame for bad relations; that any company serving the public has everything to gain and nothing to lose by informing its patrons as to the cost of operation and the difficulties of business; that it is far better to have employees use their brains, in their contacts with the public, than to act always in accordance with hard and fast rules, and that nothing is more beneficial than the execution of some plan which will convert a large percentage of the customers into owners of the company's stock.

Notwithstanding the fact that the utilities enter into our lives at every turn, hardly one person in ten fully comprehends the magnitude of our American utilities and how hopeless our lives would be without them. Approximately 1,500,000 private citizens in this country have all or a part of their savings invested in the securities of electric light and power companies. The insurance companies have upward of \$350,000,000 invested in these same securities, and this huge sum represents indirectly the savings of a great army of humble citizens whose hard-earned dollars represent the fruits of years of toil. Furthermore, 27,000,000 depositors, in 29,000 American banks, have a direct interest in the utilities of the United States, because of the fact that these banks have invested nearly \$2,000,000,000 in utilities' securities. Thousands of the deposits in these same banks represent the inheritance and savings of widows and orphans, so it is plain that every action we take that injures our utilities at the same time destroys the security of the life savings of millions of honest people who can ill afford any material loss.

The electric light and power industry in the United States today represents a total investment of more than \$5,000,000,000. It has a gross income of more than \$900,000,000, and directly and indirectly furnishes employment for upward of half a million people. The industry consumes 38,000,000 tons of coal, and serves 71,000,000 people in 14,000 communities with light and power. The electrical industry consumes 13,000,000 barrels of oil annually, and is the principal customer of the producers of copper. It is the largest user of wood and coal, and the largest single buyer of pottery. Next to the automobile business, it consumes more brass than any other single line of activity. One recent survey shows that \$3,225,000,000 are paid annually for service or property which could not exist unless the electric light and power companies first produced the necessary electric energy.

The electric companies are on the job twenty-four hours every day. When our homes were lighted by candles, the annual cost was about \$22 for the light of five candles, five hours each night. Later, kerosene furnished 50 per cent. more light at practically the same cost. Today the average American home uses eighteen times as much light as in the old days, at an average increased cost of less than 25 per cent.

No agent that ever has come to the aid of man has lifted a greater burden from human shoulders than has electricity. It would take 20,000,000 horses to furnish the power now supplied by electrical central stations in the United States. This great number of horses would form four lines, standing head to tail, and stretching across the United States from one ocean to the other. Men and horses eat and rest between intervals of productive labor. Motors, lamps, and other electrical appliances eat only when they work. The initial cost of a one-horsepower motor is from \$50 to \$75, while the cost of a horse is from three to five times as much. It costs about six cents per horsepower-hour to operate a motor, while an equivalent amount of animal labor costs no less than eight cents. In the home, office, factory, or on the farm, electricity is being utilized to lessen labor and increase the joys of living. It is an indispensable agent, whether we are motoring in the country at night or having our teeth filled in town during the day. We might do without a lot of things, but electricity is not one of them.

Advocates of government or municipal ownership of utilities claim a reduction in costs due to the elimination of taxes, the abolition of dividends, the doing away with high-salaried executives, and the more economical wage and higher efficiency of labor. Under government ownership just as much money in taxes is paid, the only difference being in the distribution of the taxes. In private ownership, only the users of service pay the tax bill, while in the case of government-owned utilities, all the people pay the bill. As to the claims concerning dividends, high salaries, and more efficient labor, the answer is found in the fact that when the total operations are summed up, the people receive the power at less cost through private ownership under regulation. Such is the finding of Mr. Murray in his examination of this outstanding example of state operation of a public utility.

The investment of capital under private interest control is better protected from extravagance than when that capital is governmentally owned. In the case of government-owned utilities, the directing heads are seldom specially trained in the business under their jurisdiction. Accomplishment by individuals in control of private enterprise is subjected to keener observation than is the case when those in charge are governmental or municipal officers. Ownership of a utility by the state or city eliminates all incentive for gain, and throttles initiative. This is evidenced by the far greater growth of privately owned utilities.

The time has arrived when the public utilities and the people must get together. The utilities are the heaviest taxpayers in every populated section of the country. In the state of Ohio alone, all the public-utility companies, exclusive of steam railroads, paid \$19,000,000 in taxes during the last year for which a report is available. No community can develop faster than its utilities. Therefore, regulation of these public-service corporations must be progressive and efficient rather than merely restrictive and corrective. Where the people decide to go in for municipal ownership and operation there should be the same regulation of the publicly owned plants that there is now for the privately operated utilities. The reasons for regulation

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are the same in both cases, and rates should be controlled so that the power to cut them could not be used to annihilate a rival and destroy the investment of many honest citizens.

An interesting survey was made in one



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Eastern state, and the facts brought out are typical of the whole country. It was shown that when each telephone subscriber paid his monthly bill last year for telephone service, 40 cents of the amount paid each month went for taxes. Out of the amount paid by each

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gas consumer, 67 cents went for taxes, while 50 cents of the amount paid each month by the electrical consumer was likewise used to cover taxes. Also, out of every dollar that the citizens paid to their interurban or street railroads, 7 cents went for taxes.

The nation's public utilities not only render

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are successful, says Floyd W. Parsons in *World's Work*. The period of business depression through which we have been passing for more than a year has been intensified and prolonged by the unsatisfactory condition in which the utilities have found themselves as a result of unfair regulation and the failure of the people to appreciate how public welfare and the welfare of the utilities are interwoven.

It is not surprising that a feeling of animosity toward the utilities should have de-

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veloped in the public mind in years past. The general run of utilities are monopolies, and until recent times they were run by people who recognized no obligation to divulge the secrets of their business. If there is one thing the average American citizen dislikes more than anything else, it is a privately operated monopoly which affords him no opportunity of redress for his wrongs. When he had a just grievance against his local street railway company, he felt it was useless to try to carry his complaint to some one high up in authority, while at the same time he could not carry his patronage to any com-

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To California Investors: There will be on your ballot next November a proposed amendment to the Constitution of California known as the Water and Power Act and authorizing an issue of state bonds to the enormous amount of \$500,000,000 bearing interest as high as 6 per cent.

The Water and Power Act would create a super-government of five persons appointed by the governor and removable only by recall or by the vote of two-thirds of both houses of the legislature. This board would have authority to issue \$500,000,000 of state bonds and to invest the money as it pleased in unspecified hydro-electric ventures and in any incidental business. The act provides for the issue of bonds to pay interest as well as principal of prior issues and also to meet operating and maintenance costs of the projects to be acquired or developed.

California today has more bonds outstanding than any state except New York and Massachusetts. With \$500,000,000 added to California's present debt of \$75,000,000, California would have about 45 per cent. of the aggregate debt of all the states of the Union.

Bonds mean increased taxes, no matter what theorists supporting the Water and Power Act may assert to the contrary. Taxes—national, state, and local—have become a serious drag on business. What we need are proposals for reducing, not for increasing, debts and taxes.

You can help suppress the menace of the Water and Power Act by spreading correct information about it now before the scheme gains headway.

True, the scheme is preposterous, but no voter can afford to ignore it for it is an alarming menace to your welfare and to the prosperity of this state. It goes before the people with a clamor of slogans and catchwords artfully designed to conceal the real nature and consequences of the proposal.

Investors are men and women of affairs and should be informed about the Water and Power Act, which vitally concerns them. Unless the leaders in this state take the trouble to inform themselves regarding this dangerous act, demagogues are likely to do to California what the Non-Partisan League did to North Dakota.—*E. H. Rollins & Sons.*

Business activity has been transferred to a new field. Important gains are shown in basic industries simultaneously with a disappointing spring retail trade in many parts of the country.

The steel industry of the United States, the movement of which has been accepted for many years as a business index, has recently shown marked expansion, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York. The industry as a whole is now at 70 per cent. of capacity. Demand is well distributed throughout all classes of products, and is well sustained on the higher price levels which are being established. Important in this connection is the fact that a large proportion of the new orders reported is for railroad equipment. Pig-iron production is at the highest figure since January, 1921. The monthly rate of steel ingot production approximates that of 1913. Unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation on March 31st were 4,494,000 tons.

Copper is moving steadily and stocks are being gradually reduced, while producers are cautiously increasing output. There is a good demand for lead and the price has advanced slightly. The rate of consumption of tin in the plate trade is reported to be as high as for any corresponding period except during the abnormal war years. It is expected that zinc smelting operations will be increased shortly, and some expansion of mine output will naturally follow.

The manufacture of automobiles and of tires and other automobile accessories is expanding rapidly, although this is undoubtedly seasonal to a considerable degree. Retail trade in goods not designed for personal and household consumption shows improvement. The hardware business is better, not only in builders' hardware, but in the many classes of miscellaneous purchases by farmers. Agricultural implement sales have increased and there is a definite expansion in the fertilizer business, activity in both lines being in excess of even the expected seasonal demand.

The return to normal conditions is not an orderly process, and activity may shift unexpectedly from one point to another. The setback in retail trade is the direct consequence of two factors. Buying by farmers, long at a low level because of unprofitable prices for farm products, has not shown improvement, as farmers have very little money, and their buying power can not expand materially before autumn even if the current year's crops are good. They are wisely using their credit to buy fertilizer, tools, and other necessities of their business. Buying by workers in cities has declined heavily—the cumulative effect of prolonged unemployment. It now seems likely that retail trade will continue at not far from its present levels or better until the

normal midsummer dullness occurs. If gains in basic industries prove permanent the autumn offers promise of expanding retail operations on a stable basis.

The progress of the nation toward normal business has not stopped; operations have merely shifted to a new field.

M. H. Lewis & Co., investment bankers, have moved their offices from the Insurance Exchange Building into larger and more conveniently arranged quarters in the California Commercial Union Building, corner Bush and Montgomery Streets. The company was organized in 1919 in Los Angeles under the name of the Frank & Lewis Company and retained that name until last September, when Mr. Lewis bought out Mr. Frank's interest. The San Francisco office is in charge of Mr. R. B. Carter, an investment banker of wide experience.

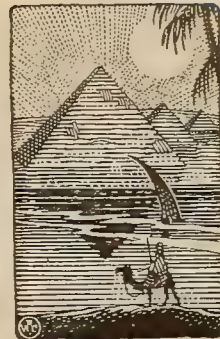
The William R. Staats Company has just completed the construction of one of the finest and most conveniently arranged banking houses in the state for their home in Pasadena. The entire building is considered a model of banking-house architecture, its thick walls and massive columns giving an atmosphere of strength and solidity. The William R. Staats Company is the pioneer bond and investment house in Pasadena, having been founded in 1887 by William R. Staats, who is now chairman of the board of directors. In October, 1905, the company opened an office in Los Angeles, and in San Francisco in October, 1911, with Mr. John W. Edminson, vice-president, as local manager. For over twenty years Mr. Edminson had been associated with N. W. Harris & Co., now known as the Harris Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago. Mr. John S. Staats, who since September, 1920, has been assistant manager of the San Francisco office, started his business career in July, 1909, in the Pasadena office. He is secretary of the company, and from the start has devoted his time to the sales end of the business. The William R. Staats Company is one of the oldest and strongest investment banking houses in the state.

American corn is apparently gaining favor with our neighbors in other parts of the world. The exports of corn, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, are now running at a rate which suggests that the fiscal year 1922 may "break the record" in the exportation of this most important of our cereal crops, and certainly in the sums of money which it brings into the country. The March exports of corn were 22,000,000 bushels against 13,000,000 in the same month of last year, and in the nine months ending with March 135,000,000 against only 36,000,000 in the same months of the preceding year, suggesting that the total for the fiscal year 1922 may perhaps surpass the banner year 1900, when the corn exports were 213,000,000 bushels, while the value of the 1921 exports is \$93,000,000 against \$85,000,000 in the former high record year, 1900.

Even this big total of \$93,000,000 worth of corn exported in 1921 does not include that sent abroad in other forms, for the corn meal and flour exported in 1921 was about three and a half million dollars in value, and the glucose and corn sugar produced from corn aggregated six and a half million dollars in value, carrying the total export value of corn and its products in 1921 above the 100-million line, against less than ninety million dollars in the former high record year, 1900, and an average of forty-five million dollars a year in the period from 1900 to the end of 1920. This estimate of over one hundred million dollars worth of corn and its products does not attempt to include the meats, for it is our big corn crop that makes the United States the world's biggest producer and exporter of meats.

The angry feelings that rise in the heart of the consumer when he reads about wholesale meat prices being down to almost the pre-war level and considers how his local butcher is charging just about as much as ever are not entirely justified, observes a writer on the financial page of the *New York Evening Post*. Meat retailers are credited by this authority with trying hard to bring down their overhead so that prices will attract the consumer and also bring in a reasonable profit. In this connection certain figures on selling costs for retail meat dealers compiled by the Department of Agriculture are summarized, showing that:

"The cost of retailing meats is now about double what it was in 1913. The investigation covered thirty cities with 3505 retail meat stores. Accounts of over 400 stores for 1919-20 were fully analyzed, and supplementary studies were made for 1921. Of each dollar that the consumer spent for meat, 81.14 cents represented the wholesale price, 16.57 cents represented the cost of retailing, and 2.29 cents represented the retailer's net profit. The largest item of retailing costs was wages, amounting to 61.86 per cent. of the total. The average wages of meat-cutters increased from 32 cents per hour in 1913 to 60.7 cents in 1921. Between 1919 and 1921 there was a decline in the wholesale prices of



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meat, but the cost of retailing increased. This shows why meat prices did not come down in the butcher's shop in comparison with the slump in the prices which farmers received for their live stock."

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

One of the post-war epidemics has been an outburst of hitherto private chapters of history. An expectant world has waited agog for Byron's letters. "Astarte" is being republished. Letters of every other historical or semi-historical figure with a past have been unearthed wherever possible. One such memoir has just been published by the Scribners in "A Daughter of Napoleon," which is the memoirs of Emilie de Pellapra, who was

known to her contemporaries and to her posterity as the Princess de Chimay. Time was—Victorian time to be sure—when such memoirs would not be considered edifying. But times change. M. Frédéric Masson of the French Academy, who writes an introduction to this diverting little volume, remarks that the lineage of the Princess de Chimay was one of the "secrets of society that every one conspired to keep." One can not help wondering why in an age that still pretends to the conventions it should not be still kept a secret. One also can not help wondering if we are to be honored with memoirs of all the other daughters of Napoleon. Why play favorites? However, there is an adequate reason for publishing the princess' memoirs, for she has given a graphic picture of her own interesting life and of the Europe of her day. Since Napoleon played no other than the initial rôle in her career and since that was not recognized in her lifetime, it seems hardly worth mentioning, let alone making it the theme and *raison d'être* of the book. One must remember, though, that this is a French memoir compiled by a descendant of the imperial connection and that family pride is strong. That, at least, is the explanation. It is not sufficient excuse. Family histories should be privately printed, and though the remark is not relevant to the present volume, persons who print private letters that were never meant for publication should be legislated against. In conclusion, readers and lovers of memoirs will find in "A Daughter of Napoleon" a beguiling chapter of French social history.

Of topical interest to every one concerned with Irish affairs is Francis Hackett's "The Story of the Irish Nation" (The Century Company; \$2.50), which takes the history of Erin from its amorphous beginnings up to the very present of Griffith and De Valera and Collins. It is useless to pretend that Mr. Hackett's latest is not Irish propaganda. It is, in fact, deliberately labeled as patriotic propaganda and one can but admire its candor. Considering that it was written in the heat of revolution and civil war it is remarkably cool, and so far from being surprised at its moderate passion, one is surprised that it is not more passionate. Of course, it is easy to point out that a history should not be partisan. It should not. That is why it is impossible to write history. We must wait for the man from Mars if we are ever to have a dispassionate history and even then he will no doubt be biased by Martian parallax. But sophistry aside, "The Story of the Irish Nation" is not so much a serious history as a sincere attempt to plead the Irish cause to a world for the most part ignorant of the Irish past. As such it is a piece of passionate argument that one must listen to respectfully and sympathetically.

One of the outstanding novels of the past week is "Adrienne Toner" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2), by Anne Douglas Sedgwick of "Tante" fame. Mrs. Sedgwick has not lost power in the years we have not heard from her. "Adrienne Toner" deserves not only to become a best-seller, which it probably will, but a literary catchword as it inevitably must, since there is nothing else like Adrienne in all fiction. It is not an exaggeration to say that Mrs. Sedgwick's feat in creating Adrienne is comparable to Thackeray's in producing Becky Sharp. The creation of Adrienne is equally unique, though one must admit that her execution is not equally adroit. Mrs. Sedgwick is burdened with the handicap of so many women writers—sentimentality. She got along admirably until she began to feel sorry for the tribulations she had heaped on her heroine and then began to sentimentalize about her. Such a *volte face* in attitude on the author's part is fatal. If he or she suffers such a change of heart the only thing left to do is rewrite. As a matter of fact it is not so much a change of feeling as a groping towards the dramatic. There is a current tendency in fiction to mask a character in a certain guise and then in the last quarter of the history to tear away the mask, revealing the hero or heroine in his proper heroic colors. Mrs. Sedgwick has done it here, and at least two other current novels, "Lilia Chenoweth" and "Saint Teresa" employed the same queer device. We do not like it. It is poor art and it is poor psychology. It smacks of cheap melodrama and detracts from whatever other merits a book may have. "Adrienne Toner" has fortunately many to counterbalance this weakness. With the exception of the noted defect, it is really an admirable piece of fiction, founded, one is sure, on fact.

R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

An International Book Fair is scheduled to be held in Florence under the patronage of the King of Italy this month. It is heralded as the largest international book exhibit ever gotten together. The object is to promote among the nations mutual knowledge of their respective book production and to facilitate

international book commerce, which is now hampered by the exchange and by the slowness and cost of transportation as well as by the exchange of translations. There is still a further object—namely, to restore by international comparisons a definite national character to the art of printing and binding. Publishers and book producers of all nations are invited to show their products. A fair within a fair will be the antiquarian section, where rare manuscripts and books will be shown. Other important exhibits will be that of the book illustrators and decorators. The fair is under the auspices of the Italian Book Publishers' Association in cooperation with the Leonardo Foundation for Italian Culture.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is about to publish a second volume of "Things That Have Interested Me."

Hitherto unpublished manuscripts of Jane Austen are shortly to be published, including a history of England.

A London paper has quoted the Chicago *Daily News* as saying: "It is not supposed that Margot Asquith will spoil all of Arthur Balfour's skillful work in the United States." From which we infer that the irony of the situation is not lost on England.

"Sir Wilfred Laurier's Life," by Oscar Douglas Skelton, is announced by the Oxford University Press American Branch. The volume will be read with special interest in the light of recent events in Canada, and it deals fully with the romantic side of Laurier's career. Mr. Skelton is known as the biographer of Galt.

The first five volumes of the George Moore limited edition will be published some time early in June by Boni & Liveright. This set, which is the first definitive edition of George Moore's works, will be complete, and will contain two volumes which have never been published before—called "In Single Strictness" and "Peronik the Fool, Daphnis and Chloe, etc." Mr. Moore is writing a volume to replace "Impressions and Opinions," which will be called "A Parley." The Moore books will be published in their original sequence. Almost all of them have had textual changes made in them.

Statistics for the last six months of the Modern Library are now available. They show that "Dorian Gray," "The Way of All Flesh," "Whitman's Poems," "Pepys' Diary," and "Madame Bovary" are the five most popular titles. "Treasure Island," "Soldiers Three," and, strangely enough, Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" are the three titles in least demand.

Frank M. Chapman, the noted ornithologist, has found that bird migrations are heaviest during the early weeks of May, reaching a peak about the 10th of the month. Hence now is the time when all bird lovers are keenly counting up the number of species

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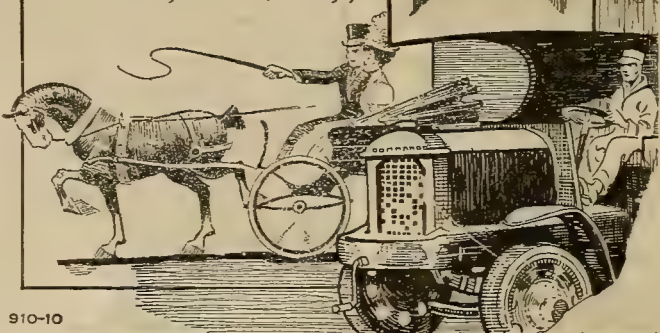
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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## The Girl from Montana.

A new novel by the popular author of "Marchia Schuyler" is "The Girl from Montana," a story in which Mrs. Hill has ample opportunity to exercise her gift for the portraiture of young girls. The plot is the typical Western one of a gallant tenderfoot, a Montana "bad man," a lone girl, cut off from civilization and three thousand miles from friends—all the blood and thunder, in short, of the typical Western thriller. What makes "The Girl from Montana" different from its fellows is Mrs. Hill's dainty style, which is, however, better fitted to the old-fashioned romances of her earlier manner, and her gift for characterization.

THE GIRL FROM MONTANA. By Grace Livingston Hill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

## The New Heavens

Dr. Hale, director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institute at Washington, has conferred a favor on the public by writing "The New Heavens." Astronomers of his "magnitude" are usually too absorbed in the heavens to know there is a reading public that is not equally absorbed, but that would like to know something of the all-engrossing subject. Some years ago Dr. Hale came to the rescue of the astronomically benighted with "The Study of Stellar Evolution." This volume, which was an untechnical account of modern astrophysical research, is now out of print and has become in the fourteen years since its appearance out of date. Dr. Hale had no time to rewrite nor to publish a revised edition, but from time to time he contributed articles to *Scribner's Magazine*, which he has now collected in "The New Heavens." One of the necessary features of an astronomical treatise are the illustrations, and in order to present them as clearly as possible astronomies are usually printed on the best of papers. "The New Heavens," which is admirable in this respect, is therefore a very attractive book, as well as a very useful one to the well-informed person who wishes to be better informed.

THE NEW HEAVENS. By George Ellery Hale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

## The Story of Drugs.

Henry C. Fuller has written his "The Story of Drugs" on the theory that the average intelligent man and woman has grown impatient at the mystery that has been made for cen-

turies about the nature of *materia medica*. He tells in the approved popular style of a handbook for laymen what drugs are, their sources—whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, of the beginnings and accomplishments of the drug industry, and how medicines are made. His discussion of the medical rôle of alcohol will surprise many lay readers. The general field of vaccine and serum therapy, which has been so recently explored, is made clear to the unprofessional reader. An interesting chapter on vitamins is entitled "The Spirit World of Medicine." Among practical features is a plan for an adequate domestic medicine chest; but the book is not to be mistaken for a home medicine book. Its subject is drugs and not ills. Mr. Fuller's technicalities are made very clear and very readable and his book is well calculated to enlarge the information of practically every one.

"The Story of Drugs" was suggested to its author by innumerable questions put to him by acquaintances, many of them professional chemists and physicians, but all of whom had something to learn on the subject of drugs. Mr. Fuller has been engaged in chemical research for years. He has been associated with Dr. Wiley and "the Pure Food law" and with the Institute of Industrial Research, Washington, D. C.

THE STORY OF DRUGS. By H. C. Fuller. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

## Psychic Research.

The latest discovery in spiritistic matters is that spirits are not spirits, as one-half of the world, called gullible by the other incredulous though anxious half, formerly believed. A French scientist has declared so-called psychic manifestations as not at all necessarily supernatural. These phenomena that superstitious and ignorant man has relegated to the realm of the mystical since his savage infancy are, according to latest research, simply a less concrete form of physical science that would have been discovered and explored long ago but for the superstition and quackery that has surrounded it. It is still problematical whether it is of any practical value now that it is being exploited, but presumably no realm of knowledge should be neglected.

Probably the most scientific book up to date in English on psychic manifestations is "The Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle." To those versed in older psychic research this title may mean something. To the outsider, it unfortunately means nothing, and one must

overcome one's native dislike for the subject in order to find out. The author is W. J. Crawford, late lecturer in mechanical engineering at Queen's University at Belfast. The reader is slightly reassured by the concrete and mundane calling of the author of this book on psychic research, the gist of which is that psychism can be subjected to precise scientific treatment and that the manifestations which men have jeered at or been awed by for countless centuries are really a sort of fourth-dimensional quality or sense that some people have—that perhaps every one has—and which consists in the auto-kinetic power of something tangible and ponderable to separate itself from its possessive body and flit about doing things quite on its own. The old faithful will probably call this self-willed flitter—which Dr. Crawford calls "plasma"—spirit or soul or embodied will. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating and the proof of a spirit should be in its invisibility. If a spirit is not phereal, what in the world is it? The real scientific contribution of this book is that so-called spiritistic phenomena are really an unexplored field of material phenomena. "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

THE PSYCHIC STRUCTURES AT THE GOLIGHER CIRCLE. By W. J. Crawford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

## New Books Received.

BEST LAID SCHEMES. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Short stories.

THE COWBOY. By Philip Ashton Rollins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

His characteristics, his equipment, and his part in the development of the West.

A DAUGHTER OF NAPOLEON. With an introduction by Princess Bibesco; preface by Frederic Masson; translated by Katherine Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Memoirs of Emilie de Pellapra, Comtesse de Brigode, Princess de Chimay.

ABBE PIERRE. By Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

A novel of today.

YELLOW CLOVER. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Verse.

THE DARK HOUSE. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

ADRIENNE TONER. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

The story of an Anglo-American marriage.

MOUNTED JUSTICE. By Katherine Mayo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

True stories of the Pennsylvania state police.

THE BLOCKING OF ZEEBRUGGE. By Captain Alfred F. B. Carpenter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

With forewords by Admiral Beatty, Marshal Foch, and Rear-Admiral Sims.

E. H. HARRIMAN. By George Kennan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A biography in two volumes.

HEPPESTALL'S. By Harold Brighouse. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2.

The story of a Lancashire town through several generations.

YOUTH GROWS OLD. By Robert Nathan. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.50.

Verse.

THE ODDS. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

Short stories.

SEARCH. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A novel.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE JEWS. By Walter Hurt. With an introduction by Dr. Raley Husted Bell. Chicago: Horton & Co.; \$3.

PRINCIPLES OF THE NEW ECONOMICS. By Lionel D. Edie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.75.

An integration of recent economic thinking.

BILL JOHNSTON'S JOY BOOK. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2.50.

2000 jokes.

PULLING TOGETHER. By John T. Broderick. Schenectady: Robson & Adee; \$1.

Human relations in industry.

## Our Pear-Shaped Globe.

While Dowie insisted that the earth was flat, and his successor, Voliva, sticks to the same opinion, serious scientists now begin to hark back to the theory which Columbus formulated on his third voyage, that the earth is shaped somewhat like a pear.

The eminent geologist Sollas affirms that if the earth is tending to become round, it has not yet become so. It even appears that what is today the moon belonged originally to the stem end of the terrestrial pear, which in the course of violent rotation threw it off.

This, says the *Petit Parisien*, is a theory. It is perhaps as good as any other, but anyway it is well not to get excited over it. Men were just as well off when they believed that the earth was flat and did not suspect the existence of antipodes.

Liberty is a slow growth. Middle names were once illegal in England, and bathing in Boston.



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Who was Sun Tzu?

"I think I can best explain the kind of man that Sun Tzu was by calling him the first staff college professor ever let loose upon a wondering world. We do not know a great deal about Sun Tzu's life and work, except that he was very masterful, very opinionative, in fact a thorough-going schoolmaster, and that the kings and dukes and statesmen whom he influenced seem to have been thoroughly dominated by his powerful will. Indeed, he appears to have practiced upon them the first principle of the art of war. As will be remembered, war has been described as 'making your will prevail over that of the enemy.'"

The book is not a great work, but rather a statement of ideas and facts.

Is it, then, true that "at no time in our literary history was the English public, as represented by its critics and leaders of taste, less qualified to admire and celebrate William Shakespeare"? Is it true that never before has his fame been "so low or so confused"? My own answer would be that never before have Shakespeare's critics been so generally enlightened, his essential potencies so clearly felt, his fame so secure, and his contemporaneity so obvious, says Karl Young in the *North American Review*. And this good fortune arises in large measure, I think, from the fact that in these times readers of his plays are more directly fixing their attention where Shakespeare certainly fixed his. If we are losing interest in those vexed inquiries as to when Macbeth first conceived the murder, why Emilia was silent about the handkerchief, and why Hamlet pretended madness, we are the more direct and ardent in our attention to Macbeth, Desdemona, and Hamlet themselves.

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### THE MILLER-BATES PREMIERE.

An array of pleased smiles, a constant ripple of laughter, greeted the steady flow of witty sallies that made us enjoy "Her Friend the King" in spite of its faults. The play is a sentimental comedy, rather reminiscent of Captain Marshall's "The Royal Family," which had a big vogue all over the country, oh, æons and æons ago. There wasn't an American widow in that play, which pre-dated the era when American millionaire widows, herbageous or otherwise, calmly and with the utmost sang froid debate within themselves, as they successfully storm the social barriers hitherto so impregnable in shielding royalty, whether or not they would do well matrimonially to annex a princelet; or even a kingleit.

But in "The Royal Family" there was the same incognito romance helped on between the two young royalties. Otherwise, except for the public's privilege of being admitted on terms of intimacy, in both plays, with such loftily placed personages, one comedy does not resemble the other.

"Her Friend the King" is really in process of a try-out here in San Francisco, and I do not doubt that it will be subjected to some excisions. Greater brevity in the third and fourth acts would improve it. It is also a grave error to cause the prince so thoroughly to transfer his allegiance to the widow. It would be much better to have him do what we in the audience believed, at first, that he really was doing: make a pretense of falling in love with the widow, in order to provoke Princess Lydia, who might hang back a little, to a warmer response. At any rate even sophisticated theatre-goers feel their susceptibilities toward the engaging young prince somewhat huffed by his inconstancy.

The situation arose from the old romantic tendency of authors to shower triumphs on an irresistible heroine, such as Mrs. Hastings is supposed to be. But Mrs. Hastings' archness and charm are sufficiently established without going to such lengths as running the danger of antagonizing the spectator's sympathy.

The plot of "Her Friend the King" is plainly perceived to be rather attenuated, and melodrama is invoked to run it out to due lengths; although it reaches slightly undue lengths. However, in a play of this kind, which is palpably written merely for light entertainment, we accept the melodrama as part of it, and, knowing that Europe seethes at all times, but particularly since the war, with murderous conspiracy, are not quarreling at all at the element of seriousness that is suddenly injected into the smiling King George's operatically involved affairs.

The really most commendable element in the piece is the way the dialogue has been handled. The various personages converse characteristically. Whether princesses can become as free, natural, and spontaneous as does Lydia after her declaration of independence, whether kings, surrounded by courtiers and deception, can be as clear-sighted and humorously perspicacious as King George, we do not know, not being accustomed, like American multi-millionaires, easily to invite royalty to stay to lunch. But we enjoyed Lydia's and her father's new understanding, Lydia's youthful revolts against the harness of state policy that cramps the tender limbs of princesses, the dry yet genial and ever-ready sallies of the king, and the quick and characteristically American humor in the responses of the widow. And the prince was a nice, well-bred blonde boy with the British accent common to all the sprigs of royalty on the Continent when they speak English.

Mr. Miller, as usual, treated us well in respect to the company he brought with him. I think his New York confrères in the producing business must have felt very covetous when he went from these shores after his last season here loaded to the gunwales with boodle amounting to nearly eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Miller is an excellent business man, and I do not doubt that he returns the most constant and friendly sentiments entertained toward him by our community. But business is business. He evidently said to himself, "Catch me staying in the effete East when they like Blanche Bates and me so much in California." So he rustled around, gathered a good company together, and came back at his earliest convenience.

Also, being well aware that Ruth Chatterton and Bruce McRae are quite solid with Californians, he takes no risks with other

players, but holds them in reserve for the next play, "The Awful Truth," by Arthur Richman.

Although "Her Friend the King" is dramatized from a novel called "High Life," written by Harrison Rhodes, it bears all the marks of having been done to order with Henry Miller and Blanche Bates in mind for the two chief personages. Hence these two players make a most agreeable impression in their respective rôles, which present them, in spite of King George's royal background, in, on the whole, rather a familiar light.

Blanche Bates, by the way, lived thoroughly up to her rôle in the matter of costumes. Her clothes are fairly thrilling, and oh, girls, any quantities of changes. She carried them very smartly, too. I am much of the opinion that as, since her last visit here, she has become appreciably slender, she has been having herself planed down in preparation for this rôle, which demands that she be the last word in smartness and style.

Annette Westbay, when the princess shed her dull cocoon and emerged as a butterfly, contrived, whether intentionally or not I know not, to strike a decidedly foreign note in her progressively radiant costumes, which very aptly made the necessary contrast to the widow's up-to-dateness, and yet appreciably held their own. Annette Westbay is new to us; but then she must be comparatively new to the stage, as she is very young. She is a slender, girlish little creature with marked features to which a few years will, perhaps, lend a too early maturity. But at present she is a very attractive ingénue. Her most noticeable asset in the beauty line aside from her childlike slenderness, is a head of beautiful hair and a pair of unusually large and beautiful eyes, which, however, she uses too consciously. A little more experience in life will teach the young thing that a woman should never exert any of her charms too consciously.

Perhaps the coquetties of the widow are slightly overstressed. But this is due, no doubt, to Blanche Bates being called on to fill the rôle of a woman who is, on the whole, almost too romantically irresistible.

Geoffrey Kerr is very much at home in the rôle of the prince; so much so that we willingly accept him as the type of the young, well-bred prince of the present day who is inconvenienced with opinions and disposed to play a hand in his own destiny.

A. E. Thomas, no doubt, is the one of the two collaborators—Harrison Rhodes being the other—who understands so well the art of quick, easy repartee, which shows, in King George's case, a knowledge of life and a shrewdly satiric perception of its inconsistencies and insincerities. And as he made all the personages of the play speak in character, so Bidgerton, governess to the princess, remains delightfully mid-Victorian throughout the play. The rôle was excellently played by Marguerite St. John, who showed consistency and an underlying, carefully restrained sense of humor in her depiction of Bidgerton's tearful rebellion against twentieth-century iconoclasm.

The actors—Messrs. Andrews, Harvey, and Willard—who represented the men in the king's suite were more than acceptable in the rôles to which their appearance was well suited, and Mr. Miller, experienced manager that he is, had contrived to evolve an atmosphere suitable to the respect without obsequiousness which would naturally surround even as easy-going but essentially royal—modern royal—a king as this George of Constantia.

### SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA.

The engagement of Walter Hampden, just concluded in San Francisco, was the means of bringing to local attention the actor who, during the next decade or so, is to uphold the Shakespearean tradition. The Sothern-Marlowe pair, having previously retired from the stage for a time, may be said to have but partly returned to it, as they indulge themselves with long vacations. Robert Mantell, who in any case is limited in range and without real distinction, is apparently getting ready to feature his wife, and that means, probably, that he sees retirement a few years away. Keller, who is an experienced and capable if not inspired player, does not seem able to harness up with a good business manager, and remains comparatively obscure; without prestige or fame.

In any case, none of these men are really inspired tragedians. All capable, two of them, at least, sufficiently careful students of the Shakespearean tradition to present their own share in the plays with dignity and with scholarly authority, no one of them has wholly succeeded in meeting the exactions of the more discriminating lovers of the Shakespearean drama. Of the three Sothern comes nearest to it. But he has, or used to have, romantic charm—which the others certainly lack—lays out more money on his productions than Mantell, has much better support, and is fortunate enough to have a famous wife of rare quality in her depiction of the Shakespearean heroines. Besides, he can,

better than either of the other two men, give the illusion of comparative youth.

Walter Hampden has the advantage of all three of them in respect to years. A man of physically fine appearance, he has height, a graceful figure, and a handsome countenance. He can appeal to the exactions of an æsthetic taste and to the sense of poetic fitness because of the grace, charm, and distinction of his appearance. He is able to separate himself from all modernness of suggestion by the mediæval picturesqueness of appearance that he accomplishes; and he is fortunate indeed in the possession of a beautiful voice full of warmth of tone, and flexible and free in the variety of its intonation.

It is plain that this actor leaves nothing to chance. Some of his attitudes, notably that which he makes the dying Othello assume by the death-bed of his tragically isolated love, are the result of a careful study of famous paintings; and his fine voice has been systematically trained and developed. Also his acting is full of minute detail which notably aids in conveying the subjective suggestion. A good illustration of this may be remembered in the treatment of the hands, in "Othello," which, when the Moor was caught in the flood-tide of agony, shared in the expression of the emotions indicated in the convulsed countenance. Also the player by a subtlety of technique which it is difficult to grasp, so delicately is it employed, makes the spectator aware of Othello's perception, even when jealousy is tearing him cruelly, that this is a snowy lily, or a fine and precious pearl, that has chosen to bestow its sovereign and delicate beauty on his dark bosom.

Mr. Hampden gave a very intelligent portrayal of Macbeth, but his Othello touched greatness. As yet he shows unevenness in his work. In that comparatively tranquil moment in the drama when Othello, serene in the knowledge that without magic or guile he has won the lovely Desdemona for his own, exculpates himself before the tribunal, the actor did not entirely succeed in pouring a flood of calm, poetic beauty over the scene. There was a falling off in the spectator's rising tide of profound gratification which was destined, however, to reach its full flood later.

For, in the long and trying handkerchief scene, Mr. Hampden thrilled his audience into a profoundly moving recognition of the imminent tragedy that was impending through craft and wickedness working on a noble soul unarmed against such base weapons. So that, as the tragedy darkly lowered, an inner voice seemed to repeat Othello's own words, "But yet the pity of it! O, the pity of it!"

But again, in that magnificent passage beginning

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause . . .

the player's muse again faltered. It is evident that, in this rôle at least, he excels particularly in the delineation of the Moor in his moments of supreme emotion. For, at such times, the actor approximated real greatness.

Mr. Hampden's countenance is so expressive of the storms that sweep over Othello's tortured soul that it is cause for wonder that the stage is kept so nearly dark. The actor, in physical representation, presents a beautiful Othello, well worth looking at. An audience dislikes a prolonged darkened stage, and this one wished, besides, to see more clearly features that were so graphically conveying the Moor's emotions. Similar conditions also bothered Mr. Hampden's earnest admirers during the performance of "Macbeth."

The members of the company, although it was composed of unknown players, were so noticeably intelligent in their reading of the Shakespearean verse—which is becoming rather a rare accomplishment—and the general delivery of the lines was so distinct and even musical, that it is evident the standard which Mr. Hampden places so high in this regard for his own case is extended to his fellow artists. It is probable, indeed, that he has given them helpful instructions and illustrations, during rehearsals, in order to obtain such markedly good results.

Without any particular indications of having made a sensational success, this two weeks of Shakespeare has attracted good houses. On Saturday night the tragedian made a brief speech of thanks for the appreciation shown, and inferentially held out a hope of return; and as there are many failures in the theatres during these hard times, it is probable that this hope will materialize.

Mr. Hampden won the young generation during his engagement here. Some of the old standbys that always dig themselves out from their arm-chairs when Will Shakespeare comes to town were there, but if the eye traveled over the rows of heads in the auditorium it was noticeable that the great majority were the ungrizzled heads of youth. For young play-goers were quick to recognize that a player of graceful appearance, of romantic charm, and of tragic power was here, to embody for them their hitherto unincarnated conceptions of characters that still hold their seemingly immortal supremacy in the realm of dramatic representation.

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The additional water will be brought into service through a co-operative arrangement between the City and the Water Company.

Spring Valley will raise Calaveras Dam in the Alameda part of the system, storing there four times as much water as at present; will enlarge its conduit facilities in Niles Canyon, and extend them to Irvington.

The City will build that part of the Hetch Hetchy conduit that extends from Irvington, Alameda County, to Crystal Springs, San Mateo County.

The additional 24 million gallons daily will be carried to Irvington, and the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit will be utilized to bring the water from Irvington to Crystal Springs storage reservoir.

The Company's cooperation in this plan was made possible by a decision of the Railroad Commission which requires the Company to pay interest during construction on the cost of the City's conduit, some \$250,000 per annum for the use of the conduit, the increased operating expenses inseparable from the enlargement of the supply, and yearly contributions to an amortization fund (providing for the new capital expenditures) that will go to the City if the Company's properties are purchased within twelve years.

Abundant water for the ever-increasing needs of our growing City! Surely this is a substantial contribution to the Forward Movement.

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he has sufficient ability in his chosen profession to make it worth his while to go on striving; for this is an era in which, when success in play-writing is attained, the rewards are great and overwhelming.

And there are helpful conclusions to be derived from the play, one of which that it is an awful indictment of just the ordinary citizen—man or woman—that no better way in this our boasted civilization has yet been formulated for the punishment of delinquent youth than to imprison it in a place which virtually is a den of corruption.

Perhaps if this play were acted before farming circles the cold and cruel-hearted ones might perceive themselves as others see them; although it is more easy and comfortable to believe, as probably is the case, that the majority of farm employers are more social and human than are the Slags.

But the author had a case to make, and although he was rather extreme in the presentation of it, still he succeeded in evolving an interesting, well-planned, well-written, and moving play.

"Wild Birds" has weathered the storm that threatened it, and will be again acted by the same talented and carefully trained company Thursday evenings.

Some of the cast—perhaps all of them—are students at the university and therefore can not appear every night. It probably is a cause for amazement to these young people that a lone policeman, however honest, worthy, and well-meaning, should have delegated to him the task of deciding upon the qualifications or disqualifications of a piece to convey immoral suggestions. But the same citizens that allow reform schools to remain unreformed allow lone policemen to be censors. And while this entirely unobjectionable play was being condemned, a coarsely suggestive bedroom farce was being played here, while a few weeks ago a local picture-play so horrified by its rankness many people that went to see it that they warned off a lot of others.

The most edifying thing in the whole incident is the perfectly commendable attitude of the policeman—I don't mean his judgment, by the way, I mean his point of view. He doesn't believe in allowing pieces to go on the boards that corrupt the public morals. Neither do you, nor I. But apparently any citizen has but to complain to the police department that a theatrical piece is immoral, whereupon a conscientious and serenely courageous officer is detailed to pass upon the piece; in other words to be a censor.

I read a very good article about censorship by the well-known novelist, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, from which I really must quote.

"Censorship," she says, "as practiced in modern societies, serves neither morals nor art. Censors are never—even when they are not appointed for obscure political reasons—fit for their job. No one who is fit for the job is ever willing to be a censor. . . . Censorship, properly managed, demands an immense store of knowledge, long experience of literature and art, extremely wise judgment, entire lack of prejudice, and a profound acquaintance with human psychology."

So there you are. Wake up, gentlemen of the police force, and let us see which one can fill the bill.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The *Figaro* tells of an English sailor named Mitchell who was a past master at the art of tasting whisky. In the war he was asphyxiated and lost his sense of smell and the use of speech. Deprived of his calling, he became a boxer. Now, in a certain bout in London Mitchell received a formidable blow under his nose and another on his jaw. Ten seconds later he was knocked out. One of his attendants rushed some spirits to him. Then Mitchell miraculously recovered and declared, even before wetting his lips, "This stuff is at least fifteen years old."

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

### The Columbia Theatre.

The second production of the Henry Miller season will bring forth Ruth Chatterton as the star in a new comedy by Arthur Richman, "The Awful Truth." Mr. Richman will be remembered for his "Ambush," yet to be seen in San Francisco, but available in book form. In this new comedy Miss Chatterton will have the support of a distinguished cast headed by the popular Bruce McRae, last seen here in Miss Chatterton's support in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

### The Orpheum Next Week.

Anita Peters Wright is a Californian and her artistic work in creating dance features for the different productions in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley has made her well known throughout the country. All of the Wright dancers are artists. In their present vaudeville act they offer "The Dance Voyage," in which a young naval officer tells, with verse and song, of the different countries he has visited and the different girls who have interested him.

Until recently Laura Pierpont has co-starred with Taylor Granville. Now Miss Pierpont has become a star in her own right. Every effort has been exercised to give her the best of everything. Edgar Allan Woolf was commissioned to write the play; Mr. Granville engaged her supporting company and staged the play for her, the result being that "The Guiding Star" permits Miss Pierpont to appear in four distinct and widely different characters.

Every vaudeville patron will remember debonair Charles Olcott, who amused with the inimitable musical skit called "The One Man Opera." Likewise Mary Ann, who presented a series of song numbers. The offering they bring, under the billing of "Just Charlie and May in Charlie's Songs," has met with merited recognition.

Emerson and Baldwin started out in the theatrical world to be jugglers, but found themselves to be even more skillful comedians, so they now offer a satire which is very funny and which they aptly term "What Fools These Mortals Be."

"The Wonder Girl" stages her specialty in a unique manner and in every way gives her act the aspect of novelty. Between her feats she talks brightly, humorously, and pertinently.

David Schooler and his charming assistants, the Minstrel Monarchs, and James Doyle and Evelyn Cavanaugh remain for a second week.

### "Sorcerer" Still Charms.

"The Sorcerer" is continuing at the Players Theatre through this month on Friday and Saturday evenings. The piece goes with the utmost smoothness, the performers, who were good from the beginning, having acquired a higher polish from the repeated performances. The tunefulness of the opera, the quality of the company's conveyance of the Gilbertian humor, and the freshness and beauty of the voices have united to form a combination worthy of experienced professionals, and enthusiastic adherents of the old Gilbert and Sullivan pieces can not well afford to miss seeing "The Sorcerer."

### Several Recitals.

The second of the Alice Seckels Salon Series at the Del Monte Hotel will be a recital by the Hungarian contralto, Mme. Ruzena Spratti, to be given May 6th. The first of this series, on April 20th, with Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., in a recital of impersonations, was warmly received by a very appreciative audience, who testified extreme enjoyment of a well-balanced programme varying from humor to dramatically emotional expression by the gifted diseuse.

Miss Clara Alexander, who confines her line of impersonations largely to humorous delineations of darky characters, has greatly pleased all of her hearers, notably Southern people who are familiar with darky character and darky speech, in the recital she gave at the St. Francis.

The Krupp workers insist on working eight hours continuously except for one fifteen-minute pause, and beginning work at 6 o'clock in the morning, so that they finish the day's work at quarter past 2 in the afternoon, says a dispatch to the *New York Times*. This gives the workers practically all afternoon, as well as the evening, for dissipation, pleasure, loafing, or wage-earning work. As a result most of the workers show up at 6 o'clock in the morning tired. It takes several hours before they begin to hit their working stride. And taking no adequate lunch and rest period, they begin to slacken their pace several hours before quitting time. This fatigue factor is scientifically proved by a graphic chart of the works' electricity consumption, which shows a rise during the first two hours to the peak and a sharp drop during the last two hours. Yet the workers can't be weaned from their self-chosen fatigue schedule of the eight-hour union day. The present average production efficiency of the Krupp works looks about 30 per cent. below American par.

## MORE ROMAN EXCAVATIONS.

A most interesting relic of Roman London has been discovered beneath one of the city's busiest highways, according to the *London Daily Telegraph*. In the centre of Gracechurch Street, a little south of the Cornhill crossing, excavations have disclosed the lower courses of a Roman building which, from the fragment visible, was evidently of some importance. The Postoffice Department is burrowing the length of Gracechurch Street for the purpose of laying telephone cables. The trench now being cut is partly open and partly tunneled, and as it progressed pick and spade, working in the deep sub-soil, found an obstruction in a stout and hard wall.

The depth reached is about thirteen feet—that at which the buried Roman city is often met, though at times the pick has to go deeper. A clearance having been made of the face of the wall, it is found to be covered with plaster, which had been painted. Behind the wall is composed of ragstone and the characteristic Roman bonding tile of burnt clay of a bright red color, its thickness being 2 feet 9 inches. A length of about ten feet of this wall has been disclosed, following the central line of Gracechurch Street. At right angles is a more massive wall 4 feet 6 inches in thickness, little of which has been opened up in the exceedingly narrow trench.

The presence of colored plaster upon this wall face indicates that this is an inner chamber, either of a public building or of the residence of a Roman citizen of importance long centuries ago. A puzzling feature of the find is that the lower part of the chamber appears to have been filled up—and in Roman times—for at a depth of only eight feet six inches from the ground surface a pavement of red tesserae was alighted upon. This was fragmentary, but covered a good deal of expanse of the trench, resting upon a carefully prepared bed laid on the original floor. First came beaten earth, then earth mixed with mortar, next a layer of loose ragstones and last dressed red mortar, in which the tesserae were bedded.

With little doubt the preservation of the plaster on the face of the wall has been due to this filling above the original floor. The plaster still retained the lower part of square panels painted in black outline, with a simple ornament around, and the painted plaster gave the impression that it had been colored in imitation of marble. Mr. Lambert, F. S. A., of the Guildhall Museum staff, has carefully watched the progress of the excavations, but it has not been found possible to remove the plaster in any substantial pieces, and, apart from the tesserae, there is nothing in this Roman find that can be salvaged. The trench will be again filled.

Close at hand is Leadenhall. When the present market was constructed excavation of the ground disclosed extensive remains of an important Roman building. This, from its position and expanse, the late Sir Laurence Gomme considered was likely to have been the Forum of the Roman city. It is probable that the remains now unearthed are associated with the same group of buildings.

The discovery has another interest. Gracechurch Street is very old. The presence of the Roman building right in the middle of the highway proves conclusively that the mediaeval street did not follow the line of the Roman street. Thereby it administers one more knock to the theory—it has received many hard knocks of late—that London of today has come down in unbroken descent and history from the London of the Romans. The dark centuries still remain dark.

### Radio Transmission.

The equipment of a radio transmitting station comprises: a source of power, a means for converting this power into high-frequency electric currents, and an antenna, says Stuart Ballantine in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. The function of the antenna is to radiate or to produce the electric waves, and in order to do this efficiently takes the form of one or more elevated wires. Once produced, the waves spread out in all directions with the speed of light.

During our school days we learned that an electric current flowing through a wire affected a magnetic compass needle held close to it and caused the needle to move when the current was turned on or interrupted. This movement of the needle was said to be the result of a "magnetic force" set up by the current, and by this simple experiment the relation between electricity and magnetism was demonstrated.

Now the transmitting antenna carries electric currents which reverse their direction or "alternate" a large number of times per second; in the case of the broadcasting stations with 360-meter wave length this happens at the rate of about a million each second. Each time the current, let us say, starts up the antenna from the ground a magnetic field is set up around it, and each time it reverses and starts back again this field tries to collapse on the wire and be reestablished in the opposite direction. If the action takes place at a sufficiently rapid rate the magnetic field

does not have time to collapse completely back on the wire before the reversed field starts out; the result is that the field moves away from the antenna in the form of an electric wave. This explanation is very crude, but very large and very mathematical books have been written on this process, and in this brief space all the details can not be considered. The important thing is that the rapidly alternating currents in the antenna produce electric and magnetic fields which move away from it with the speed of light.

Let us look at the other side of the picture. When these waves strike an antenna properly attuned to them, the action is reversed, and they produce therein electric currents of the same type as the original currents in the transmitting antenna, but of greatly diminished intensity. Thus from one point of view, the antenna of the radio telephone (or telegraph) station may be looked upon as the intermediate agent between the instruments and the ether. It is like a hand stretched up into the invisible medium of transmission; in one case to throw the waves out into space, and in the other to catch them and bring them into the receiving station, where they are translated by the instruments into intelligible sounds.

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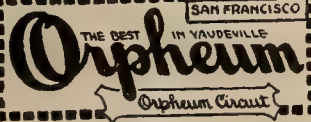
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## VANITY FAIR.

We have been treated within the week to the spectacle of an Irish police chief enforcing English hypocrisy in an American city. It is a thoroughly enjoyable spectacle because it has no moral. The act of Chief O'Brien, following the recommendation of a patrolman, in taking a naughty word out of a play and substituting a respectable one meaning the same thing, a thoroughly English way of curing an abuse, will appeal as most entertaining to those persons of a cast of mind to share Lord North's liking for the Order of the Garter "because it has none of this demned merit about it"; the chief's act has no sense about it, and so it supports previous conclusions about the sagacity of policemen and the wis-

dom of having our lives directed by the government. The writer is not prepared to pass judgment on the play because he has not seen it. He has only read notices of it, and having reached the time of life when his daily prayer is to be protected from wild bores has had no inclination to run after wild birds. According to the press notices and so-called reviews, we suppose "Wild Birds" to be one of those plays wherein white is black, immorality is really morality, and a man who feels outraged because his family has been disgraced and his home defiled by a couple of little human animals he had sheltered and fed is really a villain and a brute for taking any interest in the matter. A play can be made that way, but thank Heaven attendance at it is not compulsory. A considerable number of people appear to like it. If they do, they ought to have it whole. Chief O'Brien and his patrolman do not seem to think so, and herein they differ from President Barrows of the university—to the extent of at least one plain and effective old Low Dutch water-front word. Well, *chacun à son métier*. President Barrows knows what is good for the university, and perhaps Chief O'Brien knows what is good for the literati. It is to be hoped that having become a collaborator in playwriting with Dan Tothoroh the chief will some day give us a play of his own. He ought to have more material than Tothoroh, because he has officially seen more of the muck some persons call "life," and should be able to produce something with an even worse stench. It is merely a matter of marketing the stuff. He could be his own censor, and by leaving out all the naughty words and putting in synonyms that were accustomed to traveling in good company he should be able to produce something thoroughly putrescent and acceptable to the most eminent sex faddists of the day.

This inversion of the moral code, by the way, this sex fad now running through a large part of our literature and some mixed conversation, these tentative starts at rejecting conventional restraints approved by the experience of centuries as conserving and necessary, at removing all the landmarks of the law, at bringing humanity out of its terrible pietistic dungeons into the "larger freedom," where everybody is to be permitted to do just as he or she pleases, and even urged to, and in time perhaps compelled to—these irritants are related not so much to the war and the crime wave as they are to a peculiar brand of pink socialism that has become the vogue of certain yearning natures. They have recognized, or somebody else has recognized for them, that the home is an obstacle to the regeneration of humanity on the socialistic basis; that if men are to have families that are definite and children they are sure belong to them, they will wish to accumulate private property and defend it against collectivistic confiscation. They will even wish to leave that property, when they die, to those children, and they will take an interest in maintaining the laws and institutions that enable them to do these anti-social things. Hence the horrible nature of the family, and the vice of having legitimate offspring. It is true that not all socialists so believe and feel. Some, we understand, are quite kind husbands and fathers, and we know one that is even a good

neighbor. It is not possible to accuse socialism, as a whole, of this thing, any more than Burke could indict a whole people, so varied has this vagary become, so "empty, vast, and wandering" are its troubled waters. But there is in its peculiar dissatisfaction and its easy and obvious logic basis for this sort of sentiment, and disposition to let the tail go with the hide, as they used to say in Missouri. And that's fair, too. What needs to be recognized is that there is hardly room for socialism in the same bed with sensible, moral, well-ordered life. The knees of one or the other party are just bound to stick out into the cold.

Having our drama rewritten by our police department, however, is hardly a cure. It is too much the way real socialism would operate.

Amid all this revamping of the ideals of womanhood, this turning over of the conceptions of what sort of person woman ought to be, this acute and apparently painful woman-consciousness, it is comforting to learn of one that forgot all about it in her hour of stress and did just what woman used to do before she was conscious that she had a higher sphere to fill and must make extra efforts to fill it by doing something queer. A burglar entered a Berkeley boarding-house the other night looking for something besides his board, and wandered into the landlady's room. That is where he made a mistake. Never enter a landlady's room, especially if her name is Callahan. He awakened her, and she just sat up in bed and began to scream, nothing more modern than that. In jumping through a wire screen and running like the devil the burglar undoubtedly responded to the stimulus automatically. There is no doubt that his part of the act was cave-man stuff; with this slight difference, that whereas the cave man could shut off the screams by choking his female, the poor burglar didn't have time, and so he beat it; across the back yard and over the fence, with our old friend Monacle Jordan in hot pursuit and a whole pajama rally streaming after. No man will willingly hear a woman scream. If he can't stop hearing it any other way he will go somewhere else, and he will go there very fast. The reporters played it up as a case of heroism, whereas it was merely a case of feminism. But it was real feminism, not club life.

The *Chronicle* some weeks since made a very damaging exposé of one of the frauds of spiritualism. One of its reporters caught, and held, and exposed a young girl who was being used as a materialized spirit. It is not the first, nor the hundredth time that this most transparent and abominable of shams has been exploded by the actual detection of the persons engaged in its criminal practices. We are not unfortunate enough to have a personal acquaintance with any of the charlatans engaged in this business; and if any of our acquaintances are stupid enough to believe in "spiritualism," they pay us the compliment of not acknowledging the fact to us. If there is anybody in this world who thinks they can get a glimpse over the threshold of the next, or obtain any information from beyond the grave, or receive any communication from the dead, they may not endeavor to convince us of the error of disbelief. We are not in the frame of mind to be convinced, we are not in the mental condition of inquiry. We divide spiritualists into two classes—knaves and fools. Charlatanism, humbuggery, and superstition characterize the whole business. None but the ignorant can ever be imposed upon by spiritualism.

The preceding paragraph was not written yesterday nor last week. It was written by Frank M. Pixley and published in the *Argonaut* of January 17, 1885. Evidently, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was not reading the *Argonaut* at that time, and so escaped instruction in this vital matter. Could the spirit of Frank M. Pixley return it would probably take pleasure in classifying Sir Arthur, Sir Oliver, Sir William, and all the other spook-haunted knights. It would also be amused to see that the old game goes right on and is just as lucrative as it was in its day on earth. Yet if it could return, it would disprove its own thesis. Perhaps it would deny that it had returned; some people are so skeptical.

The question presents itself whether three stars of the constellation of the Pleiades have less brilliancy than formerly, or whether prehistoric man had a better sight than ours, or if he was wont to climb up the mountains to examine the nearest stars, or if the atmosphere of past ages was purer than ours? This problem arises from the fact that we see from below only seven of the stars of the Pleiades and that the last three stars can only be seen by ascending to the highest summits, while there have just been discovered stones dating from prehistoric times upon which the ten stars are engraved. This interesting question in astronomy and archaeology has been broached to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Bigourdan.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The almost bankrupt broker was eating his meagre meal—the cheapest the seedy restaurant afforded—when he noticed that the waiter was an erstwhile colleague on the Street. "Great Heavens, George!" he exclaimed, "has it come to this?" George gave his one-time pal a frosty glance. "I wait here, Bill," was his reproving rejoinder; "I don't lunch here."

A man subject to epileptic seizures was picked up unconscious on the streets of New York and rushed to a hospital, and when they took off his coat one of the nurses found a piece of paper pinned to the lining, upon which was written: "To inform the house surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit—not appendicitis. My appendix has already been removed twice."

An American tourist was very anxious to visit a Turkish harem while he was in the East. He expressed his wish to a high Turkish official with whom he was on friendly terms. The official pondered for awhile. "It would be very hard to manage," he finally said. "You see, there is only one harem that I, at least, know of. And unfortunately that belongs to a Frenchman."

The aviator's wife was discovered in tears by her chum. "What is the matter, my dear?" she inquired. Between sobs the aviator's wife explained. "I am so worried about James. I asked him to kill our cat and he took her up in his plane. He said he'd take her up two thousand feet and drop her out." "Well?" the friend patiently queried. "Well!" sobbed the frantic wife, "there's the cat and James has been gone two hours."

A typical example of French wit and tact is the story told of Grevy, a former French president. Grevy was being shown the studio of an eminent English painter and was luckless enough to express an unflattering opinion of a painting. "What a daub!" he exclaimed. "Whose is it?" "That picture, M. Grevy," the unhappy artist answered, "is my own work." "Ah!" said the French president, without any sign of the chagrin that enveloped him. "In my country we always run down anything we wish to buy." And with unswerving aplomb he completed the purchase of the daub.

Barney Barnard is responsible for the story of the Gentle who bought a packet of cigarettes from Mr. Isaac Isaacstein, his regular tobacconist. "Isaac," said the customer, after the purchase had been completed, "you gave me a bad shilling in my change the other night." "Impossible," answered Isaac. "I never took or gave a bad coin away in my life. With my forty years' experience in handling money, I can tell by the touch at once; physical instinct, my boy. I suppose you managed to get rid of it?" "Yes," was the reply. "I have just paid it to you for these cigarettes."

Mr. Max Eastman gives the following classic anecdote in his "The Sense of Humor" as an example of "practical humor": "Cicero tells us how his friend Nasica avenged himself upon a Roman gentleman by the name of Ennius, upon whom he paid a call. He had been informed by the maid that Ennius was not at home; and when it came about that Ennius called upon him, he stuck his head out of the window and said, 'I am not at home.' 'What are you talking about?' said Ennius. 'Don't I know your voice?' 'Why, you rascal,' said Nasica, 'I believed your maid when she told me you were not at home, and you won't believe me even when I tell you myself.'"

Three detectives were shadowing a Frenchman who had pocketed some goods from a counter, and whom they suspected to belong to a gang. After rounding a corner they found he was no longer visible, but soon came to a restaurant with the inscription—"Ici on parle français." "He'll be in there," said the first. "No," said the second, "if he thought he was being followed he would avoid going where he thought we should expect to find him." "Yes," said the third, "but he would guess we should be smart enough to think of that, and would turn in after all." So they went in and searched, but without success, for the Frenchman could not read, and therefore had not stopped.

This is one of Irvin Cobb's favorites: In Paducah there was a husky negro named "Bull" Shackelford who ruled the black belt by a combination of brawn and intimidation. One day there got off a boat a little yellow ducky, a stranger, who had some reputation as a prize-fighter. Into a saloon he went and ordered refreshment. As he was pulling off a bill from an enormous roll to pay for it, Bull Shackelford laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Say, you little nigger," he bellowed;

"you've got too much dough to take care of. You just pass over that roll and I'll give you back what you orter have. Dat's de way I takes care of de niggers round here." The little ducky did not raise his eyes, but he did raise his hand, and he flicked off Bull's hand very much as he would have swept off a fly. Bull squared off and glowered. "Do you know who I is?" he demanded. "I'se the bully of this town. When I gives orders, everybody obeys." Almost without moving his position, the little ducky let go an uppercut and Bull went down. When he recovered consciousness, he looked at the little fellow long and hard. Finally he said: "Dar's just one thing I want to know and dat's all, Mister Man: Who is you, anyway?" Very solemnly the little ducky replied: "I'se de pusson you thought you was when you come in dat door."

The doctor had left his instructions sufficient to carry on during his absence through the afternoon. All went well till the phone rang and a sweet feminine voice inquired, "Is the doctor in? May I speak to him?" The assistant per instructions explained the doctor's absence and inquired if he could be of any use. The lady caller's voice was worried as she went on. "Oh, I am so sorry, I am phoning for Mrs. Blank and it is very important. Tell the doctor immediately on his return that Mrs. Blank is having a gymkhana coming on and she wonders if he could do anything for it." The assistant made a hurried note and reassured his caller. "I'll tell the doctor as soon as he returns. And meanwhile tell her to put a mustard poultice on it and renew every two hours."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## A Friendly Arctic.

The Arctic is a friendly place,  
Says Mr. Stefansson,  
Although for nearly half the year  
The night is never done;  
But you get used to it in time  
And really think it fun!

In summertime mosquitoes bite  
With energy and vim,  
And frequently in winter days  
You freeze each separate limb;  
But things like that, says Stefansson,  
Seem friendly-like to him!

You live on seal-meat and on fat,  
Which is delicious fare,  
And now and then you feed, perhaps,  
Upon a polar bear.  
(Unless, of course, he feeds on you—  
Which sometimes happens there!)

You float around on cakes of ice  
Through wild and frigid seas,  
While your thermometer reveals  
Some sixty-five degrees  
Below the well-known zero mark—  
Excuse me, if you please.

For though to Mr. Stefansson  
Such weather may seem fine,  
And though the Arctic be his friend  
I casually opine  
That if the Arctic's like he says,  
It aint no friend of mine.

—From a Canadian Paper.

Yvette Guilbert, the French *chansonneuse*, has gone abroad to give a series of concerts in Paris. Her object is to raise money for the school of dramatic art she has founded in New York.

## Pseudo-Psychology.

Suicide may or may not be a frequent result of absorption in the doctrines associated with the name of Sigmund Freud, says the *Independent and Weekly Review*. The harm that is done by their dissemination is infinitely more important as affecting the thousands who continue to live than the few here and there whom it may perhaps drive to self-destruction. Nor does the word "dismal" begin to express the actual effect of that pernicious teaching. Lowering, degrading, besmirching, covering with slime what normally thinking persons hold in admiration and reverence—that is the real evil, in comparison with which all else is trifling. And, so far from all this being the tragic result of a recognition of scientific truth, it springs from the exploitation of a theory based on a grotesquely inadequate foundation, condemned by scientists of the highest standing as the outcome of bad logic and unscientific thinking, and, in so far as it does contain an element of truth, requiring the utmost caution in its application even at the hands of persons of special training. Its popularization by glib writers and half-baked thinkers has been nothing less than a calamity to a large part of the rising generation.

In Thomas Beer's novel of the stage, "The Fair Rewards," Clyde Fitch, Charles Frohman, Arthur Hopkins, Anna Held, George Arliss, and Cyril Maude appear in their own persons. Several others appear under pseudonyms.

A wireless station has been established for scientific purposes on Mont Blanc.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mrs. Mabel Cluff Wilson has announced her engagement to Mr. C. A. Comstock of New York. The date for the wedding has not been set but Mr. Comstock is expected in California the latter part of the month and the wedding will follow shortly after his arrival. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Comstock will spend about a month in California, going later to the Adirondacks for the remainder of the summer.

The wedding of Miss Amanda McNear and Mr. William A. Hendrickson was solemnized on Saturday at St. John's Episcopal Church at Ross. The Rev. Charles Deems performed the ceremony. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear of Ross. Miss Doris Schmiedell acted as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Alice Requa, and Miss Aileen McIntosh. Mr. Alfred D. Hendrickson was best man for his brother. The ushers were Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Harry J. Crocker, Mr. William Shuman, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. Gordon Johnson, and Mr. James Moffitt. Among the McNear kin at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. E. Swift Train, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickle, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Korbel, Mr. and Mrs. Erskine McNear, and Mr. George P. McNear, Jr.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman will leave May 20th for the East to be present at the graduation of her daughter from Vassar College. Miss Lisa Stillman will go with her mother to their hunting lodge in Siskiyou County upon their return.

Mrs. Richard Morrison Ireland is the incentive for many affairs given in her honor prior to her departure for her home in Scotland on May 9th. On Monday Miss Edna Lawrence entertained at dinner at her home on Jackson Street for Mrs. Ireland. On Tuesday Captain and Mrs. William H. Shea will be dinner hosts in Mrs. Ireland's honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have purchased a homestead at Pebble Beach, overlooking Carmel Bay. They plan to commence the erection of their home early this summer.

In addition to the "Passing Show of 1921" at the Century Theatre, which was taken over on Monday evening for the benefit of the Little Children's Aid, the auxiliary of the charity engaged the Rose Bowl at the Palace, where supper parties will be held after the entertainment. Among those who will entertain there are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Masten, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury.

Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels and Mrs. Alexander de Brettville left last week for New York and Europe, to be gone for several months, later going to Roumania to be present at the inauguration of

a room in the museum at Bucharest by Queen Marie of Roumania. Mrs. Spreckels is donating some pieces of Mr. Arthur Putnam's work to the museum.

On Wednesday the marriage of Miss Lucile Bergerot to Mr. H. Alton Collins was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Joseph T. Grace entertained at luncheon at the Francisco Club for Mrs. Richard Morrison Ireland last week.

Prior to her departure for an indefinite stay in Europe with her children Mrs. Harry Hill entertained at her home on Broadway at tea. Among the guests were Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin, Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. George Wingfield, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained at dinner on Saturday in honor of their guest, Lady Annesley. Other guests at the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. John Martin, and Captain J. J. Hannigan.

Forty guests were entertained last Friday by Mrs. Perry Cumberson at a luncheon at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. This is the last large affair Mrs. Cumberson will give before moving to her country home in Menlo the early part of this month.

Mrs. Mary Addison Whitlock was married to Mr. Whitney Alexander Mitchell recently in New York. The ceremony was performed in St. Bartholomew's Church. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will come to California to visit with the latter's father, Dr. Thomas Addison.

Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle, who has been visiting in San Francisco for the past month, was the honor guest at a luncheon given Wednesday by Mrs. Willard O. Wayman at her home in Ross. Ten guests were entertained.

Mrs. Willis Walker was a dinner hostess last Wednesday, entertaining in honor of Mr. Richardson Phelps of Minneapolis. Mr. Phelps has spent the past two weeks in San Francisco and will leave shortly for the East.

Miss Ellita Adams entertained at an informal dinner last Tuesday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams. A dozen guests were present.

Mrs. Howard Flye gave two teas at her home in honor of Mrs. Reed Funsten and was assisted in receiving at the first tea by Mrs. Walton Moore, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Mrs. William Funsten, Mrs. Frank Dickey, and Mrs. Johnston Funsten. At the second tea Mrs. M. M. Funsten, Mrs. William Moore, and Mrs. Sidney Lawrence assisted Mrs. Flye.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Minton, daughter of Rev. Henry Collin Minton and Mrs. Minton of San Rafael, and Mr. Nicholas Boyd is to take place on Saturday, May 13th. Miss Minton has named Miss Caroline Avery, Miss Cynthia Boyd, and Miss Isabelle Sherman as her bridesmaids. Mr. Benjamin Foster is the best man for Mr. Boyd.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns of San Francisco and Miss

Betty Forbes of London were married recently in Hilo, Hawaii. Mr. and Mrs. Johns will come to California on their honeymoon, and plan to visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Dyke Johns.

Mrs. Frank Hooper entertained at luncheon on Tuesday at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase of Burlingame will entertain Rev. and Mrs. Henry Mizner of St. Louis as their house guests. The Mizners are expected in California this week.

Miss Dolly Madison Payne will give a bridge-luncheon on Wednesday, May 10th, making Miss Laura Mille the honor guest. The affair will be given at the Payne home in Belvedere.

Mrs. Harold Snodgrass (Cornelia Smith), a recent bride, will be the guest of honor at a bridge-tea on May 12th, when Mrs. Reed Funsten will entertain. Mrs. Funsten gave a tea in honor of her mother, Mrs. William H. Little, on Friday.

Miss Newell Bull entertained at bridge on Friday, making Miss Laura Miller, a bride-elect, the motif for the occasion. A score of guests were present.

Miss Agnes Menzies, who has recently come from Carmel to make her home in Sausalito, was complimented with a luncheon party on Wednesday, when Miss Georgia Wintringham entertained at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall gave a luncheon on Sunday at their home in Burlingame, making Priscilla, Countess of Annesley, the honor guest. The affair was *à la carte*, luncheon being served on the terrace of the Newhall place. Over a hundred guests were present.

The Countess of Annesley was also the honor guest on Sunday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent gave a dinner party for twenty guests.

Mrs. William Hart Wood, who is leaving shortly for Europe, gave a supper party on Friday at the Fairmont Terrace. Mrs. Hart took her guests to the theatre preceding supper.

Mrs. James W. Dunn was hostess at a bridge-tea yesterday afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. William S. Porter gave a luncheon on Wednesday for Mrs. Isidore Monheimer of Seattle, who is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Anson P. Hotelling of Franklin Street. Mrs. Monheimer will remain in San Francisco until the middle of the month.

Miss Lorna Kilgarif will give a luncheon tomorrow for Miss Agnes Harrison, whose engagement to Mr. Hallock Vander Leck was recently announced.

Mrs. Louise F. Jersey of New York was complimented with a luncheon and bridge on Friday, when Mrs. William Hastings Brooks entertained at her home on Laguna Street. Ten guests were present at the affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark MacDonald are leaving their town apartment at 1055 California Street for the summer, which they will spend in Sonoma County at their country home. Before leaving they entertained, among others, Lady Annesley.

For Miss Cordelia Smith, who became the bride of Mr. Harold Snodgrass, Miss Helen Foster entertained at bridge and tea at her apartment in the Hotel St. Francis. Among the guests were Mrs. Reed Funsten, Mrs. Frank Dickey, Miss Dolly Payne, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Nance Obeare, Miss Sallie Obeare, and Miss Katherine Bentley.

To greet Miss Mary Stuart La Boyteaux, who is visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux, Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin entertained at luncheon at her home in San Mateo. Those asked to meet Miss Stuart were Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Alice Moffitt, and Miss Frances Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zook Sutton (Amy Long) are being congratulated upon the arrival of a son, born at the Requa home, "The Highlands," in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Dennis are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

## Vacation Booklet.

An outing guide just off the press, and giving much detailed information regarding approximately 300 summer and pleasure resorts in California and Oregon, is being distributed by the Southern Pacific Company.

The low round-trip summer excursion rates to mountain and beach resorts which went into effect April 28th on Southern Pacific lines are expected to result in heavy vacation travel.

The vacation booklet, which is attractively printed in colors and is of convenient pocket size, gives names and locations of resorts, how they are reached from stations, names of managers, accommodations provided, rates for rooms and meals, facilities for sports and amusements, and points of interest in the vicinity.

Another feature of convenience to vacationists is the grouping of resorts by localities.

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## Spanish War Veterans' Benefit.

There will be a benefit theatre party, with a special first run of motion pictures, for the United Spanish War Veterans' relief fund, at Eagles' Hall, 273 Golden Gate Avenue, on Saturday evening, May 20th. The admission is 25 cents.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling has postponed her return to San Francisco, and expects now to be in California about the middle of May.

Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner have been at their ranch in the Sierra and are now in San Francisco.

Mr. C. A. Comstock of New York City expects to be in California the latter part of May.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton is in New York, stopping at the Plaza Hotel.

Lady Annesley is in California, staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery in Burlingame, and plans to leave soon for the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope spent the weekend at Del Monte.

Mrs. Percy E. Towne returned last week, after a trip to New York and Boston, where she spent two months.

Mrs. Anna Whitney Sperry has returned, after making a tour of the world, and is planning another trip to Europe, Australia, and South America.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, and Mr. William W. Crocker are at Del Monte.

Mrs. Richard B. Ireland will return to her home in Scotland early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., are on their wedding tour in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery are visiting for several days at the home of Mr. William Crocker at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Louise F. Jersey of New York and Washington is the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Francis Koester at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hergesheimer, Mr. Samuel Blythe, Mr. Harry Léon Wilson, Mr. Hugh Wiley, and Mr. Frank Condon were recent visitors at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux and Miss Mary Stuart La Boyteaux left on Monday for their home in New York. They plan to go by way of the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay have been occupying the Samuel Holladay home during their stay in the city. They will leave for Europe in June, returning first to their home in the south. Miss Helen Holladay will accompany her parents to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams and Mr. Martin Crimmins left on Saturday for Atherton to spend the next six months.

Mr. Alexander McCrackin left last week for an Eastern trip of some months, and later a stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Clement returned on Saturday to their home in Portland.

Mrs. H. D. Hamm is now in Los Angeles.

Miss Josephine Moore and Miss Dorothy Crawford sailed for Honolulu on the *Matsonia*.

Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, who have been stationed at the Presidio for the last few years, have gone to Washington, D. C., their new post.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer return this week from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lingard Payne and Miss Barbara Payne moved last week to their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. William Younger left for the East last week with her granddaughter, Miss Jane Nugent.

Mrs. Younger plans to go to France in June, and Miss Nugent returns to her home here.

The Richard McCreery family plan to go abroad during midsummer.

Miss Alice and Miss Lucy Hanchett have returned, after a year's absence abroad. They go to the country place of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett, at Capitola, the latter part of May.

Miss Jean Shiels has been staying with Miss Helen Jackson at Larkspur, and returned on Monday to her home on Divisadero Street.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali will spend the summer in Europe, leaving San Francisco the first part of June.

Mrs. William D. Ballantine of Washington, D. C., left last week for the Yosemite en route to Europe.

Mrs. Robert Bentley and her daughter, Miss Katherine Bentley, have returned to town, after several days spent at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt will go to Ross for the summer, having purchased the home of Mrs. Henry Brune.

Mrs. Robert P. Greer has decided to prolong her stay in San Francisco for another week before returning to her home in Seattle.

Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels is to leave for Europe next month to spend the summer in England.

Judge and Mrs. James A. Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper leave soon for Santa Barbara to spend the summer.

Mrs. George E. Coleman of Montecito reached New York last week from a trip to South America, and will start West after a short stay.

Mrs. Coleman is coming to San Francisco before proceeding to her Santa Barbara home.

Mrs. Harry R. Bostwick and her children will leave for the Orient in June. They will join Mr. Bostwick, who left several weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson Fennimore are motoring in Southern California, returning to town the latter part of this week.

Mrs. Clyde Payne and her daughter, Miss Dolly Madison Payne, have opened their country home at Belvedere. They have recently returned from a stay of a few months in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Hallie Moulton Baker returned on Wednesday from a trip to Hawaii. Mrs. Baker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton, returned some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Townsend Pugh have purchased the Lyttle home at Belvedere, and moved over to take possession last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dudley Bliss will be at the George Lingard Payne home in Menlo for the early part of the summer.

Mrs. Arvid Croonquist and Mrs. Jesse D. Cope are leaving soon for the Philippines, where Captain Croonquist and Captain Cope have been ordered.

Mr. Francis B. Loomis, Jr., is at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Loomis of Burlingame, on sick leave from Annapolis.

Mrs. Truxton Beale is expected to return soon from Washington. Mrs. Beale will go to her home in San Rafael.

Admiral George W. Reiter is in San Francisco for a few days at the Palace Hotel. Admiral Reiter is making his home at his country place at Los Gatos.

Miss Louise Boyd will return to her San Rafael home this week, after spending the winter and spring months in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Hammersmith leave on May 17th for Honolulu, with their daughter, Miss Helen Hammersmith, who returned on Sunday from a winter at Oakesmore, where she was at school.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie has taken the Arthur Redington house at San Mateo, where she plans to spend the summer months.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs has returned to San Francisco, after a fortnight in Santa Barbara, where he was the guest of Mr. Charles Dabney, Jr., and at the C. K. G. Billings home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shiels have closed their Piedmont house, and have taken a house in San Francisco on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Harold Ward Law has returned to town, after a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins of Pebble Beach. Mrs. Hopkins plans to return later in the month.

Miss Eugenia Sherwood of Monterey will arrive this week to spend some weeks with her aunts, the Misses Sherwood, at their home on Filbert Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Walker have returned to their Minneapolis home, after a stay of several weeks in San Francisco as the guests of Mr. Walker's brothers, Mr. Willis Walker and Mr. Clinton Walker, of Piedmont.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt have gone to New York to be away some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman sailed last Saturday on the *Lopland* for Europe.

Mrs. Edward Barron will return to California and reopen her San Mateo home in a few weeks. Mrs. Barron has spent the past year abroad with Miss Evelyn Barron and Miss Louise Winston.

Registrations at Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. David Foreman, Los Angeles; Mr. F. M. Blanchard, Fresno; Mr. S. P. Forrest, Sacramento; Mr. Verne Guthrie, Portland; Mr. P. P. Parkhurst, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. T. F. Lyons La Crosse, Wis-

consin; Mr. Leslie C. Ely, Pacific Grove; Mr. E. M. Parker, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Schreiber, Detroit; Mrs. E. S. Warren, Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke, Fresno; Mr. S. Snyder, Coalinga; Mr. I. Lee Davis, San Jose; Mr. Norman A. Pabst, Beverley Hills.

Registered at the St. Francis are Mr. John S. Jenkins, New York; Mr. William Martin, Los Angeles; Mr. W. F. Kurtz, New York; Mr. W. A. Johnson, St. Louis; Mr. G. L. Garner, Los Angeles; Mr. M. W. Gano, Denver; Mr. J. R. Hill, Mr. J. E. Bell, New York; Mr. E. J. Smith, Mr. C. P. Turner, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nichols, New York; Mr. Nelson B. Phillips, Seattle; Mr. George J. Cravens, Cincinnati; Mr. J. P. Mansell, London, England; Mr. M. Meyburg, Los Angeles; Mr. J. W. Stevens, Pocatello, Idaho; Mr. W. B. Nichols, Jr., New York; Judge R. W. Jennings, Juneau, Alaska.

Among those registered at the Palace are Mr. Ben Behymer, Mr. Kemper Campbell, Los Angeles; Mr. Alden Anderson, Sacramento; Mr. Edward H. Kelly, Boston; Mr. Frank F. Miller, Riverside; Mr. William M. Walker, Mr. J. B. Richards, Los Angeles; Mr. E. C. Wagner, Stockton; Mr. J. J. Krohn, Arcata; Mr. C. C. C. Tatum, Los Angeles; Mrs. Thomas Englehardt, Eureka; Mr. T. B. Houghton, Chicago; Mr. T. B. Houghton, Chicago; Mr. Charles H. Segerstrom, Sonora; Mr. George Bennett, New York; Mr. H. L. Jackman, Eureka; Mr. H. A. Howzer, Los Angeles; Mr. H. W. Jackson, Arcata; Mr. Donald O. Melveny, Los Angeles.

#### European Tour.

Miss Georgie Dell McCoy, a well-known teacher of history, is, with a party of friends, arranging to leave San Francisco at an early date for a tour of Europe under the management of the local office of Bennett's Travel Bureau. The party will leave New York by the Cunard liner *Mauretania* for Cherbourg, proceeding from that port through France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and the British Isles, returning to New York by the *Aquitania* on August 17th. Those of the young ladies in the party who are teachers anticipate acquiring information in the different countries visited which will prove invaluable to them in their future work.

#### Dickens at Paul Elder's.

Frank C. Thompson, who has registered a flattering success with his clever impersonation of Dickens' characters, and is known as "The Man of Many Voices," will appear in "An Evening with Dickens" in the Paul Elder Gallery, Tuesday evening, May 9. His programme on this occasion will include interpretations of such popular characters as Mr. Barkis, Uriah Heep, Major Bagstock, Mrs. Grant, Tony Weller, and many others.

#### Death of Almira D. Sherwood.

Almira D. Sherwood, widow of Benjamin F. Sherwood, and mother of the late J. D. Sherwood, died at New York on April 25th. Mrs. Sherwood was eighty-four years old. Her early married life was spent in San Francisco, where she had many friends.

#### CURRENT VERSE.

##### On a Miniature.

Thine old-world eyes—each one a violet  
Big as the baby rose that is thy mouth—  
Set me a-dreaming. Have our eyes not met  
In childhood—in a garden of the South?  
Thy lips are trembling with a song of France,  
My cousin, and thine eyes are dimly sweet;  
Wildered with reading in an old romance  
All afternoon upon the garden seat.

The summer wind read with thee, and the bees  
That on the sunny pages loved to crawl:  
A skipping reader was the impatient breeze,  
And turned the leaves, but the slow bees read all.

And now thy foot descends the terrace stair:  
I hear the rustle of thy silk attire;  
I breathe the musky odors of thy hair  
And airs that from thy painted fan respire.

Idly thou pausest in the shady walk,  
Thine ear attentive to the fountain's fall:  
Thou mark'st the flower de-luce sway on her stalk,  
The speckled vergilicus ripening on the wall.

Thou hast the feature of my mother's race,  
The gilded comb she wore, her smile, her eye:  
The blood that flushes softly in thy face  
Crawls through my veins beneath this northern sky.


As one disherited, though next of kin,  
Who lingers at the barred ancestral gate,  
And sadly sees the happy heir within  
Stroll careless through his forfeited estate;

Even so I watch thy southern eyes, Lisette,  
Lady of my lost paradise and heir  
Of summer days that were my birthright. Yet  
Beauty like thine makes usurpation fair.  
—From "Poems by Henry A. Beers." Published by the Yale University Press.

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#### Del Monte Notes.

Over one hundred members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco and their families participated in the fourth annual golf tournament at the Del Monte course on April 28th to 30th in a thirty-six-hole medal competition.

Golf events which are scheduled for Del Monte this summer are: Decoration Day tournament, May 27th to 30th; Independence Day tournament, July 1st to 4th; California State Junior Championship, July 13th to 16th; summer golf tournament, August 25th to 27th; California Amateur Championship, September 2d to 10th; Del Monte Women's Championship, September 2d to 10th.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Waiter!—hic—bring me a dish of prunes."  
"Stewed, sir?" "Now, that's none yer bizzness.—*The National*.

Binks—Where have you been? Jinks—To the cemetery. Binks—Any one dead? Jinks—All of them.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Cadger—Binks has been telling lies about me again. Badger—He might do worse. He might tell the truth about you.—*Chicago News*.

Mistress—Oh, Jane, and I told you to notice when the jam boiled over! *New Maid*—So I did, mum. It was a quarter past 11.—*London Passing Show*.

He (at studio tea)—Georgette is an angel. She—Bah! She's all over paint. He—But I never saw an angel that hadn't been painted.—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

Cleo—What sort of a girl is she? Pat—Positively hopeless, my dear. She's only been engaged four times and she's already contemplating marriage.—*California Pelican*.

Lady—You say your father was injured in an explosion? How did it happen? Child—Well, mother says it was too much yeast, but father says it was too little sugar.—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Member of the Touring Company—My dear lady, the last place I stayed at the landlady wept when I left. Landlady—Oh, did she? Well, I aint going to. I wants my money in advance.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Arthur will never be a success as a literary man." "Whatever makes you think that?" "Well, I submitted his love letters to a dozen publishers, and they all refused them."—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

Beatrice—Come home early, darling—I've got something I want to talk to you about. Benedict—I suppose that means you want to talk to me about something you haven't got?—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

Judge—What have you to say for yourself? The officer who arrested you says you seemed to be under the influence of something when the crash came. Motorist—Your honor, you see it was like this. My wife was sitting on the back seat trying to tell me how to drive, and—and—I couldn't turn around and listen to her and watch the street at the same

time.—*Judge*—Oh, I see, poor man: you were driving the car under the influence of your wife—case dismissed.—*Florida Times-Union*.

Ross—Can't you find something to do? Office Boy—Gee whiz! Am I expected to do the work and find it, too?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Can I have the five pounds I lent you?" "You can have it next week." "But you told me that last week." "Yes. Do you think I am a man to say one thing one day and another the next?"—*London Mail*.

"How do you like school, my little darling?" asked the fond mother after his first day at school. "It's fine," he replied. "I've licked two kids already for calling me mother's little darling."—*London Morning Post*.

Doctor—No, you'll not be able to leave the house for a week at least. She—Oh, dear! Then I shan't see Emily married! I've missed two of her weddings already, and it may be months before she's married again.—*Judge*.

Little Paul was visiting and when he came down to breakfast for the first time his hostess asked: "Paul, how do you like your eggs boiled?" "Two at a time, please, ma'am," was Paul's response.—*Daily American Tribune*.

"So you are going to have your boy study law?" "Yes," answered Farmer Cornatassell. "Josh is always gettin' into some kind o' trouble, and instead of hiring lawyers for him I might as well teach him to perfect his ownself."—*Washington Star*.

"At's a wuthless man I's got, Miss Jenny." "Why don't you get rid of him? Sue him for divorce." "Divo'ce? You say a divo'ce? W'y, chile, a divo'ce ud cost me fifty dollahs, an' Ah aint got no money to wasten on that niggah."—*Wayside Tales*.

"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" asked a little lad of his father. "But, my boy," answered papa. "I am afraid you will disturb me very much with it." "Oh, no, I won't," said the little chap; "I'll only play it when you're asleep."—*Toronto Evening Telegram*.

"I've got you at last," he cried, "move if you dare, move! It's taken me many years, but at last I've got you where I want you! Now I dare you to move!" "Yep, you're right," replied his friend, "it's the first game of checkers you ever did win from me."—*Treat 'Em Square*.

"It's a hard life," said the traffic policeman. "What's the trouble?" asked the genial old gentleman. "I had to call down a fashionable dame just now for violating a traffic law. The look she gave me was bad enough, but the way her poodle dog yawned in my face was positively insulting."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



## Leave Nothing to Chance When You Go Away For Your Vacation

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#### Eighteenth Century Grip.

Amid all our sufferings from the "grip," "Russian influenza," "blitz katarrh," "Spanish influenza," "flu," et id omne genus, the name and writings of Sébastien Mercier are too much forgotten. In his picturesque "Tableau de Paris" is to be found the following passage on the "grippe," written in 1787, which might have been written today:

"Almost every year toward the middle of November occur catarrhal indispositions caused by the presence of a humid and cold atmosphere and fogs which suppress transpiration. Many die of it, but the Parisians, who laugh at everything, call these colds the 'grippe,' the 'flirt,' but the laughter three days later is himself 'gripped' by it and goes down to the grave.

"Passing from cold rooms and theatre halls to the open air makes this suppression of the transpiration almost unavoidable. The new fashion of wearing long cloaks is excellent. It gives protection against the cold. Taking good exercise is even a surer remedy. The women who are compelled to wait some time

for their carriages—those charming, delicate women I see shivering along the staircases and porticoes—should consider that their pelisses are not sufficient to protect them against mishaps."

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Cleaning Up for Company.

Among those who look forward with eagerness to the coming of the Shriners next June—and what really alert local business man does not?—there is a growing feeling that San Francisco ought to clean up. It is an excellent idea, and one having the additional merit of originality. Our streets are rather bare and stony, in the metropolitan mode, and for that reason exhibit with startling distinctness all the waste paper and empty cigarette boxes the citizens have to contribute. The general custom seems to be just to drop things where you are when you decide to get along without them, and that habit makes more work than our street department seems organized to do. But the present agitation in favor of neatness is a little too concentrated in point of time. Why restrict cleanliness to the visit of the Shriners? Why not be clean the year around? Our general attitude in this particular too strongly resembles that of the small boy who saw no sense in washing his face on retiring because he wasn't going anywhere, nor on getting up in the morning because it didn't make him dirty to sleep. Cleanliness is a virtue in itself. Of course, it is better to be virtuous occasionally than never to be virtuous at all; but if we were really pure in heart we should endeavor to be consistent performers. This cleaning up for company is going to look as though we did it, not in order to be clean, but in

order to make our guests think we are clean. That is a humbug. Anybody who will look at our streets knows we are not. But we should be. Even if it costs a little more money and is reflected in the tax rate to a small extent, there should be better provision for making San Francisco neat. It is a fair and a fine-looking city, all but that. It is acquiring some of the best examples of American architecture, constructed on a scale of dignity and even of some grandeur. It should be clean; not merely for the Shriners who are coming, but for the Shriners and all the rest of us who live here.

### The Indiana Primary.

When something less than a month ago the President took Congress by the scruff of the neck in the matter of the Naval Bill and, pronto, got what he wanted, the incident was accepted as a mark of Mr. Harding's personal and political potentiality. It was taken as significant of a situation in which members of Congress must coöperate with the Administration if they would serve themselves in their constituencies. At Washington and throughout the country there was a sharp rise in Harding stock—the universal assumption being that Mr. Harding's favor would be a decisive asset in coming elections.

This theory has sustained a shock in the failure of Senator New in the Indiana primary. From the beginning of the Harding régime New has been a stalwart Administration man. He has supported vigorously all the President's suggestions and demands. Furthermore, he has stood in close personal relations with Mr. Harding, being a constant and informal visitor at the White House and presumptively a close confidant of the Administration. His defeat, therefore, under all the circumstances is sharply disconcerting to political calculations. Obviously, the Harding influence is not what it has been cracked up to be, at least in Indiana. If to be a friend and supporter of the President has not assured reelection to Senator New, it may not be so valuable an asset as has been supposed.

There are mitigating circumstances. New, while a substantial figure, is neither a brilliant nor an engaging man. His talents, while entirely respectable, are not notable. He makes no appeal to the popular imagination. Furthermore, not very far in the background there is in his personal record a domestic scandal of a kind calculated to affect his standing with elements with whom collateral as distinct from direct considerations have weight. The spectacle of an illegitimate son convicted of murder and now committed to imprisonment for life in a California penitentiary, while not discussed above a whisper in the late campaign, undoubtedly had its adverse influence. It is easy to believe that it turned some votes adversely and that it kept other voters at home. The average plain American voter is frankly regardful of the private affairs of candidates for office; and while the rule does not work consistently, it does in certain cases act decisively. We can but suspect that in the case of Senator New it has made the difference between success and failure.

It would be unfair to characterize Beveridge's success in the Indiana primary as a result adverse to the Administration. Mr. Beveridge has a record of twelve years' fairly distinguished service as a senator. He is probably the best advertised man in the State of Indiana. His personality is striking and of a kind calculated to make him known and admired by the elements antagonistic to Mr. New. He is a brilliant speaker, and after quite another method he has something of the Rooseveltian gift of appeal to what may be styled moral sentiment. This method served him well in the recent campaign, which began systematically two years or more ago. Avoiding the pending issues, and the ordinary methods of a political canvass, Mr. Beveridge set out

upon a lecturing campaign. Wherever there is a women's club or other social organization in Indiana, Mr. Beveridge appeared as a platform attraction. In vibrant phrases he discussed before admiring groups, not the bonus bill or the tariff or any other controverted issue, but the good, the true, and the beautiful. Metaphorically speaking, he chuckled the women of Indiana under their more or less dimpled chins by rhetorical endorsements of the beatitudes. Thus he steered clear of political rocks while winning high favor as an æsthetic moralist. Concurrently, he found means of placating favor by declaring himself a friend and admirer of President Harding and a supporter of his policies. It was, as the result proves, a highly effective method of campaign in a state where smug unctuousness has always been a social and political asset.

A fact suggestively important is this, namely, that although feeling in Indiana in the matter of the Beveridge-New campaign has seemed to run high in recent weeks, only about 50 per cent. of the registered Republican voters took pains to appear at the primary. Thus the selection of a party candidate was made, not by the "voice of the people" or any approach to it, but by a minority vote of barely one-fourth of those who style themselves Republicans. In Indiana, as elsewhere, voters will turn out for a real election, but they will not take the trouble to attend a primary. Thus the main presumption upon which the popular primary system was based is for the hundredth time exhibited as a fallacy. Nomination by direct primary is no more the "voice of the people" than nomination under the old convention system. It comes as a result of adroit management and it has the special demerit of being without the definite responsibility that attaches to the convention method of nomination.

### Tenure of Employment.

It is the social gospel of Mr. Whiting Williams, who is vice-president of a great steel concern and has passed three years as a laboring man to get the laboring man's point of view, that what labor really wants is assurance of permanent employment. He thinks the problem of industry is not wages, but the continuing job. Mr. Williams has seen a great deal and thought a great deal about this particular one of society's difficulties; but we doubt if he is on the right track. Human nature being what it is, the prospects are that a society in which every man had a tenure of employment, a vested right to work, would soon find its industry disorganized and its pantry rather bare. It would be likely to go hungry and to have to tighten its belt without, in order to contract the void within.

There are a great many industrious, conscientious, prideful workmen in the ranks of labor, who do a day's work for a day's pay because of innate rightness of character. Many of them, for lack of some mental quality such as constructive imagination or analytical power, will always remain in the ranks of labor, and it is no discredit. We can not all be officers; in spite of appearances, there were many privates in the late war. We doubt if such men, generally speaking, are the ones that fear unemployment. And perhaps they are in the majority. But there is at least a large and important minority of persons who will not work unless they fear the loss of the job. If labor had tenure of office, the workers would have to carry the slackers, at the risk of their own demoralization. That means that all industry, all society, would have to carry them. Slave labor enjoys tenure of office, and knows that because it is property the owner will feed and clothe it, and care for its progeny; but slave labor was never very valuable, never reliable, and except at the most primitive tasks has cost almost as much as it was worth, unless mercilessly driven. Men do not like to work, and only the most conscientious can make themselves do it. The rest of us would rather go fishing, and if we can not



do that we prefer to come on duty late and stand about the shop for a considerable part of the day engaged in more or less elevating conversation—for which the socialists feel we should have ample leisure.

That will not feed; clothe, and shelter society, including labor itself. They have found it out in Russia. Labor there had to be drafted, and worked on the compulsory plan, and then it did not function effectively. It felt that the government, which had become its owner and driver, would probably keep it alive as long as it came to the factory every day and took a little light exercise. Even the fear of being shot did not help very much.

There is no effective way to discipline an organization except through the power of dismissal. Labor unions have striven to take that power away from employers, and wherever they have been successful, more or less demoralization has set in. Society in general has paid for it. It is the standing complaint of corporation managers and directors; whose complaints, however, do not seem to receive much sympathy from those whose ideas are sentimentalized in favor of what they call "the under dog." Now, the discipline of industrial organizations is necessary to adequate production. There are too many men that will not work unless they dread some evil consequence. Instead of greater certainty of tenure, what society really needs in industry is less certainty of it.

There is far less interest in civil service reform today than there was twenty-five years ago. The reformed civil service was in some respects an improvement, but grave doubts as to its value have arisen among persons in a position to observe how men act when they no longer fear the penalty of slacking. In the government service, perhaps what we gained in reducing the opportunity of politicians to make spoil of office was worth anything that may have been lost through added security of tenure. There may be a little less pernicious activity among postmasters than we used to have; and government will never be conducted in an ideal manner, no matter what you do to it. But in general, in the government service or in private industry, tenure of office tends strongly to make the job a nest of sweet repose. Of course, when politicians, operating on the spoils system put friends and handy men into jobs, those job-holders felt secure as long as the party was in and the boss was satisfied, and did very little work. But civil service reform, with its greater security, and its difficulties of removal, has not completely purified us, by a long shot, and even some very optimistic reformers have given up hope that it ever will. Tenure of office is not a stimulant; it is a sedative. It is industry's bromide of potassium.

#### The Political Complex.

Among Republicans throughout the country there has been up to the last week—and prior to the Indiana primary—a comfortable feeling that the party was safe for another period of congressional control. Nobody has sought to deny that Congress has lacked strong leadership, that it has been minus coordination, that it has been dilatory, that it has been disrespectful of executive suggestion, that it has paltered, dodged, and made little or naught of its obligations. Yet, all this admitted, there has remained the complacent unctious that the prestige of Mr. Harding would be sufficient to overcome resentment and to overwhelm opposition. Until just now, nobody has raised a doubt of Mr. Harding's widespread popularity or questioned its potency.

But the returns from Indiana, where a personal and political friend of Mr. Harding has been turned down and a verdict rendered for an ex-Progressive (albeit a "Harding man"), are disconcerting. It now seems possible that the Harding prestige has been over-appraised or that it is limited to Mr. Harding personally, lacking the power largely to aid his friends or his party. If Indiana Republicans are so heedless of the party interest that a majority of them have not troubled themselves to go to the primary polls, if a friend and counselor of the Administration gains nothing from the executive favor, may not the record in Indiana be duplicated elsewhere? These queries have set a good many members of the House of Representatives and not a few senators a-trembling for their personal and political fortunes. May it not be that the country, for all its admiration and approval of Mr. Harding, has lost faith in his party, and particularly in those who, assuming to be his partisans, have pursued courses neglectful of the party pledges and embarrassing to the President him-

self? In the phrase of one no longer with us, one whom many of us may not easily and would not willingly forget, "Quite likely! Quite likely!"

The Republican party in its national platform of 1920 and in pretty much all its state declarations made definite pledges to the country. It promised to correct the abuses of the Wilson administration, to restore constitutional practice, to cut out extravagances, to eliminate whimsicalities, to reduce taxation, to revise the tariff, etc. Mr. Harding has tried sincerely, intelligently, persistently to make these pledges good. But he has been thwarted and all but insulted by Congress, which has given little heed or none at all to the assurances under which it came into authority. In the Senate many Republicans have ignored their party obligations, to join blocs of one sort or another, conceived in parochial spirit and designed to promote special or local interests. In the House of Representatives there has been slackness in regard to important matters with manifest readiness to graft new extravagances upon a system already overburdened. In brief, Congress has acted badly—badly in respect of its promises, badly in regard to its immediate duties, badly with respect to the President. The country knows it, and its knowledge of the situation is exhibited in Indiana, a state notable for party loyalty. More than half the Republicans in the state exhibited either their resentment or their indifference by staying away from the primary; and a majority of those who took pains to attend the polls gave their choice to a candidate without responsibility for recent party derelictions.

It would be idle to deny or seek to disguise the fact that in this result there is a portent of Republican disaster in the elections that are immediately ahead of us. There are those—and they are many—who believe that the country, which only two years ago gave to the Republican party an overwhelming majority in Congress, is now ready to give it a sharp rebuke. Time only will tell. But at one point there can be no question. It is that a party which makes solemn promises and then fails to fulfill them can not in morals or equity complain if its mandate shall be recalled.

In recent years there has been manifest decline in the personal quality of Congress—both in the Senate and in the House. The direct primary has had something to do with it. Automatically the system prefers the charlatans, the loud-shouters, the self-seekers; and eliminates figures of higher quality. It favors the yowling politician as against the sober and responsible statesman. Another circumstance is the fact that Congress, which formerly sat less than half of a year and rarely more than a single quarter of alternate years, is now in session practically all the time. Congressional service is more exacting, more onerous than formerly, allowing little or no time on the part of the members for their relaxations or for maintenance of their personal interests. Life at Washington during the hot summer months is trying and there are many whose propensity to congressional service is not strong enough for the sacrifice that service now entails. But whatever the considerations may be, there is rapidly being lost the individual strength that once distinguished Congress, and with it the sense of obligation that made party government a concrete and dependable force. So far has the decline gone that the country very generally has come to feel a sense of distrust of Congress and of resentment against it, and to place its hope and its faith wholly upon the executive office. It is to the President, practically to the President alone, that the mind of the country now turns for its hope for good legislation, likewise in its trust for defeat of bad proposals.

President Harding is, above all other qualities, a constitutionalist. No man knows better the theory of the Constitution and no man more highly respects it. Mr. Harding knows, too, where authority in each department of the government should begin and where it should end. When he entered upon the presidency he undertook to reestablish the legislative branch of the government in its constitutional and traditional functions. He tried to get Congress to do its work—tried with intelligence and with persistence. He has failed signally. Congress has delayed, evaded, shirked. It has sought to cajole groups of voters by special and illegitimate concessions and it has put upon the President the onus of protecting the treasury and the taxpayer. One branch has passed a soldiers' bonus bill which if finally

accepted would plunge the country into financial distress, and the other branch has indicated its willingness to join in this shameless raid. Only a few days ago, in an effort to cajole certain voting elements, there was passed by the House of Representatives a bill cutting our naval organization to limits below the most conservative calculations. Patience has reached its end. The President took this particular bull by its horns and enforced action essential to the nation's security. The country applauds and approves a course which illustrates that though Congress may seek to shirk its responsibilities the executive office still has the courage and the authority to hold things level.

It now becomes evident that the dependence of the country must be upon the President. Congress has abdicated responsibility. It remains for the President so far to revise his ideas and plans as to assume authority, not only over the administration of existing laws, but to a degree over new enactments. He can not, unless he shall consent to abuses of the gravest kind, be merely an executive in the sphere of national affairs—he must be a leader and a director of legislation. When Congress gives over its authority and powers, it becomes obligatory upon the President, unpleasant though it may be, to assume them. From now on we may expect President Harding to hold a firmer hand in relation to legislation. It becomes essential that he should do so to save the country from courses infinitely mischievous and demoralizing.

The unexpected result in Indiana gives new interest to primary elections on-coming in other states. The next in order is Pennsylvania, dated for the 16th of the present month—Tuesday of next week. The Oregon primaries will be held May 19th; Iowa, June 5th; Florida, June 6th; Maine and Minnesota, June 20th; North Dakota, June 28th; Texas, July 22d; Missouri, Virginia, and West Virginia, August 1st; Ohio and Wyoming, August 8th; Mississippi, August 15th; Nebraska, August 18th; California and Montana, August 29th; Nevada and Wisconsin, September 5th; Arizona, Massachusetts, Michigan, Vermont, and Washington, September 12th; New York, September 19th; New Jersey, September 27th. Dates have not yet been set for primary elections in other states.

#### Germany and Justice.

*Notenkraker*, of Amsterdam, depicts France with a knife, about to slay Germany, "the goose that lays the golden eggs." The only defects of *Notenkraker's* cartoon are that, first, France is not about to slay Germany, and second, Germany refuses to lay.

Instead of laying the golden eggs she owes, Germany is running to fat. She has issued up to last March 123,457,000,000 marks in inconvertible notes, which, although legal tender, have fallen from a gold value of 23.8 cents to less than a third of a cent. The budgetary deficit has grown from 49,000,000,000 marks in 1919 to 190,000,000,000 in 1921. There appears to be no effort at economy—merely a lot of talk about it. She owes France 218,000,000,000 marks, and so far from killing the goose that lays the golden egg by pressing for payment, France has already consented to a reduction of the bill by 20 per cent. Still Germany does not pay, but adopts every shameless shift and evasion the German governmental mind can conceive, which is saying much. There is all sorts of evidence that Germany is jumping into bankruptcy to defraud her creditors. Her government is extravagant, and loose about the collection of possible revenues. On the state railroads the fares are ridiculously low. In France a railway journey of 100 kilometres costs \$1.75, and in Germany only 38 cents. The per capita tax in Germany is less than a third the per capita tax in France. If the German goose ever laid a golden egg, where is it? It is not likely that Germany will be crushed; but she would be of about as much use to her creditors crushed as she is now, or as she ever intends to be.

It is necessary to keep these plain elementary things in mind, throughout the confusion of thought about reparation installments, falling marks, chaotic exchange, balances of trade, and all the other phases of international put-and-take with which we are daily invited to distract our attention from the main issue. Some commentators insist that the important thing is the rehabilitation of Germany, for the sake of the financial effect on the rest of the world. It is not. Man is not altogether a financial animal. He has some other aspirations than the commercial, and some feelings that



he can not endure having outraged. One of the interests of men, at least of Western men, is justice, and perhaps it is the highest and deepest and holiest of all. That feeling is outraged by the condition Germany has been permitted to set up. There should be no further diminution of the reparations bill, and France should have her due.

Private War.

Again San Francisco has become the battle ground of private war. A strike has been called against the companies operating taxicabs, and violence has occurred, as it is likely to do when a vote-hunting government fails to enforce the law for fear of offending one or the other party to a feud. Committees known as "wrecking crews," a phrase which in this sense is a reproach to our social order, are indulging in crime with apparent confidence in their impunity. Machines have been wrecked, at this writing one has been stolen and burned, and in the effort to prevent industry being carried on except by permission of criminals, the lives of passengers have been jeopardized and one non-union driver has been shot while resisting abduction.

About this state of affairs the community needs to recognize two things: first, that it shames San Francisco and brings it into bad repute as a place to invest capital or engage in business—a condition we have so long endured that we had lost the conception of what the city might become under law and order, and had only recently begun to get it back; and second, that every time these methods "win" the public loses—its cost of living is increased, and the initiative of its people is discouraged by an artificial addition to the risks of investment. That was always the effect of private war, and civilization could not begin its modern advance until that sort of conflict was suppressed by courageous government.

Such government we are entitled to, and such we might have if we had character in the mayor's office. It is useless to blame the police force or the police commission. They can not be expected to rise higher than their official source. We have a charter under which responsibility for the good conduct of the city is concentrated in its chief executive. One straight word with the bark on from the mayor would go far to end this lawlessness, and it would bring to his support the sympathy and perhaps on occasion the votes of a wearied and disgusted public. But we do not expect Mr. Rolph to say it. He is a fair Civic Centrist and a fluent platform peddler of platitudes and bad verse, but when it comes to a disagreeable duty, or one involving a measure of political risk, he fails to rise to the level of his obligations.

The *Argonaut* is not "taking sides" in this matter, except the public side. It is authoritatively informed that the main trouble has not been made by the former drivers for the companies, but by the so-called "pirates," owners of single machines, whose competition with the larger companies, when it is legitimate, is altogether for the public benefit and ought to be encouraged; for no city owes less to its taxicab companies. Their charges are extortionate, with the result that their business and the service they render is less than half what it should be. Meters show it. The average run of a San Francisco taxicab is about forty miles a day, while in Chicago it is 110 to 120. On the other hand, representatives of the companies have declared that they have at least twice been brought under pressure at the City Hall to increase wages beyond a proper working limit and take it out of the public in the shape of higher charges. Again it is the public that pays. No government with the real welfare of the city at heart would ever have pursued such a policy. The present taxicab rates in San Francisco fill visitors with disgust, and make residents that are familiar with the tariffs walk or take street-cars. If the taxicab companies here were managed by real business men they would resist such pressure, arrange lower rates, with lower wages and a percentage to the drivers, and do a tremendous business such as their colleagues in New York and Chicago enjoy. The drivers would make as much or more, the public, resident or visiting, would have respectable service, and a curse would be removed from the city's reputation. But they don't do it, and until they do they are not entitled to any particular sympathy.

Neither do we believe that strikes should be suppressed. Workmen should have the right to strike every time they feel like it, and enjoy everything they can make out of it lawfully. That is in the interest of

the public, whose greatest interest of all is liberty. But one of the public's vital interests also is security of life and property; and a government which can not in ordinary times assure that to every man, woman, and child is a pusillanimous and nearly worthless thing. Mayor Rolph should suppress this lawlessness, no matter what it may cost him in votes when he runs for office next time. If he can not do it, he is not fit to be mayor again, to say nothing of ever being governor.

Editorial Notes.

Miss A. Maude Royden, England's first woman minister, says of flappers that if they will only take up religion, religion will have the greatest revival of its history. They may do it yet; they appear to have tried about everything else.

Word comes from Los Angeles that the county dungeon is so crowded with bootleggers there is no room for the regular burglars, embezzlers, arsonists and homicides, who might well repeat together the old demand, "Get out of our jail!" When this occurs in the city of chemical purity, what chance has an old-line professional in an ordinary town?

In the past fiscal year California contributed the tidy sum of \$216,527,924.49 to the government revenues, or 4.031 per cent. Of the total, \$180,306,894.61 was on internal revenue accounts; \$19,034,485.20, postal account; \$9,272,061.34, customs revenues; \$7,914,483.24, miscellaneous receipts. Now, having shown what California paid into the treasury, let us see what she got out of it. The figures aggregate \$98,649,002.75, under the following heads: Reclamations, \$87,192.51; Indian service, \$308,258.29; interest payments on bonds held by corporations and individuals, \$40,353,753.31; War and Navy Department (public works), \$27,151,788.66; miscellaneous, \$6,423,331.93. Contrasting the totals of what California yields to the government with what she gets from it, we discover that California receives far less than half of her money back.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

No Reason Why Not.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In most of the country towns of California a long-felt want has been supplied recently, the rest room—dressing room for the use of farmers' families coming into town.

San Francisco is sadly in need of such public conveniences, having but one, located in the Ferry building. Some such provisions should be made at once in the downtown shopping district. We expect soon 300,000 Shriners and families, besides twice as many Coast visitors.

It seems as imperative to arrange for these retiring rooms, just now, as to make San Francisco a spotless town.  
J. B. CLIFFORD.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., May 8, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: "I see b' th' pa-apers," as Mr. Dooley used to say, that our Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, says that (among other things) "the inviolability of contract must be guaranteed by Russia" before any nation can safely undertake trade relations with her.

Why pick on Russia? Is a contract of any more value here in California than it is in Russia?

For many years we were the owners of a large orchard in a community of some two thousand people, and were directors in the water company supplying the water to this community and some four thousand acres of land. This was a mutual water company, owned by the users of water.

This water company owned many acres of water-bearing land, where it had many wells. It owned a steam plant where it manufactured electricity, and this electric power was carried to the various wells. The water thus pumped was taken in canals and pipe lines some forty miles and there distributed to the orchards.

We had operated this system for some years when a large power company entered the field, and after a long time spent in negotiations the water company entered into a five-year contract with this power company to buy power from them at a specified price. We therefore closed down our own power plant and during the life of the contract had very satisfactory service from the power company.

When the five years had expired, after long negotiations we entered into a contract with this same power company for a period of ten years. This power company, having served us for five years, knew our requirements as well as we did. It was a purely voluntary contract on both sides and was considered fair to both parties. Upon entering into this ten-year contract we, the water company, dismantled our power plant and sold our transmission lines to the power company. Shortly after this was done the power company took the matter of rates up with the railway commission of this state, and although the ten-year contract just entered into was satisfactory to both ourselves and the power company, and at the time of its execution had the tacit consent of the commission, the commission set aside our contract and raised the rates.

Having dismantled our plant and sold our transmission lines, we were not in the same position we were in when we entered into the contract, and so far as we could see there was nothing for us to do but accept the ruling. It has been my observation that contracts were of no force between individuals or corporations on one side and cities or public utilities on the other. I was brought up in the old school that a contract was a contract and the very cornerstone of business, but it seems I was wrong and I would be glad if you could enlighten me and tell me "why is a contract" and why we should be so insistent on other nations observing it when we do not find it necessary to do so ourselves.

Respectfully,  
HENRY B. CHASE.

SOME RESULTS IN ONTARIO.

Political Development and Operation of Power Projects Is a Mess, and the Rural Population Is Shrinking.

Getting something for nothing will never lose its appeal for the general run of human beings; and there are a great many who think it good policy to try it. They buy lottery tickets hopefully. They become hypnotized by inventions for producing perpetual motion. They suppose government to be either a divine or a magical thing, mysteriously endowed with wisdom and administrative talents greater than those of the politicians of whom it is composed. They believe they could share in the profits of private business if it could only be made public business, and conducted by a wonder-working appointive commission, instead of by the men whose vision and diligence developed it.

In this state a great many farmers are being led to believe that they could get electric energy for running their pumps and farm machinery at cost—that is, at no charge for private profit—if the state conducted hydro-electric development and production. And there are people in our cities who suppose that they can get cheaper energy, and that the farmers can be made more prosperous that way.

Fortunately we have an example of the way it works out. The California Water and Power Act, so-called, an "initiated" proposal to amend the Constitution of California so that a commission yet to be appointed may have half a billion dollars, raised by mortgaging the state, to develop hydro-electric energy, has had a predecessor in the province of Ontario, Canada, where farmers were also promised power at cost. This scheme of government ownership and operation in the hydro-electric field in Canada is now about twelve years old. The farmers have not been helped materially, although the city users of energy have been charged more for power so that agriculture could have it for less, and there are in the rural districts of the province today 100,000 fewer people than there were when this socialistic experiment began. Less than 1 per cent. of the energy generated has been sold to the farmers, and a legislative commission, holding one of those "investigations," or inquests, which have to follow failures of this sort, reported in part: "The luxuries and conveniences which electric light and power bring to a home would do much to induce our native-born country boys to remain upon the farm, but unfortunately under the conditions of service at cost, the price of electricity is prohibitive for agriculture in general."

The city manager of Pasadena said when the measure was before the Santa Monica meeting of the League of California Municipalities, a convention of office-holders, last September:

We have the splendid example of the Toronto hydro-electric system which was put into operation in 1912 and has increased very rapidly until today it is serving many municipalities with electrical energy at very low rates. This proves the feasibility of the proposed development by the State of California.

But to the people who have had twelve years experience of this sort of state socialism the thing does not seem quite so "splendid." Socialism in Russia, socialism in North Dakota, socialism in Ontario, looks better before than after taking.

Addressing the federation of business men's associations at Toronto last March, Premier E. C. Drury, himself an advocate of public ownership, told of the growth of the Chippewa project, which the Ontario Power Commission had undertaken to develop for \$10,500,000, to a cost of \$65,000,000, and declared no business man would tolerate such estimates, with costs rising without justification, and with the suspicion behind them that they were intended to induce the public "to take up a project which otherwise they might be chary about taking up."

One instance of the sort might have been owing to bad calculations. Two would indicate that such calculation was inseparable from the nature of projects so conceived. And up in the northwest section of the province, at Nipigon, is the second instance. The people of Fort William and Port Arthur were promised cheaper power from a development to cost somewhere between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. They were paying \$15 a horsepower year, under private ownership, to a corporation which had, we presume, "grabbed" a power site or so. The new development has already cost \$6,300,000 and is not complete, and the people of Port Arthur are paying about \$21 a horsepower year, which is "cost." These are some of the "splendid" results the politicians promise. The mayor of Berkeley says the province of Ontario has successfully solved this problem. A few more problems solved with equal success would strongly resemble ruin.

The premier of Ontario says:

Under the scheme of "power at cost" the capital cost must bear the interest charge until the consumption overtakes it. In Port Arthur the interest charge is not half met by the cost of the power sold. The remainder of the interest charge is added to the capital account; so that each year, without a bit of work being done upon the development the capital cost mounts up by about \$300,000. It is the old scheme. I be-



here that in private promotions it is described as making the dog eat his tail until he gets something else to feed upon. It is probably a sound method, and it is certainly the only way in which these charges can be met unless the province as a whole is to absorb the loss. But, Mr. Chairman, if the dog has to feed upon himself until he has not only eaten his tail, but also half of his body, he becomes a comparatively worthless dog; and that is exactly what we fear for the Nipigon power project, built ahead of the requirements of its power market.

There could hardly be a better example of a dog eating himself than the California Water and Power Amendment contemplates; for it seeks to provide that if the projects to be developed can not meet interest charges in any other way, more money may be borrowed to pay the interest on the money borrowed already. This is eating the dog right up to the bark.

The Nipigon project was not studied out by business men, but by a political commission. To justify itself, which is a temptation to every such body, it built ahead of the demand. The California scheme contemplates no check against such a blunder, but gives the proposed commission unlimited power to define projects and start them wherever it wishes. It does not even have to confine itself to California, but can go into Arizona and perhaps into Mexico, if the grass looks good, and develop energy for Southern California at the expense of the rest of the state. If the development won't pay the interest, more bonds may be sold for that purpose, and if nobody will buy them money for both interest and principal is appropriated, by the Constitution so that the legislature shall have no check on it, from the state treasury, and the tax collectors are directed to collect it in addition to the other revenues. Poor doggie!

Only the most favorably situated farm districts have thus far been served in Canada, after twelve years, and the legislative committee investigating the subject declared that any general extension of farm service under the system prevailing at the time of its report would mean that the cost of power to the agricultural industry would be at least double the cost of power to other industries and to urban municipalities. Distribution costs more in the country, because of the separation of the customers and the greater length of transmission required. "Power at cost" would mean power at prices prohibitive to the farmer.

But in California the farmers are now getting their power at less than cost, and they have not had to bond the state for half a billion either. It is simply recognized by the hydro-electric companies that the cities can afford to make up the difference, since farming is the industry on which all other industries are based, and on which the growth of the cities depends. If the rural delivery routes had to pay their own way they could not do it. "Power at cost" to farmers is a delusion. Getting power for nothing, or without profit, is also a delusion. We shall pay in the rates or in taxes. When we consider the contrast between political and business administration the prospects seem good for paying in both ways.

The writer was coming down the cañon of the Feather River recently and pointed out to an Eastern woman a hydro-electric power dam diverting the water by a ditch leading to a power house. The visitor had heard a great deal about the voracious power-site grabbers of the West, and was duly incensed at the awful spectacle before her eyes. Farther down stream, the water all came back again, and from that point on there was as much in the river as there ever had been. She was greatly puzzled. And disappointed. It didn't look wicked at all. Finally she said: "I thought they stole the water, but they just borrow it when nobody else wants it. I don't really see much harm in that."

One of the difficulties in dealing with this project is its vagueness. It is vague because it is limitless in the grant of authority. It is a blind gift of money and power. No such proposal was ever made in this state before, and the writer can recall none like it in any other state. We now have a bonded debt of about \$75,000,000, exceeded by but two states in the Union: New York and Massachusetts. The addition of this half-billion would raise the debt of California to about 45 per cent. of the debt of all the states combined. Nobody knows who is going to spend the money, nor for what in particular. The only thing known about it is who is going to pay it. It will be paid by all the taxpayers of California—not merely, as at present, by those who use power.

The worst feature of the project, however, is not the money cost involved, but the political cost. It is revolutionary. It is socialism, which never works except in dreams and visions. It has received its most important support thus far from the League of California Municipalities, an organization of office-holders. Office-holders like to extend the system of office-holding, to multiply commissions and extend governmental function. They take to it naturally. The more offices, the better chance for their class at power and emoluments. Many of them, of course, sincerely believe that they can promote the general welfare in this manner; and they are the more dangerous for their sincerity. But sincere or not, they are almost a unit for the socialization of the power industry of California. If they succeed, it will be but the beginning. We shall have started on the North Dakota road, and the Non-Partisan League will be delighted. MORTON TODD.

SA / FRANCISCO, May 10, 1922.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Tchitcherin, the leader of the Russian Soviet group at Washington, and foreign minister under Lenin, is one of the few Russians now in authority who were in high office under the Czar.

Arthur James Balfour, now Earl of Balfour, rarely reads a newspaper. He is said by a writer in the *Forum* to be "calm, mellow, learned, wise, experienced," and to have filled the office of prime minister with philosophical indifference and a cynical doubt as to whether it was worth the trouble. He is fond of reading "penny dreadfuls" of the Old Sleuth type.

Joseph Pennell, the American etcher, finds a kindred spirit in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, novelist, essayist, and professor of English literature at Cambridge University. "Q" has declared long since that art is incompatible with prohibition. Mr. Pennell now comes forward with the definite announcement that "no nation ever produced and maintained art without freedom of thought such as drink implies" and "you can not have good art or good literature without wine."

Lord Birkenhead, who used to be "Gallop Smith," is the youngest lord chancellor on record, and it is said the woollack has rarely had so brilliant an occupant. He commands a sharp, flexible wit, and a thorough understanding of elementary principles, legal or political. He is the intimate friend of Winston Churchill, is very ambitious, and has developed of late a rare and moving eloquence, in contradistinction to the cross-examining style of the days when he was Mr. F. E. Smith, K. C., M. P. It was once said of him that he seldom neglected a duty and never a pleasure. He wants to be prime minister.

Frederick Andrews, who died recently in Yorkshire, England, was one of the last of the great head masters of English schools. For forty-two years he was master of Ackworth, the famous Quaker educational establishment founded by John Fothergill in Yorkshire in 1779. Although a weakness of the eyes prevented his studying for a higher degree than his B. A., which he took in London in 1872, he was a marvelous cricket player. It is said that 1328 boys and girls passed under his tuition and every one liked him. He was just and sympathetic in private relations, and a strong Liberal in politics, and while no orator, nobody could hold either friendly or hostile audiences better.

Sir Robert Horne, "the man behind the pound sterling," who became chancellor of the exchequer early last year, is the son of a Scottish minister, and was educated at Glasgow. He taught metaphysics in a Welsh university, but returned to Scotland, where, when the war broke out, he was said to be the leader of the Scottish commercial bar. During the war he served in the admiralty, and attracted the attention of Lloyd George, who induced him to become minister of labor. He handled the biggest two coal strikes on record. As chancellor of the exchequer he is accomplishing great administrative economies and doing miracles to bring the pound back to par. He is said to have the confidence of the House of Commons in his mastery of intricate financial detail.

General Wu Pei Fu represents the old Chinese aristocracy and has modern liberal views. He passed his literary examinations in the old Chinese style when he was twenty-one, and then received a military education in the Kai Ping Military Academy, whence he was graduated with honors. He took a leading part in the attacks on the military coalition of two years ago, when the Anfu Club was broken up and its leaders were imprisoned. His military education appears to have been quite practical, for he is a successful leader. In 1921 he attacked the Hunan rebels and drove them out of Hupei back into their own territories. At Ichang he outflanked the Szechuan forces, which were acting independently of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and crushed them through a strategic operation which was praised by American observers as the finest ever employed by a modern Chinese general. It is said that this victory saved the republic from disintegration.

The Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, who defeated Senator New recently in the Republican senatorial race in Indiana, has served twelve years in the Senate with distinction as a constructive legislator. He lost his seat in 1911 through one of the periodical party sweeps that brought the Indiana Democrats back into power. Incidentally, Mr. New, who is a personal friend of Mr. Harding and whose friends counted therefore on his reelection, has served but one term in the Senate. His previous career was in journalism and state organization. Mr. Beveridge, on the other hand, is a lawyer. He was admitted to the bar in 1887, and was associated with McDonald & Butler until he began to practice for himself. He has been identified with many important cases and is well known as an orator and Republican campaign speaker. Senator Beveridge is the author of "The Russian Advance," "Americans of Today and Tomorrow," "The Meaning of the Times," and the "Life of John Marshall."

The late Henry M. Shradly, the great sculptor of horses in action, who recently died, was engaged at the time of his fatal illness on an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee for the University of Virginia—a work which is to be put in place in the near future.

Mr. Shradly's modeling of horses is almost unique among sculptors. The bust of Grant unveiled by Marshal Joffre April 27th, Grant's birthday, is also the work of Henry M. Shradly. The sculptor was a son of the late Dr. George F. Shradly, editor of the *Medical Record*, who was a friend of General Grant and who attended him in his last illness. Henry Shradly was a graduate of Columbia University and a law student till his work as an amateur sculptor proved so successful that he became a professional artist. An example of his sincerity in his art is the fact that he became a trained soldier the better to do his work. He was an instructor in artillery during the world war. Mr. Shradly was fifty years old last October.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### A Forsaken Garden.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,  
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,  
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
The steep square slope of the bottomless bed  
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses  
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
To the low last edge of the long lone land.  
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?  
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,  
Through branches and briars if a man make way  
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
Night and day.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;  
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;  
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,  
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;  
Only the sun and the rain come hither  
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.  
Only the wind here hovers and revels  
In a round where life seems barren as death.  
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,  
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"  
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;  
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,  
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"  
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,  
And over the garden's last petals were shed,  
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?  
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.  
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?  
What love was ever as deep as a grave?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them,  
Or the wave.

Here death may deal not again for ever;  
Here change may come not till all change end.  
From the graves they have made may they shall rise up never,  
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;  
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,  
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink;  
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,  
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.—A. C. Swinburne.

### The Chambered Nautilus.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main.—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.  
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



## ASIA AT THE CROSSROADS.

E. Alexander Powell Classifies the Far Eastern Question with the White Light of Mentality.

There is such a plurality of books on Asian subjects that it almost seems like playing favorites to review one rather than another. Mr. Alexander Powell's recent publication, "Asia at the Crossroads," puts forth no more plea to distinction than its fellows. In fact its author says that while the shelves of public libraries fairly sag under the weight of the Far Eastern question his only excuse is an attempt to simplify the complexity of Oriental affairs. And it is as a simplifier and an interpreter that we are interested in Mr. Powell's work. He believes in plunging in *medias res*, that is to say, in Japan. Mr. Powell declares himself neither a partisan of Japan of the George Gleason tribe nor yet a foe of the—there is an embarrassment of choice when it comes to foes and it is perhaps wiser not to rouse the envy of the many whose greatest pride is their enmity to the Mikado's country.

Our author gets at the crux of the situation in Japanese business principles. In fact after reading of the devious ways of Japanese merchants one is no longer surprised that the country has enemies. The only wonder is that she can find countries to trade with. But Mr. Powell shows the tolerance of a true neutral. He says:

My personal opinion is that the commercial trickery practiced in Japan is not due to any inherent dishonesty in the Japanese character, but rather to the contempt in which merchants were held in that country for centuries. Until recent years the position of the merchant in Japan was analogous to that of the Jew in the Europe of the Middle Ages. I.e. was at the bottom of the social scale. At the top was the noble; then came the *samurai*, or professional fighting man; followed in turn by the farmer and the artisan; and last of all came the merchant. The farmer and the artisan have always held a higher place than the merchant because they are producers, whereas the merchant was looked upon as a huckster, a haggler, a bargainer, who made his living by his wits. As a result, business was in the hands of a low class of Japanese. Trading was regarded as beneath the dignity of a gentleman. Furthermore, the Japanese merchant has had less than seventy years in which to learn the rules of the business game as it is played in the West. Coming from a despised and down-trodden class, is it any wonder that in that brief span he has not wholly eradicated his ancient methods, that he has not yet acquired all our Western virtues and ideals? The Jew has been under the influence of the West for two thousand years, yet his business ethics are not always beyond reproach. Let us, then, be charitable in judging the Japanese.

It may be that business trickery in the Japanese is not due to inherent dishonesty, but one strongly suspects that it is due to the inherent and inevitable subtlety of the Japanese character. Again, the wonder is that they do not see how short-sighted a policy they are pursuing. But with them subtlety is not so much a means to an end as an end in itself. Witness their form of government, which Mr. Powell thus interestingly exposes for the benefit of the uninitiate:

To begin with, you must understand that Japan is nominally governed by a constitutional government, consisting of a cabinet, a legislative assembly known as the Diet, and a civil bureaucracy composed of the chiefs of the various administrative departments and their subordinates. This is the government with which the world is familiar. But there is also an invisible government, an unseen empire, composed of a clique of officers holding high rank in the army and navy, certain statesmen with military sympathies and affiliations, and a few representatives of big business and finance. The constitutional government functions through the cabinet, and, in its relations with foreign nations, through the foreign office, being represented abroad by regularly accredited ambassadors, ministers, and consuls. The invisible government functions through the general staff, its activities abroad being carried on by a great number of secret agents, whose identities can only be guessed at, and by the military attachés attached to the various embassies and legations, who, though ostensibly under the orders of their respective ambassadors and ministers, are, in reality, answerable only to the general staff. Japanese policy, particularly in foreign affairs, is invariably shaped by this unseen government, whose wishes are generally translated into action by the constitutional government, on which it is able to exert powerful pressure. The two governments, whose interests are by no means always opposed, are of necessity more or less closely correlated, like interlocking directorates.

The foregoing elaborate arrangement seems to us to denote a marked talent for diplomacy of the old style. One hears a lot about the new diplomacy, probably in Japan as elsewhere, but the old diplomacy—that is to say, the genuine variety—seems to hold its own with a tenacity that only bona-fide diplomacy is capable of. The Japanese have evidently as pronounced a penchant for diplomacy as the late German nation had for militarism. Only the Oriental race combines the two in a truly Oriental paradox. Our author continues:

I have said that, according to the terms of the constitution, the emperor is supposed to exercise the executive power with the advice and assistance of his cabinet. But between the cabinet and the crown stand a rapidly diminishing body of men who are known as the Genro, or Elder Statesmen. This sacred and secret inner circle, as at present constituted, has only two members: Marquis Saionji and Marquis Matsukata. This duumvirate of old men is the mentor and mouthpiece of divinity itself; they, with Field Marshal Ueyehara, the chief of the general staff, constitute the occult power which hedges the imperial throne; they are the real rulers of Japan.

It has always been thought that the British government had an ideally simple mechanism, especially when cabinet breaking and making was concerned. But for sheer artless mechanical perfection, commend us to the Japanese. This is their technique:

The procedure followed by the military party in wrecking a

cabinet is as simple as it is effective. If it does not approve of the cabinet's policy, the Genro and the chief of the general staff send for the minister of war and tell him to resign. The premier, who, as I have already explained, is limited by law in his selection of a successor to the retiring minister, offers the portfolio in turn to one after another of the small group of army officers who, by virtue of their rank, are eligible to accept it under the provisions of the constitution. Having been coached in advance by the chief of the general staff, each of them politely declines. Thereupon the prime minister is compelled to admit his inability to complete his cabinet. In Japan such an admission is tantamount to withdrawal from public life, whereupon the emperor offers the vacant premiership to some statesman more willing to accept the dictation of the militarists.

The more one studies the foregoing system, the more admirable it becomes. Of course one is speaking from a purely Machiavellian, amoral viewpoint. Doubtless it has its vicious side. Our author quotes Professor Yoshino:

"Of course this scheme of double government is not constitutional. It ought to be easily broken up. As a matter of fact, in the government itself, certainly in the present cabinet and among the people, the opposition to this scheme is very strong and very pronounced. But it is very difficult to be undertaken. The stronger the opposition among the people becomes, the stronger the opposition of the militarists. Their whole attitude is that whatever is best for Japan is the thing that is to be done, no matter who or what is sacrificed. Their aim is to make Japan powerful and to insure her influence as a nation. If that means that China or Korea is to be sacrificed, it is unavoidable."

But it is only fair to Japan to remember that she is a very old country whose peculiar conservative temperament has crystallized all the vices of the ages and whose land and government are badly in need of house-cleaning. Every argument has two sides, and here is Japan's:

With emigration to America and Australia out of the question, the nation is faced, then, by three alternatives: (1) a reduction of the birth rate; (2) an increase in food production; (3) territorial expansion into the thinly populated regions of Eastern Asia. As a reduction of the birth rate is not to be expected, and as food production in Japan itself has already reached the maximum, Japanese statesmen have been compelled by sheer economic necessity to adopt the third alternative—expansion on the Asian mainland. There you have in tabloid form the true expansion of Japan's political and military activities in Shantung, Manchuria, Mongolia, and Siberia and her claims to "special interests" in all those regions. In short, Japan has reached the point where she must overflow or perish, just as the congested countries of Europe overflowed into the Americas and Africa. But in her case there is no New World, no Dark Continent, in which her surplus millions can find homes and livelihoods. The waste lands were long ago parceled out among the Western nations. Japan came into the world a century too late. Debarred from expanding to the eastward or the southward, she is expanding westward into the loosely held, thinly peopled, undeveloped fringes of China and Siberia. That her expansion should be at the expense of other and weaker nations is unfortunate but, under the circumstances, unavoidable. As a Japanese writer in the *World's Work* has put it: "The Japanese people must either die a saintly death in righteous starvation, or expand into the neighbor's backyard—and Japan is not that much of a saint."

The masses in Japan are very poor. An immense step toward the democratizing of the country was taken when recently the tax franchise was greatly reduced:

The astonishing increase in the number of qualified voters effected by a reduction of six dollars in the tax franchise provides a striking illustration of the dire poverty of the Japanese masses. Even more astonishing, from a Western viewpoint, is the utter indifference to the franchise displayed by both the voting and the non-voting population. The truth of the matter is that the great mass of the people are too heavily burdened with taxation, too busily engaged in the struggle for the bare necessities of life, to concern themselves with politics. This explains why there is almost no public opinion, as we understand the term, in Japan. Though, under the provisions of the constitution, the Japanese taxpayer has a voice in the government of the country, he is seldom able to raise it above a whisper.

It is too bad, when one is trying to see eye to eye with the Japanese, that they should cause us a violent political stigmatism by their discriminatory laws. It is hard to believe with Mr. Powell that they see "nothing anomalous" in the situation described below. One suspects that their inherent subtlety is again on the job and that it is not that they see "nothing anomalous," but that they short-sightedly hope *we* will be conveniently dense:

The Japanese see nothing anomalous in the fact that their own laws prohibiting Chinese from settling in Japanese territory are fully as rigid as the restrictions placed on Japanese immigration into the United States. Indeed, they have carried their exclusion policy to far greater lengths than we have ours, for unskilled foreign laborers are not permitted to settle in those regions on the Asian mainland which, though they do not belong to Japan, are under Japanese control. In other words, a Chinese coolie can not settle in the Chinese province of Shantung, because, forsooth, Japan regards it as within her own sphere of influence. The subjects of the emperor admit of no inconsistency in the fact that, though approximately 27,000 acres are owned by Japanese settlers in California, not a single foot of Japanese soil can be owned by a foreigner. They fail to recognize anything anomalous in the fact that, though nearly 48,000 acres in California are owned by American corporations controlled by Japanese capital, very few, if any, foreigners are represented in corporations holding land in Japan. There are, it is true, a few foreigners in Japan who hold land under perpetual leases, but these holdings, insignificant in number and extent, have come down from the days when the Western nations exacted extraterritorial privileges. As a people, the Japanese are not blessed with a sense of humor. If they were, they would see the humor of their insistence on being accorded the same rights which they deny to another Oriental race, the Chinese.

The Japanese are a superior people mentally, but they make the mistake of thinking themselves unique. The Orient has not a monopoly on logic—nor even on subtlety. The Japanese think that they have a corner on all the more complicated forms of thinking. We think that Mr. Powell does not give them credit for their native sagacity, and he certainly gives them credit for more naïveté than we do.

Passing from the always troubled waters of the Japanese question, Mr. Powell turns to Korea. He nails our attention immediately by an extraordinary analogy. We have to take his word for it, as we know nothing about Korea:

Korea is the Ireland of the East. The more I consider the comparison the better I like it, for between the two countries, one on the eastern edge of the Old World, the other on the western, there is a most singular and striking analogy. Ireland is separated from the nation which is its suzerain by a narrow land-locked sea. So is Korea. Ireland is a land of surpassing beauty. So is Korea. The Irish are an agricultural people, as are the Koreans, the national industries of both being connected with the tilling of the soil. The peasantry of both countries are ignorant, simple, patient, industrious, good-natured. Both are prone to use intoxicants to excess on occasion. Both are extremely superstitious, with a terrified belief in the existence of spirits, goblins, and demons. Both are desperately poor, dwelling in wretched hovels amid filth and squalor. The Irish are turbulent and fond of intrigue. The same characteristics are found in the Koreans. The histories of both nations are punctuated by invasions, rebellions, and internecine wars. Both have been the victims of cruelty, injustice, and oppression. Cromwell's invasion of Ireland in 1649, with its accompanying massacres and systematic devastation, had its counterpart in the shocking scenes which marked Hideyoshi's invasion of Korea in the preceding century. The Irish have been held in subjection by a people of alien race and religion. The Korean still are. Irish distrust and detestation of England is equaled only by Korean distrust and detestation of Japan. Heretofore the Irish have failed to give convincing proof of their ability to maintain a just and stable government. This is likewise true of the Koreans. Most Englishmen are convinced that an independent Ireland would prove a menace to the safety of the British Empire. Most Japanese are equally convinced that an independent Korea would threaten the safety of the empire of Japan.

We should like to point out, though, in race pride, that there is a great difference. According to Mr. Powell's own version of Korea it is a corrupt and decadent land, whose wretched condition under the Japanese is even better than under native rule. It is impossible to think of Ireland as a decadent country. One is reminded of the ancient gag of the Irishwoman who when asked from whom her family sprang indignantly retorted, "I'd have ye know the Moriarty's don't spring from *any one*. They springs at 'em."

Throughout Mr. Powell's book there is the constant refrain of the shortsightedness of Japan. A sovereign example is their treatment of Korea—which is an improvement on Korean home rule only because nothing could have been worse than the latter. He says:

Had the Japanese been far-sighted enough to treat the Koreans, who are not a conquered race, as England treated the conquered Boers, there would have been a genuine amalgamation of the two peoples. And it is not a long step from amalgamation to assimilation. But the Japanese ignored this golden opportunity to win the loyalty and friendship of their new subjects. They entered on their task in a wrong spirit; they were hampered by mistaken ideas. Failing utterly to understand the Korean's psychology, they assumed an attitude of contempt instead of sympathy. And without sympathy on the part of the governors for the governed, good government is impossible. Imagine the upheaval in the British Empire if England should suppress the vernacular newspapers of the Hindus, if she should forbid the use of Arabic in the courts of Egypt, if she should expropriate the teaching of the Koran in the schools of her Mohammedan possessions. Yet that is a fair parallel to the policy of the Japanese in Korea.

Despite their decadence—perhaps because of it—the Koreans make a pathetic appeal to one's sympathies. There is the pitiful story of their "peaceful" revolution of March 1, 1919. Throughout the world war the Koreans had been growing a new spirit, which finally blossomed when they heard of President Wilson's pronouncement on the self-determination of small nations. The uprising was planned by visionary leaders who ordered no bloodshed and no violence. There would have been none if the Koreans had had their way. On the other hand, the Koreans would have been successful if they, too, had gone in for the more usual variety of revolution. Needless to say the revolt was a flat failure:

So long as there was no violence it would have been the part of wisdom, it seems to me, to have let the pent-up emotions of the people escape through the safety valve provided by the demonstration, instead of attempting forcibly to suppress them. Much bloodshed might have been averted if the authorities had possessed the psychology of one village policeman, who permitted the people in his district to celebrate for three days without molestation. Then he told them that if they wanted independence they should build up an army and navy; this would require much money, so they had better return to their work and accumulate the wealth necessary to develop the nation. They agreed with him that it was sound advice and dispersed peaceably without any harm having been done.

Great as his sympathies are with the Koreans, Mr. Powell agrees that they are better under Jap supervision:

From personal observation on the spot, I am convinced that the general condition of the Korean peasantry is appreciably higher than it ever was, or could have been, under Korean administration. This is not to be interpreted as meaning that I do not sympathize with the Koreans, for I do. They have been the victims of cruelty, injustice, and oppression. Nor would they be worthy of respect if they did not prefer to rule themselves. But I can also sympathize with Japan. During one of the most trying periods in the world's history—disliked, distrusted, and opposed by Koreans, Chinese, Russians, and most of the foreigners living in the Far East—she has jerked a nation out of the depths of poverty, degradation, and despair, as though by its collar, set it on its feet, and is teaching it to "play the game." And, as Count Terauchi once remarked, "It is no easy task to uplift a decayed people."

So much for Japan and Korea. The latter half of "Asia at the Crossroads" is devoted to China and the Philippines, respectively. Space prevents adequate treatment here of either and we therefore refer the reader to the document itself.

ASIA AT THE CROSSROADS. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company; \$3.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending May 6, 1922, were \$151,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$128,100,000; a gain of \$22,200,000.

An investment in municipal bonds is often characterized as "tax dodging," and there can be no doubt that their recent popularity is due, in large part, to the immunity they enjoy, but the practice of issuing such securities free of tax is as old as the government itself; they contravene no law or statute, and their purchase can not be termed "tax

carry out any refunding that may be under contemplation, of the war debts. How this can be accomplished, except through the disagreeable alternative of additional taxation of some form or other, or a new bond or note issue, is difficult to see, and the problem, in any event, is exceedingly serious. It arises out of the fact, primarily, that if the returns from the larger financial centres afford a true index of the whole country, the receipts of the government from individual and corporation income taxes for the calendar year 1921 will show a falling off of between \$900,000,000 and \$1,200,000,000 from the year before. Both New York and Chicago, the largest two revenue-producing centres of the country, show decreases of between 30 and 40 per cent. under the initial payments made on March 15th, and there has been no suggestion that exceptional prosperity elsewhere in the country will alter the ratio of decrease reported by the large cities.

In a prospective deficit in the national revenues, which may reach \$1,000,000,000, it is impossible to see the likelihood of an early reduction in income taxes, and at first thought it would appear as though an increase was unavoidable, and particularly so if the Soldiers' Bonus bill, which passed the House on March 23d by a vote of 333 to 70, should likewise pass the Senate and become a law, for the measure calls for contingent expenditures as high as \$4,500,000,000. But the difficulty of meeting the deficit out of higher income taxes centres in the fact that the decrease in revenue was caused in large part by the prevailing schedules. The government exacts so much already that business incentive has been destroyed, industrial depression accentuated, and the national income reduced. Men will not toil and toil like slaves or incur unusual risks if they have to give up—as they do in instances—as much as 50 per cent. of their profits to the government. To escape such exactions they curtail their business activities or invest in tax-free bonds, and Congress itself has provided one convenient avenue of partial immunity through the Farm Loan Bank bonds.

That a more cheerful sentiment prevails throughout the country, and that special lines of industry have disclosed signs of improvement, is highly encouraging, and it is not unlikely that as a result of low stocks of merchandise of some descriptions and a normal seasonal demand, the recovery will proceed still further. But it is difficult to see a general industrial revival—a sustained, confident buying movement—until the community is relieved of some of the burdens of taxation which are sapping the life blood of business, until the deficiency of the revenue is made good and certain necessary adjustments have been completed. The quickening impulses of approaching spring have not been reflected in all departments of trade alike, and whereas

some of them have improved in recent weeks, others, according to the commercial agencies and other observers, have reacted still further.

This is peculiarly true of the retail and mail-order business, and all textiles, which are reported as ranging from unsatisfactory to poor. The unwillingness of the consuming public to pay a higher price for anything, or even to buy as largely as in the past at any level of prices, appears to be a distinctive feature of distributive business everywhere, and there is a marked reluctance upon the part of retailers and jobbers to buy except for their immediate wants or for very early delivery. No one appears willing to stock up largely in anticipation of future requirements, and this has been as marked in iron and steel, which has shown more vitality recently than any other industry, as elsewhere.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce the acquisition to their sales department of Mr. E. Clinton La Montagne of this city. Mr. La Montagne before joining the above-mentioned bond house was associate manager of the San Francisco office of H. J. Baker & Brothers, importers and exporters, of New York City.

Announcement was recently made in Portland by Carl S. Kely of his resignation as vice-president of the Lumbermen's Trust Company. He has acquired a partnership in-

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dodging" in an unlawful or offensive sense. It is not impossible, however, that the continued manufacture, on a large scale, of securities of a character that investors can purchase, and thereby minimize some of the burdens of Federal taxation, may create a very difficult situation for the government, says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*. And this appears the more likely when you consider that in addition to the state and municipal bonds already outstanding—estimated at between \$10,000,000,000 and \$12,000,000,000—

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new issues are pouring out all the time, and also that the Farm and Loan Act makes possible an almost limitless volume of Federal Land Bank and Joint Stock Land Bank bonds, all of which—unless the law is amended and the privilege withdrawn—will be free of tax of every description.

It is well within the possibilities that within another twelve months the authorities at Washington will be brought face to face with the necessity of raising additional revenue to meet a heavy deficiency, provide for the running expenses of the government, and also to

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Lumbermen's National Bank. In 1918 he took a leave of absence and was in charge of the distribution of United States treasury certificates for the Twelfth Federal Reserve District, issued in anticipation of the liberty loans of that year, and made his headquarters at the Federal Reserve Bank at San Francisco.

Approximately 80 per cent. of the stockholders of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are residents of California, according to A. F. Hockenbeamer, vice-president and treasurer of that utility. A recent report further discloses the fact that at the close of 1921 the total number of shareholders was 18,814. Indicative of the widespread distribution of the ownership of the company among people of moderate means is the fact that 9831, or 52 per cent., hold ten shares or less. Only 1059 stockholders own more than 100 shares.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has been appointed transfer agent of the stock of Sunderman Products, Inc.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company reports that it has been the successful bidder at recent sales of four various school district issues, as follows:

\$12,000 Howard School District 6 per cent. bonds, maturing in one to twelve years. Howard School District is situated in Madera County.

\$18,000 Orange Cove Joint Union School District 6 per cent. bonds. This district is situated in Fresno and Tulare counties. It

has an assessed valuation of \$1,066,390 and a total bonded debt, including this issue, of \$49,000.

\$8000 Highland School District 5 per cent. bonds, maturing in one to eight years. Highland School District is situated in San Bernardino County. The district has an assessed valuation of \$1,015,920, with these bonds as its only debt. Its population is estimated at 2000.

\$7000 Jones Elementary School District 6 per cent. bonds, maturing \$500 one to fourteen years. The district is situated in Colusa County.

The adoption of the proposed Water and Power Act in California would simply be an endorsement of the main plank in the platform of the Non-Partisan League, which is now seeking memberships preparatory to launching its socialistic North Dakota programme in California.

If the league can put this measure over in California it will have started the state more surely on the toboggan slide of socialism than it was ever able to do with poor old North Dakota.—*The Manufacturer.*

A. W. Coote, member of the Chicago Board of Trade, Los Angeles Stock Exchange, San Francisco Stock Exchange and the New York Curb, with main office in Los Angeles and branches in Fresno, Bakersfield, Taft, Hollywood, Long Beach and Phoenix and Oatman, Arizona, has recently opened an office at 621 Market Street, San Francisco. The local office is equipped with quotation board and



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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

It has long been admitted that the Victorian era was the Golden Age of the novel: that though that much-classified form of literature had been discovered in the eighteenth century and commercialized in the twentieth, its palmiest days belonged by all that was fitting to the nineteenth century, and more particularly to the part appropriated by the most domesticated reign in English history. As the Golden Age of anything usually re-

fers to its callow youth, we may as well allow the dictum to remain unchallenged. With the passing of the queen's benignant influence on life and letters, the novel went into a phase that looked like decline and was hailed as such by the pessimist, who was loud in the land. It was really a period of reaction, and the callow youth of the most popular form of literature, having sown its wild oats, has now settled down into what may be called the silver age of seasoned maturity. Quite young, practically unheard-of writers—mostly English, we admit with regret—turn out novels today that would not have disgraced the signature of the Victorian giants. They are, in fact, more palatable to modern taste, which has finally, in the younger generation at least, discarded the shibboleth of Victorian prudery and who though they may consider it needless to call a spade a spade, since all the world recognizes that tool, yet prefer to call it a spade than to swathe it in chiffon, tie a blue satin bow on it, and refer, and that rather gingerly, to a draped and decorated instrument of floriculture.

This verbose peroration is simply to the effect that we prefer the thoughtful novel of today, lighted by modern psychology and interested in our own kind of problem, to the grand style of the Victorians. It may be urged that the masters of fiction knew the human heart and charted it well. They did, but they were too general. One is, after all, not interested in the lowest common denominator of humanity, for we all know it and no amount of grand style supplies anything new to the subject. The modern novelist, for whom we are obviously holding a brief, is more concerned with special cases, of which there are, strangely enough, an infinite number, and which, despite their specialness, usually come home to us with more force than the ideal romances of even such masters as Thackeray and Meredith. We read those gentlemen for their style—an excuse one would never tender for the moderns, who when they have a style at all have an execrable brand.

There have been any number of good novels lately—novels that really hold one to the end and that you remember and compare with others. It is astonishing, too, how living the personalities of these English creations are. The novel that has aroused all these diffuse reflections is by Beatrice Kean Seymour—"Intrusion" (Seltzer; \$2). The plot of "Intrusion" is simply the working out of the tangle caused by a young person of dubious taste and position, but considerable attractions, crossing the lives of a family of cultivated tastes and quiet habits. Plots always fall into two categories—those that are factitious and those that are not; and Miss Seymour's belongs to the latter, needless to say, small group. The situations in "Intrusion" are inevitable, and that is a lot to say for any book. It is, in fact, a story of dramatic situation rather than of theme or character. One could imagine Miss Seymour writing excellent plays. But meanwhile she has written a noteworthy novel.

Two books of a somewhat similar nature but a very different tone are "Contemporary American Novelists," by Carl Van Doren (Macmillan), and "Readers and Writers," by A. R. Orage (Knopf; \$1.75). Mr. Orage's book is a collection of very short, chatty, critical papers on current letters that have previously appeared in the *New Age*. Because of their sporadic nature one doesn't expect such a book to have "form," and its freedom from mechanical mold is one of its charms. The great distinction of "Readers and Writers," however, is that its author has a mind with a critical, ironic edge, which is better in our estimation than one with a razor edge, which is not at all discriminating or even Miss Lowell's favorite kind of mind, which she likens to a sword.

"Contemporary American Novelists, 1900-1920," is a much-needed review of that period. Mr. Van Doren hardly comes up to his usual brilliant surface, nor does he sink to his usual depths. It is a queer fact that there is something petrifying about writing a book of the thesis variety—definite period, phase, etc. It is inevitable to lose some spontaneity in the exigency of keeping within bounds and of including everything that should be there likewise. However, "Contemporary American Novelists" is a good library adjunct and to the reader of American novels will be a welcome commentary. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

It is announced by Boni & Liveright that John Paris, to whom the authorship of "Kimon" is credited, is a pseudonym. The author's identity is to be disclosed after the Genoa Conference.

T. S. Stribling, the author of "Birthright," the novel dealing with the American negro problem, is frequently portrayed with negro features. The artists who sketch these likenesses from photographs sent out by Mr. Stribling's publishers, are gifted with a lively

imagination or are very susceptible to suggestion. For Mr. Stribling is not a negro. In answer to many requests for information on this score the Century Company announces that Mr. Stribling is a very tall, very bony, very blond, very white type of man, whose head-structure and color rather suggest Scandinavian forbears.

Vachel Lindsay's book on "The Art of the Moving Picture" is just being brought out in a new edition by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Lindsay has revised his volume of five years ago to bring it into step with the newest developments in cinematography. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* calls it the "first æsthetic philosophy of the screen."

In answer to the surmises that "Alice Adams," Mr. Tarkington's last novel, was a reply to "Main Street" the *Bookman* has discovered that Booth Tarkington is one of the few people who have never read this much-talked-about novel and further that when he wrote Alice's story he wasn't seeking to present any of the problems of the celebrated younger generation.

Mme. Marguerite Audoux, who won international fame with her two autobiographical novels, "Marie Claire" and "Marie Claire's Workshop," has written a new book, which is shortly to be published in Paris. Five thousand copies of the English translation of "Marie Claire" were sold within a week of its publication—as Mr. Arnold Bennett points out in the little volume of collected articles entitled "Books and Persons."

Harold MacGrath draws his inspiration from odd corners and small coincidences. "Luck o' the Irish" was suggested to MacGrath when a film balked at a motion-picture show. The result was the familiar one of feet dangling from the top of the screen and heads and bodies rising from the bottom. There flashed into his mind the whimsical story of a youth in a basement who falls in love with the owner of a pair of ankles that he has watched passing his window for weeks, and who follows the fair unknown around the world.

J. M. Kerrigan, the Irish actor and wit, the friend of Lady Gregory, James Joyce, and other celebrated Dubliners, was talking the other day to a group of pre-Volsteadian cronies, about "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and the other Joyce books. Mr. Kerrigan, who is a good Catholic, said that he could not understand the effort to suppress "A Portrait of the Artist." "Joyce," said Mr. Kerrigan, "is a Catholic. Only he likes to confess in public. The 'Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man' is sacramental, not sacrilegious."

The use of metal appears to have been discovered by man between four and five thousand years ago.

The Russian famine area comprises a population of 42,933,000.

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Deposits.....68,201,299.62

Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,650,000.00

Employers' Pension Fund.....371,753.46

A dividend of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending December 31, 1921.

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At the close of business, May 5, 1922

## RESOURCES

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|--|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts.....                                       | \$48,586,406.22 |
| U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation.....                         | 3,950,000.00    |
| Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....                        | 4,527,278.65    |
| Other Bonds.....   | 7,750,768.28    |
| Other Assets.....  | 957,631.44      |
| Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances..... | 10,555,392.27   |
| Commodity Drafts in Transit.....                               | \$ 1,087,385.72 |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                                   | 20,699,045.27—  |
|  | 21,786,430.99   |
|  | \$98,113,907.85 |

## LIABILITIES

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Capital Stock.....  | \$ 5,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits.....                            | 3,444,420.83    |
| Circulation.....  | 3,892,400.00    |
| Federal Reserve Bank—Secured by Government Bonds.....         | 250,000.00      |
| Rediscounts with Federal Reserve Bank.....                    | 4,942,605.22    |
| Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances..... | 10,555,392.27   |
| Other Liabilities.....  | 1,286,428.84    |
| Deposits.....   | 68,742,660.69   |
|   | \$98,113,907.85 |

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Unnoticed London.

Perhaps there is nothing else quite so delightful as a well-written book of travel—not the impressions of a motorist speeding through Normandy or Sussex and reveling in pastel-colored adjectives; but the browsing around of the historico-archæologist that is not so much travel as literary excavation. Mr. Montizambert has just published a travel book of this type that reminds us of nothing so much as a delightful series of books called "English Lands, Letters and Kings," by a scholarly author named Mitchell whose first name has escaped us. Mr. Montizambert's book, "Unnoticed London," has the same happy erudition that is never formidable and never condescending. The facts you already know you meet as old friends; the new facts you are delighted to know. All of these peregrinations about London, through Chelsea, of Sir Thomas More and tea-shop fame, to Soho, around Chapside, and Holburn, and in Whitehall are rich in historical and literary associations, not one of which, you comfortably feel, has the author missed; or not many, at any rate. "Unnoticed London" is an ideal working guide—incidentally of pocket dimensions. One can imagine no greater pleasure than following in Mr. Martizambert's footsteps with his book in hand. Barring that ideal pastime there is still a considerable pleasure in revoking old memories of London celebrities and London history and of amass-

ing a new knowledge of these worthies and their times.

UNNOTICED LONDON. By E. Montizambert. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Nene.

"Nene," the novel that took the Prix Goncourt and which has established a high-water mark among French best-sellers, is doubly remarkable. It is noteworthy in the first place that a Frenchman should write this book, and Ernest Perochon is emphatically a Frenchman, that is more like the close-to-nature writing of the Scandinavians or Teutons than the conventional tradition of the French. The other astonishing fact about "Nene" in addition to its un-Frenchness is that it does not belong to any of the modern schools, nationalities aside. It stands quite alone in racial temperament and in technical form. Richard Le Gallienne compares "Nene" to Thomas Hardy's work. It belongs to the genre of Hardy in that it is an epic of the soil, but on that score one might as well compare it to Knut Hamsun. In reality it has neither the factitious sombreness of Hardy nor the forced note of squalor that sounds throughout the work of Hamsun. "Nene" is superior to the works of either of those recognized masters. And we suspect that it is so because its author created it unknowingly. It was not a pot-boiler nor a literary essay. If one were completely ignorant of the history of "Nene" he would know that its spontaneity and its vraisemblance were not the result of painting the lily of the fields, but of living in the fields themselves.

NENE. By Ernest Perochon. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

## The World of Sound.

A fascinating book on popular physics is composed by a series of six lectures on sound by Sir William Bragg. Originally delivered at the Royal Institution, London, to a mixed audience of children and adults, Sir William's lectures are as fascinating to youngsters as only facts can be and are informative reading for adults. Practically every one will be glad to renew his physics with these lectures on sound in music, sounds of the sea, of the country, of the town, and sound in war. Professor Bragg is Quain professor of physics in the University of London, and he has succeeded in bringing out the beauty of physical science as practically no one since Tyndall has.

THE WORLD OF SOUND. By Sir William Bragg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Best Laid Schemes.

Meredith Nicholson's new collection of Indianapolis yarns, entitled "Best Laid Schemes," is a group of six clever stories, any one of which makes a pleasant half-hour's reading. Mr. Nicholson's trend is obvious—he makes no pretense to the mystery story—but his manner is beguiling and for the most part the Indians who take their more or less amusing course through "Best Laid Schemes" are as convincing a dramatist personae as will be found in short stories. Mr. Nicholson takes his themes from the trivialities that beset the daily path which are the more amusing by virtue of their familiarity.

BEST LAID SCHEMES. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

## The Economic Basis of Politics

Persons fond of the bromidia that "capital and labor should get together," or that strikes should be ended by compulsory arbitration, or who expect now or at any other time a dawn of industrial peace as either possible or desirable, would do well to consider a few conclusions of Charles A. Beard in his little volume named above. He traces the doctrines of philosophers ancient and modern, discusses "economic groups and the structure of the state," pays his respects to the paradox of what he calls equalitarian democracy, and finally runs his doctrine to its lair in the tenth number of the *Federalist*, wherein our own James Madison laid down certain things as fundamental, which the author presents somewhat as follows: Society is made up inevitably of differing and often conflicting interests. The regulation of these interests "constitutes the principal task of modern statesmen, and involves the spirit of party in the necessary and ordinary operations of government. Such is the design of the universe. The recognition of this fact is the beginning of wisdom—and of statesmanship." The reader will find much in this little book that is suggestive and more that will instruct him definitely. The great economic fact of the steam engine appeals to the author as fundamental, and the shift to mobile capital in the form of machinery seems to him profound. "So rapidly did this new form of property accumulate," he says, "that even in the United States by the middle of the nineteenth century it exceeded in value the agricultural land of the country." With the communist upheaval in Russia in 1917 the world saw an attempt to abolish class antagonism by the nationalization of land and industrial capital. The nationalization of the land was a "mere gesture," and as for other forms of capital

and production "when the communists ceased to be mere opponents of capitalists and were charged with management, they soon discovered the unreality of their rhetoric and the futility of the hope that a system of equality in pay would draw forth vast productive energies." So the problem of property today is less simple than in the older agricultural societies; and industries must be diversified. The book contains little real nutriment for socialistic hopes, and not much more for the idea of industrial peace. In that it seems sane and practical, and of value.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF POLITICS. By Charles A. Beard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50.

## New Books Received.

PIRATE'S HOPE. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The romance of a desert island.

THE MIND AND MANNERS OF WILD ANIMALS. By William T. Hornaday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

A book of personal observations.

THE LIFE OF DONALD G. MITCHELL. By Waldo H. Dunn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4.50.

The life of the author of the "Reveries of a Bachelor."

HOUDINI'S PAPER MAGIC. By Houdini. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

The whole art of performing with paper, including paper tearing, paper folding, and paper puzzles.

THE WAY TO WILL POWER. By Henry Hazlitt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

AARON'S ROD. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.

A novel.

INTRUSION. By Beatrice Kean Sevmour. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.

A novel.

OLD EUROPE'S SUICIDE. By Brigadier-General C. B. Thomson. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.

A history of Europe during the period of 1912-1919.

SUNNY-SAN. By Onoto Watanna. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

A novel.

GUINEA GIRL. By Norman Davey. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

"A melodrama in three acts, together with the incidental music, here presented for the entertainment of the curious."

THE FOUNDATIONS OF JAPAN. By J. W. Robertson Scott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$6.

Notes made during journeys of 6000 miles in the rural districts of Japan.

READERS AND WRITERS. By A. R. Orage. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.75.

Literary essays.

PEACEMAKERS—BLESSED AND OTHERWISE. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60.

Observations, reflections, and irritations at an international conference.

JAPANESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS. By the Hon. Ichiro Tokutomi. Translated by Sukesbige Yanagihara. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Written by a Japanese author for Japanese readers.

THE HIDDEN ROAD. By Wadsworth Camp. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE FIRE BIRD. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

A narrative poem.

PLASTER SAINTS. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

A novel of New York.

A SON OF THE SAHARA. By Louise Gerard. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE EIGHT STROKES OF THE CLOCK. By Maurice Le Blanc. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: The Macaulay Company.

More Arsene Lupin stories.

THE YELLOW POPPY. By D. K. Broster. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

A romance of the treasure of Mirabel.

INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL SOUTH AMERICA. By Annie S. Peck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

A guide for manufacturer, traveler, and teacher.

## Riches for a Song

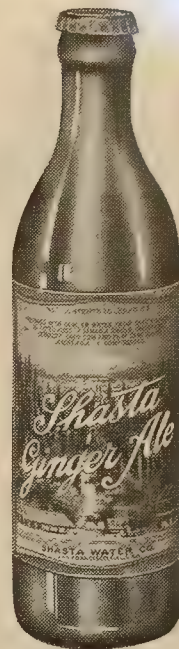
According to *Le Figaro*, it is a simple matter to get rich. All that is necessary is to get some canary birds and put them into dark rooms where phonographs incessantly repeat one song.

At the end of three weeks the canary, if it has not grown insane, will repeat this air. Once it knows it the bird will not forget it. That's the moment to teach it another.

When it knows five airs, stop its instruction. (There is no instance of a canary remembering six airs.) Pack it up and send it to America. The Americans pay generously for canaries that sing five songs. Truly, a lucrative and patriotic enterprise. If all Frenchmen applied this recipe they would all be rich in six months and the franc would, in New York, be worth \$2.

## "Under Socialism."

I have seen doctors weak from hunger staggering through overflowing hospital wards among patients some of whom were lying half naked on bare boards. There are no



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ice-bags, hot-water bottles, bedpans, hypodermic needles, soap. As many as eighty patients use one thermometer. Patients coming for operations must bring their own bandages. A little Russian girl fell in the street and broke her leg terribly. She was finally taken to a hospital where, after she had waited several hours, the doctor came and set her leg. Not until two days later could they bind it with adhesive tape. By superb effort, the doctors and nurses of Moscow have been able to keep the death rate from typhus particularly down to about 10 per cent., whereas outside the hospitals it has been about 50 per cent.—Jessica Smith, Relief Worker with the American Friends and Correspondent of the American Medical Aid for Russia.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero returns once more to the footlights with a play of miracle and imagination, somewhat in the vein of Sir James Barrie. The creator of "Iris" has given up social problems to bring upon the stage the imps and witches, angels, cherubs, and miraculous transformations which some British critics are unkind enough to say remind them of a Christmas pantomime.

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It means that the City will construct immediately the Bay division of the Hetch Hetchy line—that section from Irvington to Crystal Springs reservoir in San Mateo County.

It means that Spring Valley will pay interest during construction on the cost of this Bay division of the big conduit that will eventually transmit water from the Sierras. Under no other conditions of construction could the City save this very considerable expense.

It means that Spring Valley will pay the City yearly some \$250,000 for the use of this conduit.

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It means that the City and the Company, acting together under the provisions of the decision of the Railroad Commission, have set San Francisco more firmly on the pathway to expansion and prosperity.

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## AT THE ORPHEUM.

Nobody need ever put on any superior airs about vaudeville, since the commonsensical intellectualists who have the good of the stage at heart concede that it is a boon to many people whose wholesome laughter in the temple dedicated to salutary nonsense has saved them from nervous prostration or brain fag.

And sometimes when we sit listening to a vaudeville programme it strikes us that vaudeville helps an enormous number of people to earn an honest living by cultivating some useful pocket talent. Everything that can arrest the amused or entertained attention of audiences counts. "Nigger minstrels," of course, are almost played out. They grow rarer and rarer. But some one conceived the happy idea of gathering together a group of the old stand-bys—Gorman, Udell, Golden, and Whyte—and having these few surviving experts in blackface humor join together and deliver it according to the old traditions.

So there we are, having negro minstrelsy with an aroma of sentiment about it. The quartet are all either in the sixties or seventies. But their nether limbs—or Billy Golden's, in particular—are still capable of prancing through the exaggerated flourishes of minstrel dances, Charles Whyte's deep bass voice has only lost a part of its sonority, and Gorman and Udell can do their specialties in great shape.

But there is a difference. We pensively perceive the presence of age, the common enemy. There is fun and humor, but it lacks the bubbling spontaneity of youth. We have a personal feeling of responsibility when the old jokes begin to crackle, and look anxiously around to see if everybody is duly amused.

The old fellows do their black make-up in sight of the audience, except one, who is accused by the others of putting it on in advance to hide his wrinkles; the only authentic remedy I ever heard of to cure the brute beasts.

Save one; yes, a lively sexagenarian of my acquaintance, when asked how to cure a wrinkled chin, replied, "The only cure is to cut off your head."

Laura Pierpont has quite an effective offering in "The Guiding Star," which is so out-

lined as to give Miss Pierpont opportunity to show one character in four widely different phases. In spite of a touch of primness in the Salvation Army girl, the actress showed herself quite expert, and the playlet went well.

A very good act is that of Charles Olcott and Mary Ann, the latter, however, being subsidiary to that very successful amuser "Charlie," who has a pronounced talent for making people laugh. "Charlie" has good material, and although "Mary Ann's" vocal technique seems to be an entirely original device, residing principally in the workings of her curly lips, she is one of those girls upon whose rather piquant countenance every masculine orb is firmly riveted during her part of the act.

Another instinctive comedian is the "Baron" in "What Fools These Mortals Be," which consists of beginning a pretended clumsiness in faked magic and ends in revealing the first-class skill in juggling of both the "Baron" and the "Count."

The pronounced taste of the usual vaudeville patron for song is ministered to by Allan Rogers and Leonora Allen, the latter a gorgeously costumed blonde with an effective soprano, while Allen Rogers sports a good, strong, melodious tenor. The young fellow is not yet absolutely sure of his technique, but he really came through in very good shape with "La donna é mobile."

It struck me that David Schooler does not have quite enough faith in his power to hold his audience by his piano-playing, which is the feature of his act. The dialogue in "Music Hath Charms" is dull. The girls don't look so, but they add to the dullness by a faint-hearted, sloppy delivery; in which fault, by the way, Mr. Schooler shares.

But as a piano player he has arresting qualities. He has temperament and individuality, and he ought to cut out the girls, and the silk curtains, and the inept dialogue, and give us an act of straight piano-playing.

"The Wonder Girl," who, I imagine, founds her act on "Dainty Marie's" specialty, begins the programme with some very excellent and well-received acrobatics, in which she shows herself to be a woman with an iron jaw, while the "Wright Dancers," left-overs from last week, make a brilliant and highly-colored finale, with their really beautiful series of dances.

## GOOD-NATURED REPRISAL.

In spite of many assertions through the centuries that women are cats and tigresses, and dealer than the male, the cold fact is that they have tenderer consciences than men. Small, even petty, compromises with their consciences they will make, it is true; I speak of the average woman, who often accomplishes her aims by using European diplomacy; but oh, boy!—man, I should say—think of the gigantic size of yours; your compromises, I mean, not your consciences. If anybody wants to have this assertion proved, just go excursing through the offices of the municipal department in the City Hall, and, though you may not find the men in the old traditional attitude of lying back in an armchair with their heels on a convenient table, you more than probably will find them smoking and talking self-interested politics while on duty. The women will be on the job.

What started me on this text is the serene way in which the conscience, good will, and readiness to work in the feminine make-up is utilized in the school department by male authorities. Not only the various school authorities, but people outside of the educational domain are apt to cast a speculative eye on the two thousand and upwards teachers when there are certain kinds of jobs that need to be done without expense and say, "The teachers can do it."

Do they want several thousand dry nurses to escort the children in the public schools through streets filled with speeding automobiles that they may, in a state of irrepressible excitement, view some great parade, "The teachers can do it." Are cashiers needed to collect money weekly from their pupils that they may have it banked and learn to save, "The teachers can take just a little time from the regular work and attend to it." And so, while coins fall from baby fists and roll into corners, the class work must be suspended indefinitely in order to hunt up lost pennies that are needed to keep the cash account straight, and desperately total up columns until everything is accurate.

Do the dairy men, filled with benevolent desires that mal-nutritioned children should be properly fed, kindly sell large quantities—at a slight but nevertheless peculiarly profitable reduction—of milk and butter to the children in the public schools, it is manifest that it must be the teachers who conduct operations in the schools, count the noses of the children who can rustle up a nickel, keep track of the milk, keep track of the "empties," keep track of the nickel, keep track of the noses. They take time—at considerable unprofitable expense to the citizenry, for they are paid good salaries—to spread butter on bread and

dole it out instead of teaching. It seems rather superfluous, one might add, to give the youngsters butter beside the rich milk, as even the children of the rich absorb their bowls of bread and milk without butter; but thus it is done, occasionally causing fits of indigestion to children already overfed, and absorbing an unconscionable amount of the paid time of the educators.

But the teachers are conscientious and good-natured. They are held pretty strictly down to schedule, except for these and other interruptions; and how a conscientious worker who has carefully laid out his work does hate interruptions that scatter schedules to the winds.

The teachers, as I have said, are good-natured. Good will exists between them and the really kindly and well-intentioned staff of officials who run the department. But they permit themselves to joke disrespectfully among themselves about the numerous scattering and unsystematized interruptions to the regular class work that are made by heads of departments and visiting officials.

And finally the teachers staged these private jokes! They really did. They made up a little play in which the kid-teachers were dressed to represent the boys and girls in a class room. The teacher is trying to give a reading lesson; just a plain, ornerly reading lesson; and she continues patiently trying all through the play. But there are constant interruptions, in which their long-hidden and repressed sense of humor had full sway.

They made it a farce, founded on real conditions. And it was roarily funny. The audience shrieked laughter until it wept. Every shot told, as heads of departments came in, one after the other, majestically oblivious of the thwarted reading lesson, which remained unmaterialized throughout this spirited play.

It really amounted to a magnificently efficacious object lesson, administered in the shape of burlesque. For when all's said and done, the stage itself is a classroom, whereon many things are taught.

I would like to see the teachers repeat their skit, and invite all the school officials, who would enjoy the joke as much as any one. For they are good sports, and good-natured ridicule is sometimes a great solvent. And perhaps—who knows?—it might be that they would recognize that, in order to allow the teacher to give a full equivalent for value received, heads of departments and even officials—measurably, anyway—should be placed on a systematized schedule as well as the teaching rank and file; and thus readin', writin', and 'rithmetic would come up breathing.

## THEATRICAL NOTES.

## Stage Sulphur.

Once upon a time it was considered very improper to have many damns on the stage. One or two might be used in particularly sulphurous passages, and then they made you jump a foot. In other words, you got a kick.

Some producer or other—it seems to me that it was Augustin Daly—would never allow a damn to raise its blasphemous head on his stage, and if there were any in the play he was putting on they were ruthlessly eliminated. But today the Dalys of life are wont to hear their pretty wives and budding daughters carelessly and casually sling around matter-of-course profanity. I note, however, that we are not so habituated to it but that it still creates a laugh when the stage heroine emits a "damn."

And now it is up to Eugene O'Neill, in "The Hairy Ape," to allow his stoker-hero to be realistically blasphemous; and even the un-

terrified O'Neill dassent do it. He falls back on just plain "hell."

"The Hairy Ape" is a play about a big, elemental giant who is satisfied with his job and proud of his importance as the boss stoker of the ship. "Slaves, hell!" he cries, glorifying himself and his brother stokers; "we run de whole woiks. We're it, get me! All de rich guys dat tink dey're some'n dey aint nothin'! Dey don't belong. But us guys, we're in de move, we're at de bottom, de whole ting is us, see? We belong!"

The talk of this simple egoist is immensely clever, and racy with the argot of our submerged brothers of the slums. But Mr. O'Neill has been called down because he dared not make his "hairy ape" sufficiently realistic in his profanity when he was in a frenzy of rage.

The truth is, however, that although the world has changed, girls are no longer ignorant, language in the women of the upper suckles is more than occasionally unseemly, husbands and wives swear at each other in their domestic wrangles, but in regard to profanity on the stage we still remain conservative, and beyond hell and damn they must not, dare not go.

## Shaw's "Methuselah."

Shaw is the only man who has had a trilogy of his plays presented on the American stage. "Back to Methuselah" covers a period of thirty thousand years. In this play Shaw takes the spectator back to the Garden of Eden, where the Serpent is seen loquaciously tempting Eve to disobey the heavenly injunction. Other biblical characters follow; and classical personages in still later scenes vie with each other in brilliant verbosity.

Few writers can hold out as persistently as G. B. Shaw in writing a preface. "Back to Methuselah," however, is a curious conglomeration of the wit and wisdom of his famous prefaces, and of the irresistible humor of the dialogue in the Shaw plays. The author has let himself go luxuriously, and has apparently refrained from considering his pocket in writing his trilogy, for only an advanced theatre would play it.

There is wit, humor, cynicism, irreverence, iconoclasm, speculation, and fantastic inventiveness in the trilogy. But, except as a curio of the theatre, it is extremely doubtful if any sane manager fill ever again pick up "Back to Methuselah" since the directors of the Theatre Guild finished it and laid it down. It is immensely funny, we gather, but it is really futile fantasy, undramatized although brilliant discussion on a variety of topics by various legendary characters—two of whom, by the way, are meant to represent Asquith and Lloyd George—and, in fact, an orgy of argument on every conceivable topic.

Everybody in the play—and most of the everybodies are G. B. himself—talks too much, and to read of this unduly and terrifyingly extensive dramatic—or undramatic—

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curio is to realize with a feeling or relief that we will never be called upon to live through it.

Still "The Bat."

Not only America, but Europe, is still hungering for "The Bat." It is still on its travels, and has met, apparently, the expectations of Londoners, since its run in the English metropolis, which began in January, continues. It is being run on half a dozen circuits in our own United States, and its two collaborators are apparently doubling the fortunes they already had made in previous successes. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been mentioned as the sum that each has already gathered in from royalties on "The Bat."

Naturally there has been a flood of imitations of the piece, for since it has had a meteoric success on two continents, is the biggest go in London today, and will eventually be taken across the Pacific to Australia, the mystery-developing, kick-administering playwright who can make even a pale, diminished wrath of the hit made by "The Bat" is in luck, during this era of hard times.

However, no man knows how abruptly the vogue may die. Incalculable are the vagaries of play-goers. But at present the world is still suffering from the reaction resulting from the terrific excitements of war-time. It is languid, enervated, a little peevish, and rather cross when serious subjects are presented for its consideration.

In other words it wants a "kick," and "The Bat" supplies it to Americans and Englishmen in generous measure.

Highbrowed New York.

It has been the custom, and not so very long ago, either, for newspaper writers in cities outside of the metropolis to state, in rather derogatory accents, that any old thing goes in New York, and that a New York

success need not presuppose an artistic success.

And neither should it nor does it. But since the little theatres took a hand it has been made very plain that New York City is not only the centre of theatrical ventures of commercial magnitude, but also that it is the core and heart of theatre activities among those artists who are earnestly striving to do their share in making drama rise to that clearer ether in which it may shine as true, unstained art.

Hence we are continually hearing of ventures there which show courage, and a sort of heroic indifference to the approval or patronage of the dull-witted but money-dispensing multitude. When the Theatre Guild recently put on Shaw's rather unwieldy Methusalem trilogy: when it brought before a somewhat uncomprehending public Andreiev's night-dark symbolical drama: when one pioneer tried the public with the color-organ, another with darky drama, another with a series of artistically produced French plays, still another with Yiddish drama; when European masterpieces that the great American public never would accept throughout the country saw the light in New York: when Stewart Walker set up his Portmanteau Theatre and gave the public whimsically poetic plays; when Eugene O'Neill's sombre and in some cases almost repellent but always arresting, life-reflecting plays were given the needed opportunity on Broadway, and won out, and when, as is the case at present, one may see, at the Neighborhood Playhouse in that many-sided metropolis, a festival based on a poem by Walt Whitman in which is shown to the sound of inspiring music a semi-religious masque or pageant depicting the final triumph of the conception of the brotherhood of man, then we may justly level the pointing finger at blushing New York and say, "You are becoming highbrow."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Swaraj.

In view of the interested attempts made by Khalifat extremists to whitewash the Moplahs and to minimize the atrocities committed by them, says the Allahabad *Pioneer Mail*, it is of interest to note that the inhabitants of Malabar at any rate are under no illusions on the subject. At the meeting of sufferers from the rebellion presided over by the Zamorin of Calicut a resolution was passed cordially agreeing with Sir William Vincent in his speech in the legislative assembly that the cause of the Moplah outbreak was Khalifat and non-cooperation agitation, that the administration of martial law was just, humane, and successful, and that if martial law is withdrawn the local government should be given extra authority to protect the people. It is easy for those who live at a distance from the scene of the outbreak to shut their eyes to the brutal crimes committed by the insurgents of the now defunct "Khalifat Kingdoms," but the Hindus of Malabar, who were the victims of those crimes, are not likely to forget them for many years to come. In future, Malabar should scarcely prove a fruitful field for non-cooperation and Khalifat propaganda, and the apostles of "soul-force" would be well advised to give it a wide berth.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

On Monday evening the second production of the interesting Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre will be revealed, when Ruth Chatterton will be seen for the first time on any stage in "The Awful Truth," a new American comedy by Arthur Richman.

In this comedy, by one of our promising American authors, the star of "Come Out of the Kitchen," "Daddy Long-Legs," "The Merrie Month of May," and "Mary Rose" is said to have a rôle that fits her talents with the nicety of the proverbial glove, and one which is quite the equal of anything in which she has appeared.

"The Awful Truth" has been written in the realm of high comedy, with its scene laid in present-day New York. To outline the plot in advance of its first performance would be to rob the auditor of that pleasurable anticipation which always precedes the revealing of a worth-while play. Its author, Arthur Richman, will be remembered by many as the writer of "Ambush," shortly to be seen at Berkeley, and now available in San Francisco in its printed form. "The Awful Truth" is a departure from the style of "Ambush" in that it is distinctly a comedy, while the latter play is one of more serious intent.

Heading the excellent supporting cast that is to surround Miss Chatterton is Bruce McRae, last seen here in support of the star in "Come Out of the Kitchen"—and in the modifying rôles will appear Geoffrey Kerr, the young Englishman who made such a favorable impression with Mr. Miller and Miss Bates in "Her Friend the King," Paul Harvey, Annette Westbay, Louise McIntosh, Cora Witherspoon, Bert Leigh, and Elmer Brown.

Elsie Janis and Her Gang will follow the Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre. Among other coming attractions are "Mr. Pim Passes By," with Laura Hope Crews in the star rôle, and "Abraham Lincoln," with Frank McGlynn.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Sheila Terry can sing, dance, and act. This season Miss Terry has a new offering. It is called "May and December," and combines an appealing love story with songs and a plot. She is assisted by a cast including William Goodall and Roy Sedley.

Max Fisher and his orchestra from Ziegfeld's Roof are among the foremost exponents of the newer syncopated art in this country. Rubin and Hall offer a "nut" comedy turn called "Ida Wanna." This is not a part of a foreign language. It is a contraction used for comedy purposes only.

Barcklay and Chain are two loose pages from the book of fun. Don Barcklay has made quite a reputation for himself in musical comedy. Del Chain is well known in vaudeville.

Charles Olcott and winsome Mary Ann present a series of song numbers.

Emerson and Baldwin are skillful comedians who offer a bright satire which they aptly term "What Fools These Mortals Be."

Wheelmanship has developed to such a degree that a rider must be a positive wonder in order to attract the slightest attention. Frank Wilson, the "cycling genius," is just this. His control of a bicycle is amazing.

The production of the Wright Dancers, "A Dance Voyage," is one of the great revues of the season.

Comenius

Comenius, "that incomparable Moravian," whose fame was trumpeted as far as three languages could carry it, "became not an American," wrote Cotton Mather, "because he was diverted by the solicitations of the ambassador of another country from coming over to New England to illuminate Harvard College and the country in the quality of a president." This statement of Mather seems to lack corroboration, says the *New York Times*. At any rate, the incomparable Czechoslovakian, as we should now say, did not come. His reputation as the "founder of educational method" did come, however, and his reforms, especially in elementary education, are now "the commonplace talk of all school conventions."

It is significant that two men, one a Pole and the other a Czechoslovak, Copernicus (Kopernik) and Comenius (Komensky), separated only by the Carpathian Mountains, and by less than a century of time, made contributions to human thought that will ever be remembered as capital events in the history of man's conception of the universe and of the education of children. Comenius was born in the same part of Czechoslovakia as President Masaryk, and they seem to have possessed some fine qualities of patience and courage in common. One competent critic speaks of Comenius as the man whom "we unhesitatingly affirm to be the broadest-minded, the most far-seeing, the most practical of all writers who have ever put pen to paper on the subject of education." His theories have been put into practice in every school, but he announced them to audiences that were often

hostile, and with the spirit of a martyr devoted his life to teaching and working them out—wandering, persecuted and homeless, during the terrible Thirty Years War, but never despairing.

John Amos Komensky (who, according to custom, took the Latin name Comenius) was born, son of a miller, Martin Komensky, on the 28th of June, 1592.

Ibn Saud, who ruled the Wahabi tribesmen, from the Hedjaz to the Persian Gulf, has been recognized by the British government as Sultan of Nejd.

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## VANITY FAIR.

At last it is out, and now it can be told. The aversion to flapperism is not ethical, but psychopathic, a manifestation of terror on the part of women who have arrived at the parlor period of the "middle-aged spread." Flapperism is not a disease of flappers, but of women of forty or forty-five years, and perhaps of fifty, women who have in their day danced divinely, languished luxuriantly, ruled regally, then married and learned to cook, and then for twenty or twenty-five years ingested too many potatoes, and buckwheat cakes, and hot biscuits; who have seen the men of their choice progress and wax wealthy and important, while their own empire contracted as their hips expanded, and who now fear the loss of all except the alimony, and even the shrinkage of that. We confess this aspect of flapperphobia had escaped us. We confess to having been hoodwinked again by feminine arts. We confess that in common with others of the male persuasion we supposed the antipathy to flappers arose from solicitude for the poor little girl who flapped—for her morals, or her manners, or life happiness, or something that seemed valuable to her. We had been led to suppose that it was due entirely to the maternal interest taken in the flapper herself by the vigilant and conscientious club women of the land. It was not so. The truth has been concealed from the masculine gaze, although the masculine gaze was really at the bottom of it. That procession of ankles which has poured along our city streets until the hicks who used to get cricks in their necks looking up at the tall buildings are growing humpbacked looking downwards really had a sinister significance to a large part of the race, which significance escaped us utterly. Our attention has at last been directed to the true state of the case by a woman writer whose name, now that she has told on so many of her sex, we shall not mention; but her initials are H. B. L., and she reveals the whole mystery in one of the Harper publications.

It appears that the middle-aged spread on Ma's part corresponds to a middle-aged deceleration on Pa's. He has his professional practice going about to suit him, or his branch bank well established, and he becomes interested in golf. The business will really take care of itself pretty much of the time, because he has noticed that the younger men in his employ, while full of respect and admiration and even flattery, get along about as well when he is gone as when he is present, messing into things all the time. So he knocks off early and goes out to the country club. Of course, he takes Ma—at first; but it is not very interesting to her, and she plays rotten golf whenever she plays with him. He is still fond of Ma, just as fond of her as he can be, just as fond of her as ever he was, but he has grown so used to her that he ac-

cepts her, like the front steps. She is absolutely necessary to him, more necessary every year, but also she is right there all the time, just like the steps. Like them, again, she has weathered a trifle, and seems to need a little paint, but it is a small matter, and as to doing without her, Pa would as lief cut away the steps and get into the house by the window. He is very much interested in golf and other deliberate things. Some wandering, orphan, bar-room story is about Pa's speed at this time.

Now comes the flapper—out at the country club, or at houses where they happen in, he observes her. She is young, brilliant, impudent, witty, went to college to have a good time and had it, her hair is cut off at the base of her muscular neck, she has about her the sour smell of cigarettes and goes on adding to it, she will dance with you until morning bright and, every so often, bone you for another bite of bootleg. Ma never did any of those things. She would rather have died in the night. For she had been carefully taught that she would lose the great game if she did. Apparently the flapper could stand it not to win; to her it appears that the game is the thing. Like Fox (Charles James, not Richard K.), she seems to feel that the greatest thing in life is to win, but the next greatest is to lose. And it is not the boys she cares most for at present. She has dangled them around her belt in clusters, and shaken them down for all they had to tell her or amuse her with, and now she is going right out after the president of the bank, the director of the railroad, the great surgeon known all over the country, the author of the last ten best sellers, the architect whose office is so full of good and competent draftsmen that he hasn't done anything for ten years except collect his percentages on half the big jobs in town, the editor who can give himself vacations, the lawyer whose clients have learned to curse him and pay him because they are afraid to try and do without him. And the man who has reached that stage of development has usually also reached the stage of deceleration. Him the flapper attacks for her own, for dances, golf, drives, aviation, conversation or tea, and she doesn't seem to care who saw him first. Is he susceptible to flattery at this juncture? Ma has been feeding him well, but has she been flattering him—Ma, who is slightly weathered and needs a little paint? Why, the flapper's wide-eyed baby gaze is flattery enough. Youth springs to attention. The years roll back and are forgotten, the rose glow fills the sky again; and forgotten, too, are the front steps. They will be right there when they are needed. Meanwhile there is the jazz orchestra, and the lights winking from the shining floor; and night, and rhythm, and life! The old bird has flitted into and out of many a trap without springing it, but the salt has been applied to his tail-feathers at last.

What is to be the answer? Well, it seems that if Ma gets flustered and het up, and beads her nose instead of powdering it, and begins to bant at her time of life, and gets a pack of cigarettes and chokes herself learning, and tries to revolutionize herself generally, and offers battle, and makes an awkward mess of it, there are possibilities of trouble. We mind us of a lonely pension by the Arno, if you call it a pension when it is Italian, where dwelt many of the women that had lost—a long and not very sprightly *table d'hôte*, where faded ladies from America talked of the rate of exchange, and asked whether there was any chance of getting judgments improved on appeal, and whether the best way to get iron into the system was to take it orally or to have it injected in the limb. We may suppose many of them to have been the victims of flappers. But perhaps some of them need not have been. Calmness and understanding are things the flapper has not, which things may frustrate her utterly. There is one bit Ma knows about Pa that the flapper has not learned. She knows about that deceleration, and about how much dancing and joy riding and late hours he can stand. She knows that for any real going, he is already gone. His spring may not be broken, but its steel has crystallized and it no longer turns the clock as once it did. And after Pa has had his taste of speed and finds he can't keep the pace like these young college fellows, he will come back to the front steps and think what an old fool he nearly made of himself. He will be forgiven. But as to the flapper, no! Nor can she be contemplated by the woman of the preceding generation with any equanimity whatever. So, at least, we read the latest revelation on the subject. But there are flappers and flappers. Here in the tonic temperatures of San Francisco Bay there are some flappers fifty years old. It looks incredible, now that we have written it, but we stick to it. With fine boots, graceful drapes, permanent waves, a trifle of Spanish rouge, a veil with dots large enough to confuse the eye and a hat with a flat brim and a rake to it like the sticks of a pirate craft, they are here. Long may they flap. But they know too much, and are really the dangerous kind.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at the Close of Business, May 5, 1922

## RESOURCES

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts.....                                    | \$24,333,263.28 |
| U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....                           | 7,220,954.67    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                             | 658,497.83      |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco..... | 150,000.00      |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....           | 1,907,364.59    |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                                | 10,434,375.85   |

\$44,704,456.22

## LIABILITIES

|                                    |                 |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital.....                       | \$ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 6,389,180.53    |
| Circulation.....                   | 1,980,800.00    |
| Federal Reserve Bank.....          | 1,000,000.00    |
| Letters of Credit.....             | 1,973,663.89    |
| Deposits.....                      | 31,360,811.80   |

\$44,704,456.22

## OFFICERS

|                       |                                  |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| WM. H. CROCKER.....   | President                        |
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| W. GREGG.....         | Vice-President                   |
| J. B. McCARGAR.....   | Vice-President                   |
| WM. W. CROCKER.....   | Vice-President                   |
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| G. W. EBNER.....      | Asst. Cashier                    |
| H. C. SIMPSON.....    | Manager Foreign Department       |
| H. H. HAIGHT.....     | Asst. Manager Foreign Department |
| G. FERIS BALDWIN..... | Auditor                          |
| B. D. DEAN.....       | Asst. Cashier                    |
| J. M. MASTEN.....     | Asst. Cashier                    |
| D. J. MURPHY.....     | Asst. Cashier                    |
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Canadian was inquiring of a British statesman the reasons for creating peers. The Britisher mentioned, among other public services, the donations to party campaign funds. "Oh, I see," said the Canadian. "Over in America we send such men to jail, but in England you give them a title."

In a lecture to the Beckenham College for Women Students recently Lord Haldane declared that an enlightened democracy would insist on an enlightened press. He said that after a long, tiresome journey he had wished to see the news, and asked a newsboy for a paper. "Football or otherwise?" asked the boy. "Otherwise," said Lord Haldane. "And so," he added, "I got the day's racing results, and tips for the day after."

There are a few people left in favor of prohibition—Commissioner Yellowley of New York, for example. According to the commissioner the champions of beer and light wines remind him of a certain professor. A lady arguing with the professor said, "Dr. Dash says that beer and light wines are injurious. How do you account for that?" "Easily," said the professor. "Dr. Dash is a total abstainer, and can therefore neither think straight nor reason correctly."

Joseph Leiter was comparing prohibition subterfuges with that of a young colored girl, who was rushed to the hospital with a broken jaw. She was very evasive in her explanation. Finally she was pinned down to the admission that she had been hit with an object. "Was it a large object?" inquired the surgeon. "To'able large." "Was it coming fast?" the surgeon persisted. "To'able fast." "Was—" began the surgeon, but here the girl's endurance snapped. "Oh," she burst out, "I was jes' natch'ly kicked in de face by a gemman friend."

Lord Balfour, who as every one knows is a golf enthusiast, often plays on the famous St. Andrew links in Scotland. According to a story in Mr. Andra Kirkaldy's "Fifty Years of Golf" a player on the ancient links asked his caddy if he often carried clubs for famous men. "Lots o' them," replied the caddy, and after naming a few more or less distinguished persons mentioned Mr. Balfour and said that he had a close acquaintanceship with him. "Just what do you mean by a close acquaintanceship?" asked the golfer. "This," replied the caddy, pointing to his legs. "I'm wearin' a pair o' Mr. Balfour's troosers."

Private Abraham Washington Jackson was on sentry duty his first night in the new camp. In the cold early morning hours the lieutenant-colonel showed up. "Halt! Who all dere?" bellowed Private Jackson. "Officer of the post." Followed a painfully long silence while the sentry racked his brain for the proper retort. Finally the officer of the post lost all semblance of patience. After a period of vehemence he became articulate enough to say, "Why don't you say something? Are you going to let me stand like this all night?" "Nosuh," answered the private. "No, indeed, suh! At ease!"

An English duchess had been owing her milliner a long time. The money was sorely needed, and after the bill had been repeatedly ignored, the milliner finally sent her little daughter to collect it. "Be sure to say 'Your Grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember. When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the presence of the duchess, the little girl made a low courtsey, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly, "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." The quick-witted duchess flushed as her eyes rested on the wistful little face of the child who had so unconsciously rebuked her, and without delay made out a check for the amount due the milliner.

When Kitchener of Khartoum returned from India to England by way of Japan and the United States in 1910, efforts to interview him began as soon as he set foot on these shores. His lordship abhorred publicity and detested reporters. Their enterprise resulted in nothing more exciting than K. of K.'s reiterated assertion that he thought the United States an amazing country—was fascinated by its people, charmed with its scenery, and bewildered by its vastness. When Kitchener's train reached the old Wells Street station at Chicago fifty South African war veterans waited to welcome their former commander. Wearing a gray tweed suit of becoming shapelessness and a floppy golf cap, Kitchener descended the Pullman steps and was surrounded. The main thing was to get an interview and a good picture. "Sorry, can't talk," snapped Kitchener; "against orders, y'know—soldier—on duty—that sort of thing—photograph? Lord no! Can't really—sorry."

y'now—awfully." Nate Meissler, the photographer, was horrified. Something must be done. Kitchener was already starting for the gate with his escort. Meissler waddled after him. "Lord!" shrieked the fat little camera man, "Lord! Oh, my lord! Oh, dear lord! Just a minute, lord!" He chanted it like a prayer. Kitchener stared coldly at his pursuer. Suddenly the hard Kitchener lips quivered, and—epochal event!—Kitchener laughed. He literally shook. "Curious chap, that!" remarked his lordship to the escort as he strode away, still chuckling. "That's no way to address a lord," some one said to Meissler. "You should have called him your lordship." "Lord Ship or what the hell," grinned Nate. "I didn't get his name, but I got four plates." And that is how a Chicago newspaper happens to possess the only laughing picture of Earl Kitchener in the world.

An engineering company that was laying a railroad in Alaska had occasion to employ a number of foreigners on grade work. In some cases, these men through their own ability or through the scarcity of more competent workers became sub-foremen, who were instructed to take charge of their particular part of the job in case of the death or illness of their immediate superiors. It was from one of these that the company received the following telegram: "Boss is dead. What to do?" "If you are sure he is dead, bury him. Will send another boss," wired back the company. The next day they received a telegram from the obliging alien: "All right, buried him. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on head with shovel."

## Samuel Pepys.

I read the stuff he wrote,  
I said I liked him heaps,  
But how they grabbed my throat  
When I first called him Pepys!

I learned to read his books,  
Quite good, they say, his rep is,  
But there appeared cold looks  
When I first called him Pepys!

I thought I had him cold,  
This name the crowd accepts,  
But, no! they say, that's old,  
His name is really Pepys!

Pepys, Pepys, and Pepys too;

I do not give a damn.  
You call him what appeals to you—  
But I shall call him Sam!

—Paul McKinney Palmer in Judge.

## A Memory.

Mary wore a little skirt  
Indeed that swept the walks,  
She did not camouflage her face  
Nor did she roll her sox.

And yet the men in Mary's town  
Classed her among the chiques,  
For Mary wore that little skirt  
In eighteen-ninety-six.

—Penn State Froth.

A story told by a certain bishop to illustrate the moral that murder will out is as follows: A family whose pet parrot took sick sent the bird to the servants' quarter to be nursed. After some weeks the parrot was returned to the drawing-room, cured. But always after the sojourn in the nether regions the bird would exclaim upon hearing a bell, "Oh, let the devils ring again."

## From Ivan the Terrible

An historic episode of Ivan the Terrible has just been repeated in the reign of Nicholas Lenin, according to the New York Tribune.

At the time when the Republic of Novgorod flourished, before it was destroyed by Ivan the Terrible, there was installed in the square of the city a bell, called "the bell of justice." Every citizen who thought himself wronged had the right to ring it, by night or by day, to call the people for help, but the penalty of death was inflicted on the citizen who rang it without sufficient reason. One night when the bell rang the people who came running found under the penthouse that sheltered it a blind old horse which, ill-fed and famished, nibbled at the rope.

The master of the animal was sentenced to treat his horse better. And the same year Novgorod fell into the hands of the Russians. Ivan the Terrible, knowing this story, had the bell transported to Moscow, where it was hung up in the tower bearing his name. And the Czar swore that whoever should ring it to demand justice in his name would cause him to rise from his tomb to keep his oath. For five centuries the bell was silent. But recently it was tolled at midnight.

The Red Guards who rushed to the place found a famished blind old horse gnawing at the rope. All knew of the legend and fled in terror.

*Le Courrier Haitien*, a daily paper of Port au Prince, protests against the proposed American loan of \$15,000,000 to Haiti, and warns American bankers that it will be repudiated at the first opportunity.



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Marion Alice Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Black, was announced at a tea given at the Black home on Fillmore Street on the afternoon of May 1st. Miss Black is the fiancée of Mr. Carroll Marshall Wagner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Wagner of Ashland, Oregon. Miss Black is the sister of Mrs. William Kew and Mr. Harold Black. Mr. Wagner is making his home in Los Angeles, where he is engaged in business. Receiving with Miss Black at tea were Mrs. Alfred B. Black, Mrs. William Kew, Mrs. L. D. Stone, Mrs. W. H. Middleton, Mrs. Frederick Boole, Jr., Mrs. Hurlford Sharon, Miss Elizabeth Wagner, and Miss Josephine King.

An engagement recently announced at Coronado was that of Miss Catharine Parker to Lieutenant Miles Rutherford Browning, United States Navy. Miss Parker is the daughter of Mrs. Clark H. Woodward, and formerly made her home in San Francisco. Lieutenant Browning is the son of Mr. Owen Fogel Browning of New York. The wedding will take place during the summer, at Coronado.

Miss Mercedes Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Carpenter of Piedmont, announced her engagement to Mr. Frank P. Kearns of San Francisco at a luncheon given at the Carpenter home last week.

Mrs. Robert Bolton was a luncheon hostess last week at her home on Broadway, and entertained at a second luncheon on Wednesday.

The marriage of Mrs. Corenna de Puke Neville and Mr. Robert Elliott of Los Angeles took place last week in the Swedenborgian Church. Rev. French read the marriage ceremony in the presence of immediate friends and relatives. Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow attended the bride, and Mr. William McFee of Los Angeles was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott greeted their guests following the ceremony at the home of Mrs. Rowena Hunt de Puke, mother of the bride, on Vallejo Street. The Elliotts will make their home in Los Angeles. Among the guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Mrs. Edward C. Wright, and Mrs. John M. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Tevis (Marie Haydel Benoist) were married in Santa Barbara in March. No announcement was made until Mr. and Mrs. Tevis returned from Cuba, where they went following their wedding. They are making their home in Los Angeles.

News of the wedding of Miss Miriam Jones and Mr. Boris de Nyonine in Vienna, Austria, has reached here. Mrs. de Nyonine is the daughter of Mme. Vladimir Artismovich of Paris and Petrograd and Mr. Webster Jones of San Rafael. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller is the bride's aunt.

Mrs. Fann Louise Abernathy has named June 8th as the date of her wedding to Mr. Frank Cornish Stratford. Rev. Clarence Reed will perform the ceremony. Following their wedding tour, they will make their home in Alameda.

Miss Agnes Harrison, whose engagement to Mr.

Hallock Van der Leek of Los Angeles was recently announced, was the honor guest at a luncheon given last week by Miss Lorna Kilgariff at the home of her sister, Mrs. William H. Taylor, on Commonwealth Avenue. Some of Miss Kilgariff's guests were Mrs. Charles Trowbridge, Mrs. John Strand, Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Ethel Bryte, Miss Katherine Hardwick, Miss Elizabeth Howard, Misses Evelyn and Frances McLaughlin, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Marion Lyman, Miss Antoinette Tucker, Miss Marie Louise Meyer, and Miss Elizabeth Terry.

Among the last of the affairs given for Mrs. Richard Morrison Ireland (Erna Herrman) before her departure on Tuesday for her home in Scotland, was the luncheon at which Mrs. Chester Woolsey entertained at the Francisca Club. Besides her honor guest, Mrs. Woolsey entertained Mrs. Charles Judson, Mrs. Edgar Wallace, Mrs. William Herrman, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Kenneth McDonald, Jr., Mrs. Horace Howard, Mrs. Frank Somers, and Miss Edith Slack.

Mr. Herbert Moffitt, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, entertained a few of his friends at a birthday party last Wednesday. Miss Alice Moffitt assisted him in receiving his guests. Dr. and Mrs. Moffitt are at present in New York.

Before her departure for the Yosemite last week Lady Annesley was entertained at luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent at the St. Francis. Among the party were Mrs. Walter Filer and Mr. Arthur Richmond, the playwright.

Miss Ellita Adams entertained at luncheon at her home on Gough Street in honor of Miss Sally Lang of Vancouver, who is in California visiting kinfolk. Miss Adams' guests on Wednesday were Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Geraldine King, and Miss Edna Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery entertained members of their card club at dinner and cards at their Menlo Park home last week. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hays Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild.

In honor of Mrs. William McKinley Jones, wife of Colonel Jones, the Presidio Women's Club entertained at tea. Mrs. Jones was the founder of the club, but since that time Colonel and Mrs. Jones have been stationed in Hawaii, returning recently. Following Colonel Jones' retirement, they have made their home in Palo Alto.

Miss Elizabeth Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walton Norwood Moore of San Francisco, and Miss Katherine Maxwell are in charge of a barbecue to take place at the Mt. Diablo Country Club on May 20th for the benefit of the Ladies' Relief Society, which is raising funds for the support of the orphanage and home for aged women it maintains.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia, which has confined her to her home for several weeks.

Mrs. James Tyson of Piedmont will entertain at luncheon at the Francisca Club on Thursday,

May 18th. On May 23d Mrs. Tyson will be hostess at another similar affair.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Mary Hayden, daughter of Mrs. Henry B. Hayden, to Mr. John McDougall Howard was made last week.

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., was the honor guest at a tea given last week by Mrs. Richard T. Harding at her Washington Street home. Among Mrs. Harding's guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Randolph Whiting, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mrs. Paul Denniville, Miss Jessica Sherwood, and Miss Pauline Dyer.

Mrs. Silas Palmer was entertained at the Town and Country Club at luncheon by Mrs. Robert P. Greer on Friday. On Saturday Mrs. Samuel Pond made Mrs. Greer her honor guest at her Woodside home.

Miss Beatrice Soule will give a bridge-tee, complementing Miss Mary Kennedy, fiancée of Mr. Richard Ashton Hutchinson of Shanghai. The affair will be on May 17th.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris opened her town house last week for the Friday Morning Choral Club, which gave a programme, the members entertaining their friends. Among the members and soloists at the affair were Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr., Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Mrs. Stanley Morsehead, and Mrs. Harry H. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Pierce Street. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, and Admiral Alexander Halstead, U. S. N.

## Deaths of J. R. Hanify and E. A. Christenson.

John R. Hanify and Edward A. Christenson, with Captain Petter Andersen, Hanify's pilot, were drowned in the Bay some time during the night of Saturday, May 6th, through the wreck of Christenson's yacht, the *Quart*, off McCoy's Landing, Hayward. The *Quart* had started on a cruise of the Coyote Point Yacht Club to San Mateo Saturday afternoon, and failed to return. Airplanes, tugs, a Coast Guard crew, and launches manned by friends of the missing men engaged in a search of the Bay for them early Sunday morning, and about 11 o'clock the dismantled craft was discovered with the bodies of Hanify and Christenson entangled in the rigging.

Both Hanify and Christenson were well known in San Francisco. Both were constructive and successful business men, directors of the Olympic Club, and leaders in yachting, for which they had done much. Hanify was head of the important lumber and shipping firm, the J. R. Hanify Company. In 1915, with his yacht *Westward*, he won the gold cup offered by King George V of Great Britain for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition races. Christenson was a director of the San Francisco Savings and Loan Society and of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, president of the Sudden & Christenson Lumber Company, and president of the Shipowners and Merchants Tugboat Company. It was owing largely to his well-directed energies that this city had an abundance of lumber for reconstruction after the earthquake and fire of 1906.

## Mizpah Card Party.

Mizpah, one of the long-established charity clubs of San Francisco, is inviting its friends and the public in general to attend a card party on Monday afternoon, at 2 p. m., in the California Club rooms, Clay Street. There will be prizes and refreshments. Officers of Mizpah, from whom tickets may be obtained and tables reserved, are: President, Mrs. O'Brien; vice-president, Mrs. V. G. Whetson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Alex Fischer; secretary, Mrs. Harry Blatchly; treasurer, Mrs. A. D. Graham.

## An Elder Recital.

The Elder Trio, composed of Pauline Elder, piano; Scott Elder, violin; Paul Elder, Jr., cello, will give a recital Saturday afternoon, May 20th, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Paul Elder Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch are being congratulated upon the arrival of a son, Raymond Welch, Jr., at the Francis Hospital last week. The newcomer is the grandson of Admiral and Mrs. William Fullam and the nephew of Mrs. Emory Sands.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howe are the parents of a son, Charles Russell Howe, born to them last week. Before her marriage, Mrs. Howe was Miss Minta Payne, daughter of the C. G. Paynes of San Francisco.

The new British budget contemplates a reduction of one-sixth in the income tax.

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|---------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Sun.          | Mon. | Tue. | Wed. | Thu. | Fri. | Sat. |
|               | 1    | 2    | 3    | 4    | 5    | 6    |
| 7             | 8    | 9    | 10   | 11   | 12   | 13   |
| 14            | 15   | 16   | 17   | 18   | 19   | 20   |
| 21            | 22   | 23   | 24   | 25   | 26   | 27   |
| 28            | 29   | 30   | 31   |      |      |      |

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling will arrive in San Francisco the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Schlesinger are in Del Monte on their way to town from Santa Barbara. Later they will go to Honolulu.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Claudine Spreckels, and Mrs. James Tobin are in Italy. They will leave Italy for England soon, planning to be in London May 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elliott are in Santa Barbara at the Samarkand Hotel. Mrs. Elliott was Mrs. Corenna de Pue Neville.

Mrs. Miller Graham and her daughter, Miss Geraldine Graham, will arrive in San Francisco at the end of the month on their return from India and the Orient. They will go to their Santa Barbara home for the greater part of the summer.

Mrs. Richard Morrison Ireland left on Tuesday for her home in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Colonel Harrison McCaskey of Monterey is in town for a short time, stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Countess Markievicz is in San Francisco on her lecture tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant left last week for New York via the Panama Canal. From New York Mr. and Mrs. Grant will sail for Europe.

Colonel Lincoln Karmany, U. S. Marine Corps, and Mrs. Karmany arrived in San Francisco last week on the *Taiyo Maru* from Peking.

Mrs. William Lee Hathaway and Miss Mabel Hathaway have returned to San Francisco from Honolulu. They are at the Fairmont Hotel, and will go soon to their home at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shepherd have returned to their home in New England, after several months spent in San Francisco.

Lord Cecil Bingham Gleraway will arrive in California from England the last part of the month to visit Mrs. Algernon Crofton at her home in Sea Cliff.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale have gone to their country home in Shasta Springs for the summer.

Miss Rosemary Sherwood is at the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sherwood near Salinas. Miss Eugénie Sherwood is with the Misses Sherwood at their Vallejo Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Snodgrass returned this week from Pebble Beach.

Sir William McMillan and Lady McMillan are at the St. Francis Hotel for a few weeks, later going on to London.

Admiral William Fullam and Mrs. Fullam leave this week for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Emory Sands has been in New York, visiting Mrs. Daniel Jackling and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer have returned to San Francisco, after several months in the Orient.

Mr. Richard T. Wilson and his daughter, Miss Louisa Wilson, returned to their home in the East last week, after spending some time in San Francisco at the Fairmont Hotel.

Lady Priscilla Annesley is in the Yosemite on her way to New York and from there to London.

Lady Newdegate arrived from Australia en route to England, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott were at the Crocker Pebble Beach cottage over the week-end.

Mrs. Donald Armstrong and her children have

gone to San Rafael for the summer from their home in the south. They will be the guests of Mrs. Armstrong's mother, Mrs. George T. Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille are at the St. Francis Hotel. They will be in San Francisco for some time.

Count and Countess André de Limur and their little daughter will arrive here next month to spend the summer at the William H. Crocker home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Helen Sutor Schwartz of New York is visiting here for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke and Miss Cecile Brooke have gone to Atherton for the summer.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, with her little daughter, left last week for the East. After a short visit in Boston, they will sail for Europe to pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and their five children will arrive in California early next month to spend the summer at their Burlingame home.

Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., will spend part of the summer in the south, and with her son, Mr. Lawrence Fox, Jr., will go to Montecito for July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will pass the summer at Burlingame. They sail from Europe the last of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond McGavin and their children have rented a house in San Rafael for the summer.

Commander Hamilton Bryan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bryan arrive the middle of June in California from Constantinople. They will go to Shasta Springs for the summer, to the home of the Prentiss Cobb Hales.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Parks are spending some weeks in San Francisco as the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Knight are spending a fortnight at El Mirasol at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Henry E. Cartan and Mr. Henry E. Cartan, Jr., will spend the summer abroad. They sail from New York on May 20th.

Mrs. W. E. Norwood, Mrs. William Breeze, and her son, Mr. Norwood Breeze, will go to Palo Alto early in June, closing their Green Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries are leaving their apartment at the St. Francis next week for a six months' tour of England, France, and Italy.

Registrations at the Palace include Mr. W. J. Pearson, Mr. Eugene Overton, Los Angeles; Mr. Charles Teague, Fresno; Mr. Henry Loeb, Springfield, Massachusetts; Mr. Fred S. Blair, Eureka; Mr. George S. Gibson, Mr. C. E. Belknap, New York; Mr. A. Meir, Portland; Mr. W. L. Deist, Sandusky, Ohio; Mr. Glen G. Whittle, Mr. D. W. Pontius, Los Angeles; Mr. Charles E. Walker, Tucson; Mr. W. B. Swan, Los Angeles; Mr. P. H. Barringer, London; Mr. T. B. Gates, New York.

At the St. Francis are Mr. Gil Pratt, Los Angeles; Mr. J. C. Hagerty, Alma, Michigan; Mr. R. Cumming, Sacramento; Mr. David Lane, Mr. C. F. Barney, Turlock; Mr. H. F. Pullen, Prince Rupert, Canada; Mr. E. H. Ehler, St. Louis; Mr. George Wolf, Fresno; Mr. James Sheehy, Watsonville; Mr. J. U. Pearson, Marysville; Mr. G. H. Hamacher, Chicago; Mr. Francis L. Vai, Los Angeles; Mr. R. I. Crane, Santa Ana; Right Rev. W. H. Moreland, Sacramento.

Recent arrivals at the Whitcomb include Mr. M. J. Lamond, Portland; Mr. R. C. Bruce, New York; Mr. J. F. Church, Chicago; Mr. R. A. Driscoll, Los Altos; Mr. Charles Shurtleff, Menlo Park; Mr. Sen Young, Sacramento; Mr. E. A. Goff, Kenwood; Mr. S. V. Adam, Fresno; Mr. F. L. Drinkwater, Hollywood; Dr. A. L. Humphries, Sacramento; Mr. J. L. Brown, Martinez; Mr. G. T. Clark, Reno; Mr. J. C. Byrne, Chicago; Mr. A. E. Mossier, Kansas City; Mr. R. H. Dodge, Los Angeles; Mr. Ernest Waller, Fresno.

#### The Disciple of the Devil

Many years ago a peasant of the community Z, near Lemberg, emigrated to America, says the *New York Tribune*. Recently he returned to his village, his pockets stuffed with dollars. He drove to Lemberg to have his dollars changed. His departure became known in the village, and the very same night there was a knock at the door of his house. His wife opened and recoiled in terror. On the threshold stood what appeared to be the devil himself, covered with a shaggy hide, with glowing eyes and spreading a penetrating sulphurous odor. He pushed the peasant woman into the room, locked the door, and after rattling his chains and giving forth infernal sounds began to tell her what he wanted. He threatened the woman with all the torments of hell if she did not hand him immediately all the money brought home by her husband from America.

The woman swore solemnly that her husband had taken all the money to Lemberg to have it exchanged for Polish marks. Thereupon the "devil" searched all the chests and shrines, and not finding anything, declared that he would come again tomorrow, when he hoped that the man would be back. She had to swear not to tell anybody of the occurrence or he would take her with him to hell. The woman, trembling, awaited the dawn. In the morning a gendarme chanced to come to the house. He found the woman in a state of terror and after long urging got from her the story. The gendarme promised to help her. She hid him in the room. At midnight there was a knock at the door. This time the gendarme opened and tore the mask from the devil's face. He started back horrified, for before him stood the village judge, who, in this way, tried to get quick and easy possession of the dollars. The gendarme delivered his superior to the district court.

Death Valley has a recorded official temperature of 134 F.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### The Rise of Aphrodite.

Lo, one who sails upon the moonless deep  
Skirting the land, and hears th' unceasing roar  
Of plunging billows and the distant sweep  
Of wind-tossed surges on the winding shore  
And the remote, low voices of the waves  
Where all night long the broken water raves  
And bellows through reechoing ocean caves.

No light upon the main but starlight dim  
And through the solemn night no other sound  
Upon the sea breeze, save that ancient hymn  
The wind doth breathe through every stop and round

Of the great sea—the monotone which swells  
Eternal as the surly sigh that dwells  
Within the galleries of ocean shells.

But now from out the horizon wild and dark  
Stealeth a strain—a dream of melody,  
As, slowly wafted, comes a white-sailed bark  
With noise of flutes across the listening sea,  
Bearing to Paphos, island of all flowers,  
Foam-born Idalia, led by dancing hours  
And oared by Tritons from their coral bowers:  
With tinkling harps and choral strains divine  
Charming to sleep the billows in its way:  
Lit up with soft celestial lamps that shine  
Where round the prow the green-haired Nereids play;

And shedding through the startled realms of night  
A lambent, flushing, shifting radiance bright,—  
A far-extended haze of amber light:

And borne by sea winds o'er the midnight deep  
With rosy gleam and music breathing low,  
Glides like a dream across the ocean's sleep,  
Casting on the black waves a moment's glow;  
Then, passing into darkness, leaves once more  
The sweeping surges and the billows' roar  
And shimmering startled loneliness before.

—Henry A. Beers in "Poems."

#### Confession.

I think, by God! It is no lie;  
I shall go dreaming till I die!  
There is no love so real to me  
As the cold passion of the sea.  
There is no little, wind-swept town  
By harbors where the roads go down,  
Or headland gray that sits and sips  
The cup of ocean at its lips,  
And gazes at the far-off ships—  
Or tree or house or friend so real  
As visions and the dreams I feel.

No—not the windy, vaultless arch  
Where all the white stars flame and march,  
Nor water at the river fords  
Like horses mad among the swords,  
Or oaks that lean from winter storms;  
These only give my vision forms.

Away! White hands, I will not take!  
And kissing mouths that cry, "Awake!"  
For you I have no grammarcy;  
So leave me by my lotus tree,  
To dream and gaze into the sky  
Where red suns wither up and die,  
I know! I know! I do not lie!  
I shall go dreaming till I die!

—Hervey Allen in "Wampum and Old Gold."

#### Flamborough Head.

Evening, like a gentle sister  
Steals across the harbour, trimming  
Her moon-lantern where the brimming  
Seas and smouldering skies meet.

Gliding onward, trailing sweet  
Lilac while her fitting feet  
Skim the waves, the fields of wheat  
On the cliff. . . .

Now she is stooping

To the poppies gaily trooping  
Like the red-capped little people . . .

Higher than the hills and steeples  
To the dream-clouds she is heaping  
Lilac, lilac, till the sleeping  
Stars are awakened there and, peeping,  
Creep out softly, like the day's end.

On the cliff path lovers wend  
Laughing ways through Paradise . . .  
By the moon's light in their eyes  
Evening, like a gentle sister,  
Knows they walk in Paradise.

—Thomas Moulton in "Down Here the Hawthorne."

#### The Dying Philosopher to His Fiddler.

Come, fiddler, play one tune before I die.  
Philosophy is barren, and I lie  
Untouched now by the plagues of all the schools,  
And only silly fiddlers are not fools.

Bring, then, your bow, and on the strings let be,  
In this last hour, merely the melody  
Of waves and leaves and footfalls hazardous,  
Where crafty logic shall not keep with us.

The patient fields of knowledge did I sow;  
I have done with knowledge—for I nothing know.  
Wisdom and folly set their faces hence,  
And in their eyes a twin intelligence.

Only your notes may quick again the keen  
Tree-shadows cut upon the paddock's green,  
The pools where mirrored branches are at rest,  
The heron lifting to her windy nest.

And these are things that know not argument;  
Come, fiddler, play; philosophy is spent.  
Out of my thought the chiding doctors slip,  
And you are now the only scholarship.

—John Drinkwater in "Seeds of Time."

The French Academy of Sciences has been officially informed that Switzerland is preparing to commemorate the centenary of the great French mechanician and watchmaker, Abraham Louis Bréguet. Born in Neuchâtel in 1747, member of the Institut and Bureau of Longitudes, he died in Paris in 1823. The astronomical and nautical instruments in-

vented by Bréguet were noted for the perfection of their workmanship. His improvements in watches included the use of rubies in pivot holes. He fled to London during the Reign of Terror, but returned after the ninth Thermidor. On the occasion of this centenary the Swiss Council of State will hold next year an international competition for chronometers in the observatory of Neuchâtel.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

**Peggy**—Dick proposed four times before I accepted him. **Patty**—To whom, dear?—**Judge**.

**Guide**—This is the Laocoon. **Tourist**—Looks as if he'd got mixed up with his still. —*New York Herald*.

**Ethel**—Oh, do look! You've grown a mustache, haven't you? **Ethelbert**—Well, you needn't worry.—*Lord Jeff*.

"Sir, would you give five dollars to bury a saxophone player?" "Here's thirty dollars. Bury six of 'em."—*Judge*.

**Man from "Way Back"** (getting his first experience of an oyster patty)—Say, Bo, something's died inside my bun.—*Punch*.

**Manager**—Stop that, please! You can't dance here, sir! **Guest**—We're not dancing! My wife has fainted.—*London Passing Show*.

"Can you keep a secret, uncle?" "Yes." "Well, Auntie has eloped with the chauffeur and they've borrowed your motor."—*London Mail*.

In the words of the Cockney who had been devouring detective stories by the sheaf, "Hafter au, there's no p'lice like Holmes."—*London Sketch*.

"And when I kissed her I smelled tobacco on her lips." "You object to kissing a woman who smokes?" "No, but she doesn't smoke."—*Jack O'Lantern*.

"Here's another octogenarian died. What in the deuce is an octogenarian?" "Victim of some awful disease, I think—you're always reading about them dying."—*Judge*.

**Motorist**—Yes, it took me about six weeks' hard work to learn to drive my machine. **Pedestrian**—And what have you for your pains? **Motorist**—Liniment.—*Pacific Weekly*.

"What is your favorite chapter in the Bible, Uncle Ajax?" an old dandy was asked. Uncle Ajax smacked his lips. "Dat one whar tell about de twelve opossums, suh!" he replied.—*Life*.

**Mr. Lloyd George**—Ah, my friend, you never had a campaign against you in the press. **Earl Balfour**—On the contrary, when I was about your age I was told that some of those very papers used to say, "B. M. G." which I understand to have meant, "Balfour

Must Go"; but that didn't cramp my style. And now I hear they say that I'm the greatest living statesman, and that doesn't worry me either."—*Punch*.

**Mother**—No, Willie, for the third time I tell you that you can't have another nickel. **Willie**—Darn it, I don't see where Pa gets the idea you're always changin' your mind.—*Judge*.

**Master**—Joseph, how's the weather this morning? **Joseph**—Rather warm, if it happened to be January; decidedly cool if we were around the 30th of July.—*Paris L'Illustration*.

**The Boss**—Young man, have you ever been to college? **Applicant for Position** (in blushing apology)—Er—well, yes, sir, I have—but it was only a small college and I stayed only three months.—*Life*.

**Wife**—Dear John, mother was so pleased with all those nice things you said about her in your letter. You see, she opened it by mistake. **Hubby**—Yes, I thought she would.—*Baltimore American*.

"Can any one tell me where the home of the swallow is?" asked the teacher. There was a long pause, finally followed by this response: "The home of the swallow is in the stummock."—*New York Times*.

"My son Hiram is just crazy to go to college and study pharmacy," said Mrs. Wheatley. "It may be all right," replied Mrs. Corn-tassel, "but I think the place to study it is right here on the farm, where ye git practical experience."—*Livingston Lancet*.

To a maker of movies an earnest lady who wished to "uplift" the screen suggested a version of Shakespeare's farce, "The Taming of the Shrew." "Not on your life!" boomed the magnate. "I've lost enough money already on animal pictures."—*New York Globe*.

"Squire," asked Constable Slackputter, the well-known sleuth of Petunia, "what would you do to a feller that confessed he was driving his Ford at the rate of forty-five miles an hour?" "Fine him for exaggeration!" snapped old Squire Peavy.—*Kansas City Star*.

**Comedian**—Poor old Harry got the bird properly last night. They hissed him right off the stage. Then I came on. The audience quietened down and listened to my first number with every attention. Then, just as I was giving 'em my patter, blowed if they didn't start hissing old Harry again.—*Punch*.

"You say that this man has a grudge against you?" demanded the judge. "Yes, your honor," replied Bill the Beggar. "When I was blind he used to steal the pennies from my cup and when I was a cripple he'd run down the street with my box of pencils." "Anything else?" "Yes, your honor. Once when I was deaf and dumb he shot off a fire-cracker underneath me."—*American Legion Weekly*.

#### Those Portraits of Sts. Peter and Paul.

An interview with the archaeologist Lanciani has reduced to more modest terms the discovery which was acclaimed by the newspapers as that of the authentic portraits of St. Peter and St. Paul in a hypogeum (underground chamber) recently brought to light near Porta Maggiore, Rome, according to the *Manchester Guardian*.

The hypogeum was accidentally discovered during the digging operations for the construction of a garage for the municipal taxicabs in Viale Manzoni, near Porta Maggiore, and belongs to the second half or end of the second century. That means that a good many years had passed since the death of the two Apostles. To talk, then, of authentic portraits, in the sense of portraits taken from life, is ridiculous; and at the most one might talk, as Senator Lanciani said, of portraits in the painting of which consideration was given to other previous portraits, perhaps direct and, if one will, of oral tradition, still sufficiently fresh in the second century in a place like Rome, where the Apostles Peter and Paul had been so popular.

All this does not mean that the excavation of the hypogeum and its pictures constitute an unimportant fact. On the contrary. This sepulchre has in some respects absolutely new characteristics, profoundly interesting, whether from the archaeological or from the historical aspect of Christianity. It consists of a series of rooms hewn out of the tufa and covered with roughcast; the largest of them is about five yards wide, and the others not much less; they are joined by passages and stairs; and there are new cells made in the walls, to be used as tombs in the ever-increasing enlargement of the sepulchre which occurred with the passing of time.

The so-called portraits are in the largest room. There are eleven figures, which when the room was intact must have been twelve, clothed in white tunics. They are standing, barefooted, with volumes in their hands or in the act of speaking. Amongst these are the two supposed figures of Peter and Paul, corresponding to a great extent with the traditional figures.



## Leave Nothing to Chance When You Go Away For Your Vacation

Don't "take a chance" and leave your silverware, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in the house when you are going away for the summer. You may, on your return, find everything as you left it, but—

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#### THE ARMSTRONG RADIO FEED-BACK.

By a strange coincidence one of the most remarkable decisions in patent litigation ever recorded was handed down last week by the United States District Court of Appeals in the case of the Armstrong Radio Circuit, says the *New York Tribune*. The decision came just at the moment when the latest application of the circuit resulted in the development of a service which has gripped the public enthusiasm and taken the country by storm. Stripped of its legal and technical verbiage, the decision of the court, which is final, means that no transatlantic telephone conversation can be carried on without the Armstrong principle, nor can any of the big radiophone broadcasting stations now sending music nightly through the ether operate without using the Armstrong patent. Even the modern multiplex forms of wire telegraphy and telephony must use the Armstrong method.

Major E. H. Armstrong was a pupil of Professor Michael I. Pupin, director of the Marcellus Hartley research laboratory of Columbia University. Of the achievement of his pupil, Professor Pupin says:

"This decision refers to one of the most important inventions, if not the most important, in the wireless art. It is the invention of employing in connection with an audion a coupling which enables a local battery to contribute its energy to the amplification of a signal received in a wireless station. The contribution obtained in this manner from the local battery or the local source of energy may be made as large as we please within certain definite limits. Armstrong was the first to employ this coupling, or, as it is called, the 'Armstrong feed-back circuit,' and he did it while he was still an undergraduate at Columbia University.

"The invention enabled him to make another most important step in wireless telegraphy, and that is the construction of a vacuum tube oscillator. When the feed-back circuit energized by the local source contributes more than a certain definite amount then the system of circuits becomes an electric oscillator,

oscillating at the perfectly definite period which depends upon the inductance and the capacity of the controlling circuit. By varying either the inductance or the capacity, or both, we can produce any period of oscillation between a few periods per second and many millions per second, and the oscillation once established maintains its pitch indefinitely.

"It is a generator of electrical oscillations, maintaining its pitch with a degree of accuracy never before obtained by any apparatus constructed by man.

"The importance of the feed-back circuit in the reception of wireless signals and the importance of the electrical oscillator, not only in wireless telegraphy, but also in wire telegraphy and other departments of applied electricity, can not be overestimated."

The United States and Spain furnish the greater part of Mexican immigration. In 1921 the immigrants from this country numbered 10,825, and from Spain 7691. Of Japanese there were but 345. The Germans numbered 1805, Englishmen 1522, Frenchmen 1181, Italians 1073, and Chinese 2388.

A leather manufacturer stated that during 1920 the leather trade of England undoubtedly passed through the greatest cataclysm in its history.

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## Forty-sixth Year

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Higher Budget and Lower Tax Rate.

Taxpayers of San Francisco will regard with lively interest, if not with vast relief, the report of the finance committee of the board of supervisors recommending a budget of \$24,741,758 for the year 1922-23, and suggesting that it may be met by a tax rate of \$3.42 on the \$100, instead of \$3.47, the rate for 1921-22. Here is a tentative reduction of 5 cents on the \$100, and if no new paternalistic programmes are forced on us, and no fresh importunities for needless development are yielded to, the reduction may be held. It may even be increased, although one hesitates to excite cardiac trouble on the part of the taxpayer by suggesting it. The budget is higher than the one for the preceding year by some \$274,998. With the rate a little lower there is a discrepancy to be bridged. The gap is spanned by an increase of assessments, which is, of course, the only way in which it could be spanned. The appraisers have turned up a great deal more personal property, in the shape of stocks of merchandise, money in bank, and the like, and in addition there has been much real estate improvement to bear its load of sorrow. Thus the relief to the taxpayer is more apparent than real; and that is true of the whole community, for the payment of taxes does not stop with the person from whom the money is collected—he passes it on, and eventually it is spread over all society in the subtle form of a higher cost of living. Taxation is a com-

mon burden, not merely an annoyance of the rich. What really is needed is a reduction of the cost of government, even at the expense of a contraction of some of the extra functions government has taken on of late. To that proposition we do not expect instant assent, but it is no less true. Perhaps by this time next year those business men constituting the finance committee, Messrs. McLeran, McGregor, and Rossi, who have done well thus far, may see their way to cutting things down in reality. Meanwhile, there is a chance of an even larger reduction in the proposed rate. The assessor's office is farther along in its work now than it was at the end of June last year, and has a stronger force of appraisers in the field. A year ago, when the finance committee called on the assessor for an estimate of probable increase in the assessment, it was told it might expect about \$6,000,000 more property on the assessment rolls; and in the outcome the right figure proved to be \$15,000,000. It may be that the interval between this time and the third or fifth day of July, when the assessment is complete, will show an even better basis for the levy. If so, it is to be hoped that the finance committee will have enough backbone to protect the city against more demands, however formulated, and give the public the real benefit of the broadening of the taxable foundation.

### Ex-President Wilson and Senator Reed.

Who's Who and What's What in the national Democratic party? Whoever is interested in these queries will do well to keep a watchful eye upon the State of Missouri, where a senatorial primary election is dated for August 1st. Senator Jim Reed, Democrat and incumbent, is a candidate for reelection upon a record of opposition to the League of Nations and to pretty much everything else typified by the name of Woodrow Wilson. On the negative side Mr. Reed's position is positive, but it is not so clearly defined affirmatively. Perhaps it comes nearer to old-fashioned Democracy than to anything else, and this ought to be a taking platform in Missouri, where the Democratic mind, long tutored in the school of after-the-war politics, mainly runs in the old grooves.

Now comes Woodrow Wilson, a very sick man, but by no means a dead one. An invalid he is, but he retains a passionate desire for power and an equally passionate desire to punish his enemies within his party. In Mr. Wilson's opinion the policies of his administration reflect the principles and aims of the Democratic party, and he has put it up to the Democrats of Missouri to sustain his position. He has written three letters on the subject of the senatorial primary in Missouri, in effect serving notice upon the Democratic party that he is its prophet and that any brand of Democracy that does not bear the Wilson label is fraudulent. He has stated his position unequivocally, leaving no room for excuses or alibis in the event that the Democratic voters of Missouri reject his counsels. He has staked his all on the outcome. If Reed is nominated in the face of Mr. Wilson's opposition the latter may be regarded as politically dead and buried. He assures this result by the boldness with which he has defined the issue.

Mr. Wilson's latest letter, addressed to a former governor of Missouri, denounces Reed as a marplot and asserts that his nomination would be fatal to the party, not only in the State of Missouri, but broadly throughout the country. He does not in express terms say that such a result would turn the party over to the machinations of its late candidate, Mr. Cox, whom Mr. Wilson despises, but the intimation is plain. What effect Wilson's plea will have upon the Democrats of Missouri nobody can now foretell. Certain factions of the party within the state, other than the Wilson faction, are unfriendly or lukewarm toward Reed, but one thing is certain, namely, all who resent Wilson's

effort to perpetuate his authority in the party are likely to turn to Reed's support.

Mr. Wilson's hold upon party good-will has been a good deal shaken by recent eccentricities. Take the case of his fierce assault upon Senator Reed on the score of the latter's course in connection with Federal Reserve legislation. Wilson's letter was positive to the degree of direct abusiveness. Reed's reply was a squelcher in the form of a letter addressed to him by the ex-President immediately following senatorial action upon Federal Reserve legislation, thanking him (Reed) for his course therein. It was a case of lapse of memory on the part of a sick man, an angered man, a man cherishing an unquenchable hatred of one who at various times and in various ways—notably in the matter of the League of Nations—had defied his authority. Then there is the other very recent instance in which he put his late secretary and personal friend, Tumulty, in a hole. Mr. Tumulty told at a Democratic dinner in New York that he brought from the President a certain message. Mr. Wilson in a public statement declared that he gave Tumulty no such message and that, as read before a dinner of Democrats, it misrepresented his views. Again lapse of memory on the part of a sick and peevish man. Tumulty bowed meekly to the rebuke of his late chief, but there is not the slightest doubt that he was right and Mr. Wilson was wrong. Mr. Tumulty has said to confidential friends that immediately following the interview with the ex-President, in which the latter had given him the message, he wrote down the phrases then fresh in his mind. Despite his denials, Mr. Wilson did give to Tumulty the message as delivered. It was not until he discovered that what he had said was interpreted as friendly to Governor Cox that his denial was made. It is a case where charity is due to one whose mind, whatever it may once have been, is no longer what it was.

These several incidents justify a plain statement concerning Mr. Wilson's physical and mental condition. There is no doubt on the part of those who have fairly intimate knowledge of the man in these recent months that his mind shares the infirmities of his body. He is still partly paralyzed. Helped to his feet, he can stand with the aid of a cane and walk a very short distance in halting fashion. His mind at times appears to have something of its old quality, at other times his mental processes are fitful and uncertain. Mentally as well as physically he is a sick man. This is understood generally at Washington, manifestly so by Senator Reed. In his opening speech in Missouri last week the latter took the right line. Much, he said in effect, must be pardoned in one whose labors, whether rightly or wrongly directed, have left him in a state where passions and vanities blur his mind and nullify his capacity for judgment.

### Again the Bonus.

The field marshals of the bonus raid are fertile in new projects. No less than three varied proposals have been developed within the last month. In turn they have been presented to the President, but there is no indication that he has altered his position, which is that any measure providing a bonus shall also provide means for paying it. The latest plan to be urged is an issue of bonds based on our foreign war credits, accompanied by a proposal for immediate cash payment of something like fifty dollars per man. While differing from the original project, this plan does not avoid the original objection excepting in the fact that it measurably reduces the sum to be paid immediately in cash. Against this proposal there stands in full force every argument against the original project. Figure as they may, proponents of the bonus are not able to point out a way by which the government can pay out to the ex-service men the sum of five billion dollars, less or more, without imposing upon the country an enormous



financial burden, with imposition of new taxes and a prodigious incubus upon business. Furthermore, the new proposals, like that which came before, fail to meet the arguments that the scheme is fundamentally wrong in that it has no support in equity and that it has been devised wholly in political interest—as a bribe for the votes of ex-service men. Discussion in and out of the public press is all to one effect, namely, that the bonus project is a raid pure and simple, lacking support in any argument founded in equity or in presumption of welfare to the presumptive beneficiaries.

That a bonus bill in one form or another will finally work its way through both branches of Congress seems probable. The House has already passed the original bill and it is said that a poll of the Senate exhibits commitments sufficient for the passage of this bill or some other by that body. Nobody has devised a plan in conformity with the President's requirement that in providing a bonus means of payment shall also be provided. The prospect is that in one form or another a bill will be put up to the President defective at the point of his demand. In that case it may be expected that the President will veto it. In view of the many forms of pressure that will be put upon him, this will call for a firm head and a firm hand. Mr. Harding, we believe, will find in his sense of responsibility and in his own character the strength to do his duty. And if he does so he will establish himself as the strongest man who has sat in the executive chair since Grover Cleveland—perhaps even since Abraham Lincoln. If the President shall fail to meet this demand in the spirit of his duty it will, in the judgment of the *Argonaut*, destroy the Republican party. A political organization in full control of the government, yet not strong enough to protect the country against a colossal raid in behoof of a class and in obvious concession to merely political exigencies, will not deserve, as it will not have, confidence and support at the hands of the American people.

#### Genoa.

Fundamental differences of necessity and purpose between England and France have brought the Genoa Conference to collapse. The situation is easily defined. For her welfare, indeed for her very life, England must have markets—markets in which she may buy raw materials to feed her mills and in which she may sell their product. Three or more million English workmen are idle and supported by doles from the government. Property is being taxed to the point of destroying its value. The country is suffering for that which would be supplied by revival of trade with Germany and Russia.

On the other hand, France wants protection. Fear of her neighbor beyond the Rhine has been bred into her. Her imperative need is security. In a sense she is better off than England, for she can sustain her own people from her own soil; but in another sense she suffers by comparison because of her exposed position toward an embittered and revengeful enemy whose potential powers are vastly greater than her own.

A course towards Germany and Russia that would serve the interest of England would, in the view of French statesmen, be fatal to the interest of France. The two national purposes are so essentially different that no line of compromise and of unified action could be found. Further study and fresh negotiation may discover a workable policy, but we doubt it. England can not much longer carry on without the markets of Germany and Russia. Under ideals and motives that are inbred, France will not abandon her fears.

#### A Duty of Government.

It is a law of logic that in order to arrive at a right conclusion you must start from a true premise—or else have the extraordinary luck of committing two mental blunders, one of which will offset the other; an alternative which happens so seldom as not to be worth considering. Going wrong in our political thinking does not mean mere violation of form, nor even running counter to some old sage's precept. It involves worse consequences than merely getting out of line with what has been taught. Fallacious political reasoning entails, wherever it becomes the basis of action, evils to all society, whether those evils are apparent on the surface of things or not. When in order to serve some temporary need we depart from good sense and from propositions that social experience has proved to be true, losses result. Sometimes those losses are of such a

nature that they can be foreseen, and the electorate refuses to sanction the experiment with its property or its social and commercial arrangements. That is why Mr. Bryan has never succeeded in making himself President. His devices for improving the world have embodied too much enthusiasm and feeling, and too much of a special nature rather than those general and objective realities on which alone policy can safely be based. No mere opportunist ever accomplishes permanent good for society, no matter to what extent the evils of his compromises with the pressing exigency may be veiled in the endless confusion of events.

In labor troubles, local officials in this country have been too much given to temporary expedients that promised an easy peace. They have compromised authority and rightness of principle to placate faction and to quiet noisy minorities. They have been willing to apply general principles as long as no strong private interest opposed, but few of them have been sufficiently conscientious, sufficiently strong of will and purpose, to enforce proper policy against privilege fortified with a formidable bloc of ballots. Hence our recurrent concession to, and compromise with, the solid little minority of bad labor leaders demanding exemptions from the law of the land and from the operation of the only policies on which society can safely conduct its affairs. Recognizing the privilege of law-breaking in order to win private wars against employers, a privilege never openly asserted but nevertheless exercised in one industrial dispute after another, has grown to be almost a habit of municipal officials, and almost expected by helpless city populations; whose best interests are not served, but sacrificed, by such injustices.

That is a Chinese attitude. The history of China for thousands of years has been one compromise with wrong after another. Things are never fought out to a finish, but settled at a price for the sake of present peace. Compromise with evil for any excuse whatever always contains the seeds of future war. It is a mere postponement of trouble. Watterson said of the tariff that it would never be settled until it was "settled right"—and that is true of all things political. The population of China today groans under intolerable burdens of maladministration and evil custom consciously adopted at some time or another as a concession to force and menace. The rampant graft, the wholesale squeeze of the *comprador* class, the national institution of highway robbery which has a tendency to grow under the creative powers of more gifted bandits into widespread rebellions, all these things, and more of which they are but the symbols, have their roots in this weakness of public policy, and will probably take generations to eliminate. China long will suffer for compromising with evil instead of fighting things through. And every time we in this country adopt a policy of temporizing with a wrong we shall merely be selling the future for the present, and the account will be heavy to pay. We have been doing it in our labor policy ever since the outbreaks of the "Mollie Maguires."

Hence there is refreshment, encouragement, and a renewal of hope, in the recent statement of the Chicago chief of police, Charles C. Fitzmorris, on the current labor troubles of that city. He has the right conception of his duty and of his relations to the public whose trusted servant he is—the whole public, not merely the organized-labor part of it. He is not fussing about psychology or some other fad in police work. If he has any strange, wild sociological theories he is keeping them to himself just now. He is not charging crime to social conditions. He has been in a serious position, his city threatened with destruction by dynamiters, probably his own life in danger. In the midst of it he utters fundamental truth about the duty of government under such circumstances, and he does not seem to care who dislikes it. He says: "The function of every municipal police organization is to enforce the law and preserve order. As an arm of civic government it has no concern with the merits of the disputes between employers and workers, but it can not under any circumstances ignore destruction of life and property."

That is as true as gospel. It will be true as long as government exists that is worthy of respect. When it ceases to be true, government worthy of respect will cease to exist. There can not be special privilege in a free country. There can not be license to commit crime and carry on private war. Compromising with evil men in order to secure "industrial peace" is never worth while, for there is no such thing as permanent industrial

peace, and when we make such concessions we are paying for goods that we can never get. The labor question will not be clarified until officials recognize themselves as impartial umpires. It is to be hoped the Chicago police chief can hold that attitude; and that our local authorities may, in the two strikes now going on in San Francisco, follow his example.

#### Our Demoralized Police—and Why.

The statutes of California and the ordinances of the City and County of San Francisco taken together supply a complete code of instruction and authorization for the San Francisco police force. It would seem that the police department, even individual policemen, should be able easily to determine what are the obligations, the duties, the restrictions, in the work of policing the city. But as often happens there is wide divergence between theory and fact. Since time out of mind the police department of San Francisco has taken its orders, not from the Law, but from the mayor's office—sifting down through the board of police commissioners, the chief of police, the various captains of police, etc. Our police department has been controlled in its operations by a series of "policies," each reflecting the attitude of whoever happens to be mayor, or to be more accurate, of whoever happens to "run" the mayor. Law has less to do with the direction of our police department than the arbitrary will of somebody who officially or through arrangement holds himself superior to the Law.

Within recent memory we have had a variety of "policies" governing the course of the department. Mayor Schmitz employed the police as a club in promotion of the sordid interests of the Ruef régime. Mayor Taylor made use of the police to support the Spreckels-Phelan syndicate. Mayor McCarthy made the police an adjunct to the laborite régime. Mayor Rolph has used the police variously through a series of temporary policies. At times it has served his interest with organized labor, at other times it has served to promote his political ambitions. More recently its activities have seemed to be under the direction of conservative influences, and common gossip has supplied adequate explanation therefor.

In brief the laws defining the obligations, duties, and restrictions of the San Francisco police have had less to do with department administration than the will or the interest of somebody, officially or otherwise, in control of the city government. Members of the police force from the chief of police down to the youngest patrolman have been drilled under a system tending to destruction of individual character. The surprising fact is, not that *some* members of the police force are corrupt, but that *any* of them should be honest. For these twenty years and more the police department of San Francisco has been in effect a school of demoralization.

Within the last two years prohibition has had its part in corrupting the police force. To men ready drilled in contempt of the Law it has brought new temptations, and it is not surprising that in many instances those employed to enforce the Law have been active agents in its evasion. It is too much to expect of a man, schooled in illegality and corrupted by sinister practices, to resist opportunities of extraordinary profit when presented to him under conditions of practical security against exposure.

#### Indiana.

Further study of the returns of the Indiana primary, with analysis of the conditions back of it, tend to nullify the impression that the result is a species of "backwash" against the Administration. It is to be remembered that Mr. Beveridge has a record of twelve years' notable service in the Senate and that in the period of his retirement he has made a really great contribution, in his "Life of John Marshall," to the historical literature of the country. His book has in truth augmented his old-time popularity in a state that prides itself upon the achievements of its literary men. It is further to be borne in mind that Beveridge is an engaging personal figure and that he made a brilliant campaign, largely through astute appeal to the women of Indiana. For something more than two years he has gone up and down the state addressing women's clubs and whatever other social organizations invited him; and as an attractive speaker he was invited everywhere. It is also to be remembered that Beveridge had the support of Senator Watson, not so much because Watson is a



friend of Beveridge as because he is and has long been an open enemy of Senator New. The result has given the nomination to Beveridge, but it has also wrested from New and given to Watson the political control he has long desired.

Further explanation comes from a very capable observer, Mr. Benjamin S. Dean of Jamestown, Indiana, in a letter to the New York Herald. "Those," declares Dean, "who see in the triumph of Beveridge repudiation of the Harding administration are not looking through the eyes of the Indiana farmers and business men." He proceeds to explain that while Senator New has in the main been a friend and supporter of the Harding administration, he has at one point, and a very important one, stood in opposition. Mr. Dean's interpretation is to the effect that it was largely as a proponent of the bonus raid that New incurred the resentment of multitudes of taxpayers and voters. "Indiana," declares Mr. Dean, "is for the President in its faith that he will veto the bonus project; it is against any man who has been active in promotion of bonus legislation."

It is still further to be borne in mind that Beveridge in his senatorial candidacy stood before the people of Indiana as a pronounced and ardent friend of the Administration. Specifically, he took ground against the agricultural bloc and against any other factional organization in Congress tending to weaken the party system. Nobody, if we may believe Mr. Dean and other observers, voted for Mr. Beveridge with the idea that his success would imply a slap at the President or other than a contribution to the strength of the Administration backing the Senate.

In the Democratic primary former Governor Ralston was given the nomination. Ralston will have the support of Tom Taggart and his very formidable organization, and his canvass will not lack for funds. The campaign is sure to be a warm one, with the chances of election largely in Beveridge's favor.

#### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot, in general statements widely circulated throughout the country, and Mr. La Follette in the National Senate, continue to preach that the true method of conserving oil is to let it remain untouched underground. But after the manner of most theorists these propagandists are either ignorant of the facts or in blind devotion to their preconceptions ignore them. Oil underground refuses to separate itself into compartments with the boundaries of surface survey. Adjacent to all the navy reserves, which the propagandists insist must be left untouched, are privately-owned lands. Wells put down on these private lands will draw from the same pools that underlie the navy reserves. According to the Department of the Interior, which ought to know what it is talking about, privately-owned wells in California have depleted the common pools by hundreds of millions of barrels.

An immediate consideration relates to the navy oil reserve in Wyoming, known as the Teapot Dome. It is not alleged that privately-owned wells are depleting the pool under the navy reserve, but it is submitted by the Department of the Interior that private wells presently will be doing so. The department declares that its investigations clearly demonstrate that the Teapot Dome pool can be drained by adjacent privately-owned wells. Senator La Follette, setting himself up as an expert, declares that the department is in error. Further, he asserts that if the Teapot Dome pool shall be drained the government should make the private operators give back the amount of oil they take from under the navy reserve. Just how this may be determined nobody is able to see. Mr. La Follette is seconded in his contention by former Governor Brooks of Wyoming, who insists that the navy reserve in the Teapot Dome district shall be left untouched. Mr. Brooks' position is not difficult to understand. He is the president and chief owner of a company whose lands and wells adjoin the Teapot Dome. Under the Pinchot-La Follette policy of "conserving the oil underground," Governor Brooks' company would profit vastly, since the pool under Teapot Dome would, if Interior Department experts are to be believed, flow into Mr. Brooks' wells.

The so-called Water and Power Act, to come before the voters next November, is not an "act," in the sense of being a statute, within the power of the legislature to modify or repeal if it should prove unwise. It is a

proposed amendment to the Constitution, whereby a board not yet appointed, and hence as yet unknown, is to be given a blanket power of attorney to dispose of the vast sum of \$500,000,000 OR MORE, in any way which it may decide will promote the production and sale of electric energy. The OR MORE is not a figment of the imagination, nor an invention of evil persons bent upon discrediting a sublime and beautiful effort to introduce the blessings of socialism in California. It is distinctly provided for in the proposed amendment, which reads: "Bonds of the State of California, not exceeding the sum of five hundred million dollars (unless additional bonds are duly authorized by law), may be issued and sold from time to time to carry out the purposes of this article, and the full faith and credit of the State of California is hereby pledged for the payment of the principal of said bonds as the same mature, and the interest accruing thereon as the same falls due." The italics are ours. In other words, the issue is not to exceed five hundred million dollars, unless it shall exceed it—a sort of limitation characteristic of the entire scheme.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### A Kind Word.

NEW ORLEANS, May 4, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I can not refrain from expressing my appreciation for the splendid editorial entitled "The Faith of France" appearing in the Argonaut of April 29th. It is so absolutely true and impartial, so clearly and forcibly written that you deserve thanks from every man who wants to get the right view of the French situation. You can not write too much on this and other topics, such as the bonus, etc.

Very truly,  
A. L. VORIES.

##### Prosperity Threatens the Railroads.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Gustav Lindenthal, one of the greatest and best informed transportation engineers and bridge-builders in the world, has recently recorded it as his considered opinion that: "One could not find the money today to build a transcontinental railway. I doubt if the money could be found to build a new five hundred miles anywhere in this country." Five hundred new miles in this whole broad land of ours! We have 3,026,789 square miles of territory inhabited by 105,000,000 of people served by 250,000 miles of railway, but thirty-five and a half inhabitants and one-twelfth miles of railway to each square mile of territory we own. From 1910 to 1920 our population increased by more than 14 per cent.; our railway mileage and facilities by but 6.4 per cent. What does it mean?

The Wall Street Journal stated on March 9th that since 1908 railway freight and passenger needs have been expanding at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum. During the same period roadbeds, equipment, and facilities have expanded at the annual rate of but 3.7 per cent. This translates itself into the appalling fact that the railway transportation supply is at least 46.2 per cent. behind the country's normal needs, and growing steadily less.

With five hundred new miles as the extreme possible increase for the entire country, California's proportion would be seventeen and a half miles. From 1910 to 1920 California's population increased 44 per cent. and its railway mileage 8 per cent. This leaves California's transportation supply in 1922 more than 40 per cent. below its normal needs; and if Mr. Lindenthal is right, all the increase the railways can possibly finance is .00021 per cent.; for that is what seventeen and a half miles come to. In 1921 grapes rotted in our warehouses, and fruits, vegetables, and other produce decayed where they grew. This was in part due to want of a market, but in other part to the railways' physical inability to supply cars in which to reach the markets. Ask any grape grower in the San Joaquin or fruit producer in the Sacramento Valley whether last year he was able to get all his produce to its market, or if he did, if he got it there in good condition or what he lost because he couldn't.

It is said that the great Sutter Basin project, which Ogden Armour is supposed to be backing, gave away most that it produced in 1921 because it could not get cars to get it out. If Ogden Armour can't get cars to transport his produce a "fat chance" Bill Jones or John Smith has of getting them. As Octavius Roy Cohen would phrase it, "The cars just nacherally aint." If with the business of the country on a basis of 60 per cent. of normal as it is today the railways are only just able to furnish transportation for it, when we get back to 100 per cent. normal, as we are slowly but surely doing, what is going to be the transportation answer?

Every transportation sharp is yelling that a return to prosperity under present transportation conditions will mean disaster. Their outcry will be as a gentle summer zephyr when compared with the anguished future shrieks of the shippers unless transportation facilities are improved before prosperity gets off at the old home station. In the meantime the railways seem to be preparing an alibi by claiming it isn't their fault and is somebody else's. It is rather reminiscent of Bill Devery's description of "the man who fought with a feather duster."

Who cares whose fault it was in the past? Who cares whose fault it is in the present, unless the knowledge will help solve the problem? That is beside the question. The railways can't build and equip if they can't finance; if they can't finance, they can't build and equip. The answer is the same from whichever way you take it. It lets the railways out, but it doesn't solve the problem, and the problem must be solved; for,

Transportation means prosperity.  
Transportation means development.  
Transportation means life itself.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Chess is one of the oldest, and probably the most scientific, game known. Its origin is mysterious. It was mentioned in Oriental literature about 2000 B. C. It was originally played in India, Persia, and Arabia, and subsequently was known in Spain and Western Europe. It is said that it was invented in order to teach the art of war.

It is estimated that there are 3064 languages in the world and more than 1000 different religious sects.

#### VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

##### A FAMILY QUARREL.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

There is neither rhyme nor reason in the Democratic effort to read into the Indiana Republican primary results a slap at the Harding administration. The Beveridge-New contest in Indiana was a family quarrel, but the head of the Republican household was in no way involved therein. The Harding administration was not an issue nor was any act of the Administration dragged in as an issue. Former Senator Beveridge did not attack the Administration or the Harding policies. Nor did he assail Senator New's close personal affiliations, his David-and-Jonathan friendship with President Harding, that goes back to the President's own happier senatorial days. "Newberryism" was mentioned in the campaign, but hardly more than mentioned. In fact, the Indiana Republican primary seems to have been an issueless kind of struggle, unheated, without great bitterness, devoid of shocks and clashes.

##### NOT A NIGGARDLY NATION.

(Washington Post.)

A statement compiled by the government authorities throws much light upon the government's attitude toward its defenders. The figures are brought up to April 1st, and show that a total of \$1,996,260,634 has been appropriated for the welfare of soldiers and sailors of the late war, in such items as family allowances, insurance, hospitals, vocational training, etc. The appropriations for the fiscal year 1923 are \$406,038,842 for these purposes. Thus the United States is expending more than \$1,000,000 a day for the welfare of "the boys." . . . The number of former service men receiving vocational training is 108,200. The average received per month by each man is \$115. Other figures on wounded and disabled men are as follows: Approximately 30,000 are now in hospitals. The total number wounded is 208,526. The total number discharged for disability is 251,916. The government is paying compensation on 50,420 death claims and 156,539 disability cases. The amount paid last month for this compensation was \$10,340,000. The government is paying insurance on 134,550 death claims and 6299 disability claims. The amount paid in war risk term insurance last month was \$8,454,069. The commuted value of war risk term insurance allowed by the government is \$1,326,985,835.

##### LENIN RECOGNIZED.

(Mobile, Alabama, Register.)

Why recognize the red autocracy of Lenin, which, compared with the mild lash of Czarism, has scourged the Russian people with scorpions? Samuel Gompers said last Sunday in Chicago: "I can think of nothing that would constitute a more needless and base betrayal of civilization than American recognition of Bolshevik tyranny." It is the truth. Lenin, once a socialist, posed later as a communist. But he is neither. He is an absolutist, a Genghis Khan, using socialism and communism to clear the way by destruction for that terrible one-man dictatorship of the world, of which he has long dreamed. He has enslaved Russia politically to a degree unknown in Romanoff times. He is persecuting even the revolutionary socialists. What he has done to Russia economically is indicated by the fact that by way of small change his printing presses are now printing 1,000,000-ruble notes.

##### KLANISH KONFUSION.

(Spokane Spokesman-Review.)

"There isn't a secret service in the world as large as this one; thousands of eyes are watching your every move," boasted Harry Graham of Boston, an international organizer of the Ku Klux Klan, in a public debate with the mayor of Kansas City. The speaker attempted to justify the secretive methods of his organization with the flimsy excuse that "secrecy was essential to the preservation of Christianity in the early days of Roman persecution." If the Boston organizer had a rudimentary sense of humor he would see the absurdity of comparing the Roman Empire with the United States, Christianity with the Ku Klux Klan, and the persecution of the early day Christians with the long forbearance of the American people and the law in dealing with a night-riding secret organization.

##### BETTER ATHLETES.

(Galveston Daily News.)

Is the present generation of athletes a superior one? Do the contenders in sports today utterly outshine those that have gone before? The Kansas City Star says that the first national championship broad jump record was 17 feet 4 inches. It is more than 25 feet now. In the first national contest at pole-vaulting a man named McNicol came out best with 9 feet 7 inches. Foss now sails over the bar at 13 feet and better. The shot-put record started out at 32 feet 5 inches. They can throw it more than 50 feet now. Against the old high jump mark of 5 feet 5 inches is the new one of 6 feet 4 3/4 inches. And so it goes. One record falls after another and new records go up in their places. Says the writer in the Star: "The differences in the athletic performances of the boys of today, as compared with the lads of yesterday, is so great that it unquestionably proves a marked superiority of the present generation."

##### WHERE LIQUIDITY COUNTS.

(Wall Street Journal.)

If people would regard a central bank's discount rate in the light of a protective measure, there would be less misunderstanding about the workings of a central banking system. It is the money market which forces up the Federal Reserve discount rate. . . . The following reference is made to a statement in the Washington Times: "If you wanted to gamble on the Stock Exchange yesterday you could borrow money for the purpose at 3 per cent., the lowest price in a long time." Here again is an instance of failure to appreciate values in the money market. The matter of liquidity in the class of collateral dealt with in Wall Street, and that which the farmer has to offer, is conveniently ignored. If the farmer's collateral could be turned into cash in five minutes he would be the most favored borrower in the country.

##### IT'S A NATIONAL EPIDEMIC.

(Asheville, North Carolina, Citizen.)

Baseball enthusiasm in the hearts of fans who would not be discouraged has won baseball for Asheville this season. Oates Park once more will be the afternoon arena for the contending teams, and Asheville's will be there. Tired business men will once more find incentive to speed up the morning's work so that they may find psychic recreation and rejuvenation in the grandstand and the bleachers.

##### NEXT TO THE BEST DRAW.

(Kansas City Star.)

Look at John D. Rockefeller, and Chauncey M. Depew, and Joe Cannon. They never relied on the draw. A careful man can do better these days with a sensible diet, and a few demonstrated rules of health, than the draw ever did for anybody. Bud Ballew might have lived to be as old as any of those named if he hadn't believed his draw to be the quickest



going. Probably it wasn't anything better than a 1910 draw and look what science has done since 1910! The lesson is that no draw is quick enough when it meets a quicker. Probably it's better and safer never to cultivate a draw at all. If a man wanted to live long he should learn how to live, not how to draw. That seems to be the lesson of Bud Ballaw, the man who had the next to the quickest draw in Wichita Falls.

#### SUPPLYING THE WRONG THING.

(Byron Times.)

The \$500,000,000 water and power measure, known as the hydro-electric act, is misnamed. It should be called the hydro-phobia act, for its bite is vicious and poisonous, and may infect the whole state. If all of the forty-eight states of the Union were to be saddled with a half-billion-dollar bonded debt, tax free, it would amount to \$24,000,000,000, greater than the debt the United States incurred in the world war. Reduction of taxation is what is needed—not more bonds, particularly bonds to help disrupt the privately-owned public utilities of the state, in which tens of thousands of private citizens have invested hundreds of millions of dollars, and which for thirty years have been developing power ahead of the requirements of the state.

#### MORE TAXES, LESS PRODUCTION.

(San Mateo Times.)

You can not exempt half the property of the state from taxation without doubling the burden on the remainder. You can not put the state in competition with private business and expect individual industry to exist. The people of California would do well to consider these points before being led into such a scheme as the state water and power act.

#### A NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE METHOD.

(Hanford Morning Journal.)

The work of gathering funds with which to finance the campaign to vote into the Constitution of the State of California, if possible, the "California Water and Power Act," which is to be submitted in the November election, is being prosecuted in this immediate territory by agents of the organization which is fathering the measure.

Farmers, business men, and citizens in general are being solicited for "donations" of \$10 each—a membership fee, in the proper sense, in the organization which is formed to put the amendment over at the election next fall.

It seems curious that a campaign fund should be necessary to put across legislation which proponents loudly declare is "in the interest of the people." It only shows that the proponents realize that they have a measure which is sure to prove unpopular with "the people" who are vitally interested, and funds must be raised with which to lure votes through campaign publicity, speaking, and field agents over the state.

#### A "SELLING NATION."

(New York Times.)

The head of the International Mercantile Marine Company, home from a business trip to Europe, was naturally asked for his views about shipping and trade. Mr. Franklin stated them in a few words. The merchant marine situation would not improve, he thought, "until goods are moving again to all parts of the world." The great business of America, in his opinion, is moving products to outside markets. The reason is that "we are a selling nation and the United States should do everything possible to stimulate its selling powers abroad." This has often been affirmed, but never in a more sententious manner. On our exportable 10 per cent. surplus in both manufactures and raw materials, American prosperity is recognized by all impartial economists to depend. If there is no enlarged foreign trade, there will be no revival in shipping, no recovery of industry, no stimulus to agriculture.

#### KEEPING THE UNIVERSITY TOGETHER.

(Sacramento Union.)

Little surprise will be felt at the announcement of the California Agricultural Commission in New York last week that it will recommend that the College of Agriculture be maintained as an integral part of the University of California.

The policy of a centralized administration of the College of Agriculture and of a close affiliation with the academic departments of the university has been that which has been wisely followed from the inception of agricultural teaching at the university. It has been a policy commended by good sense and based on sound principles of economy. It has been the policy followed by the principal state universities of the country and is the goal toward which those states which have separate institutions are now progressing.

All these facts and many more supporting the present plan now in effect in California were known before the present investigating committee was created. There has been little evidence which it could gather on its long journey which could change them, but the committee has undoubtedly listened to much substantial testimony on the prevailing California plan and why it should be retained.

The decision of the committee should set at rest the agitation which every so often develops to dismember the university of its agricultural activities. Critics of the methods employed at the farm school and at Berkeley have without any intervening reason believed that an independent agricultural school would end all the difficulties and immediately give to the farming interests the things which they wanted. The committee's investigations should now set that idea at rest. It should help these critics to the more useful course of making a thorough investigation of the deficiencies that present themselves and bringing an insistent but dignified pressure to bear to have them remedied.

The university has always shown a disposition to meet more than half way any movement for revisions and changes backed by people who knew what they were talking about.

#### A TREATY-BREAKING TREATY.

(Manchester Guardian.)

Article 260 of the Treaty of Versailles reserves the rights of the Reparation Commission over German property confiscated by Russia, and even if these rights are called academic their renunciation by Germany in favor of Russia appears to constitute a technical breach of the treaty. Apart from this, the Germans, who have only got Mr. Lloyd George to thank for the holding of the Conference at all and for the first big constructive effort to bring order to the economic life of Europe, have made his task enormously more difficult and, for the moment at least, done their best to convince him that he made a mistake in asking their cooperation. It is not a question of gratitude. On balance of the last three years Germans have nothing to be grateful for. But one would have supposed that they realized by this time that, however unaccountably to themselves, distrust of their good faith is still one of the chief obstacles which Mr. Lloyd George has to overcome, not so much in France as at home, in his policy of conciliation. That distrust has been needlessly intensified. Unless the Germans can show that the Russo-German Treaty was not intended to stab the Conference in the back it will be so much the longer before they are invited to and act.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Mary Blaker is the only woman town crier in England.

The only women in Ulster's new governing body are Mrs. R. S. Chichester and Mrs. McMordie.

The tallest couple in Europe are Mr. and Mrs. Van Droyse, who measure 7 feet 6 inches and 7 feet 3 inches respectively.

Miss Agnes MacPhail is the first and so far only woman to become a member of the Canadian House of Parliament. Miss MacPhail was elected to represent the constituency of Southeast Gey in Ontario.

England has a new American-born peeress in the person of the Countess of Gosford, whose husband only recently succeeded to his family title and estate. The countess was Mildred Carter of Baltimore. Her father is a partner of J. P. Morgan.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, who has just written a laudatory introduction to Captain Anthony Ludovici's "Defense of Aristocracy," is one of the most reactionary of Tories, and declares that when the Conservative party returns to office its first duty will be to give back to the House of Lords the power that was taken from them before the war by Lloyd George and Asquith.

A Bavarian burgomaster of the name of Rimmel has published in a local paper an announcement declaring that he will not officiate at any marriage ceremony whenever the prospective bride can not show herself adept as a housekeeper. Burgomaster Rimmel has actually refused to marry a certain couple because the bride confessed to ignorance of cooking. This is going eugenics one better.

To the list of envoys France has sent us must be added the names of André Chrevillon, author and critic, and Maurice Donnay, dramatist. Peaceful business brings them, for as members of the French Academy they come in connection with the Molière tercentenary. M. Donnay is a Parisian, born in Montmartre, and destined by his parents to enter the office of a civil engineer. He revolted, and became a dramatist.

Mlle. Anne Stepanek, sister of Dr. Bedrick Stepanek, the Czechoslovakian Minister to the United States, is the world's first active woman diplomat. Although not officially credited to the State Department as a member of the legation staff, she is her brother's right-hand man, sitting daily in his office and discussing with him all important matters. She is recognized among the diplomatic corps as a real authority on European politics.

Some English observers think the end of this Parliament will see the withdrawal from active participation in public life of Lord Curzon, the "Purple Emperor," as he was once called by a British wit. He represents the traditions of the old European chancelleries, and while he possesses a mind both broad and acute, and is profoundly learned, his learning is of the old school and he continues to think in the old terms. He is apt to be rather didactic and to take himself seriously. The newer diplomacy does not appeal to him, and he is suspected of lacking a due sense of humor.

Brigadier-General Herbert M. Lord, who is slated to succeed Charles G. Dawes as director of the budget, is at present chief of finance of the army. The prospective chief of the budget began life in the newspaper world and later broke into Republican politics in Washington, serving as a clerk on various committees of the Senate and the House. His career as financial director began during the Spanish-American war, when he was appointed paymaster of the volunteers, May 17, 1898. He became a lieutenant-colonel in 1913, a colonel in 1917, and brigadier-general in 1919. In 1918 he had been appointed assistant to Major-General Goethals with the title Director of Finance. He was awarded the D. S. M. for his services during the late war. Brigadier-General Lord is a Republican and a Christian Scientist.

Dr. Lee De Forest, the inventor of the audion bulb, familiar to radio fans, made his now famous discovery more than twenty years ago, and actually patented his audion in 1907, when radio was still undreamt of by the world at large. Dr. De Forest received his training at the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. Incidentally, he is the son of a parson and the grandson of a parson. His father was president of Talladega College, in the Alabama town of that name. Having served with the Yale battery during the Spanish-American war, De Forest went to Chicago and got a job in the Western Electric Company's experimental telephone laboratory. There he became interested in wireless telegraphy, and in 1900 left the Western to do independent research along wireless lines. Dr. De Forest is in his forty-ninth year and may well have a future that will coincide with wireless development in our age.

Luigi Sturzo, or Don Sturzo as he is usually called, is a Sicilian priest who has lately begun to play an important rôle in Italian politics. However, he is not a newcomer to administrative work nor is he a political novice. In the seminaries at which he studied he threw himself into politico-social work, creating diocesan committees and unions which were later used as a framework for the Christian Democratic party. In 1905 this

party was officially disapproved of by the encyclical of Pius X and Don Sturzo set about to build a new party, which was finally crystallized in 1919 in the Popular party. The new political machine made a triumphant entry into Parliament in the first post-war election in Italy, but the party was the Christian Democrats re-organized and renamed. The purpose of the two was the same—to advance the cause of the church. The success of the Popular party is universally known. But not every one knows the power of the Sicilian priest who is its secretary. It is said that ministers frequently go to him to submit their proposals before introducing them in Parliament, and that if he sought to be unfrocked he would become an Italian Lloyd George.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### "The Days of 'Forty-Nine."

You are looking now on old Tom Moore,  
A relic of bygone days;  
A bummer, too, they call me now,  
But what care I for praise?  
For my heart is filled with the days of yore,  
And oft I do repine,  
For the Days of Old, and the Days of Gold  
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

##### Refrain—

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore  
And oft do I repine  
For the Days of Old, the Days of Gold,  
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

I had comrades then who loved me well,  
A jovial saucy crew:  
There were some hard cases I must confess,  
But they all were brave and true;  
Who would never flinch, whate'er the pinch,  
Who never would fret nor whine,  
But like good old bricks they stood the kicks  
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

There was Monte Pete—I'll ne'er forget  
The luck he always had.  
He would deal for you both day and night,  
So long as you had a scad.  
He would play you Draw, he would Ante sling,  
He would go you a hateful blind—  
But in a game with Death Pete lost his breath  
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy,  
That was always a-getting tight;  
Whenever Jake got on a spree,  
He was spoiling for a fight.  
One day he ran against a knife  
In the hands of old Bob Cline—  
So over Jake we held a wake  
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

There was Rackensack Jim, who could outroar  
A buffalo bull, you bet!  
He would roar all night, he would roar all day,  
And I b'lieve he's a-roaring yet!  
One night he fell in a prospect hole—  
'Twas a roaring bad design—  
For in that hole he roared out his soul  
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

There was poor lame Ches, a hard old case  
Who never did repent.  
Ches never missed a single meal,  
Nor he never paid a cent.  
But poor lame Ches, like all the rest,  
Died to Death at last resign,  
For all in his bloom he went up the flume  
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

And now my comrades all are gone,  
Not one remains to toast;  
They have left me here in my misery,  
Like some poor wandering ghost.  
And as I go from place to place,  
Folks call me a "Traveling Sign,"  
Saying, "There goes Tom Moore, a bummer, sure,  
From the Days of 'Forty-nine."  
—Author Unknown.

##### El Canelo.

Now saddle El Canelo! the freshening wind of morn,  
Down in the flowery vega, is stirring through the corn;  
The thin smoke of the ranches grows red with coming day  
And the steed is fiercely stamping, in haste to be away.

My glossy-limbed Canelo, thy neck is curved in pride,  
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy nostrils straining wide;  
And as thy quick neigh greets me and I catch thee by the mane,  
I'm off with the winds of morning,—the chieftain of the plain!

I feel the swift air whirling and see along our track,  
From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks go streaming back;  
And I clutch my rifle closer as we sweep the dark defile,  
Where the red guerrillas ambush for many a lonely mile.

They reach not El Canelo; with the swiftness of a dream  
We've passed the bleak Nevada, and San Fernando's stream;  
But where, on sweeping gallop, my bullet backward sped,  
The keen-eyed mountain vultures will wheel above the dead.

On! on, my brave Canelo! we've dashed the sand and snow  
From peaks upholding heaven, from deserts far below,—  
We've thundered through the forest, while the crackling  
branches rang,  
And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair and covert sprang.

We've swum the swollen torrent—we've distanced in the race  
The baying wolves of Pinos, that panted with the chase;  
And still thy mane streams backward at every thrilling bound,  
And still thy treasured hoof-stroke beats with its morning sound.

The seaward winds are wailling through Santa Barbara's pines,  
And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pacific shines;  
Hold to thy speed, my arrow, at nightfall thou shalt lave  
Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath its silver wave.

My head upon thy shoulder along the sloping sand,  
We'll sleep as trusty brothers, from out the mountain land;  
The pines will sound in answer to the surges on the shore  
And in our dreams, Canelo, we'll make the journey o'er.  
—Bayard Taylor.



## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

**Stirring Narrative of Individual Valor Presented in Cowan's "Sergeant York and His People."**

This is a hard book to review. If you have much patriotic sentiment you can't read it without choking; and the dictionary has no words to tell it in. All historic feats pale beside the facts narrated here, including the notable accomplishment of the late Mr. Horatius at the Bridge. An American of Americans, of a type from which the mass of the population seems in some danger of departing, contributed to victory the greatest act of valor performed by any private in any of the armies in Europe during the late war—such, at least, is the judgment of Marshal Foch, and he was in an excellent position to know.

Sam K. Cowan has told about it in language as simple as the epic deserves, after going to live for awhile in the home village of the Tennessee paladin. The story bears every mark of authenticity and first-hand knowledge. Here are, in the life, "Sergeant York and His People"; the one a part of, and not to be understood without, the other.

A year or so ago the writer of this review sat in the auditorium of the West Side Y. M. C. A., in New York, and heard the sergeant tell his story, because, he said, that is what we were there to hear, and he had a plan for which he wanted our help. He spoke, with the unaffected dignity of a man learned in deeper things than books will ever tell, of the need of his people for schools, the birthright of all of us, but denied these particular Americans by the poverty of the mountains. The man who had a right to more personal pride than Alexander and Wilhelm Hohenzollern combined was more modest than a schoolgirl; that is, an old-fashioned one. Some soft mountain slurs were in his speech, but otherwise he talked like home folks anywhere. He said: "They offered me a lot o' money to go on the stage, but I felt that would be sellin' myself and I wouldn't be able to help my people so much if I did."

He killed twenty-five Germans and took 132 prisoners, and "did in" a machine-gun battalion, which is a unit planned to give combat to a regiment—so as things equal to the same things are equal to each other, there is his measure—and he prayed while he was doing it because he is religious and doesn't like to kill men; and he just regarded it as part of a morning's work, and after taking a receipt for his prisoners proposed to go back and plod along to the end of a perfect day. But they had other uses for him.

Protected by his act, his regiment went ahead and cut a railroad that was feeding a strong salient, and the salient collapsed. Strategists have analyzed his exploit, and found it flawless, yet he had no council of war to help him plan it—just a rifle and an automatic pistol, and the wits under his strawberry hair. This is how closely he could figure under fire:

When the Germans found they could not "get him" with bullets, they tried other tactics.

Off to his left, seven Germans, led by a lieutenant, crept through the bushes. When about twenty yards away, they broke for him with lowered bayonets.

The clip of York's rifle was nearly empty. He dropped it and took his automatic pistol. So calmly was he master of himself and so complete his vision of the situation that he selected as his first mark among the oncoming Germans the one farthest away. He knew he would not miss the form of a man at that distance. He wanted the rear men to fall first so the others would keep coming at him and not stop in panic when they saw their companions falling, and fire a volley at him. He felt that in such a volley his only danger lay. They kept coming, and fell as he shot. The foremost man, and the last to topple, did not get ten yards from where he started. Their bodies formed a line down the hillside.

What sort of people bred him, and in what environment? His line can be traced back about 100 years only, to North Carolina, but the names are Anglo-Saxon ones, beginning with a maternal ancestor named Conrad Pile, who was a "long hunter" like Daniel Boone, and who, at a spring where he had killed a deer in the mountains of Tennessee, made camp, and afterward took up land, opened a store in his cabin, and started the tiny village of Pall Mall; in the Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolf. His followers and companions called him Coonrod. Says Cowan's narrative:

Old Coonrod was a man of Big Business for his time; one of force of character who dominated his community and who "sized his man" by standards that were peculiarly his own.

A man would come to him to buy a "poke" of corn or flour, or for a favor. To the surprise of the stranger the favor might be over-granted or the corn given without cost; or, upon the other hand, he would be brusquely dismissed without the least effort at explanation. Unknown to the stranger the condition of his "britches" had probably given him his credit rating with Old Coonrod, for he held that patches upon the front of trousers, if the seat were whole, were decorations of honor, showing the man had torn them doing something, going forward. But, if the front of the trousers were good and the seat of them patched, no dealings of any nature were to be had with the dictator of the valley, for to Old Coonrod it meant the man "was like a rabbit; he could not stop without sitting down."

The Yorks, also, came from North Carolina. Uriah York taught school, after the crops were laid by; and at the outbreak of the civil war he slipped over the Kentucky line, seven miles northward, and joined the Union forces. His son, William York, married Mary Brooks, descended from old Coonrod Pile. It must have been a eugenic union; perhaps as much so as

though Daniel Webster had married Mme. Blavatsky. Alvin C. York was born in a cabin beside the spring where Coonrod made his first camp in Tennessee. His proud little mother was speaking of her third of eleven children:

"Alvin is jes' like his father," she said. "They were both slow to start trouble, but ef either one would git into hit, they'd go through with the job and there'd be a-burtin'."

It is fortunate that this hero did not come from the far West, of growing wealth and opportunity; fortunate that he was neither California miner or vaquero, nor Texas cowboy; these parts do not need so much advertising, and his exploit has done more to call attention to the needs of the people of the Appalachians and the Cumberlands than anything that has ever happened. Cowan's book says of their early advantages:

Raised in nature's school, they are masters of its non-elective course. They know by the arc the baying hounds make the size of the circle the fox will take and where to intercept him. They can tell by the distance up the mountain's side where the dogs are running whether the fox is red or gray. They know by the sound a rock makes as it is dropped into the stream the depth of the ford. They have even a classical finish to their woodland schooling and they find a pleasure in noting that the bullfrog sits with his back to the water as the moon rises and faces it as the moon sets.

They know little of books, except the book of the outdoors, and their grammar is quaint, some of it going back to Beowulf. But a great educator said of it: "I would rather a boy said 'I seed' when he had seen something, than 'I saw' when he had not." At Pall Mall the gathering place is John Marion Rains' store, where the conversation consists largely of a keen and grim sort of banter. The mountain wit jumps like lightning, but expresses itself slowly in words; they are a word-stingy folk, suspicious of the talkative world. Says Cowan's narrative:

Over any gathering at the store a pall of silence descends when a stranger rides up. If the newcomer is a new drummer unfamiliar with the ways of the mountains, if he comes imbued with the belief that the voice with the smile wins, and talkatively radiates his individual idea of fellowship and democracy, one by one his auditors silently drop away. To them, an insincere, a false note of democracy has been struck.

You see, the ancestors of most of them came from Buncombe County, and they know what buncombe is. But after our author had lived with them awhile they grew careless and let him see them as they were, and here is the sort of conversation that cross-fires from the top of cracker boxes and nail kegs and the long counter where even now at evening Sergeant York sits and swings his legs and chats with his kin and neighbors:

Many a time John Marion is compelled to retreat behind a grin when in a lull "a shot" is taken at him, and his smile is his acknowledgment that he can not be expected to add up a charge-slip and at the same time defend himself against a care-free man upon a keg of horseshoes.

But the storekeeper is never taken by surprise at the badinage of his patrons. One afternoon after a long wait and another day in the valley seemed sure to pass with no unusual incident, an old fellow arose from one of the chairs, stretched himself, and said:

"John Marion, I want a shift o' shirts. Else I got to go to bed to git this-un washed."

The storekeeper laid out several of dark color:

"Here's some you can wear without change till the shirt falls off."

"That's right, John; gimme one that won't advertise that the ole woman's neglectin' me."

Another was uncertain about the size of a pair of overalls for his boy:

"Dunno, John Marion; one tight enough to keep the bees out—a kid shore wastes energy when a bee gits in 'em."

Here is a little vignette of church in the Valley of the Three Forks o' the Wolf:

The minister conducted the services in his shirt-sleeves, without collar, and with the sleeves rolled up. There is no organ in the church and he played a guitar as he led the earnest singing.

As material of a nation, the best thing about Alvin York is that he is not the only one of his kind. One of York's neighbors, Alvin Terry, ran a bear into a cave. It was not a commodious cave, but about the worst place to stage a bear fight that could be imagined. Here is his diagnosis of his springs of action:

"Ef the dogs couldn't git out whatever wuz in there, and wuz only keepin' hit in, I sat down to think hit over. I 'lowed I would tell some one en folks would say, 'that's the man who had a bear in a cave, and did not git him.' Ef I went in en come out alive with scratches on me, folks would say 'a bear done that, but he got the bear.'"

These people shoot close. They shoot the hair-trigger rifles of their sires and grandsires, and their matches are usually off-hand at twenty-seven yards, or at forty yards from a rest. From his boyhood, Alvin York and his father were regular participants in these functions, where the prizes were turkeys, sheep, and beeves. The conditions of the contest are well described in the book. The bull's-eye was not an eight-inch disk, but the intersection of two knife-blade marks, a mere point, without length or breadth. And they measured the hits with compasses. Says our author:

So accurate were they, that when the bullet tore out the point where the two knife-blade marks crossed, it was simply considered a good shot. It was called "cutting centre." But to decide the winning shot from among those who cut centre it was necessary to ascertain how much of the ball lay across centre.

Each contestant who claimed a chance to win brought his board to the judges for award. For each one of them a bulb was cut in half, and the half, with the flat side up, was forced into the bullet hole in the target until level with the board's surface. With a compass the exact centre of the face of the half-bullet was marked—a dent, as if made by a pin-point. Then across the surface of the bright, newly-cut lead, the knife-blade marks of the original bull's-eye, partly torn away by the shot, were retraced. The distance between the pin-

dent centre and the point where the knife-marks crossed could then be exactly measured.

York had so little schooling that it seems invidious to mention how little. He helped as striker in his father's blacksmith shop in the cave at Coonrod's spring; and he plowed and harvested as a hired hand to help bring up the rest of the children. Like a simple Cincinnatus he has said: "When they drafted me I was plowing"; and probably he never heard of Cincinnatus. After the armistice they did everything they could to ruin him. They took him all over France, for all the armies wanted to see him, and they decorated him and banqueted him, and had him on reviewing stands, and at horse shows and other great gatherings, and heaped more glory on him in Europe and in America than is good for any man. It was a violent transition, and one to turn the head of far more sophisticated persons than he, but it never shook him nor confused him, nor spoiled him. The quiet calm of the mountains and the deep woods were his possession and his self-possession:

He was keenly observant of all that went on around him in the training-camp. Few sounds or motions escaped him, though it was in a seemingly stoic mien that he contemplated the things that were new to him. In the presence of those whose knowledge or training he recognized as superior to his own he calmly waited for them to act, and so accurate were his observations that the officers of his regiment looked upon him as one by nature a soldier, and they said of him that he "always seemed instinctively to know the right thing to do."

Placed at his first banquet board—the guest of honor—with a row of silver by his plate so different from the table service in his humble home, he did not misuse a piece from among them or select one in error. But throughout the courses he was not the first to pick up a needed piece.

Military critics analyzing the tactics York used in this fight have been able to find no superior way for removing the menace of the German machine guns that were over the crest of the hill and between him and his regiment, than to form the prisoners he had captured in a column, put the officers in front and march directly to each machine-gun nest, compelling the German officers to order the gunners to surrender and to take their place in line.

Like many another soldier he kept a simple diary, and here is his own story of his great fight:

On the 7th day of October we lay in some little holes on the roadside all day. That night we went out and stayed a little while and came back to our holes, the shells bursting all around us. I saw men just blown up by the big German shells which were bursting all around us.

So the order came for us to take Hill 223 and 240 the 8th.

So the morning of the 8th, just before daylight, we started for the hill at Chatel Chevery. Before we got there it got light and the Germans sent over a heavy barrage and also gas and we put on our gas-masks and just pressed right on through those shells and got to the top of Hill 223 to where we were to start over at 6:10 a. m.

They were to give us a barrage. The time came and no barrage, and we had to go without one. So we started over the top at 6:10 a. m. and the Germans were putting their machine guns to working all over the hill in front of us and on our left and right. I was in support and I could see my pals getting picked off until it almost looked like there was none left.

So 17 of us boys went around on the left flank to see if we couldn't put those guns out of action.

So when we went around and fell in behind those guns we first saw two Germans with Red Cross band on their arms.

Some one of the boys shot at them and they ran back to our right.

So we all ran after them, and when we jumped across a little stream of water that was there, there was about 15 or 20 Germans jumped up and threw up their hands and said, "Comrade." The one in charge of us boys told us not to shoot, they were going to give up anyway.

By this time the Germans from on the hill was shooting at me. Well I was giving them the best I had.

The Germans had got their machine guns turned around. They killed 6 and wounded 3. That just left 8 and then we got into it right. So we had a hard battle for a little while.

I got hold of a German major and he told me if I wouldn't kill any more of them he would make them quit firing.

So I told him all right. If he would do it now.

So he blew a little whistle and they quit shooting and came down and gave up. I had about 80 or 90 Germans there.

They disarmed and we had another line of Germans to go through to get out. So I called for my men and one answered me from behind a big oak tree and the other men were on my right in the brush.

So I said, "Let's get these Germans out of here." One of my men said, "It's impossible." So I said, "No, let's get them out of here."

When my men said that this German major said, "How many have you got?"

And I said, "I got a plenty," and pointed my pistol at him all the time.

In this battle I was using a rifle or a 45 Colt automatic pistol.

So I lined the Germans up in a line of twos and I got between the ones in front and I had the German major before me. So I marched them right straight into those other machine guns, and I got them. When I got back to my Major's P. C. I had 132 prisoners.

So you can see here in this case of mine where God helped me out. I had been living for God and working in church work some time before I came to the army. I am a witness to the fact that God did help me out of that hard battle for the bushes were shot off all around me and I never got a scratch.

So you can see that God will be with you if you will only trust Him, and I say He did save me.

Here is cause for national pride as long as the nation shall endure. It is well that a serious effort has been made to learn and understand the man, with his heredity and environment, while there is still time. Under York's efforts to enlist help for the education of his people, the mountain folk will change in speech and outlook. But it is to be hoped they will keep to their long rifles, their conscience, and their loyalty. They are real Americans.

SERGEANT YORK AND HIS PEOPLE. By Sam K. Cowan. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$2.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ended May 13, 1922, were \$134,900,000; for the week ending May 14, 1921, \$121,000,000; an increase of \$13,900,000.


The bond market has given a good account of itself during the past fortnight. Advances were general, the upward movement being of a widespread character and embracing virtually every group. Second-grade railroad issues, however, stood out conspicuously as favorites and the gains made in many in-

stances were spectacular, says *Forbes Magazine*. Liberty Bonds also were well bought and new highs for the year were recorded for several issues. Decided strength was found among the public utilities, especially for the low-coupon bonds.

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Speculative railroad bonds are now subject to a combination of favorable developments. Railroad earnings for February show a decided turn for the better, and roads which have been hard put to meet interest payments on their funded debt for a long time past are

rate is being maintained at 4½ per cent., despite expectations to the contrary by Wall Street for several months past; but the decline in bankers' acceptances to 3½ per cent. strengthens the belief that a further reduction in rediscount rates may now take place. The impending bonus legislation before Congress has perhaps been the deterrent influence in keeping up rediscount rates, but this is temporary. With a lower rediscount rate both time and call money rates can be expected to react.

The marked strength in Liberty Bond quotations lends weight to the conjecture that a long period of cheap money is at hand. Here the element of fluctuating safety of principal and interest plays no part and values are determined mainly by credit conditions. Thus, if it appears that capital is likely to be so plentiful in the future as to be worth only 3 per cent., Liberties are pretty certain to sell on a basis to yield 3 per cent. The tone of the Liberty Bond market can be accepted as a barometer for other bond markets, especially in the case of high-grade issues, such as municipals and underlying rails, where changing earning power does not add a speculative influence.

The higher returns on borrowed capital during the war have tended to establish the hope that such would be the case indefinitely, but the trend is perceptibly downward and the former yields of around 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. for gilt-edge bonds are not improbable over the longer future. The logical thing for the investor to do is to purchase as long a maturity as available and not be faced with the necessity of reinvesting before a great length of time at a lower return than now obtainable.

Foreign trade is essential to the United States if American people are to maintain their present high standard of living, James S. Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, told delegates to the Ninth National Foreign Trade Convention in Philadelphia last week.

"We have established upon this continent an economic society that has given to the average laboring man a higher standard of living than his fellow-laborer enjoys in almost any other part of the world," he said. "The existence of that standard constitutes one of the greatest achievements of American democracy."

"This standard, however, has been conditioned upon the maintenance of the productivity of the laborer, and this productivity in turn has been conditioned upon the continued enlargement of the supply of highly productive land as fast as population grew."

"While there still undoubtedly exists a considerable amount of land which may be cultivated more profitably than land which is culti-

vated in some other parts of the world, yet we must recognize the fact that we have reached the point where upon the new land the operation of the law of diminishing returns in agriculture will cause a smaller and smaller yield of foodstuffs per unit of labor than has resulted in the immediate past. It is true that invention and improved methods of farming have tended to postpone to some extent the early working of the law of diminishing returns, but the evidence of the last few years points clearly to the fact that we are now utilizing less fertile land at a greater per unit cost of production than was the case in former years.

"If we are to maintain our standard of living under a condition of diminishing returns in raw production we must offset such increased cost by devoting a larger and larger proportion of effort to those lines of industry that yield increasing returns per unit, namely, to manufacturing. That we are doing this to some extent is evidenced by the census figures for manufacture. It should be borne in mind, however, that this process of offsetting diminishing returns in agriculture by increasing returns in manufacture involves an ever-expanding market for our manufactures and that such an expansion points unmistakably and inevitably to the extension of our foreign trade."

"From the most important point of view that a nation can take, therefore, namely, that of the standard of living of the masses of the people, we must have foreign trade to an ever-increasing extent."

Mr. Alexander argued against the belief that domestic trade alone can assure the prosperity of the United States. He declared that domestic trade is in fact dependent on progress in the international field, since this gives an outlet for surplus production and for industries overexpanded by the war, and thus prevents price demoralization. Although America's foreign trade is only 10 or 15 per cent. of its total commerce, he pointed out that its importance can not be measured by this ratio, saying that many of the most important things in financial and business life hang upon percentages of less than 10 or 15 per cent. and the average reduction from normal business during the entire period of a depression may be under 15 per cent. A change in foreign trade representing only 5 per cent. of total commerce may mean a 20 to 40 per cent. loss to some of our important industries. In conclusion he said:

"The welfare of other nations is so closely interwoven with that of the United States that if the question of our foreign trade is to be interpreted with any degree of breadth whatever, it should be considered in the light of the trade of these other nations. There can be no final recovery of the domestic trade in any nation until the normal international trade relations which alone support the great international division of labor can be re-established."

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rapidly working out of the doubtful list. The fact that the outlook for increasing traffic is good because of a generally better business prospect lends stability to the improvement in earning power and is converting pessimism into real enthusiasm for the rails as a whole.

Money rates, of course, are prime factors. Time money is available in quantities at 4½ per cent. and even some difficulty is being found in disposing of as much as bankers would like at this rate. Thirty-day loans are not infrequently quoted at 4½ per cent. Indications are that credit will remain easy. The New York Federal Reserve rediscount

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those who would wish America to grab more than her proportionate share of the world trade.

"While the first fruits of such a policy

pect and answer the question as to why we should have international trade by recognizing why the world must have international trade."

The announcement by the chairman of the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry that "in the public interest the railroad industry must rest upon its own foundations and its revenues must be so constructively regulated that the operations of the carriers will produce enough to pay fair wages, cost of materials, taxes, meet the fixed charges, pay a fair dividend and leave a margin to attract investors of new capital," is very significant of the changed attitude of the government toward the railroads, and it now seems unlikely that any drastic rate reductions will be ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission, at least until wages are reduced sharply.

The March net earnings of the 123 railroads so far at hand make a very impressive showing. Doubtless the then impending coal strike stimulated traffic during the month, still the important fact to be noted is that with operating expenses cut only 8.9 per cent, compared with March, 1921, and with gross earnings only 5.8 per cent. larger, net earnings were increased 232.4 per cent. This reduction of the operating ratio is a most encouraging feature of the whole railroad situation and suggests that net earnings will generally show steady and continued improvement.

There is unmistakable evidence that general business is on the up-grade. Judge Gary reports that the Steel Corporation is now operating at 75 per cent. capacity and President Grace of Bethlehem Steel announces that his company announces that his company is operating for the most part at 80 per cent. of capacity. The motor industry is enjoying its spring boom and other lines of business are picking up. It is now generally admitted that any broad revival in industry must be reflected in prosperity for the carriers. The stocks of many of the railroads are still selling at what will later be regarded as bargain prices. As speculations some of the low-priced non-dividend-paying issues look good, such as the St. Pauls, Rock Island, St. Louis & San Francisco, Wheeling & Lake Eries, Toledo, St. Louis & Westerns, Pittsburgh & West Virginia and St. Louis Southwesterns, among others.

Much better prices should be seen later for some of the old-time standard rails that in late years have lost their investment rating; stocks like Great Northern, Northern Pacific, "Soo," Chicago & Northwestern, Baltimore & Ohio and "Omaha" may be mentioned in this connection.

Public utilities, as their earning reports distinctly show, are headed for better times and the securities of many of these companies still offer wonderful investment and speculative opportunities.

Very high-grade bonds have advanced

about as far as present conditions or those of the immediate future would seem to warrant, and investors have begun to turn their attention to lower-grade issues and preferred stocks. However, this class of investments requires very careful selection.

Encouraged by easy money, increasing trade, and enlarged public interest, bull pools have little difficulty in advancing prices of stocks in which they are interested. The public, however, has lost such great sums through failing bucket-shops and in indiscriminate plunging in outside ventures, that it would be a pity to be hung up with stocks after this bull period reaches its climax. Consequently the higher stocks go, the smaller will be the holdings of the careful speculator.

—The Trader.

The American Bank of Oakland has taken over the Stanislaus Bank of Modesto, according to announcement of its officers. It will be known as the Modesto Branch of the American Bank, with F. W. Hosmer as vice-president and general manager. Through its affiliation with the First National Bank of Oakland, the branch will have resources of \$22,000,000, according to the officers of the Oakland institution. The directorate of the Modesto Branch follows: W. R. Alberger, Harmon Bell, P. E. Bowles, E. O. Edgerton, P. A. Dinsmore, Joseph R. Knowland, F. A. Leach, Jr., Russell Lowry, H. C. Morris, W. H. Taylor, and Ben F. Woolner. The officers are: P. E. Bowles, president; O. D. Jacoby, vice-president; P. A. Dinsmore, vice-president; F. W. Hosmer, vice-president and general manager; F. D. Moyer, cashier.

There seems solid ground for believing that the upturn recently noticeable in business will be maintained, judging by the figures received from almost every department of industry, says Strassburger & Co. in the Review for May. Iron and steel conditions are better than they have been since January, 1921. Cotton exports and domestic consumption are larger than for many months. Imports of manufactured wool in March were the largest since April of last year. Copper, tin, petroleum are making new high records. Exports of foodstuffs leave little to be desired. Building contracts (business, public utility, and public works) awarded in the twenty-seven northeastern states during the last month show a larger volume of construction than has been the case for more than two years. Freight car constructions for the first three and a half months of this year are not far short of twice those of the whole of 1921. Public utility companies are placing enormous orders.

Wholesale prices are slightly higher, indications being for stabilization at an average of about 50 per cent. above pre-war. Retail prices, however, continue to decline, of food especially.

Stock market operations have evinced great

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might seem to suggest that we were the gainers in an economic sense, it is impossible for us to maintain such trade unless we are fitted to hold it in an open field. More-

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over, to the extent that we should attempt to obtain a disproportionate share and to hold it, to that extent would we prevent the most efficient working of the great world

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machine and to that extent must our actions finally redound to our own injury as well as to that of other peoples.

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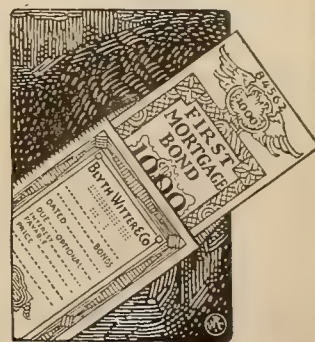
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activity, due doubtless to the return of confidence. This may be expected to continue, despite some nervousness as to the fruits of the Genoa Conference—financial interests

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will, however, have the last word there. Reactions, the wise trader's opportunity, may be expected, but the general tendency should be steadily upwards.

The advance in the prices of stocks and bonds from the low prices of 1921 has improved the position of the holders of securities throughout the country by more than three and a half billion dollars. This rise could not have come at a more opportune time, as investors a year and a half ago were in a somewhat panicky condition. Confidence is now restored and there will be more funds available for legitimate business enterprises than would have been the case had security prices remained at the low figures established during the latter part of 1920.

E. F. Hutton & Co. announce the removal of their offices from 490 California Street to the new Hutton Building, Montgomery and Bush Streets. The ground floor and basement will be occupied by E. F. Hutton & Co. The second and third floors will be rented as offices. One of the distinctive features of the interior is the stock board room for the Hutton Company, finished in walnut, as are the other rooms designed specially for brokers' offices.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are offering a new issue of \$4,000,000 the Amalgamated Sugar first (closed) mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, due April 1, 1937. Coupon bonds in the denominations of \$1000, \$500, and \$100 with privilege of registration as to principal. The company agrees to pay the 2 per cent. normal Federal income tax.

These bonds will be a direct obligation of the Amalgamated Sugar Company and will constitute, in the opinion of counsel, a first closed mortgage on all refining plants, sites, and other fixed assets, having a depreciated value of \$9,225,257, against \$3,500,000 of bonds of this issue. The certification of all bonds of this issue in excess of a par amount of \$3,500,000 is contingent upon the deposit with the trustee for security of the bondholders of mortgages upon farm lands in Cache Valley, Franklin County, Idaho, and bonds of the water system serving these lands, in a face amount equal to at least 200 per cent. of all additional first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds issued.

The depreciated value of mortgaged security and the face value of additional collateral security, in the event of the issuance of the full \$4,000,000 bonds, will therefore amount to \$10,225,257. The total valuation of lands and water system, part or all of which will thus form additional direct security for the bonds, has been determined to be in excess of \$3,000,000. Net quick assets of the company are in excess of \$2,800,000.

There must be a demand for literary memoirs, wherever it comes from. The papers and correspondence of John Addington Symonds are being edited by Mr. Horatio Brown. A new life of Hazlitt is being written by a Mr. R. P. Howe. A biography of James Elway Flecker is promised by Douglas Golding. A biographical study of Richard Middleton was recently completed by Mr. Henry Savage. And yet another literary memoir comes from France in the guise of "Anatole France and His Circle."

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The method preached and practiced by M. Emile Coué, the great French psychiatrist, has been seeping into America through the foreign press for some months. We received these messages in all shapes, but chiefly through that esperanto of the press, the cartoon. French cartoons are as merry at M. Coué's expense as the British, but it was an English caricature in *Punch* that first brought M. Coué home to us—before then he had been merely a name. The *Punch* cartoon showed Lloyd George sitting tight in his premier seat and "auto-suggesting" that "every day in every way he should get stronger and stronger." That is the Coué system in a nutshell, though we did not appreciate its synthetic quality until the publication of "*The Practice of Autosuggestion by the Method of Emile Coué*" brought the whole system to America, thanks to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. and to Mr. C. Harry Brooks, the author of this astonishing little volume. Adjectives are undoubtedly overworked in the science of book reviewing, but "astonishing" is not too strong to apply to Mr. Brooks' researches in the Coué system. Perhaps if one read Christian Science literature one would be astonished also, but since we haven't, our amazement is all the fresher and more spontaneous for M. Coué and his American interpreter. According to the latter, information of the Coué system has hitherto been available for English readers only in "the somewhat detailed and technical work of Professor Charles Baudouin, and in a small pamphlet, printed privately by M. Coué, which has not been publicly exposed for sale." Mr. Brooks' own contribution on the Coué method is purposed to fill the gap and also to bring the French scientist's work across the Atlantic. We prophesy that he will succeed in both aims, for, if his book does not rapidly become as popular as "Outwitting Our Nerves," we shall be very much surprised.

According to M. Coué, Mr. Brooks was the first Englishman to go to Nancy—where his famous clinic is held—to study his method of conscious autosuggestion. The visit, which lasted several weeks, was in the summer of 1921, when Coué's method was still adolescent. The Frenchman gives Mr. Brooks credit for having helped him thresh out the theory on which the system is based. Whether one's faith goes the extent of believing that the mind can cure the body or not, at least a study of the Coué system convinces one that the mind can protect the body, and after all an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Doubtless in a few weeks the American press will be as Coué-y as our foreign colleagues.

### Notes of Books and Authors.

The Hungarian commissioner of education has suppressed the translated works of Walt Whitman.

According to Lord Bryce, Anthony Trollope, who was a clerk in the postoffice, claimed to have been the inventor of the pillar letter-box.

Lord Dunsany has written a new "Don Quixote," called "The Chronicles of Rodriguez." This picaresque narration is said to be written rather in wistful memory than in derision of the chivalry of Spain.

A German professor of science states that Einstein was "discovered" by Henri Poincaré, the scientific brother of the French statesman, who, in the course of a lecture which he gave in Berlin, October 13, 1910, mentioned Einstein's name for the first time in public.

Gustav Wied's comedy, "Two Plus Two Equals Five," is to be published in America and Great Britain by Nicholas L. Brown. Wied is a Dane and one of the most conspicuous figures in Scandinavian literature. The English version is by Holger A. Koppel and Ernest Boyd.

Little, Brown & Co. are publishing seventeen of the best-known Molière plays in honor of the tercentenary of his birth this year. The publication of the plays, which are translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, includes a preface by Honoré de Balzac and Sainte-Beuve's criticism on Molière.

The *Paris Temps* has begun the publication of Joseph Conrad's novel, "Victory." His first introduction to the French public was in 1909, when M. Robert D'Humières, the translator of Kipling, translated "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*" for the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. M. D'Humières was an artillery officer during the war.

A new nature writer has recently been discovered in the person of Svend Fleuron—a Danish cousin to Henri Fabre, Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles G. D. Roberts, and the other devoted lovers of nature who have created a literature of birds, beasts, and fish. He knows the haunts and habits and thoughts of animals as the practiced novelist knows those of his fellow-men. Fleuron was born in 1874 at Catmedal, near Stege, the son of

a landed proprietor. He entered military life, became a second lieutenant in the Danish army in 1896, a captain in 1911, and remained in service until 1920. He is considered probably the greatest living writer on nature and animal life in the Scandinavian countries. Svend Fleuron is the author of "Kittens: A Family Chronicle" (Knopf), to which Carl Van Vechten, the great lover of cats among American writers, has contributed a foreword.

Selma Lagerlöf, whose new book, "The Outcast," was recently published in this country by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a woman of great vitality. Although past sixty, Dr. Lagerlöf personally manages her country estate, Marbacka Manor, and finds time to continue her writing. Miss Lagerlöf is an ardent suffragist. Although she has never been in America, she is greatly interested in this country. Her dining-room is paneled in landscapes of the State of Washington, painted by an uncle who lived some years in Seattle.

William Rose Benét, whose first novel, "The First Person Singular" (Doran), has just been published, comes of an army family, his grandfather having been Brigadier-General Stephen Vincent Benét. He was born at Fort Hamilton, New York. He took his degree from Yale University and lived for three years in San Francisco before he took up the literary trade in New York. Mr. Benét was for seven years on the *Century Magazine* and is now associate editor of the literary review of the *New York Evening Post*. Among Mr. Benét's books of poetry are "Moons of Grandeur," "Merchants from Cathay," "The Great White Wall," etc.

"Cellars of an earlier century were in vogue as guest rooms among 'our best families,'" says Jessie Martin Breese in the "Country Life Book of Building and Decorating," which Doubleday, Page & Co. have just published. For a long time they have fallen into disuse as a place to put the furnace and do the laundry, but now they are coming into their own again. As a place for an ideal smoking-room or a day nursery where clattering toys and romping feet can not annoy the rest of the household and the children be free from the danger of windows and stairways, it offers attractive possibilities. Then, too, the small windows set high in the walls of a cellar offer the decorator a fine starting point in appoint-

ing an attractive billiard room. With a few alterations one can also contrive a conservatory which will serve as an indoor garden all winter long, or a guest room that has a mediæval charm.

The first microscope is said to have been invented by a Dutchman in 1590, but its invention has been attributed to Galileo in 1610. The microscope has been perfected until a millionth part of a grain of blood may be detected by means of the spectrum lens.

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December 31st, 1921

Assets ..... \$71,851,299.62  
Deposits ..... 68,201,299.62  
Capital Actually Paid Up ..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds ..... 2,650,000.00  
Employees' Pension Fund ..... 371,753.46

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# Canadian Pacific Rockies



REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Guinea Girl.

There is growing up quite a school of fiction in English whose genre seems to be borrowed from the traditional French romance of familiar yellow cover. These yarns, for they partake of the nature of a conte, have also borrowed the happy immorality of Boccaccio and his ilk. A few years ago they would have not been published in English. As it is, they still have to dodge the English publication laws by frequent recourse to French—a fact that loudly wishes it to be known that this particular form of post-war, manifestation is for the benefit of cultured and polyglot people only. For the French is not translated.

"Guinea Girl," from which we are generalizing on the strength of its having a predecessor in "Peter Whiffle," is a novel with at least one claim to originality, perhaps two. It may even be unique in that it boasts a dramatis personæ, not one single character of which is idealized, either for better or for worse. For unforced character delineation, Mr. Norman Davey merits the palm. We can not say as much about the other phases of his book. The form of presentation is very artificial, and the story drags terribly throughout the L'Isle d'Escope episode. Its other possible claim to unusualness is that it is the story of a decline. Of course, there are other stories of declines—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," for example. But it is unusual and will probably continue to be unusual despite the fact that most people do decline from the high aspirations that were theirs in youth. But readers prefer less pessimistic themes.

"Guinea Girl" is a man's book, and rather a young man's book. The average youth will feel very smart reading it—if he knows French. And in proper consideration for his audience's tender years, Mr. Davey duly points the moral and describes the downfall

of his hero. We assume that Mr. Davey himself is very young. He has power, but he needs to train it. On the other hand his work has the exuberance that only youth can give.

GUINEA GIRL. By Norman Davey. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

Houdini's Paper Magic.

For the person adept at parlor tricks and avid to learn more, "Houdini's Paper Magic" will be a veritable conjuror's bag. The great magician has not stinted his information. His "Paper Magic" lives amply up to its claim of being the "whole art of performing with paper." But though Mr. Houdini's instructions are explicit, he can not, alas, supply the manual dexterity necessary for their execution. A magician is after all safe in revealing the secrets of his trade. Fully equipped with the theoretic knowledge of how it is done, one only marvels the more at his adroitness. But the amateur wizard will find many tricks here to at least stimulate his ambition, and the book is fascinating reading for any one.

HOUDINI'S PAPER MAGIC. By Houdini. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

The Cowboy.

Readers of Wild West stories and those who revel in cowboy lore will find a veritable mine of early Western associations in "The Cowboy," by Philip Ashton Rollins. Mr. Rollins' object has been to correct the popular fallacies of the Western film and novel which picture the race of cowboys as categorically divided into two or three rigid types. According to Mr. Rollins, the cowboy of artistic presentation does not exist outside book covers or off the screen. He has his characteristics, as every exponent of a special mode of living must have, but he is evidently more various than the popular figment of our imagination. Nor is his equipment so deadly as movie directors would have us think. In fact it is a liberal education to read "The Cowboy," and one which we heartily recommend to the makers and directors of Wild West pictures. True, the great charm of the Western movie is that its like does not exist anywhere, but a perusal of "The Cowboy" suggests a new departure in a realistic representation of the vanishing West. Quite aside from its supposedly revolutionary effect on fiction and film, "The Cowboy" makes excellent informative reading. Mr. Rollins has done his work well. He is systematic and inclusive and "The Cowboy" has the sound of authority.

THE COWBOY. By Philip Ashton Rollins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

I Walked In Arden.

Jack Crawford's first novel, "I Walked in Arden," is of a lyric sadness very different from the current type of fiction—very different from anything we remember, in fact. It is far from the so-called realism of the day and yet one has a suspicion that it is founded on fact, if not actual history. The modern jaded appetite is apt to find it rather lacking in seasoning, for it is that rare phenomenon, a novel fit for the traditional Anglo-Saxon "young person"; but it is nevertheless permeated with a delicate spirit of comedy and its poignant end is one not easily forgotten. In short, the reader who is not too far debased by the Middle Western school of squalor or the Bohemian and cosmopolitan school of decadence will find a refreshing interlude in Mr. Crawford's Arden.

I WALKED IN ARDEN. By Jack Crawford. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

New Viewpoints in American History.

The average American citizen considers that he knows his country's history if he has the salient dates at his command and knows the cause and outcome of our several wars. If in addition he is conversant with American political history he is very well informed indeed. It is with the object of introducing to the older American citizen of some such sketchy historical education the philosophy of our history and its significance that Professor Schlesinger has written his "New Viewpoints in American History." It is true that the science of American history is a comparatively new one. Older generations were content with veneration and would have thought a critical and scientific attitude towards our past as sacrilegious. The result has been to retard the constructive study of American history. The renaissance of American historical writing began in the 'eighties and the new interest was manifested in the founding, for instance, of the American Historical Association, the American Economic Association and Statistical Association, and the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The study of our national history began to be enriched by sociology and economics. But as Professor Schlesinger remarks, the change did not take place over night and it was not till the early years of this century that the transformation occurred. Even today textbooks are written in the old objective style and one must practically specialize in history at a university to have an adequate idea of our

national past. It is for the person of general information and for the specialist in other fields that Professor Schlesinger has written this very interesting essay in United States history. The author is professor of history in the University of Iowa.

NEW VIEWPOINTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. New York: The Macmillan Company.

New Books Received.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS, 1900-1920. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A critical study of living novelists.

THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR. By William Rose Benet. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE KINGFISHER. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

The story of the making of a man.

LADY BOUNTIFUL. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

Short stories.

THREE MEN AND A MAID. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

SUNDRY ACCOUNTS. By Irving S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Short stories.

UNNOTICED LONDON. By E. Montizambert. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Travel.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE AND OTHER STORIES. By Arthur Schnitzler. Authorized translation from



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the German by O. F. Theis. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$1.50.

In the Sea Gull Library.

TEN YEARS AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES, 1895-1905. By Baron von Eckardstein. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Translated and edited by Professor George Young.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE. By Princess Pauline Metternich. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

Some reminiscences.

THE WORLD OF SOUND. By Sir William Bragg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Six lectures delivered before a juvenile audience at the Royal Institution.

COPPER STREAK TRAIL. By Eugene M. Rhodes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A Western novel.

WILD FOLK. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$2.

True nature stories.

MEN OF AFFAIRS. By Roland Pertwee. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

A mystery story.

DAUGHTERS OF FIRE. By Gerard de Nerval. Translated from the French by James Whitall. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$1.50.

In the Sea Gull Library.

OUR ELEVEN BILLION DOLLARS. By Robert Montaigne. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$1.50.

Europe's debt to the United States.

LOVE AND DIANA. By Concordia Merrel. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE NOTION COUNTER: BEING NOTES ABOUT NOTHING. By Nobody. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

A farago of foibles.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GENTLEMAN. By J. P. Marquand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

A story of a plot against Napoleon.

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY. By Morley Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

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### "THE AWFUL TRUTH."

The title that Arthur Richman has given his play places it in advance. The uneasy hater of stage tears is reassured, for "The Awful Truth" can only be the title of a comedy. There are a few tears, it is true, shed daintily on a lace handkerchief, but always with a mischievous, provocative smile back of them; the smile of a pretty woman playing with the defiant susceptibilities of her victim as a cat plays with a mouse.

"The Awful Truth" is an American comedy of manners; or a comedy of American manners; as you please. It shows a money-lubricated Western oil magnate—an honest, bumptious, artless, and rather caddish egoist—placed in contrast to the quick-witted, discerning, extremely satiric and fastidious elegants—presumably of New York society—who accept him, or try to, as society must do, willy nilly, because of his money, since its pleasures and luxuries are inevitably founded on wealth.

Mr. Richman has made his group of metropolitan worldlings very witty, very attractive, very nice. If you don't like the word, take it in its finer sense. For they are all too nice to take kindly to the nature's nobleman, who is made by his creator to be a most awful chump.

In fact, the designing author hit on the idea of avoiding stereotype by making his nature's nobleman so very objectionable, and the usually heartless worldlings so extremely pleasing to our friendly susceptibilities that he quite reversed the usual order of things; which was clever of him, and very cleverly done.

The story has rather a well-used theme; the coming together again of a divorced couple who have never ceased to love each other. And there is quite a delightful flavor of romance about it, without a degeneration into mere sentimentality; partly because Mr. Richman has a keen sense of humor, and an ability to express it in dialogue and situations with a ready wit and a disarming geniality that keeps the audience in a state of delighted amusement at all times, even when the bemused victim of woman's wiles is really suffering. For the woman is such an accomplished, beguiling coquette, and her coquetry

plays so bewitchingly over her steady, undiminished love for the ex-husband whose recapture she feels a rising and unconquerable determination to bring about, and she is such a gallant and invincible smiler in the face of possible defeat, and her swift woman's wit contrives so many apt and gleefully pointed retorts, that the audience is giving out perpetually its tribute of laughter.

I have an idea that Arthur Richman, in spite of the smart, worldly mold in which he has cast his play, is really a romanticist, and has no taste for the cynicism of the day. For the wit in "The Awful Truth" is generally aimed at such things as a lack of delicacy of feeling, or masculine insensibility, or innate, rooted, self-satisfied caddishness. And besides, the author is all on the woman's side; which shows man's chivalry.

The play is full of glamour; the glamour created by well-dressed, well-mannered, agreeable people who show fastidious good taste in everything they say or do. And it is not until it is ended, and the pleasant glamour is removed, that it dawns upon us that Lucy is just a pretty, witty, extravagant woman, rather overwhelmingly expensive to possess, since she is hard-up even on a handsome allowance; and, furthermore, is going to marry for money the Western magnate who so objectionably glistens with Texan or Oklahoma oil.

But the gallant author cleverly creates in the audience an infatuation for the bewitching coquette similar to that felt by the resistantly succumbing ex-husband.

Ruth Chatterton backs Arthur Richman with all of her comedy reserves. She has her girlish charm radiantly enhanced by ravishing Parisian costumes, and looks her prettiest. And, as usual, she shades her utterances delicately, with fine touches of wit and teasing mockery; with an occasional breath of wistfulness or a flash of indignant fire. It is on account of these delicate shadings that she is apt to relapse into soft-voiced murmurs that sometimes fail to carry the length of the auditorium, for when she raises her voice I always realize that she regretfully renounces some of her most delicate effects. But that, of course, is one of the difficulties of stage-land, for people naturally feel injured if they do not hear.

Bruce McRae's part might have been written for him, so well does it suit his virile romanticism. And then he always, in rôles of the kind, is so reassuring in his conveyance of the idea of being a true gentleman, a standard, by the way, from which the author permitted Norman Satterly to depart when he became an eavesdropper.

But the author—who introducing this scene showed that he is influenced in some degree by old school romanticism—carried it off so neatly, by causing the jealous sufferer to be convinced that he is over-persuaded, that the audience greeted this breach of good breeding with a laugh of indulgence.

A really perfect characterization in the play, both on the part of the author and of the actor, Paul Harvey, was that of Dan Leeson, the Western millionaire. He was such an honest, well-meaning, humorless, densely impregnable rough diamond, so permeated with a simple faith in the importance bestowed by front-page articles upon his Western-oiled success, that when the countenance of this literal dullard was illuminated, during the numerous curtain-calls, by the intelligence of Paul Harvey, who played the part, it was really startling.

Mr. Miller is doing things so handsomely this season that he imported three additional players to round out the group needed for "The Awful Truth."

One of them is the Paul Harvey just referred to, another is Louise Mackintosh, who was excellent as Dan Leeson's didactic aunt, and the third is Cora Witherspoon, who was very satisfactory in a minor part.

Besides these new players we had the pleasure of seeing again how neatly the blond young Englishman, Geoffrey Kerr, can adapt himself to a totally different rôle. Annette Westbay was properly self-effacing, not even giving one side-roll of her remarkably lovely eyes, as a neat-handed dainty French maid. Bert Leigh was satisfactory in a one-scene part, and Elmer Brown gave an added touch to the general aroma of prosperity and good taste in the home of the Trents by the perfection of his deportment as a highly-trained servant.

Mr. Miller, as usual, provided handsome and tasteful settings, which made most appropriate and harmonious backgrounds to the exceedingly smart costumes of the women, on which feminine eyes gazed with rich relish.

Henry Miller was not in the cast, but being insistently called for he gave the audience the speech it wanted, and again it was demonstrated how solid he is with a San Francisco public.

As well he may be. Again he is giving us a real season, with a series of plays characterized by the flavor of elegant worldliness that we seem to enjoy so in the theatre out here, and, during these expensive times, he has brought out, in order fittingly to present them, the handsomest of settings and a large company of first-class ability.

### DITRICHSTEIN IN "TOTO."

Two of the cloud of minor French playwrights who purvey to the seekers after light amusement, Hennequin and Dequesnal, collaborated to evolve "Toto." Collaboration is a habit with these gentry in Paris, probably because each new combination assists in evading ruts. "Toto"—adapted by Achmed Abdullah to English-speaking tastes—is a specimen of the lively Parisian vaudeville in which extremes blend to create plot entanglement. It is the sort of thing which the Parisians take as a matter of course, but for Anglo-Saxon tastes it is certainly going some. "Toto" the play and Toto the man are both gleefully untroubled by morals. Toto is what is, or was, formerly known as a sad dog; nowadays we might better call him in modern parlance a glad chaser.

No doubt Toto is the envy of the American t.b.m.'s who go religiously to the Bal Tabarin when they hit Paris. But Toto's crowd is the real thing, for this gayly degenerate descendant of the French nobility is the god, not only of the ballet girls' idolatry, but of such light ladies still clinging to outward respectability as long for secret sentimental adventures with fascinating boulevardiers.

It will thus be seen that those t.b.m.'s who cling fondly to the more highly spiced phases of translated musical comedy may joyfully wade, in "Toto," up to the neck, not only in allusive impropriety, but in that that comes down rather heavily on your corns—if they are sensitive to such things.

In fact, "Toto" is Gallic in the extreme, although lacking in that airy and elusive French wit which is of so palpable an essence that one's fastidious sensibilities are not offended.

The authors of "Toto" did not bother their heads about church members when they wrote the play. In fact they merrily deride the practice of anything so dull as pietism, showing up in gay colors the contrasting life of the Parisian votaries of pleasure. In the first act, therefore, we are shown the ephemera of Parisian night life engaged in the giddy whirl. Gayety in staged scenes of this kind is generally either muscular or hectic. In this case it is both, and is further enlivened by an unblinking series of bare-shouldered jests to which, by the way, the audience yielded a most joyous tribute.

In contrast to this extreme of suggestedly unbridled licentiousness we are shown, in the second act, the other extreme, at the chateau of Mme. la Comtesse de Tillois, wife of Toto. Here all is permeated with the essence of lip-religiousness and sanctimonious piety, for with holy pictures and songs, and unctuous allusions to a dismal form of holiness which takes all the joy out of living, the contrast is duly established.

The joke of the whole thing is to get Toto, an apparently chastened and reformed charac-

ter, into this godly atmosphere, the sentimental motive being supplied by the presence of a daughter who divides her time between the separated pair.

In the final acts the lively complications that ensue end in a volte-face on the part of Toto, who, in order to please the average spectator, is made to add to his numerous other scalps by the re-conquest of the affections of his most godly wife.

As may be seen, the authors are cheerfully devoid of consistency, for we are perfectly aware that after a week or so of marital galantries the pious wife and the churchly atmosphere of the holy-watered chateau would infallibly drive Toto back to Paris.

Also, the idea of the daughter joining with equal zest in the revels in Paris, and the prayerfulness at Blois, is equally in line with farce, and quite openly and cheerfully incongruous. In fact, it is absurd to regard the play as anything else, whether in estimating its scenes of lively impropriety, the holier-than-thou attitude at Blois, or the sentimental wind-up.

It is manifest that Leo Ditrichstein took the play, in spite of its essential lightness, actual banality, if you treat it as a play instead of a farce, and lack of opportunity for any exercise of his more serious abilities, simply because of its superficial theatrical ef-

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fectiveness, its ability to amuse, and the opportunities afforded his lighter qualifications in the character of Toto.

Mr. Dittrichstein's fine European manners, his fascinating accent, and a certain "way with him" that he has with women all fit into the character of Toto. He is one of the most expert and graceful of comedians. Everything he does is neat and telling, if it is only to flourish his cane, or remove his hat. He has a graceful presence, polished courtesy, mannered ease, fascinating urbanity, magnetism. So, with these manifold charms, he makes it quite simple and easy for us to account for Toto's vogue in the gayest circles of Bohemian Paris.

Mr. Dittrichstein is surrounded by a company of only mediocre ability, for the trained ear can recognize certain crudities in their speech, and their acting shows decided limitations. Nevertheless they have been carefully coached for rôles that are too superficial to be exacting, and furthermore the astute Lee Shubert has cannily seen to it that the women are highly ornate and shapely in the extreme.

Miss Mary Duncan, as yet but a tyro, has ease and confidence lent her by her youthful prettiness, which is very marked. The exquisitely symmetrical back and shoulders of Miss Clara Mackin provide an excellent reason for selecting the lady for the part. A certain air and tone of self-righteousness successfully assumed by Frances Underwood rendered her acceptable as the Baroness. A cloud of men and girls filled out the numerous rôles, handsome sets and radiant costumes gave the appropriate suggestion of moneyed ease, and the audience present testified, by its hilarious reception of "Toto," that it was getting what it wanted.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

### The Columbia Theatre.

"The Awful Truth" will be offered for a second and last week, beginning Monday night, May 22d.

For the fifth and final week of the Henry Miller season theatre-goers will have an opportunity to see the first presentation on any English-speaking stage of the play by Henry Bataille, "La Tendresse." It will have a strong cast, including Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Henry Miller, Bruce McRae, and others. In fact it promises to prove the outstanding event of the year on the American stage.

### Grand Opera Season at Stanford Stadium

For the forthcoming performances of opera, which are to be given at Stanford Stadium in the early part of next month, Giovanni Martinelli, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has delayed his annual trip to Italy for one month. This will be Mr. Martinelli's first appearance here.

Other artists who will participate in this season of opera are Vicente Ballester, baritone of the Chicago Opera Company; Léon Rother, leading bass of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Ina Bourskaja, the Russian Carmen, who has just been engaged by the Metropolitan Opera Company; Bianca Saroya, soprano, who has just returned to this country after successes throughout the European capitals; Doria Fernanda, contralto, who is a San Franciscan by birth; Georgianna Strauss, mezzo-soprano, and Mardens Argall, baritone. There will be a chorus of 150, a corps de ballet of fifty under the direction of Natale Carossio, and an orchestra of 100.

The operas are as follows: "I Pagliacci," Saturday evening, June 3d; "Carmen," Wednesday evening, June 7th, and Friday evening, June 16th, and "Faust," Saturday evening, June 10th.

### La Gaite Francaise.

"Pour Avoir Adrienne," which had a run of 500 nights at Paris, will receive its final representation at the local French theatre on the evening of May 19th. This sprightly comedy-bouffe, which is the work of Louis Verneuil, son-in-law of Mme. Bernhardt—we supposed she had only one child, a son, but so it is stated—then gives gives way to the last play of the season. In presenting the famous Labiche classic, "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," the rising generation will have an unusual opportunity to see actually played here by carefully trained French players a famous piece that only those traveling abroad could hope to see acted. The Théâtre Français did give it in San Francisco some ten years ago, and twice in a decade is a pretty good record even for the untiring and ever enterprising Ferriers. But we have to thank them also for putting on the local stage representations in French of a number of the renowned old classics—"Le Gendre de M. Poirier," "Mlle. de la Seiglière," a piece or so by De Banville, and recently several of Molière's comedies.

### The Orpheum Next Week.

Trixie Friganza is to appear as the Orpheum's trump card throughout all next week. The agreeable Trixie comes with a brand new act entitled "My Little Bag o' Trix." Always a favorite here, she is said to be even more hilarious than on other visits. Californians remember her, not only for her Orpheum engagements, but for her work as star of "Canary Cottage" and "Poor Mamma," productions made on the Coast which had long Eastern runs.

Marga Waldron is essentially a première danseuse. A première danseuse is primarily a ballet dancer, and a ballet dancer must be at home on her toes; must have the power of dramatic expression, as well as versatility. These qualities Miss Waldron possesses in the fullest, and by a programme of wide range, in which she is assisted by George Halprin, demonstrates conclusively that the dance is a "thing of many parts."

Frank Wilcox has a bright comedy called "Hurry Up Jack." Mr. Wilcox is a versatile actor. In his time he has played every sort of part from Uncle Tom to Hamlet. Many of the portrayals have been with Broadway successes, but his experience is exceptionally wide, because Mr. Wilcox for seasons has been one of the best-known actor-managers.

Marie and Ann Clark need no introduction. Their artistry in the past is more than a guarantee for any future endeavors, not to mention the experience gained by their ap-

pearance in both London and Broadway productions.

To present something different in vaudeville has taxed the minds of some of the foremost writers of the world to the limit, yet the limit was not reached until "Like Father, Like Son," which is being presented by the Four Camerons, was conceived.

Julian Hall and Kathleen Dexter; the bracketing of these two names will please followers of vaudeville, for both are entertainers possessing ability, versatility, and a knowledge of what the theatre-going public desires. The vehicle with which they propose to tickle the risibilities of their followers is a diversified offering called "What's It All About?"

Sheila Terry is a graceful ingénue; she can sing, she can dance, and she can act. "May and December" combines an appealing love story with song and a plot. Harlan Thompson is the author.

Barclay and Chain are two loose pages from the book of fun, and they are a couple of these pages that are hilariously funny. Don Barclay has made quite a reputation for himself in musical comedy. Del Chain is well known in vaudeville.

The children are having a chance this week; Mrs. Colbert and Miss Haskins, encouraged, no doubt, by the success of the Tony Sarg marionettes, having staged a puppet show at the Savoy. They are giving performances daily at 3:30 p. m., but on Saturday and Sunday they will give extra performances. The programme includes two marionette plays, "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" and "A Puppet Circus."

### DAYS OF '49.

The stage is set for the big "Days of '49" celebration in Sacramento, May 23d-28th.

The whole city is alive with action. Merchants are completing the work of putting false fronts on their stores, making them resemble the crude-appearing business places of more than seventy years ago.

The programme calls for six days of intensive action. On the morning of May 23d, opening the celebration, the founding of Sacramento will be enacted, with an Indian and guardsman sham battle on the main street. In the afternoon the Mining Camp will be thrown open. Scores of Northern California communities, clubs, and associations will have their headquarters in the camp, which includes a great casino, museum, whiskers palace where the two longest beards in the world will be displayed, a man-made mountain, Indian villages, mining exhibits, and countless other features.

The afternoon of the opening day, will be marked by the operation of the original Southern Pacific Locomotive No. 1—the first put into service on the Southern Pacific line and one of the first operated on the first transcontinental railroad. The old locomotive will be piloted by its first engineer—John E. Loneragan, millionaire manufacturer, who is coming from Philadelphia expressly for this feature. Its first fireman, Tom O'Connell, will toss the wood in the firebox.

The second day of the celebration will find the \$20,000 Wild West contest under way at the State Fair Grounds, with Tom Mix, of movie fame, and his entire company included in the matchless aggregation of riders assembled for the event.

Thursday will be "California Day." Special trains will be run from scores of California communities. Two unusual events are programmed for Thursday evening—the "Governor's Ball" at the State Capitol and "Bret Harte Night" at the Days of '49 headquarters, with newspaper men as guests of the celebration committee and Sacramento Ad Club.

The outstanding event on Friday will be the "Gold Rush Parade," in which at least 30,000 persons will participate. Old-time vehicles and more than 200 floats typifying the spirit of '49 will make this procession one of the most interesting and original in history.

On Saturday the far-famed Whiskerinos of Sacramento will parade their record crop of beards, mustaches, and sideburns before the world. More than five thousand of them will mobilize at the State Capitol and swoop down on the Mining Town.

On Sunday morning an automobile pilgrimage will leave for Coloma, where gold was discovered, and services will be held in the historic church of that community.

Interspersed in the general programme as outlined will be old fiddlers' contests, exhibition shooting by Captain A. H. Hardy, world's champion, typical of '49, and other unusual features.

During the celebration the championship California-Nevada trapshoot will be held, and the Northern California tennis championship contest played off.

### Book-Plate Exhibition at the Elder Gallery.

The seventh annual exhibition of contemporary book-plates by the American Book-Plate Society will be held in the Paul Elder Gallery from Saturday, May 27th, to Friday, June 2d, inclusive, under the auspices of the California Book-Plate Society. The exhibit is the largest of the kind ever shown, compris-

ing designs by seventy-five American and foreign artists, representing practically every civilized country. The event will be opened with an illustrated lecture on "Book-Plates and Book-Plate Collecting," by Rev. William Augustus Brewer. Following the lecture there will be a reception by the California Book-Plate Society.

The piano or pianoforte is said to have been invented in Italy and to have appeared in 1714. Germany, however, claims the honor of its invention. It was introduced into England in 1766.

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# VANITY FAIR.

The millennium has been delayed again. Satan is, beyond question, greatly relieved. Those chains of a thousand years are not to weigh upon his unholy limbs yet awhile—although, no doubt, it is but a breathing spell, and as soon as the organized women of the world can think up some new way to do it, the lion and the lamb will be forced to lie down together, no matter how little the lamb may like it, or how little confidence he may repose in that hitherto unexperienced arrangement. The present delay, postponement, retardation, or whatever you like to call it, has been brought about by a declaration of war by Congresswoman Alice Robertson of Oklahoma upon the League of Women Voters and other feminist millennial organizations. The *casus belli* has been declared by the Oklahoma Joan of Arc to be an effort on the part of the aforesaid millennial maids and matrons to "boss" her, to tell her where she gets off and where to head in, when all she desires is to represent the people of the Second Oklahoma District; also "knocking" her; also administering one "deliberate snub" in failing to invite her to the recent Pan-American Congress at Baltimore and to arrange a meeting between her and Lady Astor. And thrones have been junked for less. Congresswoman Robertson met Lady Astor. No mundane power could have prevented that. She had, so she says, a pleasant chat with her; and in the absence of contrary testimony from the visiting chatee we may assume that it was agreeable on both sides. But the agency that brought about this momentous juxtaposition of the Joan of Arc of England and the J. of A. of Oklahoma, so fraught with mighty consequences for humanity, was not the League of Women Voters, but a mere organization of men, known as the National Press Club. By it the day was saved and disaster was for the time shunted through an open switch. As for those other women of Congresswoman Robertson's country, the League of Women Voters, and "like organizations," with them it is a fight from now on to the finish.

That should be worth watching. We hope no marplot, such as former President Wilson says present Senator Reed is, will interfere. It ought to be better than the battle of Boyle's Thirty Acres, which was a foregone conclusion as to outcome, whereas the end of this no man can predict. Should the embattled hosts of feminism advance their banners toward the redoubts of office at Washington we should expect Congresswoman Robertson to repel the attack by a discharge of stenographers and woman clerks if she could accomplish it. That should make such a horrific report as to dismay the enemy far more than those firecrackers General Wu Pei Fu exploded in oil cans dismayed the forces of General Chang in the great movement of the Chinese reformers on the sinecures of Peking.

And it should settle the matter. We should expect the order of battle to be broken up like the ice in the spring, the Amazonian armies to dissolve like mist from a julep glass. Congresswoman Robertson has the upper hand, being entrenched, dug in. Though it is she who has declared war, the question remains as to who is going to attack. She can hardly advance any farther, unless she purposes to embarrass, humiliate, and totally discombobulate the enemy by breaking into the Senate. With senatorial patronage at her command she would be an invincible force and embattled womanhood would need shelter and refreshment. As to the poor old millennium, it seems that it must wait. With woman in such mood, the trouble has just begun.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, from whom the hereafter has tried in vain to conceal itself, has discovered the whyfore of the present popularity of baseball in America, or at least in that part of it occupied by these now thoroughly United States. In the first place, it is a development of the ancient game of rounders. Every Englishman that ever mentioned baseball has mentioned that; so we pretty well know it now. They certainly love to rake up the past, when it is some one else's past. In addition to that, there is the "spiritual presence of Babe Ruth." If this be true it is indeed a discovery. If the Bambino has a spiritual presence it escaped us. His material presence is well known to many thousand Americans to whom his spiritual one would probably be a bore. Imagine his swinging with a spiritual bat at a spiritual pitball that had a break inward at about fifteen feet from the plate. Even if he connected, there would be no heartening crack of ash on horsehide, and we doubt if he could drive the tenuous thing farther than the mound. Sir Arthur might have said that Babe Ruth was an attraction, and he would have been right; but not original. Huggins saw it first. So to make it a discovery he had to go into the rag bag of spiritualism and drag out a spirit for Babe. It is hard to fit it to that extremely material figure, which is about as sylph-like and ascetic as the form of Adam's celebrated off ox. There is nothing even gaseous, even fluid, about the Babe, to say nothing of spooky. But what industrious spook expert ever stopped for such a consideration as that? If you are looking for spooks you are bound to find spooks, and that is all there is about it. Meanwhile the crowds flock to the Polo grounds because they want to see, not a ghost, but a very physical young man knocking a hard, material sphere of hide, twine, rubber and cork over a material fence and into a bank of bleachers filled with Slavs, Roumanians, Poles, Irishmen, Jews, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Canadians, Canucks, Japanese, Russians, and a few scattering Americans. And all the ghosts in creation couldn't get their attention when the Bambino swings. Baseball is not the spiritual thing Sir Arthur thinks it. If it were it would not be much more popular than crokinole.

According to a statistician who has been doing research work for mutual savings banks, wives whose husbands earn less than \$4000 a year make wiser and more economical use of money than do the husbands, says a writer in the *New York Times*, but when the family incomes rise above that point the feminine impulse toward economy weakens and the wives are apt to spend on dress more than they can afford. That the dividing line should be at just this point is curious, but, accepting it as correct, women in far greater numbers than men must be of thrifty habit, and the familiar charge against them as a sex that they do not know the value of money and how hard it is to get must be unjust. That no end of men who earn less than \$4000 a year spend money extravagantly is a fact too familiar to be questioned. They submit to compulsions toward expenditures useless or worse far oftener than women do, and they are not as well able to distinguish between economy and meanness. This, however, is not always their own fault. Occasionally they are permitted, if not encouraged, to be lavish by the charming objects of their admiration and pursuit. But that, of course, applies only to young men—the unmarried ones. Husbands, at least in the United States, are safe from all such temptations toward a noble carelessness with their cash.

It is said that the Chinese made bread from wheat and rice as early as 1998 B. C. Probably the first bread made from yeast was baked in England about 1634. Aerated bread, which rises from carbonic acid gas injected into the dough, became somewhat common in 1857, but practically all bread, bakery-made or home-made, owes its leavening to yeast or baking powder.

Théâtre Français, the most famous theatre in Paris, and, perhaps, in the world, is situated in the Place du Palais Royal, and is the home of the Comédie Française. In 1900 it was destroyed by fire, but immediately rebuilt. The original building was erected in 1782, but was later much altered.

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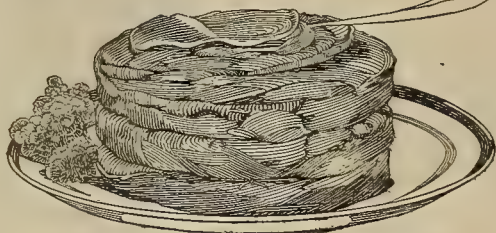
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

According to a story told by Mr. Eugene Corri, an English pugilist had gone to America for a fight. Before leaving his father had instructed him to cable the result of the battle. The son duly sent off the following message, "Won easily.. Seventy-five rounds."

President Neilson of Smith College was in conversation with a drummer. The journey was dull and the traveling salesman was better than no company at all. Dr. Neilson soon discovered that his companion had mistaken him for a colleague and did nothing to correct the impression. Said the drummer, "What's your line. Mine's skirts." "So is mine," said the president of Smith.

Margaret, aged eight, who dislikes such household duties as are assigned to her, has seriously considered the problems of domesticity. A visitor asked her what she meant to do when she grew up. "Oh, get married," she answered nonchalantly. "And my mind is made up. I shall have six children; four white ones, and two black ones to do the work."

Four-year-old Bobby was stroking his cat before the fireplace in perfect content. The cat, also happy, began to purr loudly. Bobby gazed at her askance for awhile, then suddenly seized her by the tail and dragged her roughly away from the hearth. His mother interposed, "You must not hurt your Kitty, Bobby." "I'm not," said Bobby, protestingly, "but I've got to get her away from the fire. She's beginning to boil."

The superintendent of schools was visiting a class of very young pupils. He picked on a youngster to quiz and said, "Now, Johnny. I'm going to ask you to solve a very difficult sum. How much is three times eight?" "Twenty-four," the youngster replied promptly. "Well, now, that is excellent. That is very good indeed," said the superintendent. "Hell," said Johnny, "that's perfect!"

Orville Wright was being reproached for not taking up the challenge of the Smithsonian Institution that it was Langley, not the Wrights, who was the first to fly. A banker friend of Wright's said, "The trouble with you, Orville, is that you are too taciturn. You should go in for more publicity. Assert yourself more." "My dear friend," Orville Wright replied, "the best talker and the worst flier among the birds is the parrot."

The late Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minnesota, was once riding with a country drayman during the course of a round of rural parishes. As they were passing through a certain village the archbishop said to his companion, "I was the pastor of that church thirty-nine years ago." The drayman turned to stare curiously at the bishop, who was well disguised in a top-coat buttoned high, before asking sympathetically, "And what caused your downfall, father? Was it drink?"

The retort courteous, as well as sarcastic, is instanced by a story of the Abbé de Voisenon, who had had the misfortune to offend the great Condé. When the abbé went to court to make his peace, the offended prince rudely turned his back on him. "Thank heavens, sir, I have been misinformed. Your highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy." The prince, taken by surprise, demanded why he thought so. "Because, sir," answered the abbé, "your highness never turns his back on an enemy."

W. S. Gilbert, of "Pinafore" fame, was a humorist from the cradle. Unfortunately, most of his early *mots* have been lost, but one, at least, perpetrated at the age of four, is still extant. His infantile impression of Joseph's many-hued coat was influenced by a parti-colored apron worn by an aunt. And that, in turn, went through a queer metamorphosis in the juvenile Gilbertian mind. The aunt in question wore the parti-colored garment upon some gala occasion, when the future author of classic comedies said to her, "I suppose you are wearing a party-colored apron because you have come to the party."

In taking testimony in the Colton will case some years ago in Washington a quick-witted old lady had been on the stand for some time on behalf of the proponents of the will. She had testified, among other things, that she was the editor of the "Book of Lineage of the Daughters of the Revolution," of which the late Mrs. Colton had been a member. Joe Redding took her under cross-examination and he commenced in a casual way, "I suppose, my dear madam, that you and Mrs. Colton may have compared your respective ages in some of your conversations?" "Never," replied the old lady; "I never asked her age. I would not dare take such a liberty even with myself." Mr. Redding made one

more effort. "Ah!" said the attorney; "but I can find out both of your ages in the 'Book of Lineage of the Daughters of the Revolution!'" "No, you can not," replied the dame. "It is against the constitution to mention any member's age; it would break up the society." And Joe gave up in despair.

Dr. James Melvin Lee, head of the department of journalism in New York University, said during the course of an after-dinner speech: "The average person, as well as the average nation, is blind to his own faults. An American woman, a leader of the S. P. C. A., was soliciting subscriptions for the animals' cause in Madrid. 'Will you subscribe, sir?' she asked a Spanish grandee. 'I'll do better than that, madam,' said the grandee graciously, 'I'll get up a bull-fight for your society's benefit.'"

In a lecture on memories Dr. Clarence P. Ramsay of Chicago said, "There are many queer kinds of memory training systems. There is even a fantastic method of mnemonics based on the principle of opening and shutting the pores—however that is done. But just the other day I heard of a new method. A man went into a cheap restaurant and asked for a bill of fare. The waiter said, 'We aint got none, boss, but I can rattle off the grub for you.' Good as his word, the waiter 'rattled off' a list of dishes several yards long. The man was lost in astonishment. 'You must employ a memory system. How on earth do you remember all that?' 'That's easy,' said the waiter, 'no system at all, boss. I just looks at the tablecloth.'"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Stronger Sex.

Dear Joan, there is a law they cite today,  
Silly and viewed by me with much aversion,  
Which says that, when a couple go astray,  
The husband made her do it by "coercion";  
That, if we fall into some pit of sin,  
'Twas I that pulled you in.

The early ways by whom this law was booked  
Forgot with antique precedent to grapple,  
Ignored their *Genesis* and overlooked  
The episode of Eden and the Apple;  
How, when he ate of it, the guileless Adam  
Was moved thereto by Madam.

You'll note that this coercive deed was done  
Before the marriage rites were consummated;  
And similarly, ere we twain were one,  
My manhood by your arts had been abated;  
'Twas you coerced me, hesitant and pale,  
Up to the altar-rail.

Not that my own compelling powers were naught;  
I had, no doubt, constrained you by my beauty,  
My figure on Apollo's model wrought,  
My features so refined, my voice so fluty;  
I do not boast; these gifts the gods confer—  
A kind of *force majeure*.

But, when my human will is matched with yours,  
What is the issue of that class of genders?  
Why, every time the eternal female scores,  
And like a lamb your Algernon surrenders;  
Bows to your judgment on the jazziest hat  
And takes it lying flat.

Therefore I disapprove this ancient Act,  
Though it may flatter my assumed virility;  
Nay, if in any trespass we are tracked,  
I'd throw on you the full responsibility;  
I'd waive my manly pride, and you, my Joan,  
Should go to jail alone.

—O. S. in Punch.

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The will of Alexander Louis Teixeira de Mattos, the English translator of Fabre, Maeterlinck, Couperus, Zola, and many other Continental writers, contains one bequest that will interest a good many book-lovers who have loaned their favorite volumes not wisely but too well—at any rate, too generously (says the *Living Age*). The estate of Mr. de Mattos was not large, its gross value amounting to less than £3000, and many of his bequests take the form of books. He leaves books to many of his friends. One volume in particular is left to a certain friend and is described as one "which he borrowed many years ago and has not returned."

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Elva Ghirardelli, daughter of Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli and the late Mr. Ghirardelli, to Mr. John Welby Dinsmore, son of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Dinsmore of Piedmont, was made known at a luncheon given by Miss Ghirardelli in honor of Mrs. Joseph Collins, who arrived recently from the south. Miss Ghirardelli is the sister of Mrs. Harry Hush Magee and of Mr. Alfred Ghirardelli and Mr. Louis Ghirardelli. With Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli, Miss Elva Ghirardelli has returned recently from a tour of several months in Europe. There are no immediate plans for the wedding, the fall being tentatively chosen.

The engagement of Miss Eleanor Stratton, daughter of Professor and Mrs. G. M. Stratton, and Mr. Edward Russell Dewey was a recent announcement. Miss Stratton is expected home soon from a trip in the East, and the date of the

wedding will then be announced. Mr. Dewey makes his home in New York.

Miss Carroll Cambron announced her engagement to Mr. Stanley Morrison at a luncheon given at the Cambron home on Baker Street. Miss Cambron is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll George Cambron. Mr. Morrison is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pierce Morrison of Redlands. Among the guests at the luncheon were Mrs. Donald McKee, Mrs. Lawrence Bowes, Mrs. George Meyer, Miss Elizabeth Terry, Miss Mary Boardman, Miss Lorna Kilgari, Miss Mary Louise Meyer, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, and Miss Mary Davis.

An engagement recently announced in Washington, D. C., was that of Miss Alice Moore Harding to Mr. Robert Thompson Pell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Pell of New York. Mr. Pell is the grandson of Colonel and Mrs. Robert M. Thompson of Santa Barbara. Miss Harding's father is governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Pell is at Harvard, and the wedding will not take place until after his graduation next year.

Miss Esther Langley and Mr. Bradford Melvin, son of Mrs. Harry Melvin of San Francisco and the late Justice Melvin, were married at the Cliff Hotel last week. Miss Langley was attended by her sister, Miss Louise Langley, and Mr. Melvin had for his best man Captain Hugh Shippley, U. S. M. C.

The wedding plans of Miss Helen St. Goar and Lieutenant-Commander Ernest Gunther, U. S. N., have been changed, owing to the recent death of Mr. Henry St. Goar, father of the bride. The wedding was to have been solemnized at St. Luke's Church on May 24th, and Miss St. Goar had named as her attendants Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Helen Lynch, and Miss Mary Boardman. The wedding will now take place at home in the presence of a few relatives and friends.

At the First Presbyterian Church in San Rafael the marriage of Miss Gertrude Minton and Mr. Nicholas Kittle Boyd took place. The ceremony was performed on Saturday at 4 o'clock, the Rev. Herbert Thomson officiating. The bride was given in marriage by her brother-in-law, Mr. Harry C. Evans, and was attended by Miss Jean Boyd as maid of honor and by Miss Cynthia Boyd, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Isabella Sherman, and Miss Caroline Avery as bridesmaids. Mr. Benjamin Foster acted as best man for Mr. Boyd, and the ushers were Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Lucio Mintzer, and Mr. Edward Hills, Jr. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Harry C. Minton. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd will make their home in San Rafael, in a house on the Boyd estate given them as a wedding gift.

Mrs. Willard O. Wayman, complimenting Mrs. Cecil Shallcross of New York, gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club last Friday.

Miss Everard Hunt and Mr. Reuben Willmarth Hills were married on Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Everard Hunt in Claremont.

In honor of Miss Marian Kergan, fiancée of Dr. Edwin Louis Bruck of San Francisco, Miss Margaret Howard will entertain at tea. The marriage of Miss Kergan and Dr. Bruck will be an

event of the near future, following which the couple will go to Vienna, Austria, for a year, while Dr. Bruck does some special study.

At the opening of the redecorated Garden and Fable rooms at the Hotel St. Francis a large number entertained dinner parties. Among those entertaining guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eyre, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith. One of the groups consisted of Miss Mary Jolliffe, Mrs. W. S. Porter, and Mrs. Thomas Easton.

Mrs. E. C. Hume of Piedmont opened the spacious gardens of her home to the Junior Branches of the Baby Hospital Association on Saturday for their annual May fête. This year effort is being concentrated to secure the necessary funds for a new clinic.

For Mrs. Edward Hale Campbell, wife of Captain Campbell, U. S. N., and for Miss Hatherly Britton, fiancée of Mr. William Bliss, Mrs. Charles Townsend entertained at tea last week. Assisting Mrs. Townsend in receiving were Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mrs. Edward C. Hume, Mrs. Charles Parker Hubbard, Mrs. George Monroe Greenwood, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Dorothy Grissim, and Miss Elizabeth Moore.

For the boxing bout of Thursday evening at the Exposition Auditorium, in aid of the municipal reception for the wounded and disabled veterans who are to hold their second annual conference here during the first week in June, Mrs. Daniel Jaddling was sponsor, assisted by Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Richard McCreery, and Mrs. Harry H. Scott. Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Herbert Fleishacker, Mr. John A. Britton, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jesse Colman formed the men's committee.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained at supper and bridge at their Burlingame home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained fifty guests at a picnic which they gave at La Honda on Sunday. On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Pope closed their San Francisco home to go to Burlingame for the summer.

At a small luncheon on Sunday at their Menlo Park home Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery entertained Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, and Mr. Baldwin Wood.

Mrs. Reed Funsten, a recent bride, entertained at bridge and tea on Thursday at her Vallejo Street home. The guests of honor were Mrs. Harold Snodgrass and Miss Berenice Mitchell, fiancée of Mr. Garton Keyston. Among the guests were Mrs. Leroy Bentley, Mrs. William Little, Mrs. James Prior, Jr., Mrs. Warner Bliss, Mrs. Howard Flye, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Mary Davis, and Miss Doris Fagan.

Mrs. Alexander Campbell Stoddard was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Dana McEwen. Among Mrs. Campbell's guests were Mrs. Roger Chickering, Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Mrs. Ellinwood, Mrs. Barton Bean, Mrs. Frank Dickey, Mrs. Frank Willis, Mrs. Leonard Wood, Miss Helen Kennedy, and Miss Antoinette Dye.

Miss Jeannette Sessions was a hostess at bridge at her home on Wednesday afternoon, complimenting Miss Pauline Siegfried, fiancée of Mr. Chester Cramer. Asked to meet Miss Siegfried were Mrs. William Marcus, Mrs. Wilson Meyer, Mrs. John Strachan, Miss Elizabeth Terry, Miss Ruth Davis, Miss Mary Louise Meyer, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Mary Harrison, and Miss Carroll Cambron.

Mrs. Newton Booth Knox recently entertained at a large afternoon tea at her home in London. Among her guests were members of the Spanish, American, Japanese, and Italian embassies, Dutch and Greek legations, Lady Smythling, Lady Arnold, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, and Mr. William Willitt.

The Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis was the scene on Tuesday of a luncheon party given by Mrs. Lesley Greig Chase. An innovation in engagement announcements was introduced when Master Douglas Crane and Miss Betty Harper, two charming youngsters in Colonial costumes, gave each guest a card announcing the engagement of Mrs. Chase to Mr. John L. Nagle, vice-president of the California Fruit Packers' Association. Among the guests were Miss Marjorie Haight, Mrs. John A. Stroud, Mrs. John Thomas, Miss Elizabeth Benedict, Mrs. Constance Van Brunt Lynch, Mrs. Frank Weeden, Mrs. Burton Brace, Mrs. Norman D'Evelyn, Miss Erna Braue, and Miss Mary de Witt.

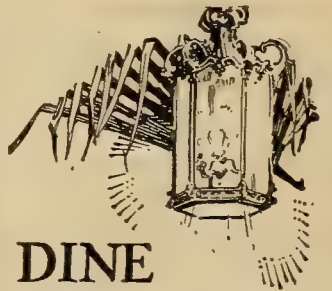
Mrs. Emily Carolan, wife of the late James Carolan and mother of Frank, Herbert, Edgar and Emily Carolan, and of Mrs. William Ferree Timlow and Mrs. Henry W. Poett, died at San Francisco on May 13, 1922. Funeral services were held at the home of Mrs. Henry Poett at San Mateo, on Tuesday, May 16th.

Stanwood Hooper Creed, son of Wiggington E. and Isabel Hooper Creed, died at San Francisco on May 8, 1922, aged sixteen years. Services were held Wednesday afternoon, May 10th, at the Creed home in Indian Road, Piedmont.

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groves, overlooking the sea. Central  
dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold  
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Reduced  
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**PERSONAL.**

Movements and Wherabouts.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling arrived in San Francisco on Monday evening, and is at her apartment in the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Charles C. Moore and his daughter, Miss Josephine Moore, are en route home from the

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Hawaiian Islands. On their return the family will go immediately to their summer home in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, with Miss Ellita Adams, leave on Saturday, May 20th, for Europe. Miss Elizabeth Adams will join them in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark Keeney will occupy Mrs. William Henshaw's Santa Barbara home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Bean leave for the East by way of Canada on May 26th. They will be away for several weeks.

Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall has rented the Santa Barbara home of Commander and Mrs. Glennie Tarbox for the summer, and will leave San Francisco soon to take possession of it.

Commodore Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., was ordered to the U. S. S. *California* as executive officer, and left the early part of the week to join his ship at San Diego.

Mrs. Arthur Geissler (Carol Moore) and her little son left last week for their home in New York after visiting Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore in Ross.

Mrs. Harold de Ropp with her little daughter is in Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mrs. Adam Grant left last week for Los Gatos to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Thompson came last week from Santa Barbara to San Francisco to close their apartment and expect very soon to leave for Europe.

Field Marshal Earl French is expected in California soon. He is to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore at their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn are spending the month with Mrs. James Murray, Mr. Haldorn's mother, at the Murray home in Monterey.

Miss Elena Folger has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Murray at Monterey, and has recently returned to her home.

Miss Katherine Kuhn and Miss Marianne Kuhn, with Miss Elizabeth Adams, are visiting Mrs. Moseley Taylor in Boston.

Mr. James D. Dole of Honolulu is stopping at the Clift Hotel.

Mrs. Edward Perry Russell and her daughter,

Mrs. Russell Christie, returned to their Chicago home, after some months spent visiting in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Smith of Pasadena are in San Francisco, staying at the Fairmont Hotel for an indefinite period.

Sir Arthur Worley with his daughter, Miss Edith Worley, are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their daughters, Miss Marie Welch and Miss Florence Welch, will leave on the 3d of June for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Talbot (Lorna Williamson) are in Switzerland, where they went to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett are leaving for Los Angeles the early part of June to make their home there temporarily.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cambron with their daughter, Miss Carroll Cambron, motored south for a fortnight's stay at Redlands.

Mrs. James Otis left recently for New York, where she will meet her daughter arriving from South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard returned to their home on Pacific Avenue on Tuesday of last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis C. Mendel, their daughter, Mrs. Frank Deasy, and her small son will leave on May 6th for the East to spend the next two months at Atlantic City.

Commander John C. Fremont, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Pacific Coast, and is expected soon in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Koshland and their children arrived from their home in New York to visit Mr. Koshland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Shellcross, who are at the Fairmont Hotel, will leave very soon for the Hawaiian Islands.

Judge and Mrs. F. M. Angelotti and Miss Marian Angelotti are leaving to join friends in the Yosemite.

Mrs. George Edward Coleman of Santa Barbara is at the Fairmont Hotel, after a trip of four months in South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weill are in Paris, and will be away until the late summer.

Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Schatze Adams, and Miss Ernestine Adams are now in Nice, where they will make their headquarters for a time.

Miss Edith Bull sails soon from France, to return to California to spend the remainder of the summer at Menlo Park.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Hamilton Bruce have arrived in New York, en route to California from Constantinople.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mullgardt of Los Angeles are in San Francisco on their way to the Orient, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Andrew Lawrence returned to San Francisco on Thursday from a six weeks' stay in New York and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wingfield are giving up their apartments at the Fairmont, and have taken a house on Broadway.

Mrs. Anne Whitney Sperry has returned from abroad, and will remain in San Francisco for several months.

Miss Blanche Ewing and Miss Mildred Ewing are leaving in a few weeks for the East to spend the summer.

General C. Deline Radcliffe of London is visiting in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ira Coburn has returned from San Salvador, after attending the wedding of her daughter, Miss Elvira Coburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald have moved from their Third Avenue home to a place on Mesa Avenue.

Mrs. Florence Whittell Albert has arrived from Europe and is staying for a few weeks with Mrs. George Whittell at 1155 California Street. She will sail for Europe from New York on the *Rotterdam* on June 17th.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. W. A. Spicer, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. L. E. Chenault and daughter, Long Beach; Miss Ida M. Morton, Des Moines; Mrs. Charles Dexter, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kinklin, Glendale; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Horn, San Diego; Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Scott, Seattle; Mr. W. H. Wilmer, Paso Robles; Mr. Riley Russell, Mr. Soonon Chosen; Mr. Lamanda Miller, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McKenzie, Toronto; Mr. C. H. Burden, Sonoma; Mr. and Mrs. G. Tinkham, Seattle; Mr. R. B. Howard, Atlanta.

Registered at the Palace are Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sadler, Mr. Nathan Paine, New York; Dr. F. E. Snook, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Knight, Fresno; Mr. F. S. Hamon, Mr. W. D. Mitchell, Tacoma; Mr. A. T. Clifton, Los Angeles; Mr. F. D. Barstow, New York; Mr. K. D. Dawson, Portland; Mr. J. H. Kearsley, London, England; Mr. Thomas J. Kenney, Boston; Mr. C. B. Hazelhurst, Pasadena; Mr. T. B. Sumner, Everett, Washington; Mr. P. M. Thorne, Los Angeles; Mr. Fred Hamilton, San Diego; Mr. W. W. Middlecoff, Visalia.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mrs. R. B. Gates, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Mr. Herman Lederer, New York; Mr. Samuel Sax, Los Angeles; Mr. A. J. Watkins, Seattle; Mr. Sam C. Sprague, Watsonville; Mr. Nate Needham, Ventura; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hoston, Woodland; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cross, Sacramento; Mr. R. C. Blake, Parlier; Colonel and Mrs. T. A. Baldwin, U. S. A.; Mr. P. H. Griffin, Modesto; Mr. William P. Redmond, Los Angeles; Mr. J. J. Monaghan, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Hagemann, Los Angeles; Mr. N. Samuels, Portland; Mr. Robert Passloff, New York.

William Mayo Newhall, at the Scott Street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blair are the parents of a little daughter, born to them some days ago. Mrs. Blair was Miss Katherine Sudden before her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough are receiving the congratulations of their friends upon the birth of a son. Mrs. Chesebrough recently came to San Francisco from her home at Newhall, in Southern California, to be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs.



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HAVANA  
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SUPREME IN QUALITY

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

**Bess**—A wife makes a man forget a whole lot of troubles. **Bob**—That a bachelor never has.—*Houston Post*.

"So you've been speculating in the market, have you?" "Not at all; I always lose my money on sure things."—*Life*.

"The evil that men do lives after them"—and, what is more, their heirs have to pay considerable inheritance taxes on it.—*Life*.

**Geology Prof.**—Mr. Scott, what is the largest diamond known? **Mr. Scott**—Would you count the joker, professor?—*Texas Coyote*.

**Rector**—When did you attend church last, my dear? **Little Girl**—Please, sir, I came to last Sunday's matinee!—*London Passing Show*.

**First Taxpayer**—I hear you have an addition to your family. **Second Taxpayer**—Yes. Both exemptions are doing well.—*New York Herald*.

**Householder**—What should I get if my house were to burn down tomorrow? **Insurance Clerk**—Three or four years' imprisonment.—*Dallas News*.

**Peggy**—But why do you make your dolls marry so young? **Molly (cynic)**—Well, my children are so dreadfully naughty I've got to punish them somehow.—*Punch*.

**Missess (at luncheon)**—Jane, what is the meaning of this costume? **Maid**—I'm playin' 'arf-back, mum, in the final this afternoon, an' the kick-off's 2:30 sharp.—*Punch*.

**She**—What is this dark hair doing on your coat? **He**—That is the suit I wore last year. I expect the hair has been on it ever since you were a brunette, dearest.—*Judge*.

**George**—I asked Maudie for her hand. **Charles**—Well, she married you, didn't she? **George**—Yes, but I didn't get her hand. I'm under her thumb now.—*London Answers*.

"I bought this Navajo blanket from an Indian in Arizona." "It was made in New Jersey." "Well, give me credit. I had to go west to buy it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"I'm afraid, my friend," said the lecturer, interrupting his address to point an accusing finger at a little man who was yawning in a front seat, "that you are not following me

closely." "I'm not a friend of yours," replied the little man, truculently, "and I'm not here to listen. I'm waiting to put out the lights and lock up the hall."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

**Paul**—Mamma, please make Ted stop teasing me. **Mamma**—Didn't he give you your choice of the two apples? **Paul**—Yes, but he's got two that are just the same size.—*New York Sun*.

**English Professor**—Jones, why are you not prepared? **Jones**—I am prepared; you said, "Read 'Twelfth Night or What You Will,'" so I read "The Beautiful and Damned."—*Princeton Tiger*.

"I've had a hard day at the office, dear, and I'm hungry as a bear. Is dinner ready?" "No, love, I'm afraid we'll have to go to a restaurant tonight. I've broken the can-opener."—*Judge*.

**The Boss**—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position. You don't know anything about my business. **Applicant**—Don't I, though! I am engaged to your stenographer.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Are you going any farther West?" "I planned to," said the foreign visitor. "Is there any danger from Indians?" "Not if you keep out of the way of their motor-cars."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"What seems to be the trouble between the Joneses?" "Oh, everything was lovely until Jones had three or four one night and went home and told his wife she was the third most beautiful woman in the world."—*New York Sun*.

**First Crook**—Gyp is wedded to his art. He loves his crime just for the crime's sake. **Second Ditto**—I'll say so. Gyp would use lead slugs in the street-car fare slot if they cost him 50 cents apiece.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

When the train moped along the tracks of a little railroad branch in the South an impatient traveler inquired: "Whatsa matter?" The "cracker" conductor yawned, looked out the window with small interest and replied: "Hand-car has the right-of-way."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Somewhere or other we ran across this: "Confound you, sir," said the general, "why don't you be careful? Here instead of addressing this letter to the intelligence officer, you have addressed it to the intelligent officer. You should know there is no such person in the army!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

**The Pastor (driving to church, to passer-by)**—Where are you going, John? **John**—To church in the next parish. **Pastor**—I don't like that. What would you say if your sheep strayed to some one else's property? **John**—Well, s'far as that goes, I wouldn't say nothin' if the pasturage was better.—*Stockholm Kasper*.

The teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the importance of doing right at all times, and to bring out the answer, "Bad habits," she inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?" There was silence for a moment and, then one little fellow answered, "Bed."—*Boston Transcript*.

#### The Press and the Advertiser.

In practically all discussion of journalism, and particularly of daily journalism, says H. L. Mencken in the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, there are lugubrious tropes on the baleful tyranny of advertisers, and it is blamed for at least two-thirds of the dishonesty and imbecility that characterize the normal American newspaper. But I am convinced, after an experience but two years short of Dr. Villard's, that it is largely imaginary. The advertiser is a bugaboo behind whom incompetent and cowardly newspaper editors take refuge from their critics. I have never heard of him attempting to influence a journal of any visible integrity upon a matter of any genuine importance. If he comes in with a request, it is usually to the effect that nothing be printed about the fact that a fat woman has fallen down the main stairway of his store or that his brother is being blackmailed by one of his salesgirls. But for one such request that comes from an advertiser there are a thousand that come from persons who are not advertisers—persons who attempt to bring the most formidable pressure to bear upon editors—pressure that is financial, social, political, and ecclesiastical. That sort of bombardment, in truth, is part of every editor's ordinary day's work. He often finds it very hard to resist, and sometimes downright impossible. But I doubt that it is the advertisers who give him the most concern. On the contrary, I am convinced that he employs them very often as laboratory animals to demonstrate his courage and independence, and that much idle stuff thus gets into newspapers that might as well stay out.

The value of American property confiscated in Russia is estimated at \$150,000,000.



## Leave Nothing to Chance When You Go Away For Your Vacation

Don't "take a chance" and leave your silverware, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in the house when you are going away for the summer. You may, on your return, find everything as you left it, but—

Isn't it a great deal better to put your valuables in a place of safety and have perfect peace of mind all the time you're away?

The Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults offer safety against burglars and fire.

### Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults

Crocker Building

Post and Market Sts.

Boxes Rent from \$4 a Year and Up

#### PENNSYLVANIA'S BEARS.

In "Our Vanishing Wild Life" Dr. William T. Hornaday says: "The black bear is an interesting citizen. He harms nobody nor anything; he affords good sport; he objects to being exterminated, and wherever in North America he is threatened with extinction he should at once be given protection." There are bears and bears, says the *New York Times*. It is possible to become attached to the black bear in a wild state, hardly to the grizzly, certainly not to the burly brown bear of Alaska. But the grizzly is not so black as he has been painted. In the California Sierras John Muir hunted him with a notebook, and never felt the aching void of not having a rifle and cartridge belt. The Alaskan brown bear is not "a coward of heroic size." Miners fear him, settlers who have stock complain of his depredations. But much of the talk of the brown bear's homicidal mania can be traced to pelt hunters. Still, the brown bear is a tough customer, a dour fighter. Does not Dr. Hornaday say that "a bear hunt on the Alaska Peninsula, Admiralty or Montagu Islands is an event of a lifetime"? One has to look out for one's own skin. Yet the dean of wild animal guardians, who has hunted tigers in the jungles of India, thinks that both the grizzly and the brown bear of Alaska should be protected by a closed season. In the Pacific Slope states the grizzly is seldom encountered now.

Ten states hold that the black bear is "an interesting citizen": Alabama, Arkansas, California, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Washington, and Wisconsin, all of which treat him as a game animal to be protected by a closed season. The longest open season is in Washington, eight months; the shortest in Pennsylvania, six weeks. In Pennsylvania, where the black bear receives the greatest consideration, about 500 of his tribe were killed or trapped last year. John T. Faris, in "Seeing Pennsylvania," quotes an Elk County sportsman: "Pennsylvania is the greatest bear state in the Union—or the world, either, for that matter, possibly excepting Alaska, which is several times its size."

Local pride speaks there, but it is a fact that in the fastnesses of Cameron, Clinton, Elk, McKean, Pike, and Potter counties the bear colonies afford all the sport that any decent hunter could wish. Nor is the black bear confined to those counties. Arkansas poses as the Bear State, but Bruin is more common in the Alleghanies than in the Ozarks or in the Mississippi canebrakes. According to tradition, the last buffalo was killed in Pennsylvania in 1799, and the elk was not long in following him to the happy feeding grounds, but the black bear has always vindicated his right to citizenship in the Keystone State. In Pike, three hours' journey from this city by the iron horse, Bruin lumbers past remote polling places, if he does not vote. He shares blueberry patches with sun-bonneted women, native honey with the woodsman.

In the last bulletin of the American Game Protective Association, Seth E. Gordon, secretary of the Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners, writes about *Ursus Americanus* in a sympathetic spirit and with a humor that is almost tender. It pains him to

know that in certain states there is a bounty upon the diffident black bear, as in Maine, where he is taken in mammoth rat-traps from which he sometimes wrenches himself to die Gordon with a proper pride says that Pennsylvania breeds big bears. The pelt of one recently killed in Potter county measured 8 feet 4 inches. Four men could not lift the carcass, and a mule was hitched up to drag it out of the woods. What a humiliation for a sober-minded mule! Four-hundred-pound bears are often killed in Pennsylvania. Vegetarians may well boast that there is not one of the bears annually killed in the state that does not thrive on berries, beechnuts, chestnuts, acorns, and honey, with such tidbits as ants and small rodents. Occasionally it is true that a bear feasts on a small pig, a lamb, or a spindly calf, but these are excesses. It is generally a shy and hermit beast. "We have yet to find," says Secretary Gordon stoutly, "a single authentic case in Pennsylvania where a black bear has actually made an unprovoked attack upon a human being." But it is well to avoid "an enraged female with young cubs." The story is told of a fifteen-year-old boy who, while hunting rabbits, fell off a ledge onto the back of a bear, but set the bear in a panic—the boy was not frightened, the bear lost its "nerve" entirely.

#### Polyandry in Tibet.

Colonel Howard Bury, chief of the expedition which is to survey the approaches of Mount Everest, the highest summit of the Himalayas, with a view of attempting to scale it this summer, has brought from his travels some very curious information about the conjugal customs of the inhabitants of those far-off countries.

They practice polyandry, i. e., that form of marriage in which a woman has more than one husband at a time. There are two marked types of polyandry, in one of which, called Nair polyandry, the husbands are usually not related to one another, and the Tibetan, or fraternal polyandry, in which the husbands are brothers. Suppose the eldest of twelve brothers marries, then his wife becomes also the wife of the other eleven. The second brother marries; he continues to share the wife of the first, but his own wife is at the same time also the wife of the ten younger brothers, and so on, until the last, who is evidently the happiest of all, since, while having at his disposal seven women not belonging to him, he has into the bargain a wife for himself alone. In such society it must require an elaborate system of double-entry book-keeping to keep track of conjugal duties.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Matter of Numbers.

Times have changed since the days when San Francisco hoodlums used to lie in wait on the Harrison Street viaduct to stone wagon-loads of Chinese coming up from the Pacific Mail dock. The other day an old Chinaman left Pleasanton to return to his own land to die. He had lived in the little town forty years, and had witnessed the subsidence of animosity against his race in California—a change brought about by slow and imperceptible degrees. His neighbors and friends—and all his neighbors appear to have been his friends—went to the station to see him off, and presented him with a watch and chain. In China he will wait for death, and he will have with him until the end, let us hope, his token of American friendship from a state where his people once were hated as bitterly as an alien race was ever hated anywhere. It has been an amazing transition, a long, slow, but real conversion of public sentiment, something about which the old Chinaman in China may long sit and wonder by the yellow wall of his hut. He may never understand it, and it may not be important if he doesn't, but it is something for us to understand if we can. That change has come, not through any refinement in the nature of our local hoodlums, but through the operation of the Geary Exclusion Act. It is largely a matter of numbers, the lessening of competition or fear of submergence. In the South, where negroes are numerous, they have been repressed and kept under, by violence if necessary. In the North

they were tolerated—until they became numerous, when they were hated as in certain parts of the South. If there were fewer Japanese here, or if we knew no more were coming, a great many virtues would appear in them to which people now shut their eyes.

### Berkeley.

Upon the retirement of Dr. Wheeler, three years ago, wide search was made for a man to succeed him as the head of our State University. Experts in the national field of education were consulted, with the result that twenty or more tentative nominations were presented to the Regents. A committee of the board made a tour of the educational centres of the country, giving to presumptive candidates something more than a "once over." Several months were consumed in these investigations; and in the end the balance of judgment was favorable to Dr. David P. Barrows, who as Dean of the University was familiar with its needs and had demonstrated his working capabilities. Dr. Barrows was then—and is still—under fifty years of age. A son of California, he had supplemented studies here by periods of post-graduate work at the East and in Europe, by extensive travel and by experience of men and things. A vital, forthright, upstanding man is Dr. Barrows. If not a great academician, he is a man of highly respectable scholastic attainments. More than that, as head of our educational service in the Philippine Islands he had had administrative experience and had been notably successful in it. Further, he had had the broadening experience of military service in posts of independent command. As he had been the first man to be considered so he became the last. It was to Dr. Barrows' credit that he made no campaign for the post and that his invitation to it came unsought from the Board of Regents. Now for nearly three years Dr. Barrows has served as president of the university; and in this great place he has given confirmatory evidence of character and ability. The university has gained respect under his hand. He has represented it with dignity and power on notable occasions. Individually his repute, high as it was in the beginning, has grown. Today no man in the public service of California—or in private life—stands higher. His domestic environment happily meets the requirements of his position. Yet this highly qualified man, after a service of less than three years, finds the presidency of the university untenable. There is nothing the matter with Dr. Barrows; there must be something the matter with Berkeley.

No man working in any sphere under the authority of a corporate group may be successful without full and cordial support at the hands of his sponsors. It is of the essence of administrative efficiency that it shall be founded in definite authority. There is reason to suspect that at this point something has been lacking in Dr. Barrows' position. There is reason to suspect that individual desire for domination, that ulterior aims more or less secretly maintained, that unworthy jealousies have more or less had their part in influencing the course—both in acts and neglects—of the Regents and that the effect has been to bind the hands of Dr. Barrows. He has made no complaint. Even in retiring he betrays no grievance; yet to those who have observed the course of events with attention and solicitude the fact has become evident. Dr. Barrows has not had from the Regents the prompt and the positive support essential to his authority and to his dignity. Indifference and neglect on the part of some members of the board have left him subject to the machinations of others. Thus he has worked under onerous conditions, none the less so because he himself has not so much as hinted at their existence.

Among unseen forces in the organization and administration at Berkeley there has long been growing in

the case of certain influential members of the academic senate a mischievous feeling that university administration ought largely to be subject to its suggestions or commands. In the academic senate there are those who resented the selection of Dr. Barrows for the presidency. They would have resented the selection of any man to that post, however qualified or distinguished. It appears to be in the nature of the teaching profession to object to supervisory authority, to claim for each professor a species of cantankerous independence, to protest against any and every act on the part of whoever may be charged with duties that may run counter to individual theories or vanities. Although forever quarreling among themselves, members of an academic senate are always united in criticism of a president, especially when that official lacks the support of a firm and united Board of Regents. To what extent the academic senate at Berkeley has annoyed or thwarted Dr. Barrows, precisely as it did his predecessor and precisely as it will array itself against his successor, may not definitely be known. But one thing is certain, namely, that in the immediate instance the spirit of the senate has worked out in a running fire of nagging and pin-pricking. It was the duty of the Regents to take stock of this situation and to nullify its effects by giving to the president authority to deal at will with those who have sought to embarrass his work. The Board of Regents has not done this, partly because there have been in the board those who have been willing that the president should be subjected to annoyance, partly because other members of the board have taken their duty indifferently or have neglected it altogether. So much for interior conditions in the organization of the university.

We come now to consider other matters mischievous in their effects in relation to the work of the university and of its service to the state. There has long been at Berkeley what we may style an obsession of numbers. Ambition to make the university the biggest of its kind—or of any kind—has inspired a policy fatal to the normal purposes of a school of the higher culture. It has confounded the unfit with the fit. It has promoted lower as distinct from higher standards of entrance and of examination. The tendency has been to make of Berkeley something between a Chautauqua circle and a country club. Student activities as distinct from academic thoroughness have, with the idea of making the university attractive to numbers, all but destroyed the atmosphere which makes for academic spirit. Student standing has related quite as much to things extraneous and futile as to things essential and important. In consequence there has been engrafted upon the system a multitude of things foolish and futile tending, not to thoroughness and dignity, but to their opposites. In connection with the university the public more frequently hears of matters frivolous than serious. It is a rare week when public attention is not invited more to sporting and social events than to things that should engross the major part of the time and attention of students. There has been created a campus atmosphere in which dirty corduroys and rough-neck sweaters are yielded a higher consideration than ambition or diligence in studies. The public is more frequently disgusted by pictured representations of bare-legged girls dancing under the college oaks than edified by student groups attending to their legitimate work. There are times when devotion to athletics and what is called æsthetic dancing, mostly in underclothes or no clothes at all, appears to have superseded the humanities, mathematics, or the classics.

The dignity and even the character of the university is degraded by efforts to extend its courses into the sphere of superfluities and superficialities. Advertisements on dead walls and in street-cars to



effect that "If you can not come to the university, the university will come to you," are not edifying to thoughtful minds. It should not be a function of the university to contribute to cheap and superficial phases of education. Rather its policies should reflect the ancient wisdom embodied in the saying that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Still less edifying is the fact that a branch of the university is maintained among the convicts at San Quentin. Surely whatever of benefit the university in charity and wisdom might yield to the derelicts of society should be provided in ways not directly affiliating our great state school with those who for the good of society we place behind stone walls and in locked cells.

Many times when the *Argonaut* has asked why the university advertises itself in company with Mr. Heinz' invitation to the public to buy his pickles and baked beans, why it seeks to purvey half-knowledge or less through its extension courses, why it teaches the arts of hair-dressing and millinery, why it imposes upon its system anywhere from a score to two score trivial things unrelated to general culture, the answer has been that its policy is to "popularize" itself. And when inquiry has been pursued there has come frank confession that by these methods it is sought so to extend the functions of the school as to broaden its basis and so get from the taxpayer larger appropriations of money. In other words, the business management of the administration has been pursuing the arts of salesmanship by tricks of trade that bear no relation to the legitimate work of the university. The plain truth of the matter is that to a notable degree the normal and wholesome purposes of university administration have been subordinated to a policy out of harmony or propriety as related to the purposes for which the school was founded and for which it deserves to be maintained.

One day last week some two thousand young men and women were given diplomas of graduation. It is pertinent to speculate as to what proportion of this vast output of the university has in reality been benefited by four years' experience of student life under the conditions at Berkeley? How much of real scholarship does a graduate diploma imply? And by the same token, what degree of loss is reflected in waste of time, in lack of discipline, in discursive habits established in campus life? We do not question that some have gained that which may serve themselves and ultimately serve society, but of this we are sure that many—perhaps the greater number—have left college less fit to meet the requirements of practical life than when they entered it. There can, of course, be no immediate testimony to support this presumption, but every employer who has had to do with the product of the university has discovered that before the average "college man" can be turned to practical account he has a vast deal to unlearn, chief among them careless and dilatory habits. It would seem that a school designed and maintained at great cost to prepare young men and women for usefulness in society ought to develop in them propensities, ambitions, a discipline that are less frequently honored in the observance than in the breach.

Demands from the university multiply. There seems no limit to its capacity to consume money to the end of adding new courses, extending outside courses, of providing the machinery and other means of student entertainment. What the university really needs is, not extension of courses and facilities, but concentration of its work upon essentials with the cutting off of a thousand-and-one things that tend to disturb rather than promote academic efficiency. Above all, there needs to be such stiffening of standards as will promote an academic spirit, and at the same time eliminate the multitude of hangers-on who resort to the campus, not for the purposes to which it was dedicated and for which it is maintained, but as a place of entertainment and amusement. The university ought to be available to those who seriously pursue serious studies; its atmosphere should be favorable to these high purposes. Things which tend to attract the frivolous—the many whose wish is not for serious work, but to kill time pleasantly—should find no place in the curriculum and no license in the spirit of indulgence. The taxpayers of California will not grudge to the university all that may be required to promote its really useful activities, but they do grudge the enormous charges built up in support of the things which tend to

make Berkeley a gigantic merry-go-round and at the same time a hindrance to serious seekers after knowledge.

The need of the university is, not for more money, but for less. A policy more considerate of proprieties and economies—that would promote every legitimate requirement and reject every legitimate appeal—could not fail to rid the school of hangers-on and at the same time strengthen it as an agency of substantial and wholesome culture. What is now wasted in frivolities would much more than supply liberal provision for all that is worth while in the life of the university. It is neither right nor fair that the taxpayers should be asked to sustain an institution that in many aspects wears the character of a country club. It is not fair to those who wish to pursue advanced studies that they should be crowded from the classrooms by multitudes who throng the campus because they may nowhere else find time-killing diversions free of cost.

The system under which students—for the most part little more than children—are permitted to select courses of study at their whim or convenience has been a source of much that is vicious in university life. Lines of study should be adapted to the capabilities and the purposes of those who attend upon the university. Prescription of study courses is the proper business of educational experts. Give to students leave to choose courses of study and four out of five will make choice with an eye mainly or solely to whatever may yield "credits" and convenient hours, with little regard or none at all to what may be essential to mental and moral development. If the system which plays into the hands of shirkers were abrogated, if college courses were defined and enforced to the end of developing intellect and character, if examinations were directed to elimination of the unfit, we should have a very different condition at Berkeley. The cost of the school would be less, its efficiency as an agency of public service would be vastly enhanced. The many attendant upon Berkeley for frivolous reasons not only harm themselves through waste of their own time, through acquiring habits of idleness or carelessness, and through stimulation of impractical ambitions, but they grievously affect the interest of those who are there legitimately. Their presence overcrowds the classrooms. It creates an atmosphere fatal to academic spirit and to academic thoroughness. All this is trite enough. It is known to every observer of conditions at Berkeley. Yet the mischief continues unchecked. Explanation is to be found in the obsession of numbers, in the fallacy that the school must be made "popular," in the notion that state support must be promoted by application of the practices of salesmanship. All which is a jumble of errors. There need be no fear that the university will lack support under a policy that would adjust its courses to those—to those only—who in good faith, in honest purpose, and in sober mind resort to it.

Fundamental in the organization at Berkeley there is a condition that has, we fear, become fixed beyond correction. But the fact that discussion of the co-educational system may be in a practical sense futile shall not deter the *Argonaut* from speaking a plain mind. Nobody these days wishes to deny to women opportunity for any form of education they may desire. The day is past when women were held to be mentally inferior or when it was deemed judicious to deny to them facilities of culture in any sphere. But the fact that women are entitled to equal privileges with men, to the aid of the state in the matter of education, does not imply that men and women must be instructed in precisely the same things, at the same times, and in the same classrooms. When young men and young women are brought together under conditions as they exist at Berkeley—and at a hundred other schools the country over—there enters into the situation an equation that is to the advantage of neither. Under the co-educational system there is inevitable loss of the concentration that makes for excellence in college work or in any other kind of work. Young persons brought into intimate association at a period of life when sex sensibility in its subtle forms and tendencies is at highest are exposed to distractions and not infrequently to temptations beyond the limits of moral control. There will be few to deny that best results are attained in schools where indiscriminate mixing of sexes is not practiced. Harvard and Yale continue to produce a

better standardized type of man than the co-educational schools, just as Smith, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr yield a superior sort of woman.

We have at Mills a poorly endowed, still struggling, but promising women's college. In the judgment of the *Argonaut* it would be a policy of wisdom for the state to take over this school and affiliate it with Berkeley, precisely as Radcliffe is associated with Harvard and Barnard with Columbia. In making Mills a state college for women, Berkeley should be left exclusively a school for men. This suggestion, we repeat, is probably beyond the line of practicability, since sentimentalism long ago brought the state to adopt co-education as a fixed policy. None the less, it is a bad policy—bad for men students, bad for women students, over-costly, in many ways mischievous if not positively vicious. An interesting speculation rests upon the query as to how separation into different schools of men and women, those now attendant at Berkeley, would affect the class rolls. We suspect that it would automatically eliminate fully half of the young women, thus relieving the university of a considerable element attendant upon its courses neither for its own good nor that of the community.

There are times—nearly all times, in fact—when it appears to be forgotten that a vital necessity of the country is the higher education of a considerable element of its citizenship; and in the sphere of higher education we do not include half of the courses pursued at Berkeley. We do not believe the education of farmers, horse doctors, tradesmen of various crafts, milliners, æsthetic dancers and scenario writers is in any sense the duty of a school of higher culture. It should be left to trades schools, of which the University Farm at Davis is a notably fine example, to train students in the sphere of practical industry. The jumbling up of all these things with schools of academics is mischievous all round. It is fatal to the higher forms of intellectual culture. Not all will admit it, but every scholar, every serious social observer knows it for the truth.

Dr. Barrows having resigned the presidency of Berkeley, it now becomes necessary to find a man for that post. Two types are practicable—only two. A man of subservient character who will allow the Academic Senate to rule him, a man who will hold the place without dignifying it or making it effective, would perhaps be able to rub along for a few years. Such men may be found in numbers, but no school ever attained a high position or achieved notable public service under such administration. The alternative is a man of high character and of personal force who will demand as the first condition of acceptance positive support at the hands of the Regents. Upon the heels of Dr. Barrows' experience no man really fit for the place will take it unless his authority shall be definite. If such a man shall be desired—and it ought to be so—a man of demonstrated character—a man who will not hold the post under other than right conditions—should be sought. The *Argonaut* does not know a better man for the job than David P. Barrows.

#### The Primary Elections and the Bonus Issue.

The renomination of Congressman McArthur in the Oregon primary of last week is a significant fact as exhibiting the public mind of our neighboring state in the matter of the bonus. McArthur has from the beginning stood openly against the proposed raid and it was made a distinct issue in his campaign. As in his campaign of several years ago, when his vote against the Adamson Act was an issue, he has won by a handsome majority. All of which may be taken as proof that when an honest man follows his convictions without fear or evasion he unfailingly commands the respect of the community he serves. This has been notably demonstrated in our own state by the career of Julius Kahn; and a thousand illustrations are supplied in the political history of the country.

Even more significant as related to the bonus issue is the success of Senator Pepper in Pennsylvania. Pepper has been a logical and effective as well as an outspoken opponent of the bonus bill in the Senate. In the Pennsylvania primary campaign his position on this issue was made subject to an organized assault by the leaders of the Legion. Pennsylvania was flooded with speakers and with literature urging voters to cast their ballots against Pepper.



Here are samples of legends pasted against every dead wall in the state and advertised widely in the newspapers:

Pepper has insulted the veteran and his family and is strongly opposed to the bonus bill. The way to help ourselves is to put a man in the Senate who will look after our interests. Nominate Burke.

This, of course, was barefaced falsehood. Pepper did not insult the veteran or his family. What he did was to oppose the bonus raid as illegitimate in itself and as vicious in its effects. In the Pennsylvania primary 760,000 votes were cast, Pepper receiving 490,000 and Burke 270,000. Thus Pepper's majority over Burke is approximately 220,000. In the State of Pennsylvania there are approximately 385,000 ex-service men. Burke's total vote—he being avowedly for the bonus—of 270,000 was less than the total membership of the Legion by 115,000 votes.

Thus the claim that the membership of the Legion is practically a unit behind the bonus bill is emphatically exploded. It is not the rank-and-file of the Legion, but its official organization that is urging the bonus. Here is proof that the Legion officials have been misrepresenting the vast majority of the membership of that organization.

The nomination of Pinchot has been announced as a blow at President Harding. The facts do not justify this claim; on the other hand, they definitely refute it. During his campaign and since his nomination, Mr. Pinchot has again and again declared his friendship and support of President Harding and of the main lines of his policy. What the nomination of Pinchot does exhibit is the fact that the partisan organization which came into existence half a century ago under the Camerons, and which was perpetuated by Matthew Quay and Boies Penrose, has collapsed. The result supplies its own explanation. Pennsylvania has repudiated the system as now led which for many years has ruled her politics—a system which, however it may be criticized, has given to Pennsylvania a large measure of power in shaping the national policies.

#### Child-Labor and States Rights.

We may expect some dissatisfaction with the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the child-labor law of 1919, which sought to impose an excise tax of 10 per cent. upon the net annual profits of those employing children under fourteen years of age in any mill, cannery, workshop, factory or manufacturing establishment or under sixteen years of age in any mine or quarry. And, in fact, what looked like a good social gain appears to have been lost. The court says the law is unconstitutional, inasmuch as it invades the rights of the states, and it purposes to uphold the Tenth Amendment, which declares that powers not delegated to the Federal government by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people. Such regulation as this law proposed was not delegated to the Federal government as one of the matters entrusted to it. In other words, as the Constitution now stands, the states themselves must regulate the matter, if it is to be regulated at all—and there is ground for the fear that in some jurisdictions it will not be.

Nevertheless, disappointing as the decision may be to many, the grounds for it are such as no one regardful of the proper bounds of state and Federal jurisdiction could well disapprove. The police power of the states can not safely be invaded and nullified by Congress—for nullification, wholesale and complete, is what would soon result from the efforts of people who wish everything reformed by law to effect regulation over the whole country at once, regardless of constitutional restraint. We can not properly be controlled in personal affairs from Washington. The country is too big, its interests and industries and the habits of its people are too diverse. We have differences of climate and topography, of geography and geology and soil and products, that are extreme and vital, and they produce varying needs of control. They can not be appreciated from a distance of three thousand miles. A rule for one end of the country may be entirely inapplicable at the other end. In the early history of the states conditions were more nearly similar up and down the Atlantic seaboard than they were after the frontiersmen had crossed the Alleghenies, and swarmed over the prairies and up across the Rockies, and the nation had gone through the astounding evolution of a century and a quarter of ex-

pansion in a continental area. Yet the jealousy of the original thirteen serves the rest of us well today.

One of the curious things about the decision is that this undoubtedly correct states-rights opinion, which accords with fundamental Democratic doctrine, must in this instance be asserted by a former Republican President. It is Chief Justice Taft who delivers the decision—from which, by the way, there is no dissent. In it he declares that it is the duty of the court to decline to recognize or enforce laws of Congress dealing with subjects not entrusted to it but left by the Constitution to the control of the states. And this consideration, he says, must rule the court, "even though it require us to refuse to give effect to legislation designed to promote the highest good." After that, no one can call this a partisan verdict. Partisanship would have led to the other view of the law, and of the duty of the court. There could not be a clearer case of judgment independent of bias; for the best impulse seems to call for measures that will prevent the exploitation of child labor in factories and mines. But fundamental principles can not yield to impulse. And child labor is a difficult thing to regulate in an ideal way. Almost any device with that object will result in excluding from employment some children for whom employment is the only salvation.

However, the child-labor evil is not to be left without an effort to the control of the states, because some of them undoubtedly proved themselves unworthy of such control when they had it. Senator Johnson has introduced in the Senate a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Tenth Amendment, giving Congress the right to regulate or prohibit the employment of children under eighteen years of age. It is a pity we have to have so much Constitution tinkering. It is tending to make the fundamental law a fluid and changing thing instead of the declaration of fixed principles it ought to be and was supposed to be when it was drawn up. One beneficial effect of the proposal will probably be a nation-wide discussion of child labor; and another a reawakening of public thought about what ought to be proper subjects of state regulation and how much power it is safe to take away from the individual states and give to the United Congressmen.

#### Editorial Notes.

It has been discovered that California is supporting 974 automobiles for its office-holders, 688 of which are charged to the State Highway Commission. How many more would be required for the Water and Power Board and its attaches should the Water and Power Amendment pass? How many stenographers, door boys, clerks and inspectors and deputies and janitors and general hangers-on? How many soft office chairs for them?

The Soviet government collected as revenue in 1918 the sum of 529,000,000 rubles, gold. The revenue has declined to 58,000,000 for the first quarter of 1922, a prospect of 232,000,000 for the year if collections keep up. Still that is 232,000,000 rubles more than the Soviet government is worth.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### A Pertinent Question.

OAKLAND, May 21, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The experience of Mr. Henry B. Chase in respect to the impairment of the obligation of a ten-year contract for a water supply is by no means rare in this state.

When the railway commission was created by an amendment to that weird loblolly of statute and stump speech called our State Constitution that commission was protected against appeal from any finding of fact. Under this protection it has nullified many contracts between utility corporations and consumers. Now the commission is the state. It is part of the executive machinery of the state and its acts are the acts of the state.

The Fathers who formed our national government and framed its fundamental law knew that our civilization is founded on contract, therefore they provided in Section 10, Article I, of the Constitution of the United States prohibition of the impairment of the obligation of contracts by any state.

Mr. Chase and many others have been shorn of their constitutional rights by our railroad commission. Why have none the courage to make a judicial demand in defense of those rights?

JOHN P. IRISH.

##### Supporting Cowley.

BERKELEY, May 1, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Here is a literal translation of the Greek song, anonymous and ancient, which comes to mind when one reads Abraham Cowley's lines quoted in the issue of the *Argonaut* of April 22, 1922:

The black Earth, she drinks deep,  
And Trees, they drink her down;  
And Sea is what the Sun drinks,  
And Sun is what the Moon drinks:  
Why start a scrap with me, boys,  
If I want a drink myself?

Very truly, KIMBALL G. EASTON.

#### LETTING THE GOVERNMENT DO IT.

Invasion of Technical Business by Politicians Can Not Be Trusted to Promote Economy and Efficiency.

Probably we are all Utopians at heart, and at some time in our lives have loved to dwell in imagination on an order of society in which three million, or thirty or three hundred million people would act like the Three Musketeers—one for all and all for one—doing their best, putting the product into a common pot, eliminating the selfishness of coal mine operators and steel magnates, and merchants, and capitalists who grind down the poor by making hydro-electric energy out of everybody's law of gravitation and charging consumers money for it. Probably all of us have felt at times that a system of industry under which some could make profits and other were unable to, and hence under which there existed cruel contrasts of rich and poor, was not ideal, and could and should give place to something that was. Some still feel that way, and the sentiment is encouraged by such industrial giants as Gilbert K. Chesterton, Sidney Webb, and Robert Hunter; or George Bernard Shaw, who thought the odds on Carpentier when he fought Dempsey ought to be fifty to one. Oh, yes—and we shouldn't forget dear old Karl Marx, who wrote great books to adjust the relations of capital and labor—a man who never did any labor and never had any capital. To hope for heaven on earth for everybody shows a beautiful disposition, such as we all have. Unfortunately it does not grow any potatoes, nor haul any wheat, nor work up any saw-logs into lumber. The Three Musketeers did not have to make a living. Their work was exciting, and their valor was supported by the taxpayers of France. In addition, they were quite expensive, and only worked when they felt like it.

The socialization of industry is a sort of creeping paralysis of the body politic. It has been much stimulated in this country during the past thirty years by German preachments, the examples of British cities, little understood, and the discontents provoked by the economic effects of an unlimited immigration. The wealthy succeeded in getting themselves well hated; and some of the haters seemed to adopt the principle that people must in some way be prevented from becoming wealthy. They thought they saw a chance in free silver in 1896, and in the municipalization of street railways, water works, and "utilities" in general. They are less numerous than they sound. In 1903 Mr. Bryan thought it would be a good thing politically to get their support by advocating the nationalization of the railways, after the example of some European countries where he had ridden on trains and observed that it was possible for governments to run them. It just about beat him for the presidency. In our brief government operation of the railways during the recent war the government went behind some \$1,800,000,000; and it is interesting to reflect where we might be today had Mr. Bryan succeeded in nationalizing the railways when he said he wanted to.

The selfish motive of industry is apparent in all its management, and it is an ugly thing. But so is the engine's boiler, and its coal grate. Socialists, and many other people, suppose that if private industry could be eliminated, states and cities could supply the needs of men more abundantly and cheaply. But general experience shows, where just comparisons are possible, that almost everything done by a city, state, or nation costs more instead of less, and the taxpayers pay for it either in rates or directly. Nothing is free. And everybody pays taxes. The whole public is involved. If a man owns no property he pays taxes in the general cost of living.

Public water works are not unsuccessful, for water is one of the simplest of all utilities to develop and serve. In San Francisco perhaps the Municipal Railway, under the competition of the Market Street, has done fairly well, although some doubt it. But generally speaking socialized production is not abundant production, and if it seems to succeed in supplying goods or services cheaply it is because it is still limited to a few fields and can cover the deficits it produces by the taxation of properties not yet socialized.

The rule of politics is to make two jobs grow where but one grew before. The practice of socialized industry is to use governmental power to protect itself against the progress that might be made by private capital, as the postoffice protects itself against the carriage of letters by express companies. That sort of thing is a reduction of public service, not an increase of it. But it doesn't usually show, because comparison has been abolished by abolishing the only thing on which it could be based—the parallel private enterprise.

But not in all cases. The late Joseph Chamberlain municipalized the gas plants of Birmingham, just as some of our California socialists wish to socialize the hydro-electric plants of California. Gas would be cheaper. Private profit would be abolished and the people would get it in the form of lower rates. Why not? Wouldn't they own the plant? Wouldn't their own government control operations? All the waste, nepotism, stock-watering and general skulduggery of



pitalism would be squeezed out of the gas business, and the people would have the benefit. The gas plants were bought, and in twenty years gas cost 2 shillings 6 pence in Birmingham, and in Sheffield, where a private company produced it, it cost 1 shilling 5 pence. When Mr. Chamberlain tried to teach the Britishers that what they needed was a protective tariff, some persons wondered why he met with so little success.

It has been estimated that the favors granted employees in the socialized industries of England represent an added burden to taxpayers of about 20 per cent. That isn't all. Manchester supplies gas. In 1905 the gas reserve fund was knicked \$43,000 to entertain the king. That is government in business. Townley was the king of North Dakota, so the state-operated bank lent him money for his sisal plantation in Florida. It's gone.

Public ownership advocates love to point out the postoffice as an example of governmental efficiency in business. But they have no standard of comparison. One of the first acts of government when it gets into business is to eliminate the competition of private companies in order to enjoy a monopoly itself, just the monopoly which private companies have been damned for trying to create; and so the express companies are not permitted to carry mail, and we can not tell whether they would do it cheaper and better or not. But it is a fair guess that private business executives could do better with the business than the government does—that if Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, or Samuel Vauclain of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, or William Sproule of the Southern Pacific, were conducting the postoffice for the profit of a corporation, mail carriers would receive more pay and letters would be carried and delivered for less money. It is at least as likely as that the board to be created by California Water and Power Amendment will supply electricity as cheaply as private companies do now.

Government does not have to do things in the best possible way, and it is not in human nature that political appointees, sure of their jobs and with nothing at stake, will ever work much more than half as well as they would have to work for a private corporation. Pork-barrel appropriations and log-rolling expenditures are not conducive to logical development nor the maximum of public service and production. Governments were never intended to produce, but to protect and preserve. They have to work through politicians, and can rarely get business men to help out. Sometimes when they do, the business men do great business for themselves. We believe there were some dollar-a-year scandals during the war. The government was so poor a business manager that it was extensively "profiteered." There is an effort on the part of socialists to foist on the railroad men retained in government service when the roads were taken over the blame for the government's failure to manage them better; but the government was in control, and if the wicked railroad men ran the roads for their own ends, that, too, was the government's fault, and a fault which it could be trusted to repeat every time it undertook a similar enterprise.

In supplying services such as gas, electricity, telephone, and urban railway transportation, municipalization as practiced in Great Britain has always been out-run by private development in the United States. We have built longer lines and more of them, our extensions have anticipated public needs, without having been built where there would never be a public need, merely to curry favor with voters; and the desired result, which is the service of the public, has been far ahead of such results where British cities have run the business.

The most superficial view of the field will show that government undertakings are marked by waste, incompetence, extravagance and clerical paralysis; and in any comparison they always have the advantage of tax exemption, as well as monopoly in their area. One of their worst effects is the discouragement of private initiative. Housing has been undertaken governmentally in Great Britain. Much appeared to have been done; much in the way of razing old dwellings was done. But it checked the formation of private building associations, and it has been said on good authority that every house built by government stopped the erection of four by private enterprise. That is a wonderful way to relieve the housing shortage.

In England the telephone is a government monopoly and the service a joke—an English joke. Discussing the situation after the postoffice took over the telephone system, a member of Parliament once said:

Telephones in this country were a private commercial venture. The government owned the telegraph, and tried to throttle the telephone. In 1892 the government forced the company to sell its trunk lines, and although it has made a parade of figures showing the large amount of mileage of trunk lines added, the service has never kept pace with public requirements, and there has been a constant stream of complaints from Chambers of Commerce and other public bodies, as well as from individual users. The truth is the government made a Cinderella of the trunk lines to the end that their favored telegraph should remain the belle of the wires.

The French government operates the telegraph, and it is somewhat better than the mail, but subject to the chance of delivering messages without signatures, or some other trifle like that. The government has a monopoly of the telephone, and if there is a worse telephone service than that of London, it is only to be

found in France. The service in the Congo forests, where it consists of rapping out signals on hollow logs and relaying them across the country, is generally preferred. Business men frequently employ messengers instead of using the phone. That is good for the messengers, but hardly for business. One example of government management should be cited, it is so typical, and that is the case of the Gutenberg exchange in Paris. In the days when the "common battery" system was relatively new, it was installed in this exchange. The government was warned that it should provide adequate protective apparatus to avoid trouble from high voltage currents. But the continuity of policy that characterizes private enterprise was lacking, and the money that should have been devoted to this technical engineering requirement was switched to some more showy object which the public could see and understand. The result was that the exchange caught fire and left a large section of the city without telephone communication. That is political management. That is letting government do it.

We look to the government in this country to do our harbor dredging. A lot of money has to be spent dredging channels and sloughs that will never be used in order to placate contractors and voters in the neighborhood—so that the congressmen from those districts can "point with pride" to the amount of money they have secured for "public improvements." When a big transatlantic liner some years ago struck in New York harbor people called it an accident. The money that should have made the harbor safe had been spent deepening some congressman's channel back to Washington. One commentator remarked, "It was not an accident. It was a result."

The literature of this subject is extensive and growing. It is impossible to treat here all details of the matter or present an exhaustive analysis of the whole field of experience, but people are beginning to doubt the wisdom of trusting technical matters to politicians—and almost all business is technical. An encouraging sign is that the representations are no longer one-sided, the proponents of municipalization no longer have the debate all their own way. There is much to be cited now of an *a posteriori* nature. One case that is very illuminating occurs in Yves Guyot's discussion of the subject, as follows:

A high school professor of Elbeuf, M. Mouchel, afterward mayor of that city for seventeen years, and finally deputy, was attacked by the municipalization mania. He municipalized water, electricity, gas, the collection and disposal of garbage, and the burial of the dead. February 28, 1911, there appeared in the *Dépêche de Rouen* a highly eulogistic article extolling his work. On October 15th of the same year the mayor was obliged to confess that his attempts at municipalization were causing a deficit of 180,000 francs in a budget of 800,000. A sum of 250,000 francs would be necessary to cover the losses. After confessing his delusions and deceptions before a meeting of the municipal council M. Mouchel committed suicide in the cellar of the town hall.

That was too bad. The mayor of Elbeuf was probably conscientious and sensitive. We do not expect to see California politicians commit suicide if they are unsuccessful with the socialization of hydro-electric development under the Water and Power Act, should that measure be adopted by the public. The deficit is all provided for in the proposed amendment. It is to come out of the taxpayers. Why should the politicians worry?

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24, 1922.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Señorita Felicidad Gonzales, head of the normal school in Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, is one of the interesting South Americans to attend the Pan-American conference of women. She is a leader in her community and a woman of great personal charm.

Master Alexander Ramsay, the two-and-a-half-year-old son of Princess Pat, is paying a visit at Windsor Castle to the King and Queen of England. Master Alexander occupies the nurseries at the top of the Victorian tower, where the royal children have always played.

Miss Pauline Floyd is said to be the youngest woman attorney to practice law before the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss Floyd, who is twenty-four, started her professional career with the intention of specializing in divorce. However, she has found the District of Columbia, her place of business, a poor location for a divorce lawyer, and her practice has accordingly become general.

Lady Cynthia Mosley, daughter of England's foreign secretary, Lord Curzon, has entered the movies. This information, however, is not Hollywood propaganda, Lady Cynthia having made her debut on the silver sheet, not for fame or money, but simply for the benefit of the Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship. Dabbling in the movies, however, is a great fad in England of late, and Lady Cynthia would not be the first English noblewoman to become a professional movie star. The titled actress' mother was Miss Mary Leiter of Washington.

Dr. Siburg Eskola, an eminent Finnish geologist, and his wife, Dr. Mauda Eskola, who is equally renowned as a botanist, are visiting in Washington as guests of the Carnegie Institution. The Eskolas, both of whom are from the ancient University of Finland at Helsingfors, are in this country for the purpose of establishing

a research branch of their institution. The Finnish university, which was rigidly suppressed by the Czar, has been reestablished, and copies of many volumes to replace the library destroyed by the Russians have been sent from Stockholm and Copenhagen.

Mr. William Velpeau Rooker, Indianapolis lawyer, is recognized as the first authority in the United States on the law of the air. He was delegated by the conference of American Bar Associations to draft a report on the subject, which Elihu Root has pronounced a world charter for aerial jurisprudence. It is Mr. Rooker's contention that the air law is destined to be administered under the general rules of admiralty law. He claims that neither the air nor the sea can be geometrically "allocated." Mr. Rooker has been invited by the International Law Association, whose headquarters are in London, to address its annual meeting at Buenos Aires in August on "Jurisprudence in Aerial Communication."

Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman is said to be the strongest American Minister to China in many years. In Peking they say he is head and shoulders above his colleagues. The verdict of an important Chinese editor is, "Dr. Schurman must be a great man in America, since he is so honest and bold." He is liked by the Chinese, generally, because he does not tell them that America will save China—a frequent mistake of previous ministers. One of his strokes of diplomacy has been to visit all parts of China to study conditions. He goes about even the most dangerous territory accompanied only by a man-servant. One theory of Dr. Schurman's sympathy with the Chinese character is his long acquaintance with Chinese during his presidency of Cornell University.

The question that is agitating all the "salons" of Paris is whether or not Countess Mathieu de Noailles will run for a seat in the French Academy. As every one knows, no woman has ever broken the sacred masculine tradition of the French Academy since its foundation in 1636 by Cardinal Richelieu. Mme. de Noailles obtained the first prize for poetry from the French Academy last year, and so is logically eligible to a seat in that august assembly. Mme. de Noailles, who is the daughter of a Roumanian prince and the wife of a nobleman bearing one of the great names of France, is a poet whom Frederic Masson, life secretary of the Academy, and Stephane Lauzanne, the great French publicist, hail as a genius. She was recently elected a member of the Belgian Academy, and now that there is a vacant seat in the French equivalent the literary ladies of France say they will boycott the Academy if Mme. de Noailles is not elected. Incidentally, women form four-fifths of the audience of the Academy.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Splendid Spur.

Not on the neck of prince or hound,  
Nor on a woman's finger twined,  
May gold from the deriding ground  
Keep sacred that we sacred bind:  
Only the heel  
Of splendid steel  
Shall stand secure on sliding fate,  
When golden navies weep their freight.

The scarlet hat, the laureled stave  
Are measures, not the springs, of worth;  
In a wife's lap, as in a grave,  
Man's airy notions mix with earth.

Seek other spur  
Bravely to stir  
The dust in this loud world, and tread  
Alp-high among the whispering dead.

Trust in thyself,—then spur again:  
So shall Charybdis wear a grace,  
Grim Ætna laugh, the Libyan plain  
Take roses to her shriveled face.  
This orb—this round  
Of sight and sound—  
Count it the lists that God hath built  
For haughty hearts to ride a-tilt.

—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

### Ballade of Middle Age.

Our youth began with tears and sighs,  
With seeking what we could not find;  
Our verses were all threnodies,  
In elegiacs still we whined;  
Our ears were deaf, our eyes were blind,  
We sought and knew not what we sought.  
We marvel, now we look behind:  
Life's more amusing than we thought!

Oh, foolish youth, untimely wise!  
Oh, phantoms of the sickly mind!  
What? not content with seas and skies,  
With rainy clouds and southern wind,  
With common cares and faces kind,  
With pains and joys each morning brought?  
Ah, old, and worn, and tired, we find  
Life's more amusing than we thought!

Though youth "turns spectre-thin and dies,"  
To mourn for youth we're not inclined;  
We set our souls on salmon flies,  
We whistle where we once repined.  
Confound the woes of human-kind!  
By Heaven we're "well deceived," I wot;  
Who hum, contented or resigned,  
"Life's more amusing than we thought!"

—Andrew Lang.

The total floating debt owing by Europe to American business firms has been variously estimated at from one to four billion dollars.



## A REBUILDER OF EMPIRE.

George Kennan's Biography of E. H. Harriman Shows a Great Constructive Genius at Work.

The really vital history of a country is that of the men who have made it. Good national growth is not accidental. It must have back of it imagination, design, and will, as well as penetrating analysis and discernment of necessities. The men that can bring these qualities to bear on a country's development are its real creators.

Edward Henry Harriman was a constructive capitalist. He was the descendant of merchants, and the son of a clergyman, and he became a Wall Street broker. He rebuilt an empire. The story of his life as told in two volumes by George Kennan is a thrilling narrative, and at the same time one that has the merit of illustrating the major dynamics of modern society, and the development of the great West. No one can read it without being informed valuably on matters it is important to the welfare of this country to have more generally understood. The preparation of the book is therefore a public service, just as the life it presents was a public service. At the time of his death in 1909 Harriman was planning a railroad circle around the globe. Had he lived he might have entered upon the policy of rebuilding Asia. A mere continent was not beyond the scope of his mentality. He was a planetary thinker.

Harriman's outlook on the transportation situation, and what the roads needed in the way of unifying, standardizing, and rebuilding of lines, he himself defined as follows, in an address at the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition:

It was impossible to supply the needs of commerce by the railroads originally constructed and operated. It became necessary not only to reconstruct and reequip these lines, but to bring them under uniform methods and management, which was possible only by the combination and unification of the original short lines of railway into systems, each under one management and control. The combination of different railroads should be regulated by law. So far as may be necessary, the public interest should be protected by law; but in so far as the law obstructs such combinations, without public benefit, it is unwise and prejudicial to the public interest.

He was no wrecker of values for the sake of money or power. Money he did not appraise very highly as a mere possession, but wanted it for what it would accomplish. He was accused of running a corner in Northern Pacific and thus precipitating the panic in which United States Steel and other good stocks were jettisoned by frantic Northern Pacific shorts until general ruin seemed imminent. But this was an error, according to Kennan. In that battle of giants which grew out of the effort to control the Burlington, Harriman and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. quit buying four days before any corner was established; and then he helped the shorts to settle on a basis that saved many from bankruptcy.

One may regard E. H. Harriman as a stock broker who became a railroad man, or a railroad man who had been a stock broker. The latter view is the better. His performances transcended in magnitude and value those of many of the older railroad builders, and entitle him to be known as one of the great creative powers of the country. Says Kennan:

Mr. Harriman's genius was essentially and fundamentally constructive, and no railroad that he ever acquired suffered injury from his management or control. Eight years after his death, when the securities of all railroads had been depressed by hostile legislation and the restrictions of an incompetent commission, the shares of the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific were selling respectively at 115 and 122, while the shares of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern were offered at 86 and 85. Traffic statistics, moreover, show that the country served by the Hill system certainly did not develop more rapidly than the country served by the Harriman lines. Mr. Harriman planned and built with the future of the country constantly in mind, and the prices of his stocks, as well as the prosperity of his territory, show how sagacious and far-seeing his plans were and how enduring his influence has been.

If it is creative reality to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, it is just as much so to make a railroad haul two blades of grass where but one was hauled before. But that means making it over, and this Harriman accomplished. He just about doubled the working capacity of Union Pacific, and did it again with the Southern Pacific to adjust that road to the altered condition thus created. Such feats were, of course, preceded by long experiences in railroad management, and intensive studies of what such enterprises needed. Into this experience Kennan's biography goes in really fascinating detail. Speaking of the young Harriman's first venture into the transportation field, he says:

The first outward indication of this new ambition was the purchase, in 1877 or 1878, of the steamer *Twilight*, a small Hudson River boat plying between New York City and Newburgh. This was the first vehicle of transportation that he ever owned or managed, and although it played no important part in his subsequent career, its acquisition was an evidence of his early interest in the carrying trade. He retained possession of it only a short time, but he operated it successfully while he owned it and was able to sell it at a profit.

That was followed by the purchase of a small railroad in northern New York, the Sodus Bay and Southern, which had a terminus on Lake Ontario, and would furnish an outlet to Canada for either the New York

Central or the Pennsylvania, whichever wanted it badly enough to buy it. Of this road Harriman himself said:

This property had great strategic value which nobody seemed to recognize. I knew that if I put it into good physical condition, so it could handle and develop traffic, the Pennsylvania Railroad would jump at a chance to buy it, in order to get an outlet to the lake; and that the New York Central would be equally anxious to buy it, in order to keep its rival out. My experience with this railroad taught me a lesson with respect to the importance of proper physical condition in a transportation property which I have never forgotten.

He once referred to himself as "lucky"; but it was too modest on his part. It is not luck when a man accomplishes his objects by such adroitness as this:

In the fall of 1895, for example, Mr. Harriman wished to see one of the races of the trotting association at Goshen. He accidentally missed the Erie train that he intended to take, and there was no other that would bring him to his destination in time except the Chicago express. Finding that this through train made no local stops, he telephoned to the executive offices of the Erie and asked if the express might not be allowed to stop at Goshen as a personal accommodation. Inasmuch as he was vice-president of the Illinois Central and it was customary for high railroad officials to extend such courtesies to one another, this was a perfectly natural and proper request; but when it was referred to the highest authority it met with a curt refusal. Mr. Harriman, however, was a hard man to beat. Learning upon inquiry that the Chicago express could be flagged at Goshen if there happened to be any passengers there who wished to go to points west of Buffalo, he telegraphed a friend in Goshen to buy a ticket for Chicago. Then, at the appointed hour, he took his seat in the express at Jersey City. When the train reached Goshen, it was stopped by a flag-signal for the accommodation of the non-existent passenger for Chicago, and the Jersey-City-to-Goshen passenger got off and went to the race. The high officials of the Erie would perhaps have treated Mr. Harriman with more deference and courtesy if they could have foreseen that in the not distant future he would save the Erie from another bankruptcy by putting up five and a half million dollars of his own money. In that case he "heaped coals of fire" upon Mr. Morgan's head, because the Erie, at that time, was a Morgan road.

It might well be inferred that it would be quite difficult to keep such a man down. He had his struggles, many of which are indicated in the text. But his creative imagination and his fertile ingenuity got him through almost all of them creditably. He did not always have his own way, for he was working and fighting in a hotly contested field, but when he did have it, the world was better off for it. He was impeded, and thereby the country lost much, by the mischievous laws passed by political meddlers under the mandate of popular prejudice and ignorance of fundamental economics, but in spite of that he worked miracles. The judgment of his biographer is likely to be that of his countrymen who can understand:

When Mr. Harriman invested his money in a worn-out railroad, he expected to earn, by personal labor and skill, the profit that he anticipated—and he *did* earn it. No one now questions the fact that he was virtually the creator of the reorganized Union Pacific; and if he made millions out of it, he added, at the same time, hundreds of millions to the value of the property of other men, and widened immensely the area of human happiness and prosperity.

Most of Mr. Harriman's great fortune was made out of the increase in value of the properties that he managed, and in part owned; but the value was put into those securities by unremitting labor and by the exercise of the rare mental powers and capacities which in the business world always gain the high rewards.

As the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific had been left by their builders they were full of bottle necks—tight places of one sort or another that prevented the maximum use of the good parts of the road. When he took over the Union Pacific it perilously approached Bill Nye's old description of "two streaks of rust and a right-of-way." Others could see little or nothing in it. Says Kennan:

Mr. Morgan's failure to take advantage of his opportunity to reorganize the Union Pacific is regarded as one of the chief tactical mistakes of his life. He thought that the road had no future, and that it was less valuable than the Erie. Mr. Harriman, on the contrary, with characteristic imagination and judgment, had a clear prevision of its possibilities, and when its common stock was selling below 25 he said to Mr. Otto H. Kahn: "Union Pacific is intrinsically worth as much as St. Paul, and with good management it will get there." This seemed to Mr. Kahn "the wildest kind of wild talk," and he did not at first take the prediction seriously; but in less than ten years Union Pacific was paying 10 per cent. dividends; the stock was selling at nearly 200, and it had left St. Paul far behind. These results, however, were largely if not wholly due to the "good management" of a born railroad builder and executive. Mr. Morgan, with all his great financial ability, might not have been able to make the Union Pacific what John W. Gates said it was in 1901—"the most magnificent railroad property in the world."

Harriman was not much of a gambler and he did no guessing. He went over the line in a special car pushed ahead of the locomotive. He traveled by daylight, and if there was anything important that he didn't see, he asked about it. His observation of details and what they might mean is thus described by Julius Kruttschnitt, after the acquisition of the Southern Pacific:

One day [says Mr. Kruttschnitt] I was walking with Mr. Harriman on the road. He noticed a track bolt and asked me why so much of the bolt should protrude beyond the nut. I replied, "It is the size which is generally used." He said, "Why should we use a bolt of such a length that a part of it is useless?" I replied, "Well, when you come right down to it, there is no reason." We walked along and he asked me how many track bolts there were to a mile of track, and I told him. Thereupon he remarked, "Well, in the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific we have about eighteen thousand miles of track and there must be some fifty million track bolts in our system. If you can cut an ounce off from every bolt, you will save fifty million ounces of iron, and that is something worth while. Change your bolt standard."

To revert to the Union Pacific; there were some bad grades west of Cheyenne, with light track and sharp

curves, all prohibitive of heavier equipment and increased capacity. But Harriman calculated that the capacity might be almost doubled by rebuilding certain parts in a certain way, and without very great increases in operation costs—which would turn losses into profits:

This acceptance of Mr. Harriman's plan for the complete reconstruction of the Union Pacific, at an initial cost of \$25,000,000, shows how deep an impression his knowledge, ability, and character had made upon the minds of the directors. When he became a member of the board, in December, 1897, he was comparatively little known, even to his associates, but in less than six months his influence had become paramount, and in less than a year (December 1, 1898) he was made chairman of the whole board, as well as chairman of the executive committee, and was practically given supreme control of Union Pacific affairs. The directors, of course, continued to manage the property, but, as a rule, they deferred to the expert knowledge and far-sighted judgment of their chairman in all questions of importance, whether technical or financial.

Then began the labors of a Titan. The condition of the road is well presented in the book, and we can not specify too much, but some faint idea of the work may be gained from these illustrative passages:

He determined, for example, to retire as soon as possible most of the light rolling stock; and in order to prevent useless expenditure of money in repairing it, he directed that not more than ten dollars be spent in putting any single car in order. He also directed the removal of the sides and roofs of old boxcars, in order that they might be used as flatcars in ballasting the track. They were too small and light for freight traffic and he intended to substitute for them cars of much greater capacity. These measures he took on his own personal responsibility, merely for the purpose of saving time and money. In his examination of the road and its equipment, nothing escaped his attention. One of the division superintendents afterward declared, with pardonable exaggeration, "He saw every poor tie, blistered rail, and loose bolt on my division." He even noticed and made inquiries about such comparatively unimportant matters as the diameter of water-tank service pipes, the quality of water furnished to engines, and the effect of unsuitable water on the casing of locomotive fire-boxes.

All together, between Omaha and Ogden, the Harriman engineers abandoned more than one hundred and fifty miles of the old line (an amount equivalent to all of the New York Central Railroad between New York City and Troy), and by rebuilding it in new locations eliminated twenty-two complete circles of curvature and saved nearly forty miles of distance. At the same time the working force widened one hundred and ninety-six miles of roadbed and ballasted it with disintegrated granite; put in almost a million new cross-ties; laid forty-two thousand tons of new and heavier rails on a distance of three hundred and ninety-seven miles, and replaced nearly four thousand feet of old timber bridges with permanent earthen embankments or solid structures of steel. All this was done in the first year and a half of Mr. Harriman's administration. During the same period immense additions were made to the road's equipment. Two hundred light locomotives, which were not powerful enough to haul such trains as Mr. Harriman contemplated, were sold at their scrap value, and were replaced with heavier engines which made it possible to more than double the tonnage of the average train. The rolling stock of the old road consisted of 10,634 freight cars, with a capacity of 400,000,000 pounds. Mr. Harriman added 4760 new cars with a capacity of 325,000,000 pounds, thus nearly doubling the road's carrying power. No such addition to equipment had ever before been made by an American railroad in the short period of sixteen months.

The whole road, from this eastern approach to the Black Hills far out to Medicine Bow on the Laramie plains, shows everywhere the chisel and the straight-edge of the Harriman engineers. There are but two pieces of track—both of them very short—on the entire main line where the forty-three-foot grade is exceeded. Curvature had to go with the heavy grades, and between the Black Hills and the Wasatch Range seven thousand degrees gradually disappeared. At one point the new line, within a distance of four miles, crosses the old one seven times.

After that came the acquisition of the Southern Pacific, and this sort of work upon that road:

The total amount spent on the Southern Pacific system for line changes, grade reductions, and other similar improvements during the period of Mr. Harriman's administration was approximately thirty million dollars, and two-thirds of this sum was used in building the three principal cut-offs, namely, Lucin, Bay Shore, and Montalvo. Twenty million dollars seems a great expenditure for track improvement in only three places; but the saving in operating expenses which these betterments made possible was equivalent to from 8 to 10 per cent. interest on the money invested in them.

He was one of the great builders of the West, coming, in the second generation, to the development of the work of the railroad kings of the 'sixties. Few men have had more influence than he upon the destinies of states—their real destinies, that is; not merely the fate of dynasties, but the life of the people. Says his biographer:

It would be almost as true to say that the reconstructed railroad caused the growth of the country as to say that the growth of the country caused the prosperity of the road. They reacted on each other, but the transportation facilities, under the far-sighted management of Harriman, Kruttschnitt, and Stubbs, were always ahead of the territorial development. In his testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1907, Mr. Harriman himself said, "If we had not had the power to buy the Southern Pacific with the credit of the Union Pacific, the territory tributary to the Southern Pacific would have been ten years behind what it is now."

On a somewhat similar scale, Harriman was a builder of men. He founded the first boys' club in the world, beginning with three boys in the lower East Side in New York. Its membership grew to 7000, and it has been estimated that it has influenced the lives and characters of more than a quarter of a million street boys. At the proper stage of its growth he bought land and put up a building for it at a cost of \$185,000. He seldom or never replied to attacks upon his methods or his character, because, he said, he had something more important to do with his time. One would think so. We shall continue this review next week with matter illustrating his vast services to California and the West.

E. H. HARRIMAN, A BIOGRAPHY. In two volumes. By George Kennan. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$7.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending May 20, 1922, were \$144,500,000; for the week ending May 21, 1921, were \$130,000,000; an increase of \$14,500,000.

Business is better. The depression which began in the United States in 1920 and continued throughout 1921 has passed, and substantial progress has already been made toward normal activity and a new business cycle has been entered upon. Adverse conditions, as the coal strike, may temporarily

retard the upward swing, says Stevenson E. Ward, vice-president of the National Bank of Commerce of New York. Other factors, such as widespread crop failures, might even result in recession for a time, but no circumstances can alter the fact that there is now an unassailable basis for confidence in slow and steady expansion of the commercial activities of this country.

It is easy to exaggerate the evils of this situation, however. As a matter of fact, a large volume of fairly profitable foreign trade has been carried on ever since 1918, despite the difficulties encountered. Moreover, although some currencies may never return to their former gold equivalents, the exchanges of those countries in which currency inflation has ceased are now fluctuating through a narrowing range. Certain evidence of the return to normal in the international money market is the gradual decline in money rates everywhere, excepting only some countries of central and eastern Europe and the Far East where political and other conditions are as yet unstable. Money rates in London are again practically at the pre-war level, and British war bonds have crossed par. International monetary and credit transactions can now be carried on between most countries of the world in the normal pre-war ways.

Added evidence of the passing of the post-war uncertainties is the international situation as regards gold. On March 15, 1922, the United States treasury resumed the issuance of gold certificates on ordinary checks. The reappearance of gold and of gold certificates in circulation will have an entirely negligible effect. The step is nevertheless important, as the last artificial currency situation in the United States growing out of the war has ceased to exist. Reestablishment of an unrestricted market for gold in London is being discussed, and the question of a return to the gold standard is also being considered in Sweden. The cheap money advocates in both countries are presenting the usual arguments against this course, but it seems not unlikely that it will be taken in the not far distant future in most countries, the currencies of which are near enough to par with the dollar to make such a step practicable.

Business recovery is never complete until it is conceded on all sides—and then it may have much farther to go before the peak of activity is reached, says *Forbes Magazine*. The recovery which actually set in a small way last July has been so gradual and has spread in such a leisurely fashion from one industry to another that there are still many doubting Thomases who insist that all trade continues in the doldrums, and who will not make allowance for the time needed to repair a price fabric torn to shreds by the post-war deflation. With some persons, business is either booming or it is "rotten"; they can not visualize the slow, halting forward movement.

So long as there are those who doubt the genuineness of business improvement, Wall Street will be safe for the speculator who is a bull on the United States; for nothing kills a speculation, either for the rise or for the decline, sooner than unanimity of opinion. These are old sayings in Wall Street: "When everybody is bullish, it is time to sell." "Whenever everybody is bearish, it is time to buy."

Of course, there will come a time, in the course of the spring movement now under way when the speculator who is close to the market may better his position by taking profits and awaiting the usual midsummer reaction to repurchase to advantage. But, except for those skilled in reading the surface signs of a weakened technical position which always precede such a reaction, such attempts to catch the short swings are likely to prove disappointing. The market has so recently started upward in earnest and indications that a major bull movement is merely in its

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retard the upward swing, says Stevenson E. Ward, vice-president of the National Bank of Commerce of New York. Other factors, such as widespread crop failures, might even result in recession for a time, but no circumstances can alter the fact that there is now an unassailable basis for confidence in slow and steady expansion of the commercial activities of this country.

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time requirements. Second, stocks of finished goods and of raw materials have been reduced to reasonable proportions. Third, commodity prices are stabilizing. Fourth, conditions in basic industries, including agriculture, are improving, and production is expanding. Fifth, gains are not confined to the United States. Conditions are improving throughout the world. Some countries constitute exceptions to this statement, but their bearing on the international situation is not great enough to alter the fact that the world outlook is bet-

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early stages are so plentiful that it would seem to be the part of wisdom to hold through any reaction that may follow the spring bulge, keeping one's eyes on the probable objective of a market which may be expected to run on for from twelve to eighteen months before any important distribution will be attempted.

The best news from the speculative viewpoint continues to come from the iron and



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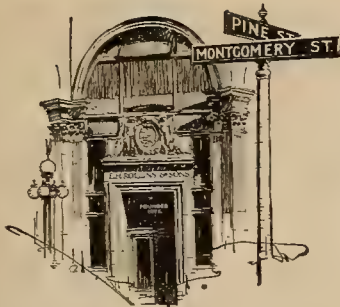
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steel industry, from the railroads, and from the copper mines. But to these indices of improvement may be added the wonderful showing of the automobile industry, where sharply lowered prices have tempted the public to fill requirements for new cars which were deferred during the post-war period of inflation; the rapid development of a building boom which will bring new life to many kindred industries supplying the raw materials, semi-finished, and finished products that go to make complete dwellings and factories; the rising market for oil and gasoline; and the increasing confidence in the cotton and grain markets.

Wall Street was not so much impressed with the fact that the Steel Corporation failed to earn dividends in the first quarter as with the steady increase in profits over three months, which resulted in net earnings of fully \$8,505,000 in March, or 85 per cent. better than the January total and larger than those of any month since February, 1921. Since there was a big gain in unfilled orders in March and prices have been advanced all around, there is every reason to believe that profits for the second quarter will be satisfactory. It is estimated in the trade that steel ingot production is now at the rate of 35,000,000 to 38,000,000 tons a year, as compared with 30,000,000 at the end of February, and less than 20,000,000 during December, 1921. Recent predictions are unanimous that the coal strike will not hurt the iron and steel industry, unless it should be prolonged for such a length of time as now seems improbable, since separate agreements have already been made in mid-Western fields and others are likely to follow.

American capital is being used to finance European governments, municipalities, and business enterprises to an unprecedented extent. During the whole of 1921 the total volume of such loans absorbed by American investors was only \$628,460,000. During the first four months of 1922 such foreign loans aggregated \$508,657,000. In other words, our purchases of foreign securities thus far in 1922 have exceeded \$125,000,000 a month, a showing that has never been equaled before in times of peace. Indications point to continued buying on a broad scale, says Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in its monthly letter.

Foreign loans floated in the United States last year were put out generally on an investment basis of 8 per cent. or better, while similar financing of the last four months has been at materially lower rates—the recent \$100,000,000 Canadian government loan being taken on a 5 per cent. basis.

One reason for increased ease in the money market is attributed to the release of foreign-owned funds in New York. We are told that American investors, besides subscribing for the foreign bonds offered here, have made

heavy purchases of older issues through London, Paris, and other markets direct.

The easing money situation has led to unusual activities on the stock and bond exchanges; and April witnessed a new high level for the year in both industrial and railroad shares.

Unless all signs fail, 201 Class 1 railroads will show net operating income for March almost equal to a 6 per cent. return on the tentative valuation of the properties as fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Preliminary figures given out by 197 of these roads disclose net operating income of \$83,374,000, as compared with \$47,762,600 earned by all these roads in February and \$30,637,000 for the same roads during March, 1921. In order to show 6 per cent. income return in March, the roads would be required to earn \$85,895,700 net operating income. It is clear that the exceptional March earnings were due in part to the increased coal traffic developed by the consuming public at a time when it feared a great fuel shortage. But in any event, the railroads are making good progress under efficient management; and heavy investment buying of railroad securities is practical evidence of renewed public confidence.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering a new issue of \$4,500,000 Central Coal and Coke Company first mortgage sinking fund gold bonds, Series "A," due serially from June 1, 1923 to 1942.

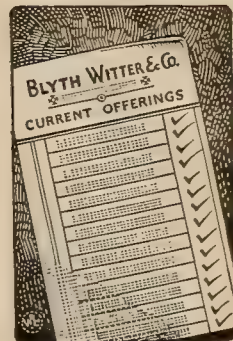
The Central Coal and Coke Company was incorporated under the laws of Missouri in 1893, succeeding to a business organized and operated continuously since 1871. The company is engaged in the business of mining and selling coal, and manufacturing and selling lumber. Its operations, together with its subsidiary and controlled corporations, extend into Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Louisiana, Texas, and Oregon. It is estimated that the company owns or controls 260,000,000 tons of unmined and recoverable coal and 670,725,000 feet of merchantable yellow pine and hard woods in addition to the 2,500,000,000 feet of timber owned by the Oregon-American Lumber Company.

These bonds, in opinion of counsel, will be secured by an absolute first mortgage on all coal and timber properties now owned or hereafter acquired by the Central Coal and Coke Company or Delta Land and Timber Company, and by pledge of 80 per cent. of the stock of the Oregon-American Lumber Company. The value of mortgaged and pledged property as conservatively appraised and estimated is over \$26,000,000.

The William R. Staats Company are offering \$750,000 The Kowles Corporation 7 per cent. first mortgage bonds, dated May 1, 1922, in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000. Principal and semi-annual interest payable

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The Raymond Granite Company has operated successfully under the same management for about thirty years. The company now has the following contracts: Standard Oil Building of San Francisco, State Building at the San Francisco Civic Centre, and the Bullard Contract in Sacramento.

The Raymond Granite Company furnished material for construction of nearly all of the granite buildings on the University of California campus, including the Campanile; also in the entire outside construction of the Municipal Auditorium and the new state building at the Civic Centre in San Francisco. The company also furnished granite for the Times Building, the Citizens National Bank, and the Merchants National Bank Building in Los Angeles.

Mitchum, Tully & Co., correspondents of Kidder, Peabody & Co. of Boston and New York, announce the removal of their San Francisco office from the American National Bank Building to the eighth floor of the California Commercial Union Building, corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets.

All records for attendance were broken at the Leipsic fair last month. Business was better than ever before.

Real estate mortgages are very old. Brick records have been found of mortgages made in Babylon 2100 years before Christ.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Mr. Doran has had quite a spring-like ebullition of celebrities lately, ranging in kind from Irvin S. Cobb to Phyllis Bottome. Nor does that necessarily express the maximum of the gamut run. It includes at least George A. Birmingham, William Rose Benét, and P. G. Wodehouse. Truly a variegated galaxy. One sympathizes with the strain put on the vocabulary and imagination of Mr. Doran's publicity department. Fortunately, the several bright stars enumerated above do not encroach on one another's orbits. There is room for all in even a press agent's vocabulary, not to mention a book reviewer's. We must confess at the outset that we haven't read all of the Doran publications here listed. We immediately seized George A. Birmingham because he is an old favorite. For the same trite reason we seized Wodehouse and Phyllis Bottome. Mr. Benét's and Mr. Cobb's work, alas, is still strange to us, and we can realize only in proportion to the merits of the other three what we have missed. "*Sundry Accounts*" and "*The First Person Singular*," Mr. Cobb's and Mr. Benét's books, respectively, must take their turn in a reviewer's mañana.

"*Three Men and a Maid*," the latest Wodehouse manifestation, has an indigo-colored jacket to suggest that it is an antidote for the blues. It is the best prescription of the sort since the latest Leacock or the latest Wodehouse, whichever appeared more recently. Probably "Three Men and a Maid" would not stand rereading as does that classically funny novel, "*Zuleika Dobson*," but at first blush it is delectable. For the benefit of any benighted who do not know Mr. Wodehouse's laugh-raising magic it may be added that his genius is akin to Stephen Leacock's and that his tactics in bombarding the risible muscles are very similar. However, he writes a different genre of novel. It is not pure nonsense, but like Mr. Beerbohm's parody has the semblance of reality. Indeed it is more realistic than most "realistic" novels.

George A. Birmingham's new collection of Irish tales, "*Lady Bountiful*," is very much on the order of his older stories. That genial genius is always easily delightful and evidently spontaneous. It is a gift. Mr. Birmingham gives more clairvoyant glimpses of Irish peasants, Irish ladies, Irish clergy, Irish doctors, and Irish politicians. His humor is of a much quieter sort than Mr. Wodehouse's. It is very mellow and very real and indubitably will stand rereading—as do all Mr. Birmingham's, prolific though that writer is. Again we wonder how Mr. Doran contrived such a haul.

"*The Kingfisher*," by Phyllis Bottome, is a serious novel—a very serious novel. We have frequently made the complaint in these columns that many a good novel is spoiled in the last half. That is the tragic fate of "*The Kingfisher*," a book whose beginnings are as powerful and as beautiful as any work of this generation. It is perhaps too strong to say "*The Kingfisher*" is ruined by its latter half, but certainly it deteriorates there, for it becomes a romantic novel of manners of, it must be admitted, mediocrity, where it had been the history of mind and soul. Miss Bottome of course continues Jim's history in this maligned part of the book, but the ethereal, airy ways of Violet inevitably stamp their social graces upon Miss Bottome's pages. We think that Jim could and more likely would have found beauty—since it was essential that he should find beauty—in a girl of his own

class, or at least of one several strata below Violet's. We disapproved of Violet's match as heartily as did her parents. It couldn't have been worse from their viewpoint or hers. And it mars the verisimilitude of Miss Bottome's fine work that she should introduce this improbable misalliance. The book would have more force, more interest, and far greater homogeneity if Jim's kingfisher had flown from another river barge to his own. R. G.

### Notes of Books and Authors.

The will of Alexander Louis Teixeira de Mattos, the English translator of Fabre, Couperus, Maeterlinck, Zola, and several other Continental writers, contains one bequest that will interest those who have in an unguarded moment of enthusiasm lent their favorite books and never had them returned. The estate of Mr. de Mattos was not large, its whole value being less than £3000, and many of his bequests took the form of books. One volume in particular was left to a certain friend and is described as one "which he borrowed many years ago and has not returned."

The report from Genoa of the death of Agnes Castle closes one of the most romantic chapters in recent English literature. A year ago Egerton Castle died, and now his wife's death means the passing of "the Castles" from contemporary fiction. In "*Pamela Pounce*" (Appleton), which has been published since Mr. Castle's death, appeared the final work of the collaboration which has given so many readers pleasure since the days of "*The Pride of Jennico*" down. It is interesting that in period depicted and in character this novel marked a return to what first won the Castles fame.

Henri Murger, the author of "*La Vie de Bohème*," whose centenary has just been celebrated, was the son of a Paris concierge and repairing tailor of German origin. The house of which Murger père was porter was full of well-known painters and musicians and dancers—real Bohemians these—and they petted and encouraged the tailor's urchin. He got his start in life as secretary to the Russian ambassador at the magnificent salary of 40 francs a month. But his ambition was to earn his living with his pen. He succeeded, becoming editor of the *Hatter's Journal* (a trade organ) at 73 francs a month.

The Oberammergau Passion Play was first acted in 1633.

Lord Dunsany, whose novel, "*Rodriquez*," is being well received by English critics, has been gathering enough adventures big-game hunting in the Sahara for another book.

The Century Company is publishing this week a number of books of great interest, including "*The Laureatians: The Hills of the Habitant*," by T. Morris Longstreth; "*At the Moment of Death*," by Camille Flammarion; "*Our Railroads Tomorrow*," by Edward Hungerford, and "*The Great Secret*," by Maurice Maeterlinck.

W. L. George, just before leaving the United States, made the encouraging statement that "American fiction is the greatest in the world, for the modern American author has courage, faith, and hope. He has no charity, for which, in literature, there is no need."

From an English paper we learn that an American edition—publishing house unknown—of Boswell's Johnson is in process of being edited by Mr. Clement Shorter. The new edition will run to ten volumes, is to be superbly illustrated and printed, and will have introductions by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. John Drinkwater, and Mr. Walter de la Mare. This de luxe affair called the Temple Bar Edition.

The publication of the fourth and last volume of "*The Social Plays* of Arthur Wing Pinero" is announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. The two plays in this concluding volume of the series are "*The Thunderbolt*" and "*Mid-Channel*," of which Clayton Hamilton, who has edited the group, says: "They may already be regarded as the two greatest plays of British authorship that have been given to the world in the first two decades of the twentieth century; for neither of these impressive compositions has been surpassed by any British playwright, old or young, in the decade that has elapsed since 1909" (the year in which "*Mid-Channel*" was written). The series is called "*Social Plays*" through their author's endeavor in the words of Ibsen "to depict human beings, human emotions, and human destinies upon a groundwork of certain of the social conditions and principles of the present day." This grouping separates Sir Arthur Pinero's lighter plays, sentimental comedies, farces, and so on, from these dramas of real importance.

The first attempt to "Bowdlerize" Shakespeare's plays, according to Sir Sidney Lee, was the work of a Spanish priest, Sanchez, who edited the second folio of 1632. Sanchez aimed to strike out all phrases and passages

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which he considered to be inimical to or inconsistent with the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. His task was undertaken in the spiritual interests of the students in the English College at Valladolid in Spain, who were being trained under the patronage of Philip II to become missionaries to England. Thomas Bowdler's attempt was different. He published his edition of 1818 under the title, "*The Family Shakespeare* in ten volumes; in which nothing is added to the original text; but those words and expressions are omitted which can not with propriety be read aloud in a family."

Among the most important publications of the Oxford University Press this month is a large folio containing designs by William Blake illustrating the 1790 edition of Gray's poems. The album was found by Professor H. J. C. Grierson in Hamilton Palace, where it had been lost to sight for a hundred years. Professor Grierson writes that he had seen no collection which illustrates so fully the grace, fancy, and delightful humor of Blake's work. The Oxford edition has been reproduced full size by the colotype process and contains 116 plates in monochrome and six in colors.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Sea Gull Library.

There seems to be quite an epidemic of translated short stories. Two new volumes in the Sea Gull Library, an excellent series of translated continental works, are "Daughters of Fire," by Gérard de Nerval, translated by James Whitall, and "The Shepherd's Pipe and Other Stories," translated from the German of Arthur Schnitzler by O. F. Theis. This little series, of which four volumes have been published to date by Mr. Nicholas L. Brown, is to be highly commended. There are other series of translated European classics, but for the most part they stick to the beaten path of familiar standards. The Sea Gull Library, which is edited by O. F. Theis, translator of the Schnitzler stories, aims to translate and edit the lesser-known European writers. The two preceding volumes, for example, are Francis Jammes' "Romance of the Rabbit" and the Danish writer Jens Peter Jacobsen's "Mogens and Other Stories." For any but the most polyglot of readers the Sea Gull Library should be a welcome series.

DAUGHTERS OF FIRE. By Gérard de Nerval. THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE. By Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$1.50 each.

The Cook's Wedding.

Those who are collecting Anton Chekhov's work in the Macmillan edition of "The Tales of Chekhov" will welcome the latest volume,

"The Cook's Wedding and Other Stories." Many people who object to the squalor of Chekhov's tragic tales and who happen to know his work only in that guise will be astonished to read these delicate little stories of child and animal psychology. Chekhov is a great artist who divined the human soul as perhaps only a Slavic genius can. But it is nevertheless amazing to find even his touch so light and sympathetic as it is in these tales of Russian child life.

THE COOK'S WEDDING AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

The Amourette Landscape

A book of long short stories reminiscent of the earlier tales of Henry James, partly because of the subject matter, partly because of the finished suavity of style, is "The Amourette Landscape and Other Stories," by Adeline Adams. The author, who is the wife of the American sculptor, Herbert Adams, has spent her life in and about studios and is acquainted with most of the artistic fry of the day. It is natural that her stories should be concerned with art and artists, and what is more interesting, unlike the young writer who sets out to write of Bohemia, Mrs. Adams knows whereof she writes. It is not a strained effort. It is the natural expression of her environment. The studios of which she writes, like those of Henry James, are not the studios of Bohemia. Artists in these true tales from the life appear as only different from other people in that they are more than ordinarily serious and industrious. Every one who has a conception of artistic life based on movies and best-sellers should read Mrs. Adams' charming stories for their informative value. Every one who likes quiet, unstrained, good writing should read them for pure pleasure.

THE AMOURETTE LANDSCAPE AND OTHER STORIES. By Adeline Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

Two Animal Books.

Two fascinating books of animal life are "Wild Folk," by Samuel Scoville, Jr., and "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals," by William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park. Either of these books is an excellent natural history study, but they may be differentiated as follows: "Wild Folk" is more apt to appeal to young readers—it is really a collection of true animal stories; and again for the person more interested in literature than in animals, Mr. Scoville's delightful stories will still make a strong appeal. "The Mind and Manners of Wild Animals" is a serious treatise of the subject. It is fascinating reading, as natural history usually is, and Dr. Hornaday has some extraordinary things to say about animal mentality. He is a professional zoologist and big game hunter, not a writer; but thanks to his scientific training, his subject matter is well grouped and his book is an orderly as well as intriguing narrative.

WILD FOLK. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$2.

THE MINDS AND MANNERS OF WILD ANIMALS. By William T. Hornaday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

Two Books for Children.

Two attractive juvenile publications of Little, Brown & Co. are "Pon-a-Time Tales," by Richard A. Clarke, and "Blackie the Crow," by Thornton W. Burgess, of bed-time story fame. "Blackie the Crow," which belongs to the Green Forest Series of nature books for youngsters of four to twelve, is richly illustrated in many colors and will therefore appeal to even the youngest. "Pon-a-Time Tales" are suitable for older children, particularly girls. They are typical fairy tales of everyday things. The latter volume is illustrated from excellent pen-and-ink drawings.

BLACKIE THE CROW. By Thornton W. Burgess. 'PON-A-TIME TALES. By Richard A. Clarke. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75 and \$1.35, respectively.

New Books Received.

THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE PRACTICE OF AUTOSUGGESTION BY THE METHOD OF EMILE COUÉ. By C. Harry Brooks. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

SENESCENCE OF THE LAST HALF OF LIFE. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$5.

A survey of the entire range of the aspects of age.

THE VILHEM FLAME. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel.

HUGO MUNSTERBERG. By Margaret Munsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50.

His life and work.

THE COOK'S WEDDING AND OTHER TALES. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

The Tales of Chekhov.

CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD. By Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

A chronicle of the old South.

FRANK OF FREEDOM HILL. By Samuel A.

Derieux. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

A story for dog lovers of all ages.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE AT WASHINGTON. By Mark Sullivan. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50.

The story of the Conference.

A HALF-CENTURY OF NAVAL SERVICE. By Seaton Schroeder. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4.

A sailor's autobiography.

ONE THOUSAND THINGS WORTH KNOWING. By Daniel C. Fowler, Jr. New York: George Sully Company; \$1.25.

A handy book of useful information.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF SOCIETY VERSE. Compiled by Claude M. Fuess and Harold C. Stearns. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

An anthology of light verse from the work of Prior, Praed, Gay, Locker-Lampson, Holmes, Dobson, etc.

THE JEWS. By Hillaire Belloc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

The result of studies and investigations over twenty-five years.

MAN-SIZE. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A romance of the Northwest Mounted Police.

THE AMOURETTE LANDSCAPE AND OTHER STORIES. By Adeline Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

Short stories about painters and sculptors.

THE REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION. By Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

The menace of the under man.

THE LETTERS OF PAUL GAUGUIN TO GEORGES DANIEL DE MONFREID. With a foreword by Frederick O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE NINTH VIBRATION. By L. Adams Beck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Short stories.

AMBUSH. By Arthur Richman. New York: Duffield & Co.

A play in three acts.

WOOD NOTES. By Mildred Whitney Stillman. New York: Duffield & Co.

Verses.

THE LADY IN BLUE. By Augusta Groner and Grace Isabel Colbrun. New York: Duffield & Co.

A Joseph Muller story.

IT CAN BE DONE. Collected by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$3.

Poems of inspiration.

THE ENORMOUS ROOM. By E. E. Cummings. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A war book.

THE LOVE CHASE. By Felix Grendon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2.

A novel of Bohemia.

JEWEL MAP OF FRANCE.

It was during the Paris Exposition of 1900 that there was presented to the French nation by the Czar of Russia the "jewel map" of France, says the Washington Star. It is not only priceless, but unique, because many of the precious stones employed to make it are found in Russia alone, and every one found in those days became the property of the imperial treasury.

The map, which is now in the Louvre, is forty inches square. The waters of the oceans are represented by a whitish-gray marble. The groundwork of the general design is jasper. Portions of neighboring countries are uniformly shown in slate-colored jasper, but the various departments of France, eighty-seven in all at that day, are done in many colors and gradations of color from pure white to deepest red.

It must not be supposed that the pieces of jasper that represent the departments have been shaped "anyhow." They follow faithfully the outlines laid down in official maps of the country. So cunning is the workmanship that no joints show at the boundaries, and the eighty-seven pieces have been fitted together with artistic regard to the effect produced by the contrasting and blending colors.

The rivers of France are numerous and long. In this map they are duplicated by threads of platinum that, sunk in the polished jasper, shine like silver. But to most visitors the chief attraction of the map is the 106 precious stones that mark the cities and towns—these places being indicated also by their names embossed in letters of solid gold.

Naturally, the eye travels to Paris, and there it stops, enchanted by the sight of a magnificent ruby which must be worth a small fortune. It is probably the finest and most valuable stone in the whole map.

Away in the north is Lille, a trifle smaller in size than the ruby—not a diamond, as it appears, but a phenacite, a variety of rock crystal that is very rare. Bordeaux is another large gem that all would mistake for a diamond. It is a very fine aquamarine.

Havre is a splendid emerald, although not so fine as the egg-shaped emerald that marks Marseilles. Nantes sparkles like a tiny pool of champagne, a particularly handsome beryl. Rouen is a sapphire, Lyon a tourmaline, Nice a garnet, and Cherbourg an alexandrite, a stone, I hear, although it looks green by daylight, which by artificial light as a mixture of red and blue.

Of the other towns, thirty-eight are shown



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in diamonds, quartz crystals and the like; thirty-five are tourmalines and twenty-one are amethysts. The known value of these gems does not help one to estimate the cost of the map, for the finest stones are not in the jewel market. Replacing them with purchasable gems of corresponding size—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and the like—one might be able to duplicate the map for half a million dollars.

Parisians are eagerly awaiting the appearance of the new fifty-centime coins in bronze aluminum (according to the *Living Age*). The coins have been officially issued—a very different thing, unfortunately, from coming immediately into general circulation. They have been photographed in the press and some have been turned over to various banks and other institutions. Within a few months they will probably be passing from hand to hand about Paris. The new one-franc and two-franc pieces, which have officially been in circulation for months, are only now beginning to become general in Paris, and the provinces have so far received scarcely any. On the Riviera they are still almost unknown except in a few centres of luxury, and are treated with curiosity mixed with some distrust by the shopkeepers.

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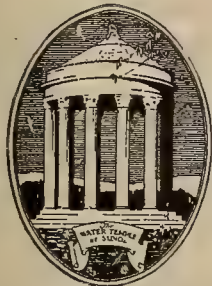
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These three sources, as at present developed, yield an average of 42 million gallons a day.

The maximum summer use from the supply is about 44 million gallons a day. The minimum winter use is about 32. The average use is about 38 million gallons a day.

Between 42 million gallons daily, the total development, and 38 million gallons daily, the total use, there is a very small margin of surplus—much too small a margin for safety.

Development has reached its limit in the peninsular and Merced branches of the system. No more water can be obtained from these sources than is available now.

Development of more water for San Francisco, in so far as the present water supply is concerned, means development of the Alameda branch of the system. It means, to be specific, development of the Calaveras Reservoir in the southern part of Alameda County.

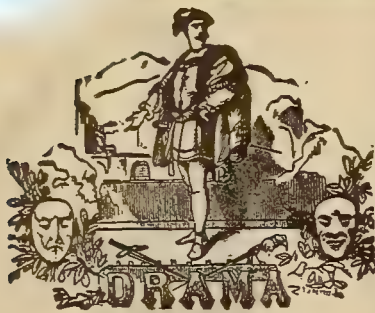
The Calaveras Reservoir development, now under way, will add 24 million gallons daily to San Francisco's supply, making it 66 million gallons daily. This will by no means exhaust the possibilities of Calaveras.

The margin of surplus will be enlarged to such an extent as to anticipate all San Francisco's water uses for a long time to come.

This development—so beneficial to San Francisco—was made possible by a decision of the Railroad Commission in August last year, by the water aqueduct contract approved by the Board of Supervisors, and by the cooperation of this company.

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## AT THE ORPHEUM.

A varied and quite elaborate Orpheum bill this week partly atones to the habitués, no doubt, for a lack of actual merit in several of the offerings. Over the inaudible little song-let sung by the girl-let, for instance, in Act C we will erect a little tombstone bearing the inscription "Here Lies."

"Hurry-Up Jack" makes amends for its existence because the audience laughed mildly. So thought Vilma that she did, too, but Vilma, my child, you'd better go straight to a specialist and learn how to exercise your diaphragm in stage laughter.

"May and December," another playlet? M—m—m—I like playlets—when they are clever. "May and December," although expensively and elaborately gotten up, is not clever; merely a peg upon which to hang an exhibition of pretty girl in pretty clothes. For Sheila Terry is pretty and attractive, and, yes, she can dance very nicely. But oh, Sheila, dear child, either you should toddle off arm in arm with Vilma to the specialist and buy a voice, or go into the movies, where you would look uncommonly sweet.

Well, let's see; yes, everything else was either amusing or entertaining. Don Barclay in Act D, Marie Clark in Act G, Trixie Friganza in Act I, the Four Camerons in Act F all had those yards and yards of risible nonsense up their sleeves that gets you going so that you can't stop. These acts are perfectly formless, but the composers of the patter—some of it born of the moment in the shape of gags—is founded on a sure perception of what will make vaudeville audiences laugh. We couldn't describe the material, parse it, analyze it, nor label it as anything but nut nonsense; but it is extremely funny. Don Barclay was comic in his take-off of the "I'll slap real hard" type, and Marie Clark gave a real characterization touched up to the nth power with burlesque.

The Four Camerons are first-class trick bicyclists, but the two men are expert vaudeville amusers. They played at "papa" and "son," giving back and forth a perfect fusillade of verbal and muscular comicalities, Louis Cameron being the fun-maker in chief.

Trixie Friganza is the same young Trix, reviving some of her old tricks, touching up some of the later ones, and treating us as handsomely as usual in respect to clothes by gradually removing successive layers of garments until she gets down to a gymnasium suit. And—oh yes, to be sure—Trixie has now comfortably renounced her black wig and appears with her snowy fleece bobbed, somehow making her almost if not quite a younger woman.

A real gem on the programme is the Marga Waldron-George Halprin act. This consists of a series of beautiful dances by the première danseuse, which are executed to first-class piano selections played with high artistic skill by Mr. Halprin. Thus these two genuine artists joined in interpretation of Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," the man playing, the woman dancing, with an unusual artistic finish.

I don't suppose anybody got the Tragedy Dance from the programme, for they just give one lightning flash between dances, and then the house is dark. But everything in the act, including the perfectly stunning costumes of the dancer and the piano numbers rendered by Mr. Halprin, was of superlative quality. A single but striking set added a finishing touch, and if an artist should paint the final stage picture, the black velvet curtain, the brilliant red stairway, its color intensively repeated in the plumage of a rarely beautiful live parrot on its perch and in the scarlet-shot costume of the dancer, it would infallibly make a sensation.

## BE GENTLE TO THE ERRING.

There has been some discussion of late as to whether the stage director who licks a rehearsing play into shape is justified in berating the rehearsers, damning them, and indulging in savage personalities as a vent for the nervous irritability they have provoked in him.

For coaching a play must be one of the most trying and nerve-frazzling of occupations. I, in an effort to blend individual acting into team work; to make the inchoate flowing and cohesive; to reduce the rough and unfinished to a state of high polish; to make a grove of possibly self-absorbed, egotistic

people unite zealously in throwing into prominence a story and characters that are going to leave some of them among the subordinates. It means correcting faulty diction, gestures, attitudes, inflections, intonations. It means planning exits, entrances, groupings, deportment. It means making the murmurers raise their voices, and the shouters lower theirs. It means passing verdicts on the natural hair or the wigs of the performers; on their clothes, and various apparently trifling but really important details about their general mien and actions.

And everything must be timed to the second, for the slightest break in the carefully planned flow of speech and action means a crack in the illusion; the dread of the sensitive player.

Yet it has been demonstrated that all the necessary results can be obtained by the essential qualities of leadership in a stage director unflinched by ebullitions of nervous unreasoning wrath, which antagonize the player and lessen the self-control that he needs to maintain so as to be able to act.

And that, indeed, is the trouble with the violent, hectoring stage director; merely a lack of self-control.

They say that George Foster Platt is one of the best stage directors in the United States. I saw him in action twice; once in 1908, and a dozen years later, when his nervous system might reasonably be supposed to have had considerable inroads made on it. Both times he was the pink of courtesy, and the players responded by equal most careful and willing effort. Not once did he affront a player's self-respect by his method of correction; something which is really unpardonable.

Mr. Platt's is the modern method. Another fine example is Ira Hards, a one-time Californian, now manager for Erlanger. He is the embodiment of consideration, and in staging a play rarely raises his voice. It is evident that the old school shouting-and-damning director is passing away. He is a has-been. He still has place and power, but when he is retired the younger men who will take his place will be expected to get results—which the old-school exponents claim can't be done—without berating offenders. And now it seems that American observers in London report a pacific and courteous, even kindly attitude on the part of British coaching producers, who do not think for a moment of indulging in wrathful bellowings and heated abuse when things go wrong.

On the whole, it seems worth while for the old-style American director to study to acquire self-control.

## A RUSSIAN NOVELTY.

A tremendous hit has been made in New York by a group of Russians—entertainers, we will call them—who give a performance at the new Forty-Ninth Street Theatre, which is called by its Parisian name, "Chauve-Souris." The troupe is headed by a Russianized Armenian named Nikita Balieff and his Russian partner, Wavitch.

Balieff, a dozen years ago, had a company of vaudeville artists giving lively and amusing entertainments in Moscow, which achieved such a vogue that the court grandees used to import them occasionally to Petrograd.

Like many another theatrical troupe, the "Chauve-Souris"—a name bestowed upon them during their Paris run, and wisely retained—were scattered like dry leaves in a gust when the war broke out. But Balieff succeeded in gathering some of them—and possibly others that did not belong to the original company—together, and with their apparently casual and entirely unstereotyped comicalities they captured Paris. London, however, did not fall for it, but New Yorkers, especially the professionals of the stage, adore "Chauve-Souris," and liberally patronize it.

The Chauve-Sourisians dance, joke, sing, joke, play, joke, and throw in other features of an original flavor.

Balieff has the showman's instinct, and is well aware that if he can preserve the essence of what made his merry show go in Moscow and Petrograd he can make it go here. And he succeeds. There is nothing formal about it, and occasionally the audience becomes vocal and takes a hand.

And now, we hear, the Chauve-Sourisians, aware, probably, of the friendly and interested attitude of San Franciscans toward the Russian opera troupe, intend to go on an extended tour which will reach as far as this city.

Good for "Chauve-Souris." Only, I think, Balieff will need to coach himself up a little on local slogans, and study the portraits of our most genial and jocose men about town. For in New York there has been, on occasions, a lively rattle of witty personalities from the stage to the audience and from the audience to the stage which greatly added to the general hilarity.

## DECAMERON NIGHTS.

"Decameron Nights" has a wicked sound, but a merely conventionally romantic play, made from the welding of several of the Decameron stories into one, has been written by

an American theatre manager named Robert McLaughlin.

The astute Mr. McLaughlin evidently recognized the drawing power of his material, but he has retained the picturesque atmosphere and medieval flavor of the original, while carefully eliminating the unabashed candor with which Boccaccio related the detailed love adventures of his characters.

"Decameron Nights," therefore, is an essay in old world, picturesque romanticism. The story sounds like a reversion to drama unaffected by modern tastes. It seems to borrow something from Maeterlinck's strange, haunting fairy-tale dramas, although without their mystic psychology. It is suggestive of the "Arabian Nights," and I shouldn't wonder if Robert McLaughlin had borrowed a leaf from D'Annunzio in planning the stately and ornate setting for "Decameron Nights."

The identity of Willette Kershaw, who plays one of the two leading female rôles, ought to be of some interest to San Franciscans, for she played a prolonged engagement here as leading lady to a stock company out at the Valencia, a year or so after the fire, when there were no downtown theatres. The American actress has been for some time in London, where she has become a favorite. She pleased the Londoners by her assumption of the character of the artless native girl in "The Bird of Paradise," and her name turns up continually in stage news from London.

As I remember her, Willette Kershaw was tall, willowy, very pretty, undeveloped in technique, unremarkable in native talent, but well suited to the stage and full of sex charm. I remember her particularly as making an appropriately alluring appeal in the character of the heroine in Molnar's "The Devil."

## A CHILDREN'S THEATRE.

The sapient reporter, who is generally extremely young, even if not tender, is perpetually announcing that such and such a theatrical event is happening for the first time. So it is stated that the first children's theatre in New York City will be inaugurated in August, whereas six or eight or ten years ago a children's theatre was started in the tenement district by some devoted women who wanted to lend wings to the torpid imaginations of the hapless little street denizens in the slum district.

Only a nominal charge was made, the work of planning, selecting, and coaching plays and superintending the construction of sets and costumes being done by these philanthropic women and some volunteers purely as a labor of love. Two women in particular were identified with this work, but I only remember the name of one of them, Miss Hertz.

The children and their parents—such of them as could spare the time—were pressed into service to assist in the work. All the acting was done by children who, in the try-outs, demonstrated the possession of teachableness and talent.

Long lines of blissfully expectant children used to stand in front of the theatre—no doubt improvised out of a vacant store—and great and overwhelming was the disappointment when no more could be admitted, and dozens and scores had to be turned away.

It was a wonderful and beautiful work, and, could it have been organized and widely extended, might have saved the present generation of painfully precocious youngsters from their premature knowledge of various adult emotions in life which should not be suggested to a child's perception.

But it seems that those who had instituted the movement, and upon whose interest and

energy the work depended, broke down in health. Your true philanthropist will generally find that work without pay—unless it be of a self-glorifying nature—will receive little coöperation, even from the bored rich who are trying to kill time.

The children's theatre now under way is part of the August Heckscher Foundation, and is being built at Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Fourth Street. It is to seat 700, will present both picture and spoken plays—all to be chosen for and adapted to the child's taste—and wards of the Children's Society will frequently be trained to play parts. Altogether a most commendable and child-saving undertaking.

## THE RUSSIANS IN NEW YORK.

The Russian Grand Opera Company, local notices of which, during its San Francisco engagement, awakened expectation and anticipation in the East, has at last reached New York, after seasons in several of the big cities. Philadelphia seems to have been particularly appreciative, advices from New York not having yet reached here.

The unusual circumstances attending this group of singers has surrounded them with an aura of romantic interest, and rather disposed people to over-estimate their attainments, which, although in some individual cases most admirable, do not collectively reach to those possessed by the singers of the Metropolitan Opera House and the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

But the marked Russian characteristics of the singers and the almost completely Slavic origin of the in some cases unfamiliar operas

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Miss Burskaya, who was generally yielded the palm here in San Francisco as the best of the women artists of the company, was praised by a Philadelphia critic for making her Carmen "a sorceress and she-devil incarnate." Miss Burskaya, by the way, has been secured by Signor Merola to sing in the outdoor season consisting of four operas to be given in a few weeks at the stadium at Palo Alto.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

**American Folk Songs.**

Grace Wood-Jess, the American disease, who is said to be doing for the folk songs and stories of America what Yvette Guilbert did for those of France, will make her debut in San Francisco on May 31st before the University Fine Arts Society, in the Hotel St. Francis ballroom.

The visiting artist is a newcomer to San Francisco, but her fame in the East is well established. She interprets American plantation songs and stories and the folklore songs of the old world, her mezzo-soprano voice adding to the value of her interpretation. She sings in the costume of each period. One of the costumes worn by Miss Jess is of special interest, inasmuch as it was once the property of Mrs. Lincoln while she was mistress of the White House. Another is copied from a painting of a French belle of 1700. Miss Grace Adèle Freedy, the composer-pianist, will accompany Miss Jess.

Of Mexican petroleum produced in 1921 74 per cent. came to the United States and but 4 per cent. went to Great Britain.

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**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.**

**The Columbia Theatre.**

The Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre enters upon its final week on Monday night with the first production in English of Henry Bataille's play, "La Tendresse." The cast is a distinguished one, headed by the four-star constellation of Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Henry Miller, and Bruce McRae. Next Saturday night's performance will mark the last one of the season.

The one and only Elsie Janis, who endeared herself to millions of soldiers during the war, will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks, beginning Monday night, June 5th.

In her new song-and-dance show Miss Janis has Americanized some of the successes in which she appeared in London and Paris. Some of the players upon whom Miss Janis depends for her support are Jurien Thayer, Gus Shy, Charles Lawrence, Bradley Knoche, Monk Watson, Herbert Goff, Duane Nelson, W. Dornfeld, Lane McLeod, Red Murdock, Francis Miller, Lewis Reid, James Nash, and Chester Grady. Besides these there are enough pretty girls to give the performance real charm and grace.

**The Orpheum Next Week.**

Wellington Cross, formerly of Cross and Josephine, one of the best-known teams in vaudeville and musical comedy, is on next week's bill.

Mason and Shaw offer an act of songs and dances called "All for a Girlie."

Frank Wilcox is going to put on an entirely new comedy playlet for his second week's stay here. It is entitled "Ssh-h!" and is said to be quite as intriguing as its name.

Billy Frawley and Edna Louise will offer a one-act playlet called "Seven A. M." Here the author has gone to the hotel lobby and taken the night clerk from behind the desk and the cigar girl from behind the counter and by writing incidents of their lives has made a sketch of accumulating interest with sparkling dialogue.

With her new act, "My Little Bag o' Tricks," Trixie Friganza is to make the Orpheum re-sound with merriment again next week.

Bert and Flo May are aerialists, but this term may be used only as a matter of classification. They are so different from the usual run of aerialists that it would be advisable to place them under some other heading. Their work is full of new ideas.

The Luster Brothers are brilliant in their line. Audiences have called them unique.

Marga Waldron is a première danseuse. A première danseuse is primarily a ballet dancer and a ballet dancer must be at home on her toes. Miss Waldron is assisted by George Halprin.

**Revolver and Poem.**

It is not so difficult to understand the urge that has driven Mr. Charles Noe Daly to collect 1300 weapons, as he sights down Sergeant Bailey's old four-barreled revolver. Any one who sees him then, says the New York Tribune, knows that it is not a mere bit of iron and wood in his hand, but a magic motion-picture machine that projects for him the same vision that enabled Tennyson to write "The Defense of Lucknow."

"Remember Tennyson's 'The Defense of Lucknow?'" asked Mr. Daly, and began to recite:

Mine! Yes, mine! Counter-mine! Down! Down and creep thro' the hole.  
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him, the murderous mole!  
Quiet, ah, quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro!  
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—  
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more!  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

As Mr. Daly recited he had been holding in his hand a four-shot hand-revolving pistol, made by Holland & Holland of London, with the British proof mark on the barrel. It had a large centre hammer with a safety catch and a folding trigger.

"This is the revolver referred to in Tennyson's poem. The episode described occurred during the Indian mutiny, when the residency at Lucknow was undermined by the Sepoys. The refugees knew that this tunnel was being driven, but felt that their only hope of salvation was to wait until the enemy had completed it, and if possible to kill them, as they had to come through it one by one. A guard was left night and day. As the pick broke through Sergeant Bailey was on guard with this revolver. He killed the two Sepoys and their bodies blocked the entrance, saving the residency and the occupants."

It is interesting to note that the year 1483 is the birth date of three such various geniuses as Rabelais, Luther, and Raphael. Rabelais was born in Chinon, which was the historic meeting spot of Joan of Arc and the Dauphin Charles.

The seismograph at Georgetown University is regarded as one of the most accurate and delicate instruments in the world.

**Quiller-Couch on Prohibition.**

Under enforced prohibition the United States will never produce a great literature, is the deduction that could be drawn from the controversy between the president of the Wesleyan Conference and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, novelist (known as "Q") and professor of English literature at Cambridge, if one believes the latter's arguments.

The Wesleyan president asked, "Am I, because I am a teetotaler, cut off from understanding all that is good to understand in Swift or in other writers? Is Shakespeare a closed book to me because I am a total abstainer?"

"Yes," answers Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "I do hold that the total abstainer is in the nature of things imperfectly equipped for high literature because high literature, both in its creation and its full enjoyment, demands total manhood of which teetotal manhood is obviously a modification."

"I speak only of literature," proceeds "Q," "because that, and not omniscience, is the one worldly business in which I can pretend to any competence, but I might widen my position to a national one and ask what kind of civilization our one positively teetotal nation in Europe, the Turk, has." He then cites Turkish rule in Armenia, and mentions Russia as another example of prohibition. "My position," he says, "is that man is in the world to enjoy all that this world can give, so that he use it temperately; that temptation to excess inheres in every pleasure, and that man's business is to understand this and regulate his life accordingly."

Quiller-Couch cites passages from Milton in praise of moderate indulgence in wine, and asks why "Christ gladdened the feast by turning water into wine?"

Finally he calls upon the Wesleyan president to name six great poets and six critics who have been total abstainers.—New York Times.

**Changing Russia.**

Mr. Arthur Ransome, who has lately returned to this country from Russia, gives an account of the new conditions in Moscow, says the Manchester Guardian. The city is now extraordinarily different from the old Moscow of the Communist experiment, with boarded windows and a few half-empty Soviet shops. It is now under the régime of Tsar Nep, the popular name for Novaya Ekonomicheskaya Politika, or New Economic Policy. Under this new rule the city is feverishly alive. Industrial conscription has gone, and the state is gradually ridding itself of the responsibility of nationalizing the factories. Nearly all the shops are open and are packed with supplies. There is any quantity of food and toys and fashionable clothing. Cafés are open all over the town. The chief cause of it is the worthlessness of the paper money. Money in Moscow decreases in value every hour. Consequently when the small trader sells something he does not put the price of it in the till and let it grow worthless. Instead he rushes out to buy something else, so that he keeps his capital in goods. The fever of buying and selling makes an ugly contrast to the terrible famine of the Volga district. If there were any money or stability behind Tsar Nep of Moscow, people in this country might well ask why some Russians die of starvation while others feast in cafés. But the city's new spurt of life has little enough real warmth in itself, and still less that can be utilized to lessen the horror of the famine on the distant Volga.

**Dunning by Suicide.**

Can it be possible that Germany is waiting for her creditors to try to collect their debts from her in the Cingalese fashion? What a chance!

The creditor of Ceylon goes to the man who owes him money, holding in his hand neungala leaves, an extremely poisonous plant, and declares that, if not paid immediately, he'll poison himself.

The debtor at once pays up. In other lands he would very likely laugh at his creditor, but in Ceylon there is a law which imposes an enormous fine upon the person who is the cause of another's suicide.

It therefore never happens that a creditor actually swallows the terrible neungala leaves before his debtor. The debtor always pays.

**Real Zionism.**

The remedy for the distressing condition of the Jews in Eastern Europe does not lie as I see it, in Zionism, which to my mind is a delusion and a snare. The remedy, in my opinion, lies in making every country where the Jew lives his Zion. If the Jews of the Western world, backed by the non-Jews who are opposed to persecution and oppression, will strive for equal Jewish civil and political rights in all lands for all people, the need for Zionism will speedily disappear. That the trend, the world over, is along these very lines is evident. Since the world war, the disabilities of the Jews in Roumania have been wiped out. Under the Kerensky régime in Russia, with one stroke of the pen all anti-Jewish laws were repealed and the Jew was

placed on an equality in all matters civil and political with all other Russians. The Bolsheviks, with all their sins, have not changed the civil or political status of the Jew, established by Kerensky. Today the Jew in Russia, for the first time in its history, can live in any part of Russia, can hold any position under the government, can own and cultivate land anywhere in that country; and the records will show that many Jews are now engaged in Russian agriculture and that the number of Jewish farmers in that country is steadily increasing.—Harris Weinstock in a Letter to the American Hebrew.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is a relief to report a sensible thing from London femininity. According to a cable to the New York Herald—it was as novel as that—a tremendous agitation has been caused in women's circles because Englishwomen refuse to adopt long skirts and wasp waists as commanded by the Paris fashion designers. We fail to see just the reason for the tremendous agitation. We should suppose that if Englishwomen did not wish to wear long skirts and cinch their waists, all they would have to do not to do it would be not to do it. But that might be insufficient justification for a cable dispatch, so let it pass. The agitation, after all, seems most violent among some of the smarter West End shops which have gone long of fashionable Paris gowns, to find that their customers sensibly decline to buy them. They will have to be remodeled; and any one who knows how a London shopkeeper loathes you when you don't buy his goods, or how he or any other Englishman hates to change his plans, can understand the flow of Episcopalian profanity which must have floated out on the atmosphere of Bond Street from the doorways of the shops that trusted to a shift of fashion once too often. Certainly it is to be hoped that the short skirt has come to stay. Nothing since Sapho and Zaza burst upon the world twenty years ago has done so much to add zest to life, to make our streets attractive and to give interest to windy days, muddy pavements, and the loading of street-cars. The circumference of the waist is of minor importance, although it has its interest. But the short skirt is a matter of national, nay of international, joy and pride. To the too thin or to the too fat of ankle, to those of billiard-cue formation or built on the plan of beef-to-the-hoof, to the conspicuously knock-kneed or bow-legged, it has been trying. But wide and careful observation at street crossings and other places of vantage convinces us that they are in the minority. The vast majority of women have curves and contours worth revealing, which "twere shame in this clay carcass prisoned to abide," or something to that effect. These modern rompers are great. A return to the old street sweepers of twenty years ago is unthinkable. Look at the Charles Dana Gibson

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pictures of that epoch, and laugh. Why should women surrender anything they have attained of additional beauty, sanitation, and comfort for the sake of the Paris dress-makers or the silk mills of Paterson, New Jersey? The short skirt is a sensible thing, and the women that refuse to lengthen it are sensible women. It has gone about far enough, however. When Coney Island opened this month four girls appeared in skirts made of straw, and were chased to their dressing-rooms. We should think they would have been chased farther than that.

Meanwhile Lady Doyle, wife of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, says that in Heaven women will not wear anything at all. Not even a sheet. That has long been our notion of it. We can not conceive of ghostly clothes. It seems necessary for a returned spook to wear a sheet when materialized, but possibly that has been a mistake of the mediums; they have made a few. Lady Doyle says every woman will be twenty-five years old, and very beautiful. How, then, will some of them be recognized? She does not say. But the gray hair and the wrinkles will disappear, and the lime that has hardened the arteries of age will be left in this world. That is a good arrangement, and it will stop all this fuss about high blood pressure. Wan cheeks will be rosy once more. And the matter of second wives is all straightened out, to the great comfort of many a remarried person. How many women have feared to die because they did not know which husband of two or several they might have to hook up with? Well, it is going to be all right. If we can dodge Deacon Voliva's orthodox hell we shall find things neatly arranged. Every woman will find her true soul mate. When one thinks of the trouble that has been caused and the time that has been lost through soul-mate hunting in this world, it is evident that Lady Doyle's Heaven is going to afford great relief and more time for business. Says Lady Doyle: "If a man finds his true soul mate in his second wife, his first is not unhappy. She may love him always, but she will have found some one else there whom she loves even more deeply. In Heaven there is a soul mate for every man and woman." Well, that's fine. That bears the rosy promise of hope to every old maid. And all so simple. It is a revelation. If anything is lacking it can be added. All these things, and more of like nature, are being taught by Lady Doyle to her children, aged thirteen, eleven, and nine. This is an idyllic example of the sweet nature of the home, and the value of home education.

Meanwhile, also, over in London's East End they are not bothering about the length of skirts nor the lingerie of spooks, but the soul-mate problem goes on as usual. Mrs. 'Awkins says of Mrs. 'Arris, who lives in the same court: "Ere's Mrs. 'Arris wiv a fresh-blacked heye, an' 'er 'usband three months in goal. Scan'lous, Hi calls it."

Back in 1912 James Doyle of Everett, Illinois (no relation to Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle), hired a mule of J. R. Morris of Meersfield. When Morris tried to get it back he had to replevin it. The sheriff's deputy appears to have seized the wrong mule. At any rate, Doyle said he got a four-year-old when he should have taken a two-year-old; and he took an appeal, or brought a new suit or something of the litigious sort, to recover his right and proper animal. The extra two years did not seem a detriment, although the mule was brought thereby two years nearer the grave—inasmuch as, according to a classic author, "no one ever saw a dead mule or a dead plumber." This mule, however, died. Which mule? Impossible to say whether it was Doyle's or the one belonging to Morris. That did not stop the litigation, for whichever mule died there was one left; a mule whose precise age was in dispute and incapable of being settled by two years. Four times the case was tried and appealed, and two of the judges who had to hear it died. Perhaps in Lady Doyle's Heaven they have found James Doyle's mule and long ago have determined that it was Morris'; or they have found Morris' mule and now know it was Doyle's; or that Doyle's mule is Doyle's and is dead, or that Morris' mule is Morris' and is not; or that Morris' mule is dead and Doyle's mule still lives—O hang it, let Lady Doyle settle it. Morris died in Paris, the other day, and in Lady Doyle's Heaven we have no doubt his soul rejoined his mule; if it was his that died and not Doyle's. But the court and Doyle ought to be apprised of the true state of the case. It is up to some medium now to announce with a few hee-haws which mule is which, and stop the mounting bill of costs.

There is a strong feeling among the German intelligentsia because Lithuanians have "annexed" Kant. The great philosopher was born in Konigsberg.

The total wealth of Japan has been reported as \$6,077,000,000 yen. The imperial family's fortune is estimated at \$46,000,000 yen.

## A WILD HORSE OF THE SAN JOAQUIN.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: The spectacular wild horse of the Western plains belongs to fiction, as you say, but I know one true story of the kind.

In the early '60s my father was in charge of my grandfather's cattle herds of more than 6000 grazing animals on the San Joaquin plains in California.

The original Indian ponies were descendants from mares and stallions escaped from the earliest Spanish explorers and conquistadores, and those horses were descended in Spain from old Moorish stock which had its origin in Arabia. The animals were comparatively small, but possessed the Arab's unwearied energy and great carrying ability. It was that stock that became the Indian pony of the lands west of the Mississippi, the wild horse of the Far West, the smaller cayuse of the Oregon and Washington country. Naturally it degenerated in appearance through lack of special selection in the sires, but it retained its stamina and small feet to a remarkable degree. I recall seeing a broncho of this strain at the end of a ride of 114 miles completed in one day from Arroyo Grande to Santa Barbara carrying a rider who must have weighed about 150 pounds. That was in the '80s.

There was one splendid, fleet animal roving the Sierra foothills of the east side of the San Joaquin in the early '60s, and rewards were offered for his capture or killing, as this rather mythical Adonis in horseflesh continued to make night forays down into the valleys and lure away small herds of admiring range mares.

I recall my father relating in 1879, not long before he died and many years before any wild horse fiction stories, his personal experiences in the pursuit and eventual capture and subduing of this great wild stallion, and later verification has come to me in conversation with old timers of the plains of that period when my father, then champion rough rider and ropeman of the Far West and international champion over the greatest horsemen in Mexico, was known as Judge of the Plains and King of the Plains.

He glimpsed the wild stallion once in daylight and rode hard in pursuit, hoping to get close enough to throw his riata. But the wild stallion had too much start and was too fleet in the rough going. The day was very hot and the fine animal used in pursuit practically was ruined by that day's tremendous efforts. Selecting the best horse in his herd and biding his time in the foothills, my father later succeeded in coming upon the wild stallion at comparatively close range.

He gave pursuit and rode hard till he cornered the animal in a cañon, somewhere in the vicinity of the Stanislaus River, I think, and there lassoed him. He had a thrilling struggle, but got the captive to camp, later broke him to saddle and kept him for a period in boxstall seclusion in Stockton, grooming and accentuating the magnificent coat and flowing mane and tail. Then he took him on the river boat down the ninety miles or more to San Francisco and spectacularly rode him up Market Street.

Practically it had cost two fine and very fleet horses to capture this wild stallion, and my father's thought was to keep the captive as a personal saddle animal. But an agent for Barnum's saw the horse, paid a tempting price for him and took him East. Perhaps there are still living among the New York Herald's readers some who recall seeing that stallion, if he survived the trip and was exhibited. None, I think, could forget such an animal.

My father's description of him was: a proud, arch-necked, loud-snorting, beautiful animal with coal black coat and snow white mane and tail of remarkable length. Personally I should like to learn of the ultimate fate of that animal.

Doubtless this one true story of a great wild stallion, possibly the colt of some mare of quality lured away when in foal and not actually an original wild horse, was the foundation for Rufus Steele's *Saturday Evening Post* story a few years ago of a somewhat similar wild horse supposed to have been captured many years later in Nevada. This one fact may have prompted also the recently filmed story of "Wildfire," by Zane Grey. NEW YORK, May 8th. ARCHIE RICE.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Curious, how many more women marry than stay married," said the observant person. "Yes," said the reflective one. "If they would take as much pains with their cages as they do with their traps they would have better luck with their birds."

The latest Melba yarn has it that the song-bird turned up unexpectedly at a charity café-chantant, and the honorable organizer in doing the amiable nearly fell over herself. "Every one wants to hear you sing badly," she gurgled. "Then they won't," said the dame, "because I can't."

A speeding autoist was haled before a local justice who imposed a fine of fifteen dollars. The culprit drew a roll of bills and peeled off three tens. "Here," the justice called after his departing back. "There are thirty dollars here!" "I know it," said the released autoist. "I am going out of this town faster than I came in."

An incident that Sir Ernest Shackleton always repeated with glee was the reply one of the Irish members made to him when Shackleton asked: "Can you imagine the enormous extent of those vast Arctic snow fields?" "Yes," replied the Irish member, "I had the same sensation the first time I appeared in public wearing a dress shirt."

One of Judge's prize stories is as follows: An American doughboy, captive to a Boche officer, was questioned: "How many of you American soldiers are there on this side of the Atlantic?" queried the German. "Oh! About three million of us." "It must have taken a lot of ships we knew nothing about to bring all of you over, didn't it?" "Oh, no; only one ship brought us over." "Only one! Impossible! And what one was that?" "The Lusitania."

There was a popular Kitchener legend that the great K. of K. was a woman hater. A well-known woman who was a great friend of Kitchener's twitted him one day with his dislike of the fair sex. "Anyway," said his friend, "you must confess you always keep them at a distance." "Perhaps," was K.'s answer. "But you know the old proverb—Familiarity breeds contempt!" "Well, Lord Kitchener," replied the lady, "it takes a certain amount of familiarity to breed anything."

Smith, having learned from an obliging neighbor that his wife was at a movie with another man, rushed to the theatre and appealed to the manager for assistance. The latter, wishing to preserve the public peace and his own patronage, went out to the stage and announced: "There is present in the audience a man with some one else's wife. I wish to avoid scandal and so will have the theatre darkened while this couple leaves." The lights were put out and half of the audience rose to depart.

Bobby's mother was anxious to know whether he had obeyed her injunctions and behaved himself at the party. He was sure that he had. "When Mrs. Smith asked me if I wanted more cake, I said, 'No, thank you.'" His mother was relieved, but wanted to know more. "Did she ask you again?" "Yes, and I still told her, 'No, thank you.'" But after awhile she asked me another time. "And what did you answer that time?" Bobby looked confident. "I said what pa always says—'I take the darned stuff away!'"

One of the Japanese delegates to the Washington Conference said that the present mutually suspicious attitude of nation to nation reminded him of the ignorant Japanese peasant who was taking his first journey by rail. "Give me a ticket to Wawa," he told the station agent. "Single or return?" he was asked. The traveler looked suspicious and the agent explained. "Now, do you want a ticket that will take you there and bring you back, or not?" But the green traveler thought it a poor arrangement. "Why the devil should I want to be brought back when I am here now?" he demanded.

Two war stories attributed to Marshal Foch during his visit here are as follows: At a dinner in Washington the French soldier said: "An aged veteran of the Franco-Prussian war was talking to a young veteran of the world war. 'Let 'em brag as they will about modern fighting,' said the old veteran, 'the Franco-Prussian was the war for me. Hardships! Up to your neck in snow! I tell you, solderin' was solderin' in them days.' 'Ah, but you ought to have seen our trench warfare,' said the young veteran. 'Up to our necks in water! I tell ye, solderin' was sailerin' with us.'" At a similar function in New York the marshal was lost in admiration of the American spirit. "It was a new

spirit," he said, "a new dauntlessness that Europe had never seen the like of before. This new spirit was brought out by a doughboy. 'Are you ready to die for your country?' a minister asked him. 'Not much,' the doughboy answered. 'I'm going over there to make a couple of dozen Heinies die for theirs.'"

A Korean who had been in mission service for a number of years was at last discovered to have two wives—a very common practice in Korea. It was the duty of the mission board to admonish the bigamist and persuade him to put away his second wife. The Korean demanded a Bible statement to the effect that his course was sinful. The Bible was ransacked, but for a time fruitlessly. Finally, a devout Korean brother produced a text that he announced was indisputable evidence that two wives were contrary to Bible theology, and thereupon read: "No man can serve two masters."

A Westerner who had never seen the ocean went to a small resort on the Atlantic coast for a rest. Shortly after his arrival he asked the proprietor of a little fish house for two pails of sea water. The storekeeper obligingly gave them to him and was surprised to be paid for his services. That afternoon he approached the fish shop again, pails in hand. "My doctor out in Nebraska told me to bathe in sea water twice a day," he explained. Then he happened to observe the distant beach line at low tide, and added, "Gosh! You've done a big business today, haven't you, mister?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Mrs. Miles' Self-Help.

(In an interview with a correspondent of the Daily Chronicle, Mrs. Eustace Miles blames the morning meal for matutinal peevishness.)

"The lighter the breakfast the clearer the brain"—How cheerfully runs Mrs. Miles's refrain! But a notable dictum she further lets fall: "The best of all breakfasts is nothing at all." Then why stop at breakfast? The logical Punch would also impose an embargo on lunch, and boycott the habit of five-o'clock tea. A gluttonous extra, as all must agree. Like the *Snark*, in the poet's delectable lay, We should all of us "dine on the following day," And aim at dislodging Black Care from the crupper

By a rigid and total abstinence from supper. This blessed arrangement, if closely one looks, Dispenses with kitchens and ranges and cooks; It simplifies life and encourages thrift, And, seeing the race is today to the swift, It follows that he will be ruler and master Who starts by commanding the speed of the faster.

—Punch.

Another Van Dyck?

What is confidently believed to be a priceless art treasure has been discovered in Santa Barbara, says the Santa Barbara Morning Press. A painting encrusted with the grime of centuries purchased several months ago by John R. Southworth of Casa Covarrubias, 715 Santa Barbara Street, in a second-hand store on Blackfriar's Bridge Road, London, was taken from its frame and cleaned by him during the past week and turned out to be a picture of rare beauty. He showed the painting to a number of artists, among them L. E.

Brougier, who identified it as an Dyck.

The title of the picture is "Martyrdom," and it shows the figure of a nude man being thrust upon a blazing fire by a number of men whose garments reflect the red of the blaze. The anatomy of the picture is declared to be perfect.

The stock yards in Chicago, which are the largest in the world, have twenty miles of streets, and the same number of miles of water troughs, with fifty miles of feeding troughs, and seventy-five miles of drainage. The yards will accommodate over 20,000 cattle, 20,000 sheep, and 120,000 hogs at one time. They cost over \$10,000,000.

Mrs. Edith Wharton is said to be writing a new novel, "Glimpses of the Moon," which is to be published in July.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Josephine Moore, to Mr. Dean Dillman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman of Sacramento. Miss Moore has returned recently to her home in San Francisco from a stay of a few months in Honolulu and will go soon with her family to their country home in Santa Cruz County. The wedding will be an event of the early fall. Mr. Dillman is connected with the D. O. Ogden Mills Bank at Sacramento.



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The engagement of Miss Florence Gates was announced at a large luncheon party given at the home of Mrs. W. S. Clayton in San Jose. Miss Gates is the fiancée of Mr. Franklin Baldwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Baldwin of East Orange, New Jersey. The late Mr. Carroll W. Gates of Pasadena was the bride-elect's father, and Mr. Egbert Gates of Pasadena is Miss Gates' uncle. At present Miss Gates is with relatives in San Jose and is expected in San Francisco to be the guests of her aunts, the Misses Clayton, at their apartments in the Clift Hotel. No date has been set for the wedding.

The announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Leslie Grieg Chase to Mr. John L. Nagle was made at a luncheon given by Mrs. Chase Tuesday at the St. Francis.

A recent engagement is that of Miss Celeste Phelps to Professor Harold Marston Moise of Cornell University. Miss Phelps is the daughter of Rev. Arthur S. Phelps of the First Baptist Church of San Francisco.

Mrs. Mabel Cluff Wilson and Mr. C. Arthur Comstock are to be married on Saturday, May 25th. The ceremony is to take place at Mrs. Wilson's apartments in the presence of immediate friends and relatives. Mr. Comstock arrived from New York on Monday with Mr. Hubert Litchfield and is at the St. Francis. Mrs. C. A. Comstock and her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Simmons, arrived on Wednesday to be in San Francisco for the wedding. For Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Comstock Mrs. Preston Brown entertained at dinner on Monday evening. Mrs. Harry Scott invited a group of intimate friends for Tuesday evening, and on Friday Mrs. Daniel Jackling entertains twelve or more friends at dinner. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Comstock will spend a month or so in California, going later to the Adirondacks for the balance of the summer.

Miss Sally Beecher, niece of former Ambassador and Mrs. Hugh Wallace, was married in Paris on May 11th to Comte Jean Bertrand de Luppe. The Comtesse de Luppe is the niece of Mrs. John H. Williams of San Francisco and is the granddaughter of the late Chief Justice and Mrs. Melville W. Fuller. At the ceremony, held at the Madeleine, the bride was given in marriage by Ambassador Wallace.

Mrs. Eastland entertained two score of her friends at luncheon at her home in Burlingame on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, complimenting Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Coleman, entertained on Tuesday at dinner at their Burlingame home.

Mrs. C. S. Aiken was hostess at a buffet breakfast in honor of Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan recently. Among Mrs. Aiken's guests were Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Saunders, Dr. and Mrs. George M. Stratton, Dr. and Mrs. William Bade, Mr. and Mrs. John Galen Howard.

Mrs. James Lee Schlesinger (Gladys Tattersall) was honored at a luncheon given by Mrs. Clark Thompson at the Fairmont Hotel. Among Mrs. Thompson's guests were Miss Dorothy Payne, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, Miss Audrey Wilett, Miss Helen Foster.

Miss Jean Shiels, fiancée of Mr. Sherman Hoelscher, was complimented at a tea given by Miss Kathy Masten at her home on Washington Street. Miss Masten was assisted in receiving by Mrs. James Black, Mrs. Dudley Sales, Miss Dolly Madison Payne, and Miss Helen Jackson.

Mrs. John Bright Burnham and her sister, Miss

Rosalie Grunbaum entertained at tea at their apartments at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Harold Snodgrass (Cornelia Smith) and Mrs. Oswald George Quarre (Catherine Mohun). Miss Constance Luft, Miss Sallie Obea, Miss Nance Obea, and Miss Berenice Mitchell assisted the hostesses in receiving their guests. Among those who called to meet the recent brides were Mrs. Harry O. Warren, Mrs. Nash Cartan, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Janice Ewer, Miss Kathryn Masten, Miss Dolly Payne, Miss Newell Bull, and Miss Annette Rolph.

## An Ample Ancestry.

In the well-known lines Matthew Prior was content with Adam as the root for his family tree—"Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?" remarks the Manchester *Guardian*. On this argument we all ought to be satisfied, but it is a social certainty that many of us are not. Adam goes a little too far back; his progeny is too numerous to be exclusive. For real distinction we must strike the tree a little higher up; at its root we are all level with the ground. Then how would Charlemagne do? The ex-Emperor Charles was not above claiming descent from him, and the Hapsburgs were certainly exclusive enough for all ordinary tastes. But even so recent a celebrity as Charlemagne seems to be a doubtful sort of acquisition. An American genealogist has fastened on the lady called Isabel de Vermandois, who flourished about the beginning of the twelfth century. This Isabel, in contributory strains, was descended six times over from Charlemagne. She married as her second husband a descendant of King Alfred; and after that the fountain of honor seems to have launched out into a waterfall. On this American estimate her descendants (and therefore those of Charlemagne and Alfred) have filtered through to virtually every family in England. The result seems to be more like a head of hair than a family tree. In one of an incredibly numerous series of strains King George V represents a twenty-seventh generation from Isabel. Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and Theodore Roosevelt had all got their perch on other branches; and "a farmer named Parr in New York State" can claim connection with both of Isabel's husbands as well, apparently as an independent but tributary line that goes straight back to the Kings of Wessex. This is all very alarming; even Charlemagne is evidently not of much use to the social climber. The longer the line the less exclusive it becomes. Can it be that the safest thing to do is to claim no more than a distinguished father—or grandfather at the most—and that we should pride ourselves, not on the length, but on the brevity of our ancestral line? Strike farther back than a great-grandfather or so and, however distinguished the original strain, the duke may be sharing it with his dustman.

Miss Marie Bjelke Petersen, who in point of sales bids fair to become the Marie Corelli of Australia, has recently had her latest book, "Dusk," published in London by the Messrs. Hutchinson. The *Nation* and *Athenaeum* rates the book as one of the leading novels of the season. Previous successes have been "The Captive Singer" and "The Immortal Flame." Miss Petersen's field is always Tasmania, and the novel she is working on now has its locale in the myrtle forests of that country.

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Arthur Comstock and Mr. Hubert Litchfield arrived in San Francisco on Monday, coming from New York.

Mrs. C. A. Comstock with her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Simmons, arrived from New York on May 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark have gone to their country house in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edward Howard leaves soon for the East, and after a short visit plans to go to Europe for an indefinite stay.

Mr. Charles Butters arrived from San Salvador on the *Venezuela*.

Mrs. George H. Mendel, Jr., is at Los Gatos for the summer.

Judge James Russell and Mrs. Russell arrived in San Francisco from New York.

Mrs. Olga Suto Manson returned from Europe a few weeks ago and is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Helen Suto Schwartz, at the Bellevue Apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Buck, with their family, are moving to their home in San Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. Truxton Beale will occupy her San Rafael home for the summer, arriving from Washington, D. C., early in June.

Mrs. George Boyd has gone to Portland to visit Kinfolk, expecting to return to her San Rafael home by the end of the week.

Major Leslie Groves, U. S. A., and Mrs. Groves have returned to their home in Pasadena, after a visit of several days at the Presidio with their son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant and Mrs. Leslie Groves, Jr.

Mrs. Walter Willett has gone to New York with her daughters, to sail soon for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper are spending several weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke and their daughter, Miss Cecile Brooke, are at Atherton for the summer. Mr. John F. Brooke, Jr., will join them later in the summer coming from Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bradford motored down to Santa Barbara for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Weir and their daughter, Miss Eleanor Weir, have gone to their summer home at Menlo, closing their Washington Street house.

Mr. John Tallant reached California last week from Bolivia to visit with his mother, Mrs. John D. Tallant, at her Palo Alto home for some months.

Lady Priscilla Annesley returned to San Francisco from the Yosemite on her way to New York and London.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford are in Biarritz, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dickman Bishop.

Colonel and Mrs. E. C. Layton of Washington, D. C., are in San Francisco for a time.

Lady Margaret Cross has returned to her home in England, after having visited in San Francisco for some time.

Mr. W. G. Henshaw and his daughter, Mrs. Allan Chickering, are in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elliott have sailed for the East by way of the Panama Canal. They will go to Cuba, to New York, and later to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, with their sons, have gone to their country home at Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley are at their San Rafael home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries are leaving soon for Europe, to be away over the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have closed their town house and have gone to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Forderer and their children will leave soon for Canada for a camping trip of some months in British Columbia.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin have bought an apartment in the building on California and Gough Streets, and anticipate taking possession of it in a month's time.

Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt is en route to Paris to attend a convention of college women which meets every two years. Dr. Reinhardt will visit in New York and Washington, D. C., before sailing.

Colonel and Mrs. M. M. McNamee and their niece, Miss Lucille McNamee, are visiting at the Presidio before leaving for Honolulu on June 1st. Mr. William Jennings Bryan arrived in Cali-

fornia on Saturday to visit his daughter, Mrs. R. L. Hargraves, at her home in Los Angeles. Mr. Bryan comes north in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale spent the week-end at their country home at Shasta.

Mrs. William F. Timlow of New Jersey is in California, and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Poett, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard O. Wayman have returned to their country home at Ross, after spending the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Curran Clark have rented their home at Redwood for the summer, and are spending the season in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle are moving to Belvedere on June 1st, having taken Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman's home until the early autumn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding sailed on Monday on the *Venezuela* for New York to spend the summer with her son, Mr. Albert Zates, at his home at Plandome, Long Island.

Dr. Florence McCoy Hill and her daughter, Miss Florence Hill, left for a six weeks' Eastern trip last week.

Mrs. Langdon Erving of Santa Barbara is spending a fortnight in San Francisco as the guest of Miss Nellie Beals at her home on Baker Street.

Colonel Albert Truby, U. S. A., and Mrs. Truby have come to the Letterman garrison from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Florence Morgan is leaving shortly for Europe for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fay and Mrs. Charles Fay, Jr., are in Paris, where Miss Jane Carrigan with Mrs. James Athearn Folger will join them. Mrs. Jessie McNab Kerrigan is joining Mrs. Harry Bostwick on her trip to the Orient, leaving early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Milton Avery left last week for New York, where they will meet Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simonds, returning from a year's trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth have purchased the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Mack at Hillsborough. They plan taking possession upon the completion of alterations they are making.

Mr. Charles Griffin is on his way East to sail for Europe, where he will join his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Griffin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gardener are in the southern part of the state for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Walter Leimert and her little son are leaving for a visit of a few months in the East.

Miss Doris Wirtner left a week ago for Southern California to spend a couple of months with Lieutenant Hubert Anderson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Anderson.

Miss Sigrid Ohrwall, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Ohrwall of Hollister, accompanied by her brother, Mr. John Philip Ohrwall, will join Professor and Mrs. Murray of Stanford University and Miss Lydia Murray for a year's travel in Europe.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Major O. R. Dickinson, U. S. A.; Mr. J. H. Eagan, Fresno; Mr. C. D. Tribuno, Ukiah; Dr. H. C. Hopkins, Dover, New Hampshire; Captain T. H. Johnson, U. S. A.; Mr. E. H. Gates, Monrovia; Mr. Glen C. Wilbur, Yuba City; Mr. J. C. Whitman, Sacramento; Mr. R. L. Kennedy, Los Angeles; Mr. A. R. Atwood, Santa Cruz; Dr. J. R. Leadworth, Dr. M. Scholtz, Los Angeles; Dr. W. Harriam, Long Beach; Mr. C. A. Gordon, Fresno; Dr. M. C. Randall Knox, San Diego.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mr. R. B. Wilcox, Portland; Mr. R. H. Ballard, Los Angeles; Mr. William P. Kenney, Mr. J. J. Hoare, Mr. M. J. Costello, St. Paul; Mr. G. N. Montgomery, Dr. W. H. Kiker, Los Angeles; Mr. P. C. Drescher, Sacramento; Mr. J. L. Garner, Los Angeles; Mr. S. B. Rose, New York; Mr. L. C. Newlands, Portland; Mr. A. H. Hardy, Denver; Mr. Paul N. Myers, St. Paul; Dr. L. R. Sevier, Mr. Rodney Durkee, Mr. C. S. Beesemeyer, Los Angeles; Mr. B. F. Geyer, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Mr. F. M. Martin, Hollywood; Mr. J. A. Graves, Los Angeles.

Recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. E. B. Packwood, Detroit; Mr. J. S. Mathews, Chicago; Mr. D. A. Wilkinson, Los Angeles; Mr. E. A. Bienenstock, Milwaukee; Mr. Fred V. Hill, Boston; Mr. M. L. Behren Pollak, Mr. William L. Ballard, New York; Mr. Forrest R. Murray, Los Angeles; Mr. Roy S. Hubbell, New York; Mr. S. M. Covey, Portland; Mr. R. E. Dobbs, Mr. G. F. Stevenson, Los Angeles; Mr. M. de Mott, Chicago; Mr. R. F. Drew, Los Angeles; Mr. G. M. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. F. E. Mason, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. W. W. Carpenter, Mr. C. C. Chase, El Paso.

### Death of W. C. B. de Fremery.

William C. B. de Fremery died May 20th at his residence, 77 Fairmont Avenue, Oakland, at the age of eighty-nine years. A native of Holland, De Fremery came to San Francisco in 1854 by way of the Isthmus. He was an active member of the Vigilantes under the leadership of William T. Coleman. He founded the old firm of De Fremery & Co., in its day one of the leading importing concerns in the city. He is credited with being a pioneer packer of California fruits.

Life's little complexities continue to increase. For instance, in free Ireland it is proposed to restore the Gaelic name for Queenstown, in the county of Cork, said Gaelic name being "Cobh," which is pronounced "Cove." Oh, very well. Belfast, we suppose, will be something like "Woopf," pronounced "Ouch," and so on. But please feed the world these changes a few at a time.—*Chicago Daily News.*

One of the curious sights of modern New York are the West Indian negroes playing cricket in the parks.

Chinese civilization is at least a thousand years younger than that of Crete, Egypt, or Babylonia.

## CURRENT VERSE.

### The Silver Prophecy.

When the great loneliness steals on me like shadow  
And the whirl of cities is a dream that is lost;  
I shall not light a fire, nor at the window  
Watch the golden starlight of the frost.  
I shall wander through the deep, frozen dusk  
Like a shadow through a mirror's intricacies;  
I shall gaze on the porcelain leaves of trees,  
The silver rime glimmering on the eaves.

The wind will be full of silver needles,  
The wind will be a keen and glittering rain,  
I shall wander through the deep, frozen dusk  
And my face shall glow with the stars of pain.

And there will come a crying in me,  
And the whole grey world will peel and cry;  
I know that the heavens will swing above,  
And silver hoarfrost bells sweep by.

The dusk will be hung with the silver mists  
Of a mute oblivion, and I shall go  
Far where dark silence calls on great white hills  
Over the blue wastes of silver snow. . .  
—Oscar Williams in "The Golden Darkness."

### The Painters of the Sky.

Beyond this world of beauty and delight  
There is a place where ships make into port;  
Where artist souls may work with all their might  
That evening skies with glory may be wrought.

Today perhaps a Turner used his brush,  
The sky all crimson-gold and flecked with light,  
While scattered pink clouds in the evening hush,  
Were nyrurring from the chill and dark of night.

And then tomorrow a gentle, pastoral soul  
May paint a sunset full of home and peace,  
Where grays and blues and violets shall unroll  
The harmonies of light that never cease.

But I have seen the heavens all piled with snow,  
Behind whose pure delight of sculptured line,  
I know the hand of Michael Angelo  
And felt his master spirit in the wind.  
—Virginia Taylor McCormick in "Star Dust and Gardens."

### The Cave by the Sea.

Among the great rocks at the end of the beach  
There is a great cave that I never can reach,  
Nor should any boy who is smaller than I  
Climb up, as I do, to look over and spy  
The tide flowing in or the tide flowing out,  
And crabs in the kelp, perhaps, scuttling about!

For once I discovered, deep down in a place  
Near the mouth of the cave, what I thought was  
a face  
Looking up through the water, and watched it to  
know

If it moved or the tide only made it seem so.  
But the waving of hair I was sure I had seen—  
At least if the hair of a mermaid is green.  
—Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in "Many Children." Published by the *Atlantic Monthly Press.*

### The Toughest Glass Yet.

A Czech engineer, Dr. Vaclav Horak, reports the *Gazette de Prague*, has invented a new species of glass, which, though not absolutely unbreakable, seems to be the toughest specimen of its kind produced—a creation against which the destructive powers of man appears about as impotent as the kicks of a fly against the Pyramid of Cheops. Dr. Horak has spent twelve years on evolving this obstinate article—or, to be quite accurate, seventeen years in making it, and the last twelve months, aided by friends and enemies, in trying to break it.

The new glass is called "silex," and it would appear that if you want to bend a bar of iron you must give it a clout on the head with a piece of silex. At a recent display of its properties before the leading business men of Prague, Dr. Horak took a frail-looking hollow stick of the glass and drove several

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nails with it into a log of wood. I a tumbler made of silex on the tumbler will bounce up uninjured, while no guaranty is offered for the immunity of the floor. In the testing stages the workmen of the Sazava Glassworks, where the glass is made, used to play football with a light, hollow ball made of silex, and the ball generally emerged at the end of the game considerably less impaired than the players.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Does your future husband know your age, Myrtle?" "Well—partly."—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

"In future, Jusetin, I will do without your services. For example, I will smoke my cigars and drink my wine myself."—*Paris Le Journal Amusant.*

Clerk—Mr. Bangs, I am about to be married and on my salary we shall starve to death. Employer—Well, well, who is the lucky girl?—*Judge.*

She—I really can't believe in you. You deceive all the girls. He—All! On my word of honor, you're the first one I ever deceived. —*Christiania Korsaren.*

"Please, teacher, would you punish a chap for something he hadn't done?" "No, Billy; it would be most unjust." "In that case, I—er—haven't done my home work."—*London Mail.*

Boy at Carriage Window (to father, seeing him off to school)—If you like, daddy, I'll introduce you to Binks' father. He's the sort of man it might be rather useful for you to know.—*Punch.*

Wife (in 19—?)—What? You've come straight from the office? Your alt-speedometer reads 11,642 miles—you've been having tea with that woman in Greenland again!—*Paris Le Rire.*

Explorer—Me big fella long time hungry. Where catchem kai-kai? Savvy? *South Sea Island Belle*—Oh! You mean luncheon? There are five excellent tea rooms in the village.—*Judge.*

"That was a grand affair—Provost Whaupple's funeral." "Aye, an' him sae fond o' pomp. I believe if he'd ken it was gaein' tae be sae splendidous he'd a deid lang ago."—*London Passing Show.*

Mother (to child who has been sent out of the room after severe scolding)—If you are good now, Peggy, you may come down again. Peggy—No, thanks; I 'preciate the quiet here after the disturbance downstairs.—*Punch.*

Visitor—I gits up earlier at home 'an any man in 'is beah town. Native—Yoh words don't mean nothin', niggah. I gits up every mawnin' at 1 o'clock. What times does yuh git up? Visitor—If'n I tole yuh, yuh wouldn't

understan'. They don't have no time in 'is beah town as early as whut I gits up.—*Life.*

"Did that cubist artist inherit his gift?" "Presumably. His grandmother was a great hand for making crazy-quilts."—*Judge.*

"There's no reason for being jealous, Jack. You could build a house on my constancy—with a big enough building loan."—*Berlin Lustige Blätter.*

Husband—What is this dish, old thing? Young Wife—I'm not sure. Cook left in the middle of making it without saying what it was, and I went on with it.—*Punch.*

"How do you spell Tchitcherin?" asked the toiler at the adjacent desk. "Don't know," he replied. "Can't you use a synonym?" "Sure," replied the toiler, and proceeded to use Lenin.—*Kansas City Star.*

Mrs. Cassidy—Norah Maguire is takin' on awful! Her husband got three years, but he can get wan off for good behavior. Mrs. O'Brien—Tell her to rest aisy. Sure, an' he never behaves himself.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

The Manager—You must have annoyed that customer to make him walk out of the shop like that. The Assistant—I didn't—he ask me what sort of hat would suit his head and I told him a soft one.—*London Passing Show.*

"I don't approve of this reckless expenditure, Mabel. You should save your pennies—the price of things is going up." "Then what's the good of keeping them, auntie? The longer I save them the less I can buy."—*Windsor.*

Steam Roller Driver (to gentleman who has slipped on a banana skin)—Git up, guv'nor! Git up! If I pressed your trousers, I'd 'ave the Amalgamated Society of Trousers Pressers writin' a narsty letter to my union.—*Windsor Magazine.*

First German Boy (quarreling).—"Bum!" Second Ditto—"You're another." "Sneak!" "You're another." "Crook!" "You're another." "You—member of the League of Nations!" "Say that again and I'll punch you in the jaw!"—*Berlin Der Brummer.*

"You say your wife has received an anonymous letter informing her of something you did before your marriage? Well, the best thing you can do is to confess." "I know, but she won't let me read the letter, and I don't know what to confess."—*London Opinion.*

#### Wolf and Lamb Up to Date.

Here is the latest version of the tale of the Wolf and the Lamb, says the *New York Tribune.*

Taking advantage of the universal disorder, the wolf one day left the woods. He met a lamb that quietly grazed in the meadow.

"I'm going to eat you," he said simply. "No use asking explanations. I don't do it out of malice or vengeance. I am a wolf, thou art a lamb; that suffices."

The lamb asked for five minutes' respite and ran straight to the seat of the Society for the Protection of Animals, where it made known its case. "We are here," they answered, "to protect the animals from men, and not from other animals. If the wolf wants to eat you nothing can be done. It is the law."

Filled with despair, the lamb returned to its doom. On the way it met an old he-goat, who, on learning the lamb's misfortune, was seized with great pity. He took it to his house and powdered its fleece all over with pepper until the white lamb had turned black. "Go now," said the old goat, "and don't be afraid."

The wolf waited, full of confidence. It was difficult for him to recognize the lamb, but he snapped at it all the same. Immediately he choked and his eyes filled with tears.

"Get off!" he said, releasing his prey. "There is no longer justice in the world. It is the end of everything."

And, with his tail lowered, he went back to the woods.

What does the fable teach? The answer may be suggested by the circumstance that this version appears in a Bulgarian paper—and Bulgaria is supposed to have had a narrow escape from being despoiled by Greece.

Celluloid, from which many toilet articles and imitations of ivory are made, is composed from the cellulose found in cotton cloth or raw cotton. It is treated with a solution of nitric acid which forms it into a pulp very much like paper pulp. It is then washed with water, which removes most of the acid. It is partly hardened and camphor gum is mixed with it, when it is rolled into sheets and thoroughly dried. In order to manipulate it, it is softened by steam and then hardened by drying. Celluloid is very inflammable. Wearers of celluloid combs and other ornaments should not expose themselves to fire.

Before the European war a million Austrian kronen were worth \$200,000. They are now worth \$120.



## Leave Nothing to Chance When You Go Away For Your Vacation

Don't "take a chance" and leave your silverware, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in the house when you are going away for the summer. You may, on your return, find everything as you left it, but—

Isn't it a great deal better to put your valuables in a place of safety and have perfect peace of mind all the time you're away?

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#### FRANKLIN. SAVER OF DAYLIGHT.

Daylight saving is commonly regarded as a British device, because it was proposed and practiced in that country some years before its trial here. But now it appears that it was a "Yankee notion" of ancient date, having been devised by no less an authority than Benjamin Franklin when he was the American Minister to France. A writer in *L'Intransigeant* recalls that, on April 26, 1784, there appeared in *Le Journal de Paris* a letter from the great American philosopher, in which he set forth his conception of the daylight-saving idea.

He related that one night, after tarrying with friends until a late hour, he went home at 3 o'clock in the morning and retired, hoping to have a long sleep. But very soon he was awakened by the noise made by his neighbors in the apartment overhead.

"I was astonished," he said, "to see my room lighted, and thought first that a dozen lamps had been lighted, but upon rubbing my eyes I realized that my servant had forgotten to close the shutters, and that the sun was rising. I looked at my watches, which were going well, and saw that it was only 6 o'clock. As I found it extremely extraordinary that the sun rose so early I consulted my almanac and read there that the sun would continue to rise earlier every day until the end of June."

"This suggested to me several serious reflections. I considered that if it had not been for the accident that shortened my sleep I would have slept six or seven hours longer, and that many persons were every day doing the same. Let us suppose there are in Paris 100,000 families, each of which consumes half a pound of wax candles an hour; this consumption would go on during six months, with a daily mean of seven hours, which, for the 100,000 families of Paris alone and the 128,000,000 hours, represents 64,050,000 pounds of wax, at the average price of 30 sous a pound, an annual expense of 9,675,000 Tournois livres.

"What a discovery and what a saving," cried Franklin, "if the Parisians could be per-

suaded to live in summer only in daylight! But how convince them?"

And Franklin proposed three means:

"First—To put a tax of one louis on every window that had shutters preventing the light from entering the rooms as soon as the sun was on the horizon.

"Second—To establish a law to diminish the consumption of wax and candles; to put guards in the stores of wax chandlers and not permit a family to purchase more than one pound a week.

"Third—Have all the bells of the churches ring at sunrise, and, if need be, have cannons fired in every street to open the eyes of the lazy people to their interest."

The means employed in our days are quite different.

The term "under the rose" implies secrecy. It had its origin B. C. 477, when Pausanias, commander of the fleet of Spartans and Athenians, was intriguing with Xerxes for the subjugation of Greece to Persia and for the hand of the king's daughter in marriage. The business was transacted in the "Brazen House," the roof of which was a garden making a bower of roses. Hence the term sub rosa.

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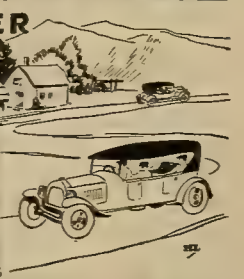
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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Destructive Decision.

The Southern Pacific Railway system is practically and essentially a unit. But technically it is a composite made up of links, some of them under the name of the Southern Pacific Company, others under the name of the Central Pacific Company. The two organizations, while under the same ownership and working to the single end of creating a unified system of transportation, were differentiated in name for reasons connected with the financing of construction at different periods. There is not, nor has there ever been, anything concealed in connection with the matter, or any question as to the legitimacy of employing two names in promotion of a single purpose. The system was created long before the Sherman anti-trust law came into force in 1890, and it has been maintained in operation now for nearly fifty years. To all practical intents and purposes the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad, in their connections and interlacings, and in their ownership, are one and the same.

All this becomes plain to whoever will examine a map of the system. Yet, when the various links are shown, there is presented a complicated weaving of jointed lines. The road from Sacramento to Ogden appears in the name of the Central Pacific. Similarly, the line from the Oregon boundary down the east side of the Sacramento Valley to Sacramento, from Sac-

ramento by way of Niles Cañon to Oakland, the Bay ferry system, the line from Oakland via Niles to San Jose, the line south from Stockton to Goshen, etc.

Under the name of the Southern Pacific are the lines from Oakland to Santa Rosa, Calistoga, San Francisco via Davis to Tehama, down the west side of the San Joaquin Valley from Oakland to Goshen, what is known as the Coast Route to Los Angeles, with numberless feeders connecting, some with the Southern Pacific, others with Central Pacific links. While all are parts of a unified whole, regarded separately they present the spectacle of detached lines with no common terminal and in many instances with no means of connection with any terminal.

Several years ago agents of the Federal government, under authorization of the Sherman anti-trust law, took the ground that the system, so far from being a unit, was made up of separate and distinct properties, and that their operation as a unit was in effect the misuse of competitive systems to the end of maintaining a scheme of monopoly in transportation. For several years the case has been before the courts, and on Monday of this week there was handed down in the Supreme Court at Washington a judgment sustaining the government's claim. Thus, whatever the facts may be, it becomes the law, expressed in an order of court, that the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific lines shall be dis severed and their coöperative relationship annulled. To do it will be to destroy a unity essential to regular and orderly transportation in California. It will leave both the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific lines in the air, so to speak, since each is dependent for effective operation upon the use of tracks owned by the other. In effect it will mean that California will be isolated from Oregon; that all eastern traffic over the Central Pacific must go via Niles Cañon and Stockton; that the more important Sacramento and San Joaquin Valley towns will connect with San Francisco only through Stockton and Niles; that Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, and other valley towns will be off the Southern Pacific line from San Francisco to Los Angeles; that various Sierra foothill towns (Placerville, Oakdale, and others) will be isolated, since they connect only with Central Pacific lines; that the East Bay towns south of Oakland will be isolated from Southern Pacific connections, etc. Truly a sad mess it will be, vastly disturbing to traffic both of passengers and freight, vastly inconvenient and vastly costly all around.

A decree by the Supreme Court under ordinary circumstances becomes a finality, but in the immediate instance there is reasonable ground for hope that disaster—for it would be nothing short of disaster to the interest of the public—may be averted through action of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, under the Transportation Act of 1920, holds an authority in matters of this kind even beyond that of the Supreme Court. This act (the Transportation Act of 1926) directs the commission "as soon as practicable" to "prepare and adopt a plan for consolidation of the railway properties of the continental United States into a limited number of systems." The act further provides that the carriers affected may consolidate their lines in accordance with such final plan, and in such case also provides that "they are hereby relieved from the operations of the anti-trust laws \* \* \* and of all other restraints or inhibitions by laws, state or Federal, in so far as may be necessary to enable them to do anything authorized or required by any order," etc.

In pursuance of the Transportation Act of 1920, the Interstate Commerce Commission has already agreed upon a tentative plan for consolidation and is now engaged in hearings throughout the United States to determine what modifications shall be made for their final plan to be adopted hereafter. This tentative plan retains the ownership of the Central Pacific by the Southern Pacific. In other words, it does not propose

to destroy this system of roads as they were built up and have been operated now for approximately half a century.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is advised that the unified ownership and operation of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific lines is in no way prejudicial to the public interest. It is advised that, on the contrary, unified ownership and operation of the two properties makes largely in favor of the public interest. This is also the determination of the California railroad commission, which, of course, has more immediate knowledge of California conditions and is more directly charged with the maintenance of California interests. There can be no question as to where the interest of the California public lies. It is plainly in retaining the complementary relation between the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific lines; and this being plainly so, surprise here is universal that the Supreme Court has found warrant in law for tearing asunder a system whose unity has become a fixed and essential fact of long standing. It is further surprising in view of the fact that not a single witness appeared in this case before the Federal court asking that these lines should be separated. There would be consternation in California but for the circumstance that there remains in the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission possibility of correcting what in a practical sense amounts to a colossal economic error.

Presumption is one thing, fact another. The court has found that the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific are competing lines, or would be competing lines were they not combined in one system. The law presumes that the interest of the public is in such competition, and the decision attempts to enforce it. The fact is that such competition is of no value to the public whatever; but what is of value, and has been of value incalculable in developing the transportation system of California and Oregon, is the coöperation of these lines. Some way must be found to preserve that.

### A Man or a Mouse?

It is for the Board of Regents to determine if in the presidency at Berkeley there shall be a man or a mouse. The country is full of educated mice. Without stepping off the Berkeley campus there may be found a dozen men any one of whom would accept the presidency under any conditions that might be imposed or implied. And any one of them would have a certain sort of qualification; he could wear a high hat and a tail coat with a fairly simulated dignity and he could upon occasion deliver a rhetorical address upon some phase of the good, the true, and the beautiful. But under a man of such temper, whatever is wrong in the practice at Berkeley would be permitted to run along without restraint. However some regents might scheme, however others might shirk, however members of the academic senate might squabble, however they might unitedly nag and pin-prick the president, nothing would ever be heard of it. There would be the peace of supine concession, of toleration of abuses, of expanding extravagances. What is needed at Berkeley is, not a mouse, but a man—a man who will require as the first condition of his service authority to govern with a strong hand. He will insist upon power to enforce such measures of discipline as may be necessary to develop unity of purpose and all around coöperation. If he shall find in the faculty or anywhere about the establishment chronic trouble-makers, he must have authority to silence or dismiss them. In brief, he will be in effect as in name the executive head of the institution.

A mouse at Berkeley will let things slide. A man will do many things in their way revolutionary. He will put a stop to the everlasting warfare on the part of an element in the faculty against the executive administration. He will find a way to create an academic



atmosphere as distinct from a condition which makes of the campus—and the region about it—something of a country club and of the classroom a Chautauqua circle. He will so curb student activities as to subordinate them to the legitimate work of the university. He will dispel the notion that numbers rather than quality is the end to be aimed at. He will so stiffen examination as to cast out the loafers and the otherwise unfit. He will make new standards of order and form to the end that the mark of a college student shall not be vulgarity in appearance and hoodlumism in conduct. To do all this—with much else that the situation demands—calls for a strong hand. No other than a strong man can do it.

The first requirement, if confusion is to be dethroned and if sanity is to be brought to the administration of Berkeley, is the installation in the president's chair of a qualified man backed at all points by the Board of Regents. If the board—the fountain of authority—is not willing to install and support a strong executive, then it will be useless to attempt anything in the way of reorganization. The responsibility is with the regents. It is to them that the public which generously sustains this school looks for something better in organization and administration than we have recently witnessed.

Dr. Barrows is retiring from the presidency because he is not willing to play the part of a mouse and because under existing conditions he finds it impossible to play the part of a man. He has said nothing to this effect, but the situation speaks for itself. In retiring he does what any self-respecting man would do under the circumstances. Not being able to conduct his office in the way it should be done, he prefers to go back to the strictly professional work of a teacher. His retirement is a confession of failure; but it is a failure for which he has no responsibility. Its causes lie in a state of things which neither he nor any man, unsupported by the Board of Regents, can change.

As we have already said, if the regents want a mouse in the president's chair at Berkeley, they can easily find one. But if they want a man—and assuredly the public which pays the bills wants a man—they will have first to set up a new order of things. They have got to find a scholar and a man of independent mind, one who knows what the deficiencies of the university are and who has the will and the power to meet and to exorcise them; and they have got to yield to him a definite grant of authority. In brief, they have got to find a man much like Dr. Barrows. No qualified man will accept the place under the conditions that have brought about Dr. Barrows' retirement. The issue, therefore, resolves itself into this question: Do the regents want in the presidency of Berkeley a man or a mouse? The *Argonaut* votes for a man, and it knows where one may be found. He is vacationing somewhere in the Sierra and his name is David P. Barrows.

#### Obstruction in the Senate.

Speaking a few days ago of the labored effort on the part of Senator Caraway of Arkansas and others on the Democratic side of the Senate to smirch Attorney-General Daugherty, Senator Moses of New Hampshire put the case in a nutshell. "This performance," he said, "is gotten up in order to furnish a smoke screen to hide the misdemeanors of Cabinet officers who served under the late Administration." Moses' reference is to former Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer and former Secretary of the Treasury William C. McAdoo. It is notorious that present investigations of the Department of Justice into the frauds of war administration are expected to implicate both McAdoo and Palmer. Subsequent to his resignation from the Cabinet, McAdoo became an attorney for Charles W. Morse in the latter's dealings with the Shipping Board in relation to certain contracts held by Morse for the construction of ships. The belief exists that Morse originally obtained these contracts through McAdoo's influence. Two shipping companies under Morse's control were involved financially after the war closed and he (Morse) sought cash advances from the Shipping Board on these contracts. The Shipping Board refused the advances. Then McAdoo, as counsel for Morse, appeared before the board and induced it to reverse its action and to advance sums said to aggregate approximately sixteen million dollars. These transactions with the Shipping Board are the basis for indictments which the government has now secured

against Morse and against Martin J. Gillen of his counsel, who at the time was assistant to the chairman of the Shipping Board. The indictments got close to McAdoo, but stopped just short of involving him directly. No chart is needed to exhibit the purpose of the attempt to involve Daugherty, the Attorney-General of the United States, and chief prosecutor, in these cases at a time when it is possible that criminal prosecution will involve McAdoo as a party in Morse's affairs.

Palmer fits into the situation because of his relationship with the Bosch Magneto case. When Palmer was alien property custodian he seized the property of the Bosch Magneto Company on the claim that it was German-owned. It is now pleaded that in fact the property was not German-owned. However this may be, Palmer and his assistant, Francis J. Garvin, now president of the American Bosch Magneto Company, proceeded to sell the property to one Martin Kern of Pennsylvania, a political and personal associate of Palmer and Garvin. Certain newspapers recently have charged, and have not been called to account therefor, that Kern actually is and was at the time of the transaction a German citizen and an ex-convict. The sale price was about four million dollars, although the inventory books and statement of current earnings showed a value in excess of seven million dollars. The purchasers reorganized the concern, and following the retirement of Garvin from the position of alien property custodian he became its head. It now appears that Felder, who was associated with Daugherty in obtaining the pardon of Morse in 1911, has now become counsel for the original Bosch Magneto Company in its efforts to secure restitution of its property. The Bosch Magneto case has recently been brought to the attention of a United States grand jury, and there exists the possibility that both Palmer and Garvin eventually will be indicted.

There is still another sinister phase of this business, one curiously remote from any direct connection with the matters just presented. Little progress is being made in tariff legislation—and there is reason why. While the Republican senators by agreement have almost entirely eliminated speech-making on their side of the chamber and are trying seriously to get through with the tariff bill, individual Democratic senators are trying to delay action by dragging in extraneous subjects. The purpose is the mean one of emphasizing before the country the inability of the Republican majority to function efficiently or speedily. Disclaiming any intention to filibuster, they have none the less carried on a species of filibustering to a point where the delay of tariff legislation has become a scandal. One means by which confusion and delay have been promoted is this assault upon Daugherty. It has, of course, no relationship to the pending tariff legislation, and it has been lugged in for the purpose of promoting delay and preventing the carrying out of the Republican legislative programme. Thus Senator Caraway of Arkansas, chief assailant of Daugherty, is contriving to hold public attention and to obstruct legitimate work in the Senate. Questions about the propriety of Mr. Daugherty's professional record have no legitimate place in the Senate at this time, when America needs so direfully the stabilization that can come only through ending the uncertainty regarding tariff regulations and the enactment of other parts of the legislative programme needed to restore normal conditions.

#### Community Drama.

The Mountain Play, which was given its tenth annual presentation on Mt. Tamalpais last week, bids fair to become a local institution as famous, no doubt in a few years, as the Passion Play of Oberammergau. True, the Tamalpais production is not a religious manifestation, but it is just as genuine an outgrowth of the people. It is true community drama. San Francisco has one more feather in her civic cap in her position as chief sponsor of the Mountain Play. Other localities have annual pageants, and the annual May ceremony on Tamalpais is reducible to a pageant, but there is a difference—probably the fact already referred to that the Mountain Play, like the three-century-old institution of Oberammergau, is not a factitious expression of art. It is the inevitable expression of the love of out-doors. The Mountain Play should grow a slow natural growth, as it undoubtedly will if left to the instincts of the community. The worst thing that could happen to it, and a thing that in our over-efficient country is likely to happen to it, would be

to fall into the managing hands of some Belasco who would double or treble its profits and commercialize its talents. For the present, the production of the Mountain Play must remain in skilled hands. It has come a century or so too late to be a spontaneous folk ceremony. But the spirit is there. It need not be inculcated or even cherished. It need only be let alone. It should be possible for California to produce a school of mountain players. We need not slavishly imitate the pageant of Oberammergau and relegate rôles to hereditary rights. Imitation of anything, even of the most venerable of folk plays, should be barred. But a school of community players who would perform the Mountain Play fittingly and keep it free from commercialization and from the professional tactics of the American stage ought to be a natural ambition for every devotee of the Tamalpais pageant.

#### The Galahad Group and the Constitution.

It is to be feared that the Supreme Court has depopularized itself once more with a certain class of reformer by two recent decisions: one on the child labor law of 1919, which sought to tax an abuse to death; and the other on the grain futures act, which sought to tax to death something many persons regard as an abuse. Both decisions are based on the fundamental American principle of state rights, vital to our national welfare, but of small account to warm-hearted champions of the oppressed when doing doughty battle with the oppressor.

A country needs both reformers and statesmen. Reformers have good hearts, and statesmen are supposed to have good heads. The persons with good hearts rarely stop to consider that the secondary effects of a reform may be far more important than the primary object, or destructive of things more vital to humanity than those the reformers wish to conserve. They demand immediate cure for whatever ails us at the moment, or whatever they happen to be thinking about that day, no matter what the effect may be upon our institutions or the bed plates of government. It then becomes the function of statesmen, and in this instance judges of the Supreme Bench, to oppose, as gently as may be, the warm enthusiasms and humane desires of those whose hearts are good. Whereupon those whose hearts are good almost invariably denounce their opponents as persons whose hearts are bad—when it is merely that their heads are cool, and their judgment is in fair working order.

A good example of warm-hearted reformer is Senator La Follette. He belongs in the class of those whose hearts are consciously pure. He might, in fact, be classified as one of the Galahad Group. And while we may concede innocence to that group, and sanctity, and holiness of purpose, it would never do to rely either upon ignorance or stupidity as one of its attributes. Long ago Senator La Follette discovered that the Federal power to tax might be used to destroy; and destruction being in line with reform, we may suppose that he passed a night of purification and dedication, lying we may also suppose *in forma crucis* before the altar, arose with the dawn, drank a cup of pure, cold water for breakfast, had his shining armor buckled on by his faithful squire, mounted his Milwaukee war-horse, loosened his snickersnee in its sheath, laid his lance in rest according to the most approved Galahads of old, and set out to destroy—oleomargarine. By some rare coincidence, oleomargarine was the national evil and immoral food at that time afflicting, competitively, the dairying interests of Wisconsin, another pure-hearted class. If some persons regarded oleomargarine as perfectly good food, and wanted it to eat, that merely proved that their appetites were carnal and their hearts impure. Oleomargarine was made from the fat of slaughtered animals, and it competed with fat extracted from milk. So it was discovered to be a terrible national evil which must be destroyed—exactly as Carthage was an evil to the commercial Romans of Cato's day.

It must be, of a certainty, mere accident that the Galahad Group is so often aligned with the Silver-smiths of Ephesus: and also with the Barbers of Oroville, whose sanitary zeal, inflamed by the recent beard-growing contest at Sacramento, we have had occasion to celebrate in these columns. Nevertheless it is strange how often the passion for destructive reform selects for its object some practice or commodity that competes with the commercial interests of the re-



former's constituents; strange, for example, how a child-labor law would protect New England mills against Southern competition. Yes, it must be mere coincidence; and we wish merely to call attention to the secondary effect of such reforms. When food went short during the war, and everybody scraped his plate, and old ladies planted potato parings, and every ounce was needed to win and help our associate nations win, and the cost of living mounted and mounted, this great reform, the tax on oleomargarine, was operating to increase living costs and shorten the supply of one great article of food. Artificial interferences with people's private business, and with their local affairs, may be trusted to work just that way. We might multiply examples of reforming zeal that happens also to be profitable to a reformer's constituency, but one is enough.

Against this power to destroy by taxation, and against taxation for the purpose of destruction, whether as a sanctified shining sword of the Galahad Group, or the base weapon of the wicked fighting for their own hand, the Supreme Court and Chief Justice Taft have at last, in the child-labor decision, set their faces. In effect they declare that such use of the taxing power is a mere mask to cover the real object, and refuse to permit the taxing clause of the Constitution to be converted into a police regulation and hence an invasion of the rights of the states. And the opinion contains this cool-headed pronouncement:

The good sought in unconstitutional legislation is an insidious feature, because it leads citizens and legislators of good purpose to promote it without thought of the serious breach it will make in the ark of our covenant, or the harm which will come from breaking down recognized standards. In the maintenance of local self-government on the one hand and the national power on the other our country has been able to endure and prosper for nearly a century and a half.

Such a statement as that is strangely lacking in the ardor and exaltation of statutory reform. There is nothing to it but common sense. It does not show whether the Supreme Court has a pure heart or not. Emotion is well known to be essential to purity, but there is nothing emotional in it. It might have been pronounced by a mere banker, or manufacturer, or stationer, or lawyer, or judge, or—or anybody. It is to be doubted whether men so cold and calculating could be trusted to break down archaic laws that only tend to restrain the passion of reform, and to help us engage in jacking up humanity to the serene altitudes of Soviet control or some such socialization of industry as California's proposed Water and Power Amendment. No. The Supreme Court, by this decision, has distinctly placed itself in the category of those almost mercenary persons who, in times of fanatic hysteria, coldly point out the fact that it is not always wisdom to burn down the barn in order to get rid of the rats. For that, we suppose it is in for another Bryanesque attack on its integrity and its purity; some crown-of-thorns-and-cross-of-gold pronouncement that will show that the pronouncer's heart is in the right place, by contrast with the Supreme Court's heart, which is not.

And, worse and more of it, the court has invited such strictures even more pressingly by its decision on the grain futures act. Trading in grain futures was an iniquity of the first rank, and a thing for the embattled Galahads to charge upon with every red tongue waving in the breeze. Section 4 of the act sought to impose a tax of 20 cents a bushel on future trades in grain on exchanges not designated as contract markets subject to Federal control; or when not made by actual owners, or the renters of land on which the grain was to be grown. The court's opinion distinctly holds that this would be an invasion of the police powers of the states, an effort to regulate, by the taxation subterfuge, transactions over which the Federal government has no constitutional authority.

The Galahad Group will probably damn both these decisions as "reactionary." But it will do no harm, if the country can remain sufficiently calm to understand that the reaction is back toward those fundamental principles on which the government was founded and from which the unrestrained ardor of the persons whose hearts were good but whose heads were addled by reformatory fevers endeavored to pervert it.

Our forefathers sought deliverance from a centralized autocracy. They had fought a long war to escape that of England's German king, George III. They saw safety

in dividing powers among the local political units, keeping the weight of authority in the states. Moreover, the states were jealous of distant control, and well they might be still. At the same time the founders of the republic provided that the states should not in effect disrupt their union, so hardly formed, by building up local barriers against one another's commerce. We have today, as a result, an interstate trade which is probably as great as the international trade of all Europe (some authorities say greater than that), and it has made the nation strong. We have needed no Genoa economic conference here to say what goods and how much shall flow from Connecticut to Kansas, or from Lowell to San Francisco. Throughout the United States you can send where you please for what you need, and get it free of local obstruction. If every state were ringed by a commercial barrier against every other, Nevada would have to manufacture its own hides into boots, instead of having them made at Brockton or at Napa, and they would be produced under such disadvantageous conditions and for such a narrow market they would probably cost fifty dollars a pair. Instead of one civil war over the Union itself, we might have had a dozen by this time over commercial interferences, and the Union would have become a thing of long past history. But such conditions as we enjoy depend on the settled relations of the states and the Federal government, settled by the making of the Constitution in 1787. The experiences of the nation and the stages of its growth have but confirmed the wisdom of the founders. There were giants in those days. Now we have zealots who would destroy the rights of the states and tax some hated article of interstate commerce out of existence to satisfy a transient need that could be served some other way. We have Johnson, La Follette, Borah and France; men looking at the little, pressing things, and forgetting the larger and more vital interests of a great people. Fortunately there is many a check upon the Galahad Group embodied in the Constitution itself. It was well put together. Let us not, for some temporary benefit, throw it on the junk pile—at least, not until the Shriners have come and gone.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### A Word of Approval.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I congratulate you on your editorial on the Berkeley University. It tells the whole story fundamentally. Many good farmer boys are being spoiled in the effort to make of them "biled shirt" operatives. C. M. W.

### Berkeley and Palo Alto.

SACRAMENTO, May 27, 1922.

MY DEAR HOLMAN: Seeking seclusion today from the '49 celebration, I came to the club and read the issue of date 27th instant.

I want to assure you that your editorial comment on "U. C." is an impressive arraignment of a dead wrong policy. If the whole thing is not changed very soon that institution will be as unlike a university as a market place is unlike an art gallery.

My heart bounds when I see how they are striving for high quality at Palo Alto. A man must have outstanding qualities to get in, and he must use his time to good advantage to stay in. Stanford is trying to standardize its output. It wants quality and cares nothing for quantity. L. H.

The recent bicentenary celebration of the introduction of umbrellas into England served as a reminder, not only of the fact that the umbrella was not of English origin—though its universal use there is proverbial—but also of its extreme antiquity. In "The Birds," a play written in 414 B. C., during the siege of Syracuse by Alcibiades and Nisias, in which the Athenians' fondness for litigation and their flighty character are ridiculed, Aristophanes reveals the true inventor of the "umbrella," or sunshade, and, therefore, of the umbrella, its enlargement. The inventor was none other than Prometheus. He invented the umbrella to conceal himself from Jupiter, his enemy, and he said of it: "I shall look like a canephore" (basket-bearer, one of the Athenian maidens selected to carry the baskets of sacred utensils in the procession of Demeter, Bacchus, and Athene).

The question whether to invite German artists to participate in the international exhibition of decorative arts to be held in 1924 is still a vital and stormy issue in France. Critics, artists, and artisans have been asked to give their opinion in the press, and responses have begun to come in. Georges Lecomte was one of the first to register disapproval and declare himself strongly against inviting the Germans, giving as his reason the fact that Germany has not disarmed and remains a peril to Europe, and should therefore be kept under the ban by the other nations.

The new Egyptian flag is a white crescent and three white stars on a green ground.

## NEW YORK LETTER.

Sidewalk Notaries, Guards for Marshal French. Markham Defends Poe, and Mack Denies He Is Supporting Hearst.

One of the curious industries of Gotham these spring days is that of the sidewalk notary who swears you to your application for an automobile license. (Come to the rush for licenses, and the long sidewalk queue that form in Sixty-Fifth Street near the automobile bureau's headquarters, this fraternity has found good picking among those too impatient to wait until their part of the line reaches the offices of the bureau, where they could get all this notarial service free. Application blanks are free, also, but to many a weary and flat-footed applicant time is not, and any of it that can be saved is worth what it costs. Hence \$2 each is not regarded as too much to pay for a blank that can be had inside for nothing; if you can get inside. The business seems perfectly legitimate, and the service just as valuable as that of the green grocer who saves you the time it would take to go out on Long Island or into New Jersey and dicker with the farmer for the beans, carrots, egg-plant and Welsh onions you may want. And it is not compulsory to patronize these gentlemen if you wish to wait. Sometimes the queue has been five blocks long. Nevertheless the sidewalk notaries are not supposed to overcharge, no matter how valuable they may be to you, or how much of your time they may have saved, and so from time to time some of their number are arrested. They have formed a combination and hired legal talent for their defense, and as often as they are marched off to a magistrate they are discharged for lack of evidence. The business rests on the sure foundation of a public want, and appears to be growing.

The sidewalk notaries are the reverse, or dorsal, aspect of the general outdoor sport of being examined for a license. By the first of July the applicants examined will number more than 90,000 for the year. There are 135,000 operators' licenses out, that is for private drivers, and 134,000 for chauffeurs, which includes truck drivers, taxicab operators, and private chauffeurs. The fees come in at the rate of \$14,000 a day. So it is evident that a number of persons are interested in getting licenses and in the obstacles to be cleared. Skill in handling a car is a prerequisite, and is only to be ascertained by examination. And it is no paper examination where you sit at a table and answer questions—you have to take an examiner out for a ride and show him. The wretched Missourian sits on the seat beside you and gives you the glassy eye while you show him and show him and show him. And like a child whom you are showing off to company, your car balks, and backfires, and sticks and goes dead and refuses to answer the wheel, and he sits there and looks and looks, until you feel that you couldn't drive the old cow home from the pasture lot. He makes unreasonable requests—that is, they feel unreasonable at the time. He wants you to stop on hills, although you have no desire to do it and no reason for doing it. He may, as like as not, ask you to park between two other cars parked at the curb, and of course you forget to run past and back in, and can't get within two feet of it to save your life. You may be in a procession of other victims of this modern mechanical inquisition, and then if you do anything wrong you will tangle up the whole line, and at the same time you are subject to the risk of having some one else do something wrong and throw out all your calculations. It is a heart disease experience, but no one that wishes to drive can escape. Women who have always taken the safe method of running around the square when they wished to turn around may be required to make a switchback in the middle of the block. You are not asked to take any hurdles or do any rough stunts, but it all seems rough when the examiner sits beside you and rides without a word of encouragement. There is one thing that can be said for them, though—they are brave men.

House rents affect more people than automobile licenses, and recently they have taken a turn for the better. This is not due to the anti-rent-profiteering statutes, but to the slow and sure operation of economic law. Two years ago many of the landlords felt that they had the game in their own hands, and no matter what courts and the legislature might seek to do for the relief of tenants they would have to pay what the owners asked. Neither landlords nor legislators appeared to understand that they were in the grip of something mightier than either, and that rents would take a course independent of both. Very little extra building has been done, thanks to those anti-landlord laws, whose operation was merely to confirm the monopoly of those who owned housing. But in spite of that fact, rents are lower, and may decline still farther. They had been set at figures the people simply could not pay, and so, without much real competition, they must descend. In fixing prices, regard must be paid the ability of the possible customer. As a matter of work-out, rather than theory, the effective demand consists, not of all those who wish a thing, but only of those who both wish it and can buy it. At the old ex-



tortionate rents of two years and a year ago, the effective demand was far less than it seemed. If rents were to remain so high, people would stay in smaller quarters, remain doubled up with relatives, two and four families in accommodations built for one; and leave some of the high-rent apartment houses unoccupied. The owners of such property are beginning to see a new light. Not generosity, and not rent fixing by statute has brought lowered rents, but necessity of another sort. And there are many persons who think it would have been better to leave it to economic law in the first place. They say there would have been more housing than there is now and hence more accommodation for all, for the present supply is still narrowly limited.

It is considered by many a curious thing that a guard of sixty policemen was thought necessary to protect Field Marshal Earl French of Ypres from annoyance during his address the other day at the unveiling of five portrait busts in the Hall of Fame, the open colonnade of New York University, overlooking the Harlem. Such a precaution might be deemed excessive, and the sign of an over-anxious interpretation of sentiment, were it not for the fact that Earl French's automobile, which is decorated with small and modest British flags, has been greeted in various parts of the city lately with most unfriendly hoots and jeers and other expression of animosity. These things have not disturbed the serenity of the great British soldier, but they have given some apprehension to those responsible for his entertainment and safety. Hence the guard at the exercises. One of the busts unveiled was that of Washington, a copy from the full-length figure by Houdon in the capital at Richmond, Virginia. It was the gift of New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and was formally presented by the chapter's regent, Mrs. Alfred W. Cochrane. Standing before this portrait, Earl French said in part:

We claim that this great American is also English and he conferred equal benefits upon us which have culminated in that close unity which now prevails between the Anglo-Saxon-speaking races on both sides of the Atlantic.

When Dr. Johnson first asked me to speak at the unveiling of the bust of Washington I appreciated the honor, but wondered why you selected a British soldier. Now I understand. This day will ever remain in my memory as a touching compliment in which the citizens of this country show to me how strong is the friendship of the great English-speaking people. I say friendship, but it is far more. Political policies may come and political policies may go, but I am convinced that the friendship of the English-speaking peoples will ever be strong.

The other busts unveiled were those of Edgar Allen Poe, Mark Hopkins, Gilbert Charles Stuart and Maria Mitchell. This makes eight in the colonnade, the others being those of Robert Fulton, General Grant, and Horace Mann. During the ceremonies your former fellow-Californian, Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," seized the opportunity to bring the fame of his fellow-poet, Poe, more into line with the Volstead Act than it has been heretofore. He unveiled the Poe bust, but soft-pedaled the Poe busts. He said that Poe was not a drunkard at all in the ordinary and proper sense of the word, but left his audience wondering what the proper sense of the word drunkard might be. As Congress seems to have the power to define intoxicating liquors, it might try its hand at defining drunkard; the one being so closely related to the other.

Another former Californian appears to be having some difficulty constructing his fame just as he would like to have it. Norman E. Mack of Buffalo, one of the big Democratic bosses of up-state politics, commissioner-general of New York to your Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, denies that he will support the aspirations of William Randolph Hearst for the Democratic nomination for governor. The contrary story had previously come to Manhattan and had caused much rejoicing in the Hearst camp, for Mack is a power in the city by the big falls; and the denial caused corresponding depression. It is said that Mack is for former governor Alfred E. Smith, now in the trucking business, and he is not alone. He never is, for long at a time. His denial, however, gives little hope to any aspirant, for it not only declares for none, but says he does not intend to make any statement of any sort on candidates for senator or governor. The Hearst forces have fallen down in their effort to get "Al" Smith on their side, and their main hope now is to get into synopated harmony with former governor Martin H. Glynn by running him for United States senator. Glynn is not supposed to be very strong. When he ran for a second term as governor he lost even his own county of Albany. Both Glynn and Hearst have gone abroad, and may meet on the other side of the water to arrange politics on this side.

STUYVESANT.  
NEW YORK, May 26, 1922.

On the sea coast near Germany's former submarine base at Kiel there has recently been unveiled a unique memorial to the murderous U-boats which nearly won the war for the Hun. A model of the German submarine No. 291 is mounted above a copy of one of the North Sea mines that sunk it—truly a ghastly shrine.

Another prohibition amendment needed is one to prohibit some people from fussing about other people's dissipation.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Colonel Isaac R. Sherwood, who has for many years been a member of the House from Ohio, is still a candidate for Congress at eighty-seven.

Little Marie Louise Bobb of New Orleans has won first prize in sixteen "perfect baby" contests. Her title as champion "perfect baby" of the South is practically undisputed.

Sarola Devi, a niece of Rabindranath Tagore, is an ardent Indian feminist. Her Brahman friends will not take food under her roof because she has lost caste by her democratic habits and doctrines.

Mrs. Louis N. Geldert, better known as Grace Duffie Boylan, has been recently elected national president of the League of American Pen Women. Mrs. Geldert began her writing career on a Chicago newspaper in 1893.

Basil Miles, who served as secretary to the American delegation at the Arms Conference, has been appointed American administrative commissioner at headquarters of the International Chamber of Commerce at Paris.

Miss Jean Kennedy, a junior of Mount Holyoke College, has been selected as the delegate from twenty-one women's colleges of the United States to represent them at the World Christian Student Conference at Peking, China, the first of its kind ever held.

Corporal Claude Samosnoff is the youngest hero of the Russian revolution on record. This nine-year-old scout for his father's Cossack troops in the guerrilla warfare against the Bolsheviks has been wounded three times and decorated with the Cross of St. George. The youthful hero is now in a Russian orphanage at Cannes, France, following his father's death.

Francis White of Baltimore, until recently first secretary of the American Embassy at Buenos Aires, has been appointed chief of the division of Latin-American affairs in the State Department. He will assume office on June 5. Mr. White, who succeeds Sumner Wells, is only thirty years old and has been in the diplomatic service since 1915. His first post was at Peking.

Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, tennis champion, has the modern gift of versatility. She is an ardent horticulturist and a clever draughtsman. Mrs. Mallory recently sketched bits of the gardens of the White House and intends to emulate the White House tennis plots, where the courts are screened by tall bushes. The tennis champion has recently sat for a portrait bust by the noted pianist, composer, and sculptor, Christian Schiottz.

The Most Reverend Bonaventura Cerretti, papal nuncio at Paris, who has been appointed secretary of state to the new Pope, Pius XI, has spent a large part of his life in America, where he was auditor of the apostolic delegation at Washington. From Washington, Archbishop Cerretti was sent as papal delegate to the Catholic church in Australia, where he lived for nearly four years in Melbourne. During his Washington residence Mgr. Cerretti was a prominent social figure, as he was possessed of great urbanity and a gift of many languages.

Roland Hayes, the American negro tenor, has been given an enthusiastic welcome in London musical circles. Hayes, who was born thirty-five years ago in Curryville, Georgia, studied for eight years under Arthur J. Hubbard of Boston. His first appearance was in 1911 and since then he has sung all over the world. He sings in every European language, but confesses to a preference for dark melodies. He knows fifteen operas and an equal number of oratorios. The negro singer regards his work primarily as a missionary effort for his people and himself as their torch-bearer.

Gifford Pinchot, Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, was born in Simsbury, Connecticut, in 1865, and his life has been devoted to the conservation of forests. He took his A. B. at Yale in 1889, his master's degree in 1901, and an honorary master's at Princeton in 1904. He has several other degrees culled from McGill, and Michigan Agricultural College, all for excelling in the science of forestry. He has studied forestry in France, Germany, Switzerland and Austria. He began the first systematic conservation work in the United States at Biltmore, North Carolina, in 1892, and was one of the leaders in the development of the conservation policy of the Roosevelt administration. He has been president of the National Conservation Association since January, 1910, and professor of forestry at Yale since 1903. Mr. Pinchot is author of "The Adirondack Spruce," "A Primer of Forestry," and "The Fight for Conservation."

A graphic description of Germany's great industrial magnate, Hugo Stinnes, is contributed by a correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*: "He has the appearance of a worker and could go about in the clothes of a foreman or a miner without attracting attention. His thick head is set upon a stocky trunk; his black hair is cut close; the face is pale and expansive; the beard is black as coal; the nose is curved, and the eyes are heavily underlined. His external appearance is devoid of pose; he seems heavy and solid. Clothes, habits, and bearing denote a man of simple tastes." Stinnes' influence is widely known, but the extent of it

is only properly realized in Germany, where it is said to be impossible to spend a day without paying tribute to one of his enterprises—newspaper, hotel, factory, mill, coal mine or steamship company. After the armistice in 1918, Stinnes began to attract attention by buying newspapers, not only in Germany, but also in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. He is said to be the owner of the weeklies, *Simplicissimus* and *Jugend*. Maximilian Harden wrote of Stinnes, "Never have such power, capital, boldness and enterprise been concentrated in one German. To the socialist he is a Satan who desires to 'Stinnesize' the whole nation; to the Pan-German he is a Messiah, sent to avenge and save Germany."

## OLD FAVORITES.

### My New Year's Guests.

(Midnight, December 31, 1881, in Virginia City. On the wall photographs of five hundred California pioneers.)

The winds come cold from the Southward, with incense of fir and pine,  
And the flying clouds grow darker as they halt and fall in line.  
The valleys that reach the deserts, the mountains that greet the clouds,  
Lie bare in the arms of Winter, which the gathering night enshrouds.  
The leafless sage on the hillside, the willows low down the stream,  
And the sentry rocks above us have faded all as a dream.  
And the fall of the stamp grows fainter, the voices of night sing low,  
And spelled from labor the miner toils through the drifting snow.  
As I sit alone in my chamber, this last of the dying year,  
Dim shades of the past surround me, and faint through the storm I hear  
Old tales of the castles builded under shelving rock and pine,  
Of the bearded men and stalwart, I greeted in 'forty-nine:  
The giants with hopes audacious, the giants with iron limb,  
The giants who journeyed Westward, when the trails were new and dim:  
The giants who felled the forests, made pathways over the snows,  
And planted the vine and fig-tree where the manzanita grows;  
Who swept down the mountain gorges, and painted the endless night  
With their cabins rudely fashioned, and their camp fires' ruddy light;  
Who builded great towns and cities, who swung back the Golden Gate,  
And hewed from a mighty ashlar the form of a sovereign state;  
Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert plain  
And where there had been no reapers grew valleys of golden grain.  
Nor wonder that this strange music sweeps in from the silent past,  
And comes with the storm this evening and blends into strains with the blast:  
Nor wonder that through the darkness should enter a spectral throng,  
And gather around my table with the old-time smile and song;  
For there on the wall before me, in a frame of gilt and brown,  
With a chain of years suspended, old faces are looking down;  
Five hundred all grouped together—five hundred old Pioneers—  
Now list as I raise the taper and trace the steps of the years;  
Behold this face near the centre; we met ere his locks were gray.  
His purse like his heart was open; he struggles for bread today.  
To this one the fates were cruel, but he bore his burden well,  
And the willow bends in sorrow by the wayside where he fell.  
Great losses and grief crazed this one; great riches turned this one's head;  
And a faithless wife wrecked this one—he lives but were better dead.  
Now closer the light on this face; 'twas wrinkled when we were young:  
His touch drew our footsteps Westward, his name was on every tongue.  
Rich was he in land and kindness, but the human deluge came,  
And left him at last with nothing, but death and deathless fame.  
For years have I watched these shadows, as others I know have done,  
As death touched their lips with silence, I have draped them one by one,  
Till, seen where the dark-plumed angel has mingled here and there,  
The brows I have flecked with sable cloud, the living everywhere.  
Darker and darker and darker these shadows will yearly grow  
As changing the seasons bring us the bud and the falling snow;  
And soon—let me not invoke it!—the final prayer will be said,  
And strangers will write the record, "the last of the group is dead."  
And then—why stand here gazing? A gathering storm in my eyes  
Is mocking the weeping tempest that billows the midnight skies;  
And, stranger still, is it fancy?—Are my senses dazed and weak?  
The shadowy lips are moving as if they would ope and speak.  
And I seem to hear low whispers, and catch the echo of strains  
That rose from the golden gulches, and followed the moving trains.  
The scent of the sage and desert, the path on the rocky height,  
The shallow graves by the roadside, all, all have come back tonight;  
And the midwived years, like stubble, I trample under my feet;  
And drink again at the fountain when the wine of life was sweet;  
And I stand once more exalted, where the white pine frets the skies  
And dream in the winding cañon where early the twilight dies.  
Bar closely the curtained windows, shut the light from every pane,  
While free from the worldly intrusion and curious eyes profane  
I take from its leathern casket a dented old cup of tin,  
More precious to me than silver, and blessing the draught within.  
I drink alone and in silence to the "Builders of the West!"  
"Long life to the hearts still beating, and peace to the hearts at rest!"  
—Rollin M. Daggett.



## HARRIMAN AND THE WEST.

A Great Railroad Executive's Services to Illinois, San Francisco, and the Imperial Valley.

(Continued.)

The masses of the people are almost doomed to misunderstand a man like E. H. Harriman, because they lack information about him. Five centuries before Christ an old Chinaman said: "The people can be made to follow; they can not be made to understand." It is a popular preachment, for example, that the rich are wicked. We reason that if we had been in Harriman's place when the decision was made to advance Union Pacific's dividend to 10 per cent. we should have withheld the news until we had loaded up with Union Pacific, and therefore Harriman must have done so. But according to George Kennan's biography of him, the fact is nothing of the sort. He had been buying Union Pacific for eight or nine years in anticipation of that dividend, which he felt confident he would some day make the road earn. The news was merely delayed out of courtesy to two absent directors, and until the stock exchange could open in New York; instead of throwing the trades to London. Harriman had created his profits, and profits for thousands of stockholders and a vast area of the country, long before the dividend was advanced.

A good deal the same thing is true of the business in "Chicago & Alton," once the subject of investigation and scandal. But Kennan's biography points to what was really of public importance when it says:

By his "dealings" in the Chicago & Alton he almost entirely rebuilt the road; doubled its passenger accommodations; improved immensely its train service; increased by 134 per cent. the hauling power of its locomotives; added 269 per cent. to its capacity for moving freight; fostered old industries and created new ones all along its line, and enabled the people of Illinois to "create" tens of millions of dollars which they never could have created without the traffic facilities given them by Mr. Harriman's betterments. If the Interstate Commerce Commissioners could show anything like this equivalent for the money they have "transferred" from the United States treasury to themselves, their claim to have earned their salaries would be unquestioned and unquestionable.

The real Harriman, the transportation genius, the actuating motive of tremendous forces, is probably explained in this bit from an unpublished statement by the man himself:

It is impossible for a railroad company to sever its interests from those of its patrons. Its life blood is drawn from their prosperity, and it must furnish them with adequate and ever-increasing facilities at reasonable rates, wholly irrespective of its capitalization. If the calculations of the organizers of a railroad company turn out to be erroneous, and the capitalization is fixed at too high a figure, it is a misfortune for them and the other security-holders; but the widespread popular impression that a railroad company can extort money from the public at will, and in defiance of the laws of trade, simply for the purpose of paying interest or dividends upon increased issues of securities, is not justified by the facts.

Enough, however, of apologetics; to which, if it has a fault, a little too much of Mr. Kennan's book is devoted. We have to deal with a moving picture of more thrilling realities than those they simulate at Hollywood. Harriman not only rebuilt the key transportation system of the West, and the greatest transportation system in the world, with all that means for the West and the nation, but this former Wall Street broker with his clear perceptions of human needs came to California and here grappled with two of the mighty forces of old Chaos itself: the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and the runaway Colorado River. It was magnificent drama because it was so real.

Henry Anderson Laffler has made quite plain what the people of San Francisco in their calamity owed to the government and government interference with their individual efforts—nothing, in the most charitable view of it. But E. H. Harriman was not the government. He was a great business man, not a politician—a man of the character and ability which Bryce long before observed in his "American Commonwealth" does not aspire to be the chief executive of the country, but of a railroad. The news of the earthquake reached Harriman in New York on the afternoon of April 18th, and he immediately telegraphed the officials of the Union and Southern Pacific systems to put all the resources of the roads at the service of the city. The next morning he started west on a special train, shooting telegraphic orders ahead for his managers to rush supplies, especially foodstuffs, into San Francisco. On the day of the disaster, E. E. Calvin, vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific, bought \$20,000 worth of food in Los Angeles and Sacramento and sent it here on freight trains running on passenger schedules—and the result was that nobody had to go hungry for a single day. But the city had to be in large part evacuated to reduce the food problem, and the sanitation problem, and a hundred other problems then sprung on the world for the first time. This work was done with speed and safety, through the smooth functioning of a "soulless" corporation, directed by a "Wall Street magnate." Says Kennan:

The most urgent need, at first, was transportation for the relief supplies that California and the country at large were ready to furnish, and this need Mr. Harriman, with his two great railway systems, was abundantly able to meet. He immediately ordered operating officials throughout the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems to give relief trains and refugee trains right-of-way over all other traffic, and to carry both people and supplies without charge. Food, clothing, and

tents, from various parts of the Pacific Coast, were already pouring into the city, and they were quickly supplemented by similar supplies from the East, where they were bought with \$2,500,000 appropriated by Congress and more than \$10,000,000 subscribed by the people of the United States. In the thirty-five days between April 18th and May 23d the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railways brought into San Francisco, free of charge, 1603 carloads of supplies, at a cost of \$445,410, and carried out of the city 224,069 refugees whose fares, if they had been paid, would have amounted to \$500,831.

Kennan's story of the battle with the Colorado River on the rampage and threatening to fill the Salton Sink and submerge a valley as fertile as Egypt is an apparently complete and certainly a fascinating narrative. We can only sample it here, but here is a sample:

The most dangerous and alarming feature of the situation was the "cutting-back" of the torrents into which the flood-water collected as it rushed down the delta slope toward the Salton Sea. The fine silt of which the soil was composed washed out like powdered sugar, and wherever there happened to be a strong current, the flow soon produced a miniature rapid. The rapid then became a cascade, the cascade grew into a fall, and the fall finally developed into a roaring cataract, which "cut back," up-stream, at the rate sometimes of four thousand feet a day, widening as it receded, and leaving below it a deep gorge with almost perpendicular walls. Some of the gorges eroded in the light friable silt by these receding waterfalls were fifty to eighty feet deep and more than a thousand feet across. It was estimated that the channels thus formed during the floods of 1906 had an aggregate length of more than forty miles, and that the solid matter scoured out of them and carried down into the Salton Sea was nearly four times as great as the whole amount excavated in the digging of the Panama Canal. But the damage actually done by these receding waterfalls was unimportant in comparison with the damage that they threatened to do. If one of them should "cut back" far enough to break into the irrigation system of the California Development Company, all the water in the latter's canals and ditches would instantly flow down into the deep gorge below the cataract, and bring about a disaster almost unprecedented in history. The twelve thousand settlers in the desert oasis were wholly dependent upon the irrigation system for their supply of drinking water, and if that supply should be cut off, they would be compelled by thirst either to camp around the margin of the Salton Sea, which was ten or fifteen miles away from most of them, or else get out of the valley within forty-eight hours in a wild precipitate stampede. Paradoxical as it may seem, the danger of being driven out by lack of water was even greater and more immediate than the danger of being drowned out by the rising flood.

It was Harriman who insisted that the river could and must be beaten. Without his resolution, which never brooked excuses or verdicts that "it can't be done," the money could not have been found, and if it had been the effort would probably have been abandoned after the many ineffectual and discouraging trials. The operations were tremendous in range and scope, and nothing could better illustrate the power and resourcefulness of a great organization than Kennan's account of building a branch line, borrowing 300 great cars from the Lucin Cut-off job, and opening quarries hundreds of miles away to get the necessary stone. The emergency was novel; they had no precedents for such a work. Indian labor was employed, and much the Indians must have marveled at the white man's genius for getting himself into trouble. When Cheops built his celebrated little monument he had plenty of time; and General Goethals did not have to meet any particular engagements when he dug the Canal—but this work had to be done in the face of on-coming flood. The final closure has been thus described by F. H. Newell, director of the United States Reclamation Service, quoted as follows in the narrative:

The stones used were as large as could be handled or pushed from the flatcars by a gang of men, or by as many men as could get around a stone. In some cases the pieces were so large that it was necessary to break them by what are called "pop-shots" of dynamite laid upon the stone while it rested on the cars. In this way the stones were broken and then could be readily thrown overboard by hand. The scene at the closure of the break was exciting. Train after train with heavy locomotives came to the place and the stones, large and small, were pushed off by hundreds of workmen as rapidly as the cars could be placed. While waiting to get out upon the trestle the larger stones were broken by "pop-shots," and the noise sounded like artillery in action. Added to the roar of the waters were the whistle signals, the orders to the men, and the bustle of an army working day and night to keep ahead of the rapid cutting of the stream.

It was necessary to raise the river bodily by about eleven feet. As the water rose and became ponded on the upper side of the rock-heap, trainload after trainload of small stone and gravel from the near-by hills was dumped to fill the spaces between the large rocks. Finally, after days and nights of struggle, the water was raised to a point where it began to flow down its former channel and less and less to pass over the rock-heap. Then finer material was added and rapidly piled up on the accumulated rock-mass. At first, a large amount of water passed through, and steps were taken as rapidly as possible to close the openings by dumping sand and gravel, finishing this work by hydraulicking silt or mud over the area and washing this in with a hose. By thus piling up finer and finer material and distributing it, the seepage or percolation through the mass was quickly checked and the barrier became effective.

That was a job. It was not Harriman's business to do it. The interests of the Southern Pacific in the Imperial Valley were relatively slight, and its relation to the California Development Company, according to Kennan, was that of a creditor. Elwood Mead, chief of the Irrigation and Drainage Division of the Department of Agriculture, said:

It was the duty of the state or nation to take charge, and provide the money and men needed to restore the river to its former channel. Apparently no one in authority was interested; the state government only considered the matter long enough to write a letter to the President, and the President, having Congress on his hands, shifted the responsibility to the head of a railroad company; and it was not until the railroad company took charge that we have the first refreshing example of generosity and public spirit. Nothing could have been finer than the action of Mr. Harriman. The loan of \$250,000, when his time and resources were overtaxed by the

earthquake at San Francisco, and the providing more than \$1,000,000 for the last hazardous attempt to save the valley, furnish an inspiring contrast to the supine indifference and irresponsibility shown by both the state and Federal authorities.

And in a letter on the subject Epes Randolph, who as president of the California Development Company directed the engineering operations from 1905 to 1907, testified:

It was a great work, and I do not believe that any man whom I have ever known, except Mr. Harriman, would have undertaken it. All of those of us who actually handled the work were merely instruments in the hands of the Master Builder.

Yet Harriman received no particular credit from the government whose dam he had saved, or the nation whose river he had brought under control when the government could not meet the emergency. Roosevelt, whose habit it was to call a man a bad name and then hate him for it, had quarreled with Harriman over New York politics, and could not bring himself to mention him personally in connection with this wonder-work, but referred to it as something done by the officials of the Southern Pacific Company. The cost had been about \$3,000,000, and the saving about \$700,000,000, if such potentialities can ever be estimated, yet Congress cut down a modest claim of \$1,663,000 to \$773,000, and in that shape Congressman Goldfogle, Kitchin, Candler, Shackelford and Adair called it "an attempted raid on the Federal treasury," a "gratuity," a "gift of the people's money" to private enterprise. So it was never paid. A fair measure of the values produced in the Imperial Valley would probably be \$25,000,000 a year, but it is growing so fast it can not be calculated. What Harriman got out of it was "the satisfaction of knowing that we saved it."

Nor was his interest confined to material things and achievements. Witness the Harriman expedition to Alaska—a pleasure trip turned into a voyage of discovery. One of that party was John Muir—"John o' the mountains, wonderful John"—who tells this experience with him:

He spent most of the summer of 1907 at his Pelican Bay Lodge on Klamath Lake, in southern Oregon. On his arrival in San Francisco he said to me:

"You're going to the Lodge with us, are you not?"

"Yes," I replied, "I shall be very glad to pay my respects to Mrs. Harriman and the family, but I can not afford to spend the summer there."

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because I am busy."

"What are you doing?"

"Writing a book."

"Well, you come up to the Lodge and I will show you how to write books. The trouble with you is that you are too slow in your beginnings. You plan and brood too much. Begin, begin, begin! Put forth what you wish to say in the first words that come to mind—just as you talk—until all that's to go in the book is got down. Then correct, transpose, add, strike out, and change as much as you like. Hammer away at it until it suits you. Come and get something begun."

So I went to the famous Lodge, intending to stay a few days or a week; but when I spoke of leaving, Mr. Harriman said I must stay and work, and directed his private secretary to follow me and put down everything I said. So I was fairly compelled to make a beginning, in dictation to a stenographer, which proved rather awkward at first, but in a couple of months a sort of foundation for more than one volume was laid.

Our subject's type was distinctly that of the dynamo, which responds to load until it burns out its insulation. Says Kennan:

Harriman's interest in a piece of work grew as the difficulties that it presented increased. Nothing daunted him, nothing discouraged him, and his confidence in his ability to surmount the most formidable obstacles was never shaken. Indeed, the more difficult the task the more enjoyment he derived from the struggle to accomplish it. Two and a half centuries ago Viscount Halifax, one of the foremost English statesmen of his time, said: "A difficulty raiseth the spirits of a great Man; he hath a mind to wrestle with it and give it a Fall. A Man's Mind must be very low if a difficulty doth not make a part of the Pleasure." These words might have been written with a character like Harriman's in mind.

Harriman's phenomenal success in the field of transportation is attributable not only to his extraordinary intellectual ability, which would doubtless have made him distinguished in any field, but also to his intimate acquaintance with both practical railroading and finance. "If I were asked what is the key to Harriman's success," said one of the greatest bankers in New York ten or twelve years ago, "I should say it is the fact that he is the only man I have ever known who is just as familiar with the physical as the financial side of his properties. Morgan is a great banker, but he knows nothing about the physical side of a railroad. Hill is a great traffic man and railroad builder, but he is a baby when he gets into Wall Street. Harriman knows both ends of the game and knows them well. He started in life as a floor trader and developed into a banker, and when he took hold of the railroad business he put aside the banking and financial end and spent long, hard, and patient years in learning the traffic and operating side. Then he took the two and counterbalanced them. Now he is his own banker and his own traffic manager, and the combination is irresistible."

This characterization of him, presented by Kennan, is by Dr. L. S. Rowe, professor of political science in the University of Pennsylvania:

Mr. Harriman's career furnishes the best instance of one of the fundamental characteristics of the great leaders of industry in the United States and distinguishes them from European men of affairs. The ambition to do real creative work, rather than a mere desire to acquire wealth, was the keynote of Mr. Harriman's activities. In this respect he stands forth as a creative genius, certainly one of the greatest that this country has produced. I have always felt it to be one of the weaknesses of our American democracy that the government can not command the thought and effort of such men in the solution of our great social and political problems.

E. H. HARRIMAN, A BIOGRAPHY. In two volumes. By George Kennan. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$7.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending May 27, 1922, were \$126,100,000; for the week ending May 28, 1921, \$108,800,000; an increase of \$17,300,000.

With the credit of the United States government back to a 3½ per cent. basis for current financing, high-grade investment preferred stocks, along with bonds, have been making new high records almost daily. The highest grades of investment issues are always the first to respond to declining money

rates, but quite as satisfactory profits are often made by purchasing second-grade issues which are slower to get under way, but which often move with a greater degree of certainty for the reason that high-grade issues have already pointed the way, says *Forbes Magazine*.

There are some very attractive investment opportunities in the shape of industrial preferred stocks which in the past year or so have come very close to losing their dividends. In most cases the companies which

maintained out of surplus remains to be seen; but the steel industry has turned the corner and improving earnings should before long find reflection in the market for this stock.

General Motors Corporation 6 per cent. cumulative preferred is outstanding in the amount of \$16,183,000. It is not really a preference stock, for it shares equally with the \$25,638,000 7 per cent. and the \$58,284,000 6 per cent. debenture stock as to both dividends and assets. General Motors has begun to share in the increasing business coming to the motor industry and there is no longer any doubt as the maintenance of its preferred dividend.

The International Paper Company reduced its funded debt from about \$12,000,000 to only a little more than \$6,000,000 out of its large profits of the past few years. But, on account of the strike which tied up its plants for several months last year and also on account of the drop in paper prices, it was necessary to issue \$12,500,000 in 5 per cent. bonds to pay off loans and raise additional working capital. While Paper preferred, as shown by its yield of 8.8 per cent., is not quite out of the doubtful class, the best opinion leans to the belief that improvement in the paper industry, already noticeable, will enable dividends to be maintained.

The earnings outlook of Mack Trucks (formerly International Motor Truck Corporation) is steadily brightening, and its broad service policy along with the quality of its product is building a secure place for it in the future. Since there is no funded debt, the \$11,000,000 first preferred stock should rapidly get into a well-secured position once earnings again reach substantial proportions. The dividend is probably safe.

There is only \$8,000,000 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock of Sears, Roebuck Company outstanding, on which earnings have averaged fully 123.51 per cent. annually for the past ten years—including 1921, when nothing was earned on either class of stock. The upturn in prices of farm products has worked decided improvement both in sales and collections of this company and the prospects are that it will very quickly work itself into a strong position again.

U. S. Rubber first preferred has maintained an 8 per cent. dividend for fully seventeen years—which is something of a record. Although earnings slumped seriously last year, the company has managed to get along so far without recourse to new financing, and it seems likely that improvement in the tire branch of its business will alone serve to bring earnings back to a safe level for the senior stock.

In spite of the extremely adverse conditions of the past year the sales of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company amounted to almost exactly \$100,000,000, as shown by its annual report, as of March 31, 1922. This is the largest volume of business handled by this company except during the abnormally active previous three years. Manufacturing costs were high, however, as these could not be reduced as rapidly as prices fell. Furthermore, the expense of development work and about \$1,500,000 for depreciation of inventory were charged against manufacturing costs, so that the increase in surplus

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these stocks represent have now seen the nadir of their earnings depression and are already on the upgrade again. But the stocks are still so low that for the ten different issues listed in the table herewith the average yield is fully 7.6 per cent. Such a yield, to be obtained from a diversified list of securities, many of which enjoy a high investment rating, is an aftermath of last year's industrial stress and reflects the slow return of confidence to securities that have once been in the doubtful list.

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pany's products, a large demand for radio telephone receiving apparatus has recently developed with a prospect of its continuance for an indefinite period. It should be pointed out, however, that the ensuing year promises to be a period of keen competition." The income account for the year is as follows: Gross earnings, \$99,722,026.09; cost of sales, \$93,461,846; net manufacturing profit, \$6,260,-

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180.09; other income, \$2,673,808.65; gross income, \$8,933,988.74; interest on bonds and notes, \$3,096,600.08; net income available for dividends, etc., \$5,837,388.66.

The long succession of conferences, from Versailles to Genoa, has produced not a little irreverent comment on the part of Mr. Plain Man. Promised a new earth, if not heaven, at the opening of each, unable to realize what has actually been done, his flagging interest in international pow-wows is understandable, say Strassburger & Co.

A shattered world can not be reconstructed in a year or two. The feuds and jealousies of centuries are not so easily extinguished. But much has been done. Meeting each other face to face, masks off, the children of the earth are beginning to understand each other better. Fighting until recently with bare fists, one by one they are shyly putting on gloves, moderating the force of their blows. If "a nasty one" is occasionally got in, who can be surprised? Patience ranks high among the virtues, its growth the slower therefore.

And with the waning of passion, common sense looms on the horizon. It may be that Uncle Sam, listening in, has chuckled too loudly; anyhow, Genoa has completed the rout of the politician. Sorry though we may be for him, we hope Sir Politician is not coming to California to recuperate. A fear suggested by the mooted California Water and Power Act.

When, as lately, the jade Rumor talks in low whispers, you may expect early happenings, and the good news is that two financial conferences have been decided on. The first, a reparations commission, the other an international bankers' conference. On both this country will be represented by a banker, in one a member of the Federal Reserve system. It is practically certain that some modifications of the reparation payments will be the outcome of the connected efforts of the two meetings as a prelude to some form of financing to stabilize Germany's economic conditions and develop Russia's incalculably rich resources.

This decision marks the triumph of the view held all along by American business men

that the reconstruction of Europe, so vital to us, could be affected only by private enterprise. Business at the helm, all's well with the world.

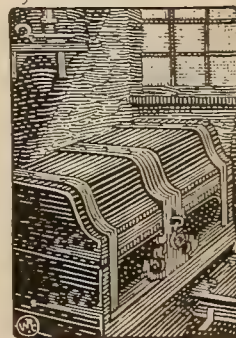
Now that business improvement is definitely under way, the foremost problem is that of gauging the rate of expansion and its ultimate limit for a reasonable period ahead, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York in *Commerce Monthly*. Production should not be recklessly increased, but should expand in relation to a carefully tested market.

In connection with the course of events during the next few months two factors are worthy of consideration, namely, the extent to which output is now below normal and the outlook for exports.

The difficulties of determining what is a normal output are obvious. Population has increased by nearly one-fifth since 1910, and the war irregularly affected the expansion of various industries, so that any standard of measure which may be set up is necessarily arbitrary. At the same time it is the consensus of business judgment that activities during the latter part of 1919 and the opening months of 1920 were above normal, and that operations during the latter part of 1920 and throughout 1921 were below normal, and that a safe rate of production for the United States lies at some point between these extremes. The Harvard Economic Service has endeavored to establish a normal rate for manufactures and to compare production with it from 1919 to date. The results of this work indicate that at no time during the depression, the lowest point being July, 1921, was the volume of manufactures in the United States lower than 70 per cent. of normal. During that month, according to the same source, a sharp upturn took place, and gains since that time have been fairly steady, the manufacturing output of the country at present being perhaps nearly 95 per cent. of normal. Other studies carried on along different lines have shown similar results, but indicate a somewhat lower current rate of operations.

The experience in the recent past of business generally may raise a question as to the

accuracy of these estimates, but they have support in several directions. There has unquestionably been much unemployment in the United States, but despite this fact consumption has on the whole been well maintained.



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What is more convincing evidence, the amount of actual suffering caused by men being out of work has been relatively unimportant compared with preceding depressions of apparently much less severity, and in most districts savings banks deposits either have been maintained or have increased. The conclusion is inevitable that unemployment has not been as widespread as has been indicated by published estimates or by popular opinion. Excess stocks of all kinds have been generally disposed of, stocks of some classes of goods are adequate, and manufacturing output in a number of lines is fairly well adjusted to demand.

In the face of these facts the outlook for Americans exports of all classes is of vital importance. Attention has been called repeatedly to the fact that exports of agricultural products, with the exception of cotton, have been well maintained. The consuming countries are gradually increasing their own agricultural production, but they are also improving their purchasing power, so that exports of American food products will probably continue in satisfactory volume. Cotton exports already show notable gains, and as business gradually improves there is no question that the international market will demand increasing amounts. Gradual resumption of business activities throughout the world will in time take care of American surpluses of other raw materials.

From the standpoint of the immediate business future and likewise from the standpoint of that group of American labor which is as yet unemployed or only partially employed, the outlook for exports of manufactured goods is especially important, and it is in this field that there are now notable grounds for encouragement. In March exports of manufactured goods from the United States amounted to \$156,000,000, the largest since April, 1921. No details are as yet available for April, 1922. During March exports of those iron and steel products which are reported on a tonnage basis amounted to 208,843 tons, compared with 133,975 tons in February, 1922 and 230,635 tons in March, 1921. Taken in connection with broadening inquiries and an improved export outlook as reported by the largest iron and steel producers, the evidence seems to be conclusive that the American manufacturers in these lines can successfully compete in the world's markets and that those markets are reviving. Export results are encouraging in other directions. Exports of automobiles, trucks, and tractors are increasing. There is a broadening inquiry for cotton textiles in those countries to which the United States has normally exported. Exports of those specialties for which the United States has long been noted, such as typewriters, dental supplies, and similar types of equipment, are all being well maintained with an outlook for an increased volume.

Thus while on the one hand it is evident that production must be increased carefully so as to avoid the risk of overloading the domestic market, the consuming power of which may easily be overestimated, there is evidence on the other hand that foreign markets will take care of reasonable surpluses. The outlook is for a period of relatively stable and satisfactory business.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A woman writer of the new, that is to say, objective school wrote the other day that the real hero of almost all novels was the heroine; that practically all writers, men or women, write about women because they are more interesting. The lady in question must have overlooked Mr. H. G. Wells. Practically all of Mr. Wells' books from the early "Kippis" to "Tono Bungay," and from "Bealby" to "Mr. Britling," are novels almost exclusively about men, particularly the hero whom Mr. Wells is psychoanalyzing at the moment. "The Secret Places of the Heart" (Macmillan) is no exception to the Wells tradition. Two masculinized girls, one woman, and a lady cross its pages, but it is essentially the story of a man—of the typical Wells man, a little coarse, a little vulgar, a little repulsive, and one hundred per cent. virile animal. Mr. Wells' heroes all are haunted by what George Gissing calls the "devil sex." The author would doubtless interpolate here that his hero is a man and not a heroine, and hence the qualities noted here, but we would remind Mr. Wells that it takes all kinds to make a world and that his hero is, after all, always one kind—the kind described above.

"The Secret Places of the Heart" is a very readable, very long pamphlet, setting forth in a dizzy number of conversations and soliloquies Mr. Wells' opinion of the *status quo* of society. It is that and nothing more. Those who objected to the discursive abstractness of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" would agree that that book was an exemplary Victorian novel compared to "The Secret Places of the Heart," which is nevertheless more brilliantly written and a shade less exasperating in its leisureliness. In "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" Wells showed his own exasperation at having to call a halt in theorizing occasionally and impatiently shove the story ahead a bit. In "The Secret Places of the Heart" he dispenses with this disturbing factor by the simple expedient of dispensing with the story. The result is that things go swimmingly and one gets to the point quickly—a much better method for a pamphleteer than that followed in "Mr. Britling." The chief pleasure for the non-socialist reader, who is not going to have the vicarious joy of having his unformed opinions expressed for him by Mr. Wells, is the ever recurring quaint symbol, simile, and epigram. The doctor, whose old-fashioned virtues make him a striking protagonist for Sir Richmond's new-fashioned lack of virtues, is responsible for this: "Progress has trivialized women and woman has trivialized civilization." However, the Wellsian Sir Richmond has better ones to his credit: "This planet is a little ball of oxides and nickel steel; life a sort of tarnish on its surface"—and this: "Our souls were made in the squatting-place of the sub-men of ancient times. They are made out of primitive needs and they die before our bodies as those needs are satisfied." So, much for quotations, though we are tempted to give a dozen more. "The Secret Places of the Heart" will repay any of the old Wells guard. It is not likely to make any new converts for him.

Arthur Machen is just beginning to be generally known. Just why he is not better known is something of a mystery, as his friends and admirers constitute a ceaseless press agency for him, and his work is of the nature of such popular writers as Quiller-Couch, Hewlett, Cabell. That is to say that Mr. Machen's atmosphere is saturated with beauties to which the common herd is blind and anæsthetic. Mr. Cabell is of the opinion that the thirty years' neglect "that has been accorded to Mr. Machen is the sort of crime that ought to be discussed in the biblical manner, from the nousetop." Carl Van Vechten is another free publicity agent for Mr. Machen's ware. With all due deference to the critical faculties of these two gentlemen, we think that Mr. Machen's oblivion is neither the result of public stupidity nor yet of any peculiar curse that dogs his fate. The explanation is rife all over Mr. Machen's copy. He is too precious, too remote, too chaotic for general consumption. True, he writes like an arch-seraph, but comparatively few people are such devotees of exquisite prose that they will read something that either reminds them of the inconsequential trouble of a nightmare or, in its less rarified moments, jostles their sense of the ridiculous. A constant fluctuation between these two experiences was the fate of this reviewer in reading "The House of Souls" (Knopf), which is, nevertheless, the most poetic prose we have ever read. As for the greatness of Mr. Machen about which one is beginning to hear so much, we call to the attention of enthusiasts that mere virtuosity is not greatness. It may be argued that Machen is more a genius than a virtuoso—his marvelously surfaced style is probably instinctive—but he resembles the latter in that he has so little to say beyond the vague suggesting of unearthly beauty—after subject for poetry than prose. And again his genius is of the unbalanced order reminiscent of William Blake rather than of any contemporary. He re-

minds one in his unearthly naïveté of Blake a great deal. However, when all is said, it is highly problematic whether any one so lacking in humor—we say this despite the few sadly funny touches in "The House of Souls"—can ever be a general favorite or a major genius. He will continue to enchant his special, audience of devotees to the fine art of prose, and that audience is very small. Hence Mr. Machen's comparative oblivion. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

A moving picture illustrating and explaining the Einstein theory is said to have been made in Germany.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has written a semi-autobiographical novel, called "Truth and the Other Thing."

The Houghton Mifflin Company has recently published an anthology of French poetry ranging from the twelfth century to Samain and Maclair. The collection is the work of Wilfred Thorley and is called "Fleur de Lys."

M. Rostovtzeff in "Greeks and Iranians in South Russia: A Study of Their Art" attempts to describe and put in their historical place the astonishing wealth of the Greek, Scythian, and Sarmatian finds in South Russia. The Oxford University Press American Branch has the volume nearly ready.

D. Appleton & Co. are the publishers of Hilaire Belloc's latest, "The Mercy of Allah"—a satire on modern business and society.

That the public has not lost its zest for mystery stories is shown by the recent report from a leading New York book store that A. A. Milne's "The Red House Mystery" tops the list of fiction best sellers. This is a Dutton book, as were the author's two volumes of essays, "Not That It Matters" and "If I May."

Margaret Rivers Larminie, whose first novel, "Search," was recently published by Putnam's, is in private life Mrs. R. C. Tragett, famous in English athletic circles. Mrs. Tragett, who edits the *Badminton Gazette*, held the Badminton title for England in 1911 and 1912. Badminton is an English game similar to tennis, but more strenuous.

Francis Charles MacDonald, honorary secretary of the United States Embassy at Tokyo under Roland Morris, 1917-1920, is the author of a book of poems, "Devices and Desires," to be brought out by the Princeton University Press early in June. After publishing his novel, "Sorcery," Mr. MacDonald returned to resume his work in the department of English in Princeton University.

Albert J. Kinross, the English author of the recently published "The Truth About Vignolles" (Century), was at one time an agent, a bookkeeper, and finally a versifier in a Christmas card factory. Mr. Kinross is well known as a novelist and short story writer.

With the books issued by Charles Scribner's Sons on May 12th the Scribner list of spring publications is virtually complete. The books which appeared on that date included the "Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany"; Lothrop Stoddard's "The Revolt Against Civilization"; "Chronicles of Cicora Wood," by Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle, a volume of recollections of the "old" South; "The Family Man," a play by John Galsworthy, and a new novel, "Where Your Treasure Is," by John Hastings Turner, whose "Simple Souls" was a conspicuous success a number of years ago. Two new volumes were added to the Modern Students' Library—Meredith's "Evan Harrington" and Stevenson's "Tae Master of Ballantrae."

A promising book of memoirs is soon to be published in England, by "George Egerton," the pioneer of the Keynote Series, who is Mrs. Golding Bright in private life. George Egerton's book will be called "Things I Meant to Tell You," and will be a record of a remarkable career. As a child, the author spent 101 days in a sailing ship which rounded Cape Horn in terrific weather; and she had her first tooth out in the Falkland Islands. During her girlhood she visited many countries and saw a little of the Spanish-Chilian war from a traveling coach on the coast. She was familiar with Bohemian life in Dublin and London and her memoirs will be peopled with celebrities.

Authors who acknowledge their debt to Boccaccio, from whom Chaucer and Shakespeare both largely borrowed, include Swinburne, Longfellow, George Eliot, and Tennyson.

Among the new fiction on the fall list of the Macmillan Company are novels by Alice Brown, Edgar Lee Masters, Eden Phillpotts, Warwick Deeping, Ernest Poole, and Amelia J. Burr, and a new volume of sea stories by Lincoln Colcord. There are new plays by St. John Ervine, Andreyev, and Wilfrid Wilson

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Gibson, and new poetry by Edwin Arlington Robinson and Padraic Colum. Included in the list of books of general interest are a new volume of history by James Ford Rhodes, four more volumes of lectures given at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, and Professor Charles Richet's new book, "Thirty Years of Psychical Research."

Joseph Hergesheimer is said to have a weakness for speaking before women's clubs—though he does not often get a second invitation from the same club. Probably nine-tenths of his readers are women, but he takes a delight in belittling their intelligence, to their faces. He was once invited to speak before a certain club in Chicago. From sheer perversity he failed to appear, and when, later, no concern was shown about his absence, he called up his hostess repeatedly begging for another lecture date.

A new opera, "The Tower of the Voivod," by the famous Hungarian pianist, Dohnanyi, has been presented with great success in Budapest. Of the music one critic has said, "It is the achievement of a musical Benvenuto Cellini. . . . The legitimate weapons of art only are used."

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Joining in Public Discussion.

The first book in a series to be known as the Worker's Bookshelf has just been issued by the George H. Doran Company. "Joining in Public Discussion," by Alfred Dwight Sheffield, professor of English literature at Wellesley College, is a manual of effective speech-making. It is a practical guide for both the educated man who lacks experience and self-confidence in public speaking and for the foreigner and uneducated worker who needs to cultivate the very basis of speaking, good English. Professor Sheffield's book will help any one who has occasion to join in public discussion. The Worker's Bookshelf is being created to meet the need for more social understanding. Books brief enough, clear enough, and inexpensive enough should be within the reach of all who have but limited opportunities for widening their social outlook. The series will include art, literature, and the natural sciences as well as the social sciences, and will be distinctive for its scientific attitude and for scholarship.

JOINING IN PUBLIC DISCUSSION. By Alfred Dwight Sheffield. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.

## The Personal Touch.

A typical "smart set" story of French titles, American heiresses, stolen jewels, and social intrigue is "The Personal Touch," by Emma Beatrice Brunner. Mrs. Brunner has a rather

unusual plot for her mystery story, which is cleverly manipulated—the mystery being well managed throughout. In fact "The Personal Touch" has a double plot, as every good mystery story must have in order to conceal the undercurrent which is the real plot. So De Guity's affairs mask those of Jack Olmstead, the gentleman—chief hero of "The Personal Touch." Mrs. Brunner, who was Emma Beatrice Kaufman, daughter of Rosalie Kaufman, one-time president of the Century Club, is a San Francisco woman.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH. By Emma Beatrice Brunner. New York: Brentano's; \$1.90.

## The House of Rimmon.

Mary S. Watts in "The House of Rimmon" has introduced to a long-suffering public one more of the tribe of stories dealing with the efforts of a poor but earnest youth to achieve glory in the world of letters. Through the background of literary New York, with an occasional side-track to Bermuda and the Middle West, Cleve Harrod pursues his way, attempting to write successfully without lowering his standards. Uncongenial home life during his youth, an infatuation for a "social butterfly," whose "clear strong soul" (and equally strong snobishness) precludes the usual ending to an affair of this sort, marriage to a woman he doesn't love, with a few minor trials such as poverty, form a series of blows from fate that end rather cheerlessly with the death of his wife and a late success as a popular playwright.

Among minor faults, such as inaccuracy in the use of words (Can eyes be at once sapphire and aquamarine in color?), are tediousness and a stiff, heavy style. Miss Watts' most glaring fault, that of being unconvincing, strikes the reader of "The House of Rimmon" immediately. We are given a young man of twenty, weak, conceited, and generally unattractive. Full justice is done to his character in forty pages or so. We understand him more or less thoroughly. Suddenly, after a few pages of description, introduction of new people, etc., we find him entirely changed. In the twinkling of an eye he has become clear-sighted, tenacious of his purpose, and so attractive as to be termed "god-like" by the author. It leaves us feeling rather like the child from whose pocket the conjurer has drawn a rabbit: that it isn't natural.

Besides this neglect of the reader's desire for reasonableness, which continues throughout, lack of balance and stressing of the so-called human interest (depending chiefly upon the use of very poor English by the sweet young wife) do not tend to correct the reader's first impression that "The House of Rimmon" is decidedly third-rate.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

## Pinero's Social Plays.

The fourth and last volume of the library edition of "The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero" has just been issued, presenting "The Thunderbolt" and "Mid-Channel." These two plays, in which Pinero is generally considered to have reached the height of his craftsmanship, were written at the height of his career, when, as he has frankly stated, he could afford to please himself. American theatre-goers will remember Ethel Barrymore in the leading rôle in "Mid-Channel," which had a successful run of more than a year in this country.

The first volume of the series contains "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Iris" and "The Gay Lord Quex" make up the second, and "Letty" and "His House in Order" are included in the third volume.

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

## New Books Received.

INVISIBLE EXERCISE. By Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Seven studies in self-command, with practical suggestions and drills.

COLLOQUIAL CHINESE (NORTHERN). By A. Neville J. Whyman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60.

The general principles of spoken Chinese.

A PAIR OF IDOLS. By Stewart Caven. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A modern Irish love story.

TWO DEAD MEN. By Jens Anker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A detective mystery story translated from the Danish by Frithjof Toksvig.

ADVENTURES IN ANGLING. By Van Campen Heilner. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$3.

A book of salt water fishing.

THE HOUSE OF SOULS. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

Short stories.

MEMOIRS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5.

THE GREAT SECRET. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

The broad outlines of human thought.

AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH. By Camille Flammarion. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

The manifestations and apparitions of the dying.

THE LOVE STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON. By

Gilbert Frankau. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

A romance of modern life.

PLOTS AND PERSONALITIES. By Edwin E. Slosson and June E. Downey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A book about fiction making.

IN HARMONY WITH LIFE. By Harriet Doan Prentiss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

"A mental shock-absorber for the times."

SOCIALISM AND THE AVERAGE MAN. By William H. Doughty, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

A brief presentation of socialism.

IMMORTAL ITALY. By Edgar A. Mowrer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50.

A history of Italy since the formation of the United Kingdom in 1870.

SONNETS TO A RED-HAIRED LADY AND FAMOUS LOVE AFFAIRS. By Don Marquis. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

Humorous verse.

THE SCRIPTURES HISTORIE AUGUSTÆ. With an English translation by David Magie. In three volumes. Volume I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

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THE INSTITUTIO ORATORIA OF QUINTILIAN. With an English translation by H. E. Butler. In four volumes. Volumes III and IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

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PHILOSTRATUS AND EUNAPIUS: THE LIVES OF THE SOPHISTS. With an English translation by William Cave Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

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THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

Volume IV, "The Thunderbolt" and "Mid-Channel."

THE WHIG PARTY IN PENNSYLVANIA. By Henry R. Mueller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Studies in history, economics, and public law edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia University.

SYLLABUS (SECOND YEAR) OF THE ISAAC PITMAN SHORTHAND. By Elizabeth A. Roche and Elizabeth Riordon. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons; 75 cents.

URUGUAYANS OF TODAY. Edited by William Belmont Parker. New York: The Hispanic Society of America.

A "Who's Who" of Uruguay.

## A Negro Officer.

Those who may have read in a recent Washington dispatch of the death in Liberia of Colonel Charles Young, U. S. A., retired, were unlikely to have got the interesting story involved therein, says the "Knave" in the Oakland Tribune. Colonel Young was a coal black negro, the first one to get through West Point. Cadet Whittaker tried it some fifty years ago, but was unable to stand the inevitable ostracism. His case resulted in a congressional investigation that was the sensation of the time.

Young stuck it out, and won the soldierly respect of officers and men. He has six feet tall and well proportioned; he was versed in a dozen languages, and soft spoken, gentle, and it is the testimony of one who knew him that "no one in the army or out of it who came in contact with him failed to respect him." Yet he was a typical negro, not alone in



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color, but in cranial and lineament characteristics. As a young officer many years ago he was stationed at the Presidio, and met and fell in love with a handsome mulatto girl, employed as a maid by a wealthy lady who had a house on Pacific Avenue overlooking the Presidio. On the advice of the lady the girl married the colored officer. To avoid embarrassments that would be inevitable with his promotion and advance in the army, about fifteen years ago he was tendered and accepted the appointment of military attaché of the Republic of Liberia.

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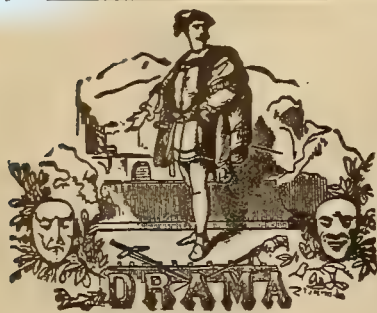
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"LA TENDRESSE."

In presenting Henri Bataille's play in its entirety to an American audience Henry Miller has tried one of his courageous experiments. Nothing, apparently, or almost nothing, as I remember the play in its French form, is eliminated or changed, for he is giving us a translation, and not an adaptation.

The result is that we are having the unusual opportunity of seeing here in San Francisco a good and carefully studied stage reproduction of a play written for the Parisian public by one of the most famous of French dramatists.

Bataille, who, like D'Annunzio, is, or was, a minute analyst of the erotics of love, has conceived the idea of presenting a woman—a charming flower sprung from Parisian soil—who has a profound, delicately tender and cherishing affection for her middle-aged lover, but who, while striving in every way but one to minister to his happiness, reserves to herself the right to adventures in gallantry on the outside. This eminently French situation—the irregularly regular ménage, I mean—is presented by Bataille with the matter-of-factness with which the French regard this sort of well-established institution in the literary Bohemia of Paris. For Barnac, the lover, is a famous writer of comedies, and one of the Forty Immortals, while Marthe is the dainty stage interpreter of his most famous women characters.

"La Tendresse" is of the very essence of French drama. Once upon a time it would have been quite impossible to place before an American audience a piece depicting unapologetically the social irregularities which characterize the lives of Paris' literary Bohemians. But times have changed. They began to change before the war, and since its close Americans feel an immense curiosity about the people, the national character, the social institutions of other countries; and above all of France.

No doubt in gratifying this curiosity by his accurate presentation of "La Tendresse," which is in the nature of a try-out, Henry Miller has wished to discover what portions of the play are least interesting to an American audience. And by this time he has doubtless discovered that those little genre lights and shades, so acceptable to a French audience, to whom every allusion is as familiar as our talk here about national topics that are in the air, such as the sins of Congress and the labor party, do not reach the interest of Americans.

The play begins with an interview between Barnac and a dignitary of the church. It was excellently done by Henry Miller and Elmer Brown—a faithful reproduction of the thing as it might happen in Paris: two men of the world, each of whom is honored in his own wholly different sphere, coming together and exchanging those exquisite courtesies incidental to their discourse which the French alone have so perfectly developed.

But to an average American audience, unaware of the intrigues and manoeuvres practiced by aspirants for Academy membership to attain the cherished honor, the scene will lack interest.

It was not, indeed, until in a subsequent strictly masculine conversation the audience felt itself on the trail of the sentimental imbroglio, that its interest was fully aroused in this scene. Then the auditors suddenly became tense, and the players must have deeply enjoyed that blessed sensation of calming a restless audience into attentive immobility as Barnac put the questions that showed how fully aroused had suddenly become his suspicions of Marthe's good faith.

From this time the interest was well sustained, although it is impossible for an American audience to be held in a close and all-comprehending sympathy to the flow of dialogue and situations in a foreign play as it would be, for instance, for a Parisian audience to enter with full sympathy and instinctive understanding into the motives upon which are constructed such essentially American plays as "The Country Cousin," or "Clarence," or "Three Wise Fools," or "Come Out of the Kitchen." Life, the mental attitude, national character, social institutions, traditions, all are different, and it is inevitable that the dominating attitude in the foreign witness of a representative play is that of slightly baffled curiosity. Love always oils the wheels of drama. Barnac wins the sympathy of the audience and Marthe in Ruth Chatterton's role so attracts by her prettiness, her vi-

vacuity, and her capacity for a deep and genuine affection for her elderly lover, that the emotion of sympathy is also definitely captured.

In witnessing this play it was patent how little interruption to the current of sentimental drama, save in the way of wit and humor, is desired by an American audience. In "La Tendresse" Bataille, by innumerable minute but, to the more intelligent French, indispensable suggestions, sought to give a perfectly natural picture of the life lived by Barnac and those surrounding him. When Fernal and Legardier entered they embarked, as a matter of course, upon some conversation preliminary to the real issue, which is the discovery made by Barnac, from an allusion, that he has grounds for suspicion of his charming little singing bird. An American audience, however, wants the preliminaries to be of the briefest. "Down to brass tacks" is its motto, while the French rejoice in the leisurely exquisite finish with which all of these little natural touches are rendered.

Also, in the long, intimate, tender communion between Barnac and Marthe toward the close, in which they agree to let friendship take the place of passion, an American audience prefers greater brevity. For, indeed, one of our national faults as auditors to drama is that of a sort of youthful impatience.

It is evident that most careful preparations were made for an intelligent presentation of the play. The cast is very long, and several familiar local figures were pressed into service, among them William Hanley of the Players, who, after his one neatly played scene as a male ingénue, was followed by the glad sound of applause.

Mr. Miller, no doubt, chose "La Tendresse" partly because of the opportunity afforded him in the rôle of Barnac, Marthe's mature lover, and partly because he recognized that Ruth Chatterton had the brains to give a spirited conception of Marthe. For her Marthe is cerebral rather than emotional; a quick-witted, dancing, glancing, shrewdly estimating, life-devouring combination of canary and nightingale. For that magical enchantment of emotion which a nightingale can express Marthe can feel. She is dual-natured, and beside her beautiful capacity for a delicate-minded affection exist strictly materialistic desire for another and more earthly love, as Barnac finds to his cost.

Naturally an American company, even as good a one as Mr. Miller's, can not seem French. But Ruth Chatterton came very near to it. She had greatly altered her appearance by making herself a pronounced brunette. It made us much more readily accept her as a delightfully pretty French girl, and the characteristic manner she assumed for Marthe was excellently conceived. I thought her mute, stricken recognition of the meaning of Barnac's stratagem when he had her read aloud the conversation his secretary had typed from her shorthand notes of Marthe's talk with her lover quite the best of Miss Chatterton's more emotional scenes; more so than in her tearful exit from Barnac's life. She, indeed, did extremely well with the rôle, and between them she and Henry Miller made most effective foils, one for the other, in the rôles of May and December.

The general company did good team work throughout, Bruce McRae appearing in a small rôle as an elderly Frenchman of distinguished appearance, Blanche Bates as a gallantly endured successor to Marthe in the chivalrous Barnac's characteristically Bohemian household.

They couldn't appear to be French; that was impossible. But they gave an intelligent and well-acted representation of a French play and French situations. And Mr. Miller showed judgment and good taste in having the company handle the essentially French situations in the play with appropriate matter-of-factness; a French or Latin attitude which we are beginning dimly to understand, and which no Anglo-Saxon has better conveyed than Arnold Bennett in his transcription of a Parisian family having a perfectly matter-of-fact conversation at table over the irregular love affairs of the son of the house.

Bataille has written an immense number of plays, and I have repeatedly heard "La Tendresse" spoken of his best. But of his numerous erotic heroines the affairs of the interesting bourgeoisie whose suddenly warmed-up temperament involved her in the threatened domestic tragedy of "Le Scandale" seems to have left the deepest impression on my consciousness. But women, I think, would respond with keener interest to the social and domestic upheaval that menaced the life of a hitherto irreproachable woman, while men would enjoy more the flavor of Paris' literary Bohemianism as represented in "La Tendresse" and, perhaps, the sentimental side of Barnac's character and affairs. For when men are sentimentalists they are thorough-going ones.

An extraordinary amount of interest, by the way, has been aroused by Mr. Miller's promised presentation of Bataille's last play, as the result of which the Columbia was filled to bursting on Monday night, even the most disadvantageous seats being occupied.

And it should be added that people not only in the far, but the middle distances, agreed in the criticism that the general performance was, vocally, pitched too low. Among the principals the player wholly exempt from this criticism was Geoffrey Kerr, even Paul Harvey being flayed a little for his inaudibility in the scene with Marthe, while the man servant was scored for announcing every guest in an obsequious whisper.

### "THE GREAT LOVER."

Mr. Dittrichstein and the Hattons collaborated in evolving "The Great Lover," which, it will be remembered, had quite a long run in New York some years ago. It is a romantic comedy, and shows the childlike volatility of Jean Paurel, Latin opera singer, in a light which recalls to us, although less wittily, the figure of that gay, lovable, universal wooer in "The Concert."

"The Great Lover," however, had so attracted the public during its vogue that when Kellard, the Shakespearean actor, was last here playing a season at the Columbia he put the play on because he thought its Eastern vogue would cause it to make profitable appeal to the curiosity of San Franciscans.

Kellard, however, has not within him that wooing, coaxing way with women which Dittrichstein, whatever it may be in reality, makes to seem like second nature on the stage, and so public attention was not greatly attracted to his representation.

All the Hatton plays are essentially light, "The Great Lover" with the rest. Plays of that type do not last, and possibly "The Great Lover" is a little shop-worn. Still there is so much bustle in it, such a number of operatic personalities, so many characters, and such an animated if not psychologically profound depiction of the kind of people who sing for us on the operatic stage, their moods, tenses, jealousies, rebellions, together with the perplexities and tempests that rage around the desk of the general manager, that the spectators derive considerable entertainment from the piece. They do not criticize its lack of just being off the frying-pan, so to speak, and Dittrichstein is such a favorite that they enjoy an impersonation which is very little different from his representation of the character of Toto.

In "The Great Lover" the star is representing a man in the fifties still haloed by the prestige of his past operatic triumphs, although it is his art, and not his failing voice, which persuades the public that he is still a great singer. A young rival is there to push him on to supreme effort, and we are witnesses to the dramatic moment when his voice suddenly fails him, and, like a flash, the light of his halo is quenched.

The romance in the play is purely conventional. The audience takes it calmly because of the essential volatility of Paurel's character. They are pleased to see the numerous company in their various impersonations, and

enjoy the sub rosa plots, schemes, and jealousies, and the general suggestion of polyglotness borne out by the company.

But, in spite of the many characters and small happenings, it is the character of Paurel which dominates, and the impersonation by Dittrichstein of the chronic wooer of pretty women—of which, by the way, there is a liberal supply in the company—greatly tickles the spectators, more particularly as the universal wooer is finally caught in a romantic attachment.

The last note struck, however, is that of levity, which is well, being consistent with the outline of the character of "the great lover." And so, although Paurel is deprived both of voice and sweetheart, it is to the sound of laughter that the curtain falls.

### TIVOLI REDEVIVUS.

Old Tivoli records will play an important part in the theatrical history of San Francisco. Numbers of middle-aged persons that paid high for operatic enjoyment during the recent notable opera seasons at the Exposition Auditorium received their first impressions of opera at the old Tivoli. Some of the old familiar names—Salassa, Collamarini—seem to be forgotten; but they are still remembered, cherished, and occasionally spoken of by the old guard. Others—Agostini, Tetrizzini, and more still—have risen to fame or high honors, and sung on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Widely diverse were the operatic representations at the old house. Sometimes the performances had merit; but on other occasions they would pluckily try to make an operatic summer with only one swallow. How the real opera singers must have shuddered when the imitation ones—small church singers, local chorus girls, hopeful but untrained young aspirants for operatic glory—sang all around the pitch—as we heard them once during a gruesome execution of "Lohengrin"—and cut it dead in every number.

Sometimes the Tivoli impresario would dig out from somewhere in Europe, or South America, or Mexico, old but well-trained opera singers who were perfectly sure of

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themselves, and calmly, silently, but completely contemptuous of the zealous local support supplied them. There was one hard-boiled dame of fifty-five or sixty—perhaps more—who had serenely and unabashedly renounced all the vanities of life. She was the leading soprano, but she looked more like an old clo' woman, or a masseuse hunting for a job. Fearful and wonderful was the aspect of this fair lady as she appeared in the rôle of Aida, attired in a tasteful aggregation of woven feather dusters. And immutable was the haughty self-possession with which she spat upon the stage whenever she felt thereto impelled. But the old girl, although completely destructive to illusion, was thoroughly up to her job.

These opera seasons, however, were interludes to the chronic reign of merriment at the Tivoli, home of comic opera. One radical departure that was made, however, was more momentous than was realized at the time.

Edwin Stevens, the then comedian at the Tivoli, and an excellent legitimate actor, felt a desire to play the title-rôle in "Cyrano de Bergerac," the vogue of which was sweeping over the world. The management consented, and thus San Francisco made its first acquaintance with the famous Rostand play, which is now banished from the American stage by a freak court decision which pronounced it a plagiarism on the work of an obscure native dramatist.

Paul Steindorff and Ferris Hartman are closely identified with the Tivoli's successful days. During the operatic interludes Ferris Hartman used to head a comic opera company touring on the Coast circuit. But Paul Stein-

dorff was indispensable during these operatic seasons, and remained to figure as conductor.

And now, after a long period of years, these two old associates have come together again as partners, and are giving a season of the old Tivoli successes in the Auditorium Theatre in Oakland.

They have imported a New York company and plan to give, besides "The Idol's Eye"—which opened the reason this week—a number of the old favorites: "Madame Sherry," "The Toymaker," "The Merry Widow," and so on.

But what's eating us here in San Francisco is their choice of Oakland. It is nice for Oakland, but why didn't they throw the hand-kerchief over way? Well, well, it must be because we had no theatre for them; which reflection partly soothes our wounded feelings.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Among the stage events announced for the Columbia Theatre, Elsie Janis and her gang, who will open a two weeks' engagement there Monday night, June 5th, should awaken more than passing interest. The popular comedienne is said to have the best show of her career.

The "gang," as Elsie calls her supporting players, is composed of ex-service men whom she met in France during the war. Two years ago the little mimic produced a revue based upon some of her experiences with the American army in France, and her present show is fashioned along the same lines minus the uniform and the war.

"Mr. Pim Passes By," with Laura Hope Crews in the star rôle, will follow Elsie Janis at the Columbia.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Singer's Midgets are coming; thirty tiny men and women, every one of whom is an artist and an individual headliner. There will be a wild animal circus, feats of horsemanship, echoes from the concert and song world, exhibitions of magic, a display of muscular development, a hunting scene, a fashion revue, a snatch of cowboy acrobatic pastime, a dream spectacle, a boxing bout, a military drill—all this and more, executed by men and women not one of whom is more than three feet three inches in height.

Edith Clifford is a comedienne, pleasing to the eye and ear.

A play without listening ears would be impossible, and while "I Heard—!!!" is responsible for unlimited discord it is also the cause of much fun, and it is to this purpose that Paul Decker and Edwin Burke are using it.

A piano is just what the player makes of it. Ned Norworth is positive that its real purpose is comedy and therefore he proceeds in a little display of eccentric variety to demonstrate just how a piano may be made to be a comedian. With the instrument he manages to portray all kinds of levity, farce, burlesque, straight comedy and travesty.

The Browne Sisters are young, pretty, and clever, with much musical ability.

The famous picture of "The Men of Clay" might have been dedicated to Yost and Clady. From a mass of wet mud they model skillfully and artistically.

Wellington Cross appears again.

Open Air Opera.

Famous artists, supported by a chorus of 150, a ballet of fifty, and orchestra of 110, will sing the operas "T'Pagliacci," "Carmen," and "Faust" in the great open-air theatre at Stanford University June 3d, 7th, 10th and 16th. Two Sunday afternoon concerts will be given, these with the operas comprising a musical festival distinctive among those of the entire country.

"We are drawing upon the entire country for our musical talent," explained Getano Morela, the director. "From New York we are bringing Giovanni Martinelli, the world's leading tenor; Léon Rother, the bass, and Ina Bourskaja, the sensational Russian Carmen—all from the Metropolitan Opera Company. From the Chicago Opera Association we are bringing Bianca Saroya, the soprano. Among the local people in the cast will be Doria Fernanda, Georgianna Strauss, and Marsden Argall."

The beneficiaries of the open-air opera season are: Stanford University endowment fund, Stanford Clinic in San Francisco, fund for the enlargement of the organ in the Memorial Church, and Home for Convalescent Children on Stanford campus.

Ferrier in an English Part

M. André Ferrier, who on Wednesday evening wound up the season at his French theatre by a final performance of the famous old classic, "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," will on June 16th make his first public appearance in an English-speaking rôle. He will on that occasion enact the rôle of Jean Valjean with the Pacific Players, who will give a performance of Norman McKinnel's "The Bishop's Candlesticks" at Sorois Hall; the other offering on the bill being "Carrots,"

a one-act play by Jules Renaud, with which Ethel Barrymore was identified in her earlier acting days, and in which she was seen in San Francisco.

THE AMERICAN GIRL ANALYZED.

Paul Bourget, the eminent French novelist and psychologist, in "Les Annales" observes that the apotheosis of woman in America is first and above all the apotheosis of the young girl. He says:

"What strikes the traveler who has heard so much of the young American girl is the absolute impossibility of distinguishing her from the young married woman. The fact, so much commented upon, that they come and go all alone would not be sufficient to cause this confusion. The identity goes further. They wear the same jewels, the same dresses, have the same liberty of laughter and language, the same reading, the same gestures, the same full-blown beauty, and, thanks to the invention of the 'chaperon,' there is no theatre or dinner party, no tea, to which they do not go, always alone and upon the invitation of no matter what man of their acquaintance.

"The quality of this official surveillance is measured by that other fact that the young girl in whose honor the bachelor organizes a party usually chooses this chaperon herself. The young widow and the 'grass' widow answer the ideal conditions of the rôle. This means, in other words, that the young girls who go to fashionable restaurants in the company of young men and a chaperon, or who go to a tea at another young man's house, are as free as if there was no one to answer for them than they themselves.

"This habit of conducting themselves without other control is manifested in the singular assurance of their physiognomies. One of the most amiable men of New York, who is a poet, conceived the idea of making a museum of miniatures in which all the professional beauties of the town appeared. I remember that in examining with the magnifying glass the plates from which those pretty and delicate faces smiled, I looked in vain for those on which marriage had impressed its influence, and I did not find them. What will, in fact, marriage bring them when it comes? Duties, a husband to submit to, children to attend, a house to manage. Today the young girl has not the weight of any of these bonds. She knows it and feels that she is having the best time of her life. Most of them do not conceal this sentiment.

"We must amuse ourselves before marriage," one among them said to me gayly. 'Who knows what may come afterward?'

"The divorce suits go to show that this young person had as much good sense as beauty. On my part, and after having looked close at human conditions, I think that for a young man of twenty-five the most complete chances of happiness are to be an Englishman of good family and finishing his studies at Oxford, and for a young girl, to be born an American, of a father who has made his fortune in the mines, the railroads, or real estate speculations, and to arrive with good sponsors in the society of New York or Washington."

The Sun Is Blue.

This question "why the sky is blue" is answered by M. L. Houllevigne in his scientific causeries of *Le Temps*. "All the daylight," he says, "comes from the sun, but it arrives here by different ways. The direct light, that which forms the solar rays, has grown weak by its passing through the atmosphere, slightly for the red light, more so for the blue. The diffused light of the sky, where the blue predominates, is made up of all that the direct radiation lacks. The blue of the sky is taken from the sun itself, and the result is that we do not see the royal star under its true color. If by some miracle, which science will perhaps realize, we could rise about a hundred kilometers above the diffusing layers of the atmosphere the solar disc would appear to us, not white, but bluish, standing out in relief on a black sky, where stars glitter at full noon. In this way it would appear to the 'men in the moon' if the moon were inhabited.

"And this vision of science perfectly agrees with what we know of the solar temperature. Physicists admit that the radiant surface, the photosphere, is not far from a temperature of 6000 degrees C.; it is, therefore, hotter than the yellowish flame of our gas burners, than the white light of our electric lamps, and than the electric arc itself, whose color is bluish. Now, it is known that the hotter a radiant body is the richer it is in blue and violet. Therefore, the sun is blue."

M. Houllevigne explains that it is the strong absorption of the direct solar light by particles of dust, tiny drops of water that impart to twilight its exquisite colors.

Guardian of the Birds.

On the northernmost point of the Shetland Islands, closer to the Pole than Petrograd, is a little hut where every spring a man goes to watch over the birds, says the *Living Age*. Mr. H. Edwardson has occupied his lonely hut

from spring to autumn for thirty-three years as a watcher for the British Society for the Protection of Birds. The work of the society has borne fruit, for the number of the birds has greatly increased since the watcher was placed there. Skuas, great northern divers, fulmars, and golden plover are all increasing in number, while colonies of gannets are growing on the cliffs. The birds have come to recognize the watcher, and the skuas even come to the door of his hut in quest of food when he reopens it each spring.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Yale's commencement this year has been heralded, not with triumphant trumpets, but with a cry of fear and agony, lest this occasion heretofore sacred to masculinity and its distinctive interests be turned into a baby show. While the individual father may have "pointed with pride" to his achievement in bringing forth a class baby, forgetting the far more strenuous labors of the family physician, not to mention friend wife, the alumni as a whole have been "viewing with alarm" the tendency of the aforesaid individual he-parent, in numbers, to invite or at least to tolerate the presence of that baby and its natural appendage, the mother, at the class

reunions. The practice has grown year after year by imitation of evil example, until a rush of feminism and infantism threatens to submerge the whole male festival. It is felt that the time is critical, and a false move may cost men the battle. The warning-and-appeal, tragic and pitiful, has gone forth in the form of a letter from Fairfax Downey of Kansas City to all other good Yale men, calling on them to stand fast against the blandishments that would undermine their last foothold and citadel. Says Downey:

"Stand fast, men! One false motion and we'll have a flock of relatives upon us. From year to year mothers of class babies have put in a surreptitious appearance, lurking in the grandstand and watching with fond concentration the antics of their first-born. They have been modest and unobtrusive about it and have known their place. They have spoiled only papa's time, but that was his lookout, and the penalty went with the production of a class baby. But we entertain the fear that more mothers are beginning to confer their presence upon us. And where mothers slip in what's to hinder a brace of grandmas per kid, to say nothing of a bevy of aunts and other doting female relatives? This may seem a dire prophecy, but we venture to predict that the appearance upon the diamond of a class baby will soon elicit such a chorus of 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' and 'Isn't he cutes' as will drown out the cheers for a home run.

"When a mother brings a class baby some other mother of later date will be certain to trot along her own little darling. It will be a case of bring one, bring all, and what was once a joyous gathering of, hail fellows, well met, will degenerate into nothing more than a baby show. The bottle that father carries on the hip will be baby's. Classmate fathers will assemble in eager knots to discuss formulas for infants' food, not hooch. Alumni will perch upon the old college fence to sing lullabies, not college songs. Lively spirits whose escapades have been the delight of their contemporaries will go stumbling through class reunions in the wee sma' hours, but they will only be walking baby to sleep.

"With a bumper crop of prodigies we may well be apprehensive. The class baby of this spring may prove to be a holy terror for perception, memory, and general penetration. At the end of the reunion he may be able to return and give the absent mother practically a stenographic report of everything that took place. 'How daddy did cut up! Mother, you should speak to him! Haven't we a law on prohibition?' That will be baby's line unless we awaken to our deadly danger. Men, resist all impulses to bring your progeny. We ourselves shall park our infant at home. Already he has been taught to chant 'Yale, Yale, you can't play ball!' by his mother, who married

us in an unguarded moment when there were no Princeton men handy. Let us resist!"

Meanwhile, down in Mississippi, woman's cause is being strengthened by the senatorial campaign of Miss Belle Kearney, who raises the vital issue between naturalness and the lip stick, the short skirt, cigarettes in the lips of beauty, the permanent wave, bobbed hair and the little round gilt boxes in which lurk the powder pun and the deposit of French or Spanish rouge. Miss Kearney is not debating the tariff nor the Ku Klux Klan. She is saying little or nothing about lynching. On the subject of the League of Nations and whether we should have engaged in the Genoa Conference she is mostly silent. When it comes to the coal strike or the unemployed, she makes a noise like a jack-rabbit trying to attract the attention of a hungry coyote. But when it comes to the powder puff, Belle is there, foot, horse, and guns, her own powder dry, her linstock alight, her shrapnel pounded home and ready to pour into the ranks of the foe. One wonders which will win, and how the great battle is to be decided. Of what would victory for Belle consist; mere election, or the passage of an act putting lip sticks under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission? Then there is that eternal question of naturalness. Is nose powder any less natural than any skirt at all?

The vitality of Newport as the summer colony of society, as well as of Rhode Island, is proving a surprise to those who have been predicting its decline before the social progress of Southampton. The latter town grows stronger and stronger every year with the social set in the East, but Newport seems able thus far to hold its old supremacy; although wide is the conjecture as to how long it may continue to do so. Families sometimes divide between the two, and that makes prediction doubly difficult. This year Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will probably pass the summer at Southampton, while Muriel and Consuelo visit the dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt at Newport. The Mackays, too, it is said, will remain through the summer at their place at Roslyn, on Long Island. Mrs. Ogden Goelet, on the other hand, will spend the summer at Newport after her return from Europe, and with her will probably come her daughter, the Duchesse of Roxburghe. Of course, if Ochre Court, which belongs to Mrs. Goelet, should be purchased by the British government for a summer embassy, Newport would be fixed in the social system more securely than ever. Long Island could show nothing like that. But the expense of keeping up the old Newport places has become staggering of late, and entertainment tends to lose its brilliancy when overclouded by too many bills. Many great English houses have gone under the hammer since the war and the advent of heavier taxes than the upper English class has ever known. Newport is not exactly forced to imitate England in this particular, but the economical tendency is there. Under present conditions it looks as though Long Island would run Rhode Island a close race very soon.

Eastern beauty experts have begun to concentrate on swimming as an aid to the development of the feminine figure. Certainly it exhibits it to advantage, and should therefore add something to its attractions when displayed. Bathing beauties are not always beautiful; but if the figure alone is to be the deciding consideration, it is now said that swimming will make them so. A great swimmer of Washington, D. C., Miss Peggy Smith of the Russian Bureau of the Department of State, declares that most girls who have had figures are simply lazy—that if they are pudgy or scrawny it is their own fault. They can have beautiful bodies if they will merely swim enough. Like all such advisers she fails to say how much is enough, and the prescription remains like those recipes so exasperating to brides, which tell you to set the cake in the oven or the turnips on the stove and "cook until done." There is likely to be, however, on account of her advice, a good deal more swimming in the vicinity of Washington and Philadelphia than there has been heretofore. The beaches and the bath houses are going to attract a great many persons of both sexes who never used to feel the need of such relaxation. The main trouble with swimming appears to be that while it may improve the figure, it does little for the pulchritude of the human face—and no one cares to swim all winter. A girl who has improved her outlines wonderfully by briny exercises in summer may yet lose in winter to one who has remained indoors or under the automobile top, and preserved her complexion and her wide-eyed stare from the too ardent sun.

The heart and life of a great and triumphant emperor are, after all, only a meal for a little worm.—Montaigne.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Grandma is on the friendliest terms with her chickens and house animals. The other day she said: "That's the most aggravating cat I ever had. When that cat first came here I couldn't understand a word it said."

A former socialist, who is now very anti, is known for his ready wit. Recently he was haranguing an open-air meeting and referred to our boys who fought "over there." A stout suffragette asked him in an acrid tone: "Will you tell us why you didn't fight with the boys 'over there'?" "Yes, madam," answered the ex-socialist, "for the same reason you are not with the Follies—physical disability!"

W. S. Gilbert once granted an interview to an American journalist who said he had heard that Gilbert was interested in stock, and inquired what number of cattle he possessed. "Oh, I have about two thousand head—principally bees," was the rejoinder. The story was widely circulated in this country with the words "principally bees" omitted and replaced by the statement that Mr. Gilbert was going in for ranching.

Two Jews met on a street in a Western town. Said one: "I am all broke up; business is rotten, and I have lost all my money." "How so?" said the friend. "I see your sign still out on the second story of 19 Main Street." "Listen," said the first Jew; "I put in \$5000 worth of fixtures, \$10,000 new stock, and insured for \$30,000. Then the fire-engine company takes the lower floor and a swimming teacher the floor above me. Oi! Oi!"

The secretary of the New England Anti-Tobacco League said in a recent address in Portland, "Carefully compiled statistics show us that for every cigar a man smokes he shortens his life three days, while with every cigarette he shortens his life a week." A physician, prominent in Portland, rose with the question: "Are those statistics absolutely accurate?" "Absolutely, sir," said Secretary Wilson. "Why?" "Because," replied the M. D. caustically, "if they are, I've been dead over three hundred years."

Dorothy was given a new teddy bear whose shoe-button eyes were sewed on so crookedly that bruin wore a tailor-made squint. Dorothy appeared to make no comment on the ocular equipment of her new toy till the following Sunday. She returned from Sunday-school and announced that Teddy's name was "Gladly." "Why, 'Gladly,' dear?" she was asked. "Oh, it must be Gladly," Dorothy insisted, "for in Sunday-school this morning we sang 'Gladly a Cross-Eyed Bear.'"

Augustine Birrell, in his early days at the bar, often had many poor clients. On one occasion the defendant was so poor that Birrell offered to handled his case for nothing. Birrell won the case and the grateful client sent him 15 shillings. In order not to hurt the man's feelings Mr. Birrell accepted the fee, but a fellow-lawyer reproached him for doing so. "Don't you know," said the fellow-lawyer, "that it is unprofessional to take less than gold?" "Well," said Mr. Birrell, seriously, "I took all the poor beggar had. You don't consider that unprofessional, do you?"

Edith Wharton, the writer, told this war story: "The American wounded were being brought in from the second Marne battle," she said, "and a fussy looking woman in a khaki uniform and Sam Browne belt knelt over the stretcher and said, 'Is this an officer, or only a man?' The brawny corporal who stood beside the stretcher gave her a grim laugh and said: 'Well, lady, he aint no officer, but he's been hit twice in the innards, both legs busted, he's got two bullets in both arms, and we dropped him three times without his lettin' out a squeak, so I guess ye can call him a man.'"

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said on his return from Paris: "Oh, yes, skirts are a little longer now, but if you think the new fashions are really any more modest—well, listen to this story: A young American matron with a mansion in the Faubourg St. Honore called in her French doctor to consult him on the subject of vaccination. 'Of course,' she said. 'I shan't want the mark to show.' 'No, of course not,' said the doctor. 'Well, that will be easily arranged. We'll vaccinate you a little above the knee.' 'Oh, how absurdly old-fashioned!' said the young matron. 'As if that wouldn't show when I go bathing this winter in California. Look here, doctor, isn't there any such thing as internal vaccination?'"

A Scotchman who landed in Canada not long ago accosted a coal black negro for a direction. It happened that the black had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and lived there most of his life. "Hey,

mannie," said the Scotchman, "can ye no tall me whaur I'll find the kirk?" The darky pointed with his arm. "Go richt up to yon wee hoose and turn to ye're richt and gang up the hill," said he. The visiting Scotty looked at him in horror. "And arre ye frae Scotland, mon?" he asked. "R-richt ye arre," said the darky. "Aberdeen's ma hame." "And hoo lang have ye been here?" asked the Scotchman breathlessly. "Aboot twa year," said the darky. "Lord save us and preserve us," said the new arrival. "Whaur ken I get the boat for Edinburo?"

Frederick Starr, professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago, disapproves of mnemonic systems. In support of an argument on the subject he once told the following yarn: The wife of a friend told him to look up a certain Mr. Crummock in the city. "Crummock? Oh, I can't remember such a name as that," said the man. "Now, dear, where are you mnemonics?" said his wife. "Mnemonics teach you that to remember a thing you need only to get a rhyme for it. Crummock—stomach! How easy that is! Now you're sure to remember, aren't you?" "I suppose so," the man muttered doubtfully. And repeating, "Crummock, stomach, Crummock, stomach," he strode off to catch his train. That evening when he got home he approached his wife rather guiltily. "I looked hard downtown," he said, "but I couldn't find that man Kelley anywhere."

The universe revealed by science is desperately monotonous. All the suns are drops of fire, all the planets drops of mud.—*Anatole France.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Other Man.

The other man—no matter where  
We go, we always find him there—  
Accoutered to the nth degree  
Of haberdash propriety.  
And always he has something on  
That starts my wife to saying, "John,  
If YOU would just pick out a hat  
That looked as well on you as THAT!"  
Perhaps it is a tie he's got,  
That jolts her trigger with a "What  
A stunning scarf! Oh, John—if YOU  
Could just find something like that too!"  
The other man! He always knows  
Just how to wear his snappy clothes;  
So wonderfully—in him's revealed  
The Brummel and the Chesterfield.  
In theatre or church or club,  
Upon the El—on surface, Sub,  
Serenely bobbing up I see  
The other man confronting me;  
That ultimate perfected soul—  
Thorn of my rankled journey's goal.  
But hold! Through all the gloom of night,  
Methinks I see a ray of light!  
Who knows—when I am dressed  
And dolled up in my humble best,  
Perhaps this same resplendent I  
To some still more unlucky guy  
Am pointed out by good friend wife  
To be the thorn in his poor life!  
—Anthony Euwer in Judge.

Steel Shafted Golf Clubs.

The United States Golf Association recently barred the steel shaft, but in official circles it is understood that this decision may be reconsidered. The Western Golf Association recently held a field test of the new steel-shafted golf club. The experiments were

made by Bob MacDonald and Allan Gow, Chicago professionals, and Chick Evans, former amateur and open champion. Each player drove six balls with steel-shafted clubs and six with hickory-shafted clubs. The executive committee of the Western Golf Association on the following day announced that its investigations and tests showed that steel-shafted golf clubs give no mechanical advantage to players and their use would be permitted in tournaments conducted by this association. Golf club manufacturers admit that the hickory supply is very low and growing scarcer each year.

The stranger laid down four aces and scooped in the pot. "This game isn't on the level," protested Sagebrush Sam, producing a gun to lend force to his accusation. "That aint the hand I dealt you."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mrs. Mabel Cluff Wilson and Mr. C. Arthur Comstock were married on Saturday, May 25th, at Mrs. Wilson's Washington Street home. The wedding was a quiet one, only the most intimate friends and relatives of Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Comstock attending. Mr. Hubert Litchfield came from New York for the wedding, and was best man for Mr. Comstock. Rev. William Kirk Guthrie officiated. Mrs. C. A. Comstock, mother of Mr. Comstock, and her granddaughter, Miss Harriet Simmons, came from New York to be present at the ceremony. After a wedding tour of a month or so in California, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock will spend the remainder of the summer in the Adirondacks.

Miss Dorothy Gebhardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Gebhardt, and Mr. James J. Fagan, Jr., were married on Wednesday at an Episcopal rectory at Sacramento. The marriage was a surprise to friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fagan, although their engagement had been announced some months ago. Mr. Fagan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Fagan and the brother of Miss Doris Fagan and Mr. Paul I. Fagan and Mr. Harold Fagan. Mr. and Mrs. Fagan are on a motor trip, and on their return from their wedding tour will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Roberta Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hellman, and Mr. Lounsbury Fish will be celebrated on Thursday evening, June 8th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hellman at Palo Alto. Miss Hellman has chosen her sister, Miss Louise Hellman, as her maid of honor, and Miss Frances Fish, Miss Edith Spinney, Miss Helen Clunie, and Miss Nancy Hellman as bridesmaids. Mr. Guido Marx will be best man for Mr. Fish.

Cards for the wedding of Miss Berenice Mitchell and Mr. Donald Garton Keyston have been sent out. The ceremony will take place on the evening of June 10th at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Mitchell, on Clay Street. Miss Mitchell will have as her attendants Miss Sallie Obeas as maid of honor, Mrs. Otto Grau as matron of honor, Miss Marian Mitchell, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Helen Breck,

and Miss Leonore Morrissey as bridesmaids. Mr. Otto Grau will act as best man for Mr. Keyston.

On account of the serious illness of Miss Hooper's mother, Mrs. Clara B. Hooper, the wedding of Miss Hélène Cooper and Mr. Charles E. Street, Jr., was celebrated very quietly on Saturday, May 20th.

Miss Helen St. Goar and Lieutenant-Commander Ernest Gunther, U. S. N., were quietly married on Saturday, May 20th, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Henry St. Goar, on California Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jennings of St. Luke's Church in the presence of only immediate friends and relatives. The bridal attendants were Mrs. Hubert Mee, sister of Miss St. Goar, and Mrs. Frederick St. Goar. Commander Fitzhugh Green was best man. Lieutenant and Mrs. Gunther will make their home in San Francisco on their return from their wedding tour. They have taken a house on Vallejo Street.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels entertained on Friday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Jean Shiels, and her fiancé, Mr. Sherman Hoelscher, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hoelscher. The affair was a musicale and reception given at the Bohemian Club. Mr. Uda Waldrop and Mr. Charles Bulotti, artist members of the Bohemian Club, arranged an impromptu programme. Dancing and bridge filled several hours.

At her home in Burlingame on Friday afternoon Mrs. Grace Russell Hutton was hostess at a luncheon and bridge. Her guests were Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mrs. J. Frank Judge, Mrs. Walter D. Filer, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Frederick Cowan, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, and Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge were dinner hosts on Saturday evening, entertaining a group of friends at their Burlingame home.

Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling gave an outing party, taking her guests down to her Woodside home on Thursday. The party was in honor of Mrs. C. Arthur Comstock, formerly Mrs. Mabel Cluff Wilson.

General Charles Morton, commanding officer at Fort Mason, was host at a large reception given the other evening at his home in the post. General Morton was assisted in receiving by Colonel Lucien Holbrook, Captain H. A. Brickley, Mrs. Chase Kennedy, Mrs. Robert Noble, and Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst. Presiding at the tea-table were Mrs. James H. Bull, Mrs. Euclid Frick, Mrs. Fred Griffith, Mrs. Kenyon Joyce, Mrs. Frank Cheatham, Mrs. William Tobin, and Mrs. Gouverneur Packer. Among those who were present at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Miss Maud Fay, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Mary Crocker, and Miss Frances Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch entertained on

Sunday at luncheon at their Burlingame home in honor of Admiral and Mrs. William Fullam, parents of the hostess. Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, and Captain Powers Symington were Mr. and Mrs. Welch's guests.

Several luncheon parties preceded the horse races at the C. W. Clark polo field in San Mateo on Sunday. Among those who entertained were Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, and Mrs. Fentriss Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley celebrated their wedding anniversary with an outdoor party on Saturday evening. The affair took place in Marin County, many guests from San Francisco going over.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## "She Is the Grace of All That Are"

She is the grace of all that are.  
The fragrant of morn,  
The wild, blithe ring, afar, afar,  
Of Dian's horn.

She is the hidden carol in  
The fringe of the wood,  
The sudden blue when clouds wax thin,  
The joy of good.

May God who wrought our fleeting race  
Forbid her fatal star,  
Remembering she is the grace  
Of all that are.

—Katharine Lee Bates in "Yellow Clover."

## Let Me Confess.

Let me confess, before I die,  
I sing for gold enough to buy  
A little house with leafy eaves  
That open to the Southern skies;

Where I, in peace from human strife,  
Will wish no Lazarus brought to life.  
Around my garden I will see  
More wild flowers than are known to me;

With those white hops, whose children are  
Big, heavy casks of ale and beer;  
And little apples, from whose womb  
Barrels of lusty cider come.

Good food, and ale that's strong in brew,  
And wine, I'll have; clear water, too,  
From a deep well, where it doth lie  
Shining as small as my own eye.

And any friend may come to share  
What comfort I am keeping there;  
For though my sins are many, one  
Shall not be mine, when my life's done:  
A fortune saved by one that's dead,  
Who saw his fellows starve for bread.

—William Henry Davies in "The Captive Lion."

## Sally.

If I were a stately sailboat,  
I'd sail to Zanzibar,  
I'd sail the seven secret seas,  
Where the secret cities are,  
And some day I'd be sailing with the wind before  
My prow.

And all the mermaids of the sea would clamber  
Up the bow.  
They'd beckon me with laughter,  
They'd beckon me with smiles,  
They'd show me cakes and candies  
In half a dozen styles,

They'd promise me a life of ease  
Eating sweets beneath the seas,  
They'd promise me a life of play—  
A never-ending holiday;  
But I would say quite plainly,  
And, oh, how stern I'd look!  
Do you think that you can tempt me  
While Sally is our cook?

If I were a little fire balloon  
I'd float aloft to Mars,  
I'd pay a call on Venus  
And chatter with the stars,  
And just as I'd be fluttering across the yellow  
moon,  
The angels would come singing a solemn Sunday  
tune.

They'd beckon to me gravely,  
They'd tell me I could stay,  
They'd show me all the jewels  
That pave the Milky Way.  
They'd promise me a golden crown  
And silver robes like eider-down,  
They'd give me harps with shining strings  
And wonderfully fluffy wings;  
BUT—I would tell them plainly  
I didn't want to die—  
Till all the angel cooks had learned  
How Sally makes mince pie!

—John Farrar in "Songs for Parents."

## Howard Edwards Huntington.

Sometimes you see a tree,  
That somehow brings the tears.  
Perhaps because its trunk is straighter  
Than its fellows—  
Perhaps because its head is held more Heaven-  
ward,  
Or its leaves are greener.

Sometimes you see a flower,  
A very lovely flower,  
That draws you to it  
By all its grace of gentle line,  
And color.

Sometimes you meet a man,  
Who stands apart from all the others—  
With simple faith, and honor clear,  
And mind unsullied by the world,  
And, best of all,  
With kindly feeling towards his fellow-men.  
And then you pray, and thank your God  
That He has let him move among us.

—Florence Green Birby.

Algebra is an Italian word derived from the Arabic al-jabr, meaning the reunion of broken parts. It was in early use in the sense of bone-setting.

## DEL MONTE

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## Death of William C. Edes.

Mr. William C. Edes, former chairman and chief engineer of the Alaskan Engineering Commission, died from a heart attack on Thursday, May 25th, on the train between Merced and Modesto, while returning to San Francisco. Mr. Edes, who was sixty-five years of age, has long been known throughout the United States as one of the leading railroad engineers of the country. He came to California in the early '80s, and was associated with William Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in the location of that company's line from New Orleans to San Francisco. In 1907, when the organization of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad Company was affected, Mr. Edes was appointed chief engineer. He located and constructed the Northwestern Pacific extension through the Eel River cañon to Eureka.

## Cook's New Premises.

Thos. Cook & Son, who eighty-one years ago established their business as international travel agents and now maintain more than 150 offices scattered all over the globe, announce the removal of their Pacific Coast headquarters from 53 Post Street to Cook's Building, 128 Sutter Street.

The ground floor will be fully equipped for the transaction of Cook & Sons' steamship, tour, cruise and foreign exchange business. The second floor will be occupied by the Pacific Coast manager's reception and executive office, and the receiving and forwarding department.

It is expected the offices will be open and the staff will be ready to transact business in the new premises on Monday morning next, June 5th.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Arthur Comstock have gone to the Yosemite on their wedding tour, and expect to be in California for a month or so, when they will leave for the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley Oliver arrived in San Francisco on the *Golden State* from a four months' trip in the Orient.

Mrs. Oliver Dwight Norton of Montecito has abandoned her plan to go East this summer and will remain in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Frank Judge leave on June 1st for Salt Lake City to spend the summer, returning in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Curran Clark have rented their home at Redwood and will spend the season in town.

Mrs. Walter Willett left last week for New York and Europe. Miss Barbara Willett and Miss Audrey Willett will leave on June 19th to join Mrs. Willett in Europe.

Miss Maude Fay returned from a motor trip to the southern part of the state, and plans to leave for Europe in August for a trip of several months.

Admiral and Mrs. Eberle are in San Francisco and plan to make the St. Francis their home. Admiral Eberle came with the U. S. S. *California* and the Pacific Fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn at their Grass Valley home, and have returned to their homes.

Admiral William Fullam has come from Washington to visit his daughter, Mrs. Raymond Welch, at Burlingame.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman of Honolulu are in San Francisco, staying at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Been of London, after

spending some time in San Francisco, left for the Atlantic coast, where they will spend the summer, later going to their home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois left last Saturday for the East to spend several weeks.

Mrs. Louis Montague is taking a several months' rest cure at the Battle Creek Sanitarium in Michigan.

Mrs. Corbett Moody has left for New York to visit friends.

Miss Marion Zeile is visiting at the home of Mrs. Cheever Cowdin at Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker sailed from France on May 24th, and will return to San Francisco, after a few days in New York.

Mrs. Mildred Pollock left last week en route to Europe, to be away for the remainder of the year.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Fritsch have taken the Isaac Upham house at Woodside for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron are about to sail from Europe. They will return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Tenney of Honolulu are here for the summer.

Mrs. Jesse De Witt Cope, wife of Captain Cope, sails on June 1st for Manila.

Miss Helen Foster will spend the summer in Europe, leaving San Francisco in a week.

Mrs. Howard Sale of Los Angeles is at the Fairmont. Mrs. Sale plans to remain for some time in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Haas left May 31st for a several months' Eastern trip. They plan going to Virginia, returning by way of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy of Los Angeles are spending several weeks in San Francisco at their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell and her daughters, Miss Harriett Brownell and Miss Sophia Brownell, have changed their plans, and intend to give up their European trip and remain in California for the summer.

Mr. Richard Hammond sailed for Europe, where he will spend some months, returning to join his family at Gloucester.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond, who spent the winter at El Mirasol, left last week for Washington, where Mr. Hammond will join her. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond will spend the summer at Gloucester.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bliss have passed the last three months in the Orient, returning last week to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Coleman of Montecito have returned to San Francisco, after some time spent at Santa Barbara, and have taken an apartment at Stanford Court for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle returned to San Francisco last week, completing a tour of the world. Miss Louise Gerstle and Miss Miriam Gerstle are also at home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eisbach are on a pleasure trip of several weeks, going to Canada, by boat, to spend some time at Lake Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dettmer have closed their home in town and are in Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gregory are en route to New York, going by way of the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Deane have gone to New York to visit their son, Captain J. R. Deane, U. S. A.

Sir Ralph Paget visited for a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Cook, and Miss Constance Luft are on a motor trip to the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard Shields were in Los Angeles over the week-end.

Mrs. Alfred Wilkes of San Mateo and her house guest, Mrs. Dudie Maclean of Vancouver, left this week for New York, to return on the steamer *H. F. Alexander* on her maiden voyage through the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Pierce Madison and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have opened the Frank Madison home in San Rafael for the summer months.

Captain Kenneth Gunn, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn, has returned from the army of occupation on the Rhine to the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent are returning to their home in Ireland in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery leave in a short time for Europe.

Miss Margaret Buckbee is the guest of Miss Geraldine Grace at the Grace home at Santa Rosa.

Miss Edith Bull, who has been in Europe for several months, is now in New York, and will leave shortly for California. She will pass the summer in Menlo as the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. D. Radcliffe, Miss G. Radcliffe, Mrs. St. Claire, Cardiff, Wales; Mr. S. Yoshimura, Japan; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Beckwith, Mexico; Mr. J. J. Mayer, Rotterdam, Holland; Mr. W. F. Ingham, Mr. L. S. Wilson, England; Mr. Carl Hess, Manila; Mr. Richard W. Young, Mr. Edwin Janns, Los Angeles; Mr. H. C. Hewlett, Jr., New York; Mr. A. E. Galloway, Seattle; Mr. F. Strahler, Japan; Mr. E. M. Mills, Seattle; Mr. E. S. Dulin, Los Angeles; Mr. S. M. Mears, Portland; Mr. David Blankenhorn, Los Angeles.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. George H. Patterson, Glasgow, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Gabel, Miller, Wisconsin; Mr. and Mrs. J. Thureau, Long Beach; Dr. J. L. Davis, New York; Mr. J. C. Capron, Los Angeles; Mr. R. L. Olsen, Turlock; Mr. H. E. Black, Geyersville; Mr. J. R. Williams, Healdsburg; Mr. W. N. Nathan, Mr. W. C. Cohn, Sacramento; Mr. E. B. Hanna, Los Angeles; Mr. W. L. Meyers, Livermore; Mr. J. G. Vail, Sturgis, Michigan; Mr. H. H. Henderson, Stockton.

Hotel St. Francis recent arrivals include Mr. M. H. Van Waveren, The Hague, Holland; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Potter, New Britain, Connecticut; Dr. and Mrs. A. Carvalho, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Elwell, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Pike, Miss Louise Pike, Chicago; Dr. Amy Schoolmaster, Colorado Springs; Mrs. M. Masser, Calgary, Canada; Mr. J. M. McGee, Oroville; Mr. H. S. Crane, Turlock; Mr. Leonard Vogel, New York; Mr. W. C. Lyons, Denver; Dr. A. von Sprecher, Switzerland; Mr. Guy R. Kennedy, Chico; Mr. John H. Leaval Stone, Chicago; Mr. F. L. Curtis, New York; Mr. W. F. Pritchard, Sacramento; Mr. C. A. Chancellor, Chicago.

#### At Del Monte.

Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, has purchased a canvas by Evelyn McCormick, a California painter. Sir Auckland visited the Del Monte Art Gallery during a recent stay at Hotel Del Monte, and was very much impressed by the works of California painters. The canvas of Evelyn McCormick which attracted him shows a historic adobe of Spanish times which was the home of Robert Louis Stevenson during his Monterey sojourn. It was in this home that he wrote his now famous letters.

Interest will be added to the activities at Del Monte and on the historic Monterey Peninsula this summer through the establishment of the Officers' Reserve Training Camp at the Del Monte polo fields. There will be upwards of one thousand officers in training, and a number of social festivities will be staged at the Hotel Del Monte and at the homes on Monterey Peninsula in connection with the camp. The camp is to open the middle of July, and will last until the latter part of August.

The California Girls' Swimming Carnival in the Roman plunge at Del Monte on June 23d to 25th will be made the occasion for the gathering of a crowd.

Miss Katherine Ramsey has been spending a great deal of time on the picturesque bridal trails through the Del Monte forest and along the beach while paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent at their Pebble Beach home.

William W. Crocker has taken up polo enthusiastically during his week-end visits to his home at Pebble Beach. Mr. Crocker is showing much form in the saddle and will likely be a figure in some polo matches that will be staged at Del Monte this summer. Lawrence McCreery and Richard Schwerin are two other young poloists who are to participate in a number of tilts at Del Monte with Hugh Drury and Eric Pedley, two of the Del Monte team.

The marriage of Miss Frances Turner and Mark Daniels has created quite a bit of interest on the peninsula. Miss Turner is a student artist and is well known as an expert golf player. She has been making her home with her parents in Carmel for the past year and prior to that time was well known in social circles of Butte, Montana. Mr. Daniels is a landscape artist of national reputation. After a honeymoon trip to Yosemite Mr. and Mrs. Daniels will make their home at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clark McFarlane are planning to spend the summer at their place on the sand dunes near Asilomar.

Mrs. Lula Wightman is having a beautiful redwood bungalow constructed at Pebble Beach. She has been a guest at the home of Gouverneur Morris at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Griffith of Fresno have been making a visit to Del Monte for the past

fortnight. They are planning to return to spend the summer on the Monterey Peninsula.

Mr. Thomas J. Coleman of San Francisco was entertained at a dinner in the Palm Grill at Del Monte. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas and Carl S. Stanley.

The Americans are a hardly race. Despite the earnest efforts of gunmen and automobilists and literary critics and after-dinner speakers and jilted women, they keep on increasing.—*Life Lines*.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Government Inspector—How many people work here? Employer—Precious few of them.—Punch.

"How much was dose collars?" "Two for a quarter." "How much for vun?" "Fifteen cents." "Giff me de odder vun."—Yale Record.

Orator—What can I do, comrades, to find work for my fellow-creatures? Voice from the Back—Get your hair cut!—London Passing Show.

Literary Man (at the ball)—Are you familiar with John Masfield? Lowbrow Flapper—What d'you mean? I'm never familiar with any one.—Yale Record.

Dauber—Yes, this is my latest picture, and I'll tell you ten thousand would not buy it. Blunt—That's so, and I'm one of the ten thousand.—Toronto Telegram.

Peck—The after-dinner nap is my favorite hour of the entire Sunday. Heck—I thought you never slept after dinner. Peck—I don't, but my wife does.—Boston Transcript.

"Some day you'll be rich enough to retire from business." "Give up my nice pleasant office and stay home?" rejoined Mr. Growcher. "I should say not!"—Washington Star.

"Have you had much experience in a jazz orchestra?" "Have I? Why, five years ago I was a physical weakling!" "Well?" "Feel my muscle now."—London Passing Show.

Doctor—And if he loses consciousness again, give him a teaspoonful of that brandy. Patient's Wife—While he is unconscious, doctor? He'd never forgive me!—Life.

The Vicar—Well, did you win the match? The Captain—No, sir; we lost. The Vicar—And what have you in that sack? The Captain—The referee.—London Passing Show.

Mistress—But why did you leave your last place? Cook—Cos the master used to have such rows with the missus. Mistress—What did they quarrel about? Cook—The way the meals was cooked.—London Mail.

Hostess—So you had a good holiday. Where did you go? Guest—Well, we planned a splendid trip—Paris, Cannes, Florence, Rome, Cairo, and back through Constantinople, Vienna, and down the Rhine, home. But we had to modify it a little. You see,

my wife jibbed at the Channel crossing.—Punch.

"But, papa, why take my debts so tragically? I assure you, by hard work, strict economy, and the utmost self-denial you will succeed in clearing them off."—Munich Simplicissimus.

"I have a new play for you; the scene is laid in a dormitory." "Sorry, but we're full up." "But you don't understand—this gives you the chance to use 500 beds." "My boy, name your figure."—Judge.

Old Gentleman's Wife (getting unassisted into her carriage)—You are not so gallant, John, as when you were a boy. Old Gentleman—No, and you aint so buoyant, Mary, as when you were a gal.—Going Around.

"And why should I help you?" demanded the Boston citizen. "Sir," replied the Boston tramp, "I can offer you no coherent reason. Your motives must be altruistic." This got him a dime.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Green—And whom does this statue represent? Mrs. Brown—That is Psyche, executed in terra cotta. Mrs. Green—Oh, the poor thing! How barbarous they are in those South American countries!—The Lutheran.

Aunt—Doris, do stop sprawling about the floor and behave properly. Don't you want to grow into the kind of a girl other people look up to? Modern Child—I want to be the kind of girl other people look round at.—London Weekly Telegraph.

Train Boy—Where on the map is Pickwick, Bill? Brakeman—Sounds as if it might be somewhere in the hinterland, kid. Why? Train Boy—Some people are always trying to boost their native town. An old-fashioned hick asked me if I had the Pickwick papers.—Judge.

"That young man stays to an unearthly hour every night, Gladys," said an irate father to his youngest daughter. "What does your mother say about it?" "Well, dad," Gladys replied, as she turned to go upstairs, "she says that men haven't changed a bit."—Everybody's Magazine.

## The Big Wheel Falls.

The "Grand Roue"—Big Wheel—or "Farris Wheel," as Americans know it, is no more a part of the Paris skyline, according to the New York Tribune.

The big wheel of Paris which has stood in the Champ de Mars for more than twenty-two years, sharing attention with the Eiffel Tower as one of the lofty sights of the French capital, was condemned in November, 1920, as unsafe and the work of demolition started. Before long, engineers found that tearing down the big circle was a greater engineering task than the erection of it in 1900 as one of the wonders of the Paris Exposition.

The cars were first detached and sent to the devastated regions for homeless families. Next came the very dangerous operation of detaching great girders of steel weighing tons, and lowering them to the ground. As the structure had been erected with a comparatively delicate balance, it became impossible to continue the demolition except by intricate mathematical precision, which might be termed "finding the balance." Flylike workmen, therefore, ascended with paraphernalia to cut off several thousand pounds here and several hundred pounds there, according to the instruction of experts. Little by little Paris has watched the great "roue" disappear. The sons and daughters of hundreds of thousands of American tourists who have already marveled at or "gone up" on the big wheel will now find a more sombre Paris skyline than their fathers and mothers found.

The question is now, How many years before the Eiffel Tower, rising nearly 1000 feet, will be found unsafe and condemned to destruction?

M. Eiffel, the famous engineer who constructed the lofty pile of structural steel, lived to see it perform valuable service during the war as an observation station and wireless post. He is still living today to announce that it is almost as sound and safe as the day it was completed and with proper repair from time to time, will continue so for decades.

The Eiffel Tower—like the Woolworth Tower—pays its way by admission charged visitors. Elevators are constantly climbing to the top with an average of 1000 persons daily. To see Paris lying at his feet costs the tourist 5 francs.

According to the Department of the Interior the potential water-power of the United States is about 60,000,000 horse-power, of which 10,000,000 has been developed. The potential water-power of California is 8,000,000, of which about 12½ per cent. has either been developed or is in process of development.

The Nipponese have taken to modern American dances like ducks to water, and jazz is the order everywhere in the Mikado's empire.



## Leave Nothing to Chance When You Go Away For Your Vacation

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Here we have all those enterprises that are engaged in rendering what are called "public services": railroads, street railways, electric light and power companies, gas companies, etc. The courts held that because of their monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic nature they might charge the public excessive rates and make exorbitant profits, and that therefore they were subject to the regulation of their charges. On this foundation we have built a system of regulation which has made public service concerns, and especially railway and traction companies, the Ishmaels of the business world, says Samuel O. Dunn in the North American Review. We jumped to the utterly fallacious conclusion that the only way to make sure their rates always would be reasonable was to restrict their net returns as much as the courts would allow. It was decided that in order adequately to control their net returns, they must be prevented from issuing any securities except those representing actual investment. Knowing that in many instances the outstanding securities do not represent actual investment, we have developed elaborate engineering and accounting methods of evaluating their physical properties; and we exhaust our ingenuity in devising means of so regulating their rates as to keep their net returns on these valuations just as low as the courts will not hold confiscatory. . . .

What does all this mean? It means that as a result of the legally sound, but economically unsound, distinction that we make between concerns which do and concerns which do not render a public service, we are directly encouraging the development of many industries which are highly desirable but relatively non-essential, and directly discouraging the development of industries which are absolutely essential. As a matter of public policy—to state the facts in their baldest form—we are encouraging the manufacture of chewing gum and discouraging the provision of electric lights and power. As a matter of public policy we are encouraging the manufacture of cosmetics and silk shirts and discouraging the provision of good and adequate street railway service. As a matter of public

policy we are encouraging the increase of "movie" shows and discouraging and actually making impossible the adequate development of railways.

Among barred subjects at the Elizabethan court were references to the queen's age or marriage. Any one so intrepid or foolish as to venture on these taboo grounds was not likely to do so a second time, if he valued his place at court. Elizabeth's temper has been a matter of general knowledge. If her beer was not to her liking she flew into violent tantrums. Her courtiers wisely kept her in good humor by losing money to her at cards and by making her expensive presents. Mrs. Montague presented the queen with her first pair of silk stockings, made by herself, and told Elizabeth that she would make her more. "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate. Henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings." Her vanity was unappeasable. As she grew old she ordered all mirrors banished from the palace. Twenty years later, when she was dying, she sent for a mirror and saw herself a "lean, haggard, wrinkled old woman." Her flatterers were then duly rewarded by a bitter berating for having assured her that her youthful charms had endured.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### They Will Be Very Welcome.

Preparations for the entertainment of the Shriners are going forward with creditable smoothness, and would appear to indicate that the reception committee is expecting some of the most robust and stalwart citizens on June 11th that ever tore a town to tatters. Any Shriner that can take the whole course and live through it should enter for the next Olympiad, for he will outdo all competitors. There is to be dancing every night at the Auditorium, and for three nights at the Winter Garden and Arcadia halls. There will be an old-fashioned minstrel show, which can be taken sitting. There will be special automobile races at San Carlos on June 14th. For those that find things irksome, or the parade routes too short and lacking in opportunity for fresh air and exercise, there will be trap-shooting at Lakeside. Then there are yacht races and regattas for those that are hard to suit ashore, and there will be life-saving exhibitions by the Coast Guard in the surf by the Esplanade. Swimming races are on the programme for Sutro Baths and the beach. No doubt golf could be added, and a few "human fly" stunts if any Shriner has enough energy left either to participate or merely go and look. In addition, the Shriners are to be thrilled and uplifted by means of radio concerts everywhere, this form of edification having been improved until it is about as effective as the phonograph. It is expected that the crest of the human flood will reach

San Francisco on June 11th or 12th, and that in those two days the nobles of sixty-one temples will arrive. They will have a warm welcome. San Francisco hospitality is known the world around, and it is of the distinctly strenuous brand. It does not sit on the front porch cooling itself with a palm-leaf fan, but distributes its favors and its smiles over the truly wonderful landscapes of the vicinity. No doubt any Shriner who felt any coolness whatever in the various forms of welcome extended would be permitted and even encouraged to restore his circulation by wandering up to the top of Tamalpais. They are among the best fellows on earth, and all roads are open to them.

### Labor Union Responsibility.

Another Supreme Court decision issues to inflame the wrath of those that believe in special privileges for labor leaders, and reassure those that believe in government of law with special privilege to none. The court holds in the Coronado coal mine case that labor organizations, even if unincorporated, are amenable to the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust act against restricting interstate commerce, and that they may be sued for damages, and prosecuted for violations of the law, just like anybody else. "Funds accumulated to be expended in conducting strikes are subject to action in suits for torts committed by such unions in strikes." Authority to order a strike, placed by members of a local union in its leaders, makes the district organization responsible for unlawful injuries inflicted during the strike, and the strike fund is liable for any judgment recovered. At the same time, the court held that in this case it had not been proved that the strike and its accompanying violence were intended as a restraint of interstate commerce, and hence the damages previously awarded are set aside. If the court has been too amiable it is at this point.

We have had in this country a lot of labor leaders who have assumed the special privileges of viscounts and royal dukes in feudal times. They have called their contests war, and claimed from public sympathy immunity for a line of conduct that no system of jurisprudence worthy the name can concede to anybody, for any purpose, except in real warfare against a foreign enemy. Such private warfare is going on in this city today. Within the week a taxicab was fired on in a San Francisco downtown street and a passenger narrowly escaped death, because the cab was driven by a non-union man. In Chicago, violence has been more general than that. Sentimentalists and sob sisters whose great hearts yearn for the poor and who wish to elevate their sad estate look with tolerance on a condition from which all society is suffering; and from whose continuance and evil growth the poor ultimately would suffer more than any other class. If anybody needs the protection of an equal and reliable administration of justice, all the time, it is the weak and the submerged. They never got any help from privileged persons, either labor leaders of the lawless variety, or royal dukes who held license to commit murder and arson at will. Much help they can get from legal and responsible organization, using the methods of collective bargaining, and the peaceful strike when that fails. But privileged violence is an intolerable thing.

Murder was not an issue in this case, but responsibility was. The decision is notice to labor everywhere that it can claim no privileges not enjoyed by the rest of us. It can not destroy some one else's property on the ground that a strike has been called, and that a strike is war, without paying for what it breaks. Certain of its leaders have claimed immunity from the law that governs us all. They may not have it. There is and shall be one law for the poor and the rich. Into the technical refinements of the case it is not possible to go at this time. Enough is known of it, however, to make it certain that no dictator claiming the right to

carry on private war in labor's name is going to like it. No soap-box orator will like it, and no sidewalk audience sympathetic with the view that crime should enjoy immunity when it is committed in the interest or the supposed interest of labor is going to like it. And such persons will like it still less for its manifest fairness in holding that the intent to restrain interstate trade was not proved. But it will have many friends because of its many enemies, and unless the United States has gone insane the friends will outnumber the enemies three to one.

Now let the labor unions generally incorporate, having lost the main advantage of non-incorporation, and let them make their struggles for better conditions as the rest of us must—within the law.

### Culture and the University.

The Argonaut publishes this week a letter from Professor Gilbert N. Lewis, of the faculty of the University of California, confirming some of the gravest of the criticisms offered in these columns on the general conduct of affairs at Berkeley within recent years. Professor Lewis does not unreservedly commend the Argonaut, just as the Argonaut does not unreservedly censure the institution. No two persons could possibly take exactly the same view of a matter so broad and intricate. Yet Professor Lewis understands that in the main this publication has been right; and to be in the main right is all that is given any of us.

What is amiss at Berkeley—and very much is amiss—is owing to the fact that there has been engrafted upon the curriculum many things tending, not to promote the purposes for which the university was founded and for which, theoretically, it is sustained, but calculated to subordinate and ultimately to defeat those purposes. A state university should be primarily a school of the higher culture. What justifies the legislature and satisfies the taxpayers in spending money for its development is the expectation that it will contribute to the intellectual enrichment of life, and at the same time make more effective citizens of the youth sent there—that it will turn out men and women of the depth of understanding and stability of character necessary for their work in the world, for the operation of representative government, and for the support of the best social tendencies; voters that can not be befooled and befuddled by the demagogue, the visionary, or the fanatic. To a great extent this has been achieved. The electorate of California is an intelligent and a moral one, and from time to time it produces leadership of excellence, leadership whose selection has not been the blind choice of ignorance, but the preference of people whose standards are high and who are capable of using them for the measurement of those upon whose shoulders the burdens of leadership shall fall. To assist in developing such an electorate is a lofty calling. With all due respect, we express the opinion that the pulpit can not do so much for human welfare as well-conducted universities; from which, in fact, the pulpit itself must draw most of its men of character and inspiration. And not only the pulpit, but the press, and not only the press, but the bench and the bar and commercial life, and every form of art through which life seeks to express itself and grow—all must look to the university as the repository of standards and the source of ideals.

It is for these reasons that the Argonaut has been jealous of the fame and the character of the University of California, and has sought to suggest correctives of tendencies that it is convinced are growing destructive—so increasingly destructive as to have led to the resignation of an apparently well-qualified president. In this the Argonaut has been actuated by a desire to help reconstruct and restore; not to demolish. Berkeley must not be permitted to degenerate. She means too much in the life of California, and of the nation. She



supplies the leaven of the state. Not all can avail themselves of the advantages she offers; but those that can, and do, help in a thousand invisible ways to elevate the standards of the rest. When the intelligence tests of more than 1,700,000 officers and enlisted men of the recently drafted army revealed 12 per cent. of an exceptional order of intelligence, that 12 per cent. was distributed throughout the organization, so that the *morale* of every company was raised. That has heretofore been the function in civil life of the University of California—and of its great colleague institution at Palo Alto.

When the state university concentrated its efforts on the teaching of essentials and the substantial things of the spirit and the mind, it did produce men and women of distinction and character. There is scant reason to believe that a continuation of so proud a record is to be the outcome of the sort of merry-go-round and acrobatic vaudeville toward which the institution is tending. The university at Berkeley has yielded to the popularizing drift of all political institutions, and, to change the figure, has become a sort of cafeteria where young people can load their own trays with pastries and meringues instead of the meats of culture. It has grown, in the phrase of Professor Lewis, bigger instead of greater. It now asks for an appropriation of nine million dollars for the next biennial period—a riotous expenditure of public money; not a dishonest one, but a diversion of much wealth of the state to objects which will be in large part ornamental rather than useful, and in some part neither ornamental nor useful, but distinctly vulgar, and, in trend, lowering to standards of modesty and delicacy, of manners and of taste. Such tendencies do not characterize the whole curriculum; and much of the best remains. But they do tend to debase the whole curriculum. They are not yet of the core and centre of the university life. But they have got a foothold, they are growing, and they threaten to overwhelm all the rest. Sometimes they have been given a place for publicity purposes, and the sort of scholarly ideal they promote and of publicity they produce is illustrated by the picture printed in this number of the *Argonaut*, a picture taken, not from the *Police Gazette*, but from a reputable newspaper and from a number issued within the fortnight. Pupils that have fallen behind in their studies, and thereby demonstrated that the best advantages of the institution have been wasted on them, are permitted to make up credits leading to a degree by studying swimming and "dancing." We venture the opinion that the sort of dancing here depicted would hardly—if at all—be tolerated at the Winter Garden or the Arcadia dance hall.

Evidently what is needed at Berkeley is a contraction and not an expansion of activities and expenditures, and a thorough-going, honest effort to get back to a basis of scholarship—which does not mean swimming, dancing in the *chemise*, and other physical exercises. There should be a determination on the part of faculty and regents to hold fast to the essentials and cut off all the rest—cut ruthlessly back to the sound wood of the tree. The thousand instructors should be reduced one-half, and the attendance should be restricted by matriculation examinations which would eliminate those unfit to appreciate and profit by the institution's benefits in favor of those qualified by diligence and character and legitimacy of aim and purpose to approximate and then maintain its standards. There should be a restoration of class lines, year by year—lines which once meant much for discipline and order and comparison of accomplishment, but whose tendency to disappear is one of the symptoms of a general confusion as to what a college course really means. Examinations for pro-

motions from year to year should be sufficiently rigorous to eliminate the laggards and all whose life interests may have changed to something less scholarly during their terms of work. Requirements should be raised to a level that would exclude the frivolous and trifling of both sexes, as persons not qualified to make worthy use of education should they accidentally absorb any. This would probably cut down the attendance by 30 per cent. and give the rest a chance at better instruction. It might even do something toward restoring the old, inspiring personal contacts of student and professor that existed when the university was young. And, most important of all, a president should be chosen who can be trusted to carry out such policies, no matter what individuals are hurt by them, and in the face of whatever

zation. No farmer shipping his produce over the Southern Pacific, or the Central Pacific, and no organization of farmers, has for a long time been forced to think whether the shipment was going to travel by one road or the other. The policy of the roads under Hariman has been to build up California and the West. It has been an intelligent policy that has in large part adjusted old grievances and eliminated complaints. No one was asking at the time this decision issued to have these roads unmerged. The sentiment of thirty years ago had radically changed, and the feeling toward the railroads, throughout the state, has been during late years of a generally friendly character—the best evidence of the service rendered by the roads to the real interests of the public. If the roads are to be un-

scrambled now, it will mean endless confusion, duplication of arrangements, and the added delay, turmoil, and expense of building up an almost new organization for the Central Pacific—to say nothing of the chaos in routing and billing that will ensue, and possibly the new construction that will be made necessary to give terminals to bits of line now beginning at small shipping points and running to stations on the other road. Such instances have become numerous in the course of economical construction planned on the supposition that the two roads were, and were to remain, an administrative unit. It should be needless to remark that the added costs of construction, administration, and doubling of organization would fall

as a burden on the shippers of California. It would dislocate physical and financial arrangements, both of the roads and the public. And all this confusion and waste would flow from an old effort, too strictly interpreted, to secure to the public that vague and unreal blessing known as competition: a means elevated to the importance of an end, a thing often impotent to secure good service and whose benefits are therefore often a myth.

In fact, in the case of the Sherman act the court has been divided, a strong minority feeling that it was only designed to prevent restraint of trade and was stretched too far when interpreted to prevent restraint of competition; which is not at all the same thing as trade, nor even necessary to it. State monopolies are infamous. Monopolies that grow naturally out of free competitive conditions often render the maximum of service to the public. And that is what California has enjoyed under the unit arrangement between the Southern and Central Pacific systems. It is to be hoped that some way shall be found to prevent the tearing asunder of these beneficently joined elements and the scattering into fragments of the greatest transportation system in the world. A large part of California's present prosperity depends upon it.

#### Needless Taxes.

The endeavor to hold down the municipal budget is meeting with the usual resistance from the embattled improvers who wish every new fad in city development supplied at the general expense, forgetting that no matter what attractions you add to a city, all will be overcome by the repulsion of an exorbitant tax rate. It is all very well to invite new residents to share the benefits of city life; but those persons worth having as new residents are the sort of people that know they are also being invited to share our tax burden, and if we are foolish enough to make that burden too heavy they simply will not come. In these troublous and expensive times the budget should contain nothing that can be dispensed with. A good example of swelling the tax rate for the unnecessary is the item of a stadium to be built opposite the Polytechnic High School. That would be a nice thing to have, but it is not necessary,

#### A PHASE OF THE HIGHER CULTURE AT BERKELEY.

## Oakland Tribune

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1922.

### Dance and Be Beautiful Is Berkeley Theory

University of California girls seeking grace and beauty through dancing. Top picture (left to right), IDA BURGESS, DOROTHY ELLIOTT, ESTELLE WEINSHANK, ELOISE WISEMAN, DOROTHY BAIRD, DOROTHY CHURCHILL and CATHERINE LAFKA. Below is MISS LEONORA THOMPSON, instructor in dancing at the university, who says that the flapper ways of the twentieth century maid are robbing her of her grace and beauty.



antagonisms they may arouse, either in the faculty, the board of regents, or the legislature. Berkeley is too proud and fine an institution to be permitted to drift on any wavering currents of the merely popular and political.

#### Unmerging a Unit.

It is well within the facts to say that the recent decision of the Supreme Court under which, if it is to stand, the Central and the Southern Pacific railroads would have to be unmerged, has caused consternation in California, to whose prosperity such an unmerging would be a staggering blow. The late news that a rehearing is to be granted will come as a ray of hope to a people menaced by what would be no less than a calamity.

The service rendered the industry of this state and the whole Pacific Coast by the railroads is valuable beyond all ordinary comprehension, and it has been made possible in its present effective form in this region by the unit operation of the Southern and the Central Pacific. Under this arrangement, which has prevailed for so many years that Californians today seldom think of them as separate, or, in fact, seldom think at all of the Central Pacific except historically, there has grown up a condition of economical administration which has in large part dispensed with duplicate administrative services and has concentrated functions in one organi-



and so Supervisor McSheehy was clearly in the right when he tried, in vain, to have it stricken from the list. A stadium is dispensable. Some of our greatest men grew up without one. Samuel Adams, promoter of the revolution, got along as best he could without this elevating influence. Alexander Hamilton, one of the main authors of the Constitution, had no stadium. George Washington, rather important person in his day, escaped the British for a long time without stadium training. Abraham Lincoln never cavorted around a stadium, but took his early exercise in useful work and the Black Hawk war. One of our main fiscal troubles is that we tend to grow confused about the term "necessary." It is far more restricted in meaning, and should be in financial practice, than most persons seem to suppose. All over the land the cities are wasting millions on the unnecessary, and most of the unnecessary projects are paternalistic in character and therefore harmful and morally debilitating to the oncoming generation. That stadium, and everything else in the budget like it, should wait until the tax rate can be reduced to the normal, or a little below it. This is no time for increasing the burdens of the public in any way that can be avoided.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### A Close View of Berkeley.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

BERKELEY, June 2, 1922.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: Your searching criticism of the University of California in the *Argonaut* of May 27th contains some remarks concerning the faculty of the university which must be the result of some misapprehension, and which perhaps should be discussed. But how can we who are members of that faculty quarrel with one whose views coincide so nearly with our own, and who has been the first to say some things which are very much in need of being said? Your editorial could not be more opportune. The university is indeed at the parting of the ways, if it has not already taken some timid but irrefragable steps upon the lower of the two roads that lie open before it. Now, if ever, is the time for all friends of higher education in California to help decide what the university is to become.

Your comments centre upon the resignation of Dr. Barrows. Your admiration for his personality is fully shared by the faculty, to which he is returning, and of which he will be, as he has always been, one of the members most universally beloved. As president his attitude toward the faculty has been one of such frankness, good nature, and comradeship that no feeling of personal ill-will is thinkable. On the other hand, the president has felt it is his duty on one or two occasions to act as spokesman for certain policies with which the senate is not in accord, and the issues are the very ones emphasized in your editorial.

According to law, "The senate, subject to the approval of the Board of Regents, shall determine the conditions for admission, for certificates, and for degrees. It shall authorize and supervise all courses of instruction in the academic and professional colleges and schools. It shall recommend to the Board of Regents all candidates for degrees in course." In attempting to fulfill these duties the academic senate has been actuated by an overwhelming desire to raise the standards of admission, of graduation, and of scholarship throughout the curriculum; to eliminate the unfit; to devote the money appropriated by the state to the thorough education of those who are eager and qualified to profit thereby, and to the intensive training of the few who may become leaders in the various activities of the state. The senate does not share the "obsession of numbers," of which it has itself been the chief victim. It regards with dismay the growing incubus of "superfluities and superficialities." We would not deny the usefulness of many of the activities denoted by university extension, but these constantly branching, semi-parasitic growths are threatening to smother the central university. Few realize what a small portion of the university appropriations is devoted to the purposes of fundamental instruction. Nor is money the only consideration. The attention of regents and faculty alike is distracted by countless side issues whose administration has led to the great "overhead" which makes the business management one of the largest factors in the affairs of the university.

It is not easy to fix responsibility for the present trend toward expansion and dissipation. Your editorial hints at "machinations" and states that "there is reason to suspect that individual desire for domination, that ulterior aims more or less secretly maintained, that unworthy jealousies, have more or less had their part in influencing the course—both in acts and neglects—of the regents." It would be idle to deny that during the past five years rumors of this sort have been current. They are distressing to one who knows the number of men of high courage, judgment, and loyalty who are members of the Board of Regents. But as long as these rumors remain unrefuted they are extremely disquieting. To the friends of the university who can not look behind the scenes one alarming fact has become evident. During recent years the university has entered politics and politics have entered the university.

To the difficult problem of the university there is but one adequate solution. The university must publicly announce a clear-cut policy for the future, one which can not be altered by the pressure of interests or of politicians, and which can be approved by all who cherish the highest ideals and ambitions for the University of California. This would permit the executive powers once more to be concentrated into the hands of one man, the president of the university. If this is accomplished, if the president, vested with full executive authority, is also committed to a programme which will permit the university to undertake only those tasks which can be performed with distinction, which will make the university greater rather than bigger, and which will enable the faculty to give better instruction while a higher standard of ability and application is required of the student, that man and that programme would always have the enthusiastic support of a united faculty.

GILBERT N. LEWIS.

### From an Alumnus of Berkeley.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your article on Berkeley, I feel confident, can not fail to meet with the hearty approval of all thinking right-minded citizens and should help to crystallize a movement which will eventually result in the estab-

lishing of a separate women's college and make of the university at Berkeley an institution where only men having serious intentions of obtaining a real university education will be accommodated.

To further its campaign for numbers the university dominates and prescribes the courses for the high schools, not that the pupils will be more or less thoroughly fitted to enter the business world, but that they may be accredited to the university. Following the example of the university, the San Francisco high schools, and I presume high schools throughout the state, allow the children to select their own courses, hours, etc., so as to obtain the minimum credits with the least inconvenience to the children to permit them to enter the university.

They, the high schools, also have to have their paid coaches, who like the university coaches and trainers soon become more important than the directors of the institutions.

I sincerely hope that the *Argonaut* will continue its kindly and constructive criticism of the university to the end that much-needed reforms will be made.

E. P. K.

### From an Alumnus and a Farmer.

THE FORD-CRAIG RANCH COMPANY  
VOLNEY H. CRAIG, General Manager

FORD RANCH,  
SAN FERNANDO, CAL., June 2, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I am an alumnus of Berkeley, and a farmer; we have read and reread your editorial entitled "Berkeley" of your issue of May 27th. We have to confess with humiliation that what you said, to our knowledge, is mostly true. We agree with you in your estimate of Dr. Barrows; we agree with you that a university is not the place to teach the art of growing cabbage or of shoeing horses (the latter, by the way, is becoming a lost art); a university should concern itself, in our estimation, only with teaching the principles that govern the science of agriculture; there is more tommy-rot going through the state on the teaching of agriculture than any one other subject. Immense sums of money are not only being wasted, but are being used to do positive harm.

However, I can not agree with you on two points: First, the blamelessness of Dr. Barrows in the situation in which he finds himself. Dr. Barrows has lived long enough in this wicked world to have learned the frailty of human nature, as exhibited either by college professors or by hired help. A chieftain must rule, whether he runs a great university or a little farm. Dr. Barrows should not have accepted the presidency of the university without insisting that the regents change the rules so that he would rule, and not be obliged to take orders from a bunch of committees of the faculty. It was an impossible situation and he should have known it. Dr. Barrows was wrong in this and he was wrong again when he found the system of government would not work in not going squarely before the Board of Regents and demanding a change, before his resignation. If the regents had refused to accept his demands he could then properly have resigned and the issue would have been clearly drawn.

Second, have you treated the Board of Regents with entire fairness? If the statement that you have made concerning the regents had been made by the blatant yellow press it would not have registered with me at all; but to have it made by the *Argonaut* has given me a great deal to think about. If what you say in effect, that the control of the Board of Regents is vested in a coterie who have been willing that Dr. Barrows should be subjected to annoyance, because other members of the board have taken their duty indifferently or neglected it altogether, is true, what is to become of California? That you have said it makes me think it is true. I am rather disappointed with your manner of attack; I would have expected the *Argonaut* to come out openly and say which members of the Board of Regents were to blame, and not to have thrown a bucket of mud covering them all.

VOLNEY H. CRAIG, B. L., 1898.

### A Simple Yet Practical Suggestion.

OAKLAND, June 1, 1922.

DEAR HOLMAN: Your article on the university ought to be engraved on a tablet and displayed at the front gate of that institution.

JOHN P. IRISH.

### Taxi Rates and Wages.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your editorial, "Private War," in the *Argonaut* for May 13th last you state, "No city owes less to its taxicab companies. Their charges are extortionate, with the result that their business and the service they render is less than half what it should be. Meters show it. The average run of a San Francisco taxicab is about forty miles a day, while in Chicago it is 110 to 120."

Your statement of the low comparative taxicab mileage in San Francisco is absolutely correct, but with your deductions from that comparison I can not agree.

You reason from a cause which you term "extortionate charges" to an effect of extremely low taxicab mileage, while the effect of this low mileage was actually caused by the "minimum day's wage" which the San Francisco taxicab companies have been compelled to pay by the unions.

This it was that caused the strike. The situation is this: For ten years our drivers worked "open shop" and on a straight 20 per cent. commission. They were perfectly satisfied. Then they entered the union and at once the question was raised of substituting a minimum day's wage for their commission. Our drivers didn't want it and voted solidly against it. They were outvoted.

On a minimum day's wage the driver's incentive to increase the business was gone and the taxi business fell off. It was human nature. He got the same if he turned in \$10 as if he turned in \$20 or more. Our records prove that out of their ten-hour shift the actual work of the drivers is four. The other six they just sit around. As a consequence the drivers cost 12 cents for each taxi mile in San Francisco as against from 4 to 6 cents in Eastern cities, where they work on commission. Although Eastern drivers receive from 6 to 8 cents less a mile, they earn as much as our drivers because of greater mileage.

We wanted to reduce rates, but the union's arbitrary, \$5-a-day, minimum wage stood in the way. After negotiation, we offered 25 per cent. commission on all business turned in, with a guaranteed minimum of \$4.25. The union representative said they'd take \$4.50 without commission.

We didn't want it, as it could not increase the driver's interest in the business, but rather than face a strike we agreed to accept it on condition that the union voted for it first.

The men went out to vote for a \$4.50 minimum, as the companies supposed, and voted to strike instead.

From our point of view, to reduce rates and return to the commission basis will be for every one to win. The public will benefit by lower rates, the drivers by a greater return, and the taxi companies by increased business.

The union said, "No. Keep up the rates to the public, and that will cover the \$5 minimum wage to the drivers."

In spite of the union we did reduce our rates, and will continue to reduce them as increased patronage shall justify.

Very truly yours,

TAXICAB COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

By W. E. TRAVIS, President.

## POLITICS AND BUSINESS.

Government Can Not Be Trusted with the Powers Necessary to Commercial Success.

It has evidently been the expectation of those who "believe in the government ownership of public utilities" that the movement toward that form of socialism would be continuous, and the gains cumulative—that the blessings of their panacea would be so great, and so plain to all beholders, that there would be no recession to private ownership, and all the work and trade of the community would finally be carried on by the government instead of the terrible capitalists; as in happy Russia. At any rate, when such recessions to private ownership occur, they never say anything about it. Perhaps they do not learn of such cases; perhaps again they prefer to have the rest of us feel that there are none.

The propagandists for public ownership have been numerous and busy among us for thirty years or more. They have emphasized and pointed with pride to every instance of a city taking over its water supply or its street-car lines, or its electric lighting business. But when a "public utility" is given up as a bad job after some years of political maladministration, little is said about it. Nobody is proud of it, and there are no propagandists to spread the news in lectures and printed articles. The New York Merchants' Association, however, a sane lot of ordinary business men with no motive but to find out which policy, public or private ownership, is the better, has been investigating the public ownership "movement," and its findings are of interest and importance to all California just now, on account of the proposal to have the people mortgage their state for \$500,000,000 and give the money to a board of unknown political appointees to go into the business of hydro-electric development and any other business which in their judgment might assist—building railroads, operating copper mines, or manufacturing electrical equipment, for example.

More than 275 cities in this country which had undertaken to conduct their own lighting systems have given it up and turned over their plants to private companies. They found municipal ownership and operation a failure. Advocates of the Water and Power Amendment for California will tell you that is municipal ownership, not state ownership; but it is all state ownership, whether it is by the city, the state, or the nation. The original states were cities. It is all a matter of enterprises being carried on by politicians who do not own them, with money that is not theirs, for salaries which they draw whether their duties are properly discharged and their management is effective or not. There is no essential difference, none worth talking about, between city, state, and government ownership. And when it comes to divorcing the ownership from the operation, there is nothing gained that way that can not be obtained by properly exercised control of rates and services. On the contrary, the operating contracts sometimes made are a fruitful opportunity for the concealment of losses by the owning government and of excessive profits on the part of the contracting companies.

Moreover, there is a distinct tendency under such arrangements to permit the plant to deteriorate; the operating contractor not making proper provision for the upkeep, because the capital is not his, and the owning government being disposed to let the property run down in order to avoid blame for swelling taxes. In other words, the arrangement is still political, and subject to the essential drawbacks of all political activity.

These drawbacks are largely in the nature of checks on the discretion of office-holders. The political sense of the public, derived from centuries of sad experience, compels it to withhold from government just the powers needed in business. This must be so. A government in which was vested the necessary power over the people's money to use it at discretion in the transactions of business would become an intolerable tyranny. And that is what the California Water and Power Amendment seeks to do—vest in an unknown board, to be appointed by an unknown governor, the right to dip into the state treasury at will, for any project helpful to its ambitions, and have the treasury replenished by limitless taxation. It seems incredible. But read the proposed amendment. If it is adopted, the board could rob the state poor, and practice all the discrimination and favoritism that used to be charged against some of the railroads. And being political, probably it will. No sensible people would throw away all the teachings of Anglo-Saxon history, and every other history, in the hope of getting something from politicians which is already being supplied by private capital: cheap electric energy. And that is all they can hope to get, no matter who owns the power sites—the state or the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. There is every reason in experience to believe that "power at cost," when produced politically, will cost more than power produced by private corporations for a reasonable profit, limited



as at present in California by the state railroad commission.

Municipalization of electric plants for lighting purposes has been extensively carried out in Massachusetts under most careful state regulation, and a searching analysis of results to the rate-payers, made by Dr. Edmond Earle Lincoln, instructor in economics at Harvard, shows that the municipal plants do not serve the public so well as the privately-owned ones, are not so well equipped, do not extend their service so fully, avoid the less attractive business, and on the average charge consumers more for light. Our own Municipal Railroad does as little pioneering as possible, in its effort to avoid deficits. All the Massachusetts communities have gained by municipalization has been a slight saving in the cost of street lighting, a negligible matter when compared with loss of taxes on the plants. While there have been few conspicuous failures, nothing of value has been won, and losses are beginning to appear through a tendency now setting in to junk the generating plants and buy power from private companies because they can generate it cheaper than the municipalities can. At the end of 1917, twenty-eight municipal plants out of thirty-nine in Massachusetts were buying their current instead of generating it, and a number of the municipalities had scrapped their plants with heavy loss.

Yet a lot of visionaries, and one capitalist not so visionary but with water filings to sell the state, are trying to persuade the people of California to go into the hydro-electric generating business with money borrowed on the property of the taxpayers, just when the cities of Massachusetts are beginning to give it up.

In these Massachusetts cases, one way in which the comparative inefficiency of political production and management appears is in the larger loss of current in transmission; a test of maintenance of the property itself. The private companies lose 18.5 per cent. in distribution, the municipalities 24.2. And here Dr. Lincoln unconsciously brings forward one of the best jokes of this ridiculous matter. His tables of labor distribution show that the municipalities employ a disproportionately small number of linemen, and an excessive number of station employees. Was a better picture of politics ever derived from statistical tables? Political appointees do not like to climb poles and jack wires. They prefer to sit around the generating plant, like a lot of firemen with no fires to attend, and devote themselves to conversation. Hence the bottoms of the chairs in the stations are raised to normal temperature by more employees than are needed, while the distribution system, on which the customers depend for the delivery of current "at cost," grows leaky and troublesome for lack of workers. That is a picture of that dear "government ownership of public utilities." Very dear.

So, judging from Massachusetts examples, if the farmers of California decide to mortgage their farms under the Water and Power Amendment, they will pay more for their power, and their taxes will probably be higher, in order that more political appointees may warm chair bottoms and breathe the ozone around the state generating plants. And if anything goes wrong with the distribution system of the political system—that is, the system for the distribution of energy, not jobs—and the farmer calls up and complains that he can't pump water for his perishing crops, some gentlemanly chair-warmer will probably tell him to go to hell. That is not poetry, it is politics.

Politicians may be a little more polite in France than in the United States, but fundamentally human nature is the same, and job-holders are alike everywhere. Under private ownership of the Western system of French railroads in 1908, the operating costs were 67.8 per cent. of the gross revenues. The government took it over in 1909, and by 1912 the operating expenses had climbed to 89.4 per cent., an increase of 21.6. During the same period the operating costs of five privately-owned and operated roads in France had increased also, but only to the extent of 8.1 per cent., which reflected the general increase in the cost of living and of doing business. The disproportionate increase in the case of the government roads was largely owing to needless employees and excessive wages. Where 174 persons were employed by the private companies, it took 235 political appointees to do the work. Yet advocates of the proposed California Water and Power Amendment are going about the state promising to generate power at a lower cost to the user. Experience does not support the credibility of the promise.

Although the Prussian government railroads pay no taxes, and but half the wages paid railroad employees in this country, their operating costs are inflated by the excessive number of employees, and to make a creditable financial showing they have to charge about twice as much as American railroads do. And we have had our own experience of government operation of railroads. It put 1100 new officials into the central administration offices at Washington, and more than that number into the offices of the regional directors. This contributed one considerable part of the losses the government incurred.

New South Wales nationalized its railroads. Whereupon the employees grew so tyrannous and threatening in their demands for higher pay that the people had to

disfranchise them. Imagine trying to disfranchise the army of employees of a California Water and Power board. The New South Wales experience clearly shows the pressure on a political management to make wages for political purposes rather than for the benefit of the taxpayers and the proper administration of the plant.

The Ontario hydro-electric development is cited by advocates of the Water and Power Amendment as an example for California to follow, though less frequently now than when the proposal was new and Ontario's bitter experience had not yet been exposed by the premier of the province. The city manager of Pasadena, for one, spoke feelingly of "the splendid example of the Toronto hydro-electric system." It was found, however, that it cost the city of Toronto for distribution of the energy it bought from the Ontario government project losses of more than \$290,000 for two years, and the reasons given were too low rates and too many employees. There is no advantage to be expected from rates that are too low. What is saved to the ratepayer in that form he has to make up in taxes. Nothing is free; no government ownership alchemy can make something out of nothing.

The "government ownership of public utilities" is socialism, and socialism is the will-o'-the-wisp of industry. It is a humbug. MORTON TODD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1922.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

A street there is in Paris famous,  
For which no rhyme our language yields,  
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—  
The New Street of the Little Fields.  
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
But still in comfortable case;  
The which in youth I oft attended,  
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
Or hatchforth of all sorts of dishes,  
That Greenwich never could outdo:  
Greenherbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,  
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:  
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,  
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savory stew 't is;  
And true philosophers, methinks,  
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
Should love good victuals and good drinks.  
And Cordelier or Benedictine  
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,  
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?  
Yes, here the lamp is, as before:  
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is  
Still opening oysters at the door.  
Is Terré still alive and able?  
I recollect his droll grimace:  
He'd come and smile before your table,  
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.  
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"  
The waiter starts and shrugs his shoulder—  
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."  
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,  
So honest Terré's run his race."  
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"  
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;  
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"  
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:  
The Chambertin with yellow seal."  
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in  
My old accustomed corner-place;  
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,  
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,  
The table still is in the nook;  
Ah! vanished many a busy year is  
This well-known chair since last I took.  
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,  
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,  
And now a grizzled, grim old fogey,  
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty  
Of early days here met to dine?  
Come, waiter, quick! a flagon crusty—  
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.  
The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace;  
Around the board they take their places,  
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;  
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;  
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;  
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;  
On James's head the grass is growing:  
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In this same place—but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me  
—There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:  
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
In memory of the dear old times.  
Welcome to wine, what'er the seal is,  
And sit you down and say your grace  
With thankful heart, what'er the meal is.  
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!  
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Gordon Kane of Washington and Chauncey Depew are the only two living men who attended Lincoln's funeral. Lieutenant-Colonel Kane is eighty-two and Mr. Depew recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday.

Solomon Dabinski, a Polish boy who arrived in this country a year ago, traveling in the steerage and with no knowledge of the English language, has recently won the bronze medal of the National Society of Colonial Daughters of Washington for the best essay on the life of Washington.

Dr. Alice Hamilton is the only woman member of Harvard's medical faculty. Dr. Hamilton is a New York woman who received her medical training at the universities of Michigan, Leipzig, Munich, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, and the Institut Pasteur at Paris. Dr. Hamilton's especial work has been bacteriology.

The Persian minister to Washington, Mirza Hussein Khan Alai, is a fluent English scholar, a fact that doubtless accounts for his mingling in American society more freely than envoys from his country usually have. However, he is a loyal Persian, and the embassy is said to house a Persian collection of great value.

Isaac F. Marcossou, the American journalist, was received by the prince regent at the Imperial Palace, Tokyo, recently. This was the first private audience to a journalist ever granted by the imperial prince, either as crown prince or as prince regent in Japan. Mr. Marcossou was presented to his imperial highness by the American ambassador.

Miss Ivy Williams is the first woman in England to qualify as a barrister. Eight other women have passed their finals, but Miss Williams is the first to be called to the bar. However, the woman barrister does not intend to practice law. She is already a Doctor of Laws and lecturer on law at an Oxford women's college—a position she means to retain.

Dr. Francis W. Pennell, curator of the botanical department of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, is in charge of an expedition sent by Harvard University, the Smithsonian Institution, and the New York Botanical Garden to compare the flora of the different ranges of the Andes. Dr. Pennell is probably more expert in classifying the flora of the Andes than any other botanist.

Georges Urbain, a member of the French Institute and professor at the Sorbonne, announces that after fifteen years of research he has succeeded in identifying a new element which he calls "celtium." Celtium, which is similar in several respects to radium, may prove equally beneficial. It is so called by the professor because its discovery was due to Celtic brains. Professor Urbain was aided in his research by Frederick Webb of San Francisco, a graduate of the Harvard School of Applied Chemistry.

Earl French of Ypres, British field marshal, is the first of the English heroes of the great war to visit this country. General French was here about ten years ago when the Mexican question was acute, when he spent much time in conference about intervention. The field marshal was born in Kent, but is of Irish blood through his father and Scotch through his mother, an Eccles of Edinburgh. General French presents the unusual example of a great soldier being made of a theological student. His early youth was spent preparing to take holy orders. Lady French is renowned as a British sportswoman.

Mrs. Alexander P. Moore, famous for thirty years as Lillian Russell, "the most beautiful woman on the American stage," has died at the age of sixty, after a brief illness. Lillian Russell, wife of Alexander Moore, publisher of the *Pittsburgh Leader*, whose maiden name was Helen Leonard, was born in Clinton, Iowa, December 4, 1861. Her mother was a singer of local note; her father later became a member of the Chicago printing firm of Knight & Leonard. Lillian was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Chicago, where she studied vocal and violin music and sang in the church choir. Strangely enough, it was her voice, and not her beauty, that opened the way to a stage career. She was considered the "ugly duckling" of the family, but it was her ambition to be an opera singer. She studied for opera under Leopold Damrosch, and her first appearance on the stage was in the chorus of Rice's "Pinafore" company in 1879. Incidentally, her first marriage was to Harry Braham, conductor of Rice's company. Later she sang ballads at Tony Pastor's theatre in New York, when she first took the stage name by which she became so famous. Her early portraits bear out the statement that her extraordinary beauty was a middle-aged development. Her later stage career is familiar to every one. Lillian Russell was married four times. Her second husband was Edward Solomon, conductor of the Casino orchestra; the third was John Chatterton, the operatic tenor known as Signor Perugini; and in 1912 she married Alexander P. Moore. Miss Russell was a woman of wide interests. Throughout the war she was widely known in Red Cross work, and later in reconstruction and welfare work. Shortly before her death she appeared before a congressional committee to give a report of her investigations of European conditions with reference to American immigration regulations.



## ONE STILL YOUNG.

Stephen McKenna's "While I Remember" Glances Backward from a Not Too Distant Point of View.

Stephen McKenna lacks the style of Augustine Birrell, or James O'Donnell Bennett at his best; but they are about the only English stylists we think of at present who would be justified in passing him any advice. Mencken and Van Dorn may say their little pieces with more sugar or more devilishness at times, but neither one with more ice-pick point and meat-axe edge. So Steve's reminiscences are going to be right good reading for anybody that will read them, and it is the present reviewer's notion that many will. Our author believes in compulsory arbitration and in hanging the Kaiser, and he explodes the Shavian bomb that the English are unfit to govern themselves—in which, if he is right, they are not unique. That's the sort of person he is. Otherwise, he is easy to agree with, and a delightful companion on a rainy day.

He is a young man yet; and as that hallucination is cherished by many octogenarians it should be said that he is probably still in his thirties. Having, with disconcerting precocity, tossed off "Sonia," "The Education of Eric Lane," "Midas and Son," and a few other titles of works it would seem patronizing merely to call good, it occurred to him that it would be a bright idea to set down his recollections while he could recollect them—a departure from the usual method; in short, an invention. This offers a close-up, and a rather merciless close-up, of things that have not yet altogether passed from the mundane stage and are still fresh enough in general misunderstanding to call for elucidation. McKenna has vivid mental pictures of English society and of the havoc war played with it; and no one has more pitilessly depicted the psychological steps of its degeneracy. Prefatorily he remarks: "Those who first drew breath in Queen Victoria's reign may congratulate themselves on having passed in thirty years from the civilization of the Stone Age to that of the Cities of the Plain." And that illustrates the weapon of the man, who hunts down his ideas, not with a club nor yet a sword, but perhaps with one of those combination things set with obsidian teeth with which the Aztecs used to frolic after their favorite human game. Before the hunt, however, let us sample some of his antiquity. Here is a bit of real quality, dealing with his school days:

Westminster is so much the embodiment and shrine of English history that even the alien and the iconoclast can not spend six years in the shadow of the Abbey without becoming steeped in the spirit and associations of the place. It is the influence of such foundations that makes of English life its present compromise between the rational and the traditional. From their places in the stalls could be seen the arches of the triforium which are filled at coronations by the Westminster Scholars: no king, they assert, can be duly crowned unless he is acclaimed by their triple shout of "Vivat Rex." It is their privilege to be present in the Palace Yard when the sovereign opens Parliament; Scholars and Town Boys walk, of unchallenged right, into the gallery of the House of Commons, Scholars—in cap and gown—into the gallery of the House of Lords and, on Sundays, on to the Terrace; when the Courts of Justice were at Westminster, they could wander unchecked into Westminster Hall. Their daily service takes place in the Poets' Corner; they are present at State funerals, their confirmation is held in Henry VII's chapel; and the whole Abbey is their heritage. Is not the school descended lineally from that group of lay scholars whom the monks of Westminster taught? Is not the monks' dormitory their Great School? Among the documents discovered of late years in the Abbey Muniment Room is a record, under the year 1284, of *expense*, being provision for the teaching of scholars, and a further record, under the year 1339, of payments for "Westminster School." Already old when Winchester and Eton were founded, with its roots struck deep in the Abbey's earliest history and with its life immemorially intertwined with the life of the Abbey, the two have remained side by side until Westminster is the last of the London schools to resist the pressure which has already urged younger rivals from their seats. Changing slowly with the slow unfolding of English history, the school was re-founded by Queen Elizabeth on a secular footing; and the monitor of the week, kneeling with his back to Busby's birch-table and facing the school, returns thanks "*pro fundatrice nostra Regina Elizabetha*" on the spot where Robert South prayed "*pro rege Carolo*" on the 30th of January, 1649. It retains, by the Act of Uniformity, its "almost unique privilege of using Latin in religious offices," though—as a concession to the Reformers—the monkish pronunciation was abandoned for that which was universal English form until misguided empiricists set up confusion where none existed before by introducing a "modern" method.

"From here" he goes to things contemporary, handling social conditions thus:

When those who opened their eyes on the second half of the 'eighties were still young children, the first attack was made on the outposts of Victorian "respectability": the "new woman" made her appearance, defiantly smoking in public and—until threatened with violence by an outraged and susceptible mob—bicycling about the streets of London in "bloomers"; new ideas were spread, new rights suggested, and an alarming new freedom discussion inaugurated by the plays of Ibsen; a new wave of riches poured into England from the Rand, their possessors resolute to enjoy them without the restrictions of an outworn decorum. The epithet which has become the historic description of these years is "roaring," and, if it described something which by modern standards was mild and blameless, the vigor of the word registers the public misgiving and astonishment at the thing which it described. Nevertheless, though this bawling exuberance gave an earnest of what would come when the brawlers had discredited Victorianism, as yet they misconducted themselves clandestinely or "under the eye of perpetual disapprobation": the nod and frown of the court were still potent; and the rulers of half-a-dozen great houses decided effectively, and subject only to the

veto of the queen, who should be received in the small and envied world known as 'society.'

Though the young girl unchaperoned was the young girl abandoned, it is probably the young bachelor who would have most reason to dread the obligations entailed by a plunge back into the 'nineties. Etiquette ordained that he must leave cards at any house where he had dined or danced, and a call in those strict days, when no one but a sloven would dare to be seen without a tall hat between the months of May and July, postulated that the caller must array himself in frock-coat and all its concomitants and, for a reason still obscure, must carry his hat into the drawing-room. Later, as a concession to human weakness and in imitation of the bar, a morning-coat was permitted; serge suits and bowler hats, exhibiting themselves tentatively at either end of the week, were excused by a presumed sojourn in the country; and then, with the speed of an avalanche, the reign of dandified dowdiness set in, tidying itself slowly into comfort that was also presentable.

The men who in 1914 were of military age, as that definition was used at the outbreak of the war, were born at earliest in the middle of the 'eighties. Queen Victoria was to reign for half a generation longer, Lord Beaconsfield was but lately dead, Mr. Gladstone had ahead of him more than a dozen years of life and one more term as prime minister, and Mr. Parnell was appearing for the first time as the maker and breaker of ministries.

Abroad, Prince Bismarck was still chancellor to the Emperor William I, and the third French Republic was young enough to be still unsteady on its legs; but, since British fears of Russian aggression had been for the most part interred with the bones of Disraeli's spirited foreign policy, the chief imperial problems related to the yet new British responsibility for Egypt and to border wars and punitive expeditions on the fringe of the empire. At home, the conservatives wagged by the tail of the "fourth party," were coming to terms with the liberal-unionists who had seceded from Mr. Gladstone in 1886; the liberal party, committed to home rule as a first charge, unless the findings of the Parnell commission should discredit its policy, was shelving the rest of its programme and secretly waiting for its leader's death in order to infuse a stronger radicalism than was palatable in the lifetime of a man who had first held office under Sir Robert Peel.

On either side of either house, as on either side of the Irish Sea, the dominant political problem from 1885 to 1895 was the problem of Irish self-government: on this old parties were split and new parties formed; from this proceeded the policies and controversies which filled the life of Parliament to the exclusion of almost everything else for the twenty years from 1895 to the great war. In the first home rule bill and the liberal defeat of 1886, in the Parnell commission and the second home rule bill, in the Parnell divorce and the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, in the constitutional struggle between Lords and Commons from 1893 to 1911, in the Wyndham land legislation, the devolution scheme and the fall of Mr. Wyndham, in the Irish councils bill, the third home rule bill, the threat of rebellion and the outbreak of civil war, English political history lay under the sable shadow of Ireland, English political interests and developments were sacrificed to Irish demands, and English political parties, jointly and severally, one after another, paid for their failure to give Ireland an acceptable form of self-government.

Though an Irishman brought up in England may lose the faith, the speech, and the nationality of the one country without acquiring those of the other, he will inevitably be forced into an alternating sympathy with both; and, while he may hesitate to explain the English to the Irish or the Irish to the English, he is bound, by any affection that he may feel for either, to disperse by any means in his power the cloud of tragic misunderstanding which has for so long poisoned the life of both.

After Westminster, Oxford; and Christ Church. Here is a bit of the real old Toryism, human as a hack-rack:

To a freshman, the etiquette and technique of Oxford abound in real and, still more, in imaginary pitfalls. He may live for years on the same staircase as a man one term his senior, but, unless they have been introduced, he must never bow nor say "good-morning" to him. The senior would, perhaps, leave a card on the freshman, choosing a moment when he was not at home; the freshman must return his call, but it was not enough to leave his card; he must go on calling until he ran him to earth. In all things a freshman must comfort himself humbly, taking a distant seat in the junior common room and leaving the arm-chairs in front of the fire to those who better deserved them. There were rules of dress and rules of conduct; there were clubs which a man would feel honored to join and clubs which he would prudently avoid; there were games worth playing and games that were waste of time.

The salt of reason is all through the work, a novel and refreshing thing after so much of unreason, of passion, of hate and prejudice. After shocks such as the world has recently suffered, justice is apt to limp. But perhaps in this passage one has his due who missed it sorely:

More quickly forgotten than anything else in these days was the nation's debt of gratitude to Lord Haldane for re-organizing the army and for preparing, in the expeditionary force, the finest fighting weapon in recorded history. His admiration for Germany, his visits to the Kaiser, and his study of German methods led a people which prided itself on its dogged common sense to charge him with treacherous German sympathies; political opponents, eager enough before the party truce to discredit the ministry by destroying one of its most prominent members, encouraged the belief that Lord Haldane, while in temporary charge of the war office, had obstructed the mobilization of the expeditionary force; and the man who had made the new model army was credited with designs on the country which it saved. When once it is recognized that the English, in their present credulity and ignorance, are unfit for self-government, these aberrations become easily intelligible; it is not so easy to understand or justify the action of Lord Haldane's colleague who, for all their worthless moral support and for all their entreaties that he should remain in the cabinet, allowed him to be sacrificed to popular clamor without raising a voice or stirring a finger to protect him publicly.

Perhaps we shall never have a much more logical exposition of the way war operates to wreck a people's moral foundations than this:

To civilians, the crisis of March, 1918, arose suddenly; they may be thankful that it ended no less suddenly, but the results of the crisis outlived the crisis itself. In so far as it is true to say that the English ever lost their heads, they lost them between the March offensive and the December general election of 1918. For more than four years there had been the relaxation of bonds which is natural when life is no longer secure: sexual relationships became increasingly pro-

miscuous, marriages were contracted, abandoned, and dissolved with reckless disregard of private morals or public responsibility; and the craving for such excitement as would bring forgetfulness led to the excessive indulgence of every physical appetite.

While this relaxation continued at a steadily increasing pace, it was only in the final months of the war that the loss of self-control became inconsistent with a balanced mind. The sordid scandals of this last phase, born of intemperance in drink or drugs and stimulated to their climax by undisciplined passions, were occasionally dragged to light in a police court or at a coroner's inquest; but in degeneracy as in crime, it is usually the inexpert who is detected, and any one who lived in London during those feverish months had forced upon his notice a spectacle of debauchery which would have swelled the record of scandal if it had been made public, but which is mercifully forgotten because it was incredible.

In short phrase, the restraints of modern civilization were burst on the resurgence of primitive man. Honorable, kindly, fastidious, gentle and reserved spirits, dragged back across the ages, lied and cheated, fought and bullied in an orgy of intrigue and self-seeking, of intoxication and madness. Only in this way and at this price could those who had fared delicately and lived softly endure hardships which for generations or centuries had been removed from the average experience of civilization; the bravery of the savage emerged hand in hand with the savage's ferocity, his license, his superstition, and his credulity.

Nor is it all, or largely gloomy. It is merely human, natural; natural to woodsyne. In reading it you feel: "Yes, it must have been about that way." And when a book makes you feel like that, it is pretty certain to be because it is a good book. How delicious it is to read such exposures of our common nature and our common failings, such reflections of our little foibles of egoism and vanity as this description of the recession devolution:

The war lent a powerful impulse to this [social] promiscuity. The old entertaining was perforce suspended; but London still contained several hundred men and women who were bitten with a craving to meet the celebrity of the hour; and war is prolific of celebrities. Every day they threw up on the patient shores of England the man who had invented the new collapsible machine-gun, the man who had dropped bombs on Bagdad, the man who knew President Wilson's real feelings, the man whose slim volume of war-sonnets had convulsed the tea-tables of Chelsea. Night after night they were to be met at dinner; as their eyes lost the early dazed look, they became men with a message; later, as their message, whether on Bagdad or the White House, became crisply stereotyped, they faded to the back of the room and made way for some one yet more arresting.

And the effect on society, as far as it may profitably be defined? McKenna speaks as one having authority. He knows, it appears. If he does not, he is a successful conjuror of appearances into realities or realities into appearances, whichever you will. This cuts:

The intelligent foreigner, revisiting London after twenty years, would find difficulty in discovering the new great hostesses, the new great conversationalists, the wits, the beauties, even the eccentrics. The most famous Duchess of Devonshire is dead; Stafford House is a museum; where are the new stars shining? Who are the successors to the "Souls"? Among the authors and statesmen, the artists and actors, the soldiers and musicians, the journalists and financiers of the day there is abundant wisdom and wit, their women are sometimes radiantly beautiful; but it would be difficult to name more than six of the younger generation whose force of personality or strength of lung could prevail over the clatter of a society wherein a machine-gun-fire of colloquialisms, Robeyisms and the signs and countersigns of an exotic group do duty for intellect. Not until society has subdivided into manageable groups will a single weak human voice be able to make itself heard; and, until it is less blatantly vulgar, it would be surprising if a voice worth hearing cared to try.

In the reaction of the war nothing seems to matter. The *argot* of London varies from week to week, like the style of dressing and dancing; but the atmosphere is the same, the restlessness is the same, the mad striving after effect is the same, the want of purpose is the same; and it may be doubted whether the money and energy demanded of such a life are justified by the tepid, flat pleasure which they purchase. In ten years London has become steadily and uncaringly more greedy and vulgar. Breeding is a memory of childhood; manners grew blunt and were discarded during the years between the South African war and 1914; happiness has been lost to view in the hunt for distraction; and success is measured, arithmetically, by invitations.

Any writer trying to deal with the flow of events knows that the meanest thing to look up is the thing that happened a few weeks back. Any historian knows that the meanest history to try to trace is that of a few years ago, before sources have been classified and digested. This book, delightful in style, invigorating in treatment, is particularly a book of the recent, baffling period we dimly and confusedly remember. Its presentation is a real service to those seeking to understand their times—the madness "yesterday's madness did prepare"; to mangle old Omar a bit. For England, for the world, this is a transitional period; so we shall not attempt to state the conclusion. But a finale says: "One movement is ended. An *intermezzo* is playing, perhaps is already drawing to a close. Soon the new movement will begin."

The reader of this book is going to enjoy some interesting hours.

WHILE I REMEMBER. By Stephen McKenna. New York: The George H. Doran Company; \$5.

The following is a list of the most famous diamonds of the world: (1) the Braganza, (2) the Dudley, (3) the Florentine, (4) the Great Mogul, (5) the Hope, (6) the Koh-i-nur, (7) the Nassac, (8) the Orloff, (9) the Pigott, (10) the Pitt or Regent, (11) the Sancy, (12) the Shah, (13) the Star of the South.

Boston Hydrographic Office reports show that icebergs this year have drifted unusually far south, having been sighted fifty miles off the westbound transatlantic shipping lane.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 3, 1922 (five days), were \$116,500,000; for the week ending June 4, 1921 (five days), \$108,300,000; a gain of \$8,200,000.

For the first time since early last fall the market has had a full three-point reaction, as measured by the even figures of the average price swings of twenty-five industrial stocks. And, at the time this is being written, it appears to be likely that a further reaction, to correct a temporarily over-bought situation

But the speculator for a long pull should resolve to hold through any reaction which may possibly come at this time, confident that considerably higher prices will be reached before the dull, hot days of midsummer put a natural check upon dealings. And, further, it must be remembered that in every bull year prices normally make their highs in the fall market. And, if one sells now in anticipation of a reaction that may not materialize, there may be the disagreeable aftermath of having to buy back at higher levels.

The purpose in attempting to forecast the possible extent of the reaction which may follow the spring bulge is to forewarn those who are holding speculative stocks that they may be armed with confidence to "sit tight." Only traders who are close to the market should attempt to take advantage of the setback by getting out of stocks with the idea of repurchasing lower.

Of course, any reaction that may follow the halt in the upward movement may be expected to be more pronounced in some groups of stocks than in others, just as the forward movement has been more extensive in some groups than in others. There has also been considerable discrepancy in price movements within certain groups. For instance, in the motors, Studebaker has gone far ahead of Maxwell "A" and "B," Chandler, General Motors, and Hupp. Crucible has, until lately, lagged behind the other steel shares. Probably stocks like Baldwin Locomotive, Corn Products, and Studebaker have been temporarily distributed by pools which expect to repurchase on recessions.

And there are a number of stocks which might easily move counter to a reactionary movement in other parts of the list. U. S. Realty & Improvement, for instance, has just issued its 1921 earnings statement showing earnings of nearly \$17 a share. In the last two years fully \$33 a share has been earned on this stock, and the outlook for its real estate holdings and building operations is so bright that it is hardly conceivable that present prices adequately discount conditions.

Sears-Roebuck has risen but little above its record low, although mail order sales are improving from week to week and the outlook is for a gradual return to large profits and high selling prices for this issue.

The leather business has so recently recovered from severe depression that Central Leather has not yet attracted enough confident buying to lift the shares out of the distinct bargain class.

Likewise, American Can, Endicott-Johnson, Pacific Gas & Electric, Associated Dry Goods, Westinghouse Electric, Certain-Teed Products, National Lead, International Cement, American Cotton Oil, and American Linseed may all go higher on actual or prospective earnings, or on developments known to affect them favorably. These special movements on the up-side may occur before, during, or after any reaction that may now depress the main body of stocks.

In addition to the reopening of the mines and the definite signs of hardening in the price of copper metal as bull arguments on the copper stocks, there may before long be injected into the general market situation for

these shares the favorable factor of an Allied loan to Germany. Germany used to buy a very large proportion of the copper exported from the United States before the war, and it is doubtful if her supplies of the metal have been more than partially replenished since 1918. Among the copper and other metal and mining stocks there may be mentioned Anaconda, Butte & Superior, Chino, Cerro de Pasco, Chile, Kennecott, Inspiration, Ray, Utah, International Nickel, Dome Mines, and McIntyre Porcupine.

Among the rails, Pittsburgh & West Virginia, New Haven, and Southern Pacific have stood out during recent reactionary sessions. Pittsburgh & West Virginia has been favored partly because its coal subsidiary operates non-union mines, now on full time; New Haven has been bought because of the improved earnings outlook, due to lower operating expenses and an adjustment of freight rates on shipments handled in conjunction with roads west of the Hudson River.

It is probable that when the market starts up again—if the reaction does run true to form—railroad stocks will have a more prominent part, first, because investment buying, finding the yield of high-grade bonds fully adjusted to current money market conditions, will turn first to old-line, dividend-paying rails, and, second, because earnings results promise to be sufficiently attractive to invite

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within the market, is due, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Stocks were definitely headed for what promised to be a sharp setback when the announcement of the Bethlehem-Lackawanna merger, with hints that Lackawanna was to be taken in at a price far above its market level, concentrated buying in Lackawanna and a half a dozen other independent steels. Brisk run-ups in these stocks—the movement ran to more than twenty points in Lackawanna Steel in two sessions—brought about

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some new buying in various parts of the list and also drove some timid shorts to cover. But, after the fireworks were over, there were no indications that the position of the main body of stock had been changed.

A reaction at this time could bring the average of industrials down to between 88 and 90 without in any way suggesting a reversal of the trend. In fact, if the current reaction gains any headway, the market could hardly be expected to show much resistance before the level of late March and early April is again reached.

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& Ohio and Lehigh Valley are in line for dividend increases.

The oil stocks have had a substantial advance, and, judging from the market following that they have gained in the early stages of the bull market of 1922, they are likely to play a large part in the secondary advance of early summer and probably also in the fall rise. Pacific Oil, California Petroleum, Associated Oil, and Standard Oil of California have been the leaders on the Stock Exchange,

the National Industrial Conference Board, an association of employers, reports early this month that slight wage increases have taken place in several industrial centres, brought about partly by improved conditions in the plants concerned, and partly by an increased demand for labor. In the industrial sections of the Middle West a shortage in some classes of skilled workers is appearing and wage reductions in factories and mills are becoming less frequent, indicating that wages in most of these industries are now about at a level in keeping with prevailing living costs. A most encouraging feature in the situation is the general belief that price levels have touched bottom figures, and that such adjustments as may be made henceforth will be in the nature of stabilization, with upward tendencies rather than lower.

The improvement of trade in the past three months has given rise to some unduly bright forecasts, but these boom prophecies are the offspring of hope rather than of sound reasoning. A conservative analysis of the situation creates a doubt as to our ability to maintain for long any considerable expansion beyond our present rate of industrial output. When we reach the point where production satisfies the requirements of domestic consumers we will still be considerably below the peak activity for industry, and if maximum capacity is to be realized and maintained we must find and establish strong foreign markets to absorb our surplus. As a creditor nation, when we sell, some means of payment must be arranged, and as yet no method has been established for financing that part of our trade which requires long credits. Many plans have been proposed, but the machinery for long-term commercial loans is still lacking. The prospect of large imports to offset large exports is one which fills the country with

alarm, and a tariff bill to protect us against this calamity is pending. And there you are—no imports, no exports—no exports, limited production—limited production, restricted activity—with full prosperity still waiting.

The William R. Staats Company is a member of a syndicate offering a new issue of \$5,500,000 Sperry Flour Company first mortgage 6 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, due June 1, 1942, price 98½ and interest, yielding 6.10 per cent.

These bonds, in the opinion of counsel, will be a direct obligation of the company and will be secured by an absolute first mortgage on all fixed assets now owned or hereafter acquired. The fixed assets of the company have, according to an appraisal made in 1920 by the American Appraisal Company to which is added the value of properties acquired subsequent to the above appraisal, a reproduction value of \$13,501,491 and a sound value of \$11,289,631. In addition to the above, net current assets as shown by the consolidated balance sheet as of April 30, 1922, amount to \$4,235,955.57.

In order to handle the increasing business of the securities department of the American National Bank its stockholders have brought into existence an affiliated corporation, to be known as the American National Company, which is capitalized for \$200,000, and whose shares are owned by the stockholders of the American National Bank.

The new company will occupy quarters on the ground floor of the Merchants' Exchange Building, adjacent to the banking room, and its actual operations will date from June 1st. Its directors are P. E. Bowles, George U. Hind, John A. Britton, H. M. A. Miller, F. A. Somers, William Thomas, O. D. Jacoby, George N. O'Brien, Roger Sherman, and B. B. Brown. The officers will be: P. E. Bowles, president; John A. Britton, vice-president; George M. Bowles, vice-president and treasurer; Roger Sherman, secretary; B. B. Brown, manager.

The American National Company will pursue the policy of handling the same conservative investment securities that have been handled in the past by the American National Bank.

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annual interest charges on these bonds. Annual sinking fund to be applied to the purchase of bonds in the open market, not to



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exceed the callable price, or for calling same at 105 and accrued interest, is provided in an amount of \$200,000 per annum, commencing April 1, 1924. This sinking fund payment will be increased by an amount equal to all dividends paid on the common stock during the life of these bonds.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering the unmaturing portion of an issue of Logan Municipal Irrigation District, Logan County, Colorado, 6 per cent. bonds at prices to yield 6½ per cent. This district was formed and the bonds issued in 1911, at which time the entire issue was purchased by a large Colorado institution and held by them for investment until purchased by the local house. The bonds were sold to provide the cost of a storage reservoir, supplementing the direct flow then being obtained from the Platte River. The system has stood the test of time and proven highly successful, as shown by the increased crop returns, values, and population since its installation. All the land within the district is highly cultivated, the average holding being but ninety-one acres. The population is estimated at about 3600 and the district adjoins the city of Sterling with a 1920 census of 6500.

The lands within the Logan Irrigation District have an appraised value of \$1,715,625. The assessed valuation is \$940,810, while the bonded debt is only \$444,000—about one-fourth of the conservative value of the lands.

These bonds, maturing from 1923 to 1931, are offered at prices to yield 6½ per cent., income tax exempt.

Geary, Meiggs & Co. have moved into larger quarters on the seventh floor of the new California Commercial Union Insurance Building, owing to the demands of increasing business.

It is announced also that William Neilson has been admitted to the company as a partner. For some years he has been associated with Bond & Goodwin & Tucker, Inc., and last year he managed the Oakland office of that firm.

A book of memoirs written by the ex-Crown Prince of Germany has been published in the United States by Charles Scribner's Sons has also been brought out simultaneously in England, France, Germany, and other countries. The book, which has been written by the ex-Crown Prince's own hand during his exile in Holland, describes his home and school life, his military training, his experiences at court, and his visits to foreign royalties, among them Queen Victoria, the Czar, Abdul Hamid of Turkey, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and King Edward of England. He expresses a very high opinion of the latter, both as ruler and man. Part of the book is devoted to the part the ex-Crown Prince played in the war, particularly in connection with the Verdun drive. One of the many surprising revelations of the book, which, the publishers say, is written with evident sincerity, is the light it sheds on the ex-Crown Prince's character. Publication of these memoirs is said to have been forbidden by the ex-Kaiser, and this may have been because of the fact that the book very openly criticizes his policies and character. The lack of sympathy between father and son is evident, according to the Scribners.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Admirers of M. Maeterlinck have wondered why, in an era more interested in the mystic than any other of modern times, the great Belgian researcher has been silent. Before the war his was practically the only authoritative and dignified voice lifted in the interests of the uncanny. Not that M. Maeterlinck was or is an advocate for psychical manifestations. His peculiar merit has been the conjunction in one mind of the agnostic and the experimenter. His mind is both skeptical and open—a truly remarkable condition. For most skeptics are like the famous atheist who believed in no God and worshipped him. The average skeptic is so proud of his superior mental position that he will not risk his balance by investigation; but M. Maeterlinck is the true agnostic. He holds no brief for either side, but takes all the evidence and weighs it. However, his bolts on the subconscious mind, forward memory, etc., and the sort of manifestation that M. Flammarion and M. Richet are now presenting to an astonished world were shot long ago in "The Unknown Guest." "The Double Garden," and several others. Evidently the Belgian researcher does not believe in repetition. But those early books with a scientific attitude toward the mysterious should now receive a belated popularity. Maeterlinck's new book is of a philosophical rather than a psychological nature. "The Great Secret" (The Century Company; \$2) is rather a history of man's attempt to explain the inexplicable. It is a history of religion and a history of human thought, incredible as it seems, compressed into less than 300 pages. Incidentally, it appears that there is nothing new under the sun. The Darwinian theory crops up 6000 years ago in the Brahman Law of Manu; and Paracelsus, the medieval metaphysician, held that the subconscious was the seat of all human ailments—did M. Coué get a tip from him, we wonder? In short, "The Great Secret" is warranted to give one a great deal of information of the sort the professional philosopher has a monopoly on and to clarify one's chaotic conceptions of early psychology.

It would be interesting to know what has caused the revival of the short story—perhaps one should say the acceleration of the short story. The habitual reader of magazine fiction may stare, aghast, but the facts remain that there are two kinds of short story—the commercial and the genuine—and that more and more first-class writers are writing short stories or publishing old short stories than ever before. Dickens, James, Kipling, and Wells wrote tales, but with the exception of Kipling they never modeled them on the accepted short-story model of today. Perhaps it is the growing influence of the Russians and the French, masters of the genre, even though America claims priority with Poe. More likely, the public, surfeited with the sameness of novels, has turned for relief to the more various material of the briefer form of fiction.

Two collections of short stories have appeared during the week that reach a high-water mark in this field—"The Garden Party," by Katherine Mansfield (Knopf), and "The Hounds of Banba," by Daniel Corkery (Huebsch; \$1.50). The latter are Sinn Féin tales of present-day Ireland of which one can only say they are perfect. They pull the short story back to its proper boundaries, the history of an incident. As the material is dramatic and presumably veracious, and as Mr. Corkery's style is of the superb order that conceals art and becomes a veritable medium, there is really nothing more to be said than to recommend "The Hounds of Banba."

"The Garden Party" is a very different thing, and it will undoubtedly interest more people than the stories discussed above. In fact Miss Mansfield's stories could be taken as the exact antithesis of David Corkery's. Where his are in perfect technique of the established form and depend for their interest on pure action and for their beauty on faultless style, Miss Mansfield's have an iconoclastic technique and a rather consciously beautiful style. Action is practically nil. The unusual quality of this young English writer's work is that she does not "compose" her material. She is not concerned with plot. The result is that her stories have a remarkable vraisemblance to life. Miss Mansfield's stories have the air of saying, "If this were a novel it would end thus so: since it is not it won't end at all. Things rarely do in life." All this means that her work has an extraordinary freshness and originality, not the hectic originality of a Poe or even an Arthur Machen. Miss Mansfield's head is screwed on all right. But she has had the inspiration to write of things as they really appear to her, and the result is charming. It is probably unique in character in English fiction.

R. G.

Wilfrid Ewart's war story, "Way of Revelation," recently published by the Putnam's, has sold 12,000 copies in England.

### Notes of Books and Authors.

It is rumored that Elizabeth of "German Garden" fame is putting the finishing touches to a long novel. When Elizabeth wrote her first best-seller she was the Countess von Arnim and now she is the Countess Russell.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke is contributing a poem, Professor Allan Marquand a story of the monument, and Professor Thomas J. Wertenbaker an account of the battle for a book in commemoration of the battle of Princeton and the erection of the Princeton battle monument. The monument will be unveiled on June 9 by President Harding, and the book will be published this summer by the Princeton University Press.

Harrison Rhodes' satirical novel, "High Life," which McBride's published a year ago, will soon be produced as a play, with Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, and Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôles. The dramatic version of the story has been prepared by A. E. Thomas.

About five years ago a schoolmaster in a little village in Scotland sat down and told all he knew and all he thought about education as it is practiced in his country. His confession, which was published as "A Dominie's Log," scored somewhat of a sensation in both Great Britain and America, and eventually caused the dismissal of the author, A. S. Neill. Now Mr. Neill has come forward with a new book, "A Dominie in Doubt" (Robert M. McBride & Co.), in which he reflects upon Freud, socialism, the human race, and reconsiders his opinions on education in the same delightfully casual manner which distinguished his first book.

"The Life of the Scorpion," by Jean Henri Fabre, completing the great French naturalist's *Souvenirs entomologiques*, is announced for publication this fall. Thirteen volumes devoted to the spider, the fly, to wasps, beetles, and other insects, have preceded this work. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the book.

Miss Nora Heald has recently been appointed dramatic critic of the *Daily Mail*. This is said to be the first time that a woman has held such a position on the staff of a London daily newspaper. Miss Heald is one of two clever sisters of the late Ivan Heald, a well-known British humorist who was killed during the war.

A "Portrait of George Moore in a Study of His Work" has been written by John Freeman and was published by the Appletons last week. Mr. Freeman is one of the most prominent of the younger English poets, and has been a winner of the Hawthornden prize. He has succeeded in this study of George Moore in presenting a combination of biography and literary estimate which makes altogether delightful reading and which forms a clear estimate of the Irish novelist and his works. George Moore's life has been picturesque and his tendency towards reminiscence affords a biographer a wealth of material. Mr. Freeman proves himself a discerning student of the man and work, and the portrait is a complete one, from the Irish childhood, through French student years, through the days in London, the contact with famous men and women, and with such movements as the Celtic Revival. The value of the volume is enhanced by the bibliography of the works of George Moore, compiled by Mr. Henry Danielson, and the list of values of the Moore editions.

Apropos of the large sales that are blessing the publication of Mr. Kennan's "Life of Harriman," an English weekly says: "It is a curious fact that English readers take little interest in biographies of successful business men. One remembers half a dozen books of the sort which have been reviewed all right and yet have not sold. There was even the case of a memoir of that remarkable creature of South African mining, Barney Barnato. In America it seems to be different, for a New York publisher who is in London just now says that a life of Harriman, the railroad builder, is having a really large circulation. Possibly this may partly be accounted for by the fact that Mr. George Kennan, who once exposed the atrocities of Siberian penal servitude, has written it."

Thomas Burke, the author of "Limehouse Nights," has a new London book of yarns ready for publication. Mr. Burke has been invited by Charlie Chaplin to visit the screen comedian in Los Angeles. Mr. Burke reports that he would like to accept, but can not. "It is," says Mr. Burke, "the hardest thing in the world for me to make a short railway journey at home." The prospect of a week at sea and another week trans-America makes Mr. Burke shudder with apprehension.

Adventures Magazine has selected Arthur D. Howden Smith, war correspondent, lecturer, historian, author of "The Doom Trail" (Brentano's), as one of nine men to take charge of the exploring expedition to be conducted in conjunction with the forthcoming

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expedition of Yale University. Mr. Smith is polishing up that 1740 muzzle-loading musket which was one of the inspirations of "The Doom Trail."

An interesting little story attaches to "Marie Chappellaine," the French-Canadian story published some time ago by Macmillan. Two Canadian men of letters, Sir Andrew Mac Phail of Montreal and Mr. W. H. Blake of Toronto, decided jointly to translate Louis Hémon's story into English. To this end they divided it between them, chapter by chapter, but when they compared their translations they found they would not join. One rendering held closely to Hémon's French text, while the other gave it a free rendering. The consequence is that there are two good English translations of a very good book.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Kiel and Jutland.

It is a novel experience to read a book in which the term "enemy" refers to the Allied nations of the late war. The novelty may be enjoyed by reading "Kiel and Jutland," by the German commander Georg von Hase, first gunnery officer of the *Derfflinger*. This remarkable book, which is translated by Arthur Chambers and F. A. Holt, and published by the eminent English house of Skeffington and by our American publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., shows how far we have come from the heated propaganda days of the war. Commander von Hase's book is written as a defense of the German nation. Theoretically its popularity should be a test of the validity of peace and of our present neutrality; actually, it is hard to approach the book with an unbiased mind. Nevertheless "Kiel and Jutland" has its historic interest. It would be important if for no other reason than that it furnishes the bona fide German attitude. We have been told by travelers in the Teutonic countries that the Germans consider themselves a wronged and maligned people. Commander von Hase bears out the statement. He says: "In relating events from my old professional days my aim is to do something towards filling young Germany with the same pride in our Fatherland which inspired us grown-ups before we had to draw our sword against a world of enemies. It was with that proud feeling that we were in no way inferior to any nation upon earth that we fought during four long years and stepped from victory to victory until we finally collapsed when men of our own race, essentially un-German, knocked our weapons out of our hands in the moment of betrayal." Truly,

an impassioned appeal which should stir all hearts!

"Kiel and Jutland" is divided into two parts; the first being devoted to a history of "Kiel Week," which the Germans and the English celebrated amicably together in June, 1914, just before the outbreak of the European war and during which the murder at Serajevo occurred. The second part is a German history of the battle of Skagerrak, where Von Hase "had the good fortune to be in the thickest of the fight, to take a personal part in every phase of the action, and thus played a decisive part in the destruction of the two English battle-cruisers, *Queen Mary* and *Invincible*."

KIEL AND JUTLAND. By Commander Georg von Hase. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

## The Love-Story of Allette Brunton.

The eternally interesting problem of divorce and the eternally monotonous triangle motif are the bases of "The Love-Story of Allette Brunton," by Gilbert Frankau. The chief difference between this novel and most of its genre is that Mr. Frankau has written it as a sincere plea for divorce. His argument for divorce as an inevitable attending evil of our civilization is unanswerable on the case he presents. And doubtless his representation of present-day English society is authentic. Devotees of realistic problem novels will enjoy "The Love-Story of Allette Brunton," as it is well written and has the legal variety of verisimilitude without which a novel on divorce would be sadly lacking in atmosphere.

THE LOVE STORY OF ALLETTE BRUNTON. By Gilbert Frankau. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

## A Short History of American Literature.

A very valuable and incidentally inex-

pensive handbook of American literature has recently been edited by Messrs. Trent, Erskine, Sherman and Van Doren. It is based on the reliable "Cambridge History of American Literature," but is compactly issued in one volume and with special reference to the needs of college students. However, it is an admirable reference work for any one not possessed of the longer four-volume "Cambridge History." The editors of both works are the same.

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, and Carl Van Doren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.75.

## Three Juvenile Books

Among Little, Brown & Co.'s attractive juvenile publications are the two boys' books, "Ted and the Telephone," by Sara Ware Bassett, and "Drake and the Adventurers' Cup," by Isabel Hornibrook. The former of these is volume three in the Invention Series. "Drake and the Adventurers' Cup" is the fourth volume about Lanny Drake, boy scout, whose career at Maunsert Academy is chronicled in the present volume.

"Plays for School and Camp," by Katharine Lord, is a solution of the class play problem. The six plays here reproduced are all within the acting and producing scope of the average group of youngsters, though two of them have been professionally produced in New York. The collection should prove a boon to teachers looking for plays of simple settings and suitable material.

TED AND THE TELEPHONE. By Sara Ware Bassett. DRAKE AND THE ADVENTURERS' CUP. By Isabel Hornibrook. PLAYS FOR SCHOOL AND CAMP. By Katharine Lord. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.65, \$1.75, and \$1.50 respectively.

## New Books Received.

WHAT TIMMY DID. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75. A mystery story.

JOINING IN PUBLIC DISCUSSION. By Alfred Dwight Sheffield. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25. A study in effective speechmaking.

A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, and Carl Van Doren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.75.

Based upon the Cambridge History of American Literature.

EVERYDAY USES OF ENGLISH. By Maurice H. Wesen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2. A reference book for office and classroom.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH. By Emma Beatrice Brunner. New York: Brentano's; \$1.90. A mystery story.

TRAMPING WITH A POET IN THE ROCKIES. By Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A tramping tour undertaken by Stephen Graham and Vachel Lindsay.

JESSICA'S BOOK. By William Van Wyck. London: Selwyn & Blount. Verse.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$3. The fifth edition, thoroughly revised and brought up to date.

HAY-FEVER. By William C. Holloper. M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$2. Its prevention and cure.

THE HOUNDS OF BANBA. By Daniel Corkery. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; \$1.50. Irish short stories.

SHALL IT BE AGAIN? By John Kenneth Turner. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; \$2.50. A discussion of the next war.

THE CRYSTAL COFFIN. By Maurice Rostand. New York: Robert McBride & Co.; \$2. A novel. Translated from the French by Alys Eyre Macklin.

INDELIBLE. By Elliot H. Paul. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75. "A story of life, love, and music in five movements."

DRAKE AND THE ADVENTURER'S CUP. By Isabel Hornibrook. New York: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75. For boys of twelve and more.

THE GRAY PHANTOM'S RETURN. By Herman London. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.; \$1.75. A detective story.

THE VALLEY OF CONTENT. By Blanche Upright. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.; \$1.90. A novel.

THE SHRIEK. By Charles Somerville. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.; \$1.25. A satirical burlesque.

'BROKEN STOWAGE.' By David W. Bone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. Sea sketches.

THE DETOUR. By Owen Davis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50. A play in three acts.

EIGHT COMEDIES FOR LITTLE THEATRES. By Percival Wilde. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

LITTLE THEATRE CLASSICS. Adapted and edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. Volume IV of this series.

PLAYS FOR SCHOOL AND CAMP. By Katharine Lord. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50. For boys and girls ten to fifteen.

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SHASTA WATER COMPANY

By Gerald Elton Fosbrooke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A statement of methods for the study of the indications of character which are built into the face as a result of mental and bodily reactions."

THE EXEMPLARY THEATRE. By Harley Granville-Barker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. The basis of the theatre's use to society.

THE CITY OF FIRE. By Grace Livingston Hill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2. A novel.

EUROPE IN CONVALESCENCE. By Alfred E. Zimmern. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50. An analysis of post-war Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, in fitting up their apartment, will do well to scrutinize closely the furniture they buy, and especially any carpets "made in Germany," says the *New York Tribune*. It is reported that many carpets coming from Germany are made of paper and the imitation is so perfect that it is difficult to detect it. A great number of so-called leather objects are also, it appears, made of compressed paper, and the public takes it for real leather because it has its color and grain; moreover, most of these articles have been impregnated with a chemical product which gives the odor of leather. Nor is that all. Many neckties of "knitted silk" are in reality paper, and the German chemists have succeeded in imparting to them the softness of silk, so that at a distance one is easily deceived. Germany also manufactures a linoleum which is a paper composition treated with creosote. Apparently, paper is still plentiful and cheap, in spite of the amount used for money.

It has been estimated that in the forty years from 1880 to 1920 the annual value of American farm products increased from \$44 to \$185 per capita. Some of this rise is, of course, due to the falling value of money.

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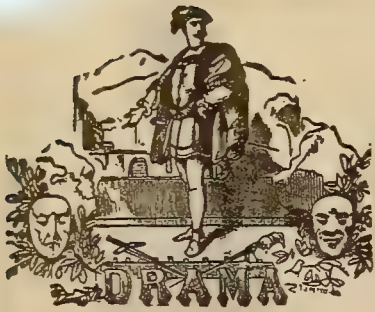
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ELSIE AND HER GANG.

Some girl, that Elsie! Any girl that can capture the public as Elsie Janis has, with her fresh, spirited, delightfully individualistic comedy, has accomplished a feat. For ten years, at least, she has been a great favorite. And her service as an entertainer to the soldier boys during the war did the rest. We found then that she is the real article, and when she comes out and "makes a little talk," preceding the show, the fact is again demonstrated. Elsie is all wool and a yard wide.

One of the most delightful of human traits is that sense of genuineness that Elsie Janis conveys. I have never seen the comedienne anywhere except on the stage, but I know, I feel absolutely certain, that off it, in spite of the success she has made of her life, in spite of the frightful tendency of human nature to swell-headedness that follows success, Elsie Janis is too busily engaged working, observing, recording, and playing to be too much engrossed with herself. She has the observant eye, the mind that retains, the face, the voice, the slender, wiry, graceful, naturally dancing body that express. In fact, Elsie Janis has actually succeeded in introducing artistry in musical comedy, for she herself is an artist.

Let me see, what do they call the show? I have to pause and look at my programme. Just "Elsie Janis and Her Gang," the piece being a sequence of vivid impressions strung on the frailest of connecting threads.

But that doesn't make any difference, for the impressions are very vivid. The show begins conventionally, with an array of "eight bobs"—eight bobbed little, young, smiling fledglings all of a size. They are the regular thing, but neither Elsie nor her gang are.

The gang consists of fourteen young men who are not at all of the chorus man stripe. They look different. In fact, like Elsie, they give you a strong impression of being the real article. They are, the majority of them, tall, fine, husky, athletic-looking chaps. They sing well, carry themselves well, can toss off a comedy stunt, a chorus, a dance, any old thing that's asked for, in first-rate style, and one sees at a glance that they are sure to carry flapper scalps by the hundred; more than is good for them.

The piece is full of pretty little snatches of haunting sentiment set to the sweetest, most wistful of tunes. Elsie Janis' voice is small—she makes a joke or so about it—or else she has a cold, but whatever she sings she endues with art. She is, of course, the central motive, but she gives the others plenty of stage centre, especially Gus Shy, a human cork whose humor is as irrepressibly effervescent as his dancing, which has a quality of amazement, it is so incredibly light, swift, sure, and instinctively witty. Yes, Gus can be witty with his balancing muscles and his thews and sinews as well as with his tongue.

One comedian will assure a musical comedy of success, and here we have this born humorist backing up the queen bee in her busy hive of artistically created impressions.

Elsie Janis is the kind of player who stamps herself on the consciousness so deeply that as I write I can hear the soft, humorous, ingratiating voice, and see the big blue flash of her rolling eyes that occasionally comes as startlingly, when she is making her point, as the sudden white flash of an alternating beacon on a lighthouse.

The most remarkable effect she achieved was as Mimi in the Montmartre scene, in which she gave her *tour de force*, depicting Mimi as a Normandy girl who has become a sort of queen of the Apache group that consorts in a low, thievish dive. Chester Grady, an athletic six-footer of a handsome countenance, played the dandy, the kingpin of the group, and made a striking figure. But the song that Elsie Janis sang, depicting her thralldom to the pitying young American chivalry who would rescue her from her slavery, was a gamut of emotions and really most beautifully executed. She sang it in extremely creditable French, and when she relapsed into English in the scene her suggestion of Frenchness of character and speech was excellently done.

As a variant to the submissive Mimi, held in the ages-old spell of yearning love to her master, was the previous picture of the spunky young bride, spilling a lot of beans when she faces the possibility of her bridegroom having a past.

Then there were quantities of other taking scenes; eighteen all told, every one of them leaving some kind of aftermath; reminiscent laughter, or delight in Jerrien Thayer's sweet, haunting voice, or pleasure in dancing that was professional skill plus natural effervescence; or an occasional flash of drama.

And Elsie Janis, it seems, has worked up the whole thing, collected the "gang," trained them in their specialties, written the plotless but eminently entertaining, untitled framework of the show, and is the core and centre of the whole affair. It—the show—is *sui generis*, and so is the company; leaving out the "eight bobs," who have the usual musical-comedy choral qualifications; pretty faces, pretty smiles, pretty teeth, pretty legs, flat, childish voices.

Although in her preliminary address Elsie Janis deprecates the idea that their show is expensively gotten up in regard to costumes and scenery, there are a number of ingenious and highly entertaining novelties in the show which contain the element of surprise, while several of the sets, notably those of Honey-moon Cottage and the Kingdom of Discontent have more than a flavor of poetic beauty.

San Franciscans, by the way, will enjoy Elsie Janis' very clever impersonation of Ethel Barrymore's characteristically drawling, throaty utterance, having seen that fascinating lady so lately—and there were others; notably one of Sam Bernard.

Miss Janis expresses, in a note on the programme, her gratitude to Messrs. Finck, Simon, and Ivan for supplying the music to several of the numbers, but it seems that this versatile humorist is responsible for some of it, the sum total of impressions leaving us with the conviction that though she is versatile she can shine brilliantly in every specialty she undertakes.

#### AMERICANIZING FRENCH PLAYS.

Ever since Margaret Anglin's last season in San Francisco, when she played "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Trial of Joan of Arc," and "The Woman of Bronze," she has been

having a prolonged and financially successful tour with the latter play.

It is by Kistemaekers, the Belgian playwright, who is something of a melodramatist. Miss Anglin had the original play, "La Rivale," altered to suit American standards, and as it now stands it is theatrically effective, but totally devoid of the acute psychology which Bataille develops in all of his plays.

It would not be surprising if Henry Miller had the success of "The Woman of Bronze" in mind when he chose the Bataille play, and hoped to parallel its financial success. He has with "La Tendresse" a much profounder exploration into the depths of human nature to work on than was the case with "The Woman of Bronze," yet perhaps the very meretriciousness of the situations in that play, and a certain sensationalism of treatment, caused its success.

At any rate it yielded Miss Anglin her financial thews and sinews when she occasionally refreshed herself with a representation of the historical Joan of Arc piece, or with a return to her favorite Greek drama.

"The Woman of Bronze," however, is now slated for a vacation, or, perhaps, permanent retirement, Miss Anglin having sailed for Greece, probably to rest her wearied soul by the contemplation of the pure and noble lines of Grecian architecture, and perhaps to cull an impression or two which will bear fruit in future representations of the Greek tragedies.

In the meantime we shall follow with keen interest the future fortunes of the Bataille play. It has situations totally foreign to American ideas: that, for instance, in which Barnac wrestles with his grief after the parting from his faithless mistress, regarded, meanwhile, with the deepest, most respectful sympathy by his two friends; all three men long past their youth.

It would be next to impossible to parallel the situation in an American play. Imagine any famous American author—Barnac was a famous author—accepting the sympathy, under similar circumstances, of his compassionate friends. Or take some prominent business man, or a hard-headed scenario writer, and imagine them wearing the willow for a faithless love. No man in America would be allowed to witness that especial brand of grief except a newspaper reporter, who would be granted his immemorial right to make copy and capital of it.

But San Francisco audiences accepted the enchanting Marthe, in spite of her temperamental irregularities. So now it remains to be seen how New Yorkers will take to her.

I don't believe that all of our innocent American auditors fully grasped the meaning of that scene, in the extremely French and intensely interesting second act; the one, I mean, with young D'Abincourt; a scene which served as a sidelight upon Marthe's character, so gayly warmed and lighted by the mere joy of living.

The handsome, ingenuous boy served as a passing lure. Marthe, French to the fingertips, tasted the fugitive joy of that encounter; tasted it fully, and then the youth was gracefully relegated to the limbo of forgotten things; for the moment; for there were other fish to fry.

Ruth Chatterton is not an actress of strong self-consciousness, and therefore the real meaning of the encounter was not fully developed as it would have been on the French stage, gracefully and prettily though the scene was presented.

For I find that I do not agree with those who have accepted Marthe as a semi-conventional figure of the drama. There is nothing whatsoever conventional about Marthe; not even her dalliances in the primrose path; for Bataille does not do things that way.

#### LE VOYAGE DE M. PERRICHON.

The spring season of La Gaité Française, our local French theatre, which is cherished as a proud possession both by its French and its American clientèle, ended with five gala performances of the ever-famous Labiche comedy. I call them gala performances because of the unusually large attendance at each representation, and because of the fresh and hilarious enjoyment of the overflowing audiences.

"Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," long established as a classic because of the genial philosophy of life underlying its large and tolerant humor, as well as its wholesome gayety, has never lost its hold on French theatre-goers, so amusingly and gayly does it make a comedy presentation of the foibles of human vanity. It still receives periodic representation at the Comédie Française on some of those regular occasions when it is recognized that the famous classics, serious or otherwise, are due to have their turn.

It is a play that is always read and studied by students of French, and hence Americans in the delightfully responsive audiences at La Gaité Française enjoyed with hilarity scenes and situations that, for the first time, they experienced the delight of seeing enacted on the stage.

Which, viewed in conjunction with the suc-

cess of the two Molière pieces recently presented at this theatre, would seem to indicate that regular revivals of the more famous French classics are apt to receive enthusiastic support both from the Franco-American and American patrons of La Gaité Française.

The comedy was presented with spirit and zest by the French company, M. Ferrier taking the lead with an amusing characterization of Papa Perrichon that abounded with the spirit of lively burlesque, the other players adhering more closely to the conception of a group of the prosperous bourgeoisie out for a sedate but enjoyable holiday. The two young suitors were very satisfactorily represented, M. Frediani's amiable romanticism of style making due contrast to the roguishly shrewd

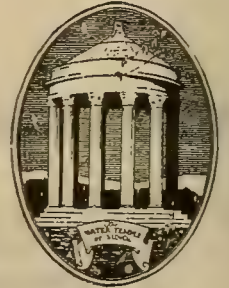
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That is to say, increasing the height of Calaveras Dam in southern Alameda County so as to about double all of the present available storage capacity of the system, and building a new aqueduct from the Alameda branch to Crystal Springs Reservoir in San Mateo County, would prevent a series of dry years from endangering the supply.

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knowledge of life so aptly conveyed by M. Puttaert. Miss Madeleine Gray gave a suitably conventional representation of a Labiche "jeune fille bien élevée," and Miss Laurence Péchin, departing from the foolish conception of the mother of a girl of twenty looking sixty, presented an animated impersonation of Perrichon's commonsensical wife, making her a comely matron of the prosperous bourgeoisie.

Other members of the company did good work, R. Mercier making something of a hit as the physically imposing commandant, and M. Fallon and Gustave Lechten competently rounding out the cast of principals.

La Gaité Française will not reopen until October, M. and Mme. Ferrier, accompanied by a few young players, having planned a trip to Mexico, where they will give both concerts and plays in French. They will depart, however, with the agreeable consciousness of having had a very successful wind-up to their season, and of having attracted quite distinguished company to the theatre at the final representation; for several eminent artists were there who are to figure in the Stanford Stadium operatic festival, and people also recognized the familiar features of Governor Stephens and his wife.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Tigers with a Taste for China.

A British official writes in the *Asia Magazine*: "Once during my residence as a government officer in the Malay Peninsula I was watching coolies clearing the jungle for a house that was being built on a hill just above mine. Suddenly I heard an unusual hubbub, and, looking up, saw a black panther loping away with a Chinaman in his mouth. Chinese coolies could seldom be brought to believe in the reality of dangers from animals that they looked on as only cats of abnormal dimensions. I saw this valor of ignorance tragically illustrated one day when I took some police out to help me track a tiger responsible for the loss of many lives. From a too distant eminence we soon caught sight of a Chinaman, slowly strolling along, sucking a piece of sugar-cane. Out sprang the tiger, but missed his mark, the back of the man's head. Without any acceleration of pace, the coolie, merely withdrawing the cane from his mouth, waved at the tiger and 'shished' him away. The whole manœuvre took a second, and the tiger disappeared. Concealed in the jungle, however, he silently followed alongside the path and, round a farther turn of this zigzag road, he made another and more accurate spring, and, carrying the Chinaman with him, vanished once more. "At a certain place where a gang was assembled for work, a man-eater used to take a Chinaman each evening after dark from almost the same spot. This continued for some time. Learning of it, the superintendent of police, Captain Syers, our great *shikari*, dressed as a Chinaman and nightly patrolled the road. Malays laughed, saying, 'Of course the tiger knows all about it.' They believed that the tiger possessed supernatural intelligence. And it certainly seemed that he did, for after many nights without sleep, the sportsman, who had never had the slightest indication of a tiger's presence, gave up and went home. The evening of his departure that tiger carried off another Chinaman from the same spot."

A new light is thrown on the ancient controversy regarding the home of the Indo-Europeans by Harold H. Bender's study, recently published by the Princeton University Press. The author is professor of Indo-Germanic philology at Princeton, and the solution offered in "The Home of the Indo-Europeans" is a linguistic one.

Hail insurance began in 1880, by a mutual company of Connecticut tobacco growers.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

"Mr. Pim Passes By" will be seen at the Columbia Theatre, Monday, June 19th, for a limited engagement. This is the first Milne comedy to come to San Francisco, and is accounted the best. It is presented here by A. L. Erlanger with the entire original New York company, headed by Laura Hope Crews as Olivia. Associated with Miss Crewes in the leading rôles are Dudley Digges as George Marden, Erskine Sanford as Mr. Pim, Leonard Mudie as Brian, Alison Bradshaw as Dinah, Augusta Haviland as Lady Marden, and Madeline Barr as Anne.

There are no problems in "Mr. Pim Passes By." It is just good fun. The story of the play concerns the casual visit of the elderly and forgetful Mr. Pim to the quiet Marden household in England. A chance remark he makes spreads consternation, for it would indicate that the delightful Olivia Marden was a bigamist, much to the horror of her eminently respectable husband, George Marden. In the end it appears that Mr. Pim had made a mistake, but the complications that ensued enabled the matchmaking Olivia to obtain her husband's consent to the marriage of her niece to a rising young artist. "Mr. Pim Passes By" is in three acts, with the scenes laid in the English country home of George Marden on a day in July. Its success has been far out of the ordinary. Seldom has so thoroughly entertaining a comedy been set before delighted theatre-goers.

Elsie Janis and her gang continue at the Columbia next week.

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

Singer's Midgets are a circus, an extravaganza, an athletic exhibition, and a fashion parade all in one, presented by thirty diminutive men and women, whose height ranges from twenty-eight to thirty-nine inches and whose weight runs from twenty-eight to sixty pounds. They are assisted in turn by three elephants, twenty-two ponies, one midget lion, three deer, thirty dogs, four monkeys, one pig, one midget donkey, three canary birds, and a clever "sleeve" Pekingese. Ned Wayburn, director of musical spectacles, staged the production, while Joseph Urban, first of scenic artists in America, designed and executed the elaborate settings.

Grace Nelson is an American-made prima donna who has an abundance of stage presence and a gracious personality. She sings with ease and grace with a voice of wide range and bell-like clearness.

"Salvo" is a simultaneous discharge of artillery. Savo is the artilleryman who sets off this particular salvo and the charge is screams. To state the case simply, Jimmy Savo, assisted by Joan Franza, presents "A Salvo of Screams." He is a droll, eccentric comedian.

Niobe is an attractive young woman who, in her glass aquarium, disports herself with a flock of fish, doing many things under water which they can't even attempt. Her voice is quite audible in all parts of the theatre, though she is submerged. No mechanical device or illusion is employed in this exhibition.

George Barr McCutcheon's story, "Anderson Crow, Detective," was one of the best sellers, and through Jack ("Rube") Clifford, Crow is becoming a stage favorite. Mr. Clifford is a character actor who specializes in "rube" types. His Station Agent in "Jasper Junction" was a high light in rural characterization and his portrayal of Anderson Crow, detective, is as good a piece of character acting.

Lola and Senia are as fine a pair of dance artists as the Orpheum has seen in many a day. Trained in the continental schools of Europe, their work is the height of artistry with all the fire and passion of the Russian dancer.

Paul Decker and his company in their comedy "I Heard!!!" will remain for a second week.

Professor Wilde Hart delivered in London the other day a lecture on the redrawing of the maps of Europe and took the occasion to relate some delightful anecdotes, which testified to the almost incredible ignorance of the experts who played the part of amateur diplomats at the Entente conferences. Thus he told how an English personality of high rank, in the course of a conference of the Allies, in all earnestness advised the Italian delegates to export to England large quantities of bananas as a means of raising the rate of foreign exchange. Another of these wise men could not be convinced that Danzig was not in the Mediterranean. One of the members of the English commission in Upper Silesia, Professor Hart declared, was appointed to this office because of his knowledge of the Greek and Turkish languages. "They probably assumed," the lecturer explained, "that Upper Silesia was situated in Asia Minor."

Existing coal mines in this country can produce from 700,000,000 to 900,000,000 tons a year.

#### THE STEEL WORKERS' DAY.

In addressing the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation at the last annual meeting Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board, made this statement on the subject of the working day:

"I think I ought to refer briefly to the twelve-hour-day question. As always, this has been a very difficult one. As you know, it has been our policy for years to eliminate long hours, long turns, and the seven-day week. The seven-day week was discontinued long since, and the fact published. In the early part of 1921 we had entirely eliminated the long turn, which occurred at the time shifts were made. Between October, 1920, and March, 1922, we reduced the twelve-hour men from 32 per cent. of the workmen to 14 per cent. Those 14 per cent. of course were engaged in what is termed continuous operations, where it was necessary to keep the machinery going uninterruptedly. There is no other practicable way.

"We would like and hope to eliminate all of the twelve-hour-day work if practicable. In the first place we meet the opposition of the men themselves, who wish to work longer hours in order to make larger compensation. I have stated before in discussing this question that twelve hours means twelve hours a day on duty, not twelve hours continuous work. About six hours only of the twelve the men are actually engaged in work.

"You may remember that the committee of five stockholders, appointed on the motion of a stockholder several years ago, in their final report stated that while they would like to see various things done away with, including the twelve-hour day, they realized it would not be practicable or possible 'for any one employer or any number of employers to inaugurate a shorter hour system unless a similar policy should be adopted by all employers in the same industry.' The reason is obvious: If one employer or a number of employers should offer employees a limited number of hours, less than twelve hours, and other employers in the same line offered their workmen the opportunity of working twelve hours, so that larger earnings would be received, the men would leave the mills or the furnaces of lesser hours and engage with competitors who offered longer hours.

"Many of the highest officials of our corporation and subsidiary companies work twelve hours a day, and some of them more than twelve hours. They are not harmed by doing it; they do it because they feel their responsibility and they want to do the very best possible for the stockholders of their respective companies. And we believe the general public is perfectly willing that the officers should work as many hours a day as they please."

##### Nightfall in Africa.

It was a weird and isolated place, that escarpment, and as I sat watching the sun slowly sink towards the rim of the mountain range beyond the Rift Valley I became aware of a strange thing, says Llewelyn Powys in the *North American Review*. It was as though all Africa at that enchanted hour was under some curious influence, as if it waited expectantly with indrawn breath for this half of the earth's globe to turn itself once again towards the spangled darkness of ultimate space.

With the coming of the night the whole air became vibrant, quivering, palpitating. From innumerable minute scaly throats a song of praise rose to the creator of the world. In shrill and high tones that fantastical chorus throbbed and hummed against my ear drum. Now and again far above my head would sound the romantic alien call of some wild fowl winging its solitary way through the night. I waited and waited.

A damp air, chilling and invisible, rose from the lake. It had about it the smell of thousands of unrecorded years that had passed in quiet procession over these remote waters, while century after century trees grew to their prime and rotted to water-logged decay, while century after century the bones of fabulous equatorial animals accumulated upon the slimy mud of the lake's bottom. It had about it the smell of water-pythons, of incredible crustacea, and of the fecund spawn of insects.

Then suddenly, loud and clear, breaking in upon the stillness of that wide moonlit stretch of water till every flag and every reed seemed to tremble, sounded the harsh note of a hungry leopard.

##### Actors and Statesmen.

Our early Presidents were friends of the actors, and corresponded with them as well as with the playwrights, says Montrose J. Moses in the *North American Review*. One reaches the conclusion that never, since the 'seventies or 'eighties, has the playhouse in America been so closely in touch with the social life of the people. I like to run through Washington's expense book to measure how frequently he bought tickets for the play; I enjoy the correspondence between John Adams and our polemical dramatist,

Mrs. Mercy Warren; did not John Quincy Adams carry on a spirited debate with James H. Hackett, of Falstaff fame, regarding the plays of Shakespeare? It was a known thing in those days for legislatures to adjourn that an actor might be seen by the lawmakers. The romance of the play in America, therefore, is the romance of America in the making.

For the first time since 1914 there has been a decrease in the amount of tobacco consumed in France.

## GATO GOSSIP

### Is it or is it not?

What's all this talk about "mild Havana," "all Havana filler," "Havana blend," and so forth? Nice little phrases, true; but what do they mean?

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**SAN FRANCISCO-  
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AND PIERCE-ARROW STAGE**VANITY FAIR.**

Nancy Langhorne, Viscountess Astor, M. P., has been interviewed on a railway train, and the opinions thereby extracted have been duly published in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. It may seem a bit old-fashioned not to have interviewed her on an aeroplane, but she has not yet reached that speed. Lady Astor warns us against a feminized America, and express disesteem for women's political parties. Probably this will disappoint those yearning hearts that looked to her as the banner-bearer of women in politics as women, but so it is. She declares that while there will always be a difference in the masculine and feminine ways of looking at things, the different views must be brought to some sort of common soft focus if cooperation and harmony are not to be altogether lost. "Men need women," she says, "in politics as much as they do in the home. No man can live alone without holes coming in his socks and his buttons dropping off." That is true, and to the point. How it is going to darn the perforated sock and replace the departed button to have the women, whose immemorial service such darning and replacing are, sitting in legislative halls passing laws or attempted laws to regulate the conduct of their husbands it is difficult for a mere man to understand. Of course, we do not expect all women to inhabit the halls of legislation, unless those halls are enlarged; there are many who will stay at home and darn and knit and wash and sew on buttons. But if all women that wish to enter on the troubled ways of politics were to do so, a good many more "gallus" buttons would fall on our sidewalks than we see there at present.

Lady Astor disapproves of sex legislation by women, or by men either—meaning thereby legislation in favor of either sex, we may suppose. See what men have made of it, she says—look at the troubles of a man-governed world with its man-made laws. When you think of it, it is rather a mess. But Lady Astor approves the idea of a women's lobby at Washington, as urged clamantly, early and late, by Congresswoman Robertson of Oklahoma. One wonders how we are to enjoy the blessings of a women's lobby without a women's party, and how, if we have a women's lobby, we are to enjoy the continuous security of asexual legislation. Fortunately, not all things must be understood at once, and time will probably supply some sort of answer to these problems, good or bad. But the hope of having them settled by Lady Astor is disappointed. She only raises them. Neither does she believe in women using the wiles of sex for political purposes. They will never, she believes, bring purity into politics as long as they dress in such a way as to call attention mainly to their physical charms. Very well. If women are going to go about

the corridors and lobbies looking like frumps, we shall stay out of Congress. We had about decided to anyhow. Let them take the old thing and run it. The business garb of American women she finds will not do at all politically. "I wouldn't have lasted a year," she said, "if I had gone into the House of Commons dressed like many a woman I see going to business over here. I was the feminist on trial. To underdress or overdress would have let down all others. I solved the delicate problem by wearing a most inconspicuous but becoming black tailored suit, with patch pockets to catch my notes. With it a simple white blouse, or, on warm days when I remove my coat, a sort of black satin smock with white muslin collar and cuffs."

Newport is promised another brilliant season, and those that have lost sleep for fear it had lost prestige, may make their minds easy and begin to take their normal repose once more. It is said that President Harding may drop in, on the *Mayflower*, if he doesn't go to Alaska, and while a mere President may not cause much of a flurry, there are those that have felt since the up-coming of Southampton that every little bit helps. The indications are for the best Newport season since pre-war days. Practically all the cottages will be opened, and many are open now, early as it is. Mrs. Elisha Dyer has already opened Wayside, on Bellevue Avenue, while Mrs. T. Shaw Safe will be at Ocean Lawn next week. Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke of New York have leased from Mrs. L. Lothrop Ames her property on Bellevue Avenue extending to the Cliffs. Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry and Miss Angelica Gerry arrived at Seaverge last week, while Mr. and Mrs. William F. Whitehouse have occupied Stone Villa, opposite the Casino.

Among others who have already opened their houses are Mr. T. Suffern Tailor, Mr. and Mrs. Marsden J. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Cushman, Dr. and Mrs. Roderick Terry, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Ripley, and former Ambassador and Mrs. James W. Gerard, the latter having leased Fairlawn, the Bellevue Avenue home of Miss Evelyn Burden. Mr. and Mrs. J. Woodward Haven of New York have leased the Bellevue Avenue residence of Mrs. Frederick S. Grand d'Hauteville for the summer. With all these, and many more, it is felt that the American social capital will be secure, for some seasons at least. No one need feel apprehensive for the price of Newport real estate just yet.

If the Parisian arbiters of fashion are to have their way, the studies of man in feminine anatomy will be diverted from shins to shoulder blades, and from the bronchial tube and thorax to the vertebrae down about as far as the latitude of the kidneys. The patella will be hidden, but the omoplate, or scapula, will be revealed in all its bony angles, nosings, and contours. So, at least, we interpret the latest dispatches from the theatre of the war of styles. Gowns are to be cut high in front, almost to the chin. The anterior aspect of the torso will be concealed, inasmuch as man is supposed to have gazed on it until it has nothing more to teach him, and the masculine attention will now be called to the other view. Girls with knobby knees will find comfort in the new ukase, but not those with sharp shoulder blades—also those with razor shins. Unfortunately, such handicaps are usually the possessions of the same persons; while the woman with rounding contours has advantages as unfair as they are unfailling. To her it matters not at all which end of the anatomy is hidden, as long as some of it is kept on view. Her main fear is that fashion should suddenly decree that all of it be covered. In that case her advantage, or as a railroad traffic man would put it, her preferential, would be so reduced as not to be very much worth having. She might even have to resort for the restoration of her superior charms to the cultivation of her intellectual nature, or even of a sweet disposition.

The German universities have always been essentially conservative institutions, says Charles B. Dyar in the *North American Review*. The same professors are lecturing to the German students today who instilled the ideals of Imperial Germany into the youth before the war. The same professors are teaching in the universities of Republican Germany who defended and extolled the policies and methods of the Imperial German government and military authorities. On the occasion of a recent celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Tannenberg the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon General Ludendorff by the University of Königsberg. The diploma celebrates Ludendorff as the "Master of Generalship, the Liberator who freed our East Prussian soil from the plundering and burning Russian hordes, the Hero who protected with the sharp blows of his undefeated sword the German people, surrounded by a whole world of rapacious enemies, until it trusted in false words and forsook its unbroken army and its strong leaders." In the high schools and academies the majority of the instructors are still reactionary.

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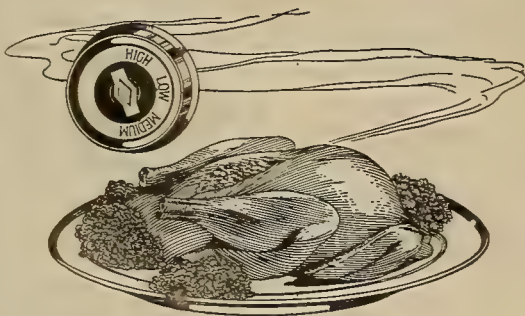
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Scot came down an Edinburgh street on a Sunday morning smiling and humming a tune. "Have a care, mon, have a care," warned his friend. "Ye'd better mind what ye'r about. Ye look a'most as happy as though it was Monday."

In one of the dormitories of a well-known Eastern college for women two young house-maids were comparing notes on academic life. "Well," said the prettier of the two, contentedly, "the faculty has the brains and the college girls has the clo'es, but believe me, the maids has the looks!"

A Scot met another who was laughing. Concerned for his health or his sanity, the first Scot asked: "Sandy, whut makes ye look sae happy the day?" "Eh, mon," said Sandy, "I dreamt I was in Heevin. There was seven-and-thirty pipers a' playin' deerfunt tunes in ane sma' room. Mon, it was just graund!"

The sergeant was having a hard time with a particularly green lot of recruits. They were quite charmed when he stopped drilling and began to reminisce. "When I was a little boy," said the sergeant grimly, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day they disappeared and I was heart-broken till my mother said, 'Never mind, son. Some day you'll find your wooden soldiers again.' And believe me, you bunch of wooden-head block-heads, that day has come."

Chief Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was discussing government ownership. "Government ownership," he said, "certainly got a black eye during the world war. The way governments ran the railroads and other things was a caution. And yet all these governments were as conceited over their work as the chap who was asked if he believed in heredity. 'Do I believe in heredity?' he chortled. 'You bet I do! Why, I've got three of the brightest children you ever saw.'"

Jones often played with the youngsters in the community back yard of the apartment house. One Sunday morning Mrs. Jones answered a timid knock at the door and found a boy about four years old looking eagerly up at her. "May your boy come down and play ball with us?" he anxiously asked. "Why, I have no little boy!" said Mrs. Jones. "There he is," cried the youngster, pointing to Jones, who had just come to the door. And added to the master of the house, "I guess you can't come today."

A traveler who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck on a cannibal island hid for days in terror of his life. Dodging from pillar to post he ran into a clump of bushes from which a thin wisp of smoke was rising. His knees knocked together and he lost his breath. Just as he was gathering his remaining strength to flee a voice from the clump remarked, "Why in hell did you play that card?" The "sole" survivor dropped to his knees and devoutly cried, "Thank God, they are Christians!"

Brown invariably came home late Saturday night very much lit up. The wife's method of coping with the situation was a broomstick and violent abuse. A soft-hearted friend suggested to her that kindness might work where violence did not. The following Saturday Mrs. Brown met her erring spouse with, "You are late, dear. But I have supper waiting. Come in and make yourself comfortable." Brown reeled in, winking significantly. "Go as far as you like, dearie," he mumbled, "I'll get hell when I get home, anyway."

There are many aspects to international marriages, particularly when they are deemed misalliances by one side or the other. In the early 'eighties an American millionaire named Skinner married a beautiful French girl of the cream of the French aristocracy. When Mrs. Skinner would go shopping in Paris and the shop assistant would ask her her name, she would haughtily answer: "By birth I am the Princess Clothilde de la Tour d'Ivoire. The footman will tell you my present name. I can not stoop to utter it myself."

Some time ago, runs a true story from Madrid, the telephone of the Military Club rang and the boy who answered it heard, "Will you be kind enough, sir, to call up for me, if you please, the manager of the club?" Now the Spanish are a courteous race, but the boy in charge was evidently not used to such excessive courtesy. He concluded that it was one of the other servants in the club and gayly answered, "Certainly, you big stuff! Wait till I call him." The manager came to the phone and immediately assumed a frightened albeit happy air. The groom became un-

easy, but when he heard the manager utter the magic words, "Your majesty," he decamped entirely. When he showed up again it was to receive orders to go to the palace. Shaking with fear, he went for his unwished-for honor, an audience with the king. The latter reprimanded him, but concluded the audience with a hundred-peseta tip and returned the groom's telephonic compliment—"Yes, you big stuff. Wait till I call him." Strange to say, the young groom has resumed his post in the Military Club and has even risen in rank. He is head groom by the king's request.

The editor of the *Smalltown Bugle*, like many of his brethren, experiences considerable difficulty in persuading his subscribers to come forward, from time to time, with the annual subscription price. "If it is agreeable to you," he finally wrote to one hardened delinquent, "I will accept two bushels of corn in payment of the amount you owe me." "I regret to say," responded Farmer Brown, in due course, "that in feeding my stock I have used all the corn I raised." "Dear Mr. Brown," began the next letter of the series, "inasmuch as you have used all your corn, I presume you have a large supply of corn cobs on hand, and I would be glad to accept a load thereof in payment of the amount due from you, as I can use them in place of kindling wood." "Mr. Editor," replied the farmer by the next mail, "your letter has been received and contents noted. What I want to know is this—what in Sam Hill do you think I'd want with your paper, if I had a supply of cobs to use in kindling fires?"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Wireless Widow.

I've been a widow all my life;  
That is, since I have been a wife.  
Communing with myself, the time,  
In solitary pantomime.

Golf claimed him almost every day,  
And, as he nibbled on his way,  
I followed in his gallery  
Or, on the clubhouse porch, drank tea.

At night, Bridge took him from my side;  
I couldn't play it—though I tried;  
But sat at home, with ill-content,  
The while we gambled with the rent.

He gave up both. Said he: "I'm through,  
I'll stay at home alone with you."  
But Radio's got him. Fickle men!  
And I'm a Widow once again.

—George Mitchell in Judge.

## Talking 'Round the World Made Easy.

Derby, England, will soon have the largest telephone repeater station in the world, and even the United States will not be able to show anything like it.

This station is to contain more than 1500 thermionic valves. Thermionic valves are those magical wonders which have revolutionized telephonic communication and made long-distance telephoning so simple. The valve is something like an ordinary electric light bulb in appearance and everything it does goes on inside the bulb. Only by the glow it gives will the operators be able to tell if it is working satisfactorily. Already it has reached a stage when speech between London and any European country can

be made as easy as it is now difficult, excepting perhaps Brussels and Paris.

All the main underground telephone cables from London to the north pass through Derby. Here in the repeater station the voice sounds, gradually giving out by distance, will be picked up, amplified, and retransmitted with the same strength at which they were originally spoken. As the number of underground cables increases so other repeater stations will have to be built. Every sixty miles is considered to be the ideal distance between repeater stations.

The average annual crop damage in the United States over a period of eleven years, from causes beyond the farmer's control, was \$2,620,000,000.

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Have your crank case thoroughly flushed—not with kerosene. Use the correct grade of Cycol as shown on the Cycol Recommendation Chart. Use Associated Gasoline. Then notice the improved performance of your motor.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell, has announced her engagement to Mr. James Moffitt, son of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt. The news of the betrothal comes as a surprise to the friends of the couple. The announcement was made at a luncheon given by Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell and Miss Doris Schmiedell at their home at Ross on Thursday of last week. The date for the wedding has not been set, but the marriage is to take place in October. At the luncheon the close friends of the Misses Schmiedell who were their guests were Mrs. Francis D. Langton, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, and Miss Veronica Byrnes.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Crawford and Dr. Lovell Langstroth was recently announced. The date for the wedding has been set for June 23d, and will be celebrated very quietly, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. For the past five years Miss Crawford has been in New York engaged in social service work, having but recently returned to San Francisco.

Miss Jean Shiels, the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson Shiels, was married to Mr. Sherman Hoelscher on Thursday, June 1st, at noon, at the Shiels home on Divisadero Street. Bishop William Ford Nichols read the marriage ceremony in the presence of the relatives of the two families. Miss Helen Jackson was Miss Shiels' maid of honor, Mr. William Shiels acting as best man for Mr. Hoelscher. On their return from their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Hoelscher will occupy an apartment they have taken on Washington and Divisadero Streets.

A wedding of last week was that of Miss Beatrice Austin and Major Robert Ross Welshner, which was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents in Sea Cliff. The ceremony was performed by the post chaplain of the Presidio, Rev. Peter Quinn, in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. Miss Mary Thomas was maid of honor for Miss Austin, and her bridesmaids were Miss Dorothy Leland and Miss Constance Behlow. Major William Vauban was best man for Major Welshner.

Miss Marie Welch, who is leaving soon for Europe with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, was the honored guest at a luncheon given on Thursday, June 1st, by Miss Katherine Chase. On Wednesday Miss Virginia Murphy was guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Chase. Among the guests were Miss Katherine Boardman, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Jacqueline Valentine, Miss Jacqueline Keesling, Miss Betty Klink, Miss Jean Ward, Miss Frances Letterman, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Katherine Dorn, and Miss Florence Hellman.

For Miss Berenice Mitchell, who is to be married to Mr. Garton Keyston on June 10th, Miss Helen Brack entertained at a bridge-luncheon on Thursday. Among Miss Brack's guests were Mrs. Reed Funsten, Mrs. Otto Grau, Mrs. Ernest Maynard Smith, Mrs. Harold Snodgrass, Mrs. James Fagan, Miss Constance Luft of New York, Miss Sallie

Obear, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Virginia Cumming, and Miss Doris Fagan.

At their country home at Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a buffet supper to friends spending the summer months in and around Menlo Park. Following the supper the guests spent the evening at cards and dancing in the ballroom. Those who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. McCormick were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Miss Edith Bull, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mr. Percy King, and Mr. Edwin Eddy.

Saturday afternoon at Menlo Park the finals for the choice of "Polly of the Circus" were held. Miss Louise Hahn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. C. Hahn, was chosen for the honor. The contest in itself was a benefit for the institution for which the circus was given, netting over \$5000 for the charity.

Miss Hélène de Latour entertained a house party of friends over the week-end at her country home at Rutherford. Among the guests were Miss Cecelia O'Connor, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, and Mr. Edward Pond.

General Charles Morton was host at a dinner party given recently at his home in Fort Mason. His guests included General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull, Colonel and Mrs. Moor N. Falls, Colonel and Mrs. Gouverneur Packer, Major and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Dr. and Mr. John Harold Philip, and Captain Henry Brickley.

Mrs. Andrew Welch, who is leaving soon for Europe, was the honored guest at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Samuel Pond at her home on Scott Street.

Mrs. Terry Bull, wife of Major Bull, and Mrs. Joan Welch, wife of Captain Welch, were joint hostesses at a large bridge-tea given at Mrs. Bull's home on Union Street. During the afternoon about seventy-five of the friends of the two hostesses called.

Among those who are interested in the benefit for the Stanford Home for Convalescents (which is to take place in the form of a circus) and who have taken boxes for the occasion are Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishacker, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Linforth, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe. The seating capacity will be for 8000 persons, and the affair is to take place on the grounds of the A. G. C. Hahn place at Menlo.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, Jr., and her sister, Miss Caroline Maltby, were hostesses at a tea given for Miss Lorine Kinney in the garden of the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday, June 1st. Miss Kinney is to marry Captain Elon Abernathy on June 28th, and after spending two months in New York and Washington the couple will go to Panama, where Captain Abernathy is stationed.

To honor Mr. and Mrs. Grove P. Ayers, Captain Henry Scott entertained informally at dinner in the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening, June 2d.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown had a small group for dinner in the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday evening.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Biftek Aux Champignons.

Mimi, do you remember—  
Don't get behind your fan—  
That morning in September  
On the cliffs of Grand Manan;  
Where to the shock of Fundy  
The topmost harebells sway  
'Campanula rotundifolia':  
John: cf. Gray?)

On the pastures high and level,  
That overlook the sea,  
Where I wondered what the devil  
Those little things could be  
That Mimi stooped to gather,  
As she strolled across the down,  
And held her dress skirt rather—  
Oh, now, you needn't frown.

For you know the dew was heavy,  
And your boots, I know, were thin:  
So a little extra brevity  
In skirts was, sure, no sin.  
Besides, who minds a cousin?  
First, second, even third—  
I've kissed 'em by the dozen,  
And they never once demurred.

"If one's allowed to ask it,"  
Quoth I, "ma belle cousine,  
What have you in your basket?"  
(Those baskets white and green  
The brave Passamaquoddies  
Weave out of scented grass,  
And sell to tourist bodies  
Who through Mt. Desert pass.)

You answered, slightly frowning,  
"Put down your stupid book—  
That everlasting Browning!—  
And come and help me look.  
Mushroom you spik him English,  
I call him champignon:  
I'll teach you to distinguish  
The right kind from the wrong."

There was no fog on Fundy  
That blue September day,  
The west wind, for that one day,  
Had swept it all away.  
The lighthouse glasses twinkled,  
The white gulls screamed and flew,  
The merry sheep bells tinkled,  
The merry breezes blew.

The bayberry aromatic,  
The papery immortelles  
(That give our grandma's attic  
That sentimental smile,  
Tied up in little brush-brooms)  
Were sweet as new-mown hay,  
While we went hunting mushrooms  
That blue September day.

In each small juicy dimple  
Where turf grew short and thick,  
And nibbling teeth of simple  
Sheep had browsed it to the quick;  
Where roots or bits of rotten  
Wood were strewn, we found a few  
Young buttons just begotten  
Of morning sun and dew.

And you compared the shiny,  
Soft, creamy skin, that hid  
The gills so pink and tiny,  
To your gloves of undressed kid,  
While I averred the color  
Of the gills, within their sheath,  
Was like—but only duller—  
The rosy palms beneath.

As thus we wandered, sporting  
In idleness of mind,  
There came a fearful snorting  
And trampling close behind;  
And, with a sudden plunge, I  
Upset the basketful  
Of those accursed fungi,  
As you shrieked, "The bull! The bull!"

And then we clung together  
And faced the enemy,  
Which proved to be a wether  
And scared much worse than we.  
But while that startled mutton  
Went scampering away,  
The mushrooms—every button—  
Had tumbled in the bay.

The basket had a cover,  
The wind was blowing stiff,  
And rolled that basket over  
The edges of the cliff.  
It bounced from crag to boulder;  
It leaped and whirled in air,  
But while you clutched my shoulder  
I did not greatly care.

I tried to look as rueful  
As though each mushroom there  
Had been a priceless truffle,  
But yet I did not care.  
And ever since that Sunday  
On the cliffs of Grandma Nan,  
High over the surf of Fundy,  
I've used the kind they can.

—Henry A. Beers in "Poems."

## What Poetry Is Not.

Attitudes towards poetry are as various as its kinds. And the reader must have thought over these attitudes when he considered the problem of creating an audience or becoming part of one, says Jeannette Marks in the *North American Review*. Some excellent people, not ill-educated either, look upon poetry as one of the elegancies of life, withal a little superfluous. Others think poetry is sugar-water. It is, sometimes. So are some people, and there are no Federal laws for putting them out of the way. Some men and women regard poetry as sentimental nonsense. In that it might be said certain types of poetry are like any cross-section of human nature to be found anywhere. The most damaging of all attitudes that which holds that poetry is inimical to the facts of life and of science. Some poetry is. The greatest poetry, speaking the common speech of common human experience and love for nature, never is.

California has 99,617,280 acres of land, of which 18,418,643 are national forest, 20,239,977 are unappropriated public lands, 463,041 are Indian reservation, 745,798 are school lands, 4,555,941 are private timber holdings, and 27,931,444 are farms, with an approximately equal area classified as miscellaneous. Of the farm lands only 11,389,894 acres are improved, and of this but 3,893,000 are irrigated.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour, who had planned going to Europe in the spring, have postponed their trip until the early autumn. They are spending a good deal of time at their country place at Rutherford.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali will leave early in July for Europe, where she will spend several months. Mr. and Mrs. Avenali have recently taken possession of their home on Russian Hill, which was rented to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown during the winter.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman left during the past week for the East to be present at the graduation of her daughter, Miss Lisa Stillman, from Vassar. On their return Mrs. Stillman and Miss Stillman are going to their camp in Siskiyou County.

Mrs. Willard Drown has returned to San Francisco, after a visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston, at their home in Medford, Oregon.

Mrs. Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham have been abroad for the past year, and are now on their way back from Japan. They will go to their Montecito home within a few days after their return.

Mrs. James Otis and her daughter, Mrs. Warren Smith, reached San Francisco during the past week. Mrs. Otis went East to meet Mrs. Smith, who came from South America, planning to visit with Mrs. Otis during the summer months.

Mr. Oliver Wyman and his children have taken a house in Palo Alto for the summer.

Mrs. Richard Sprague has returned from Europe and has joined Mr. Sprague at their California Street apartments, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Frances Sprague left for Los Angeles to join her sister, Mrs. Percival Williams, who has been visiting friends in the south. Miss Sprague and Mrs. Williams will come to San Francisco together. They will be in town until September.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., left the first part of the week for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon has spent the last few months in New York, returning recently to San Francisco. Mrs. Sharon is occupying apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker plan to go to their home down the peninsula shortly.

Mrs. R. T. Harding and Mrs. Margaret Bruce returned from a motor trip to Los Angeles.

Mrs. W. C. Goodfellow and her daughter, Miss Alice Goodfellow, have gone to their home in the Santa Cruz Mountains for the summer months.

Mrs. Edwin Eddy has gone to New York for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wells Ritchie have de-

ecided to become permanent residents of California, and have commenced plans for a home at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Kimble and Miss Barbara Kimble are in Hollywood for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. Harold G. Bowen, wife of Commander Bowen, U. S. N., has gone to Southern California to join Commander Bowen.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard arrived from the East recently to spend some months in California.

Miss Jeanette Morris is spending the summer with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris, at their home at Saratoga.

Mrs. George Wells is spending the summer in San Francisco, staying at the Fairmont. Mrs. Marie Hanna will join Mrs. Wells in August, and they will return to New York together in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Tevis are the guests of Mr. W. S. Tevis, Sr., at his San Mateo home.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower, who spent several months in California this year, have arrived in the East, and are the guests of Mrs. Tower's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, at their country place at Westbury, Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boling Lee of New York are at Virginia Hot Springs. Mrs. Lee, who was Miss Helen Keeney of San Francisco, will come to California later in the summer.

Mrs. E. F. Holmes of Pasadena and Salt Lake City is in San Francisco greeting her friends. Mrs. Holmes has taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas have closed their apartments at the Fairmont and have gone to Boston for a visit of a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Boqueraz and their children have taken the Howard Park home in Burlingame for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have taken the Goodwin place at Menlo for the summer.

Mr. Joseph Catherwood left San Francisco the early part of the year for Europe. Mr. Catherwood is now in Paris, where he has business connections.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and Mr. Brooks Walker are spending much of their time at Pebble Beach this summer, where their country home is nearing completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken were at Del Monte over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Shallicross of New York arrived on the *Matsonia* on Tuesday. They have been in the Hawaiian Islands for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. William Taylor, and Mr. George Freeborn have left for the Yosemite for a visit of some weeks.

Miss Mary Louise Baldwin is in New York, where she went to be present at the wedding of a school friend, Miss Olivia Erdmann, to Mr. John K. Kuser, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule left the middle of the week for New York to be away for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale will arrive in California early this month from their home in Washington, D. C., and will open their home at the Marin Country Club for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Neeson of Hongkong are in San Francisco for several months, and have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Marjorie Josselyn have been passing several weeks in the southern part of the state. They have returned to their homes in San Mateo.

Mr. William Fitzhugh is making an indefinite stay at his country home on the McCloud River. Mrs. Fitzhugh will join Mr. Fitzhugh later in the summer.

Mr. William Chapin returned recently from a trip to Mexico, and plans soon to open his country home in Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke Johns of Honolulu are here for a visit of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Cook of New York, after a visit of more than two years in California, returned to New York on Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Hooper and their family left on Thursday for their country home at Woodside, where they will spend the next four months.

Mrs. James Robinson and her daughter, Mrs. James Goodwin, closed their home at Redwood and are at Santa Barbara.

Judge and Mrs. James Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper are at Santa Barbara, and will stay there some time longer before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall and her three small children left on Thursday for Santa Barbara. Mrs. Newhall has taken the house of Commander and Mrs. Glenn Tarbox for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard will remain in San Francisco during the summer, making week-end trips to their country home at Ross.

Mrs. A. I. Macdonald is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Blair Brooks, near Baltimore.

Rev. and Mrs. Hugh Montgomery and Miss Mary Montgomery left on Thursday for the Eastern coast. On returning to California Rev. Montgomery will accept a call from a church in Stockton.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., left during the week for Santa Barbara, where she will occupy the Horace Pillsbury home at Montecito during the summer months.

Miss Lillian Hopkins passed the week-end at Rutherford as the house guest of Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory Parrott are the guests of Miss Helen Crocker and Mr. William Crocker at Pebble Beach.

At the Palace are registered Mr. E. W. Houser, Chicago; Mr. Howard Jack, San Luis Obispo; Mr. G. W. Harris, Mr. E. H. Quinn, Chicago; Dr. C. H. West, Portland; Dr. W. H. Peck, Chicago; Mr. H. Adams, China; Mr. E. J. Miley, Los Angeles; Mr. Thomas W. McManus, Bakersfield; Mr. Curtis C. Colyear, Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Patterson, Wilmington, Delaware; Mr. Robert Fulton, Yokohama; Mr. E. J. Grant, Los Angeles; Mr. A. F. Gott, Chicago; Mr. H. W. Olsen, Seattle; Mr. W. D. McWatus, Portland; Mr. J. R. Coffman, Los Angeles; Mr. C. H. Maggard, Peta-

luma; Mr. M. G. Cooper, Los Angeles; Mr. W. W. Bake, Seattle; Mr. P. W. Chase, Baltimore; Mr. John S. Ingles, Seattle.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. Robert Mayock, Gilroy; Mr. L. E. Merrian, Turlock; Mr. and Mrs. Lou H. Rose, Burlingame; Mr. J. A. Legrand, Mr. J. C. Capron, Mr. A. N. Henderson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. George P. Ingram, Cincinnati; Mr. F. W. Krebs, Canton, Ohio; Mr. A. J. Frank, Reno; Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Coover, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Crothers, San Jose; Mr. J. L. Mitchell, Selma; Mr. Melvin Hansen, Eugene, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. James Eagan, Fresno; Mr. George Stave, Los Angeles; Mr. J. E. Fisher, San Jose; Miss Harriet L. Smith, Miss Grace I. Smith, Hinsdale, Illinois; Mr. W. W. Southeimer, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. George L. Peterson, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Smith, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Roleson, Memphis; Mr. R. M. McKenna and family, Panama; Mr. E. A. Butt, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Thompson, Los Angeles.

Hotel St. Francis arrivals include Mr. T. L. Quigley, Sacramento; Major J. P. Wilcox, U. S. M. C.; Mr. M. A. Leach, Los Angeles; Mr. F. E. Watts, Detroit; Mr. H. S. Crane, Turlock; Mr. W. R. Pickering, Kansas City; Mr. Joseph O. Cowan, Pittsburg; Mr. W. R. Woodard, Los Angeles; Mr. S. Mayer, Chicago; Mr. William Murray, New York; Mr. O. B. Stanton, Santa Cruz; Dr. Edgar Hohn, Eureka; Mr. Tom Proctor, Santa Rosa; Mr. J. M. De Vries, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Ben E. Crouch, Chico; Mr. Walter E. Quick, New York; Mr. Frank H. Smith, Spencer, Kansas; Mr. Fred Cahill, New York; Mr. James R. Brewster, Seattle; Dr. J. L. Martin, Fresno.

### Booking Stowaways.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Express* says that amazing disclosures are expected when the French Parliament, on re-assembling, discusses a bill to make the penalties for stowaways more severe than they are at present.

There is already abundant evidence that there are "agents" in all the ports who "book" stowaways across the Atlantic. They have a widespread secret service which insures their patrons escaping detection on board ship and enables them to be smuggled on land at the other end. Last year they arranged the passages of more than 2000 stowaways.

The bill will attempt to close down these secret agencies at Havre and other ports where the voyagers, whose names do not appear on the passenger lists, book their passages—and pay for them.

In Havre, in a little narrow street not far from the Bassin du Roi, you will find numerous little drinking shops. Sometimes there are two in the same building, one on the ground floor and another upstairs. In one or two of these the agents are to be found. The only way to get in touch is through sailors, and after a few glasses of rum or tafia you will be told him to set about your enterprise.

The correct gambit to taking a "ticket" as a stowaway is to produce some money. How much just depends. But the price of stowaways passages, like everything else, has gone up, and it will be little use showing anything less than a hundred-franc note. There are several people to be "bought," the agent will tell you, and you will have to hand over the money to secure these priceless friendships, which will enable you to be franked across the Atlantic hidden from prying eyes, supplied with food and drink, and, what is even of greater importance, you will have your

"get-away" made safe for you on the other side.

There are several classes of travel. For 200 francs you can secure a fairly comfortable voyage, and you will have your choice of traveling in the luggage hold or among the coal bunkers. The latter "class" is not altogether despised because the griminess aids as a disguise when officers are on the prowl.

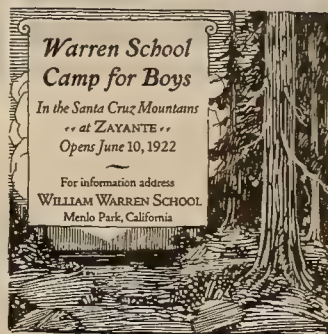
J. R. Kemp, Pacific Coast manager of the Miller Saw-Trimmer Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, died on May 25, 1922.

It is not generally known that Charles Dickens wrote a life of Christ for his children and left instructions forbidding its publication.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Will you take back this engagement ring?" "Doesn't it suit?" "Yes—but I don't."—*Stockholm Kasper.*

"I hear your wife had twins yesterday." "Well, who would venture to enter the world alone in these times?"—*Christiania Tyrihans.*

Little Elmer—Papa, what are follies? Professor Broadhead—Amusements that we have grown tired of, my son.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Binks—He must be fairly well to do. I notice he always smokes initialed cigarettes. Banks—Yes, but did you ever notice that they're never his own initials.—*New York Sun.*

Father—Whenever you come down to the office it is only to ask for money. I'm glad I have no other sons than you. Son—Certainly, dad; so am I.—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

"Is there anything you care to say?" asked the executioner. "Well, really," retorted the golf enthusiast from the scaffold, "would you mind if I take a few practice swings?"—*Buffalo Express.*

Mistress—Marie, if you were married, would you believe all your husband told you? Maid—Lawks, no mum! But for the peace and quietness I'd make him think I did.—*London Mail.*

Marjory—Mamma, were you at home when I was born? Mother—No, darling, I was at grandma's, in the country. Marjory—Wasn't you awfully sprised when you heard about it?—*London Opinion.*

Doctor—Of course we may stick to a fairly full diet. I should say fish, beef, or mutton with potatoes and greens, and some nutritious suet puddings. Patient—Er—Before or after meals, doctor?—*Punch.*

Doctor—With care your husband will recover in a week. You don't seem very pleased! Wife—You told me he would die a week ago—and I have sold his clothes!—*Copenhagen Klod Hans.*

The Fiancée—Mamma, Toto and I are going to be married. Mother—Lovely, dears, but you must both wait a dozen years or so. The Fiancée—Yes, Lily, that's true—until we can find an apartment.—*Paris Le Rire.*

"Why are you crying so, little man?" "My sister's cat died today." "How sweet! And did you love your sister's cat so dearly?" "Naw. But paw gimme a lickin' fer throwin' it in the well."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Mrs. McIntosh—I'm fair worried about this new job oor Wullie's got on the Red Sea. I dinna think he'll stand it. They say the tem-

perature is 100 in the shade. *The Village Oracle*—Ah, weel, dinna fash yerself, Mrs. Mac; he'll no be worrk'in' in the shade a' the time.—*Punch.*

Oswald—Oh, mamma, you remind me of Gunga Din! Mamma—Why, Oswald; what do you mean? Oswald—It says here: 'The uniform 'e wore was nothin' much before, an' rather less than 'ar' o' that be'ind.'—*Judge.*

"The house I have moved into is by the railway." "Doesn't that disturb your sleep?" "No. They say that I can get used to it in a few nights, and so for the first week or so I am sleeping in a hotel."—*Stockholm Kasper.*

"Mummy," asked Muriel, indignantly, "did you hear what auntie said to me?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well, mummy," shrilled the little maid, rebelliously, "I'm not going to be brought up by another woman."—*London Tit-Bits.*

"I never knew till I got a car," said Bishop Eighthly, "that profanity was so prevalent." "Do you hear much of it on the road?" "Why," said the bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Dearest," he said, sighing like a furnace, "it doesn't seem like the same old smile you used to give me." "Oh, no, Jack," replied the sweet thing, "this is a new one. I have been studying at a school of dramatic art."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Prospective Son-in-Law—I hope, sir, that you will consider me in the nature of an investment, even though I may not be able to pay regular dividends. Girl's Father—That's all right, my boy, I shall be satisfied if you don't levy regular assessments on me.—*Boston Transcript.*

"My husband was terribly angry when I asked him for a runabout." "Was he? Well, I must say my husband is different. He did not say a word when I asked him for a limousine." "And did you get it?" "Of course not."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I have just applied for a patent on a combination pipe-cleaner, nut-pick, monkey-wrench, lock-jimmy, shoe-buttoner, bodkin, hinge, safety-clasp, toothpick, tweezers, cigarette-holder and garter." "Great, old man! Where'd you'd get the idea?" "From my wife. You see, it's a hairpin."—*Judge.*

"Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long, scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English." "Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy." "Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the missus."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A jurymen petitioned the court to be excused. "I owe a man twenty-five dollars that I borrowed, and as he is leaving town today for some years I want to catch him before he gets to his train and pay him the money," he said. "You are excused," the judge answered in a very cold voice. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like you."—*Boston Post.*

An English newspaper is printing choice bits of broken English as overheard by its readers. Two examples follow, which are considered the most amusing: A coffee-room waiter, who said he was Swiss, replying to a guest ordering breakfast: "Tongue iss no more, shickken never vos. How you like your eggs voilt, tight or loose?" The other concerns an enraged Portuguese, who turned upon his opponent and spat out: "If I did know ze English for ze box, I would blow your nose, by damn, I am."—*New York Evening Post.*

The popular airedale is a terrier from the valley of the Aire, Bradford district of Yorks. Its name was first registered by the Kennel Club in 1886, replacing the earlier name of Bingley or broken-haired terrier.

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#### Prohibition Logic.

Since the courts have held that the Congress may define the word "intoxicating," and have virtually determined that this definition need not correspond with the fact, says the Rev. John Cole McKim in the *North American Review*, the Anti-Saloon League must make the best of a power that is probably ephemeral, since it appears to be based upon balances of power in contested elections rather than upon the deliberate wishes of a majority of the American people. For if it be constitutional to define as intoxicating that which most of us believe to be non-intoxicating, it must be equally constitutional to

define as non-intoxicating that which most people believe to be intoxicating (e. g., an alcoholic content of 90 per cent.).

Since the courts have acknowledged the adequacy of legislation specifying but one intoxicating ingredient, though the language of the Eighteenth Amendment applies equally to all, it seems clear that not more than one need be mentioned. It need not, then, have been alcohol. It might just as well have been an altogether different class of beverage outlawed at the dictation of an Anti-Caffeine League.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Nobles of the Shrine.

"Let's pretend," the children say, and life for them becomes something different, more to their liking, more interesting and dramatic. They are translated into another world, where they expand and grow faster than they can in the world of reality, and where, if their pretending is good, they take on unexpected powers. When the experience has brought them all the benefit it can, and they have in consequence grown tired of it, they come back to actual existence—or, as Barrie put it, "return to their distracted parents." But they are changed. Every excursion into the ideal is an advance. The excursions continue at intervals until the pressure of life forbids, until the little girls are too old for dolls, and the little boys no longer care to dig robbers' caves and kill imaginary Indians. But they never lose the desire to get away for awhile from the exactions of fact and live in a world of fancy where they are free and strong and brave, a world so created that care can not enter and the selfishness that nature seems to impose as a condition for getting on in this life is for a time forgotten. So for a week San Francisco has swarmed with pale Arabs speaking startling English; with nobles and potentates more gloriously garbed than Augustus Cæsar; and the air has been filled with cheerful greetings, with song and the music of bands. Bagdad was never like it—nor Mecca, nor Medina. If Mohammed could see it he would say: "I wouldn't have

thought it possible!" There are men of Aad, Zagazig, Zemzem, Hella, Hillah, India, Arabia, Mocha, Mecca, Morocco, Tripoli, and all the rest of them. The city has given itself up to the impulse of play and the empery of the ideal. Of course, the weather has misbehaved and there has been a slight protraction of our Indian winter, but perhaps the hospitality of San Francisco has been the warmer for that. It has quite taken to its heart the marching men whose play is made doubly worth while by a spirit of general helpfulness and chivalry in an age which is not only no worse than any other age, but is probably the better able to appreciate helpfulness and chivalry for having just passed through a terrible war in defense of those priceless human attributes. These men call themselves nobles. There is no better way to be noble than to assume to be. The fact that the word does not now mean what it did when it was first used is a great gain. They claim nothing on the score of birth, or of privilege granted by some parasitic sovereign, but all for the merit of the man, appraised by the judgment of his peers. That means solidarity, order, sanctions made real in the effective disapproval of unworthy conduct, and in the fear of such disapproval. The Shrine is one of the great conserving forces of modern society. Long may it thrive, and travel about the country in silks and velvets, taking wherever it goes light and color and music and gayety and the spirit of play and fair play, and ideal impulses of fraternity and charity and magnanimity. It is a manifestation and an exercise of the ever-aspiring spirit of civilized man.

### Executive Leadership.

Pleasing everybody the first time is a delightful exercise of the presidential office, and inasmuch as the incumbent of that office is a former newspaper man he ought to know just how it is done. Strange to say, President Harding is not doing it. The opposition is functioning beautifully, according to the tenets of the best political philosophers, and offering biting and sarcastic criticisms, first, because he has assumed national leadership in derogation of certain imaginary constitutional limitations; and second, because he has not.

These views are held by different members of the same party, and sometimes by the same member of that party at different times, according to the supposed temper of his audience, and the "set" of his morning's buckwheats and molasses. We have previously adverted to a certain rather authoritative critic who thought him censurable for drafting a pair of senators to represent us at the Disarmament Conference, because that was executive work and the aforesaid senators were members of the legislative branch of government. It did not matter to this critic that President Wilson's procedure in sending no senators at all to Versailles did so much to keep us out of the League of Nations. Under the Constitution, senators are not hired to do executive work, and that conjured up visions of the republic in ruins—in spite of the fact that to the Senate is entrusted a special bit of executive responsibility, in the ratification of any treaties that might be negotiated, and therefore it was wise to provide it in some first-hand way with first-hand information.

The current *World's Work* takes Mr. Harding to task because he seems too amiable to assert the dictatorship of his predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt, whose shade it raises with more mediumistic ease than Sir Arthur, Sir Oliver, and Sir William have ever acquired, working individually or combined, to reproach the President with having made an insufficient number of enemies. The great shade speaks as one accustomed to the uses of enmity, and expert in attracting it. In fact his passion for it appears immortal. In fictitious dialogue, President Harding says: "Do you mean I

ought to go out deliberately to make enemies?" And the spirit of Roosevelt replies: "There won't be anything deliberate about it. All you've got to do is to assert your leadership of public affairs, and you'll enjoy the luxury at once."

Now comes the railroad dilemma, with its two sharp horns: labor at one end, rates at the other; and looming in the background the portentous necessity of service, a thing that will not be denied, for on it depends the country's weal or woe for the next ten years. And again is the President fishwisely berated for too much leadership because he endeavors to promote coördination between the two independent commissions. It is a sad inconsistency of censure, but very human of the outs.

Spencer taught us that progress was from homogeneity to heterogeneity, from the simple to the complex. But to keep the belly from eating up the legs, the organism requires a brain. We are evolving, with many organs, and members branching here and there. When two of the opposing functions try to boss the same job, trouble threatens; and here the leadership of the President is needed, and here it is often asserted—not timidly and hesitantly, but with firmness and decision. The railroad mess is a case in point.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has jurisdiction over rates. Under any sane plan of organization it would also have something to say about the costs of the service, which it is but human nature to try to bring into conformity with those rates so that there may be a margin of nutriment for the stockholders. But at this important end the railroad executives encounter the Railroad Labor Board, an entirely different body; which, no matter what its intentions may be, evidently needs some sort of *liaison* officer to keep it in touch with the commission. The commission must protect the revenues and earning capacity of the roads, but with the President's recently applied pressure to get rates down the only way out is through reductions of labor costs. Here the jurisdiction of the commission ceases and that of the board begins; so it becomes obvious that no governmental policy toward the carriers can be made effective without the coördination of these two agencies. Whichever trenches on the other's field issues an urgent invitation to disaster; and Congress in its wisdom provided no method for bringing the two into harmony.

Hence the President steps in. Perhaps Congress calculated that he would—but judging from past congressional performances we hardly think it. Both commissions are his subordinates. The Interstate Commerce Commission, being permitted to take cognizance only of existing wage scales and therefore existing labor costs, could not make very severe reductions in rates; and until quite recently the Wage Board has proceeded with much caution. So the President called in the railroad executives to suggest to them that they voluntarily reduce some basic rates below the level which the Interstate Commerce Commission might find to be reasonable, taking a chance of later wage reduction. Although it came to naught, for conditions are too dissimilar on different roads for horizontal reductions, and anything else was too intricate for what the New York *World* has sarcastically called "government by dining," yet the effort was an act of leadership, real and vital and necessary to the proper coördination of our public organs.

Meantime, rates have been reduced, and more wages have been reduced, but it was a rather hit-or-miss business. The *Argonaut* is credibly informed that President Harding will go before Congress in December with a request for sounder laws. For one thing, he will ask that the Railroad Labor Board, which now sits at Chicago, shall at least be brought to Washington, and it may be that he will go still farther and ask that its powers and duties be merged with those of the In-



Interstate Commerce Commission. That would be real leadership. The President sees the need of it, he is capable of exercising it, and he should have a defined legal basis for it, to relieve him of criticisms that are as silly and inconsistent as they are unjust.

#### Poison Ivy in the Melon Patch.

No one is likely to deny that a merchant marine is a "public utility." As a matter of fact, almost everything commercial is—shoe factory, hardware store, garage, towel service for the office. Most things that make money, and thereby survive the practical test of value, serve the public in some way and are "public utilities." Such exceptions as narcotic peddling, and motion-picture films that the censors will not pass, are not public utilities, to be sure, but neither are they a large part of our total volume of business. There is little to be gained by classifying some enterprises as public utilities, but if there were, we venture the opinion that a merchant marine would fall in that class. The head of the United States Shipping Board is therefore at the head of a great public utility, operated by government. He is a man of wide experience and wider observation in business—knows its nature and its requirements thoroughly. With such a searchlight he has been in a position to see government in business, operating a public utility; as some people in this state would like to see government operating or trying to operate the vast "utility" of water and power development. And this is what Chairman Lasker thinks of such projects:

My experience has caused me to realize, as I have never realized before, that government operation is as poison ivy in the garden of industry.

Through checks and balances required under government ownership, initiative on the part of the employees is in large measure killed or forbidden. That inspiration which comes through profit and the building for one's self for the future is utterly lacking. So, in the combined lack of initiative and inspiration, there is not created that vision which is necessary for permanent upbuilding. \* \* \* Government ownership, while today satisfactory for immediate needs, is not building up for the future, and is overly costly at all times.

Mr. Lasker does not live in California, and no doubt is wholly ignorant of the proposed Water and Power Amendment. Yet if he had been discussing it he could not have made a clearer statement of the fallacy on which it rests. We do not know that he reads the *Argonaut*, yet he might have based that statement on Morton Todd's article in the *Argonaut* of June 10th. There was no previous agreement on the matter. One of these writers is a journalist looking at business and politics from the side lines, and endeavoring to judge without prejudice. The other is one of the country's greatest business men, and we doubt if he has any notion of elementary economics, because most business men have not. Yet the induction of a great business man in a high administrative office, passing his days in intimate contact with the nation's business troubles, supports the induction of the journalist who knows very little about business in detail; viz.: that government is, owing to its nature, unfit to carry on business and serve the public industrially as well as private initiative and individual effort can and do. To quote from the article in last week's *Argonaut*:

These drawbacks are largely in the nature of checks on the discretion of office-holders. The political sense of the public, derived from centuries of sad experience, compels it to withhold from government just the powers needed in business. This must be so. A government in which was vested the necessary power over the people's money to use it at discretion in the transactions of business would become an intolerable tyranny. And that is what the California Water and Power Amendment seeks to do—vest in an unknown board, to be appointed by an unknown governor, the right to dip into the state treasury at will, for any project helpful to its ambitions, and have the treasury replenished by limitless taxation.

That expresses the truth which Mr. Lasker has seen at Washington. There is nothing mysterious about it, nothing abstruse or esoteric. You don't need a mahatma to understand it, an Ali Rajah or a Mme. Ellis of the Exposition Zone, or a spook materialized by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, to help you see it. Go around the public offices and observe some of the deputies. Don't blame them; they are just human beings. Consider how little they have at stake, and how little incentive there is for them to do their work any better, or to invent any new devices for serving the public, or even to save the public's money, collected for them in such satisfying volume.

Think of trying to operate a net-work distribution

system for electric energy, on which depends a large part of the manufacturing and agriculture of the state, by means of men whose environment and standards of days-work is that of the ordinary political appointee. The writer of this editorial was waiting recently to see the head of the engineering department of a great private corporation engaged in supplying public service, when there filed out eight or nine alert, quick-stepping young fellows a little past the age of college students. The head of the department said: "Those are my engineers—they're young, but they're smarter'n hell." Political clerks and deputies and assistants and bureau heads are appointed because they are smarter'n hell, but it usually consists in being smarter'n hell before election day. The rest of the time most of them work short shifts, and it takes many of them, illustrating the great and true Jeffersonian principle that "that government is best which governs least." And they are no worse than the general run of us. It is merely that they have little to gain or lose. Governmental bureaus everywhere are full of men with dead ambitions, getting nowhere, and doing as little as possible because there is nowhere to get—except on the payroll, and they are already there.

And now it is proposed to mortgage the state for half a billion dollars and turn over the money to an army of such functionaries, with such ambitions, prospects, and motives, to carry on one of the great basic industries of California. No, you can not beat it.

#### The Dervish of Daly City.

In such a crazy world, and one in which the facilities for finding out what it is for are so meagre, it is no wonder that from time to time some one becomes deranged and writes poetry; or even reverts to "nature" as a way of discovering the intention and plan of things. Otto Herlick of Daly City and points southward therefrom did both. Reverting to nature in such cases seems to consist in running around without any clothes, frightening people; and Mr. Herlick added the evidences of inspiration and divine command by entering a Greek restaurant with his poems under his arm and demolishing the dishes with a club. We have seen some restaurants that seemed to call for such treatment, but have no information that this was one of them. In the intervals of smashing platters and cracking coffee cups Mr. Herlick proclaimed himself the "Poet of God." After the fracas, in which he felled four men and had to be shot by the nightwatchman, some of the poetry he had carried into battle was recovered and examined, but it did not appear to contain much more information than the more or less metrical statements of Carl Sandburg or Amy Lowell. The bullet-hole in the Poet of God was duly patched and he was committed to one of our state hospitals for the insane.

Individual reversion to nature is not an isolated phenomenon, but one that recurs in some form throughout the ages. It is supposed to be more frequent in hot countries than in polar or temperate regions, but may break out anywhere. We seldom hear of nature men in Iceland, Greenland, or other chilly regions, where the proximity of ice keeps the head cool and inspiration sufficiently in check to make clothing seem acceptable; but we have had them in the region of San Francisco before. There was the Blanket Man of Stanford University, who fled no one knew whither; and there was the Nature Man of the same academic halls, who went to Hawaii, was worshipped by some of the Portuguese of Hilo as the returned Lord, drifted down to Tahiti, and came back recently to this city to seek a wife and here to perish; perhaps of the air-tight garments he had long eschewed. But the parts of the world that seem most fertile in nature men are the sandy wastes of Asia Minor, Palestine, Arabia, and Northern Africa. Here arise dervishes, prophets, and mahdis, and while the vested interests in the things of the spirit are inclined to persecution, some of the nature men are well received and highly honored.

The trouble with the Prophet Herlick was that he arose in the wrong time and place. He might have attained great authority and a reputation for sanctity that would have persisted a thousand years had he gone mad in another age and clime; but Daly City is no place for a Poet of God. He may be needed there, but the people are not ready for him yet, and prefer to save their crockery and take a chance with their souls. In this they are neither unique nor startlingly modern. If they have cast out a prophet they have had ample

precedent, just as they would have had if they had credited his delirium as a message from the Deity. And he was better treated than some nature men have been whose fame has lived for centuries.

It is said that this particular specimen has been seen off and on for more than a year, running the beaches and the brush near Mussel Rock, about ten miles down the coast, sometimes prowling in a vegetable patch, sometimes awesomely silhouetted against the evening sky, from the top of some jagged headland, with hair and beard streaming in the wind but with no other garments to speak of. We have in an old book an account of some of the Palestinian dervishes, which might describe him accurately. It was said that they spoke like angels, but acted like beasts—that as soon as they received their mission they ceased to wash—that they often resorted to the mountains, where they could be seen skipping from rock to rock like goats—or they lived in the desert on roots and wild honey, sometimes grazing if there were grass or browsing where the brush was good—that they taught in parables, and often acted the parable they taught. Some of the prophets of the Old Testament were, at least in outward aspect and demeanor, singularly like the prophet of Daly City. They were not always well received, and there were instances of barbarity in their treatment, although their fame has come down to this day. Urijah, for example, fled from King Jehoiakim into Egypt, but was pursued, brought back, and killed. Prophet Herlick would not have been so treated, his shooting having been more by necessity than choice and design. If he had fled southward and hidden himself among the artichokes of Pedro Valley, it is likely that he would still be at large, writing poetry and practicing dermal ventilation. The difference seems to be that in a primitive social condition insanity is regarded as a sign of divine inspiration, and hence a quality making one either blessed, or dangerous to vested interests, whereas nowadays and in this region it is only the rational that is so regarded or that receives such treatment.

We shall have more nature men from time to time, even in this cool climate. They will not be numerous enough nor of sufficiently contagious example to affect the clothing trade deleteriously, and so it will not be necessary to take violent measures with them. It is to be hoped they will not even have to be shot. But they must not break the dishes, and they must be careful not to put themselves in a position to be held responsible for rationality. Let them write their poems and keep away from editors and restaurants, and they will be comparatively safe. If they wish to be taken seriously they should go to the Soudan or some other vast and sandy region where there is so little business that people have time to think about their souls.

#### Real Restraint of Trade.

Not the Supreme Court, but the law, is to blame for the condition now menacing California and the Pacific Coast in the form of an order to unmerge the Southern and Central Pacific railroads. A statute is a crystallization and a petrification of human will at the time it is passed, and in the thirty-two years that have elapsed since the Sherman Act was signed there has been a total change of condition with which that act could not keep pace. There has also been a change of understanding on the part of many as to the interests of the public, and a change in the manner of securing to the public the thing in which it is interested, namely, service. Rates, services, extensions of line or expansion of plant, or whether any shall be built at all or not, and if they shall be, then the issues of bonds for construction, are all under the mandate of commissions. The interest of the public is, generally speaking, secure. In this case, however, its security is jeopardized by the operation of a law passed after the act complained of, and to terminate a condition which is now known to be beneficial.

The statement of President Sproule of the Southern Pacific makes these things very clear. It is a candid statement, and contains much matter that is pertinent and valuable. The public should understand its main propositions, because they are vital to the prosperity of this region. The Southern and the Central Pacific have been under common control for fifty years. They have been developed as one system, not two. Beginning at different times and under slightly different conditions, their financial arrangements were different, and when a new line was needed it was built by the



one that could most easily raise the money at the time. Thus the system has been a mosaic, each bit related to those standing around it, but in many cases of small value alone. For example, many totally separated short lines of one road run from valley towns to points on the other, which form their only connection with one another and with terminals and the outside world. The line down the San Joaquin Valley was built to meet a public demand, but it was built by two companies—the Central Pacific to Goshen, the Southern Pacific beyond that point. The system is a unit, but unfortunately with two names. If it had but one the present trouble would never have arisen. See what names can do.

The fact of the common control of the two roads was given definite formal status by the lease of the Central Pacific to the Southern Pacific in 1885, five years before the passage of the Sherman Act. And the Southern Pacific has owned the entire stock of the Central Pacific since 1899. All the common development, says President Sproule, has taken place in response to public desire and with the approval of Congress—and the public's only interest in the manner of this development was in the question of whether it was being hurt by having the thing carried on by a single control with two names or with one. That is a hair-splitting matter.

If the unit system was recognized and established by the lease five years before the passage of the Sherman Act, and was then an innocent thing working beneficially for the extension of railroad lines and services and the upbuilding of the state, it is hard to see how that act could make it either very criminal or injurious to the people's interests. As a matter of fact, after the strain of war developed the weak spots in the nation's railroad equipment, it was seen that we needed another law to permit what in part the Sherman Act had forbidden. That act, passed to prevent the restraint of trade, was itself restraining trade. So the Transportation Act of 1920 was passed and signed, and it instructs the Interstate Commerce Commission to do what the railroads themselves would have done if they had been left to themselves: adopt a plan for the consolidation of the railroad properties of the United States into a limited number of systems. That is the lagging, dilatory, inconsistent, harmful, and, in the end, necessarily self-reversing way in which the mania for regulating everything by statute or ordinance often operates.

The suit against the roads under the Sherman Act was started in 1914. The decision is rendered in 1922. In the meantime, in 1920, the Interstate Commerce Commission is directed to prepare plans for previously forbidden consolidations, and under the Transportation Act of 1920 it serves notice on all railroads to prepare for hearings; and in the tentative plans of the commission, the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific are logically and rationally treated as one system—which they are. Evidently the commission found no reason to believe that the present unit management was unduly restrictive of competition.

Inasmuch as the Transportation Act of 1920 was intended to undo part of the Sherman Act of 1890, it is possible that the Interstate Commerce Commission can by taking control undo the decision of 1922. But the support of public opinion is necessary. It should be known to the commission that more moderate counsels prevail today than in the time of universal railroad hatred, and that more intelligent views of the function of business are held than when the general supposition was that it was merely predatory. This is not a simple case of marriage and divorce. These properties are Siamese Twins, and it would be dangerous as well as needlessly expensive to cut them apart. Or, to take President Sproule's more vegetarian simile, "they have grown like a healthy tree from a common root into a single unit of service throughout half a century." To tear them apart would mean a new and real restraint of trade. So that the Sherman Act has to be reversed in order to prevent it from reversing itself by causing the thing it was passed to prevent. Another example of the wisdom of regulating everything by statute. It can't be done, except at vast public cost and damage.

It is a great thing that the Transportation Act of 1920 exists. But in our understanding of it, action under it lies pretty much in the discretion of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That commission undoubtedly knows the railroad situation in this country, and it is to be hoped that it will see its duty and do it. Some way must be found to prevent a real and mon-

strous restraint of trade by the Sherman Act, in large part a piece of intolerant meddling with the natural development of transportation and industry. President Sproule in his statement emphasizes what the *Argonaut* has been emphasizing ever since the decision: that the public has nothing to gain by the dissolution of the great transportation system of California, and the West. It would be destructive of the greatest single element of modern productivity—effective railroad service. The way to secure that is to recognize that we already have it, and to let well enough alone until we are sure we can make it better.

Toil, and Minimum Wages.

The war being waged on behalf of the union taxicab drivers in this city is really a war against the public and the welfare of society in general. Standing alone, it might be a small matter, but it does not stand alone. It is part of a larger and far more sinister whole; the persistent general effort, by fair means or foul, to make the public pay more than natural costs for any service or commodity in which labor is a considerable element. The game is, combine with employers and take it out of the public. Such a policy can only tend to beggar everybody, and the taxi strike is a good example of the way in which that is done.

Here is a public service of value, though perhaps not of vital necessity. We might get along without taxis in San Francisco, and under the present tariffs most of us do; but the business is a good illustration of the way a guaranteed minimum wage will work, whether in driving taxicabs or carrying on more important services. In other cities the drivers are to a certain extent profit sharers; they receive a percentage of the fares. The same system prevails on the London busses. The result is good public service at reasonable rates. The drivers are operating the capital of the company, but at a distance from any direct control, so that what that capital shall do in the public service is entirely in their hands. Under the commission plan it is to their interest to pick up all the fares they can, keep their cars going, and serve just as many people as possible.

In San Francisco the reverse is true. The drivers demanded a minimum wage of \$5 a day. They got it whether they carried one passenger or none, whether they ran five miles or eighty-five. So, as driving is work, they did as little as might be, because they would not get any more for doing more. To get more for doing more is the condition of all progress in this world. Without the operation of that principle, little is done that can be avoided. How did it work in San Francisco? Why, the drivers did about a third of the work that is done by taxi drivers in the big cities of the East. They ran an average of forty miles, while a Chicago driver runs 110 to 120.

On such a small business the rates have to be high, for the capital is not earning what it should. A large part of the day the plant is "standing by" and the driver idle, and he thus costs 12 cents a taxi mile instead of 4 or 6 as in Eastern cities, where living is far more expensive and far more of a hardship for men whose work exposes them to the weather. If the driver got an order for a long haul, out of town for fifty or seventy-five miles, he was tempted to turn it over to an individual operator for a commission. Why should he work for the company any harder than he must? He got his pay anyhow. At the same time, the high rates necessitated by this system operated to keep the service, that is, the mileage, low; for riding in taxicabs is not compulsory, and when fares are exorbitant fewer persons indulge themselves in the luxury.

So we have had in San Francisco high fares and restricted taxicab service. We are not betraying the city to say so; the fact is notorious. It is the logical outcome of the minimum wage and the guaranteed job. The *Argonaut* printed a letter last week setting out this system in full. Against this condition, harmful to the public interest whether it prevails in the taxicab business or any other, the employing companies tried to set up the system of commissions on fares, which had formerly prevailed for ten years under the open shop condition. They offered a guaranteed minimum of \$4.25, with a 25 per cent. commission on all business turned in. The union representatives said they preferred a minimum of \$4.50 without commissions, and struck to get it.

That strike was against the public interest of San Francisco, just as much as the crimes that have been

committed in furtherance of it have been against the public peace. It is high time these things were understood—that there are some points of union policy inimical to the public, and which the public must not tolerate. We are still of the opinion that the taxicab companies charge too much for their own and the public good, even under the circumstances. But if the allegations in the letter of the president of the California company to the *Argonaut* are true, the unions have supplied them with a good excuse. The public is always involved in these disputes, and the duty of its representatives is to enforce peace. When crime is resorted to, it is usually the wrong side that wins.

Editorial Notes.

A civil war veteran of Redding predicted long ago that he would die on the 10th of June, 1922, and fulfilled his prediction. That might support some theory of the occult and spooky, were it not for the fact that a great many thousand people predict their own deaths every year, but fail to die when they say they will.

Forty-nine out of 460, or more than 10½ per cent., of the employees in the registry department of the New York postoffice have been found to have crime records. That is an example of "letting the government do it." No doubt the case is not representative of the postoffice personnel—but do you happen to think of any private corporation in an important department of which the proportion of former criminals runs that high?

Some half-dollars are to be minted in commemoration of Rutherford B. Hayes. They will be quite serviceable. For those that do not remember who Rutherford B. Hayes was, we may say that he was a President of the United States in the dear, dead days of the low cost of living, and was chiefly remarkable for having beaten Samuel Tilden by so narrow a margin that many super-heated Democrats believe he was never elected at all. Mr. Tilden was a deserving gentleman who narrowly escaped being commemorated by half a dollar. He lives in the hearts of his partisans.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

On Solid Ground.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 8, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I heartily congratulate you on your editorials relative to the University of California in your issue of May 22d and June 3d. Such expression is greatly needed, and I am sure your views have the approval of each one who has the welfare of the university at heart. Those of us who have had our sons and daughters in the university know only too well of the conditions that have existed and what was being taught by some of the "economists" and "professors." In the short time that Dr. Barrows has been president he has demonstrated he not only knows what is needed, but is thoroughly capable of effecting such reforms or reorganizations as may be necessary, if he is given the authority and properly supported. If your surmise is correct as to the cause of his resignation, then all the more reason that if the university desires to send out into the world true Americans, in spirit as well as in action, a man of Dr. Barrows' type is absolutely essential. I deem it fortunate that just at this time Dr. Barrows is in the Sierra and out of reach of ordinary communication, otherwise I am afraid he would be one of the first to say "Nay" to you in the articles you are writing, but I sincerely trust you will keep up your good work. I have heard many expressions of regret at his resignation, and know it is the wish of thousands that he could be induced to reconsider it and be kept at the head of the university—the interests of which are far greater than the personal wishes of any man, whether he occupies a place on the Board of Regents or not. Sincerely, T. M. SHEARMAN.

An Approving Word from a "House-Mother."

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I was very interested in your article on the resignation of Dr. Barrows. One is so thankful to find some one who will dare to speak the truth; and every word you said concerning Berkeley was true. As a house-mother for a long time in a sorority in one of the best-known universities in the country, I heartily endorse everything you said in regard to the disadvantages of co-education. Your suggestion as to the affiliation of Mills with U. C. was excellent, for unless something along that line is done, the reputation of California as a college of reputable standing is doomed. From the unenviable notoriety it has achieved in the last few years, I'm afraid the regents will not find it easy to fill Dr. Barrows' place. With grateful thanks for your fearlessness in speaking your mind. E. F. M.

Unfriendly foreigners are boycotted in Tien-tsin, China, by the "Chiu Kuo Kuei K'u Tuan" Society, or literally "Save Country Kneel and Weep Society." The object of the society is to identify shops and business houses that persist in buying goods from unfriendly foreign nations. When such a shop is discovered, the society calls its members, who meet before the door of the shop in question and kneel down and weep in order to move the shopkeeper. This is continued until the latter is convinced that he should purchase no more goods from unfriendly nations.



## VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

IN IOWA.  
(New York Times.)

The agricultural bloc is justified in exalting its horn. The railway roasters at Washington are happy. The old leaven of Grangerism is still strong in Iowa. Group government gets one more servant in the Senate. Three or four senators who imagine themselves to be "Progressives" or "progressives" have curiously discovered a "progressive" triumph in Colonel Brookhart's success. What is there progressive in the substitution of class-represented government for representative government? Are gratuities to soldiers something new? Is unjust and unproductive taxation progressive?

Colonel Brookhart's radicalism was testified to memorably by the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which sent a letter to Iowa voters approving his candidacy. Among the officers of that conference are officers of the Farmer-Labor Party, of the National Non-Partisan League, of the United Mine Workers, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and our own Frederic C. Howe and Morris Hillquit. These gentlemen are something more than progressive. Colonel Brookhart is not their kind of radical; and it is possible enough that he will be less radical in Washington than he has been in Iowa.

Be that as it may, the pretense that the nomination of Mr. Beveridge and of Mr. Pinchot was "a rebuke to the Administration" and a progressive victory is ridiculous. Mr. Pinchot was nominated as a regular Republican on purely state issues. He had nothing whatever to say about national politics. Mr. Beveridge is in some respects a strong "reactionary." He denounced blocs. He denounced the Adamson and the Sherman law. He didn't try to coddle the farmer or the workingman. He advocated the sales tax. He showed the economic folly of high excess profit taxes. He talked, in fact, like a statesman and a trained economist, not like the ardent rhetorician of his earlier period.

IN PENNSYLVANIA.  
(Washington Star.)

A forest of interrogation points has sprung up overnight in Pennsylvania. Take a few.

Will a Pinchot machine succeed the Penrose machine? Can politics in Pennsylvania be conducted without a machine? Is Pinchot enough of a politician to handle a machine in a state where machine work for so long a time has been essential to success? If Mr. Pinchot attempts machine work and fails, what will be the effect on the Republican stronghold in 1924?

In the governor's chair Mr. Pinchot will need an organization—a machine if you please—and it must be responsive to his will. He must work with it and through it to accomplish his ends.

Organization work is no more necessary in Pennsylvania than elsewhere. As a matter of fact, it is necessary everywhere. No progress can be made without it. Calling it machine work does not discredit it in the eyes of practical men.

Mr. Pinchot is known principally for his interest in forestry. Strictly speaking, he has not been considered a politician. But for years he was intimately associated with a master politician, and must have learned something of the game from him. Theodore Roosevelt knew politics thoroughly, and imparted to all who were associated with him some of his knowledge and inspired them with some of his spirit. Mr. Pinchot, we may all be sure, is more than an authority on forestry.

If Pennsylvania is in doubt in 1924 the Republicans would do well to order their grave clothes. A funeral, with their party at the head of the procession, will be a certainty. If the keystone becomes insecure, the arch will inevitably tumble. Nothing will suffice to save it.

GREAT BRITAIN EMERGING.  
(Baltimore American.)

Another of the encouraging signs of the return of stability in the money market is the steady upward climb of the British pound sterling, which has just attained the height of \$4.48, or 38 cents below par value. The pound dropped as low as \$3.18 at one time. This was in February, 1920. It has been climbing ever since, despite unemployment in England, the more or less general stagnation of business, and the slow recovery of continental European finance.

It is said to have surprised New York financial circles that Britain would be ready this fall to pay \$100,000,000 interest obligations to this government. However, if we ignore the somewhat mysterious British financial recovery under very adverse conditions, there should be no surprise in a further rapid advance of British financial stability this summer, as reports indicate that the internal trade prospects are good and the British manufacturers are already embarking on rather ambitious selling plans. The trade tone throughout the island seems to be one of optimism and the newspapers speak confidently of the future.

All this is of good import, for while the world waits on Russia and Germany to restabilize their financial systems, the active embarkation of the Western nations in solidifying the exchange rates and in paying their bills will have whole-some effect on the general situation.

DIPLOMATIC INDISCRETIONS.  
(Washington Post.)

The free and constant expression of public opinion in the United States is a temptation to foreign envoys. They discover that public opinion is a more potent agent in this country, swaying the decisions of Congress and the government. Yet this public opinion seems to be easily affected by rumors, facts, and personal expressions of opinion. The press is open to all, and everybody reads. Any one who has something important or sensational to say can usually find a public audience. There is no censorship. No one stands guard over the press. The tastes of newspapers differ. If one newspaper will not print an article, another will.

Another misleading feature of American life is the easy mingling of all kinds of individuals and the universal relish of jocular and witty utterances. A foreigner who wins a reputation for wit or fun becomes immensely popular and is widely quoted. A tradition grows around him, attributing to him greater powers of wit than he ever possessed. This was the case with Wu Ting-fang, who discovered that his slightest utterance, seriously intended, caused Americans to burst into roars of laughter. They detected in everything he said something droll, subtle, and Oriental, and each individual flattered himself upon his intellectual alertness in detecting the true meaning of the Oriental's remarks. One result of this public attitude toward Wu Ting-fang was his astonishing boldness in commenting upon American affairs and in interfering in American politics. He thought nothing of communicating directly with members of Congress on matters affecting China. When the Department of State hinted that his activity was irregular he blandly laid the blame upon his inability to understand Occidental affairs, and he was always excused.

The welcome extended to the utterances of foreign envoys in the press, and the free and easy attitude of the public

toward distinguished foreigners, have often tempted diplomats to make efforts to sway public opinion in the American fashion. These efforts are usually inoffensive, and if the envoy has gained personal popularity the public is even likely to encourage him in his attempts to gain advantages for his country. But it is a dangerous proceeding, for Americans quickly resent importunate propaganda and will seek in a way to offset the undue activity of foreigners in their affairs.

Personal utterances by diplomatic envoys are always subject to adverse criticism if they have any appearance of deliberate interference with domestic politics or policies. Another foreign activity, however, is not so obvious, and its interference is not so easily checked. This is "propaganda"—an elastic word covering many phases of attempted political influence. The material put forth by the propaganda agencies of foreign governments is formidable in quantity and protean in shape. It is all directed for one purpose—the swaying of American public opinion, which is counted upon to sway the government.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Gathering Song of Donald the Black.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan Conuil.  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war-array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky:  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlocky.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter:  
Leave the corpse uninterred,  
The bride at the altar;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges:  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended:  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded:  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu  
Knell for the onset!—Sir Walter Scott.

## The Ladies of St. James's.

The ladies of St. James's  
Go swinging to the play;  
Their footmen run before them,  
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
She takes her buckled shoon,  
When we go out a-courting  
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's  
Wear satin on their backs;  
They sit all night at *Ombre*,  
With candles all of wax:  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
She dons her russet gown,  
And runs to gather May dew  
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!  
They are so fine and fair,  
You'd think a box of essences  
Was broken in the air:  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
The breath of heath and furze  
When breezes blow at morning,  
Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!  
They're painted to the eyes;  
Their white it stays for ever  
Their red it never dies;  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
Her color comes and goes;  
It trembles to a lily,  
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!  
You scarce can understand  
The half of all their speeches,  
Their phrases are so grand:  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
Her shy and simple words  
Are clear as after rain-drops  
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!  
They have their fits and freaks;  
They smile on you—for seconds,  
They frown on you—for weeks:  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
Come either storm or shine,  
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,  
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!  
I care not though they heap  
The hearts of all St. James's,  
And give me all to keep;  
I care not whose the beauties  
Of all the world may be,  
For Phyllida—for Phyllida  
Is all the world to me!

—Austin Dobson.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Joyce Wethered is Britain's new woman open golf champion. She recently defeated Miss Cecil Leitch, the title-holder, in the British Classic Women's Tournament at Sandwich.

Former Senator George Sutherland, who is a close personal friend and advisor of the President, is to attend The Hague Conference of international experts on Russian affairs this month. His errand is said to be that of counselor for the United States in the case with Norway over ships pending before The Hague Tribunal.

Mrs. Brian-Garfield, the French wife of an American engineer, who is house surgeon at the Paris Charity Hospital, has advanced arguments why women make good surgeons, though they are not eminently successful as physicians. Medicine, she claims, depends upon deduction, but surgery merely requires great skill with the fingers, and women's fingers are hereditarily adept with scissors and needle. Mrs. Brian-Garfield is said already to rival the veteran men surgeons at her hospital.

Colonel Samson Lane Faison, United States infantry, was recently named by President Harding for promotion to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army. Colonel Faison will succeed Brigadier-General William R. Sage, who died June 4th. During the world war Colonel Faison, who held the temporary rank of brigadier-general, commanded the Thirtieth Division at Camp Sevier during training and the Sixtieth Infantry Brigade of that division during its active operations in France.

It has been lately published in a local paper that many of our wealthiest Americans have had either one son or none at all. Rockefeller has one son. Carnegie had none. Ford has one son. Frick had only one son. Baker had one son. Schwab has no children. Mellon (Secretary of the Treasury) has one son. J. P. Morgan had only one son. Schiff had one son. Vincent Astor is an only son. Gary has no son. Armour has no son. Wilson (the packer) has only one son. Patterson has only one son. Eastman is a bachelor.

Five new peers were created on the occasion of the king's birthday, June 4th, for conspicuous public services. They are Sir Robert Hudson Borwick, who throughout the war provided hospital treatment for sick and wounded colonial officers; Sir Joseph Robinson, "for national and imperial services"; Sir William Vestey, who "rendered immense service during the war in connection with the food supply and cold storage arrangements"; Sir Samuel J. Waring, who equipped and maintained a hospital during the war, and Sir Archibald Williamson. These men are baronets and will be raised to barons.

Sir Philip Sassoon, whose engagement to Miss Megan Lloyd George has been rumored, is the third baronet of his name and the parliamentary secretary to the prime minister. Sir Philip has been M. P. for the Hythe division of Kent since 1912. He was private secretary to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, commander-in-chief of the British armies in France, from 1915 to 1918. Sir Philip won many honors during the war. He was made an officer of the Order of the Black Star, a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, an officer of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, and has been decorated with French and Belgian military crosses. Sir Philip is thirty-three years old.

Sir Walter A. Raleigh, distinguished professor of English literature at Oxford University, whose death occurred several weeks ago, was born in Scotland in 1861, the son of Dr. Alexander Raleigh. After graduation from Cambridge, where he had been president of the Union, he was appointed a lecturer on the then newly-organized University Extension Scheme. The substance of his early lectures was incorporated in "The English Novel," one of the liveliest of literary text-books. Among Raleigh's other critical studies are "R. L. Stevenson," "Style," "Wordsworth," and a study on Milton. He was called to occupy the chair at Oxford in 1904, after having held similar lectureships at Glasgow and Liverpool. Of late years he was constantly in demand as a writer of appreciative introductions to literary reprints. His work was distinguished for its rare combination of erudition and imagination.

Arthur F. Mathews, San Francisco mural painter, was awarded the fine arts gold medal of the American Institute of Architects at its Chicago convention. Mathews, who is well known for his landscape work, is also recognized by the award as the leading mural decorative artist in the United States, John Singer Sargent being the other painter considered for the honor. In his student days in Paris, where he worked at the Julien Academy and in the private studio of Bolanger, Mathews was considered the finest American draughtsman sent to Paris. Much of his work was destroyed in 1906 by the fire. Among his notable recent work are his panels at the Children's Hospital, Carnegie Library, Mechanics' Institute, and Masonic Temple of this city, and the twelve panels in the rotunda of the State Capitol, depicting scenes of California history. Mathews was for many years director of the Hopkins Art Institute. He is at present at work on a series of fifteen panels for the library of the University of California.

There are persons so moderate and non-committal in their views that if you ask them whether the Bay will ever be bridged they will answer: "Well, yes; and no."



## CROWN PRINCE STILL WILLING.

Former Heir Apparent to the German Throne Appears in a Receptive Mood.

The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany belong distinctly in the Frenchman's category of the things that are important if you think them so. The book has been liberally noticed in this country and Europe, and even served piecemeal, *au syndicat*, and reviewers have expended some conjecture as to the real authorship, apparently assuming that the prince would have had help as he had when he was a field commander. Perhaps he had. If it is a work of collaboration, we hazard the guess that those eminent Hearstian journalists, Snivel, Drivel, and Piffle, had a good deal to do with it. The Germanic sentimentalism is all through it—that emotional vapor which the Teuton can turn on at will, just as he puts caraway seeds in his mashed potatoes, and with which he can flavor a financial loss, the downfall of his empire, or a plate of *kalter aufschnitt*, deluding himself the while with the belief that he is deluding the rest of us. And for that reason the book has its significance at this time, when Germany appears to be rushing into bankruptcy to avoid her reparations payments, when discerning travelers report a strong monarchist trend, and when it might seem to the German mentality that plenty of sniffing would secure for the Fatherland an endless moratorium.

One looks in vain through these pages for a sign of repentance for the horrors of which the Bryce Commission found Germany guilty. There is no repudiation of such measures, no seeming consciousness of the fact that they were wrong. The word "atrocities" does not appear in its index, either for denial or defense. There is not even that quality of hypocrisy which might be accepted as a concession to decency. The German psychology runs true to form all through these simple annals, and the thing whiffles and sniffles along about the foe-girt nation, the victim of envy and hatred, quite in the old manner of national self-righteousness, but with the truculence reduced to a sub-calibre charge for indoor shooting. It is true that there is a trace of recognition of the unwisdom of German bad manners, but even in such passages as the following it gets around in the end to the old refrain of justification by jealousy:

But it was not alone envy of German efficiency that gained for us the aversion of the great majority; we had managed by less worthy qualities to make ourselves disliked. It is imprudent and tactless for individuals or peoples to push themselves forward with excessive noisiness in their efforts to get on; distrust, opposition, repulsion and enmity are thereby provoked. Yet it is into this fault that we Germans, both officially and personally, have lapsed only too often. The openly provocative and blustering deportment, the attitude adopted by many Germans abroad of continually wishing to teach everybody and to act as guardians to the whole world ruffled the nerves of other people. In conjunction with the stupidity and bad taste of a kindred character proceeding from leading personages and public officials at home and readily heard and caught up abroad, this conduct did immense damage, more especially, again, in the case of England, who felt herself particularly menaced by modern Germany.

That looks fair, in part. But when the subject of abdication and renunciation is approached one sees the special pleading of a man with a cause to save at any cost of sincerity and candor, and the old royal and imperial practice of saying one thing and meaning another. One can hardly read the final passages with any idea that either the Kaiser or his son meant anything when they retired from the "king business," other than to escape trouble, and obtain asylum until things looked favorable for a try at restoration.

However, there is much of interest in the book—pictures, impressions, of moving things and events. The Crown Prince was in a position to see some things the rest of us could not, and while we can not accept at par all his statements of them, they at least have a vivid aspect which makes them worth noticing. Here is a pre-war impression of the Czar and the Russian heir-apparent:

Tsar Nicholas was not, in my judgment, the personality that Russia needed on the throne. He lacked resolution and courage and was out of touch with his people. As a simple, country gentleman, he might perhaps have been happy and have had many friends; but he did not possess the qualities essential to lead a nation in the development of its capacities; possibly, indeed, his timid mind scarcely dared to reflect upon the merest shadow of such qualities.

Deeply tragical appeared to us, even at that time, the weakly and continually ailing little heir-apparent, Alexis Nicholaievitch. Though already nine years old, he was usually carried about like a little wounded creature by a giant of a sailor. With anxious and trembling tenderness, the parents clung to this fragile offspring of the later years of their wedlock who was expected some day to wear the imperial crown of Russia.

All over! Gone in blood and horror, this little wearily flickering life.

When it comes to the British, there is a certain obvious straining of compliment which suggests the process of snuggling up. In 1909 the ex-prince visited India, and gives us these sapient observations:

Of all the impressions I received the greatest and most lasting was that made upon me by the organizing and administrative talent of the English. It struck me, too, as a noticeable peculiarity that, in the various branches of administration, comparatively very young officials were employed, but that they were energetic and were invested with great independence and responsibility. Extensive and healthy decentralization prevailed generally. Everywhere I was im-

pressed by the vast power of England, whose magnitude was, before the war, frequently and considerably undervalued in Germany, intoxicated as she was with her own rapid rise.

But it became just as clear to me how enormous was the competition which Germany created for the British in the emporiums of the Far East. Thus, many an English merchant told me, in confidential talk, that it could not go as it was—England could not and would not allow herself to be pushed to the wall by us. I myself, during the sea voyage, noticed that we met about as many German merchant vessels as British ones. Moreover, the muttered curse, "Those damned Germans!" occasionally reached my ear.

There is an effort to supply documentary evidence that the Kaiser was innocent of provoking war. The following passage is interesting at this point, and, favorably read, would seem to support the view that the Kaiser did not want war, or did not want it at just that particular moment when he made the annotation quoted. But much depends on how you read it, and whether or not you are in a mood to give it a favorable or an unfavorable interpretation:

On July 28, 1914, when Serbia has accepted almost all the points of the Austrian ultimatum, my father annotated thus the telegram which brought the news of Serbia's submission: "A brilliant performance within a limit of forty-eight hours. That is more than one could expect. A great moral success for Vienna; but with it disappears every reason for war, and the Austrian minister, Giesl, ought to have remained quietly at Belgrade. After that, I should never have ordered the mobilization." I quote this telegram and its marginal notes, because they prove irrefutably the peaceful desires of Germany and the Kaiser. They prove the good-will, in spite of which our destiny—bound to the policy of the Vienna Ballplatz to the extent of vassalage—strode its way.

The prince has little admiration for his father, but he seems to love Ludendorff with a filial affection, and after declaring that "his wealth of ideas and marvelously exact intellect solved with astounding certainty military problems of the most difficult character and won for him and for the German arms imperishable fame," he makes this noble effort to save the imperishable from perishing:

The successful designer of battles and calculator of victories, who, ever since he first led his first men as a little lieutenant, had been accustomed to regard the concepts of discipline, punctuality, and fighting courage as things of iron-like rigidity, the practiced strategist, who, ever since he first donned red-striped trousers as a young officer of the General Staff, had combined with the idea of a battery or a division definite striking values and calculable effects, now suddenly saw himself compelled to query all these notions. Enterprises which, assuming the reliability of the individual factors, bore every promise of success, broke down in the execution because the machine, partly overstrained and partly rusty, failed to perform its task. The last German attacks, i. e., from March 21, 1918, down to the decisive turning-point of the war—the irruption of the enemy at the Forest of Villers-Cotterets on July 18—were, notwithstanding some brilliant initial successes, nothing but a series of bitter examples of this fact.

And then, being in excellent position to do it, he puts in this word for his own military fame, anent the battle of the Marne, and the charges that he was answerable for the disastrous retreat ordered by the High Command—as though the High Command would have paid any attention to him:

What I intend to write here is not a description of the military developments and the operations of my Fifth Army in those bitter days; for that I have made other arrangements; I propose here only to sketch in broad outline the circumstances which, at that time, led the German army to desert from its victorious advance and to start a tragic retreat. The blame mine? Only mean malice could invent such an idea, only unbounded stupidity could believe it!

As commander-in-chief of the Fifth Army, I led the advance of my army in August, 1914; I saw the decisions and notices that were issued and was present at the scanty discussions with the General Higher Command and with the adjacent armies; finally, I had the best of opportunities to watch and study hour by hour the development of affairs during the battle of the Marne. My impression is that it was an unfortunate combination of many circumstances that led to this pernicious result. Besides the unquestionable incompetence and the consequent moral and physical collapse of General von Moltke, there was the unfortunate and rapidly discouraged leadership of the Second Army by General von Bülow, and the absolutely disastrous activity of an officer of the Headquarters Staff, who, oppressed by a sense of responsibility and personal pessimism, assumed a verbal order given to meet a particular emergency, as conferring full powers upon him, and so occasioned a retreat of the two victorious armies on the wings before a decision had been reached.

Whenever I think of the senseless and incomprehensible flinging away of the successes gained at that time, whenever all the horror of that insensate folly comes before me, I see the tragic figure of a man who ought to have led, but who was no leader, and who broke down when the rising pressure of events broke down the traditional scheme: that figure is the figure of Lieutenant-General von Moltke.

It takes a long time to analyze a battle, especially such a battle as that of the Marne, a battle that was a small war in itself. We believe the military men are not yet unanimous in their verdict on it; but it seems likely that the Germans were beaten there largely through a lack of intelligent objective on the parts of Von Kluck and Von Bülow after the retreat from the Sambre, of which lack the tactical brilliance of Joffre's generalship, assisted by the harassments of the Belgians, took advantage in a series of recurrent flank and frontal attacks which worked like an eight-day clock and disposed of one German element after another. If this view approximates the truth, it is hardly gracious to put the blame on poor Von Moltke in order to save the reputation of German generalship. Yet it must be saved, perhaps for future uses, and so the once imperial author says:

The German army was not defeated at the Marne; it was withdrawn by its leaders. The battle was lost because the Highest Command gave it up as lost; in spite of the numerical superiority of the enemy—in the ratio of two to one—that Highest Command might have led its armies to victory, if it had clearly perceived the situation and had acted adequately and resolutely.

It is not *post factum* wisdom, but the expression of a view borne in upon me at the time, when I say that, by a vigorous condensation of our right wing for united action and by strengthening it with easily possible reinforcements from the left wing, a dispersal of the threatening danger might have been achieved without any serious difficulty.

If the German army was not defeated at the Marne, it raises again the old question, Who won the war? Which is, perhaps, what such passages are intended to do.

The ex-Crown Prince takes himself seriously, and that makes his memoirs diverting. He supposes that he was quite a figure at Verdun, for example, and that it is necessary to defend himself from charges of butchering his people in those futile assaults. So he does it; but in strains more lyrical than logical, about "the laughing murderer of Verdun." It is not likely that history will hold him directly accountable for what happened there. His guilt was more political than military: his part in Germanism itself, exemplified in the incident of Zabern. If these remarks shall come to him and be found unpalatable, he has his revenge in advance in the stiff side-swipe with which he finally and contemptuously disposes of the Americans:

The American attacks were in themselves badly planned; they showed ignorance of warfare; the men advanced in columns and were mowed down by our remaining machine-guns. No great danger lay there. But their tanks pierced our thin lines—one man every twenty metres—and fired on us from behind. Not till then did the American infantry advance. Withal the Americans had at their disposal an incredible quantity of heavy and very heavy artillery. Their preliminary firing greatly exceeded in intensity and heaviness anything we had known at Verdun or on the Somme.

At last it is over, and father and son have fled to Holland. The prince finally executes a significant and decisive manœuvre—he crosses the border, analyzing his emotion at every inch:

Near Vroenhoven we halt in the Dutch barbed wire.

My heart thumps loudly as I jump out of the car. I am thoroughly conscious that the few paces before me are decisive. As though all crowded together in one moment, the pitiless and tormenting scenes of the last few days stand once again before me: Spa; the Kaiser; the field-marshal; Gröner's face; my Schulenberg, adjuring and undauntedly opposing the others; my father's letter; and the decision from Berlin which gives me my discharge and cuts the ground from under my feet.

No, it must be; it must be; there is no other way.

Suddenly there come into my mind the words that General von Falkenhayn used to call out to me when, as a boy, I had to take some difficult obstacle with my horse: "Fling your heart across first; the rest will follow."

Then I take a few steps in front of me.

That's German. And so is the special pleading. The waverings and vacillations of the sire are extensively recorded by the son; but the manner of departure from Spa has been sufficiently described elsewhere. This book will be found significant for its unconscious betrayal of the real spirit of the abdication and the renunciation:

All these facts seem to me to prove that His Majesty did not resolve, of his own accord, to go to Holland. On the contrary, he protested against the idea to the very last. But all his advisers, with the Higher Command at the head, employed the most forcible means to wrest this decision from him. The leading persons of his suite seem also to have gone over to the other side in the course of the afternoon and to have exerted themselves to obtain an early departure of His Majesty.

Shall I present to my German Fatherland the spectacle of one who persists in demanding his rights when they deny him the best elements in these rights—love and confidence? Shall I, by a rigid insistence upon "my bond," provide a war-cry for all those who stand for monarchy in the state, and that at a time when, according to my deepest convictions, the Fatherland—whether as republic or monarchy—demands from all of us internal solidarity against the rapacious desires of the "victors" around us and work, work, work?—Once more, No!

And if, under the stress of circumstances and for the benefit of the whole, the individual renounces a prescriptive right, does he thereby relinquish any part of that sublimer free right of obeying a possible summons issued to him by the will of the majority? My renunciation, proceeding from my love of the Fatherland, can not be regarded as blameworthy. It is evidence of one thing only, that in the fateful hours, with the enemy at our gates and divided counsels at home, when the great need of the moment was to save the country from further dissensions, I obeyed the demands which were calculated to serve her interests.

And so, I yielded to the somewhat belated wishes of the new government; but I repeat that it was not for their sakes and not because I recognized any of the traditional rights of my position as in any way affected by the violent doings of the revolution; no, it was because, so far as in me lies, I desire, as much as any one of my compatriots, honestly to help in preventing conflagration and in healing and strengthening by devotion and self-abnegation our so severely tried Fatherland, till the hour shall come in which I, too, may take active part with my fellows in productive labor in my home country.

The hour of fulfillment has, alas, not yet struck, and I can not yet actively cooperate in the work of restoration; all I can do is to await that hour in self-control and patience, enduring meanwhile the hardships of exile and solitude without complaint.

I do not summon to revenge or to arms or to violence. I call upon the spirit of Germany; let that be strengthened; for the mind makes the deed and the destiny—and senseless is the tool without the master. Possibly this saying is the key to that destiny through which we have been passing for a generation, and also to that which lies ahead and into which we may enter as victors over all our opponents if we do but bind together all the best of our energies into a potent whole.

As a demonstration of German psychology, and persistent royal receptivity, this book is well worth reading. There are passages of intense interest, such as the author's defense of his conduct after the incident of Zabern, and altogether it is one of the things that tend to throw a little more light on one of the darkest periods of our times.

MEMOIRS OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5.




## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 10, 1922, were \$139,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$114,000,000; an increase of \$25,300,000.

Average prices for a group of representative bonds of all classes show a gain of more than twelve points within less than a year. The advance has been entirely justified, but a level has been reached where many bonds are yielding as low a return as current money rates warrant, all things considered, and should the

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business revival reach the intensity anticipated, the demand for commercial credit may become strong enough to divert funds from the investment market in such quantities as to cause a reaction in those bonds which sell on a yield basis close to prevailing money rates, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Bank clearings outside of New York are showing a consistent expansion, April gaining about 11 per cent. over March, indicating the commercial demand is already increasing. It is this greater demand which explains in a way the present halt to the advance in prices

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for certain bonds, despite a decline in the volume of new bond offerings. Seasonal demands usually result in high money rates in the autumn, and this, coupled with the needs of a reviving industry, may cause a strain later on.

The situation suggests that discrimination has become necessary in the case of those who desire to invest with a view of combining a possible appreciation of principal with a satisfactory return. Convertible bonds seem

to offer the best opportunity at this time. If the expected prosperity materializes, earnings for a number of companies will no doubt be sufficient to justify initial or increased dividends and to make profitable the conversion of their bonds into stock. In this connection the following bonds should be considered:

New York Central conv. deb. 6s, 1935 at 103. Conv. into New York Central stock at 105 any time prior to May 1, 1925. New York Central is earning about 12½ per cent. on its stock at this time, and, with the increased traffic which will probably come under better business conditions, should be able to pay a 7 per cent. dividend. On a 6 per cent. yield basis the stock would sell at 116, and the bonds be worth 110. But New York Central in a strong rail market may sell on a considerable lower yield basis than 6 per cent.

Chile Copper col. tr. conv. 6s, 1932 at 92. Convertible into stock at \$135 a share at any time. Chile Copper has emerged from the development stage and is working into a position where large earnings are possible even under present prices for the metal. With higher prices for the metal, this company should pay a dividend which would justify more than \$35 a share for the stock and correspondingly higher prices for these bonds.

Brooklyn Union Gas 7s, 1929, at 110. Convertible at part into stock at any time. The United States Supreme Court decision in the Consolidated Gas case holding the 80-cent gas rate confiscatory is a very favorable development and releases about \$8,500,000 of impounded bonds. An 8 per cent. dividend rate is quite possible, which, on a 6 per cent. yield basis, would mean 132 for the stock and bonds.

Reference has been made in these columns in the past to the advantage of buying bonds that are not callable or are not likely to be called before maturity, says John H. Barnes in *Century Magazine*. It seems well to direct investors' attention to this point again, for on a recent day the morning papers carried the announcements of five new corporation bond issues all of which could be called for retirement at prices from one to twelve points above the offering prices. If interest rates continue to go down it will not be long before some of these issues can be retired and lower interest bonds sold in their place. And when it will be to the advantage of the companies to do this it will be to the disadvantage of the bondholders to have to reinvest their money at that time. Those who are buying high interest rate bonds at present should make sure that they are going to get that rate as long as they want it. If a bond is callable they may not do so.

And this point should not only be taken into consideration by those who buy solely for the income return they get on their money, but also by those who have a view to speculative profits on their investments as well. For if it is advantageous for a company to sell new bonds to retire a higher rate issue, even at 105 or 110, then those higher rate bonds, if they were not callable, would be selling still higher in the market. In a period of declining interest rates and advancing bond prices, like the present, callable features are likely to prove disadvantageous to bond buyers. Where their exercise is optional with the company, as is usually the case, they are never disadvantageous to the issuing company.

Investment bankers who underwrite new issues and distribute them to the public serve both the corporations and the investor. They advise with corporations as to the best forms of security to issue, and if they are investment bankers of good reputation and high standing they make sure that the issues are safe before they offer them to their clients. But in this matter of providing for the possibilities of the future they are more apt to give consideration to the viewpoint of the corporation than that of the investor, as is indicated by the number of bond issues now being brought out that are callable a few points above the issue price. If they are called and new bonds sold to replace them, the banker makes another underwriting commission. So he has a selfish interest in the matter.

The individual in this as well as in many other particulars involving the investment of his money, must, therefore, look out for his own interests. He should in the first place have complete information regarding each issue he thinks of buying. The monthly offering lists of most investment houses do not contain information as to callable features of the various issues, but this information together with information as to the assets and earnings back of the bonds can be secured by asking for detail circulars. These circulars should be studied as carefully as one would study a business proposition in which he is going to embark.

Some readers may wonder why so much attention is paid to this point of the callability of the bonds. It is true that other matters,

such as the safety of the issue itself, is of more importance; but if the reader has been following these monthly articles he knows there are tides in the bond market just as in the affairs of men which taken at the flood may lead to fortune. In August, 1920, when the bond market was at the lowest point in a generation it was pointed out here that while a dollar would buy only 45 cents worth of food or clothing as compared with 1913 it would buy \$1.37 worth of high-grade bonds as compared with their pre-war prices. It was then said: "When United States government bonds are selling to yield more than 5½ per cent. and the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central are selling 7 per cent. securities, no regrets are likely to be felt by the investor who makes sure of securing for himself for a long period of years the high return that long-term bonds now give."

Again in February last year, referring to the tides of the bond market, it was written: "Twice since the beginning of this century has the tide flowed out, once it came back part way—in 1909—and recently it started in again, but has somewhat receded. Today bond prices are not much above the low-water mark for the past generation. . . . Therefore the present seems the time to dispose of short-term securities and buy long term. Near the crest of the flood-tide the thing to do will be to convert from the long-term investments into short so that there will be little or no depreciation of principal as the tide flows out."

Since then Liberty Loan bonds have advanced in price from a 5½ per cent. yield basis to a 4¼ per cent. basis, and longer-term corporation bonds have shown even greater improvement in price. Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé general mortgage 4s, due 1995, which were down to 70¾ in 1920, are now at 89. New York Central refunding 3½s, due 1997, were down to 62½ and are now at 77½, and so on through the list of high-grade bonds.

Yet it does not seem that the flood-tide in bond prices has reached its height. A soldiers' bonus, with renewed inflation and some increase in the cost of living, may check its upward flow. But sight must not be lost of the pre-war level of 98 for Atchison general 4s and 87 for New York Central 3½s or of the high-water mark for such bonds around the beginning of the present century, when New York Central 3½s sold for 111. Some of the high interest rate bonds of the last two years have already been redeemed. There are many others now selling at, or near their redemption prices and they may be called soon. They will certainly not go much higher in price, no matter what other bonds may do. There is therefore every reason why the investor should avoid bonds that are callable, say, within ten points of their selling price; and there still seems good reason to believe that long-term bonds that enjoy a ready market are the best for those investors to buy who wish to profit by the upper flow of the tide in the bond market.

*Leslie's Weekly* recently had an article on "Civil vs. Swivel Service." The article goes on to show that the present civil service law is unsatisfactory.

It was intended to establish the merit system, but has succeeded in establishing a system which fastens upon the taxpayers' back thousands of incompetent employees who hold their jobs for life and do less and less work as time passes.

What private business could run with such an overhead?

"It is not a theoretical question," says *Leslie's*, "as to whether the average government employee gives as satisfactory service as he would be forced to do in the business world. A careful comparison by an expert accountant demonstrates that our government employees are 40 per cent. less efficient than are the employees of the United States Steel Corporation. The average Federal employee does just enough to get by."

As a result Washington is jammed with thousands of persons drawing the taxpayers' money and rendering as little service as possible. It is costing the head of the average American family \$482.90 per annum to run the government, which it is claimed would be cut in half if government affairs were run on business lines.

This is the situation which the average American citizen faces. This is his government. Is he going to let it go from bad to worse until the overhead cost and the growing official classes virtually absorb his earnings and his home to cover their payroll?

It is time to wake up. No man could escape bankruptcy if his private business were run as government business is managed.

When the people demand efficiency in government and when a disinterested group of business men have something to say about the number of people employed in government departments, their hours of labor, the character of work they should do, and the pay they shall receive—then we will begin to get efficiency in government. But as long as the tax-eaters make up the expense estimates, establish their own wages and working conditions, and merely allow the taxpayers to

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foot the bill, we will get no relief from the growing tax burden.

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Of course by as much as these bonds are exempt from taxation by so much are the taxes on other people's property increased.

As there are now some \$30,000,000,000 in tax-exempt or partially tax-exempt bonds outstanding in the United States, it is easy to see why taxes of the ordinary citizen are mounting so rapidly.

A man with \$100,000 to invest today puts it into tax-exempt bonds, pays no taxes, has no worries, and employs no labor.

No wonder there is growing demand for a change in this system so that all will pay taxes alike.—*The Manufacturer.*

That a spirit of decided optimism prevails in business circles in the East, and that the general feeling is one of abounding confidence in the immediate future, is the opinion

expressed by John Britton, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, as a result of his observations during a recent trip to the Atlantic seaboard.

Mr. Britton was given good opportunity to study conditions, for in his travels he took in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, and Chicago, and in all of these he came in contact with leaders, not only of the electric industry, but of many others through which the commercial pulse of the nation is felt. "I found throughout the East a decided feeling of optimism concerning the future," states Mr. Britton.

"This I found to be particularly noticeable in our own business. There is a general extension of the uses to which electricity is being put. In all the cities I noticed the demand is constantly increasing for residential, commercial, and industrial purposes. The steel mills in Chicago, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh are beginning to be very active. Money is plentiful, apparently, and for the public utilities especially, showing that industries like that with which I am particularly concerned are now regarded with favor."

President Harding's newspaper, the Marion, Ohio, *Daily Star*, has the following to say editorially about municipal or public ownership of public utilities:

"The municipal shops of Chicago, built and equipped by the city at a cost of \$2,700,000, have ceased to operate as municipal institutions. Under municipal ownership, repairs and supplies cost three times what the same work with the same materials would have cost if let out to privately-managed concerns. It's the same old story of inefficiency which invariably follows municipal, state, or Federal ownership. And yet there are people right here in Marion who still advocate municipal ownership of public utilities."

Blyth, Witter & Co. are offering a new issue of Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company cumulative 6 per cent. preferred stock, exempt from personal property taxes in California and wholly exempt from normal Federal income tax.

The present value of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company's physical property is largely in excess of the cost of that property as carried on the books. On February 28, 1922, the book cost of the company's assets, valuing securities of subsidiary companies at conservative figures, amounted to over \$147,000,000. Adding net quick assets and deducting the total bonded indebtedness of the company, after giving effect to the sale of this stock, the book value applicable to \$37,000,000 of preferred stock, including this issue, is over \$96,000,000.

The thirty-eighth annual report of the Southern Pacific Company to its 53,466 stockholders, as given by J. Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee, and made public by William Sproule, president, shows that despite adverse conditions during the calendar year 1921 operating expenses were reduced 12.20 per cent. and net revenue from railway operations increased 41.75 per cent.

"This net result," the report said, "reflects the improvement forecast in last year's report as progress is made in substituting the incentive of self-interest of private management, and the increased efficiency and more sheerful service of the entire operating staff, for the apathy and blight of government management."

"Operating revenues were seriously affected by nation-wide business depression and were aggravated on your company's lines by diversion of transcontinental business, by much lower rates offered by the Panama Canal

route, and by the competition on the highways of motor trucks substantially free from taxation and regulation.

"The traffic units handled show a decrease of 20.71 per cent. from the peak of 1920, and although increased freight and passenger rates, made effective August, 1920, were enjoyed during the entire year, operating revenues decreased 4.53 per cent. Average wages paid throughout 1921 were slightly higher than in 1920, as the wage increase dating from May, 1920, was effective during eight months of that year and six months of 1921, while during the remaining six months of 1921 wages were higher than during the first four months of 1920. Prices of fuel and other material in 1921 also averaged more than in 1920."

Reviewing the railroads' applications for readjustment of wages and modification of national agreements, whereby unearned wages and excessive amounts of overtime were paid, the report notes that these applications have been granted only in part.

The \$12,775,138.92 decrease in operating revenues is largely attributed to business depression, dearth of large conventions such as were held on the Pacific Coast in 1920, and unregulated form of competition. Small cotton crops in Texas and Louisiana and reduction of rates on such important commodities as beans, canned goods, live stock, lumber, apples, canteloupes and vegetables also contributed to this result.

"Steamship lines operating through the Panama Canal enjoy conspicuous advantages, because their rates, which are not subject to regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, may be freely changed from day to day. If these vessels are exempted from the payment of tolls, as pending legislation contemplates, their advantage will be increased at the expense of the taxpayers of the entire country.

"To make rates to or from Pacific Coast ports to secure a share of the traffic fostered by the railroads, for which the Canal steamship lines now compete, the railroads are required by the long and short haul provision of the interstate commerce law to reduce rates to the same basis as maxima at all intermediate points (where they are not necessary to meet the water competition), unless relief from that requirement is granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and even if such relief should be eventually granted, the railroads are subjected to the loss of the coast traffic during the many months consumed in hearings, argument, consideration, and decision. Applications made in June and August, 1921, have not yet been decided, after nearly a year's delay."

Many years ago Federal government agents invoked the Sherman anti-trust law to break up the network of connecting railroad lines that—some christened Southern Pacific, others Central Pacific—together form a unified system of transportation. They are now surprised at the reception given their completed work, says the *Review*, issued by Strassburger & Co. Look at the map. The effect, if the plan were carried out in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court, would be, as a contemporary puts it, "that California would be isolated from Oregon; that all Eastern traffic over the Central Pacific must go via Niles Cañon and Stockton; that the principal Sacramento and San Joaquin Valley towns will connect with San Francisco only through Stockton and Niles; that Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, and other valley towns will be off the Southern Pacific line from San Francisco to Los Angeles; that some Sierra foothill towns will be isolated; that the East Bay towns south of Oakland will be cut off from Southern Pacific connections, etc."

Fortunately, the Interstate Commission, under the Transportation Act, wields a power superior in these matters even to that of the Supreme Court. The Transportation Act of 1920 expressly states that "they are hereby relieved from the operations of the anti-trust laws and all other restraints or inhibitions by laws, state or Federal, in so far as may be necessary to enable them to do anything authorized or required by any order." The united efforts of this commission, and the railroad commission—which knows local conditions and its duty to California interests—may be trusted to deal with this menace. For governmental ignorance is a menace, of all menaces the most serious we have to contend with in this state.

The recently issued annual report of the New York Central, for the year 1921, tends to confirm the belief of those who are of the opinion that an increase of the dividend rate would be warranted at any time. Last year New York Central earned \$8.91 per share on its stock, but by far the greater part of the net earnings were made in the latter half of the year. The first four months of 1922 show such large increases over the corresponding period of last year as to warrant the belief that the showing made this year will be substantially better than in 1921. Incidentally, it should be noted that New York Central staged its remarkable recovery of last

year in the face of a decrease in gross revenues of \$46,493,461. All in all, the new railroad properties which have made a more



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(JUNE)

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Judge Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the board of directors of the Union Pacific system, in discussing present-day conditions and the menace to business and prosperity from excessive taxation, says:

"The greatest damper upon business revival and the greatest menace to the return of prosperity in this country is taxation. I am sure people generally do not realize the seriousness of this aspect of the situation. Business is carried on for profit; men undertake new enterprises, employ labor, and take the risks for profit; it is largely the surplus wealth invested in enterprises carried on by others that affords most employment for labor outside of agriculture.

"The country ought to take its bearings before some of its vital interests go on the rocks. How unfortunate is the delusion that we can make the rich pay all the taxes! I agree that taxes should be paid in proportion to the ability of the taxpayers, but we have added to that principle a progressive ratio that is economically ruinous, and the danger is that we as a people will become very poor and economically weak and emaciated before we correctly diagnose our case and find out what is the matter with us. It is hard for those of us who haven't much to believe that we can suffer from the gouging of a rich man by the government. We ought to ponder Bismarck's statement that 'socialism can make rich men poor, but it can never make a poor man rich.'—*Industrial News Bureau.*

A one-cent stamp has just sold for \$32.077. Perhaps Mr. Hays now realizes what a mistake he made in preferring the movies.—*Life Lines.*

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The French Academy voted June 14th a fête in honor of Camille Flammarion. The great French astronomer, who passed his eightieth birthday in February, has spent sixty years in the devoted interests of science and is fully as entitled to a fête day as a man can be. The remarkable thing is that M. Flammarion has practically devoted his life to astronomy, the most lofty of all the sciences—the punning is not intentional—and that he is most popularly known for his dabbling in the most dubious of scientific realms, the occult. True, the most skeptical of us are gradually beginning to realize that there is "something there." But what of it? Before the war no one who wished to be accepted as of normal intelligence dared expose a curiosity concerning the supernatural. All information of that ilk was considered old wives' tales. Yet today—and it is one of the most conspicuous changes wrought by the war—the best publishers issue psychic stuff in quantities, and what is more these books are best sellers among the non-fiction class. M. Flammarion's "At the Moment of Death" (Century) will doubtless be popular. Its predecessor was, in a less psychically attuned atmosphere; and the wave of candid interest in the uncanny has been steadily swelling ever since. Briefly, "At the Moment of Death" is a collection of well-authenticated histories of death apparitions, death warnings, and death messages. Needless to say, it is presented with the utmost scientific precision, and so far as a book of this sort can be valuable, it is. But one wonders, after all, if the hysteric interest being shown in psychic phenomena can be a wholesome one. When all is said and done we must endure our humdrum span here, and it seems to me it would be more dignified to do it with less servility to the future.

It seems impossible to dodge the occult; the virus has even attacked fiction. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' new book, "What Timmy Did" (Doran) is a case in point. That distinctly fascinating story, however, reminds one of the old saw that there is nothing new

under the sun, for it is a sort of amalgam of Henry James' two stories, "The Turn of the Screw" and "What Maisie Knew." Not that we accuse Mrs. Belloc Lowndes of plagiarism—even the striking coincidence with the latter title and that of her book is the sort of literary coincidence that will happen. The fact remains that James has set the form for the psychic novel of childhood in "The Turn of the Screw" and for the precocious child story in "What Maisie Knew." It will take an original writer indeed to make a new mold, though there is, of course, Walpole's "The Golden Scarecrow." But that is an entirely different sort of thing, more angelic than ghoulish.

"What Timmy Did" is a rattling good story, refreshing in its difference, at least, from the ordinary novel and as full of mystery, suspense, and murder clues as an Arsene Lupin yarn. Mrs. Lowndes has in fact discovered a new field to work in—one quite remote from her old pastures. Yet half the charm of the book is in her familiar style of rendering English country life intimately. The present book has the added merit of being a lifelike picture of post-war English economy. It shows that the old fascination of pictures of "genteel" life did not depend on the vicarious impression of affluence. If the author has a fault in the art of painting graceful and familiar domesticity it is that of too much detail. She does not give her reader's imagination enough credit nor enough rein. We suspect that she has been writing for the movies and it has intensified her native disposition to supply minutiae. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

One of the choice association books included in the recent sale of the library of the late Edward Hornor Coates of Philadelphia was a copy of "Stalky and Co." On the fly leaf Kipling had written: "Many thanks for your note. It's good hearing that 'Stalky and Co.' amused you, because I had rather a good time myself writing it. It's in the nature of a moral tract—only a perverse generation insists on calling it comic, and a boy's book, and a lot of other things which it isn't. It's all cribbed from Froebel with a few alterations to disperse the plagiarisms."

A best-seller that is also a high-brow publication is the issue of John Drinkwater's plays and poems, which has sold 25,000 copies in England in less than a year.

It is commonly said nowadays that "every one writes." The statistics for Great Britain, at least, lend color to the theory. The editor of the *Literary Year Book* says that between 25,000 and 26,000 persons in the British Isles are writing either wholly or partly for a living.

Miss E. M. Delafield, who in private life is Mrs. Paul Dashwood, never was, as a matter of fact, Miss Delafield in life. She is the daughter of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, now Lady Clifford, herself a distinguished novelist, and "Miss Delafield" chose that nom de plume in order not to trespass on her mother's literary preserves.

Blasco Ibañez' novel, "The Shadow of the Cathedral," has been turned into the libretto of an opera by two French authors, Lena and Henry Ferrare, and set to music by Georges Hué. A Parisian critic, Pierre Lalo, writing in *Le Temps* recently after its initial performance, spoke highly of both libretto and music, saying of the latter that it is "a composition of very serious value."

The *Living Age* has taken the trouble to exhume Swiss literature and to investigate its present status quo. The outstanding fact is a dearth of native drama. Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," which the Swiss themselves regard as the national drama, is the work of a dramatist who was never in Switzerland. "Marignano," the most noteworthy modern play dealing with Swiss history, is by a German professor of strong Chauvinist policies. The *Living Age* opines that the Swiss lack of drama may be due to Switzerland's lack of theatres. However, the little country does boast two first-class writers, Max Pulver, the interpreter of the classic and mediæval world, and Albert Steffen, who is best known as a novelist. Pulver has been called one of the most promising writers in German literature.

There has just been published in Paris an edition of the works of Cyrano de Bergerac, the seventeenth-century prototype of Rostand's most popular hero. The publication has been made the occasion for some research concerning M. Rostand's fidelity to history. The *Living Age* records the fact that the historic Cyrano was no Gascon gentleman, but a Parisian bourgeois. "He was born in 1619, the fourth son of Abel de Cyrano. He added the 'de Bergerac' himself, taking the name from a small estate that his father had once owned and later sold." Both Cyrano, it appears, were military men of great bravery, were well educated, poets and students of philosophy. The original's master

was Gassendi, the Epicurean, who numbered Molière among his pupils. Cyrano died still a young man in 1655 as the result—even as in the play—of a piece of timber having been dropped on his head—it has never been quite certain whether by accident or design. M. Lachèvre's edition of Cyrano's works, while it is not complete, is said to be the most authoritative yet issued.

The Longmans, the oldest English publishing house, has opened a Canadian branch in Toronto. The Macmillans have had a house there for some time and the Oxford University Press has a branch in Toronto. For the benefit of the curious, who may wonder why Toronto is so favored instead of Montreal, the real commercial centre of Canada, the explanation is given that Montreal is half French, and the French-Canadians are not great buyers of English books. Toronto, on the other hand, is a particularly English town.

The mania for publicity is not yet universal. The King of the Belgians has kept a war journal, but so far has refused to publish it.

A. S. M. Hutchinson's sister, Miss Vere Hutchinson, has written a novel, "Sea Wrack," that is said to be "the sort of book that Stevenson would have welcomed with a shout."

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## A Pair of Idols.

There are two kinds of realism. If one is going to portray a large section of society after the manner of Balzac one must needs be rather gloomy. Common sense and experience disdain a representation of life *en masse* if it is not pessimistic. But there is one way of dodging the issue. To write a story that is at once sunny and realistic, one need only turn to the sunny time of life, extreme youth, as Mr. Tarkington knows, and "Moon Calf" to the contrary.

However, Stewart Caven had probably no such formula in mind in writing "A Pair of Idols." That book is far too delightful to be the result of a recipe—to be anything but spontaneous. "A Pair of Idols" is an Irish idyll; it is broad but delicate comedy; it is a realistic picture of modern Ireland; and it is one of the most refreshing novels that have recently come from the press. At a time when opening a new novel is tantamount to submerging oneself in a contemplation of the hopelessness of life and the general decay of society, it is a unique experience to read "A Pair of Idols."

A PAIR OF IDOLS. By Stewart Caven. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Jessica's Book.

Among most minor poets there is not much to choose. Friends and patrons may know their work apart, but it is mostly "minor" poetry to the unprejudiced critic. However, a slim book very modestly subtitled "a volume of verse," by William Van Wyck, seems to violate this generalization. Minor poetry it surely is, for it has no particularly new message. "Jessica's Book" consists of fifty-nine pages of lyrics and sonnets and ballades of the approved graceful fashion. But Mr. Van Wyck is possessed of a delicate satire, rare we think in minor poets, which relieves his verse of all monotony and marks it aside in one's memory. His sonnets are thoughtful, his songs musical, and his ballades racy.

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"Jessica's Book" is a very satisfactory "volume of verse."

Jessica's Book. By William Van Wyck. London: Selwyn & Blount, Ltd.

## America Faces the Future.

A book written for college students and other young Americans with whom the politics of the near future lie, is "America Faces the Future," by Durant Drake. This is an admirable treatise of the principles which should animate American politics and which in an earlier era were at least recognized as ideal. The object is not to retard progress, but to recall the progressive principles which, in practice at least, have ceased to dominate American politics. Mr. Drake is a liberal and a progressive and his five essays, theoretical though they sound, on Labor, Equality, Democracy, Efficiency, and Patriotism, are written from the liberal and practical viewpoint.

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE. By Durant Drake. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

## Dickens in Camp.

Fifty years have passed since Bret Harte's collected works were published, and this reprint of what is generally considered his finest poem is a fitting commemoration of the half-century anniversary. Mr. Howell has issued the familiar poem beautifully with a foreword by Frederick S. Myrtle, recording its not so familiar history. Harte had been a lifelong admirer of Dickens since he had first encountered "Dombey & Son" at the age of six. The Californian had been to a remarkable extent molded by the English novelist's style and tastes. What is not so generally known is that Dickens entertained a sincere admiration for the younger writer. "His biographer, John Forster, relates that Dickens called his attention to two sketches by Bret Harte, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' and 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' in which, writes the biographer, 'he had found such subtle strokes of character as he had not elsewhere in later years discovered; the manner resembling himself, but the matter fresh to a degree that amazed him; the painting in all respects masterly and the wild rude thing painted a quite wonderful reality. I have rarely known him more honestly moved.'"

"Dickens in Camp" was written on the occasion of the great novelist's death. When Harte heard the news he ordered the forthcoming publication of his *Overland Monthly* held back for twenty-four hours while he paid his tribute to "the master." The present edition is limited to 350 copies, and is admirably printed on American Japan paper, decorated by Joseph Sinel, and is bound in sage gray boards.

DICKENS IN CAMP. By Bret Harte. With an introduction by Frederick S. Myrtle. San Francisco: John Howell; \$7.50.

## The Poetic Mind.

Mr. Prescott attempts to explain the operation of the poet's mind. His treatment of this rather abstruse subject is comprehensive and conscientious, likewise cumbersome. The average reader, after perusing the book, will probably feel somewhat as the average churchman of the middle ages did after a lecture on the angel-carrying capacity of a pin-point, and will undoubtedly agree with the author's statement (made in all seriousness) that "inquiry will at best only push the mystery a little farther off."

THE POETIC MIND. By F. C. Prescott. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

## Walking Happily.

From too much proximity the generations shrink in stature, says the Portland *Oregonian*. The rule that nature has for the garden and the field varies not at all in its application to folk. Plainly it is incumbent upon the urbanite to avail himself of every means that will contest this tendency. His environment is not the most favorable, though the city be spacious and cleanly. He should walk.

England was complacently content when the Boer war called her sons to the colors. They would suffice, those Englishmen, as their fathers before them. But the perfect British poise was rudely disturbed by an alarming, a

significant, revelation. The recruits of that day were an inch and more shorter than their sires. Since Wellington's time something had happened to the average stature of those islanders. That something was congested living and banishment from field and sea, where the breezes are clean and vigorous and there is room for a fixed muscle and where the casual job flexes them. It was a cruel stab to English pride, the discovery, followed as it was by an enforced lowering of the minimum height requirements for military service.

Only a century or so mark a similar decrease in Japanese stature. Congestion in country, as in city, the relinquishment of the martial exercises that maintained physique, may not have affected the national spirit, but assuredly took toll of the average stature. The sons of Nippon today are not the men their grandsires were. The armor of the samurai would yield them room enough to turn around within the plates. And the reason for this, as the reason for the English decrease in stature, was that a race had seeded itself into sedentation. The law is inexorable. Any nation, by declining to take thought, can steal a cubit from its stature if given time enough.

We ride too much and walk too little. Come May and the blossoming dogwood, or November and the sting of sleet, the truth is that he who rides by habit misses much that would gladden him if he but walked. He misses the long stride that annihilates the distance with a sense of conquest, the deep breath that revamps the lungs, and the ever-changing picture of the wayside. No form of exercise quite replaces the natural physical expression of walking. Authorities agree that it is conducive to longevity, and lack not for instances in proof. Be that as it may, walking is conducive to immediate health and happiness; to that physical excellence which permits one to taste the savor of living.

## Lord Grey and Lloyd George.

Lord Robert Cecil, in a recent speech at Hitchin, as reported by the *Manchester Guardian*, had this to say about the premiership:

"I have much respect for Mr. Asquith, and I have never shared in the unjust attacks that have been made upon him from some quarters. Why, then, do I speak of Lord Grey? Quite apart from any question of the respective merits of Lord Grey and Mr. Asquith, there are electors in this country who would be prepared to support a government with Lord Grey as prime minister and who would not be prepared to support a government with Mr. Asquith in that position. It is not only party feelings, it is no want of respect for Mr. Asquith, to say that. Lord Grey has, above all men I know of, the particular qualities the country needs at the present time. His great experience in foreign affairs, when for some time to come foreign affairs must be our chief occupation, is only one thing. It is not the greatest.

"It is difficult to say without impertinence wherein his special fitness seems to me to consist. Perhaps I may be allowed to put it like this: I do not know of any other man who differs so completely in both his qualities and in defects from the prime minister, and I am quite sure that the people of this country require in their statesmen that characteristic above all other at the present time. For what we need most of all is to restore confidence both at home and abroad. Confidence is the base of all peace and all prosperity. Can any one say that the present government inspires confidence? No one trusts them. That is really fatal; and if the country is to be saved we must have a change. I am profoundly convinced that if tomorrow it could be announced that Mr. Lloyd George had resigned and the king had sent for Lord Grey, a sigh of relief would go up from the whole civilized world."

The Duttons have just published a practical handbook for the man who wishes to learn to speak the Chinese language. It is "Colloquial Chinese" (Northern), by A. Neville J. Whyman, who is lecturer in Chinese and Japanese in the University of London. The author assures the student that while the written style of Chinese is probably the most difficult study in the world, yet the colloquial style is as easy to acquire as elementary Latin or French. Mr. Whyman has spent many years in teaching colloquial Chinese to white men and English to Chinamen, and in this little volume has crystallized his very valuable experience. Here he lays down the general principles of the spoken language, gives a sound table, and presents sufficient exercises in the construction of simple sentences to afford the student a solid ground-work. There is also a large and carefully selected vocabulary.

The king's minstrel of medieval times was the prototype of the modern poet laureate. The minstrel was usually chosen from one of the universities. In the time of Charles I the appointment was put on an official basis and the post of poet laureate created.



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## New Books Received.

THE LOVE MATCH. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.  
A play in five scenes.

THE SHIP. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.  
A three-act play.

BENNETT MALIN. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.  
A novel of American life.

THE COVERED WAGON. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.  
A novel of pioneer days.

A VAGRANT TUNE. By Bryan T. Holland. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.75.  
A novel by a grandson of Mrs. Gaskell.

THE SUPREME COURT IN UNITED STATES HISTORY. By Charles Warren. In three volumes. 1789-1918. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$18.

"A narrative of a section of our national history connected with the Supreme Court, written for laymen and lawyers alike."

JAPAN'S PACIFIC POLICY. By K. K. Kawakami. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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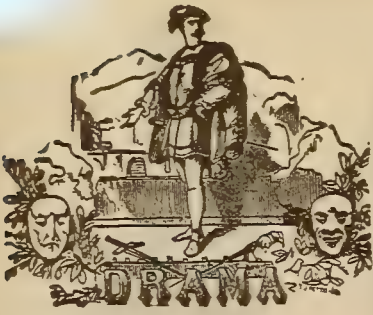
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### "THE MOUNTBANK OF EMOTIONS."

Ben Hecht, author of "Erik Dorn," is a novelist, not having yet graduated as a full-sized dramatist, although he has written a number of one-act plays. And the title of "The Mountbank of Emotions" is such a title as a novelist might choose: not possessing quite sufficient snap for a play. It gives a promise of character psychology, which, indeed, the play bears out. Felix Tarbell, the "mountbank," having an entirely novel method of enjoying feminine adulation, and the forth-putting of feminine lures. The author, in fact, has succeeded in presenting a suggested development in the first two acts, and a culmination, or climax, in the last, which is rather original.

Nevertheless, he works out his theme—the effect produced on those around him by the mountbank's dalliance with the Great Emotion—in a way that infers a lack of professional experience, for there is a slackness in what should be the taut thread of suspense.

We are, during the first two acts, kept in a state of rather baseless anticipation, for very little in the way of a dramatic situation results in the first act, and we are obliged to put up with an unduly extended scene to work our way toward the humorous climax in the second. Fortunately, in the third, although the auditor is by this time somewhat chastened in his anticipations, the dilletantism gives way to a real situation, and the spectator enjoys the long-deferred sensation of dramatic tension.

The general situation is this: Felix Tarbell, the mountbank, is an egotist. His business is to write plays, his habit to pose as a man of illicit gallantries, his tendency to study human nature in an entirely cold-blooded way, and his determination, due to a fastidiousness which stands between him and real living, is to escape scot-free from the numerous vexing demands, duties, experiences, pin-pricks, and aftermaths that dog the ordinary man. He is the envy of his fellow-dramatists, the despair of managers, the inspiration of romantic young women, the sought-after of interviewers, and the favorite topic of scandal-mongers.

Like the "great lover," Felix seldom lets a pretty woman get by; always provided she puts some lure and piquancy in the attack. So, in the first act we see that his wife coddles him, his feminine—and pretty—interviewer feels the beginning of a sentimental interest in him, and the leading lady in his new play is industriously engaged in trying to start an intrigue with him.

In the second act she has a nicely decorated net all ready for him: cushions, pastilles, clinging and liberally revealing draperies, a dim light, tea, sugared confections, kisses, and clinging arms.

But the cold-blooded fly becomes surfeited with the Oriental atmosphere, and escapes the sugared importunities of the pretty little spider by bored, ignominious, and humiliating flight.

In the third act Felix is pursued into the very innermost shrine of his domesticity by the pretty interviewer, who is also in search of sentimental excitements. And here, after she is gotten rid of, we suddenly run into the long-deferred scene, in which Felix learns that his pose has taken in his hitherto faithful and now rebellious wife, and the fair recalcitrant learns that this pose has ruined in him all capacity for honest or dishonest emotion; for he can't even take an intrigue seriously, and runs away from it.

As to the author's construction of the play; it is too leisurely, too long drawn out. He repeats effects in the two sentimental interviews, and deplorably allows Felix' two amorous nymphs to bore the audience as well as himself. The preliminaries in the first act are too scattered, too unculminating, and the author is a little baffling, at first, for the average spectator in his attempts to place Felix as an indolent artist who will not be bothered by dollar-chasers.

If Mr. Hecht, with his tendency toward leisuredness, had not given the lachrymose Sally Hoyd so much play with her handkerchief during the third act it would have improved it considerably. For, by one of those coincidences of which the world is full, Felix runs on a chance discovery that makes the rather languid spectators sit up and take notice, as they did in "La Tendresse" when Barnum found that there were holes in the

apparently veracious account of how his pretty Marthe had spent her morning.

For Felix finds that Helen's recital of the engagement that carries her away from his sick bedside—or couchside—also has holes in it; and the thread of interest, or suspense, or whatsoever, becomes taut at last; for the very first time.

That is the very great defect of the play. It doesn't seize you and hold you, willy-nilly, until the last scene.

There are other faults, one of them being a vagueness in the early character indications expressed by Helen and Sally, although perhaps the author intended the lack of congruity, so as to give us a later shock of surprise.

The dialogue is a very good point in the piece, for although the author occasionally falls back on platitudes he has plenty of neatly turned, mildly cynical phrases for the "phrase-maker," as he labels Felix, which amused the audience.

Compared to the effective theatricalities of "Toto" and "The Great Lover," with their bustle of action, "The Mountbank of Emotions" is at a disadvantage, for while they are shallow and banal in their theatricality Mr. Hecht's play lacks punch in all but the final scene; although it should be added that the frequent laughter of the audience was a testimony in favor of the wit and humor of the dialogue.

Personally, I really enjoyed "The Mountbank of Emotions" more than the other two, because, with all its faults of inexperience—the other two being written by experienced craftsmen on the job—it showed initiative, a departure from stereotype, and a recognition of the queer incalculabilities of human nature. And there is a certain sincerity in it, too; for just as Floyd Dell was mentally autobiographical in "The Moon Calf," so, I venture to surmise, was Ben Hecht in "The Mountbank of Emotions." For the young author—I do not doubt he is young—has probably, in his search for material by following up adventure on the highways and byways of life, found himself exhausting his capacity for emotional reaction; and forthwith transplanted his discovery to a play; the more advanced young authors of the day being nothing if not self-revealing.

That the play earned its right to a second week was probably due to the humor of the lines, so skillfully conveyed by Leo Ditrichstein, and to the "punch" in the final scene of the final act; for one punch has been known to make a play.

There is no genuine characterization or sincere drama in either "Toto" or "The Great Lover," and therefore the company appeared to greater advantage in "The Mountbank of Emotions." And Mr. Ditrichstein, in spite of the magnetic charm of the urbane lover of all charming women in both of the earlier plays, was not called on for very much more trying work than being an embodied manner. Whereas in the Ben Hecht play he had to express a character of some subtlety, give numerous delicate touches of comedy, use art and intelligence in the delivery of Ben Hecht's epigrams, and finally figure with some dignity—neither Toto nor Jean Paurel possessed any dignity of character whatsoever—in a scene that was quite fully permeated with the elements of drama.

All these things this master of elegant comedy did admirably, and with the finish inseparable from his stage work; which seems to be tending steadily toward elegant artificiality.

Miss Frances Underwood had rather a plump and juicy rôle as Norma Ramon, the leading lady whose erotic and somewhat battered affections are tending toward a romantically sub rosa affair with the gallant and fascinating Felix. Miss Underwood has something of the fault of over-sacchariness in voice and manner. But it fell in admirably with the rôle of the young actress who was so fascinated with her profession that she kept on acting even in the scene with her admirer, with whom she had persuaded herself that she was in love.

Miss Florence Short came out as quite a beauty in the rôle of the black-haired wife, and did her part well in the final scene of revelation, but Clara Mackin has not mastered the art of weeping woefully.

Catherine Carter, the partisan friend of the wife, was a very ornate object in the scenes in which she figured, and so always is Miss Mary Duncan. But why did the young lady laugh so long and determinedly at nothing? It couldn't be as an intimation that she was a movie actress, as movie experience doesn't overtax the risible organs as unsparingly as Miss Duncan was overtaxing hers. Half a dozen other players were necessary to represent the rather long cast, their work showing careful rehearsal. I thought that the guilty wife's gallant, as played by Mr. Orlando Daly, was suitably acted, but wondered if they meant an actor of the Mephistophelian type of feature to represent a stage villain instead of what should have been merely a good-looking man of the world alert in stalking the quarry: a pretty woman who was willing.

I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Ditrichstein could make the play go for awhile in the

East. Take three particularly charming women for the rôles of Sally, Helen, and Norma—for, though there is quite a collection of beauties in the company none of them has actual finesse, charm, or fascination—and brighten up the sentimental interviews with Sally and Norma by a few more bubbles of wit, and not only the lure, but the humor, of the situations would be considerably enhanced.

### STAGE FADDERY.

Those brilliant theorizers who settle down to giving out inspired ideas concerning the modern stage certainly do occasionally come to the relief of suffering humanity. The Craig theories, for instance, which condemned redundancy of stage appointment, thus doing away with the expensive and unnecessary elaboration of stage sets so carefully developed by David Belasco, have been a boon to the stage; and in time will be to the old-school managers who have not yet assimilated them.

But theorizers are apt to go too far, even when they are as brilliant as Ellen Terry's son. Mr. Craig carried intelligent readers with him in his ideas, until he let himself go with a bang and struck the snag of wild unreason.

Apparently this radical has suffered from the projection of uncongenial personalities and unsympathetic voices across the footlights. For only thus can we account for Mr. Craig's thirst to silence players with eternal pantomime, or else supplant them by marionettes.

What? Deprive us of the charm of the human voice, of its expressive music, of its conveyance of individuality? And are we to be robbed of the delight of rendering homage to a fascinating personality?

Mr. Craig has helped the modern stage, but the extreme theories advanced in the later chapters of his book discredited him with many admirers who would otherwise grant him due honor.

Yvette Guilbert, also, is deeply interested in the advancement of stage art—which she finds most deplorable in America—and has many interesting things to say about it.

But here, suddenly, she also collides with the reef of unreason. She states it as her conviction that the theatre of today must be destroyed in order to supplant a dead art by a living one. As to that I pass. We don't know much any more about theatrical art out here on the edge of the Pacific, and perhaps she is right.

But, in stating her conviction that the bodies of plays of today are insufficiently trained to express so plastic an art, Mme. Guilbert advances the idea that the stage of the future should be the centre of the audience. For only thus, she believes, will players, viewed from all sides in a brilliant light, fully train the body to express and supplement the emotions indicated in the face.

Now let us throw a little common sense on the question. The idea is wild and impracticable for the simple reason that the player must have some sort of suggestive background.

Imagine, for instance, seeing Hampden enacting the rôle of Macbeth against a massed background of human shapes, among whom we may recognize Totty Jones in the act of wiping her nose, or Cholly Brown's dad taking a nap.

Would you then, unkind lady, rob us of our illusion? For we wish to get far, far away from Totty and Cholly, and when you promulgate a theory that would permit them to compete with the stage protagonist for our wavering attention, then we can but surmise that you are merely talking through your hat.

### MR. PIM'S CREATOR.

Over in England they seem to regard A. A. Milne as the coming dramatist. Or rather as the one who has arrived. For "Belinda"—played here some months ago by the Maitland company—with its sprightly wit and pleasant light comedy atmosphere paved the way, and "Mr. Pim Passes By," which we are to see at the Columbia Theatre June 19th, made the big, big hit. "The Dover Road" reveals an appreciation for old English comedy, and "The Truth About Blayds" indicates that the author, although young enough to belong to the present, has a great respect for the literature of the Victorian era.

Mr. Milne's hold on the public is due partly to the originality of his ideas, partly to the genuineness of his humor, and partly because, like Barrie, he possesses an individuality in the charm which his plays exercise. So far he has not entered that realm of gay and delicate fantasy in which Barrie rules, but his dwelling place is not far from its boundaries.

His plays are not faultless, for, in order to make the dénouement effective and decisive, he departs from sober probability. But even in such apparently frivolous comedies as "The Great Broxopp" he has cleverly tucked a fundamental but not too insistent proverbial truth.

"The Truth About Blayds" is so far Mr. Milne's most notable contribution to the drama. It is a story of a nonagenarian poet's

lifelong imposition, as the result of which a serious situation results, in respect to rights of inherited property. And here Mr. Milne's fault of solving the winding-up problems preceding the final curtain without due regard to the probabilities comes in play. One sees a similarity to the final solution in Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance," only Barker's is worked out on strictly logical grounds.

Mr. Milne, like Barrie—and also, by the way, like the author of "If Winter Comes"—is rather shy, reserved, and secluded in his character. Still, he is an outdoor man; a true Briton in his taste for cricket and golf. His war experiences did not check the flow of his humor, which continued during his absence from England to effervesce in the shape of verses and skits, and which is so delightful a characteristic of his plays. Perhaps the estimation in which Milne is held in England may be deduced from the following extract from a review in the London Times: "Comic he is, both in the vulgar and the strict sense: he provokes hearty laughter, and also calls up the serious emotions which are not too serious to be within the province of comedy. Further . . . he is a man of letters. He has impeccable taste, unobtrusive culture, and a delicious style." JOSEPHINE HART KPELPS.

### Venus Rather Than Mars.

The planet Mars—an old dying world—is receiving altogether too much attention from earthly scientists these days and nights, says a correspondent of the New York Times, while the up-and-coming young planet Venus is just waiting for a chance to know us better. This is the conclusion of Professor Svante Arrhenius, Nobel Prize winner and one of Europe's foremost scientists and astronomers, who has recently been lecturing in Stockholm on the prospect of wheedling from the heavens the secrets of some of our celestial neighbors, and especially Mars, when that planet swings into closest proximity to the earth two years hence.

If scientists and long-distance radio enthusiasts really wanted to communicate with some celestial neighbor, Professor Arrhenius said, they would not find Mars very cordial, for the old fellow is covered with hard frozen sand and is so dry that its only rain is meteoric dust. Perhaps a few sea weeds still existed, he said, but it was highly improbable that even low animal life could find enough to sustain it. He described as "fantastic" the belief that so-called canals observed on the planet were the work of engineers and attributed them to earthquake fissures.

Venus, on the other hand, offered possibilities to the patient astronomer, Professor Arrhenius declared. By "patient" he meant about a billion years, he explained. At the expiration of this period, he thought a flourishing colony of intelligent beings might be discovered on the bright little planet.

"Everything on Venus is dripping wet," he continued. "The planet is covered by constant rain clouds ten kilometers thick, preventing any rays from the sun penetrating to the bottom of the air strata. Life on the planet of love is short and intense."

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## The Columbia Theatre.

San Francisco theatre-goers will welcome "Mr. Pim Passes By," which opens at the Columbia Monday evening. New York singled it out as one of the few really worth-while plays of the year.

"Mr. Pim Passes By" has such unusual situations that it keeps the audience in a good humor throughout the evening. The scene is laid in the home of George Marden. His wife, Olivia, played by Miss Laura Hope Crews, in her teens had married a company promoter out in Australia who had wound up in jail, where he died. Save for a slight difference over the engagement of their niece, the Mardens are living happily until along comes Mr. Pim, an old gentleman from Australia of a forgetful frame of mind. He drops a remark which indicates that Olivia's first husband is not dead after all. In the end the entanglements are all unraveled by Mr. Pim, and the Mardens settle down once more to a calm and peaceful rural life. To miss Mr. Pim is to miss one of the real joys of the theatre. During the Columbia Theatre engagement there will be Wednesday and Saturday matinées, but no Sunday evening performances.

## The Orpheum Next Week.

Harry Carroll, one of America's youngest and most successful song composers, is coming to the Orpheum with a song and dance revue called "Varieties of 1922." Mr. Carroll's company includes ten artists of exceptional ability as dancers and singers.

A violin in proper hands possesses a sense of humor. Of course, the instrument must be in the hands of a comedian as well as a musician, and this is what Jack Denny is. He plays a little, gags a great deal, and keeps his audience thoroughly amused.

Ed Flanagan has deserted pictures and is back in vaudeville with Alex Morrison, who is best known as a golf expert. They call their act "A Lesson in Golf." Real golf balls are used and shots are made in full view of the audience. Mr. Morrison is the instructor and Mr. Flanagan the pupil. One of the features of the act is that while Morrison seems to be teaching the game to Flanagan, he is also giving many in the audience a few pointers they probably have overlooked.

"The Show-Off" mirrors a funny character, a \$32-a-week clerk who is married and forced by circumstances to accept an apartment offered him by his wife's mother. He is one of those fellows who talk big and show off for company. This part is admirably played by Fred Sumner.

Grace Nelson is an American-made prima donna, and experts in music claim that her voice has been perfectly developed.

Jimmy Savo, assisted by Joan Franza, presents "A Salvo of Screams."

Niobe and her fish remain. Her voice is quite audible in all parts of the theatre, though she is submerged.

The Gladenbacks in "White, Black, and White" will create a sensation.

The world sustains a loss in the death of Frederick Villiers, who died in London a few days ago, at the age of sixty-nine, after a long illness. The work of the famous war correspondent and artist has appeared in the London *Graphic* and *Illustrated News*. He was an observer of twenty-one conflicts, starting with the Russo-Turkish war in 1878, and ending with the world war, during which he passed two and a half years at the front. Mr. Villiers' most recent book, an autobiography entitled "Frederick Villiers: His Five Decades of Adventure" was published last year by the Harpers. He was the model for Kipling's war-artist hero in "The Light That Failed."

## RECOGNIZING RUSSIA.

Charles William Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, has this to say in the New York *Times* on the question of the right time to recognize Russia:

"Our National Administration is apparently acting on the belief that the American people wish to avoid entering into European politics, though willing to join in economic measures for the restoration of European industries and European national budgets and credits. I submit that this separation of politics and economics is not expedient, or even possible, in the case of Russia.

"The fundamental proposition on which the Bolshevik government was based is, to be sure, an economic one, namely, no private property, no family property, and no transmission of property in a family; but on that foundation a political government was suddenly created by savage violence on the part of a small minority of the population, and that government proceeded to rob and kill a considerable proportion of the property-holders of the country, large and small, and finally to rob and enslave the labor employed in the manufacturing industries of the country. This same government undertook to win the support of the agricultural peasantry by giving them delusive deeds of the lands they had been accustomed to cultivate as tenants; but the great agricultural class, while they accepted these deeds, refused to accept or support the Bolshevik government. That government has also crushed completely, both physically and morally, the educated middle class in Russia, which has not only been deprived of its property, but of all intercourse with thinking people in neighboring nations and in America also.

"This Bolshevik government now finds itself in dire straits, without credit, and without power to reconstruct Russian factories or Russian transportation; and yet it still insists at Genoa and elsewhere on all its monstrous social and economic fallacies, and proposes that other governments or peoples shall lend it billions of dollars without any security whatever for the repayment of the loans.

"I submit that the United States should neither forget nor forgive the monstrous crimes, cruelties, and follies of this Bolshevik government, and should wait to give aid to Russia, except food for the starving, until that government is dead and buried. In this sense, and in regard to this nation, it seems to me impossible to separate, in American national action, European politics from European economics. The American democracy should not only take to heart the lessons of the Bolshevik horror for the present generation, but should do its full part in making and recording the history of the Bolshevik crime to the end of the chapter.

"In that course of conduct the present Administration can rely on the well-nigh unanimous support of the American people, who heartily detest the political as well as the economic theories of Bolshevism."

## The Aeroplane's Small Boat.

Going "ashore," or rather down to earth, in a little gliding "airboat" which will cast off and sail down from a big air liner, without the latter's stopping to alight, is to be the unique experience of travelers on the great Eastern airway which the German-Russian air combine are now organizing over the 5000 miles between Moscow and Vladivostok. Exceptionally large, high-flying, metal-built aircraft, which will climb with much expenditure of engine-power to their chosen altitude and will then sweep on at that prescribed height, are to be employed on the route, but it is desired, at the same time, to encourage as much intermediate traffic as possible. Hence the scheme of "setting down" travelers by "airboat" at any quite small, lonely landing ground, in addition to the scheduled stoppages of the big machine at important centres along this airway, says the *Manchester Guardian*.

These little airboats, or tenders, will be engineless, having four seats for passengers behind a wind screen, and a seat out forward in which an operator sits in order to guide and control the machine during its smooth glide earthward. At the rear of the passengers' seats is a locker, or compartment, for mails and urgent parcels. When carried in the big luggage-hold of the air liner, provision is made for the wings of the airboat to be detached and placed in racks, thus economizing space.

The actual slipping, or launching, will be simplicity itself. After a "boat" has been lowered on its special tackle below the hull of the air liner, its passengers and steersman in their places, the officer in charge of the "liner" will ring down to his engine-room, reducing speed until the big machine is moving forward at a pace just sufficient to enable the wings of the little hanging airboat to support their load in a gentle downward glide. The steersman of the airboat, by the movement of a lever beside him, will open the "triggers" of the tackle holding the boat by wings and tail, and the little machine will take up its own individual flight. The passengers, looking upward, will see the mother

vessel forge ahead with gathering speed, while they, in their little motorless glider, go "tobogganing" downhill through the air till the steersman has brought them to rest at their destination.

## Fourth Los Gatos Pageant.

The people of Los Gatos are preparing to make their fourth annual bow to the valley. This time they will present the "Pageant of Fulfillment" on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, June 23d and 24th.

Wilbur Hall, well-known magazine writer, author and producer of the pageant, is supported by a cast of 300 townspeople who have taken part in previous pageants, a large chorus of trained voices, and a group of seventy fancy dancers led by Vivian Amet Johnston.

Among the most effective features of the pageant are the gift of Fire, a meteor which descends from Heaven to earth to dance with Youth; the return of the cave men from battle, bearing their spoils and singing a barbaric paen of victory; the torch dance of forty men; the sudden appearance of the Indians from the ambush of the hills, coming down to do their Dance of the Plenteous Harvest; the Emigrant Train, a faithful reproduction of early days, and the Blossom Dance.

Visitors to Los Gatos are amazed at the vigor of the community spirit aroused by this undertaking; people are giving unstintingly of their time, their money, or their talents, and the result will be a spectacle of even greater beauty and artistry than the three previous pageants, all of which delighted the public.

This year's pageant will be free for all. There will be reserved seats for those who desire them at one dollar each, but every one will be equally welcome, and the people of Los Gatos are hospitably preparing for an audience of 10,000 people.

## Dean Inge Grows Gloomier.

Champions of the "good old days" are no new thing, but Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, who because of his lucubrations has earned the title of "the gloomy dean," has new evidence of present-day degeneracy when compared with the Victorian era, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"Let those who are disposed to follow the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians make a collection of their heads in photographs and engravings," said the dean, "and compare them with those of their little favorites. Let them set up in row good portraits of Tennyson, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord Lawrence, Burne-Jones, and, if they like, a dozen lesser luminaries, and ask themselves candidly whether men of this stature are any longer among us."

The result of Dean Inge's general condemnation of modern men has been interesting. The London papers in following up the question have published comparative photographs of the dean's heroes and big figures of today like Lloyd George, H. G. Wells, Earl Balfour, and Rudyard Kipling. Skilled analysts of character have dissected the results and after most painstaking researches have decided that the great and fundamental difference is nothing in the world but "whiskers."

So far no one has had the temerity to ask Dean Inge if the great loss he bemoaned was that of hirsute adornment for the manly face so popular sixty years ago.

## The First Nurse.

Feminine benevolent associations in France have been asking themselves who, in history, was the first nurse. They have searched the Bible, where, to be sure, there is mention of wet nurses, but not nurses for the sick, says the New York *Tribune*. The first nurse is said to have been Fabiola, a Roman woman, who, after her conversion to Christianity, founded a hospital and house of convalescence for the poor. She created an association of women whom she formed to the profession of sick nurses.

The nurses, who were called sister, in remembrance of religious traditions, were, in 1544, treated as lay persons, when twelve women were engaged in the St. Bartholomew Hospital of London to tend to the sick and perform inferior work. It was not until 1790 that at the Hospital of New York physicians began to teach the nurses medical cleanliness. Their first school they had in Germany in 1836 and it required the influence of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean war, to give in England to the profession of nurse the moral authority which they have since possessed.

Asked how a certain state dinner under the Hayes administration had gone off, William M. Evarts replied: "Excellent. The water flowed like champagne."

The School of Nursing of St. Luke's Hospital will hold its commencement exercises for the class of 1922 on June 22d, at 3 p. m.

Confucius died 478 B. C.

## Bunker Hill Celebration.

A musical programme will be rendered by the Golden Gate Park Band, under the leadership of Professor Cassasa, in honor of the 147th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The exercises will take place Saturday, June 17th, in Golden Gate Park, at 2 p. m. A special feature will be the rendering of the song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," by soloists of the park band. All citizens are invited to attend.

The art of die-sinking was practiced in Greece by Pyrgoteles in 335 B. C.

## GATO GOSSIP

## Did You Choose Your Own Wife?

Of course you did. [At least you did if she didn't choose you]. And you thought a good while before you did choose her, because you knew that you had to live with her for a long time.

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And picking out just the right cigar is a matter of some importance too, [although we do not intimate that it is quite so important as picking a wife].

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## VANITY FAIR.

The recent arrival from New York was speaking. "It cost me 18 cents," he said, "to cross on your ferry this morning—I had to come over early on business—but I feel as though I owed three dollars more. That's what I pay for a seat at Flo Ziegfeld's Follies when I'm feeling foolish, but there were prettier girls and more of them in the cabin of the ferryboat this morning than Ziegfeld ever got together on his stage. There was a blonde in a pale blue hat that would make a poster for selling ice-cream to the Eskimos, and she'd sell 'em, too. There was a brunette in black, with black hair and eyebrows—not just brown, but crow black, and she would have made Fifth Avenue turn around to look. There was a sort of mezzotint, or mezzanine, or whatever you call it, with blonde hair and brown eyes and naturally red cheeks, and it was hard to turn the attention anywhere else. And they were all tall; you know? I mean that there seemed to be enough of each one, no half portions—they looked as though they had been eating well

ever since they were born. And complexions—but why go on? There must have been fifty good lookers on that boat, any one of whom would have earned her salary just carrying a spear in a Broadway show. And they had fine manners and graceful ways of carrying themselves. Why, it was a delight just to see one of them sneeze. I know why so few girls shows come to San Francisco from our burg: too much competition. They'd drive a Turk crazy. And I judge from the time of day they were office girls, business women, stenographers. That's queer. It isn't on the ferry alone—they're all about your business streets, and in your stores and offices. You may be used to it, but to me it's one beauty show. I certainly feel that I owe three dollars more, but I don't know to whom. Maybe it's the climate."

It appears that Lady Astor is not the only Englishman afraid of a division of political parties into male and female. Here's Joseph Austen Chamberlain speaking to women Unionists in a vein of repressed apprehension about it, like a person who thinks he can abolish ghosts by denying that there are any. Comment on his speech goes farther than the speech itself, which for obvious reasons of caution could not concede the danger against which it was a warning, for fear of precipitating what it wished to avert. In the hope of throwing the matter into the field of the ridiculous, some commentators satirically declare that it would be just as much a calamity, and just as likely, if political parties should divide on a basis of pigmentation, by which is not meant the mentality of pigs, but the relative amount of color in skin, eyes, hair, "and such"; if no blonde elector would vote for a brunette, male or female, for example, and vice versa. This would indeed add complications to English politics, right in the midst of the Irish trouble, which Heaven knows is troublesome enough and has enough surprising mutations without this. How could they carry on Genoa conferences or Egyptian emancipation or Zionism or hands-across-the-Baltic with the Bolsheviks, if parties were to be continuously flip-flopping from blonde to brunette and back to blonde, if international questions were to be disturbed in process of solution by conflicts between the sanguine and the melancholic temperaments, as they used to be classified? Even sex war has been mentioned as an imagined possibility between imagined male and female parties. Some confidence that things will not become as bad as that, however, grows from the reflection that a difficulty of conducting every conflict is the tendency of the troops to fraternize with the enemy. In this case fraternization would hardly be the word; say, rather, connubiate. Proposals across party lines would be demoralizing to discipline of any soldierly sort. In the case of captured prisoners, difficulties would present themselves that no amount of exchanging would overcome. And when it came to conducting retreats, perhaps neither side could be trusted to run as fast as it should.

Dan Rooney recently arrived at Atlantic City from Ireland, and after a stroll on the Board Walk decided he would like to "become married," as the Frenchman said. He did not know any particular person, apparently was not one himself, and a friend told him the way to go about it was just to pick one out and seize her. So he went over to the City Hall, and after an hour or so spent in critical inspection of the sex, he decided that he had wasted enough of the springtime of life and threw his arms around the next girl that came along. She proved to be an Amazon of prowess, with a well-developed triceps and a bulk that made a good resistance post, and she hung one on Mr. Rooney's jaw that would have cracked a brick. And she did not forget to scream, which attracted the notice of another person who had come from Ireland, but long enough before to get on the force. He ran Mr. Rooney in. The recorder, which is the Jersey name for judge, at least in the lower courts, told the impetuous wooer that he would be ninety days older when he again saw the Board Walk, and in the meantime he could keep in condition by dividing stones. Here, we submit, is a good opening for a scenario. The lady disappears from the record; but who can doubt that she will, unless previously engaged, be found hanging about the jail yard toward the end of the ninety days, waiting for her soul-mate to emerge? Why, it is as good as done. The raw material of a husband is there, and he is half subdued already. A few more jolts like that and he will be qualified to engage in that domestic life for which he seems to have so strong and so reckless a predilection.

The case of Mr. Valentino, male movie beauty, has been recently in the courts and in the papers in a manner to outrage the feelings of the whole Bosom Heavers', Fist Clenchers', and Face Makers' Union. The sacred right of a member of that union to marry as early and often as he or she might wish has been brutally invaded by a soulless and inartistic court of law, which has dared

to impose upon Mr. Valentino's liberty the heartless condition that he shall not enjoy what the feller called "martial relations" with his interlocutory wife. The interlocutory wife is the effect of a Mexican marriage, contracted, or attempted, while the interlocutory decree of divorce granted the first wife had run but about half its prescribed course. It seemed that when Mr. Valentino was in the United States he was married to one woman, and when he was in Mexico he was married to a totally different one. This arrangement gave him fresh air and change, so necessary to the growth and functioning of the artistic spirit. As he could not be in two countries at once, it seems to have been a diluted form of bigamy, if any. In fact, as his second marriage was only legal in Mexico, he had to go to Mexico to be a bigamist at all, and there it was no distinction. And as Mexico did not care a darn about his first marriage, it is not certain that he was a bigamist even there. At any rate, when he returned to California he became thereby and automatically, so to speak, as pure as the driven snow; a poor devil with only one wife, and that the first one. To the rational mind, such an arrangement must seem, though something of a hardship in such a case as this, both virtuous and convenient. The court did not see it so, and thrust the clumsy fingers and thumbs of the law into the most sacred of human relationships—that of husband and wives. The decision affects every sailor on the seven seas. It would have put Jim Bludsoe safe ashore behind bars, he who had "one wife here in Memphis, and one in Natchez-under-the-Hill." Mr. Valentino has to be good, in the American misunderstanding of the term, while his first, or American, wife goes about making movies under his name for the balance of the year, and declining to have anything else to do with him. Poor Valentino! Neither in Los Angeles nor in Mexico can he find domestic peace, and all because of Thomas Lee Woolwine. Of course, he could have avoided his present plight had he but observed the rule of Bill Nye—"One country, one God, and one wife at a time." But that is now the wisdom of the ancients. It has little to do with the movie business.

Up in Eureka they are crabbing about the San Francisco crab boat. They do not like to have their crabs taken for the San Francisco market, and say that just because we have eaten all our crabs is no reason why we should eat up theirs. That sounds sensible. One ought to receive some compensation for having to live in Eureka, and good crabs are almost enough. In this region they are too small and flavorless, in addition to being too high in price. But small or large, the crabs on this coast are the most delicious shellfish to be found anywhere. The lobster of Atlantic waters does very well for those that have never tasted Pacific Coast crabs. After that, lobsters are tame. As for the Eastern soft-shell crab, as served in hotels and restaurants and anywhere else, it has too strong a resemblance to a fried paper bag. The real San Francisco gourmet has nothing but pity for his Eastern colleague when trying to find the meat in it.

In Great Britain woman has arrived most triumphantly in the matter of medical responsibility, according to the New York Tribune. Every hospital there has one woman surgeon on the permanent staff to every five men, and in those which pay special attention to the ailments of women and children there are five women surgeons against one man. This country lags far behind this record, though it can boast of some of the most prosperous and successful medical practitioners in the world. The first woman to receive a license to practice medicine in the United States was Elizabeth Blackwell of Brooklyn, who made her studies in the medical school of Geneva, New York, and received the degree of M. D. in 1849. She went to New York City and began to practice her profession. But she was coolly received, and so meagrely supported that she accepted an offer from a London physician, and went to that city to take up one division of his big practice. She achieved both fame and fortune in London, and could have returned in triumph to her American home, but she declined to do so. One of the treasures of the Army Medical Museum of Washington, D. C., is the original diploma given to Fraulein Dorothea Christiana Erleben by the University of Halle in 1754, and which recites in grandiose terms that she had made all requisite studies and was therefore a medical doctor of deep erudition and sound attainment. The degree was signed by the various authorities of the university and by the King of Prussia, who was likewise the Elector of Brandenburg. Dr. Erleben was the first woman to study medicine in all of Germany, and she obtained much celebrity in general practice.

The latest word-coinage up to date is "optience." It designates a moving picture "audience," the latter word being inaccurate as applied to see-ers rather than hearers.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

David Bispham met Oliver Herford in London and in the course of conversation remarked on the fact that as yet London had no skyscrapers. "Pity, too," said Herford. "I never saw a sky that needed scraping more."

It seems there is a German "bull" as well as an Irish. Here is a specimen, from the Crown Prince's Memoirs. Von Bethman Hollweg remarks to Herr Ballin of the Hamburg American: "I only wish I were dead." And Herr Ballin replies: "I dare say you do. No doubt it would suit you admirably to lie in your coffin all day and watch other people toiling and worrying."

This story is told of Alfred Austin, one-time poet laureate of England. A lady who had never heard of him sat next him at dinner and tried in vain to keep the conversation afloat. Then she discovered by a stray reference of Mr. Austin's that he was a literary man. The lady had an inspiration and brightly blurted, "You've written a good deal, Mr. Austin. Are you a son of Jane Austen, the novelist?"

An old Scotch minister who tried to indoctrinate his congregation with a belief in a fire and brimstone hell was preaching an appropriately heated sermon. His most cogent argument ran as follows: "And on the last day, when ye'll be surrounded by roarin' flames in a sea of brimstone ye'll cry out to the Lord, 'Oh, Lor-rd, we did not know—we did not know!' And the infinitely mairciful Lor-rd will say, 'Weel, ye ken the noo!'"

A Parisian taxicab driver had the bright idea of pasting on his car the announcement, "English spoken." One of his confrères entered competition. His car was soon decorated with the sign, "American spoken." The first chauffeur was indignant. Said the second, "There are now in Paris more Americans than English and they are flattered when they hear their native tongue." The other sneeringly remarked, "And I suppose you speak it?" "Sir, I've been six months in Brazil," was the confident reply.

John B. Gough, temperance lecturer, was holding forth on the beauties of prohibition. He expressed a prayerful wish that all the alcoholic beverages in the country could be miraculously poured into the sea. His audience was unresponsive. Mr. Gough had the unhappy realization that it was not with him. Then a voice from the gallery shouted, "Amen! Hurray! Amen!" "Thank Heaven!" cried John B. Gough. "There is one righteous man among us. Are you a staunch teetotaler, friend?" "Nix," said the man in the gallery. "I'm a diver."

A man carrying a heavy valise crossed the Nevsky Prospekt. He was stopped by a commissioner who asked him what he was carrying. "Rubles," said the man, and he was arrested and examined. He insisted the money was his own and was released on bail of one million rubles. A few days later he was again arrested and was released on two million rubles bail. The third time he was arrested the authorities said, "This time you will have to come across with ten millions." The man promised the immense fine if he were allowed two days' respite. It was granted, and true to his word he came at the appointed hour dragging a heavy trunk. "Here are the ten millions," he announced. "I have also brought the printing press. It will be easier for you."

The Days of '49 celebration at Sacramento in May was one of the best frolics any city ever staged, and some persons that attended say it was not altogether dry. A story is going around about two Volstead Act agents detailed from Los Angeles to enforce prohibition. They were drafted from a distance so that they would be unknown. But the story goes that when these expert breath sniffers and cellar searchers stepped off the train a bearded stage robber of Bret Harte days said, "Throw up yer hands," and backed it with a wicked old cap-and-ball six-shooter. He took their weapons, their jewelry, their money, their credentials, everything but their clothes. They had to wire San Francisco for money to eat, and had a hard time getting enough credit for that. For every one else the celebration was a complete success.

Sir James Lenham relates a host of anecdotes in his "Memoirs of the Memorable." Here is the reason why the name and precedence of judges' wives in Scotland have been altered: "The Mackintosh of Mackintosh told me an excellent story. You must know that, until recent years, when a Scotch lawyer (whom we will call Mr. McIntyre of Glenlawe) was elevated to the bench, he was not called Mr. Justice McIntyre, as with us, but, taking his title from his place, he ap-

peared as Lord Glenlawe, yet his unfortunate wife was still only Mrs. McIntyre. A certain well-known Scotch judge and his wife went abroad, and, of course, appeared in the hotel lists as Lord Glenlawe and Mrs. McIntyre. The Mackintosh, seeing him next year, said, 'I suppose you're off to Switzerland soon?' 'Switzerland!' rejoined the judge; 'I'll never set foot there again. I was turned out of three hotels for immorality! Bonnie Scotland's guid eno' for me!'"

Walter Damrosch has incensed musical England by his declaration that modern English music is ugly. Apropos of his accusation the famous New Yorker told a story at a dinner in his home town. Two sailors were drinking in a sailors' tavern in a low part of London. "Listen, Bill," said one. Above the roar of the traffic a hard, loud voice could be heard. "Listen," the sailor went on tremulously. "He's singin' 'The Light of Other Days.' Aw, Bill, don't it bring back yer innercent childhood to ye—birds and flowers and yer prayers at yer mother's knee?" Bill gave a contemptuous laugh. "That aint 'The Light of Other Days,' mate. He's singin' 'Love Me and the World Is Mine.' The argument went on till Bill called a boy and said to him: "Run out, kid, and ask that bloke if he's singin' 'The Light of Other Days' or 'Love Me and the World Is Mine.'" The sailors waited the boy's return in sullen silence. Finally the messenger returned and disgustfully reported: "That there guy aint singin' nuthin' at all. He's peddling fish."

According to the latest census there are 6,448,336 farmers in the United States.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Getting-Rich-Quick.

(An extravagant dream induced by study of the free insurance schemes of various newspapers.)

That day good fortune haunted me:  
My early morning cup of tea  
Fell, scalding hot, upon my knee.

"Aha!" I cried, when I could speak;  
"A happy chance! The Daily Shriek  
Will pay me fifty pounds a week."

Shaving, I felt my razor slip  
And cut me sharply on the lip.  
"More cash!" I breathed. "The Morning Pip."

And when I skidded on the mat,  
Knocking my nasal organ flat,  
"The Wail," I said, "will pay for that."

A fish-bone, lodged inside my neck  
Soon made of me a further wreck,  
But meant a Sunday Cornet cheque.

"This is indeed The Day!" I said;  
And, though I should have gone to bed,  
I struggled off to work instead.

A motor swooped. I stumbled, fell;  
And as it crashed—"The Evening Yell,"  
I murmured, "pays extremely well."

I reached the station, breathless, late,  
And crushed my elbow in the gate.  
"The Lyre!" I quavered. "This is great."

A rending noise, a warning shout,  
The roof collapsed. . . . They dug me out.  
Rabbing "Insured!" The Daily Spout."

Softly they bore me home, and there,  
Battered but joyful, free from care,  
I lay in bed—a millionaire. —Punch.

## Cultural San Francisco.

When a city is aware of itself it is glad. It plays creatively. It finds something better to do than merely to respond automatically to the stimuli of the mechanisms it has evolved to serve its own material needs, says James Rorty in the *Nation*. It wills life to be thus and so. It achieves a civilization and a culture—in the sense in which John Addington Symonds defines the word—"self-effectuation."

Will San Francisco ever be a cultural identity in that sense? It may, and the time may not be so far distant after all. For anything can happen in San Francisco—one feels that. The magnificent resurgence of the city after the fire is a thing not to be forgotten. And the Exposition was more than a grandiose gesture—it was a noble and heroic achievement. Some day the sunny sky of California will be darkened by a thought-cloud—it is possible to think in California, despite Mr. Mencken's picturesque assertions to the contrary. And out of that cloud will flicker lightnings with potentialities of illumination.

"Why not?" as the Serpent said in Bernard Shaw's new version of the Garden legend. "Why not?"

"I tell you," went on the elderly woman at the hotel, getting quite huffy, "I won't have this room. I aint going to pay my money for a place that isn't big enough to swing a cat, and for sleeping in one of them folding beds. I simply won't do it!" The boy could stand it no longer. "Get on in, mum," said he, with a weary expression on his face. "This aint your room; it's the lift."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Lloyd Huff to General Charles Morton was made last week at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bovard of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, at the Rolling Rock Country Club near Ligonier. Close upon the announcement of the engagement followed the marriage, on Wednesday, June 14th, at Grace Episcopal Church in New York. Immediately after the ceremony General and Mrs. Morton started for California. They are expected here on June 20th and will sail the following week for Alaska on their wedding tour. Mrs. Morton was the widow of former Congressman George H. Huff of Cabin Hill, Greensburg, Pennsylvania. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Moorehead of Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Mrs. John Stewart and Miss Elizabeth Huff are daughters of Mrs. Morton, and Miss Huff is to make her home with her mother at Fort Mason. Several affairs are planned in honor of General and Mrs. Morton for the few days between their arrival and their departure.

The engagement of Miss Lorraine Brown to Mr. Robert E. Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Anderson, has been announced. Miss Brown is the niece of Mr. John A. Hooper, with whom she makes her home. The news of the betrothal was told at a dinner party given at the Hooper home on Laguna Street, and at an affair given on the campus at Stanford University, of which Miss Brown is a graduate, of the class of 1918. Mr. Anderson is also a graduate, with the class of 1913. No definite announcement as to the date of the wedding has been made.

On Saturday evening, June 10th, Miss Berenice Mitchell became the bride of Mr. Garston Keyston at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mitchell became the bride of Mr. Garton Keyston. San Jose performed the ceremony. The bridal attendants were Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Marian Mitchell, and Miss Lenore Morrissey. The matron of honor, Mrs. Otto Grau, and the maid of honor, Miss Sallie Obeare, led the bridesmaids in the procession. Following the ceremony, a buffet supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Keyston went on a short wedding tour, and will spend the remainder of the summer at Palo Alto.

The wedding of Miss Mary Alice Moon to Lieutenant Arthur Stuart Walton, U. S. N., will take place June 29th at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City. Owing to the recent death of the bride's mother, Mrs. Clinton I. Moon, the ceremony will be very quiet, only relatives and close friends being asked. Lieutenant Walton is stationed at the Bremerton Navy Yard, Washington, where the couple will make their home. Miss Moon is the niece of Mrs. M. I. Higgins of this city.

Mrs. William Kent is promoting a concert to be given on Friday evening, June 16th, in San Rafael, for the purpose of raising a fund for the rebuilding and restoring of the Presbyterian Orphanage, which was recently destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Kent will be assisted by Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Thomas Kent, Mrs. Raymond Thayer, and Mrs. Milton Esberg. The concert is to be in charge of Mr. Uda Waldrop. A number of boxes have already been taken for the affair.

Mrs. Paul Fagan entertained at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. James J. Fagan, Jr. The marriage of Mrs. James Fagan was a recent affair, and took place at Sacramento, the news coming as a surprise to their friends. Before her marriage Mrs. Fagan was Miss Dorothy Gebhardt. Mrs. Paul Fagan had as her guests at the luncheon Miss Doris Fagan, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, and Miss Newell Bull.

At a luncheon at which Miss Doris Fagan entertained for her sister-in-law at the Menlo Country Club Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Virginia Cumming, Miss Nance Obeare, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Sallie Obeare, Miss Miriam Trowbridge, Miss Audrye Willett, and Miss Helen Lee were the guests.

In honor of Miss Elva Ghirardelli, who in September is to become the bride of Mr. John Welby Dinsmore, Mrs. Ward Dawson entertained at tea at her home in Piedmont. The guests were received by Mrs. Harry Hush Magee, Mrs. Monroe Greenwood, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Katherine Maxwell assisting Mrs. Dawson. About a hundred friends called.

The circus for the benefit of the Stanford Home for Convalescents, held on Saturday on the Hahn estate, was a success, financially and for the pleasure it afforded both the participants and the spectators. With the circus in the afternoon the incentive many luncheon parties preceded it. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton entertained several guests—Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Cloman, Mrs. Walter Filer, and Captain C. G. Lyman.

Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull have issued invitations for a reception to be given on Saturday evening, June 24th, at their home on Jackson Street in honor of General and Mrs. Charles Morton.

A number of entertainments are planned in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon, who has recently returned from a year's absence. Mrs. James Ward Keeney entertained at a luncheon at her home on Buchanan Street for Mrs. Sharon last week, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran gave a dinner for her at their home in Burlingame. Mrs. Sharon spent the week-end at Alma as the guest of her brother, Dr. Harry Tevis, who is entertaining a house party.

Mr. Samuel Hill of Seattle, Washington, who accompanied Marshal and Mme. Joffre on their recent trip and was their host from the time they left Japan throughout their tour of America until they again reached French soil, gave a luncheon recently at the Hotel Plaza-Athénée in Paris, when Marshal and Mme. Joffre were his

guests of honor. The other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Tuck French, Marquis and Marquise de Chambrun, Mrs. Alexandre de Brettville, and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## To a Russian Dancer, Mad.

(Suggested by a report of his madness.)

They say that he who made Petrouchka live  
And die in a madhouse now in Spain,  
Nor in Scheherazade will ever give  
His wild abandon to the dance again.  
The *favari negre* is dead; and that lithe Faun  
Which, through the sun-drenched slither after-  
noon,  
Watched the nymphs glide upon the amber lawn,  
No more will fright them from their sport too soon.

And when night's stage is lit by flaring stars,  
With clown-white face and witless gestures creeps,  
Through the black grating, brushing the moonlit bars,  
Mad Harlequin; Pierrot chatters and weeps,  
Moon struck. Narcisse, his form a wind-torn flower,  
Shedding the lustre of his star-like face,  
Stagers and droops, while he who gave them power

Of life, forgets his beauty and his grace  
Which was their breath of being. Now they seem  
Only a host of memories wan, and fleet  
Fantastic puppets of a poet's dream  
Whose sleep has stirred the motion of their feet.  
With postures strange and movements out of time,  
They greet the Dawn—in frantic pantomime.

—T. F. S. in *Life*.

## The Dancers

Ours was a quiet town, a still town, a sober town,  
Softly curled the yellow roads that slept in the sun,  
Staid came the day and staid came the night down  
And staidly went we sleepwise when the day's work was done!

Oh, they came dancing down, the gay ones, the bonny ones.

We had never seen the like, sweet and wild and glad,  
Down the long road they came, fluting and dancing.  
Flowers in each lass's hair and plumes on each lad!

Sweet were their clinging hands, kind were their voices,

"Dance with us, laugh with us, good grave folk," said they,

"Swift we must go from you, time's long for toiling,

Come and make joy with us the brief while we stay!"

Oh, then was a gay time, a wild time, a glad time,  
Hand in hand we danced with them beneath sun and moon,

Flowers were for garlanding and greens were for dancing—

This was the wisdom we learned of them too soon!

Swift went the day past, a glad day, a wild day,  
Swift went the night past, a night wild and glad,

Down fell their arms from us, loosening, fleeting  
Far down the roads they danced, wild lass and wild lad!

Far fled their dancing feet, far rang their laughter,

Far gleamed their mocking eyes beneath the garlands gay,

All too late we knew them then, the wild eyes, the elf-eyes,

Wood-folk and faun-folk that danced our hearts away!

Ours is a still town, a sad town, a sober town,  
Still lie the dun roads all empty in the sun,

Sad comes the day up and sad walls the night down,  
And sadly go we sleepwise when the day's watch is done!

—Margaret Widdemer in "Poems of the Dance."

A Baptist minister, who was six feet three, had two candidates for baptism, one a very tall woman who almost rivaled the minister's height, and the other a very short man. The minister took the towering lady by the arm and told the little man to follow them. They approached the edge of the stream. The minister and the lady walked into the stream till it was about waist high, when they heard some improper tittering from the spectators on the bank. Looking around they discovered the short candidate for baptism swimming after them.

## Did Leonardo Name America?

Again the origin of the name America is in question, the New York *Tribune* remarks. Hitherto it has been generally supposed that Martin Waldseemüller of St. Die first applied it to the Western Continent. But now Professor W. Harrington, after long research, asserts that Leonardo da Vinci gave this name.

In 1507, after Columbus' death, declares Professor Harrington, Martin Waldseemüller published a book in which he asked that the new continent, which has been visited four times by Amerigo Vespucci, should be named by the latter.

The first map of the country discovered by Columbus, printed in Rome in 1508, bore only the mention "New World." Likewise a second edition published in Strassburg in 1509.

And it was the map made by Leonardo da Vinci in 1514 which, for the first time, bore the name of America.

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Ar. Yosemite Valley 7:15 p. m.

## NIGHT

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Ar. Yosemite Valley 1:15 p. m.

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On Sale Daily

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. W. J. Loring has returned from an Eastern visit and is now at her apartment on Bush Street.

Miss Jane Carrigan, who has spent the last six months in Europe, will return to the United States in July.

Mrs. J. Athearn Folger has decided to remain abroad for several months longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., and Mrs. Charles Thompson have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norris at their country place near Saratoga.

Mrs. Charles Norris plans leaving for Los Angeles in the near future.

Mrs. Charles Butters plans to leave for France early in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Quick, after a long absence from San Francisco, have returned. They are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have gone to Saratoga for an indefinite stay. They left very unexpectedly owing to Mr. Miller's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Miss Mary Emma Flood arrived in New York the middle of the week en route home from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot C. Walker have opened their home at Santa Barbara for the summer months.

Miss Héiène de Latour is dividing her time between San Francisco and the Latour home at Rutherford, where she spends the week-ends.

Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman and her children arrived on Saturday at San Mateo from their home in New York. Mr. Whitman will join his family some time in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker and Miss Marian Zeile have arrived from the East. Miss Zeile is making the Fairmont her home again.

Judge and Mrs. James A. Cooper and their daughter, Miss Ethel Cooper, who have been for some weeks in Santa Barbara, have decided to

### San Francisco Now Claims the Country's Largest and Finest Knit Goods Store

Unique among America's great retail establishments is the new and greater "Knit Shop" of Gantner & Mattern Co. at Geary and Grant Ave. The circumstance that this corner is in the busiest, high-class retail district in the entire West was largely responsible for the magnificent display windows, which are the last word in refined and artistic facilities for the display of high-grade merchandise.

While making the extensive changes necessitated by taking over the space formerly occupied by a jewelry concern, it was decided to make many other alterations in the main premises in keeping with the beauty of the new addition. The result of all this is a store that ranks first among the palatial establishments for which the new San Francisco retail district is justly famous. Needless to say, every modern facility for giving prompt and efficient service is installed; departments that had outgrown their capacity now possess ample accommodations; roomier aisles obviate unpleasant crowding, even on "Sale" days. Owing to the large, plate-glass fronts extending through the entire five floors of the building, every department is flooded with daylight; to provide for short and gloomy winter days, an elaborate sunlight lighting system makes the selection of colors and examination of fabrics most satisfactory.

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remain there for the summer, and have taken the Higginson house on Channel Drive for the next three months.

Mrs. Robert Franklin McMillan will spend the greater part of the summer in San Francisco, arriving June 15th to join her father, Mr. Theodore Blakeman, at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington and their family will close their San Mateo home for the summer, and come to San Francisco for a month. Later in the season the Redingtons will go to Santa Barbara until the late fall.

Miss Helen Crocker passed the week-end at her Pebble Beach cottage. Early next week Miss Crocker leaves for the East.

Mrs. Henry S. Pritchett of New York has arrived at her summer home in Santa Barbara, where Dr. Pritchett and Miss Edith Pritchett will join her later.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Corbet left the first part of the week for the Hale's summer home at Shasta. They will remain until the early part of September.

Mrs. Chase Kennedy left the early part of the week for San Rafael, where she will be at the San Rafael Hotel for the summer months.

Baron and Baroness Van Eck left last week for Santa Barbara, where they have taken the Wetmore house on Channel Drive for the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Lyders, accompanied by Mrs. James H. Bull, motored to Santa Barbara for a short stay.

Mrs. Richard Demming of Shanghai, who has been spending some weeks in San Francisco, left for Alaska on a month's trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, who recently moved to Atherton for the summer, have purchased property there and will begin the erection of a home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe Hall and their children, who recently took possession of their Belvedere home, have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne will take possession of their home in the foothills near Woodside the end of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron are expected home from their trip to Europe the latter part of June.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Raisch and their daughters, Miss Aimée Raisch and Miss Leila Raisch, have gone to their summer home near Modesto to remain until the early fall.

Mrs. Anson P. Hotating and her son, Mr. George H. Hotating, moved this week to their country home in Marin County.

Mrs. Lane Leonard and her daughter, Miss Jane Leonard, left last Saturday for the Santa Cruz Mountains, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warren have returned to San Francisco, after a three weeks' trip to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant and their daughters, Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant, left New York the middle of the week, en route to California. They will go directly to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. George Rose of Piping Rock, Long Island, is expected in California to pass the summer as the guest of Mr. Richard Schwerin in San Mateo.

Colonel Alfred Hunter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hunter arrived this week from the Philippine Islands, where Colonel Hunter was in command at Corrigidor. They will be the house guests of Colonel and Mrs. William Tobin of Fort Mason.

Mrs. Temple Bridgman of New York is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard at their home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna have taken the J. Frank Judge home in Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. Warren Smith and her little daughter arrived recently in California, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Otis at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Kittle Boyd returned from their wedding tour to Honolulu. They have taken possession of their home on the Boyd estate in San Rafael.

Miss Edith Bull, who recently returned from Europe, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Covington Pringle, in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Vard Hulen are remaining at their Berkeley home this summer, planning a series of motor trips in California.

Mrs. Lloyd R. Bacon of Baltimore is returning to her home in the East, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Filmer, who have been staying in Shasta County for some time, returned to San Francisco the middle of the week.

Captain and Mrs. James Pringle Osgood are in San Francisco from New York en route to the Orient on a pleasure trip.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Jensen of Shanghai with their infant son are expected in San Francisco early in July for a visit of several months. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Wirtner at their Vallejo Street home.

Miss Lillian Weeks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weeks of Burlingame, left on Wednesday for Europe, to be away until the late fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Miss Frances Lent, and Master Paul Fagan and his sister left the latter part of the week for Del Monte for a stay of some weeks. Miss Margaret Buckbee will join the party at Del Monte, to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lent during their stay.

Commander and Mrs. U. R. Webb of Mare Island leave soon for Japan, where Commander Webb will take charge of the American Hospital for the navy.

Mrs. William D. Stephens is spending several weeks in San Francisco, staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Judge and Mrs. Thomas Burke and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McEwan of Seattle, after spending a number of weeks in San Francisco, have gone to Yosemite on a motor tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Shallcross of New York, who returned last week from Honolulu on the *Matsonia*, are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Brown and their children arrived from Honolulu to spend the summer in San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James Reynolds, Lady

Reynolds, and their son, from Liverpool, after spending a week in San Francisco, left for the Yosemite. They plan to make a stay of some weeks there.

Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle will leave the end of the month for Washington, D. C., to be in the East several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Applegarth have taken a house in Los Gatos for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth are occupying the Athearn Folger home at Menlo Park this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have returned recently from New York, and have opened their Burlingame home for the summer.

Mrs. E. Swift train, on a visit to relatives in San Francisco for the past few weeks, returned to her Los Angeles home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Craig and their little son are spending a few days in San Francisco with relatives before leaving for their home in Louisiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heinman have joined the summer colony at Woodside.

Mrs. Frank Howard Abbott left last Wednesday for New York en route to Europe. Mrs. Abbott will spend some time in the East before she sails.

Among arrivals at the Whitcomb are Mr. J. C. Braby, Portland; Mr. L. A. Rowe, Chicago; Mr. H. C. Keefe, Los Angeles; Mr. A. J. Looney, Idaho Falls; Mr. Doug Shaw, Mr. J. Cunnison, San Bernardino; Colonel George S. Terry, Carmel; Mr. W. M. Coffman, San Mateo; Mr. E. J. Brubaker, Bakersfield; Mr. F. Curtis, Kemmerer, Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Clark, Reno; Mr. T. T. Edwards, Atascadero; Mr. W. O. Harless, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ralph, Riverside; Mr. J. M. Spring, Los Angeles; Mr. C. M. Harris, Sacramento; Mr. Robert A. Martin, Los Angeles.

Registered at the St. Francis are Commander and Mrs. A. Ulbroth, U. S. N.; Colonel Garrison McCaskey, U. S. A.; Mr. Homer Johnstone, Bakersfield; Mr. E. B. Ward, New York; Mr. E. V. Saroon, London; Mr. E. N. Khouri, New York; Dr. J. L. Martin, Fresno; Mr. Herman J. Brown, Mr. R. T. Whiting, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Mr. O. B. Fuller, Los Angeles; Mr. Ben E. Crucho, Chico; Mr. Thomas Proctor, Santa Rosa; Mr. S. A. Lines, Sacramento; Mr. C. E. Ernst, Portland; Mr. F. M. Duhig, Los Angeles; Dr. Michael Hoke, Atlanta; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bloedel, Seattle; Mr. M. F. Porter, Portland; Mr. M. W. Saunders, Los Angeles.

#### At Del Monte.

The annual Girls' Swimming Carnival at Del Monte, on June 23d to 25th, gives promise of attracting a fashionable gathering on the lawns and at the solarium of the open-air Roman Plunge. This feature, which will bring the fastest mermaids in California, has in the past provided many interesting contests for the spectators. An added attraction this year will be the Pacific Association of the A. A. U. championships at diving and for the fifty-yard race.

Del Monte is to be gay over the week-end with ten to twelve special trains bringing Shriners and Rotarians to visit the scenic and historic points of interest on the Monterey Peninsula. An elaborate programme of entertainment has been mapped out by the citizens of Monterey and Del Monte. After the Shrine convention at San Francisco there will be many other visitors come to Del Monte to enjoy the many pleasures offered.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter and their children of Berkeley have occupied their home at Monterey and will spend much of the summer here. Mr. Hunter is an expert golfer who devoted much of his time on the Del Monte and Pebble Beach golf courses.

Colonel and Mrs. J. Hudson Poole with their children have occupied their remodeled home at Pebble Beach, and intend spending the summer months there.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton C. Rolfe of Seattle are making a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. O. Culver and Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bohn are among the Los Angeles people visiting Del Monte.

Polo, which heretofore has been played in California almost exclusively during the winter season, is to come in for attention this summer at Del Monte. Harry Hunt, one of the promising young players of San Mateo, has sent his string of spirited ponies, and intends spending a greater portion of the summer here to engage in games with the Del Monte and Monterey Presidio players.

W. W. Crocker, who with his sister, Miss Helen Crocker, has a beautiful villa at Pebble Beach, has gone in for the game enthusiastically and will probably make his appearance in the saddle at Del Monte shortly. Lawrence McCreery and Dick Schwerin are two other players from San Mateo who have been practicing with Hugh Drury or Eric Pedley, Del Monte stars, in anticipation of the coming matches.

Thomas Henry Oxnard, vice-president of the American Sugar Company and a leader in the development of the sugar-beet industry in California, died at New York on June 8th, aged sixty-two years. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Marie Pichon Oxnard, of Upperville, Virginia; three daughters, Adeline and Nadine Oxnard, of Upperville, Virginia, and Marie Oxnard, of San Francisco, and two sons, Ben Oxnard, of Savannah, Georgia, and Robert Oxnard vice-president of the American Beet Sugar Company of San Francisco.

The Senate Privileges and Elections Committee is considering plans to check large election expenditures.

#### A Germanized Russia.

In books, pamphlets, articles, too numerous to mention, says J. Ellis Barker in the June *Forum*, German expansionists have demanded the creation of a greater Germany stretching from the Rhine to the Bering Strait, and from the North Pole to the borders of Persia, India, and China, from the North Sea to the Pacific. A Russo-German Empire may conceivably arise, and it may prove a very serious danger to the peace of Europe. The Russians have hitherto proved as wax in the hands of conquerors. Their national character has not changed. No other nation in the world would have patiently borne the misrule of the Czars and of the Bolsheviks. If the Russians were given a good government and administration, the population of the country should double and treble very speedily, its wealth should increase amazingly, and its military power should become almost irresistible. A Russo-German empire would dominate the two most populous continents of the world.

Colonel Harvey D. Loveland, member of the California State Railroad Commission, died at San Francisco on June 11th, aged sixty-nine. He was the oldest member of a public utility commission in the United States, and was appointed by Governor Gillett in 1907. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lulu Loveland, and a son, W. J. Loveland, of Berkeley. Harvey A. Loveland of Oakland is his nephew.

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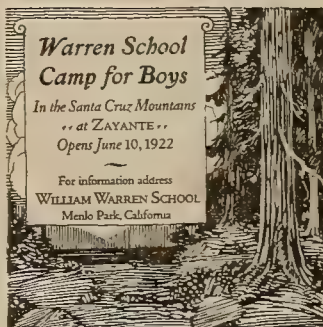
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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Conductor—Money in the box, please!  
Absent-Minded Professor—No, I don't care to help the babies today.—*Boston Beanpot.*

When Shakespeare wrote, "Thou wilt not trust the air with secrets," the radio had not been invented.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"When do you think a girl really becomes an old maid?" "When she decides her complexion isn't worth a shot of powder."—*Judge.*

Ethel—Their parents made the match, I believe. Tom—I thought they opposed it. Ethel—Yes, that's how they made it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Soulful Girl—He said I was the most wonderful little girl in the world. Sister—Gee! He ought to patent that before it gets around.—*London Mail.*

"Look! A bridal couple in the carriage, and also a bride on the box seat." "Yes. It happens that the driver is also going to be married."—*Munich Megendorfer Blätter.*

Student—I should like permission to go riding with my brother. Warden (quickly)—And how long have you known him? Student—About two weeks.—*Vassar Miscellany News.*

City Editor—Did you take down all the speaker said? Cub Reporter—No, but I have it all in my head. City Editor—Ah, I see you have it all in a nutshell.—*Portland (Maine) Express.*

Chairman (addressing a meeting)—I am sure we will be very sorry our secretary is not here tonight. I can not say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face.—*Tit-Bits.*

"What does Dr. Slimpurse say produced this case of appendicitis?" "Lack of work." "What! Why, the man has never an idle day." "Oh, no; but Dr. Slimpurse has."—*Medical Quip.*

Bridget—Where do you hear such language? I forbid you to use it! Young Pat—Well, Kipling uses it. Bridget—I don't care if he does. Don't you play with him any more.—*Nebraska Augwan.*

First Reporter—Is he on our side or the other? Am I to say he "addressed the meeting" or he "gave a harangue"? Second Reporter—Neither. He's got no politics; he's an "also spoke."—*Punch.*

Pinker—I think that Reginald is a four-flusher. Tunn—Well, I know that he's a second-story man. Pinker—You don't say so! Tunn—Yes; he has never told an original one.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Country Visitor—Is the Underground al-

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Three cakes a day

Place a standing order with your grocer.

ways as crowded as this? Londoner—Oh, no. The reason it's so jammed just now is because people are going home early to avoid the rush.—*London Passing Show.*

"Is this stuff good?" "You can taste the wood in it." "Do you want to blind me? Take it away." "I was referring to the flavor of a barrel coopered in 1910." "Hand it back."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

First Young Doctor—How are you coming along? Making good? Second Young Doctor—Fine! I'm thankful I didn't begin to practice in the days before prohibition, though. First Young Doctor—Same here.—*Judge.*

Conductor—Pardon, me, madam, but your girl seems more than twelve. Her Mother—Conductor! Would you take me to be the mother of a girl that age? Conductor—Lady, don't tell me you're her grandmother.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Barnstorm (enraged)—Madam, your bill is preposterous. Do you think I have lived fifteen years in boarding-houses for nothing? Mrs. Boarding-House—Indeed, sir, from what I've seen of you, I should think it highly probable.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"I understand," said the drummer, "that Piute Pete isn't allowed in Crimson Gulch any more." "No," answered Cactus Joe. "The boys 'ud rather not have him around. He held four aces three times the same evenin'." "That was luck!" "No. It wasn't even skill. It was courage."—*Washington Star.*

"I understand there has been a crime wave in Crimson Gulch." "Nothing of the kind!" protested Cactus Joe. "Our beautiful an' growin' city has suffered in reputation simply because our new sheriff got restless an' started diggin' up a lot o' gossip that nobody has been payin' attention to for years."—*Washington Star.*

From Hannibal, Missouri, old home of Mark Twain, comes the news that Becky Thatcher, known to thousands of readers as the little schoolgirl in the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, is a real person and is living today. She is Mrs. Laura Frazier, eighty-six years old, and is matron of the Home for the Friendless in Hannibal. It is said that Mrs. Frazier knows more about Mark Twain's youth than any other living person. "Mark and I started going to school the same year," she says. "He was seven and I was six. Our houses were across the street from each other right here in Hannibal. Mark had long, golden curls hanging over his shoulders. He used to carry my books to school every morning and carry them home in the afternoon. And he'd treat me to apples and oranges and divide his candy with me. In the winter Mark spent most of his time on the ice. I couldn't skate, but he always arranged for me to go along. He used to push me along the ice on a split-bottom chair. He was a fine skater, too—in fact, he was good at anything he undertook. The first time I ever saw Mark was on a hot summer day. He came out of his house and started showing off, turning handsprings and cutting capers. His heel hit me and I was thrown to the ground and knocked unconscious. I recall hearing the children tell about how scared Mark was." Mrs. Frazier passed a week at Mark Twain's home at Stormfield, Connecticut, in 1908.

The custom of drinking liquors after dinner was common in Scotland before it was observed in England, as is evident from the following extract from the Farington Diary, dated September 23, 1801: "After the dinner was removed, before the fruit was put on, a case of liquors was placed before Mrs. Bell, who helped her guests to small glasses of Cherry Brandy—Lemon Brandy &c &c as they liked.—This is a Scottish custom & the Ladies partake of it."

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#### HISTORY IN SURNAMES.

It is by no means every man who knows that in the name he bears there is probably an interesting and valuable clue to his ancestry, writes Thornton Hall in *John o' London's Weekly*.

Thus, if he signs it Harcourt or Venables, Pelham or Percival, Dawney or Daubney, he may be pretty sure that the founder of his family had his cradling in Normandy—though whether he was a lord, a knight, or a scullion is hidden from him.

Similarly, if he bears the name of any town or village in England, of a surety that village or town was the cradle of his forefathers; though here, again, he gets no clue to the quality of his first bearer, who might be the lord of manors, or an honest tradesman or artisan. And when there are several places of the same name, often in different counties, he is still ignorant as to which of them he originally hails from.

Even when a man's surname throws no light on the place of origin, it often gives interesting clues to past history. Thus, if he is called Tanner or Glover, Butcher or Baker, Carter or Carpenter, he may know that the first of his forefathers to bear that name followed one or other of these occupations.

The first Thwaytes was a feller of wood; Jenner was a joiner; Milner, a miller; Webster, a weaver; Barker, a tanner; Lorimer, a maker of bits and spurs; and so on through the long list of old-time trades, many of them now scarcely identifiable by the average man—such as Stringer, a man who made bow-strings; Tipper, who tipped arrows; and Fletcher, who affixed the feathers.

When surnames throw no light on the place of origin, they occasionally reveal the situation of the original home. Thus, Tom who lived at the foot of the hill was labeled Underhill; if his home was on the shore, he was Tom-by-the-sea. And similarly we get such patronymics as Undercliff, Atwood, Atmoor, Byfield, and so on.

Other surnames tell us what kind of man

were they who first bore them: Dark or Fair, Ruddy (Russell) or pale (Whiteman); whether they were "Long" or "Short" or "Broad"; "Merry" or "Sadd"; "Bold" or "Coward"; "Lightfoot" or "Heavyside."

When in those olden days there was no such way of distinguishing a man, it was an easy matter to identify him as his father's son. Thus, Richard's boys became known as Richardsons, William's as Williamsons, and Robin's as Robinsons. And when, in process of time, these labels grew too plentiful and confusing, the father's name was modified in other ways—to such an extent, indeed, that the connection is almost impossible to trace.

Even names which suggest no desirable lineage are often both ancient and honorable. Mr. Hobson can derive comfort from learning that, before the Conqueror set foot on our shores a Leoric Hobbesone figured among Saxon tenants in Suffolk. Mr. Buggins and Mr. Bangs will be relieved to find that their names "came over with the Normans"; and Mr. Snooks can point to Sevenoaks as the cradle of his family.

Among the difficulties facing the North Irish government is unemployment, says the *Living Age*. Well toward seventy thousand of all classes and creeds, including not less than eight thousand ex-service men, are out of work. This complicates the situation politically, because Catholic workers have been expelled from the shipyards by the Protestant workers. So long as the present unemployment continues, the argument is used that ex-service men shall have preference when new men are taken on by the works; and it chances that a large proportion of these are Protestants. It is predicted that when employment conditions are better in Belfast, the friction within labor ranks is likely to subside.

An ink known as "lovers' ink" was once sold in Paris. It was guaranteed to fade away in less than a month, so that letters written with it soon became worthless evidence. Later its sale was stopped by the police.

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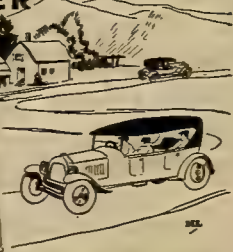
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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Crime Is in Danger.

The Sherlocks are here in force, the twenty-ninth annual convention of police chiefs has arrived and begun its sessions, and when we consider with what perspicacity and assiduity and penetration and vigilance their profession has devoted itself to its great task of public protection, as reflected in the programmes and proceedings, it would seem that if accounts of those proceedings and the thief-taking methods they expound could be sent to the crooks of the world they would instantly cease their especial activities and look for honest jobs. We fail to see how any of them could persist in their present labors. It looks as though the practice of crime had the poorest outlook and the greatest actual discouragements of any of the great professions, and as though an honest and frugal youth would be justified in choosing almost any other. The profits have been cruelly cut down, and exposure seems inevitable. Even punishment is sometimes administered by heartless judges before psychopaths can find a good excuse for the accused. As to the certainty of detection, that is demonstrated. The lie detector has appeared, and that was bad enough, but close on its heels come the vacuum cleaner and the compound microscope, into which it is only necessary for a real Sherlock to peek in order to reconstruct the whole personality of the criminal. For example, a man was

badly "wanted." A choice lot of vacuum cleaner "sweepings" from his room was put under the microscope, and the pecker soon announced that the fugitive was an amateur botanist seventy years old, of spare build, with a Van Dyke beard, who frequented the neighboring hills and could often be found in the college library of the vicinity. And the man was found there. Sherlock Holmes could not touch it. Beard trimmings and a few seeds gave the case away; as the microscopist explained, if the man had been a professional botanist, he would not have brought his seed to his lodgings. The other items of the analysis are obvious. Of course, if the fugitive had been mending a hole in the curled hair mattress that morning our modern crystal gazer might have been led by the same line of reasoning to the conclusion that the culprit was a horse and could probably be found in some near-by pasture. But while such coincidences occur, they are rare, and microscopy and perspicacity can ordinarily be relied upon. It is wonderful. They are discussing murder, burglary, arson, finger prints, and the inspection of premises where crimes have been committed—the last an activity in which the police undoubtedly are experts. And still, incredible as it seems, crime goes on. And the old Kentuckian may have been justified who believed that the best college course for his son was triggerometry.

### Youth Will Help.

The youth of California is a superb youth. Its spirit is vital and bold. It has developed in a family environment free from the bigoted restraints that cramp young people in older communities. It is accustomed to taking care of itself and doing things "on its own." Because it is free it has the greater self-respect and character. In most cases it can be trusted to do about the right thing, once its attention is called to what the right thing is. Its best representatives, collected in large numbers at Berkeley, are responding magnificently, which is the only word that expresses it, to the campaign of the *Argonaut* for a better direction to university activities. Most of the students remaining on the campus at this season have been talking for weeks about this paper's editorials on the resignation of President Barrows, and doing at least as much serious thinking as talking. Our information is that nothing in recent years has caused so much serious discussion in the student body, which is honestly searching itself to learn whether or not and how far large numbers of its members have been frivolling away the best part of their lives, and too much of their parents' money, in petting parties with ham-and-egg breakfasts and in jazz-band dances over the candy store, and whether the girls are really doing themselves any good by twinkling and dimpling their way through four years of pleasurable excitement and indulgence leading to a degree, in return for the funds set aside by the taxpayers of California for training the minds of the future mothers of the state.

This is an achievement in journalism. Here and there is a regent, or a faculty member, or an undergraduate, whose devotion is so blind that he or she feels we have laid impious hands upon a shrine. That is an old-world view. To the living heart of America there is nothing sacred unless it has a use, and a good use—nothing privileged except it contribute to the public welfare. But a large number, and we believe the majority, of those directly connected with the university are more inclined to support than condemn this paper's criticisms as contributions to proper development, and our mail brings daily commendation from all parts of the state.

The *Argonaut* has never pretended to know the exact reason for the resignation of Dr. Barrows. 'He has not yet announced it.' Certainly he would not have resigned so lofty a position, one fit in dignity for former

Presidents of the nation, and in opportunity for the finest talents of mankind, and one whose spiritual compensations he himself has put above all money price—certainly he would not have resigned such a position had all been going well and to his liking. His eloquent silence since his courteous letter to the regents confirms our belief that it veiled the disappointment of a gentleman. Our interpretation of his act, from obvious material, may have caused him some embarrassment, but the question is a broader one than the feelings of any individual. A great state institution, the greatest institution we have except the penitentiary at the opposite social pole, has been permitted, in order to popularize itself, to degenerate toward—we do not say to, but toward—the clap-trap and gimcrack character of a cheap summer resort. The petting parties and jazzing spirit that occur in the undergraduate body are only the expression by that body of the general looseness and confusion of aim manifested by the elective system, co-education, broadcasted extension courses on any subject under the sun that might seem popular, political sail-trimming, snap courses leading to degrees that have largely lost their meaning, inflated attendance, and a general pie-à-la-mode attitude toward the curriculum and the funds; in short, what Professor Lewis calls "the general trend toward expansion and dissipation." Says this professor, "Few realize what a small portion of the university appropriations is devoted to the purpose of fundamental instruction." It is now announced that

Miss Genevieve Kelso, who directed the Marion Morgan Dancers for two years, has been engaged by the University of California to give four courses during the summer session in Los Angeles. One of these courses, entitled "Social Dancing," is designed primarily for those interested in the improvement of conditions influencing the social life of high school and college students. Good form and style on the dance floor will be taught and also combinations of steps and figures suitable for any group dancing.

The physical education department has secured the services of Theodore Viehman of the drama department of Carnegie Institute of Technology. Viehman specializes in pageant organization and production. A festival of dance pantomime is to be chosen for production by the class and a pageant will be given in the university grounds. During the 1921 session a pageant was presented by the students and a production will be arranged this year on a more elaborate scale. Viehman will also direct two courses in English folk dancing.

Unless such courses are self-supporting, which is a violent supposition, many a toiling farmer in California, with a mortgage on his farm and a life-struggle on his horny hands, whose wife gets up at 4 in the morning to milk the cows and cook breakfast for the hired men, is helping pay for these dancing and posing lessons in addition to the interest he has to pay the bank. It is unfair competition, at the taxpayers' expense, with the Packard Sisters and other professional terpsichoreans. If students wish to devote their time to studies of the dance they should go to such artists as these, and let Dad know what he is paying out and what time they are sacrificing for that particular form of scholarship. And they need not refer to it as education, physical or otherwise, for that is not a proper designation for it. It is nothing but the froth and frosting of life, and has no proper place in the curriculum of a university. And those that do it know it. Dancing is but one item and example of the many items of excess weight. It represents much.

The *Argonaut* wants to see this struggle for popularity stopped. It wants to see that sinister principle depicted in Professor Gayley's book as the Man of Argos kicked out of faculty and Board of Regents: the principle that "money maketh a man." It wants to see a return to the basis of character training and sound scholarship, which it believes are at bottom one and the same thing in any properly conducted institution of learning. And it is encouraged to believe, from what it has learned of the soul-searching it has started among the students, that it will have at least the moral



indorsement of some of the best and brightest of California's magnificent youth. And youth will help save the spirit of its own university, just as it helped save buildings and property at the fire that destroyed Hearst Hall last Tuesday night. It has vast influence with both regents and faculty. It will not waste its golden years when it sees what it is doing.

#### Cursing the Umpire.

Things in this country have come to a pretty pass. Here is Senator La Follette stealing William J. Bryan's stuff by attacking the Supreme Court. Mr. Bryan has had a monopoly of that sort of thunder and lightning since the great days of 1896, when he drew from a Democratic convention and its spectators a demonstration of the ease with which one with a strong voice could vault into high position by hurling bad names at the occupants of the Supreme Bench. It is true that since that time Mr. Bryan has but intermittently used his property. It is true that he made distant excursions into the field of government ownership of railroads, anti-imperialism, whatever that might mean, prohibition, morality, religion, saving the country from the predatory interests and Judson Harmon, and attending to a lot of other things he thought needed his attention, leaving the Supreme Bench to enjoy an authority it derived merely from the Constitution and from sticking to its duties; except for his diatribes against President Taft for appointing to it men Mr. Bryan stigmatized as conservatives. Nevertheless, and despite this neglect of his peculiar political property, the country recognized his claim thereto; but now it appears that it is to pass to Senator La Follette by appropriation and user.

The Wisconsin senator and protector of the dairying interests of his state against the corrupting (and cheapening) influences of oleomargarine, arises in the Cincinnati convention of the American Federation of Labor and proposes amendments to the Constitution which would give Congress a veto over Supreme Court decisions by reenactment of any law declared by the Supreme Court unconstitutional, and which would deny to the lower Federal courts any power to declare a law unconstitutional at all. He speaks of "judicial usurpation," which has a terrible sound and tends to make one feel that the foundations of the government have been undermined fatally—a Bryanesque sort of phrase which assumes the thing that wants proving and so forecloses debate, after the manner of a disputant with a poor cause. His rhetoric is less distinguished than Mr. Bryan's, for he says: "The time has come when we must put the axe to the root of this monstrous growth upon the body of our government"—a statement that seems to indicate some confusion as to whether the body of the government is in need of surgery or forestry. Yet we feel that unless Mr. Bryan is willing to return to the attack, Senator La Follette must be recognized as the champion of our liberties against "judicial usurpation."

About this question there is a good deal more confusion than appears in Senator La Follette's rhetoric. The Supreme Court is popularly supposed to nullify or veto laws enacted by Congress in its wisdom, and this supposition, which they know to be fallacious, is nourished and built up by gentlemen of rabble-raising talents for the political advantage they can make of it. The real principle is nothing of the sort. An unconstitutional statute is not law, and it never was law, and when the Supreme Court points out that fact it is not exercising any usurped power of veto over an act of Congress, nor "setting aside" something Congress has done. Congress can not pass a statute that is unconstitutional, because it has no power to do so. When it goes through the motions and makes the noises of passing a law that contravenes the Constitution, it has done nothing except make the aforesaid motions and noises. The Supreme Court does not veto it, because there is nothing to veto.

The Constitution carefully limits the power of Congress, and when Congress oversteps those limits, what it seeks to do was nullified, in most cases, before its members were born, and in any case before it acted. This whole question was threshed out to a rational conclusion in 1787 and before, and on that conclusion our national development is based. Without a limitation on the powers of the legislative branch of government, Congress would become more despotic than Nero.

On no other basis could we have operated the United

States. The country was too big, its interests too diverse, its peoples too antagonistic in their needs and desires and sentiments. The Supreme Court is sometimes divided in opinion, but it is the only guardian of the Constitution, the only guardian of the rights of minorities against the voracity of majorities, and its defective functioning, which it must be conceded has more than once been apparent in our history, is inseparable from its human character—a character it will have to wear for a long time, because we can not seem to produce any supermen to serve on it. Of course, it has a dangerous power, inasmuch as it is the umpire. But there has to be an umpire in every ball game, and he must have the authority to enforce his decisions. He is not infallible, any more than the constitutional umpire of the country, the Supreme Court; but you couldn't have ball games without him, human and imperfect as he is known to be. It is better to run the risk of an occasional defective decision than to try to get along without umpires, or with decisions made by the spectators.

Baseball is a well-established institution in this country, and we have the habit of thinking about many things in terms of it. If the American League, or the National League, were to adopt a rule tomorrow providing that close plays should be referred for decision to the bleachers, the first game played under that rule would be the last played at all. Five minutes after game was called the field would be filled with battling men, ambulances would carry away the dead and crippled, and the police would have to prohibit any more such fatal gatherings. The battles of Blues and Whites in the hippodrome of Constantinople would be child's play to it. The whole country recognizes the necessity of having umpires, and while they are fallible human beings, and often make poor decisions, no sane person thinks of accusing them of setting up a "judicial oligarchy." That is left for Senator La Follette to say of the Supreme Court, and when he says it of the Supreme Court it is no more rational than if he had said it of the country's baseball umpires. In short, what Senator La Follette is doing is just throwing pop bottles at the umpire.

In declaring a law unconstitutional a court merely points out the nullity of congressional efforts when those efforts would overstep the bounds of what the nation has agreed shall be the fundamental law. Those limits are not lightly to be set aside for the interests of any class, however large, merely because it is a vigilant and an aggressive class, armed with the power of organization. If so, who will protect the rest of us against Congress itself? Who will protect Senator La Follette's amended Constitution?

If the senator dislikes the legal groundwork of the country so bitterly, he might try it awhile in Germany, which operates on a different plan, and where everybody is virtuous and happy. We do not say that he should stay there permanently—a brief rest is all the country needs. There would be many dry eyes at his departure.

#### Thoughts on the Irish Situation.

The latest reports from Ireland are that the pro-treaty men made a clean sweep at the elections last Friday in Dublin. Unfortunately for the formation of any adequate opinion of Irish affairs, it is as hard to get news out of Ireland as out of Russia. Perhaps harder, for the ambiguities in the case of Russia are largely due to internal inconsistencies. In the case of Ireland, add to internal disintegration external interests and affiliations and the result is such a hurly burly that it is doubtful if even history will resolve it into an explicable pattern. There is probably no solution to the Irish problem, or at least none that man—not even Lloyd George—can solve. But it is possible to understand why there is no solution. It is a country composed of such varied races as Brythonic Kelts and Scandinavian Teutons, races who, moreover, did not go to Ireland with the amicable intention of converting it into a melting pot. They have done so, but that is by the way. Each went with the warlike purpose of exterminating its predecessors. True, that was a long time ago. But the animosity has been kept alive. There may be something peculiar in the climate or geographical location of the verdant isle that conduces to static conditions. It is a particularly languorous, agreeable climate, and it is a noteworthy fact that the progressive nations are not those with summer-resort weather. But if Ireland is not progressive, neither is

she decadent. She is merely conservative and inert. Hence, strangely enough, the perpetual strife.

Anthropological and geographical speculations aside, Ireland has the misfortune to be judged by her riffraff, who are the only part of that nation to assert themselves. The civil strife in Ireland is often referred to as a religious war. It is a country that has amazingly kept alive many mediaeval institutions, but it is doubtful if the fossil of one-and-only-one true religion motivates even an Irishman in hurling a brick through his neighbor's window or in operating a machine-gun through the streets of Dublin. All that is really clear here is that it is impossible to generalize on the cause of the Irish revolution. Bolshevism has played a large part; and Bolshevism, like early civilization, colonization, and all other invasions, seems to be going West.

#### The Tariff Becalmed.

As this publication predicted, the tariff bill is making very poor headway in the Senate, and probably will not emerge from that fane of wisdom until the leaves have turned yellow in the fall. One member plaintively remarked on a recent brow-mopping day, "We are going to be here all summer." It certainly looks as though they would. The barque is rolling listlessly on the glassy swells of the doldrums, and the crew looks over side with spell-bound eyes, wondering when they will ever make a landfall. The tariff is becalmed.

One trouble is, in addition to the fitfulness of the breeze or lack of any breeze at all, that the ship is not united. The bow wants to go ahead, the stern wants to back up. This puts the timbers amidships under a terrible stretch, and the officers are afraid the thing will part and founder. There is little danger with a craft so buoyant and, withal, so well fastened, but these conflicting desires do not hasten its progress, and would not now, even if favoring gales arose. The opposition is not entirely Democratic opposition. In fact, some of the Southern Democrats are high protectionists for Southern manufacturers. Many Republicans are cursed with doubts as to just how they should behave, and are receiving conflicting intimations as to what their constituents want. The bill carries higher duties than any ever proposed in this country, and at the same time many elements heretofore favorable to the highest forms of protection are now undecided and some have grown quite frankly hostile. This arises out of two diametrically opposed elements that happened to have coincided in time: one is the war, and the other is the farmer bloc, a new political element.

The farmer bloc in the Senate has been represented in the tariff matter largely by Senator Frank R. Gooding of Idaho, who is known in Western parlance as a "sheep man." He had one resolute and determined purpose in the tariff business and that was a high duty on wool, a duty if possible exceeding those heretofore demanded by the woolen Republicans of Ohio. In order to get such rates into the bill, Gooding was willing to have the schedules on all other farm products hoisted to the head of the derrick, and a year or so ago, when things were in their formative stages, the whole farm bloc was with him. It looked at that time as though the farmers were threatened with foreign competition and they wanted some compensation for having had to stand a maximum wheat price during the war. So the farm fences were built very high. And then, because they were, the manufacturers had to have equally high fences, and so the whole thing grew like a giant's child.

Now the fear of foreign competition once obsessing the farmers has proved to be what sundry calm persons at the time said it was, merely one of the innumerable transient vicissitudes of agriculture. It has passed. The Western farmers, the grain and meat farmers, are again what they regularly are in this country, an exporting class, and most of them can derive no benefit from many of the highest of the agricultural schedules; but to keep up with what they thought they wanted, the rates on manufactures were made extremely high, and the farmers are beginning to see that they will have to pay them on what manufactured articles they use, generally speaking, and get no compensation on their own products. The whole bill is so high as to invite attack, and the invitation has been enthusiastically accepted by the organizations that made it so: the American Farm Bureau Federation and the Farmers' National Union. The only farmers left to



support what the farm bloc did are the political farmers.

But the disturbance of agricultural values by the war was only part of the larger financial disturbance. When the war made us the creditor nation of the world it caused a financial revolution. The debts owing our government by foreign governments are estimated at about \$11,000,000,000, or about \$2,500,000,000 more gold than there is in the world; and the private debts owed by European business firms to American firms are said to be anywhere between one and four billions more. These debts can not be paid in money; there isn't enough. The Transvaal and Klondike couldn't do it. They have to be paid in goods. And the bankers know it and are beginning to ask how it can be done if we won't let the goods enter. Thus a visible change is coming over the attitude of certain elements once friendly to a high protective tariff. And we believe this is a new alignment on the subject. It is evident in the publications of many banks and bond houses. Strassburger's *Review* in this city says about the pending tariff bill: "The worst house built has some redeeming features. We have tried to find them in this crazy house. We admit failure." The monthly letter of the National City Bank of New York says:

The upward revision of the tariff which is in process in Congress is causing no small amount of confusion and anxiety in business circles, and increases the complexity of our international relations. Every change, although made for the purpose of benefiting some American industry, has effects reaching beyond that industry, and often far beyond what have been foreseen. It is not necessary in questioning the wisdom of disrupting trade relations still farther at this time, to enter into an argument over the achievements of the protective policy in the past. There are many people who believe it has rendered great service in diversifying and developing our industries, but who recognize that the questions of today are not the same as the questions of the past.

These are just a few straws indicating that when the breeze freshens it may be blowing from an entirely new quarter, and the officers and crew of the tariff barque may be quite willing to steer it into some strange harbor rather than none. Business wants the thing settled. There is much confusion in the Senate as to just how to settle it, and the Senate does not get much help from business itself. If a general change in sentiment about the tariff is really taking place in this country, as some things seem to indicate, the party managers may in time be very grateful for the present delay.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Return to Solid Values.

EUREKA, June 12, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: As a taxpayer and former student at the State University I desire to congratulate you upon a large portion of your editorial of May 27th—more particularly that portion in which you dwell upon the development of the university away from its proper lines. I know nothing of the relations between the president and the regents and academic senate, but for a number of years it has seemed to many of the old-time students that the institution has become a species of huge department store of various forms of teaching, much of it cheap and poor, but glaringly advertised, and that the old dignity and solidity and value upon which we formerly prided ourselves have been exchanged for things ephemeral and of little worth.

I personally agree with you to the last word in regard to the failure of coeducation at the university, and to the desirability of giving the women a separate college, so that it may become a real university, great in actuality, instead of a strange monstrosity—"the greatest matrimonial agency in the world."

W. W. W.

### For a Better University.

BERKELEY, June 14, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The Mothers' Committee for Better Citizenship, Berkeley Chapter of the American Red Cross, wishes to express its appreciation of the *Argonaut's* constructive criticism of the University of California.

Very truly yours, MARIE B. SNOOK,  
Chairman of the Mothers' Committee for Better Citizenship.  
Per HARRIET BATES CALKINS, Secretary.

Money, in the form of metallic coins, probably superseded all other legal tenders. The first record of the coining of silver was in 869 B. C., and it was made in Rome as early as 269 B. C., and in Great Britain twenty-five years before the Christian Era. Gold was first coined in England in 1087. Copper money was introduced by James I of England in 1620. The United States mint began to coin money in 1793.

The new thing is often the old thing refound. Even the political equality of the sexes was anticipated centuries ago. It has just been discovered that in the year 2400 B. C. a city in Asia Minor was ruled by a prince and princess with male and female prefect, and that the women had precisely the same power as their colleagues.

The contingent furnished by New York City to the Union army in the civil war has dwindled to 826 men.

## MR. BELLOC AND THE JEWS.

On first seeing Hilaire Belloc, one is surprised to find that he looks very much as might have been expected, if this statement is intelligible to any one save an Irishman. One is surprised, because writers seldom resemble their books, or prove to be what one would infer from their writings. The authors' likenesses broadcasted nowadays by the publishers have destroyed many of the illusions that used to be possible on this score, and have driven us reluctantly to conclude that authors are a class of gifted liars, who find it advisable to allow great gulfs to yawn between what they write and what they are. But Belloc is one of the notable exceptions.

I saw him first in a debate. This was not a rare opportunity, as in those days he was continually traveling to joust with some debater or other in this or that town in the United Kingdom on subjects connected with Socialism, Jewry, or Catholicism. He looked like a man who had served in the French army. He also looked like a scholar deeply versed in the civilization of the Romans, and who had traveled their roads on foot across Europe to Rome. He had the air of a humanist and a Catholic. He had the general features of a man well acquainted with inns, weathered in the winds of mountain summits and the sea, and mellowed and matured in the sunny valleys of Western Europe. In short, he looked like the man who had written of all these things, and he was that man, capping it all with something of the burly, self-respecting look of an English country squire.

As a debater I thought him the most resourceful and convincing speaker in Great Britain, not excepting Bernard Shaw, who has a greater gift of satire, but less firmness and assurance in deploying a shattered phalanx of evidence. The secret of Belloc's power in this regard is, I think, his entire sincerity, his good-humored earnestness, the fact that he would rather convince than dazzle his audience, and that his philosophy is an organic growth rather than a mere logical structure which the facts have been shaped to fit. Shaw gives an impression of having rifled history and literature here and there for bright verifications of a startling theme; with Belloc the ideas seem to have had a deeper and more natural inception.

My first meeting with him was in a Scottish university where he had been invited by the college Liberals to announce the candidature of Augustine Birrell for the lord rectorship. Several of us had luncheon with him before he delivered his speech. I seem to remember that Mr. Belloc drank six bottles of Bass' ale and a bottle of port, and that we were all very highly pleased. It may have been the simple pleasure of youth in unapologetic excess, or admiration of robustness in middle age, but I think the gesture was appreciated chiefly as a symptom of literary integrity. The hypocrisy of authors had brought disillusion to many of our young intelligences, and it was refreshing to know that when Mr. Belloc defended wine in such books as the "Path to Rome" or his essays on English inns he did so from profound and practical conviction as well as from the usual romantic, liturgical, and decorative motives.

The same quality of "forthrightness" was apparent in the speech he delivered after this remarkable refreshment. It was a solid exposition of the inside bargaining that characterizes the party system in every democracy, a theme to which his tribute to Birrell was merely a courteous preliminary.

The commanding trait of this extraordinary man, as of his more widely known associate and protégé, Gilbert Chesterton, is that he says what he means, and that one can pick up his creed at any point and find it coherent throughout. The key to his general belief fits all the individual doors, and he makes no mystery about the key. I am not holding a brief for the creed of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton. I only mean that the explanation of their enormous influence on contemporary thought is the fact that their belief is a coherent one, that the general and particular phases of it form a consistent unit, and that they show no equivocation in stating it.

This, I believe, goes far toward explaining the high estimation in which they were held in the Scottish universities, where the genius loci could hardly have been called favorable to the idea they represented, the northern seats of learning in the decade before the war being about equally divided between emphatic atheism and a political or devout attachment to the Presbyterian tradition. The enthusiasm for Belloc and Chesterton was really a tribute to the evident consistency between their belief and practice. This is an equation on which the Scots have always put particular stress. Further, both were splendid logicians, and Belloc had by heredity the French gift of lucidity in analysis on which the Scots set such high value.

As an American, I was greatly interested by his picture of Great Britain as an integral part of the European continent, and his contention that the common association of the nations of Western Europe under the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church had

been too profound and its effect too enduring to be affected by two or three centuries of quasi isolation.

Consistently with that perspective, Belloc was one of the first to take up the problem of the Jew in Great Britain, long before many of his compatriots were willing to regard it as anything more than a continental question, governed by special causes with which Britain had no concern.

When the weekly paper founded in London by Mr. Belloc and the Chesterton brothers began its attack on Jewish influence in the British cabinet, and incurred the famous libel suit on that issue, many of us felt that they had been betrayed into a mistaken position. Since that time the problem has taken on a clearer outline. The Bolshevik revolution in Russia, directed by Jewish leaders against a government hostile to the Jews, has had as profound an effect on England as on any other country, and has carried many people who previously ridiculed the existence of a Jewish problem in England into the violent and irrational reaction called "Anti Semitism."

It is a fortunate circumstance, as well as one of those ironies of which the history of such controversies is full, that the man whose opposition to Jews had been almost unique in its frankness should now appear as an advocate of humanity and equity in the adjustment of the Jew's status in the crisis of instability the world is now facing.

In his recent book, "The Jews," Mr. Belloc derides the very name of "Anti Semitism" as irrational, since it implies antagonism to Arabians, Egyptians, and all the other branches of the Semitic family, and he condemns the reaction as unjust and unchristian. The Jewish problem as he sees it is fundamentally, although indirectly, a religious one. The Jewish religion has produced in its followers a viewpoint alien to that of the Christian nations among whom they have settled. This difference, while not apparently important in itself, causes a gradual rift which the Jews attempt to conceal with a number of expedients not well adapted to that purpose. The divergence is at first ignored by their "hosts," then recognized and tolerated, but resented. As time goes on the resentment shows itself with increasing vehemence till it breaks out in active antagonism. Pursuing this invariable cycle throughout history, the Jews have migrated from one section of the world to another, welcomed at first, but incurring increasing opposition as the friction caused by their activities become more acute, and finally being driven to fresh emigration. Belloc traces the cause of all this, not to any inferiority of character in the Jew, but to the peculiarity of his position and to the strategy he instinctively employs for greater security. While the Jews as a race have been accused of avarice, inordinate thirst for power, and other such faults, he regards these traits as by no means inherent in the Jewish character. Their minds, it is true, are characterized by what seems to us an uncanny singleness of purpose; they concentrate with remarkable intensity on whatever they make their aim, whether it be money, or art, or social service, or philanthropy, or what not. This in itself is a radical point of dissimilarity from the Christian peoples, who do things in a broader, more careless way.

But the main cause of conflict is that, in their desire for greater security, the Jews instinctively resort to expedients that are uncongenial to the Christian idea and that give them a power far greater than their numbers or their deserts. Their tendency toward monopoly in industry, to the veiled permeation and financial control of government, to domination of the press and the theatre and hence of propagandist instruments with which they can "boom" their own interests, and to political solidarity, all represent their mistaken means of stabilizing their status among alien and therefore potentially hostile races. This desire, coupled with their natural concentrative bent, pushes them to extremes that produce in time an inevitable reaction against them.

The existence of the problem is denied by many. It is denied, of course, by the Jews themselves, who encourage every belief that serves to obscure it. The most common form of the denial is the claim that differences are disappearing through absorption, and that religion is a waning factor in the affairs of nations and races. The latter contention has a certain appearance of truth as regards the formality and ritual of religion, but not as regards its inward operation in determining the manners, viewpoint, habits, modes of thought, tradition, humors and ideals of a people who inherit its effects through many centuries of custom and discipline. As to the absorption, Belloc denies that it has been active enough to affect the problem. Plastic as the Jew's defensive instinct have taught him to be with respect to externals, he is fundamentally the most un-malleable type in the world. He refuses to solve the problem by adopting the Christian tradition. He remains as distinct as he has ever been; indeed he is at present rather more contemptuously so than ever before. It is to be remembered that all this allows of wide exception. As Belloc puts it, no race shows so wide a divergence between its individual and general action, and yet there is none in which that general action is so constant and predictable.

Ultimately the general policy of the Jews, while highly intelligible and not exactly discreditable (at



least it is what any other race so situated would follow), culminates in the reverse of its intention. For when Jews are disclosed in control of this or that enormous monopoly, affecting the lives and peaceful relationship of Christian nations, when powerful names and influences purporting not to be Jewish are found actually to be so; when internal and international trouble is caused by their activity, a violent anti-Jewish reaction almost surely follows. And the reaction is preposterously out of proportion to its cause. When the anonymous and concealed activities to which certain Jews have been prompted by fear become generally known, their hosts exaggerate the reality and are filled with a disproportionate sense of helplessness and nameless peril. The invisible is always exaggerated. And the violence of the reaction surprises no one more than the victims themselves, who find themselves accused of having done as disciplined and deliberate conspirators what they have done merely through a kind of half-conscious motive of self-protection.

In one of his final chapters Belloc points to the anti-Jewish movement in America as a final token of the unassimilability of the Jew under the most favorable conditions and of the impracticality of present methods of approaching the problem. Since his book was issued, a few months ago, there have been various developments that throw an interesting light on his argument, the Ku Klux fantasia among them.

He sees the remedy in frank recognition by "guests and hosts" alike of the Jew's distinctive character and religion; open acknowledgment of his nationality by the Jew; discontinuance of the unwise expedients he has hitherto adopted to make his position more secure; open discussion by both sides regarding the factors that have heretofore caused friction between them, and definition of the Jew as a separate part of the nation in which he finds himself. This recognition should be a matter of social and intellectual habit to begin with, rather than of legal demarcation, as the latter would at present entail great injustice. On the other hand, insistence by the Jew on the right of double allegiance, *i. e.*, on his right to a double nationality, will inevitably precipitate such legislation. Belloc's Spartan solution is that since the Jew can not be an Irishman, Englishman, Frenchman, American and so on, except in a nominal sense, he should be accepted simply and exclusively as a Jew. The author points to the imposition of the Jew by American and English influence on Poland and Roumania as a mistake that will cause the gravest consequences. It has, he claims, produced a condition that is impossible of continuance because it is unreal, the Jew being regarded by the true Pole or Roumanian as unalterably an alien.

He maintains that separate nationalism for the Jew is the only alternative to such brutal measures as pogroms, with their hideous policy of extermination, to the cruel expedient of deportation, which implies perpetual exile, and to the other perils that are imposed on Jew and Christian alike by the anomalous and contradictory position the former now occupies.

Mr. Belloc's argument rests, of course, on a basis with which many critics disagree. He is a Catholic, and his view of the Jewish problem, as of every other, is consistent with that fact. It is his belief that the problems of the modern world are those of antiquity, that the instruments of modern culture have done nothing to make the absorption of the Jew more possible than of old, and that the ingredients of the "melting pot" are soluble only when differences of race have already been softened by centuries of fusion under a common creed.

This may or may not be true, but it is at least intelligible and clear, and stated with a candor and courtesy that can offend no one who approaches the question honestly. Certainly one can hardly differ with him regarding the necessity for frankness in discussing it.

AUBREY BOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 21, 1922.

The French Academy was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635. It has a membership of forty, known as the "Forty Immortals," and its principal object was to prepare a dictionary of the French language and to keep the Gallic tongue pure and capable of treating the arts and sciences. The first dictionary appeared in 1694. The Academy has been very severely criticized, especially in the selection of its members, many well-known men of letters having failed to be elected.

Apropos of Lady Rhondra's claim to sit in the House of Lords, it is interesting to recall the fact that in the reign of Edward I the Abbess of Shaftesbury, the Abbess of Barking, the Abbess of St. Mary of Winchester, and the Abbess of Wilton were summoned to Parliament, as were, in the reign of Edward III, the Countess of Norfolk, the Countess of Ormonde, the Countess of Pembroke, and the Countess of Oxford.

Philadelphia is preparing to hold a sesqui-centennial celebration in 1926, in the form of an international exposition. The word "sesqui" is Latin for one and a half.

In the decade from 1860 to 1870 the population of the country increased from 31,443,321 to 38,558,371.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas Lynch, who enlisted in the United States Navy when the personnel was but 8000, has recently completed forty years' continuous service.

Thomas A. Edison, now in his seventy-fifth year, was recently given the honorary degree of Doctor of Science by Rutgers College.

Lily Elsie, England's most beautiful actress of a decade ago, who retired from the stage on her marriage to Ian Bullough, will reappear at Daly's, London, for the benefit of the deaf and dumb of the British capital.

Sir James Pennell Redd, former British ambassador to Italy, has been appointed principal English delegate on the commission to confer on modifications and additions to the laws of war, as provided by the Washington Disarmament Conference. Sir James was a visitor to this country in 1908.

The minister from Czechoslovakia, M. Stepanekovna, is both a practical musician and a composer. He and his sister render their national music on several instruments. The minister, who is greatly interested in economics and sociology, has been sending large consignments of books to the grade schools of Prague and other Bohemian cities.

Claude Raquet Hirst, the painter, is said to be unexcelled in her particular métier—that of painting old books and pipes. Many years ago Miss Hirst lent her studio to W. C. Fittler, the landscape artist, who left the studio cluttered with pipes and books. Miss Hirst was inspired to paint a group of the untidy landscapist's belongings, which sold immediately. Since the sale of that picture Miss Hirst has painted nothing but old books and pipes, and always on an eight-by-ten-inch canvas. Because of the detail in her work she has been called the female Harnett. Two years after the sale of her first meerschaum-book still life Miss Hirst married the owner of the pipe.

Major Ora M. Baldinger, who has been made personal military aide to President Harding, was one of the group of "newsies" whom Mrs. Harding trained when she was circulation manager of her husband's paper. As a youngster of ten the new aide was promoted to the inside office and served the editor of the *Marion Star* as confidential messenger. When Mr. Harding entered politics he took young Baldinger to Columbus, where he was appointed a page in the Ohio senate. Later he took a course at the Virginia Military Institute and eventually entered the army, receiving his commission in 1912. Major Baldinger was an instructor in aviation when he became an aide in the White House.

Thomas Hardy, whose eighty-second birthday was celebrated on June 2d, still lives at the place of his birth—Dorsetshire. He is reported to be in good health and it is certain that he is at the zenith of his popularity, for publishers' statistics show an ever-increasing demand for his book. Mr. Hardy is of peasant origin, but never had to battle with the difficulties that usually beset the path of poor genius. His talents were early discovered and he was given an excellent education. Strangely enough, it was not in literature that he first distinguished himself. He studied architecture from the age of sixteen to twenty-seven and was prizeman of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1863. He began to write verse at the age of twenty, but gave up verse for prose in 1868. Later he resumed his poetic studies. Mr. Hardy won the rare British honor of the Order of Merit in 1910. He has been married twice.

E. M. Statler, owner of one of the largest of American chains of hotels, began his industrial career at the age of nine in a glass factory, where his duty was to tend the "glory hole," a furnace similar to the kilns in pottery works. There the young Statler earned 50 cents to 90 cents a day over a period of three years and helped support the eight other members of his family. At the age of twelve he became a bellboy at the McClure House in Wheeling, where he received his first instructions in English grammar from a bartender employed there. From being bellboy his rise was steady until he became a night clerk and then a day clerk at \$50 a month. On this munificent pay Statler had contrived to save enough money to lease the billiard room of the hotel and the railroad ticket concession. About fifteen years after he had quit the "glory hole" he was making between \$4000 and \$5000 a year. Today the Statler Hotel is a familiar institution in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and New York; and Boston is soon to have a hotel built on the principles of "a bath with every room" and "a guest is never wrong."

A. Maurice Low, upon whom a knighthood has been conferred by King George in connection with the distribution of the king's birthday honors, is a resident of Washington, D. C., where he has been stationed for many years as a newspaper correspondent. He is now the principal American representative of the *London Morning Post* and contributes frequently to British and American magazines. Sir Maurice Low was born in London in 1860, was educated at King's College, London, and in Austria, and came to the United States more than thirty years ago. For a time he was connected with the *Washington Post* and subsequently was

the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Globe*. In the Spanish war he was a newspaper correspondent in Cuba. He is a chevalier of the Belgian Order of Leopold. Sir Maurice Low has written a novel, "The Supreme Surrender," and is the author also of "Protection in the United States," "A Short History of Labor Legislation in Great Britain," and several other political and economical studies. In 1900 he went to England for the United States Department of Labor to investigate certain phases of English labor legislation. He is a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science and the American Social Science Association.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Dolly Varden.

Dear Dolly! who does not recall  
The thrilling page that pictured all  
Those charms that held our sense in thrall,  
Just as the artist caught her—  
As down the English lane she tripped,  
In bowered chintz, hat sideways tipped,  
Trim-bodied, bright-eyed, roguish-lipped,  
The locksmith's pretty daughter.

Sweet fragment of the Master's art!  
O simple faith! O rustic heart!  
O maid that hath no counterpart  
In life's dry, dog-eared pages!  
Where shall we find thy like? Ah, stay!  
Methinks I saw her yesterday  
In chintz that flowered, as one might say,  
Perennial for ages.

Her father's modest cot was stone,  
Five stories high; in style and tone  
Composite, and, I frankly own,  
Within its walls revealing  
Some certain novel, strange ideas;  
A Gothic door with Roman piers,  
And floors removed some thousand years  
From their Pompeian ceiling.

The small salon where she received  
Was Louis Quatorze, and relieved  
By Chinese cabinets, conceived  
Grotesquely by the heathen;  
The sofas were a classic sight—  
The Roman bench (sedilia hight);  
The chairs were French in gold and white,  
And one Elizabethan.

And she, the goddess of that shrine,  
Two ringed fingers placed in mine—  
The stones were many carats fine,  
And of the purest water—  
Then dropped a curtsy, far enough  
To fairly fill her cretonne puff  
And show the petticoat's rich stuff  
That her fond parent bought her.

Her speech was simple as her dress—  
Not French the more, but English less,  
She loved; yet sometimes, I confess,  
I scarce could comprehend her.  
Her manners were quite far from shy:  
There was a quiet in her eye  
Appalling to the Hugh who'd try  
With rudeness to offend her.

"But whence," I cried, "this masquerade?  
Some figure for this night's charade—  
A Watteau shepherdess or maid?"  
She smiled and begged my pardon:  
Why surely you must know the name—  
That woman who was Shakespeare's flame  
Or Byron's—well, it's all the same:  
"Why, Lord! I'm Dolly Varden!"

—Francis Bret Harte.

### Without and Within.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,  
Looks through the side-light of the door;  
I hear him with his brethren swear,  
As I could do,—only but more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,  
He envies me his brilliant lot,  
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,  
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,  
A silken wonder by my side,  
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row  
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm  
'Neath its white-gloved and jeweled load;  
And wishes me some dreadful harm,  
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore  
Of hunting still the same old coon,  
And envy him, outside the door,  
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold  
As the bright smile he sees me win,  
Nor the host's oldest wine so old  
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the unguvied prance  
With which his freezing feet he warms,  
And drag my lady's chains and dance  
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,  
And I his quiet!—past a doubt  
'T would still be one man bored within,  
And just another bored without.

Nay, when, once paid my mortal fee,  
Some idler on my headstone grim  
Traces the moss-blurred name, will he  
Think me the happier, or I him?

—James Russell Lowell.

The Chow dynasty in China began about twenty-three years before the Dorian migration into the Peloponnesus. The accepted date of the latter event is 1100 B. C.



## SICILY TO SARDINIA.

D. H. Lawrence Contributes Some Fascinating Sketches of Mediterranean Life and Sea Travel.

A figure to be reckoned with in the world of books is D. H. Lawrence. He has been classified, by some of those who must classify or perish, as a "feminist," a term of uncertain significance, but which seems to imply that the wearer of it is interested mainly in women, or the feminine movement, or feminine fads, while the balance of us are masculinists, with no more interest in women than the monks of Mount Athos. The truth appears to be that Mr. Lawrence is just as much interested in men as he is in women, and that the masculinists among us are at least as much interested in women as in men, and sometimes more so, and so the classification itself falls into the class of hollow forms that are kept about the purlieus of Greenwich Village like floats for a parade, and meaning little else. But if some of his verses reek of sex, his recent prose publication, "Sea and Sardinia," discloses him as a humanist in at least one sense of the term, and as a naturalist almost as much, although not quite.

Here is a delightful travel book, full of strange taverns and road adventures, and people—always people. The author appears to love nature not so much for itself as for the setting it has given humanity. And no writer of the moment seems to see humanity closer or more vividly or in more interesting aspects. It reminds one of Borrow more than a little, although Lawrence finds his gypsies in characters less vagrant. But his pages are filled with them, and with fascinating experiences among inn-keepers, stage-drivers, sailors and primitive Italians stranded in the island south of Corsica. To this island our author voyages from Palermo, after giving us this composite and highly stylistic portrait of some representative Sicilians:

They are mostly young fellows, going up the line to Messina to their job: not artisans, lower middle class. And externally, so like many any other clerks and shopkeepers, only rather more shabby, much less socially self-conscious. They are lively, they throw their arms round one another's necks, they all but kiss. One poor chap has had earache, so a black kerchief is tied round his face, and his black hat is perched above, and a comic sight he looks. No one seems to think so, however. Yet they view my arrival with a knapsack on my back with cold disapprobation, as unseemly as if I had arrived riding on a pig. I ought to be in a carriage, and the knapsack ought to be a new suitcase. I know it, but am inflexible.

That is how they are. Each one thinks he is as handsome as Adonis, and as "fetching" as Don Juan. Extraordinary! At the same time, all flesh is grass, and if a few trouser-buttons are missing or if a black hat perches above a thick black face-muffle and a long excruciated face, it is all in the course of nature. They seize the black-edged one by the arm, and in profound commiseration: "Do you suffer? Are you suffering?" they ask.

And that also is how they are. So terribly physically all over one another. They pour themselves one over the other like so much melted butter over parsnips. They catch each other under the chin, with a tender caress of the hand, and they smile with sunny melting tenderness into each other's face. Never in the world have I seen such melting gay tenderness as between casual Sicilians on railway platforms, whether they be young lean-cheeked Sicilians or huge stout Sicilians.

There must be something curious about the proximity of a volcano. Naples and Catania alike, the men are hugely fat, with great macaroni paunches, they are expansive and in a perfect drip of casual affection and love. But the Sicilians are even more wildly exuberant and fat and all over one another than the Neapolitans. They never leave off being amorously friendly with almost everybody, emitting relentless physical familiarity that is quite bewildering to one not brought up near a volcano.

This is more true of the middle classes than of the lower. The working men are perforce tanner and less exuberant. But they hang together in clusters, and can never be physically near enough.

Bucketing about the Mediterranean in little Italian vessels is a thing one likes if one likes that sort of thing, but authors of travel books have been forced into the most out-of-the-way places in order to avoid the overdone in-the-way places, and put themselves in the path of strange vicissitudes to give their readers good reading. Transit from Sicily to Sardinia was a mucky job, in a "long, slender, old steamer, with one funnel" and a crew that stood about like loafers on a street corner, consenting to be carried and fed, but apparently doing little else. What was the coal for?

Various members of the crew wander past to look at us. This little promenade deck is over the first-class quarters, full in the stern. So we see first one head then another come up the ladder—mostly bare heads: and one figure after another slouches past, smoking a cigarette. All crew. At last the queen bee stops one of them—it is what they are, waiting for, an opportunity to talk—and asks if the weird object on the top of Pellegrino is a ruin. Could there be a more touristy question! No, it is the semaphore station. Slap in the eye for the q-b! She doesn't mind, however, and a member of the crew proceeds to converse. He is a weedy, hollow-cheeked town-product: a Palermitan. He wears faded blue overalls and informs us he is the ship's carpenter: happily unemployed for the rest of his life, apparently, and taking it as rather less than his dues. The ship once did the Naples-Palermo course—a very important course—in the old days of the General Navigation Company. The General Navigation Company sold her for eighty thousand liras years ago, and now she is worth two million. We pretend to believe: but I make a poor show. I am thoroughly sick to death of the sound of liras. No man can overhear ten words of Italian today without two thousand or two million or ten or twenty or two liras flying like venomous mosquitoes round his ears. Liras—liras—liras—nothing else. Romantic, poetic, cypress-and-orange-tree Italy is gone. Remains an Italy smothered in the filthy smother of innumerable Lira notes: ragged, unsavory paper money so thick upon the air that one

breathes it like some greasy fog. Behind this greasy fog some people may still see the Italian sun. I find it hard work. Through this murk of Liras you peer at Michael Angelo and at Botticelli and the rest, and see them all as through a glass, darkly. For heavy around you is Italy's after-the-war atmosphere, darkly pressing you, squeezing you, milling you into dirty paper notes. King Harry was lucky that they only wanted to coin him into gold. Italy wants to mill you into filthy paper Liras.

There was a stop of the greasy little steamer at Trapani; Trapani of the Crusaders, and hence of traditional interest and by rights some romantic charm. But here is a realistic sketch of Trapani today, and perhaps if we only knew it, the place has changed but little since the Crusaders stopped there on their way to the East and the Holy Land, so long ago:

We looked at the cakes—heavy and wan they appeared to our sea-rolled stomachs. So we strolled into a main street, dark and dank like a sewer. A tram bumped to a standstill as if now at last was the end of the world. Children coming from school ecstatically ran at our heels, with bated breath, to hear the vocal horrors of our foreign speech. We turned down a dark side alley, about forty paces deep: and were on the northern bay, and on a black stench that seemed like the perpetual sewer, a bank of mud.

So we got to the end of the black main street, and turned in haste to the sun. Ah—in a moment we were in it. There rose the palms, there lay our ship in the shining, curving basin—and there focused the sun, so that in a moment we were drunk or dazed by it. Dazed. We sat on an iron seat in the rubbish-desolate, sun-stricken avenue.

A ragged and dirty girl was nursing a fat and moist and immovable baby and tending to a grimy fat infant boy. She stood a yard away and gazed at us as one would gaze at a pig one was going to buy. She came nearer, and examined the q-b. I had my big hat down over my eyes. But no, she had taken her seat at my side, and poked her face right under my hat brim, so that her towzled hair touched me, and I thought she would kiss me. But again no. With her breath on my cheek she only gazed on my face as if it were a wax mystery. I got up hastily.

"Too much for me," said I to the q-b.

She laughed, and asked what the baby was called. The baby was called Beppina, as most babies are.

Driven forth, we wandered down the desolate avenue of shade and sun towards the ship, and turned once more into the town. We had not been on shore more than ten minutes. This time we went to the right, and found more shops. The streets were dark and sunless and cold. And Trapani seemed to me to sell only two commodities: cured rabbit skins and cat-skins, and great, hideous, modern bedspread arrangements of heavy flowered silk and fabulous price. They seem to think nothing of thousands of liras, in Trapani.

Changes wrought in people by the vast disturbance and misinterpreted phenomena of the war appear in this outlandish place, and serve to show how very general are the weaknesses of humanity. The luxury of insulting people is one that in Italy has almost been raised to the dignity of an art, but it seems to have derived fresh license from the sickness of the world. A traveler may well utter such complaint as this:

Cakes one dared not buy, after looking at them. But we found macaroon biscuits, and a sort of flat plaster-casts of the Infant Jesus under a dove, of which we bought two. The q-b ate her macaroon biscuits all through the streets, and we went towards the ship. The fat boatman hailed us to take us back. It was just about eight yards of water to row, the ship being moored on the quay: one could have jumped it. I gave the fat boatman, two liras, two francs. He immediately put on the socialist-workman indignation, and thrust the note back at me. Sixty centimes more! The fee was thirteen sous each way! In Venice or Syracuse it would be two sous. I looked at him and gave him the money and said: "Per Dio, we are in Trapani!" He muttered back something about foreigners. But the hateful, unmanly insolence of these lords of toil, now they have their various "unions" behind them and their "rights" as working men, sends my blood black. They are ordinary men no more: the human, happy Italian is most marvelously vanished. New honors come upon them, etc. The dignity of human labor is on its hind legs, busily giving every poor innocent who isn't ready for it a kick in the mouth.

But, once more in parenthesis, let me remind myself that it is our own English fault. We have slobbered about the nobility of toil, till at last the nobles naturally insist on eating the cake. And more than that, we have set forth, politically, on such a high and Galahad quest of holy liberty, and been caught so shamelessly filling our pockets, that no wonder the naïve and idealistic south turns us down with a bang.

However, after enough and perhaps more than enough of the sea, our travelers reached the enchanted island for which they had set out, there to encounter small adventure sufficient to fill a cyclopaedia of unimportant information, among which are recurrent contacts with interesting specimens of the human breed. It is like visiting the Zoo and seeing the animals fed—all the various species with their various ways and habits of ingestion. Here is a sample, from the town of Mandas:

And they fell on their soup. And never, from among the steam, have I heard a more joyful trio of soup-swilking. They sucked it from their spoons with long, gusto-rich sucks. The *maialino* was the treble—he trilled his soup into his mouth with a swift, sucking vibration, interrupted by bits of cabbage, which made the lamp start to dither again. Blackcap was the baritone; good, rolling spoon-sucks. And the one in spectacles was the bass: he gave sudden deep gulps. All was led by the long trilling of the *maialino*. I had suddenly, to vary matters, he cocked up his spoon in one hand, chewed a mouthful of bread and swallowed it down with a smack-smack-smack! of his tongue against his palate. As children we used to call this "clapping."

"Mother, she's clapping!" I would yell with anger, against my sister. The German word is *schmatzen*.

So the *maialino* clapped like a pair of cymbals, while baritone and the bass rolled on. Then in chimed the swift bright treble.

At this rate, however, the soup did not last long. Arrived the beefsteaks of pork. And now the trio was a trio of castanet smacks and cymbal claps. Triumphant the *maialino* looked around. He out-smacked all.

And here is a line of thought to which one may be driven by such horrors:

The workman's International movement will finally break the flow towards cosmopolitanism and world-assimilation, and suddenly in a crash the world will fly back into intense sepa-

rations. The moment has come when America, that extremist in world-assimilation and world-oneness, is reacting into violent egocentricity, a truly Amerindian egocentricity. As sure as fate we are on the brink of an American empire.

For myself, I am glad. I am glad that the era of love and oneness is over: hateful homogeneous world-oneness. I am glad that Russia flies back into savage Russianism, Scythism, savagely self-pivoting. I am glad that America is doing the same. I shall be glad when men hate their common, world-alike clothes, when they tear them up and clothe themselves fiercely for distinction, savage distinction, savage distinction against the rest of the creeping world: when America kicks the billy-cock and the collar-and-tie into limbo, and takes to her own national costume: when men fiercely react against looking all alike and being all alike, and betake themselves into vivid clan or nation-distinctions.

The era of love and oneness is over. The era of world-alike should be at an end. The other tide has set in. Men will set their bonnets at one another now, and fight themselves into separation and sharp distinction. The day of peace and oneness is over, the day of the great fight into multifariousness is at hand. Hasten the day, and save us from proletarian homogeneity and khaki all-alikeness.

I love my indomitable coarse men from mountain Sardinia, for their stocking-caps and their splendid, animal-bright stupidity. If only the last wave of all-alikeness won't wash those superb crests, those caps, away.

Sorgono is a beautiful place in the sun, with one inn, and that so refreshingly bad that it is almost worth a chapter in itself. One of the best things about travel books is that you don't have to suffer while reading them what the author suffered while writing them. Vicarious sufferings are pleasant, which may explain human sacrifice. In this case everything appears to have been suffered that can be, and some things seen that elsewhere can not be, and perhaps this particular picture is one:

In dithers a candle, and an elderly, bearded man in gold-colored corduroys, and an amazing object on a long, long spear. He put the candle on the mantel-ledge, and crouched at the side of the fire, arranging the oak-roots. He peered strangely and fixedly in the fire. And he held up the speared object before our faces.

It was a kid that he had come to roast. But it was a kid opened out, made quite flat, and speared like a flat fan on a long iron stalk. It was a really curious sight. And it must have taken some doing. The whole of the skinned kid was there, the head curled in against a shoulder, the stubby cut ears, the eyes, the teeth, the few hairs of the nostrils: and the feet curled curiously round, like an animal that puts its fore-paw over its ducked head; and the hind-legs twisted indescribably up; and all skewered flat-wise upon the long iron rod, so that it was a complete flat pattern. It reminded me intensely of those distorted, slim-limbed, doo-like animals which figure on the old Lombard ornaments, distorted and curiously infolded upon themselves. Celtic illuminations also have these distorted, involuted creatures.

We asked him if the kid was for the evening meal—and he said it was. It would be good! And he said yes, and looked with chagrin at the bit of ash on the meat, where it had slipped. It is a point of honor that it should never touch the ash. Did they do all their meat this way? He said they did. And wasn't it difficult to put the kid thus on the iron rod? He said it was not easy, and he eyed the joint closely, and felt one of the forelegs, and muttered that was not fixed properly.

He spoke with a very soft mutter, hard to catch, and sideways, never to us direct. But his manner was gentle, so soft, muttering, reticent, sensitive. He asked us where we came from, and where we were going: always in his soft mutter. And what nation were we, were we French? Then he went on to say there was a war—but he thought it was finished. There was a war because the Austrians wanted to come into Italy again. But the French and the English came to help Italy. A lot of Sardinians had gone to it. But let us hope it is all finished. He thought it was—young men of Sorgono had been killed. He hoped it was finished.

Then he reached for the candle and peered at the kid. It was evident he was born the roaster. He held the candle and looked for a long time at the sizzling side of the meat, as if he would read portents. Then he held his spit to the fire again. And it was as if time immemorial were roasting itself another meal. I sat holding the candle.

This is an interesting picture, and charming in its way, and if one likes the mode of life that brings such pictures up, no doubt charm may be found in that. We find such descriptions preferable to the reality, and when presented with the virile style and fresh, crisp diction and phrasing and the penetrating insight and discrimination of Mr. Lawrence, they are fascinating and pleasing. Let us present one more, touched with real traveler's vision:

There is nothing to see in Nuoro: which, to tell the truth, is always a relief. Sightings are an irritating bore. Thank heaven there isn't a bit of Perugino or anything Pisan in the place: that I know of. Happy is the town that has nothing to show. What a lot of stunts and affectations it saves! Life is then life, not museum-stuffing. One could saunter along the rather inert, narrow, Monday-morning street, and see the women having a bit of a gossip, and see an old crone with a basket of bread on her head, and see the unwilling ones hanging back from work, and the whole current of industry disinclined to flow. Life is life and things are things. I am sick of gaping things, even Peruginos. I have had my thrills from Carpaccio and Botticelli. But now I've had enough. But I can always look an old, gray-bearded peasant in his earthy white drawers and his black waist-frill, wearing no coat or over-garment, but just croaking along beside his little ox-wagon. I am sick of "things," even Perugino.

One can hardly spend a more diverting hour or two than in skimming through this book, and in wondering what the crazy illustrations are for—page color cuts in the crude forms that have been adopted to conceal the lack of art, wherein a hooded Ku Kluxer may be seen riding a maroon horse through a grove of purple trees against a lemon yellow sky; the drawing as bad as the color, and looking like overlaid cut-outs by children of six years.

SEA AND SARDINIA. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$5.

The finance commission of the Genoa Conference has declared that gold is the only possible common monetary standard, and that European countries must agree to adopt it.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 17, 1922, were \$146,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$134,000,000; an increase of \$12,100,000.

The security markets have reached a point where it is difficult for the one who did not purchase a liberal supply of speculative and investment stocks around the low points of last fall to obtain a good yield on his money, with safety and with good prospects of profit. Some high-priced speculative favorites—and some of them were not high-priced when they

and one copper stock. Ten shares of each may be bought for a total of \$6440, on which annual dividends would amount to \$350, or 5.4 per cent. on the total investment. Should all the non-dividend paying stocks resume payments, the yield would be largely increased, along with enhancement of quoted values.

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company turns out a variety of hydraulic and marine machinery, along with farm tractors and electrical equipment, and a widely diversified list of machine products. Its output of mining pumps and machinery is likely to be favorably affected by resumption at the copper mines and general improvement in all branches of the mining industry. The company has developed a good, steady earning power in the last five or six years, and, although the common dividend is barely being covered at present, orders on the books are picking up and the outlook is for several years of good business. The company has no funded debt, and there is but \$16,500,000 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock ahead of the \$25,770,750 common.

Atchison may probably be rated as America's premier railroad stock investment. The road's dividend policy has been conservative, with the result that its property has never been skimped as to maintenance or improvements. Its earnings made a very good comparison with those of other standard roads during the trying period of high costs and low revenues which led to government operation of the nation's transportation systems. If it is true, as many good judges of the railroad outlook declare, that the roads are about to enter a period of great prosperity, it would not be surprising to see the dividend on Atchison increased to at least 7 per cent.—and perhaps even 8 per cent.—within the next two years.

Baltimore & Ohio common is not only earning enough to resume common dividends, but it is to the road's distinct advantage to do so, for the reason that the legal status of its bonds depends on payments on the common stock this year. The most interesting feature of the Baltimore & Ohio situation has been the very large gains in freight revenue. During the war much freight that would normally have gone over the B. & O. was diverted to other roads by those in control of operations of the national system. That this traffic has swung back to the B. & O. and now appears to be in even larger volume than before the war is a most favorable development. The common stock has prospects of getting back to pre-war levels; and it will be remembered that from 1907 to 1914, inclusive, B. & O. common paid 6 per cent. annually, and sold between 75 and 122.

Bethlehem Steel "B" was the only one of the listed junior steels to show dividends earned in 1921. To that distinction must now be added the advantage of a supply of domestic iron ore and an expansion in its territory accomplished through the consolidation with Lackawanna Steel which only awaits government sanction for its consummation. Moreover, Lackawanna's unusually small proportion of funded debt will serve, in the combined capitalization of the merged concerns, to offset Bethlehem's heavy total of fixed-interest obligations. With prosperity ahead for the steel industry, Bethlehem Steel "B's" dividend looks safe for several years to come.

Central Leather may never get back to wartime high levels, but the stock is undoubtedly cheap at current levels. The leather industry was hard hit by the deflationary price movement, and it has been very slow to recover. But recovery has set in and is proceeding at an orderly pace. An important company in an important industry, Central Leather's earning power should gradually recuperate to such an extent as to give the common stock a quoted value considerably above current levels.

Kennecott Copper is probably nearer to dividend resumption than any of the non-dividend stocks in the group. Kennecott's strong point is its diversified holdings of stocks in other important copper-producing companies, among which are Utah Copper, Mother Lode, and Braden. With copper metal back close to the 14-cent level, and apparently headed higher, there seems to be no reason why a conservative management should much longer withhold payments to stockholders.

North American Company is a holding company, controlling such important public utility corporations as the Milwaukee Light, Heat & Traction Company, the Wisconsin Gas & Electric Company, and the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company. Its earning power has recuperated rapidly within the last year or two, in response to a general lowering of costs and upward rate adjustments in various territories. Current earnings are estimated at around \$12 a share, while dividends have recently been raised to \$5 a share annually. A higher dividend rate and a proportionate advance in the stock is an attractive possibility of the future.

The Pacific Gas & Electric Company operates one of the largest aggregations of public utility properties in the United States, located on the Pacific Coast. Its operations have been steadily expanding for a number of years, and at a price to yield better than 7 per cent. this stock is one of the outstanding bargains of the public utility list.

Southern Pacific is one of the best of the standard rails to hold for a long pull, for the reason that it runs through a territory still in process of development and growth. Its terminal problems have been much easier of solution than those of old-line rails in the East, and its potential traffic growth can only be guessed. At a price to yield 6½ per cent., Southern Pacific is very attractive to the investor as well as to the speculator intending to hold for appreciation in quoted values.

It is significant that Westinghouse Electric is now selling at the highest price reached since the war market of 1916. There are probably two reasons for this. One is that

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stability of earnings has given the stock an investment rating which has necessitated a downward revision of the yield to be obtained. The other is that the enormous growth in the demand for the radio receiving sets that it manufactures promises to add materially to earnings over the next year or two. As a radio speculation, Westinghouse is probably entitled to leadership in the group of stocks



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started—have already advanced fifty points and more from the low levels of last autumn. To one who has watched the slow advance from day to day, without checking up the high record prices so far established this year against the low records of 1921, this is rather startling information; but a glance at the leading paragraph under "Wall Street Pointers" will reveal the broad advances scored by a number of issues, says *Forbes Magazine*.

The purpose of this article is to point out a means by which the investor with speculative intentions may purchase a few non-dividend-

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paying stocks with good speculative possibilities and, at the same time, obtain a yield of better than 5 per cent. while holding for higher prices. The means is, of course, that greatest ally of the speculative investor—diversification. To demonstrate how this may be done, there is listed here a diversified group of ten stocks, three of which are non-dividend payers, two public utility stocks, three railroad stocks, one steel, one leather,

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known to be benefiting from the expansion of the new industry.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has been appointed transfer agent of the voting trust certificates of the International Railway Company.

Demand for funds for legitimate enterprises continues slack, consequently interest rates are still low. They will remain so until

the four brotherhoods, which have never been reduced from war-time rates, will have to come down. The brotherhoods are so entrenched financially, that they can make a very stiff fight against any reduction, but the reduction must come. Public opinion is demanding it, and no man, or set of men, in the United States can go contrary to public opinion. All ordinary unskilled labor on the roads is now, according to the labor commissioners, still receiving better wages than the same class of labor in other fields. When the wages of the four brotherhoods are reduced, even further reductions can be made in freight rates.

None of these things are, of themselves, going to create an immediate demand for commodities. This demand is something distinct from prices. For instance, after the war, demand outran supply, at the highest prices ever known for similar commodities. This demand finally wore itself out. The buying public became as apathetic as it had formerly been enthusiastic. For years, business upon all stock exchanges was light. Recently there has been a very decided upward movement. The volume of business done in stocks has been unprecedented and prices have advanced beyond any one's expectation.

There is an improvement in trade conditions, but no man can say when there will be just as startling a trade revival as there has been in the stock market. It will come in time. No one can tell why or when. Demand will exceed supply and prices will advance. The prices of some commodities are already advancing. As prices advance, people will run over themselves to buy on a rising market, when they can not be persuaded or cajoled into buying on a falling market. In the first instance, they try to head off high prices. In the second they refrain from buying, hoping to reap still better bargains.

The offering of \$422,500 Logan Municipal Irrigation District, Logan County, Colorado, serial 6 per cent. bonds is being made by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company in denominations of \$500 to yield 6½ per cent. These bonds are exempt from Federal income taxes. These are old seasoned bonds, the unmaturing portion of \$468,000 issued in 1911. They are a prior tax lien concurrent with other general taxes, ranking ahead of mortgages and other private liens. There are 13,725 acres of irrigated lands, all under cultivation, directly taxed for payment of these bonds. The resident population within the district is approximately 3600. The average value per acre is \$125. Taxes for payment of principal and interest of bonds are levied by the county commissioners and are collected by the county treasurer at the same time and together with state, county, and school taxes. The Great Western Sugar Company in 1921 paid \$652,092 to growers

for beets from 10,091 acres tributary to their delivery stations within the Logan district.

Most people have lost sight of the fact that twenty years ago interest rates on government bonds and other high-grade issues were 2½ per cent. to 3½ per cent.

Standard 3½ per cent. railroad bonds like those of the New York Central, for example, commanded premiums as high as 15 per cent. above par, say Bond & Goodwin & Tucker in their monthly letter. That was the top of a long upward swing. Shortly afterward began the inevitable downward swing, which reached its limits of low prices and high yields about two years ago. Economists say we are now in the beginning of another long upward swing (subject, of course, to occasional market fluctuations), and how far this will go toward the standards of twenty years ago no one can tell.

Students of economic conditions in Europe state that affairs are improving more rapidly than most people in this country imagine. The newspapers, of course, are filled with the political fomentations, and tend to give the impression that everything over there is in a state of chaos; but underneath the surface, basic conditions are gradually righting themselves. The people throughout Central Europe are at work, producing more than they consume, and extensive trade conditions with all parts of the world are being rapidly re-established.

In the United States people are beginning to realize that all signs are pointing to a marked industrial revival.

Never before has there been such a tremendous number of actual security buyers. Many of these buyers have been developed since the war, and thus far have shown only a small part of their ultimate buying power. It seems certain, therefore, that the recently developed buying movement will gather force and momentum as business confidence increases and that the demand for the more desirable securities will be such as to further materially increase prices and cut down the yields. Fortunate, indeed, is the investor whose funds permit the purchase of any of the sound, long-term or non-callable, high-yield securities which are still available.

The William R. Staats Company is offering \$250,000 Austin Brothers Association first (closed) mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, price 98 and interest to yield over 7.25 per cent. The company agrees to pay the 2 per cent. normal Federal income tax. These bonds are due February 1, 1932.

These bonds will constitute, in the opinion of counsel, a first (closed) mortgage on over 31,500 acres of land in Utah County, Utah; Caribou and Bannock counties, Idaho; Uinta County, Wyoming, and Elko County, Nevada, which property has been conservatively ap-

praised at approximately \$570,000, or two and one-fourth times the amount of these bonds. About 600 acres of this land are situated near



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there is a general awakening of the business world more pronounced than anything yet in sight. The recent cut in railroad rates should be of great benefit to both producers and consumers, says the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles in its monthly letter.

The reduction of wages of some four hundred thousand employees will enable the railroads, in part at least, to meet the cut in their revenues. Of course, it is only a matter of time when the wages of the members of

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The business of this company is essentially the growing and feeding of sheep and cattle and was started about thirty-four years ago by individuals who are still associated in the management. On account of the unusually high quality maintained, the company's livestock has become widely and favorably known and it has been possible to market same at particularly attractive prices.

Average annual net earnings applicable to bond interest for the ten-year period ended September 30, 1921, with a much smaller capital than at present, and including heavy losses in the years 1920 and 1921, due to shrinkage in values of livestock and wool inventories, were \$40,823.92, or two and one-third times annual interest charges on these bonds. These figures represent actual earnings from operations and do not include appreciation in values of land and livestock or other assets. Due to the present increase in capital investment and to other factors, net earnings in normal years hereafter should amount to approximately \$75,000, or over four and one-fourth times annual interest charges on these bonds.

A new issue of \$95,000 City of Dinuba, California, 5½ per cent. gold bonds, due serially from June 1, 1923, to June 1, 1954, is being offered by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company. The issue is tax exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income taxes.

Dinuba is situated in the northern part of Tulare County, on the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railroads, in the midst of a very rich farming and fruit section, midway between Fresno and Visalia. The tributary country is intensively farmed, is in a high state of development and the farms are well improved.

Dinuba is a well-built, modern city, with three banks with aggregate deposits of \$2,306,000, municipal waterworks, electric lights, paved streets, good schools, churches and homes, several large packing plants, etc.

On November 6, 1792, Dumouriez defeated the Austrians at Jemappes, an event which led to the annexation of Belgium to the French Empire, says the *New York Tribune*. In 1911 this event was commemorated by the erection of a granite obelisk surmounted by a gilded bronze cock, over three meters high. On August 23, 1914, the Germans threw down the symbolical bird. On May 21st last the Gallic cock was restored to its former place, the occasion being marked with a joyous festival.

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One feels quite a thrill of intrepidity in reviewing Mr. Hewlett's new essays, after reading his caustic comment on reviewers in his preface, "On Oneself." Still, though he berates the user of easy platitudes, we flatter ourselves that we belong to the more discriminating variety—"discerning" is Mr. Hewlett's word—for whom he has a word of praise. The "chuckle-headed reviewer," whom Mr. Hewlett scores so unmercifully, regretted that our author's latest was a departure from his early métier—the medieval romantic sort of thing. For our part, we are in no danger of repeating that blunder. We confess to liking the late Hewlett style and subject a long sight better than we ever did the early medieval manner. In fact, so delightful a book is "Wiltshire Essays" (Oxford University Press) that one must keep a weather eye out to guard against the platitudes and rhapsodies that Mr. Hewlett so dislikes. Our enjoyment of these leafy, sweet-smelling, breezy, and so restful glimpses of English countryside has been so great that we would fain not criticize at all, but merely revel in the delights that Mr. Hewlett has unrolled before our, at first, incredulous eyes. Is it possible that anything so quiet, so almost happy, exists anywhere in the world in these crazy Bolshevik times? One hopes that this time Mr. Hewlett is not romancing. If rural England is what he says it is, there is yet hope for the world. Still, Mr. Hewlett demands discrimination and discernment, and we are going to give it to him.

In the first place, Maurice Hewlett is a charming essayist. Since he has outgrown or cast off the quaint abstruseness that used to make reading his romances a tedious job to any but the enthusiast for archaisms, his style has become a pellucid joy forever. That means that rereading is as enjoyable as the first experience; and that one can browse slowly, even sleepily, over it with a sort of quiet intense pleasure. "Wiltshire Essays" are not to be undertaken or read quickly. To enjoy them fully one must have time to visualize, to smell, feel, and be in fancy where Mr. Hewlett is in fact. If you haven't time for this adventure in imagination, you can only superficially enjoy the essays as a piece of exquisite writing. Even that pleasure should not be ignored, but where Mr. Hewlett's essays differ from other well-written specimens of the genre is that he has lived his essays, not merely written them; and you must live them, not merely read them. "Wiltshire Essays" is one of the sincerest books of the century.

I have referred to "Wiltshire Essays" as something of a revelation with respect to rural English conditions. Reading them, one acquires a new respect for the English peasant—who, according to Mr. Hewlett, is as nearly a straight descendant of the British aborigines as it is possible for a race to be. Our admiration for them is akin to that felt for the American Indian before he was corrupted by our coming. However, the ancient Briton and his descendants throughout the centuries have not been corrupted by anything. He seems to be fairly incorruptible. Now this is where we are going to discriminate. Mr. Hewlett is a remarkably sympathetic chronicler, but we think he is biased. In fact, he is not logical. For, as an example of the incorruptibility of their race, he exploits the fact that the peasant woman retains an unembittered attitude toward life—whatever her vicissitudes—and that the peasant may sow his wild oats, but that he never, in our sense, "goes to the dogs." In our opinion these interesting facts are simply due to peasant stolidity—to the fact already quoted that this race is directly descended from prehistoric man (though how any of us escape that heritage is something of a mystery) and is actually closer to animal existence than are the more sophisticated modern races. However, if Mr. Hewlett argues that that is their peculiar merit, we have nothing further to say. For certainly the races who have got farthest away from their prehistoric ancestry have nothing half so attractive to offer.

R. G.

#### Notes of Books and Authors.

The Pope has written an essay on mountain climbing which will be published in book form in English by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The English publisher received the manuscript through Cardinal Gasquet.

In Berlin it is rumored among the gossips that large parts of the memoirs of the ex-Crown Prince were written by Karl Rosner, the war correspondent of the *Berliner Lokal-anzeiger*.

Rider Haggard has a new book out, published by Doubleday, Page & Co. It is a story of Norman England and is said to faithfully recreate the England of 1066.

H. G. Wells claims that he owes his career to poor health. He was the son of a small tradesman and actually was himself a hosier's apprentice. "If it had not been for the fact that my health failed," Mr. Wells has said

in reference to his start in life, "probably I should now be the proprietor of a little business over the door of which would be inscribed 'Herbert G. Wells, Cash Draper.'"

Rudyard Kipling has a Browningsque taste in seasons. Spring is his favorite. He usually spends it at Batemans, his 500-acre farm on the Sussex Downs. He puts in three hours writing every morning in his study up among the gables of the rambling old Elizabethan house. But his afternoons are devoted to farm management.

The reader who is not a scholar, but who has an intelligent interest in scholarly subjects will welcome the news that Sir James G. Frazer's encyclopedic work on folklore, "Golden Bough," is to be issued in an abridged single-volume edition this fall. Folklorists and anthropologists regard "Golden Bough" as their standard work.

On June 9th Charles Scribner's Sons published George Santayana's "Soliloquies" in England and Later Soliloquies"; a new volume of poems by Olive Tilford Dargan, called "Lute and Furrow"; "Signs of Sanity," by Stewart Paton, lecturer on neuro-biology at Princeton University and on psychiatry at Columbia University; "The Direction of Human Evolution," by Professor Edwin Grant Conklin, first published in 1921, and now reissued with a new preface by the author; and a volume of sixteen modern one-act plays, selected and edited by B. Roland Lewis, head of the department of English of the University of Utah.

"Broken Stowage," by David W. Bone, which has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is a collection of sea yarns, essays, and sketches, by the author of that classic of the sailing ship, "The Brass-bounder," also a Dutton book. The title "Broken Stowage" is taken from the seaman's term for the small packages which are used to fill up the odd corners of the cargo of a sea-going ship—and is indicative of the humor and pathos, the good and bad fortune, and the varied experiences on sea and in port which have gone into the making of the book.

To those who respond to the magic of Bret Harte's name it will be of interest to hear that the Stockton (California) Chamber of Commerce has prepared a large map of the land in which Bret Harte lived, and of which he wrote. Illustrations and quotations from the authorized editions of his works, which are published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, are shown on it in such a manner that the actual places he wrote about can be instantly identified. Many tourists will benefit this summer by this opportunity to become even more closely acquainted with the country which, it might almost be said, was first annexed to the United States by Bret Harte.

Two of the Pulitzer prizes in American letters for the year 1921 were awarded to Macmillan authors. The prize of \$1000 for the best volume of verse published in 1921 was received by Edwin Arlington Robinson for his "Collected Poems." The prize of \$1000 for the best biography teaching patriotic and unselfish service to the people was awarded to Hamlin Garland for his "Daughter of the Middle Border," which completes the story of the life of Mr. Garland's parents, and with his earlier volume, "A Son of the Middle Border," forms a remarkable record of the intimate social history of midland America from the end of the civil war to the beginning of the world war.

The Nobel Prize Address, delivered by Max Planck before the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences on "The Origin and Development of the Quantum Theory," has been translated and will be published, probably next month, by the Oxford University Press American Branch.

R. Thurston Hopkins, whose ramblings through the Hardy country have just appeared in his new book, "Thomas Hardy's Dorset" (Appleton), claims a picturesque ancestry. His mother's family were Irish, while his father's were English gypsies. He says: "My father was the last of a very ancient family of gypsy horsebreeders, who settled in East Anglia, and my immersion in the secrets and strange ways of strange people must account for my unquenchable love of the 'wind upon the heath' combined with an almost equal love for every vagrant and vagabond I meet on the road."

One of the most interesting surmises as to the origin of William Sidney Porter's famous pen name, "O. Henry," is as follows: In a biographical article on O. Henry in the *Nation* in 1918, the author, a Professor Smith, suggested Porter's pseudonym had been inspired by the author of several standard pharmaceutical works. Professor Smith's original surmise has been given considerable substantiation through his receipt of a book published in Paris in 1858 and entitled "Traité Pratique d'Analyse Chimique des Eaux Minérales, Potables et Economiques." It is written by "Ossian Henry père et Ossian Henry

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fil." On the back of the book, however, the combined names of the authors appear only as "O. Henry," and in the second chapter alone the name "O. Henry" occurs twenty-four times as the author or authors of pharmaceutical articles. When it is remembered that the short story writer was a drug clerk in North Carolina, Texas, and Ohio, that he necessarily had a copy of the "United States Dispensary" always by him, and that the name "O. Henry" appears in the "Dispensary" (just as it appears in the "Analyse Chimique") as the originator of some of the commonest prescriptions, the conclusion, according to Dr. Smith, is irresistible that the French pharmacist furnished the now famous pen name.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## The Dark House.

Miss Wylie, author of "The Dark House," is one of the group of really serious young English writers whose books, whatever their individual failings, are sincere. This school, of which Sheila Kaye Smith is a member, and which for some reason seems to run largely to women, is not so much marked by cleverness or startling originality as by seriousness and thoughtfulness. Their books are refreshing reading as an occasional oasis of sincerity in vast stretches of sandy mirage.

"The Dark House" harks back to the standard type of English novel that records the life of a man from infancy to maturity—type of so many of Dickens' and the other Victorian writers' and in fact of the first English novels—Fielding's. These biographical novels are always about unusual persons, and Robert Stonchouse, Miss Wylie's hero, is no exception. It is a powerful story that is at once poignant and a little cynical.

THE DARK HOUSE. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Plots and Personalities.

To label a book "psychological" is to relegate it to a corner for specialists only, and that is just what ought not to be done to "Plots and Personalities." Although theoretically this book is even more special than the usual popular psychology, since it is research in the field of creative fiction, it is nevertheless far more readable than most inquiries into the workings of the human mind.

Dr. Slosson's point of departure was the use of newspaper "personals" as imagination tests after the fashion of the intelligence tests of Binet and others. People with a hobby for this sort of thing will find the "personals" game both novel and instructive. But

it does seem a bit unfair to your unsuspecting guests to take the measure of their fancy in this fashion. Imagination, like humor, is a *sine qua non* for which one politely gives everybody the benefit of the doubt. The writer, incipient and arrived, will regard "Plots and Personalities" as a regular treasure trove, and it is safe to say that every one interested intelligently in literature will be attracted to this analysis of the imaginative faculty.

PLOTS AND PERSONALITIES. By Edwin E. Slosson and June E. Downey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

## Some Political Ideas and Persons.

Essays are quite the fashion. Mr. John Bailey, literary critic of the London Times, and one of the foremost of English essayists, has just published his first volume on a political subject—"Some Political Ideas and Persons." Though political in flavor, Mr. Bailey's book has its literary leanings. He leads off with a critical discussion of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" and himself writes a very authentic study of that much written about queen. The four stages of Disraeli's political career are considered in turn and with reference to Buckle's great work on Dizzy. Biographical chapters on several British statesmen are interesting because of their freshness of treatment, and the book concludes with half a dozen essays on general subjects of national and international interest.

SOME POLITICAL IDEAS AND PERSONS. By John Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## Terribly Intimate Portraits.

Something new in the way of parodies has been perpetrated by Noel Coward in "Terribly Intimate Portraits." Mr. Coward has taken his cue from the epidemic of memoirs and journals from which we have been suf-

fering, and has written in addition to "My American Diary" a number of burlesque memoirs that are reminiscent of Beerbohm's parody novels. Mr. Coward is a very catholic historian. His terribly intimate portraits range from historic mistresses to American senators—a fact that indicates his versatility only when one remembers that lives of historic court beauties are usually written by women and those of latter-day politicians by their press agents.

One of the most hilarious features of the book is the illustrations. Any one whose æsthetic nerve has been irritated and his humorous nerve titillated by the invariably ugly likenesses that accompany the lives of great beauties will appreciate these awful portraits. Either our ancestors were a very much politer race than we in recording each other's physical attributes or they had a strangely different taste. True, our newspapers invariably refer to the beautiful Mrs. X and the lovely daughter of So-and-So, but our biographers have broken away from the euphemistic tradition and serve each other up with a candor only equaled by one's glass in the early morning. Lorn MacNaughton, Mr. Coward's illustrator, has taken a lot off our chest with those execrable portraits, and Mr. Coward should be given a vote of thanks for relieving all our feelings concerning the published diary stuff as well as the historic and modern memoir. "Terribly Intimate Portraits" should make excellent summer reading.

TERribly INTIMATE PORTRAITS. By Noel Coward. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

## Everyday Uses of English.

A useful desk book for the office is "Everyday Uses of English," by Maurice H. Wesen. The first half of Professor Wesen's book is devoted to business English—letters of complaint and adjustment, sales, applications, inquiry, acknowledgment, etc., and business reports. The latter half is a regulation rhetoric, dealing with paragraph writing, manuscript preparation, word study, punctuation, etc. The books will make a good text for school and college courses in business English and is a concise handbook for the business office.

EVERYDAY USES OF ENGLISH. By Maurice H. Wesen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.

## A Test for Dr. Einstein.

The next solar eclipse will occur on September 27th in the southern hemisphere, and most countries will send missions to study the phenomenon, which, according to M. Lucien Chassaing, writing in *Le Journal*, will assume particular importance this year. It is hoped to make measurements and experiments that will perhaps definitely determine the value of the famous Einstein theories. And then the whole system of the universe is at stake, the whole conception of modern mechanics may become questionable, says the New York Tribune.

Einstein affirms, contrary to the generally accepted thesis, that there is no ether—that is to say, no material medium to transmit light rays, and that neither space nor time has an absolute value. He arrives at these conclusions only with the aid of long and complicated calculations which mathematicians alone are able to contest or admit. And controversy has not been wanting.

But Dr. Einstein, after five years of battles in the domain of theory, in 1915 wanted to give experimental proof of the solidity of his ideas, however revolutionary they might appear. "If luminous energy emitted by a star has weight," he said, "it must be deviated, attracted when passing in the field of gravitation (i. e., near the sun)."

Demonstration of this, unfortunately, is not at the constant demand of men. True, there was in August, 1915, an eclipse visible on the coasts of Africa and of Spain, but there was also the war, which turned away the initiative. Einstein has designated a few stars which, according to him, would find themselves on the photographic plates at angular distances from the verge of the sun, other than Newton's law permitted to foresee, and he had indicated the differences that ought to be verified. The Royal Society, despite the unfavorable circumstances, sent an astronomer to Sfax, a seaport town of Tunis, on the Gulf of Gabes. His implements were, however, not sufficient, the atmosphere was foggy—in short, the plates obtained did not permit a sufficient verification.

Dr. Einstein has so far not yet finally decided whether he will accept the invitation of the Holland government to take part in an expedition for the observation of the solar eclipse, going to the Christmas Islands, in the Indian Ocean.

Arthur Machen, writes Paul Jordan Smith in the *Wave*, looks like a very handsome and much idealized Dr. Johnson—a part, by the way, which he was called upon to act some time ago during the Johnsonian festivities in London—united to the courtliness and hospitality of a before-the-war Virginia gentleman. Catholic, urbane, with a delightful sense of humor, he combines the qualities of an Anatole France and an English aristocrat.



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## New Books Received.

SOME POLITICAL IDEAS AND PERSONS. By John Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Political essays.

THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB. By Horace G. Hutchinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

Philosophical debates among the members of the Fortnightly Club.

SOME REVOLUTIONS AND OTHER DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCES. By the late Sir Henry G. Elliot. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

Reminiscences.

CHAOS OR COSMOS. By Edgar L. Heermance. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

An inquiry into the nature of the universe.

ASPECTS OF AMERICANIZATION. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$2.

SAREEL. By Edith Dart. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

TERribly INTIMATE PORTRAITS. By Noel Coward. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

Burlesque memoirs.

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.

Journals of the wife of Napoleon.

THE QUEEN OF SHERA. By Phineas A. Crutch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

Satire.

THE INDUSTRIAL CODE. By W. Jett Lauck and Claude S. Watts. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$4.

Economics.

SMELL, TASTE, AND ALLIED SENSES IN THE VERTEBRATES. By G. H. Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.

Monographs on experimental science.

SEIZER OF EAGLES. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

An Indian story by an old frontiersman.

SOCIETY AND ITS PROBLEMS. By Grove Samuel Dow. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.75.

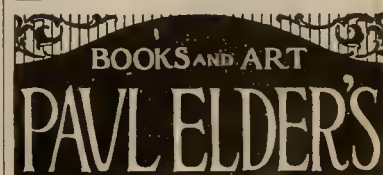
An introduction to the principles of sociology.

HYAKUNIN-ISSEU. Translated by Clay MacCaulley. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh, Ltd.; \$2.

Single songs of a hundred poets and the dominant note of the law.

WILTSHIRE ESSAYS. By Maurice Hewlett. Oxford University Press.

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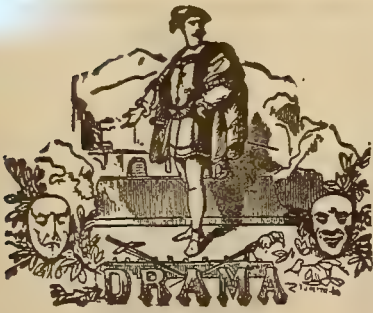
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"THE CIRCLE."

Such a large number of people have read Maugham's sardonically brilliant play that, generally speaking, the theatre-going public knows to what point the circle had slowly revolved when the family history of the luckless Champion-Cheneys began to repeat itself. Reading the play, however, seems to whet the appetite to see it. The play of character upon character, the curious inter-relations of the oddly-assorted group, the sardonic observation by Lady Kitty's deeply-wronged husband, which is shared by the spectator, the tone of worldly cynicism colored by the bitter humor of the man who was capable of writing "The Moon and Sixpence," the profound interest of the situation, the worldly ease with which it is met by all save Lady Kitty's son and her elderly possessor, and the corroding wit of the dialogue unite in making the play a piece of unusually telling dramatic situations.

Here are two triangular groups: the one young, the other elderly. Both belong to the proudest, most exclusive, most approachable, most easy-going, most conservative, most luxurious aristocracy in Europe. Position in the hill-top classes of England is such a privilege, the life is so carefully laid out for the ritual of pleasure, the free-masonry between the privileged members of this sacredly guarded enclosure is so absolute that once possession has been enjoyed it is a tragedy to lose it. It clings to its possessors like fangs into flesh, and tears and rends when severance comes.

In "The Circle," however, Somerset Maugham shows how, in the face of admonition, pleas, and a horrible example, the most powerful force in nature conquers, for the human heart will have its way.

The romanticist will take little satisfaction from observing how completely the forces of undisciplined love rule in "The Circle," unless he can throw aside sentiment and view with detached satiric interest the disportings of lovers defying society.

One thrill we enjoyed, however: the moment when the lovers, smashing all privilege with reckless hands, sped away in each other's arms through the night. It was a lawless thrill, carefully worked up by the keenly perceptive author, who yielded us that and several other moments in which to give ourselves over to sentiment.

The play is full of intensely interesting situations, but they are handled by a master of technique with an avoidance of stereotype, a keen perception of the satiric, and an unconventionality in the colloquialism of the characters which is highly stimulating.

It is always a godsend to find meaty rôles for skilled and well-known players whose time for playing a part in the drama of youth is over, and it was excellent business on the part of an astute management to put forward two such well-known figures as those of Mrs. Leslie Carter and John Drew.

Besides these two outstanding figures the nine or ten characters are represented in first-class style by a very well-balanced and carefully selected company.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is the personage in the play exciting the most interested anticipation. That is probably why Lord Porteous was so ungallant as to enter the Champion-Cheney portal preceding his fair companion; this allowing Mrs. Carter the more effective and more eagerly applauded entrance.

Mrs. Carter is fairly dazzling in the display of the sumptuous harness of a decayed belle hanging on desperately to the vain glads of a past beauty, and in the opulence of snow-white and richly-jeweled arms, bosom, and shoulders. Facial beauty was never her strong point, but, nevertheless, she was always an eye-absorbing figure on the stage, and has not lost the gift. The *criante* costumes she wears are most carefully selected, but the first one is a hummer, and shows that the lady possesses a sense of humor, even if nothing else did. Especially about the skirt and the covering of her legs and feet did Lady Kitty indicate that she belonged to the ranks of ladies whose clothes must draw the excited observation their charms no longer awake.

I do not doubt that Mrs. Carter has been much admired and praised for delineation of Lady Kitty become a painted, dyed, lip-sticked and bedizened near-sexagenarian. But, excellent business though it was to choose her for the rôle, highly entertaining though she succeeds in making Lady Kitty to a thoroughly amused and probably generally approving audience, to my mind she does not present the Lady Kitty created by Maugham. We will put aside the thought of petiteness suggested by Lady Kitty's characteristic name, for height is an accident, and can not be altered by stage make-up. But Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney had been born and lived an aristocrat. Being battered around in shady European society composed of *déclassées* and their disreputable companions had stripped Lady Kitty of some of her patrician aura. Her fastidiousness was gone, her thoughts and ideas sullied, but the carefully inculcated manners of the highly placed are like a skin, and not easily shed. Mrs. Carter's Lady Kitty did not suggest the former *élégante*, but a low-born woman endeavoring, by being pronounced in appearance, dress, and demeanor to convince those around her that she was in her natural entourage. She even put more than a touch of caricature in the portrait, so that the character was, most of the time, incongruous with the atmosphere of genuine drawing-room comedy.

Thus Lady Kitty, instead of being a long faded, but still well-bred beauty of a past day whose mind and heart had deteriorated with her fading person, and in whom dragged ethics and besmirched morals showed too plainly in the discourse of a woman whose life had developed shallowness, insincerity, and inconsequence, was become, well, approximately a figure of fun.

Maugham's Lady Kitty was real, but Mrs. Carter's was an amusing burlesque; and not a burlesque of a deteriorated aristocrat, but of a robustly assertive woman risen from the people to the uncertain eminence occupied by the still tolerated mistress of a wealthy nobleman. No doubt Mrs. Carter wished to point the contrast between the two women, but in burlesquing the character she rather missed the cue.

Betty Linley was as delicately restrained in her depiction of the character of Elizabeth, the young wife, as Mrs. Carter was robustly assertive. She is a woman of interesting personality, and a sort of wistful charm. Delicate-featured and slight, she seemed almost

too elusive, too much like the blessed damozel to carry out the conception of a modern young matron snatching avidly at happiness with an utter disregard of others. But no, Elizabeth was supposed to be a phantom of delight; a puzzling compound of old-time romanticism and modern adventurousness in the realm of lawless freedom.

Perhaps the endeavor to suggest the modern young intrinsigant was why Miss Linley gave Elizabeth bobbed hair, to us, nowadays at least, become rather the badge of the commoner.

Miss Linley expressed very prettily yet always with a sort of wistful restraint, as if Elizabeth's love were too troubling to the mood of her dominant and rather roughly possessive lover, the moods of tenderness that swept over her as a trembling hand might sweep the strings of a harp. The young actress has one disqualification: a non-carrying voice. But perhaps it can be developed.

John Drew was exactly as the character was drawn by the author: a man so antagonized by the atmosphere of perfumed artificiality and insincerity in which he had rashly cast his fate that he takes refuge from it in ill-tempered candor and a testy destruction of pretense. Lord Porteous is the only really likable man in the play, and we find it in our hearts to be sorry for him and forgive him.

Ernest Lawford gave an extremely clever and perfectly satisfying presentation of that exceedingly sardonic and amused observer, the wronged husband of thirty years back. There was a considerable amount of English accent clashing around, and several harsh male voices in the company, so that words and phrases were sometimes lost. But Mr. Lawford acts, and speaks, and makes his points with a deliberate, unhurried art that is most telling; and he also was thoroughly in the character.

Robert Rendel was a perfectly appropriate figure as the son, and conveyed with ability the idea of a rather bloodless precisian. But he is not distinct enough to do himself full justice.

This is not a fault with which we can reproach John Halliday, whose manner of half-smothered, brooding earnestness accorded with the character of a man who loved inarticulately, but with a sort of fierce male possessiveness.

Three subordinate characters were duly in line with the general finish of the performance, which was much above the ordinary.

"The Circle" is laid down with the most skillful of technique, and the dialogue is brilliant in its revelation of character and situation. One can, however, detect a few inconsistencies; for the Lady Kitty prattling inconsequently about "my boy" and "my lip stick" is not the same Lady Kitty who talks worldly wisdom and social philosophy to Elizabeth. Nor is the Clive Champion-Cheney who sardonically and with pleased amusement contemplated the mess Lord Porteous and his mature inamorata had made of their lives the same man upon whose fatuously self-approving laughter the curtain falls. The fatuousness of the laughter rather jolts us, because the Clive Champion-Cheney previously delineated couldn't possibly be fatuous. But the playwright was leading up to a good curtain, and having manoeuvred it skillfully, cajoled us into overlooking the discrepancy. It was an effective curtain to a rattling good play. But Mr. Maugham puts not a single pinfeather in the wings of idealism; and for that the romanticists and the idealists will not love it.

#### "MR. PIM PASSES BY."

Having already seen "Belinda" at the Maitland Theatre, and "The Lucky One," a play of more serious purport, we did not feel entirely unacquainted with the style and character of the plays of the extremely popular playwright, A. A. Milne. He has written quite a number, winning fame at a comparatively early period in his career. "The Dover Road," "The Great Broxopp," and "Mr. Pim Passes By" are those which won the special favor of English theatre-goers, their success having been almost duplicated in New York. "The Truth About Blayds," his latest play, shows the inevitable advance made by a man of ideas, the greater gravity in the treatment resulting from a very serious theme: a life-long literary imposition practiced by a famous Victorian poet. This play we must hope to see, for reviewers hail it as the work of a dramatist who adds real luster to British dramatic literature.

"Mr. Pim Passes By" is a delightful comedy, so light and gayly casual in the tone of its fun and humor that it is not until the involuntary bigamist-suspect goes off into a fit of hysterics over a fishbone that we perceive the underlying purpose of the piece: which is that the law should intervene to legitimize a happy marital union made in good faith under the impression that a criminal, and former marital partner of one of the contracting pair was dead.

The play begins with the casual advent of

the senile Mr. Pim, whose decaying memory precipitates upon a perfectly happy and satisfied married pair the spectre of separation. Mr. Milne uses a blithe madcap of nineteen, who loves to talk and has no reserves, for putting the audience *au fait*. The author has not yet achieved impeccable art as a dramatist, for his device of using Dinah as a mouthpiece for placing characters and situation works with an occasional mechanical click. Also he has, in "The Truth About Blayds," as well as in some of his other plays, acted as a rather improbably benevolent Providence in bringing about a happy dénouement.

But his faults are few, his virtues many. His humor, generally fresh and unforced, has a tinge of originality, and much charm, when

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it does not lose its spontaneity, and gay caljology of our delighted participation.

That scene in which young Dinah babbles out every necessary bit of information to the vague-minded old Pim requires the lightest, most careless of touches; the animal spirits of a happy girl to whom life is so full of fun, and joy, and delight that even the passing octogenarian must share her blithe humor which should bubble like champagne with youthful effervescence.

They have a pretty young English girl in the part, who assumes all the quick changes of girlish attitudes, whose intonations and facial changes are carefully studied and worked out in detail. The trouble is that we know it too well, for the young thing—Alison Bradshaw by name—is a mere girl, and has not yet mastered the ability to make studied detail seem natural, careless, and unpremeditated.

Leonard Mudie, also English apparently, a good-looking partner in the lively nonsense effervescing from the comely pair, has more abandon than the young lady, and the youthful pair are very pleasing to the eyes.

But it is not until Laura Hope Crews comes in that we surrender ourselves to the immense satisfaction of seeing a player whose natural humor is entirely in accord with that of the author. Laura Hope Crews plays the part of the second wife of a profoundly conventional and outwardly, inwardly, and completely respectable conformist to tradition. She is blonde, plump, and pleasing; young enough to beguile the proprietary affections of her middle-aged partner, mature enough to understand his temperamental limitations, perspicacious enough in her womanly wisdom to do full justice to the sterling excellences of his character.

All this Laura Hope Crews expresses without words, and with an economy of effort and a prodigality of return that made her every look, and gesture, and word a mine of delight.

She is a natural humorist of the subtle type, for she never stresses the humor which colors every syllable that falls from her lips. The two women, the delightful senior and the fresh, pretty girl, made a marked contrast, the first by fitting into her rôle so completely that she made it impossible for us to imagine another Olivia Marden, the other by making it palpable that she was acting. However, in externals the dainty girl was most pleasing, and greater experience will probably lessen the too obvious strenuousness of her effort.

The entrance of Dudley Digges provided further grounds for rich satisfaction, this actor playing opposite Miss Crews with a similar absence of inartistic emphasis, and an equal of that quiet, involuntary humor that is so enjoyable because it is unisistent.

The happy ease with which this delightful actor accomplished his effects showed in all that he did, but probably the numerous wives in the audience took special joy in the scene in which a blundering, bungling husband, animated by an honest but inarticulate affection, seeks, by the exercise of a laughably childlike diplomacy, to propitiate the adored but offended goddess on his hearthstone who guides his marital destinies.

It was a perfect scene, perfectly acted by a pair of players who understand the delightful art of conveying humor by suggestion; which is always needed in satiric comedy.

Other good players, although of lesser rank, were Erskine Sanford, who, in every respect but aged voice—the simulation being too palpable—made an excellent Mr. Pim, and Augusta Haviland, who represented the alarming Lady Marden with the duly terrifying clamping of jaws of a British dowager who is a man-eater.

Geniality, originality, a touch of satire, humor that is devoid of sting, are the very pleasant qualities of A. A. Milne, who first demonstrated in the pages of London *Punch* that it was his mission and his pleasure to give the world mirth that is wholesome and salutary.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

### The Columbia Theatre.

"Mr. Pim" passes into his second week at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, June 26th. This delightful comedy has attracted large houses, which derive from it the full measure of clean fun. The original New York company, sent here by A. L. Erlanger, is a distinguished one. The performance is characterized by the highest excellence, and the scene in which Laura Hope Crews as the leading lady teases her husband to exasperation by her demands for a second proposal has been generally voted one of the best comedy situations of recent years. Columbia patrons continue to manifest a due appreciation of this wholesome play.

### The Orpheum Next Week.

Few stars ever achieved the same measure of success in a play as Leo Carrillo did in "Lombardi, Ltd." For years Mr. Carrillo was one of vaudeville's most entertaining monologists. His character stories were inimitable.

The following revue of Duci de Kerejarto from a New York paper describes the young genius and has been echoed by the press of the world: "This young violinist is one of the most dazzling phenomena upon the firmament of art. Just as he is great enough to interpret Handel, just so is he possessed of the power convincingly to convey to us the emotions and fantasies of a child."

Stan Stanley knows how to make people laugh. It is quite a long time since he has been out on this Coast, as the East would not let him go. He has the greatest of all of the gifts of the entertainer, a genius for extemporaneous wit, and it is a certainty that his admirers and hearers will declare him as good a comedian as they have ever laughed with.

Harry Carroll, one of America's youngest and most successful song composers, has a snappy song and dance revue, called "Varieties of 1922," in which he is assisted by the Love Sisters, Tom Dingle, Patsy Delaney, and "Six Slick Chicks."

"The Show-Off" is one of the best comedy sketches that have hit vaudeville this season. It mirrors an irresistibly funny character, admirably played by Fred Sumner, a sterling player.

Paul Murray and Gladys Gerrish are theatrical astronomers. They are always studying stage stars. Accurately and cleverly they offer their impressions of Marilyn Miller and Ann Pennington, and reflect various high lights from Broadway successes.

"Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin are a geyser of fun. There is probably a psychological reason for their laughs, but they are too busy getting laughs to bother to find out what it is.

Eugene Varg and company have a humorous novelty which will prove a delight to all.

## BRINGING BACK OLD TIMES.

One concrete result of the Days of '49 celebration has been the general revival of interest in the mining industry of the West, which has been dormant for many years, says the *Sacramento Union*. Not since the discovery of gold in California has the mining of gold and silver received such an impetus as given by the revivification of "the days of gold." But yesterday the country gave little thought to the gold and silver of California and Nevada; mining items received scant space in newspapers, and the industry that brought the now prosperous West into being was almost forgotten. Today inquiries as to gold and silver mining in California and Nevada are being made, and once more people are awakening to the potentialities of mining conducted along modern lines.

Those idyls of the Argonauts of 1849, Bret Harte's wonder tales of pioneer California, have been dusted off and read intently during the past two months. The majority of his stories deal with the early mines. Re-reading of these stories has awakened a universal interest in gold and silver mining, and has sharply called attention to the fortunes that still wait man beneath the earth's crust. Mark Twain's "Roughing It" and other stories of his experiences in the heyday of mining in California and Nevada have also been eagerly read.

The celebration sharply called to mind the vast difference between the crude mining methods of the 'forty-niners, who wasted nearly as much gold as they wrested from the earth, and the modernized methods of the present day, which have changed gold and silver mining from a speculative venture to a manufacturing industry. The same plan which put copper mining on a firm industrial basis, mining vast areas and putting the quartz through a great centralized mill, is being adopted today. Of the thousands of visitors from other states to Sacramento, hundreds made special trips to the operating mines, and returned home enthusiastic over the revival of mining prospects in the ever-changing West.

## THE SIBERIAN MUDDLE.

The latest clash between Japanese troops and Chita forces adds one more trouble to the record of difficulties that has been the sole return the empire has received from its Siberian campaign, says the *Herald of Asia*, a Japanese weekly published at Tokyo. It is true that England and the United States have no reason to feel proud of their records in Siberia; but at least these countries were wise enough, even though wisdom was somewhat belated, to withdraw their forces "while the going was good." But we missed our opportunity, and as a result we have been reaping the whirlwind with unflinching regularity.

It is true that Japan has far more at stake in Siberia than have these other countries, but our continued military occupation has not helped our situation. On the contrary, we have sacrificed many lives and many millions of treasure. The presence of our troops did not prevent the Nikolaiefsky massacre; it is far more likely that it served as a contributory cause thereto. The gains which have been made by our merchants, fishermen, and other civilians have been utterly trivial in comparison with the great sums of public money expended; and it is extremely probable that Japan's position commercially in respect to Siberia would have been far better had our troops been withdrawn long ago than it may possibly be now, when it can not be denied that the general feeling of the Siberians toward the Japanese is one of ill will.

It may be said that the Japanese expedition served two good purposes: namely, originally at least, that of preventing the huge military stores accumulated at Vladivostok from falling into hostile hands and of protecting our mercantile interests in that city; secondly, that of preventing the scourge of Bolshevism from penetrating into Japanese territory, especially Korea. However, the first purpose could probably have been met as well by maintaining a fairly powerful naval force at Vladivostok, and it seems plain that the situation there might be met today by the presence of a few ships which might guarantee protection of the city. As to the keeping of a strict quarantine on Bolshevism, this task is undoubtedly one which Japan must continue to undertake for her own sake and that of the world at large; but this might be done far more properly by maintaining our forces on our own border rather than within a neighbor's domain.

That the troubles which have taken place recently will damage our international standing is certain. It goes without saying that the Japanese troops could not be expected to suffer attack—if that is what happened—and refrain from retaliating, but even this argument will always be countered with the charge that they had no business in Siberia in the first place. Of course, at the Washington Conference no definite date was set for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops; but nevertheless Japan would seem to be under a strong moral obligation to effect a withdrawal fairly speedily, and it is certain that this is being expected by the world. The confidence and respect of other nations which Japan gained at Washington stands in great danger of being lost on account of this Siberian muddle. Certainly the game is not worth the candle.

Even though it should be shown that in this specific case Japan could have acted only as she did, it is certain that the matter will be treated in the international press something like this: The Japanese military authorities announced that the troops were about to be withdrawn, but that a clash was likely. Significantly, the clash followed immediately. Japan, rearing that the Genoa Conference might bring about some kind of recognition of Russia, precipitated this clash in order to provide an excuse for postponing evacuation.

No matter what may have been the actual facts, the events which have taken place lend themselves to such a coloring. No matter how anxiously the Japanese people may wish to see the withdrawal effected, the world will point to the outstanding fact that the troops are in Siberia. It is true that the situation is difficult, that no soldier may wish to appear to be placed in the position of withdrawing under attack; but there is no likelihood that the situation will improve.

On the contrary, one need but refer to the speech made by Trotsky before the Ninth Soviet Congress in Moscow, when he said: "Shall we remove our troops from the territory of the Far Eastern Republic? No, we can regret only that there are not enough of our troops there to defend our territories properly. But we are certain that the time will soon come when Red bayonets will be strong enough to repel the attacks of these insolent Imperialist vultures."

It is evident that continued occupation can lead but to continued and increased trouble. No one is so foolish as to believe that Japan fears the Reds—it would be too absurd—but it would be the height of absurdity for Japan to allow herself to be drawn into a conflict which could have no possible gain for her, as we have repeatedly gone on record as having

no ambitions of territorial conquest in Siberia.

Unless Siberia is evacuated by our forces, we lay ourselves open to strong suspicion of wishing to violate both that promise and that of evacuating in the near future. Our old troublesome reputation of being a militaristic country will remain with us and will interfere with our development along commercial lines. We are losing constantly lives, money, the friendship of the Russians with whom we shall presently wish to trade, and our international standing. And there is not the slightest thing to be gained. It is a case of "heads you win and tails we lose." We must not allow the military men to lead us further into this Siberian muddle. There is only one thing to do, and that is to put an end to the matter, as we should have done long ago.

The associations, literary and other, of Genoa are being reviewed on all sides. Shelley was drowned in the Mediterranean within sight of the house in Genoa where he and Byron lived. Byron's house there bears an inscription commemorating his residence. The house in which Dickens spent many months and wrote his "Pictures from Italy" has not been similarly distinguished. Its identity is now lost. Perhaps it has been torn down. The great marble quarries of Carrara are near Genoa and hence the place is thick with sculptor's studios. Because of the same fact the Genoese cemetery, the Campo Santo, is the most remarkable in Europe. It is calculated that the Genoese have spent millions on Carrara marble to commemorate their dead. Mark Twain is one of the American memories of Genoa. The city figures in his "Innocents Abroad."



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## VANITY FAIR.

There was a time when lobbying was respectable. It is now felt by many persons to be one of the wickedest of all the devices the devil has employed to ensnare and corrupt mankind. And there are those that believe we have in Washington a particularly insidious form of it known as the "social lobby," which ensnares and corrupts, and otherwise does the work of the devil, by means of tea. It has been intimated that an eminent senator was floated into the Senate, after he had gone hopelessly aground on his state primary shoals, by a tidal wave of tea, poured from a hundred silver spouts by as many or more velvet-armed, taper-fingered, and otherwise charming Washington hostesses. The matter has been investigated by an apparently competent observer, and his deductions are published in the current *Ladies' Home Journal* as peculiarly interesting to ladies, which we have no doubt it is; but inasmuch as some men appear to read this department, and inasmuch as men still have an interest in their country, and probably will continue to have until their political interests have been swamped by the feminine movement, we think it advisable to call attention to it here. The country is even threatened with a novel about it, to come from the frazzled goose quill of former Senator Kenyon of Iowa, now a judge of the United States Circuit Court in that rebellious state. Judges do not usually write novels (that is, good ones), so we may take it as a warning. Judge Kenyon appears to have examined this latest phase of the "horrors of peace," and he thinks it is real, and so should make good fiction. On the other hand, Mrs. Medill McCormick and Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth are inclined to say "Bosh!" Whether it is a thing that can be successfully boshed away like that is a question. The novel may settle it. Few things can survive novelization—especially by an amateur.

Tea has been found a solvent for many social problems that have vexed mankind, so perhaps it is potent in political problems. It is more subtle and delicate than money corruption, of which Judge Kenyon thinks there has been a salutary subsidence. Dinners and receptions are forms of the social activity symbolized by tea, and they are said to have their part in the formation of policies and laws. It is even declared that in order to know how some senator or representative is going to vote it is well to know where he has been dining, or teasing; and that to understand in full the news in the political columns of the press it is also necessary to read the Washington society news. Washington real estate has even been sold to Uncle Sam by charming ladies you would never suspect of real estate, through the agency of a few choice invitations. If the thing stopped

there no very great harm might come of it, for real estate is, after all, limited, but apparently it does not stop there. It is said that a man may go to Washington a pure and undefiled patriot, a Galahad in heart, a warrior battling for the down-trodden and oppressed with every fibre of his leather lungs and catgut vocal chords, and if he doesn't watch out the tea-pourers will get him. The technique seems to consist of dangling before the eyes of his wife an invitation to swizzle Young Hyson or Orange Pekoe and then presenting to the husband a suggestion of the other side of the case. That, of course, as the Alabama judge said, confuses the mind of the court, and no warrior for the right ought to stand it. But if he doesn't, he and his wife will soon note a falling off in invitations, and may have to buy their tea at a grocery; to say nothing of missing theatre tickets, motor rides, and little attentions of that sort. President Wilson called attention to the insidious nature of the lobby infesting Washington in his day, and the Senate thought it well to have a vindication, known at Washington as an investigation; they are the same. It seems to have been a success, but the subject still wanders about the whispering galleries of the capital, and it has recently been discovered that Senator Capper, manager of the farmer bloc, than which nothing could be more pure in heart, has been taking dancing lessons. If that means anything it means that the republic is in peril again. We do not believe that Tom Watson of Georgia would take dancing lessons, and everybody knows what an incorruptible, flag-saluting patriot he is. Nor do we think what he drinks is tea. As for Senator Capper, his weakness is home-made candy. If others are found vulnerable at that point, Washington society may find itself committed to candy pulls. That should help all good men to stick together. It is a hard matter to keep our politics as pure as we could wish. It has probably been complicated, at least for a time, by letting the women out of the harem; but it is too late to correct that now.

Americans love to look at royalty. That phenomenon has been ascribed to snobishness, but the theory is unsound. It is not snobishness that underlies the curious fact, but economy. As a people, we are still Scotch tight, which is proved by the fact that for more than twenty years we have not for one waking moment ceased to yell about the high cost of living. And the reason we love royalty is that it is a goodly human spectacle, paid for by some one else. We would not pay for it, but as long as other people do, we love to look at it. Many Americans attended the recent royal nuptials at Belgrade, where King Alexander of Jugo-Slovakia, after a good many starts in other directions that got nowhere, was finally forced by circumstances into a "love match," as the women reporters are so fond of calling it, with Princess Marie of Roumania. While numbers of Americans in England were practicing touching their toes without bending their knees so that they would be able to bend double gracefully at court, another lot representative of the crowds that throng Fifth and Madison Avenues when a millionaire wedding is billed for St. Thomas' or St. Bartholomew's was thinking up the right way to get into the grandstand at Belgrade. The ukase had gone forth, "None but Americans of prominence permitted in the grandstand," or something to that effect, which it was thought by the managers would shut out practically the entire American contingent. They did not understand the American, bent on seeing royalty with his own eyes—especially royalty about to enter a hymeneal condition. For every non-prominent American at Belgrade there was a "prominent" American who was dead. These could not better serve their countrymen in extremity than by lending them their names. So, as the Servians were not familiar with our necrology, the grandstand burgeoned with some of the greatest Yankees that ever lived. The Hall of Fame would have looked like a nickelodeon beside it. If the Belgradeans wanted "prominent" Americans we have them in plenty. No royal wedding in half a century has been so honored. It is even said that a lot of our motion-picture stars were present, and for that we hope royalty will be duly grateful. It was more than King Alexander could have expected, more than he ever deserved. The marriage was a great success, so much so that a marriage mania is said to have developed throughout Jugo-Slavia, and the churches are swamped with applications for licenses. We have heard of something of the sort in the early days of Utah, when it was said that if a woman left a skirt hanging on a fence post some man would come along before night and propose to it. As to this particular wedding, it is being loudly and positively asserted that it will stabilize conditions among the nations of southeastern Europe and prevent wars between the Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, and Roumanians. Bosh! Why should it?

*Patron*—I see that tips are forbidden here. *Waiter*—Lor' bless yer, mum, so was apples in the Garden of Eden!—*London Mail*.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Mary was four she was given a Boston puppy which she insisted on taking to bed with her. Next morning she was cross and tired. Her mother anxiously inquired if she had not slept well. "No, mother," said Mary, "Brindle was crying all night for his mummy. So I stayed awake and made awful faces at him all night to make him think I was his bulldog mummy."

A suit tried by the late Sir Francis Jeune in the English divorce courts is said to be one of the briefest on record. Sir Francis summed up the case as follows: "If the husband were the brute the wife says he is, she is well rid of him. If, on the other hand, he is the saint he makes himself out, he is far too good for any woman. Consider your verdict, gentlemen."

The Rt. Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair tells a story of a colleague, a bishop, who rode out on a long round of leaving-calls, attended by a new groom. Before setting out the bishop had sent the man back to the house to get some cards. When they reached the last house the order was: "Leave two cards here, James." The unexpected reply of the groom was: "I can't, my lord. There's only the ace of spades left."

Sir James Denham, in his recently published memoirs, quotes the following as an example of unconscious Irish wit. Lady Ashbourne, wife of the lord chancellor of Ireland, was proceeding in her carriage to a viceregal drawing-room at Dublin Castle. She was stopped by a policeman to whom she angrily said, "You must let me pass. I am the wife of a cabinet minister." "Indeed, mum," the Irish constable answered, "I couldn't let you pass, not even if you was the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

Governor Small of Illinois was recently discussing the advantages and disadvantages of large life-insurance policies. It was remarked that Rodman Wannamaker and Pierpont Morgan carry million-dollar policies. "For the average man a large insurance has its advantages," said Governor Small, "but it also has its drawbacks. A lawyer earning about \$3000 a year was insured for \$60,000. He was once reported dead, but it was a false alarm. He cabled to his partner: 'I survived. Try to break it gently to my wife.'"

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, compares the modern exponent of the lost art of criticism to the woman who was going through a picture gallery with her husband. They stopped at a picture called "Saved"—a picture of a dripping Newfoundland dog standing over a dripping and unconscious child that he had just rescued from a near-by stream. The woman, who typifies the modern critic, studied the painting with great interest. "No wonder the poor child has fainted," she said, "after dragging that great big dog out of the water."

Mrs. Somerset Maugham, wife of the author of "The Circle," is an expert in house decoration. She and a friend, also an author's wife, were putting the finishing touches to the latter's new house when a mutual friend called and wished to be shown over it. The visitor, however, expressed surprise. "How is it," she asked, "that in your books you describe stately mansions and ancestral halls. But when you build you put up a little house like this?" "Well," Mrs. Maugham explained, "it's because words are cheaper than bricks, you know."

Here is an old story on the ex-Kaiser exhumed from an early number of the *Argonaut*: "It is said that the Kaiser, at a recent review in Berlin, reprimanded old General von Meerscheidt for losing his mind at a critical moment. 'If your majesty thinks that I am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to resign.' 'No, no,' replied the Kaiser, 'you are too young to resign. Indeed, if your blood didn't course through your veins so fast, you would be a more useful army leader.' On the evening of that day the Kaiser and the general met at a court ball. The general was talking to some young ladies. 'Ah, Meerscheidt,' cried William, 'that is right; get ready to marry. Take a young wife, then that excitable temperament of yours will vanish.' The general bowed low as he retorted: 'I beg to be excused, your majesty! A young emperor and a young wife would be more than I could possibly stand.'"

A fashionable wedding was being celebrated in Philadelphia at one of the exclusive social clubs. One couple arrived very early, and in alighting from the vehicle the gentleman slipped and ripped his trousers in a very noticeable manner. His wife hurried him into the "ladies' retiring room." Owing to their early arrival, there was no one in this room but the maid, who was well supplied with

needle, thread, buttons, etc., for emergencies. The wife placed her husband behind a screen; he passed his trousers over to her, and she handed them to the maid for repairs. Before the trousers had been mended a number of women were trying to get into the room, and the wife was trying to hold them out. At last she turned in despair to a door just back of her husband, pulled it open, shoved him through, and slammed the door. The husband pounded on the door and yelled, "For goodness sake, let me in! I am in the ball-room!"

Margaret L. O'Brien, secretary of the Domestic Servants' League, said in an address in Chicago: "If a servant is a hard worker she has a right to brag about it. The thing, however, shouldn't be carried too far. A missionary in India was waited on by a stately Indian, an applicant for the post of cook. The interview was satisfactory, and the missionary said at the end: 'I guess I'll engage you. By the way, though, what's your religion?' 'Beg pardon, sar,' said the Indian, 'I am heathen.' 'Heathen? What do you mean by that?' said the missionary. 'Beg pardon, sar, I am worshipper of stocks and stones.' 'My gracious,' said the missionary, 'I'm afraid I can't employ such a character as that.' 'Beg pardon, sar,' said the Indian, 'for thy dear sake work so dam hard no time to worship anything.'"

The original pawnbrokers were the bankers, and the humorous epithet "uncle" is said to be from the Latin *uncus*, a hook on which the brokers hung their pledges.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## To Lady Astor.

Hail, beautiful lady, world renowned,  
And hail to this, your latest capture  
With Goldenrod and Roses crowned  
Who pads at heel with purrs of rapture.  
Can this sweet cat with fluffy pate  
In blissful thralldom to your charms  
Be the same beast that ramps irate  
Upon Great Britain's arms!

'Tis proud indeed we'll be some day,  
Who witnessed the incipient stages  
Of your triumphal march, to say,  
"We saw her started down the ages!"  
And by the way, dear, since you're quite  
Well headed for the Hall of Fame,  
Don't hold your Lion's leash too tight  
Lest he forget he's tame.

'Tis true he lets you cut his claws  
And trim his beard or curl or shave it—  
And knit wool mittens for his paws,  
And bob his mane, or marcel-wave it,  
But Lions have their limits, take  
Life's friendly tip upon the quiet  
And don't attempt, for heaven's sake,  
To "pussyfoot" his diet!

—O. H. in Life.

## Record Price for a First Folio.

At Sotheby's several weeks ago the famous Daniel first folio of Shakespeare was sold to Dr. Rosenbach, the Philadelphia dealer, for the sensational price of £8600.

This is not far from double the price ever paid for a first folio in the auction room, says the Manchester *Guardian*. Last year £4200 was given for an inferior copy at Sotheby's. The Daniel folio is one of the three finest copies of the 180 that are known to be in

existence. It was bought in 1864 by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for £716. That was the highest price any copy had reached up to that time. In commenting on that sale a leading newspaper of the day remarked that the day would come "when our children's children will hear that it has been sold for ten times that sum."

It is supposed that about 500 copies were printed in 1623, and the original price was something like a sovereign. Down to 1907 the usual price for a good folio was about £2000, but in that year a folio which had belonged to Frederick Locker-Lampson made £3600. That copy was bought by Mr. Henry Widener, who was drowned in the *Titanic*. His library was presented to Harvard University.

Besides this copy several famous first folios have been lost to America during the last few years. In 1905 an American dealer gave £10,000 for first, second, third, and fourth folios together.

It was the morning of the new curate's first sermon, and he was most anxious to make a good impression. As he was rather a vain young man he turned to the old verger and asked *sotto voce*: "Could you get me a glass? A small one will do." The verger hurriedly departed, but soon returned with something under his coat. "I know what it is to be nervous," he said kindly. "I've brought you a whole bottle." The curate blushed and gasped, for he was not a drinking man. "But—but—" he began. "Ssh!" said the verger. "I'd never have got it if I hadn't said it was for you."



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Maud Fay and Captain Powers Symington, U. S. N., was announced on Wednesday, June 14th. The date for the wedding has been set for July 12th, and is to be celebrated at the Fay home on Grove Street. On the day following the wedding Captain Symington and his bride will leave for the East, where Captain Symington is to be stationed at the New York Navy Yard. Miss Maud Fay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Fay and the sister of Mrs. Marshall Dill, Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Miss Mary Fay, Mr. Charles W. Fay, Mr. Stanley Fay, Mr. Paul Fay, Mr. Clarence Fay and Mr. Philip Fay. Captain Symington is a member of a Baltimore family, and a graduate of the Naval Academy in 1892. He has been stationed in San Francisco for the past year as chief of the inspection board. For five years he was naval attaché at the American Embassy in London. Miss Fay has had a successful career as an opera singer, almost entirely in Europe, and her plans were to return to Europe, possibly to resume her career. Her plans known to her friends, the recent announcement of Miss Fay's engagement came as a surprise.

Mrs. Seward B. McNear entertained in honor of her sister, Miss Nina Barroll, at her country home at Ross on Wednesday. Miss Barroll came from her home in the East to attend the wedding of her niece, Miss Amanda McNear, to Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr. At the luncheon on Wednesday Mrs. McNear's guests were Mrs. Benjamin Gunn, Mrs. Robert J. Davis, Mrs. John McKee, Mrs. Carroll Camborn, Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. William Plummer, Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, Mrs. George Young, Mrs. Gustavus Zeil, Mrs. Alfred Du Bois and Mrs. James Kendall Armsby.

Complimenting Miss Josephine Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore, who is to marry Mr. Dean Dillman, Mrs. Hubert Law gave a luncheon at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Among those who were asked to meet Miss Moore were Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton, Mrs. Cleveland Forbes, Mrs. L. E. W. Pioda, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Eli Wied, Mrs. Lester Herrick, Mrs. Robert Roos, Mrs. Harry H. Scott, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Lucy Hanchett and Miss Alice Hanchett.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery and Miss Edna Taylor gave an *al fresco* dinner party for Miss Martin, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, on Saturday evening, at the Menlo Country Club. More than one hundred and fifty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lowery and Miss Taylor were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell and her fiancé, Mr. James Moffitt, who are to be married in the fall.

Admiral Edward Eberle, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, entertained a group of his friends at luncheon aboard his flagship, the U. S. S. California. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Hutchison, Rear-

Admiral Alexander Halstead, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Leicester, Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Commodore and Mrs. James Bull and Captain Powers Symington were among the guests.

Mrs. William C. Lyon was hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon at her apartment on Hyde Street. The affair was to have been in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan, who was expected from New Orleans, but her trip was delayed and she did not reach San Francisco until Sunday. Mrs. Lyon's guests on Wednesday were Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes, Mrs. Frank W. Griffin, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding, Mrs. Constance Peters, Mrs. James Hall Bishop, Mrs. Benjamin Thorpe, Mrs. George Cluff and Mrs. Eugene Payne.

Fiction in England, by English authors, is usually out-sold in this country by the American editions of the same books. Says a recent number of *John O'London's Weekly*, an English periodical: "It is always interesting to hear how many copies of a novel have been sold, though this may have nothing to do with its quality. One might guess that Mr. John Galsworthy's 'To Let' has sold twenty thousand copies. The sale of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's 'If Winter Comes' would be greater, say thirty thousand copies, because its appeal is more popular. We were into November before Mr. Hugh Walpole's 'Young Enchanted' appeared, but it has a record of fifteen thousand copies. By mid-autumn Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's 'Joanna Godden' has sold eight thousand copies, and was going well." The American sales of "If Winter Comes" were over two hundred thousand copies for the same period and the demand for this book has continued so steadily that the American publishers announce the 325th thousand in less than six months from the date of printing. A number of causes contribute to this situation. To begin with, the United States is a country infinitely more wealthy than England, and with over twice as large a population. In addition to this the book-buying section of our country is greater in proportion to the total number of inhabitants, due to different social conditions. The English reading public, furthermore, are in the habit of getting their fiction from lending libraries rather than at the book store. As a British author said: "America's the place. Why, people actually buy books there."

Poland is said to be the one country in Europe which preserves its national costume. The traditional dress, which varies in different districts, dates from the middle ages and has been a symbol of Polish patriotism during alien rule.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Ghost

I have been dead so long;  
I wish that I could find  
The little house among the trees  
Where everything was kind;  
The dawn against the window panes,  
The pictures on the wall—  
And human hands and human words  
Were kinder than all.

I must have lost the way  
(I have been dead so long)—  
The paths are choked with bramble  
And all the roads are wrong.  
It stood upon the hillside,  
The chimneys touched the sky,  
And twilight lingered longest there  
To kiss the day good-by.

Within its doors is peace—  
But I have lost the way,  
And long and bitter are the miles  
That run to Yesterday.  
I wonder is it still the same,  
The candle light, the song,  
The laughter?—I shall never know;  
I have been dead so long.  
—Victor Starbuck in the Forum.

## The Happy Ducks.

The happy ducks, whose life I tell,  
They have a brook where they can sail,  
Which winds and winds, as on they fare,  
Past treats few ducks can know elsewhere.

Past garden walls deep-mossed and mellow  
And harboring tepid slugs they swallow  
With joy-closed eyes, then on their heads  
They stand in varied waterweeds—

White star-flowered weed that sure must taste  
Like comfits for a naiad's guest,  
And long persuasive weeds that flows  
In ripples smooth to stroke their toes;

Beneath a bridge so tiny made  
In size it seems designed to shade  
Three sleepy ducks rather than be  
Walked on by folk the size of me.

Then where two willow-rows contain  
The stream in leaves, like lovers' lane,  
Through which they vanish from my eyes  
In distant fields marked checker-wise

With dykes, just near enough to show  
The banks are flowered through which they go.  
How dull the ducks must be, what fools,  
That live in yards and stagnant pools!  
—Camilla Doyle in "The Chapbook."

## A Ballade of Photographs.

Behold, O Fortune's favored one  
To whom this dainty Book may fall,  
Pachmarri, Muttra, Brindaban,  
Shall rise before you at your call—  
Benares' ghat, the Agra Hall,  
And verdant slopes of Ranikhet,  
Are yours to gaze upon in all  
The pomp of full-plate cabinet.

Mussoorie woods and boulders dun,  
Dead homes of kings and streams that crawl  
Leagues broad beneath a burning sun  
And green bamboo embattled wall—  
A silver tarn, a floating yawl,  
Squat shrine and Muslim minaret,  
Are yours, at price exceeding small  
In pomp of full-plate cabinet.

And have you ne'er let Fancy run  
Athwart the East we hold in thrall;  
And have you ne'er with rod or gun  
Left dusty lines or dreary Mall?  
Then turn the page where torrents brawl  
And Nature's sumptuous throne is set  
'Twixt giant rock and leafage tall  
In pomp of full-plate cabinet.

## L'ENVOI.

Prince or Princess, you have won  
This Book with gorgeous views beset,  
Procure a camera and run  
Yourself to full-plate cabinet.  
—Rudyard Kipling in "The Wave."

## Jardin du Luxembourg.

Over the wall bends the lilac spray.  
The fountain bows to a wanton breeze  
That urges the little one to their play  
(Whipping their tops 'neath the chestnut-trees).  
See them a-scamper by twos and threes,  
Skipping within their gay hoops' wide ring—  
Gaudy of bonnet and bare of knees!  
Paris is sweet in the northern spring!

Sail-boats skim over a mimic bay,  
Bound for a make-believe Antipodes.  
That one has foundered. A-well-a-day,  
For its boy-owner's small argosies!  
Now he drains sorrow's cup to the lees.  
Tears to his red cheeks salt courses bring,  
Mercifully brief—childhood's agonies!  
Paris is sweet in the northern spring!

Graceful the peach-blossoms weave and sway  
Through the grille's twisted interstices.  
That queer old rag-picker over the way—  
How does he feel on such days as these?  
Watch that fruit-vendor fight off the bees.  
Profits have set his wits wandering.  
He has no need for the Pleiades!  
Paris is sweet in the northern spring!

## L'ENVOI.

Winter, farewell! How your fantasies  
(Frost-sketched to beauty bewildering)  
Lose all their charm to your blast and freeze!  
Paris is sweet in the northern spring!  
—William Van Wyck in "Jessica's Book."

The mounted remains of Winchester, the horse on which General Sheridan made his famous ride through the valley of Virginia, has been moved from the Governor's Island Museum and is being taken to the Smithsonian Institution.

## Death of Mary B. Graham.

Mrs. Mary Bremerton Graham, widow of the late Major-General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A., died at Annapolis, Maryland, on June 14th. General Graham was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco from 1887 to 1896, and he and Mrs. Graham had many friends in this city.

Mrs. Graham's maiden name was Mary Bremerton Ricketts, and she was born at Fort Fairfield, Maine, in 1843. She was the daughter of Major-General James Bremerton Ricketts, U. S. A., and his first wife, Harriet Josephine Pierce, a niece of President Franklin Pierce. With Mrs. Graham at her death were all her surviving children: Mrs. Burrage, wife of Rear-Admiral Guy Hamilton Burrage, U. S. N.; Mrs. Alden, wife of Professor Carroll Storrs Alden, U. S. Naval Academy; Mrs. Scales, wife of Rear-Admiral Archibald Henderson Scales, U. S. N., and Colonel James Malcolm Graham, U. S. A.

The horse-racing season started the other day at Moscow, after an interruption of five years. The attendance of the public was large, despite the admission fee of 1,000,000 rubles. The promoter made profits of amounts expressed in astronomical figures. The ladies were dressed in the latest fashion. The orchestra played the "Internationale" and various marches. The entire new bourgeoisie had come and rivaled the Soviet aristocrats in the spending of money. The *Pravda* complains that such luxury was not seen even in the time of the Czars.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Arthur Comstock have returned from their wedding tour and are staying for a time at Mrs. Comstock's old home, before leaving for the East, where they will reside.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin spent the week-end at Rutherford as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour. Admiral Halstead was also a guest of Mr. and Mrs. de Latour.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carter Nichols and their daughters, Miss Louise Nichols and Miss Charlotte Nichols, moved to San Rafael the first part of June, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Oyster and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, have taken a cottage on the campus at Stanford for the early part of the summer. They will spend the month of July at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Green, who have made their home for the past year with Mrs. Green's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster, at Ross, recently bought a home in Piedmont, of which they will take possession the first part of July.

Mrs. George A. Pope is in Boston with her daughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor, and her son, Master George A. Pope, Jr., who is in school in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. L. L. Ghirardelli and Miss Elva Ghirardelli have gone to Wawona for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard O. Wayman, who have been on a fishing expedition on the McCloud River for some time, have returned to their home at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., returned last week from their wedding tour to Honolulu. They will be the guests of Mrs. Hendrickson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, at their home in Ross for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark Keeney and their little sons have gone to Santa Barbara to spend the summer at the home of Mrs. Keeney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw.

Mrs. William Henshaw and her daughter, Mrs. Allen Chickering, sailed for Europe some time ago to pass the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor and their son have gone to Palo Alto for six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., are leaving the end of the week for Coronado to be away for several weeks.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane arrived during the week from Washington, D. C., and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Talbot are motoring in Germany. They will be abroad until the late fall.

General Chase Kennedy, U. S. A., has gone to

New York for a visit of a few weeks. Mrs. Kennedy is at the Hotel Rafael for some weeks.

Mrs. Richard McCreery and her little daughter, Miss Isabelle McCreery, leave for Europe on June 26th. They will visit in London, and spend the balance of the summer at Lake Como.

Mrs. William Oge and Miss Alice Oge will join Mrs. Truxton Beale at her San Rafael home the end of the week.

Mrs. William Ede and Mr. William Ede, Jr., motored to Willits early in the week, to spend some time with Mr. Ede, who has business interests there. Mr. William Ede, Jr., will remain in the north with his father.

Mrs. Edwin Tyson Dow and Miss Dorothy Dow have gone to Honolulu to be away for most of the summer.

Miss Elvira Mejia has gone East, en route to Paris, where she will visit her sister. Mrs. Mejia will pass the summer with her other daughter, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., and later will probably join her daughters in France.

Mrs. George T. Marye and her sister, Miss Flora Doyle of Washington, D. C., are in San Francisco for a time.

Mrs. Corbet Moody is visiting in Massachusetts, and expects to return about July 1st.

Mrs. Cheever Cowdin of New York is expected in California during July for a visit of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles have gone to New York to remain until the latter part of July.

Miss Nance Obeare and Miss Sallie Obeare left on Friday for Europe for a trip of some length.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee, with a party of friends, are on a cruise on their yacht. They return the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels are building a new residence on the grounds of the old Walter Martin place in Burlingame. They are occupying a cottage on the grounds until the completion of the larger home.

Miss Barbara Willett and Miss Audrey Willett left this week for Europe. Their tour of Europe will occupy several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley and their family have gone to the Sierra to spend the months of July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Robbins are in Los Gatos, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mrs. Earle Brownell, Miss Sophia Brownell, and Miss Harriett Brownell are in the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron are in New York en route from Europe. They will arrive here the latter part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Clayton Harrison have returned to their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after several weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Darr of New York are at the St. Francis. They expect to visit in San Francisco for some time.

Mrs. W. C. B. de Fremery has gone East, and will soon sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have arrived in San Francisco from New York and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller leave for Europe on June 28th for a trip of some months.

Mrs. William Kuha has returned to San Francisco, after a few months spent in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor with their son, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Jr., have returned from Santa Barbara. Mr. Taylor will spend the summer with his parents before going East to attend Harvard in the fall.

Mrs. Thomas Hunter and her children left the early part of the week for Utah, to be the guests of Mrs. Hunter's parents.

Mrs. Grattan D. Phillips and her daughter, Miss Virginia Phillips, are on their way home from the East by way of Canada.

Mrs. Eleanor Doe left the latter part of the week for Coronado, where she will spend the summer.

Miss Fanny Friedlander and Miss May Friedlander, who have been on a trip to Australia, arrived from Honolulu the middle of the week.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali will leave on July 7th for Italy, where she will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble spent the week-end at the Diablo Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Walker also motored out.

Miss Sallie Maynard is spending several weeks at Santa Barbara as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Howard at their Montecito home.

Mrs. L. C. Mulgardt is spending the summer at Carmel. Mr. Mulgardt is at present in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn are spending a few weeks in the Yosemite.

Mrs. Herbert Baker and Mrs. Kent Hewitt are the guests of their mother, Mrs. Randall Hunt, at her Pacific Avenue home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport are passing the summer at their country home near Preston. Miss Eleanor Davenport is in Carmel for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cambron and their daughter, Miss Carroll Cambron, and her fiancé, Mr. Stanley Morrison, spent the week-end at Pebble Beach.

Mr. George Blaine Gilson spent several days in San Francisco, motoring in from his ranch at Covina, where he now makes his home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hume plan to spend the

month of July at Miramar at Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Bates have decided to join the summer colony at Miramar, also during the month of July.

Mrs. Thomas Dibble of Santa Barbara is making an indefinite stay in San Francisco as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Summers, at their Green Street home.

Mrs. Barton Cuyler and Miss Grace Cuyler have left for a visit to the Yosemite, and when they return will depart for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss Marion McAllister left last week for Banff in the Canadian Rockies, where they will spend the summer. Their first stop is at Shasta Springs, where Mr. McAllister will superintend the erection of an Alpine lodge on Mount Shasta for the Sierra Club. Their next visit will be at Klamath and Crater lakes, and from there they will go direct through to Banff and Lake Louise. Their nephew, Mr. Breck McAllister of San Mateo, is to accompany them as far as Shasta Springs.

Among those recently registered at the Whitcomb are Mr. M. Y. Conlor, Dorchester, Massachusetts; Mr. J. R. Sullivan, Mr. H. R. Gish, Laramie, Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nesbitt, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Irvin, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. R. G. Hayton, Sacramento; Mr. W. Henry Grant, Mr. W. A. Jeffers, New York; Mr. William C. Hovener, Sacramento; Mr. F. E. Curtis, Kemmerer, Wyoming; Mr. George McManus, Mrs. Leo McManus, New York; Mrs. F. Moore, Los Angeles; Mr. George C. Cummings, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hunter, Los Gatos; Mr. D. H. Putnam, Detroit.

Recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. George H. Thayer, Santa Barbara; Mr. Charles Hussey, Spokane; Mr. W. A. Elliott, Chicago; Mr. Charles H. Peters, St. Louis; Mr. F. W. Pendergast, Minneapolis; Mrs. J. L. Carman, Tacoma; Mr. Oliver Morosco, Los Angeles; Mr. Frank Burke, Portland; Mr. R. S. Cunningham, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. L. S. Weaver, Los Angeles; Mr. E. C. Coburn, Boston; Mr. W. B. Maxwell, New York; Mr. M. P. Stein, Stockton; Mr. George Klick, New York; Mr. George Hogan, Chicago; Mr. A. Oppenheimer, New York; Mr. Z. E. Leon, Utica, New York.

#### Institute of Architects' New President.

The American Institute of Architects, of which William B. Faville of San Francisco has just been elected the nineteenth president, was organized in 1857. Its first president was Richard Upjohn; and some others honored with that responsibility were Richard Hunt, Daniel H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim and George B. Post. The object was to unite the architects of the country in an effort to promote the aesthetic, scientific, and practical efficiency of the profession so that it might be of increasing service to society.

The institute is an organization of local chapters, ready to render assistance in public undertakings by personal service or as a society of trained professional men in their chosen work. For example, the San Francisco chapter was called upon to assist the procedure of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition leading to the architectural programme. The members are held to high standards of practice and conduct as a safeguard for the financial, technical, and aesthetic interests entrusted to them. They must be men of integrity as well as ability, for they guide the public in the design, not only of the public, but of the private building whose quality reveals the importance of the community in modern civilization.

Mr. Faville, who is the first president of the institute to be elected west of the Rocky Mountains, is a member of the firm of Bliss & Faville. He is a native of California and was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. For five years he was affiliated with McKim, Mead & White of New York. His firm has executed many of the fine buildings of the city, such as the Masonic Temple Building, the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Building, the Columbia Theatre, the St. Francis Hotel, the James Flood residence, and the State Building now being erected on the Civic Centre. Mr. Faville was a member of the Architectural Council of the Exposition, and was the designer of the Great Wall which bound the whole design together.

The smallest known radio receiving set measures half an inch in diameter and has 650 turns of wire in its coil.

Historical writing in Greece began about 500 B. C.

#### The Passing of the Serenade.

Sad indeed to lovers of the picturesque is the news which comes from Seville. The serenade, from time immemorial the quintessence of romance, is passing away and will soon be known no more, according to the *New York Tribune*. Worst of all, it is being destroyed by nothing else than modern and unromantic football. This game is at present in full vogue in Spain. Everywhere young men are passionately addicted to it, in Seville as elsewhere, so that the young Sevillians have no longer time as formerly to cultivate the song, the guitar, and the mandolin. Football engrosses them.

Soon one will not find a single lover capable of playing a serenade under the balcony of his Dulcinea. If Rosina opens her window Almaguiva will not be there to declare to her his passion.

But lately, on Saturdays, the young Sevillians assembled and wandered through the streets of the town singing to the stars. Today they go to bed early so as to be the next morning in good form for their favorite game.

The British Astronomical Association is now of the opinion that the Martian "canals" are vegetation, their peculiar shape being the results of moist air currents which blow from the poles to the equator.

An American actress, writing in a Chicago newspaper, says she has been married three times. The theory in Los Angeles is that she has not been trying or is merely an amateur at the business.—Punch.

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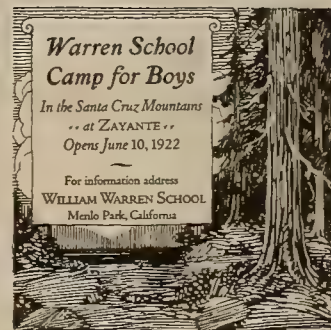
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Ever keep a diary, Weary?" "Wot's dat?"  
 "A record of wot a feller does." "Naw! De  
 cops attend ter dat."—*Boston Transcript*.

Apprentice—What is in this bottle with no  
 label? Chemist—That's what you use when  
 you can't read the prescription.—*Stockholm*  
*Kasper*.

"What's wrong between you and Freddy?  
 You used to be inseparable." "Can it be  
 possible you haven't heard? We're married  
 now, my dear!"—*Judge*.

Robust Traveler—Buck up, old chap!  
 There's nothing like the sea—finest tonic in  
 the world. Friend (with weak stomach)—  
 Good emetic, too.—*Punch*.

Shoe Clerk—What size would you like,  
 madam? Customer—I'd like a No. 3, but  
 there's no use talking about that. Show me  
 a No. 5.—*London Answers*.

"Jagsby always insists that his friends  
 drink first." "That used to be a mark of  
 courtesy." "But now?" "It indicates dis-  
 cretion."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

The Mistress—Really, Justine, you are  
 wearing very pretty silk stockings. The Maid  
 —Don't be uneasy, madame; I got these at  
 my last situation.—*London Opinion*.

Labor Agitator (after witnessing his first  
 football match)—That's what I call organized  
 labor, comrade. One blast from the whistle  
 and every man stops immediately.—*Punch*.

"I see you are specializing in a new drink  
 called 'Reminiscence.'" "Yes," said the

druggist. "Why the name?" "It's soft stuff  
 but it has a cherry in it."—*Birmingham Age-*  
*Herald*.

Mr. Toller—A man has left a million  
 pounds for respectable bachelors and wid-  
 owers. Mr. Coates—That seems a lot of  
 money to leave two or three men.—*London*  
*Answers*.

Husband—Your extravagance is awful!  
 When I die you'll probably have to beg!  
 Wife—Well, I should be better off than  
 some poor woman who never had any prac-  
 tice.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"Here's a man found nine pearls in an  
 oyster stew. Wonderful, hey?" "Oh, fairly  
 startling. I thought you were going to try  
 to lead me to believe he found nine oysters."  
 —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Millionaire (speaking to body of students)  
 —All my success, all my tremendous financial  
 prestige, I owe to one thing alone—pluck,  
 pluck, pluck. Student—But how are we to  
 find the right people to pluck?—*Dinuba (Calif-)*  
*ornia) Sentinel*.

"When we go to Boston next week, dear,  
 what d'y' say we go by boat?" "No, George,  
 it's no use; they don't go outside the three-  
 mile limit. And, besides, they're so dread-  
 fully particular now whom they let land in  
 this country."—*Judge*.

Mr.—Have you heard that Sjoberg's wife  
 has run away? Mrs.—No, indeed! Poor  
 fellow! How did he take it? Mr.—Well, he  
 has now calmed down a little, but for the  
 first few days he was delirious with joy.—  
*Stockholm Kasper*.

"Which weeds are the easiest to kill?"  
 asked young Flickers of Farmer Sassfrass, as  
 he watched that good man at his work.  
 "Widow's weeds," replied the farmer. "You  
 have only to say 'Wilt thou?' and they wilt."  
 —*London Weekly Telegraph*.

"Do you claim to know all about finance?"  
 "No," admitted Farmer Cornstassel. "I'm  
 free to confess some of us farmers who talk  
 about finance don't know any more about the  
 subject than some of the financiers who talk  
 about farming."—*Washington Star*.

Ded broke (roused by his wife)—What's  
 that you say, a burglar? Mrs. Ded broke—  
 Yes. Fancy a burglar calling on us! Ded-  
 broke—Let him climb in; then I'll give him  
 a yell and it may make him drop something  
 he has stolen elsewhere.—*Boston Transcript*.

Manager—We must put a great deal of  
 realism into this forest scene. Can you get  
 some one to growl so as to resemble a bear?  
 Assistant—I think so. There are six or  
 seven chorus men who have not received their  
 wages for three weeks. I'll call them.—*Pear-*  
*son's Weekly*.

"Who is the wisest man mentioned in the  
 Scriptures?" asked a teacher of one of her  
 Sunday-school class. "Paul," exclaimed the  
 little fellow, confidently. "Oh, no, Johnny;  
 Paul was a very good man, but Solomon is  
 mentioned as the wisest man." "Well, my  
 father says Paul was the wisest man, because  
 he never married, and I think my father  
 ought to know."—*Los Angeles Times*.

## The Berliner Helicopter.

Perhaps the greatest forward step which  
 has been made by the Berliners in the de-  
 velopment of the helicopter, or flying machine  
 to rise vertically, is the forward motion, says  
 the *Washington Post*. This has been the  
 stumbling block to all who have worked such  
 machines. Henry Berliner asserts that in his  
 machine this difficulty has been completely  
 overcome.

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 means of a small tilting propeller installed  
 on the rear of the fuselage. By tilting this  
 one way, the entire machine is tilted. If the  
 tilting propeller is inclined to an angle of  
 fifteen degrees there is a loss in lifting power  
 of a little less than 3 per cent. This, how-  
 ever, gives a horizontal push of 25 per cent.



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 papers, etc., in the house when you are going away for the sum-  
 mer. You may, on your return, find everything as you left it, but—

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of the lifting power. Helicopters have been  
 perfected to the point of rising from the  
 ground before this. In 1919 Henry Berliner,  
 conducting experiments near this city, suc-  
 ceeded to this extent. The discovery of  
 means of obtaining forward motion, however,  
 is only just completed.

The body of the helicopter is something  
 like an airplane. In the front, on either side,  
 are the lifting propellers fourteen feet long.  
 These revolve in opposite directions and are  
 operated by means of a revolving motor in  
 front of the driver's seat.

One of the things which has hampered the  
 inventors in their experiments is the difficulty  
 of obtaining a sufficiently powerful motor.  
 The motor now in use is 110 horsepower,  
 while the entire machine has a weight of 1350  
 pounds. With a 150-horsepower revolving  
 motor the Berliners believe that the ultimate  
 in perfection will be reached. Such a power-  
 ful motor is now being built for government  
 departments, and Mr. Berliner says that he  
 expects to obtain one of these for installation  
 on the helicopter.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Our Disabled Veterans.

San Francisco has had a number of conventions lately, but none it has been more delighted to entertain than the Disabled Veterans; it is sorry they are disabled, but glad they are here. There was no lack of enthusiasm in the greetings these men received when they paraded up Market Street last Tuesday; and even if there had appeared to be any hesitancy or want of vigor in the acclamations of the spectators, which there was not, it would have been owing to a certain fatigue of the public nerves after so many recent spectacular parades and other outdoor excitements. There is nothing too good for the men that lost limbs and health while upholding the honor and adding to the grand traditions of this country on European battlefields. Those that were not wounded came back better prepared for life than when they left, better trained than they would have been if they had never gone. But the men who actually were maimed, or whose vigor was impaired by some long period of invalidism resulting from the hardships of the service, have real and great claims, which no good citizen would ever be disposed to discount. These are the men chosen by the God of Battles to give of their body and blood as a sacrifice that liberty might not perish beneath the iron heels of Prussianism. They are the peers of the heroes of Salamis, who fought to save a dawning Occidental civilization and Occidental individualism from the Persian, with his Oriental

conceptions of despotism and slavery—conceptions which the German ideas of human relations strangely match, and with which Western theories of right and justice will be endlessly at war. No fighting men in history have been called upon to endure more than these men endured, or dare more than these men dared. And the sight of their medals and their honorable scars is a thing to catch the throat and stop the breath. It is more than ever borne in upon the people of this vicinity that if there is any help they still need, and we are assured there is, and lots of it, their cases should have consideration at Washington before all ordinary and most of the extraordinary business of the nation. This does not mean the forwarding of the bonus bill—that is another matter entirely. These men are in a different case and class. The government does not mean to be ungenerous, and is already expending huge sums to help them, but unavoidable administrative difficulties, too easily dismissed as "red tape," have put themselves in the way of complete disposal of the matter. According to Judge Marx, national commander of the organization, more hospitals and hospital beds are needed for the tubercular and mentally disabled, although \$18,000,000 was appropriated by Congress a year and half ago for this purpose; this in addition to the accommodations for 30,000 men now in hospital. This authority makes no unreasonable demand when he says the new accommodations should be provided with the same speed with which the barracks and cantonments were built in the crisis of war. Men are still dying daily from the illnesses and ailments caused by their service, and the accommodations should be expanded to save as many as possible. There is complaint that employers of disabled veterans discount their salaries by the compensation pensions they are known to receive. If that is a fact, it is a particularly mean and ugly fact, of which any American should be ashamed. Better treatment should be accorded, and we have no doubt will be, once public sentiment becomes conscious of the fact and the circumstances. Nothing within reason is too good for these men, nothing they actually need should be denied to one of them.

### The Senatorial Contest.

The exhausted patience of many intelligent Californians with the sterile and obstructive courses of Senator Johnson, as well as with his persistent alliance with William R. Hearst, has at last raised up an opposition that may result in his defeat. Charles C. Moore has been induced to run against him for the Republican nomination, and so one of the strongest personalities in the state has been called again into the public service. He has the support of such influential men in the Republican party as Marshall Stimson, Chester H. Rowell, Marshall Hale and other progressives. Moore will be most distinctly remembered as the president of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the most successful exposition ever held in this country, and without doubt the most beautiful one ever held in the world. He built the entire organization that constructed and operated the Exposition, and it was one of the most effective organizations ever put together. He may also be remembered by many as the head of the State Council of Defense during the war, a body which practically coordinated and directed all the war activities of the state for the time of its functioning, and which concluded its services with the highest credit. What the public may not so clearly recall is the fact that in 1908 and 1909 Moore, as chairman of the executive committee of the Citizens' Health Committee, saved this city from an epidemic that in all probability would have devastated it as cities were devastated in the Middle Ages, and would have spread to other parts of California and perhaps a considerable part of the country back of it. This was the first time his great organizing and executive abilities were brought conspicuously into the public service. Without him the

Federal sanitary experts would have been unable to do much more than quarantine the city. Moore organized practically the whole population and directed a campaign which was not only successful in stamping out the disease so that it never reappeared, but returned 19 per cent. of the funds publicly subscribed. It was a feat at that time without parallel, and it saved, not only the lives of thousands of citizens, but the commerce and wealth of the city and the employment and well-being of its inhabitants. In undertaking his present fight against the barren policies and the misrepresentative character of Senator Johnson, Mr. Moore has merely responded again to the call of public duty, for he did not seek the honor, nor can it be said of him that he ever sought a single one of the high posts he has held. A Republican, he advocated the League of Nations; and strongly favored the disarmament treaties which Senator Johnson has opposed. The *Argonaut* can not predict how this fight will result. It starts late, against a man who will be defended by the resources of machine politics, and the influence of the Hearst press. But at any rate it is a gallant adventure which will bear fruit in the future consolidation of the best forces of the community. Judicious persons feel that the situation presents more than a forlorn hope. It is a fighting chance, commanded by a most resourceful fighting man.

### More Private War.

If the Illinois massacre had been committed by an invading force of Germans the whole country would be under arms and the wretched state and county officials who permitted it would be swept aside like rotten planks in a flood. Striking miners of Williamson County have flung their challenge straight into the face of America. Their motto was "No Mercy." To such a hellish doctrine we could not, as a people, even in retaliation subscribe; but surely it is competent for the Federal government to adopt at last the principle that should have been adopted in these matters over forty years ago; the principle of "No Compromise." The government that compromises with crime gives it license and encouragement, and reveals itself as a weak and contemptible thing unfit for confidence.

This is civil war. We would better recognize it now than tell ourselves futile fibs about it while the internal enemy arms and develops plans, under revolutionary leadership, for the overthrow of the government. It is a comparatively simple matter to deal with now—but it is not going to be simple many years longer. It grows worse, and lately with accelerated pace. The West Virginia rebellion manifested itself mainly in sniping. This comes out in the open, like an "army with banners." They shot and clubbed to death men that had surrendered and had run up a white flag. Said one desperately wounded victim:

It won't be hard to prosecute the guilty. I believe nine out of ten miners in the district were in that mob. And there were a lot of women and children, too. The women showed no mercy. They just laughed and jeered when we asked not to be killed. My God! And they call this a free country!

It is said that some of these women held up their children to look upon the mutilated faces of the dead, and told them to "see what a good job daddy did."

It was too much blood for the stomach even of Hearst's hired man, Arthur Brisbane, who said of this horrible act:

That's bad news for union labor. It is playing the game of those that want to destroy all unions far better than they could play it for themselves. Murder leads to nothing definite except trouble for the murderers, and every man should know it.

And Brisbane ought to know. He has been for more than twenty-five years one of the doctors of philosophy of the college of discontent with the existing social order, with the chair of his democratic professorship in Delmonico's restaurant. But—there is no hedging by



him this time, no chance of it; no talk of "strike sympathizers," no excuses, no socialistic humbug in his column to the effect that this is the work of *agents provocateurs*, or trouble makers hired by the coal barons to bring the honest union miners into disrepute. There were thousands of them, with the women whose hearts of mercy they had poisoned, and the children they had taught to admire murder and who in all likelihood will grow up murderers: a fine social element in the national life. How Lenin, when he hears of it, will applaud! It is just his dish.

The scenes are the scene of the German war, reenacted in America, land of justice and the free. A dispatch to the *Chronicle* says that one fugitive who reached Chicago with eight buckshot in his back overheard the leader of the mob cursing the others for permitting any one to escape to tell the tale. From another, who was lined up and marched out of town, this account was obtained:

The others were drawn up in front of a barbed-wire fence and told if they could clamber over it they might go free. As they mounted the fence all were shot, falling upon the barbed wire. Their murderers continued shooting into the bodies until they were perfectly limp. Meanwhile the lodge brother had called Bernard to one side, put him in a flivver, and drove him away, while the rest of the gang were finishing up the men on the fence.

"Most of the murderers were foreigners," said Bernard. "I saw very few white men among them. The women, too, all appeared to be dark-skinned foreigners, and they were more savage than the men, if that is possible. These hags were everywhere, screaming and urging their men to torture their victims before killing them.

"I left three of my buddies hanging on the fence, and twelve of them were shot down before they could reach the fence. While I was concealed in some dense shrubbery I saw about twenty miners searching through the woods for refugees. They were all foreigners, talking in a foreign language, but I could make out the word 'scab.' I looked across the prairie in front of me, and I could see men being 'pegged' from the woods on each side of the open space. I saw at least seven men shot down in that space.

"I followed through the woods to the north and came upon three men hanging from a tree. Their bodies were riddled with bullets and their faces were mashed and cut until they were just masses of bloody bones and flesh. In another small clump of woods I saw three more men hanging, all terribly mutilated. An elderly man named Schelpert, who saved me because we were both 'Bills,' guided me through the woods, and although we met parties of gunmen, they did not molest us, because I was under Schelpert's care. He finally conducted me to a water tank, and I got on the rods of a freight train that stopped there, reached St. Louis, and from there came home. It was hell."

Forty-four prisoners who surrendered under a flag of truce were being marched into Herrin. In a clump of woods, so says a dispatch to the *Examiner*, they were mowed down by a crash of rifle fire. One victim was hanged. For what crime? For the crime of working. "Let's make soap of them," said a young woman among the strikers.

Said John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, in a message to an Illinois politician just before the massacre:

Representatives of our organization are justified in treating this crowd as an outlaw organization and in viewing its members in the same light as they would any other common strike-breakers.

We shall do Lewis the justice to say that he probably did not intend that anybody should be murdered, much less that he meant to issue orders for murder to take place. But who is Lewis to pronounce sentence of outlawry, or say how anybody in this country shall be "treated"? He says the mine-owners incited the trouble. Old stuff.

This war has many causes, of which but a few of the general and fundamental are profitable to consider. It grows out of feeble government, government that is democratic, instead of representative as the Constitution intended the government of this country should be; government by a Congress largely composed of delegates, instead of a real House of Representatives acting on superior, centrally acquired information for the best interests of all their constituents and all constituencies. It grows out of the incessant criticism of courts of law by ignorant persons who have no knowledge of law and less of courts, and want the judges elected by the people and their decisions subject to "recall"; backed by such attacks on the Supreme Court as Senator La Follette made before the American Federation of Labor at Cincinnati the other day. It grows out of the spirit of ignorant discontent with common human troubles which will always have to be borne because they are by nature incurable. It grows out of the socialistic delusion that poverty is curable, but is

somehow imposed on the rest of us by the rich so they can make more money out of human suffering. It grows out of the insane Karl Marx doctrine that the value of a product is its labor cost, and hence capital has been stolen from labor—a doctrine which, in all probability, the ordinary business man finds it hard to refute. It grows out of the usurped privilege and irresponsibility of labor unions, and out of popular attacks on the Supreme Court for pointing out that labor union responsibility is real. It grows out of the oratorical efforts of professional heart-bleeders, whose great hearts bleed for the poor in order to get votes on which they can become mob delegates in Congress; and who never do anything really beneficial for the poor after they get there. It grows out of political trimming; in the district attorneys' offices and the sheriffs' offices of the land. It grows out of general mental mush and sentimentality and pink Bolshevism in the universities. It grows out of the activities of circulation-hunting newspapers that hire literary rabble rousers to increase the advertising value of their columns—men who "can write just as well on either side of a subject"; such men are prostitutes. It grows out of the prattlings of ignorant persons about "social justice," when they know nothing whatever about justice, and very little about any real needs of society. And it grows out of the practice of ignoring the Malthusian principle, and bringing down wages to the suffering point by having families that are too large and adding unlimited importations of foreign labor.

One might cite causes indefinitely from the tendencies converging to this condition, but it would be useless at this time. We do not expect to see even the little matters we have mentioned corrected within the week. But this should be added: Burke said something to the effect that a government that could not protect the poorest Hindu on the banks of the Ganges could not be relied upon to protect an English castle on the banks of the Thames. Judged by that standard, the present government of Illinois appears to be almost wholly worthless.

The verdict of the coroner's jury is, of course, a tragic mockery and faithfully reflects the perversion of popular sentiment in the region affected. The first duty of government in the United States today is to suppress every form of private war, whether of striking miners in Illinois or striking taxicab drivers in San Francisco. No structure of "social justice" nor anything else of value can be built under conditions of anarchy.

#### German Tendencies

German monarchism has reared its ugly head once more, and with such manifestations of support as to indicate that what has recently been said of its strength by observant travelers is true and the German republic faces a growing danger. The assassination of Rathenau has not followed so closely in point of time upon that of Erzberger as to show that this is any transient flash of anger by a small group. The two acts are separated by an interval of nine months, which is sufficient "cooling time" for anybody, and manifests the duration of settled, persistent policy. In other words, this is no passing spasm, but the effect and demonstration of an organized reaction which appears to grow in popularity with every passing month.

The so-called psychology of the Germans, their direction of mind and feeling, their appraisal of political values, the object of their desires and ambitions in a political sense, seem to be things rooted in German character. Probably their origin is both historical and biological. Probably we should have reacted to their historical stimuli in a totally different manner. The fact remains that the average modern German in Germany is what he is, and that he is something radically and devilishly different from the Englishman or the American. He seems to worship power for power's sake, he seems to wish to build it up collectively, and to see it embodied in awful forms in his government and governmental institutions. He responds instantaneously to such suggestions on the part of his pedants and so-called philosophers. The state is his be-all and end-all, and having, perhaps, some practical difficulty in his comprehension of abstractions, although no one has more loudly claimed the mastery of abstract ideas, he wants to see it embodied in the person of a monarch to whose pomp he seems willing to surrender every atom of his individuality—social, industrial, and moral. He does not appear to want this power for any praiseworthy object, but merely for the power itself.

He is warlike, and always has been warlike, not for the defense of high ideals and individual happiness, but to see power manifested; and to his infantile mind its plainest, most easily comprehended manifestation is the destruction that war produces, with its accompaniment of terrible noises, always appealing to the savage—crashing bands, the boom of Big Berthas, rending explosions, the pulverizing of villages, cathedrals, and towns.

There is a fundamental, irreconcilable, hostility between such views of life and society and those through which the development of this country has progressed. We have been a nation of individualists. We have been jealous of the rights of persons against the encroachment of the state. We have instinctively recognized, almost throughout our history, that the greatest good to the greatest number, and the greatest good to all, did not need the meddling interference of government, did not need artificial promotion by either self-appointed or hereditary supermen, but was best wrought out through the cumulative effect of the activities of all the individuals of society, left free, as far as practically possible, to serve society by serving themselves. It is necessary that we recognize such a difference and that we understand that these two principles can not in any measure be mixed, in order to save ourselves from the drift toward the German governmental theory, which has recently set in.

The building up of collectivistic power in the government is a dream that dazzles the mind of the child, the visionary, the poet; or the theorist who stands on the side-lines and observes the effect of the labors of others without understanding those labors, or how those effects had to be brought about. We are daily drowned under waves of criticism of the management of industry, directed by visionaries against the only persons who can manage industry because they are the only persons who have survived the grueling contest for positions of management. This industrial survival of the fittest is a thing against which poets and dreamers instinctively rebel, because its incidents are selfish and unbeautiful; and under idealistic guidance we are in this country today building up great codes of meddling statutes and so-called regulations and multiplying tax-eating bureaus with commissioners to administer laws so intricate in their interferences with the intimate affairs of the people that they can not be made objective and general, but must be entrusted for enforcement to the discretion of a lot of little kings, each a despot in his own small field. The Southern Pacific and Central Pacific railroads are told that they must not be operated as a unit, and the individual under some idealistic scheme of city beautification is told that he must not have two families and two kitchens under the same roof. There are commissions in this state to control almost all the normal activities of life, and they are implacably hostile to the most valuable American customs. We are manifesting the beginnings of a distinctly German tendency toward the elimination of individualism and personal liberty, and unless we fight it in every future manifestation it will paralyze the best activities of our people and destroy a large measure of their well-being. For most of us are not Germans, and can not find our highest happiness in the German plan.

#### Decay.

Secretary Weeks' frank talk to the students at Western Reserve University on "The Decline of the American Government" has stirred up a hornets' nest at Washington, and is causing the esteemed Secretary of War to be criticized bitterly, not only by Democrats, but by many Republicans. The burden of the Republican criticism is, not that Secretary Weeks was in error, but that he chose an unpropitious time to utter the truth.

The politically informed know that Weeks was not in error, and that no time—from the standpoint of the public good—is ever unpropitious for telling the public what it ought to know. Can any one honestly declare that government, public service, politics, the American principles of self-government and self-reliance, have not been declining?

It is hardly debatable that the great body of the American people has a feeble understanding of the spirit in which this republic was founded than it had two generations ago, and that people are leaning with increasing weight on the government to do for them those things which they might better do for themselves. The tendency to establish a socialistic state continues—perhaps at a lesser rate of speed than four



or five years ago, but still it continues. What is more, the results of that tendency are beginning to be observed in the behavior of the people.

A single local example will illustrate the case and make clear our meaning. One of the cities across the bay has a poet for managing director of its Chamber of Commerce. Sent East on a mission recently, he seized the opportunity of laying before the President of the United States a poetic scheme for having the youth of the land trained by the government instead of its parents or getting its training as the President got his, and as John Jacob Astor, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Carnegie and everybody else in this country who was ever worth a cent got theirs. The government is to stand *in loco parentis*, we believe the phrase is, and the parents will stand—aside. Could anything be more poetic? Could anything be more obvious to the mind of a dreamer than the proposition that the present and historical system of bringing up children in this country is all wrong, a blunder worse than a crime? He says:

The purpose of the scheme is to train our coming citizens for peace—not for war. It will bring our great army of boys and young men together, will take them out of their provincialism, give them a certain amount of independence, and make better men of them.

If a wayfaring man may put such a question, how does he know it will? For the matter of that, how does any collectivistic, paternalistic visionary know what would be the result of his visions could they be realized? Why, you don't have to know it; it is enough to imagine it. Organize your bureaus on that basis and if the public ever finds out that the scheme is a failure it will be too late to correct it, for one more lot of bureaucrats will be entrenched in the treasury and ready to help their fellow-bureaucrats defend their positions with more force and effectiveness than a dozen Hellanmaria Dawses could ever overthrow. The "plan" has been submitted to Senator Shortridge and leading officials in the War Department, and is said to be on its way to Congress. And this is what is to be done to the glorious, self-reliant, impetuous and all-conquering youth of America, the youth of the Argonne and the Second Marne, if the thing can be made to work:

The youth will, soon after going into camp, be studied and examined, the purpose being to find out what he is fitted for and shape his training along that particular line. If a youth is interested in farming or stock raising, then he will be given special and practical training as a farmer. All kinds of vocational training will be provided, as well as training leading to the professions.

Special attention will be given to a development of the arts. Conservatories will be provided where talent in music and art will be brought out and developed.

Shades of Boone, Crockett, Carson and Jim Bridger, think of that! Think of Daniel Boone or Sergeant Alvin York pecking at the keys of a piano in a "conservatory"! Think of Charles M. Schwab or Charles C. Moore brought up by a government bureau, like a rubber plant!

Nations do not make men—men make nations. But the life of this nation tends, under increasing paternalistic influences, to descend to that dull and stodgy level which once was characteristic only of the older peoples of Europe. The spirit of adventure seems to have departed. Even on the new frontier of Alaska the change is apparent, and the secretary of an Alaskan Chamber of Commerce tells what some Alaskans believe the government should do for them and their territory, the nation's last frontier. According to him, the government must engage in colonizing, to put settlers on the land; it must provide low and money-losing transportation rates; it must build branch railroads; it must send geologists into the field to find the mineral hidden there and thus save the time and effort of the prospectors; it must survey and inventory and chart and define all of the potential wealth and resources of the territory and make them available for the pampered nephews of Uncle Sam to go and take them without individual effort or hardship.

Where would California, Oregon, and Washington be today if these had been the prevailing ideas at the time Americans moved into these states? They did not ask some one else to find for them the gold, the farms, or the cattle ranges. They took them.

The repressive hand of paternalistic government is responsible for the change. In the hearts of our young men the pioneer spirit is slumbering. It has been put to sleep by the narcotic of paternalism. The incentive to seek the bonanza in the wild places has been re-

moved. The waste places, the undeveloped places, the unmapped regions are locked tight under this new scheme of Federal regulation. The seeker for the bonanza is warned away by the threat that if he finds it the government of the United States will claim it as the property of "all the people." The prospector has, largely, disappeared, not only from Alaska, but from the Western hills and mountains. A fanatical demand to "conserve resources for future generations" has gripped the government, and the country stagnates. In California the socialists offer us the social opium of the Water and Power Amendment. Standardized, level, and unimaginative people stir feebly and raise their voices to Washington in a plea "to come and help us and do the things that our forefathers were eager to do for themselves." It is manifested in the growing money aid the states are obtaining from the Federal government, and the dependence that course entails. The total of these paternal alms for the fiscal year 1921 reached the sum of \$77,045,623.69. It has been estimated that in 1923, \$170,000,000 will be made available for the coöperative construction of rural post roads alone.

And almost every day some new proposal is made to spend more Federal dollars where state dollars or privately-owned dollars should be spent. This truly marks a decline to lower political standards, unless the tendency shall be arrested by a general return of common sense and a general recognition of the value of individualism.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dr. Barrows Explains.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Absence from Berkeley delayed my seeing your editorials in the issues of the *Argonaut* for May 27th and June 1st, discussing the situation of the University of California.

For the extreme kindness of these editorials to myself, I am profoundly grateful. As to the proper aims of the university, there may be little difference of opinion between us. No one here would, I think, express content with the standards of present-day scholarship. Low public tastes have penetrated academic campuses. Nevertheless, your indictment of the university seems to me very severe and to disregard the fine devotion and wholesome behavior which appear to me to predominate.

In recent years the university has received new functions and responsibilities. I know there are many who sympathize with the point of view of the *Argonaut*, that the university has lent itself too far to the undertaking of diverse and extra campus endeavors; but opposed to this conservative position is a large and influential body of opinion in the state which feels that the university should be a general servant in all matters pertaining to higher instruction and investigation. This feeling has operated, together with the great and justified confidence in the governing body of the university, in multiplying tasks which, in numerous instances, have not been sought by either regents or faculty, but which have been accepted in a sense of loyalty to the needs of the state as a whole.

The object of my writing, however, is primarily to correct a misapprehension upon which part of your editorial comment is based, and upon which candor hardly permits me to be silent. I refer to the relations between the academic senate and the president, and to the imputation that the regents have failed to support the president in differences with the senate. I assure you that on this matter there is misapprehension. On matters of general policy there have been few differences between the senate and the president; and in the happily few instances in which the president has recommended contrary to the prevailing opinion of the senate, the regents have invariably sustained the president's recommendation.

Some two and a half years ago, after thorough discussion between the regents and the academic senate, new standing rules were adopted by the regents with respect to the senate's position. These rules do not appear to alter fundamentally the position of the president. In an institution so varied and weighted with human problems, there must be somewhere power of prompt decision. That power still remains with the president. The rules, however, required that before decision he listen to the counsel of the senate. And considering the general advantages of consultation and the importance of the president's decision to the work of so many colleagues, consultation does not seem to be more than what such a body as the academic senate has a right to expect.

The changes of two and three years ago could not be made without some disturbance of university administration. A perfect adjustment, it must be admitted, has not been secured; but I venture to assert that distinct progress in the internal conduct of the university is being made. The relations between the senate and the president have not been inharmoniously broken. The president has not found it necessary to appeal to the regents in support of his authority, and consequently the regents have not failed with respect to the senate in giving him proper support.

I am not resigning the office of president because I despair of a right solution of the university's problems, nor of a proper administration of them, but for a reason which my letter of retirement exactly and comprehensively states, namely, my preference for plans feasible to a professor, but impracticable to a university executive, and my belief that as a professor I can be more successful and more serviceable.

Faithfully yours,

DAVID P. BARROWS.

Welcome Bill, Welcome Word.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22, 1922.

The Argonaut, 207 Powell St.,

San Francisco, California—

GENTLEMEN: Many bills are placed before me daily. Some give me a jolt, some I am compelled to pay under protest, but there is no bill which it gives me greater pleasure to pay than my annual subscription to the *Argonaut*, which, in my humble opinion, is the best weekly published.

Here is hoping that all your old subscribers will renew their subscriptions with as much pleasure as I do mine and that Mr. Holman may live long enough to have at least one million subscribers to your wonderful paper.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH DUNEY.

## "SUCCESS" IN ONTARIO.

Statement of Premier Drury on Political Construction and Operation.

Non-Partisan Leaguers, organizations of office-holders, and other advocates of the social revolution involved in the Water and Power Amendment, are persistent in the claim that the Ontario governmental adventure in hydro-electric power production is a success—word of many meanings to many men. They are careful never to reveal the fact that at the end of the fiscal year 1920 the total construction achievement of the hydro-electric power commission (the water and power board of the province) amounted to but 23 per cent. of the plant capacity operated, and that in the main it is merely carrying on, how well no man knows, what private enterprise had economically conceived and built. The real test of success or failure is the ability of such a government agency to carry out new construction economically and effectively. If it can not do that we may be sure that the old plant is running down, too—that the political board lacks the ability to carry on with what business men created. The Russian debacle proves it.

Now, two big constructive undertakings of the Ontario hydro-electric power commission since it took hold of the industry eleven or twelve years ago are embodied in the Chippawa project and the Nipigon project. We have heretofore quoted in these columns, but quite briefly, the statement of the premier of Ontario, the Hon. E. C. Drury, himself a "public ownership man" and head of the present farmers' administration of the province, to the effect that the estimates for the Chippawa project grew, under political management, from \$10,500,000 to \$65,000,000 (indicating that political management manages well, for the politicians), and that under the Nipigon project the rates charged consumers of power, who were promised it at cost and probably received it at cost, grew from \$15 a horsepower year, the charge of the private company previously operating in that field, to \$21 a horsepower after the politicians got going. Which supports our previous statement that when the politicians sell power at cost it will cost like sin. At the Commonwealth Club dinner last week, where after exhaustive debate the Water and Power Amendment received from those club members present seven votes in favor to 101 against, it was insistently represented by socialistic advocates of the proposal that the Ontario project had been a great success, and that in the light of that success California ought to go valorously forward along the Russian road to the socialization of industry. It certainly does not support the myth of "success" for the premier of the province to say: "We must for the safety of hydro-electric development in Ontario get some sort of an organization which will not lead us to live from year to year in a fool's paradise, but will tell us the exact truth in regard to projected public undertakings of this nature. I take it that that is necessary if we are to save hydro-electric development in Ontario." No, that does not make a noise like success. It sounds like something else. There has been so much effort to begot the Ontario situation, and this phase of the discussion has now become so important, that we present Premier Drury's address in full. This is what he said, stenographically reported, to the Federation of Business Men's Associations at Toronto on March 17th last:

"I do not know how much the Chippawa development is going to cost. Nobody knows that. It may be money well spent, but the thing which the province must have in a public service commission on whose guidance and recommendations we undertake the expenditure of great sums of public money, is estimates upon which we can depend. If we get into the habit of taking estimates that can not be borne out, we are running into danger. I do not know that Chippawa is costing one cent more than it ought to cost, but I do know that the province has been told that it would cost much less than it is going to cost. Do you get my point?"

"If we are going to have the proper sort of guidance, we must be told in advance as nearly as possible what these great public ventures will cost, so that we can know whether they should be gone into or not."

"The history of the Chippawa development is this: On June 23, 1915, the chief engineer of the hydro-electric commission submitted a preliminary estimate covering the development of 100,000 horsepower at the Queenston site, and ultimate development of 300,000 horsepower, and said:

"We have estimated that the completion of the above works will cost \$10,500,000, or an estimated cost per horsepower of \$105, for 100,000 horsepower. The estimated annual charge on the above expenditure amounts to \$944,600, or \$9.44 per horsepower. This capital expenditure includes, in addition to that required for 100,000 horsepower development, the necessary equipment in the power house and headworks for an extension to 300,000 horsepower. The approximate cost for 200,000 horsepower will be in the neighborhood of \$70 per horsepower with an annual charge of not less than \$8."

"As regards the expenditures on account of the above com-



sidered development, I may say that these would be about \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 for the fiscal year ending October 31, 1916; approximately \$3,000,000 during the fiscal year 1917; \$5,000,000 during the year 1918, and the remainder in 1919.

"That was the original proposition for this work, to be completed in 1919.

"We have been told that the cost of Chippawa was due to its being a war undertaking. Well, it would have been if it had been carried out according to schedule; but not one-tenth of the present cost was spent during war-time. The war was over before the thing was seriously undertaken. It may have been planned as a war-time enterprise, but it was not conducted as a war-time enterprise, for the simple reason that the war had ceased before the work was seriously gone on with or much money spent on it.

"In 1918 the proposal to develop 275,000 horsepower had risen to 450,000, and the ultimate cost of developing 450,000 horsepower was given as \$40,000,000. In 1920 fears began to be felt and an engineer named Cooper was called in to make a report, and Mr. Cooper made a report. Mr. Cooper intimated in his report that the cost for 275,000 horsepower would be a little over \$65,000,000. Mr. Cooper's report has been vindicated almost to a cent. But what happened? The commission held that Mr. Cooper's report was not reliable. The commission sent for other engineers. The commission placed the facts of the construction up to date before the other engineers. Messrs. Stuart and Kerbaugh made an estimate, not of \$65,000,000, but of \$49,000,000. The government was asked to come over for a consultation. I, myself, with Colonel Carmichael, went to Niagara Falls, and we believed, on the word of the commission, that the Cooper estimate could not be relied upon.

"At the last session the hydro-electric commission submitted an estimate of \$55,000,000, some \$5,000,000 more than the estimated cost by Messrs. Stuart and Kerbaugh for the completion of the canal, with five generating units installed.

"Last year it became apparent that that cost was going to be vastly exceeded, and the government became alarmed and took the matter up with the commission; and what was the explanation? That the cost of cement and labor had gone up. In the public works department of the government they had gone down. We were told also that the steam shovels did not work; that the haste programme accounted for far more money than was expected. That was rendered a little hard to believe on account of the fact that the haste programme had been abandoned away back in July, and, instead of developing power in September, we did not develop it until the New Year. We are inquiring, and we have inquired, and we intend to inquire further.

"As I have said, we do not know whether Chippawa has cost too much. I do not know whether that work has not been done as efficiently and economically as it could be done; but, if it has, the public has not received the proper information as to the estimated cost. One can not get away from one or the other view; and the government intends, and we must for the safety of hydro-electric development in Ontario, get some sort of an organization which will not lead us to live from year to year in a fool's paradise, but will tell us the exact truth in regard to projected public undertakings of this nature. I take it that that is necessary, if we are to save hydro-electric development in Ontario.

"No business man among you would tolerate for a moment estimates such as I have quoted to you, going up without any justification, and with all the suspicion behind it that they are intended to induce the public to take up a project which otherwise they might be chary about taking up. That is not the right sort of business.

"I believe in public ownership and I believe in the success of public ownership, but I believe that that success can only be obtained by the public knowing, by the province knowing, the cost of the works which are to be undertaken with at least a fair degree of accuracy; and that we must have. We intend to find out why we have not had it. That is a position which the government must take in the defense of public ownership in the province of Ontario.

"Unfortunately, we have another development work which is an example of almost the same sort of thing. Up in the northwest section of the province there is a great public ownership development, the Nipigon development.

"The people of Fort William and Port Arthur undertook this development. They were definitely promised cheaper power. The work was gone on with and was to cost between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000. It has already cost for a partial development \$6,300,000. That is what comes from underestimating. The people of Port Arthur and Fort William were given rosy figures. They voted for cheaper power; no man votes for dearer power; but because the work was underestimated they are getting dearer power; and they are sore about it, and do you wonder that they are sore about it? Again, it was not a business undertaking.

"I am not saying that the Nipigon development may not be wise, but I am saying that the people of those two cities responsible for it should have been given an estimate somewhere about what it would have cost to go into it, and then have been allowed to use their own judgment.

"Last year there was piled up a loss which must be added to capital, a loss of about \$300,000; and the people of Port Arthur are paying about \$21 a horsepower for power at cost, instead of some \$15 per horsepower under private ownership. Under these public ownership developments you can not look too far into the future. You can not build a work that is to supply power ten years hence. Under the scheme of 'power at cost' the capital cost must bear the interest charge until consumption overtakes it. In Port Arthur the interest charge is not half met by the cost of the power sold. The remainder of the interest charge is added to the capital account; so that each year, without a bit of work being done upon the development, the capital cost mounts up by about \$300,000. It is the old scheme. I believe in private promotions it is described as the policy of making the dog eat his tail until he gets something else to feed upon. It is probably a sound method and it is certainly the only way in which these charges can be met, unless the province as a whole is to absorb the loss. But, Mr. Chairman, if the dog has to feed upon himself until he has not only eaten his tail, but also half of his body, he becomes a comparatively worthless dog; and that is exactly what we fear of such schemes as the Nipigon power project, built ahead of the requirements of its power market. It is the thing which may become apparent at Chippawa if we do not handle it wisely. We must handle it as wisely as we can—otherwise it may become a burden to the people of Ontario instead of a benefit to the people of the province. That is why the government has been stepping in and making inquiries."

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### The Lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

While some are admird,  
For charms bought or hired:  
With neither pride, paint, or patch,  
More charming by far  
Than all of them are  
Is the lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

So neat, although plain,  
So graceful her mien,  
Although she lives under the thatch;  
Though the linen be coarse,  
The skin's ne'er the worse,  
Of the lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

What though she can't boast,  
Like many a gay toast,  
Of her jewels, her trinkets, her watch;  
Such toys she may scorn,  
For they could not adorn  
The lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

Her every action  
Drives me to distraction;  
To see her but lift up the latch  
Sets my heart all on fire,  
And all I desire  
Is the lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

Oh! were she out kind,  
And like me inclin'd,  
I'd the first opportunity catch  
A flame to impart,  
Like mine, to the heart  
Of the lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

In some happy time,  
When our love's in the prime,  
If one willing kiss I could snatch,  
I'd envy no peer  
His lady less fair  
Than the lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

Of dames, or of misses,  
Where's one such as this is?  
In short, there's not one that can match,  
In Surry, fair shire,  
Nor on earth far or near,  
With the lass of the Halfpenny Hatch.

—Old London Song, dated 1757.

#### Vanity Fair.

"Vanitas vanitatum" has rung in the ears  
Of gentle and simple for thousand of years;  
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scarce  
Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet  
There the young go to learn and the old to forget;  
The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may be glare,  
But the gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot, but mind  
Atra Cura is up with the lacqueys behind;  
Joan trudges with Jack—are the Sweethearts aware  
Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something may learn  
Of the harvest they reap when we see them return.  
The tree was enticing; its branches are bare—  
Heigho for the promise of Vanity Fair.

That stupid old Dives, once honest enough,  
His honesty sold for star, ribbon, and stuff;  
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with care  
Since Jack bought her ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contemtable Dives! Too credulous Joan!  
Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own;  
My son, you have yours, but you need not despair—  
I own I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts—wise counsels are vain,  
We go, we repent, we return there again;  
Tonight you will certainly meet with us there—  
So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

—Frederick Locker-Lampson.

A writer in the *North American* says: "Millions of unbuilt houses proclaim that 'the very stones cry out.'" How the mischief can an unbuilt house proclaim anything?

### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Stephen Smith, centenarian, and Columbia's oldest alumnus, was made a Doctor of Science at the university's 168th commencement.

Howard Chandler Christy recently completed a portrait of President Harding after five consecutive Sunday afternoon sittings at the White House. Mr. Christy is also an Ohioan.

Glenna Collett is the infant phenomenon of the golf world. Though only nineteen, she has already won scores of important golf titles. Miss Collett, who is from Providence, Rhode Island, recently won the Eastern golf championship for women.

Rosie Reeve of Chicago, the eleven-year-old prodigy, is to enter Columbia Law School in the fall. Miss Reeve has been exempt from most of the grammar grades and from the entire high school course, and has already been in residence one college semester.

Cornelius Cole, former United States senator from California, is the last surviving member of the Senate that tried Andrew Johnson for impeachment in 1868. Senator Cole, who was born in New York State in 1822 and moved to California in 1849, will be one hundred years old in September.

Miss Charlotte Sharman, at the age of ninety, still actively manages the home for girl orphans she established in Southwork, London, some sixty years ago. Miss Sharman is far from old-fashioned. She personally types all her own letters and participates in the instruction of her two hundred wards.

Among the forty-two commoners honored by the King of England's birthday list was Henry Fielding Dickens, sixth son of Charles Dickens, the novelist. Mr. Dickens is a lawyer. He has been king's counsel since 1892; bencher of the Inner Temple since 1899; and common sergeant of the City of London since 1918. His recent promotion was to the knighthood and he is therefore now Sir Henry Dickens. Sir Henry is noted as an amateur fencer and as a mathematician.

Alfred E. Zimmern, author of "Europe in Convalescence" and recognized authority on the European muddle, is Wilson professor of international politics at the University College in Aberystwyth, Wales. Professor Zimmern was educated at New College, Oxford, where he became a lecturer in ancient history and later a fellow and tutor. It is interesting to note that he is the translator of Ferrero's "Greatness and Decline of Rome." He is author of many war-time essays.

Booth Tarkington has again demonstrated his championship in American literature by winning for the second time the Pulitzer Prize, which is awarded annually "for the American novel published during the year which best represents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the higher standards of American manners and manhood." His "Magnificent Ambersons" was awarded the prize for 1918 and "Alice Adams" was chosen for 1921. Mr. Tarkington, as is to be expected, is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It is not so generally known that he was a member of the Indiana house of representatives, 1902-03.

Other winners of the Pulitzer awards are as follows. Hamlin Garland won the \$1000 prize for the best biography of the year with his "A Daughter of the Middle Border." Eugene O'Neill was awarded the same sum for his play, "Anna Christie." Kirk L. Simpson, who will be remembered as the Associated Press reporter who wrote the story of the burial of the unknown soldier at Arlington Cemetery last November, was awarded the thousand-dollar Pulitzer Prize for journalism. The prize for the best cartoon of the year was taken by Rollin Kirby for his "On the Road to Moscow," published in the *New York World*.

Julius Howland Barnes, recently elected president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is also president of the Barnes-Ames Company, wheat exporters, of the McDougall-Duluth Company and the Klearfax Linen Rug Company. He was president of the United States Food Administration Grain Corporation from August, 1917, to July, 1919, and he has been president of the United States Grain Corporation since the latter date. He was made a commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium in 1919 and an officer of the French Legion of Honor in the same year. Mr. Barnes was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, and is forty-nine years old.

Philip H. Kerr, formerly private secretary to Lloyd George, is visiting this country for a rest from his recent strenuous labors. After his retirement from the post of the British premier's secretary last summer he worked for several months with the editorial forces of the *London Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Kerr is the son of the late Major-General Lord Ralph Kerr, and is the cousin and heir presumptive of the tenth Marquis of Lothian, one of whose estates, Blickling Hall in the County of Norfolk, was the birthplace of Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Kerr was the editor of the *State*, South Africa, 1908-09, and was an associate of Lord Astor on the *Round Table* from 1910 to 1916. He was formerly assistant secretary of the Intercolonial Council of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, and of the railway committee of the Central South African Railway.



## THE HUMORIST ABROAD.

Stephen Leacock Lectures On English Idiosyncracies and a Few of Our Own.

How the great American fallacy concerning British humor has existed since Mr. Leacock's first books were published and became best sellers is something of a mystery. It is pleasant to know that our national error can not possibly outlive the first edition of "My Discovery of England." For, not only is Mr. Leacock himself a living contradiction to the perverse Yankee notion that the British are humorless; he also conducts an expedition into the supposedly fabled region of English humor and veritably discovers it for America. If it were not for the fortunate migration of the elder Leacocks to Canada when Stephen was aged eight we—that is the United States—might still be under the vain delusion that the cult of the funny, like Christian Science and the Standard Oil, was a domestic product. Of course a few fortunate of us would have been enlightened. But American readers of Sir Owen Seaman's paper are not so numerous as the same class of Mr. Leacock's readers. This is because—let us admit the truth—it was not at first recognized that Mr. Leacock was not American. His nonsense was so delightful, his fun so contagious, that, after the hospitable American custom of hailing celebrities, we clasped him to the national bosom and claimed him for our own. Mr. Leacock—we should interpolate here—has concurred. He calls himself an American, and it is not our fault that with that term he recognizes the continent and not the United States of America. And probably, as is the case with a man who lives in one city and works in another, feeling himself rather a citizen of the latter, Mr. Leacock's royalties do make him feel at home this side of the St. Lawrence. Far be it from us, at any rate, to disown him.

It was with a truly American reaction that the Canadian humorist set out "to restore the balance of trade" in international exchanges of lecturers. He decided that it was high time something was done about it and he did it. And he maintains that it was with an equally American shock of surprise that he landed in England. For the first time we are really getting some insight into our national differentiation:

But bad as is the conduct of the English customs men, the immigration officials are even worse. I could not help being struck by the dreadful carelessness with which people are admitted into England. There are, it is true, a group of officials said to be in charge of immigration, but they know nothing of the discriminating care exercised on the other side of the Atlantic.

"Do you want to know," I asked one of them, "whether I am a polygamist?"

"No, sir," he said very quietly.

"Would you like me to tell you whether I am fundamentally opposed to any and every system of government?"

The man seemed mystified. "No, sir," he said. "I don't know that I would."

"Don't you care?" I asked.

"Well, not particularly, sir," he answered.

I was determined to arouse him from his lethargy.

"Let me tell you, then," I said, "that I am an anarchistic polygamist, that I am opposed to all forms of government, that I object to any kind of revealed religion, that I regard the state and property and marriage as the mere tyranny of the bourgeoisie, and that I want to see class hatred carried to the point where it forces every one into brotherly love. Now, do I get in?"

The official looked puzzled for a minute. "You are not Irish, are you, sir?" he said.

"No."

"Then I think you can come in all right," he answered.

And if official England was different from Cist-Atlantic institutions traditional England was even more so:

But what I deplore still more, and I think with reason, is the total omission of the familiar interrogation: "What is your impression of our women?"

That's where the reporter over on our side hits the nail every time. That is the point at which we always nudge him in the ribs and buy him a cigar, and at which youth and age join in a sly jest together. Here again the sub-heading comes in so nicely: THINKS YOUNGSTOWN WOMEN CHARMING. And they are. They are, everywhere. But I hate to think that I had to keep my impression of London women unused in my pocket while a young man asked me whether I thought modern literature owed more to observation and less to inspiration than some other kind of literature.

Now that's exactly the kind of question, the last one, that the London reporters seem to harp on. They seemed hipped about literature; and their questions are too difficult. One asked me whether the American drama was structurally inferior to the French. I don't call that fair. I told him I didn't know; that I used to know the answer to it when I was at college, but that I had forgotten it, and that, anyway, I am too well off now to need to remember it.

That question is only one of a long list that they asked me about art and literature. I missed nearly all of them, except one as to whether I thought Al Jolson or Frank Tinney was the higher artist, and even that one was asked by an American who is wasting himself on the London press.

As the London newspaper men failed so signally to encourage Mr. Leacock to talk, and particularly to give out his impressions, for which he had expressly made the journey to England, he was obliged to devote a chapter of his chronicle simply to enumerating the aforesaid impressions. Here are some of them:

London, the name of which is already known to millions of readers of this book, is beautifully situated on the river Thames, which here sweeps in a wide curve with much the same breadth and majesty as the St. Jo River at South Bend, Indiana. London, like South Bend itself, is a city of clean streets and admirable sidewalks, and has an excellent water supply. One is at once struck by the number of excellent

and well-appointed motor cars that one sees on every hand, the neatness of the shops and the cleanliness and cheerfulness of the faces of the people.

Mr. Leacock admits that both in the foregoing and the following paragraph of "impressions" he is largely influenced by the current school of impression mongers. In fact he confesses that though indebted to them for their example he can not quite come up to the ease with which they can produce impressions of a strange country five minutes after docking or passing its frontier. Here is another attempt on the part of Mr. Leacock to adjust the international balance in these matters:

No description of London would be complete without a reference, however brief, to the singular salubrity and charm of the London climate. This is seen at its best during the autumn and winter months. The climate of London and indeed of England generally is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. The way it works is thus: The Gulf Stream, as it nears the shores of the British Isles and feels the proximity of Ireland, rises into the air, turns into soup, and comes down on London. At times the soup is thin and is in fact little more than a mist: at other times it has the consistency of a thick Potage St. Germain. London people are a little sensitive on the point and flatter their atmosphere by calling it a fog; but it is not: it is soup. The notion that no sunlight ever gets through and that in the London winter people never see the sun is of course a ridiculous error, circulated no doubt by the jealousy of foreign nations. I have myself seen the sun plainly visible in London, without the aid of glasses, and on a November day in broad daylight; and again one night about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I saw the sun distinctly appear through the clouds.

Naturally, as a political economist, the Canadian humorist-professor was deeply interested in English politics. And of course he lost no time in making a survey of the houses of Parliament. The House of Lords he decided was easily disposed of. They meet somewhere in the Parliament buildings, come together very quietly shortly before the dinner hour, enjoy a biscuit and a dry sherry at the government's expense, reject all bills before them at the moment and adjourn for two years. However, Mr. Leacock says it is an erroneous idea that the House of Commons is equally unimportant. He is inclined to take the House of Commons quite seriously, while confessing that he does not always understand its inner politics:

The members can apparently ask any questions they like. In the repeated visits which I made to the gallery of the House of Commons I was unable to find any particular sense or meaning in the questions asked, though no doubt they had an intimate bearing on English politics not clear to an outsider like myself. I heard one member ask the government whether they were aware that herrings were being imported from Hamburg to Harwich. The government said no. Another member rose and asked the government whether they considered Shakespeare or Molière the greater dramatic artist. The government answered that ministers were taking this under their earnest consideration and that a report would be submitted to Parliament. Another member asked the government if they knew who won the Queen's Plate this season at Toronto. They did—in fact this member got in wrong, as this is the very thing that the government do know. Towards the close of the evening a member rose and asked the government if they knew what time it was. The Speaker, however, ruled this question out of order on the ground that it had been answered before.

Still on the subject of the government our international interpreter discovers that England has been sadly corrupted by American politics. Whole classes of society, Mr. Leacock records, are hopelessly damaged by American corruption. Once English politics were pure; they are no longer. Doubtless the Conference is to blame. There are still a few remote parts of the United Kingdom unaffected. Like Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Leacock thinks that the hope of the future lies with the peasantry:

There are, it is true, a few classes that have escaped this contagion, shepherds living in the hills, drovers, sailors, fishermen and such like. I remember the first time I went into the English country-side being struck with the clean, honest look in the people's faces. I realized exactly where they got it: they had never seen any Americans. I remember speaking to an aged peasant down in Somerset. "Have you ever seen any Americans?" "Nah," he said, "uz eard a mowt o' em' zir, but uz zeen nowt o' 'em." It was clear that the noble fellow was quite undamaged by American contact.

But to return to the engrossing subject of politics and its decline in England, due to the insidious influence of American graft:

The inner history of the conference is only just beginning to be known. But it is whispered that immediately on his arrival Mr. Balfour was given a cigar by President Harding. Mr. Balfour at once offered to scrap five ships, and invited the entire American cabinet into the British Embassy, where Sir A. Geddes was rash enough to offer them champagne.

The American delegates immediately offered to scrap ten ships. Mr. Balfour, who simply can not be outdone in international courtesy, saw the ten and raised it to twenty. President Harding saw the twenty, raised it to thirty, and sent out for more poker chips.

At the close of the play Lord Beatty, who is urbanity itself, offered to scrap Portsmouth Dockyard, and asked if anybody present would like Canada. President Harding replied with his customary tact that if England wanted the Philippines, he would think it what he would term a residuum of normalcy to give them away. There is no telling what might have happened had not Mr. Briand interposed to say that any transfer of the Philippines must be regarded as a signal for a 20 per cent. increase in the Boy Scouts of France. As a tactful conclusion to the matter President Harding raised Mr. Balfour to the peerage.

Having clarified English politics for us, Mr. Leacock next turns to the great institution of British education. Now, it is a noteworthy thing that a man, being a humorist and a professional humorist, can poke fun at almost everything in the universe and really succeed in maintaining the philosophic balance that only a humorist ever attains. But man is fallible. Evidently, if one search far enough in every humorist's output he will come upon one subject that the man of fun can

not take dispassionately. With Mr. Leacock the subject is education. Dealing with that subject, his froth bubbles out. Beyond the superbly insouciant mask of the humorist one detects the serious features of a professor, and a serious professor at that. Of course he keeps up the nonsense idiom, as the following paragraph shows:

This is bad enough. But after all one might say this is only the mechanical side of education. True: but one searches in vain in the Oxford curriculum for any adequate recognition of the higher and more cultured studies. Strange though it seems to us on this side of the Atlantic, there are no courses at Oxford in Housekeeping, or in Salesmanship, or in Advertising, or on Comparative Religion, or on the influence of the Press. There are no lectures whatever on Human Behaviour, on Altruism, on Egotism, or on the Play of Wild Animals. Apparently, the Oxford student does not learn these things. This cut him off from a great deal of the larger culture of our side of the Atlantic.

But if you doubt the validity of the foregoing criticism, read "Oxford As I See It" (Mr. Leacock's chapter on education) before reading any of the rest of the book. Then turn to the opening pages and be jolted from honest-to-goodness seriousness to the sheerest Leacockian nonsense. It is an interesting experiment in psychology.

Prohibition naturally comes into its share of searching analysis. Mr. Leacock shrewdly observes that prohibition is on the way in England. Not so, however, in bonny Scotland. There you may still drink both legally and respectfully:

I find that, classified altogether, there are seventeen reasons advanced in Scotland for taking whisky. They run as follows: Reason one, because it is raining; Two, because it is not raining; Three, because you are just going out into the weather; Four, because you have just come in from the weather; Five,—no, I forget the ones that come after that. But I remember that reason number seventeen is "because, it canna do ye any harm." On the whole, reason seventeen is the best.

Put in other words this means that the Scotch make use of whisky with dignity and without shame; and they never call it alcohol.

Along with his analysis of English humor and our inappreciation of it, our author makes a discovery about the Scottish funny-bone and about the psychology of humor generally. It is a very important discovery, so we quote at length:

"So you're going to try to take humor up to Scotland," the most eminent author in England said to me. "Well, the Lord help you. You'd better take an axe with you to open their skulls; there is no other way." How this legend started I don't know, but I think it is because the English are jealous of the Scotch. They got into the Union with them in 1707 and they can't get out. The Scotch don't want Home Rule, or Swa Raj, or Dominion status, or anything; they just want the English. When they want money they go to London and make it; if they want literary fame they sell their books to the English; and to prevent any kind of political trouble they take care to keep the Cabinet well filled with Scotchmen. The English for shame's sake can't get out of the Union, so they retaliate by saying that the Scotch have no sense of humor. But there's nothing in it. One has only to ask any of the theatrical people and they will tell you that the audiences in Glasgow and Edinburgh are the best in the British Isles—possess the best taste and the best ability to recognize what is really good.

The reason for this lies, I think, in the well-known fact that the Scotch are a truly educated people, not educated in the mere sense of having been made to go to school, but in the higher sense of having acquired an interest in books and a respect for learning. In England the higher classes alone possess this, the working class as a whole know nothing of it. But in Scotland the attitude is universal. And the more I reflect upon the subject, the more I believe that what counts most in the appreciation of humor is not nationality, but the degree of education enjoyed by the individual concerned. I do not think that there is any doubt that educated people possess a far wider range of humor than the uneducated class.

But the really great discovery that our intrepid explorer made concerns the habit of story-telling. British society is not so pervaded by it as ours. Hence the American notion that our friends across the pond lack a sense of humor:

As far as I am able to judge, English society is not pervaded and damaged by the story-telling habit as much as is society in the United States and Canada. On our side of the Atlantic story-telling at dinners and on every other social occasion has become a curse. In every phase of social and intellectual life one is haunted by the funny anecdote. Any one who has ever attended a Canadian or American banquet will recall the solemn way in which the chairman rises and says: "Gentlemen, it is to me a very great pleasure and a very great honor to preside at this annual dinner. There was an old ducky once—" and so forth. When he concludes he says, "I will now call upon the Rev. Dr. Stooze, Head of the Provincial University, to propose the toast 'Our Dominion.'" Dr. Stooze rises amid great applause and with great solemnity begins, "There was once two Irishmen—" and so on to the end. But in London, England, it is apparently not so. Not long ago I had the pleasure of meeting at dinner a member of the government. I fully anticipated that as a member of the government he would be expected to tell a funny story about an old ducky, just as he would on our side of the water. In fact, I should have supposed that he could hardly get into the government unless he did tell a funny story of some sort. But all through dinner the cabinet minister never said a word about either a Methodist minister, or a commercial traveler, or an old ducky, or two Irishmen, or any of the stock characters of the American repertory. On another occasion I dined with a bishop of the church. I expected that when the soup came he would say, "There was an old ducky—" After which I should have had to listen with rapt attention, and, when he had finished, without any pause, rejoin, "There were a couple of Irishmen once—" and so on. But the bishop never said a word of the sort.

In our opinion this is the long and the short of the whole matter, and Mr. Leacock deserves a vote of thanks and three cheers for running it to ground. For our own part—we relapse to our native interpretation. The English may lack a sense of humor, i. e., a mania for story-telling. But how restful it must be.

MY DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 24, 1922, were \$129,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$118,500,000; an increase of \$10,600,000.

"The prosperity of the United States depends largely upon the prosperity of our so-called public utilities," writes Floyd W. Parsons in the *World's Work*. "We can not be successful as a nation unless the corporations

ance with hard-and-fast rules, and that nothing is more beneficial than the execution of some plan which will convert a large percentage of the customers into owners of the company's stock.

"The time has arrived when the public utilities and the people must get together. The utilities are the heaviest taxpayers in every populated section of the country. No community can develop faster than its public utilities. Therefore, regulation of these public-service corporations must be progressive and efficient rather than merely restrictive and corrective.

"The nation's public utilities not only render an essential service, but contribute their full share to the country's advancement, socially and industrially. If the utilities go back, the nation can not go ahead. We have come to a day when the obvious needs are fair play, mutual understanding, and all-round good will."

A merger of Pacific-Southwest banks, involving resources of approximately \$200,000,000, headed by the First National Bank of Los Angeles, the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, and the First Securities Company, of which organizations Henry M. Robinson is president, becomes effective at the close of business June 30th.

The twenty-four cities containing banking institutions and banks affected in this merger are as follows:

Alhambra—Alhambra Savings and Commercial Bank.

Carpinteria—Branch of Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, Santa Barbara.

Catalina Island—Avalon Branch of Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank.

Fresno—Fidelity Trust and Savings Bank.

Glendale—Glendale Avenue Branch and Brand Boulevard Branch of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank.

Guadalupe—Branch of Bank of Santa Maria.

Hanford—The Farmers and Merchants National Bank and Hanford Savings Bank.

Hollywood—The First National Bank of Hollywood and Hollywood Savings Bank.

Huntington Beach—Branch of Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank.

Huntington Park—Branch of Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank.

Lindsay—Lindsay National Bank.

Lompoc—Branch of Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, Santa Barbara.

Long Beach—The City National Bank.

Los Alamos—Branch of Bank of Santa Maria.

Los Angeles—The First National Bank of Los Angeles, Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank (with twenty branches in the city of Los Angeles), and First Securities Company.

Orcutt—Branch of Bank of Santa Maria.

Oxnard—First National Bank and Oxnard Savings Bank.

Pasadena—Union Trust and Savings Branch of Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank.

Redlands—The First National Bank of Redlands and Savings Bank of Redlands.

San Pedro—Marine Branch of Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank.

Santa Barbara—Commercial Trust and Savings Bank.

Santa Maria—Bank of Santa Maria.

Tulare—National Bank of Tulare and Savings Bank of Tulare.

Visalia—First National Bank of Visalia and Producers Savings Bank.

Under the form of the merger, the stock of all of these institutions is pooled and beneficial certificates are issued to all present stockholders, giving to each a pro rata ownership in all of the merged institutions.

Following the merger plan, it is announced that all merged banks will operate under the name of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, with the exception of the First National Bank of Hollywood. The latter will be taken directly into the First National Bank of Los Angeles and will operate as the the Hollywood agency of the First National Bank of Los Angeles.

In working out this consolidation no banks have been bought out. Each bank goes into the merger on an even basis of actual book value of its stock, and, as a result, it is stated that no one set of stockholders has benefited at the expense of others, the whole plan being based upon the setting up of an equitable partnership between the various banks merged—a partnership in which local officers and local boards of directors will still control local business. There will be no changes in the personnel of officers and employees in the various cities.

Following the merger, it is announced that the First Securities Company will parallel in the field of investment the banking service to be rendered throughout the Pacific-Southwest by the merged institutions.

The First Securities Company will furnish underwriting assistance to sound California enterprises of good management and proven earning power, and will recommend to investors good securities which have first been

carefully investigated and are deemed worthy of investment by the banks' own funds.

In creating this merger no effort has been made to achieve "bigness." The plan has been to unify some of the best banks of the Pacific-Southwest occupying key positions in the various districts, in order that more complete financial assistance may be given the marketing of the various seasonal crops of the Southern California territory from Fresno south to the Mexican line, and to provide the necessary financial machinery for the upbuilding of this territory upon balanced lines.

It is announced that the merger has been the result of two years of careful investigation of the needs of the Pacific-Southwest. Particular attention in this investigation has been given to the working out of plans whereby the credit of the community may be equitably allocated to the various agricultural and business interests of the entire Pacific-Southwest.

By this merger money returned to the Pacific-Southwest in the spring from the sale of the orange crop of Southern California can be used for financing the raisin crop in the San Joaquin Valley. Money obtained in the fall from the marketing of raisins is available for the early vegetable grower of the Imperial Valley. Similarly, the diversity of seasonal movement of other products results in the elasticity of bank credits, and this elasticity in turn results in additional service to the various communities.

Henry M. Robinson, president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, and the First Securities Company—the man who brought this merger about and who will direct its operations—in outlining the policies to be pursued by the merged institutions, said:

"One of the results of the experience in the great war has been that people have come to know definitely that economies can be made and wastes eliminated by the merging of institutions in practically every line of endeavor, and it will be observed that this tendency is very strong in all parts of the world and in all lines. It is a form of co-operation on a definitely organized plan, in which a given activity in various communities is coordinated for the benefit of all of the communities. This particular merger contemplates the coordination of institutions within an economic area which constitutes a part of the great Pacific-Southwest, to the end that the institution's work will prove of general benefit throughout the area.

"The area in which this merged institution will carry on its activities directly is that part of California including Fresno and south to the Mexican boundary, and in this section the products, agricultural, mining, and manufacturing, are harvested and marketed in such seasons that it will make substantially a continuous use of credits and flatten the curve of peak demands to the minimum. This gives a more economic use and coordinates the funds within the area to the advantage of all concerned.

"It is a fallacy to think that size and 'bigness' are desirable ends. In a country producing as prolifically as this, and where nature is so kind, it should be the endeavor of all the producers to improve the quality of their products. The California cooperative associations, which are outstanding successes as compared with cooperative associations in other parts of the country, are committed to the policy of improvement in the quality of service. The immediate benefit runs to the

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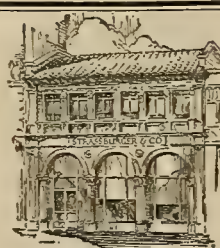
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distrust have come largely as a result of their own managerial misdeeds; that insufficient or poor service is a greater cause of complaint than high rates; that the failure of utilities properly to educate employees is largely to blame for bad relations; that any company serving the public has everything to gain and nothing to lose by informing its patrons as to the cost of operation and the difficulties of the business; that it is far better to have employees use their brains, in their contacts with the public, than to act always in accord-

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more balanced industry, due to a broadening demand for basic commodities. Increased business is indicated in the constantly rising volume of bank clearings and in the statistics of greater production, says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in its June monthly letter. There is some gain in the number of new incorporations formed during the first five months of 1922 compared with the same months last year. On the other hand business leaders are disposed to act conservatively, bearing in mind the lessons learned during the critical period of post-war deflation, and no rapid expansion is to be looked for. Failures for the month of May were less in number and in total liabilities than any month since last September.

Increased output of automobiles reflects a better state of affairs in that industry, the April increase being 35 per cent. over April, 1921. Increased building construction is giving the steel mills a greater tonnage, which, with larger railroad buying, accounts for the improved trend in this great industry.

New buying power is represented by orders from South American states and other foreign governments for the purchase of materials and merchandise in the United States. These purchases are being ultimately settled for in many instances with the proceeds of loans placed with American investors by the borrowing nations. With a decline in the premium for dollar credits, it has been possible for foreigners to buy here more advantageously than was the case a few months ago, when European exchange quotations were so low as greatly to increase the cost of financing purchases made in the United States. In this way the rise in foreign exchange rates has come to be an important factor, and in some quarters it is being freely predicted that London drafts may before long again touch the par of exchange, about 4.8665.

Through the 10 per cent. cut in freight rates the shipping public is expected to save about \$250,000,000 a year from reduced delivery charges. The American Farm Bureau Federation estimates that the saving to the farmers alone will aggregate \$127,000,000 a year. This, in addition to the previous cuts on farm products of \$93,000,000 a year, will greatly relieve the farming situation and make it easier for producers to deal profitably with distant markets. With the new rates in effect next month, it is expected that a good deal of business will be released and the volume of freight traffic materially enlarged. The railroads, however, face a serious problem. The diminution of \$250,000,000 in revenue resulting from the reduction of freight rates will be only partially offset by lessened operating expenses due to the wage cuts ordered by the Railroad Labor Board.

A \$250,000 first closed mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund bond issue of Austin Brothers Association is being offered by a syndicate headed by George H. Burr & Co. and E. H. Rollins & Sons at 98 and interest to yield over 7.25 per cent. In addition to constituting a first closed mortgage on more than 31,500 acres of land in Utah, Wyoming, Idaho and Nevada, appraised at twice the amount of the bonded debt, these bonds are the direct obligation and the only mortgaged indebtedness of Austin Brothers Association, whose total assets are in the ratio of \$4400 for each \$1000 bond.

Austin Brothers Association has been in business for over thirty-four years and owns at the present time, in addition to its land ownings, 26,000 head of sheep and 1000 head of cattle.

The most adequate idea of the growth of corporate enterprises in California may be gleaned from an examination of H. D. Walker's "Manual of California Securities and Directory of Directors." The edition, which is ready for distribution, is the fourteenth annual number of this valuable statistical publication, and, as has been invariably the case in recent years, the present volume is about sixty pages larger than its predecessor, which was issued last year at this time.

Not only has Walker covered the corporate statistics of this state, including recent organizations, more fully, but the present manual embraces a large quantity of new and original matter of unquestionable value to investors, brokers, banks and business men generally.

For example, the scope of the book has been expanded, so as to embrace the big new underwritings of the year in the Twelfth Federal Reserve District, and more especially in the states of Nevada, Washington, and Oregon.

Land bonds and other bonds, including the bonds of irrigation districts all in these, which were placed with investors by local firms during the past year, are fully enumerated and described.

This business of financing the corporate requirements of the neighboring states is bound to become an increasingly important feature in the future for California financial institutions, now that the ice has been broken and the corporations have learned that California

is able to supply the money for meritorious enterprises.

T. C. Macdonald, 516 Bank of Italy Building, Oakland, is offering \$100,000 Harwell Industries Company 8 per cent. cumulative participating preferred stock, participating up to 10 per cent., preferred as to both assets and earnings. Price, \$10; par value, \$10.

The company is organized to engage in the building of modern four and five-room homes to sell for from \$3000 to \$3500.

The company owns 381 building lots located at Twenty-Third and Market Streets, Richmond, California, which said building lots are improved with graded streets, sidewalks, sewers, electricity and electric transportation. A large modern school building located on the property. A Catholic church and a Baptist church within a few blocks. These 381 lots have been appraised at \$350 per lot, making a land value of \$133,350. The preferred stock is a lien on the assets and earnings of the company and takes precedence over the common stock.

Mr. H. F. Banta, president and general manager, has been engaged in the lumber, mill, furniture manufacturing and building business for the past thirty years. He has successfully built up several additions and is thoroughly familiar with the practical side of the building business and the cost of materials and operations. He has a well-defined plan for building these homes at the lowest possible cost to the purchaser and also a good profit for the stockholders.

The annual report of the Southern Pacific Company for 1921 may well afford stockholders in that company a great deal of satisfaction. In the first place, the company earned almost 9 per cent. on its capital stock, amply covering the dividend, as compared with only 10½ per cent. the previous year. It will be remembered that in 1920 the company benefited largely from government guarantees, and, still more important, had the benefit of income from its California oil properties. In 1921 no income, or practically none, accrued to the railroad from the latter group of properties. The second cause for satisfaction lies in the fact that last year, in spite of depressed business conditions and high wages during the first six months, the railroad properties alone earned sufficient income to pay the Southern Pacific dividend, without drawing upon outside income at all, say McDonnell & Co. in their June letter.

The report for 1921 does not disclose that upkeep of the road has been neglected in any way in an effort to make a good showing on the stock. On the contrary, maintenance expenditures consumed a larger proportion of gross income than in any recent year except 1920. In view of the wage cut of July, 1921, and considering the drop in the cost of materials, it seems probable that nearly as much actual physical work was accomplished in 1921 as in 1920. Southern Pacific does not carry as heavy traffic over its lines as the Eastern trunk lines; a considerable portion of its mileage is single track; and certain parts of its roadbed are still relatively new, so that an expenditure of a definite sum on maintenance will accomplish a great deal more for Southern Pacific than for the carriers serving a more densely settled territory. Yet Southern Pacific has always been very conservative with regard to upkeep, and per mile its maintenance expenditures compare very favorably with those of carriers serving denser traffic points.

In forming a conclusion as to the future of Southern Pacific a number of factors must be taken into consideration outside of actual railroad operations. Perhaps the most important of these is the growing competition of steamships through the Panama Canal. Shipments by water are ordinarily somewhat more economical than by rail, other things being equal, in any event. But other things are not equal. In this case, the steamship lines enjoy freedom from rate jurisdiction by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which gives them an enormous advantage. In 1921 the number of steamship voyages through the Panama Canal between Atlantic and Pacific ports increased 80 per cent. over 1920, and the volume of freight handled increased 83 per cent. Other roads, also, feel the burden of this competition, of course, but the heaviest blow falls on Southern Pacific. It is probable that one reason for the great increase of Panama Canal traffic in 1921 lay in the paucity of ocean cargoes, and many boats were only temporarily diverted to the coast-wise lines. Nevertheless, year after year, this competition is becoming more serious for Southern Pacific.

The recent Supreme Court decision, ordering the road to divest itself of its ownership in Central Pacific, adds another unknown factor to the Southern Pacific situation. It is not likely, however, that in this particular case the results will be disastrous, because the days of cutthroat railroad competition are over in this country. On the other hand, the Supreme Court decision seems to indicate that a separation of the two roads involves something more than an academic problem,

and that Central Pacific is at present being used to divert important traffic to the parent road. Undoubtedly the segregation will not

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help Southern Pacific. Time alone will determine whether it will cause it any serious loss of traffic.

Whatever we may say about our foreign trade in the fiscal year which ends with the current month, its "favorable trade balance" or excess of exports over imports will far exceed that of any year prior to the war. The biggest "favorable trade balance" that we ever had prior to the war, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, was \$666,000,000 in the fiscal year 1908, \$665,000,000 in 1901, and \$653,000,000 in 1913. In the fiscal year 1914, all of which elapsed before the beginning of the war, the excess of exports over imports was \$470,653,000, and in the fiscal year which ends with this month will be approximately \$1,140,000,000, or 140 per cent. over that of the year preceding the war, and nearly 100 per cent. above that of any pre-war year.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Reference books seem to be at the peak of public interest at present, with the second volume of the marvelous "Outline of Science" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.75) setting the popular pace. This series of four volumes, two published, two to come, is really one of the most important popular scientific works that has ever been published. Formerly, in order to make science interesting to the layman it had to be robbed of its detail and therefore of its accuracy. Most people love broad generalizations such as the popular notion that man is descended from monkeys, which no reputable scientist holds for a moment. However, the amount of patient study necessary to realize the exact relation of the man to the monkey is a bit arduous and the fact, once it is arrived at, is not so dramatically astounding. One has merely discovered that all life is related and the monkey happens to be a little more germane than the tadpole. We somehow are not so fascinated by the idea that we are descended from a crayfish. The element of the grotesque and the morbid is not there, and it is highly probable that if the early popularizers of Darwin's theories had been more true to those doctrines and less swayed by the vulgarly dramatic relation to the monkeys there never would have been a controversy and that evolution would have been accepted as painlessly as modern bacteriology and bloodless surgery. It was not to be. But it is consoling, now that we have run our several decades of the danger of a little knowledge that the average intelligence, is beginning to awaken to the importance of a thorough knowledge. It need not be as special as that of the trained scientist. But it can be accurate. Professor Thomson is one of the pioneers with H. G. Wells and Professor Van Loon, to break through the jungle of popular ignorance and clear the ground of its debris.

Admirers of W. H. Hudson, and their number is legion, will be interested in the new edition of "The Naturalist in La Plata," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. One of the attractive features of the sixth printing is its inexpensiveness. Its cost is three dollars, to be explicit, and it will be remembered that the earlier editions were much more prohibitive. Moreover, the present volume is just as attractive as its predecessors, the letterpress and drawings being identical, the only difference is the replacing of old plates with new. For the benefit of any not familiar with this Hudson, it is a study of bird and animal life in the South American pampas. But it is impossible to suggest, even, the fascination of Hudson's crystal style and the glamour of interest with which he covers the most commonplace phenomena.

It is no exaggeration to say that one of the

great needs of the age has been supplied with the new College Standard Dictionary (Funk & Wagnalls). Every one who has been annoyed by the awful bulk of an unabridged and by its inaccessibility, generally, will appreciate a dictionary that is of portable dimensions, that contains all the information sought by the average student, writer, or business man, and which last but not least sells for the moderate sum of five dollars. The thing that should be emphasized about the College Standard Dictionary is that it literally contains all of the desirable features of an unabridged work for any one other than a specialist. That is to say, its abridgment consists merely in dropping out the rarer scientific terminology and very unusual or obsolete words. A professional philologist, mathematician, or theologian would not find it an ideal ultimate reference work. The person of less special interests will find it perfectly satisfactory, inasmuch as the words dealt with—and there are 140,000 terms defined—are exhaustively treated. The new dictionary is designed primarily to meet the needs of the college student and for that purpose it is ideal, for its authority and recency are indisputable—four hundred specialists having collaborated to produce this efficient volume. The only feature we regret is the absence of maps. But, after all, it is a dictionary and not a gazetteer.

R. G.

### Notes of Books and Authors.

Frank Swinnerton is writing a new novel, full length this time, called "The Three Lovers." It is to be published by the George H. Doran Company.

A sketch of John Galsworthy's life and works has been issued in booklet form by Charles Scribner's Sons. A copy will be sent to any one requesting it.

"Maurice Guest" has just been reissued with an introduction by Mr. Hugh Walpole. It appeared first in the year 1908. The author is "H. H. Richard." But whether the name stands for a man or woman is one of the unsolved problems of literature.

A new book by George Moore, in a limited edition, is announced by Boni & Liveright. It is entitled "In Strict Singleness: Theme and Variation." The first five volumes of a definitive limited edition of the "Complete Works" of George Moore will be published next month. This set will include two volumes never published before.

The French historian, George Lenotre, whose history of the little lost Dauphin, Louis XVII, was published in this country last fall by Doubleday, Page & Co., has published a later book in Paris under the title, "The Impresario of the French Revolution." The "impresario" was Baron Jean de Batz, "the great unknown" of Gascony. The book has been translated into German.

The Oxford University Press American Branch is publishing immediately an "Historical Atlas of South Africa," by Eric A. Walker, consisting of twenty-six maps, crown folio, with explanatory letterpress.

What with Georg Brandes celebrating his eightieth birthday, Gerhart Hauptmann seems quite a youngster at sixty. His native Silesia is planning a great celebration in honor of his birthday; its outstanding feature will be the performance of the festival series of Hauptmann's plays from August 8th to 21st. These will be produced in three theatres in Breslau with the greatest of Germany's actors as participants. Hauptmann's conspicuous place in the German theatre is attested by the way in which they wax enthusiastic over new productions of his old plays. Only a few weeks ago "The Sunken Bell" was given at Reinhardt's Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin. Seven volumes of Hauptmann's dramas, about twenty-five in all, have thus far been translated into English, and among his novels "Atlantis" and "The Fool in Christ" have appeared in English. All of these are published by B. W. Huebsch.

The Houghton Mifflin Company is planning to bring out in the near future a complete sixteen-volume edition of Lafcadio Hearn's works. The first edition will be limited to 750 copies, each set being autographed by Mme. Hearn. There will be 125 full-page illustrations, many of them taken especially by Burton Holmes, who is now engaged in this work in Japan. In speaking with a newspaper man Mr. Holmes said this was one of the most delightful assignments of his career. "Ordinary pictures of the Japan visited by the tourists—Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe—will not do. That was not the Japan that Hearn knew. He lived in the real Japan, teaching English in the schools of small towns."

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for future publication a series of approximately ten volumes on the evolution of the earth and its inhabitants. Each book is to be written by a leading American authority. The series will set forth, in the light of latest investigation and discovery, the formation of worlds, the

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evolution of species, and the emergence and development of man. The first two volumes, announced for publication next fall, will be "The Mechanism of Evolution," by Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of biology at Princeton University, and "The Racial History of Man," by Roland B. Dixon, professor of Anthropology at Harvard University. The series throughout is intended to have as great an interest for the general reading public as for the scientific world.

Nearly twenty-five years ago the "best seller" in London, though the term "best seller" had scarcely been invented, says *John o' London's Weekly*, was "Deeds That Won the Empire." It was written by a young Australian divine, Dr. W. H. Fitchett, accepted by the now lapsed firm of Smith, Elder & Co., and quickly ran into a score and more of editions. Perhaps it benefited from the spirit of empire created by Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," but, anyhow, it begat several other volumes of the same sort by Dr. Fitchett. He is visiting England this summer, and he has been asked to write his impressions as he finds it after the war.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Copper Streak Trail.

The lode of the cowboy novel seems never to be completely worked. So long at least as there are cowboys extant to record the yarns of their remarkable profession, we shall probably have a steady output of the distinctly American Western story. "Copper Streak Trail" belongs to the bona fide variety that is written by actual cowboys, its author, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, having pursued the devious career of a cowpuncher for twenty-five years. In addition to the requisite features of numerous cowboys, cowmen, ranchers, etc., a copper mine and a quantity of fast shooting, Mr. Rhodes has caught the spirit of the adventurous days he writes about. He writes in the crisp cowboy idiom, which is no doubt responsible for the atmosphere and local color of his book.

COPPER STREAK TRAIL. By Eugene M. Rhodes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

## The Yellow Poppy.

Readers with a taste for historic fiction will enjoy "The Yellow Poppy," by D. K. Broster, a cleverly written romance of the French revolution. The plot pivots about the attempt of the leader of an army of Chouans to recover the fabled treasure of Mirabel for the good of the Royalist cause. Though distinctly of the class of historical fiction that borrows the pageantry of history to deck its stage, "The Yellow Poppy" does revive the spirit of the closing eighteenth century to a marked degree. D. K. Broster has evidently been a careful student of historical detail. As a story "The Yellow Poppy" is vivified romance and adventure.

THE YELLOW POPPY. By D. K. Broster. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

## Single Songs of a Hundred Poets.

Paul Elder & Co. have imported recently an edition of the unique book, "Hyakunin-Isshu," the Japanese century of poets. This translation, which was made about twenty-five years ago and published by the Asiatic Society of Japan, is of the collection or cycle of Japanese poems which date from the Japanese prehistoric period and are representative of classic Japanese verse. The poems, which are very brief, single statements in fact, are somewhat akin to the epigram and rhymed fable of Western poetry. The "Single

Songs of a Hundred Poets," as they are colloquially known in Japan, are household expressions. Men, women, and children know them. Professor MacCauley's introduction to them, in fact, was due to their prevalent use as a parlor game. They are here published in an attractive new edition with literary and historic footnotes of explanation.

In the same volume, Professor MacCauley includes a naga-uta, or "long poem," which in this case happens to be a three-hundred-year-old acrostic of the forty-seven syllabics that compose Japanese speech. The subject of the naga-uta, which is given in both the original and in translation, is "The Dominant Note of the Law" of Buddhism. Dr. MacCauley, who is a widely-known Orientalist, has recently returned from Japan and is residing in Berkeley.

HYAKUNIN-ISSHU and NORI NO HATSU-NE. Literal translations into English of the "Single Songs of a Hundred Poets" and "The Dominant Note of the Law" by Clay MacCauley. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh, Ltd.; San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$2.

## The Scarlet Tanager.

The future is always more intriguing than the past, and prophecy will always have its mede of devotion. The novelist occasionally departs from the beaten path of history and the even more usual convention of the present to peer into the future—not clairvoyantly, but deductively. "The Scarlet Tanager" is such an experiment. It has the interest that attaches to speculations on the future of politics and international diplomacy. "The Scarlet Tanager" is full of action, mystery, and intrigue.

THE SCARLET TANAGER. By J. Aubrey Tyson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

## The Little Corner Never Conquered.

In distinction to the war books that deluged the reading public during and immediately after the war are those in the Red Cross Series, carefully constructed surveys of the war work they deal with. The latest of this important series is "The Little Corner Never Conquered," by John Van Schaick, Jr., formerly Red Cross commissioner to Belgium. His book is the story of the American Red Cross work for Belgium, and its preparation and writing have been deliberately delayed till the author felt sufficient time perspective had been gained. Probably the most authentic records of the war have been kept by this series, which includes Hungerford's "With the Doughboys in France," Davison's "Story of the American Red Cross," and Fife's "The Passing Legions."

THE LITTLE CORNER NEVER CONQUERED. By John Van Schaick, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

## The Radio Amateur's Handbook.

Radio books multiply themselves by the dozen, though judging from the popularity of radio experimentation, they can not be too numerous. However, "The Radio Amateur's Handbook" merits special attention, as it is by Frederick Collins, inventor of the wireless telephone. Mr. Collins made his important discovery in 1899 and was awarded a gold medal for his invention at the Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition in 1909. He is the author of several other works on wireless telegraphy and telephony, but the present volume is of

particular interest to amateurs and radio fans. The material is presented so that one knowing nothing about radio 'phoning may learn the nature of wireless telephony, install his set and begin experimenting. The volume is fully illustrated with charts, diagrams, and drawings.

THE RADIO AMATEUR'S HANDBOOK. By A. Frederick Collins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

## The Three Golden Hairs.

Ethel Sidgwick, whose charming work is known to all adult readers of English novels, has a distinct talent in writing for children. Her "Four Plays for Children" has come to be regarded as a children's classic. Her present volume, "The Three Golden Hairs" and "The Robber Bridegroom," two famous stories from Grimm made into plays, will probably have a similar fate. These two plays are for somewhat older children than were the "Four Plays." They can be produced easily in the school or home and are an important addition to dramatic literature for children.

THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25.

## New Books Received.

THE SECRET ADVERSARY. By Agatha Christie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A mystery story.

DA SILVA'S WIDOW. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

Short stories.

MY DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

The result of Leacock's lecture tour in England, Wales, and Scotland.

THE SECRET TOLL. By Paul and Mabel Thorne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A mystery story.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Anatole France. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.

THE NATURALIST IN LA PLATA. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Sixth edition.

RAVENSDENE COURT. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

A detective story.

MAN AND MAID. By Elinor Glyn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE LORE AND THE LURE OF THE YOSEMITE. By Herbert Earl Wilson. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.50.

Indian legends and the story of Yosemite.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A CUB REPORTER. By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. New York: George Sully & Co.; \$1.25.

## THE MAN CHAMPOLLION.

One hundred years ago at a famous session of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, Jean-François Champollion announced a new discovery by which he snatched their secret from the centuries and opened to science and history the knowledge of ancient Egypt. He was the first man, says *L'Europe Nouvelle*, to succeed in unraveling the hitherto impenetrable mystery of the hieroglyphics. Some months later the Duke of Orleans solemnly assumed possession, in the name of France, of this amazing acquisition; but the Academy, always a little slow in making up its mind, thought it well to keep Champollion waiting a little while for the chair that it owed him. He took this with the spirit of "a sophisticated drinker who tastes a bottle of champagne that has been going flat for six months." Presumably the institute will make up for this injustice, and on the 17th of next September will solemnly commemorate the centenary of this astonishing discovery, as it ought to do.

All this gives us the desire to look a little more closely upon the countenance and character of the illustrious Champollion. What a surprise! For this scientist is also a man of personal charm. Where one might have expected to encounter one of those tiresome doctors of 'ologies and 'isms, specialists in the dustiest knowledge, one finds a young man, ardent, winning, devoured with the desire to know, and endowed with the most admirable qualities: intellectual curiosity, a poetic mind, irony, gayety, generosity, modesty.

Thus Jean-François Champollion appears in a little volume published some twenty years ago by M. de la Brière (*Champollion inconnu*), where one finds abundant and interesting extracts from the great man's correspondence with his family, to which we must attach a good deal of importance because it gives us information of a genius' childhood and intellectual growth.

Champollion, born in Figeac in 1790, had an older brother, who was established at Grenoble and already known for his scientific works. It was this brother who, in order to relieve his parents, took charge of his junior, of whose remarkable gifts there were indications even from infancy. He had the boy come to Grenoble to finish his studies at the lycée, and from there the young Jean-François sent almost daily to his brother the extraordinary correspondence that has been preserved in the family archives at the



IT'S THE WATER.

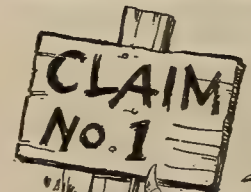
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AT ALL DEALERS

SHASTA WATER COMPANY

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In these letters we follow day by day the astonishing spectacle of an intelligence expanding until it desires to absorb everything. The boy is not satisfied with his scholastic programme; his curiosity exceeds it. He wants nothing to remain foreign to him: Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, Arabic, Syrian, are languages that soon become familiar to him. At thirteen, before the prefect of the Department of Isère, who was overwhelmed at so much knowledge, he explained a chapter of Genesis in the Hebrew text; and since there was no prize for these languages in the Lycée at Grenoble, the teachers had to give him a prize for arithmetic in order to reward such zeal. The best part of the joke is that this born polyglot had never studied mathematics.



By G. W. OGDEN

Author of  
"The Duke of  
Chimney Batte,"  
"The Flockmaster of  
Poison Creek," etc.

CLAIM  
NUMBER  
ONE

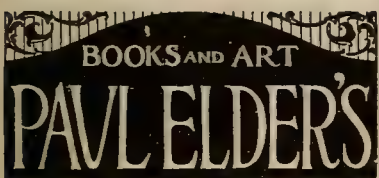
WARREN Slavens did not know that he was the winner of Claim No. 1.

Therefore he did not understand why he was knocked on the head for dead, boxed up, and given a ride through a canyon on a raging torrent.

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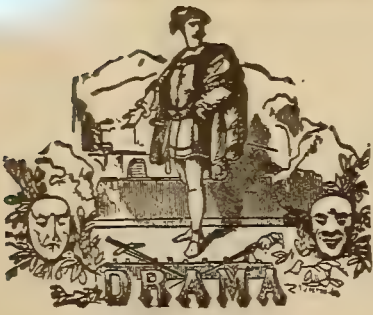
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## HAS IT A MORAL?

Dramatists no longer write plays with morals hitched to them. You must draw your own moral, if you can find it, but it isn't apt to be any too obvious.

For instance, in "Dangerous Ages"—I refer to it confidently, for every one is reading it—the conservative reader, who likes sugar-coated unrealities, says: "Did you ever see such an unsatisfactory lot of people? No-body is satisfied. Well, yes, I concede that the eighty-year-old seems to get some joy out of life still, and the young man—Barney, isn't that his name?—is a nice, likable chap. But I have no use for the rest, always reaching out for something, they don't know what."

It seems to me that the discriminating reader can extract a whole bunch of aphorisms from this book. The character of the octogenarian mother admonishes us that if we exercise our sympathy, our toleration, and our mind, we can enjoy life to the end. The self-absorbed sexagenarian mother serves as a beacon-light, exposing the dangers of self-centredness, and a carefully nursed egoism. The forty-year-old mother is entering upon that phase common to the married women of today, when the glow of early love has dulled, the children have grown up, and the time for a career outside the home has passed. The only remedy for restless yearning would seem to be to resign one's self to become the universal consoler and binder up of family wounds, thus minimizing the teasing claims of self.

That figure representative of the disquieting, just-risen generation, young Gerda, with her countenance of springtime innocence and her arid philosophy of life, learns through love that her rebellious generation must conform to the long-tested law of legitimate union, or else be stoned by the hitherto despised conventionalists; and even progressives object to being stoned.

Barney's life of hard work and unselfish service brings him happiness and affection; an affection in thirty-year-old Nannie's case that is ultimately denied because, in her hungry curiosity to increase her knowledge and experience of life, she herself had remained too long a denier.

Why, the book is fairly crammed with morals, if you want to call them so; and, if we will, we may deduce a moral or so from each of the plays of the week.

A. A. Milne generally has a nugget of wisdom imbedded in the apparent superficiality of his plays. It has evidently riled him to remark how often adherence to a dense conservatism is unconsciously cruel and unjust. So he has constructed a situation showing well-deserved happiness and affection between a husband who is a rooted conservative and conventionalist on the one hand and a wife who has an irresistible sense of real justice on the other. Fate threatens to disrupt their admirably happy and apparently secure union because of the dismaying resurrection of a worthless husband of the wife. And the wife sees that it is ridiculous that the legal code, in this case, is on the side of the rogue; and the husband, dismayed and inconsolable, is yet incapable of complaint against the law because it is the law; which would seem to suggest the advisability of an improvement on it.

"The Circle" at first glance seems, not immoral, but unmoral, because of the serenely unmoral condition in which the majority of its characters live, and move, and have their being. Elizabeth is pure-minded, and romantic, and compassionate; except toward her husband; for when she loves she hesitates not a moment about sundering her marital bonds. Arnold, her husband, employs a trick to hold her back, but the awakening of her conscience only lasts until the next temptation.

The lover hesitates not at all to subject his lady to the cruel assaults of a life of presumably un sanctified union, because to him love speaks with an imperious voice. All he considers is that he offers her a vigorously manly love to place against the tepid affection of a prig. The love between them is wholesome; he feels and knows it, because of their mutual love of the wholesome things of outdoors.

So, against wise counsel and interested and disinterested advice, destiny's circle is complete, and another round of tragically shattered lives begins. We are quite clear-sighted,

for Lady Kitty and Lord Porteous offer a terrible example. Elizabeth may not become the meretricious object into which Lady Kitty has evolved, but she will suffer more; and it is quite clear that her dominant lover will become a chronically disgusted grump, like Lord Porteous.

So there is your moral, in spite of the tone of cynical detachment in which the author presents his theme. He does not roll his eyes, nor beat his breast. He says, virtually, love is mightier than the law. But all the same the moral is there for those who want to pick it up.

## ACTING AS AN ART.

Sometimes one could find it in one's heart to pity the young things who enter upon the life of a player burning with youthful enthusiasms, only to find that commercialism in the business forces them to kick their high and holy ideals into the discard. I do not consider that we really know whether or not the pretty and brisk little "adorable girl," as I heard some one call her, in "Mr. Pim" can really act. She goes through the motions, but as if they were all impressed on her from the outside; perhaps by a mistaken stage director who counseled her to imitate some predecessor in the part. For imitation is not acting. Acting is an art, and art must have a soul at its core.

The girl whose art has a soul is playing in "The Circle." Plainly, Betty Linley—who, it seems, has taken for a stage name that of the Betty Linley of her family who, several generations ago, eloped with and married the great Sheridan—has a preconceived idea for the part of Elizabeth, and seeks so earnestly to give it shape that one quite forgets to try to make a hit. But at the same time she is fitting with sure instinct into the rôle of a girl who is nothing if not reposefully genuine. Her theory, it is plain to see, to the close observer, is to make over her inner being so that it becomes the soul of Elizabeth. Hence the simple, sure realism with which she depicts that romantic young grasper of a happiness that is prohibited by the social code. Elizabeth is an unconscious pagan, and so Miss Linley portrays her, working from the inner spirit she has, with an artist's instinct, imagined, to the external expression of that spirit.

While comparing the results of two different ways of working in young beginners—speaking comparatively—it is, to us San Franciscans who are denied so many interesting theatrical attractions, next to impossible not to compare the two mature comedienne who are featured in the two companies.

To begin with Mrs. Leslie Carter, withdrawn for a time from the stage of which she was once an ornament, albeit a somewhat over-flashing one—Mrs. Carter never seemed wholly the artist, in spite of a remarkable ability to lash herself into a tempest of histrionic emotion, sweeping simultaneously a vigorous hand over the chords of the receptivities.

Now why was it so? Because, most certainly, when destiny called Mrs. Carter to the stage it called her to the place where she belonged. During her prime she was a noted and popular figure, and the public eagerly thronged to see the celebrity whose popularity was so assiduously nursed by her producer. For Belasco recognized her gift of temperament, which, although it was not used with finesse or distinction, was unquestionably a great gift.

It is, however, as a comedienne that Mrs. Carter comes to us now, her work showing the poise and ease of a thoroughly experienced actress, but still characterized by a lack of the intellectual insight which should have made her Lady Kitty a portrait touched with the lights of high comedy, instead of with those of caricature, however amusing we found it.

The other comedienne, Laura Hope Crews, is the one who employs her gift of comedy with a fine and unerring intelligence. Not a single effect was overstressed. Not once did a heavy touch spoil the delicacy of the effect, or make us think of the actress instead of the character acted. For the finer comedienne was always within the character, whereas the other at times asserted her own personality over that of Lady Kitty.

Hypercriticism, you say? Not at all. It's all in the way of discussion of an art that we are not any too often permitted to see interpreted or illumined, or interestingly conveyed by the lights of the stage.

## STRINDBERG REMEMBERED

This is an era of revivals. They have had a successful cycle of Galsworthy plays in London, and have had in contemplation a revival of Jones and Pinero plays, although Pinero's new play—after a long silence—"The Enchanted Cottage"—was withdrawn.

They also revived Paul Potter's dramatization of Du Maurier's "Trilby," Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Barrie's "Quality Street" and "What Every Woman Knows," and many more. All

which goes to prove that theatrical producers dare not risk their money on the uncertainties attending new plays.

In the end the public is the gainer. There is something tragic in the too early retirement of fine works of the stage, owing to the public thirst for novelty. What do we out here know of some of the best works of these and other dramatists that we have never seen? But if they have successful London and New York revivals our local little theatres are apt to follow suit.

One of the most notable revivals was that of August Strindberg's "Creditors," which was produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre; notable because of the standing of Strindberg as a dramatist, which is very generally recognized by intellectualists, if not by the theatre-going public. It is claimed that this was the first New York production of "Creditors," which ranks with "Countess Julia" and "The Father" as one of Strindberg's dramatic masterpieces.

In the same month the Hanoverians in Germany enjoyed the opportunity of seeing represented for the first time upon the stage "Christus," the third part of the biblical-historical trilogy found among Strindberg's posthumous works.

"Christus" is a variation of the miracle play of the Middle Ages, and in fifteen brief scenes unfolds the great drama in which figured Mary, Joseph, the Savior, Pilate, Herod, and Caiaphas. The drama shows the religious impotence of the Romans, wallowing in voluptuous vice, before the holy influence of the carpenter's son; the entire trilogy revealing Strindberg's native ability in the dramatic field.

It is rather curious that "Christus" should first be presented in materialistic Germany instead of Strindberg's native land, but so it was, in April of this year, the Germans taking much credit to themselves in consequence.

And they do well to honor, by any posthumous recognition of his work, Sweden's giant intellectualist, who produced an inconceivably colossal output of literature. One of his countrymen, Edwin Björkman, a fine literary critic who wrote a very discerning and sympathetic monograph on Strindberg's character and works, states that he wrote fifty-six plays, nineteen volumes of novels and stories, eleven volumes of autobiographical fiction, and several dozen additional volumes of historical and scientific writings. Even in his native country, whose literature he not only deeply influenced, but which he developed and shaped, Strindberg's compatriots scarcely recognized how remarkable was the strange, truculent genius who lived in such sternly preserved retirement; for his works showed profound and varied learning, a fearless psychology in the depiction of human characters in his novels and plays, as unusual, even startling, unreserve in his autobiographical fiction, and an absolute freedom from subservience to established tradition.

"Countess Julia" and "The Father" attracted much attention in their time, but to the superficial-minded public the savagely misanthropic attitude toward women in both plays made it impossible to do full justice to their impeccable technique, and to the dramatic intensity of their situations. And truly "Countess Julia" is shocking, even revolting, but Strindberg wrote it, not to shock people, as do the fleshly Latin playwrights, but to show the mental degeneration induced by the idle, self-indulgent lives of patricians; and, in "The Father," to record the eternal duel between the sexes, and to show how the Iago-like, diabolical cunning of a woman can so master a husband of intellect, and, like Othello, of free and noble nature, as to drive him to madness and death.

Naturally women do not like the works of such a confirmed misogynist, because of his apparently blasphemous attitude toward marital affection. Three times Strindberg tried wedded love, and three times the union ended in struggle, conflict, hatred, and separation. He took an unworthy revenge on his first wife when he wrote "A Fool's Confession," in which he unsparingly portrays the hideous torments of a marriage between two contending beings whose former love has been degraded into an instrument of torture.

Yet, as we read such terrible records as these of the duel between the sexes we must, in charity, pause and remember that Strindberg was a being of strong affections, who loved children, and had for his own supremely the father's heart. Indeed, the unhappy man was really an idealist, and if he had shown in his mercilessly exaggerated portrayal of the faults of womankind the same clear, detached logic that he showed in his non-fiction, and even in some of his short stories in the volume called "Married," there would be greatly enhanced value in his character studies of the opposite sex.

A discerning English critic wrote, very truly: "The typical Strindberg woman is a fiend with the physique of a Madonna, and the soul of a vampire, who sucks dry the lifeblood of her heroic victim. The typical Strindberg man is a Samson shorn of his strength, writhing in the toils of some Delilah, protesting vociferously, and yet taking a morbid delight in his own bondage."

But whoever reads the autobiographical records of Strindberg's disastrous ventures into marriage, can but pity him, for as Anatole France, the great French psychologist, says of him: "We may judge this man severely, but there is one greatness we can not deny him; he was very unhappy, and that is not the lot of a mean soul."

## DISHWATER.

Since the disappearance of servants from what we may call middle-class American life, man, proud man, has frequently been inducted into a kitchen apron, has sunk, for the time being, his masculine lordliness, and has nobly done his share in the most unpopular job

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"ECCLES CAKES" Our Specialty



## The Coast Range Calaveras

The name Calaveras immediately suggests to Californians the Mother Lode country where Mark Twain discovered the jumping frog that made him famous.

The Calaveras Reservoir of the Spring Valley Water Company, an integral part of San Francisco's water supply system, has nothing to do with Calaveras County in the Sierra foothills. It is the Coast Range Calaveras.

The Calaveras Reservoir is an artificial lake in a beautiful region of Alameda and Santa Clara Counties midway between Niles Cañon and Mount Hamilton.

It impounds the water of a number of streams that flow down the gorges of the Coast Range in the general direction of Niles Cañon. Two of these streams, Smith and Isabel Creeks, after circling Mount Hamilton, unite to form the Arroyo Hondo that flows through Calaveras Valley.

Acquired by the Spring Valley Water Company in 1875, this natural reservoir site has been ever since an important unit of San Francisco's water supply.

It is destined to play a much more important part in the immediate future.

At present Calaveras Reservoir has a capacity of 8 billion gallons of water.

Under an agreement with the City and County of San Francisco, the Railroad Commission requires Spring Valley to enlarge Calaveras Dam to a height of 175 feet, so that it will impound 32 billion gallons of water, thus adding 24 million gallons daily to the water supply of this city.

The design of the Calaveras Dam, however, provides for an ultimate height of 210 feet, at which height the reservoir will yield 50 million gallons daily, doubling our present water supply.

SPRING VALLEY  
WATER COMPANY



known to the housewife: the daily dishwashing.

There is something about the smell of dishwater, the cleaning up of domestic grease in a sink, and the scrubbing of pots and pans that gets our goat; excuse the ugly slang, but it requires an ugly expression to do justice to the subject. And anyway, all the English purists nowadays are indulging themselves by using American slang; so why not we?

I remember that some optimistic teller of stories for girls once described the process of dishwashing—presided over by a pretty girl in spotless calico—with the delicate china emerging from its hot bath of rainbow soapsuds, and all the details cunningly contrived to suggest picturesque purification; but it is only in stories that the disagreeable details could be glossed over or minimized over.

The only thing that can be said for dishwashing—as an agreeable occupation, I mean—is that, when two congenial friends join in the process, the tongues become wonderfully loosened by the sociability of the occupation, and delightfully interesting secrets are apt to be given away.

The universality of dishwater in our present life, the manner in which its flood tide greasily menaces the security of family happiness, and the recognition by various members of a family that when the housewife has prepared an elaborate repast it is wisdom to rescue her from the dishwashing that may prove the breaking point, has finally figured in the drama, Christopher Morley having written a dish-watery little one-acter called "Thursday Evening." (I almost think he ought to have called it "Dishwater," in recognition of the axiom that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.)

There is nothing wonderful about the little play, but the author has woven a neat little exposition of how brittle conjugal tempers become when they are subjected to the unannealing trial of hot dishwater.

But in recognition that all except the very well-to-do—and they, too, occasionally, when the haughty ninety-dollar cook suddenly and capriciously jumps her job—are subjected to immersions in dishwater, I would not be surprised if Mr. Morley's neat playlet, which is published by the Stewart & Kidd Company, would not have quite a vogue at amateur performances and in little theatres.

#### GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

To read of the recent Gilbert and Sullivan revival in London is to realize that here in San Francisco we have been in the swim without knowing it. For in London they have been having a resurrection of the old operas of such magnitude, in the immensity of the response made by the public, that it is now considered nothing short of remarkable, even in the world's metropolis.

It was, most appropriately, the D'Oyly Carte management, so widely known thirty-five or forty years ago for its identification with the early fame of the greatest of burlesque operas, that decided to have a Gilbert and Sullivan revival, and it has been rewarded by an unprecedented, an overwhelming success. People stood in the immense line that formed—or hired others to stand—for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and when, after their night out, they fell by the wayside, the considerate management issued tickets entitling them to resume the place they had unquestionably won, when they returned after a day's rest to relieve the hired district messengers.

As is always the case in the now numerous Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, "Mikado" was the favorite. Besides the usual favorites, "The Yeoman of the Guard," "The Gondoliers," and "Ruddigore" met with immense favor. All three of those operas, it will be remembered, as well as "The Sorcerer," were represented here at the Players Theatre this year, and put on with charming scenic effect, good choruses, and professional-appearing

players and singers, resulting in a general finish that caused each representation to have a successful run.

So we may project our local chests a little and say to ourselves, "Well, this time we got ahead of old Lunnion."

#### EQUITY PLAYERS, INC.

More than \$100,000 has been advanced by about half a hundred eminent New York players to finance an actors' theatre, thus making a step forward in the history of the American stage that all friends of an enlightened drama dare to hope will lead to consequences of magnitude.

It is early times to flap wings and crow, but it looks as if, at last, a solution may be reached for the innumerable problems confronting the wealthy altruist who has been approached and urged to endow a free, or, in other words, an uncommercial theatre.

The hitch always was that the uncommercial theatre would need to win commercial success in order to stand firmly on its legs. No altruist, however generous, was ever found willing to endow a theatre that he couldn't be sure wouldn't tumble over eventually.

And nobody ever before hit on the solution: players themselves to be the altruists.

The Actors' Equity Association, knowing, no doubt, that there would be considerable agitation in the eeries of the big producers, worked out its plans in secret meetings; as a result of which "Equity Players, Inc.," materialized.

The funds of the two organizations are not identical, the financial part of the new enterprise being supplied by the underwriting of the Guarantors' Committee, whose numbers are to be enhanced, it is hoped and believed, by many people outside the profession. Thus the wealthy altruist may assist the enterprise without serving as its entire prop.

The personal interest and pride that players will feel in "Equity Players, Inc.," will be a valuable asset, and personal jealousies and rivalries can scarcely count, as the stage director will select players for their talent or fitness.

In other words, the organization will be conducted in a business-like manner. And while that is done it will probably endeavor to correct such abuses as the deadening of fine talent by keeping it imprisoned for a year or two within the limitations of one rôle.

It is too soon, perhaps, for theatre-goers on the Pacific Coast to dare hope for much, but one can't help indulging in a wish, at all events, that when "Equity Players, Inc.," is firmly established it may send companies of first-class talent our way; for the personnel of the players who are charter members of the association is reassuring.

Here are some of the names best known to people on this Coast: George Arliss, Alexandra Carlisle, Dorothy Donnelly, Jane Cowl, Wallace Eddinger, Elsie Ferguson, Frank Gilmore, Alfred Hickman, O. P. Heggie, De Wolf Hopper, Edith Wynne Mathison, Nance O'Neill, Effie Shannon, Brandon Tynan, and Florence Reed.

#### TITLES OF PLAYS.

Naming a play is a very important act, for people can easily be repelled into a lack of interest by a name which lacks punch, or is too vague in its suggestions, while one that suggests a leading idea that attracts will draw their money. I don't know who was responsible for changing Ben Hecht's choice of "The Poseur" to "The Mountebank of Emotions," but the latter, however unsympathetic or uncomprehensive the former may be, is much worse, because it doesn't catch hold of the mind or the tongue. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the reason why Leo Ditrichstein returned to "Toto" and "The Great Lover" the last week of his engagement was partly because the title of these two plays did not antagonize the sympathies.

I have not yet discovered why the picture-play producers are so set on changing the names of famous plays, such as "The Admirable Crichton," when they are pictured. "Male and Female" is a name that could apply as well as to any other play in which males and females fall in love, and lacks distinctiveness.

"Passion" and "Deception" both succeeded, not because of any assistance contributed by their titles, but in spite of them, both being vague and colorless.

"Orphans of the Storm" is a good, high-sounding, suggestive title. One admires it partly because of its dramatic value, partly because it has a touch of poetry. But, after all, it is the picturization of a famous old melodrama that is entitled to the distinction conferred by its original name.

And now comes a revival of the famous play, "Hindle Wakes." The title has a meaning and a value. It is the name given to an annual rustic festivity, and it is the point in the play upon which the crux of the drama hangs.

Yet for the occasion of its New York revival they have changed it to "Fanny Haw-

thorne," a name that has lost all the originality of the real title—which has vitality—and is easily forgotten.

Henry Miller, I think, did wisely in adhering to the original title of the Bataille play. For its French birth is well insisted on, a literal translation of the title would not convey the right idea, and, furthermore, "La Tendresse" is easily pronounceable by everybody—not at all an unimportant detail. I notice, by the way, an anticipation expressed in the New York press that of the three San Francisco try-outs by Miller "La Tendresse" is the one he will choose for a New York run. But if he does I venture to prophesy that he will find it advisable to shorten a number of scenes, and, after all, it is more than probable that he will find that his New York clientèle will choose "The Awful Truth."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

At the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday night, July 10th, William Harris, Jr., will present John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," with Frank McGlynn and a company of about forty. There will be no Sunday performances, but there will be matinées Wednesday and Saturday. Mail orders are being accepted and the box-office sale opens Thursday morning, July 6th.

Frank McGlynn has played many times in San Francisco, his native heath, but it has remained for the part of Lincoln to bring his fine talents to the attention of the world. He is now internationally known for his excellent performance in this part. As a token of recognition a committee will meet him when he reaches the Ferry and escort him to the Palace Hotel, where a luncheon will be tendered him.

Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" is a play for the people. Without any of the obvious war atmosphere about it, the drama carries all the thrills of the civil war. It is told in the simple idiom which was Lincoln's, and this adds to the illusion that the spectator is not only meeting Lincoln himself, but the many notable figures who were grouped about him. There has never been but one company playing Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." Three years have passed since the first production of the play in New York.

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

Mildred Harris has risen to the top in the firmament of picture stars, but has deserted the silver sheet for the legitimate stage and is fair on her way to rank in the top row of stage stars. She brings an exceptionally clever playlet.

Leo Carrillo, star of "Lombardi, Ltd.," will appear in his inimitable dialect stories.

Kerekjarto, the sensational royal genius of the violin, has created a furor with his music.

Flo Lewis is a dainty comedienne with a brand new comedy idea. Miss Lewis hands out a laugh a minute.

Barnes and Moyer keep their audience in a state bordering on hysterics.

Bill Robinson, "the Dark Cloud of Joy," is dancing and kidding his way into the hearts of his hearers. Robinson is a veritable riot of fun.

Martin and Moore are exceptional aerialists doing their famous "Seal Whip Turn." Their act is thrilling and highly entertaining.

Chong and Rose Moey are a dainty Chinese pair who give their conception of American songs and dances.

#### LEGAL ETHICS.

Some Harvard antediluvians may remember how good old Dr. Peabody, trying to instruct uninstructional freshmen in moral science, used to emit the comprehensive question, "What eez ethics?" Stammering and uncertain was the answer of that infant class, says the New York Times. So, when one reads the article, reprinted from the Minnesota Law Review, of Mr. Rome G. Brown, an eminent Minneapolis lawyer, on "Some Applications of the Rules of Legal Ethics," one doesn't discover too clearly what legal ethics is. The American Bar Association has its "Canons of Ethics." There are statutes and decisions in regard to the conduct of lawyers which serve as precedents. The decisions of committees of bar associations are another class of precedents. Then there are the opinions of the writers of law books on the subject and articles in law magazines. Altogether "there is, in the conduct of lawyers and particular instances, a common law of legal ethics, so to speak, in the light of which all formulated statutes and codes should be construed and applied."

Legal ethics, like the law, is always changing and developing. Perhaps the layman will be more interested in the rise of lawyers in the United States than in their ethics. Knowing that some two-thirds of our Presidents have been lawyers, that our Congresses and legislatures have always swarmed with them, one is surprised—we won't say gratefully surprised—to find that the eighteenth century

was well along before lawyers as a class amounted to much, socially or politically, in the Colonies. "In Massachusetts," Mr. Brown, quoting from a book by Chief Justice Taft, tells us, "it was not until 1663 that an attorney was permitted to sit in the general court, and it was a long time after that before he was allowed to receive any fee or compensation for his professional services."

The explanation of the obscurity and unimportance of lawyers in the earlier Colonial days is simple enough. The country was too poor for them to live on. Commerce was mainly in English hands. A roadless land of woods and wilderness, of farmers and fishermen and hunters, offered scant material to the profession. There was no means for training lawyers, if there had been use for their services; and, presumably, such specimens of the tribe as did find their way over here left England for its good. And, for a long time, there were no law reporters, so the judges are lost in silence. Gradually in the villages some kind of half-lawyers appeared, ignorant, no doubt, but at least less noxious than the contemporary rude doctors of the time, full of superstitions that would seem absurd now in a treatise on witchcraft.

Besides, many of the colonists had been bothered or hunted by the officers of the law on account of their theological beliefs. It was natural that neither they nor their immediate descendants should pine for the gentlemen of the long robe. William Penn's Draft of Laws for his colony reflects this reminiscence of religious persecution. William and the provincial assembly after him directed that "in all courts all persons of all persuasions may freely appear in their own way and according to their own manner, and there personally plead their own cause themselves, or if unable, by their friends." Two years after, in 1685, the provincial council tried to prevent attorneys "from pleading for reward." The assembly wouldn't stand for this, yet twenty years later a statute was enacted prescribing the form of oath to be taken by collectors and attorneys. It contained these words, satisfactory and ethical to the lay mind: "Thou shalt increase no fees, but be contented with such fees which are or shall be allowed by the laws of this province."

Prescribed and regulated fees! A maximum fee law! Dreams of the layman, ever meanly anxious to choose the lawyer and the doctor. Well, in the eighteenth century some educated barristers came over here. Some of our young men, particularly from the South, read law in the Temple. The colleges turned out their small squads. Men of vigorous intelligence, with no "early advantages," were admitted to the bar, sometimes before they were of age; and some of them came to high eminence. The great age of the lawyers in politics began.

"A judiciary made subordinate to the Chief Executive or obliged to follow suggestions from a throne reveals a subjection to arbitrary authority inconsistent with love of individual liberty. A judiciary whose judgments must be made to follow popular clamor and the inconsistency of a mob indicates a people lacking that conserving self-restraint without which popular government is foredoomed to failure."—The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

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has been established commercially, on the basis of popular interest, and folks are eating their yeast raw, drinking more buttermilk than is good for them, and growing thin with fear that they may have missed one of the skittish little devils so necessary to a fair skin, a rosy complexion, and general good health. It does no good to point out to them that if vitamins had never been discovered they would have had no cause to worry about them. They are the folks that enjoy worry. They are the same persons who, a short time ago, chewed their food until they hated it because a gentleman named Fletcher had established the masticating record of the world, and they were afraid they would miss something if they did not follow suit. They are the sort of people that eat eggs for breakfast every morning of their lives and wonder why their disgusted stomachs rebel and have a Boston Tea Party at times. It is dietary fussing, the thing that promotes vegetarian cafeterias. A river of proprietary medicines "said to contain" vitamins is beginning to flood the market, three or four expensive bottles of which probably contain as many of these mysterious compounds as a good salad, a plate of family soup, a dish of spaghetti or a planked steak with vegetables. The truth about these small deer probably is that they are all about us, roosting on every bit of food we eat, nesting abundantly in every slice of bread and every cut of roast beef, and that if a man tried to live very long in this country and board around at the restaurants and hotels or even drag out his existence on home cooking, without getting plenty of them into his system he couldn't do it on a bet. But if any anxious person feels that what is the matter with him is a lack of vitamins, the *British Medical Journal* calls attention to the fact that he can supply the deficiency by taking cod liver oil. It does not seem to worry the *British Medical Journal* at all that there are lots of us who would rather die right now and get it over with. A person that had to go through life with the rancid savor of old cod livers forever in his mouth would be more comfortable in the hollow and echoing tomb.

Of course, anything labeled "science" must be received with veneration these days, no matter who may have applied the label. We have an indiscriminating reverence for it, like the Congo savage's fear of the magic remaining in an empty cartridge case. We believe anything a scientist tells us, which is not a bad habit, but in fact a very reasonable one, but we also believe anything a person claiming to be a scientist tells us, without having any way to test his claim. Persons claiming to be scientists have wedged their way into the courts lately with a new department of the black art, called psychopathy, and armed with a whole new vocabulary of such words as "inferiority complex," "border-line mentality," and "mental degenerate." On their dictum and diction a woman convicted in this vicinity of passing fraudulent checks was recently released on five years' probation; the probation law also being "scientific." It was said that the scientists had analyzed her and found that she was impelled to pass bad checks by some one of her many complexes or something and therefore should not be punished. One may be permitted to entertain doubts of the wisdom of such dealing with crime. The complex operating in this particular case was undoubtedly the fact that the woman wanted the money, a theory supported by the additional fact that whenever she wanted money she passed a bad check. That is very simple. And if it results from diseased mentality, it is not likely that five years on probation, with blank checks and pens and ink to be had in every bank, will effect a cure. Special temptations must be offered persons of that character not to commit sin. One of the most effective of such temptations has been found by experience to be the opportunity to remain at large as long as they don't do it, and the likelihood that they can not remain at large if they do. That may not be scientific penology, and persons holding lucrative positions as scientific penologists may be expected to deride it, but it will work. Suppose it be given a trial.

There was a doctor who was "hell on fits." Henceforth Thomas Lee Woolwine is going to be hell on bigamy. Since the Valentino case he has learned that a number of persons contemplate the rash act, and he is going to prevent it if he can, and punish it if he can't. There shall be no more Mexican marriages, no more interloquary brides, no more borderline cases in movie matrimony. Los Angeles is going to be pure. Its fair fame shall not be spotted before the world, its merchants must not be contaminated with bigamony. We venture a prediction: one serious threat to shut off the supply of that same bigamony from the Los Angeles merchants by a withdrawal of the motion-picture industry if bigamy were further prosecuted, and the district attorney's office would get as busy on burglars and pickpockets as a can of blasting powder suddenly raised to the ignition point. And it would be almost right. Bigamy is, of course, an awful thing, and no well-regulated house-

hold should have a bigamist in it, but it usually brings its own punishment, and in most cases is too costly to be very generally practiced in this country. Our veneer of civilization is not apt to be nicked seriously by a vice that is so expensive. The crimes against which we really need protection early and often are the lucrative ones.

The worm-hole experts and painters of old masters are having a harvest in London these days out of the pockets of the *nouveau riche*, the mob of upstarts that made their money from war contracts, and now are busy looking up their long-forgotten ancestors and filling their new-bought mansions in Mayfair with vestiges of former family grandeurs. Elephantine furniture of uncertain design commands their respect and lures their guineas if the legs have enough perforations, and a few grains weight of beetle borings can be found in the corners of the drawers. All this can be supplied; in fact the art is very old, and when it comes to what the Pullman porter's wife called "dis yere puhfumed oak" there are triumphs in delicate and deceptive imitation of antique tables, highboys, even paneling, that look at least as ancient as the days of Cromwell. Portraits are looking up. Cracked and properly yellowed canvases on which appear the caricature of an old man with a wig sell for large sums, and so many are turned out now that the artists have to be careful not to make too many of them look alike. One of these can be hung in the library of a man who did not know who his grandfather was, and perhaps had doubts about his father, and there referred to as "an ancestor of mine, painted, I think, by Van Dyke." It is said that enough of these Van Dykes have been uttered in London since the war to supply canvas for a national merchant marine of windjammers if the paint could be scraped off and the canvases pieced together. As to getting out the records of descent from Norman barons and crusaders, the College of Heralds would have its work cut out for it if it tried to supply the demand. Unfortunately, this ancient institution takes itself seriously, and does not deal in artificially worm-holed pedigrees. So buying ancestral furniture and ancestral portraits is easier, and, moreover, it can be done by a broker, who sees that his clients at least get something for their money though what they get may still reek of the varnish and the glue.

## Anatomy as Biography.

One of the strangest of literary relics in England is the skull of Sir Thomas Browne, the author of "Religio Medici," and one of the greatest old masters of English prose, which for nearly eighty years has rested in a glass case in the museum of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, writes Jackdaw in *John o' London's Weekly*. It was taken from Browne's coffin by Robert Fitch, the antiquary, while some repairs were being made in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, to whose vicar it is now going to be handed for reinterment on the site of the original spot in the chancel. Meanwhile, it has been placed in the hands of Sir Arthur Keith, the distinguished anthropologist, for detailed study. His full and final report is not yet issued, but he sends a long preliminary one to the *London Times Literary Supplement*.

He is convinced that the skull is really that of Browne and that it answers to what he believes to be the best existing portrait. The particularly well-developed temporal lobes answer to some of Browne's most characteristic mental qualities, "the richness and plasticity of his vocabulary, his aptitude for languages, his fondness of music—all qualities which, in the first place, centre round the hearing and that part of the brain which serves this sense." Sir Arthur Keith goes so far as to say that studies like this form the background of true biography, and he expresses the hope that medical men "may win the sympathy of great minds in their desire to elucidate the nature of English genius by doing for them what, I am certain, Sir Thomas Browne would have welcomed having done for himself."

There still exists, if we are to believe the great Canadian explorer, Dugald Campbell, among several peoples of Central and West Africa the judgment by lot, similar in spirit to some of the ordeals practiced in Europe in the Middle Ages. In West Africa any person suspected of an offense has for a certain time to swim in waters infested with crocodiles. If he comes out of the ordeal without injury—and this happens rarely—he is proclaimed innocent. In Central Africa the accused person has to smoke an enormous pipe filled with tobacco and—red peppers. If he succeeds in smoking the contents of the pipe without spitting once—and this, too, happens very rarely—he is freed of all suspicion.

It matters little that one is born in a duck-yard when one has come out of a swan's egg.—*Hans Christian Anderson.*

Experience is the great test of truth.—*Dr. Johnson's Essays.*

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is a familiar custom for an author of some merit but little fame to get a more celebrated colleague to introduce his book. The custom is sometimes run into the ground. Such an author recently applied to Mr. Bernard Shaw for a preface. Shaw replied: "Swim on your own; don't trust corks."

Brown, who was a newly-made Benedict, looked up his friend Jones, a family man of long experience, and put the question to him: "Jim, what did you call your mother-in-law after you were married?" "Well," replied Jones, "it was this way. For the first year I called her 'Say' and after that we all called her 'Grandma.'"

Sir Walter de Frece is said to be one of the best raconteurs in English clubdom. One of his latest is of the man who accosted another in a West End saloon bar. "Pardon, but you are Dr. Smith, aren't you?" he inquired. The man addressed denied that that was his name. "But, surely," said the first speaker, "you attended my wife?" "I did not," was the answer, "nor am I a doctor." "Then you must have a double!" "Thank you!" said the man; "I will."

Walter Camp, the trainer, was discussing football and its roughness. "One of Yale's roughest players," he said, "went West to work on a ranch. The cowboys, having heard of his reputation, asked him to teach them football. So the man from Yale picked out two husky elevens, explained the rules, and concluded his lecture with, 'If you can't kick the ball, kick an opponent. Now get busy. Where's the ball?' 'Oh, hang the ball,' said a cowboy, 'let's get on with the game.'"

Secretary Mellon recently announced that something must be done to stabilize the world's currency. Apropos of his statement he went on, "A man glided down Fifth Avenue the other day in a marvelous gray racing car with a shining aluminum bonnet. He drew up in front of a friend who said, 'By Jove! What a beautiful car! High-powered, too, I bet!' 'Ninety horsepower,' said the owner. 'Where did you get her?' 'Austria,' was the reply. 'How much?' 'Eight cents.'"

Some time ago Lord Leverhulme bought the small island of Lewis off the coast of Scotland. The new landlord, wishing to improve the lot of its thirty thousand inhabitants, most of whom are small farmers and fishers, had his lawyer draw up a very elaborate contract to be signed by each tenant. It contained twenty-six clauses or stipulations. One old man, according to Lord Leverhulme, returned the contract unsigned and accompanied by this note: "I haven't been able to keep the Ten Commandments for the sake of a mansion in heaven, and I'll be damned if I'll agree to keep twenty-six commandments for a sma' hoose in the island of Lewis."

An Austrian who had gone suddenly insane in 1913 and had been confined in an asylum near Vienna, blissfully ignorant of the war and of the revolution, was recently discharged as cured. To celebrate he hired a cab and had himself driven to the Prater. Upon arrival the cabman demanded eighteen thousand kronen. The cured man paled and grew faint. "This is terrible," he said tremblingly. "I did not dream of such extortion. I've only a twenty-kronen piece with me." The driver stared at the gold coin, but answered honestly enough, "That is all right. You get 18,000 kronen in change." The cured man was terrified. "Here, take it all," he said, "and drive me back to the asylum."

A certain negro during the late war had achieved the rank of orderly to a colonel. In the latter's absence the negro was left in command with the warning to treat his white charges with tact. Sam had assured the colonel that tact was his long suit, but after his chief's departure he looked up a negro friend and told him what his instructions were. "Now," inquired Sam, "what is that tact? I've got to know how to do it." "Well," his friend replied, "I'll explain. When I was back in the states I was wo'kin' at the Waldawf. One day when I was cleanin' up I opened a bathroom doa' and there was a lady in thar sittin' in the bathtub. I shut that doa' just as quick. And I sez, 'Excuse me—suh!' Naow, that 'excuse me' was just politeness, but that 'suh' was tact."

T. R. St.-Johnston, colonial secretary of the Leeward Islands and one time district commissioner in Fiji, writes of his curious experiences in these places in his "South Sea Reminiscences." Apropos of the mistakes made in English on the natives' part, he says: "But if natives misinterpret English words, we, I am sure, are just as frequently led astray by native ones. Like the young lady at her first dinner party after arriving in India, who was somewhat alarmed when the

sporting subaltern who had taken her in suddenly said, 'Oh, I must show you my tum-tum after dinner. I have just had it painted black and yellow.' It didn't occur to him that she could be ignorant of the fact that a tum-tum was a dog-cart."

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes is said to be responsible for the following poker story. Of course it had a moral force as told by the commissioner, but we prefer it shorn of its associations. A blue-eyed, innocent-looking young tenderfoot was roped into a crooked poker game in the Tin Can saloon. Of course the newcomer was planted before a mirror so that the barkeeper could read his hand. The game went on in a commonplace way till the bartender signified that the tenderfoot had four aces. Now was the time to skin him. The crooks took their cue and the dealer on the draw dealt the tenderfoot a sixth card, thus nullifying his wonderful hand. Then the betting began and it was fast and furious. In order to befuddle their guest as much as possible drinks and sandwiches were served and the poor tenderfoot ate and raised simultaneously. Suddenly the bartender began to make signs of horror and chagrin. The betting stopped and the crooks called the tenderfoot. He swallowed the last crumb of sandwich, laid down his hand, pocketed the fortune and walked out. After his departure there was a frightful time. "What in tarnation's name," howled the dealer, "what did he do with that sixth card I dealt him? That's what I want to know." "You bonehead!" yelled the bartender. "He ate it with his sandwich!"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

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"With its passionate and desperate honesty, this is the frankest and most outspoken book of the season. It burks no issues, either of sex or race." —A publisher's puff of the moment.

Last night upon a latish car I heard  
Two sons of toil (and both a trifle tight)  
Discuss the case of some one who had erred  
With "desperate honesty" (and some delight);  
They also "burked no issues," but outright  
Called spade a spade (and something more at  
need);  
Compelled to hear, this thought relieved my  
plight—

There are a lot of books I needn't read.

I'm told that Mr. X, whose mighty word  
But recently put all historians right,  
Has done a sort of guide to risks incurred  
By those who like their loves and ladies light;  
That Master Y and young Miss Z indite  
Some still more frank, outspoken, passionate  
screed—  
Ah, well, however frank and free the flight,  
There are a lot of books I needn't read.

The tribe of Tomlinson may newly gird  
Their courage for the promised feast (or fight),  
But some regard these labels as absurd  
And their attractions as distinctly slight;  
I can not say they tempt my appetite,  
They tend to do the opposite, indeed;  
There are some baits one can't be forced to  
bite  
And lots of books (thank God!) one needn't read.

## ENVOY.

Prince, when the boomsters flourish in our sight  
These puffs so "bold," so "frank," so "wholly  
freed,"

One thought shall still preserve  
blight:  
There are a lot of books we needn't read.  
—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

## The Flight of Migrating Birds.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, the eminent English biologist, in a recent popular lecture gave some interesting data in regard to the flight of birds, says the *Living Age*. He corrected erroneous beliefs in regard to the speed with which migrating birds fly, declaring that even the swiftest-winged birds do not exceed fifty miles an hour, and the rate at which migrants travel varies considerably below this. Professor Thomson pointed out the extreme difficulty in securing reliable data, a difficulty for which the habit of flying at night is very largely responsible.

He described also some experiments that have been made with air craft. It has hitherto been believed that migrating birds traveled at great heights, going even as high as ten thousand feet above sea level, but when birds were released from flying machines at such a height, it was found that they were overpowered by the cold and the thinness of the atmosphere. It now seems that cranes and geese, the highest-flying birds, usually travel at about three thousand feet. The highest bird so far observed from air craft is a sky-lark, which was encountered six thousand feet up.

Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson brought back with him from the Arctic a quantity of the fine hair of the musk-ox, from which a very good cloth has since been made.

DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

Cycol will save engine owners this tremendous amount of money lost through wasted oil, wasted fuel, preventable repairs, because it is free from destructive "sulpho" compounds. These have been removed by the new Hexeon Process used exclusively by us.

When your oil contains destructive "sulpho" compounds it breaks down rapidly under engine heat. Its lubricating value becomes quickly impaired. The oil film is broken and serious damage may result.

Have your crank case thoroughly flushed—not with kerosene. Use the correct grade of Cycol as shown on the Cycol Recommendation Chart. Use Associated Gasoline. Then notice the improved performance of your motor.

ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY  
SAN FRANCISCO

**CYCOL**  
**MOTOR OIL**  
**FREE FROM DESTRUCTIVE "SULPHO" COMPOUNDS**



## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Cornelia Clamptett, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Frederick W. Clamptett, to Mr. William Shuman, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. T. Shuman of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was announced in San Francisco and in Paris on Wednesday, June 21st. Miss Clamptett made her debut in San Francisco a few years ago, when her father, Rev. Clamptett, was rector of Trinity Episcopal Church. Since then Rev. and Mrs. Clamptett, Miss Cornelia Clamptett, and two of her brothers have made their home in Paris, where Rev. Clamptett is now chaplain of the Students' Club of the American Church. Mr. Shuman graduated from Cornell University in 1918, and is now connected with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in San Francisco. Miss Clamptett graduated from Miss Burke's school, and during the war served in France in the Red Cross Motor Corps. Two of Miss Clamptett's brothers are in San Francisco, Mr. Donald Clamptett and Mr. Robert Clamptett. Another brother, Mr. Frederick Clamptett, Jr., is in South America. No definite plans for the wedding have yet been made.

Miss Helen Crawford, daughter of Mrs. J. P. Crawford, was married at noon to Dr. Lowell Langstroth at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McFarland in San Mateo. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Cambridge of the San Mateo Episcopal Church, on the lawn of the McFarland home, in the presence of relatives and friends. Miss Crawford had no attendants, and was given in marriage by her cousin, Mr. E. M. Murray. Mr. Frank Langstroth was best man for his brother. The wedding breakfast was served under the trees on the lawn, after which Dr. and Mrs. Langstroth left on a short wedding tour. On their return they will make their home in San Francisco.

Miss Genevieve Marion Sanchez, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Sanchez, and Mr. Thomas Brodie Jones, son of Mrs. Eleanor Brodie Jones, of Los Angeles, were married on Tuesday evening, June 20th, at the First Presbyterian Church. Rev. William K. Guthrie officiated. Miss Marion Woodall and Mr. Harry Tipton Steck were the attendants for the bride and groom. Mr. Thomas Wishard, Mr. Landis Sherman, Mr. William Garretson and Mr. Thomas Edwards were the ushers. Following the ceremony, a reception was held in the Gray Room at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Louise Mahoney honored Mrs. Constance Beardsley, whose marriage to Mr. Hugh de Haven is to take place on July 3d, at a tea given last Monday. Among Miss Mahoney's guests were Mrs. Mariadna Snell Cobb, Mrs. William K. Morrow, Mrs. Alfred Ehrmann, Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge, Mrs. Wanda Henrici, Mrs. Walter Vodges, Mrs. Reaber, Miss Harriett Jolliffe, Miss Mary Jolliffe and Miss Margaret Bassett.

Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell and her fiancé, Mr. James Moffitt, were the honored guests at a dinner given Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard at their home in San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. Howard's other guests included Mr. and Mrs.

Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. George Howard and Mr. Henry Howard.

Mrs. Isaac Requa of Piedmont entertained at a reception celebrating her ninety-third birthday on Thursday afternoon at her old home, "The Highlands." Scores of friends called to congratulate Mrs. Requa, who was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long, and by her granddaughters, Mrs. Charles Zook Sutton, Mrs. Salem Camillo Pohlman and Miss Alice Requa.

Mr. William Shuman, whose engagement to Miss Cornelia Clamptett was announced on Thursday, entertained at a stag dinner party on Friday evening. His guests were Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Robert Clamptett, Mr. Donald Clamptett, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Jerome Kuhl, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Wallace Campbell and Mr. Blair Shuman.

Mrs. Jerome Politzer, who until her marriage abroad a year ago was Miss Augusta Foute, was the honor guest at a tea given Saturday by Miss Louise Bullock at her home on Lyon Street. Mr. and Mrs. Politzer returned to San Francisco a week ago and a number of affairs are being planned to welcome them. Dr. Harry Tevis entertained for the Politzers yesterday, having a group of intimate friends for luncheon.

General Charles G. Morton, U. S. A., and his bride are en route to Alaska on their honeymoon. The Mortons, whose marriage occurred in the East, spent a few days at the general's quarters at Fort Scott before going north. They were given a reception Friday afternoon by the officers and their wives from the army posts about the Bay. Several hundred of the service and civilian set paid their compliments to the honor guests. Following the reception Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst entertained at dinner for General and Mrs. Morton. The affair was given at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Edith Bull was the motif for a dinner party given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates at their home in Menlo Park. Forty-five guests were present. Miss Bull recently returned from Europe, after an absence of a welcome for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin celebrated their twenty-first wedding anniversary on Monday. Contrary to their usual custom, they did not entertain on the occasion, because of the illness of Mrs. Martin's mother, Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

According to Farington, Napoleon, when First Consul, had busts of Nelson and Fox in his rooms at the Tuileries.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## A Fairy Went A-Marketing.

A fairy went a-marketing—  
She bought a colored bird;  
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song  
That ever she had heard;  
She sat beside its painted cage  
And listened half the day,  
And then she opened wide the door  
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—  
She bought a winter gown  
All stitched about with gossamer  
And lined with thistle-down;  
She wore it all the afternoon  
With prancing and delight,  
Then gave it to a little frog  
To keep it warm at night.

—Miss Fyelman in "Poems from Punch," 1909-1920.

## "Heart and Brain."

(The Genoa Conference.)

Night-founded Heart had lost her ways  
Amid long strivings of good will,  
Noble endeavors come to nil,  
And heaven-high futilities  
Pursued in faith, with passion strong  
To slay the evil, right the wrong.  
Nor wan and weary, faint and spent,  
For some new guiding star she gropes;  
To light another vision, blent  
Of her great will and deathless hopes.

And Brain, grown bitter with the blows  
He'd beat upon the vile and base,  
Staggered before the iron face  
Of huge, unconquered human woes.  
He smote and smote and could not see  
What lacked his mighty energy,  
But marked each stroke deflected sheer  
From armed ignorance and greed  
That scorned his challenges austere,  
Flouted the clarion of his creed.

O generous Heart, O Brain steel-bright,  
Foregather, come together, rise,  
And dawn shall break upon the night  
Of your divided destinies,  
To wake the weary soul of earth  
Sunk in long impotence and death.  
When Reason mounts her empty throne—  
For orb and sceptre Heart and Brain—  
Mankind shall come into his own  
And human Love with Wisdom reign.

—Eden Phillpotts in the Observer.

## The Heron.

Solitary, silent at the brown burn's edge,  
Bent above the ripple where the shy trout run,  
He but sees the wan wave lapping on the sedge—  
I can see the bit-bars flashing in the sun.

High and swift above him rush the startled teal,  
Gray and close about him lies the mother-mist,  
He but sees the round hill rising like a wheel—  
I can see a horseman with hawk upon his wrist.

Brown below the heather runs the ripple on his feet,  
Low among the shallows there are shadows  
slipping through,

He but sees the moor-trout mingling as they meet—  
I can see the goshawk stooping from the blue.

Now he hears a footstep; wakes a sleeping power;  
Wide-winged and wonderful sails away, and slow.

I can see a tall knight 'neath a lady's bower,  
Riding with a shorn plume at his saddle-bow.  
—Will H. Ogilvie in Westminster Gazette.

## At Del Monte.

Golf matches for men and women will be the outstanding sport feature at Del Monte over the Independence Day holiday. There will be horseback riding, swimming, fishing, tennis and other pastimes to furnish diversion to the crowds that will celebrate the glorious Fourth at the Monterey resort. Among some of those who have made reservations at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George Keith, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reiners of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. E. Clinton Worden, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brooks, Alfred Tubbs and party, W. B. Tubbs and party, Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Goodfellow, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Neylan, Mr. Dan Murphy and party.

Horseback riding is very much in favor now with the Pebble Beach residents. Mrs. Jane Selby Haine, who has taken the Flint cottage for the summer, is an expert horsewoman, to whom is due much in stimulating interest in the sport. Mrs. Haine is accompanied in her rides by Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse, Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, and Mrs. Alanson Weeks.

## Feather River.

The Feather River Inn opened for the season on June 10th. The new golf course, which was completed June 1, 1921, is in condition and golfers pronounce it one of the best nine-hole courses in California. Peter Soutar, golf professional, is in charge. Horseback riding is one of the great features. Every day from ten to fifteen of the guests go on rides to the different lakes.

Mr. W. H. Metcalfe and family of Oakland are spending a few days at the inn. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sultan and family of San Francisco are at the inn, and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gunther of San Francisco are spending two weeks there. Mr. D. F. Parker and family of Pasadena have arrived for a stay.

## Broke His Own Record.

After serving forty-five years without making a single arrest, a New York policeman, who is seventy-six years of age, recently broke his own record by "running in" a man for disorderly conduct.

El Encanto Hotel  
and Bungalows

The most beautifully situated hotel in California. Located on Mission Ridge, 500 feet above sea level. The best summer climate in the world.

GOLFING  
HORSE-BACK RIDING  
FISHING  
TENNIS  
MOUNTAIN TRAILS  
SWIMMING

Guests have privileges of La Cumbre Golf Club. Guaranteed Milk and Cream from our own Dairy and Fresh Vegetables from our own Gardens. Spacious Lawns and Acres of Flowers Surround Main Building and Bungalows. Highest Standard Cuisine. Rates Moderate. Liberal Discount for Long Stay.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

## DEL MONTE

The Largest Resort Hotel Plant in the World  
Where "Thinking People" can find Recreation in Hotel del Monte's Comfort, Service and Outdoor Life. "Here every sportsman can find his chosen recreation."

TWO CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSES  
CARL S. STANLEY, Manager

DEL MONTE : : CALIFORNIA

## San Ysidro Ranch

Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER

San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara

## THE HILLCREST

American and European Plan  
CALIFORNIA AND JONES STS.  
Phone Franklin 5240

Daylight  
or Night Service

—to—

Yosemite National  
Park

## DAYLIGHT

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry) 8:40 a. m.  
Ar. Yosemite Valley 7:15 p. m.

## NIGHT

Lv. San Francisco (Ferry) 11 p. m.  
Ar. Yosemite Valley 1:15 p. m.

\$20.75 Round  
Trip

On Sale Daily

Good for return within 3 months  
(but not later than Oct. 30)

\$19.50 Round  
Trip

On Sale Friday and Saturday  
Good for 15 days returning

## Southern Pacific Lines

50 Post St.

Ferry Station

Third St. Station

Sutter 4000





## STRINGER STORAGE COMPANY

Sutter near Fillmore  
and  
Steiner near Sutter

Conducting a Storage  
Business Founded  
in  
1880

Storage---Shipping

Expert Packing, Protection  
and Dispatch

A fully informed representative, anxious to give you any desired information, will respond to your phone call.

Phone West 999

### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Josephine Grant are back from the East, where they have been since the early spring. They are at their Burlingame home for the summer.

Miss Edith Grant is visiting school friends in the East, and will return in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sewall Doliver left this week for Alaska. They will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer M. Newhall have recently returned from a motor trip to the south. On their return they closed their San Rafael home and went for the summer to Bolinas, where they have a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul I. Fagan spent the weekend at Del Monte, where the Fagan children are staying with their grandmother, Mrs. Eugene Lent.

Mrs. F. S. Loop and her daughter, Miss Frances Loop, left this week for Seattle to spend several weeks.

Mr. Alfred Holman sailed from New York last week for a brief visit to his daughter, Miss Helen Holman, in Paris.

Ensign Albert Warren Akers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Akers have arrived from Coronado and are visiting at the home of Mrs. Akers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Klink.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury and her son, Mr. Evan Pillsbury, are in London at the Savoy Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp have taken the Pillsbury home at Montecito for the summer.

Miss Isabelle de Viosca and Miss Laura de Viosca have recently returned from a trip to Europe.

## Summer Cottage in the Sierras

In the picturesque old mining town of Dutch Flat, Placer County. Five-room cottage with screened-in dining-room, large veranda, completely and artistically furnished. Shade and fruit trees, berries, lawn, running spring. A wonder opportunity for family with growing children. Price \$2000. Address F. H. Meyer, 742 Market Street, San Francisco, or apply Dill Hotel, Dutch Flat, Calif.

### DIVIDEND NOTICES

**THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY**, 526 California Street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, Mission and Twenty-first Sts.; Park-Presidio Dist. Branch, Clement and 7th Ave.; Haight Street Branch, Haight and Belvedere Sts.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1922, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 1st, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividend from July 1st, 1922. Deposits made on or before July 10th, 1922, will earn interest from July 1st, 1922. **GEO. TOURNY, Manager.**

**BANK OF ITALY**, junction Market, Powell and Eddy Sts.; Montgomery Street Branch, corner Montgomery and Clay Sts.; Market-Geary Branch, junction Market, Geary and Kearny Sts.; Mission Branch, 3246 Mission St., near 29th St.; Park-Presidio Branch, 926 Clement St.; Polk-Van Ness Branch, 1541 Polk St.; Eureka Valley Branch, junction Market, 17th and Castro Sts.; Sunset Branch, 8th Ave. and Irving.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1922, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1922. Deposits made to and including Monday, July 10, 1922, will earn interest from July 1, 1922. **P. C. HALE, Vice-president.**

**HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK**, 783 Market St., Near 4th.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1922, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1922. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1922, will earn interest from July 1, 1922. **H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.**

rope. They plan to leave for Del Monte with their parents July 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade and Mrs. Ethel Nixon left for a motor trip to Wawona to spend a fortnight in the Sierra.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Mary Donohoe, who have spent the past months in Europe, have returned. They went directly to their homes in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Trench Volte left for San Rafael this week, where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Claudine Cotton Warren and Mrs. Vere Ellinwood are closing their Jackson Street home for the summer and will motor to the Russian River to spend the rest of the season.

Miss Katherine Ball, supervisor of art of San Francisco schools, left on Friday for Mexico to study exhibits of ancient art in the National Museum in Mexico City.

Mrs. H. L. Miller of San Diego is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon and Captain Wendell C. Hammon returned to California this week, having passed the winter and spring in Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Garton Keyston left on Saturday for Palo Alto, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. Cyril McNear sailed on Saturday for Shanghai on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood have gone to Ben Lomond for the summer.

Miss Laura Lindsay Miller and her fiancé, Mr. John Knox, spent the week-end at Ben Lomond as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood.

Miss Constance Luft of New York, who has been the guest of Mrs. Warren Quinn for some weeks, has gone to Bakersfield. In a week or so Miss Luft will go to Shasta Springs, where she will be entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lang closed their apartments at the Palace Hotel the first of the week, and have gone to Shasta Springs for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Magee and their little son, Master John Magee, have gone to Portland, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lang.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Benjamin and Miss Barbara Benjamin are in the Yosemite for a week or ten days.

Mrs. Robert McMillan has arrived in San Francisco and is the guest of her father, Mr. T. Z. Blakeman, at the St. Francis Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. William Kinley Jones and Miss Mary Edith Jones left their home on Stanford University campus and are motoring to Oregon, where they will visit Mrs. David Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Bland of Louisville, Kentucky, are in San Francisco visiting Mr. and Mrs. Graeme McDonald.

Miss Patience Winchester and Miss Florence Martin have returned to their San Rafael home from another year at Bryn Mawr and Smith Colleges.

Both will return in the fall and complete their studies at their respective colleges.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron and Mr. M. H. de Young arrived on Monday from their trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldemar Ott are at the Palace Hotel for a few days prior to their departure for Colorado Springs, where they will go on their wedding tour. Mr. and Mrs. Ott will make their home in Wyoming.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Spaulding left on Monday for Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite, to be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss Marion McAllister left for Banff in the Canadian Rockies for the summer.

Mrs. George Barr Baker is in San Francisco for the summer. Mrs. Baker has taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, who are in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer are in San Francisco, having come from New York. They will make their home here for a time.

Mrs. Armstrong Taylor returned to San Francisco the early part of the week, after some months spent in New York and the City of Mexico.

Admiral and Mrs. Benjamin Hutchinson, who since their arrival have been the house guests of Captain and Mrs. George Landenberger, left on Tuesday for Seattle to be there during the stay of the fleet in the north.

Commander and Mrs. Wallace Bertholf and their small son, Master Mariner Bertholf, sailed last week from New York for the Pacific Coast. Commander Bertholf has been ordered to the U. S. S. *Arizona* as executive officer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood and their daughter, Miss Helen Wood, left on Sunday for Fallen Leaf Lodge at Tahoe, where they will pass the month of July.

Miss Hélène de Latour and Miss Lillian Hopkins spent the week-end at San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott.

Mrs. Charles Bowie Detrick arrived in San Francisco last week on the *Mau* from her home in Hilo. She will spend several weeks here as the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowie Detrick, at her Jackson Street home.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin left the latter part of the week for Santa Barbara, where they have recently completed a bungalow which they will occupy.

Mrs. Elyse Schultze Hopkins and her little son have taken possession of their apartment on California Street, which has been rented to Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Thompson of Santa Barbara for the winter. Mrs. Hopkins will spend the greater part of July at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Anne Porter is in the Yosemite with a party of friends. Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, will spend the latter part of July at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Gallagher left on Sunday for New York en route to Buenos Aires, where they will make their future home. They have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams at their Clay Street home while they stopped in San Francisco.

Miss Laura Bosqui has returned from a three months' visit to Phoenix, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller spent the week-

end at Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King.

Mrs. Charles R. McCormick and Mrs. Roger Lapham are motoring from Menlo Park to Los Angeles, making a leisurely trip.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman and Miss Kate Boardman left the latter part of the week for Salmon Lake for the remainder of the summer.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. W. M. Coffman, San Mateo; Mr. F. G. Cross, Corcoran; Mr. D. J. L. Davis, New York; Mr. R. P. O'Connor, Atascadero; Mr. William O'Brien, Colorado Springs; Mr. Vern Guthrie, Portland; Mr. F. E. Davis, Buffalo, New York; Mr. J. P. Austin, Seattle; Mr. H. W. Evans, Portland; Mr. W. L. Tracey, Los Angeles; Mr. H. S. Dawson, Stockton; Mr. W. H. Libby, St. Louis; Mr. A. J. Bode, St. Louis; Mr. C. E. Davenport, Los Angeles; Mr. J. J. Whitman, Chicago; Mr. J. H. Smith, El Paso.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. Jesse Whitehead, Los Altos; Mr. J. H. Ross, Honolulu; Mr. W. J. Statler, Buffalo; Mr. Alexander C. Hamilton, Los Angeles; Superior Judge Robert S. Max, Cincinnati; Mr. Earle Williams, Los Angeles; Mr. W. M. Carley, Des Moines; Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lambert, Long Beach; Mr. Marlow M. Merrill, Chicago; Mr. J. A. Leitch, Kansas City; Mr. E. M. Hilton, New York; Dr. H. L. Sanford, Cleveland; Mr. C. C. Tannehill, Hollywood; Mr. C. K. Chisholm, Cleveland; Mr. B. C. Burdick, Stockton.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What do you do when you don't wear an overcoat?" "Pad my other hip."—*Brown Jug.*

"But can't you and your husband live happily together without fighting?" "No, not 'apply."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"What do you really think of these movie actors?" "I don't think they're half as bad as the pictures."—*Judge.*

Doctor—Ah, your cough is much better today. Patient—Yes. I have practiced it all night.—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

He—The fact is that you spend too much money. She—No, the fact is that you don't earn enough.—*Stockholm Söndags Nisse.*

I. W. W.—That bloke never did a tap o' work in his life. Delegate—Har! Is he a comrade or a cursed capitalist?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

The difference between a necessity and a luxury is that you can do without a necessity without losing the respect of the neighbors.—*Birmingham News.*

"What a strange expression that movie actor has!" "Nothing strange about it. He is the man who always gets hit in the eye with an egg."—*Judge.*

"Ignorance of the law is never excused," said the bright young lawyer. "Then I'll be d—d if you get any fee," replied the poor client.—*California Pelican.*

"Lady, to gain your esteem I am ready to attempt the impossible!" "The impossible? All right. Try to become young, handsome, intelligent, distinguished."—*Paris Le Rire.*

Mistress—Mary, have you cemented the handle on to the water-jug, which you dropped yesterday? Mary—I started to, mum, but I dropped the cement bottle.—*London Morning Post.*

Husband—Oh, don't remind me of that escapade. I thought you had forgiven and forgotten. Wife—Yes, but I don't want you to forget that I'd forgiven and forgotten.—*London Mail.*

"Your state boasts some forty candidates for governor, does it not?" inquired the man from back East. "No," frankly replied the Kansan. "We've got 'em; that's all."—*Kansas City Star.*

Old Gentleman—Does your mother allow you to smoke in here? Son of the House—Oh, yes—good for the moth. Old Gentleman—Ah—suffer from moth? So that's what's the matter with you.—*Punch.*

"Samantha, what's the chune the orchestra's playin' now?" asked the old farmer, who was attending a concert for the first time in his life. Samantha, his wife, looked long and

earnestly at her programme. "It's by a fellow called Chopin," she replied. "Well, maybe," was the reply. "But it sounds a deal more like sawin'."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Nurse—Your majesty, it's a boy. King Solomon—A thousand petty *malibitos!* And I wanted a girl this time! Nurse—Do not despair, O king; there will be three more along in a minute.—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

"I have just been elected Grand Imperial Potentate of my lodge." "Congratulations, old man. That's fine." "Well, it's a beginning anyhow. I hope to get one of the really important offices later on."—*New York Sun.*

"Lie back a little farther in the chair," coaxed the barber. "If you don't mind I'll stay as I am. The last time I lay back I fell asleep, and when I woke up I owed the barber my next week's wages."—*Toronto Goblin.*

In the middle of a stupid card party one of the guests spoke to a young man who was yawning. "Insufferably boring, isn't it? If it weren't so embarrassing I'd go home." "Yeah. Wish I could, too; but, hang it all, I live here."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mother (sending out invitation for Bobby's birthday party)—Would you like me to ask Joan, or is she too young? Bobby—Oh, no, mother. She's awfully grown-up for her age. In fact, unless you call it a "Thé Dansant" I don't suppose she'll come.—*Punch.*

"Well, well, young gentlemen!" exclaimed the affable old person. "I'd give a great deal to be able to join in your sport." "Stick around, grandpop," said one sturdy youngster. "If we knock this ball through somebody's window we'll let you go for it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Prospective Bridegroom—Do you mind if Irene's mother weeps at the wedding? His Mother—I certainly shall mind! If that woman carries on as if her poor daughter was throwing herself away by marrying my son, I'll faint, just to spite her! You see if I don't.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Mrs. Blackstone—How in the world do you manage to get your husband to take you to dances so often? Mrs. Webster—By using diplomacy, my dear. Since I told him that only the young men could dance these modern steps he is eager to prove to me that he isn't getting old.—*New York Sun.*

"Nobody tries to stop card playing in Crimson Gulch." "It's valuable for its social influence," replied Cactus Joe. "I thought friendship ceased in a poker game?" "On the contrary, a poker game is the only occasion on which some of the boys really suspend hostilities."—*Washington Star.*

The "cod liver oil man" has just made his appearance in the streets of Moscow, much to the delight of the day nurseries and children's homes, though possibly not to the patients themselves, says the *New York Tribune*. At first sight one might mistake him for the once familiar milkman, for he drives round daily a huge cask mounted on a truck. The authorities are not on the lookout for him, so he has no need to carry his wares. They come to him carrying pails which he places under the spigot. He opens it, lets it run until the pail is sufficiently filled with the cod liver oil, and when all the pails are treated in the same way drives off, no mention being made of payment. Sixty day nurseries and seventeen children's homes were supplied with the oil in this way in three days, said the cable acquainting the London office of the American Relief Administration with this new fashion of distributing doses. Medicines and other supplies are also being distributed in the same way. The American Relief Administration in Russia is distributing \$7,600,000 worth of medical supplies in Russia.

One of the most interesting pieces of historic china in the valuable collection which the National Museum has been gathering for more than thirty years is the deep cream salad bowl in the centre of the miscellaneous Washington memorials. This bowl is the sole survival of the handsome dinner service presented in the summer of 1782 to General and Lady Washington, as the term went then, by some officers of the Saintonge regiment, encamped near Williamsburg. One of these gentlemen, M. de Bellegarde, was proprietor of a porcelain manufactory at Niderviller, near Phalsbourg. The service was designed especially for the purpose, and, according to the diary of the Baron Closen, one of the officers in attendance, "on July 14th, M. de Bellegarde presented a porcelain service of great beauty and the newest taste, and Lady Washington was delighted with the attention and most gracefully expressed her thanks."

If a man would pursue philosophy, his first task is to throw away conceit. For it is impossible for a man to learn what he has a conceit that he already knows.—*Epictetus.*

The police occasionally find themselves handicapped by people refusing to prosecute wrongdoers because of their religious scruples.



## Leave Nothing to Chance When You Go Away For Your Vacation

Don't "take a chance" and leave your silverware, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in the house when you are going away for the summer. You may, on your return, find everything as you left it, but—

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#### BERZELIUS AND CHEMISTRY.

The resolution of chemical compounds into their elements, and the establishment of the elements themselves, from the days of Boyle on, had been on a qualitative basis. Where the atomic proportions had been fixed for compounds, they had been arrived at empirically, and were merely simple arithmetical aliquot parts, says the *General Chemical Bulletin*. The lack of exact experimental evidence had held back the general adoption of Dalton's theory. Jöns Jacob Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist, inaugurated the quantitative, that is, the modern, theory of chemistry, as distinguished from the qualitative foundations of his predecessors. The general recognition of the atomic theory followed on his researches.

Berzelius was born on August 20, 1776, at Väfrersunda, Sweden. His father, who was principal of a school, died when Berzelius was four years old; and his mother was married a second time to Anders Ekmark, the German pastor at Nörköping. His stepfather sympathized with Berzelius' love for natural science and encouraged him in his pursuits. His education was in a way rather haphazard, but he came under the influence of the entomologist and botanist Haglund, who was his tutor and later on under that of Hornstedt, the natural history teacher at the Linköping gymnasium. In 1798, at the age of twenty-two, he passed the medico-philosophical examination at the great University of Upsala, although he knew but little chemistry. It was after his graduation that he began chemical experiments in conjunction with his oldest half-brother. From then on, chemistry was his recreation from his other studies, although with little encouragement. After much work, he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1802. With Von Hisinger, about 1806, he published his first work on the chemical action of the Voltaic pile, then just known, which contains an expression of the views which formed the basis of Berzelius' theory of chemical combination. With Hisinger, he discovered and correctly described the element cerium. Meantime he continued his analytical experiments until he received an appointment in chemistry at the Karlberg Military Academy, and in 1807 was appointed professor at the School of Surgery at Stockholm, where he was able to carry on his pharmaceutical and chemical work, aided by a state grant of money for instruments and materials. At this time he wrote a text book of chemistry, his work on which was the starting

point of the researches on chemical proportions which became his life-work. From now on, his work became more varied and grew in importance. He corresponded with and visited the principal chemists of Europe. In 1812 he was appointed by the King of Sweden director of the newly-established Academy of Agriculture. In 1813 he published a small treatise on chemical mineralogy, soon translated into English and German. His recognition as one of Europe's leading scientists was now universal, and professorships and other scientific honors flowed in to him. In 1835 he married, and was elevated to the peerage. He continued active till his death in 1848, at the age of seventy-two.

Berzelius, among many other things, devised our current chemical symbols for the atoms. By his study of the composition of the oxides and sulphides of metals and non-metals he placed on a firm basis the chemical law of multiple proportions.

Berzelius, like the great Alexander Agassiz, was not alone a great scientific intellect, but he also exerted a vast influence as a teacher and formed many distinguished chemists through instruction in his laboratory, instruction which could not be obtained elsewhere. His tremendous industry and single-minded devotion to science enabled him to overcome the handicap of a meagre early education. Like all the great names in science, he had to lay the very foundations of his chosen work. His own energy carried him to eminence.

A German medical journal reports that a girl in Frankfurt while eating a blood orange was wounded by the broken point of an injection syringe which still contained a small quantity of red aniline color. The girl had bought a dozen oranges. They were examined, and it was found that they all had been injected with red of the same nature. It seems that this proceeding is not new, and that in Germany—and perhaps elsewhere—the chemical transformation of ordinary oranges into blood oranges has been often performed. The chapter of falsification will never be finished.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**The Public and the Railway Strike.**

The superintendent of the Southern Pacific Railroad told the striking shopmen their strike was against the government, not the company, inasmuch as the Railroad Labor Board was the government under the law; and said: "The findings of the Board will be upheld by public opinion. Your salaried leaders and their families will not suffer the loss and privations that will come to most of the rank and file who fail to return to the service, and those who are dear to them." He might better have said that the findings of the Board ought to be upheld by public opinion; for no one can tell in advance these troubled days just what form public opinion will take, or on what faction it will set its approval. It is not always rational; it is frequently fickle and mistaken about its own interests. At times it seems to want things settled promptly rather than properly, and this may be one of the times. Yet there is no certainty that it is. One would suppose the public was surfeited with industrial turmoil, especially as the general railway strike, or threat of it, has assumed a seasonal aspect. Each summer seems to bring it to the fore, no matter what the general conditions may be; and that has an arbitrary appearance which is apt to strain the popular patience to failure, as the engineers would put it. In this case the Railroad Labor Board appears to have a clean record of impartiality, for which the shopmen have given it no credit. It raised wages when that was necessary, and now that it seems necessary to reduce

them the men refuse to accept its decision. That decision is based, moreover, on as good a foundation of justice as we are likely to have in affairs so complex and human. The proposed wage scale was carefully calculated so that the men should have as much purchasing power in their reduced pay as they had before the European war broke out. They would not be so well off as they are today, but every class of society has to retrench, in order to get back to that "normalcy" of which we have heard so much and seen so little. The railroads must be restored to efficiency in order that they may do the work necessary to get us back on a secure basis of business and life, which means that lowering of wages is absolutely necessary. The board's decision appears to have been a moderate and considerate one, and the public ought to appreciate it and make the men understand that the decision has the full power of popular support. It is in the public interest, and unless the public recognizes that fact, it will continue to suffer all the economic troubles that beset it now.

**The Case of Senator Myers.**

One more good man is to become a sacrifice to the breakdown of party responsibility through popular nomination, that abracadabra for producing the magical millennium. Henry Lee Myers, Senator from Montana, has announced that he will not enter the contest for renomination. He has offended the reds, the pinks, and the radicals of his state, which it would be necessary, in these times, for any man to do that was worth one congressional package of free seeds; and that makes it necessary for him, if he is to continue in public life, to face a campaign of misrepresentation, villification, and indiscriminate popular abuse of every sort. Myers won't do it, and nobody can blame him. But he will be a loss to the country when his present term in the Senate expires.

This is the man that had the courage to denounce the Illinois labor murders in the Senate chamber the other day while Borah was uttering the usual drool about "curing the evils which bring on such awful crimes." It was Myers who said:

There is no free America, and there never will be any free America until an American citizen or an American resident who wants to work and earn an honest living can seek and obtain honest work and perform that work in peace, without getting the consent of an invisible government, a self-constituted superior power, superior to human rights, superior to the Government.

There can be no free America until an American citizen or denizen can work at his calling or trade without having first to get the consent of an organized minority, a power which is more tyrannical and more domineering than anything else that has ever exercised tyranny and dominating power in this country; without having to get the consent to work of anybody or any organization other than himself and his employer. That is what free America should mean. \* \* \*

To many thousands, hundreds of thousands of our humblest but most deserving citizens the inestimable right to work when and where and for whom they please, without the consent or approval of anybody else, is denied. So long as that may be the case this will not be free America, the "land of liberty." When such awful things as the horrible crime of which I have been talking can happen it is not free America. These men who were so brutally killed did not enjoy the benefits of free America. They were deprived of their lives, when pursuing their rights, by lawless acts that defy free America and make a farce of it.

Those lawless acts were the result of the dominance of an organized minority, and I say that the domination of an organized minority is the greatest menace that confronts the American people today. Those acts were the result of the power of an organized minority, and that organized minority, through higher officials of the organized minority, and in peaceful and more gentle but none the less effective ways, can come to Congress and get nearly anything it wants, from my observation, by peacefully and silently, but nevertheless quite effectively, swinging a club over the head of Congress or shaking a mailed fist in its face. In my opinion, legislation at the behest of organized minorities is seriously threatening the life and stability of this Government. I do not confine that remark to the organized minority of which I started out to

speaking. I refer to all organized minorities, of which there are many. I have heard it asserted by people who have made a study of the subject that seventy per cent of American legislation enacted by Congress or by State legislatures is enacted at the behest of organized minorities, and I do not doubt it.

And when Senator Walsh of Massachusetts asked for the suggestion of a remedy, Myers became even more offensive. He had the effrontery to reply:

Backbone in public men! That is the only effective remedy of which I know. I do not think there is much of it in public life today, but I hope there may be more in future. I believe that legislation enacted at the behest of organized minorities is a grave menace to this country today. It is seriously threatening the life and stability of this Government, and unless it is stopped no man can tell the end or foresee the result, except that I believe it will be disaster of the gravest kind; and unless outrages of the kind to which I have referred this morning are stopped by an aroused public sentiment, as reflected in halls of legislation, the country will go all the more speedily to inevitable disaster. Both legislative and executive officials should take sharp notice of the dangers that beset us.

Here is recognition, full and complete, of the *bloc* system in Congress that has been plaguing the President and bringing legislation into more than common disrepute during this session. That system comes from organized minorities, and organized minorities are enabled to control because the old lines of party responsibility have been weakened. Transient gusts of popular passion have been substituted for the careful study of conditions, and policies to meet them, by party managers checked by the knowledge that unless they did meet the country's problems fairly and solve them well the opposition would turn their party out by doing better and proving that it was better. We have King Stork in place of King Log, and he is a worse king. We have no idea how general appreciation of such a fact may influence our history. When the frogs in the fable found it out it was too late—they had been devoured. And humanity is long learning that old lesson.

The loss of Myers will be a tragedy. He is a sound lawyer, a deep student of government, and the possessor of an intelligence above the Senate average. He certainly has the backbone which he rightly says is the remedy against government by organized and clamorous minorities. In 1920 the Non-Partisan League moved into Montana from North Dakota, as it has moved into California recently, and captured the Democratic state organization. Myers is a Democrat. He promptly denounced the Democratic ticket as misrepresentative, and declared the nominees were nothing but Non-Partisan Leaguers and Socialists, in disguise; and he advised the honest Democrats of Montana to go to the polls and vote the Republican ticket. Then he went back to Montana and stumped the state and saved it from the fate of North Dakota. Naturally he offended the radicals and the Democratic partisans, and they are getting ready to throw him out; and Myers feels that it is not worth while to combat them in his own interest though it was well worth while to combat them in the interest of Montana and of good American government. The people who clamored for the destruction of party control now have a chance to see how that particular patent medicine can be made to work. It eliminates from Congress one of the men Congress and the country at large can least easily spare, and one who has given the best evidence of ability to rise above partisan influences.

There is no real cure for political evils except in the character of the men we elect to office. And the method of nomination by an uninformed public from a lot of self-seeking persons responsible to no party but responsive merely to the mob, can hardly be called an improvement over the two-party system under which the possibilities were so reduced that the majority could make intelligent choice between them. The prospect held out to us by the popular election of senators is not a pleasant one. Unless the public



can be better educated in the fundamentals of government than it is at present we are going to suffer from cirrhosis of the Senate.

### The Drift of the University.

The *Argonaut* would be lacking in candor and character if it failed to acknowledge the communication from Dr. Barrows, president of the University of California, published in last week's issue. It is gratified that the relations subsisting between Dr. Barrows and the Regents, and between Dr. Barrows and the Academic Senate, are no worse than he says, and it has no disposition to question his statement of the matter.

But, although Dr. Barrows' relations with the Regents and Academic Senate may be satisfactory, they are a minor matter by comparison with the general atmosphere and spirit of the University. That has not been satisfactory for a long time, and the president's letter is confirmatory of much that we have said of it. "As to the proper aims of the University," he says, "there may be little difference of opinion between us. No one here would, I think, express content with the standards of present day scholarship. Low public tastes have penetrated academic campuses. Nevertheless, your indictment of the University seems to me very severe and to disregard the fine devotion and wholesome behavior which appear to me to predominate."

Perhaps the concluding sentence of that quotation is true, but the *Argonaut* does not think so. The general looseness of method and confusion of aim apparent in the student body, together with certain phases of undergraduate life more sinister still, must proceed in the last analysis from the conditions made or permitted for it. The institution appears to be in some part pervaded by a vague and wandering latitudinarianism, which, proceeding from the elective system instituted about twenty-eight years ago and confirmed in this generation by the break-down of restraint caused by the war, has missed the opportunity to develop discipline and character which is the main mission of any valuable educational institution.

These are days, if ever there were such days, when standards of conduct and performance need upholding with all the strength of organized society. The world is literally running "on the loose," as the English say. We have not yet recovered from the deep disturbances of the war, and shall not until people in general are willing to submit themselves to discipline, the exactions of ordered industry and the requirements of social life. Such discipline does not come from continuous excitements and indulgences, from joy rides and petting parties and from wasting a good part of a semester dancing to saxophones and Chinese trumpets, on the understanding that there are plenty of snap courses from which enough credits can be made up during the summer session to get the dancers through to their degrees. It does not come from a general acceptance of the opinion that girls may properly forsake the conventions of modesty to which their mothers conformed, and do a lot of so-called "classic" or "Greek" dancing, which would certainly amuse any classic Greek, in one-piece costumes and with bare legs, and have their photographs taken in that state for publication in a newspaper, under the mistaken idea, and here is part of the real tragedy of it, that they are thereby spreading grace and beauty in the world.

It seems generally admitted that there are too many courses and too many students at Berkeley. The entrance requirements are sadly low. And there is too much extension work. If all the extension courses were really needed or served good purposes, none of them would have to be advertised on bill boards with advertisements for palmolive soap, and cut plug tobacco, and the "educational" motion pictures of Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon. This popularizing and advertising tendency must look quite strange to our foreign critics. Nor has the time arrived when we can afford to say academically "What do we care for abroad?" Undoubtedly there is much of what Dr. Barrows has designated as fine devotion and wholesome behavior. But there is also much of the superficial, the extraneous, the parasitical and the tawdry, and a relaxation of social sanctions which in its concrete manifestations may well excite concern. In Dr. Barrows' language, low public tastes have penetrated the campus.

It is because it values the University beyond any institution in the state that the *Argonaut* has sought to point out such things as these, even at the cost of

some possible embarrassment to the University's president. The *Argonaut's* criticism was constructive, and serviceable, and it remains true in the main, after all is said and done about the relations of the President, the Academic Senate and the Regents. Moreover, it is doing good. As we observed two weeks ago, the student body has been seriously taking account of its responsibilities for the immeasurable opportunities of youth. It does not wish to see its *alma mater* embarked upon a descending course. It is giving real thought to its own part in the lowering of academic standards, and it will, we believe, exert its influence in salutary ways for the future. But it will need to do more thinking still.

### The Locks of Samson.

In a short time there will be left in the United States no relief from hard work and sorrow except playing mumbly peg. And a paternalistic Congress will compel us to sprinkle listerine on the soil from which the loser pulls the peg, and will prohibit the use of sharp knives for fear we shall cut our fingers. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has given vent to an almost inexhaustible stock of nonsense lately, but he said one true thing as he departed for England, and that was that there is too much grandmothering done to the people of this country. He was right, for once. Now Wade Ellis, a Washington and Cincinnati lawyer, who was once an assistant to the Attorney-General, says that the American Bar Association will recommend that Congress prohibit the manufacture of firearms and ammunition except for military and police uses.

We are at a loss to understand what malignant henbane has got into the American people to make them tolerant of the recurrent proposal to pass such an un-American restriction. The Constitution says that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed"; but we are infringing it all over this country, and have been for generations, in all our police-dictated ordinances against concealed weapons; and the courts have upheld them. They are of little use. They disarm every man who is disposed to observe the law, and leave him at the mercy of crooks and thugs who pay no attention to it. In New York they have a ridiculous hypertrophied growth of the common concealed-weapons ordinance known as the Sullivan Act, prohibiting the purchase of weapons and even the keeping of a revolver in one's own house without a license. So the thugs send to mail-order houses in other states and get all the weapons they want, hire gun-bearers, like hunters in Africa, to follow them around and hand them their guns when they have their victims where they want them, and when the evening's hunt is over check them at some convenient pool hall ready for tomorrow. And the police can do nothing effective about it, and never can, because they can not tell what the crook is going to do next. In his war on society the crook always has the strategic advantage that military sharps tell us lies with the attacking side. And by such laws the citizen is robbed of his liberty and his defense at one and the same time. The Sullivan law has not stopped crime. We do not suggest repealing the ordinary concealed-weapons ordinance. We rub along with it somehow, unconstitutional though it may be, and the police need all the help they can get. But this goes too far.

The manufacture of firearms is one of the great American arts. We have beaten the world in cheap stock production. A low-cost rifle is almost the right and heritage of every American boy with a real American father. And there is something about the sport of rifle shooting that promotes fraternal regard among neighbors, elevation of character, and a sporting sense of justice. It is a great schooling in precision of method—better than most manual training. For generations Americans led every part of the world except Switzerland in close shooting with the rifle, and last year our team at Lyons took the world's championship from the Swiss. Our aptitude at it has almost been a gift, and what it has contributed to the national defense is known to but a few students of the subject, because our book-bound historians have concerned themselves with far less important things. We don't have to go back to the days of Andrew Jackson and General Packenham to see it in operation. We have the recent case of Sergeant Alvin York, who never would have come out of his great adventure alive if he hadn't been a good shot, trained in boyhood by his father with the American rifle the manufacture of which the Ameri-

can Bar Association is said to be getting ready to suppress. In our recent resistance to Prussian tyranny the precision of our rifle fire astonished our allies and did worse than that to our foes. One American company repelled five charges of Prussian shock troops, with the loss of hardly a man, and, after the engagement, buried more than 600 Germans in front of its position. This world-saving slaughter was not done with machine-guns or artillery, but with the rifle, and largely because the Americans were accustomed to the use of guns from boyhood. You can't make good rifle shots in a few months of training. If we are to meddle at all with the firearms industry we should subsidize it instead of suppressing it. It is vital to the national defense. But we do not need to meddle with it at all. It can beautifully take care of itself without any grandmothering.

This is merely one phase of a far more general struggle between two world-old ideas—between American individualism and the German effort to make the individual the puppet of the state. That struggle is at least as old as the day the Greeks saved their liberties from the Persians at the battle of Marathon. Governmental meddling with private life is an Asiatic policy. Under the general disposition of long-haired idealists to have everything regulated by law it is growing in this country at a terrible rate. Unless we stop it we shall live to see most of the spontaneity killed out of American life, and only a few persons will understand what it was that paralyzed us.

### Compulsory Competition.

Competition has been so long a shibboleth with Americans that it has acquired an undeserved veneration. At one time in our history, and not so far back either, it seemed necessary to the protection of the consumer. Parents taught their children that "competition is the life of trade." And the children grew up to suppose that, for some mysterious and terrible reason, without competition we should all be robbed poor. Under the extension of the dubious principle of governmental meddling, competition became a sort of trust of some of our official institutions. It was felt that it must be preserved at all costs, but we now know that a great many times it cost us more than it was worth. Government monopolies in the necessities of life are a form of tyranny and oppression. But monopolies that are attained through superiority of commercial service and the elimination of competitors unfit or unqualified to give the public what it requires are not necessarily villainous. In most cases without the protection of competition the public is sufficiently protected by the commercial sagacity of the monopolists themselves, who understand that in order to make their product they must sell it, and in order to sell it they must make a price that the public can afford to pay. These remarks are, of course, very general and may not be true in all specific instances, but we believe them to be true of most of the large transactions of American commerce and industry. And they assume for argument's sake that there are monopolies of that nature. The United States Steel Corporation had no difficulty proving it was not one, and we have no doubt that many other supposed monopolies are no nearer being real ones than the Steel Corporation.

Compulsory competition is not likely to work very much better than royal monopoly. It is sure to involve excessive costs, which the public will pay without knowing it. Large parts of California and the Pacific Coast are today threatened with an effort to impose compulsory competition. We say with an effort to impose it, because if the unmerging decision of the Supreme Court is permitted to become operative the competition will be more of a legal fiction than a reality; for the diversion of Central Pacific business from the Southern Pacific to the Union Pacific with its Salt Lake-Los Angeles connection would financially cripple the Southern Pacific to such a degree that it would probably be reduced to inefficiency—as a competitor, at least in the California field.

Compulsory competition can never be more than a clumsy effort at creating heaven upon earth and can never be expected to work better than in the prospective manner we have outlined. Under the Transportation Act of 1920 it is contemplated that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall evolve plans for the consolidation of the railroads of the country into a limited number of systems to be operated as units, just as the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific systems have



been operated for the past fifty years. In deference to our old prejudices in favor of competition, it is required that in any such consolidations competition shall be preserved. But under the circumstances of this case it must seriously be questioned whether disrupting the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific system in order to create a Central Pacific-Union Pacific system is promoting competition or is not actually destroying competition in an effective sense in this territory. Professor Ripley, philosopher, counsel and friend to the commission, has imagined an ideal plan which includes the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific in one system, and he evidently entertains the opinion that he will be promoting the transportation needs of this territory by such a grouping. Professor Ripley knows a great deal about railroading—on paper. But he is an idealist. We doubt if his information as to traffic needs, train operation, terminals, and the connecting links of the amazing network of lines that make up the transportation system of California is of the commercially practical kind. The commission should pay some heed to the intelligent opinion of California shippers and organizations of California business men and such practical experts in railroading as Max Thelen, former president of the California state railroad commission, who declared before the Commonwealth Club the other day that "the dismemberment of the Southern Pacific system would be a public calamity to the people of California."

There are those in California who support the recent decision, and wish the unscrambling to proceed. They appear to have some connection with Union Pacific and Western Pacific interests. The Union Pacific would certainly gain by a severance of present relations between the Central and Southern Pacific lines, and perhaps the Western Pacific would expect some relief from having the competition of the Union Pacific-Central Pacific system substituted for that of the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific system—much as a man with a boil on his neck wishes it could be transplanted to some other part of his person. But the people of California would gain nothing by the shift. They can only lose.

#### Editorial Notes.

Following on the assassinations of Erzberger and Rathenau, the effort to assassinate Maximilian Harden, Germany's great Jewish editor, identifies German monarchism with the most vicious tendencies of that country; and it is growing. Harden is one of the constructive journalists of Europe, but the pan-Germans and imperialists could not stand his efforts to make his readers see the truth. The suppression of truth is the certain stigma of an evil cause.

Communism and capitalism won't mix, either at Genoa, the Hague, or Moscow. If Lloyd George were a better economist he would know that. Hughes, Hoover, and Harding know it, and are making no effort at such a mistake, either at Washington or in Europe. Their stand on the Russian business has saved the United States from descending to the ridiculous.

The foremost thought in the Constitution is the right to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. Men must be free to live and to achieve. Liberty is gone in America when any man is denied by anybody the right to work and live by that work. It does not matter who denies. A free American has the right to labor without any other's leave. It would be no less an abridgment to deny men the right to bargain collectively. Governments cannot tolerate any class or grouped domination through force. It will be a sorry day when group domination is reflected in our laws. Government, and the laws which government is charged with enforcing, must be for all the people, ever aiming at the common good.—President Warren G. Harding, in his Independence Day address at Marion, O.

Arthur E. Stillwell, president of several railroads, says the spirits told him where to build his lines and terminals. If that is the general practice it may explain why it takes a box-car twenty-one days to creep across the city of Toledo.

On the condition of the motion pictures the New York Times says: "No censorship and no uplift board

can plant brains where only bone will grow." And that is true of more than movies.

The girls will stop using lip sticks and powder puffs just as soon as the fruit packers stop putting the best cherries on the top of the box.

The Philippines are probably as fit to be free as Williamson County, Illinois.

The Russian experiment says that society can have property and poverty, or just poverty.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Jacob and Esau.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: What a lot of people in California have had enough of Hearst as Senator!

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

#### Fits of Legislation.

OAKLAND, June 24, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your admirable editorial on La Follette's attacking the Supreme Court might well have gone much further. All men know, if they wish to know, that in fact the courts of last resort in this country have strained the Constitution to uphold bad laws many times for once that they have done the opposite. It is a common thing for legislation to include some provision or be addressed to some other than its real object with design that the constitutional limitations be evaded thereby. It is a common thing to enact bad or concededly invalid laws, because they are momentarily popular, and "pass the buck" to the courts.

We have an example of this in the Southern Pacific case. Twenty years ago and less it was good politics to smash the Southern Pacific. It has been smashed judicially in obedience to the law enacted by Congress—at least we must accept that as the law—and now we have to hear the lamentations of the political sons of the smashers damning the Supreme Court for it. Why do they lament when it is coming to pass as they wished?

Yours very truly,

GEORGE F. LONGSDORF.

#### An Appreciation.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 28, 1922.

Mr. W. J. Funk, Vice Pres., *The Literary Digest*, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—My subscription for both the *Literary Digest* and *Argonaut* was placed through the W. K. Stewart Co., and they understand that the subscription to both papers is to be continued as I look upon them as the best weeklies that I have ever seen. I can not imagine my subscription to either ever being discontinued.

From my point of view, Mr. Holman is a bit radical in his political views, and yet, his editorials are so brilliant and entertaining that it is easy to forget the things in which you do not agree with him.

I know the Pacific Coast well enough to know that he is doing a wonderful and courageous work in his criticisms on the management of the University of California.

Thanking you for your interesting letter and assuring you that I have no idea of discontinuing my subscription to the *Literary Digest*, believe me to be,

Sincerely yours,

A. J. S. HOLT.

#### National Modesty.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Don't let us repeat continually that we are the most witty, most intelligent, and the foremost people in the world. This affirmation, coming from ourselves, has no value. It is simply a manifestation of pride, one of the many forms under which self-conceit presents itself; it is besides, so assure us the philosophers, one of the symbols of the self-preservation extinct. Vanity is one of its expressions and is manifested in divers ways having for object to conceive a very high opinion of oneself; but in reality does it suffice that we should continually repeat that we are the first nation in the world, to make the assertion a fact and a truth, besides endeavoring to get others to admit and believe it? Not alone, is it not so, but we should perhaps even contemplate such a claim as a decided proof of barbarity. It is indeed easy to establish that all barbarians, all savage and primitive peoples, as also those of recent development, have been, or are, characterized by an overflow of juvenile vanity. Without taking from the Bible the hypertrophy of the impudent and rude haughtiness which characterized the smallest and lowest selected people of Jahveh, we are aware that the Aryans named themselves "The Pure," "The Noble"; all the foreigners were "The Dasyous," that is to say: brigands!

The barbarians that populated Japan at the prehistoric period and who to this day inhabit the northern part of the island of Yezo, name themselves "Ainos," "The Men," as they consider themselves preeminently the only ones worthy of that name. D'Arbois de Jubainville tells us that in the time of the Gauls, the inhabitants of the district of Bourges named themselves "The Bituriges," that is to say: "Always Kings." The same author states further that "Teutoni" signifies simply: "The Kings." We can thereby see that "Deutschland ueber Alles" comes to us from afar. Truly there is no people or tribe, even of the lowest level, which does not consider itself superior to the rest of humanity. The Hottentots, name given them by the Europeans, name themselves "Koi-Koin," which means in their language "Men of Men."

Peoples are like children. Each of them considers itself the centre of the world! The Peruvians had named their capital "Cuzco," "The Umbilicus of the world," which is the sense of the word "Cococo" in the Quechua language. The Chinese name their country "The Middle Empire." Primitive, and even civilized people, show the same tendency, the propensity of self-conceit.

J. V. A.

Translated from the French. No doubt addressed to whomsoever it may concern.

The recent disorders in Ireland have not materially affected the vital statistics of that country. In 1920 the death rate was the lowest ever recorded, and the marriage rate the highest since 1864. There was also an increase in the birth rate. Of the deaths, eighty-five were of persons of 100 years old and over, and 415 of persons ninety-five years old and upwards.

Mycenean art flourished in Greece about 1100 B. C.

#### REMARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

How Long Delays After Widowhood and Divorce Affect the Birth Rate.

(Translated for the *Argonaut*, from *Le Journal*, Paris.)

Statisticians, scrupulously fussy people but exact, call our attention to the fact that the census of our population shows that the number of French people is growing less each day. After a brief flourishing period, born of emotion, of surprise and joy in finding ourselves intact in spite of the many perils gone through, here we are again, as before the war, bound by a restricted birth rate, while Germany sees her population replenish itself with more rapidity than ever, in keeping with the course, for an instant suspended, of her upward movement.

We have advocated various measures, of which the most decorative, if not the most effective, was the creation of a beautiful medal, solemnly offered by public munificence to the mother of eight children; the perfect idea of a natural gift. It does not seem, however, if we believe recent statistics, that ambition to display a silver medal on their breasts has encouraged many ladies to impose upon themselves supplementary maternal cares. Evidently this fashion of the treatment of sterility by numismatics has gone out of vogue.

What concerns us now is that the marriage code, instead of favoring marriage, hinders it.

Divorce, cruel remedy of unhappy situations, figures in our laws concurrently with the physical separation (legal separation) which is a sort of matrimonial celibacy. The legislator of 1884-1886 was forced to reconcile two very different attitudes of mind. One idea was to grant absolute divorce, once the physical separation was established; the other, that of the partisans of the indissolubility of marriage, who wished to maintain the term imposed for physical (legal) separation. However, a compromise was adopted as follows: The physical separation term was retained; at the same time it was made lawful for either of the separated couple to demand an absolute divorce after a period of three years. A certain term of probation was thus inflicted upon the separated couple, to provide for a possible reconciliation.

The argument is strong. But is it necessary to maintain, during so long a period as three years, in view of a problematical reconciliation, this odd state, which, without their being either married or divorced, leaves the separated couple without a home, although still bound to the conjugal tie? What interest can society have in the prolongation of so dangerous a situation, full of perils for each?

Such delay is excessive, above all in a country justifiably disturbed over the diminution of its birth rate, and which should facilitate as much as possible conditions tending to marriage. It is therefore proposed to the Senate to shorten by one year this term of probation. When two years have passed away without having brought the reconciliation hoped for, it is hardly probable that it will ever be affected. Further, nothing can prevent divorced couples from becoming reconciled and remarrying, yet there are examples where, according to the code, these reconciliations would be legally hindered. However, it is necessary to take all the marriage code article by article for reconsideration, for it is in many respects paradoxical and reminds one of the famous saying: "Marry, and you will do well; do not marry and you will do better!" What advice from a legislator!

As regards the delay in case of widowhood. We know that the widow as well as the divorced woman must wait ten months before marrying again. The reason for this restriction, which comes down to us from Roman law, is excellent. It is wished by this, to put it frankly, to determine the matter of paternity. That is to say, that if the woman were to remarry too soon and become a mother, there would be a question as to the father of the child.

It is not so long since the period of delay in this respect as to divorced women was in certain cases twenty months instead of ten. We have had the honor to advocate, since 1901, a reform which has been realized, and the situation concerning divorce has been modified. The question of delay has therefore lost a little of its importance as to the divorced woman. It is still the same for widows. But why, when it is determined that there is no possibility as to the question of paternity entering into the case, uphold a useless law and one which hinders marriages? When a woman, divorced or widowed, becomes a mother shortly after the dissolution of her marriage, there can be no question as to the paternity of her child; then why impose a delay of ten months before remarriage, which is not justifiable in such a case?

Also, when a divorced couple wish to remarry, as has happened, why impose a delay for any reason whatever? Why not permit the woman to make application to the courts, submitting the circumstances in due form, and, if the judge is satisfied after considering all the findings in the case that there can be no confusion as to paternity, shorten the term of delay before



remarriage, there being no justification in fact for the full term in the law?

These are the considerations which have caused us, from October 17, 1919, to propose a law as follows: "The delay of widowhood imposed by Articles 228 and 296 of the Civil Code shall end in the case of the birth of a child. The judge shall have the right to shorten the delay when it is determined that there is no possibility that the woman will become a mother of which the separated husband is the father, or when divorced couples wish to remarry."

Are we willing to make a change? Perhaps. We would nevertheless remark to those who would reproach us that we would limit ourselves in this respect to the Swiss Civil Code, promulgated in 1908. Italy and Roumania, without going as far as that, are engaged in the same task, desiring above all to favor marriages. Only France, so greatly affected by decreasing population, has done nothing in this respect. We may have at least the disposition to see the dangers and apply ourselves seriously to the remedies.

LOUIS MARTIN,  
Senator from the Var.

## VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

### LEWIS'S INFLAMING CHARGE.

(New York Tribune.)

The charge of John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, that "sinister influences have for some time been at work among our membership (the miners' union) to incite and inflame the spirit of violence" requires explanation. Taken with the rest of Mr. Lewis's statement it is obviously meant to give the impression that *agents-provocateurs* of the owners were responsible for the Illinois slaughter.

This loose claim will be appealing to his supporters and will doubtless do little to quench the flames of hatred now aroused. What proof has Mr. Lewis? If he has knowledge of such agents provoking the Illinois massacre it is his duty to inform the public in full, instead of uttering inflammatory generalities that not only contribute nothing to a solution but mislead his followers.

But, even supposing that Mr. Lewis could furnish such proof, would this in any way justify the assault on the mine and the atrocities that followed? What if the mine workers were but "scabs" and the mine guards were, as *The Call* describes them, merely "thugs" and "dirty creatures"? Is this a justification for murdering them? What if the mine guards, when they saw the mob approaching, prepared to resist? Was this a cause for subjecting them to unbelievable atrocities?

The facts are becoming clear, despite the smoke screen being thrown out by the advocates of murder in place of law. These are that the striking miners took the law into their own hands and proceeded to murder the hated mine guards and strike-breakers. In so doing they apparently had the sympathy of most of their striking brethren.

There is no surer way to injure a cause. Whatever their grievance, strikers are not justified in a resort to barbarous slaughter to settle it. They have written a bloody chapter in the history of unionism, which can not but prejudice the public against their methods. The right to strike does not imply the right to murder strike-breakers.

### PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.

(New York Times.)

The Philippine parliamentary mission could not have been surprised to hear from President Harding that "the time is not yet for independence." A month ago Secretary Weeks said, in a statement made to prepare the delegates for the inevitable, that he was not in favor of granting immediate independence to the Filipinos. "The President is not," he added. About the same time Mr. Weeks cabled to Governor General Wood:

"The President and I greatly appreciate your useful work, and both feel that you ought to remain until December. Our preference is to have you serve indefinitely."

Leonard Wood was sent to Manila to correct some disturbing mistakes of native government, to restore the standards of the former American supervision that had done so much for the islands, and to put their finances on a stable basis. Before General Wood accepted the appointment of Governor General he made a tour of the Philippines with Cameron Forbes to study conditions, and their report was of such a nature that no hope was held out to the politicians who were demanding independence. Nevertheless, it was decided to send a mission to the United States. In his remarks to Manuel Quezon and his associates President Harding said:

"It is fair to assume that our only difference of opinion relates to the time for independence. You crave it now, and I do not believe that the time has arrived for a final decision. . . . We have a high respect for your majority, but no less obligations to your minority, and we can not be unmindful of that world responsibility wherein your fortunes are involved with ours."

When President Harding's Governor General, an administrator of world-wide reputation, advises against independence at this time, he should not be overruled unless it is shown that the natives have made good use of the large measure of control allowed them under the Jones act. For eight years an opportunity was given them to qualify for independence, but they have fallen short of the example set them by their instructors in government. In education and public works they have fallen back, and their management of public finance has not been distinguished, to put it mildly.

### A VICIOUS AMENDMENT.

(Santa Paula Chronicle.)

The proposed Water and Power Act has been characterized as a vicious measure by the great majority of organizations speaking for the engineering and development interests of California. Reading it affirms this judgment, the act being so drafted that its passage would mean government trespassing on the domain of business beyond the limit of American patience.

### RUSSIA.

(New York Mail.)

There are three ways of treating Russia. The first is the French way. The second is the British way. And the third is the American way. The manifesto issued by Prime Minister Poincaré shows that the American idea is winning.

France tried to interfere in Russia by force of arms. Behind Kolchak, Wrangel, and other adventurers the hand of France was plainly seen. That was wrong. It was the same mistake that Europe made when she attacked the French revolution.

Britain hopes to trade with Russia. That, again, will prove

to be an error of judgment, as even Sweden realizes. Unless Russia accepts the rule of trade, there is no trade to be done. It is like trying to play baseball without bases. The history of trade is strewn with losses incurred by commerce in countries where the rules are treated as scraps of paper.

American policy toward Russia is neither French nor British. It uses neither a futile war nor a futile trade. It aims at neither political power nor personal profit. It is based on the belief that Russia is a sick man. He can not fight. He can not attend to business. But he can be helped. What the United States offers Russia is therefore first aid.

Poincaré's letter accepts at least our diagnosis. Nothing that he says suggests further war in Russia. And despite Lloyd George, neither can Russia expect credits. People will not lend money to a delirious debtor.

Russia has to learn that in sanity alone lies her salvation. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat. You can not have both Bolshevism and bread. You must choose between them.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Sympathy.

There should be no despair for you  
While nightly stars are burning,  
While evening pours its silent dew,  
And sunshine gilds the morning.  
There should be no despair—though tears  
May flow down like a river:  
Are not the best beloved of years  
Around your heart for ever?

They weep, you weep, it must be so;  
Winds sigh as you are sighing,  
And winter sheds its grief in snow  
Where Autumn's leaves are lying:  
Yet, these revive, and from their fate  
Your fate can not be parted:  
Then, journey on, if not elate,  
Still never broken-hearted! —Emily Brontë.

### Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happiness—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsies shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despair;  
Where Beauty can not keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I can not see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows:  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darling! I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with envious Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath:  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy can not cheat so well  
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

—John Keats.

A writer in *Collier's Weekly* estimates that we have in this country one retail store for every twenty-two families. That is expensive, but it has its conveniences. For one, it tends to make the storekeeper very polite

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Washington, D. C., boasts a nine-year-old musical prodigy in Katherine R. Gochner, who recently played "Il Trovatore" for a gathering of the League of American Pen Women.

J. D. Beresford, the well-known English novelist, has become a serious investigator of psychic phenomena. He has made some notable contributions to the popular literature of the subject.

Mlle. Marthe Regnier is regarded by critics as the most promising young actress in France. Though she is acknowledged the stage queen of Paris, Miss Regnier's prestige is due to genius rather than marked beauty.

The Hon. Adolfo de la Huerta, Mexican minister of finance, is in New York conferring with a committee of American and European bankers on problems connected with Mexico's foreign debts and the interests of foreigners in railroad and oil properties. The negotiation was recently reported to be proceeding hopefully.

William S. Fielding, Canadian minister of finance, is probably the most experienced tariff and taxation authority in North America. He took part in negotiating the reciprocity agreement of 1911, which failed of ratification, and he continues to favor reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Fielding is a veteran journalist of Halifax who has been in public life for forty years.

Mr. Porter J. McCumber, who has just been defeated in the Republican primaries in North Dakota, would have completed twenty-four years of continuous service in the United States Senate if he had been reelected. The death of Mr. Penrose made him chairman of the Finance Committee, which is in charge of the pending bonus bill as well as of the tariff bill. Ex-Governor Lynn J. Frazier is the successful Republican nominee from North Dakota.

Mrs. Charlotte Cameron of Edinburgh is the most traveled woman of today, according to the Royal Geographical Society. She has just returned from a protracted sojourn in the South Sea Islands. In 1910 Mrs. Cameron covered 10,000 miles in South Africa. Later she continued her exploration of the dark continent, completely circumnavigating it and penetrating portions thitherto unknown even to explorers and scientists. During the war, when most of the world was closed to travel, Mrs. Cameron spent much time in Alaska. During the past three years she has been in South America, Australia, and the South Seas.

Lord Fermoy, who was Edmund Maurice Burke-Roche of New York, and who will be remembered as the elder of twin brothers, sons of Mrs. Burke-Roche of New York, has at last accepted his duties as a British peer, but not entirely. He has declined to sit in the House of Lords and by virtue of his Irish title may relinquish the honor to sit in the Commons. The former Mr. Burke-Roche is trying for the seat for the Horncastle division, known throughout the United Kingdom as the centre of the sporting world. Lord Fermoy served under Pershing during the late war and won many military honors. He succeeded to the title in 1920, but did not immediately accept it.

William Franklyn Paris, architectural decorator, art connoisseur, lecturer and writer, has been elected to membership in the Société des Gens de Lettres of Paris. The only Americans upon whom this honor has previously been conferred are William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton, Henry Van Dyke, Owen Wister and James M. Beck. Mr. Paris was born in New York City about fifty years ago. Among many honors conferred on him during his career was President McKinley's appointment of him as United States commissioner of decorative art at the Paris Exposition in 1900. His decorations may be seen at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, at Princeton and Yale universities, and in many other public and private buildings throughout the East. In 1917 he was presented with a gold medal on behalf of the artists and sculptors of France. Mr. Paris served in both the Spanish-American and the late European war. He is the author of "Decorative Elements in Architecture."

Miss Lorena Trickey, twenty-year-old Oregonian ranch owner, is the champion all-around woman rider of the world. She has held the title for three years, but every year it is vigorously disputed by a dozen or so young women wherever rodeos are held throughout the West. So far, however, no woman has been able to equal Miss Trickey in the number of stunts that she can do on horseback. Her last trophy was awarded her a year ago in Cheyenne, where she competed against riders of both sexes. Before leaving New York, where she has just collected the diamond-studded gold and silver plaque that proclaims her title, Miss Trickey applied for a jockey's license from the Jockey Club, without which a rider of racehorses is confined to "outlaw" tracks. She has even competed against the cavalymen from Fort D. A. Russell in Wyoming in the Roman races, in which the rider stands with feet planted on the backs of two half-tamed horses. She was the only woman to attempt this race at Cheyenne, where she won the event. Miss Trickey is very slight and small of stature. She weighs about ninety-eight pounds and her slim brown arms are covered with scars.



## A MIRROR OF THE CONFERENCE.

Mark Sullivan Gives Us an Eye-Witness Account of the Great Episode at Washington.

If you wish some vivid pictures and revealing analyses of the Washington Conference you can hardly get any that will be more vivid and revealing than those contained in "The Great Adventure at Washington," by Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent and political editor of note. Sullivan has the gift of a *priori* inference, and he has a remarkable power of getting scenes before his readers' eyes accompanied by clear expositions of the significance of what he makes them see. His judgment and political insight are worth much, especially when applied to so fateful a development as the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments; and his explanations are of a sort, not merely to throw light on what really happened, but on the reasons why, and on the probability of similar happenings if the same elements shall be involved at some future time.

This is current history, written while it was hot, from notes made on the scene. But it is much more—it comes as close as anything human can to reproducing the actual scenes and settings, the characters and their movements, the cues and responses, as though the whole grand and in some respects tragic drama of humanity trying to save itself from itself were being again enacted for our benefit on a stage whose curtain rises for us whenever we choose to open the covers of the book. The dispatches at the time could not have been expected to give us much more than speeches, transactions, and results. That Conference was a hard thing to report, and the reporters did well with it, even to Mr. Wells, who has had little real reportorial training. Necessarily we have had to wait for a book to give us any deliberate and studied account, accompanied by such particular human views as this:

I know that all the official documents in the world can't convey as much essential fact to the distant and future reader as did the look on Lord Beatty's face to the historian who had the advantage of being in the room when Mr. Hughes, in that sensational opening speech of his, said that he would expect the British to scrap their four great *Hoods*, and made equally irreverent mention of the *King George the Fifth*. That was truly history in the making, and Beatty's look was the stuff of which real history is made—when the historians can get it, which they usually can't. The future historian may or may not identify that particular moment as the exact point where two great nations changed their relation to each other and the relation of each to the rest of the world; at the exact moment when Great Britain ceased—and knew she ceased—to have the exclusive franchise for laying down the law about navies and sea-power and control of the sea altogether. Also I may or may not be right in saying that this particular moment had this particular significance. All this, and the whole body of the broad effects of Hughes' speech on the history of the world, is discussed in Chapter XI. The point I am making now is that no future historian, who must depend upon digging into the official documents and examining the coded cables that raced across the Atlantic, will ever find anything as vivid as that look on Lord Beatty's face. Lord Beatty is the head of the British navy—and the British navy was being treated impudently. Lord Beatty is the custodian in his generation of a tradition that has lasted for over a hundred years, and that tradition was being menaced.

However, the more complete picture of all this is in Chapter I, which pictures that dramatic opening session in full. The point I am making now is merely that the vividness of scenes like this is the advantage that the contemporary historian—even though a hurried journalist, with no pretense to exhaustiveness or authoritativeness, or even to absolute accuracy—has over the formal historian who must depend on documents.

It was, in fact, without any exaggeration, a historic moment. What it was could not be more compactly expressed than in the words (the, let us say, extreme modernness of them need make them no less useful for the vivid recording of history)—the words of the American reporter who took one startled glance at Hughes and then exclaimed in a piercing whisper to his neighbor, "Great balls of fire, the man's telling the British navy where it gets off!"

Just how much Hughes' words, and the results of the Conference altogether, may mean in the history of sea-power is matter for more careful statement elsewhere.

The delegates, overwhelmed by the startling demands—call them suggestions if you will, they amounted to demands in the light of the world's necessities—of Secretary Hughes, handed this diplomatic porcupine around the table pretty gingerly, and in the course of his account of that strange and strained scene Sullivan gives us this intimate portrait of the man one would think hardest to portray of all those that were there:

Tokugawa is a prince, and the eighteenth descendant in the line of the Shoguns; but he is also a most smiling, open-faced person whose beaming, humorous good-nature gives denial to the assumption that all Japanese are inscrutable. Tokugawa looks and acts like a friendly, neighborly grocer in a smallish American town, a grocer who would find quite as much satisfaction in gossiping with his customers as in selling them sugar or collecting bills from them. He spoke a few gracious words which, together with his manner, gave him a place in the kindly regard of the Conference that grew steadily till the day he left for Japan. The next cries were "Italy, Italy." Signor Schanzer spoke more seriously than the others had. Then Belgium spoke briefly, and finally China, Holland, and Portugal; and then the session ended with a formal motion to meet again three days later.

It was in the course of these astonishing transactions that the man we now, for his exertions, know as the Earl of Balfour changed from a sort of mathematical icicle, detached and impersonal and merely calculating, without apparent interest or real motive, into a warm-blooded creature filled with fervor for the welfare of

the world—perhaps because this was the first time he had ever seen any real prospect of advancing its welfare. The change is noted by our author, and it is one of the stimulating passages of his work:

But the point I wish to make is that never again can it be said that Balfour is a man who has never had any warm passion for the betterment of things in this world. To Balfour, the Hughes plan was a thing of inspiration, and he reacted to it with inspiration of his own. He looked upon the need of success for this plan, and worked to bring it to success, with a spirit that was not less than passionate. In any future estimates of Mr. Balfour that aim to be complete, it must be recorded that at the Washington Conference he had an experience of exalted feeling which was unlike anything in his previous career, assuming the contemporary English writers are to be taken as understanding fully the Balfour of the past.

And yet, in so far as these hurried notes of my own, from which I have quoted and from which I shall quote again in a moment—in so far as they show an unsympathetic coldness, there was some justification in the Balfour of the moment. For reasons inherent to the occasion, he was laboring under restraints which came from outside himself and for which he had little liking.

What little things may change the current of history can only be learned from inside history itself, for they are often unbelievable. But here is a case in point, from the disagreeable quarrel between the French and the Italians which caused riots and cost several lives in Italy:

There is another explanation of the episode, which may or may not be as authoritative as the one first published, but which at least has interest and verisimilitude, and may be published here, it is hoped, without causing sudden or unnecessary violence to anybody in Europe. The explanation is to the effect that M. Briand, in entire innocence and speaking in French, conceded that the Italian army was in process of being reduced, and in doing so used a French phrase of which the English equivalent is "a state of decomposition." What he meant, of course, was "demobilization." But the other word was the one that got into circulation; and somewhere in its passage through the French reporter's mind, or in the process of translation from French to English and thence to Italian, it was made to seem that Briand had said what an American would mean by saying in a slang way that something is "putrid."

This explanation is offered for the French demand to be considered entitled to a greater naval strength than the Conference seemed disposed to accord her, although the measure of her demands was one she could not have approximated without crippling herself seriously:

France was holding out for a sentimental prestige, an empty tradition which she had not the resources to live up to in fact. French writers often claim for their people, as a quality in which they are superior to Anglo-Saxons, the capacity and habit of reality, of looking facts in the face. But the truth is, in the Washington Conference, it was the British who showed the capacity to see facts clearly and accept them calmly. In the Washington Conference, Great Britain yielded, without protest or argument, a tradition infinitely more proud than France's. Great Britain had been mistress of the sea, "unchecked by foe, unshared by friend," for practically two hundred years. But she faced the fact that if there should be competition in building—if competition were not stopped by the Washington Conference, and if America should go ahead and build to the extent of her resources—then America must supplant her. Great Britain looked that situation in the face, and made the greatest gesture of voluntary renunciation ever made in history.

The row over the submarine disturbed the world, and seemed to threaten the peace of the Allies themselves. At one time it looked as though it would jeopardize the whole work of the Conference. It cost France much in sympathy, at least for the time, although her position is better understood now that the excitement has subsided, and unprejudiced observers have had time to take account of her peculiar position. It was Root who succeeded in extracting a solution from what looked for a time like an impossible situation. It is pleasant to feel that his genius for the larger accommodations of history could come to the rescue in so signal a manner as this:

At this point Mr. Root entered the situation. On several critical occasions in the Conference, Mr. Root seemed to have the rôle he now adopted. After everybody had got into a snarl, after there had been a head-on collision between antagonistic propositions, Mr. Root came in, so to speak, from the side, at right angles to the collision, with a proposal designed to achieve much the same ends, but so different in detail from the question at issue that it was free from the bitterness of feeling with which the question, as it originally arose, had become involved. Mr. Root introduced four resolutions which, while they did not affect the quantity of submarines any nation might have, nevertheless surrounded the use of those submarines with such restrictions that their effectiveness would be greatly reduced.

The French response to these resolutions was stated by Admiral de Bon. It was to the effect that since the Root resolutions were of "a very special nature," it therefore seemed to Admiral de Bon "that the most practical solution would be to refer the consideration of the text submitted by Mr. Root to a committee of jurists, which would advise us as to its opinion in regard to the wording to be adopted."

But Mr. Root was not to be satisfied with any such dilatory disposal of his resolutions. No committee of jurists for him. It was on this occasion that Mr. Root made one of the best speeches of the Conference.

Root backed these resolutions with a speech in which he said he was approaching the end of his life and would like to see before he died some results of his plan, intimating that if it ever got into the hands of a committee of jurists there would be small chance of his living long enough to see it emerge. He made a ripping speech, which Sullivan reports, including the statements that he could never divest himself of the feeling that the man who sank the *Lusitania* was a pirate, and that he wanted such acts in the future recognized and dealt with as piracy. In that way he disarmed the situation of its explosive possibilities. The French got their way, and the British received some measure of protection, provided the spirit of the Root resolutions are adhered to or enforced.

One little thing that peeved the French and might have led to momentous consequences was as purely an accident as many a hostess makes when she seats some guest at the wrong part of the table. It seems strange that such a thing could have any consequences at all, but trifles may take on tremendous importance when the air is charged with lightning. This passage will explain much in diplomacy, past and present:

But it so happened that the tables were arranged in the form of a rectangle, and that the number of seats at the top end of the rectangle was just seven. This being the case, it resulted that all the seats at the top table were taken up by the delegates of America and Great Britain, and that the seats of the French delegates were just around the corner from the top table. It was this that caused the lack of gratification of the French. At all the subsequent plenary sessions following the first, in order to give the French one place at the top table, all of the seven seats were moved one seat to the left. The result was that Ambassador Geddes, the third of the British delegates, was moved around the corner of the table to the left. There was nothing extraordinary about this; but another result of the shifting of seats illustrated in a striking way the wish of the Conference to accommodate itself to the sensitiveness of the French delegates. At all of the subsequent plenary sessions, the presiding officer, Mr. Hughes, sat, not at the middle of the top table, which was the natural place for the presiding officer, but one seat to the left of the middle.

How essentially immaterial all this was can be illustrated by the fact that if the Conference table had been in the shape of a letter "U," had been rounded at the corners, the French would have had no occasion to make objection. The mere fact that a triangular corner of pine board, not more than a few inches in dimensions, projected between the French delegation and the American delegation, made all the trouble.

Yet the case for France could hardly be more sympathetically put than in the following:

But the best place to find at least one root of what happened between France and America at the recent Conference is at the Paris Peace Conference.

At that Conference, France wanted certain definite, concrete things, in the way of boundaries and the like, which would make her—or which she thought would make her—secure against Germany in the future. Mr. Wilson persuaded France to give up these things. Mr. Wilson was eager to initiate the League of Nations, and he tried to persuade France to trust her future to that institution. France was unwilling; and then Wilson promised her a military guarantee through a treaty to be signed by America and Britain. Thereafter, America did not go on with the assurances that President Wilson held out to the French. Whether Wilson went too far in his promises, or whether the American Senate was justified in refusing to ratify those promises—all that has been the subject of some millions of words of debate. So far as France is concerned, it does not matter which is the answer. Either is the same to France. France did not know, or certainly did not take account of, the fact that an American President's undertaking in a matter of foreign relations is not valid until the American Senate has ratified it. She has learned it by now; but in the meantime she has been shocked and embarrassed by our refusal to give either of the things that Wilson led her to rely on. We refused to enter the League of Nations, and we refused to ratify the treaty of guarantee. For that action on the part of the United States, France has a title to almost any degree of resentment she may care to feel or express, has a right to generous tolerance from us from almost anything she may do of the sort we describe as "acting ugly."

Whoever wrote "The Mirrors of Washington" might have been proud of this little thumbnail sketch:

There is something about the configuration of Senator Lodge's whiskers, coupled with a somnolently and contentedly blinking quality his eyes frequently have when he is in repose, that makes you think of a venerable cat of the male sex who not only has just eaten a plump canary and is, for the moment, engaged in the delectable digestion thereof; but also has the additional satisfaction of mind, the anticipatory pleasure of seeing ahead of him a long line of more canaries especially provided for his comfort and delight. In short, there are occasions when Senator Lodge gives you the impression of having weighed the world and himself, and the relation of the two to each other, and found the whole quite edifying.

There is a masterful handling of the major themes, as one might well expect from Mark Sullivan. Here is the explanation of the four-power treaty, and as an explanation it is not likely to be improved upon for some time:

The result was that when Mr. Balfour came to America he undoubtedly came with the intention of utilizing his contact with Mr. Hughes to cooperate in any way that could be found to end the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It can also be taken for granted that Mr. Hughes held the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to be one of the most important objectives of American diplomacy. Mr. Hughes, obviously, could not take the initiative, beyond letting Great Britain understand that we regarded the alliance as unfortunate. It was for Great Britain to take the initiative, at least to the extent of showing willingness to terminate the treaty, provided she felt completeness of good-will from America to be worth abrogation of her alliance with Japan. The public evidence indicates that as soon as Great Britain showed willingness to cooperate toward finding a way toward ending the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, it was Mr. Hughes who promptly took the initiative in making a concrete suggestion and drafting the treaty.

The four-power treaty, as I say, was a device for terminating the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, so as to satisfy America without offending Japan. By that service it is to be judged.

And here is the conclusion of the whole momentous matter:

It was this peaceful passing of naval dominance, or, to express it more accurately, this turning over of dominance to, so to speak, a board of trustees, making it no longer a prize of selfishness to be contended for by jealous nations, but rather a cooperative responsibility to be administered jointly, that made the Washington Conference "unique in history."

The panorama, the moving picture, of this great episode, one of the greatest of these stirring times, is not likely to be much better presented by any future historian. The author was present, and he makes his reader feel that he is present. A book can hardly do more.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE AT WASHINGTON. By Mark Sullivan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 1, 1922, were \$129,400,000; for corresponding week of last year \$121,000,000, an increase of \$8,400,000.

Nearly every corporation would rather do its financing by the sale of stock than bonds. Then when a poor year comes it could discontinue dividend payments on the stock and there would be no disastrous results to the company, says John K. Barnes in the *Century Magazine*. On the other hand, if it had sold

dividend on it is limited to a fixed rate as is the interest on bonds.

An example of an industrial company that has a well-balanced financial structure is the United States Steel Corporation. When this corporation was organized in 1901 and took over the Carnegie Steel Company and other companies, Andrew Carnegie was paid in \$303,450,000 bonds having a first call on the earnings of the new corporation. There is an issue of \$200,000,000 bonds that come after these, and \$360,281,100 of preferred stock and \$508,302,500 of common is now outstanding. Interest on the bonds has been paid regularly and large amounts of both issues have been retired by the corporation through sinking funds. The 7 per cent. cumulative dividend has also been paid on the preferred stock from the start and this stock has sold from as low as \$50 a share in the early days to well above \$100 a share in every year since 1904. The common stock, which sold below 10 in 1904 and above 136 in 1917, has received annual dividends ranging from nothing up to 16 per cent. during the war.

In the railroad field the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe presents one of the best financial structures. This road has \$283,716,000 of bonds outstanding, \$124,173,700 of 5 per cent. non-cumulative preferred stock and \$224,715,500 common. When this road was reorganized in 1895, following the receivership incident to the 1893 panic (which sent many roads into receivers' hands), the reorganization was based on a large issue of general mortgage bonds, a smaller issue of adjustment mortgage bonds, and on stock. The interest on these adjustment bonds is not a fixed charge like most bond interest, but is only payable if earned. It has been paid regularly, however, is now "cumulative," and there is such a wide margin of earnings over and above it that one now never thinks of this "adjustment" feature. The way in which the Atchison management built up its large equity in property value back of its bonds is an interesting study in railroad financial management.

Railroads in this country, to keep pace with the growth of the country, have had to expand steadily. This has taken money, which has meant new financing—the sale of securities to the public. Atchison did much of this financing by the sale of bonds that could be converted by the buyers into stock. Bonds could usually be sold at a better price to the road than stock and by the efficient expenditure of the money thus secured the earnings of the roads were made to grow so that dividends could be paid on the stock and the advance in its market price from below \$10 a share in the first years following the reorganization to above par in each year from 1906 to 1917 made it profitable for the holders of many of these bonds to convert them into stock. This has placed the road's finances in the well-balanced shape that they are today.

If the Atchison management should now take advantage of the present high earnings of the road and raise the common dividend above the 6 per cent. rate that has been paid for the past twelve years, it could probably do its next financing, if it cared to, by the sale of stock direct. The able management of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company increased the dividend on that company's stock from 8 to 9 per cent. in 1921 when security prices were much lower than they are today for the express purpose of making it possible to continue financing the Bell telephone system's growth by the sale of stock and thus keep the company's finances well balanced. This company has also made frequent use of convertible bonds and the higher dividend rate is helping to bring about the conversion of such bonds still outstanding.

For the investor, the convertible bonds of strong companies, if bought at prices that give good returns as investments, that is, before advances in the stocks have carried the bonds up to a speculative level, offer the possibility of speculative profits along with the investment. The certainty, or uncertainty, of such profits of course depends upon the course of the corresponding stock in the market. Today some people, believing that the stock market will go still higher before the present upward swing is over, are turning their attention to convertible bonds. They realize that the phenomenal advance of from ten to fifteen points in practically all bonds within a comparatively few months can not be expected to recur; the only possibility of it lies in a fortunate choice among convertible issues. The writer has been asked by readers of the *Century* to name such bonds that possess good investment qualifications yet hold out possibilities for advance in price due to their conversion features. In reply to these inquiries he has been glad to give descriptions of the few convertible bonds of strong companies that are available on an investment basis, but without making any predictions as to their future. It may interest other readers to call attention here to the two most interesting issues in this list.

They are the New York Central convertible

debenture 6s due 1935 and the Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 5s due 1946. The New York Central bonds were issued in 1915 in connection with the consolidation of the New York Central system and the adoption of a new financial plan. For years the Central had been financing its requirements by the sale of short-term notes at the expense of frequent commissions to the bankers. Under the new plan worked out in conjunction with J. P. Morgan & Co. it issued some consolidated mortgage bonds, some refunding and improvement mortgage bonds and these convertible debenture bonds. A "debenture" is simply a promise to pay without any mortgaged security back of it. With \$100,000,000 of these 6 per cent. bonds outstanding which can be converted any time prior to May 1, 1925, into stock at \$105 a share, the present improvement in earnings creates an interesting situation. Earnings are sufficient to make possible the payment of more than the present 5 per cent. dividend on the stock. It would place New York Central's finances in a much better balance to have these bonds exchanged for stock. It now has \$736,000,000 of bonds outstanding, including this issue, and only \$250,000,000 of stock.

In 1914 the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway faced a crisis in its history. It had followed the plan of financing with notes and it was faced with an early maturity that might spell receivership. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. came to its assistance and with the National City Bank took an issue of \$33,000,000 five-year 5 per cent. notes making the railway company agree to spend \$17,000,000 from net earnings for capital expenditures during the next five years before it paid any dividends on its stock. In two years the credit of the road had so improved under this plan that the same bankers underwrote an issue of \$40,180,000 thirty-year 5 per cent. convertible bonds and the notes were called for retirement at 101. This removed the Chesapeake & Ohio from the precarious position of a note-seller. These convertible bonds are secured by pledge of \$45,920,000 of the road's first lien and improvement bonds the last mortgage on the property. They are convertible into common stock at \$80 a share to April 1, 1923, at \$90 a share from then to April 1, 1926, and at \$100 a share for the next ten years. This gives each \$1000 bond, at present, a call on twelve and a half shares of stock. Earnings of the Chesapeake & Ohio would also justify an increase in the dividend rate and conversion of the bonds would strengthen its financial structure, which now stands \$186,251,000 bonds and \$62,795,800 stock.

The stock market during the past two weeks has suffered its first sharp break in nearly ten months, and this has been followed by a so far moderate rally. This reaction was undoubtedly due chiefly to the market's weakened technical position after its prolonged advance, although there has been much talk of various apparently unfavorable news developments, and this has doubtless had its effect.

The present failure of the Conference of International Bankers to arrange terms for a loan to Germany, owing to France's obstinate stand on the treaty of Versailles, is disappointing, but inasmuch as there can hardly be economic recovery in Europe without such a loan, and as France herself would be in the end the chief beneficiary, it is likely that eventually she will listen to reason.

The reports of the 201 Class 1 railroads, as filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission, show that in April the net operating income amounted to 3.93 per cent. on the official tentative valuation, which compares with 5.85 per cent. earned in March. This decrease is due to lessened traffic in coal, but the latest figures on car loadings indicate larger freight business in other commodities and therefore better results may be expected for May.

Action is expected by Congress shortly on the tariff and ship subsidy bills, and passage of these measures should exert a favorable effect on many stocks. Reports continue to come of increasing industrial activity throughout the country. Pennsylvania crude oil was marked up 25 cents a barrel and the other grades with it; raw and refined sugar went to the highest prices they have so far reached this year, and the pound sterling touched the highest price in three years.

Conditions in the steel trade continue most encouraging, with operations apparently little hampered by the coal strike. The Republic-Midvale-Inland Steel merger, which will be known as the North American Steel Company, has received the approval of the Lockwood committee, which has been investigating it. This consolidation is one of the cleanest and fairest that has come out of Wall Street in a long time, and it and the Bethlehem-Lackawanna merger, which will also doubtless be approved by the congressional committee, should result in great economies, increased efficiency, and in the long run lower prices on the average to the consumer.—*The Trader*.

Findings of the Supreme Court of the United States that the joint operation of the Central and Southern Pacific railroads was in violation of the anti-trust laws will have a

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direct bearing on the question of the consolidation of railroad systems of the Pacific Coast, Secretary George B. McGinty of the Interstate Commerce Commission has assured representatives of the producers and shippers of the Pacific Coast.

The Central Pacific Railroad was constructed as the last link of a transcontinental railroad, meeting the Union Pacific at Og-



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times a preferred stock is put in between the bonds and the common stock. It can generally be sold for more than the common, for it has the first call on earnings for dividends after interest has been paid on the bonds. Frequently the dividend on it is made "cumulative," and if it is not paid in any year it has to be made up in future years before payments can be made on the common. Unless it is a "participating" preferred stock the

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roads. The tentative plan was put forward in order to elicit a full record upon which the plan to be ultimately adopted can rest, and without prejudgment of any matter which may be presented upon that record.

"The Supreme Court's decision divorcing the Central Pacific from the Southern Pacific necessarily will be considered by the commission when evidence is received pertinent to railway properties in Western territory. The joint operation of these two roads has been declared by the court to be in restraint of competition. The commission is obliged to abide by the provision of the law that competition must be preserved, and must recognize this prerequisite to consolidations before recommending or approving any groupings to be announced in its final report.

"Professor Ripley included the Central Pacific in the Union Pacific consolidation, as he evidently entertains the opinion that its proper place with respect to the transportation needs to the territory in question is in that proposed grouping. While the commission is not in any way bound to accept Professor Ripley's plan as other than suggestive, the commission as part of the government, and like any corporation, partnership, or individual, must be governed by an opinion of the Supreme Court. Alternative action, however, only may be determined upon by the commission after all parties who may desire to do so have presented evidence. Shippers will have full opportunity to be heard before this proceeding is closed."

Transportation shares have featured the dealings in the stock market recently under the leadership of New York Central which advanced to a new high figure for this year as railway earnings have continued to increase and the number of idle cars to decrease with every prospect that there will be a further increase in traffic as soon as shippers are able to avail themselves of the lower rates that take effect July 1, and the coal mines resume full operations, says E. F. Hutton & Co. in their monthly review.

Railroad convertible bonds have shown a very much better tone owing to the strength of the shares into which they are convertible and little attention appears to have been paid to the possibility of a strike of railway employees on July 1, as threatened, the prevailing opinion having been that the unions would not venture to take the step as they must realize that a strike at this time of the employees affected by the wage reductions recently ordered will do them very little good.

A complete walkout of these employees which has now been ordered to take effect July 1 will not tie up traffic unless there is a sympathetic strike of the operating forces for which there is no justification and which does not appear likely inasmuch as they are not affected by the wage reduction and in any event it is understood that the Federal Government will stand behind the Labor Board whose decisions are made in accordance with the provisions of the Transportation Act and should therefore be complied with, both by the railroad companies and their employees, in the interest of the public.

Declaration of a semi-annual dividend of 3½% by Great Northern stimulated buying of that issue which resulted in an advance of four points and the persistent accumulation of Pittsburg and West Virginia stock occasioned a rise of several points while the buying of New York Central has continued to be of the best kind as the management reported further progress in its plans for unifying all of the New York Central lines. Seasoned dividend paying railroad stocks have demonstrated their strong technical position by holding firm during the recent sharp reaction and will no doubt become favorites as they are now selling out of line with interest rates in the money market. It is estimated that from January 1 to June 1, this year, 80,000 freight cars were ordered, as compared with 28,358 cars during the entire year 1921, as a result of which there has been a decided improvement in the Railway Car Manufacturing industry which is very encouraging to all concerned as it gives assurance of additional equipment being furnished the railroads with which to handle the increased traffic that will result from lower freight rates and improved business conditions.

An issue of \$200,000 first mortgage sinking fund gold bonds of the J. B. Bradford Properties, Inc., is being offered by Hunter, Dulin & Co. The bonds constitute a closed first mortgage on 7056 acres of diversified farm lands in five separate holdings—three in Sacramento County, the fourth is operated in connection with the company's cattle business, and the fifth is in the fruit belt near Auburn, Placer County. The bonds are priced at 101, to yield 6.90 per cent.

Bond & Goodwin & Tucker are participating in a new issue of \$5,000,000 Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation general and refunding mortgage 5½ per cent. gold bonds, Series "E," non-callable for ten years and due June 1, 1947. Price 96½ and interest. The com-

pany agrees to pay interest without deduction for any normal Federal income tax up to 4 per cent. which it may lawfully pay at the source. The issue is secured under the general mortgage by property which, including the additions provided for by this financing, together with the proceeds from the authorized issue of \$7,000,000 preferred stock, is conservatively valued at over \$45,000,000, or more than 1.96 times the corporation's total funded debt, including this issue.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of The Equitable Eastern Banking Corporation, held June 29, 1922, a semi-annual dividend of 4% was declared on the capital stock of the company, payable July 5 to stockholders of record, June 30.

Previous dividend payments have been at the semi-annual rate of 3%. The Equitable Eastern Banking Corporation, which is a subsidiary of The Equitable Trust Company of New York was organized on January 1, 1921, with a capitalization of \$2,000,000 and surplus of \$500,000. The corporation shows a strong position maintained during 1921 and 1922, the first year and a half of its existence.

The Southern Pacific received from the Union Pacific at Ogden 580,000 tons of freight and delivered to the Union Pacific at Ogden 1,332,000 tons of freight in the year 1921, Wm. Sproule, President, Southern Pacific Company, pointed out in a recent statement.

"Contrast this with the Sunset Route about which so much has been said," Mr. Sproule continued. "In 1921 we delivered at El Paso to the Sunset Route 348,000 tons of freight and received from them 412,000 tons of freight, showing how little figure the El Paso route cuts in comparison with the Southern Pacific's great contribution to the Ogden Route."

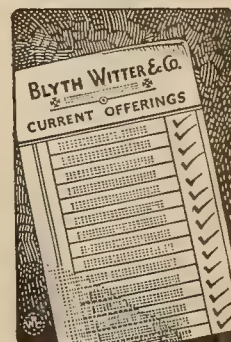
These figures have a bearing on the threatened disruption of Southern Pacific lines, separation of Central Pacific from Southern Pacific lines having been ordered May 29, 1922, under the Sherman Act of 1890 because of the Southern Pacific's ownership of its Southern Sunset Route. The Central Pacific owns, among other lines, that part of the Southern Pacific System extending from Southern Pacific lines in California to Ogden where connection is made with the Union Pacific. Central Pacific lines have been leased by the Southern Pacific since 1885. The lines of the two companies have been operated under one management since 1870, and have developed as a single unit.

Mr. Sproule, referring to flagrant effort made in an anonymous way to mislead the public into the belief that the "Southern Pacific is attempting to override the decision of the Supreme Court," said: "So to attempt would be a piece of folly. It is needless to say that the orders of the court must be obeyed; that is not debatable.

"When obeyed, the Interstate Commerce Commission then holds jurisdiction under the Transportation Act of 1920, and they are empowered to group the railroads to the extent that it is to the public interest, in the judgment of the Commission.

"The tentative grouping of the Commission already made (subject to hearings hereafter)

allows the Central Pacific to remain with the Southern Pacific. This tentative grouping would when confirmed afford remedy for the



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unfortunate legal situation presented by the Sherman Act standing alone."

Mr. Sproule, in a former statement, pointed out that "the Interstate Commerce Commission has at its command a greater knowledge of the railway traffic of the United States and its competitive and other features than any organization in our nation." He said further: "We recognize that whatever is to the public interest in the light of experience up to the present time is likely to prevail, as affecting the people served by and using this railroad system."

The rise in prices which began a little more than a year ago has brought many prime securities back to what would have been an average yield before the war, if some allowance is made for the altered tax situation, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in *Commerce Monthly*. New offerings have been heavy for a long time. The apparent insatiability of the market, based in part on the expectation of advancing prices, caused unduly eager bidding for new issues, and offerings in some instances have been at prices to yield less than the investing public is as yet prepared to accept. The consequence has been narrowing markets, both in New York and London. The bond market is no longer exclusively a sellers' market. It is also a buyers' market, in which bonds can be bought for long-time investment with the expectation neither of large profits from rapid rises nor fear of heavy losses from declines.

Transactions in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange from May 16 to June 15 amounted to \$371,000,000 compared with \$457,000,000 from April 16 to May 15.

On June 7, the United States Treasury offered an unfixed amount of 4 3/4 per cent. notes, to run three and one-half years, in exchange for 4 3/4 per cent. Victory notes. The rate was lower than generally expected and only about \$200,000,000 were tendered up to June 15, the offer to exchange being open to June 22. An issue of \$250,000,000 United States certificates of indebtedness dated June 15, 1922, to run one year and bearing 3 3/4 per cent. was heavily oversubscribed.

Foreign offerings continued to be prominent. Among them were a \$25,000,000 loan to the United States of Brazil due in 1952 offered to yield 7.30 per cent., a \$24,000,000 issue of 8 per cent. bonds of the Republic of Bolivia, offered at 101, and an issue of \$7,500,000 of bonds of the City of Greater Prague (Czechoslovakia) to yield 8.17 per cent. There was a simultaneous offering of £1,500,000 in London. On June 15 a \$25,000,000 forty-year loan to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes (Yugoslavia) was offered to yield about 8.40 per cent. A foreign industrial offering of interest was the 30,000,000 guilder issue of Anton Jurgens' United (Margarine) Works 6 per cent. bonds at \$905 per 2,500 guilder bond. Part of the same issue, 10,000,000 guilders, was offered in Holland.

The more important domestic issues were \$22,500,000 Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds due in 1947 offered to yield 7.12 per cent., and \$35,000,000 New England Telephone and Telegraph Company first mortgage 5 per cent. bonds of 1952 offered to yield 5.15 per cent.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

It often happens that about the time the financial writers and the newspapers in general become conscious of a great bull movement in Wall street, that movement has really reached its logical end and stocks are "due for a fall." There are equally hopeful signs, only a few as yet, it is true, but there are some, that the long run of obscenity in fiction is approaching its limit, and that novels are henceforth going to require less chloride of lime on them. If this is true, it will not be from any access of prudery. We are not at present a prudish people. Extraordinary frankness of speech appears to have replaced the decent reticences that once characterized polite conversation. And we have grown yawnfully accustomed to movie villains dragging women into rooms, and don't seem to care what happens to them anyway. If Victorian cleanliness returns, it will be owing to no spasm of reform or particular care about the morals of our young, but to the far more secular and effective fact that the subject of sex and sex irregularities has been worse over-worked than cowboys in the films, and there is nothing further to be said on that subject that is both true and important.

We had it done up in cheap form in the Albert Ross novels of thirty years ago. We also had it about that far back, with some most important and artistic implications, in Hardy's "Tess," and "Hearts Insurgent," or "Jude the Obscure." We had sex in literature until it was done to death and its interest was exhausted. It never was very necessary to the literary artist anyhow, for Stevenson and Mark Twain got along admirably without it; in fact, without any real women, to speak of, in their work. If all the expositions of its innumerable variants had ever improved the relations of men and women and enabled them to live in greater harmony and justice, the sex theme in fiction would have been justified, but we seriously doubt if it ever healed a single heart-ache. On the contrary it has been futile as a regulator of sexual relations, and has probably made things in that field worse instead of better. And now the public appears to be getting tired of it.

The reaction seems to have set in, led in England by Mr. Brimley Johnson, in his "Moral Poison in Modern Fiction," published by Philpot at two shillings sixpence, and cheap at the price if it will help bring relief. At present the buyers of obscenity seem quite active, and the demand appears to be running full; but so do the buyers of stocks and the demand for them appear, just before the inevitable market slump. There is, of course, a good deal of pretentious pother about "writing life," just as there always has been. But there is lots of life to write about after sex has been discarded as a theme. Mr. Wells has been especially bold in his declaration of independence on that subject: declaring that he and his fellow literarians are going to write "subject only to our limitations about the whole of human life—we are going to write about it all." But art is supposed to consist of about ninety per cent selection, so why select something of which the public has had a surfeit? Our own theory is that it is done because it is easy—easier than inventing better plots with motives for the characters less in need of deodorization. Only a race of morons could be continuously pleased by the repetition of one threadbare theme, and certainly sex interest is threadbare. To many persons it is a worse bore than bare legs on the stage.

This is partly the result of the war, which in this instance appears to have hastened a process already setting in. The war released crude passions and in many unschooled souls produced an orgy of primitive desires. Literature responded to the sinister stimulant, and we have had a flood of novels with strumpets for heroines, or heroines that threw aside all salutary restraints in the face of sudden separations and what they interpreted as the call of the nation for more lives. Such themes were not new. We hardly needed more than one "Moll Flanders," or a new version of "Tom Jones." They left little to be said on this anatomical and sociological subject. Yet Mr. Wells presented us, in "Mr. Britling," with a respectable literary man plunged in a stupid and uninteresting intrigue under the strain of war conditions, and Mr. Galsworthy outdid Gouverneur Morris with a scene in which a heroine proceeds in a manner to bring into the world a nameless child merely because the suddenly-elected father is starting with equal suddenness for the front. Such stuff as that is not merely unnecessary—it is stupid. It may have the most refined artistic form, but it is really not much better literature than "Three Weeks," or the essays of little boys chalking naughty words on a fence. Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy are rather finished literary performers, but this is hardly their best sort of performance; and they have had hosts of lesser followers who have fiercely overplayed, and we hope overstayed, the market. Alto-

gether it has created a recent literary atmosphere that smells a good deal like a dirty cellar, where the potatoes sprout long, white, unsunned and unhealthy shoots, and the parsnips just give it up and rot. It was enough to make any healthy public long for clean, dry air.

The theme of love in human life grows tiresome—not love in reality, but love as a sort of stage prop of literature. We have had far more than enough of it; and there are so many other absorbing motives. There is the mystery story, the adventure story, the picaresque plot, and a whole range of character development through vicissitudes of fate and fortune unconnected with man's interest in woman. A good plot turned up in this city within the week—the news story of a man that was shot burglarizing a house which he or some one else had been making persistent efforts to enter illegally for six months, although it was a house where no one could expect to find either money or bootleg whiskey. More healthful diversion could be supplied through the unraveling of such a mystery than through forty chapters dealing with so-called "life," consisting of the amative approaches of a male toward a female of this particular species. For life is not confined to the amatory pursuit nor the hymeneal condition, and it has a score of interest compared to which the sex interest is nothing but a nuisance.

#### New Books Received.

THE LITTLE CORNER NEVER CONQUERED. By John Van Schaick, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

The story of the American Red Cross work for Belgium.

THE SHANTUNG QUESTION. By Ge-Zay Wood. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$5.

A discussion of the question supported by all available documents.

THE PERIL OF THE REPUBLIC. By Daniel Chauncey Brewer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

"Are we facing revolution in the United States?"

THE CASE OF SIR EDWARD TALBOT. By Valentine Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A mystery story.

MORTAL COILS. By Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Short stories.

PIECES OF HATE. By Heywood Brown. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Criticism.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE. By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

Verse.

PETER. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

A novel by the author of "Dodo."

THE RETURN OF ALFRED. By the author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster." New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE VANISHING OF BETTY VARIAN. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

A detective story.

THE FLAMING JEWEL. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

An adventure story of the Canadian woods.

FACING REALITY. By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

"Are we socially and morally bankrupt?"

CANNIBAL LAND. By Martin Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

Adventures with a camera in the New Hebrides.

DOWN THE MOTHER LODGE. By Vivian Hemphill. Sacramento: Purnell's.

Pioneer tales of California.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE. By Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.

An interrogation into the accomplishment of the Washington Conference.

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE. Second Volume.

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Edited by Professor J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.75.

"A plain story simply told."

Say what we like about the anarchy in the South, there is no town there which can show such a record as that which is put into simple arithmetic in Belfast's weekly casualty list, says the Manchester *Guardian*. The kind of violence of which we read almost every morning recalls the ferocity of Balkan politics. And all the while there is a steady stream of refugees who have lost home, occupation, belongings, stripped of everything, like the Catholic householders in that wild pandemonium of which Dickens gives us so vivid a picture in "Barnaby Rudge." In three days of last week, our correspondent declares, some 1500 Catholics, men, women, and children, had the roofs pulled or burnt over their heads.

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| Deposits                     | - - - - - | 72,470,177.18   |
| Capital Actually Paid Up     | - - - - - | 1,000,000.00    |
| Reserve and Contingent Funds | - - - - - | 2,700,000.00    |
| Employees' Pension Fund      | - - - - - | 385,984.61      |

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Peter

In our opinion E. F. Benson has shot his bolt. Obviously "Peter" is pot-boiling, as was "Lovers and Friends." The point is, does indefinite pot-boiling at the rate of two a year utterly ruin a man or is it only a temporary aberration? Will Mr. Benson ever give us anything so good as the "Dodo" books again?

It is hard to realize that "Peter" is by Mr. Benson. True, there is the same effervescent chatter, and also, alas, the same lack of substance that is the distinguishing character of all the Benson books, but there the resemblance ceases. "Peter" is sentimental, twaddlingly sentimental, and at that one can swallow everything but the last chapter. The last chapter—we hate to say it of any one who has furnished us so much sheer fun as the author of the "Dodo" books—the last chapter is impossible. So long as Mr. Benson remains in the realm of pure nonsense one does not dispute his facts. Anything goes over in the Alice-in-Wonderland style, but when he descends from the ethereal heights to plain realism, it is not amiss to make him toe the line of probability. Anyone who has experienced an accident like the fire in the final chapter of "Peter" is immediately struck by the improbability of Peter's and everyone else's conduct. If it weren't for the fact that Sylvia, too, was in danger the reader would heartily wish that Peter would be trapped in the *cul de sac* of his own making. It would serve him good and right.

No, Mr. Benson, we do not think that you should attempt the serious vein, neither the serious nor the sentimental. Hard, bright, sophisticated, and ironic nonsense,—you are

master of all these—but they are inappropriate adornments for a sentimental romance whose nature is only adapted to boarding school consumption.

PETER. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

## Men of Affairs.

Detective stories are very popular of late and, as usual, when a thing becomes a fad, satiation soon sets in. A mystery story, therefore, has to be of a very superior order not to pall on one's palate after a steady diet of these things. However, Mr. Knopf seems to get the cream of detective stories. One remembers that he published Mr. Fletcher's fascinating yarns. "Men of Affairs" by Rowland Pertwee is of kindred excellence. One might take exception to the improbable series of events which are the backbone of Mr. Pertwee's story, but that would not be playing the game. A mystery story must have a mystery, and credit must be given Mr. Pertwee for having found a most remarkable theme. Better yet, he lets the reader in on the secret from the beginning.

Writers of detective stories would do well to remember the famous criticism of Sheridan's screen scene in "The School for Scandal" that the dramatic effect lies in the audience's knowledge of who is behind the screen. In addition "Men of Affairs" is well written, well constructed, and Mr. Pertwee's exposition of human nature in peculiar circumstances has the ring of truth.

MEN OF AFFAIRS. By Rowland Pertwee. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.00.

## Arabic Thought.

The story of the wanderings of the vital spark of Greek culture through strange lands is told in "Arabic Thought and Its Place in

History" by the Rev. De Lacy O'Leary, lecturer in Aramaic and Syriac at Bristol University. The transmission of Greek philosophy and science is traced through the Syrian Church, the Zoroastrians of Persia, and the pagans of Harra to the Islamic community. Here, in spite of some modification, this culture left an enduring impression on Moslem philosophy and on popular beliefs. After a chequered career in the East it passed over to the Western Moslem community in Spain, where it had a very specialized development, and attained its final evolution in North-East Italy, where, as an anti-ecclesiastical influence, it prepared the way for the Renaissance. "But this main line of development is not really the most important," the author says. "All along that line it was branching off on one side or another, and its richest fruits must be sought in these side issues, in the scholasticism which, in Islam, in Judaism, and in Christianity, was a reaction from its teachings, and in the medical, chemical, and other scientific studies of the Middle Ages, which largely owed their inspiration to its influence." It is an imagination-provoking tale.

ARABIC THOUGHT AND ITS PLACE IN HISTORY. By the Rev. De Lacy O'Leary. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

## The Rustle of Silk.

Cosmo Hamilton has employed the rather novel idea of an eighteenth century story transplanted to a modern setting. The result is different, anyway. That is about as much as one can say for it. As any student of history knows, every age has its characteristics. An affair which would have smacked of simplicity itself in eighteenth century France, is in so violent a contrast to present day England as to suggest anachronism rather than originality. Lola Breezy's famous ancestress probably behaved in perfect keeping with her environment. One's imagination has to canter rather briskly, has to jump innumerable improbable gaps in reality, to keep abreast of Lola in the same situation. If our author had not represented Lola as a "nice" girl, the fact would be easier. As it is one strains to imagine a Lola, well bred, of impeccable morals and manners, even rising to such an occasion at all, let alone inventing it. We are reminded that Lola was a throwback. Mr. Hamilton is probably acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of throwbacks and we aren't; so perhaps he knows what he is talking about. But we are nevertheless entitled to our opinion that if Lola were one of these rare creatures, she would have made a complete success of it and not tried to combine the qualities of a wholesome modern English girl with the lively independence of a French courtesan of the old régime. That is not our idea of a throwback.

THE RUSTLE OF SILK. By Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

The Shelley Centenary will be celebrated July 7th. In London the event will be marked by a production at the Haymarket Theatre, arranged by several eminent men of letters.

The Page Company announces that Mrs. Larz Anderson's new novel of "high society"—Polly the Pagan—will positively appear this month.

Stewart Edward White's new book "On Tiptoe" will be published this fall by George H. Doran.

The Doran Company want to know why "Nene," the novel of French peasant life by Ernest T. Perochon, which won the government prize for 1921 should sell 900,000 copies in France and only 1936 in this country. This really beautiful novel deserves to be better known here.

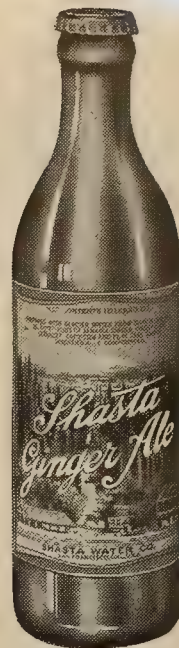
The recent address of Sir James M. Barrie on the occasion of his installation as rector of Saint Andrews University, which struck a responsive note throughout all Britain and even appeared in full in the American press, is already in process of publication by Charles Scribner's Sons. It will appear under the title "Courage."

"Indelible," a first novel published by Houghton Mifflin Company, was produced by its author, Elliot Paul, in eighteen days of white hot work. During that time Mr. Elliot slept only between four and seven a. m.

Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns, who resigned from the Asquith cabinet in August, 1914, are both said to have written accounts of the events immediately before the war. Lord Morley's narrative is not likely to appear during his life time.

In "Variation," James Hunaker's new book, he says, "I contend that an admirable novelist was killed in Mr. Shaw when he deserted fiction for the play houses. He won't agree with me but I should willingly part with all his prefaces for another 'Cashel Byron's Profession.'" So say we.

Publishers' reports show that more people are buying bound volumes of poetry than



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ever before. Houghton Mifflin, for example, are issuing their seventh edition of Drinkwaters' poems and their ninth edition of Arthur Chapman's "Out Where the West Begins."

Among recent important Macmillan issues was the "Selected Poems" of Lawrence Binyon, the English poet and art lover whom Edmund Gosse calls "one of the most exquisitely gifted of living Englishmen." As a boy Binyon wrote verse which was praised by Browning and Matthew Arnold; but he says that his genius developed slowly and he considers his latest work his best.

Stephen French Whitman, author of the colorful novel "Sacrifice" has spent many years in Italy and is now just returned from a winter in Rome. His comment upon Edgar A. Mowrer's book, "Immortal Italy," just published by the Appletons, is interesting. "The most satisfying book on modern Italy that I have read. The chapters on Italian character and D'Annunzio are masterpieces. The whole thing is so brilliantly and handsomely written, with such keen and civilized criticism that I am full of admiration for the man who has 'done it at last!'"

The restored cabin which once sheltered Mark Twain on Jackass Hill at Sonora, California, was presented on June 10th, to Tuolumne county by W. J. Loring, a mining operator, with Governor Stephens making the principal address. At the barbecue which followed, there was provision for two thousand guests.

Only a week or two before the publication of the book devoted to his life and works, the great composer, Camille Saint-Saëns, died. Now comes the news of the regretted death of Mr. Arthur Hervey, the author of the volume. Mr. Hervey was Irish by blood, Parisian by birth and combined the double office of musical composer and musical critic, and added occasional authorship. His was the first book in the English language entirely devoted to Saint-Saëns.

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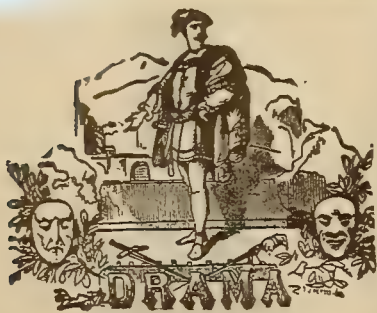
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## THE GALSWORTHY PLAYS.

It has seemed, judging from his more recent novels, as if the great literary ability of John Galsworthy had reached its peak, and begun to decline. Neither "Beyond," "The Saint's Progress," "In Chancery," nor "To Let" are of equal merit with even those works of fiction which could not stand on a level with his masterpiece, "The Man of Property."

To be sure, in "In Chancery" and "To Let" Galsworthy took up again the engrossing theme of the Forsytes, and still succeeded in making them most interesting. But it is evident that he has fallen in love with Irene, his most alluring woman creation, for he is no longer able to view her with the detachment of the artist.

Galsworthy's success with his more recent play, "Loyalties," however, was such as to encourage the bringing out in London of a Galsworthy cycle—this being the epoch of economical revivals—and all of the plays produced were very successful, one of them being also a new play called "Windows."

For Galsworthy is essentially a modern, fully abreast with the ideas of his own era, and sometimes a little ahead of them.

Though born in the upper classes, he has always felt a righteous compassion for the down dog in the lower classes, and the social criticism included in his greater novels and plays has caused the more receptive intellects in his own class dimly to comprehend how ignoble is the motive which causes the more fortunate to form a barricaded union of impregnable caste.

Galsworthy's belief that the patrician is one of a trust linked together for material advantages, the less fortunate classes being overtaxed to sustain their pretense of superiority, is advanced by him without bitterness, but with a calm, judicial deliverance of his message that impresses by all absence of the noisy drum-beating of the iconoclast.

Nor does he make the mistake of making his upper-class characters compounded of wickedness, and the lowlier ones all goodness and virtue. On the contrary he has an exquisitely balanced perception of the virtues and vices of both classes, and of the separate claims of both to due consideration. Never is he guilty of setting up a character to serve as a universal target. We do not, for instance, we can not, like Soames, the husband of Irene, in "The Man of Property," but we esteem his sense of family loyalty, his blundering gropings toward giving and winning affection, and deeply we pity a being so deficient in tact, so obsessed by the idea of property, whether in material advantages or human affections, that misfortune has inevitably marked him for its own.

Galsworthy's great service to the drama of his era has been to force a recognition of the rights of the common man to a place of importance in the drama, his place hitherto

having been to appear as an automatic funkey, or a figure of fun, or perhaps as the subordinate male relation avenging innocence led astray. Now he was at last to be the protagonist; not the hero, modern drama having banished that figure of romantic unreality.

The play of "Justice"—played here within a year or two by the Maitlanders on the local stage—will serve as an instance of Galsworthy's elevation of the man of the people to the place of central importance in the drama.

Galsworthy has been criticized for being too aloof in his literary attitude toward those whose undeservedly cruel position in the social scheme of things he has shown in clear relief. But he has poured freely of his own pity into the compassionate heart of a dust-colored little London clerk in "Justice," to such effect that we perceive how infinite and sorrowful is the compassion that fills Galsworthy's heart toward all such well-meaning stumblers as Faldor.

The idea of class against class is carried along throughout Galsworthy's more serious plays, larger issues being treated in "The Strike," a remarkably dramatic treatment of an industrial struggle.

His four masterpieces, "Justice," "The Silver Box," "The Strike," and "The Pigeon" all amount to indictments of human society for its injustice to the poor, or the weak, or the unfortunate, to whom it should serve as the enlightened reformer and protector.

In all his plays Galsworthy has shown a mastery of technique and a sense of the dramatic in situation which has made them intensely interesting. And a perception of the soul of the poet-philosopher who longs to harmonize the cruel discordances of existence is grateful to those who wish their drama to reflect life. But neither Galsworthy's plays nor his novels will ever be popular with the unthinking and the light-minded; who are apt to be made uneasy by works which convey a reproach against society as a whole, even if they are among those who are oppressed by the social machinery.

Perhaps the reason of the success of "Loyalties" in London is because its motive is more social than ethical. It is about the fall from grace of a British officer of distinction, who commits a money theft. It is located in an English country house, and the setting and characters supply opportunity for showing the loyalty of members of a caste against a low-bred invader who would assail them. "Loyalties," therefore, would particularly interest well-to-do patrons of the English drama, but the student of social criticism will not find in it anything like so much food for thought as in the four Galsworthy masterpieces.

## FREDERICK FOR THE GERMANS.

\* When "Passion" and "Deception," the two successful German film-plays, first struck America, movie fans immediately divided into two unequal factions, of which the smaller recorded its firm determination to have nothing to do with German films. It further asserted its unshakable conviction that "Deception" was propaganda against the British, and "Passion" against the French.

The other and larger faction poohpoohed the minority, and, because it didn't propose to let anything get by unseen, went in considerable numbers to see both plays.

It was apparent, however, to the cool-headed observer, that the Teutons had nothing in mind but the capture of American dollars. They paid much less both for players

and labor than the American producers, who have only themselves to thank for the foolishly and impractically large salaries they were paying their stars. So the foxy Teutons cinched them nicely with those two plays, greatly to the benefit of the American public, for American producers began looking over the field to see in what way they could better suit their patrons. Nothing much has developed yet, but at least the undulatory and insufficiently clothed vampire has had her day, and there certainly is some cleaning up of plot and situation.

To recur to the German producers in their own country: they have taken a leaf from their American brethren in the craft, and are assiduously engaged in capturing the interest of the general public. And so successful are they that the popularity of the picture play even threatens to rival that of opera, which, in Germany, has always held its own as supremely the favorite attraction of all classes.

Like the Americans, the German producers are building comfortable picture-palaces to attract the public, in which every possible device to make patrons physically at ease is employed.

One German custom, however, that of giving plays in two or more installments, does not appeal to Americans, for the serial picture-play has never been specially popular here. Another custom they have, of being allowed curtain views in person of their favorite film players, certainly would, and, when practiced, does appeal to Americans.

One big historical play was recently brought out in Germany which, doubtless, the American public will never want to see. It is called "Fredericus Rex." It presents a series of pictures of the life of the Prussian despot, and has been received with such favor, even enthusiasm, as to make it quite evident that Germany still has a hankering after militarism and kingly pomp.

Probably the press may not chance to record whether or not the play has lost its popular vogue since the assassination of Dr. Rathenau, but if it hasn't we would be justified in drawing the conclusion that Germany's democracy is rather half-hearted.

It is not probable, whatever its salary and wages condition may be, that any other country will ever out-do the United States in picture-play production; the following prophecy by S. L. Rothafel, an eastern motion-picture magnate, made before the Society of Motion-Picture Engineers in Boston gives some idea of the confidence felt in the ultimate national importance of the industry:

"I prophesy: that in ten years to come the motion picture will bring a new era; that as an artistic production it will parallel grand opera; that the Government, national, state, municipal, will endow motion picture theatres; that the screen will become the greatest force for the recreation and education of both school child and adult; that through it we will become the most cultured nation in the world."

And now, in the light of this prophecy it seems up to men who engineer the spoken drama in this country to keep a stiff upper lip, and not let the greater art be out-shone, out-classed, and utterly lost to the masses.

## AMERICAN INNOCENCE.

The Anatol plays, by Schnitzler, which had quite a run in numerous American little theatres, some years ago, were valuable, or should have been, in convincing the public that it is difficult and sometimes impossible for any but the finest and most discerning players of one nationality to interpret the dramatic works of another. Schnitzler wrote his plays for the Viennese public; who received their drama in a spirit of gay cynicism. Love, to the Viennese, has figured—in their drama, at least—as a purely temporary and subrosa affair, unexposed by the annoying restrictions of constancy, while the Anglo-Saxon idea—which has become the American tradition—esteems the idea of a romantic constancy, however little it is practised.

The American players were quite unable to convey the idea of the Anatol comedies with that airy, cynical lightness which was their due. True, Schnitzler occasionally becomes serious, as in "Professor Bernhardt"; and no doubt the mood of such plays is more easily conveyed.

We were wont, in its hey-day, to think "The Easiest Way" quite devilish, but when it was put on in Berlin this last May it was scornfully stigmatized by a leading German critic as "an excellent specimen of that nursery which the Anglo-Saxons call their stage."

Yes, to the Europeans we are an innocent lot and no mistake. Having worried through a novel by the well-known Russian fictionist Artibasheff—I think that's his name—and through another by Poland's most famous novelist, name of Przybyszewski—I know that's his name because I copied each letter with religious care—I am more than ever convinced that we are too innocent to meddle very much with European drama.

Some time ago there was a riot in Vienna against Schnitzler's play "Reigen." It gave us quite a fellow-feeling here in America to learn that the Viennese were capable of a demonstration against the morals—or lack of morals—in a Schnitzler play.

But a scornful sojourner in Vienna wrote a letter to a New York paper to put Americans right. "Reigen"—an old play and apparently rank with sex and illicit love—didn't shock anybody. What shocked them, as the scornful sojourner pointed out, was that anti-Semitic sentiment was antagonized by having to allow a play by a Jew to appear; for, as the scornful sojourner remarks, "as the custom often is with geniuses, Schnitzler is a Jew."

So the play was stopped in Vienna, but put

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## Calaveras in 1809 and 1922

In 1809 the ownership of Calaveras Valley in the Coast Range hills midway between Niles Canyon and Mount Hamilton, was in lively dispute between the Pueblo of San Jose and the Mission of Santa Clara.

"What was the end of the dispute," says a historian, "we have been unable to discover, but it seems likeliest that La Calaveras belonged rather to the Mission San Jose."

It was a long time after that dispute that Calaveras became a part of the water supply of San Francisco.

The valley, together with tributary watershed area, was acquired by Spring Valley in 1875, and construction of Calaveras Dam was begun in 1913.

It was a wise foresight, not generally appreciated at the time, that prompted Spring Valley to acquire this property.

At present Calaveras has a capacity of 8 billion gallons of water, but the resources of the watershed are many times that amount.

Under an agreement with the City and County of San Francisco, the Railroad Commission requires Spring Valley to enlarge the dam to a height of 175 feet so that it will impound 32 billion gallons of water, thus adding 24 million gallons daily to the water supply of San Francisco.

The design of Calaveras Dam, however, provides for an ultimate height of 210 feet, at which height the reservoir will yield 50 million gallons daily, doubling the present water supply of this city.

The present development undertaken by Spring Valley in consonance with the decision handed down by the Railroad Commission and approved by the Board of Supervisors, will solve the immediate water problem of San Francisco by increasing Spring Valley's daily yield from 42 to 66 million gallons.

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on in Berlin with a realism that made the Berliners smack their lips with gusto.

So now we may comfortably return to our American-made convention that nothing shocks the Europeans, and that we, in America, can be as pachydermatous as we please concerning what is risqué in farce and musical comedy, but, if a dramatist in a spirit of social criticism dares to become serious about anything concerning sex we will call in the police.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Civilization has always been deeply influenced by inventions, said President Lowell of Harvard in his recent baccalaureate sermon. No one can doubt that a change was wrought in the ancient world by the use of metals. The improvement of transportation by land and water enlarged trade, and trade brought intercourse, with its new relations, its enlarged horizon, and its temptation to a foreign conquest, until the sailing ship and the mariner's compass opened the whole world to the people of Europe. It has been pointed out that the invention of firearms, and especially of cannon, destroyed the feudal organization of society, because the baron's castle was no longer a refuge difficult to capture.

There are 1348 American students at various French universities.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," which begins at the Columbia Theatre Monday night, July 10, has been one of the great plays of the present generation. It has an appeal as drama in itself, for the story of the Great Emancipator is tremendously dramatic. The author has told the story beginning when Lincoln was about to be nominated for the first time and carrying it through by graphic and telling incident, until the climax is reached at Ford's Theatre on that fateful April day when the nation lost its greatest man.

Frank McGlynn plays Lincoln to the life. It is not alone that he looks like Lincoln, but that he has been able to project across the footlights the power, the strength, and the spiritual force of this man who has in so short a time become an ideal for all the world. Mr. McGlynn's success has been very gratifying to a host of friends who knew him as man and boy and who now see the fruition of his long and studious work.

There are six scenes in "Abraham Lincoln." The first is in Springfield, Ill., the second, third, and fourth are in Washington during the civil war, the fifth is at Grant's headquarters just before the surrender of General Lee, and the last is, of course, at Ford's Theatre. In the settings it has been possible to maintain at all times the illusion of time and place.

Some thirty-five speaking parts are involved, and Mr. Harris has in this the largest dramatic organization on tour. But the performances which will be seen at the Columbia will be in every detail the same as those at the Cort Theatre, New York, during the year's engagement in that city. There will be no Sunday performances. The matinees are on Wednesday and Saturday.

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

John Steel is an American tenor making his first Orpheum tour. He has just come from a sensational success in the Ziegfeld Follies.

Theodore Bekefi and his company are Russian dancers and have created a furore of approval of their work wherever they have played.

Kane and Herman are "Two Midnight Sons," who can sing and, it is claimed, make you laugh until your sides ache.

Mildred Harris has proved herself a success as a legitimate star as well as on the picture screen. Her present skit, "Movie Mad," is one of the best vaudeville playlets seen in the West for many a moon.

Flo Lewis has a charming personality, and

can deliver songs and comedy as can few other women singers on the stage.

Bill Robinson, "The Dark Cloud of Joy," is a whirlwind of merriment and a perennial "show stopper."

Snell and Vernon with their artistic diversion show a consummate artistry which is highly enjoyable.

Butler and Parker call their act "Don't Make Me Laugh," but the title is an anti-theater to their work, because they do make you laugh.

##### The First Fifty Years.

Drama lovers who enjoy mature entertainment of a high order will be interested in the announcement that Messrs. Reginald Travers and William S. Rainey have secured the coast rights to "The First Fifty Years," the amusing and absorbing comedy of married life now playing in New York. They plan to produce the play in San Francisco early in the fall and later tour the coast cities. The author, Henry Myers, a graduate of Columbia University, has turned an observing searchlight upon certain phases of married life, and exhibits a rare technique in this his first play, which has been acclaimed by New York critics as the finest theatrical achievement of many seasons.

##### Sprinkled with Titles.

It looks as if the king's advisers would do well to make an end of the bestowing of titles on Dominion citizens, says the Manchester *Guardian*. The hint was plainly enough given a few years ago by the Canadian Parliament's polite request that, so far as Canada is concerned, the practice should be ended, and it may be noted that in the last birthday honors the Canadian premier took a privy councillorship, which, of course, carries no title with it. But the trouble has now spread in virulent form to South Africa and Australia. We have General Smuts getting up to assure the Union House of Assembly that he had nothing to do with suggesting that a South African banking magnate who has just been made a lord should have any distinction given to him, and we have the Cape *Times*, a level-headed organ of the British commonwealth, declaring that this particular operation of the fount of honor is likely to have "a most regrettable reaction on the loyal affection for the royal house of both white races in South Africa." Strong language this. But nothing to that of the New South Wales Labor Conference about the Australian knight whom the honors list has created. His title, they say, is "an insult to white Australia"—a phrase which refers to the fact that he happens to believe that Australia's tropical north can not be colonized successfully without introducing colored labor. There is no deadly sin in being a banking magnate, nor in having views on the development of one's country which do not accord with those of some local party. But it seems unfortunate that, despite the known reluctance of the Dominions to be enriched with titled citizens, the home government still persists in making the fountain of honor play on them, and play, moreover, like an ill-directed hosepipe, on individuals whom their fellows consider quite unsuitable for such conspicuous treatment. Those who might conceivably be thought suitable are apparently dodging the jet. Would it not be well to give the stop-cock for Dominion titles a full turn and cut off the flow entirely?

##### Real Estate and Gasoline.

Here is a thought for taxation experts who insist upon regarding the automobile as a luxury. It comes from Samuel Hopkins Adams: "The value of land is inverse ratio to the amount of gasoline required to reach it." A truth so true that no amount of argument can explode it. Preceding the economic fact just stated, Mr. Adams said:

"Should gasoline, by some miracle, abruptly lose its explosiveness, what values would be most radically affected? Manufacturing, at first thought, would seem to be the worst sufferer, and next to that finance, which backs the motor industry, yet the combined injury to the two would be insignificant compared to the cataclysmic disaster to real estate values. Except in the great centres these are now actually predicated upon the motor-car. Imagine a small city permanently cut off from motor transportation, how long would be required for it to become a deserted village? Nowhere has there been a more profitable, healthful, and valuable development in American life than the suburb. The automobile is the main agency of this growth. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of the cheap and effective car upon the business efficiency and individual happiness in the agricultural districts. Drain the world of gasoline and there would be a crash in real estate values besides which the worst financial panic would be unimportant."

Never has the relationship between wheels and the land been more forcefully presented.

##### Canadian Trade and Our Tariff.

The exports of Canada to the United States in Fordney bill commodities in the four months of 1921, as compared with the four months in 1920, fell from thirty-three and a

half million dollars to ten million dollars, says Sir George E. Foster in the *North American Review*. As goods purchased have to be paid for and the purchaser must sell his own products before he can venture to purchase, the result was sure and unavoidable. Canada bought by so much less in the United States and the United States producers lost so much trade. Is it certain that the class supposed to profit by the emergency tariff gained equally or at all by increased prices on their products?

Now we do not quarrel with the policy or its application in this particular instance. We have no right to do that nor any wish. I am only pointing out an unavoidable result. Canada, denied entrance into the United States, must seek other outlets. If old water courses are obstructed by dams preventing flow in one direction, the result is to hollow out channels in other directions to relieve the pressure. And that other direction for Canada must be largely to the British market. Years ago, because of alleged menace of disease in Canadian cattle, Great Britain placed an embargo on their import for breeding purposes and since then Canadian cattle entering British ports have to be immediately slaughtered. Though the menace was proved groundless the fiction has been kept up through the opposition of British cattle raisers. Now there is a decided set towards removing the embargo, and if this is done Canada's surplus live stock will be absorbed in Great Britain, and in addition a valuable increase will be made to our shipping cargo eastward. If the embargo is retained, then Canada must turn its attention to the preparation of refrigerated meats and build up a trade in them with Great Britain. In either case the course of a great product will be diverted from the United States, and once diverted will scarcely again return. And with that diversion goes the equivalent imports by Canada which will be transferred from the United States to Great Britain or elsewhere.

In the field of international relations, curiously enough, we find that the doctor, the lawyer, the milliner, the college president, and the "man in the street" all reveal an equal competence, says Philip Marshall Brown in the *North American Review*. All are ready with a definite explanation of the ills of international society, and all are prepared to suggest how this universe should be run. In very few cases may it be said that these competent authorities have an accurate, scientifically trained knowledge of the exact nature of international society, and of the laws governing the functions and the relations of nations. The preacher approaches the problem from the general principle of the brotherhood of man; the lawyer from the argument of analogy to ordinary political institutions, and the rest from various points of view, mostly of a sentimental or emotional character. Few of them, if called upon to administer the affairs of a municipality, would have the courage even to express an opinion, but most of them, in their vast ignorance of the nature and functions of international society, have slight hesitancy to enunciate their views. They are perfectly safe because they are in no danger of being called upon actually to run the universe.

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| Other Loans and Discounts.....                        | 2,603,097.52           |
| State, County and Municipal Bonds.....                | 1,902,994.37           |
| Corporation Bonds.....                                | 2,927,563.74           |
| Real Estate Owned.....                                | 8,141.71               |
| Furniture and Fixtures.....                           | 52,833.04              |
| Other Resources.....                                  | 5,867.63               |
| UNITED STATES BONDS.....                              | 2,260,584.11           |
| UNITED STATES TREASURY NOTES AND<br>CERTIFICATES..... | 1,734,062.50           |
| CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS.....                          | 3,347,111.05           |
| <b>TOTAL.....</b>                                     | <b>\$24,327,811.55</b> |

#### LIABILITIES

|                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Capital.....           | \$ 1,500,000.00        |
| Surplus.....           | 425,000.00             |
| Undivided Profits..... | 385,169.88             |
| Other Liabilities..... | 46,322.06              |
| Dividends Unpaid.....  | 45,000.00              |
| DEPOSITS.....          | 21,926,319.61          |
| <b>TOTAL.....</b>      | <b>\$24,327,811.55</b> |

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## VANITY FAIR.

She was a tall, darkling brunette, who would soon be middle-aged: not young, not too old, but ripe and just right. She was smartly dressed, with a dashing hat and good jet ornaments, and she moved with grace and energy. She had two men in her train, and it is a wonder she did not have a dozen. She beamed and sparkled on them, and scintillated at them, and teased them, and rallied and ridiculed them, and got them altogether worse muddled up and spell-bound than Circe ever could have done. They were far beyond their masculine depth and they knew it—knew they were hypnotized and helpless and drowning in a woman's charms. They made feeble resistances that were in themselves surrender in disguise, and they knew it and she knew it, and all three knew that all three knew it, and she exercised her whole empire and conversationally snapped the whip with them whenever she wanted to. It was fast becoming a masculine slaughter and a feminine triumph. But the cleverest woman will go too far at times, and she broke the spell at last. She said: "When are we go-

ing to have another dance, Mr. Mack?" Mack hesitated and stammered: "I don't know—exactly. I—ah—I hadn't thought much about it, you know." He was dizzy and pie-eyed. But his friend seemed suddenly released, and blurted: "I wouldn't get mad if we never had another." "ME, TOO!" yelled Mack. "That's just the way I feel about it." And the two brutes escorted her off the ferry-boat, masters of their destiny once more. There are a lot of Cousin Egberts in this world, who can be "pushed just so far."

Yet, with all the high fortitude that defied Verdun, and cut its way into Belleau Wood, the dancing masters of the world assembled last month at Paris to discuss and mayhap decide what the world should dance. We have not yet the results of their deliberations, and do not know what they may bring into a waiting world, terpsichoreanly speaking; but without doubt it will be something new, because there would be no money in teaching something old, since almost everybody who cultivates pedal dexterity knows the old and could not be induced to pay anything in order to be taught it again—to say nothing of the pain of acquirement. About once in so often the prancers must be given some new steps in order to keep the craze alive. If it died, misery would come over the world. Youth is certain to dance, more or less, and with the simple-minded steps of the past decade middle-age could take up this serious form of work and imagine itself young again. Even boys at the most impossible age, when they are normally playing hookey and stealing apples, caught the craze, and the writer heard one of about twelve years at a vaudeville show exclaim: "Oh, if I could only dance like that!" Wonderful ambition of modern youth! Of this conference of dancing masters, second only in importance, if second at all, to the Genoa Economic Conference, the Manchester Guardian says:

"Many new measures are tentatively trodden annually in Paris, but few survive to go forth with the imprimatur of the assembly. Often these are graceful and well-contrived affairs, combining a flavor of the past with a dash of the present, that might with advantage be danced by any of us. But, like those of most academies which seek to regulate man's taste in art or pleasure, the mandates of the dancing professors fall usually upon deaf ears. It is no fault of theirs that bunny-hugging and shimmy-shaking have had a vogue now happily over. Not at their doors can be laid the inanity of the fox-trot, the two-step, and the other lazinesses that have overlaid the ballroom in the last decade. In vain, they will tell you, have they invented measures with grace and dignity, only to find them, too often, brushed aside in the onward march of some negroid convention, refined sometimes to a point of interest. But this

year they resume their task with courage as unabated as though ragtime had never been heard of. The new dances so far exhibited seem to be mostly set to waltz or schottische time. One, however, of which the account reads enticingly, is described as 'a mixture of pavane and gavotte, but with rather more sprightliness than those old measures have.' We shall not complain of the added sprightliness if the dancing professors succeed this year in popularizing any measure that gives women a chance to look half as graceful, and men half as courtly, as did those that are blended in this suggestion."

Probably the meanest type of highwayman that has thus far appeared on the planet is the high-jacker. He preys on those that can not, because of the nature of their own transactions, defend themselves. The chances he takes are practically none at all. He is safe, they are in danger. They risk their all to bring relief to thirsty humanity and the brutal high-jacker intercepts the relief far more than half-way from its source; in fact he waits until the transportation is almost complete, and then he pounces upon the poor bootlegger and takes it away from him, and sells it to his victim's customers at an advance. Being himself an outlaw, how can the bootlegger look to the law for protection? He can not, and he does not. He may give battle, but the odds are usually against him, and though bullets fly he rarely wins. In his high-powered motor-car filled with refreshments he is stopped or fired upon, and robbed of his hard-won money or his valuable illicit property. It is distressing to think such things can go on in this land of law and order, of peace and security and contented labor, barring a few little incidents like the one in Williamson County, Illinois, the other day. A man may have good credit and a heavy investment in motor-cars and he may be rolling it into York State over the Canadian border, and be on the point of completing his fortune and retiring, when he hears shots and hoarse commands, must seize his gun and do his best, lose his cargo and roll home to his wife with a bullet-hole through his shoulder. He hates even to call a physician, much less a cop or sheriff. And they call this a land of law! The high-jacker has no mercy. He takes it all; won't split with anybody. We call that lawlessness. Such men have no respect for property, either. How do they know whose liquor it is? What do they care? No more than the customers, who are said to be equally fearless in the matter. "Are you my regular bootlegger?" "No. I'm his regular high-jacker." And the customer gets his regular brand. Disgusting! There should be laws against it, or bootlegging will become a lost art. It is even said by some evil-minded persons that there are Volstead enforcement officers that do a little high-jacking occasionally.

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STORYETTES.

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Lord Dunsin tells the story of a London club man who was staggering along the streets of Dublin and jolted into a passer-by. A constable stepped up to him and demanded, "Do you know who that was? That was Viscount Massereene and Ferrand." "Gad!" said the Englishman. "Well, they were both drunk!"

Ex-Governor Hooper of Tennessee is said to be in favor of indirect criticism. Speaking the other day of the Transportation Act, he said: "Indirect criticism is more effective. I know a man who pulled up his clerk in the following manner: 'George, if Atkinson calls today, tell him I'm out. And don't be working or he'll know your lying.'"

A very old story of Sheridan's wit has come down through the nineteenth century. Fox and Grenville were walking down Bond Street one day when they met Sheridan. Fox hailed him: "Hey, Sherry, we were just talking about you, wondering whether you are most knave or fool." "Well, do you know," said Sheridan, taking an arm of each, "I'm a little betwixt the two."

Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley of Maine and remarked that he had been born at Shirley in the senator's state and he supposed the town had been named for one of Shirley's ancestors. "I don't know," mused the senator. "I didn't even know there was a town named Shirley in Maine." "Neither did I," said Nye tactfully, "till I was born there."

Baillie, the great English physician and morbid anatomist, was once being greatly bored by the account of herself given by a lady who apparently had nothing the matter. When she told him she was going to the opera that evening, the great physician lost his temper. And when she asked whether on her return home she might eat oysters, Baillie retorted, "Yes, shells and all!"

The case seemed to be getting nowhere, and the judge at last said: "I discharge this jury, one and all." A mean, cadaverous-looking member of the twelve arose and replied, "Say, judge, you can't discharge me." "Can't discharge you? Why not?" thundered the judge. "Waal," drawled the jurymen, pointing to the counsel for the defense, "I was hired by that fellow over there."

Major George Haven Putnam, the publisher, gives out the following story about the "Mirrors of Washington," which his house publishes. The secret of its authorship is said to be known only to three or four people. Trading on this and for a joke, the chairman of a literary dinner in New York rose and said, "Will the author of 'Mirrors of Washington' kindly stand so that we may honor him?" Twenty men got on their feet.

Elinor Glyn is responsible for spreading the fame of a fourteen-year-old Los Angeles boy whose composition on the "Ages of Man" ran as follows: "There are three ages of man. One, when we are young we think of the sins we would like to commit when we grow up. This is the age of innocence. Two, when we grow up we commit these sins. This is called the prime of life. Three, when we are old we are sorry we committed them. This is our dotage."

Lillian Leitzel, circus première, was giving a particularly dazzling exhibition of her skill. Her acrobatics are of the most violent nature and in her pet stunt, which she was performing, she throws her body back and forth with jerks that look as though she would tear her arms from their sockets. At the end she hung motionless by one arm, facing the glare of the spotlight. A small voice piped anxiously from the audience, "Mamma, I should think she would hurt her eyes!"

An American tourist in Yorkshire was very much interested in the "quaint" dialect of that section of England. He stopped to have a chat with an old Yorkshireman, who was busy cleaning some harness in the stable yard. Just then a butterfly settled on the stable door and the American exclaimed, "Pretty, aint it? Now what do you call them here?" The old man made a deft shot at the butterfly with his cap. "Yon was a flutterbug," he said stolidly, "but us chaps calls them flugs to save a bit of time."

A traveler from Fiji in the old days reports that at times in the past when the game was first introduced there the Fijians used to get waves of cricket madness and in some outlying villages—where it was not so readily quelled by law—a match would be kept up for weeks on end. Incidentally, they wore their pads strapped on their naked, bootless legs with a very ludicrous effect. But evidently the Fijians have no sense of the ludicrous, for our traveler further reports:

"Another distinguishing mark that rather amused me once up-country was when my house-boy, Esau, came in one day with his hair cut away from one side of his head, looking like a somewhat weird 'parting,' for the remainder stood up as usual like a bass broom with bristles five inches long. I asked him what on earth he had been doing, and he replied: 'Sir, I am now a member of the Lomaloma "A" team, and we have agreed to cut our hair like this, as the store can not get eleven sashes all the same color.'"

During the last presidential campaign a Republican stumper was traveling through the Tennessee mountains in a vain endeavor to convert the mountaineers to the Republican party. On one occasion before making an address he turned to a young mountaineer standing near him and asked, "Well, my young fellow, what are you?" "Democrat," tersely replied the mountaineer. "And why are you a Democrat?" persisted the Republican. "Waal, my pap was a Democrat and my grandpap before him, so I'm a Democrat, too." "H'mm," snorted the Republican campaigner, "suppose your pap and your grandpap had been horse-thieves. What would you have been?" "Waal," the mountaineer considered it, but not for long. "In that case, I reckon I'd be a Republican."

Last winter the loss of honey bee colonies in the United States was 9.4 per cent., compared with a loss of 8.5 per cent. the preceding winter. The average for the seven winters from 1913-14 to 1920-21 was 12.4 per cent.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Great Lover.

I'm sure you've met this lad before;  
His work is fast, though rough.  
He feels that all is fair in war,—  
In love, it's fair enough.  
His tale the Vice-Suppressor takes,  
And drinks in every word  
(A single swallow never makes  
A Summer, we have heard).  
Our hero lived in ages gone—  
The days of bright romance.  
We read about his goings-on  
And sigh, "So this is France!"  
You must concede, the boy was good  
Among the local ladies;  
But his intentions toward them would  
Not pave the streets of Hades.  
How sweet to read of days of old  
When knights, to say the least, were bold!  
—D. P. in Life.

Our Helpful Absence.

Although declination was a foregone conclusion, it was worth while to have the United States invited to participate in the *réchauffage* of Genoa at The Hague, for the sake of the replies which were given, says Willis Fletcher Johnson in the *North American Review*. Mr. Hughes in his letter to Mr. Child again disclosed the workings of a mind approximating Huxley's ideal of "a clear, cold logic-engine" in his impregnable and convincing exposition of the reason why it was impossible for Republican America to have fellowship with Soviet Russia; reasons affected neither by the jingling of the hoped-for guinea nor by the glib camouflage of Moscow. Gladstone said that King Bomba had "erected the negation of

God into a system of government." With equal truth it may be said that the Bolshevik oligarchs have formed a system of government out of aggressive negation of civilization and of humanity itself. Such a government America can not recognize; with it she can have no dealings. It may be too much to hope that the infatuated despots at Moscow will realize the fact; but surely the civilized powers of Western Europe must now do so. In bringing them to that state of mind the Secretary of State has performed for them a service of the highest order; from which France seems inclined to profit by aligning herself with America. As for the suggestion which some have made, that America might well go to The Hague because the conference there is to be purely economic, and not political as was that of Genoa, it is quite empty and futile. It was announced in advance that the Genoa Conference was to be exclusively economic, just as positively as the same announcement is now made about its adjourned session at The Hague. If that rule could not be enforced at the one place, there is no assurance that it can be or will be at the other.

The president of Czecho-Slovakia is furnishing the funds for a walking tour of the world by students of Prague University. The itinerary is through Jugo-Slavia and Bulgaria to Constantinople, then to China and Japan, thence to San Francisco and across this country on foot.

For people to live happily together, the real secret is that they shall not live too much together.—*English Proverb*.

DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

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Have your crank case thoroughly flushed—not with kerosene. Use the correct grade of Cycol as shown on the Cycol Recommendation Chart. Use Associated Gasoline. Then notice the improved performance of your motor.

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**MOTOR OIL**  
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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Crocker Buckbee, daughter of Samuel Griggs Buckbee and the late Mrs. Buckbee, to Mr. John Marion Boyden, was announced at a luncheon given by Miss Buckbee at the Woman's Athletic Club last week. The affair at which the engagement was made known was given in honor of Miss Carol Farr of Detroit. Thirty guests were present. Miss Buckbee made her debut two winters ago at a ball given by her father, Mr. Buckbee and the present Mrs. Buckbee. Mr. Boyden is a graduate of the University of California and the son of Mrs. E. B. Boyden of San Francisco. Those present at the announcement luncheon were Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Ream Black, Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mrs. Hubert Haven Anderson, Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Cecile Brooks, Miss Gladys Quarre, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Helen Perkins, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, Miss Alice Regua, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Marion Crocker, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cebrian and Lord Cecil Glerawly were the honor guests at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton at the Palace Hotel. Twenty guests were entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer, who returned from abroad last week and are staying at the Fairmont Hotel, have had a number of welcoming parties given in their honor since arriving home after an absence of a year. Dr. Harry Tevis gave a luncheon for them at his home in Alma on Wednesday. Miss Louis Bullock gave a tea for Mrs. Politzer Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams gave a dinner party Saturday night at the Menlo Park Country Club. Friends from Woodside and Menlo were the guests. Dinner was served out-of-doors underneath the oaks.

Colonel Albert E. Truby, U. S. A., and Mrs. Truby gave a reception at their quarters in the Presidio last Saturday. A hundred friends called during the afternoon. Colonel Truby was recently ordered here for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Bernitz Crane announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Doris Crane, to Mr. Victor Maxwell at a tea given last Friday at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Crane is a graduate of Miss Burke's School and attended Stanford University. She recently accompanied her parents on a trip to Europe and the South Sea Islands.

The wedding of Miss Averill Belknap to Lieutenant Andrew Robert Mack, U. S. A., took place June 17 in Newport, R. I. The bride is the daughter of Captain Reginald Bowen Belknap, U. S. N., and Mrs. Belknap. She is a great

niece of Mrs. William Asburner of San Francisco. Mrs. Asburner went east for the wedding ceremony which was read at St. John's Church in the presence of several hundred guests. A wedding breakfast was served for the bridal party at "Bel Napoli," the home of the bride's parents.

A Fourth of July dinner dance was given Monday evening at the Marin Country Club. Guests from San Rafael, Ross and San Anselmo were in attendance. Among those who entertained were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John S. Selfridge and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Foster Brown.

A mixed golf tournament was held Tuesday at the Menlo Club, following which a number of informal dinner parties were given. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Roger D. Lapham, and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne.

Mrs. William Hendrickson entertained last week for Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, whose engagement to Mr. James Moffitt was recently announced. The affair was a luncheon and was given at the home of Mrs. Hendrickson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear, in Ross. Among the guests were Mrs. Nicholas Kittle Boyd, Mr. Frederick Hope Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Francis D. Langton, Mrs. Kenneth G. McIntosh, Mrs. Lawrence W. Fox, Jr., Mrs. Horace C. Van Sicken, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Stanley Arnold, Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Veronica Byrnes, Miss Charlotte Ziel, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall entertained at a houseparty over the holiday at their home on Lake Tahoe. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. Richard S. McCreery, Mr. Kenneth Pope, Miss Gertrude Murphy and several school friends of Master George Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a picnic dinner last Thursday evening at their home in Menlo. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Roger D. Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes entertained on Thursday last in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan of New York. Mrs. McMillan is spending the summer in San Francisco with her father, Mr. T. Z. Blake-man, at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall were hosts at a house party over the past week end. A number of San Francisco friends were entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann entertained last Sunday at a picnic luncheon at their place in Menlo. The Heimanns are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole, who have been visiting in Virginia.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Saints and Jackdaws.

(An Essay in Eschatology.)

The jackdaws wheel about the towers  
Where saints and kings sit, row on row,  
And chatter in the ears of queens  
Who lived a thousand years ago.

The kings and queens take little heed  
Who sit and stare into the West:  
Three hundred thousand suns have died  
Since they were gathered to their rest.

And still they wait, while underneath  
The prebends pace, the canons pass,  
The black-gowned students, all agog,  
Haste by to service or to class.

On crowned heads and sacred knees  
The busy jackdaws fearless build,  
And wheel and call, and go and come,  
Till every gaping beak is filled.

The clock tolls out, the chimes are rung,  
The housewives hurry o'er the green,  
The verger with his ebony staff  
Sedately walks before the Dean.

Within, the cloistered bodies lie  
Of saints and sinners, row by row,  
Their bones are dust, their names are lost,  
Their dreams are what no man may know.

When will they rise to tell their dreams?  
When will the watch at length be done  
Of those who then upon the towers  
Shall turn and greet the rising sun,

When void will be the carved seats,  
And empty graves beneath them lie,  
And torn will hang the empty nests  
For which the wheeling jackdaws cry?  
—Mabel Hart in the London Chapbook.

## Cart Tracks.

I have followed cart tracks so much and I know how  
They hold the spring's return in their long chan-nels now;

I know, here in town, where the slow sunlight  
creeps through  
The dark and the dust and the sombre work I do,

They shine, for April storms have broken on great hills,  
And drenched through pines and bracken-shoots in sun-shot rills,  
And flooded green swamp-lands where yellow king-cups grow,

And fallen into quiet where the cart tracks go.  
There in shallow water the noonday sunlight dips,  
The low wind freshens there his singing southern lips.

And through the hoof-print pools go mirrored days  
and nights,  
With rooks' wings and wrens' wings and sweep of martin flights.

I have followed cart tracks in spring, and I know well  
Small song-named flowers, stitchwort and wood sorrel:

And later, in gold days, when June's first sun-wave broke,  
I've found mallow there and red leaves of young oak.

—Dorothy Roberts in the Spectator.

## In Tenement Street.

Where hides the Spring in Tenement Street:  
Spring, with her joy and her exquisite pity?  
No green stretches for weary feet,  
Or woodland blossoms frail and sweet,  
Are ever seen in Tenement Street—  
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.

Overhead is a gleam of sky  
Between the gray roofs for the eye's beholding;  
But over the bustle of passers-by,  
And the rattle of carts, and the hawk's cry,  
Who learns to listen for earth's soft sigh,  
Or the fairy whisper of buds unfolding?

Yet Hope may smile in the grayest gloom,  
And miracles be! Lo! here I found it:  
Welcome as light in a shadowed room,  
Sweet as the shower of its own perfume,  
A little lilac tree—in bloom—  
Laughed at the dull, dead walls around it.

Here hides the Spring in Tenement Street;  
Here is proof of her tender pity!—  
Where the lilac scatters her fragrance sweet,  
Nodding her delicate plumes to greet  
Responsive hearts in Tenement Street—  
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.  
—Edlyn Simms in the Bookman.

## A Near View of George Eliot.

The idolatry of certain modern literary gods is no whit more exaggerated than that of sundry giants of the Victorian Age. The Manchester Guardian thus retails a reminiscence of George Eliot that is still interesting, even at second hand:

"The first 'press view' of the Royal Academy supplies one of the most amusing recollections in Mr. T. H. S. Escott's reminiscences. It was in the late 'sixties or early 'seventies. In the portion of the room where Mr. Escott chanced to be, the object of universal and reverent gaze was no *chef-d'œuvre* by Millais or Leighton, but a lady with an elongated countenance and an intellectual brow, who reminded one of the Cumæan Sibyl. Royal personages would have not been received with the respect that followed or preceded her wherever she went. The lady dropped a fragment of paper that might, Mr. Escott imagined, at one time have contained a sandwich. Quick as a thought, a Cambridge don, smooth-shaven, ashen-hued, darted forward, snatched up the precious relic, placed it in his pocketbook, and pressed it adoringly to that part of his person where

his heart may have been. At a respectful distance there came behind a short, sturdy, middle-aged beau, whom, long after, Mr. Escott came to know as Robert Browning. The poet stopped short, and in tones of confidential devotion said to a great painter by his side: 'She,' meaning the lady, 'has the nose of Dante, the mouth of Savonarola, and the mind of Plato.' Awe-stricken, the painter reprovingly rejoined: 'Hush! She speaks!' That was the first time Mr. Escott saw George Eliot."

Illicit whisky stills in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia are said to number 10,000, about 30,000 people being concerned in the "industry."

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. James Franklin Smith and her daughters have gone to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks. Later in the summer they plan to go to Del Monte.

Mrs. Charles C. Mohun and her daughter, Miss Martha Mohun spent the week-end on the Feather River.

Count and Countess Andre de Limur sailed from France last week and will arrive in California early in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr have returned to their home in Burlingame after several months spent in New York.

Miss Harriet Walker returned last week to her home from a year at Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton returned to San Francisco from New York where they spent several months. They have taken apartments at the St. Francis Hotel.

Miss Frances Jolliffe who went abroad about two months ago is occupying the studio-apartment of Mrs. Reginald Brooke in London.

Miss Maud Fay has returned to San Francisco after spending several days in San Anselmo.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting have returned from a trip to the southern part of the state.

Commander Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bertholf are in San Diego. They came from the east coast on the army transport Chaumont.

Mrs. Leila Butler Stoddard and Miss Myra Palache are en route to Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood are spending the summer at Ben Lomond. Miss Laura Miller and her fiancé, John R. Knox, joined them over the Fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lang are spending the season at Shasta Springs.

Mrs. Robert McMillan (Leontine Blakeman) is visiting in San Francisco with her father, T. Z. Blakeman, at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker are at their home in Pebble Beach for the season.

Captain Watt Tyler, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tyler have arrived here from New York. They will stay in San Francisco this summer.

Miss Lillian Whitney of New York City is the house guest of Mrs. Hanson Grubb. Miss Whitney will return East next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker and their daughter, Miss Harriet Walker, are at Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. Cullen F. Welty and their two

daughters, Miss Eleanor Welty and Miss Mary Welty, are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Quinn and their niece, Miss Constance Luft, will leave soon for Alaska for a tour of several weeks.

Captain George B. Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger are spending a few weeks at their cottage on the Feather River.

Mrs. William C. Lyon and her son, Hooper Lyon, are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent at Pebble Beach.

General Douglas MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur will arrive in San Francisco during October en route to Manila, P. I.

Mrs. Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham have returned from a year's trip abroad and are at their home, "Belosguardo" in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Osborne Bland has returned to her home in Louisville, Kentucky, after a visit of a month in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Bean are in New York, stopping at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson have returned from a several months' stay in New York and have taken an apartment in California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo were in San Francisco the early part of the week. They are now visiting in the Yosemite National Park.

Mrs. Harrison Dibblee and her two children will return here shortly after a visit in Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs, and Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke were among the San Franciscans who spent the Fourth of July week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Oyster, Jr., are at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Laveaga Cebrian spent the week-end at Del Monte. Lord Cecil Gierawly was their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cheever Cowdin will come to San Francisco this month from their home in New York. They will visit with Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mrs. Stewart Lowery.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman and her daughter, Miss Lisa Stillman, have returned to San Francisco from the East.

Mrs. Grattan D. Phillips and Miss Virginia Phillips have arrived here from New York where they have been for several months.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenall will sail tomorrow from New York for Europe for an absence of three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have returned to town from the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will arrive in California next week and will be the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker. Mr. Alexander will attend the grove play of the Bohemian Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt have opened their place at Lake Tahoe for the summer. Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Katherine Chace, and Mr. James Moffitt are with them.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum were the holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall at their summer home at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent with Miss Frances Lent and Miss Margaret Buckbee are at Del Monte.

Mrs. Alan C. Van Fleet and Miss Julia Van Fleet are spending the summer at Inverness.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver is occupying the cottage of Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld at Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Fox are visiting in Montecito.

Mrs. Charles Clarke Keeney has gone to Santa Barbara to the summer home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw. Mrs. Harlow Frink is also a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw.

Countess Eleanor Gizycka has taken a house for the summer at El Mirasol. She came from Chicago for the summer and was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Selicia Gizycka.

Mrs. John Drum and Master John Drum are en route to Europe where they will spend the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Lovell Langstroth will move into their new home in Washington Street in the near future. The place was formerly the home of Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke.

Mrs. Loren Dudley Van Horne and her three children are in Santa Barbara. They are at the home of Mrs. Horne's mother, Mrs. Sherman Stow.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poole will arrive shortly from Virginia where they have been for six weeks. They will reoccupy their country place at Woodside.

Mrs. Charles C. Moore returned to Santa Cruz this week after a short stay at her home in Washington Street, this city.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall is occupying a chalet at Feather River. Her daughter, Mrs. Fentress Hill, is with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rawlings are spending a week at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Helen Crocker and her brother, Mr. W. W. Crocker will arrive in Pebble Beach from New York this week and open their home there.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac O. Upham are occupying their summer place on the Russian River. They returned from a trip to the Orient a week ago.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, and Miss Frances Pringle are at the Bishop ranch at Goleta.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Schwabacher and their daughter, Miss Margery Helen Loewe, have returned to their apartment at the St. Francis after a month's sojourn at Yosemite. They will leave shortly for Banff and Lake Louise.

Registered at the St. Francis are Mr. E. E. Lawrence, Portland; Mr. Walter R. B. Wilcox, Seattle; Mr. C. B. Luce, Honolulu; Dr. F. C. Hart, Seattle; Mr. C. B. Kline, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Lyam V. Graham, Chicago; Mr. L. M. Goodman, Detroit; Mr. Edward C. Donnelly, Boston.

Mr. Jack Milton, Honolulu; Mr. Thomas Kilfoil, Portland; Mr. F. A. Beer, Chicago; Mr. E. H. English, Jersey City; Mr. J. M. Berger, Los Angeles; Mr. W. K. Brown, Klamath Falls; Mr. W. H. Beery, Maricopa; Mr. R. Portuguese, Spokane; Mr. R. A. Klein, Kansas City, and Mr. P. H. Griffin, Modesto.

Recent arrivals at the Whitcomb are Mr. H. P. Joyne, Fresno; Dr. A. H. Hampshire, Sacramento;

Mr. E. H. Loveland, Bakersfield; Mr. C. C. Gardner, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Schulze, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hardt, Sacramento; Mr. David T. Day, Washington, D. C.; Rev. A. M. Briggs, Los Gatos; Dr. G. W. Bachman, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. E. O. Nathan, Sacramento; Mr. W. W. Thompson, Pasadena; Mr. H. M. Morse, Ithaca, N. Y.; Mr. Arthur Monroe, Carson City; Mr. A. B. Armour, Havana, Cuba; Mr. H. P. Jayne, Fresno, and Mr. O. L. Gagg, San Mateo.

### WORKS OF THE TURK.

For months past the news of the Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor has been trickling through, says the *Manchester Guardian*. In the last few days Dr. M. H. Ward, one of the courageous band of American relief workers in the Near East, has been supplying detailed evidence of the horrors which he has personally witnessed. The details are almost unnecessary. The forced marching of droves of women and children through hundreds of miles of mountainous and barren country for the deliberate purpose of killing them by slow exhaustion conjures up a picture the details of which are perhaps best left to the imagination.

Dr. Ward himself can not have seen the worst, for his station was far from Bitlis, the supposed ultimate destination of these helpless pilgrims. What tiny fraction of them reaches Bitlis, or what happens to them when they get there, no one knows. All that is known is that they do not return. Since the policy is one of deliberate extermination, the best that can be hoped for them is a quick death. There is no check upon the horrors perpetrated in the remote fastnesses of the interior. There is little enough check even in the districts where there are relief workers to witness them. For the Turk is almost completely indifferent to what the world thinks of him. What, then, is the use of the commission of inquiry which the British government has undertaken? So far as the force of public opinion goes, the commission, it is to be feared, can do little. It can discover and publish the facts, but it can not by that means alone stop the massacre. Still, it is right that the facts should be put beyond question, and whatever weight their publication carries with the Angora government should be allowed to make itself felt before the process of extermination is complete.

We are glad to see that the American government has agreed to serve on the commission, and we hope that its work will now be pushed ahead with all possible speed. But the chief check upon the Angora government must undoubtedly be political. The massacres have already made it far harder for the Western powers to consent to any political arrangement which involves Turkish domination over Christian minorities. Their continuance while the commission was conducting its inquiries would so inflame public opinion that one can hardly conceive the guarantees for the protection of minorities that would be thought adequate. The Angora government must know this. For this reason, too, the commission should not lose a moment. If its inquiries should induce the Turks, for fear of the political consequences, to stay their hands from massacre for a few months, there may yet be time for the Western powers to discover the terms of a political settlement which will make a repetition of these horrors forever impossible.

### An Elephant in London

Elephant-riding is one of the favorite diversions of English children in the London Zoological Gardens, and one of the minor sorrows of the war in England was the shortage of elephant transport for children, says the *Living Age*. The sorrows of the British youngsters reached as far as India, and the Maharajah of Cooch Behar presented the gardens with a tame she-elephant trained for driving.

Last year the elephant obediently carried a daily burden of little boys and little girls; but when she was taken out for a trial trip this spring she began to show signs of temperament. She did not like the new steps that had been provided for mounting her. It was beyond the power of any one in the gardens to make the elephant stand beside those steps. Then the old steps were brought out and the elephant consented to do her duty. But one day she struck again. Having deposited one load of children, her elephantship declined to receive any more. It is reliably reported that the puzzled attendants of the Zoological Gardens murmured to themselves a line of Shakespeare's: "The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy." This elephant simply would not kneel.

Finally, as a last resort, a professional mahout was brought from India. He addressed the elephant in a language to which she was accustomed, and there has never been any trouble since.

### Limiting Motor Truck Loads.

The Massachusetts highway commission is seriously considering the reduction of the maximum motor truck load permissible on the highways of that state to 20,000 pounds, including truck and load. Such was the state-

ment made by James W. Synan of the Massachusetts highway commission at the recent meeting of the National Highway Traffic Association. Mr. Synan said that an extensive plan of road-building was under way in his state, but as it would take several years for the best type of roads to catch up with the existing highway transport conditions, it might be necessary to reduce the present legal weights until such time as the state roads could sustain the steadily increasing heavy traffic. The proposed limitation would prohibit the use of a motor truck exceeding five tons capacity.

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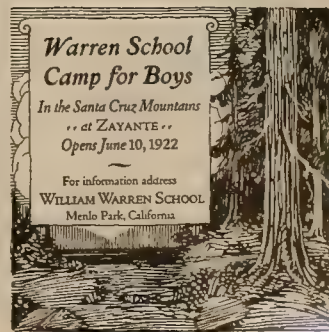
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### DIVIDEND NOTICES

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, Mission and Twenty-first Sts.; Park-Presidio Dist. Branch, Clement and 7th Ave.; Haight Street Branch, Haight and Belvedere Sts.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1922, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 1st, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividend from July 1st, 1922. Deposits made on or before July 10th, 1922, will earn interest from July 1st, 1922. GEO. TOURNY, Manager.

BANK OF ITALY, junction Market, Powell and Eddy Sts.; Montgomery Street Branch, corner Montgomery and Clay Sts.; Market-Geary Branch, junction Market, Geary and Kearny Sts.; Mission Branch, 3246 Mission St., near 29th St.; Park-Presidio Branch, 926 Clement St.; Polk-Van Ness Branch, 1541 Polk St.; Eureka Valley Branch, junction Market, 17th and Castro Sts.; Sunset Branch, 8th Ave. and Irving.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1922, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1922. Deposits made to and including Monday, July 10, 1922, will earn interest from July 1, 1922. P. C. HALE, Vice-president.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St., Near 4th.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1922, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1922. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1922. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1922, will earn interest from July 1, 1922. H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Where's the capital of the United States?"  
 "In Europe."—*Lehigh Burr.*

"What is the happiest day in one's life?"  
 "Tomorrow."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Where did you get the plot for your second novel?"  
 "From the film version of my first."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Visitor—Is Mrs. Tatterly at home? Servant (severely)—Mr. Tatterly died this morning. Visitor—I daresay; but I wish to see Mrs. Tatterly.—*Life.*

She—Have any of your boyish ambitions been realized? He—Yes, when my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed.—*Life.*

Jinks—We used to hear about "the drinks on the house." Blinks—Yes, but now the drinks are under the house.—*British Whig (Kingston, Ontario).*

Disgusted Backer of Beaten Favorite—If yer can't ride outside of the 'orse why don't yer get inside? Jockey—So I would if his mouth was as big as yours.—*Punch.*

Wife—Didn't that Mistah Sockem promise ta gib yo' work if yo' voted foah 'im? Hubby—He shore am, Hon! He shore am! He's gonnah send ober de fambly wash.—*Judge.*

Ted—There are still some things we haven't found out about home brew. Ned—Yes, no one has yet accused the Chinese of making it thousands of years ago.—*New York Sun.*

Wife (away from home)—Horrors! I forgot to turn off the electric iron! Husband—It's all right. Nothing will burn long—I forgot to turn off the water in the bathtub.—*Stockholm Kasper.*

"I consulted a clairvoyant before my marriage and asked if she saw any breakers ahead." "What did she say?" "Said she saw

twelve cooks and twenty-seven parlormaid."—*Boston Transcript.*

Young Son—Papa, now that you've bought sister a piano, couldn't you buy me a pony? Father—What for, my child? Son—So I can go out for a ride when she is learning to play.—*Berlin Der Brummer.*

Bride-to-Be—I hope, dear, we won't get any duplicate wedding presents. Groom-to-Be—Oh, I don't know. Dad's promised me a \$5000 check and I wouldn't mind getting a duplicate from your father.—*Kansas City Star.*

Mabel (to brother, who has got the best of the cherries)—You really are a pig, John. Mother—It's not very nice to call any one a pig, darling. Mabel—All right, I won't. But the next time I see a pig I shall call it "John."—*Punch.*

Blondine—I'd like to marry a movie star. Brunetta—Why? Blondine—Because they are such wonderful love makers. Brunetta—Quite true, but most of them do not seem to know what to do with it after it is made.—*Youngstown Telegram.*

"I understand Mr. Peckton has taken up golf." "Yes, and it has made a new man out of him." "The exercise?" "Not exactly. After years of subjection in the home it would do your heart good to see the way he worries a caddy."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Shopkeeper—What did Mr. McMurray say when you asked for the money? Errand Boy—He said he would give me a jolly good hiding if I showed my face there again. Shopkeeper—Well, go back and tell him that he can't frighten me with his threats of violence. *London Passing Show.*

Mother (to vicar)—Oh, please, sir, I was a-go'in' to ask you, could anything be done to change pore little Lloyd Georgie's name 'ere? The pore little kid's 'ad to suffer summat cruel. 'E can't do nothin' right since 'is father's changed 'is views about the prime minister.—*London Opinion.*

The professor had retired to his library after dinner. Presently the two youngest children came rushing into the room. The Professor—Now, children, don't disturb me. What is it you want? The Children—We just wanted to say good-night. The Professor—Well, suppose you wait till tomorrow morning for that.—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

## Pencil Superstitions.

Carpenters always use flat lead pencils, as is well known, and the popular belief is that they are made especially this shape to prevent them rolling off the bench—an exasperating trick to the man of shavings, which might spoil his job. The reason for the flat pencil is, however, that it forms a handy flat rule in cases of emergency.

What seems at first sight a curious fad among cinema reviewers is that they always insist upon using very soft B.B.B.'s. However, there is a reason for this. The notes of the film man are made in the dark, and very often he finds it difficult to make out afterwards what he has written unless he uses a very soft pencil easy to write with.

Artists, of course, nearly always carry a soft pencil with them. Sir William Orpen's favorite lead is a half-length one, yellow in color outside, over which he crooks his fingers as he sketches upon the tablecloth.

There is a queer superstition in Ireland that a broken pencil-point is the precursor of a domestic jar; and an old-fashioned rule inculcated into shorthand writers was to sharpen a pencil at both ends in case of a breakage during the taking down of important verbatim notes.

## The Two Irelands.

A series of incidents, in which each side blames the other, such as are inevitable with a complicated frontier, where roads and railways cross and recross the boundary, has occurred on the Ulster frontier, says the Man-



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Don't "take a chance" and leave your silverware, jewelry, valuable papers, etc., in the house when you are going away for the summer. You may, on your return, find everything as you left it, but—

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chester Guardian. The evacuation of Belleek on April 10th was, according to our correspondent, purely voluntary on the part of the Northern government's police, and the Free State troops readily agreed to their request for leave to take their armored cars through Free State territory. Mr. Collins contends that the Free State troops at Belleek did not invade Northern territory. The question whether he is right or wrong is the question that has to be decided.

That the Six Counties government have

their own case against Sinn Fein is perfectly true. Mr. De Valera's party helped to wreck the conciliation movement by putting on an Ulster blockade as a move in their party game against Mr. Collins. The irregulars who murder in the name of Sinn Fein, and do all they can to foment disorder, are a curse both to Ulster and to Ireland. The anti-Catholic pogroms, if the most revolting and the most disgraceful feature of the public life of Belfast, are part of a barbarous warfare which lives on the quarrels of the two Irelands.

### COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES

## BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

June 29, 1922.

## RESOURCES

|  |                 |                  |
|--|-----------------|------------------|
| First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....                           | \$73,129,123.47 |                  |
| Other Loans and Discounts.....                                     | 59,937,608.82   | \$133,066,732.29 |
| United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness.....          | \$24,297,100.40 |                  |
| State, County and Municipal Bonds.....                             | 9,274,541.01    |                  |
| Other Bonds.....   | 11,075,670.76   |                  |
| Stock in Federal Reserve Bank.....                                 | 375,000.00      |                  |
| TOTAL U. S. AND OTHER SECURITIES.....                              |                 | 45,022,312.17    |
| Due from Federal Reserve Bank.....                                 | \$ 9,086,169.30 |                  |
| Cash and Due from Other Banks.....                                 | 14,711,553.79   |                  |
| TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS.....                                 |                 | 23,797,723.09    |
| Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults..... |                 | 8,187,434.70     |
| Other Real Estate Owned.....                                       |                 | 418,537.89       |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....  |                 | 1,010,922.43     |
| Interest Earned but Not Collected.....                             |                 | 1,638,780.16     |
| Employees' Pension Fund (Carried on Books at).....                 |                 | 1.00             |
| Other Resources.....   |                 | 442,389.65       |
| TOTAL RESOURCES.....   |                 | \$213,584,833.38 |

## LIABILITIES

|   |                  |
|---|------------------|
| DEPOSITS.....                                       | \$196,437,166.90 |
| Dividends Unpaid.....                               | 601,682.50       |
| Discount Collected but Not Earned.....              | 78,031.45        |
| Reserved for Taxes and Interest Accrued.....        | 264,793.20       |
| Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts..... | 1,010,922.43     |
|   | \$198,392,596.48 |
| *Capital Paid in.....                               | \$10,000,000.00  |
| *Surplus.....                                       | 2,500,000.00     |
| Undivided Profits.....                              | 2,692,236.90     |
| TOTAL CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....   | \$ 15,192,236.90 |
| TOTAL LIABILITIES.....                              | \$213,584,833.38 |

\*By the issue of 50,000 additional shares of stock in July, 1922, the PAID IN CAPITAL will be increased to \$15,000,000 and SURPLUS to \$5,000,000.

All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of half-year have been deducted in above statement.

P. C. Hale and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said P. C. Hale is Vice-President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

P. C. HALE  
W. R. WILLIAMS

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1922.  
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public

### THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| December, 1904..... | \$285,436.97     |
| December, 1908..... | \$2,574,004.90   |
| December, 1912..... | \$11,228,814.56  |
| December, 1916..... | \$39,805,995.24  |
| December, 1920..... | \$157,464,685.08 |
| December, 1921..... | \$194,179,449.80 |
| June 29, 1922.....  | \$213,584,833.38 |

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 343,653

Savings Deposits made to and including July 10, 1922, will earn interest from July 1, 1922

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ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS..... 4

remembered. Part of the preamble speaks of "the employment of men who choose to accept employment under the terms of the decision and who have the same indisputable right to work that others have to decline to work"; whence he proceeds to direct all persons "to refrain from interference with the lawful efforts to maintain interstate transportation and the carrying of the United States mails," and continues: "These activities and the maintained supremacy of the law are the first obligation of the government and all the citizenship of our country." That is doctrine whose soundness is eternal, and it should be pondered by those weak-minded theorists who feel that the changes of time and of what they conceive to be public sentiment have in some mysterious way nullified fundamental human rights and the wisdom of supporting them as an essential governmental policy.

It is pleasant to have something agreeable to record about Senator Borah—there has been so little of that nature in his recent senatorial activities. He announces a campaign for the pruning of the political plum tree, to result, it is to be hoped, in a diminution of taxes; and he begins by offering a bill to cut the membership of the Shipping Board from seven to three, thereby saving \$48,000 a year in salaries. He says that this is but the first of a series of such measures he intends to propose, to put an end to soft jobs involving a waste of a great deal of money annually.

We have no doubt that great savings could be accomplished by a courageous course of elimination, and it is not Senator Borah's courage that has ever been brought in question. He has plenty of it, whether his colleagues have or not. Some little start has been made toward a reduction of governmental expenses, notably by the Budget Committee, under General Dawes; and the Secretary of the Treasury has recently announced a reduction of \$1,014,000,000 in the public debt for the fiscal year ending June 30th. The situation has been helped by a larger aggregate of receipts than had been originally estimated, both from the customs and from internal revenue, but while these larger receipts have resulted in a shrinkage of the national debt this does not necessarily mean a reduction of taxation. The country appears to be filled with sociologists and so-called constructive reformers who lie awake the long nights through thinking up plans for instituting new government bureaus to preside over the normal activities of life—to bail out the public money in maternity pensions, for example, or to get rid of one hundred million dollars per year through the multitudinous channels of a Federal department of education. One group is beginning to talk about "socializing" hospitals and the practice of medicine; so that before we know it we may have to depend entirely on political doctors, and nurses with pulls.

The paternalistic regulation and supervision of life not only costs liberty, but it also costs money, which is a kind of cost that may appeal to more people; and paternalism is coming upon us foot, horse and guns, unless we prepare for resistance. Under such conditions it is almost dangerous to have a department of the Treasury publish the information that the country's debt has been diminished from \$23,977,000,000 on June 30, 1921, to \$22,963,000,000 on June 30, 1922, or to call attention to the fact that that debt when at its peak was \$26,596,000,000. We all remember the character in "Bleak House" who, whenever he forebore to squander a certain sum of money, considered that he had made that much and so could afford to spend it and a little bit over. And for our bureaucrats to learn that any money at all is being saved, or that the public debt is shrinking, is to hold out to them an almost resistless temptation to invent new activities, new governmental functions, new boards and bureaus

for child development, for training youth, for studying the bumps on criminals' heads, for teaching girls to make biscuits, for investigating school histories, for doing a hundred other things the government was never devised to do, in order to build a "constructive" programme of political meddling with individual life.

We do not know that Senator Borah is right when he says that the Shipping Board can get along with three members instead of seven for what he calls "presiding over the decrepit days of this money-losing, money-squandering affair," but we do know that he is right in his general undertaking to prune the plum tree. Inasmuch as it was too well watered during the war and stimulated by much artificial fertilizer to a tropical overgrowth, it will stand a great deal of pruning. We would not mourn if he chopped the old thing down. Let him start a movement to reduce the number of bureaus by reducing the number of socialistic governmental functions, and he will, as the French have it, "deserve well of his country."

It has been generally taken for granted that certain results of the recent primaries in darkest North Dakota, where Senator McCumber slipped his grip on a senatorial position he had held for twenty-four years, indicated and confirmed a general slide toward radicalism—notwithstanding the fact that North Dakota could hardly grow any more radical than it has been without importing part of the red army from Russia. But observers informed about parties and blocs and general political conditions there are convinced that exactly the opposite conclusion should follow; that North Dakota is not growing more radical, but less so.

McCumber appears to have outlived a large part of his popularity, for more than one reason. First, a United States senator is to a considerable extent an absentee; and a man who has been at Washington as long as McCumber has, with the brief intervals of fence-mending permitted by the service, is likely to find that his fences need a good many more new rails than he has time to split and place. Second, the tariff bill that bears his name grows less beautiful to the farmers the longer they contemplate it; and North Dakota is composed almost entirely of farmers. Third, McCumber has made a bid for favor by espousing the soldiers' bonus raid, that needless and sorry effort to cash the valor and patriotism and spirituality of American youth. Fourth, he has pursued almost a hands-off policy about the growth of radicalism in his state; the usual attitude of the politician when confronted by a situation calling for the courageous assertion of abstract principle; so that while he could not be supported with enthusiasm by the cult of agricultural discontent, he was of even less use to the conservative element that was trying to redeem the state and that did redeem the governorship from Lynn Frazier by recalling him. It now looks as though these same independents had traded off McCumber for the success of their state ticket. It is said that the Republicans among them do not care a tinker's dam for McCumber. What they want is to beat Frazier, and their chance is in the other party.

To interpret McCumber's defeat as another victory for radicalism is too facile, and itself reflects an unreflecting view. More of the field should be surveyed, when it will appear that a strong conservative bloc, including Democrats and Republicans, has accomplished the nomination on the Democratic ticket of J. F. T. O'Connor, one of the leaders in the movement that resulted in Frazier's recall, over the more radical F. O. Hellstrom, who now complains that he has been jobbed by an iniquitous (all successful opposition is iniquitous) bi-partisan movement—just such a movement as the Non-Partisan Leaguers have been staging for a long time, and through which they came originally into control of the Republican organization in North Dakota.



He intimates that the independents packed the Democratic primary, and he wants an injunction to keep O'Connor from being declared the Democratic nominee. McCumber, in the other party, talks much in the same vein. He has issued a letter stating that he was beaten because he was opposed by a bi-partisan movement, the independents, and a non-partisan organization, the leaguers.

The cleavage in North Dakota is no longer between the parties, but across them. The truth seems to be that the Non-Partisan League, the grotesque child of those strange immortals, Norse mysticism and agrarian discontent, is beginning to disclose its hereditary weaknesses. The independents, or conservatives, claim the victory, though not within the Republican ranks. They beat Frazier last October, and they say they will beat him again next November, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against them. Of course, it is problematic, and prediction is dangerous to authority unless authority can depend, like Father Ricard, on its unsuccessful essays being forgotten. Frazier may win McCumber's place; but he has not won it by winning the Republican nomination, and with a strong opponent to rally the conservative forces of his distracted state there is a good chance that he will meet defeat at the same hands that defeated him in the recall election. In that case all the interpretations of the McCumber defeat as a radical victory will be invalidated. It would be too bad to see a Republican beaten by a Democrat, but there would be two consolations about it in this case. First, to commit an obvious bull, it could not happen in this case because Frazier is not a real Republican; and second, if it has to happen anywhere, North Dakota is the right place.

#### Paternalism.

Can any good thing come out of Tammany Hall? We have long doubted that any good thing could, but on July 4th, Tammany Hall at least supplied a rostrum for Senator Stanley, a Democrat from the state where the legislature almost repealed evolution, to warn his audience and the people of the nation against those vicious and perverting tendencies toward paternalistic government to which the *Argonaut* has recently felt it a duty to call the attention of its readers. Senator Stanley's statements, though clothed with oratorical exaggeration, and bearing, perhaps, too heavily upon the principle of centralization in the Federal government, which is another though closely allied subject, are worthy the attention of every citizen who feels that it is better to check the growth of evils than try to abolish them after long establishment.

Senator Stanley clearly sees that certain vital principles of American polity are being forgotten and abandoned. The spirit of individualism that animated the pioneers and the patriots of generations but recently passed, and that built the institutions of this country on foundations so sound and sure that we have attained a national prosperity beyond that of any people in the world, is not only neglected, but it is aggressively attacked. Its principal assailants are to be found among certain well-meaning "progressives" who lack the vision to understand that real progress is of the people, not of the politicians. The Kentucky Senator says of these busybodies:

Their energy and ingenuity are in the main directed to the discovery of some new method by which a centralized and omnipotent power may extend its inquisitorial authority. Weddings are to be supervised by hygienic experts and marital rights determined by eugenics. Babies are to be born by Federal authority and suckled under Federal supervision. You can not milk a cow without a Federal inspector at your heels. The factory, the mill, the counting house, the office and the home literally swarm with a horde of petty and pestiferous representatives of the paternalistic régime.

This is old-fashioned talk, and fundamentally it is as sound as Plymouth Rock. No virile people can look with patience upon the efforts of meddlers to suppress the rights and propensities of the individual and turn over the direction of private life to a lot of governmental bureaus. That was not the way of our on-coming. It was not the principle of American progress. It is the mode of Germany, which it brought first to despotism and then to ruin. It is the principle of Asia, where the ruler is everything and the subject nothing. It is of the social habit of the Japanese, among whom the individual is the property of the Son of Heaven and so abjectly subordinated to his commune that he must leave his door unlocked at

night in order that he may have no private life which his neighbors may not at any time invade and inspect; or so at least it was in the time of Hearn.

It is likely that Senator Stanley takes a little too narrow a view of things when he identifies this German-Asiatic drift in American life with the tendency to concentrate more and more power in the Federal government. We have recently seen, it is true, a tendency at Washington toward the formation of too many bureaus and a disposition in the states to depend upon the Federal government for too much assistance in carrying out what ought to be state and local enterprises; but the disposition to sacrifice the rights and liberties of the individual to the community is not confined to the field of Federal relations. The vice has broken out in our state and town governments. President Harding says: "It will be a sorry day when group domination is reflected in our laws." But that day is in many respects already upon us. Group domination asserts itself in cities, where, in order that people might live in close proximity, it has been necessary that the individual should sacrifice some of the freedom he once possessed when his family was an isolated unit on the open prairie. But such necessity has been exceeded by many particular regulations of conduct and of property use, for objects not fundamental but merely æsthetic and often of imaginary benefit. So-called city-planning has run wild and city requirements have been stretched beyond legitimate bounds. Neighbors have grown unwilling to stand anything from one another in the form of the most insignificant nuisances, but want everything prescribed and regulated by ordinance. Mothers want their children amused in kindergartens when they are small and taught cooking in colleges when they are grown. Here and there is a spasm of reaction against this sort of excessive regulation and restraint and governmental ordering of life, but the reaction will not be general enough to do much good until the people as a whole realize that a great deal that is called progress is just a new form of despotic meddling with human rights. Our forefathers would have resented it. We shall throw away our heritage of personal freedom if we continue to promote it.

#### The New Criminology.

One swallow does not make a drunkard, and the question whether prohibition has or has not diminished crime is not to be answered by an individual instance; yet the life story of "Frisco Tommy," former safecracker, as related to the class in criminology at the University of California (it will surprise some taxpayers to learn that they are maintaining such a course) may well encourage the prohibitionists. Its place here is owing entirely to its lack of a moral; it is the least moral story we have met in a long time.

According to Frisco Tommy a policeman friend pointed out to him he could make more money as a bootlegger than by cracking safes, and the liquid used was less dangerous, provided one did not drink from his own stock. So Tommy stopped pouring "soup" into drill holes in steel doors and took to running rum. He felt immeasurably elevated. And his new calling brought him into contact with some of our very best people. In fact, he became intimately acquainted with many of our leading citizens, so he told the pupils. He had established new social contacts and acquired new soul experiences. It was, he said, the first opportunity that had ever come to him to know that there were honest persons in the world who really amounted to something. And from the example of his customers, from the evident satisfactions of their well-ordered lives, as long as they were supplied with plenty of his commodity, he became enamored of an honest career. He saw for the first time the moral sublimity of serving his fellows.

He now had a mission, whereas he had been a criminal, despised of men, mistrusted by himself, and hunted by the law. He would have no more of it. He resolved that as long as prohibition made it worth his while to continue in the booze business, he would never crack another safe.

And we do not know that he has. Psychologists of some of our psychologicalized police departments, as well as our students of criminology at the University, have in his case a subject for the most profitable speculation—and so has Frisco Tommy; at least his specula-

tions have been of that nature, according to his own statement. His reformation is one of the astounding phenomena of sociology—although the materialists in the department of political economy profess to see nothing strange about a professional man deserting his profession for one that pays better. They say it happens every day. However that may be, as Macaulay so often remarks, Tommy is reformed, and the police of every city in America can breathe easier, for at blending and rectifying "soup" he was an adept, and they much prefer that he devote his skill to blending and rectifying spirits, since that activity is under Federal jurisdiction. To his reform the prohibitionists can "point with pride," for if it had not been for them he would still be blowing safes. There does not appear to be any other moral to the story, and there seems to be something the matter with this one—in fact it is, as we remarked above, the least moral story we have heard for some time. Some ways you look at it, it seems to support the cause of prohibition, but not in a moral manner, strictly speaking. The whole thing is so confusing, and we don't know what the students learned from it. We move it be referred to the professor of ethics, department of philosophy.

#### Protection for the Sensitive.

As strikes multiply it becomes daily more evident that stern measures must be taken to protect strikers unless they are to surrender their fundamental right to strike and rely upon mere polite requests for that dubious commodity known as "social justice." If we may take the word of union representatives for it, the practices of those inconsiderate persons that take the places of strikers are becoming more provocative and violent every day, and unless the sensitive strikers are protected they may be driven away by rude words and violent deeds from the mines and railroad yards where they are endeavoring to settle their differences with their recent employers by means of a little arson and dynamite. They are entitled to the protection of the laws, and no spineless governor should deprive them of it for fear of the resentment of unorganized and floating labor.

No one knows what might have happened to the striking miners of Williamson County, Illinois, great state of Grant and Lincoln as its citizens so fervently sing, if they had not resolutely defended themselves. In that case the strike-breakers gave up their arms with intention to deceive and delude the on-coming strikers, but these poor men were fortunately shrewd. Then, with diabolical invention, the strike-breakers ran up a white flag, signal of surrender, which, it was at once perceived, was done with malicious intent to lull the strikers into fancied security so the strike-breakers could get them in their evil power. Failing in that, because the strikers quickly saw through the trick and captured them, the strike-breakers tied themselves together in groups of six, in the mad effort to provoke their captors into reprehensible acts that would bring discredit on them and their cause. But against this contemptible trick and device the strikers manfully defended themselves by shooting down their unruly prisoners, and the coroner's jury put the blame on the hard-hearted coal mine owners who would hire such villains as the victims to do their dirty work of mining coal.

We have had another instance of this evil propensity on the part of the strike-breakers at Roseville, near Sacramento, where they were committing the heinous crime of icing fruit cars. Here, we are told by the union leaders, an engineer named Goulard was shot, though rather mildly, by one of the gun-men of the railroad company. The alleged disposition to hire all the best workmen killed off by contrast as soon as industrial trouble starts is one to be resisted with all the forces of society. No one can look with indifference on these attacks upon strikers and strike sympathizers. And this one was probably owing entirely to the neglect of Governor Stephens to send the militia to the scene. He supposed the strikers were perfectly safe under the protection of the sheriff. He was wrong. The sheriff can not watch everything. Greatly as he desires to save strikers the humiliation of seeing other men working in the places where they no longer wish to work, well as he recognizes his solemn duty of protecting them against the mob violence of the workers, he can not be everywhere at once. He should have help.

As soon as a strike is called the governor should put the militia into the field for the protection of the



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strikers against their assailants and detractors. No striker should be subject to insult, much less to physical attack, by the employees of the company. They should be safe, and they should have every assurance of considerate treatment while burning cars and round-houses, or indulging in any other of their accustomed activities under the circumstances. This is the governor's duty, in order to prevent insult, provocations to disorder, and the shooting of strikers by new employees. He can not evade it by passing the buck to Sheriff Gum. No sheriff of the yielding and amiable name of Gum (nor even Veale) should be left to deal alone with a lot of rough and truculent men determined on working and otherwise infuriating their fellows. It is much better that the strikers be defended by the constituted authorities, in the regular and legal way, than that they be forced to defend themselves at the risk of their lives, or at the risk of having some unappreciative corner's jury misunderstand them and call them murderers, as might have happened in Illinois. If men have a right to strike, they certainly have a right to be protected while doing it, and the government should not leave it to the sheriffs, who, if the strikes multiply, will soon have all they can do putting red padlocks on doors.

#### Editorial Notes.

There is a man in this city who relieves his fits of depression by buying files in a fifteen-cent store—a file a fit. He says things can't be so horribly wrong with the country when you can buy a good-sized file for fifteen cents. He is an economist. But the merchant who keeps the hardware shop next door says it is a terrible thing that a good-sized file can be bought for fifteen cents (although he would be willing to buy them wholesale at that much a dozen). He is a business man. There is another man who says nobody should be permitted to buy a file at any price except a mechanic. He is a trades unionist. Which one is right?

About the only strikers that appear reasonably safe from the inroads of strike-breakers in the present world confusion are the Constantinople eunuchs. They have gone on strike against the twenty-four-hour day and the ceaseless vigilance imposed by the harem service. Their lot has indeed been a hard one, compared to which that of a steel worker laboring twelve hours would appear happy. But when a steel worker strikes some one else may take his job, whereas a eunuch appears to enjoy a monopoly. The employers have considered filling their places with broken Russian noblemen, but thus far the aforesaid noblemen have been totally unprepared to pass the preliminary examinations.

Alarms will never cease. The San Francisco women's meeting to promote the candidacy of Senator Johnson has sought to terrorize the people of California by a proclamation reading in part: "We do not deny to any person the right to seek Hiram Johnson's office. That is a constitutional privilege given to every elector. But we do feel that California would suffer irretrievably if she permitted Hiram Johnson to be defeated." This, we repeat, is sheer terrorism. It is not fair to subject a community already agitated by industrial unrest to these sudden shocks of fright. The effect of this sort of warning upon expectant mothers, and babes yet unborn, is likely to be too terrible, and that is a thing we should have expected the embattled feminine supporters of our senior senator to consider.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Constructive Comment.

SONORA, CAL., July 7, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your article in the *Argonaut* of July 1, 1922, entitled "The Senatorial Contest," commands the respect and attention due constructive criticism of a disgusting political situation arising from the Hearst-Johnson combination. Whenever California senatorial candidates descend to Hearst's level politically, that is the time for retiring them from public service.

If I am given the opportunity C. C. Moore will receive one vote from Tuolumne County. That will be my own. Personally, I'm not interested in politics other than that decency should predominate in the public service; and mountebanks of the Hearst stripe should be relegated to the obscurity in which they belong.

Your paper has my warmest commendation for the brave stand it takes on all of the important questions continually arising to befuddle civilization. Yours respectfully,

C. R. WATSON.

It has been estimated that 14 cents out of every dollar taken in is required to maintain a grocery, 26 cents to maintain a shoe store, and 28 cents for a drug store. If you don't like to pay it, try buying from the farmer, the wholesaler, or the factory.

#### "SUCCESS" AT LOS ANGELES.

City Sells Cheap Electric Power Because the General Public Pays in Additional Taxes.

The following observations on the proposed Water and Power Amendment to the Constitution of California, are from a recent statement by John D. Galloway, consulting engineer:

The Water and Power Amendment will, if carried out, cause a violent change in our economic life and will bring on financial loss and suffering where now there is well being above that of any land on the round earth. Beyond this, and transcending all other considerations, it proposes an adventure into state socialism, which if adopted will nullify the work of the men of past generations who have fought throughout the ages to make mankind free. From every point of view—economic, social or political—the measure is without merit and should be rejected by the people.

If the Water and Power Act is passed, competition of the state will destroy the work of municipal and private enterprise. Municipalities will stop their developments because of the sop thrown to them by funds expended by the state. Private companies will be driven out of business because they can not compete with state enterprises which have behind them the right of condemnation and monopoly and the power to tax private companies to pay for the deficits created by state inefficiency. As the work of developing the state is now going forward under private agencies, there is no need for the state to attempt the work. The Water and Power Act is wholly superfluous and unnecessary.

But, say the advocates of this bill, the state can do this work in a better and cheaper way than it is now being done—it can borrow money cheaper, it acts with more authority and can over-ride obstacles to projects that now lie dormant because the people will not act together. All of these are mere assumptions which the experience of the past cries out are false. It is true that California has good credit at present, but it is equally true that when the proposed mountain of debt has been incurred and the debauch of spending the half billion dollars has commenced, the credit of this state will not be what it now is.

Before examining the claim of the advocates of the bill that the state can do things in a better and cheaper way, I wish to warn those who listen or read against the evil that lies in their arguments when they compare conditions that are wholly dissimilar. "See what they have done in Ontario," "Look at the cheap power furnished by the city of Los Angeles," cry the partisans of the bill. Such statements as are issued have in them a few grains of fact in a bushel of misstatements.

It will be well to pause for a moment and call attention to the water aqueduct and power development at Los Angeles, which is claimed to be an example of municipal management that justifies the proposed action by the state. The physical construction, in design, boldness of conception, and execution, is worthy of all praise. But when this municipal enterprise is used as an argument for the state going into business, an examination must be made of the working conditions to see if the situation is at all comparable. Attention is called to some of these points.

The water that feeds the power plants is brought to them by the aqueduct, built by the city and now operated by the Water Bureau. This aqueduct, about 240 miles in length, cost about \$24,000,000. All operating, fixed and other charges are met by water rates and by direct taxation. Mr. Lee states that of the annual charges against water costs since the aqueduct was built, \$15,459,000 has been met by direct taxation. No part of these costs have been entered against the Power Bureau, and hence do not have to be charged in the bills of consumers. Should the State of California go into the power business, the cost of its works for collecting, storing and bringing the water to the power plant would have to be met by charges in the power bills. As such cost may run from 30% to 50% of the total cost of developing power up to the plant switch-board, any comparison between Los Angeles power and state power is impossible as long as the city does not enter such costs into its power bills. This item alone completely vitiates any argument based on the Los Angeles experiment. Again, any fair comparison of water rates charged consumers in any other city with Los Angeles is impossible when in the short life of the aqueduct over \$15,000,000 has been raised by direct taxation to meet expenses. The total amount collected in taxes on account of interest, sinking fund and other charges pertaining to the Water Department is \$18,404,163.00.

The Power Bureau has distributed only a minor portion of its energy over its own lines. The energy from city plants has mainly been delivered over the distribution system and under the operation of the Southern California Edison Company. In other words, the most difficult and by far the most expensive part of the power business has been carried out under the efficient

management of, and on the works constructed by, a private company. This again makes any comparison with state operation impossible because comparable conditions do not exist.

Like the Water Bureau, the Power Bureau has been forced to direct taxation to assist it in meeting its charges. Up to June 30, 1921, \$5,465,414.34 had been raised in this manner, against which the Bureau had refunded \$605,000. A more recent statement shows that up to June 30th of this year, direct taxation to meet interest and sinking fund charges will amount to \$5,906,011.74, but the refund is not given. In a private company this would amount to an assessment on stockholders and the rates would have to make provision for returns on the investment capital if new works had been built from the proceeds. In municipal accounting this is rarely or never done, the attitude being that taxes once collected and spent, like dead men, tell no tales. Borrowed money alone is considered in making rates. In effect it is a subsidy, furnished to the users of power by taxing all the people. Identical action is contemplated in the Water and Power Act, which provides that deficits may be made up by direct taxation. Under such an arrangement, with direct taxation to fall back upon and no addition to capital account upon which rates are to be based, any and all municipal enterprises can be made a success, if you want to call increased taxation a success. They simply can not fail.

By use of the threat of condemnation, the Southern California Edison Company was forced into an agreement to sell its distribution system to the city. This sale was consummated on May 15th last. The price paid was \$12,044,000, which must be added to the cost of the city enterprise. The private company has been driven from the city, which now has a practical monopoly. Similar arbitrary and unjust action is predicted if the Water and Power Act goes into effect, for the Board is given the right to take, on five days' notice, any property that it may desire, and its own action is made evidence of the superior right. No Oriental sultan, no Caesar or Napoleon, ever dreamed of a more arbitrary use of unrestrained authority.

In any power system, it is necessary to have, at the end of the lines from the mountains, one or more large steam power plants, the purpose of which is to provide service in case of accident to the power lines, to help carry peak loads, and to provide power when the streams are low. If the state goes into the power business it will have to do the same. In San Francisco, the steam plants have a capacity of nearly 75% of the demand on the power system. The construction and maintenance of such steam plants is a large item of the cost of power. Los Angeles has relied on the private company for its emergency service. This again makes a correct comparison with any other project impossible.

The Power Bureau at Los Angeles practically serves a city only. It is well recognized that the concentrated population of a city is a much better field for power revenue than the population in the country. As a matter of fact, policy has dictated that country rates for power should be made as low as possible and the city should make up the difference. The state would have to take the lean with the fat. The Los Angeles Power Bureau has the cream of the business. Deductions as to what the state might do in the matter of cheap rates are not possible in this case.

The Power Bureau pays no municipal or state taxes and no Federal income tax. Under the operating agreement with the Edison Company, that company paid, up to April 30, 1922, \$1,152,810.39 taxes to the state. On business done directly by the City, the state tax would have been \$155,034, the total being \$1,307,844.39. Had the city distributed this power the state treasury would have lost this much money. Now that the distribution system has passed to the city, the state treasury will lose about \$400,000 annually—an amount that will increase year by year.

To this extent the thrifty citizens of that active city have slipped out from under the load of state expenses that go to maintain their schools, the state roads, insane asylums, and the ninety and nine odd commissions that we indulge in. To those who are not informed, it can be told that state taxes are collected on the gross revenue of corporations, but they should not deceive themselves into thinking that the corporations really pay the taxes. No corporation could pay its share of our state taxes and exist. It merely passes them on, as it does all other costs, to the ultimate consumer. The ultimate consumer pays all cost. The state by taking over all the power business, can relieve that kind of enterprise of about \$4,000,000 annually. If it does, the people will have to make up the deficit in another way.

Thus, Los Angeles, by omitting from its costs sums of money raised by direct taxation amounting to millions; by charging to the water users all the cost of developing and conveying the water to its power plants and paying for it in water rates or direct taxation; by driving out of the city its private competitor and dispossessing it of its distribution system; by taking only the cream of the power business in a large city; by depending upon the private company for power and for emergency service from the private steam plants; by making up its deficits by direct taxation, and by



avoiding all state and national taxation, can supply power cheaper than a private company. Almost anyone could do it under such conditions. Power is cheap in Los Angeles to manufacturers and other users, but the people pay the bill in water rates and direct taxation. The people of the rest of the state assist in the good work. What Los Angeles does is the concern of that city alone, but in all honesty the advocates of the Water and Power Act should omit from their arguments this case of municipal methods.

I repeat that arguments for or against any project such as the proposed act, based on comparisons that do not take account of physical and other differences such as mentioned above, are essentially misleading, dangerous and dishonest. This criticism is valid because the so-called arguments are based on cost of service.

## VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

### CONJURING DIFFICULTIES.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

In connection with the suggestion that Sweden may ask the United States to submit to the World Court at The Hague certain issues in controversy between the two nations, there has been an attempt to conjure up embarrassment to this government in such a request. It is assumed that submission of the case would involve in some way a recognition of the League of Nations, which this country could not consistently give.

But no such dilemma exists for Washington. The World Court is the legitimate successor of the original Hague Tribunal, whose palace it occupies; and of that court this country was a member and a champion. Not only did it hail its inception, but it furnished its first case, the Pious fund controversy between Mexico and the United States.

While technically, through the covenant, a part of the machinery of the League of Nations, the court has no essential connection with the league, to whose principle of political decision of world controversies the conception of judicial solution of those issues is in a sense the antithesis. And this idea of international judicial action is an essentially American idea, worked out for this very court by Elihu Root.

Whether or not the American controversies with Sweden, which involve shipping questions, are proper for judicial arbitration is a matter for the government to determine. If it decides that they are, there is no insurmountable reason why the government should not avail itself of the World Court, not as any appendage of the league, but as the machinery already at hand for international judicial action. In so doing it would be true to its own record and traditions.

### OVERLOADING CONGRESS.

(New York Times.)

The House of Representatives, with the consent of the Senate, is to adjourn until August 15th. Meanwhile the Senate will remain in torrid and enervating Washington to wrestle with the tariff, while the bonus and the subsidy bill are still to come. That the House should have been able to clear up its calendar so far in advance of the Senate is partly due to the difference in the parliamentary rules of the two bodies. The House, with five times the membership of the Senate, is able to dispatch twice as many bills in half the time, because it has enabled itself to do business. The Senate keeps itself in the fetters of old rules which depended largely upon that courtesy between gentlemen, and that comity between parties, which have largely ceased to exist.

Behind this explanation, which is only partial, there lies a larger cause of the confusion and uncertainty which attend the work of Congress. It has too much to do. Its business increases from year to year at an accelerated rate. One result is that Congress is kept in almost perpetual session. The recesses once customary in the long term of Congress, running as they did from June or July to December, have become impossible. Too many bills are pressed upon Congress. Each succeeding administration has too elaborate a programme of legislation. Different measures are all the time fighting for precedence, and the inevitable consequence is that many of them have to be jettisoned at the end of the congressional voyage. Then there arise fresh complaints of the inefficiency of Congress.

It is not a matter for recrimination between political parties. The Democrats can not from their own glass house throw stones at the Republicans. The evil referred to affects both parties, and has long been growing, no matter which one was in power. Nor is it a question of the comparative rank in statesmanship of one Congress over against another. In native ability and legislative experience representatives and senators do not vary so greatly from one year to another. But the system under which they work, the pressure put upon them, the impossible demands made of them, appear often to be of such a nature that not even supermen could do all that is expected of them. The people look to the government for too many things. They seek to lay upon Congress tasks which should be attended to by state legislatures or county authorities or municipalities. It is admitted that Congress does its work badly, but it is not generally perceived that this is inevitable when a labor is thrust upon it too great for its powers.

Thoughtful men in Washington, students of government everywhere, have been impressed by the heightening difficulties which come from piling too many burdens upon the shoulders of Congress. It has staggered along like an overloaded horse. Various devices for relieving it have been suggested, and some of them have been tried. But in actual experience they have not been entirely satisfactory. The plan of a Federal budget was counted upon to save Congress both time and vexation of spirit, but thus far in effect it has done neither. Then there was that ambitious plan of governmental reorganization, dear to the heart of President Harding. He has had a vigorous administrator at work on it for nearly a year, but so great has been the friction developed, so acute the jealousy between departments, so pronounced the opposition even in the Cabinet, that the President has regretfully been compelled to pigeon-hole the whole project for the time being.

### THE COMIC RECALL.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

One feature of the Republican primary election in North Dakota has escaped some of the attention that ought to have been given it because of the interest that attached to Senator McCumber's defeat. That feature is the extraordinary working of that noble instrument of reform, the recall.

Ex-Governor Lynn J. Frazier, who defeated McCumber, has not had an "ex" before his title very long. A few months ago he was governor, the man whom the people delighted to honor. His term did not come to a peaceful end by the normal finish of a certain number of years; no, he was yanked forth violently from his gubernatorial seat by an indignant

people, to whom he had become anathema. In other words, the recall was applied to him, most salutary and deadly of radical weapons, and the North Dakotans bounced him out of the governorship without waiting for his term to end.

Now again, in a few short months, he becomes the man the people delight to honor, and beats a senator who has served his state and country pretty well, on the whole, for nearly a quarter of a century. The recall could not be made more ridiculous. How soon will North Dakota be in bouncing Senator Frazier and even electing ex-Senator McCumber? The recall is not only funny in itself, but is the cause of mirth in nearly everybody but the Non-Partisan League.

Of course, it may be said that all North Dakota joined in recalling Governor Frazier, while only the Republicans have colloqued in nominating him for senator. But that means nothing. Party lines have been obliterated in North Dakota or are merely used as conveniences. Senator Ladd, for instance, merely uses the Republican name to enter the Republican caucus, and justifies himself on the ground that in matters of no importance he votes with the Republicans. On all other questions, on those that are of importance, he is as likely to be a Democrat as a Republican, and the people clearly understood that fact when they elected him, and elected him for that reason. Hence did nominal Democrats vote for him.

The matter goes a little deeper. If the recall is thus shown up as a mad caper of politics—and it has been so shown up in many cases besides this latest one—how many more of these radical nostrums, not so comic, are yet as meaningless and dangerous? Is it quite certain even now that Hamilton, Madison, Pinckney, Thomson and their colleagues of 1787 were not up to date when they deliberately chose representative government in place of direct popular government?

## OLD FAVORITES.

### My Butterflies.

(This was one of the last poems written by the late Henry Rowland-Brown ("Oliver Grey"), the well-known entomologist, whose two books of verse were warmly welcomed by W. S. Gilbert and Andrew Lang.)

A cabinet of butterflies—

"Fond useless toys," you say,

But, every one to me a prize

Made dearer day by day

As the years go by, and summer hours

Vanish with brief delay.

For each, "a thing of beauty rare

Is a joy for ever and aye."

So sang divine Euripides,

And true are his words of gold,

And every butterfly sleeping here

Can a dream of delight unfold.

Visions of Alpine solitudes,

And cataracts pouring cold

Through glacier gardens aster-starred,

The dark *Erebia* hold.

*Chrysophanus* with wings of flame

The marshlands of Garonne

Brings back, where I have wandered far

Contented and alone

With Nature; or where, day and night,

Broods from his golden throne

The Arctic sun on silent meres

Where never a sail is blown.

This line of shimmering "Azure Blues"

My heart with rapture fills;

Silver on blue, as the clouds themselves,

And edged with ermine frills.

Born memories of pensive hours

Among the gentle hills

And billowy downs of England

When Spring her balm distils.

These are the pined "Half-Mourners,"

No mourners sad for me;

For they conjure up the olive yards

And the blue *Ægean* Sea

Where Vardar comes down singing

To the dusty plains and free,

The winds of heaven make music

On the heights of Basile.

Right royal on bright vermillion

And orange pinions borne

"*Aurora of Provence*" reflects

The saffron-tinted morn,

Where the wine-dark Mediterranean

Sighs ever a song forlorn

And high in the scented pine trees

The zephyrs wind their horn.

Or I gaze on the "*Emperor*" laid in state,

In his iris robes, and clear

A vista of green oak-forest breaks

On my sense, and far and near

The fairy flutes and violins

Of the insect choir I hear . . .

The voice of summer among the leaves

Made one with the perfect year.

The leaves must fall, the roses fade,

The daffodils will not stay,

The flashing diadem of the dawn

Dims into twilight grey;

But you, my butterflies, as of old,

Your glory still display,

Though long the little spark of life

Has burnt itself away.

### Gather You.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God,

Freedom, and mercy, and truth;

Come, for the earth has grown coward and old,

Come down, and renew us her youth.

Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love,

Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,

To the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell,

Famine, and Plague, and War;

Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule:

Gather and fall in the snare!

Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,

Crawl to the battlefield, sneak to your grave,

In the day of the Lord at hand.

—Charles Kingsley.

There are 24,000,000 families in the United States and 41,600,000 men, women, and children that work for wages or salaries.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Hon. Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney-General of the United States, is regarded as the most active politician and party man in the Cabinet. Mr. Daugherty had been an Ohio lawyer for forty years when he entered the present Cabinet. In 1920 he was in charge of Mr. Harding's candidacy for the presidency.

Arthur B. Ruhl, who has recently been exploring the Western states and publishing his discoveries in *Harper's Magazine*, was a war correspondent on the Western front and at Gallipoli, his interesting dispatches having been published in *Collier's*. He is a graduate of Harvard and spent some time on the staff of the *New York Evening Sun*. He is the author of a history of track athletics in America.

H. M. Tomlinson, associate editor of the *London Nation*, was a war correspondent attached to British staff headquarters. His conscientious endeavors to see the big show close up for his readers took him too near the big guns, and resulted in deafness. Tomlinson served on the editorial staff of the *Morning Leader*, and of the *Daily News* when those papers were consolidated. He has published "The Sea and the Jungle," "Old Junk," and "London River." He was born in 1873.

Baron Leopold Plessen, third secretary of the German Embassy at Washington, is a nephew of Prince Herbert Bismarck, and of the Countess Camilla Hoyos. His mother, the former Baroness Plessen, now the wife of Charles Wilkins Short of Cincinnati, has a strong strain of English blood, being a granddaughter of the inventor of the Whitehead torpedo. She married Baron Plessen, a former attaché of the German Embassy to the Court of St. James, and the present third secretary to the German Embassy at Washington was born in England.

Mr. Herbert Haseltine, who was for some years an attaché of the American Embassy in Paris, has of late years been winning renown as a sculptor of animals. Mr. Haseltine is now in Spain, modeling some of the famous bulls of the late Duke of Alba's *ganaderia*. This artistic venture is in behalf of the Hispanic Museum of Madrid. He has also accepted a commission to model a trophy for the winner of the international polo tournament, and has just completed a miniature statue of Edward VII's charger, Kildare, for Queen Alexandra.

Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the United States Railroad Labor Board, is a former governor of Tennessee. He was admitted to the bar in Tennessee in 1894 and became a member of the legislature the following year. He was Assistant United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Tennessee from 1906 to 1910, and was governor for two terms, from 1911 to 1915, when he resumed his law practice. He is a Republican and a Baptist, and was the nominee of his party for the United States Senate in 1916, but was beaten by Kenneth McKellar, Democrat, of Memphis. Hooper was a captain in the Spanish-American war.

The Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, who has recently been appointed chairman of an official committee to gather historical data on the Hawaiian Islands, is a second cousin to the late King Kalakaua. He was proclaimed a prince by royal decree in 1884. He was educated at Honolulu and in England, and was employed in the office of the minister of the interior, and in the customs department, of the former native kingdom. He was a delegate from Hawaii to the Congress of the United States in every session from the fifty-eighth to the sixty-sixth, and now lives at Waikiki, Honolulu. The prince is a nephew of Queen Kapiolani.

Mrs. Norman McLeod, formerly Elizabeth Wana-maker, is the founder and first president of a novel society in her state, known as the Pennsylvania Emergency Aid. This society produces funds for every sort of emergency that may occur in Pennsylvania, which without it might have to be collected by a number of unorganized agencies, requiring time and extra effort. Mrs. McLeod has been working for years on the perfecting of this organization, which is now represented to work as smoothly as any merely human contrivance of the sort can. While it supplies large sums for the relief of disasters, the drain on the individual members is slight, and the funds are on hand for prompt use. The founder is a devotee of art and music, and a persistent worker for a better Philadelphia.

Using an opaque substance to show the movement of the stomach walls by means of the X-ray was first practiced by Dr. Walter B. Cannon in the Harvard physiological laboratory in 1896. While studying digestion in this manner Dr. Cannon discovered that worry and anxiety were accompanied by a cessation of the peristaltic movement, and this led him to an extended study of the effects of emotion on the body and the relations of emotional strain to the activities of certain of the internal glands. As a result of his researches in this field Dr. Cannon has published "The Mechanical Factors of Digestion" and "Body Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage." He served twenty-one months in France during the war studying the effects of wound shock, and a monograph embodying his conclusions will appear shortly. Dr. Cannon is also the author of "A Laboratory Course in Physiology."



## THE OUTLOOK FOR EUROPE.

Alfred E. Zimmern Analyzes Its Recent Troubles and Sees Convalescence in Private Initiative.

Perhaps Alfred E. Zimmern, author of "Europe in Convalescence," will be best remembered by many readers as the author of "The Greek Commonwealth," a searching study into the dynamics of occidental society and government. He is an expert in such subjects, and so what he has to say at this time about the condition of Europe, of what Europe needs and what may be expected of it if it gets what it needs, and perhaps if it does not get what it needs, is of far more than passing interest just now. It is authoritative, with the authenticity of ripe scholarship and profound understanding applied to civilization's pressing problem, the puzzle of this age, propounded under the hard condition imposed on Ædipus by the Sphinx, "Solve it or die!"

For there is no doubt that Europe has been very ill. It is a small division of the surface of the earth, and according to Herbert Hoover its present population of about four hundred and fifty million is very near a hundred million more than it could naturally support on its own resources. Down to the war, it got along on a basis of much international trade, of skilled workmanship exported for raw materials and for food, much as England has to support its excessive population. But that was only possible through the operation of the most delicately balanced political and economic forces. The war went through that fabric like an owl through a cobweb and left little but the useless strands waving in the breeze. Here and there socialism has endeavored to catch them up and make something of them, but without avail. And Lloyd George, who had a chance to put Great Britain into a position of leadership and save the whole situation, proved in the crisis too much the political huckster and opportunist who wouldn't stay put, and whose vision was too narrow to understand what the world needed. He represented, not England's idealism, but her selfishness and her ambition, and to Zimmern he is really the man who "put back the clock."

Zimmern has the gift of vivid presentation of economic elements by presenting the essentials divested of the detail, and he gives us at the outset this sketch of the war as an economist would define it:

The economic history of the war-years is the record of a society, hitherto united in a single world-wide system of intercourse, suddenly divided into two. On the one side there is Britain and the overseas world, together with France, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, Greece, Scandinavia, and Switzerland; on the other there is the vast blockaded area extending in Bethmann-Hollweg's words, "from Arras to Mesopotamia." For four and a half years these two worlds existed side by side, touching one another only at the trenches or through the carefully regulated relations of neutrals, each concentrating its whole strength upon the single purpose of overthrowing the opposing organization, so lately a part of its own. Viewed from the economic standpoint, the struggle was a civil war within what Graham Wallas has taught us to call "the Great Society."

The war really took the form of what our author calls "the siege of Europe," and brought it to this condition:

Let us briefly recall the situation with which the Allied statesmen were faced in October, 1918.

The world, as we have seen, was divided into two great systems of economic organization, the one oceanic, and in control of the world's chief sources of industrial raw material and of food supply, the other European. The Ocean had now definitely defeated the Continent; the besiegers had won the day. With the collapse of the German military power and its supersession by civil governments, now no longer five, but (counting the Baltic states) likely to become well-nigh a dozen in Europe alone, the organization which, like a steel corset, had held Europe together for the last four years, which had provided employment, transport, food, and finance for its hard-riden populations, was destined to disappear. Europe, "from the Rhine to the Volga," to quote from a memorandum written at the time, was in solution. It was not a question now of autocratic as against popular government; it was a question of government against anarchy. From one moment to the next every responsible student of public affairs, outside the ranks of the professed revolutionaries, however red his previous affiliations may have been, was turned perforce into a Conservative. The one urgent question was to get Europe back to work.

Demobilization had to be faced and carried out; and there was a certain terrible momentum to the iron flood of war materials and supplies that could neither be dammed nor diverted at once. The whole vast war organization had its commitments and its contracts, and the bridges back to civil industry were burned behind it. In Central Europe anarchy threatened on every hand. And the League of Nations did not greatly help. In fact, in Zimmern's view it hardly supplied any solution of the trouble, although in its Secretariat he sees a great engine for future good. As to its main object he says:

As a substitute, then, for the old Concert of the Powers the League has proved a disappointment. A standing organ of European, and still more, of world-policy, working upon an agreed and consistent basis of principle, is as impracticable today as it proved after 1815. Policies will continue to be shaped and coöperations and understanding to be concerted as during the last four centuries, as the need arises for adjusting inevitable disagreements, in this or that centre of state sovereignty, in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Prague, Tokio, Washington, and Buenos Aires, rather than in the spacious Council chamber that looks out over the Lake of Rousseau and Byron. To have imagined otherwise was to ignore the limitations of the human imagination and to

forget that, in the closest analogue which exists to the comprehensive design of a League of Nations, in the British Empire, Ottawa and Melbourne and Pretoria—not to speak of Dublin—have not yet learnt to adjust their policies and purposes to the needs of the Commonwealth as a whole.

There is with this sharp-edged criticism no lack of constructive suggestion, and the author does not hesitate to affirm his faith in the system of the old régime, to some extent, and a Europe relying on itself. This statement seems admirably clear:

The present writer believes that a solution of these perplexities and complications can be found in one way alone, along the simple and well-tried road of the old Concert of the European Powers. Europe has not been saved from the West, nor yet from the East, as was hoped by two opposing sets of idealists. America and Russia, each in their own way, may yet return to play their part in the life of the old Continent. For present purposes, however, we must rule them out. Europe will be wise to adapt to her own case the old Italian motto: *Europa farà da se*. She must look to her own healing. Then perchance others, who seem at present to look on, kindly but unhelpful, from afar will find the will and the means to coöperate. And the healing must begin where the wound is deepest, from the Western end of the Continent. The goal of all good Europeans at this juncture should be to work for the establishment of relations of mutual confidence between Britain, France and Germany.

Reparations he thinks Germany should be made to pay in full, but when it comes to saddling war costs on her, that is a secondary matter, and one which too tragically interferes with the first. Here, he implies, Lloyd George overreached himself and precipitated most of the subsequent trouble:

Rheims Cathedral, the Town Hall Square of Arras, like the Cloth Hall of Ypres, have passed for ever into history, even as the heroes who defended them. But at least there can be a reparation, so that new life may spring up to replace the old and the busy hand of man once more reawaken and revivify the desolate tract which for four long years has marked the boundary of freedom. Reparation to France is not only, or mainly, a financial problem. It embodies a demand of human justice springing from the depth of the French soul. When the British Premier, aided by his Australian colleague, added war-costs to the Allied claim, he was not simply trebling, or even quadrupling, the total bill; he was mingling two tragically different elements of nativity. He was asking for Britain and Canada and Australia, for India and Portugal and Brazil, who had known nothing of the long-drawn shame and anguish of enemy occupation, a share in what should have been regarded as an almost sacred, if inadequate, tribute of recompense to the innocent civilians of the invaded lands.

Mr. Zimmern has no doubts about the guilt of Germany and apparently of the German people. It is not because of any innocence of theirs that he would gladly see the costs and pensions items stricken from the war bill, but because those items interfere with the payment of reparations which the French so sorely need. He says of the Germans:

If, as the evidence from June, 1914, onwards, proves up to the hilt, Germany was responsible for involving first the Balkans, then Europe, then almost the whole world, in the greatest war in history, then the Allied peoples are right in feeling that not the German state but the German people, men and women alike, are responsible for what is rightly described in the Allies' covering letter of June, 1919, as "the greatest crime against humanity and the freedom of peoples that any nation, calling itself civilized, has ever committed." And they will not feel free to enter into real relations of confidence with their late enemies until they have received more than constrained and perfunctory indications of sorrow and remorse on the German side.

In spite of such facts, our author sees no necessity for endless trouble between the Germans and the French, who are neighbors and might well be friends at some distant time in the future. This is a comparatively fresh view, and rather invigorating where so much has been taken for granted as to an irreconcilable and eternal conflict. It might well form the basis of a new alignment of Europe, other things being taken care of. He says:

So far, then, as ingrained German dispositions are concerned, there is no reason in the nature of things why the German Republic should not put the whole Wilhelmian tradition, with its methods and ambitions, aside as a nightmare and enter into relations of confidence and coöperation with France and Britain, particularly with France. Psychologically, as any observer can test for himself on the spot, France and Germany were intended to understand and not to misunderstand one another. Nature meant them to coöperate, not to collide.

Zimmern scolds his country roundly for having lost the opportunity of leadership, but is more inclined to blame Lloyd George than the spirit of Britain itself. He devotes some space to an explication of the "pre-armistice agreement" of November 4th, by which, with certain reservations, the Allies were practically engaged to make peace on the basis of President Wilson's Fourteen Points address, and he points to one clause of it drawn by the Allies of their own motion, whereby they were to demand pay only for the damages suffered during the war by their civilian citizens, and renounced all indemnity for the cost of the military and naval operations themselves. He declares the Allies took no steps to enlighten the public on the diplomatic situation, and the agreement was passed over in silence, but he maintains that it was a binding obligation, no less. After the armistice, he says, a section of the press, "with a lapse of memory more excusable in journalism than in statesmanship, neglecting the pre-armistice agreement of but a week or two before, loudly demanded that Germany should be asked to defray the entire cost of the war. After a few vain attempts at evasion the premier yielded, and was then led on, floundering and uncomfortable, from one pitfall to another." Delay, confusion, disillusionment followed in the few weeks after the war, and nothing was

done to straighten out the bread-and-butter problems of the impoverished peoples. Among other ways in which Britain should do penance is the following:

There is another direction which must be briefly mentioned here, in which we can make amends for our misdeeds. We have seen that anxiety to secure "equality of trade conditions" according to Point 3 of the Fourteen Points was a leading consideration in the mind of German statesmen in demanding the armistice. It is no overstatement to say that Point 3 has found no practical embodiment in the Treaty at all. "No general conventions were concluded on this subject," says the authoritative English writer already cited, "because . . . there had been no sufficient prior consultation between the experts and no mature study of facts and projects"—another testimony to the results of the vicious procedure of the Conference. An American authority is even more explicit. After explaining in some detail what "equality of trade conditions" may be held to mean, that it is a declaration against discrimination, not against tariffs in general, he remarks, "The matter was not thrashed out in Paris." In point of fact the commercial section of the Treaty is full of one-sided obligations undertaken by Germany to which there correspond no guarantees of reciprocal treatment on the Allied side. But these obligations are limited in duration and come to an end, for the most part, in January, 1923, when, to quote from the Allies' covering letter of June, 1919, "the Allied and Associated Powers will be able" (though, be it observed, they do not bind themselves) "to coöperate with her (Germany) in arriving at a more permanent arrangement for the establishment of an equitable treatment for the commerce of all nations."

After this, one would naturally expect him to blame the treaty of Versailles for the existing evils of Europe, but hear what he says:

Europe's present difficulties, which have become familiar to public opinion both in Britain and America owing to the unemployment they have caused there, are not due primarily to the Treaty of Versailles or to the "Balkanization" of East-Central Europe. They are due first and chiefly to the character and duration of the war. They are the inevitable result of the Siege of Europe. They are due, secondly, to the failure of the besiegers to take prompt and adequate measures after the Armistice to provide the besieged area with the means for recuperating its industrial life. And only in the third plan and in a minor degree, are they due to the Treaties. As regards the Austrian and Hungarian Treaties the Habsburg Monarchy had fallen to pieces long before they were drafted; they can not be held responsible for the new frontiers, and consequent obstructions to trade, involved in its break-up. As regards the Versailles Treaty, perhaps the point to which the greatest criticism attaches, apart from the inclusion of unwarranted items in the German liability, is the delay and consequent unsettlement caused by leaving open two vital questions—the fate of Upper Silesia, and the amount of German indemnity. Of these the former has now been permanently settled, while the latter, fixed conformably with the Treaty in May, 1921, only remains unsettled because it is inseparably bound up with the question of the items of liability. The economic outlook in Europe, therefore, involves far wider issues than the "revision of the Treaties" with which it is often associated.

There has been much confusion about rates of exchange, and public finance, and the troubles of the governments as distinct from those of their peoples. On this head Zimmern makes some interesting observations:

The first point to be noted is that public finance is not an infallible index of national prosperity. The public finance of the European belligerents in the late war, with the exception of Great Britain, is in deplorable confusion; budgets are not being balanced and the outlook is obscure and dependent on hypothetical hopes and contingencies. The victors are looking for reparation and release from extra-European debts, the vanquished for reduction in their liability. Meanwhile governments are meeting their obligations, not by the normal method of taxation, or even by borrowing, but by debasing the currency, an expedient rendered easier for the modern world than for its ancient and mediæval predecessors along this primrose path by the discovery of the printing press as a device of government alchemy. The result is reflected in the table of foreign exchanges, the self-registering barometer of the public finances of the States of the world.

But public finance and private prosperity are two different things, in spite of close and delicate connections between them. The fact that the exchanges with the dollar have fallen in most European countries during the last year does not necessarily mean that Europe is not recuperating in other directions.

Not much hope is held out by socialism—rather the contrary. It is to capitalism and private initiative that Europe must look for regeneration, not to collectivistic visions. Convalescence is in progress, and the cure will come after this fashion rather than another:

Recuperation through private enterprise is a strange and unexpected result after the hopes of coöperative governmental action held out by the prospect of a League of Nations, and after three generations of propaganda for reform through socialism or state action. But the fact must be faced that, as the European situation has been allowed to develop since the armistice, the capitalist *entrepreneur* is more needed, is worth more to European society, than at any time since Europe was first opened up to modern industrialism in the first half of the last century. Men like Stinnes and Loucheur, Rathenau and Krassin, Inverforth and Leverhulme, little as we may sometimes like them, much as some of us might prefer the rule of a Robert Cecil or a Lansbury, do in fact, in virtue of certain gifts of mind and character, gifts that have in pre-war Europe as in present-day America been greatly overvalued and overpaid, hold the masterkey to the revival of prosperity for the populations whom the war has plunged into destitution.

There is a moving plea for a new-built civilization, free of the dross and materialism of the present, one looking "toward the unseen, toward the realm where moth and dust do not corrupt and where are garnered the riches which no grasping governments can tax and no fluctuations of exchange can diminish." That is very beautiful, but it might remind an irreverent materialist of our too abundant tax-free securities, and Professor Fisher's universal dollar. Neither poetry nor fervor will help the present situation. And it should not be forgotten that civilization needs a material basis and apparently always will.

EUROPE IN CONVALESCENCE. By Alfred E. Zimmern. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 8, 1922 (five days) were \$128,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), \$108,700,000; an increase of \$20,100,000.

Monetary conditions are easy over the entire country, as evidenced by the liquidation of the Reserve banks. The low point of "discounted bills" in the twelve banks was on June 7th, last, when the total was \$420,000,000, which compares with \$1,896,000,000 on June 6, 1921, and \$2,826,000,000 on November 5,

past month, the pound sterling from the high point of \$4.51½ to about \$4.39, from which it has recovered a few cents. The franc and lira are down approximately one cent from their high point last Spring. As gold is now being regularly received in London from the South African mines, shipments to the United States have been renewed.

The junior Senator from North Dakota has introduced a bill for the payment of the Soldiers' bonus by an issue of paper money. In view of the Senator's known views the only surprising feature of the proposal is that providing for redemption. It looks as though the Senator was going out of his way to annoy the banks, by requiring them to do something that he actually believes to be unnecessary.

Industrial stability has been more nearly attained in the past thirty days than at any time since the beginning of the World War. Some industries have shown moderate gains, in others conditions have altered but little and in a few lines a seasonal dullness has occurred. The unfavorable factors in the situation are the continued deadlock in the coal strike and in the textile mills of New England and threats of strikes by those classes of railroad labor affected by recent decisions of the United States Railroad Labor Board, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in their monthly letter.

Iron and steel output for May showed further gains, and the unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation have increased. Automobile production during May established new high records. The rubber manufacturing industry is sharing in the activity in automobile manufacturing. Conditions in the hide market are not yet satisfactory but stocks are not large and both tanners and manufacturing consumers of leather feel reasonably sure that prices of hides and skins will not go lower. Stocks of leather are heavy but the market is becoming more active for all classes. In the shoe industry there is evidence of a slowly improving demand which is being felt not only in the Middle West but in New England, where heretofore the industry has been especially depressed.

In the textile and related industries, the foremost problem is whether the higher prices resulting from rising costs of raw materials can be passed on to the consumer. The wool manufacture is operating nearly at capacity. The cotton textile industry in the South is active but strike conditions continue to prevail in New England. There is evidence of a slightly improved demand for broad silks but taking the country as a whole, this division of the silk industry is probably at little more than 50 per cent. of capacity.

The cement, lumber and brick industries have met with some difficulty in satisfying demand because of the large volume of building and construction under way throughout the country. The distribution of agricultural implements continues to be fairly active, although the industry is still affected by the curtailed purchasing power of the farmer. The June estimate is for a wheat crop somewhat larger than the average of the five preceding years. This offers promise of an improvement in conditions in those areas where wheat is the leading crop. Large yields of oats, barley and rye and a heavy hay crop are also forecast and pastures are excellent. Weather conditions for corn and cotton have not been satisfactory thus far, and both are late.

Conditions in the retail dry goods trade vary considerably in different parts of the country. In some of the strike areas, business has fallen off heavily. As yet the improved outlook in agriculture is not reflected in any marked increase in buying, agricultural betterment thus far being primarily one of sentiment. On the other hand, a definite improvement is reported in retail trade in those cities where unemployment is being reduced and payrolls increased. Wholesale distribution in many lines was not satisfactory during May, but is now beginning to improve.

In the past month there have been important decisions affecting the railroads. These are a horizontal cut of 10 per cent. in freight rates, a reduction to 5¼ per cent. of the "fair return" basis for purposes of fixing rates, and a series of wage reductions affecting 800,000 men. The effect of the cut in freight rates can not now be gauged, and the reduction in the "fair return" basis is not likely to have any immediate effect, but the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission is regarded in some quarters as indicating a continuation of its policy, which has militated against securing adequate capital. Wages constitute the most important phase of the problem of rates. The reductions ordered by the United States Railroad Labor Board are estimated at \$100,000,000 annually and have caused much criticism by railroad labor as being too drastic. They have caused equal criticism by railroad officials as being insufficient in relation to the rate cuts.

The economic unity of the United States and its future development are dependent on adequate railroad transportation and such transportation must ultimately pay its way, whether by freight rates or by taxation. Experiments in governmental ownership, operation and control throughout the world during recent years have proved beyond question that private operation, with all its faults, is more economical and efficient than public operation and control. Ultimately railroad rates will have to be fixed at a point which will render the roads self-supporting and make railroad securities sufficiently attractive to provide capital for necessary extensions and satisfactory maintenance.

The most perplexing problem in connection with transportation is the determination of rates which will be fair and productive. From the very nature of the case rate-fixing is always sure to be somewhat arbitrary, delicate adjustment being required to guard against depriving the roads of freight by rates too high, and against financial disaster through rates too low. The problems involved are so complicated that the only reasonable line of action on the part both of the railroads and of the railroad workers seems to be to accept in good faith the decisions as rendered in order that they may be tested by time.

The fact that the railroads of Canada, the Canadian Pacific system excepted, are now owned by the government, is referred to from time to time by the advocates of government ownership in the United States, in a manner calculated to convey the impression that Canada is leading this country in progressive policies and that only "reactionary" influence is holding this country back.

The Canadian government became heavily involved in the railroads by guaranteeing the bonds of private corporations in order to make them saleable in foreign markets. The ultimate purpose was to open up new territory to settlement and increase the population of the country. Before the new lines could get on a paying basis, the war broke out, operating expenses increased, the roads defaulted on their obligations and could not even meet operating expenses. The situation was so bad that apparently the only way out was for the government to take over the roads, virtually by foreclosure proceedings.

Anyone who is interested in knowing the facts about this governmental investment should read an article written by J. L. Payne, a former statistician in the Department of Railways and Canals, which appeared recently in the *Toronto Saturday Night*. He says in part:

"At least \$763,337,214 and probably \$100,000,000 more has been added to the public debt of Canada, since 1914 on account of publicly owned railways. Have the people of Canada been aware of that fact? They have not. They have believed the war was responsible for all the growth of our debt.

"Every time this gigantic debt snowball makes an annual revolution it has the terrible power of adding at least \$38,000,000 in interest. If there were nothing else but this interest and the deficits, the national railway system is costing at least \$108,000,000 a year. Unhappily if the account were made up as those of a corporate business would be, the amount would not fall below \$140,000,000 a year."

The earnings were less than operating expenses by \$27,000,000 in 1919; \$47,000,000 in 1920 and \$70,000,000 in 1921. In addition to the deficits and interest payments, the expenditures since 1915 on capital account have aggregated \$147,859,393.

In times when a spirit of optimism pervades the community, free spending and business expansion will be general and a perponderance of the people will be spending their incomes or wanting to borrow, and the demands upon the available supply of new capital or savings will be strong enough to advance the interest rate. At other times, when the general outlook appears unfavorable, and people are inclined to be pessimistic or cautious, expenditures will be cut down, expansion will be checked, the demand for loans will fall off, capital will be released from trade, new capital will accumulate in excess of demands for it, and the hiring price of capital, or what we call the rate of interest, will fall. The inevitable tendency is to find the point of equilibrium—the rate of interest at which the supply of capital will be absorbed by the demand.

Comparatively few borrowers are under the necessity of borrowing at any price; most of them borrow for the purpose of carrying on operations from which they expect to make a profit, and the high rates tend to restrict borrowing. On the other hand, bankers are lending, for the most part, other people's capital. They can not control either supply or demand, but they try to adjust interest so that supply and demand will meet and offset each other. Nothing is to be gained by the public from arbitrary efforts to control rates, for the rates are merely signs of a relative plenitude or scarcity of capital, and although the supply of capital may be diminished in any market by harsh and arbitrary treatment, it

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can not be increased in that manner. It can be increased only by production and saving, and high rates encourage and directly contribute to such increase. High interest rates show that debt-creation and expenditures are getting ahead of capital accumulations; they are in themselves a warning sign, and exercise a wholesome pressure in restraint. A healthy state of credit and of industry require that the equilibrium between supply and de-



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1920. Of course, the reductions of the bills discounted in the Reserve banks is no criterion by which to judge of liquidation by the member banks. The average reduction of all loans in member banks is about 12 per cent. from the top, but of commercial loans about 30 per cent. Of commercial loans in New York City banks it is about 40 per cent. Member bank deposits, as shown by the 800 reporting banks, are practically at the record level, says the National City Bank of New York.

The Reserve banks of Boston and New

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York have reduced their discount rates to 4 per cent. The renewal rates on call loans on the New York market on June 22d was 3¼ per cent., the lowest since 1917. The movement of funds, however, has been away from New York and the call rate has stiffened to 5 per cent. Time funds range from 4½ to 5 per cent., with commercial paper of the best names as low as 4 per cent.

Foreign exchange has declined during the

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mand shall be found at a normal, or average, rate of interest.

Chief among the many factors influencing business is the money supply, say McDonnell & Co. The most important event in the money market recently was the reduction in redis-

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count rates by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, when on June 22d this rate was lowered from 4½ per cent. to 4 per cent.

Coincident with this reduction in rediscount rates the renewal rate for call money declined to 2¾ per cent.—the lowest on record since back in 1917. The decidedly easier money conditions have been felt for some time in both the business world and in the stock market, and this outward evidence—the decrease in rediscount rates and the drop in call money—was bound to come.

Last week the combined Federal Reserve ratio stood at 79.1 per cent., which, up to that time, was the highest point touched since September 21, 1917. Total reserves stood at \$3,147,675,000, compared with some \$2,650,000,000 a year ago.

As to the necessary credit available for business development and growth, the huge supplies of money and credit now under control would permit the proper financing of American business expansion with perfect ease and without the tremendous strain heretofore seen in previous business revivals.

With 343,653 depositors shown in its statement of condition, published recently, the Bank of Italy reports a gain of more than 52,000 customers for the first six months of 1922. During this same period, the bank's resources have increased from \$194,179,449 to \$213,584,833, a growth of over \$18,000,000.

The gain recorded for this half year is in excess of that for the first six months of 1919 when the *Wall Street Journal* credited the Bank of Italy with the largest increase of any bank in the United States.

The activity of large banking institutions is an unfailing barometer of commercial activity. The fact that American banks in Paris are seeking larger quarters to meet the increasing volume of business is a sure indication of the growth of commercial activity between the United States and Europe.

The Paris office of the Equitable Trust Company of New York, which was established in 1910, has far outgrown its original quarters and has recently found it necessary to secure space on two additional floors in the large office building at 23 Rue de la Paix.

Howard L. Mack, resident partner of McDonnell & Co., has returned from New York, where he has been for several weeks. He declares that the State Department is nearer an understanding with the Russian government than ever before and that the situation there is better than it has been in some time. In fact, he declares, it is not as bad as reported.

Students of early institutions seem now fairly well agreed that the world's troubles date from the time when man, the stronger animal, wrested the sceptre of rule from the woman, the original head of the family and the tribe. Statesmanship, the science of observing and the art of training latent tendencies, is by no means the exclusive possession of the male. Man is the slave of the immediate, the obvious, his motto "do the next thing," the wide expanse of the future, speaking generally, a sealed book to his blurred and limited vision. The brain behind the hand that rocks the cradle is, if the teachings of history have any meaning, the brain best equipped to rule the world, say Strassburger & Co. in the *Review*.

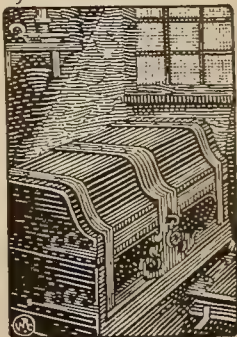
There is warrant for this view in what is transpiring in Europe today. Two great forces are contending for the mastery, their puppets the rulers of France and England. France, from the earliest days the personification of femininity, sees clearly what is apparently beyond the conception of the more masculine Anglo-Saxon. Imagined need of her is driving Great Britain into Germany's hands; France would watch over and help the new states of Central Europe that are the fruits of her labor pangs.

With us it lies to determine the issue. We hold all the cards, if we care to play them. There is not a nation in the world today that would refuse to defer to our ruling. A word, a hint even, from our President (if it could be made certain that he will have the support of the nation he has been elected to rule), would dissolve into air the schemes of the military parties in Germany and Russia, would moderate the commercialized policy of Great Britain, give assurance to France, and put an end to the petty wranglings of the minor powers.

We know, on the one hand, that Europe, taken as a whole, is rapidly recovering her financial poise. Britain, with or without German reparations, is ready and well able to cancel the debts due to her from the other nations that fought by her side, to pay nevertheless every cent of her debt to us. Of France it may be said at least that she proudly prefers to pay us what we have lent her, whether we support her claims on Germany or not, though it will place her citizens in bonds for a quarter of a century. The same is true of all the other nations, large or small—Russia alone, perhaps, excepted.

We know, on the other hand, that plotting which we could render nugatory, is going forward between the monarchist-military party in Germany and the extremists of the Soviet régime in Russia. We have sufficient evidence that a tentative war treaty has been concluded. We know that German money is reconstructing Russian railroads, that it owns ships in Russian ports. We know that Ludendorff's aides have been seen in the streets of Moscow, arm-in-arm with Hugo Stinnes' secretaries. We hear that thousands of aeroplane engines, hundreds of howitzers have been unearthed, that many more probably lie hidden in factories in Saxony and elsewhere. We know that the army of Germany is composed mainly of non-commissioned officers,

that the period of training for young men has been so reduced that before three years have gone over our heads she will



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available, at a moment's notice, an army not far short of five million trained men. We know that every enemy of Ludendorff or Stinnes is a mark for the assassin.

If France could forget the lessons of history, she might be able to regard the situation with the complacency with which this country and Great Britain think they can afford to. But France can not forget, to quote from *Le Matin*:

"One hundred years before Christ, 300,000 Germans invaded France, murdering, burning, pillaging as they went. At Aix-en-Provence they were stopped and defeated. They sued for peace and swore they would never do it again. Sixty years afterward 240,000 Germans invaded the Jura district of France. Six years later 400,000 Germans invaded the territory between the Meuse and the Oise. They were beaten. They swore they would never do it again.

"Sixty years before Christ, the Germans invaded the left bank of the Rhine. Two hundred and thirty years after Christ the Germans invaded France. They were beaten. They swore they would never do it again. Twenty years later, another invasion, another defeat, another solemn pledge, 'never again.' In 274 A. D. the Rhone basin was invaded by the Germans; in 275 A. D. north-eastern France. In 301 Langres was pillaged. The invaders were beaten, and they swore 'never again.' In 351 they reconquered the left bank of the Rhine. In 354 they devastated Lyons, in 360 Besancon. In 364 they invaded and plundered Belgium.

"Here is the chronology of the subsequent invasions: 372, 382, 400, 410, 413, 800, 858, 978, 1124, 1214, 1513, 1521, 1523, 1536, 1544, 1552, 1555, 1567, 1569, 1576, 1587, 1636, 1674, 1675, 1701, 1708, 1744, 1792, 1793, 1814, 1815, 1870, 1914. Thirty-three invasions in a little over fifteen hundred years, an average of one invasion in every fifty years."

France is not asking, it must be repeated, that we forgive her money debt to us. What she does ask, and has every right to ask, is that we refrain from throwing cheap gibes at her; that we cease to demand disarmament without giving her definite assurance that we are with her, to the last dollar, to the last man, if she is attacked through no fault of her own: that we say the word that will stir the British people to remembrance that their proper place is, as it has been in the greatest periods of their history, on the side of the weak and helpless—in the camp where we have ourselves always sought to be.

Rejoicing in the fact that yellow fever will soon disappear from South America, the *Petit Parisien* invokes thanks to the sardines. It is known that the fever is communicated by the bite of a mosquito that lives in the swamps. Now it has been noticed that a species of sardine, the shatta, gets easily acclimated in fresh water and, what is more, it manifests a very marked predilection for the larvæ of mosquitoes. One can easily guess the sequel. The shattas, netted in great numbers, are thrown into the marshes, where they destroy the larvæ. No more mosquitoes, no more fever. Thus the sardine takes its place among the benefactors of humanity!

The first gladiators were exhibited at Rome in 264 B. C.

How can we ever complain of being forgotten, or that we shall be forgotten, when we so soon forget? Undoubtedly this has been said before, and better, but the expression is excited again by the new one-volume edition of the "Life of William Morris," by Mackail. Who thinks of William Morris now? Who gives thanks to him when he sinks into that most comfortable bit of domestic furniture in the world, a Morris chair? Or looks at wall-paper less hideous than the vertical stripes our grandparents had to endure? As for his three faces of type, the Chaucer, the Golden, and the Troy, they do not seem to have worked very well, and printers prefer Caslon or some more conventional face, or that one with the Italian name—Bodoni; that is because he could not do everything well, and his type faces were, in this writer's opinion at least, lacking in real beauty. But when you read his "Sigurd the Volsung," or "The Earthly Paradise," did you ever dream that you could one day get along so well without reading them at all any more?

As a matter of fact, we are surrounded in our homes today by the influence of William Morris, who rescued domesticity from the anti-macassar horrors of two generations ago, from the gilded frying-pan style of wall embellishment, from carpet designs so dreadful that they did a vast deal for the outdoor life, from wall-papers that made night welcome and the lamps a nuisance and took the edge off the terrors of bad dreams. Yes, we owe Morris much; but we have got into the habit of taking his benefactions for granted like the atmosphere, which we never miss until we nearly drown or the whooping-cough shuts off our wind, and as for the younger generation, they know more about the inventor of Eskimo Pie and the local wielders of the saxophone than they do about Fafrer the Worm and the terrible fight he put up. As for that, what has become of the Browning clubs we used to have all about us? In the immortal words of Leland, also forgotten, they are "away in der Ewigheit." Browning is no longer considered necessary to that superior attitude toward life and other people which once differentiated the intellectual aristocrat from the common human being, or low-brow. A number of us have discovered that we get on quite well morally with the Book of Common Prayer instead of reciting Childe Roland before breakfast every morning, and the younger generation again is disposed to inquire, Who in thunder was Browning, anyhow? But Browning only wrote poetry. There does not seem to have been much William Morris did not do or attempt; and what he attempted he usually came near executing, with more than tolerable execution.

It can not be said that the world refused to take Morris seriously; not when his designs have affected the product of furniture factories in Grand Rapids, and carpet mills in Lowell. There was a certain great practicality in him, despite the fact of his poetic and theoretical socialism. He made art live—not the greatest art, perhaps, but the sort that affects life in general. He operated an interior decorating business, which was his chief practical pursuit, and in thirty-five years of such activity he accomplished a complete revolution in public taste. We should have grown tired of wax flowers in time. It is probably owing to Morris that our parents grew tired of them before we suffered seriously from the affliction, and that they disappeared just when they did from the terrible and tomb-like old marble "mantels" on which they used to stand in oval glass domes, flanked by stuffed parrots or the tin-plated altar ornaments of joss houses. He puttered with novel writing, and with stained glass window making, and his workshops reflected his saturation with medievalism and socialism and other forms of unearthly and anti-modern feeling. He was a sort of anti-Victorian Victorian. And that the Victorian age could have produced him is one of its best claims to greatness, whether we quite think Morris great or not.

With Morris, socialism was a vital, breathing sentiment. He felt the brotherhood of man, and in his shops he practiced it as far as man would let him. He was what we should call today a soap-boxer, too; and it is supposed that much speaking at open-air socialistic meetings hastened his death—although soap-boxers do not as a rule appear especially short-lived. Of course, his socialism had to have literary expression, which it received in his books "John Ball" and "News from Nowhere." He took a leading part in the socialist movement in England in the early 'eighties—but if he had done nothing else there would be no use in discussing him here; he would belong merely to the phenomena of sociology, and economic alienation, and the history of politics. As it is, he belongs to literature, and to art, and to the general life he ornamented and enriched, and whose visual horrors he labored successfully to reduce. He dabbled, not merely with furniture and wall paper, but also with textiles, and if comment on these practical things

keeps recurring in any comment on him, it is because they recurred throughout his career and are inseparable from it—are, perhaps, the best part of it. Certainly the inventor of a good armchair is entitled to fame—if for nothing else, then because of the intimate relationship that exists between an armchair and literature. A good book is a good book, but it is a far better book if you read it in a Morris chair. You will get the meat out of it easier, and find fewer things to offend you. And if you can so arrange life that once in awhile you can sit in a Morris chair in a room papered with pictures of great peonies and overlapping foliage, and read "The Life and Death of Jason," you will be physically and mentally supported, surrounded, and saturated with William Morris. Can any other author take such possession of us? So when Longmans, Green & Co. put out at \$3.50 a single-volume edition of Mr. J. W. Mackail's "Life of William Morris," it is worth noticing.

Old things and writers appealed to Morris more than new things and writers. He seems to have been a little bit the Dean Inge of his day. His literary admirations are peculiar. He had no liking whatever for Stevenson, Meredith, or Ibsen, but he liked Maeterlinck and Mark Twain. He was tremendously human, and rubbed elbows with life in a hundred ways, quite after the manner of the medieval man who was master of all trades and arts and did not cramp his genius by specialization. William Morris lived life to the full, and he died at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, on October 3, 1896. Peace to his ashes; he was a great human being.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

The Century Company seems to be trying to cover the world with travel writers. E. Alexander Powell is in Persia and near territories for book and magazine material. Harry A. Franck is at this moment probably eating in the home of a hairy Ainu in Northern Japan. Herbert Adams Gibbons is in the country around Constantinople and will cover all the Near East before he returns. Charles Hanson Towne, whose cheerful walking book, "Loafing Down Long Island," was so well received last year, has just departed from New York to ramble in the land of the Acadians for another book. And Webb Waldron, Frederick O'Brien, Sydney Greenbie, and T. M. Longstreth will soon be on their separate ways to new, strange, far-off places.

The *Danish Times* and the *Scandinavian Review* have given their hearty approval to the new edition of *Anderson's Fairy Tales and Stories*, edited by Signe Toksvig and introduced by Francis Hackett. Many of the pictures by Eric Pape and sections of the text have been reproduced in Danish mediums in this country. The book was published last fall by the Macmillan Company.

Booksellers regret that every tenth customer to ask for Margaret Deland's new book, "The Vehement Flame," pronounces it with the accent on the second syllable. Harper & Brothers, the publishers, offer the following suggestion and comment: Customers should remember that the tendency of the English language is to move the accent back. It has now reached the first syllable, as demonstrated by a list of such words as comparable, exquisite, and balcony.

W. Haslam Mills, one of the editors of the *Manchester Guardian*, has written a history of that paper which Henry Holt & Co. have just brought out under the title, "The Manchester Guardian, A Century of History." Mr. C. P. Scott, editor and owner of the paper, has written a special introduction for the American edition.

Thomas Seltzer announces for early publication "Batouala," by René Maran, the negro author who received the Prix Goncourt. The book is reported to be selling 8000 copies a day in France.

"Senescence: The Last Half of Life," by G. Stanley Hall, just published by D. Appleton & Co., is similar in nature to the psychologist's earlier "Adolescence." In "Senescence" Dr. Hall treats of the aspects of age, telling what men of all ages have thought and learned concerning the problems of the last half of life, and sets forth a useful programme for those approaching old age.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing a second American edition of "The Secrets of a Kuttite," Captain E. O. Mousley's stirring narrative of true adventure in the East, before, during and after the Siege of Kut. Captain Mousley was a member of the British Commission to Washington during the Disarmament Conference and recently attended the Genoa Conference in an official capacity.

A. S. M. Hutchinson is staggered by the success of "If Winter Comes," and when asked if he had any views on the reasons for the popularity of that novel, he said: "I wanted to write a story—that's all. I wrote it as well as I could. I never dreamed it was going to attract people to this extent.

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Nobody can possibly be as surprised as I am. I don't think there is a recipe for popularity. If a man sat down deliberately to write a 'best seller'—horrid phrase, isn't it?—he probably wouldn't. I can't imagine its being done that way. A book just happens to take people's fancy."

The latest from England is that we are to have a new tidal wave of British lecturers in the fall. G. K. Chesterton is said to be looking forward to a second visit at that time and Mr. John Drinkwater whose play "Abraham Lincoln" is even now billed for a San Francisco play house, is also to lecture us in the fall of the year. Mr. Hugh Walpole, who knows America well has a definite programme. He is to deliver a series of lectures on the unusual subject, twentieth century English novels.

Two of the Pulitzer prizes in American letters for the year 1921 were awarded to Macmillan authors—Edwin Arlington Robinson for his "Collected Poems" and Hamlin Garland for his "Daughter of the Middle Border."

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Caravans by Night.

An adventure story that is like a segment of the Arabian Nights is Harry Hervey's aptly-named "Caravans by Night"—a tale of India, instead of Arabia, that is rife with stolen crown jewels, secret orders, beautiful adventuresses and other Oriental mysteries. Mr. Hervey has lived in India, and though most of his readers probably have not, they will nevertheless appreciate the tang of reality he has given his lurid romance. One does not expect reality of an exotic mystery. In fact, one would not hold it against a teller of such tales if he had never set foot in the fabulous land selected for a stage setting. It is therefore so much to the good when a writer has, like Mr. Hervey, studied his *mise en scène* at first hand.

In addition to the really vivid representation of India—and Mr. Hervey has a nice command of phrases—in which, incidentally, actuality is not sacrificed to Western squeamishness, or at least not much, "Caravans by Night" boasts a secret service agent, the slippery, inimitable Euan Kerth, whose personality is as intriguing as Sherlock Holmes' own. One's only regret is that there is not more of Euan Kerth. But we suspect there will be more in a later book.

CARAVANS BY NIGHT. By Harry Hervey. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.

## The Love Match.

It was J. M. Barrie who invented the "Better Dead" society for the combined benefit of humanity and authors who had done their best work. The idea was that humanity as represented by the reading public should be spared, and writers who were no

longer capable of what they once were should be mercifully put out of the way in some Nevada-esque lethal chamber. That was Mr. Barrie's idea, and making due allowance for poetic fantasy, it is ours. We have not read Mr. Bennett's "Mr. Prohack," but we have just made an attempt to read "The Love Match." It is pathetic to think that the inventor of the inimitable Hilda could produce anything so feeble. We almost said "puerile" because, curiously enough, "The Love Match" in its forced witty chatter reminds one of the work of a clever youngster. Since we are talking so much about Sir James Barrie—the case of Mr. Bennett's "The Love Match" is an exact antithesis of "The Young Visitors," which was supposedly the work of a clever youngster and which Sir James, the sly, was accused of having produced. Be that as it may, for the sake of the Clayhanger trilogy we wish that Mr. Bennett could step forward and gracefully admit that "The Love Match" is the work of a youthful Daisy somebody or other.

THE LOVE MATCH. A Comedy in Five Scenes. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

## Italy Old and New.

Strictly speaking, a travel book should not be written by a traveler. Tagore says that even so eminent a one as Kipling has never penetrated the mask of India and practically all French text-books have an introduction to the effect that the "Real France" is never known by the outsider. Since this is so, and to a greater or less degree is so of every other country, one can either give up in despair or resign himself to the genial misinformation of the casual traveler. Even we Americans insist that foreigners never interpret us aright. Is every country, then, to

be left to render its own "travel impressions"? The result would be as biased as Teutonic imperial propaganda. Evidently we must resign ourselves to never knowing the "Real" France, India, or whatnot, but meanwhile we are entitled to our own opinions.

Elizabeth Hazelton Haight, professor of Latin at Vassar, has just published hers of Italy in an extremely attractive travelogue, "Italy Old and New." The chief beauty of Miss Haight's book is that, whereas she may not know the "Real Italy" of today, she does know the bona fide article of the past at least as well as any scholar can know it. To the casual student of history, only too prone to think of the past as veritably dead, it is intensely interesting to have it resuscitated in Miss Haight's analogies between the old and the new, in her indefatigable linking of classic and mediæval Italy with the familiar modern names that in our ignorance we associate rather with spaghetti than with Cicero or Hannibal. Such ignorance, however, does not survive "Italy Old and New"—sufficient reason for commending it to any one who wishes to extend the boundaries of his historic and geographic enjoyment.

ITALY OLD AND NEW. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

## Mortal Coils

Like nothing else under the sun is "Mortal Coils." It must even tax the classifying abilities of a librarian. Actually, the book is composed of a short story, "The Gioconda Smile," that is dimly reminiscent of Poe, but that also smacks of H. G. Wells; a play in one act, "Permutations Among the Nightingales"; a longish sketch with a sardonically ironic theme, entitled "The Tillotson Banquet," which, we take it, is reminiscent of nothing at all unless possibly Mr. Huxley's previous work; a short story, of exquisite clarity, that might both for theme and treatment have been produced by Katharine Mansfield; and a semi-humorous, semi-ghostly sketch, "Nuns at Luncheon." But all that is the barest classification. One must read the thing just as one must read Poe to have any adequate notion of its peculiar horrors. In two respects at least, Mr. Huxley is Poe's superior. For Poe fell down when he attempted the humorous thing. Nothing in literature is more amateurish than his story of the short-sighted man who married his great-grandmother; and Poe was dependent on a feverish imagination for his horrors. Mr. Huxley draws his from reality and his funny situations from the same source. Perhaps that is why his tragedy and comedy are equally well done and occur in equal portions throughout these astonishing sketches. Judging from the excerpts on the publisher's cover, he is generally hailed as a humorist. This, too, is poor classification. He is a humorist only as destiny is. These peculiar stories and sketches ring with the irony and comedy of fate, but every one of them is equally imbued with its grimness and horror. Mr. Huxley is a remarkable writer and he surely takes the English-speaking title for realism. In that respect he is on a level with the Russians and the French.

MORTAL COILS. By Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

## Seizer of Eagles.

James Willard Schultz has written another of his Blackfoot stories for boys, this one relating the varied adventures of Little Otter, an ambitious Indian boy who became a "Seizer of Eagles," a position much sought after among the Blackfeet, which is only attained after many ordeals and rigorous training. Mr. Schultz is an old-time frontiersman who draws on actual experience among the Indians—he is himself an Indian by adoption—in writing his thrilling Indian tales. "Seizer of Eagles" is an Indian thriller to delight the heart of any boy.

SEIZER OF EAGLES. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

## New Books Received.

SELECTED POEMS OF LAWRENCE BINYON. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

RANDOM MEMORIES. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

Memoirs of Longfellow's son.

BEHIND THE MIRRORS. By the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

A general picture of political tendencies as well as political personalities.

AMERICA FOR COMING CITIZENS. By Henry H. Goldberger. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.

Americanization.

HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE. By Lady Troubridge. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75.

A mystery story.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas James Norton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

Its sources and its applications.

THE FORCE OF INTERCESSION. By Conrad H. Goodwin. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$2.

A study of the power of intercessory prayer.

SENECA THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS MODERN



## IT'S THE WATER.

Prepared with Glacier Water from Shasta Springs  
AT ALL DEALERS  
SHASTA WATER COMPANY

MESSAGE. By Richard Mott Gummere. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

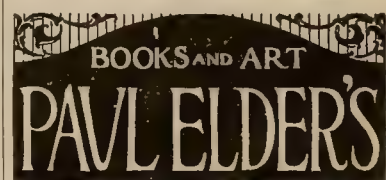
In Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

RICE AND WISEL. By Johanna Spyri. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

Juvenile.

Miss I. A. R. Wylie, author of "The Dark House" (Dutton), has had an interesting youthful career. She had no education till she was twelve years old, when she was sent for several years to a "finishing school" in Brussels. After that two years were spent acquiring the "rudiments of an education" at Cheltenham College, England. Another finishing school in Germany literally finished her formal education. Among other remarkable feats, Miss Wylie records that at the age of eleven she had already done several long cycling tours, extending over a week, and done at the rate of fifty miles a day, completely by herself. She stopped where she chose and paid her own hotel bills out of the lavish allowance supplied by her widowed father, whom Miss Wylie describes as an "extraordinary personality." At fourteen, she toured the fjords of Norway alone. At the age of twenty she decided she needed more liberty and started out on "her own." She turned to writing and had remarkable luck in having her early work immediately accepted. Her first novel, written at twenty-two, was accepted in England and America, was serialized in an English magazine, and was subsequently filmed. She was active in war work at the front till her health gave away. She has been a "violent" suffragist. Her ambition is to write something first class, which she hopes to do in a few years. Miss Wylie is an Australian girl and is in her early thirties.

About three years ago Miss Amy Lowell prepared what she called a Bookshelf of Modern Poets, the list containing those books which she regarded as indicative of the spirit of modern verse. Miss Lowell having revised the list, her selections are likely again to become the subject of discussion among our poets and their readers. Among young Americans represented is Jean Starr Untermeyer with her two books, "Growing Pains" and "Dreams Out of Darkness." Another conspicuous figure—an Englishman—is D. H. Lawrence, whose "Amores" and "New Poems" are on the list. B. W. Huebsch is the publisher of these two moderns.



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| U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....                           | 7,835,467.89    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                             | 723,185.25      |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco..... | 150,000.00      |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....           | 1,978,584.50    |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                                | 9,172,632.69    |

\$44,217,352.26

## LIABILITIES

|                                    |                |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| Capital.....                       | \$2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits..... | 6,559,382.36   |
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| Letters of Credit.....             | 2,106,494.22   |
| Deposits.....                      | 31,581,175.68  |

\$44,217,352.26

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At the Close of Business, June 30, 1922

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| Loans and Discounts.....                                       | \$48,882,831.90 |
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| Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....                        | 4,325,580.00    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                                | 8,048,734.67    |
| Other Assets.....  | 959,631.44      |
| Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances..... | 10,315,967.39   |
| Commodity Drafts in Transit.....                               | \$1,021,403.49  |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                                   | 22,080,629.29   |

23,102,032.78

\$99,584,778.18

## LIABILITIES

|   |                |
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| Capital Stock.....  | \$5,000,000.00 |
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| Circulation.....  | 3,873,800.00   |
| Rediscounts with Federal Reserve Bank.....                    | 6,944,902.23   |
| Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances..... | 10,474,107.50  |
| Other Liabilities.....  | 3,976,697.45   |
| Deposits.....   | 65,812,640.37  |

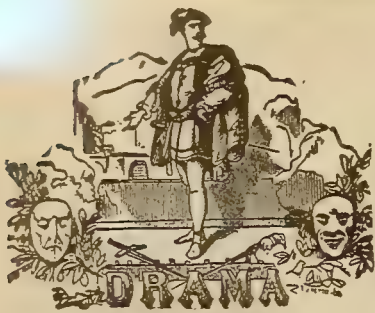
\$99,584,778.18

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"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

When this play first appeared in London, in 1919, it was regarded as the principal event of the year. Under the auspices of Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett, it had been first presented at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and it was considered venturesome in the extreme to try it on the Londoners.

But it was done, and events justified the full confidence of the producers. Royalty went, nobles and commoners, until the living stream of enthusiasm rose to hundreds of thousands of people.

It is a strange incident in the history of the Anglo-Saxon stage; for who would have thought that it would be an Englishman that would first place Lincoln in the most sympathetic light as the leading figure in the greatest, most moving drama of our national life? Perhaps the last line in the play, "Now he belongs to the ages," is the best explanation.

But the world war freshened in men's hearts the memory of the great, noble, self-forgetting personality that has been one of the most precious gifts of the American people. Great leaders were needed, in that troubled epoch, and there was the memory of one of the greatest to inspire high thoughts and move men's hearts.

Besides, an Englishman, Lord Charnock, had already written an able and deeply sympathetic monograph on Lincoln's life and character; the play, indeed, being dedicated to Lord Charnock.

Mr. Drinkwater, however, deprecates the idea of his purpose being to add anything of a historical nature to the numerous biographies on Lincoln, his aim being to indicate "the profoundly dramatic interest of his character, and the inspiring example of a man who handled war nobly and with imagination."

Thus the play appears as a great drama of character. Its political aspect is predominant in the first part, but as the action proceeds the moral grandeur of Lincoln's character is unfolded, and also the potent influence he exerted on those about him who had ears to hear, minds to understand, and hearts to feel.

Americans of limited imagination and sympathy who saw the play in London overlooked its excellence because the English author used words and expressions only heard in America from the lips of Anglomaniacs. However, when the play was brought to New York the majority of these expressions were suitably altered or entirely eliminated. General Grant no longer exclaimed "My word!" although Mrs. Goliath Blow speaks, Englishwise, of "the dear President," and the independent Susan says "Thank you, sir," like a well-trained English servant, for being kindly permitted to render services to her profoundly respected superiors; an emotion unknown to the American-born menial.

But it is bootless to search for small faults in a work that comes near to being a master-

piece; not in construction, which is faulty; not in dialogue, which is at times oratorical; not in plot, which is absent, the play being presented as a series of episodes which gradually lead to the tremendous and intensely moving climax, but in true historical atmosphere and in spirit.

For Mr. Drinkwater's great virtue has been to present the Lincoln who is still remembered by living men, and whose simple, unswerving integrity, whose mingling of heart and head wisdom, whose shrewd penetration, and whose infinite comprehension of and large-hearted sympathy for plain, common humanity have passed into a proverb. These qualities endear him to the popular heart. He was kind, generous, and forgiving, but the shrewd Americans especially love his memory because with all his goodness the unscrupulous could never "do" him.

His humor Mr. Drinkwater has not grasped—perhaps because it is so essentially national—and the scene of the reading from Artemus Ward, as also the chatter of Mrs. Goliath Blow at Mrs. Lincoln's tea party, lacked the savor of real fun.

The play is episodic; that is one of its faults; and its complexion, in the earlier scenes, has a political tinge, because the movements of politics brought Lincoln forward into the light that attracted all men's eyes.

But as the years advance, and the national tragedy that cast so many shadows into the recesses of Lincoln's great, kindly heart is developed in this drama of a noble soul, we begin to see more clearly the influence of character upon character.

Two scenes of surpassing beauty are shown: one that in which Grant, another Greatheart, received the surrender of his knightly foe with that rare generosity which thrills even petty souls, one can but believe. Another is that in which Lincoln, ever tender, forgiving, and compassionate to the faults of youth, set the first arch of beautiful color in that rainbow of promise which assures the young soldier that his more venal faults shall not be punished by the disgraceful death that only the base and ignoble merit.

No better way could be devised to make us realize the grim unwisdom of that old method of punishing the boy soldier's normal faults so terribly than to show us a promising lad of pathetically tender years doomed to a shameful death not really deserved.

The last scene leads to the culminating tragedy. So mortal seemed the weariness overshadowing the doomed chief that when the blow fell, and we heard the mourning wail of his widow, there was, mingled with the deep emotion inspired by the event, a strange realization that sometimes life among average humanity is too trying for lonely greatness, and that death means grateful rest.

Frank McGlynn is remarkably endowed, in face and build, to represent Lincoln. He is not actually a great actor, on account of some inability to strike the most thrilling note in the gamut of emotion. But he is an exceedingly fine one, and as we saw the unfolding of the interpretation, and noted how fine, how consistent it was, how thoroughly he remained in character throughout, and noted, too, the wealth of illuminative detail in the personation, we realized that we were witnessing an unusual display of histrionism, and one in which the native character of the actor played an important part. For when Mr. McGlynn, at the end of the play, came out in his own person to greet an audience in his home town in which he saw the faces of many friends, it was easy to believe that the owner of Frank McGlynn's face was also the pos-

essor of a heart and mind worthy of such a rôle.

Our respect grew steadily for Mr. McGlynn as each scene was presented. He was Lincoln to us from the beginning, his only deficiency a lack of vocal power suitable to a man of his size, and quite wonderfully Lincoln's physical counterpart, so remarkable was the make-up with which he augmented his natural fitness for a representation of the physical man. But above all he drew us in constant sympathy with the suffering soul of the leader of a great people engaged in suicidal conflict.

The company is a very good one, although here and there one saw slight blurs on excellence that showed different degrees of merit. It is, naturally, a man's play, and there are excellent results obtained in following the dress and hair fashions of the times. Quite a number of the faces are noticeably English, but the company has prudently eliminated the more marked English provincialism from its speech, the Englishness being more particularly noticeable in distinctness, refinement of intonation, and the agreeable English voice.

Generally speaking, the collective work was excellent, the only actor meriting special criticism being the one who was "the chronicler," and who failed to bring out the full meaning of the poet's foreword in blank verse preceding each rise of the curtain. To read these forewords, however, is to discover that their thoughtful beauty is so expressed as to be rather difficult to convey.

The cast is very long, and the English players strangers to us, therefore it would be too tedious a matter to specify by name the principals in the cast. I noticed, however, how hushed the house became when Mrs. Otterly spoke to Lincoln of her bereavement, the actress in the part having that ability to make every syllable sink into a hushed, responsive receptivity. And in the night, thinking it over, suddenly memory came. Jennie Eustace! She was here years ago in an excellent New York company, and we have seen her since. She always does good work. I saw her once called upon to substitute for some young beauty whom she was understudying in "Lady Windermere's Fan." She was not suitable, physically, for the rôle of Lady Windermere at all, but she came through triumphantly by sheer merit. Another very English face is that of William Corbett, playing the fictitious character of Burnet Hook, who was meant to be typical of the hostile forces in the Cabinet, striving to undermine Lincoln's work. Mr. Corbett's deliberate art is very telling, and the portraiture most effective.

The scene at General Grant's headquarters is admirable in its eschewing of all theatricalism except that the melodrama of life, real life, was there. William W. Crimans gave a fine, soldierly picture of the great general, and the two other generals were ably presented.

English though she looked, I liked Winifred Hanley's quiet, sincere presentation of the character of Mrs. Lincoln, for she grasped its essential plainness, bluntness, and sincerity.

There was a capacity house on the opening night, and the play may run three weeks. Lucky for us that we can idealize our great men to such effect that they are, as foreign critics have sometimes complained, too sacred to us. But Lincoln is peculiarly dear to us in his simple, kindly, wise humanity; more so than Washington, who, in his niche so much farther back on fame's highway, has around his brow the aureole lent by historical perspective.

Lincoln is nearer, and dearer, and when at his death in the play we heard the lamentation of a bereaved people, hard was the heart that would not swell, steel the eye that refused a tear, and hostile the emotions that could not grieve again for the death of a great national chief.

Already there are signs that every one and his young are going to see the play, that they may revivify the memory of a man so great that our words of praise have never yet become perfunctory or hackneyed. Which reminds me. Why doesn't some one select, for the orchestra, music appropriate to the play? People love the old songs when the occasion makes them appropriate, and many were the battle songs of the rebellion that still can rouse shivers of sympathetic emotion. An example is furnished in the play itself, when we hear the marching of young feet in the dark outdoors, while young voices sing "Tenting Tonight." There were many, many tears surreptitiously wiped away when those still familiar strains arose.

#### LILLIAN RUSSELL.

The profession has burst out into a shower of regretful, even mournful eulogies, since Lillian Russell's death, for, in spite of beauty, charm, and success in the most jealousy-kindling of all professions, this popular and admired actress was much loved by her associates.

Lillian Russell began her career as a stage beauty, her personal appearance being so striking that her associates called her "the Queen." She showed talent at once, but in those days she was particularly prized for the

double assets of a chorus girl: a lovely face and a symmetrical figure.

It was a little later, when an increase in weight began to thicken her contours that she was seen in San Francisco. By that time she was playing the principal female rôle in a musical comedy about the Nile; title forgotten.

Then, after her popularity in the Weber & Field vaudeville—in which, by the way, the public discovered that not only could the beauty sing, but do burlesque—she took up light comedy work, and made a success in that.

As the years went on the public discovered that the versatile actress was a good light

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At the present time water from the Calaveras Reservoir is released into Alameda Creek and flows through the underground gravels to the collecting galleries that empty into the Sunol Water Temple. Thence this water is conveyed, together with Sunol and Pleasanton water, across the Bay to San Francisco.

In the near future Calaveras water will flow part of the way to San Francisco through the westerly section of the Hetch Hetchy aqueduct.

San Francisco is about to commence construction of this Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy line, extending from Irvington in Alameda County to Crystal Springs Reservoir in San Mateo County.

Concurrently, Spring Valley is raising Calaveras Dam high enough to impound 32 billion gallons of water (it will some day be raised higher still), and will build an aqueduct to take this water as far as Irvington.

Spring Valley will pay to the city the cost of "routing" Calaveras water through the Hetch Hetchy line.

The city work and the company work will be completed together and 24 million gallons daily will be added to our water supply, making it 66 million gallons daily.

This coöperation between the city and Spring Valley in an engineering programme to increase the water supply is something entirely new in the relations between a city and a privately-owned water company.

A proper understanding on the part of those charged with responsibility—the Railroad Commission, the city and this company—inspired this coöperation.

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comedian, and she was popular in these parts until she began to find a difficulty in getting good plays, and finally retired from professional work.

The public was always aware that she had great charm of manner, but it did not know that that charm proceeded from a nature compounded of a group of well-balanced and desirable qualities: kind-heartedness, common sense, shrewdness, absence of egotism, natural cheerfulness, an ability to put self aside in her habitual consideration for others, and an absence of temper.

All this Tony Pastor has made plain in an interesting account of Lillian Russell as she was during her Weber & Field days.

Tony Pastor says that he does not know whether or not she used methods to preserve her beauty, but I always firmly believed that she enjoyed in her own self a happy combination of the physical and mental that made her beauty last. She herself has said that a calm mind is the surest beauty preservative. She had the supreme gift, and being devoid of vanity she did not worry about preserving it.

Here were her beauty preservatives as frequently given by her when the invariable question was asked:

"Every woman should spend at least half an hour a day in seclusion for spiritual reflection.

"Walking is as good exercise as any I know.

"Women with nothing to do become quarrelsome and catty. Keep occupied.

"To be intellectual does not mean that one must be a scarecrow.

"Spiritual activity from mental cultivation gives grace, health, and animation to every curve of the body."

Those of her fellow-professionals who were associated with Lillian Russell speedily became her appreciative friends, and the appended tribute from that veteran of the stage, Francis Wilson, which appeared in the New York Tribune, will give some idea of the impression made upon them by her beauty, her character, and her professional gifts:

"I don't care how young Lillian Russell was when she died—and she was a mere child of sixty-one—her life went out too soon. With a printer-editor father and a mother long, long ago deeply, militantly interested in woman suffrage, hers was never the narrow atmosphere of the tenement, but of the world.

"Acclaimed early as a beautiful creature to whom women as well as men rendered willing homage, Lillian Russell from early girlhood to the hour of her death moved in a court of beauty of which she was the undisputed queen. She became a national institution and, as has been well said of her, 'the legend of her loveliness will linger gratefully through long years to come.'

"I knew her well in professional life, for I had played Caddy to her Ermine in one of that opera's revivals at the Casino. She was courteous, kind, and considerate and had a total absence, as far as my knowledge extended, of that temperamental something which is often better named as a temper born of egotism, and which makes sometimes the life of a manager anything but a bed of roses.

"I have always been a great admirer of Lillian Russell—of her beauty, talent, her good humor and unflinching common sense; but most of all I admired her unflinching courage and her outspoken condemnation of the injustices under which the people of her profession suffered. As she stood upon the platform with other women of her profession—with Mrs. Shelley Hull, Katherine Emmett, Marie Dressler and Ethel Barrymore—and said fearlessly what she thought and where she stood in the struggle then at its height, she was no longer the Lillian Russell famed for her beauty and her talent, she was Lillian Russell, the champion of the rights of her profession. At that moment those of us who

had loved her for her many fine qualities changed that feeling into one of adoration."

#### FAMOUS NOVELS PICTURIZED.

I learn from the press that the Goldwyn-Erlanger organization is going to embark at once upon the production of "Ben Hur." The producers will very wisely stage the exterior scenes in Palestine; some of them, also, in Italy, thus giving the necessary effect of historical remoteness. And besides, it will mean much to the devout that they are gazing upon the scenes depicted by General Wallace with their true background; the background of the Holy Land that the fine old American warrior pictured so well in his novel.

General Wallace was not a great writer, but he certainly was a famous one. The dramatization of "Ben Hur," which rather cut into the dignity of the original story, had astonishing vitality, considering its faults; partly because of the religious element, which appealed—and will appeal in the picturized play—to large numbers of the habitually devout, who have no particular taste for the theatre, and only go when some theme of a biblical origin is used in drama, and the play attracts attention by its success.

But "Ben Hur" reminds me of another novel by General Lew Wallace, "The Fair God," which assuredly should lend itself to picturized effects. Mr. Movie Producer, I'll make you a handsome present of the suggestion to look up that old novel about the Aztecs in the days of their magnificence, when their now extinct civilization shone with splendor.

It was a time when the invaders came from across the sea, in search of gold and gems, and there is a really touching story of youth and innocence connected with the siege of their ancient city.

For that matter, there are plenty of old novels yet by other authors full of possibilities. Take Charles Reade alone. Several of his books offer great possibilities. Take "Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith Gaunt," "Foul Play."

Some producer has selected Flaubert's "Salambo," has he not? If not, some one ought to get busy at rendering the barbaric yet civilized drama—civilized in its art and magnificence, savagely barbaric in its cruelties—of that wonderful Carthaginian prose epic, some of which is too terrible to reduce to drama; but all of which is magnificent, bizarre, grandiose.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### A PERSIAN TRAGEDY.

Suddenly I heard steps in the room. They were those of a young Persian princess whom I recognized as the "Queen of the Crowns," celebrated for her great beauty, which she was willingly destroying for the opium that made her forget her sorrows.

Her story was known to all Persia. According to the custom of her people, when she was eleven years old, she was married to a young prince of the court. At the end of two years, her husband was told that she was now old enough to be his wife, and she was led to his apartments. But the prince, a young gallant of twenty-three years, was not at all interested in the timid child. He accepted her with every courtesy and continued his usual life of gayety outside the walls of his house.

The young wife suffered torments. She loved him, while he, too careless for scorn, did not think of her at all. Too proud to plead, she endeavored to hide her anguish. But when, after days of loneliness, she saw him returning, happy, she upbraided him, threatening to kill him and to kill herself.

The young prince found himself married to a whirlwind that upset his whole household. At length he perceived a happy road by which he might escape such turmoil and again live in peace. Pretending to adore her, he remained at her side, lavishing upon her all the tendernesses of love, while he taught her the delights of the drug that destroys realities and fills the mind with fantastic and delicious dreams. His young wife soon learned to give her days and her nights to opium, and the prince returned to his courtesans.

Thus four years passed, and the princess was a woman. One day her husband passed through her apartment and was struck motionless by her beauty. She had bloomed like a flower. The prince took her in his arm and covered her face with kisses. She remained indifferent. Chilled by her coldness, he left her apartment. But from that moment he was unable to erase her image from his mind. He abandoned his friends, dismissed his dancers, and remained in his own house, trying by every art to win the love of this woman. Hoping to melt her coldness by arousing her former jealousy, the prince announced to her that, in accordance with Musulman custom, he was about to take other wives. But the "Queen of the Crowns," while the musicians were playing at the marriage feast in the house of the new bride, went before the cadi and divorced herself from her husband.—Armen Ohanian in Asia Magazine.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### The Columbia Theatre.

The centre of theatrical interest this week has been Frank McGlynn and John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln."

When the Drinkwater play was first produced in this country it was given at Stamford, Connecticut. Despite a cold, rainy night the audience packed every inch of space. The second episode had scarcely passed before every one knew that here was great acting in a more than notable play. The public and the players were all prepared to greet the famous men of Lincoln's time, who appear in the course of the play, and each of them received their welcome as they came on the stage.

Robert E. Lee has always had the respect of the people of the North, but on this opening night another phase of the feeling for Lee was made evident. When, in the person of James Durkin, Lee came upon the stage, the Northern audience received him with such applause that the action of the play was stopped. This was very startling to the players, for it was unexpected, and for the time threw them off their balance. However, after that first time they were prepared and the same applause is in evidence at almost all performances.

The attraction to follow "Abraham Lincoln" at the Columbia Theatre is Rida Johnson Young's comedy romance, "Little Old New York," in which Isabelle Lowe and Creighton Hale will play the leading roles. Among the others in the cast are Dorothy Blackburn, Walter Scott Weeks, John Miljan. The play is set in the period of 1830.

"Little Old New York" will introduce to you John Jacob Astor, who buys up most of Manhattan at an astounding bargain, and it is now providing a revenue for his heirs; Washington Irving, the handsome young dreamer, who wastes time scribbling in a land where there is so much to be done; Cornelius Vanderbilt, the young ferryman, enthusiastic about running a boat from New York to Albany; Peter Delmonico, who sells sandwiches at the tavern from a basket, little dreaming of the famous restaurant which would bear his name.

This is the comedy of the Manhattan islanders when Maiden Lane was a blackberry patch, Brooklyn an Indian settlement, Yerba Buena sparsely settled, and California practically unexplored.

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

Edith Taliaferro is one of the best known of the country's legitimate actresses, and her present skit, "Under the Same Old Moon," is a massive production with a wonderful cast and scenic effects.

It has been many a day since San Francisco has heard such a tenor as John Steel. He has been an unqualified hit with every one who has heard him and his final week will be all too short to accommodate the people who wish to listen to him.

"Dick" Coburn is one of the country's greatest song writers. He has had his name on probably as many popular hits as any man in his profession. He has an entirely new idea in the presentation of popular songs.

The Sewell Sisters have an attractive dance fantasy in three scenes which was written by the popular authors, Neville Flesoon and Albert von Tilzer.

Truly Shattuck and Emma O'Neil are well-liked entertainers. They have a brand new turn for their current showing.

Margaret McKee is a California girl who went East and made a hit whistling. She has studied and worked out her art as an opera star would.

Kane and Herman, "the Midnight Sons," have proved themselves a startling hit in the fun line.

The Three Danoise Sisters perform some startling feats with an unusual amount of daring and agility.

##### The Players Theatre.

Evelyn Vaughan, for many seasons leading woman at the Alcazar, and a San Francisco favorite, is to return to the legitimate stage. This announcement will be of unusual interest to her many friends and admirers. Her vehicle will be the play by Henry Myers, "The First Fifty Years," the feature of the current New York theatrical season, which will be presented here by Reginald Travers and William S. Rainey at the Players Theatre for two weeks, commencing August 7th.

It is doubtful if Miss Vaughan has ever had a play so well suited to her ability as this realistic story of married life. It depicts in seven episodes the lovers on their wedding day, and then in turn the anniversaries from the first, the paper wedding, to the fiftieth, the golden wedding. On each anniversary they question their hearts. The frankness and truthfulness of the young author in his treatment of these scenes is one of his most powerful characteristics.

William S. Rainey is to play opposite Miss Vaughan. He has recently returned from New York, where he appeared as leading man in two Broadway productions this season,

"The Spring," by George Cram and "The Red Geranium," by Ruth Godward.

##### The Pacific Players.

The Pacific Players are to give "The Boor," by Anton Tchekoff, the Russian writer who is sending good comedies out of his distressed country. "The Baby Carriage," by Bosworth Crocker, is laid in the New York Jewish settlement.

The production, under the direction of Nathaniel Anderson, takes place at Sorosis Hall Little Theatre, 536 Sutter Street, evening of July 28th.

##### Seattle's Pageant.

"The Wayfarer," a stupendous American pageant, in which 3000 actors and 2000 trained singers will take part upon the world's largest stage, will be presented in the stadium of the University of Washington at Seattle, July 24th to 29th.

The performance will be held under the auspices of the Associated Students of the University of Washington. The scenery, costumes, and lighting effects to be used in the drama cost \$250,000.

The play deals with the epochal periods of the world's history, starting in Babylonian times, and features the coming of the Messiah, the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and the Crucifixion. Five thousand persons take part in the scene depicting the Golden Age, when all nations, creeds, and races gather around a gigantic illuminated cross.

Special reduced rates for the round trip from all points on its lines in California and Oregon to Seattle have been announced by the Southern Pacific Company. Tickets from California points will be on sale July 20th, 21st, and 22d, with final return limit August 31st.



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## VANITY FAIR.

Post-war parasitism appears to have gone the limit in London, and again "it is the woman that pays, and pays, and pays." It used to be the man. London *Answers* thus disgustingly discusses the matter: The age-old custom which compelled the man to bear the expenses incurred by his lady friend when they are on pleasure bent together is losing its hold on many of the young men of England. And, what is more remarkable, members of the fair sex, instead of showing resentment, are voluntarily surrendering this, their birthright. This surprising change can be noticed by a close observer at any restaurant or public dance in any town on any day of the week. Watch the couples who are on the friendliest terms at luncheon or dinner and you will often see the lady pass money to her man friend as the waiter places the bill before him. It may be that she has decided to pay half the expenses and that the money covers her share only. But sometimes it represents more than her share, and meets the expenses of both, including a liberal tip to

the waiter. Until recently, few men would accept money from ladies in public without an apology and a very red face. But the young men who today take the money of their lady friends do so openly without exhibiting any feelings of embarrassment. At dances the new custom also prevails, but is not so apparent. Sometimes it comes as a shock to one of the men present.

The first indication of this habit of the new man-about-town came as a great surprise recently to the handsome, debonaire son of a British peer. He is a perfect dancer, and much sought after by London hostesses, because of his chivalry in dancing with those ladies who usually have more than their share of sitting out. To make a break in the routine of invitation-dances, this heir to an ancient barony attended a popular subscription dance in a well-known London hotel. Seeing a plain young damsel sitting out with her parents, he invited her to dance with him. The young aristocrat enjoyed his dance immensely, for his lady partner was an accomplished dancer. At the conclusion, however, he received a shock when his fair partner proposed that he join her at another dance to be held in the hotel on that day week. "I hope you won't be offended at my suggesting it," she added; "but I would like you to know that I am willing to pay the expenses of both." Astonished at the unusual request, the young man pleaded a prior engagement as an excuse for not accepting the invitation. Nevertheless there are many young men who, far from feeling offended at a proposal of this nature, are only too ready to take full advantage of what the gods have offered. They regard themselves much in the same light as property-owners regard their houses in these days of house shortage. They set a premium on their personal attractiveness, and on the fact that they are good company and that they are excellent dancers. The prospective tenant seeking a house pays a premium to enter. Why should they not charge a premium for their society, seeing that there is a shortage of interesting young men, and particularly of young men who can dance really well? So they resolve to let the ladies pay. As a result, almost every post brings to a man of this type letters containing an invitation to a subscription-dance with the ticket inside, or a stall for the theatre, or the information that a table for two has been booked at some smart restaurant.

And the ladies? Though there are still many companionless girls of means who expect the man always to pay, there are others—and their numbers are growing—who consider it only fair that they should contribute towards the expenses of their own pleasure. "I have as much money as he has, why shouldn't I pay sometimes? The man soon becomes tired of the girl who expects him to be always dipping into his pockets for her train fares, cabs, dance tickets, or suppers." This is typical of the arguments put forward by the freethinkers among modern girls when members of the fair sex are discussing the ever-popular subject of their amusements. There is another type of young woman who pays from motives other than to keep friendly with an interesting and accomplished young man. She is of the order that a decade ago swelled the ranks of the Suffragettes. She pays not for the sake of the man, but to preserve her own self-respect. She argues on these lines: "I am a woman, the equal of the man, and not his inferior. I earn my living by my labor even as he does. While I hate men who are parasites on women, I also despise women who are content to be parasites on men. I pay, not to save his pocket, but to maintain my own independence." The women of this type are also unquestionably on the increase. Their attitude is the logical outcome of the great movement for the emancipation of women which has been in progress in Britain during the past thirty years. The changing custom, however, is not without its dangers. Some of the men who unprotestingly allow the woman to pay all the expenses have developed into the most contemptible of parasites. It was the custom for men to pay because woman had no money and no means of earning it. Though the women of today earn more than the women of past generations, the men have not lost their earning powers.

The girl who readily parts with some of her modest income for the benefit of a man who professes to be badly off will be singled out, sooner or later, as a fit subject for fleecing by some one who has no principles, continues *Answers*. At every public dance, and not infrequently at private dances as well, there are some unprincipled men who have come with the intention of preying on women with money. These men are good dancers and have charming manners. They dance, not with the fascinating girls, but with the wallflowers. Having discovered those who have a little money, they carefully set to work to use their charm to extract it from them. Their methods are a refined exploitation of the confidence trick. They do not ask

for money, but they take care, by suggestion, to let their lady friends know they are out of funds. These professional parasites are careful not to advance too quickly in their scheme of "fleecing the innocents." Having diplomatically acquainted their lady friends of the emptiness of their own pockets, they immediately offer to pay the next bill that comes along. When the large-hearted woman intervenes, they protest that their high breeding and sense of propriety is badly hurt by having to submit to accepting money from the other sex. Yet they always submit! In many cases, their lady friends go farther and proffer more money to help them over temporary embarrassments. These loans, of course, are rarely repaid. Instead, the "gallants in distress," when they find there is no more money forthcoming, take themselves away to other hunting grounds. Sometimes they leave their fair benefactors with aching hearts as well as with depleted purses.

Dispatches from Paris to the British press still deal with fashions, despite the fact that in this country the dictatorship of the French capital is declining. But that is because Americans can make their own clothes, but did you ever see any made in England? The latest convulsion is said to have hit the sleeve. Sleeves are now tremendous in extent, involving vast quantities of material. It is said that they have grown steadily wider, and last month they ran amuck altogether. Tudor sleeves, kimono sleeves, were left far behind. It is not only possible to make a whole dress from one sleeve, but a dress with a train. Sometimes, in the new tea gowns, the sleeve is a train, trailing on the ground, with the arm emerging somewhere amidsthips. Such gowns are for afternoon. For evening wear, the sleeves may be dispensed with, or only one worn. A white satin dress described by one astonished witness had a black slash down the bodice, a black tulle belt worn low like a cowboy's gun belt and fastened with a large jewel, and a small black sleeve on one side. It was just as "cute!" The other arm was protected from the weather by a jet bracelet. The effect must have been a good deal like that of a shirt that had been horribly mutilated in the wash, but had to be worn in an emergency. Fantasies in sleeves have been followed by some in skirts. The crisis that arose a few months back about the feminine equator, or waist line, appears to have been resolved by setting it very much in the south. The waist is to be worn low. The latest skirts are said to be lower in the waist than any skirt can be and retain its skirtly character. Sometimes there is a dip behind, over which the upper part balloons, giving the effect of a cape cut narrow at the bottom and gathered in by its wearer. Such skirts are fairly long, and much decorated with beads and woolen embroidery, dangling strings and perhaps a sporran. Sashes are being used. In color, gowns show violent chromatic struggles in Chinese blue and Indian red, put on here and there in patches. It may seem incredible, but in the field of fashion nothing is incredible. The general messiness reminds one of some of the atrocities of English architecture.

M. E.-L. Bouvier, distinguished French scientist, member of the Institute of France, Professor at the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, disagrees with the charming recluse of Serignan, Fabre, though admiring him so greatly, in believing that instincts are not immutably fixed. In one chapter of his "Psychic Life of Insects," translated by Dr. L. O. Howard and published here by the Century Company, he instances a bee which, accustomed to line its cells with the red petals of the corn poppy (the insect's specific name being *papaveris*), nevertheless has been observed to substitute yellow, blue, or white flowers when a drought deprived it of the petal which generations of these bees had chosen. M. Fabre, in "The Wonders of Instinct," gives some truly appalling examples of the tragic stupidity of instinct unadapted to changed circumstances. With two such books side by side, it would seem that the question is an open one, with concessions due, perhaps, from each camp. Yet M. Bouvier is no "nature fakir," attributing human motives and reason to his insects: indeed, his "Psychic Life of Insects" distinctly warns us that: "The more the insect seems to resemble us, the more unlike it is."

Pischkin, once chef of Emperor Nicholas, is now boiling rice, beans, and cocoa for hungry children in the American Relief Administration kitchen, which has just been opened in the former Imperial Palace at Tsarskoye-selo, says an Associated Press dispatch from Petrograd. Three thousand children daily are being fed from the stoves and copper kettles that once cooked delicacies for imperial dinners. Several servants of the former Czar are employed as kitchen workers.

At Creil, near Paris, there is a society of archers, with an annual competition for the original trophy given at the first meet of the society more than a thousand years ago.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There have been times when Western chivalry has cracked. A Modoc County editor received from a woman contributor a tight roll of poetry entitled "I Wonder If He'll Miss Me?" He replied: "Dear Madame: If he does he should never be trusted with a gun again."

"Well, now that is not my idea of an owl," said a casual visitor in a bird-stuffer's shop, looking at one sitting on a perch in a rather dark corner. "Isn't it?" replied the bird-stuffer, dryly, peering up over his spectacles. "Well, it's God's anyhow." The owl was a live one.

Charged with stealing a shoat a young culprit faced a Tennessee judge. "If you would train him properly," said the judge to the boy's father, "he wouldn't be here." "Judge," said the father sadly, "I hev done trained that boy es proper es I kin, an I hev whaled him a dozen times, but he don't take trainin' good. He's allus a gittin' caught."

A young man and maiden were playing golf—the lady quite a novice—and had reached a hole which was on the top of a little hill. The youth ran up first to see the lie of the balls. "A stymie!" he shouted, "a dead stymie!" The young lady came up with a sniff. "Well, do you know," she said, "I thought I smelled something as I was walking up the hill!"

A Chicago efficiency maniac posted a notice in his works reading "Do It Now." Within twenty-four hours the cashier bolted with the contents of the office safe, his favorite stenographer ran off with his oldest son, the office boy threw the ink bottle into the electric fan, and the whole mechanical crew went on strike for more wages and a six-hour day. He is thinking of getting a new office motto but he can't find a comfortable one.

Grandfather Hotchkiss lent his grandson the money to buy a pony, on condition that the pony should be his until the debt was repaid. Long before that happy event, he met the young hopeful afoot one day, and the boy asked: "Grandpap, who does that pony I ride belong to?" "Why," said the old man, "it belongs to me until you pay for it. Don't forget that." The boy heaved a sigh of relief. "I just thought I'd tell you," he said, "that your pony fell into the quarry and broke his neck."

Two old settlers sat smoking in a cabin far away in the backwoods. No feminine presence ever graced that settlement, and domestic arrangements were primitive and rude. The conversation drifted from politics to cooking, and one of the confirmed bachelors said: "I got one o' them there cookery books once, but I never could do nothin' with it." "Too much fancy work about it?" asked the other. "You've hit it. Every one o' them recipes begun in the same way, 'Take a clean dish—,' and that settled me."

Lady Sitwell, mother of the present Sir George, tells this story: "When my husband and I were staying at a little Swiss hotel, there was an old spinster lady who rather bothered us by persisting in talking across the table. It was in the days of a long table d'hôte. Wishing to ingratiate herself, she leant across the table and said: 'I understand, Sir George, that you are of royal descent. From which of the sovereigns are you descended?' Sir George, wishing to shut her up, curtly responded: 'From Queen Elizabeth, mum!'"

At one of the New England golf clubs a young lady who is very popular with her caddies arranged a match with an old woman who is proud of a mediocre ability. The young lady, a good player, wished to lose the game out of courtesy and for social reasons. Her opponent was in even worse form than usual and the girl grew desperate. She seemed unable to prevent her opponent from losing. Finally she told her caddy that she would like to lose the match. "Ah, miss," he muttered, "I didn't know that. Here I've been stamping on her ball every time it gets in the long grass."

Little Dorothy, with her mother, was paying a visit to Uncle Silas. Now, Uncle Silas was wealthy—very wealthy—and little Dorothy was vastly interested in the beathen. So one morning she appeared in front of uncle, and asked: "Uncle, dear, will you please give me something for my missionary box?" The incident took place immediately following a particularly satisfying lunch, and Uncle Silas playfully threw on the dining-room table a threepenny-bit, a two-shilling-piece, and a five-pound note, remarking: "There, dear, you can have which you like of the three." Then he watched to see what little Dorothy

would do. That young person approached the table and studied the situation for fully three seconds. Then she suddenly burst out: "Mummy's always told me not to be greedy, so I'll take the littlest one. But will you please wrap it up in that crinkly bit of paper, uncle, so as I shan't lose it?" And uncle did.

Mr. G. B. Burgin, in his recently published "Memoirs," relates the following anecdote: A short time ago Stephen Leacock was the guest of a literary club to which I belong, and when I was called on to speak I explained how that morning I had been walking in Highgate Cemetery and paused by the tomb of Lord Strathcona. One of the cemetery custodians joined me, and said, regretfully, "Lord Strathcona's the only distinguished Canadian we have here." Then he brightened up a little. "But there's a vacant lot beside his lordship." Whereupon I explained to him curiously enough that I was going to meet another distinguished Canadian that evening, and would try to induce him to make the necessary arrangements for occupying the vacant space by Lord Strathcona. Leacock listened to this with strained attention. On rising to reply, he disregarded the points made by the other speakers, and said: "Whilst I am deeply grateful to Mr. Burgin for his thoughtful arrangements regarding my obsequies, I regret to inform him that they will have to be canceled, as I have already decided to be buried in Westminster Abbey."

The first sun dial was erected in Rome, and the day was first divided into hours, in 293 B. C.

## THE MERRY MUZE.

## The Lady from Melos.

"A New York diagnostician declares that the modern flapper is a healthier and happier girl than the Venus de Milo."—*News Item.*

Beautiful Venus de Milo,  
Sickly and crippled and sad;  
Has no more arms than a silo—  
Some think she never has had.  
She can not rank with the Flapper;  
Scientists give her this slap:  
For whatever their charms  
Marble marms,  
Without arms,  
Can not be expected to flap.

Beautiful Venus de Milo;  
Worried, neglected, alone;  
Known from Honduras to Hilo—  
Well and quite fav'ably known—  
She's not a belle at the parties,  
Petting's not done in her set:  
For whatever their charms  
Marble marms,  
Without arms,  
Can not be expected to pet.  
—W. D. in Life.

## The Lure of Paris.

The fairy-tale of Paris belongs to all of us, in whatever terms it may be told, says Muriel Harris in the *North American Review*. For some it is Marie Antoinette and the Petit Trianon; and, curiously, by comparison with a rather worthless queen, the great war pales. For some it is Napoleon in his cocked hat and white breeches, and his great tomb, one of the fingertips of Paris. For still more it is the Bois and the elegance and luxury and beautiful women; and for the rest, there is always the particular applica-

tion—the house where Balzac had his printing-press, or perhaps only a great stone wall, symbol of the centuries, over which a fruit tree blooms, symbol of centuries continually renewed. I can not think of any one for whom there is not in Paris some answering chord, some link with a great aggregate of humanity, which has lived and wrought and piled up history and romance and experience for two thousand years, all under the one banner of Paris. . . . We look at the depth and richness and inexhaustible suggestion of the Paris background; we are grateful for its stimulus, its inspiration. Only now and again do we realize that Roman and Frank and Gaul; Catholic and Huguenot; artist, priest and warrior; saint, martyr, philosopher, mid-nette, have really our energies in their grip and that, in the continuity of history, such creation as we can accomplish is their work, their inspiration—all but that infinitesimal fraction which is ourselves.

According to Russian advices to the *Paris Temps*, the acreage under agricultural products in Poland, which in 1913 amounted to 12,000,000 hectares or about 29,000,000 acres, had been reduced in 1919 by 3,500,000 hectares, or about 30 per cent. Since 1919, however, the 3,500,000 hectares lying fallow had been reduced to 1,213,000 in the spring of 1921, and to 600,000 in the present season.

Although the King of England owns only one fully-licensed inn, the Feathers, at Dersingham, on the Sandringham estate, as Duke of Lancaster he is ground landlord of a number of licensed houses.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Daisy Canfield Danziger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Danziger of Los Angeles, to Mr. Bruce Hay Chapman, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hay Chapman, has been announced. The wedding will take place August 15th in the south. A wedding tour to Honolulu is planned. Miss Danziger is in San Francisco for a few days, returning from an Eastern trip, and Mr. Chapman, who makes his home in the south, is visiting his parents at their Clay Street home.

Miss Laura Sanborn, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Sanborn of Fruitvale, and Mr. Alfred J. Harwood were married on Monday, July 3d, at San Jose. The marriage was a surprise to their friends. Mrs. Harwood is a sister of Miss Grace Sanborn and of Mr. John Sanborn and Mr. Clarence Sanborn and the late William Sanborn. Mr. Harwood is a lawyer in San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Harwood expect to make their home here.

The open-air theatre on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore at Santa Cruz will be the setting for the wedding ceremony of Miss Josephine Moore and Mr. Dean Dillman of Sacramento. The marriage will be solemnized during the first week of September. The wedding procession will come from the house through the grounds to an altar erected in the theatre. Miss Moore has chosen for her attendants Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck Peters as her matron of honor, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Dorothy Crawford and Miss Corinne Dillman, a sister of the groom, as bridesmaids. Mrs. Peters, Miss Moore's matron of honor, prior to her marriage a year ago was Miss Marie Louise Winslow of San Francisco. Since her marriage she has made her home in Portland, and is coming down the latter part of August in time for the wedding.

On Wednesday evening, July 12th, Miss Maude Fay and Captain Powers Symington, U. S. N., were married at the home of Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, the reception following at the old Fay home on Grove Street. Mrs. George A. Cameron and Mrs. Marshall Dill attended Miss Fay. Mr. Thomas Symington acted as best man for his brother. The Symington family arrived from their Eastern homes on Sunday to attend the wedding, and included Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Symington, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Symington, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Symington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Symington and Miss Patty Symington, a sister of Captain Symington. Captain and Mrs. Symington will make their home in the East, so the affairs given in their honor before their marriage were farewells. Last Friday Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling entertained at dinner for the engaged couple, a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cameron on Monday and a luncheon party on Sunday, given by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, followed.

The Burlingame Country Club has been the setting for a large number of affairs over the holidays and the week-end following. On July 4th

there was a large no-host dinner party with dancing afterward. Among those who attended were Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall, Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. George Harding and Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

Mrs. Gertrude Strong Achilles gave a reception and tea Thursday for her two sons, Mr. Achilles Achilles of Maryland and Mr. Paul Achilles of New York, who are guests at her home near Morgan Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and their son, Mr. Léon Brooks Walker, entertained a number of house guests over the holiday at their Pebble Beach home. Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edith Grant and Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Paul Kennedy and Mr. Stanley Armour of Chicago were among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling are at their cottage on the Lawson estate at Woodside for the summer. Over the week-end and the Fourth Mr. and Mrs. Jackling entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen. Miss Ruth Hobart and Miss Marjorie Josselyn motored down in time for a picnic luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins entertained at a dinner at the Montecito Golf and Country Club Tuesday evening for their daughter, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, and their granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Clark, who are visiting them at "La Vista" in Santa Barbara. Mr. Donald Strandberg, who accompanied the Clarks on their trip south, was also a guest.

By holding the enemy property which still remains in the hands of the alien property custodian as collateral security, or a pledge, to secure the payment by Germany and Austria and their nationals of the numerous claims in the hands of American citizens, says Joseph Conrad Fehr in the *North American Review*, the United States would not only safeguard the interests of its own nationals, but would also thereby insure to these former enemies the ultimate return of their property retained in America. This method would enable America to solve this problem upon principles that are at once just to all concerned and at the same time will result in the gradual disposition of enemy property back to former enemy owners who are now permitted by Section 9 of the Trading with the Enemy Act to present their claims before the proper authorities for allowance.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Marsh Pools.

And now I know  
Where are those stars  
That slip like jewels  
Between the night's  
Most jealous fingers.  
At dusk I found them,  
Where the marsh had hidden them—  
In a silver pocket  
Of her gray-green gown!  
—Frances Dickenson Pinder in *Poetry*.

## In a Charleston Garden.

I love old gardens best—  
tired old gardens  
that rest in the sun.

There the rusty tamarisk  
and knotted fig trees  
lean on the wall,  
and paper-whites break rank  
to wander carelessly  
among tall grasses.  
The yellow roses  
climb down from the trellises,  
and the wistaria goes adventuring  
to the neighboring trees.

The forgotten comfort  
of the wilderness comes again.  
The legend of the twisted walks  
is broken,  
and the marble seats are green  
like woodland banks.

—Henry Bellmann in the *Reviewer*.

## The Grandfather.

There's a kind of morning prayer  
In the air  
That recalls the song and praise  
Of other days,  
And the lilacs all in bloom,  
And the sunny breakfast-room—  
Open windows to the ground  
All around;  
Lawns a-glitter with the dew,  
Scents from many a field and flower  
In that early, quiet hour  
Greeted you.

For, in coming down the stairs  
You could smell delicious airs,—  
The whole country-place seemed theirs;  
Were they creeping in to prayers,  
Or passing through,  
Or visiting the vases freshly set  
On the mantel, in the corner cabinet?  
Was it lilies, was it pinks or mignonette?  
What they were I'll hardly say—  
Roses, roses anyway!  
I smell them yet.

Just a morn like this, and then  
Came the maids (there were no men)  
One or two  
Decent maids; then jolly children not a few.  
And with shuffling of the chairs  
They prepared the place for prayers,  
Rumping through;  
And scarcely grew more tame  
When the silent moment came.  
For they knew  
When Grandpapa appeared  
He was little to be feared  
By the crew.  
And their mothers were in bed.  
(For surely for such notions  
As family devotions  
There's little to be said.)

So the ancient prayers were read  
By that brilliant-eyed old man,  
Full of reverence, full of grace,  
To the children of his clan  
In the quaint old country-place  
That had nursed the elder race  
With its bloom.  
And he kneeled where they had kneeled,  
And the odors of the field  
Filled the room.

—John Jay Chapman in *Scribner's Magazine*.

## Song of Praise for Not Being a Poet.

I have heard fountains singing in the grass;  
I have seen rainbows thrilling to the sun;  
I have felt south winds dancing as they pass—  
All joy is one!

I have touched heaven's radiance with a star;  
I have drunk earth's brown vintage with a tree;  
I have plucked splendors where the lightnings  
are—

Beauty is free!

I have chased angels on a sea gull's wing;  
I have learned laughter from the spinning  
spheres;  
Yet I, who am no poet, need not sing  
Or care who hears!

Ah, happy is the owner of the sky  
Who is not exiled by the flaming sword  
To seek the phrase that paints it till he die,  
Slave of the Word!

—Anne O'Hare McCormick in the *New Republic*.

## Trade with Canada.

In coming to closer grips with the question of possible trade relations between the United States and Canada, says Sir George E. Foster in the *North American Review*, we must accept as a basis the facts above mentioned. These summarized are that, geographically and climatically, both countries along a wide range of contiguous territory produce similar commodities and generally in surplus quantities; that each country has the easiest and quickest recourse to very important sources of supply in the other; that both countries base their tariffs on the principle of protection and the practice of preferential treatment within the family; that both have strong aspirations towards national growth and development and thus combine national and economic considerations in the determination of

their fiscal policy, and that, while freely acknowledging these fundamentals and being guided thereby, both peoples have the most cordial friendship towards each other and a desire to do the largest amount of trade with each other possible under conditions as detailed above.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edith Grant, Mr. William Magee, Jr., and Mr. J. Stanley Armour of Pasadena spent the holidays at Pebble Beach at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting have been on a trip of several weeks in the southern part of the state. They returned to their Hyde Street home the latter part of the week.

Miss Frances Jolliffe is spending the summer in London, where she has the apartment of Mrs. Reginald Brooke in Eaton Square.

Miss Maude Fay has returned to San Francisco, after a short stay at the Fay home in San Anselmo.

Mrs. Oge and her daughter, Miss Alice Oge, arrived in San Rafael the latter part of the week, to spend the remainder of the summer with Mrs. Truxton Beale.

A large number of San Franciscans spent the holiday at Del Monte, going down for the golf tournament and remaining over. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Miss Florence Hellman, Mr. Knox Maddox and Mr. John Parrott were among those whom the tournament attracted.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum left last Sunday for Lake Tahoe, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, accompanied by Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Katherine Chase, and Mr. James Moffitt, left the end of the week to open the Moffitt country house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell have opened their country place at Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding and their children are spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York arrived in California the middle of the week, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton have taken a cottage on the grounds of the Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Peter Fletcher and her daughter, Miss Kittie Fletcher, arrived in California the end of the week and are the guests of Mrs. Sprague Magruder at her Webster Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Phelps spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr at their home on Mission Ridge.

Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler are in California. Mrs. Butler and Miss Sara Schuyler Butler will visit with Mrs. William Crocker at her

Burlingame home, while Dr. Butler will be the guest of Mr. Crocker at the Bohemian Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and Mr. Léon Brooks Walker spent the holiday at their Pebble Beach house, returning to San Francisco on Friday.

Admiral and Mrs. Edward Eberle are now in Washington, D. C., and have taken an apartment at the Altamont.

Mrs. J. M. Dreschfield of London, a member of the British Council of Women, is in San Francisco for a few days en route to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wallis have taken a bungalow at Inverness for the remainder of the summer.

Colonel and Mrs. Herbert Shaw left for their new station at Douglas, Arizona, on Monday.

Miss Jennie Fischer and Dr. Frank Fischer are visiting relatives in the East, and are in New York for the month of July.

Miss Constance Luft of New York is at Shasta Springs for some weeks as the guest of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard of San Francisco have taken a cottage at Newport for the summer.

Miss Marjorie Gay has announced her intention to leave soon for Europe for a stay of several months.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Edward French have leased their home on Edgewood Avenue, and left for a six months' tour of Europe.

Mr. Arthur Rose Vincent is spending a week or so at Paso Robles. Mrs. Vincent left a fortnight ago to visit her home, Muckross Abbey, in Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gwynn, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, and Mr. Charles Gwynn, Jr., returned the beginning of the week from a trip to the Russian River, where the rehearsals for the Bohemian Grove play, in which Mr. Gwynn is taking part, were held.

Mr. and Mrs. James Schlessinger have returned from Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Schlessinger left the end of the week for Santa Barbara, where she will occupy the home of her sister, Mrs. Clark Thompson.

Mrs. Clark Thompson is spending the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, are in their Ross Valley home for the summer.

Mrs. Sue Merriman spent several days last week at Monterey, returning the first of the week to her home in the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Fin Lund left the early part of the week for Palo Alto, where they have taken a house for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Miller Graham and her daughter, Miss Geraldine Graham, left the end of the week for Hollywood to visit for several days before opening their Santa Barbara home, "Belloguardo."

Judge and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw motored recently to Santa Barbara to spend the month of July as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark Keeney, who are occupying the home of the William G. Henshaws for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering have returned to California, after spending the last six weeks in New York. They went directly to their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury are established at their summer home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin and their sons, Mr. William Gwin, Jr., and Mr. Stanford Gwin, have closed their Pacific Avenue home and are spending the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Schatz Adams, and Miss Ernestine Adams are in Berlin at this time, going from there to Munich and later to Paris, where they will meet their cousins, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, and Miss Julia Adams, who are there with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Burton Talbot are in Switzerland, and plan to remain in Europe indefinitely.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, Miss Betty Knight Smith, and Master Scott Smith motored to Los Altos to be away the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton left last week for Coronado to visit her mother, Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Brooks spent the weekend at Tahoe as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hubert Law.

Miss Sallie Maynard has returned to San Francisco, after several weeks spent at Santa Barbara as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb at their Montecito home.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., spent the week-end with Mrs. E. Clinton La Montaigne in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., and their three children are the guests of Mr. Wilson's parents at their Burlingame home.

Judge Edward A. Belcher returned last week from a visit to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse Brizard, at Hawkins Bar in western Trinity County, and will spend the remainder of the summer at Pine Mound near Dutch Flat.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Staats Moore have moved to a house on the campus at Stanford for three months, after which they will live at the Fairmont Hotel until their apartment in the Capo Di Monte is completed in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown left Sunday for an extended stay in the East. Their son, Mr. Albert Lincoln Brown, who has been visiting them for a couple of weeks, has returned to his studies at Harvard.

Miss Margaret Buckbee and her fiancé, Mr. John Boyden, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke and Miss Cecile Brooke at their Menlo Park home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer, who have returned recently to San Francisco, have taken an attractive apartment on the corner of Scott and Vallejo Streets.

Mrs. Mark Lawrence Requa has gone south to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Russell of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent and their daughter, Miss Adeline Kent, Miss Florence Martin and Miss Patience Winchester motored to Tahoe the middle of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Kent are

opening their summer home at the lake for the season.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull and her daughter, Miss Newell Bull, and her niece, Miss Katherine Robinson, have taken a cottage in Carmel for two months.

Miss Jane Carrigan, who has been in Europe for the past six months, is expected home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles are expected home from New York the middle of the month.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Burns, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Albers, Mr. William McIntyre and family, Los Angeles; Mr. H. L. Rohlf, Miss V. Rayson, New Zealand; Mr. G. F. Bayes, New York; Mr. R. M. Seay, Long Beach; Mr. H. M. Grosskutt, Moss Beach; Mr. E. H. Barney, Jr., Gonzales; Mr. Robert Smith, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Scott, Mr. J. W. Dunne, Miss Dorothy Dunne, Los Angeles; Mr. I. B. Sen, Calcutta; Mr. E. M. Moore and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Smith and family, Seattle; Mrs. Catherine Collins, Chicago; Mr. T. R. Tibbets, Minneapolis.

Hotel St. Francis recent arrivals include Mrs. Charles Nagel, Miss A. B. Nagel, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Moses Ferrell, Marion, Illinois; Miss Clara Léon, Berkeley; Mr. Henry J. Lewis, Mr. Henry L. Nurenborg, Mr. H. W. Sayer, New York; Mr. George M. North, Cleveland; Mr. Charleton D. Cooksey, New Haven, Connecticut; Mr. Halsey Elwell, Los Angeles; Mr. Arthur P. Jackson, Denver; Mr. E. C. Alyea, Chicago; Mr. W. L. Mann, El Paso; Mr. Rex E. Bord, Klamath Falls; Mr. Nathan Steiner, St. Louis; Mr. S. J. Carlson, Tyler, Texas; Mr. C. J. Stevenson, New York; Mr. Max Zimmerman, New Orleans; Mr. Earl Thornton, Chicago.

### THE GLOOMY DEAN.

The courage of the Dean [William Ralph Inge] is not a mixture of soft-hearted and soft-headed eccentricity, says John Bailey in the *London Times*. It is not enough for him that his courage should be the courage of his convictions; it must also be the courage of his brains, his common sense, his serious thought and knowledge. Those things do not make a man infallible; but they do make what he says worth listening to. It is only when he goes outside them, or when he attacks the Labor Party, of which in all probability he knows very little, that his words, though all the more quoted, are the less worth quoting.

But within these limitations, and with the necessary exceptions, he is at once one of the bravest and one of the most interesting thinkers of the day. He holds one of the most dignified positions in the Church of England, and is probably the most interesting man, except one, who has held it since the Reformation.

Now, in this Rede Lecture, he exhibits what may, perhaps, be a more difficult courage still—that of his elderliness. He is over sixty, and was over forty when Queen Victoria died—that is, he is a Victorian; and he is not in the least anxious to conceal it. On the contrary, he rejoices in the opportunity afforded to him by this lecture of giving a very vigorous defense of the faith that is in him, and incidentally showing, as he has often shown before, his thorough understanding of the military doctrine that the best defense is lively offense.

Like every other age, the Victorian left unsolved problems, which it never saw to be problems, to its successor. The worst of them is not the low wages, or even the long hours, which make so much talk, but the one on which the Dean rightly lays all his stress—the monotony of life under the industrial system, which has evolved a kind of workman who has nothing to do which he can take pride or pleasure in doing. To that the Victorian Age was almost wholly blind, in spite of Ruskin.

Does anybody today really doubt that the Victorian Age, as a whole, ranks, as Dean Inge says, with the Elizabethan as the greatest this country has known?

In particular, who doubts the greatness of its literature? The notion that all or most of the young doubt it, is, so far as my experience goes, a complete delusion; in fact, I fancy nobody does, except those who, knowing none but contemporary literature, are no judges of that, and still less of any other. The last of all to doubt it are, I suspect, those who are most for what is finest in the literature of today. Go, for instance, to the people who know that few poets have given us a more sensitive and delicate interpretation, whether of nature or of spirit, than Mr. de la Mare, and that there are few novels in which the powers of imagination and style are exhibited as they are in those of Mr. Conrad. Will you find them either scorning or ignoring the great Victorians?

### MOTORS AND RAILROADS

The Connecticut highway authorities have begun surveys for a highway from Bridgeport to the New York State line, which, if it is constructed, will be restricted to the exclusive use of motor trucks, says the *New York Herald*. The route will practically parallel the Boston Post road, and it is confidently believed by the officials of Connecticut that if the construction of the road is authorized New York State will build a continuation of it to New York city. The United States Bureau of Public Roads is said to be in favor of the enterprise.

Freight transportation by truck has reached such volume that for several years there has been serious congestion on the Boston Post road. It is declared by *Motor Travel* that 10,000 vehicles make use of this highway every day. Of these 2000 are commercial motor trucks. There is no indication that the number of vehicles will be reduced; on the contrary, there is every reason to expect it will be increased. When good times come and the industrial plants in the country tributary to the Boston Post road are running at top speed the transportation problem will be more difficult than it has been in the slack times through which the country has been passing.

The use of motor trucks in the Connecticut factory district has cost the railroads hundreds of thousands of tons of freight. The proposal to build a highway especially for the trucks will bring up in concrete form questions of taxation and franchise rights that have already been raised but have generally been ignored. The railroads pay great sums in taxes for the right to the transportation business of the country. Heretofore the competitive truck companies have generally escaped this burden. If a highway for the trucks is built out of the public treasures the railroads will of course help to pay for its construction and maintenance, unless some way is found to put its cost on its users.

Toll roads have fallen into unpopularity in the United States, yet the virtue embodied in the principle on which they were constructed is recognized in such imposts as the car fee paid by trolley corporations for the use of public bridges and in the tolls to be charged for use of the tunnels from New York City to Jersey City. Perhaps in some adaptation of the toll system will be found a means to distribute fairly the cost of highways for freight. This would meet the objection often raised to use of highways in one state by gainfully employed vehicles owned by residents of another state.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Sign on small repair shop—Leve Cars Here To be Fixxed & Impaired.—Nashville Tennessean.

"Might I ask you for this dance?" "Please do, I've been dying to refuse you all evening."—*Flamingo*.

Jack—I've a little secret for you, dear. Jean—Just a second, and I'll get a couple of glasses.—*Brown Jug*.

Doyle has liquor in his spirit world. At last the table-rapping mystery is explained.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Blythe—In reconstructing matters what shall we do with the weaker sex? Gaye—Which is it?—*London Answers*.

This indeed is the tennis season. Even in Dublin there is lively volleying at the Four Courts.—*New York Herald*.

"Jenks tells me he goes in strongly for uplift." "Uh-huh. His favorite expression is, 'I raise you one.'"—*Life*.

"That is Venus, Molly; it was named after a very beautiful woman." "Was that the star the Wise Men followed?"—*Life*.

"Why is the judge wearing a black eye?" "Because he tried to instruct the lady jurors that they were not to talk."—*Judge*.

He—I'm half inclined to kiss you. She—How stupid of me! I thought you were only round-shouldered.—*Minnesota Ski-u-mah*.

Baker—When you were in Rome did you do as the Romans do? Barker—Yes, I avoided every Roman point of interest.—*Judge*.

"Did you see that they're trying to assail the eight-hour law?" "What do I care? I never worked that long in my life."—*Paris Le Rire*.

"How is your wife?" "To tell the truth.

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I don't see much of her. She belongs to so many committees and societies that I only see her for about an hour every day." "Poor fellow!" "Oh, that's all right. An hour soon passes."—*Christiania Karikaturen*.

Mr. Willis—Jack Boorish is running around with a dining-room girl. Mrs. Gillis—Fine! Maybe she can teach him some table manners.—*Judge*.

"Our hostess is rather put out—there will be thirteen at table." "Is she superstitious?" "No—but she has only twelve of everything."—*Paris Le Rire*.

"What's the matter?" "She's rejected me again, and she says this is final." "Did she say how final?" queried his married friend.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*.

"Look in the *Congressional Record* if you want to see what Representative Twobble is doing." "That only tells what he's saying."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

He—Refuse me and I shall never love another. She—I'm more interested in wondering whether you'll ever love another if I accept you.—*London Answers*.

"No, we can't marry each other. We are not related." "...." "Take papa, for instance, he married mamma, and grandfather married grandmother."—*Paris Flirt*.

Wife—If my husband tries to kiss you, I want you to scream. Understand? *New Maid*—Have a heart, lady! That's what your last maid did and you fired her.—*Judge*.

Mistress (to new cook-general)—You must have breakfast ready by seven tomorrow, as your master wants to catch the seven-forty-five train. *New Cook-General*—I'm catchin' it meself.—*Punch*.

A man came to see me the other day with a book demonstrating that we are all free and equal. Said he was only offering it to a few of our best people.—*W. S. Adkins, in Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the millionaire. "I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."—*London Answers*.

Mujik (in Moscow)—Pardon me, I am just as much a Russian as you. *Red Guard*—Your opinion doesn't count. If you aren't a Bolshevik you aren't a Russian—you are only a dirty capitalist.—*Paris L'Illustration*.

"When I looked out of the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simpkins." "We wuzn't playing marbles, ma. We just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."—*Judge*.

First Crook—Cheerio, old time. Had a nice crime last night? Second Crook—Rather! Never in trouble all the round. That new jimmy of mine is absolutely the best club in my bag.—*London Passing Show*.

When you lend a guy a dime

And he pays it back in time—

That's borrowing.

If you lend a guy a jit

And you're still waiting for it—

That's experience!

—*New York Medley*.

"Ah," sighed the serious-faced passenger, "how little we know of the future and what it has in store for us." "That's true," his seat-mate responded. "Little did I think when some thirty years ago I carved my initials on the desk in the old country school that I would some day grow up and fail to become famous."—*Boston Transcript*.

### As School Boys See It.

Poise is the way a Dutchman says boys. Equinox is a wild animal that lives in the Arctic.

King Arthur's Round Table was written by the author of Ten Knights in a Bar Room.

Copernicus invented the cornucopia.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

In the stone age all the men were ossified. The climax of a story is where it says it is to be continued.

A gulf is a dent in a continent.

Buttress is a butler's wife.

Conservation means doing without things we need.

If Poenc de Leon hadn't died before he found the fountain of youth, he wouldn't have died.—*Collected by the New York Evening Mail*.

### Russian Religion.

It is clear that the Russian revolution will have profound effects upon the religious life of the country, says the Manchester *Guardian*. Representative men in all the churches of England signed lately a protest to the Soviet government against its attack on the head of the Russian church, the Patriarch Tikhon. Our correspondent, Mr. Arthur Ransome, in an article which we are printing, explains that



## Leave Nothing to Chance When You Go Away For Your Vacation

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the forced retirement of the patriarch and the violence done to other priests are one incident only in a deepening breach not so much between church and government as between two schools of thought within the church itself.

The government has sought to commandeer the valuables of the church to feed the starving. A section of the clergy, backed by a circular from the patriarch, have offered resistance, and have paid dearly for it. They are bitterly opposed within their own ranks by churchmen who believe the time is ripe for reform of service and organization—for the use of the vernacular, for stripping the church of vain pomps and ceremonies; in short, for a popular religious revival. Such an outcome might well have far-reaching results, for its course would tend to run clear both of the old conservatism in church affairs and of the doctrines of communism.

### Real Conservation.

"That much abused word 'conservation' has two meanings, totally opposite," says Edwin E. Slosson, in the *Science News Bulletin*. "Conservation in some cases means using and conservation in other cases means not using. The legislator with his agate-bearing tongue will talk of the 'conservation of our coal and water-power' just as though the two things were alike and required the same treatment. It is just as absurd as if a man should ask a painter to have his house painted 'the color of snow and ink,' for the conservation of coal means saving it, for what is not used today will be of use tomorrow. The conservation of water-power, on the contrary, means using it, for what is not used today will be lost forever.

"The greatest waste is our failure to utilize, not our carelessness in methods of utilization. We waste 50 per cent. of our petroleum through irrational and competitive drilling. We waste two-thirds of our coal before its energy gets into the engine. But we waste all of the sunshine that falls upon our arid region lands, and that means a greater loss

of energy than we get from all our oil and coal. The richest region in the United States is Death Valley, California. Even the green leaves are not able to catch and incorporate more than one per cent. of the power of the sunshine that falls upon them. If some one would invent a solar engine with an efficiency of five per cent. it would add incalculably to the wealth of the country through the utilization of the wasted sunbeams that fall upon our arid land.

"Here is a prize bigger than any grasped by coal kings and oil magnates. But nobody comes forward to claim it. Yet very likely the knowledge necessary to achieve this supreme triumph of chemical engineering is already in existence—somewhere.

"If it is not, there is certainly enough brain-power in the world to solve the problem if it were set to work at it. We are all of us the poorer because of this waste of ideas and inventive genius."

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# The Argonaut.

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## Forty-sixth Year

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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### A Real Toiler.

We have just had "in our midst," as the nervous toastmaster says, one Samuel Matthews Vauclain, of the great manufacturing city of Philadelphia, and it should have done us much good to have him. He is a tonic element, and a typical American personal force, and his views of matters industrial are well worth attention. He startled the wavering and the hesitant by the declaration that prosperity is already here, notwithstanding the coincidence of two rather serious-looking strikes. To him, there is no other country so wonderful, no other government so good, and the farther west he came the better things were. Vauclain is one of the big men of the nation, and one of the men that make a nation big—in the best sense of the term; big in courage, high in heart, confident in outlook and confident in the strength and value of its institutions. He manufactures little trinkets known as locomotives. In his office at the Philadelphia shops of the Baldwin Locomotive Works he wallows in work like a janitor with too many rooms to take care of, and when he sees that orders for his line of jewelry are about executed and no new ones have come in he packs his grip and sets sails for Mexico or Russia or China and gets more. It is his cure for hard times in the locomotive business, and it works. He is the original American go-getter. Business will come, or he will make it come; he won't wait for it. He began life as a workman in the shops, and he is the best possible demonstration of the reality

of American opportunity. Those that think the day of opportunity has passed in this country are looking only at the mass. For the mass, things never looked especially brilliant in this world. But for any individual of the mass who is possessed of determination and intelligence and reliability and a sense of duty, and is not misled by crank theories about the submergence of the poor and the predatory disposition of the rich, there is plenty of opportunity if he will attend to his knitting—probably there is as much opportunity as Vauclain had in his youth, for there are certainly more arts and industries, and a field for far more varied talents. But the rewards will not come to dreamers and complainers. They only come to men that help do the work of the world, and help on a large scale, with courage and vision and hope. Vauclain is like that, a man of courage, and a democratic man, honoring work because he has done it, and still does it, himself. It may be said that such a man is working only for himself, but it will not be said by persons of discrimination and judgment; for a man that makes locomotives is working for humanity, and when he sells them abroad he is as good an internationalist as any member of the Third Internationale—whose very food and fuel has to be hauled to them by the locomotives such a man makes. After all, the real philanthropist is the great worker. Work will cure almost anything that ails us.

### Applause.

Unless President Harding commits some serious blunder before he is out of office, history will have the pleasant task of acclaiming him one of the greatest of American Presidents. His dispatch to the governors of twenty-eight coal states, urging them to support his invitation to the coal mine operators to resume operations, and following so closely upon his rail strike proclamation of July 11th, is, with the exception of one unfortunate clause, a great state paper, and, in spite of that clause, places him upon the heights of statesmanship. It is based upon rights that are fundamental, expedient, essential, moral, no matter what defects may appear in and from their operation—rights humanity can not dispense with, and because of whose destruction people in Russia have been eating corpses.

The President has been patient, perhaps too patient, before issuing this dispatch. He invited a resumption of mining under a commission, with arbitration in view, and the invitation was rejected by the striking coal miners in a body, and by a small minority of the operators. The resources of official conciliation were thereby exhausted, and nothing remained but a stern assertion of fundamental rights, backed if necessary by the force of government. This assertion Mr. Harding has shown the courage to make. This force he calls on the governors to exert if necessary; with a pretty plain intimation that if they are too cowardly to do it the Federal government will. His style is, of course, more diplomatic than that, but that is what he means. The paws are velvet-smooth, but the claws are there. He says:

I trust you will find it consistent to second this invitation, if you have not already done so, with the invitation to all miners and operators to resume their work. The invitation should be accompanied by such assurance of maintained order and the protection of lawful endeavor as will give assurance to everybody concerned. I want to convey to you in this message the assurance of the prompt and full support of the Federal government whenever and wherever you find your own agencies of law and order inadequate to meet the situation. Your state government and the Federal government are responsible for maintained conditions under which free men, willing to work, may work in safety.

With this, the sentimental nonsense and palliation of murder in the supposed interest of the "exploited and oppressed" ought to stop. The "exploited and oppressed" can not be helped that way. Society can not be enriched by destroying the fundamental rights of property and of every free man to work when work is

offered or cease to work when he no longer finds it to his interest to continue.

In many states the governors have fallen down. Len Small has done nothing to make Illinois safe for free labor. If Governor Stephens has done anything to make California safe for free labor we do not recall what it was. On the contrary, he declined, from a distance of 500 miles, to send troops to Roseville when they were quite obviously needed. That was not an act of courage. It is the tendency of the local politician, and most governors are merely local politicians, to conciliate the local labor vote, so protection is withheld, "for fear of provoking violence," when it is well known that without the presence of the militia, or some equivalent police, violence is an almost inevitable concomitant of strikes. That is cowardly. If state rights suffer in this exigency and in similar ones in the future, it will be because some governors have been unfaithful to their duty of maintaining "conditions under which free men, willing to work, may work in safety," and have through their political cowardice made it necessary for the Federal government to intervene on the ground of protecting interstate commerce. And that will be a bad development, but the governors will be to blame, not the President. It is not he that lacks the courage necessary to the maintenance of the proper autonomy of the states.

With the next proposition the President lays down the *Argonaut* finds it difficult to agree; that "we are responsible for the production and transportation of a fuel supply ample for the necessities of the American people," etc. That is dangerous doctrine, or at least it is a statement capable of a dangerous interpretation. It is what the socialists would like to see generally recognized, but it will not do, strictly speaking. What the government is responsible for is what other parts of the President's dispatch have so simply and strongly defined: defense of the rights of property, and of the right of free men to work in safety. That is enough. It is all the situation calls for, and it is the proper limit of the function of the government. To assert the government's responsibility for the production and transportation of fuel, even if done for the laudable purpose of enlisting the coöperation of the governors, is to assert the doctrine of collectivism, and that can not safely be asserted; it can not even be admitted. It would be a reaction and a retrogression toward the communistic condition of the cannibal islands; whose stage of civilization and comfort we should ultimately reach if we went far down that road.

### Collegiate Vagrancy.

Of late the *Argonaut* has had more or less to say on the general subject of education, and from such a viewpoint education is and will remain a general subject, whose specifications are for the professional educator to define. It is not for journalism to say exactly what shall be taught in schools and colleges; it is enough for it to point to some scattering and expensive things that should not be. But while the *Argonaut* has been busy criticizing recent educational tendencies, it has not been alone, for the Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, has been pointing out to the National Education Association, meeting at Boston early this month, some of the ills that attend on the excessive sugar-coating of the educational pill. It is a coating that destroys the efficacy of the medicine, and should have no place in the pedagogic pharmacopœia. It takes the moral tonic out of any system of schooling to sweeten it and popularize it, as it cheapens and degrades it and robs it of its high authority and spiritual value to devote it to mere bread-and-butter purposes. Education made easy has lost 99 per cent. of its value. Education made "practical" has lost 50 per cent.; more than that, for it is the best half that is gone. In trying to recall the educators of the country to some sense of these



the Secretary of State has remarkably paralleled the criticisms of this paper. He says, among other things:

I think that we have done too much to encourage intellectual vagrancy in college. Of course, there should be opportunity to select courses having in view definite scholastic aims, but we have gone so far that a college education, outside of technical schools, may mean little or nothing. It is a time for reconstruction and for the establishment of definite requirements by which there will be secured better mental discipline, more accurate information, and appropriate attention to the things of deepest value which make for the enrichment of the whole life of the student.

What we have seen going on in our own university, Secretary Hughes has seen elsewhere. Intellectual vagrancy is no better East than West. Our university has a grand opportunity to lead the way back to the fundamental things of the mind and spirit, and it ought to have the courage to do it, no matter who may call such a movement old-fashioned. The sentimentalist may sigh for heaven on earth and delude himself with the supposition that it can be attained through the destruction of existing social forms and conventions and laws, and at Berkeley there is a growing feeling of that sort among the younger students, whose vision is uncorrected and whose ideas are not gathered into any sound fabric by the scientific light and leading of older and better-trained minds. But this is the way the matter looks to our Secretary of State, an able, courageous, and sensible man, who might have been thinking of Berkeley itself as he said to the assembled teachers:

It is impossible to provide a system of general education and ignore the need of discipline. The sentimentalists are just as dangerous as the materialists. No one will dispute the importance of making study interesting, of recognizing the individual bent or special gifts. But the primary lesson for the citizens of democracy is self-control, and this is achieved only through self-discipline. As I look back upon my own experience I find that the best lessons of life were the hardest. Even along the line of special aptitude it is the severe mental exercise, the overcoming of real obstacles, that counts. My mother's insistence on the daily exercise in mental arithmetic has been worth more to me than all the delightful dalliings with intellectual pleasures I have ever had. Life is not a pastime and democracy is not a holiday excursion. It needs men trained to think, whose mental muscles are hard with toil, who know how to analyze and discriminate, who stand on the firm foundation of conviction which is made possible only by training in the processes of reason. The sentimentalists must not be allowed to ruin us by dissipating the energy that should be harnessed for our varied needs.

When we consider the true object of education, to give the training which will enable one to make the most—that is the best—of oneself, we must realize that the foundation should be laid in a few studies of the highest value, in self-discipline, and that there should be supplied every incentive to attain that mental and spiritual culture which connotes, not merely knowledge and skill, but character. This means self-denial, hard work, the inspiration of teachers with vision, and an appreciation of the privileges and obligations of citizenship in democracy.

No one that has had anything to do with hiring young people and attempting to make them useful in the scheme of things today can have failed to notice their general lack of discipline and reliability of character, and of accuracy in performance, which is the expression of these things. This lack demonstrates that something is wrong with our educational methods. It shows that snap studies with plenty of leisure for joy riding and jazzing somehow fail to fill the requirements. And this is no mere fancy on our part. The Secretary of State has seen it, and demands its correction, in these weighed and weighted phrases:

In the elementary schools it means that sort of training which insists, at whatever cost, on the mastery by the student of the subject before him, on accuracy—the lack of which, I regret to say, is now conspicuous in students of all grades—the correct use of our language, and the acquisition of that modicum of information which every one should possess.

In the secondary schools (our high schools and academies) it means that we should stop scattering. There is at present a bewildering and unsuccessful attempt at comprehensiveness. It fails of its purpose in giving neither adequate information nor discipline. It asks too much of the student, and too little. I believe that we need to have a few fundamental, substantial studies which are thoroughly mastered. I am one of those who believe in the classical and mathematical training, and I do not think that we have found any satisfactory substitute for it. But the important point is the insistence upon concentration and thoroughness. The function of the secondary school is not to teach everything, but really to teach something, to lay the basis for the subsequent, and more definitely specialized, intellectual endeavor.

These are not the words of a sensationalist. They are the utterances of one of the sanest of men, a towering figure with a world outlook in these confused, uncertain times. They concern every one of us, but they concern our State University most of all, for it sets the

standard for the whole public school system of the state, and it is, moreover, the custodian of California's youth and California's future. There is more of this magnificent address, far more important and valuable and worthy of reprinting and free distribution in the *Congressional Record* than anything that has appeared in it for a long time; but we lack space for it all, and must conclude with these momentous passages:

We have given too scant attention to the demands of training for citizenship. This implies adequate knowledge of our institutions, of their development and actual workings. It means more than this in a world of new intimacies and complexities. It means adequate knowledge of other peoples, and for this purpose there is nothing to take the place of the humanities, of the study of literature and history. When I speak of the study of history I do not mean a superficial review, but the earnest endeavor to understand the life of people, their problems and aspirations. And at this time it is not simply or chiefly the history of a distant past that is most important to know; it is recent history, with sufficient acquaintance with the past to understand the extraordinary happenings and developments which have taken place in our own time, so that, through a just and clear discernment, our young men and women may properly relate themselves to the duties and opportunities of their generation.

We must not forget the many schools of experience, in one or more of which every American must take his course. But what we have regarded as the American character, that which we delight to praise as the dominant American opinion because of its clear, practical, and intelligent view of affairs, has resulted from the inter-action of the influence of the colleges and universities on the one hand and of these schools of experience on the other. We can not afford to do without either. And the most pressing need of our day is attention to the organization of American education.

### Edisonian Money.

Mr. Edison is a practical person, but he ought to confine himself to his field, which is, in general, the application of electro-magnetism—with some little excursions into the making of motion pictures, phonographs, and cement—and leave money-tinkering to such economists as Mr. Bryan, Henry Ford, Moreton L. Frewen, and Coin Harvey. His recent essay toward the solution of the country's difficulties is far less practical than the cockroach electrocutor he invented when he was a telegrapher. And it is not particularly new.

The Jersey wizard proposes (he hates to be called a wizard, but he has brought it on himself in more ways than one) that the government build a system of concrete warehouses in which the producers of non-perishable basic commodities such as foodstuffs, metals, minerals, fibres and oils, may store their surplus as a pledge for currency up to half its value, to be calculated on the average price of the past twenty-five years. The other half of the value will be represented by a pawn ticket. The producer may, of course, sell the pawn ticket, or borrow money on it. If he wants the goods back within a year he can redeem them by presenting the pawn ticket and the amount of currency he borrowed; which the government will cancel. If he does not want them back, the government can sell them at the expiration of a year—for what it can get. This pleasant plan Mr. Edison supposes will supply us with a non-fluctuating "standard of value and medium of exchange," and make life rosy for the agriculturist.

It is difficult to see anything in it that the farmer can not do now, except what he should never be permitted to do at all, and that is to receive warehouse receipts that the government has decreed shall be legal tender. There are plenty of warehouses in the country already, and if there are not more will be built as soon as the fact becomes apparent, and warehouse receipts are pretty good collateral. The Edisonian currency would consist merely of such receipts, except for its legal tender character; and the vices of giving such a character to two different commodities, gold and another, the disturbances that would follow it under Gresham's law, became pretty well known to the country during the free silver craze that reached its peak in the nomination of Mr. Bryan for the presidency in 1896. The basis of the security would be extremely defective, so the margin would have to be high. No average, over a period of twenty-five years or any other, would supply a non-fluctuating standard. It could not provide against future changes of value. There is no power of prophecy in averages. They can not look ahead and tell us about the effect on values of such violent upheavals of society and industry as the recent European war and the blind gropings toward justice and stability that have followed.

Tinkering with the country's money is a fascinating operation, and one that appeals to generous souls bent upon alleviating the sorrows of humanity. But it

doesn't need to be done, and the sorrows of humanity can not be alleviated in that manner, although much can be done in that manner to make them worse. Money is a wonderfully mobile and elastic thing. It moves with the speed of our swiftest modes of transportation from the place where it is abundant to the place where it is scarce, and the development of this mobility is one of the triumphs of the banking system. Like everything else, it conforms to the law of supply and demand; and thus responds automatically to the load put upon it. When it has additional work to do it rises in price, and so the prices of other things fall; and vice versa. In these fluctuations individuals get pinched for various sums, and their outcries are pathetic, but it can not be helped—they must take their chances; they are in the grip of forces mightier than the government or all governments severally or combined. Every once in awhile somebody thus pinched complains that his troubles arise from the fact that there is not enough money in the country to do the country's business, but he never says just how much is enough—because there is no such figure. Granting for argument's sake that government could increase or diminish the amount of money in the country, we can have either more money of less value or less money of more value, and hence it is useless to make the change, for it would only mean one more of those price disturbances in which the unwary come to grief. In response to the proportion of supply to demand, the value of money is changing every day, and that is bad enough without having the government make it worse by introducing artificial changes in response to class and political motives.

You can not make farming a bed of roses by monkeying with the country's money. Farming is hard work. No new form of currency will get up at 4 in the morning and milk the cows. Warehouse receipts, legal tender or not, will never make it rain in Kansas when it won't rain in Kansas, nor prevent it in the Argentine when it is due there. The farmer is a deserving person when he is a deserving person—just like the rest of us; and a wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice," a wealth of waving grass, and skies bending over broad landscapes, and the sweet scent of cut hay, and all the rest of that sort of thing, and time to think and feel in a natural manner, and good food on the table, and sound sleep o' nights, and hard muscles, and freedom from stiff collars and hard hats, is the farmer's to enjoy, and usually he is too tired to enjoy it; and that is too bad, but putting the government into the warehouse business, after its disastrous adventures in the shipping business and the railroad business, is not going to make it any better.

The farmer's main problems are not money problems, they are labor problems and market problems, and life problems. Mr. Edison has done a vast service to the farmer by his development of the electrical arts, by improving the telephone and the telegraph and the phonograph, by every one of his more than fifteen hundred inventions that has helped do our work and sweeten life. Mr. Ford has done a tremendous lot for the farmer by making cheap cars and tractors. That is real service. Doubtless Mr. Ford could do still more by producing cheap nitrates. But making cheap money will not help in any way that is permanent and general, although a few sharp persons might derive some advantage from it for awhile. And probably they would not be farmers.

### Life and Taxes.

The hope of prosperity, and of independence in old age, is one of which the human heart can not be robbed with safety to society or to human happiness. We may not attain the prosperity, or the comfort in our declining years, but at least we have an inalienable right to such hope. Moreover, it is expedient, and necessary. It is one of the main motives of endeavor, and is essential to the stability of the social order, to any real progress, even to the security of civilization. Without that hope there is nothing, and if it were killed out of the heart, a time would come when the whole amount of work done by men would hardly suffice to keep them in food, clothing, and shelter.

One thing that works incessantly to defeat such hope in this country is the increase of taxation. It discounts the best endeavors of the most frugal and industrious persons. It drags business and burdens the home. It discourages the new enterprises of which progress consists, and it makes it take longer by weary years to pay off the mortgage with which the home was built. It reduces the family income, and keeps the wife drudging along in last season's dress when she needs a new one.



And the merchant feels that, too. Taxation and progress are fundamentally hostile. Mounting taxation is the worst foe to American welfare today.

It cost about \$18,000,000 to administer the government of California in the two years 1907-1909. Our latest appropriation for the biennial period is \$91,000,000; in fourteen years it has been multiplied by five. There has been no such gain in population. That has not even doubled. The annual tax bill of the state, for Federal, county, municipal and state government, has reached the handsome figure of \$380,000,000; more than \$1,040,000 a day. It exceeds the aggregate value of all the field crops, fruits, and vegetables of the state, as estimated by the Federal Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates: that only came to \$363,000,000 a year ago.

We have to deal, to some extent, with the sleepless mobocratic desire to plunder property. This is assisted at times by a fallacious belief that it enhances prosperity to "make money circulate"; as though anything could keep it from circulating. And we have the incessant efforts of bureau attaches to extend bureaucracy and multiply tax-consuming positions. Such things are hard to control. But in addition there is a downward tendency on the part of the people themselves to engage, in the name of "progress," in more and more governmental activities, represented as progressive by over-busy and officious improvers, appealing to sentiment and unreflecting altruism. This manifests itself in the addition of item after item to the general burden of taxation and public debt, each item apparently worthy, each costing but little, but the whole amounting to a back-breaking aggregate.

At present it will do little good to scold at the excessive burdens put upon us by the war. They were unavoidable, their causes deep in history and social evolution, and we can hardly hope for much relief except through slow and painful liquidation. But there is one field nearer home in which we have manifested an irrational tendency to add to the burden, and where we might begin to retrench; where the load has been, with our careless consent, piled upon us one item at a time in a manner almost imperceptible; and that is the field of public education.

In San Francisco alone the increase in the tax rate for schools has outrun the increase in population four or five to one; and it is largely caused by a load of socialistic functions of little value to sound education. This merely reflects the general course in the state system, which in its turn has been affected by the example the State University has set in the confusion of the elective method, in some of the incidents of co-education, in reducing matriculation standards, admitting high school graduates without examination, relaxing restraints and impairing discipline, letting down academic aims to the level of popular and ignorant demands, providing feather-bed courses for the indolent, giving credits for dancing and swimming and lowering the dignity of scholarship to such a level that it excites no particular comment when a class in criminology can be instructed by an ex-burglar and boot-legger.

In San Francisco, the schools cost the taxpayers, for the year ending June 30, 1921, the sum of \$5,574,045 (without bond redemption), of which the state supplied \$844,318, leaving a net cost to the city of \$4,729,727. For next year the supervisors have set aside in the budget \$4,799,144, or over \$78,000 more, with but a slight increase of population, and in spite of the fact that the state will supply an additional \$1,345,932. The rate for this one purpose mounts much faster than the population to take care of it, and it mounts faster because it is not merely fundamental schooling that is being supplied nowadays, but a lot of extraneous and entirely dispensable activities, many of them under the departments of physical education and domestic economy.

Physical education has run wild. It now has its own bureau in the state department of education, and a corps of expensive teachers who have acquired a vested interest in their jobs, and would fight like wildcats to keep them. Nevertheless it was not so long ago that schools got along with some simple calisthenics to air the lungs and relieve the tedium of the classroom; calisthenics that the grade teacher could lead, without gymnasium apparatus. It was enough. But it was not expensive, and hence not "constructive," and some zealots induced a complacent legislature to prescribe

a time for physical education. That got the camel's head inside the tent, and the next session saw bills introduced "systematizing" the work—that is, providing for the employees. And now we have them. In San Francisco alone the instructors cost us some \$21,000 a year, and a stenographer \$1200. Before we had them they cost nothing, and we did very well, and that is what they ought to cost now.

There is the department of "home economics"; presumably something about cooking and washing dishes—all about how to make a pound of butter vanish on a hot stove. If any girl wants to learn to make biscuits like mother used to make the best instructor, one would suppose, would be mother herself, but perhaps she is too busy going to the movies, so father has to shoulder this additional burden in the tax bills. It costs in San Francisco more than \$50,000 a year for "home economics," and the end is not yet.

Then there are the kindergartens, product of German socialism and American female sentimentality and indolence. They do a work in the schools that mothers ought to be doing at home, and from all accounts we get they do not do it very well. They are socialistic municipal nurseries where the children are entertained and amused until amusement gets to be an expected thing, mental excitement is a habit, and discipline is nowhere. Grade teachers often complain that they have to undo a great deal of this kindergarten work before the child is ready to receive solid instruction in the subjects schools are for. Kindergartens are a German device for promoting dependence on government. In America they have no proper place, and while San Francisco has probably not gone to seed in this direction as badly as other cities, it is time to call a halt on this sort of progress. The system should not be extended. The budget item for kindergarten teachers this year is \$7000, plus part of an item of \$125,000 designated as an "allowance for elementary, high, kindergarten, part time, and other teachers, to be assigned"—\$125,000, just like that, so that the kindergartens are in part a blind item. Then there are courses in dressmaking and millinery, and courses in lip-reading for the deaf, and for the correction of defective speech, and courses in merchandising, and music, and navigation—probably all very well, severally, but a heavy load in the aggregate; and these subjects could all be learned under private instruction without burdening the already overburdened taxpayers. It is difficult to go into more detail in this matter because the report of the superintendent of schools for this year has not been published, and the general municipal report has not been published for six years. And, after all, these are but small items of the general waste. And all government is wasteful, we may be sure of that. What we can do is to resist sentimental endeavors to load it with more activities and with socialistic experiments, which, no matter how they result, are never cut out of the general political system, once they get in.

Government should stop with the necessary. It is all the governed can afford. And retrenchment should cut back to the necessary. Resistance will take the form of the argument that retrenchment would throw a good many people out of employment—but the same thing could be said of a general cure for disease: it would be greatly against the financial interests of the doctors, druggists, nurses and undertakers.

Germany is worse off in one way than the China she once despised. When she wishes to declare a moratorium she has to ask the Allies and get the consent of the French, who can't see anything in it, but in China the minister of finance just closes the doors of the treasury and walks off, after announcing that those doors will remain closed until funds can be found with which to do business. The Chinese method is much more comfortable for all concerned, debtor and creditors alike; the debtor doesn't worry, and the creditors get just as much. But then, China has not reached her ruin by way of an expensive war of aggression against her neighbors, and is entitled to some comforts. Meantime they are preparing for the wedding of the heir to the imperial throne, who is kept standing by for the emergency that may be caused by the failure of the pieces of the republic.

Some 10,000 persons signed a petition asking Mr. Davies to become a candidate. He failed to get that number of votes. Petition-signing is a well-known branch of American humor.—*New York Times*.

## THE CENTENARY OF PASTEUR

"Le Matin" Initiates Movement to Make the Celebration National at Paris Instead of Local at Strasbourg.

(Translated for the Argonaut from Le Matin.)

The government has decided to commemorate at Strasbourg the centenary of Pasteur, born the 27th of December, 1822. It is a noble and beautiful thought. At Strasbourg was outlined the destiny of the greatest scientist the nineteenth century knew. It was there that Pasteur taught chemistry from 1848 to 1854; there, with an annual salary of but 1200 francs, he developed in a laboratory always lacking in equipment the discoveries which have immortalized him. It was there also that he married "Mademoiselle Marie," daughter of the rector Laurent, whose hand he asked for in these terms: "My father is a tanner at Arbois, a small town of Jura. My sisters are with my father, engaged in the cares of home and business, and taking the place of my mother, whom we had the misfortune to lose in the month of May last. . . . As to the future, all I can say is that, unless a complete change should take place in my tastes, I shall consecrate myself to chemical research."

At a time when French instruction was introduced in the University of Alsace, it was well that Pasteur brought to it the lesson of that simplicity which German pride has never known. This was illustrated when on the 18th of January, 1871, he returned his diploma to the University of Bonn. The dean, Dr. Maurice Naumann, in reply, took occasion to express his great contempt for Pasteur. The generations that have succeeded these two men can now contrast at Strasbourg the brilliant achievements of Pasteur with the contempt of Naumann.

But it is not enough that Alsace honor Pasteur. His glory is that of all France. How can Paris remain impassive on the day that Strasbourg celebrates the memory of this great man? Can it be possible that the Academies, the Parliament, the Sorbonne, the schools, the Pasteur Institute itself, shall be represented at the centenary by only a few delegates in the parade? No! The centenary of Pasteur should be a magnificent review of all the benefits with which he has filled the world, with all the recognition that is his due. For this immense review it is necessary to have the setting of Paris.

*Le Matin* will alone assume, if necessary, the initiative, being certain of conveying the sentiments of the capital and country. But we are convinced that we shall have as willing assistants all men, all organizations, and all executives who realize the inconsistency of giving a local character to a celebration which should be the celebration of French genius and of universal gratitude.

All professions, all provinces, all classes will come with veneration to welcome the echo of that great voice which said in the hour of his success:

"All of you, whatever may be your career, do not permit yourselves to be overcome by disparaging and sterile skepticism; do not allow yourselves to be discouraged by the trials of certain sad periods that pass over a nation. Say to yourselves first: 'What have I done with my education?' Then, as you proceed: 'What have I done for my country?' And, when your efforts have been more or less favored by success in life, you should, as you approach the end, be able to say sincerely: 'I have done all that I could have done.'"

There is advice worthy to remember! In Pasteur there has come to us a man who has consecrated all his life to others, who wished no other joy than that of accomplishing a benefit for mankind, who by devoting every hour, every impulse of his genius, to the service of humanity accomplished, to use the words of Brouardel, "The most formidable of revolutions that in thirty centuries have aided medical science."

This great man among the great suffered more than once from the misunderstanding of men. As he was approaching his end he was heard to remark, upon reference being made to the many and constant attacks launched by those who attempted to deny or destroy the results of his work: "I did not know that I had so many enemies."

France today, after so much spilling of her blood in the world's cause, sees the results of her victory disputed just as Pasteur had heard the triumphs of his genius denied him; she also has reason to declare sadly: "I did not know I had so many enemies." May she, following the example of Pasteur and in commemoration of his centenary, have the courage to await the day of justice, and to apply herself daily without discouragement or anger in the spirit which animated the whole life of Pasteur, who often repeated: "We must work."

The appeal which *Le Matin* addressed to its readers, asking them to cooperate with it and the entire country in making a worthy celebration of the centenary of Pasteur, has had an echo in the municipal council. MM. Marcel Héraud and Deslandres have submitted a proposal under the terms of which the office of the assembly has been invited to study a project for a fitting celebration of the centenary of the illustrious savant. At Strasbourg the *Journal of Alsace and Lorraine* writes, with regard to the general celebration of the centenary of Pasteur:

"That is a praiseworthy initiative. Pasteur, the great



scientist, will be honored by a celebration in Paris, the heart of France, and at the same time in Strasbourg, heart of Alsace and advanced sentinel of latinity. What apotheosis could be more worthy to the memory of the great Pasteur!"

*Le Matin* has received the following letter:

"The permanent committee of celebrations of the beneficent works of chemists wishes to be among the first, if not the first, to respond to the appeal which *Le Matin* has addressed to its readers in favor of a Pasteur centenary celebration. You know the activity of this committee, its loyalty, its devotion. To serve—notably all the great interests of the country—is its motto. The generous initiative of *Le Matin* responds to its conception of something worthy to be done. We extend you our coöperation."

## VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

### A STATE ON TRIAL. (Washington Star.)

More than a fortnight has elapsed since the crime at Herrin, Illinois. There is no indication whatever of a prosecution of the perpetrators of that hideous outrage. If the state authorities are working they are covering their activities with a smoke screen, and as far as the public is informed nothing is doing. The only pronouncement thus far made on the subject is that of the coroner's jury, which laid the blame upon the company owning the mines and specifically upon the dead superintendent. Yet the country expects a prosecution, at least a show of law enforcement. It may be that the county in which the crime occurred will not yield a jury competent to pass upon the guilt of those who may be accused. If so there are other counties where fair trial might be held. The governor of the state himself has just been acquitted of charges of malfeasance in office in a changed venue.

The State of Illinois is virtually on trial at the bar of public opinion in this matter, and unless it acts sincerely and vigorously it will be condemned as incompetent. Such crimes are not strictly state affairs. They affect the welfare of the whole country. If mobs can form and massacre peaceful workers in Illinois they will be encouraged to permit similar crimes in other states. Public security is menaced everywhere by such violations of law. As the case now stands the partisan claims of labor leaders and their civic official sympathizers serve as full acquittals on the ground of self-defense, and every day that passes without stern action in the name of justice helps to establish those acquittals as the final verdict. If that verdict stands unchanged an indelible blot will have been put upon American honor.

## LYNCHING AND EXTRADITION.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Georgia had a governor in Hugh Dorsey who had the courage and the common sense to demand equal legal protection for blacks and whites and to antagonize lynching. To her disgrace Georgia retired Dorsey and took a man who was apologist for the lynchers. She stands, then, as a state where the majority sentiment supports mob murders.

If Georgia pays the penalty of this in the refusal of the governor of Ohio to extradite a negro accused of murder in the Cracker State, she has only herself to blame. It may be true, it probably is true, that in the election of next November Governor Davis is anxious to hold for the Republican party the sympathy and allegiance of the negro voters of Ohio. But leaving that out of the question, his course is understandable, as plainly justifiable as that of the Canadian courts who recently refused under similar conditions to send a negro back to North Carolina.

## RAILWAY WAGES.

(New York Tribune.)

In discussion of side issues bearing on the railway strike let no one forget the main fact.

What is it? It is whether or not railway wages, compared with the cost of living and the general purchasing power of the dollar, are up or down from conditions that existed in the pre-war era? Are the machinists and other repair and maintenance men relatively better off than they were, or are they worse off? It is possible that railway employees were getting too little in 1917, but some datum line must be adopted as presumptively fair.

According to figures of the Railroad Labor Board, the average hourly compensation of railway machinists in 1917 was 50.5 cents, against 70.3 cents under the new scale. During the same period the cost of living has had a net increase of 17 per cent. So the machinist gets in purchasing power 19 per cent. more than in 1917.

Figured in the same way, the striking car men have declined 45.7 per cent. more in actual wages, and the common labor increase is 45 per cent. So down the long list of classifications. As to every class the railway employees have made a large net gain. This, under economic law, has been at the expense of non-railway workers.

Figures make dull reading. But when accurately compiled they often tell a story not otherwise communicable. The evidence is that the period since 1917 has been one which railway employees may remember gratefully. They have prospered and are now prospering more than the rest of us.

## THE GROWTH OF MEDDLING.

(New York Times.)

A court decision now holds that the powers of the state movie censors extend to news reels as well as to those which are more or less hastily regarded as art, and that news photographs which seem indecent or improper to the censors may be excluded. Thus the censorship of the news begins, and it is hard to say where it will end.

The immediate danger, of course, is not great. Few people learn of what has happened from the movie news reels; and it would be rash to say that pictures could be shown in public of everything which may be described in the news. But the wedge usually enters by the thin end. In this particular case, the picture found obscene by our censors represented nothing but some girls in one-piece bathing suits, a spectacle which can be seen at Long Beach any Sunday, and which the average observer does not find in any way exciting. But nobody is qualified for a job as censor unless he is able to see evil where the ordinary mind would never notice it.

The powers of the movie censors stop with the movies. But it has been held that they may forbid the showing of photographs of things that have happened. Apparently, there is nothing in the decision or the regulations of the commission that might prevent partisan censors from applying their powers to the elimination of news that had a political aspect. And when the next offensive comes for the extension of a moral censorship to printed works this precedent may prove inconvenient. If books are censored, why not magazines? At least one of the books suppressed in recent years on motion of the Vice Society had run through magazine serialization with no

objections, so far as the public knows. If it was wicked, it was just as wicked in the magazine. And if magazines, why not newspapers?

There is some logic in these arguments, and they lead straight to the conclusion that the public should be permitted to read and see only what three political appointees think will be good for it. Our censors in this state are not so bad as most, but persons of tolerance and judgment can rarely be persuaded to become censors, and are still more rarely invited.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Avice.

Though the voice of modern schools  
Has demurred,  
By the dreamy Asian creed  
'T is averred,  
That the souls of men, released  
From their bodies when deceased,  
Sometimes enter in a beast, —  
Or a bird.

I have watched you long, Avice,—  
Watched you so,  
I have found your secret out;  
And I know  
That the restless ribboned things,  
Where your slope of shoulder springs,  
Are but undeveloped wings  
That will grow.

When you enter in a room,  
It is stirred  
With the wayward, flashing flight  
Of a bird;  
And you speak—and bring with you  
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,  
And the wind-breath and the dew,  
At a word.

When you called to me my name,  
Then again  
When I heard your single cry  
In the lane,  
All the sound was as the "sweet"  
Which the birds to birds repeat  
In their thank-song to the heat  
After rain.

When you sang the *Schwalbenlied*,  
'T was absurd,—  
But it seemed no human note  
That I heard;  
For your strain had all the trills,  
All the little shakes and stills,  
Of the over-song that rills  
From a bird.

You have just their eager, quick  
"Airs de tête,"  
All their flush and fever-heat  
When elate;  
Every bird-like nod and beck,  
And a bird's own curve of neck  
When she gives a little peck  
To her mate.

When you left me, only now,  
In that furred,  
Puffed, and feathered Polish dress,  
I was spurred  
Just to catch you, O my sweet,  
By the bodice trim and neat,—  
Just to feel your heart beat,  
Like a bird.

Yet, alas! Love's light you deign  
But to wear  
As the dew upon your plumes,  
And you care  
Not a whit for rush or hush;  
But the leaves, the lyric gush,  
And the wing-power, and the rush  
Of the air.

So I dare not woo you, Sweet,  
For a day,  
Lest I lose you in a flash,  
As I may;  
Did I tell you tender things,  
You would shake your sudden wings;—  
You would start from him who sings,  
And away. —Austin Dobson.

### The Northern Lights.

To claim the Arctic came the sun  
With banners of the burning zone.  
Unrolled upon their airy spars,  
They froze beneath the light of stars:  
And there they float, those streamers old,  
Those Northern Lights, forever cold!  
—Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

### Morning Song.

Up! quit thy bower! late wages the hour,  
Long have the rooks caved round the tower;  
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,  
And the wild kid sports merrily.  
The sun is bright, the sky is clear;  
Wake, lady, wake! and hasten here.

Up, maiden fair! and bind thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air!  
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream  
Is dancing in the sunny beam.  
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay:  
Leave thy soft couch and haste away!

Up! Time will tell the morning bell  
Its service-sound has chimed well:  
The aged crone keeps house alone,  
The reapers to the fields are gone.  
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,  
Lo! while thou sleepest they haste away!  
—Joanna Baillie

The Bank of England was established in the city of London in 1694. Although a private institution, it is under government control, and constitutes the treasury of the empire, England having no national treasury like that of the United States. It is managed by a governor, deputy governor, and twenty-four directors.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William McFee, the novelist, is an engineer on one of the United Fruit Company's steamers, plying between New York and ports of the West Indies.

Andrew C. Lawson, whose recent article on the prediction of earthquakes has attracted wide attention, is a celebrated field geologist, and has been professor of mineralogy and geology at the University of California since 1890. From 1914 to 1918 he was dean of the college of mining at the same institution. He is a past president of the Seismological Society of America, and the author of many papers and monographs on geology.

One of the popular members of the Washington diplomatic corps, although without regular standing, is Señor Don Manuel C. Tellez, secretary to the Mexican Embassy. Señor Tellez has been at Washington for several years and has made a host of friends. For a large part of the time of his residence he has been in charge of Mexican matters, owing to the absence of an ambassador because of the non-recognition policy of the United States.

William J. O'Toole of Gary, West Virginia, who has just been appointed minister to Paraguay, is the youngest man in the diplomatic service holding that rank, and being just twenty-eight years of age, he is among the youngest who have been named for such high responsibility by the Secretary of State. Mr. O'Toole is well known in Washington, where he passed five years at the Catholic University, receiving his degree of A. M. in 1915. He is the son of General Edward O'Toole, an official of the United States Steel Corporation, and since his return from military duty has lived in Gary and held a position under his father. On the outbreak of the war, young O'Toole trained at Fort Benjamin Harrison, and after receiving his commission he was at once transferred to Camp Grant, where he remained throughout the hostilities, acting as instructor.

George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and one of the most widely known of American journalists, is fond of Northern California, and especially of the Eel River country, where his summer vacations are habitually spent. He believes the great redwood forests are the most beautiful wilderness in the world, and worth more to the people in their natural state than sawed into lumber. He declares that if we destroy the wildernesses where people can enjoy a little taste of pioneering life such as our ancestors had, we shall change the national character, and not for the better. Lorimer is a Kentuckian, born at Louisville, and is the son of a clergyman. He became editor-in-chief of the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1899, and is the author of "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," "Old Gorgon Graham," "The False Gods," and "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal."

George Wharton Pepper, junior senator from Pennsylvania, is probably that "Philadelphia lawyer" whose astuteness is so often requisitioned in debate for the solution of mysterious problems of the law. He has practiced in Philadelphia continuously for thirty-two years, and is the author of many legal text-books. He is a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, where he was once Algernon Sidney Biddle professor of law. He is an Episcopalian, and has represented the diocese of Pennsylvania for many years in the general convention of that communion. What is not so generally known of him is that he was once hammer thrower of prowess, keeps himself in superb physical condition, and was supposed to be the hardest muscled man in the Senate until Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin demonstrated superior toughness. Pepper never slights an opportunity for exercise, plays tennis on the White House courts with his son-in-law almost every morning before the other senators are out of bed, and several afternoons a week he plays baseball with the Senate pages in front of the Capitol. He was appointed to the Senate by the governor of Pennsylvania to succeed the late Boies Penrose.

Lord Milner, K. G., formerly British secretary of state for war, who has just become president at the age of seventy of the Rio Tinto Copper Company of Spain, was governor-general of South Africa at the time of the outbreak of the Boer war. After that struggle, and the organization of the Union of South Africa, he received a pressing invitation from the late J. Pierpont Morgan to join the Morgan firm and take charge of the London end of the business, but he preferred political service to a commercial career and so declined. His experience in political service has been broad. He began life as a journalist, and became private secretary to Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, in 1887. From 1889 to 1892 he was under secretary for finance in Egypt, and then became chairman of the board of inland revenue, governor of the Cape of Good Hope, governor of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, high commissioner for South Africa, member of the war cabinet without portfolio in 1916 and secretary of state for war in 1918. In 1919 he became secretary of state for the colonies. He was created first Viscount Milner in 1902. His book, "England in Egypt," has long been regarded as authoritative on that complicated subject. He remained a bachelor until his sixty-ninth year, when he married the beautiful and gifted widow of Lord Edward Cecil, who, in her childhood, sat for Sir John Millais' painting known as "Puss in Boots."



## BAMBOOZLEMENT.

Rare, Book by a Medium, Reprinted, Shows How the Miracle Makers Make Them.

The proper reviewer for this book, "The Revelations of a Spirit Medium," would be Joseph Rinn, name anathema to the spiritual mediums of the country and many of the spiritualists of the world, including Sir Oliver Lodge, who disdained to submit to his tests. For Rinn, New York merchant and amateur exposé of humbug, not only knows all their tricks, but can do all their tricks, including Eusapia Paladini's, which he detected and exposed. As to the value and timeliness of the volume in this pathetic period of the world there can be no question. Rough, defectively composed, atrociously printed from zinc-type plates apparently, it has those internal consistencies that are the earmarks of truth.

This is a book with a mystery and a history. When first issued in cheap form from some press in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1891, it was extensively bought up by mediums and destroyed. So it became rare. This reprint is prefaced, introduced, and supplied with notes and a bibliography of the subject extending over twenty-eight pages, by Harry Price, F. R. N. S., librarian of the Magicians' Club, London, member of the Society for Psychical Research, and of the Society of American Magicians, and Eric J. Dingwall, M. A., member of the Society for Psychical Research and of the Inner Magic Circle, London. As for the authorship of the text, that is by A. Medium—which one is not divulged; nor discovered, though much speculation has been devoted to it. And while it exposes the methods and tricks of thirty years ago, we may be sure humanity is just as credulous today, and that some at least of those tricks will never grow old. Just as credulous? It is more so. And Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Crooks have lent their names and the inseparable authority of science to the support of a belief that has little other foundation than the desire of hearts wrung by sorrow, and driven to seek comfort from quacks. Perhaps they get it, at times. We doubt if such comfort does much good, or is to be preferred in the long run to the moral gain of standing up to the common lot of grief, and suffering it with fortitude until it gets to be an old story and subsides. But undoubtedly in the general woe that has followed the deaths of millions in the war, many others left to carry their burdens alone have become an easy prey to the peddlers of delusions and enervating beliefs.

Well, let us get on with our sheep: the book itself. It is one of the most entertaining that has possessed us for some time. Its faulty grammar and obsolete slang as well as the vile reproduction of its uncorrected letterpress mark it for genuine. These are undoubtedly real confessions; the experiences of a successful fraud at one of the greatest of modern impostures. And a broad principle of human feeling and conduct (what some persons just have to call "psychology") is revealed in the manner by which the author, from the viewpoint of a sincere believer in spiritualism and mediums, becomes himself a medium. He was urged by friends to develop his "mediumistic powers," as Sir Oliver Lodge would put it. To do this he was to sit in a "cabinet" made of hangings across a corner of a room, with his believing friends as audience, until something occurred to indicate that the spooks had taken notice. He says of himself at this time:

Thus encouraged, he continued the "sittings" until the sixth month had passed into the months that are gone. Nothing had occurred, except a healthy desire on the part of both "medium" and sitters that the "manifestations" be forthcoming, *betting in the "medium" an inclination to cause some phenomena on his own hook.* The more he thought about it the stronger became the desire to practice a little deception on his friends, then, after telling them of it, drop the matter entirely. After turning it over in his mind for some time, he concluded he would see what effect a few spurious "manifestations" would have on his friends. It would be easy, they having unbounded confidence in him. His mind made up to do it, he hardly knew what to try, and finally concluded he would wait until the "sitting" came around and, after getting into the "cabinet" see what suggested itself. This was the course he pursued, and on one Saturday evening, after the first song had been sung, the "sitters" were delighted to hear sharp raps, seemingly on the walls of the room within the "cabinet." Of course, the "medium" had to be happily surprised, or appear so, which he did, and his first act of deceit was done. He was forced to deny the authorship of the raps, also, and the first lie had been given birth.

*Facilis descensus.* He felt that he was in for it. There was no way to explain his little joke without wounding the sensibilities of the believing friends "out in front." So on he went:

A dozen times was he on the point of peaching on himself, but as many times did a sense of shame overcome his resolution, and he told himself he would tell them one at a time, as he met them, laugh it down and dismiss any further "sittings." The "sitters" were so delighted, and offered so many unselfish congratulations and encouragements, shaking his hand and patting him on the back, it is no wonder he felt his smallness. One of the ladies remarked:

"There! I am sure none of us need ever have any doubts regarding the 'physical manifestations' after this. I am sure Mr. ——— would be guilty of no act of deceit."

Then he became like the victim of the dreadful buckwheat cake habit described by Bill Nye—or was it Mark Twain? The first buckwheat had no perceptible bad effects, and the victim was induced to venture on an-

other. More followed, until he became an addict. He sacrificed his fortune, his good name, the roof from over the heads of his wife and children, to satisfy his wild craving for buckwheat cakes. No tears and piteous pleas of wife and mother and little ones could call him back from the brink of ruin over which he seemed determined to plunge. So with our medium. He couldn't stop. He invented a "control" or tutelary ghost, who advised him to charge strangers for sitting in at the demonstrations. He invented more tricks. And then:

Many were the congratulations received by the "medium" over the progress made and the wonderful "manifestations" just received. The strangers paid their admission fee and expressed themselves as well pleased that so wonderful a "medium" was being developed right there in the city, and they should not have to depend upon the traveling "mediums" when they wanted communication with their friends. After his visitors had departed, the "medium" took the dollar from his pocket and wondered what he should do with it. He had made up his mind, now, to become a professional "medium," and concluded he would keep it for the purchase of articles he would require in his business. Since his "sitters" had mistaken his handkerchief for a human face, he had an idea that he could provide something that would not require so much of the imagination to make it appear a face, and to that use was put the dollar received at his first public "seance." Repeating to a toy and novelty house he purchased one of those wire gauze masks, which would permit a light to shine through it. This he trimmed down until it could be put into the breast pocket, and yet enough remained to make quite a good spirit face. By putting this mask in front of the luminous handkerchief a luminous face and head was presented. It was bald of course, until he discovered that with a small piece of black cloth he could put hair on the gentleman. That wire mask has been recognized by dozens of persons as fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, sweethearts, wives, husbands and various other relatives and friends.

It would astonish you, reader, to know what a large number of the faces are recognized as friends and relatives by the people who receive them. The writer knows of at least five people who have recognized Lydia Pinkham's newspaper cut as relatives, after it had been transferred to the "medium's" slate.

In fact, humanity believing what it wishes to believe, sees what it wishes to see, and that accounts for the wild tales we hear and the wild things at which people wonder. This book is a revelation, not merely of the tricks of mediums, but of the unreliability of human testimony. It should greatly interest lawyers, judges, and policemen.

Rinn, to whom we referred above, can convince the ordinary person that the phenomena produced by mediums can be reproduced at will by any magician who has the apparatus. But the converted spiritualist replies that mediums, at least honest mediums, do not do it that way, but by the aid of spirits. To such credulity there is hardly any effective answer, except that famous one by Lecky, who, after conceding that there is no way to prove a negative, merely observes that as people advance in culture they cease to believe in miracles. The "Revelations" however, go a step beyond Rinn. They not only show that the dishonest mediums "do it that way," namely physically and deceptively, like stage magicians, but they leave little room to believe that there are any other sort. The author developed a fine inventive faculty, until he was at the top of his sinister profession. He practiced all over the United States and made large sums of money, with the devices of fraud and chicane and with apparatus beside which the ordinary stage magician's is crude. He was part of the inner craft, and was frequently consulted by other mediums for new tricks and methods. And he testifies:

He will say, just here, that of all the "mediums" he has met, in eighteen years, and that means a great many, in all phases, he has never met one that was not sailing the very same description of craft as himself. Every one; no exception. Of course, the lecturers he has met, who do not lecture under "influence," and have no phase of "mediumship," are probably honest in what they teach. They are not different to any other convert to spiritualism who does not lecture. There may have been a few of the "inspirational speakers," too, who were honestly mistaken as to the inspiration. It is a fact that he has "developed" inspirational speakers, for a financial consideration, who have taken to the platform, and who believed themselves inspired. It is true, too, that in some cases he was not very proud of the quality of inspiration he had developed. He was proud of no part of it, save the financial consideration which reposed in his wallet.

There is a full exposure of the cabinet manifestations that have befuddled so many persons—that sort in which the medium is tied in a chair, and banjos are played, bells rung, horns blown, and a guitar is waved through the air above the curtains with a tune proceeding from it—played, not by a returned spirit, but by a small Swiss music box inside, costing about a dollar. Some of the adventures with persons determined on exposing the tricks are amusing. One reporter insisted that the medium go into the cabinet with a mouthful of wine and hold it. The medium had to think fast that time, but he got hold of the bell, inverted it between his knees, and it held the wine while he blew the horn, when he was able to take the wine into his mouth again, come out with it, and convince them all that he had had nothing to do with the horn physically. In performing this trick Rinn goes into the cabinet with a mouthful of coffee and comes out with a mouthful of milk.

And here is the chemical explanation of many fine feats:

Dissolve one-half ounce of camphor in two ounces of aquavite; add one ounce of quicksilver and one ounce of liquid styrax, which is the product of the myrrh, and which prevents the camphor igniting. Shake and mix well together. Bathe the inside of the hand and the fingers in this preparation, allowing it to dry in and you can duplicate the performance with the lamp chimney and hold your fingers in the blaze quite a while without any bad effect. You will also be able to accomplish it without any grimaces or gibberish or rolling of the eyes.

For the remainder of the performance, dissolve all the salt

a tea-cup of water will contain. In another cup dissolve a tablespoonful of soda in warm water. Now pour the two together, and after they are well mixed wash the little boy's hair, or that portion you intend using in your experiment as a sun worshipper, combing it until dry. Now take the necktie of a gentleman friend, and your confederate, and after washing it allow it to dry. You are now ready to accomplish the feat in its entirety, the only thing needful being to roll your eyes, throw back your head, and make sounds that would shame a Siwash Indian with your voice. You could go the lady one better by adding to the first preparation two ounces of pulverized red stone. After stirring it well together rub the bottoms of your feet with it and you can walk several steps on a bar of red hot iron.

The tricks of slate writing for his time are explained by the author, and he gives full consideration to the belief on the part of the victims that they have held fast to the slates so that the medium could not have inserted or substituted anything, or written on them himself or had a confederate do so. But he says:

No man ever received "independent slate writing" between slates fastened together that he did not allow out of his hands a few seconds. Scores of persons will tell you that they have received writing under those conditions through the "mediumship" of the writer; but the writer will tell you how he fooled them and how you can do so if you see fit.

Another feat that drove people almost wild was performed in the following way:

Performer shows slates clean and washes them to insure against having been prepared. He now binds them tightly together and coming down into the audience has some gentleman hold them above his head, in full view of the audience. He then produces a book of poems and allows one of the audience to open it at random by pushing his pencil or knife blade between the leaves. The book is opened and the performer reads the first two verses of the poem on each page, after requesting the spirits to write what he reads between the slates. After the reading is finished the slates are opened and the verses just read are found copied between the slates. "There!" you will say; "your silicate flap or acid writing will not work in this case, for the writing is done after the book is opened and read, which is done after the slates are fastened together."

The writing was done through the flap method, just the same. How did he know where the book would be opened? He did not care where it was opened, as the book was specially made for him and every page was *exactly* alike with the exception of the number. Not very wonderful, is it?

The educational value of the movies has been illustrated again of late by some pictures showing a girl who can not be lifted by the strongest man against her will. Some such person is always cropping up to amaze the wondering. Here is the explanation, a very ordinary, natural one, applied to the case of Lulu Hurst, the Georgia Wonder:

The trick of lifting her from the floor is that upon which they put special value as indicating the operation of the force, but, as in all the other tricks, there is a mechanical advantage taken by the lady which renders it impossible to lift her. The trick lies entirely in the position of the body. The elbows are thrown slightly out and back, the shoulder blades are slightly drawn together, the spine elongated to its full extent and the body slightly inclined forward. In this position no man on earth can lift her or any other lady or person who will practice the trick until the proper position is learned. The trick of holding her after the chair on which she stands has been drawn from under her is likewise dependent entirely upon the position of her arms. Her elbows are thrown either forward or backward sufficient to permit of her easily dropping to the floor. Those attempting to hold her up are thrown out of balance and all power of lifting is lost. She will not submit to a straight, fair, vertical lift, but invariably drops out of the vertical line. In lifting her from the floor she will not permit any but one certain hold. If the lifter could put his arms around her, grasping her left wrist with the right hand and her right wrist with the left hand, then she could be easily lifted, for her power of squirming would be killed. All the element of flesh contact may in this case be preserved, but she will not permit it. So, too, in holding her up, if the lifter could have one hand under her arm at the shoulder joint, any two boys in the land could lift her up.

Do mediums work together? Apparently many do, to the extent of large collections of information about credulous individuals and their dead, gleaned from cemeteries and small town gossip. Family albums yield portraits, and are used by "spirit photographers," another branch of the craft, to make spirit photographs of dead persons hovering about the living. Having gained access to a believer's home, and induced him by some pretext to leave the room, the medium opens the album:

It is your duty to yourself and brother "mediums" to be at all times armed with the 25-cent cameras. These cameras are made of paper or pasteboard. In order to obtain a copy of a photograph, pull the two ends as far apart as they will go, which is the proper focus for an object one foot distant. Now place the photo to be copied in position and tear the small square of black paper from the aperture, retaining the end that hung loose. Count fifteen, and stick the piece of black paper over the aperture—it was already mucliged, all you have to do was lick it—press the end together, put it in your pocket, and you have a fair copy of the picture.

Should fraudulent consolations be peddled about? It is hard to think if you believe in the truth. On this head the author says:

The writer has furnished positive proof of life everlasting to scores of skeptical minds that the church did not reach. It was very satisfactory proof to them, but the writer knew just how much it was worth, and for his own satisfaction it did not fill the bill.

It is very pleasant to believe that you do not stop in the grave, if you can; but a large majority of people do not want to believe it any longer—they want to know it.

Perhaps the next best thing to knowing whether you will stop in the grave or not would be not to care whether you did or not, but that is an Oriental attitude, and few Occidental souls can feel that way. Meantime, there is little real danger of disturbing anybody's belief in spirits, once they have it. The psychologists who present this book have remarked: "Once converted, a spiritualist seems able to believe any nonsense."

REVELATIONS OF A SPIRIT MEDIUM. Edited by Price and Dingwall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 15, 1922, were \$148,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$126,700,000; an increase of \$21,600,000.

Owners of railroad bonds, especially speculative issues, have perhaps been at somewhat of a loss to interpret the respective actions of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Railroad Labor Board in announcing reductions in freight rates and certain classifications

concerned, the situation, if it has changed, has changed for the better. Uncertainty in the matter of freight rates is now removed and there is no occasion for deferring traffic longer because of the expected reduction. A few suggestions follow, whereby the investor can procure a high yield without assuming undue risk among the second-grade rail bonds.

Missouri Pacific general mortgage 4s, 1975, at 64 yield about 6.40 per cent. This company was effectively reorganized five years ago, and its capitalization was adjusted to earning power. A return of 5 3/4 per cent. should cover all fixed charges one and a half times over; but the road operates in a territory capable of marked development, which means heavier traffic and larger earnings. These bonds should gradually work into a high-grade investment position.

St. Louis-San Francisco prior liens 5s, 1950, at 86, yield about 6.10 per cent. This road also operates in a territory with possibilities of greatly increased traffic. Its revenues have been practically doubled since 1914. These bonds are outstanding in three series, to a total amount of about \$126,325,000. The total indebtedness of the company amounts to less than \$38,000 per mile, of which the prior liens represent all but about \$3000.

Southern Railway General 4s, 1856, at 67, yield 6.40 per cent. In good times and bad, this road has been able to earn its fixed charges by a fair margin, and now that better days are ahead for the cotton-growing communities, these bonds are in line for a higher investment rating. In 1914, when cotton prices were extremely low, Southern Railway earned its fixed charges about one and a half times over.

The outrageous behavior of union labor in southern Illinois, and the seditious utterances of the labor leaders at Cincinnati, have effectually alienated any decent public sympathy for the striking coal miners. The whole affair is thoroughly typical of Bolshevik Russia and abhorrent to the principle of our republic. There is reason to hope that the more aggressive attitude of the Federal government marks the beginning of the end of the strike.

The financial developments of the post fortnight include the lowering of the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York from 4 1/2 to 4 per cent., the advance of some of the Liberty bonds to new high prices, and the extreme weakness in foreign exchange, especially German marks and French francs. The action of the New York bank, which will probably be followed by reductions by other Federal Reserve banks, had been long anticipated, and particularly since the recent decrease of the English bank rate. The prospect is of a continuance of easy money, which is, of course, a bullish influence on the trend of security prices.

The decline in exchange indicates the desperate financial condition of Germany and may result in forcing France to take a more reasonable attitude in regard to the indemnity and the question of floating a German loan, which economists generally insist is a necessary step toward the rehabilitation of Europe. In spite of Germany's past sins, she is still so economically important that the prosperity of her neighbors depends upon her recovery and, sooner or later, this fact must be recognized by continental politicians, as it already is in England and America.

The strike of some classes of the railway workers is not regarded as a very serious menace, either by the financial community or the roads' executives. As it stands, the strike is practically in defiance of the United States

government and, under these circumstances, the outcome is hardly open to question. Consistent improvement continues to be shown in most industries throughout the country. The improved crop outlook for grain is reflected in better business for the mail-order firms and makers of farm implements.

The spectacular seventy-point rise and subsequent thirty-point reaction in Mexican Petroleum, with the squeezing of a big short interest, has influenced the trading aspect at times. There has been considerable absorption of the comparatively small supply of the stock by people cognizant of the real value of the issue and the importance of the recent oil discoveries in the company's territory. Some other speculative leaders were bid up sharply, and later the rails under the leadership of New York Central. It is among these latter stocks that there are now to be found some of the safest and most attractive speculations, particularly Baltimore & Ohio, the St. Pauls, Wheeling & Lake Eries, Rutland preferred, New York Central, Wabashes, Pittsburgh & West Virginia, Nickel Plate and Pere Marquette. The strike threat has permitted strong interests to accumulate the attractive rails.—*The Trader.*

An important development affecting bond prices was the recent action of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, followed soon after by the Boston bank, in reducing the official rediscount rate from 4 1/2 per cent. to 4 per cent. Such a reduction has been warranted for some time and the announcement caused no surprise, but at the same time it had a stimulating effect on the bond market. The present cur is the sixth which has been made since the high rate of 7 per cent. ruled from February 5th to May 4th, 1921. A week previous the Bank of England took similar action. It is thought that other district reserve banks will also reduce their rediscount rates soon, says *Forbes Magazine*.

The bond market, especially for Liberties, which possess a high collateral value, responded to the lower discount rate by going to new high levels. The credit resources of the banking system are now so great that it would require a tremendous expansion on the part of commerce before the demand would occasion permanently higher money rates and, aside from technical reactions, lower bond prices are improbable.

While there is sufficient credit to meet the requirements of the stock and bond markets and increasing trade demand, bond market activities should not be confused with business activities. It means rather the investment of capital in sound corporate instruments instead of its use in business transactions, and care in selecting investments is still a prime factor.

One of the most stable enterprises is that of furnishing public service, and in good times and bad the ratio of defaults for public utility bonds in comparison with other classifications is extremely small. The following public utility bonds are attractive for investment purposes at this time:

Northern States Power 5s, 1941, at 92, to yield about 5.70 per cent. Outstanding to the amount of \$24,560,000, secured by a first lien or deposit of securities upon property valued at \$72,098,000. This company has shown a healthy expansion in earning power and at this time is making marked strides in increasing net income. The company is in a sound position and paying dividends on the common stock.

Commonwealth Power First 6s, 1947, at 90, to yield about 6.85 per cent. The \$12,500,000 of bonds are secured by a pledge of \$27,325,900 of common and \$5,382,500 preferred stocks which represent the control of five strong public utility operating companies. None of the

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collateral can be retired and as the sinking fund operates, the bondholders' equity materially increases.

Illinois Power First 7s, 1936, at 101, to yield about 7 per cent. The company supplies public service to the city of Springfield, Illinois. Net earnings are running at the rate of about two and a half times the annual interest requirements on the total funded debt of the com-



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cultural products was more than 10 per cent. Averaging the reductions which have already taken place with those which will be effective July 1st, the net for all loadings is probably not more than 5 or 6 per cent.

The wage reductions mean a saving of \$100,000,000 a year, it is estimated, and with other economies and the increase in shipments which are quite sure to come in 1922, the freight reduction should be fully offset and, in time, gross revenues should reach a new high figure.

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Pinkard, Shaughnessy & Anderson, investment bankers, have recently moved their offices from 345 Montgomery Street to larger and more conveniently arranged quarters on the mezzanine floor of the California Commercial Union Building, corner Pine and Montgomery Streets.

A new issue of \$200,500 Iliff Municipal Irrigation District, Logan County, Colorado, serial 6 per cent. bonds is being offered by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, due serially from June 1, 1923, to June 1, 1931, at prices to yield 6 1/4 per cent. income tax exempt.

These are old seasoned bonds, the available portion of \$209,000 unmatured outstanding bonds issued in 1911. They are a prior tax lien concurrent with other general taxes, ranking ahead of mortgages and other private liens. There are 13,256 acres of irrigated lands directly taxed for payment of these bonds. The resident population within the district is approximately 3000. The average value per acre is \$93. Taxes for payment of principal and interest of bonds are levied by the county commissioners and are collected by the county treasurer at the same time and together with state, county, and school taxes.

It has frequently been said that money invested in public utilities, and therefore devoted to the public service, should be satisfied with a lower return than money invested in other enterprises, says Floyd W. Parsons in a recent article in *World's Work*.

Such an assumption is absolutely unwarranted, for one person who has money to invest is always just like another. Practically every one who has money strives to invest it where it will bring the largest return with the greatest degree of safety.

If any one is offered an investment in a public utility that pays 5 per cent., and just as good an investment in something else that pays 8 to 10 per cent., it is an absolute certainty that the investment netting the largest return will get the money.

Let no one overlook the truth that money is a commodity which we buy and sell just as we buy and sell grain or clothes or lumber.

A public utility or a municipality can not buy money for less than other people pay for it, any more than this same utility or municipality can buy coal or labor for less than it is worth in the market.

Every utility, no matter where it is located, requires new capital for continuous additions to its plant, and it can not get this necessary capital unless the corporation is permitted to earn and pay a fair return on the new money.

Mr. Cyrus Peirce of Cyrus Peirce & Co., investment bankers, has just returned from several weeks' travel in European countries. During his trip he visited the most important financial and business centres in Switzerland, Germany, France, Czechoslovakia and Austria. Mr. Peirce says:

"Germany is working, and working hard from morning until night. All of the basic industries are busy, though some of the manufacturers of specialties are working part time."

"The two outstanding features that particularly impress travelers are, first, the enormous amount of electric power line construction that is noticeable everywhere. High-tension lines are covering the country. Every bit of falling water is being utilized. In addition to that, the thousands of acres of lignite, or what is commonly known in Germany as "brown coal," are being stripped by steam shovels and mined the same way for compression into briquets to be burned under central power stations. In other words, Germany is straining every nerve to make herself independent of the Saar Valley in case she should lose it."

"The second noticeable fact is the tremendous amount of new building construction that you see everywhere. Factories are building large additions and old workmen's houses are being replaced by new and modern structures. This, of course, appears to be an evidence of great prosperity, but in digging into the reason for this one finds that it comes from an entirely different cause. Nothing is allowed to be shipped out of Germany except under a permit issued by the government. The reason for this is twofold: first, because Germany wants to keep the retail prices in Germany very low, because of the depreciated mark, and second, because the government wants, as far as possible, to control the exchange situation. Therefore, practically no



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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

...s and minds of her own people. Until they can change their point of view and get some backbone, Vienna will continue to be on object of charity.

"Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, is a busy city, but looks as if it needed a thorough housecleaning. The principal industry of Czechoslovakia just as present is politics. The country itself looks prosperous. Agri culturally, its principle products seem to be wheat and hops with some fruit. In western Czechoslovakia, or what was part of the old Bohemia, the industries appear to be reasonably busy.

"Switzerland industrially is having a rather hard time. There has been no depreciation in Swiss exchange, and for that reason no particular inducement for people to buy, and since Switzerland's principal output, high-grade watches, is distinctly a luxury, the Swiss have had pretty hard sledding. On the other hand, there has been a terrific American invasion of Europe this year, and when it begins to get hot in Paris the line of tourists will begin to converge on Switzerland and the influx of American dollars will be a great help to their situation.

"I feel somewhat competent to speak of the attitude of France and the French, because I have been through France, through industrial France, through agricultural France—yes, even to the base of the Pyrenees. The French of France, and in this I make a distinction between them and the Parisians of Paris, love America; of this there can be no question of doubt. France is not an industrial country primarily. She is an agricultural country; and as far as I can see, every acre of ground of France is being put to the highest state of cultivation from sunrise until dark. Every man, woman, and child is busy. They are working and saving, just as they have worked and saved for a hundred years, demonstrating the racial characteristics that have been France's salvation more than once.

"I went there with a preconceived idea that France was loafing and whining for indemnities. She is doing neither. She is working sixteen hours a day and demanding only that that which is properly due her shall be properly paid. She is waiting for payment, but she is hustling while she waits.

"France has issued many billion dollars of bonds which she has sold to her own people, and is using the proceeds in the shape of loans to the inhabitants of the devastated districts for the purpose of rebuilding. France expects those bonds to be paid out of German reparations, and in that she is asking no more than is justly due her."

There is a scientific unwritten law to the effect that of two theories, the simpler and more plausible should be accepted to explain any given phenomenon. Axiomatic though this rule is, one can not help wondering if the anti-evolutionists have ever heard of it. Or if they have, what in the world their simpler-than-evolution theory is. Certainly, any that have deviously wandered into publication—and how deviously no one can realize till he has perused the roundabout irrelevancies of an anti-evolution argument—do not seem simpler to our mind than the A B C's of Darwinism. A year or two ago a serious argument on Darwinism would have seemed ludicrous to most of us. Religion itself has long since graciously reconciled the allegory of the Bible with the facts that fossils and stones tell. Then why the newly resuscitated debate on a subject whose principles were published in the much-maligned Victorian era and which even our old fogey grandparents were familiar with? It is perplexing, to say the least. But meanwhile—that is, before the hub-bub again dies down and the normalcy of evolutionary doctrine is restored—it is amusing to read the propaganda of what might be called the revolutionists.

One of the latest contributions to the debate is "The Fortnightly Club" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5), a book that we at first supposed fondly to be a symposium of opinions on this subject. It was rather G. Lowes Dickinsonesque in style, and the cover misleadingly told us the argument was cast in the form of debates. Nothing of the sort. Mr. Hutchinson, the author, and an English popular philosopher, has given us one-half of the debate—the anti-evolution. True, there are members of the Fortnightly, notably Sir James Macadam, the Scotch geologist, who is arbitrarily represented as a humorless fossil himself, who believe in the Darwinian principle, but Launceston, the man who holds that animals do not think and are a sort of automata marvelously endowed with life, is the star member of the club, and the book is little more than a monograph of his contentions, chief among which is the astounding one on animals, noted above. And the main form of argument of Professor Launceston is the *reductio ad absurdum* which is so fatally easy to use and misuse. For example, he answers the argument that man has evolved from the lower animals owing to the accident of a flexible lower jaw capable of evolving speech, with the dramatic introduction of a parrot. The fallacy is simple, and if one may answer one absurd argument with another, it lies in the fact that the parrot is in a different stage of evolution. Given a few million years and *psittacus sapiens* may be the master of the earth.

Admittedly, this is absurd; but no more so than answering the time-worn axiom that speech and evolution have gone hand in hand, with the introduction of a live, blaspheming parrot. But this delightful series of *reductio ad absurdum*s must not be taken too seriously. In the first place, in the introductory chapter, the writer admits that in his position of secretary to the mythical club, his pencil may have slipped—he wrote in shorthand—and that his interpretation may be at fault. As for Launceston's experiments with his dog, either it was an extremely stupid dog—and some are duller than others—or he grossly misinterpreted it. We incline to the latter view. At least if we were setting out to make a comparison of canine and human intelligence we would not be so unscientific as to limit ourselves to one canine example. Since he was out for the argument of wit rather than of fact, Mr. Hutchinson should have chosen a really stupid animal for his comparative study, the hummingbird, for example, which W. H. Hudson says is, in its curious crystallization of an earlier form of life, most nearly like an automaton of all vertebrates. Incidentally, since he has no opportunity to study more than one dog and his knowledge of animals is obviously limited, we recommend to Launceston the Hudson book that we have just read, "The Naturalist in La Plata" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3), which is warranted to convince the most skeptical that the lower animals have depths of brain and character which he who opens his eyes may read.

R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes, whose latest novel, "Copper Streak Trail," is one of the most vivid of recent outdoor stories, was educated at the University of the Pacific, in San Jose, California. He has been a cowboy in the Southwest, and thoroughly knows the land of which he writes.

Emerson Hough has been interested in a surprising confirmation of the actual occurrence of an episode which he incorporated in his new novel, "The Covered Wagon" (Appleton). In the novel a meeting between Kit Carson and Jim Bridger takes place at Laramie. Mr. Hough knew of no such actual meeting, but knew the country, dates and habits of the men enough to know they might have met there. Now he has received word that in an exhibition at the Sacramento "Days of '49" celebration a rifle has been on exhibition with

a card stating that it had belonged to Jim Bridger and that he brought it with him over the Oregon trail to Bidwell's Bar, after having met Kit Carson at Laramie. And the novelist sees in the fact a curious and gratifying confirmation of an interesting scene in his novel.

The Louisville (Kentucky) Herald has this to say in appreciation of Ann Cobb's "Kin-folks," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company: "Never have we seen more perfect interpretation. The vision of a true poet might account for the artistic perfection of this volume, bound in its kiver pattern, but only love, true and understanding, could be responsible for the feeling, the perfect tact and tenderness—not since Kipling's dedication to 'Mine Own People' have we seen this equaled."

The Macmillan Company announces a two-volume "History of the Arabs in the Sudan, and Some Account of the People Who Preceded Them and of the Tribes Inhabiting Darfur." It is by H. A. MacMichael.

Edgar A. Mowrer, author of "Immortal Italy," just published by the Appletons, has lived for a number of years in Rome. He has been Italian correspondent for one of the largest papers in the United States and has been in close touch with all phases of the Italian situation. During the war he served as correspondent on the Italian front. Recently he has been at Genoa observing the work of the conference there. It is interesting that Edgar Mowrer, doing newspaper work in Italy, and writing this important and exceedingly informative volume upon the modern Italian nation, is a brother of Paul Scott Mowrer, newspaper correspondent in Paris, war correspondent on the western front, and well-known writer of such books as "Hours of France" and "Balkanized Europe."

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published a special limited edition of "Admirals of the Caribbean," by Francis R. Hart, in which Mr. Hart gives a vivid picture of the vanished buccaneers of the Spanish Main. Mr. Hart has spent much of his life in engineering and business in the West Indies, and is thoroughly acquainted with that part of the world. This edition will be of particular interest to book-lovers, both because of its beautiful format, and because of Mr. Hart's own literary associations as president of the Club of Odd Volumes in Boston.

Although the fifty-ninth issue of the Statesman's Year Book (for 1922) is published earlier than has been possible during the past few years, and though much remains to be done before the many problems resulting from the great war are definitely settled, nevertheless it contains the latest available information, either in the text or in the "Additions and Corrections." To the countries for which recent census returns were published in the last issue of the Year Book the following were added in the present issue, viz., the United Kingdom, India, the Union of South Africa, Canada, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Federal States of the United States, Bulgaria, Chile, Czechoslovakia, France and several of the French colonies and protectorates (Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, West Africa), Greece, the Netherlands and the Dutch East Indies, Nicaragua, Norway, Sweden, Venezuela and Russia. The section relating to the last-named country, and that dealing with China, have been specially revised. Egypt is still retained in Part One (British Empire) only because when the announcement of its new status was made it was too late to transfer it to Part Three, where it now properly belongs. Conditions in Ireland have not yet reached the stage that would justify allotting to the Irish Free State a special section among the Dominions. But an account of the situation as it is at present will be found in the Introduction Section, which also furnishes information on the organization of the League of Nations, the Imperial and Washington Conferences, and a number of surveys of world production (gold and silver, iron, steel, wool, cotton, sugar, etc.).

Important among the books to appear a little later this season will be Roy Devereux' "Poland Reborn," which E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish. Poland holds a key position in the troubled and uncertain Europe of today, and this book, it is promised, will shed much light upon the many problems and difficulties with which the Polish people are struggling.

William Lindsey is back at Osterville on Cape Cod, after having completed his fifty-fourth Atlantic passage. His last book, "The Backsliders," seems destined to follow its writer's example in his propensity for travel, as Australia has just ordered a second edition from the publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Company. The latter prophesies that it won't be long before the book catches up with Mr. Lindsey's own record.

"A New Deluge Story," by Albert T. Clay, has just been announced by the Yale University Press. The book possesses much human interest, not only because of its bearing upon the Old Testament, but because it completely overthrows the prevailing view that

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many of the biblical narratives were borrowed from Babylonia. The volume is priced at \$1.25 in paper and \$1.75 in cloth.

There are two important competitions running at present. The American publishing house of Harper is offering a \$2000 prize for a first novel, in addition to the usual terms of royalty to be arranged with the author. Aspiring first novelists should communicate for particulars to Harper & Brothers, New York City. The other competition is being arranged by an English firm, Messrs. A. M. Philpot, of 69 Great Russell Street, W. C. I. They offer £250 advance royalties for a book of self-revelation which can take the form of a diary, a journal, or a novel. "This offer," say the publishers, "is not made with a view to inviting sensational or morbid details. It is inspired by the desire for the fearless expression of truth to life, which should produce not only an interesting story of happenings, but a faithful revelation of the effects, good and bad, upon the development of the character subjected to them." December 15, 1922, is the last day for sending in manuscripts.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Pieces of Hate.

The primary objection we have to Mr. Heywood Broun's "Pieces of Hate" appears clearly in the title and abounds throughout the several essays to which that facetious label is applied. We do hate puns—any sort of pun, even Shakespeare's. Otherwise, Mr. Broun's series of catchy papers is highly entertaining, and though facetious—as one might expect from the title—often pardonably so. One of the chief pleasures to be derived from reading this singularly misnamed book is in the variety of topics Mr. Broun is able to cope with, though with less venom than one is led to anticipate. Aside from the title's being a bad pun, it is a misnomer. The implication is that one is going to read one piece of adverse criticism after another; and one settles down with a joyful premonition that at last his feelings are to be expressed adequately on, for instance, G. K. C. We are not dodging the responsibility of naming the facetious British paradoxer. That is simply the way Mr. Broun heads his chapter on him. But so far from finding a final analysis on Chesterton, we are treated to a halting review, funnily halting, of course, but not a final analysis. The only conclusion our animostic author comes to is that of experiencing a slight disappointment in Chesterton. "He's not as fat as we had heard." This is all very well if one is out for nonsense. But we repeat it is not adverse criticism.

PIECES OF HATE. By Heywood Broun. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Two Mystery Stories

Two of the most important recent detective stories are "Two Dead Men," by Jens Anker, and "The Eight Strokes of the Clock," by Maurice Le Blanc, creator of the famous

Arsène Lupin, of whom the present volume relates the latest exploits. It is interesting to note that both of these works are translations. Jens Anker is one of the most popular of young Danish writers, his forte being the detective-mystery story, which he handles with superb technique and the dryness of a police record. His style, in fact, could not be more opposed to M. Le Blanc's rather florid melodrama.

"Two Dead Men" is supposedly the story of one of the super-crooks of Danish criminal history. A super-criminologist, pitted against our hero-villain, supplies all the action and mystery unraveling necessary to a first-class detective story. The book is translated from the Danish by Frithjof Toksvig.

"The Eight Strokes of the Clock," M. Le Blanc's latest contribution to the exploits of his favorite hero, Arsène Lupin, now appearing in the guise of the Prince Rénine, is a blood-curdling tale of French intrigue. It is translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, translator of the Fabre books and of many of Maurice Maeterlinck's.

TWO DEAD MEN. By Jens Anker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE EIGHT STROKES OF THE CLOCK. By Maurice Le Blanc. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

Ervine's New Play.

St. John G. Ervine's new play, "The Ship," is not equal either to "Jane Clegg" or "John Ferguson," but the Irish playwright's admirable art prevents him from retrograding to a really weak performance. "The Ship" is very much of the present in story and atmosphere. In situation and dialogue it is simple, natural, and fairly strong, but it lacks that sense of inevitability which is so marked a characteristic of the other two plays. One rather suspects that the author didn't write

the play because it was in him and had to come out, but because it was time to write another one.

"The Ship" reminds us of Arnold Bennett's "Milestones" because a strong-willed shipbuilder likes to mould his family to his purposes. But Mr. Ervine has devised his own plot, which includes in it the destruction of a ship supposed to be unsinkable, by collision with an iceberg.

At one blow the shipbuilder's pride in his work and affection for his son are cruelly wounded, for his son has gone down with the ship. A certain faltering in Mr. Ervine's usually firm touch is perceptible to a discerning judgment at this point. The collapse of the strong man, his suicidal intention, although not necessarily among the improbabilities, seem stage-managed, and in reading the play the emotions respond rather languidly.

Nevertheless one can but enjoy, in the first act, the dramatist's placing of his characters, and the dialogue in which they express themselves. It is not until the second act that the drive of a rather tame inspiration is perceptible.

There are, however, two excellent rôles in the play, one of a strong-souled grandmother of eighty, another of a strong-willed father of sixty, that are going to yield an opportunity for good acting. They rather shove the leading lady off the stage, as there is no important rôle for a really young woman.

THE SHIP. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

From the Arkansas Gazette.

Blessed with the prayers of a good mother, and the example of a father always sober and earnest, Fred W. Allsopp plunged into Arkansas journalism. Not all his experiences were thrilling ones, but such as they were, he is willing to share them with a weary world—to furnish, as he puts it, food for reflection. So we have in this blue volume, entitled "Little Adventures in Newspaperdom," authentic fumes from the tripod of the Pythoness, and some of them are very pungent. Allsopp worked on the *Arkansas Gazette* of Little Rock, which he has served for more than thirty-six years; and he tells it well; also with discretion. "Where I have felt that I could not afford to tell the truth on myself, I have endeavored to be reminiscent about the other fellow." That is a good way to do it, but in Arkansas it takes judgment; which Allsopp evidently had, for he has lived to tell the tale. There is humor in the book, and there are real people in it, and sane views of humanity from the newspaper angle, or angles. And there are scattered through it here and there such bits of wisdom as the statement that "a religious controversy is the most disastrous thing that a newspaper can engage in." Students will find interesting matter here, and some of it is practical and valuable. There is more than the value of a college course in journalism in this description of Guy Bilheimer, who "wrote heads for the Associated Press dispatches with one hand, local items with the other, and talked over the 'phone to correspondents all at one and the same time. 'Gee whiz,' said he about 11 o'clock, 'if a fire should break out now how would I cover it? And there's that meeting at the Presbyterian church, a wedding, a burglary, and the Lord knows what else to write up. My, but aint I in it? But they can't down me. Unless hell breaks loose I'll get the paper out all right.'" That is journalism.

LITTLE ADVENTURES IN NEWSPAPERDOM. By Fred W. Allsopp. Little Rock, Arkansas: The Arkansas Writer Publishing Company.

Memories of a Poet's Son.

More pretentious, issued by a more famous publishing house, but less vital in interest, is a volume of "Random Memories," by Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow, son of the poet. He mentions once again the fact that it is hard to be the son of an illustrious father; but very few persons have ever emphasized the hardship of being the father of an illustrious son. We should like to hear from Shakespeare's father, but never shall. It seems that fathers of great men never amount to much.

These reminiscences are delicately tinted little bits of the stained glass of life, some very diverting, and some quite important if you think they are. The book is good entertainment, and the author has a sense of humor, of a sort. He tells this story of his famous father: "There was a man at Newport who, after being introduced to my father, said in the most impressive manner: 'Oh! Mr. Longfellow, I have long wished to meet you, as I am one of the few people who appreciate your Evangeline.'" And this one: "My father was once walking down to Harvard Square when he was stopped by an Irishman. 'And is this Mr. Longfellow?' he inquired. 'And are you the poet?' Being assured that he was, he proceeded to say, 'I am happy to meet you, sorr. I have a brother in the port who is also a poet, and a drunkard.'"

The author studied painting in the atelier of Ernest Hébert, famous for his painting in the Luxembourg, "Malaria"; and one of the



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most enjoyable parts of the book is the chapter on art.

RANDOM MEMORIES. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

Home Cooking.

Joseph Conrad, the noted author, wrote the introduction to his wife's cook-book, which is being published in the *Delineator*. He says:

"Of all the books produced since the most remote ages by human talents and industry those only which treat of cooking are, from a moral point of view, above suspicion. The intention of every other piece of prose may be discussed, and even mistrusted; but the purpose of a cookery book is unmistakable. Its object can conceivably be no other than to increase the happiness of mankind.

"A great authority upon North American Indians accounted for the sombre and excessive ferocity characteristic of these savages by the theory that as a race they suffered cruelly from indigestion. The noble red man was a mighty hunter, but his wives had not mastered the art of conscientious cookery. And the consequences were deplorable. The Seven Nations around the Great Lakes and the Horsetribes of the plains were but one vast prey of raging dyspepsia. The noble red men were great warriors, great orators, great masters of outdoor pursuits; but the domestic life of their wigwams was clouded by the morose irritability which follows the consumption of ill-cooked food. The gluttony of their indigestible feasts was a direct incentive to counsels of unreasonable violence. Victims of gloomy imaginings, they lived in abject submission to the wiles of a multitude of fraudulent medicine-men—quacks—who haunted their existence with vain promises and false nostrums from the cradle to the grave."

Greenwich, London, is said to have "drifted" half a mile towards the equator in eighteen years.

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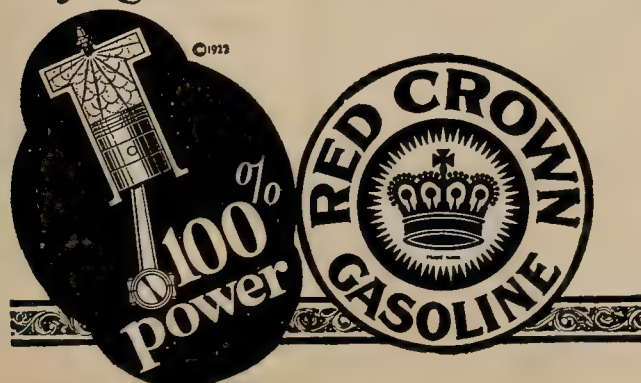
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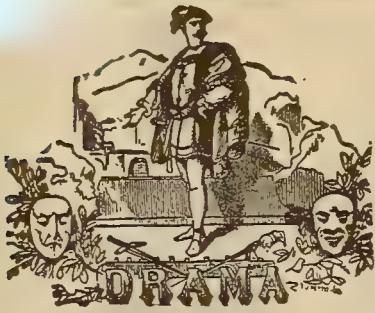
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## THE OLD LEGITIMATE.

The Players' Club in New York has settled down to the custom of annually putting on one of the famous old English comedies in an effort to resurrect and perpetuate an appreciation of classic comedy by the present generation of theatre-goers. This year they selected "The Rivals," and produced it in accordance with the best traditions of the time, deeming it worthy the prestige of souvenir programmes got up in antique style.

It always seems natural and appropriate that English-speaking audiences should rally, at periodic intervals, in support of the legitimate masterpieces of the English-speaking stage. Also, we have become habituated to the idea of Teutonic appreciation of Shakespearean drama, and the serene Teutonic adoption of the English bard as one of their own literary progeny.

We do not, however, look to French appreciation of Shakespearean drama. In his day Mounet-Sully, the French tragedian, did frequently appear in Shakespearean tragedies rendered into French. But that tragedian, although he was not regarded as a genius, has had no real success on the French stage.

Times have changed, apparently, with the apparently unchangeable French, since the coming and going of the war. The immovable French mold in which French theatrical art was encased has cracked, since so many foreigners have taken their theatrical wares to Paris. The artistic Russians, who seem to be all over the living globe since Russia became inhospitable to all save the Bolsheviks, and who almost dominate the theatrical landscape in Berlin, are also seen in considerable numbers in Paris.

One of them, the well-known actor Georges Pitoeff, has been playing a repertoire of notable masterpieces from the Russian, English, and Irish drama (Dunsany); and what is particularly interesting to faithful lovers of Shakespeare is that he has played, with encouraging appreciation from his audience, "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Measure for Measure." The latter piece is so rarely played that it is probable that even frivolous and Shakespeare-surfeited Americans condescended to turn out to see it.

But what really ought, perhaps, to make us in America blush is that for more than a year Pitoeff has been playing with success pieces of this type; in an entirely unfashionable location, it may be added.

Besides this rather surprising record—for Paris, anyway—the Odéon is being packed nightly by highly appreciative audiences who are going to see "Midsummer Night's Dream"—played in French, of course. No doubt it was selected because of its comedy scenes, which are rendered with so much skill that the French audiences laugh with an abandon that our Shakespeare-sophisticated audiences rarely attain. It may be added that the management have spent their money on the human rather than the scenic quality, and that, with-

out scenic splendor to allure in a play so eminently adapted to spectacle, they contrive to draw full houses nightly.

## MARIONETTES.

The showing of Tony Sarg marionettes here in San Francisco last season was a modern revival of an old pleasure. Marionettes, it is true, have long held a place in the esteem of Europeans; Italians in particular, I believe; but the Americans, with their serene indifference to tradition, seemed to have totally outgrown them. Even the children had turned down "Punch and Judy."

Then something started the wave of marionette plays on this side, and finally an American—or, more probably, an Americanized foreigner—invented a new and modern marionette; one which, instead of being suspended from above by many strings, is worked from below, on a specially constructed stage.

The new puppet, with its simple mechanism, can be made to move as freely as the old, and can enter or exit from openings in the walls. Dondo is the man who invented and patented it; Professor Dondo, in the romance language department of Columbia University.

The man, however, who started the American craze—and who, therefore, was instrumental in turning Professor Dondo's mind puppet-ward—came from sunny Italy, constant haven of the marionettes. His name is Bufano, and he has for quite a time had his own marionette theatre in New York. He also, like Professor Dondo, has been dissatisfied with the old-style marionette, and is constantly experimenting, in a studio he has for that purpose, in evolving a puppet that, if not as large as life, is at least more than half as natural. Later came the Helen Haiman Josephs marionettes and the Tony Sarg puppets. The Kreymborg puppets, which were shown doing their stunts in a tour through American universities made by Alfred Kreymborg, author of "Plays for Poet Mimes," were, it seems, the Bufano puppets.

One of these plays, by the way, we have repeatedly seen here in San Francisco, played by human actors. It is called "Lima Beans," and was played at the short-lived Garret and Garden Theatre out at the Mission several years ago, and later at our local Players Theatre on Bush Street.

The curious feature in this new marionette cult is that schools are taking them up, and in an Eastern school the work of constructing puppets is introduced in the manual training department.

Not only are marionette theatres of real, quality popping up in little and big cities—meaning more particularly in the East and Middle West—but Anna Dondo, wife of the inventor of the Dondo marionette, has started in the city of New York a Marionette Theatre Exchange. The exchange is a place for the discussion and evolution of even newer and more progressive ideas in respect to marionetting. Also people will there market their ideas, and find a booking agency for marionette theatres in working operation. For the exchange is supplied with various marionette theatres ready for action, dramatic students being available to do the spoken rôles.

Ideas, fads, cults travel quickly. In a short time we shall hear of some marionette theatre here that can be hired for use in church parlors and ladies' clubs. If some enterprising individual had been brisk and captured the Pacific Coast market no doubt he could have set up his theatre in the ballroom or dining-room of various of the big caravansaries during the summer season, as is done at the East.

Perhaps, for that matter, it is being done, as there was a child puppet show ran for a

week or two not long ago at the Savoy Theatre, home of experiments.

The whole thing is rather puzzling, for there are plenty of human players out of a job these times, so why should marionettes be in demand? Perhaps because they are cheaper. They have even organized a Marionette Players' Club at Columbia University, the members of which write and produce original puppet plays; the first move in that direction in a university. The explanation lies, no doubt, in Professor Dondo's membership in the faculty of the university. Evidently he is an enthusiast in whom they have faith.

In the meanwhile we had better look up George Sand's "The Show Man," and in that old but rather enthralling romance get a view of the traveling marionettist as he and his show appeared to his patrons in older times.

## AN OPINION OF J. M. BARRIE'S.

Mr. Barrie recently gave a very long but fetching address at a dinner given in London by the Critics' Circle, in which he made a number of quite interesting allusions. For what he said was not of a portentous nature, nor said in a portentous style. In fact he was lightly, humorously casual in his address of passing comment. He has a nice sense for the right word, and I know that he would object to my use of the word "fetching," applied to his address. "Cute" was in my mind, but that's scarcely journalese. He rather impales us critics—or alleged critics—on the point of his pen, or rather cuts us with a good-naturedly sarcastic tongue, for applying to him by turns the words fantastic, elusive, and whimsical. But what would you? That quality in him that we try to describe is indescribable, so we try to express it in such poor words as will approximately do so. But Barrie can never be expressed even in a phrase or a sentence.

Sir James says several things about the latest playwrights which indicate what we instinctively felt was sure to be the case, namely, for one thing, his approval of A. A. Milne. Clemence Dane, author of "A Bill for Divorcement," also has a good word from him. And then, I must confess, he surprises me.

The other day some one who had not read it asked me my opinion of Pinero's "Iris" as an acting play; whether, in fact, it was worthy of revival. To which I replied that the play was characterized by the usual impeccable Pinero technique, that he had given it the smart worldly atmosphere which theatre-goers enjoy, and that "Iris," the girl in "The Easiest Way," was a striking presentation of the lovely woman who goes wrong because of a fatal weakness about renouncing luxury for love. "But," said I, sapiently I thought, "the sentimental American public does not like such a dynamic ending as Pinero devised for 'Iris.' It is certainly entirely probable for a rich, rather gross-minded, strong-willed, and high-tempered man to drive his mistress out into the night when she has deceived him, and then relieve his mind by smashing the fine furniture that has become useless. But will the public like that for a final impression?" The American public, I mean, that is so sentimentally chivalrous toward heroines, and that likes things to be all neatly and kindly and prettily wound up.

Well, nobody ever knows. The play created a sensation in its day, and was widely commented on. Then it passed on to the shelf. I should have thought that James M. Barrie would have flinched at that finale. But, surprisingly enough—it shows that he is a Victorian, and clings to early impressions—he mentions, *en passant*, in the address alluded to, that he considers Pinero's "Iris" to be the best play written in his time. "My reason," he added, "for considering it the best is that it is one I have thought most about since; not perhaps a bad test."

So perhaps, after all, it mightn't be a bad idea to try it again on the thin-skinned American public, and see how it can bear up under a strong impression.

## BERNHARDT.

White-haired, one-legged, seventy-seven years of age, the indomitable Bernhardt is considering an American tour. "Good heavens!" says some one, "why doesn't the poor old girl give up, and retire in peace?" Principally, I suppose, because she wants the money. But it is not difficult to realize that a person who has always been such a driving worker as Mme. Bernhardt is not willing to give up as long as there is still a public that wants her. It is, of course, her name and past fame that she can still conjure with. And there is always a young public that will run to see a famous name that has ceased to be merely a name and become an entity.

But also there is the eternal urge to work in the energetic temperament. We saw it instanced during the war, when many old men were thrilled to the heart—some of them retired army and navy men—to have the opportunity of proving their usefulness once more. Bernhardt, no doubt, believes that she will be proving her artistic value to the public if she comes and has a successful tour (a tour,

by the way, that would not extend beyond the East).

But I question very much if the flame in the artist-soul survives to the age of seventy-seven. The technique is there, the trained voice of an artist of the stage has wonderful longevity, but the imagination, the magnetism of youth that reaches well into maturity, probably will have passed away. Bernhardt is still a personality, but on the stage it will be hard to imagine her as much more than a shell of the vital, compelling, magnetic actress whom we saw in her prime.

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more and more the era of organization, which can, if sufficiently equipped with brains, sometimes knock out the dominance of capital, pure and undefiled.

A group of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton graduates, who are authors, dramatists, and actors, have become pioneers in the motion-picture field by forming a cooperative motion-picture producing company known as the Film Guild, modeled after the Theatre Guild, which is animated by the altruistic principles that capital knows not.

And here's still another organization of young men who have united in a theatrical association, under the able generalship of George C. Tyler. It consists of newspaper men and playwrights who, having noted the spectacular success of the Russian "Chauve-Souris," feel that it supplies some indication of what the American public wants. Hence "The Forty-Niners," as they call themselves—the titled indicating their pioneering in a new field—have hired a New York theatre called the Punch and Judy and early in the winter season will open in an entertainment modeled, to some extent, on "Chauve-Souris," and characterized by the Bohemian informality which has given the Russian entertainment its vogue. It is said that talented amateurs will be offered opportunities, and it is probable that the journalistic youth of New York will scintillate considerably.

Another enterprise, got up by women of the theatrical profession, is not in the truest sense an organization. But one may result some time from this small beginning. Three women—Hilda Spong, Margaret Allen, and Anita Clarendon—have pooled their issues and opened in New York the Theatrical Women's Exchange, in order to give women of their profession an opportunity, during hard times, to earn what they could from the more fortunate members of the theatrical craft. The idea is similar to the Woman's Exchange, for they are encouraged to bring the products of their skill in cooking, sewing, fancy work, and so on.

Two features seem to appeal particularly. One, the professional readers' bureau, for blind people and shut-ins—it is rather nice to think of such unfortunates who can afford it having the pleasure and excitement of being read to by people to whom reading aloud is, presumably, an art—and the other a department where home-cooked food of quality is retailed.

The enterprise sounds rather ambitious, for they have further departments: a mending bureau, a catering department, and a bureau for relieving prosperous matrons from the care and worry entailed in giving large children's parties.

Probably, however, the affair will grow, and in time become a fixed institution. More and more is there a tendency for people of one craft to gravitate together, and in this case a number of the most prominent people in the profession, such as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Elsie Ferguson, William Faversham, and George Tyler, are patrons.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

According to the records of the Weather Bureau, the lowest relative humidity is found in some parts of Arizona, although it is possible that certain sections of the deserts in Southern California, where there are no recording stations, may show lower relative humidities.

According to the New York Times, there are 334,000 "bad order" freight cars and 13,128 locomotives in similar condition on the railroads of the country. Reconditioning of this rolling stock would afford employment for between 300,000 and 400,000 men.

There has been an increase of 41 per cent. in the number of drug addicts admitted to Sing Sing in the fiscal year now closing.

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The Columbia Theatre.

The final week of the engagement of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," with Frank McGlynn, begins at the Columbia Theatre Monday night. There will be the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Abraham Lincoln" and the performance of Mr. McGlynn in the title-role have lived up to the expectations aroused by reports from the East. Mr. Drinkwater states that he does not seek to tell all of Lincoln in this play, but to reveal certain characteristics of the man. This Drinkwater has done. He has not forgotten, moreover, that a play to be successful must be entertaining.

Frank McGlynn does much to illuminate and make clear the text of "Abraham Lincoln." He has, first, a craftsman's knowledge of acting, and adds to this intelligence and a sympathetic understanding of Lincoln and the Lincoln creed. The result is a beautifully balanced and notable portraiture.

Beginning its fourth year, "Abraham Lincoln," as to cast and production, is as fine as when it was offered for the first time in America. This is because Mr. Harris, its director, insists that the only way the masterpiece can be presented is by maintaining it at that high standard. The final performance of "Abraham Lincoln" at the Columbia will be given on Saturday night, July 29th.

Following "Abraham Lincoln" at the Columbia Theatre, on Monday, July 31st, will be seen the special production of Rida Johnson Young's comedy romance, "Little Old New York," with a cast of well-known players headed by Isabelle Lowe and Creighton Hale. The latter is the stage and motion-picture star who has been the special protégé of D. W. Griffith.

Miss Lowe will be remembered as the star of the original production of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" at the Columbia Theatre. She has appeared in a number of New York successes. In "Little Old New York" she will play the Irish lass who masquerades in knickerbockers in order to secure the legacy left her brother in the days when the metropolis was a village.

Such famous characters as John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Washington Irving, Henry Brevoort, FitzGreen Halleck and Peter Delmonico enter into the telling of the story. The comedy was staged in New York at the Plymouth Theatre and had a run to crowded houses of more than an entire year.

Besides the two stars mentioned, the cast includes Dorothy Blackburn, Walter Scott Weeks, John Miljan and a score of other players.

Their Island Tomb.

A unique and touching ceremony occurred a few weeks ago in Samoa when the body of Fanny Osborne Stevenson was buried beside her distinguished husband on the great rock of Mount Vea, which towers almost a thousand feet above the Pacific, says the Washington Star. In the few days of his Samoan life, when the beloved novelist was strong enough to tramp and climb, he made the ascent of this isolated peak, which rises from the ocean about 500 feet off the mainland, and, struck with its solemn grandeur, its remoteness from human contact, he asked that the rock might be his tomb. Mrs. Stevenson in her last testament provided for the conveyance of her remains to be placed beside her husband's, and this has recently been fulfilled.

Of the many illustrious men who have selected rock tombs in isolated spots, Stevenson's and his wife's are by far the noblest and most remote. So stormy has been the season about the Samoan Islands that for nearly eight months Mrs. Stevenson's body has lain in the local cemetery awaiting a chance to convey it across the treacherous waters and to make the ascent of Mount Vea in safety. A grand tomb is pointed out to the strangers off Saint Malo on the Breton coast, where the eminent French author, Chateaubriand, had a rock jutting into the sea hollowed for his coffin. On the anniversary of his death, July 4th, each year a cure from the village says mass on the shore directly opposite and recites the office of the dead, a ceremony which attracts the tourists all over the north of France. Sarah Bernhardt has recently purchased a spot similar to Chateaubriand's and adjacent to it and will be interred where the Breton waves will dash over her tomb ceaselessly and recite her requiem.

National legislation to encourage and regulate commercial aviation is recommended in a report of the Transportation and Communication Department Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Copies of the report were sent to members of the Senate Committee on Commerce and the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

Whistler once described himself as "an artist whose work is without the pale of gross popularity and whose purse is consequently not heavy with ill-gotten gold."

A RUSSIAN GLIMPSE.

The following story is taken by the Argonaut from private European correspondence:

An English lady was the wife of a Russian, a wealthy man who lived in Moscow. They had one daughter, a girl of eighteen. They had got through the war and a couple of years of the troubles since, but last year came their turn. A party of Bolsheviks came to their house and called for the master. He had just time to tell his wife and daughter to hide, which they did. When they dared come out of hiding they found the mutilated corpse of the poor man lying in front of the hall door.

They couldn't go on hiding, apparently; anyway, a second visit from the Bolsheviks took place, and they were taken before a commissar, who asked them what they could do to earn their right to food. The girl, like all upper-class Russian girls, had been through a nursing school and said she could nurse.

"Very well, you will go to the ——— Hospital. But remember, you will nurse only Bolsheviks—no nurses for bourgeois."

"And what can you do?" turning to the mother. "Evidently nothing! You shall clean the sewers!" And this the poor elderly English lady had to do or starve. All she got for her work was just enough black bread to keep her alive. She usually had to sleep under an archway or be one of many in a cellar when it was too cold to stop out of doors at night. At last she managed to conceal herself in a cattle truck, and was for three weeks hiding and being carried about in trucks, till at last she got to the Finland frontier and escaped.

Not having any papers, she had great trouble with the English consul at Helsingfors and had to get her brother in Liverpool to move the foreign office before she could get a passport.

The girl had an even more remarkable but less unpleasant time. She proved to be so good a nurse that she was selected to go to Rival to nurse a Bolshevik general. At the hospital there a German officer, a friend of his, was a constant visitor. One day this German officer told the girl he had on his conscience many dreadful things done by him or by his orders to women during the war, and that the thought obsessed him and was driving him mad, but he thought if he could do some really kind, disinterested thing for a woman in trouble it might help him, and with that in view he asked her if she would marry him, so as a German subject he could take her out of Russia. He promised the marriage should be one in name only and that when they got to Berlin he would put her under the protection of one of the commissions of English officers there and never trouble her more. She believed him and accepted his proposals, which he fulfilled to the letter—married her, took her to Berlin, handed her over to the care of the English officers, and a few days later she got a note from him to say he had

taken steps to insure that she should never be afraid he would again trouble her—and in the papers that day was the report of his having put a bullet through his head. At any rate he had done his best to make some small amends and one can almost feel sorry for him.

Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, one of the authors of "Plots and Personalities," is also the author of the amazingly popular "Creative Chemistry," of which something like a hundred thousand copies were sold. He has also written other books of a different character. He has been managing and literary editor of the Independent; he has been connected with the School of Journalism of Columbia University; and gave up all his interests to go to Science Service, Washington, D. C.

Ladybirds, which are really good friends of the gardener, are often destroyed in the larva stage in mistake for greenfly.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It looks as though the King of England had become totally discouraged. He had his trousers pressed sideways for the Ascot races, and it rained. We can imagine few sights so distressing as a king whose trousers have been pressed athwartships instead of on the fore-and-aft plan, moping around a racetrack in the rain. An English tailored suit is likely to be bad enough when it is at its best—waistcoat crooked, trousers twisted, coat with wedge-shaped shoulders sloping upward to the ears, or toward the ears, and the whole garment cut down to the dimensions of a jacket through the frenzied efforts of the bushleman to make it fit the human form divine, of whose contours and outlines he has ordinarily but the sketchiest opinion. Now, take such a suit of clothes and flatten the front elevation of the trousers by creasing them sideways, so that the inner creases are interfering like a badly shod horse, put that suit of clothes on a king uncertain of his political functions, his usefulness in the scheme of history, and even his tenure of office, and then soak that suit with

rain water which is no respecter of royalty, so that the internal stresses left in the cloth by the imaginative tailor have a chance to assert themselves, and the knees push out in rounded prominences, and you have an appalling spectacle on any king on any track. It is difficult to see how, after such an appearance, majesty could keep a straight face and continue to occupy its throne. Imagine old Edward I with his pants creased sideways. They were made, if we remember rightly, of little iron rings meshed together; much the same fabric now used in kitchens to scour kettles. And Edward had no doubts about his job and his position in English society. He did not fool around racetracks much, but put in his time walloping the Welsh and scuffling with the Scotch, and he got away with it. He cared nothing for rain, or the creases in his trousers.

But George V is different. That constitution which Edward began to build, has grown and grown until it has left little for George to do except try to set English fashions, and now it looks as though, with the rain and all, he is letting down at that. For Ascot has been followed by something far worse than rain on the royal leg wear. He appeared at the Goodwood races wearing a billycock hat instead of the regulation stovepipe. Society gasped. Book-makers wailed, "Wot har we comink to?" Dukes blushed. Fat countesses swooned in their Rolls-Royce berlins, and barons yelled for their beef and beer to help them through this fresh crisis of the bloom-in' old empire. Reparations, Russian trade, and the refractory attitude of France were forgotten. The sacred English plug hat has been menaced by royalty itself. Well, San Francisco gave it up some time ago. It blazed up in fleeting splendor in our Exposition, then subsided, and now is rarely seen except on a butcher in the California Market. So the king is following the best leaders of fashion. But of what further use is he when he becomes discouraged and follows where he ought to lead?

Meanwhile another bit of royalty, on the other side of the earth, prepares for an Arabian Nights wedding. Hsuan Tung, heir to the Manchu throne of China, is to be married next October. It is supposed that making him a bridegroom will in a measure groom him for restoration, so they are going to do it up brown. There will be three brides. What an advantage, from a spectacular standpoint! When that part of New York society that has not been honored with an invitation mobs St. Thomas' or St. Bartholomew's to see one bride emerge, and when the success of the wedding is measured by the size and ferocity of the mob, what might not be accomplished with three brides to one groom? Of course, the groom does not matter so much; nobody goes to see him, so the proportion of groom to bride might just as well be reduced. All he gets from the mob is pity, and hearing some one close at hand remark: "The poor fish!" But three brides would be something of an attraction. The wedding procession, we imagine, would be rather difficult to form, but it could be done. Hsuan Tung can not in this case be placed in the exact centre, with a bride on each arm, because that would leave one unescorted, and nobody could tell what she might do to ball up the proceedings. But in this case custom has provided a way. These brides are not of equal rank. Two of them are spares. They will naturally be carried behind the Manchurian matrimonial car, in covers. The third is the bride in actual service. She is known as the East Wife. She figures rather anonymously, her name being a secret and of no further use to her. She receives, however, an appellation of honor, but it sounds curious to the Occidental ear. She is to be called the Great Girl, which somehow seems to suggest big feet, although she probably has them as tiny as the art of Chinese foot binding could make them. They say that she is older than the emperor-to-be, if he is to be, but what are a few years on one bride when a man has three? She is beautiful, has a sweet temper, which old Tsi An, her defunct mother-in-law, had not, and is educated in embroidery. That last will be exciting. We can see the emperor holding the skein while she winds from it; and running all over the palace between times to find her little hoop.

The wedding ceremonies will be invested with due Asiatic brilliance and beauty. The spares will enter the palace compound by separate gates, kowtow to their lord, and disappear. The East Wife will enter appropriately through the east gate, which will have to be torn down to admit her chair, now under construction. Inasmuch as the chair is not yet built, one wonders why in time they can't build it small enough to go through the gate as it is. That is the way an American would arrange things. It seems like bad engineering, and the waste of a perfectly good gate for nothing. But the Oriental mind is peculiar, to the Occidental mind, and never the twin shall meet. Concealed in her bridal chair by heavy red and gold curtains, the bride will be met by the emperor, who will immediately shoot an arrow at the curtains to drive away the devils. Nothing can be done in China without plenty of devils to drive

away. We hope he is a good shot, but inasmuch as he has been loafing around the palace all his life, except for one wild night when old Chang Hsun dragged him out of bed at 4 in the morning and seated him for a brief period on the dragon throne, an experience which nearly scared him to death, we have our doubts about his marksmanship. If we were cast for the bride we should wish to play this scene in a tank; but we shall never be a bride—it is too late. And she must take her chances with the arrow. She will be arrayed in a gown covered with diamonds and pearls, the same that former brides of emperors have worn. There is said to be no textile fabric in it, and it is so heavy that she has to be pretty robust to walk in it. How the Germans overlooked this gown at the siege of Peking we are at a loss to understand; and now it is too late for them to go back and do it over. Altogether it looks as though next October would mark the height of the social season at Peking. No news has yet come out as to whether the emperor-to-be will crease his pantaloons athwartships or fore-and-aft.

A fragment of news coming from London is that, owing to the strenuous efforts of certain health reformers, more than 400 gallons of ice-cream are now consumed daily in the British metropolis, and there is every hope that the habit will become as fixed with the public of the "isles" as it is with the citizens of the "states," says the Washington Star. Mrs. George Harvey has been much amused by this crusade to establish the universal eating of ice-cream, and naturally she has done her bit in establishing it. All Americans who go to London for a prolonged period carry all the necessary utensils to make their own, since until quite recently frozen sweets from one end of the continent of Europe to the other meant ices with fruit or brandy flavors, but never frozen cream. Mrs. Harvey has habitually served the varieties popular in her own country, and some of them, like strawberry and raspberry cream, have created a furor in English kitchens. Likewise frozen custard, delicately flavored with French brandy, is deemed the height of culinary temptation.

Medicos of Britain are engaged in lessening the tea-drinking habit of the people as assiduously as the Anti-Saloon League on this side attacked spirituous liquids and malt refreshments. The ice-cream habit is also to help curb the British taste for stronger nourishment.

## THE CANNONADE.

Recent reports that a flask had mysteriously disappeared from "Uncle Joe" Cannon's coat pocket caused H. E. McFarland of St. Louis, one of Uncle Joe's fervent admirers, to burst into verse, says a Washington dispatch to the Chicago Tribune. He wrote what he termed a "cannonade" on the incident as follows:

Who was the fiend, pray let me ask,  
Who filched our Uncle Joseph's flask?  
The flask he carried on his hip,  
From which to take a quiet nip  
Of mellow stuff we used to know  
In happy days of long ago.  
How could one have such little tact  
Regardless of the Volstead Act?  
How could one be so mean and low  
To rob our dear Old Uncle Joe?  
To rob the widow or a bank  
Is bad enough and savors rank;  
To rob the graveyard of its dead,  
Or take away the orphan's bread  
Are crimes we may, perhaps, condone,  
If circumstances all were known.  
But cursed be he who breaks the lock  
Or, what is worse, will watch his chance  
To rob us of our private stock.  
And steal our liquor from our pants.  
And spare us, pray, the crushing blow  
Of doing this to Uncle Joe.

"It is a question whether the author owes you an apology," the poet wrote Mr. Cannon, "or is deserving of the thanks of Congress for what he intends as a slight tribute of respect and affection for its most beloved and honored member. It is his fervent hope that there was no material delay in getting the prescription refilled."

Mr. Cannon replied to the letter as follows: "I have your favor, with enclosure, and after reading your 'cannonade,' I am willing to let the story go uncontradicted and thank you for your tribute."

"You may have heard that many years ago I gave promise to the newspaper correspondents in Washington that when they had a good story and no one to father it they might appropriate my name without fear of contradiction. I have had a good many thrust upon me, some of them irritating, but generally the other way, and I reckon the score is in my favor."

"I have a flask—two ounces—presented by my doctor, but knowing the boys in the press gallery as well as the House, I do not bring it to the Capitol, as it would represent neither hospitality nor temptation—scarcely an emergency. That may have been the inspiration for the story. It has, however, served a friendly purpose as an inspiration for the 'cannonade,' and I am again in debt, not only to you, but to the newspaper fraternity, and I thank you."

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Duke de Stacpoole, head of a distinguished Irish family, writes in his "Irish and Other Memories": "An old story is told in connection with the national failing. 'Drink,' said a preacher, 'is the greatest curse to our country. It makes ye quarrel with yer family. It makes ye hate yer neighbors. It makes ye shoot at yer landlord. And it makes ye miss him.'"

The New Yorker and the Native Son met in the downtown lobby of a Los Angeles hotel. Naturally, the talk was of Los Angeles, her growth and obvious prosperity. "By the way," said the Native Son, "where did you say you were from?" "New York City," was the reply. "By Jove!" was the enthusiastic retort of the Native Son. "That town is the Los Angeles of the Atlantic coast."

Little Willie understood that dad knew everything, so when he came in from an automobile ride he had a question ready. "Pa," he said, spelling it out, "what is a l-i-v-e-r-y s-t-a-b-l-e?" Pa looked long at his modern offspring, trying to think of a definition he could understand. Finally he said: "A lively stable? Well, yes—ah, now you know—O well, a lively stable is a filling station for horses."

A rather unkind story of W. L. George, the English novelist-lecturer, relates his adventure in a Middle Western town during his lecture tour last winter. His audience was so small that after talking for a half-hour he decided to wind it up. He therefore said, "I fear, friends, that I am detaining you and so—" There was a protesting noise from the audience and a voice said, "No, go on awhile longer. It's still raining."

Lord Kitchener was once motoring with Colonel Sir T— when the chauffeur was incapacitated by getting an insect in his eye. "Can you drive a motor?" Kitchener demanded of Colonel Sir T—. "No," Kitchener's host replied, and was told, "Every officer should know how to drive a car." When the chauffeur recovered they continued their drive while Sir T— ruminated on the field marshal's rebuke. Finally he turned to his chief and asked him if he could drive. "No," Kitchener replied austerely.

The San Francisco man was speaking. "I do not believe in all this 'boost' business," he said. "There is too much brag about it. Especially I do not believe in running down other cities, other parts of the country. It is making claims to excellence that do not need to be made, and failure to recognize which is the country's loss, not ours. We should not do it. It is not modest and is likely to arouse jealousy. But I will say this much for San Francisco. Wherever you go from here it is worse."

A Southern lady was entertaining guests at dinner. The dinner was an immense success, both from the culinary and aesthetic viewpoint. Each course outshone the last in taste and delicacy. At last a wonderful lemon pie appeared, heaped with meringue and marvelously decorated with rows and rows of dainty scallops. The guests were lavish in their approval and finally the hostess sent for the cook, an old colored mammy, who appeared round, black, and glistening with pleasure. "How did you ever scallop that lemon pie so wonderfully, mammy?" asked one lady enthusiastically. "Lawd, honey, dat's easy," beamed mammy; "I done it wif mah false teeth."

A man called on his family physician, who was also a family friend, with the information that his son had scarlet fever. "But the worst of it," said the anxious father, "is that the young scamp confesses he got it from kissing the housemaid." "Well," said the doctor, soothingly, "young people are often very thoughtless." "But, don't you see, doctor! Now to be plain—between you and me—I've kissed that girl myself!" "Oh, by Jove! That's too bad." The doctor still used his most soothing professional tones. "And," continued the unhappy patient, "as I kiss my dear wife every morning and night, I'm afraid that she, too—" But he was interrupted by the doctor dropping his professional manner with a crash. "Good heavens!" he yelled excitedly. "Then I, too, may have it."

The bans had been published for the first time in an English rural church. After the service the prospective groom went to the vicar and asked if he could have his bans changed. "Of course," said the vicar, but with great surprise. "You are not married nor bound yet in any way. But why do you want them changed?" "Well, parson, it's just that I've been thinking it over and seems to me I'd rather have her sister." "You can please yourself," replied the vicar coldly, "but of course new bans must be published." The

groom-to-be looked anxious. "Ah, parson," he stammered, "I paid 'e a half-crown for putting up those bans. Will I have to give 'e another half-crown?" "Certainly," said the vicar brusquely, and prepared to go. "Ah," sighed the rural swain, and then with sudden determination, "Ah, well, vicar, leave 'em be as it is."

A tale that smacks of the apocryphal, but which runs true to type, is told of an eminent citizen of Glasgow. At the time of the erection of a monument to Nelson in the city much thought was given as to the legend the base should bear. An American with more ability for business dictation than for the labeling of monuments suggested, "Glasgow to Nelson." "Aye, a vairy gude suggestion," said the aforementioned eminent citizen. "And as the toon o' Nelson is close at hand, micht we no juist say, 'Glasgow to Nelson, six miles,' so that it micht sarve for a monument and a milestone, too?"

Like most people who happen to be blessed with a keen sense of humor, Lady Bland-Sutton, the wife of the famous surgeon, does not mind telling a story against herself—provided it is a good one. Recently she was speaking on her favorite subject—housewifery—to an audience of girls in the East End of London. She had been trying to impress on them the need for system; and had recited several examples, mostly based on her own experience. "Now," she said to one girl, "tell me just what system means." "Well, ma'am!" replied the young woman, "I should say it means doing things the hardest way."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Why Worry?

Why worry? Other people do  
Their share and quite enough for you.  
The worriers are always first  
To urge old Fate to do her worst;  
And Fate is quite obliging, she  
Is lavish with her misery.

But also lavish, in a way,  
At handing out a sweet bouquet;  
So, since the dame is hard to guess,  
Why aim one thought at Dire Distress?  
Old Grief will catch you soon or late—  
No need to worry! Simply wait!  
—M. H. C. in Life

## A Three-Toed Tree Toad's Ode.

A tree toad loved a she toad  
That lived in a tree;  
She was a 3-toed tree toad,  
But a 2-toed tree toad was he.  
The 2-toed tree toad tried to win  
The she toad's friendly nod;  
For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground  
That the 3-toed tree toad trod;  
But vainly the 2-toed tree toad tried—  
He couldn't please her whim;  
In her tree toad bower, with her V-toe power,  
The she toad vetoed him.  
—Van Raalte Vanguard.

## World-Wide Bird Protection.

Representatives of organizations in various countries met in London recently and formed an international committee for carrying forward propaganda throughout the world on the subject of the protection of wild birds.

T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, New

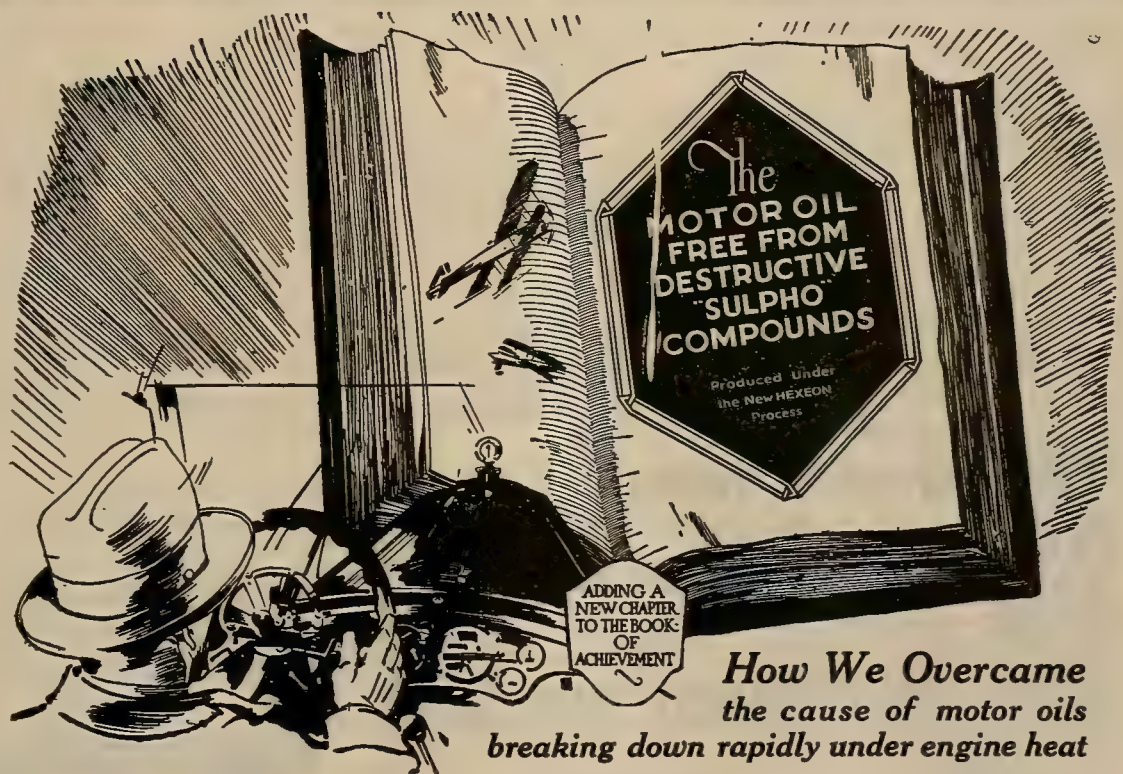
York, heads this committee, the membership of which includes Viscount Grey of Fallodon, England; Mijneir P. G. Van Tienhoven of Holland, Monsieur Delacour of France, and other well-known bird lovers.

The committee will at once take up the subject of extending the organization through southern France and Italy, where large numbers of songbirds are annually killed for food, and where no adequate restrictive legislation now exists.

Bills pending in Parliament and in the United States Congress to prohibit the pouring of crude oil in territorial waters will be given support, and similar measures will be sought in other countries, with a view of ultimately getting international action to stop this nuisance, which is responsible for the killing of millions of birds annually, whose feathers become soaked in the oil that is poured on their feeding grounds.

Mr. Pearson, who has just returned from studying bird protective matters in France, Holland, and England, reports that the general subject of bird protection in those countries is not handled in the highly efficient manner that obtains in so many of our states. "For example," he said, "there are no game wardens employed by provincial or national governments in any of these countries. Practically the only protection wild birds have ever been afforded is on hunting estates, and here the attention of the privately employed game-keepers is devoted almost entirely to game birds that are raised for shooting purposes."

King George of England has recently sold forty horses, for economy.



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

At the Town and Country Club on Monday Miss Cora Jane Flood entertained at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Charles Alexander. Among twenty of her friends whom Miss Flood asked to meet Mrs. Alexander were Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman, and Miss Flora Low.

At a tea which Miss Anne Pentz gave at her San Rafael home on Wednesday afternoon Miss Deborah Pentz and Miss Edith Pentz were introduced. Mrs. Frank Barton Anderson and Mrs. George Beardsley presided at the tea-tables. Mrs. Harrison Dibblée, Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Walter Lees, Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler, Mrs. William Freeland and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn assisted Miss Pentz in receiving. Miss Deborah Pentz and Miss Edith Pentz were assisted in receiving by Miss Betsy Dibblée, Miss Elizabeth Lees, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Merrill Jones, Miss Charlotte Ziel and Miss Barbara Beardsley. Among those who called during the afternoon were Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Albert Dibblée, Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Alfred DuBois, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. William Babcock, Miss Jean Boyd and Miss Patience Winchester.

Mrs. Herbert Allen, who is spending the summer with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, at Woodside, was hostess Tuesday at a picnic luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were Mrs. Allen's guests.

Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler, who has been the incentive for a number of farewell dinners given by her friends in Marin County prior to her departure for San Francisco, where the Keelers will make their home permanently, was the honored guest at a luncheon given on Friday by Miss Anne Pentz at her San Rafael home. Miss Pentz' other guests were Mrs. Benjamin Gunn, Mrs. George Freeland, Mrs. George Beardsley, Mrs. Lamoreaux of Tennessee and Mrs. Walter Lees.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye gave a luncheon party on Sunday to quite a number of their friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, Mr. and Mrs. James Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Lloyd Bowers of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Robert Burrows and Mr. Richard McCreery.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nugent gave a farewell dinner before their departure for their Santa Barbara home. Among Mr. and Mrs. Nugent's guests Wednesday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and

Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. Charles Clark, Mr. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury.

## THE BATTLE OF BOILED CORN.

Among the thousands of push-cart stores on the East Side no one is quite so unpopular with his fellow-man as he who sells boiled corn, says the New York Times. First, he is a transient, appearing for only a month or so. Next, as such, he has no regular stand and is forced to crowd in where he can, usually usurping some late comer's place in the street market.

In the morning, when he opens business, the first thing he does is to build a fire in his stove. To boil water steadily and long enough to cook the corn he must have a hot fire. The stove itself, with its boiler and reserve box for green corn, is heavy enough without the addition of a coal bin, so he burns wood, strips of packing boxes, barrel staves, and other odds and ends picked up in the street. In this lie most of his troubles.

As soon as his fire gets going, smoke and hot, bright sparks, soot, and cinders pour out of the abbreviated smokestack and spread themselves over the immediate neighborhood. Sparks light on the two-wheeled lingerie establishment adjoining. Soot gets into the boxes of white goods on the next vehicle, making the stock appear like the relics from some fire sale rather than the "extra values" advertised by the proprietor.

One of these unpopular corn merchants rolled his "hoodlum wagon" into the curb near the corner of Chrystie and East Houston Streets recently, and, in spite of loud protests from the men and louder wails from the women doing business in the same block, maintained his position between a dry goods merchant and an ice-cream and lemonade wagon.

The smoke from his furnace hurt the dry goods trade and made the eyes of the woman who owned it smart, and the untroubled demeanor of the corn king completely frazzled her nerves. The fact that it was her husband whose ice-cream was melted by the heat from the stove did not help matters any. There were arguments, but the corn merchant said nothing. Business was brisk and he kept still, boiled, buttered, and salted corn, and sold lots of it.

The offended ones appealed to a policeman and all he did was to threaten to drive them all off the block if they started anything. "Cops" have enough to do without discrimi-

nating between merchants all of whose licenses are in regular order.

Thus matters went until yesterday and the problem was solved. After a morning of bickering and gesticulating the woman suddenly disappeared. It was about noon and the corn trade was lively. Suddenly the woman leaned out above the carts three stories up on a fire escape. Few noticed her as she carefully raised a huge pail to the fire escape railing. She turned it over and there was a sound resembling a boiler explosion; then much hissing of steam—and no more smoke from the corn cooker. For the time being at least it was out of business.

The seller of boiled corn looked up and saw his neighbor still on the fire escape with another pail ready. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled a sad, beaten smile, and pushed his wet, steaming stove down the street. A banana peddler took his place a few minutes later and the corn man was forgotten.

## At Del Monte.

Golf as usual attracts the greatest gathering and the Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses are scenes of gay activity. After the morning and afternoon rounds the golf clubhouse and the Del Monte Lodge are gathering places for luncheons, teas, and dinners. Polo is a new summer diversion, which is coming in for more than a passing interest.

The next features which will come in for attention on the Monterey Peninsula will be the mounted field day and polo championships at Del Monte of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. This will take place next Friday, and there will be events both morning and afternoon. The next day, Saturday, Carmel is to have a big celebration for "Serra Day." There is to be a pageant-procession, and the dedication of a monument in honor of Father Serra.

Miss Mary K. Browne, former national women's tennis champion, who is also ranked as one of the leading golf players on the Pacific Coast, is spending the summer at Del Monte. She is to participate in the annual Del Monte tennis tournament, which takes place August 4th to 6th.

The big event of the year will be the California golf championships at Del Monte, September 2d to 10th. The important play on the links is always attended by many social affairs at the Hotel Del Monte and the Del Monte Lodge, as well as in the homes at Pebble Beach.

Judge and Mrs. Max C. Sloss and their young son, Frank, are spending their vacation at the hotel.

Ed F. Barrows and his two sons, Lawrence and Arthur, have been at Del Monte for the past fortnight and are daily visitors to the golf links.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Cushing are making a visit to Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Ford are also among the transbay society folk at the Monterey resort.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boisot, formerly of Chicago, and now of Pasadena, are at Del Monte to make a month's visit. They spend much of their time with their daughter, Mrs. Byington Ford, whose new home at Pebble Beach will soon be completed.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Cadwallader of Menlo

Park are at Del Monte to make an extended stay. Other society folk of San Francisco and vicinity who are at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Cebrian, Mrs. Algernon Crofton, Mrs. Carson Ricks, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold C. Lackenbach, William F. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Marion Scott of White Plains, New York, is spending several weeks in San Francisco as the guest of school friends.

Mrs. George Howard of San Mateo will pass the remainder of the summer at Lake Tahoe, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are in Santa Barbara for a short stay. Upon their return they will occupy their Marin County home.

Mr. Spencer Grant is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Upham at their country home at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane is leaving soon for Paso Robles for a month's stay.

Miss Kittie Fletcher of New York, who arrived recently from the East with her mother, Mrs. Peter Fletcher, is spending a week or ten days at Los Gatos with Mrs. Eugene Kern.

Mrs. Richard McCreery and her little daughter, Isabelle McCreery, sailed last week from New York for England.

Miss Heien Dake of Pasadena is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. K. Armsby, at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Evans, Jr., have bought the home of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Keeler in San Rafael.

Mr. Stewart Lowery has recuperated from his recent operation. During the week he left the Dante Sanitarium to return to his Menlo home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, accompanied by their niece, Miss Jean Boyd, left for Portland on the 15th. After a short visit in Portland, they expect to continue their way northward into Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nugent of Santa Barbara spent the summer months at Burlingame. They returned to their home in the south the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin.

Mrs. Henry Harrison Scott of New York and her son and daughter recently arrived in San Francisco.

cisco. They will spend some time in California, later going on to Canada, before returning East.

Mrs. Caroline Huber Howard of Los Angeles is passing several weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague has returned from the East and has opened her Pacific Avenue home, which is being remodeled.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent at their home in Pebble Beach.

Mrs. C. W. Penoyer has returned from the East, and is at her Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Helene de Latour spent the greater part of the week in San Francisco, returning to their Rutherford home for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear Bowles, who passed the last three months in New York, arrived in San Francisco on Wednesday. They went directly to Menlo, where they are the guests of Mrs. Bowles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel.

Mrs. Joseph Widner of Elgin Park, Philadelphia, with a party of friends including Mrs. Crawford Hill of Denver, Mr. Nathaniel Wells of Denver, and Mr. C. V. Whitney of New York, arrived in San Francisco during the week. The party registered at the St. Francis Hotel.

Captain Curtis de Ware and his mother, Mrs. J. C. de Ware, who have been visiting Captain and Mrs. Harry Sepulveda at their home in the Presidio, sailed the end of the week for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee passed the week-end at Los Altos as guests of Mrs. Charles Felton.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown left last week for the East. Mr. Albert Lincoln Brown, who is resuming his studies at Harvard, accompanied his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Lyle Ghirardelli are at Wawona, making a stay of some length.

Mr. Edward Harkness sailed last Wednesday on the *Matsonia* for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee and their children are touring Southern California. They have been away for several weeks.

Miss Lisa Stillman, who returned two weeks ago to her San Francisco home, will accompany her mother, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, to their camp in Siskiyou County.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Lathrop have spent the greater part of the summer in the East. Last week they sailed on the steamer *Majestic* for Europe, where they will pass the fall months.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler left Marin County on Tuesday to make their permanent residence in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Judd of Honolulu have returned to the Fairmont Hotel, after a two months' trip through the East. Before returning to Honolulu they will stay for some time in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carroll are spending several weeks at Wawona.

Mrs. Sydney A. Ehrman is leaving this week for Honolulu to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller are in London for the month. Later they will tour the Continent.

Mrs. Frederick Wilson Pritchett has arrived for a month's visit with Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman.

Princess Poniatowski and her sons, Prince Andre Poniatowski and Prince John Poniatowski, arrived in San Francisco during the week. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker at their Burlingame home, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field have opened their home at Woodside for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean spent the week-end at Woodside as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann have returned to their Gough Street home. The Heimanns spent the early part of the summer at Menlo.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. Ben E. Crouch, Chicago; Mr. Samuel M. Chord, Los Angeles; Mr. A. C. Huston, Woodland; Mr. C. H. Schlack, Canton, Ohio; Mr. George M. Bearce, San Antonio; Mr. James R. Boldt, Seattle; Dr. Andrew L. Stapleton, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. Montague Lyon, Jr., Mr. H. H. Webb, St. Louis; Mr. Fred Fleischman, Tucson; Mr. R. H. Parker, Los Angeles; Mr. Daniel Wilson, Chicago; Mr. E. O. Wattis, Ogden; Professor Lester A. Allen, Chicago; Mr. Ralph L. Knapp, Los Angeles; Mr. C. V. Whitney, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John F. McKnight, San Diego; Mrs. Albert Ponceast, Philadelphia.

Among those recently registered at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. H. L. Levitt, Los Angeles; Dr. Rex A. Crider, Reno; Mr. A. F. Stevens, Healdsburg; Mr. W. G. Hunt, Los Angeles; Mr. George F. Barritt, Seattle; Mr. L. B. Sperry, Chicago; Mr. J. D. Grant, Healdsburg; Mr. Tennant Lee, Los Angeles; Captain J. J. Kaveney, U. S. N.; Dr. E. J. Miller, St. Louis; Mr. J. C. Burgess, Fresno; Mr. William Kahrman, Fresno; Mr. E. T. Combs, Kansas City; Mr. E. L. Terman, Modesto; Mr. R. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Mr. Thomas S. Mills, Long Beach; Dr. W. H. Card, Minneapolis; Mr. Arthur M. Loomis, Los Angeles; Mr. A. M. Rulfs, Cupertino.

The history of the use of gunpowder in warfare dates from the seventh century, when it was employed by Byzantine emperors to defend Constantinople against the Saracens. However, it has greater antiquity among the Chinese, who employed it for blasting rocks and in the manufacture of fireworks long before the Christian era.

Australia has long been noted for the peculiarities of the animal life found there. Practically all the forms of mammalia which abound in other parts of the world are missing. Their places are taken by large marsupials of numerous varieties, these animals being nowhere else represented except by the opossums of America.

Dutchmen were the first foreigners to venture to the distant shores of Japan, and Dutch navigators founded rich colonies in Java and Sumatra.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### The Jungle.

Down in the jungle of the mind,  
Under consciousness and light,  
Where all lost thoughts lie entwined  
Like growths in a tropic night,  
There are strange and awful aims  
Grasping ever at the will,  
Wanting it with all the strength  
Of dead things that are living still.  
There are panther-eyed desires  
Crouched suppressed in covert caves.  
Fears like will-o-the-wisp fires  
Wandering on each air that waves.  
There are marshes of despair  
Where imagination breeds  
Bats that have the face of care,  
Vultures beaked like evil deeds.  
Horror and confusion cling  
Cloudy in the branching gloom:  
All things sinister or vile  
Find there ready room.

Down in the jungle of the mind  
These things are, as all men know.  
But among them what fair forms  
Out of foulness grow!  
Visions that like flowers lift  
Chalice of beauty up;  
Winged wonders magical  
As the moon's enchanted cup.  
Braveries that seize desires  
By their panther-throats and curb them.  
Genius voices so divine  
Even death can not disturb them.  
Fawns of joy so fleet of foot  
No wild cruel fang can catch them.  
Eagle urges of the soul  
Rising where no wing can match them.  
Fronds of peace that mount above  
All the tangle growth and slime.  
Purposes liana-strong,  
Born to reach and clasp and climb.  
And, amid them all, the sense  
Of the aspiring force of Life,  
Master of them, in the end,  
And of all with them at strife!  
—Cale Young Rice in *Harper's Magazine*.

#### Waste.

Dawn is like a broken honeycomb  
Spilling over the waxen edges of the clouds  
That drip with light.

Spire, swarming up the mauve mist,  
Reach their rosy tips  
Like little pointed tongues  
First about a shining platter,  
And every window is a brazier  
That cups the living gold.

Even the squat chimneys  
Rooting heaven  
Catch the sun upon their snouts  
And keep it balancing. . . .

Only my heart,  
Like a splintered vase,  
Is envious of the light  
It can not hold.

—Lola Ridge in *Broom*.

#### Passage.

Come, let us watch that rock down in the tide  
(So many things must go, so many things!)  
Once we were young and the sea was not so wide,  
Or love had wings.

Once we could round the earth without a sail.  
(The magic winds are gone, the magic foam!)  
Where was the harbor that we did not hail—  
That was not home?

Come, we will watch the moon with thoughts, not  
dreams,  
(Whatever goes, love stays, love warm and  
wise!)

Winged is youth; and yet our way still seems  
Toward Paradise!  
—Cale Young Rice in *the Forum*.

### The Clipper Ship.

There was no veneer or show  
beauty of the Massachusetts clippers. They  
were all well and solidly built of the best oak,  
Southern pine and hackmatack, copper-  
fastened, and sheathed with Taunton yellow  
metal. Scamping or skimping never occurred  
to a clipper-ship builder, and if it had, no  
Yankee workman would have stayed in his  
yard. In finish the clipper ships surpassed  
anything previously attempted in marine art.  
Those built at Newburyport in particular were  
noted for the evenness of their seams and the  
perfection of their joiner's work. The top-  
sides, planed and sandpapered smooth as a  
mackerel, were painted a dull black that brought  
out their lines like a black velvet dress on a  
beautiful woman. The pine decks were holly-  
stoned cream-white. Stanchions, life-rafts,  
and houses shone with mahogany, rosewood,  
and brass. Many had sumptuous staterooms,  
cabins, and bathrooms for passengers that put  
the old-time stuffy Cunarders to shame. . . .  
No detail was omitted that might increase  
speed, and no expense spared to make the  
Massachusetts clippers invulnerable to the  
most critical nautical eye.—*Samuel Eliot  
Morison in "The Maritime History of Massa-  
chusetts."*

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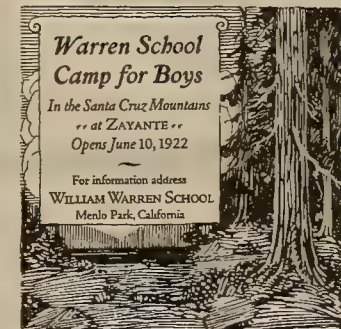
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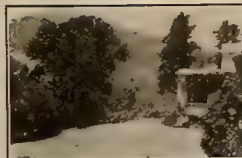
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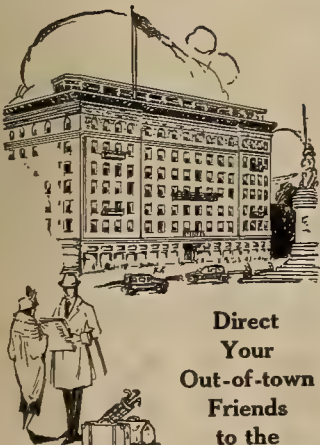
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you always read in the original French?" "Yes; translations are so indecent."—*Life*.

"Have you seen your hubby, Doris?" "Why, yes. I ran across him at breakfast only the other week."—*London Mail*.

Mrs. Slim (meditating)—I wonder why fat men are always so good-natured. Mr. Slim—Because nobody loves them.—*Life*.

"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory." A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

She (after a tiff)—It is not nice of you to be always so monosyllabic, Max. He—Well, call me Maximilian.—*Berlin Der Brummer*.

She—Honey, here is an article, "How to keep the cellar dry." He—If you invite your dad for another week ours will be dry.—*Judge*.

Freda—Daddy has promised to pay all the expenses of our honeymoon trip. Fred—That's splendid! We'll never come back.—*London Opinion*.

Magnificent Individual (on London bus)—Will you take a pound note for a threepenny fare? Conductor—Not 'arf. Wot O!—*London Mail*.

Melville—What is economy, father? Father—Economy, my son, is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it.—*London Answers*.

Lady (purchasing thermometer)—And would you be so kind as to set it at 65, because that's what the doctor says I'm to keep the room at.—*London Opinion*.

Closeup of a modern youth when his biplane headed for earth: "Oh, Lord—if there is a Lord—save my soul—if I have one."—*Grinnell Malteaser*.

"That silk hat you wear is away out of style." "Of course," said Senator Sorghum. "A statesman should always have an old-style silk hat to show that since he first assumed

the character he has been for years accumulating wisdom and dignity."—*Washington Star*.

Lawyer—So it's your wish to enter divorce proceedings this time? Actress—Yes; you see he's not the kind of husband I've been accustomed to.—*Punch*.

Teacher—Who can tell me the meaning of the word "leisure"? Little Boy—Please, miss, it's a place where married people repent.—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

"Mose, what would you do if you received a letter from the Ku Klux Klan?" a local negro was asked. "Well, sah, I'd read it on a train," replied Mose.—*Atchison Globe*.

The Youth—But, dearest, why need we wait till October? The Cinema Star—Well, old thing, I'm rather keen on October. You see, I've never been married in the autumn before.—*Punch*.

"I'm afraid dad will find out that we disobeyed him last night." "The best way to keep him from finding out is to tell him. He never remembers anything."—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"What's the best way to make a farm profitable?" "I have about decided," answered Farmer Cornstassel, "that the best way is to lay it out in city lots or golf links."—*Washington Star*.

Judge—Yours is a very serious crime, my man. Thirty years ago it was a hanging matter. Horse Thief—Well, yer honor, thirty years from now it mayn't be a crime at all.—*Boston Transcript*.

Deacon—Do you know anything about parts? Choir Leader (formerly automobile mechanic)—Sure. The soprano needs a new valve, and the bass ought to have his exhaust fixed.—*Cleveland Press*.

The Wife—I do think you are going it a bit strong. This is the twelfth time you have been to the buffet. The Husband—It doesn't matter at all—I tell everybody I'm getting something for you.—*Paris Le Rire*.

Visitor—What's that thing, Oswald? Artist—I'm going to call it "The Portrait of a Flapper." Visitor—Why don't you finish the head? Artist—Can't, the paint's not thick enough.—*Grinnell Malteaser*.

Elderly Lady (reading)—Now listen to this, Peggy—or— Seven-Year-Old Granddaughter—Oh, save us! I suppose its another person writing exactly what you always thought about the modern girl.—*London Mail*.

"After sending your son to college it must be disappointing to have him run off with a chorus girl." "I should say it was disappointing," replied the old millionaire. "I expected to marry that little dame myself."—*New York Sun*.

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young



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colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practice?" "In the mornings practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."—*Stockholm Kasper*.

Blackstone—I think Brown was foolish in spending \$100 for a radio phone outfit just because his wife wanted to listen to the free air concerts. Webster—Foolish nothing! He says the extra hours of quiet he gets every evening now are worth ten times the price he paid.—*New York Sun*.

"Is that an interesting book you are reading?" asked the garrulous traveler. "Why, yes," said the crafty old gentleman, carefully concealing the title of the best seller he had in his hand. "This is a book on relativity. Now, if you have an hour or two to spare, I'll explain the theory to you, so—" But even as he spoke the garrulous traveler rose from his seat and fled to the smoker.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Waiter, you may bring me some Blue Points on the half shell, cream of tomato soup, a large sirloin steak with French fried potatoes, an order of celery, apple pie à la mode and a demi-tasse." "Yes, sir. Your name, sir?" "What in thunder do you want my name for?" "Beg pardon, sir, but it is the custom of the house to look up the financial rating of our guests before serving them."—*Judge*.

### THE GENOA FIZZLE.

Now, laying aside all minor details, I wish I could bring home to my readers the essential fact that Genoa was another experiment in the direction taken by Mr. Wilson in the League of Nations, says Frank H. Simonds in the *Review of Reviews*. It was an effort to substitute a general system of international association for the older idea of alliances. Lloyd George was not thinking of any idealistic objects, as was Mr. Wilson. He was concerned with questions of trade and industry necessarily and rightly, for his own nation was suffering unbelievably as a result of existing conditions.

But what he was aiming at was to set up some sort of a Pan-European gathering to which all nations would be admitted on the basis of equality—Russia and Germany, quite as much as the old Allied countries. Russia was to be recognized, Germany welcomed, the war and the Russian Revolution relegated to the past, commercial agreements were to be made and, as a guarantee of

future peace, all present were to agree to respect one another's frontiers, save as modifications were agreed upon at Genoa, mainly in favor of Russia.

Now, in fact, what happened? On the very first occasion when discussion was opening, Russia and Germany went off in a corner and signed the Treaty of Rapallo, which was exactly the antithesis of the Lloyd George idea. Even if it were merely a commercial arrangement it inevitably foreshadowed a later political rapprochement. It was, in effect and particularly in its effect upon all present, a special alliance. Thus in the first days of the Genoa session two nations by their action rejected the whole Lloyd George conception—and these two nations were precisely the countries which had been outside the Pan-European arrangement and had been asked to come to Genoa to enter that arrangement.

As a result of the Russo-German alliance you had an immediate drawing together of France, Poland, the Little Entente, Belgium, precisely those countries for whom a Russo-German alliance had immediate and deadly peril. Thus, at the very beginning, you had the Conference of Genoa divided; one group of nations had drawn together because they had long been excluded from European councils and because they desired to see the settlements made at Paris abolished. The other group was concerned with preserving the arrangements made at Paris and, with the memories of the late war still fresh, was determined to guard against a new attack on its lines.

As a consequence Lloyd George's Pan-European scheme went glimmering, just like Mr. Wilson's League of Nations, and for the same reason. The Continent of Europe, the great and the small powers of the mainland, solidly refused to accept the Anglo-Saxon notion of association of nations and returned to their own conception of alliances. Russia and Germany gave the signal. France, Belgium, Poland, the Little Entente replied in the traditional European fashion. After that had happened only minor arrangements were possible. The Pan-European conception was dead.

### EAT

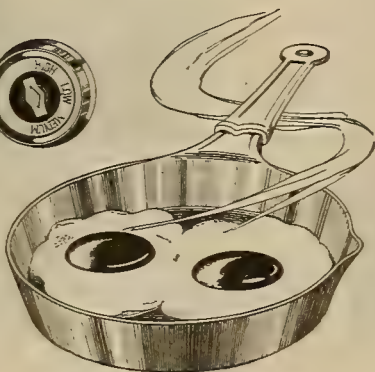
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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Let Our Light So Shine.

We have never thought well of that vague, indiscriminate, and noisy form of community advertising known as "boosting," for the plain reason that 95 per cent. of such effort represents dissipated energy and wasted money. The energy is dissipated in useless speech-making and spectacular tours, and the money is wasted in salaries for easy-going officials and employees, in glaring posters, and in an inordinate amount of travel and junketing. San Francisco and Northern California are not in pressing need of further attention and exploitation at the hands of the professional booster, but they do need a vast deal of intelligent service directed along well-considered lines and for definite purposes. There is need to increase both the rural and urban population with worth-while increments, and to devise and carry into effect, scientifically and persistently, plans for augmenting industrial opportunities and prosperity and the utilization of all those benign forces which nature has placed at our disposal. It is precisely because the thoughtfully conceived movement now under way to direct attention to the wonderful advantages of this part of California as a place in which to live comfortably and do business profitably, is controlled by men of the highest character, and the ripest business judgment and experience, that we hope and expect to see it succeed. The present effort on the part of Mr. K. R. Kingsbury and his associates to fix the attention of the world upon certain advantages of soil, climate, shipping facilities by water and rail, fine harbors, cheap power,

educational opportunities, fertile land at reasonable prices, wide variety in crops, dependable markets, is in every way a sound and worthy one, an endeavor that is entitled to the moral and financial support of every good citizen. This effort has back of it the best brains, the best character, the most unselfish effort that has ever characterized any movement of this sort for the good of the public, within our recollection. The men who have taken the laboring oar in this work are rightfully called good citizens, and the amount of time and work which they are giving to this effort to help Northern and Central California is only another evidence of their devotion to community and public interests. If they receive the support to which the wisdom of their plans, the character of their organization, the breadth of their vision and the confidence which they inspire entitles them, they will be able to do what they promise to do and to proceed with the continuance of a well-directed campaign which can not fail to add thousands of highly desirable citizens to the population of Northern California and to increase very considerably the importance of this community as a financial, industrial, and shipping centre. The people of Northern and Central California are face to face with genuine opportunity. We can not think they will do otherwise than seek to make the most of it.

### Hearst, Johnson, and Moore.

During the past month the prospects of better representation for California in the councils of the nation have grown bright. The campaign of Mr. Moore gives hope of rescuing the good name of the state. Not the narrowest partisanship can successfully misrepresent the importance of the public meetings that have assembled to make his acquaintance and acclaim his candidacy in the south; and in Central and Northern California one organization after another has been formed involving the most vigorous and progressive citizenship to carry the contest into new districts as soon as the candidate returns to this territory.

It is always an uphill fight to unseat a man fortified with patronage, especially one expert in building political machinery, but in this case the effort is greatly assisted by the conduct, the attitude, and the affiliations of the incumbent himself. Senator Johnson has long since ceased to represent the citizenship of California. What he really represents is William R. Hearst, and his intimate relationship to Tammany Hall.

It will interest those who have hitherto regarded Senator Johnson as a pure and sacrosanct patriot if we recall briefly one of the many ways in which this overt Hearst connection has been manifested. It was a shameful thing, but it was not done in the dark—rather brazenly, in the open, as though the public, and especially the California public, would soon forget it, or lack the intelligence to understand its import. When the civilization of western Europe was fighting for its life no tale of German virtue and success was too lurid for the Hearst press to print, and truth was a dispensable ingredient. One wild story to make people in this country believe Germany was winning the war was printed in the Chicago *Examiner* under the spread head "London in Flames." London was not in flames, and no such news had been cabled. Added to his other Germanophile activities, this broke the back of the British camel's patience, and Britain closed the cables to the Hearst news services and papers. The English are often rational, and perhaps Downing Street reasoned that if he could manufacture news in his news shops he did not need to burden the wires with it. Italy, France, and Canada followed Great Britain's lead. The Associated Press sued out an injunction to restrain the Hearst news service from rewriting European news sent to this country by the Associated Press, and so matter for his papers was badly curtailed. Hearst fought, lost, and appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

To a person of his political theories, what Hearst

seemed to need before the Supreme Court was a United States senator, so he retained Johnson. And Johnson, while a United States senator, took a fee from William Randolph Hearst for representing him in a case before the country's highest tribunal. Fortunate it was that the founders of the republic made the Supreme Court independent of the United States Senate—unfortunate that they did not see the necessity of prohibiting the prostitution of senatorial influence involved in the appearance of a senator before that court during his term of office. In this case, however, the independence and honor of the Federal judiciary were enough. Hearst lost.

But Johnson at one time appeared to have presidential possibilities. Hearst commended him to Hylan, and he "made" a fee of \$25,000 trying to put over Hylan's pet scheme on the traction companies. And Hylan lost. Hearst must know he himself can never be President; but his idea seems to be that if he can float Johnson along on a few fees and keep him on the public stage in the character of a United States senator, he may by some fluke land him in the White House. Said Lowell once:

If you git me inside the White House  
Your head with 'ile I'll kinder 'n'int  
By gittin' you inside the lighthouse  
Down to th' eend o' Jalaam's P'int.

If Hearst can not be President it would serve his purposes if he could hand the presidency to his attorney.

Are these possibilities exaggerated? Is the picture overdrawn? The *Argonaut* has no disposition to go beyond the inferences warranted by the facts. The Four-Power treaty is one of the greatest achievements of American diplomacy, one of the brightest omens of peace that ever appeared above the glory of the dawn. It is difficult to speak calmly of it. Because of this treaty, even before its ratification by the other powers, the clouds of distrust that had gathered over the Pacific have been dispelled. It was the greatest piece of statecraft we have seen in our generation. Because of that treaty, mothers of California boys now know that they do not have to see them marched away to war, and scan the papers every morning through their tears, choking with the fear that they may find the beloved name among the dead. And what did Senator Johnson do to save them from that? He did what his Anglophobic client wanted. He carried Hearst and Tammany Anglophobia into the Senate chamber, he fought against the policy that even now has brought "peace on earth, good will to men," and he labored to defeat the treaty, with his voice and with his vote. He did not act as a Republican, he opposed the President instead of supporting him. He did not represent the Republicans of California that time. He does not represent California now.

Men like Chester Rowell and Marshall Stimson know that he does not. They have welcomed the opportunity to promote and to support the candidacy of Mr. Moore, a man of immaculate honor, who never touched corruption, a man to whom dishonesty would never dare speak, a constructive character and one of the real up-builders of California and the Pacific Coast, a man who fights fair and who usually wins his fights; not a mere opportunist and oppositionist, but a man of principle and achievement, and of that high hope for humanity which expressed itself in the idealism and inspirations of the Exposition of which he was the president and principle creator, and in his subsequent loyalty to every public movement that seemed to promise the end of wars; and a man whose official influence no wealthy adventurer would think of trying to buy.

### Twenty-Four Years.

You remember, of course, young Lieutenant Rowan, who carried the message to Garcia during the Spanish war, and what sermons were written and recited about his heroism and persistence and devotion to duty? Well, last week Congress got around to giving him a



medal, the Distinguished Service Cross, with a citation of his service. But it was not to the young lieutenant that Congress gave it. It was to Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew S. Rowan, grown old enough by this time to be a grandfather. We are glad Colonel Rowan has his cross. He is a resident of San Francisco and this city may take pride in the fact. But twenty-four years is a long time.

It should not take long to bestow a cross. The Kaiser used to hand them out on the field of battle by basketfuls. (After the battle.) But it has been a brief lifetime since Rowan's feat. Many bridges have been built and much water has run under them since then. Second-growth redwood has grown to sawlogs. In twenty-four years the world has gone a long way on its course, forward or backward, according as you view it. William McKinley was assassinated and Theodore Roosevelt rose to power. After several bad starts, and reorganization of the commission, the Panama Canal was constructed. Russia was trounced by Japan, and the attitude of the brown and yellow races toward the white was changed. Gilbert K. Chesterton gained fame and weight, and Henry James expatriated himself. Mr. Bryan ceased to run for the presidency, except occasionally. Judge Alton B. Parker used to get into the papers every day for going swimming in the Hudson before breakfast, but if he still does it not a paper in the country would give him a stickful on it. The whole art of human flight has been developed, and of wireless telegraphy; and automobiles have ceased opening in the back, and Detroit has become a great city, on the motor-car industry. Puff sleeves have gone out of fashion and short skirts have come in and are on the point of departure, and the United States have been invaded by the Baha Ulla religion, and New York has had several spasms of virtue and as many relapses into vice, and so has the rest of humanity, and the Standard Oil Company has been dissolved into many small companies about as profitable as the old one, and futurism and cubism have possessed the field some persons know as art. We have had insurgency in Congress and Mooseness in national politics, and both are nearly forgotten, and Mt. Lassen became a successful volcano, and Dempsey nearly killed Willard at Toledo, and the movies grew from the nickelodeon stage into an eight-hundred-million-a-year industry, and Hollywood grew from nothing to notoriety, and William H. Taft was elected President and then defeated, and now is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and San Francisco burned down, and rebuilt itself, and built a great exposition and tore it down again, and we had President Wilson and the European war, and the German Empire became a name and Europe a chaos, and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was outgrown and supplanted by the Four-Power treaty, and Hiram Johnson was elected to the Senate and wants to be again, and Harry Léon Wilson introduced flappers into American life, and a generation grew from birth to voting age and three years over, and the country went dry; and still, down to a week ago, Andrew S. Rowan did not have his cross. Twenty-four years to give a man a medal!

If the Emporium decided that some clerk or salesman in its employ ought to have a medal, that medal would be forthcoming within twenty-four days—we had almost said hours. If Hale Bros., Inc., decided that some one on its pay-roll had earned a medal by saving the store, and it would be good policy to donate it, there would be a little meeting and in his best Exposition manner Mr. R. B. Hale would make a short speech and present it. If the Southern Pacific or the Western Pacific or the Central Pacific Railroad wished to present a medal to some heroic fireman or engineer who had saved a train, or the Robert Dollar Company decided to honor in that way some skipper who had saved a ship, it would not wait twenty-four years, nor twenty-four months. It would do the deed and get it over with. That is business.

We might concede that giving medals and crosses is not very important, and not urgent at all; and yet in a human sense it is very important, and if it is important, it should not take twenty-four years to do it. We may concede that the government has had considerable to do besides seeing that Lieutenant Rowan's execution of orders was formally recognized. Yet it doesn't take long to give a man a medal, and if it is going to be done at all, it ought to be done. And it is not as though this were a singular case of governmental oversight or neglect. It is not unique; it is typical. Every so often we see in the papers a brief announcement that compensa-

tion, with interest, has just been voted to the heirs of some farmer whose cow was commandeered for beef for the American army in the war of 1812; or that a private bill has been introduced for the relief of the heirs of some contractor who had a mule shot in the Mexican war. Comparatively few such cases are reported, because the repetition would grow tiresome, but they often come up in Congress, generations after the money is due and should have been paid. It is the dilatory way of all government. Because there is no commercial responsibility there is no discipline, no training, no promptitude in the dispatch of business. Only national emergency can induce government to make one quick motion. Procrastination is part of its character, delay is an ingrained habit. If you do it today you may leave nothing to do tomorrow. If you don't do it today, the public "will not long remember," nor put in a bill. If it should remember some costly case of oversight or neglect, you can blame it on some other department, or make a speech about the grand old flag. Enough persons can always be hoodwinked to make reelection reasonably sure.

It has taken Congress twenty-four years to give a man a medal, and yet some people want the production and distribution of hydro-electric energy in California turned over to a board of five politicians, endowed by constitutional amendment with \$500,000,000 of the taxpayers' money to spend. It is incredible.

### "Henry and Me."

The case of "Henry and Me," now before the American people through the columns of our more or less free press, bears the bright omen of promise for calm, dispassionate discussion of principles, without the vituperation which is generally present when such controverted issues are under debate; and which always clouds the main question when it is present. The fact that "Me" introduces his bosom friend Henry at a great meeting of students of the Kansas Normal School, that Henry, who has authorized "Me's" arrest for alleged violation of Henry's pet industrial court law by posting in his window placards sympathizing with the rail strikers, proceeds at the meeting to lambaste "Me" unmercifully and in the same speech concedes that he is a self-sacrificing martyr, and that immediately thereafter "Me" invites Henry home to chicken dinner—all this argues well for our native rationality. That is American.

But if the Kansas industrial court law makes it necessary to abolish the freedom of the press in time of peace, then that is not American. The sympathy of the *Argonaut* in the case of Henry and Me is entirely with Henry in his effort as governor of Kansas to protect "the party of the third part," namely the public, against a coal famine brought on by a strike. But the judgment of the *Argonaut* is altogether on the side of the "Me" in the case, who has attempted to assert a fundamental American doctrine in the face of the power of the state government. He is protecting a public right that is far more valuable to this nation than coal. And when sympathy conflicts with judgment, it is time to show sympathy the door.

Admitting at once the gravity of the situation and the calamities that would follow a much further prolongation of the coal and transportation strikes, there is something involved here that is more important: the right of a free people to a full expression of fact and opinion in time of peace. Liberty has made the railroads, and while it did not make the coal it made all the value the coal has, and about all the value there is in life itself. We have grown so used to freedom we don't know we have it, just as we never think of the atmosphere, another quite important thing. Some of us appear to have grown as oblivious of it as children who never heard of it, and to value it as little. Yet almost all we have of physical comfort and the materials of civilization has been produced and brought to us under free conditions. Under conditions of liberty and security the railroads and the mines have been developed, and the railroads at least are better than any built or operated by any government anywhere.

No socialistic trick and device for securing industrial peace is worth as much as the free play of individual effort and the free expression of individual opinion, to a people whose whole history shows them capable of using freedom well. The party of the third part, namely the public, which is in danger of suffering from the coal famine and the transportation tie-up, is in more serious danger of the loss of its liberties from the efforts of popularity-hunting politicians to cure

every temporary ailment by legalistic artifice. Under that influence our constitutions are becoming a patchwork of debating-society resolutions instead of guarantees of fundamental rights. The public is in greater need of having freedom of action and of utterance protected than the contents of its coal bins. The want of coal may become a terrible want. But to say that men must mine it, and not strike against the conditions under which they are mining it, is too near oppression. Henry says that is not what the Kansas industrial court provides—that it only provides that other men shall not order strikes. But there is little practical difference.

You may deny liberty to Hindus, and they may be better off for it than they would be free, but the people of this country are not Hindus. And when we attempt to get rid of our pressing troubles by means of a law under which an American editor can be jailed for displaying a placard sympathizing with strikers, much as the *Argonaut* may condemn such a vile frame of mind, it must point out that William Allen White's mind is his own, and begosh he has a right to state what's in it, as long as he does not give aid and comfort to a foreign enemy in time of war.

If we trade off liberty for coal it will be a sorry trade. Liberty is worth more than anthracite. Heaven send us the wisdom to see it.

### Free Labor.

Some ways you take them, the Americans are a complacent folk, little given to fussing about the future provided they can get through today without too much trouble. In the public affairs of China, tomorrow is often pawned to satisfy the requirements of today; and then they sell the pawn ticket. Evils are not fought and killed outright, but compromised with, in order to postpone a troublesome settlement and secure peace for the moment. So fundamentals are sacrificed to details and superficialities, principles to expedients; until the whole land groans under an accumulation of evils and bad old customs that have acquired, through centuries of popular acquiescence, the immunity of privilege and the status of vested interests. It used to be said that in this country nothing was settled until it was settled right. But through the vagaries of modern education, which seems to see no universal truths anywhere, nothing fundamental, no fixed principles, but all things relative and all in flux, we appear to have arrived in large numbers at the popular view that there is nothing which is generally right, and so it is well to settle things any old way as long as we can get them settled for the next few days. What comes after that can take care of itself.

Some of us seem, for example, to have lost the view that men have a fundamental right to their lives and liberties, and to work when and where they will as long as they behave themselves—that, in the words of President Harding, free men willing to work have a right to work in safety. Large numbers of our people seem ready to throw away that principle in return for what they call "industrial peace." Or, if they are not willing to throw it away themselves, they seem willing that their politicians in office should throw it away for them. We believe this easy tolerance arises out of popular ignorance of the general interest in the maintenance of personal rights. Those rights do not concern merely the strikebreaker, or so-called scab, and they are not to be secured to him merely on his account. They constitute so definite and concrete an interest, that leaving aside all abstractions and generalities, they are an essential part of the right of the public to be served with transportation and with coal and everything else at rates that have not been inflated by means involving the murder of guards and strikebreakers.

For, every strike makes it necessary, if it is possible, to charge more for the service of the commodity the strikers help produce. Labor has a right to strike. But this does not mean license to commit murder, or to slug scabs, or to intimidate non-union citizens willing to work. The public is entitled to have such men work, if they are willing to do so, and in the long run it is the public that pays the bills.

Union members do not acquire by going on strike any rights, privileges, or legal powers they did not have before they struck. Strikebreakers do not lose any rights by being strikebreakers. This is fundamental, and it is vital to all important human interests. No philosophy of pink Bolshevism in universities or dilettantes' drawing-rooms, can be permitted to undermine the stones of this foundation. Nor can our poor old



political Pumblechook of a governor evade his responsibility for maintaining this essential part of the social fabric by passing the buck to Sheriff Gum. He well knows that no sheriff, placed as Sheriff Gum was placed, can rely on a local posse to preserve the rights of strikebreakers, and the rights of the general public.

This proposition should have been so clear to everybody in the nation that President Harding should never have had to restate it in his message to the governors. That "free men willing to work may work in safety" is not merely the right of the men themselves, it is the right of all society, and it is the concern of all society; not merely for the sake of maintaining a general principle of right that has been clouded and obscured by a lot of sentimental soap-box and pulpit humbug about "social justice," but also for its ultimate effect on prices. That may seem a sordid consideration, but it has this value: it can be understood by hundreds of thousands of people in this country who are so lacking in imagination and the power to visualize a general social principle that they suppose a strike is only a struggle between the boss and the hired man, and "ought" to be settled on a basis of generosity; and whose sympathies are with the apparently weaker side even to the extent of palliating foul fighting and the unpunished murders of Williamson County, Illinois, as long as they fail to realize that the whole public will ultimately pay for strike murders in dollars and cents.

Let us get back to fundamentals in thinking about this matter. Time is wasted and the issue is confused in discussing the conditions and the details of private business. The public has a right to use the services of miners and operators, if miners and operators wish to serve the public, under conditions of peace—not industrial peace, for that is, and in a free country will probably long remain, an idle dream—but under just the conditions laid down by the President of the United States a week ago, "CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH FREE MEN, WILLING TO WORK, MAY WORK IN SAFETY." Thus far, that is President Harding's best official utterance. Thereby he asserted fundamental American doctrine and focused public attention on it, and at the same time bawled out the political governors in great style and possibly shamed some of them into doing their duty. Perhaps some, like Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania, did not need it, but we think of some that did, and one of them not far away. This is the thing of paramount importance to the public, the thing that is fundamental.

No other questions are relevant until this question has been settled; not merely shoved off and evaded, Chinese fashion, for the sake of easy peace and more coal this winter. It would be a bad thing if the great, helpless, Eastern centres of population should find themselves in the grip of the terrible Eastern winter, short of coal, or their mills short of power. But unpunished murder is worse, no matter for what cause committed. The rail executives show a disposition to fight this economic battle through to a finish. The public will serve its own best interests by demanding from its officials that the fight be conducted according to the rules of the game, namely, the law of organized society, and not rules made for the protection of murderers. Maintain the rights of free men in this country, and the trains will move and the coal will be forthcoming; and the officials brave enough to do it need fear no political punishment. The masses of the people have no sympathy with murder. And they know, if they think about it at all, that the deputy sheriff murdered while guarding railroad property at Tracy last week, and who left a widow and child, was sacrificed to coward politics.

#### Editorial Notes.

London was disappointed because Chief Justice Taft was less rotund than they expected. We felt the same way in this country about Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Plans are going forward in Shanghai for the establishment of an American school, in order that the children of Americans in China may be educated without having to be sent home. Land has been purchased and a temporary building will be ready for the autumn term. Nearly every American in Shanghai is a contributor to the fund, as well as many in the outports.

It will be interesting just now to recall the answer Governor Altgeld of Illinois received from the President of the United States to his protest against the use of Federal troops to prevent the interference of strikers with the movement of the mails. It read: "While I

am still persuaded that I have not transcended my authority or duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all authority to restore obedience to the law and to protect life and property.—Grover Cleveland."

If you expect to have any influence on the August primaries, you will have to make sure of your registration. All registration previous to December 31, 1921, was canceled on that date. To vote at the August primaries, new registration is necessary, and it closes by state law at midnight on July 29th, the date of this issue of the *Argonaut*. The registrar's office is in the City Hall, and probably he will not turn anybody out that is inside his doors before midnight of July 29th. But there is no use waiting that long. If you take your citizenship seriously you will be registered before that time arrives. And at this primary there is something to vote for: a candidate for United States senator, for one thing.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### A Pertinent Suggestion.

##### NATIONAL ORANGE COMPANY.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., July 24, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I noticed with pleasure your article with portions of Mr. Hughes' talk before the educators. It seems to me to be a good opportunity for the University of California to secure a good man for its head by offering it to Mr. Hughes, and paying what is necessary to get him. It might be rather revolutionary from the present-day standpoint of what constitutes education, but there should be some action obtained along right lines with Mr. Hughes as its head.

HARRY B. CHASE.

##### Sentiment Is Against It.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Personal observations in twenty counties, supplemented by reliable information as to conditions in sections I have not visited, convince me that the proposed \$500,000,000 Water and Power Act will be soundly beaten. Instead of gaining support the measure is steadily losing, and as a slide once started generally goes farther than any one expects the defeat will likely be a rout.

Of the several straws denoting the direction of the wind, two seem to me an infallible index of the state of the public mind. First, the press of the state has ranged itself against the act in the proportion of five to one in Northern California and nearly ten to one in Southern California. In a city or a county a cause sometimes wins with little or no newspaper support, but lack of such support in a state-wide fight means that public sentiment runs strongly the other way. The second straw is that large numbers of county officials who are candidates for reelection have signed the membership cards of the Greater California League, pledging opposition to the Water and Power Act. This would not be so if even an active minority in such communities favored the measure. County candidates always keep an ear close to the ground, and they are convinced that this year the people are in no mood to approve a half-billion-dollar bond issue.

JOHN TAYLOR WALDORF.

##### Correcting Lloyd George.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The Manchester *Guardian* informs us that in June Lloyd George at Cricieth, in Wales, was present at the laying of the foundation stone of a monument to be erected in commemoration of the men that died during the war. In his ceremonial speech he said: "These young men went to France, to Gallipoli, to Mesopotamia, to Palestine and elsewhere. What was the reason that prompted them to leave their homes? They did not have to repulse an invader, to prevent the pillaging of their hearths. They went to defend right and equity. They thus fought for peoples they did not know, whose language they did not understand." Such words are beyond measure. If the fact is true that the British nation fought an over-four-year war in the interest of a cause other than her own, and that she sacrificed thereby hundreds of thousands of lives for France and Belgium, merely for a show of sentimental chivalry, the British ministers responsible for having dragged their country into such a strife, are in a thoroughly bad position. The full truth is that the British nation was compelled to fight to defend and safeguard her independence, same as the French, Belgian, and other nations were compelled to do. Why should Lloyd George voluntarily blind himself to this fact? Is it so that he can refuse to see it? Does he want the British nation to ignore it? Why does he misrepresent the truth to his countrymen? Have his words for object to separate his country more and more from the *entente cordiale*? Or is it merely to feed flatteries to the display of pseudo-generosity? Lord Grey lately said: "Our frontier in future will not be the English Channel, but the Rhine." The full truth is: Had Germany ever succeeded in taking Calais, Dunkerque, and the French North Sea Coast, the history of the war would have resulted very differently for every one of the Allies.

JORIS VAN ANTWERPEN.

Apropos of the many congresses held since the armistice, a correspondent of the London *Morning Post* has unearthed the following letter from Chateaubriand, written in 1822, when he was French ambassador in London: "Since the Congress of Vienna and that of Aix-la-Chapelle the princes of Europe had had their head turned by congresses. That is where they went for amusement and to share out among themselves a few nations. Hardly had the congress which started at Laibach, and was continued at Trothen, come to an end, when they thought of convoking another at Vienna, at Ferrara, or at Verona."

According to the estimate of Professor Edward R. A. Seligman of Columbia University, there are now 18,000,000,000,000 Russian rubles in existence. They are made of paper, and it takes 260,000 of them to equal one ruble, gold. If cheap money could make prosperity Russia would be the happiest country in the world.

#### VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

##### DIRECT RELATIONS WITH CANADA. (New York Tribune.)

The visit of Premier Mackenzie King of Canada to the United States may well mark an important milestone in America's foreign relations. He came primarily to discuss the agreement regarding the unfortified border between the two countries. He spoke of the importance of this frontier in the international relations of the world. But he said nothing about the fact that this agreement, negotiated direct between London and Washington, was now being discussed direct between Canada and the United States.

In the old days—and as a matter of fact until two years ago—London determined the foreign relations of the British Empire. Since 1920, however, Canada has had the right, so far unused, of naming its own representative in Washington, with the rank of minister, and empowered to deal with all questions arising in the relations of Canada and the United States.

Whether or not Mr. Mackenzie King intends to avail himself of this right and appoint a Canadian minister, his visit to Washington is the first important step in direct diplomatic relations between the two countries. If a new treaty is made with Canada to supplement the Rush-Bagot agreement, it will be the first fruit of these new relations.

The keen understanding of American and Canadian problems shown by the present British ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes, is doubtless the reason why Canada has not yet appointed a minister to the United States. But the authorization of such an appointment, marking a great and almost revolutionary departure in Britain's methods of conducting her foreign relations, is a recognition by Great Britain that there are many questions concerning the United States and Canada which can best be solved by direct Canadian representation in Washington. Such questions as the St. Lawrence Canal, fishing rights, railroad intercommunication, and even Panama Canal tolls have a special significance for Canada and are not, properly speaking, questions of empire. Such, also, is the present proposal to revise the unarmed border agreement.

It will be interesting to see whether the Canadian premier will follow up his visit and discussions by establishing permanent direct diplomatic relations between the two countries.

##### A CANADIAN TREATY OF PEACE.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

The first American reaction to the Canadian proposal to terminate the existing Rush-Bagot agreement which has resulted in leaving the border between this country and Canada unfortified for an extent of more than 3000 miles, may well be a feeling of regret at in any way touching or altering this historic pact. Never has an international agreement worked more to the satisfaction of all parties in interest, and it has been a symbol to the rest of the world of the good time to come when the spirit of the agreement, enacted by nation after nation, shall banish the dread of war from the world.

There has been no knowledge heretofore that the agreement as it stands was not perfectly satisfactory in wording or implication, although there have been hints that American revenue men and "dry" officials occasionally felt hampered by its literal interpretation.

The explanations of Mackenzie King, the Dominion prime minister, now in Washington, as to Canada's motives for seeking the change, leave the matter somewhat clouded. But it is significant that the new pact is to be no longer a simple agreement between this country and Great Britain as the Dominion's international guardian, but a formal treaty negotiated by Canada with this country, as equal to equal.

There has been an unexplained hitch in the arrangement to have Canada send her own minister plenipotentiary to Washington. Canada now may wish to make as striking an assertion of her claim to freedom of action in foreign affairs by a gesture that shall proclaim to the world that on the most intimate matter of national concern, one affecting the country's defense and safety, she is competent to act for herself.

It may be assumed that the treaty will carry out the spirit of the time-honored agreement. In that case it may be considered of good omen that the first step of the Dominion in independent diplomacy will be one sealing peace for all time to come with her neighbor on the south.

##### THEY LOVE A SHINING MARK.

(Owens Valley Herald.)

Why is it that agitators of various political beliefs will always pick upon a prosperous community to expound their theories and try to establish their experimental and disrupting doctrines?

California, a state the most advanced in hydro-electric power development of any state in the Union, and with rates for current lower than elsewhere in the country, is facing a constitutional amendment to authorize an expenditure of \$500,000,000 by the state for hydro-electric and water development. The proposed measure would put in jeopardy some \$600,000,000 now invested by private property in hydro-electric properties.

The builders of existing power projects in California have been pioneers in long-distance distribution of electric energy and have led the world in this field. If the state adopts the socialistic scheme it would automatically prevent further development of power by private capital in California.

The future of the state's power resources would be in the hands of five political appointees and power requirements of various sections would be considered from the standpoint of political expediency rather than from the standpoint of public necessity. Private property rights under the law are scattered to the four winds.

Thus do the agitators pick on a prosperous state to expound their doctrines and fasten the burden of an increasing tax bill. If the measure is successfully passed in California the promoters of the scheme will immediately extend their agitation to adjoining states.

##### THE TEST.

(New York Times.)

It has become ridiculous and preposterous for senators to worry the President with their legislative tangles and party anxieties. The tasks now thrust upon him make theirs sink into nothingness. Alongside the coal strike and the railway trouble, the tariff looks positively silly, the bonus like a mad freak, and the ship subsidy more fantastically foolish than ever. All this small dust in the balance is to be swept aside when issues that touch the authority of the government and the very life of the nation are being weighed.

The rejection by the mine workers of President Harding's offer of arbitration and a commission to reorganize the soft coal industry is based, not upon reason shown, but upon stark power. Their demand is that the owners, the public and the government, give in to them first and do the investigating and arbitrating afterward. Their tacit assumption is obvious. It is that the country is now on such short rations of coal and so afraid of what the winter may bring that it will submit to anything. But certainly the government of the United States can not yield to terrorism.

One thing it can make clear beyond any shadow of doubt. This is that it will throw the amplest protection around any



who are willing to do the work of mining coal or transporting food and merchandise over the railroads. There must be no more unionist lynch law as at Herrin. The strikers assert that they are indispensable; that men can not be found to do their work in the pits or the shops. That is not proved. If the matter is tried out and if substitutes come forward the government is bound to see to it that they are made safe. It will be a test, if it comes, not of labor-union theories, but of the dignity and power of the American government.

#### WILLS AND THEIR WAYS.

(Washington Post.)

Every one knows what an important thing a will is. It does seem a little peculiar that a man or woman who has shuffled off this mortal coil and reached the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, and who may therefore be considered to have no further concern with subunary affairs, should yet have a great deal to say in the appointment here of so many blocks of stock, there of so many parcels of real estate and elsewhere of so many horses, automobiles, pieces of furniture and dollars and cents. A great deal, be it noted, but not all, for the law wisely limits what a testator can do. Thus, as early as 1279, one finds the enactment of the first of those many statutes of mortmain which were designed to prevent clergymen from frightening dying persons into conveying or bequeathing their lands for charitable or ecclesiastical purposes. Similarly, most of the states of this country have special acts which safeguard the interests of the family of a decedent from any gross abuse of the exercise of the will-making power.

The case of those persons who, while in full possession of health and testamentary capacity, vociferously assert that their wills are already made and all their affairs in order and yet are found intestate when the final summons comes is admirably illustrated by Dickens in "David Copperfield" in the person of Mr. Spenlow, who lived among wills, was always dilating on the necessity of making a will and yet made none himself and left everything concerning his estate at sixes and sevens.

Then there is the case of the man who draws hundreds of perfectly unassailable wills for others, but blunders irremediably when he comes to make his own. Instances of that character are almost beyond count. The most recent example is that of the lawyer who left money to endow a library bearing his name at a university, but whose will was declared invalid by the appellate division of the superior court of New York because it did not comply with the decedent estate law of the state.

The moral seems to be: Make your will betimes, but get some one else to draw it up.

#### SPARE THOSE OLIVES!

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Merchants of Seville, Spain, have sent a cask of olives to Philadelphia. The cask remains undelivered because it was addressed to the president of the Sesqui-Centennial Association, and at the moment there is no such person. Mayor Moore, who occupied that position at the time the shipment was made, has sidestepped the Spanish perquisite of office, and there is none to do it honor. There is a movement to ship it back to its donors; but we trust this gesture will not prevail. There are several uses to which the gift may be put if it is kept here.

In the first place, it might serve as a useful memento of the fact that somebody believes the exposition is to be held. It is true the somebody in question lives as far away from the scene of action as Seville and is presumably not in close touch with recent developments; but sober thought will convince those of the larger vision that these facts make the memento all the more significant. For under the circumstances the cask of olives apotheosizes faith in the abstract. And faith of that kind is what is needed more than anything else at the moment in connection with the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition.

From this viewpoint, it would be a fitting thing if the cask of olives were taken from the seclusion of the dark storage where it reposes and mounted high upon the crown of Penn's hat above the City Hall where all might see it. There it might serve as an inspiration to the faint-hearted.

But its uses do not stop there. One of the objectors to the exposition has pointed out that one of the principal drawbacks to holding it would be that as many as a thousand children a day would be lost and have to be taken care of. We do not know exactly how many olives a cask contains, but we feel sure it is more than a thousand. In other words, ready at hand we have at least a day's supply of comforts for the children. What lost child would bewail the miseries of life in general if it were given an olive to make acquaintance and thus had a private misery of its own to concentrate on comfortably and conveniently?

Moreover, there will have to be innumerable dinners given in order to get the plans for the exposition into shape. Nowadays it is the fashion to transact business by committees and how can a committee function except around a banquet table? In this cask of olives, provided they are not given to the children, we have the nucleus of innumerable *hors d'œuvres* courses, and at no cost to the management. The exposition's affairs should be conducted economically, and right here is where the start should be made.

So we are strong for keeping the cask of olives. If a president of the Fair Association is elected tomorrow, he should be required to execute a waiver of any title he might have to the cask as his individual property. To retain it would amount to accepting a valuable consideration while in office. And when we say that, we have in mind not so much the olives as the cask.

In its first bulletin, published December, 1921, the Tax Reduction League said: "You can secure the reduction of taxes on demand provided the voice that makes the demand is recognized as the voice of the organized majority." Siskiyou County, says the league's bulletin, took this statement at its face value, organized a County Taxpayers' Association, and within six months was practically assured a 25 per cent. reduction in county taxes. More than that, by the end of six months county officials who had resented the "inquisitiveness" of the association were inviting the association officers to help the board of supervisors with their "advice," and county employees were volunteering to accept salary reductions.

Word comes from Santiago de Cuba that posthumous honors were paid there in the form of a bust and a tablet to Sir Lampton Lorraine, British rear-admiral, who in 1873 is credited with having averted war between the United States and Spain by threatening to shell Santiago if the Spanish authorities executed any more of the crew and passengers of the *Virginia*, captured while running arms and volunteers to the Cubes in the Ten Years' War.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Eads Howe is known as "the Millionaire Hobo." He likes traveling, but does not care for the end-door type of Pullman.

The oldest living graduate of Columbia University is Dr. Stephen Smith, on whom his *alma mater* recently conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. He is in his hundredth year.

Capablanca, the world's chess champion, recently played forty opponents simultaneously at Paris. He went up and down a long row of chess boards, and a moment's glance was said to be enough to enable him to defeat almost any attack.

Miss Georgette La Motte of Oklahoma is a real musical prodigy, having played the piano since her fourth year and appeared in concerts since she was seven. She is now fifteen years old and has gone to Paris to continue her musical education.

Charles Lee Patten, now one of the White House gardeners, was associated with President Harding when the latter was in active newspaper work at Marion, Ohio. Patten is eighty-two years old, and is said to be strong for a Harding second term.

The increasing modernity of China is exemplified in the case of Mupia Ju, daughter of Director Ju Cho Man, of the South China government. Mupia Ju is a regular member of the air forces of South China, and in the present disturbed condition of things takes her turn with the men pilots in the flying patrol.

Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, president of the American College for Girls at Constantinople, is a native of New Hampshire, and studied at Heidelberg, Zurich, Leipzig and Berlin. Among her practical works is a translation of a text-book on physiology into Armenian, but she has also devoted intensive study to Sextus Empiricus, and to Sappho.

T. H. Caraway, junior senator from Arkansas, who has been leading the fight against Attorney-General Harry A. Daugherty, has been in public life less than a decade. He served eight years in the House of Representatives, and has been in the Senate little more than a year. His father, a country doctor in Missouri, was assassinated in a feud growing out of the hatreds of the civil war.

Captain James A. Pedlow, the American Red Cross commissioner to Budapest, is said to be the most popular man in the Hungarian capital. Out of gratitude for his relief work among the starving war victims, the Hungarian government has erected a monument to him in the city park, which was recently unveiled on the seventy-fifth birthday of Count Apponyi, the "grand old man" of Hungary.

Alexander Hume Ford, editor of the *Mid-Pacific Magazine* and director of the Pan-Pacific Union, which is calling a general conference in Honolulu for next October, is an indefatigable worker in the interest of the Hawaiian Islands and everything pertaining to their security and advancement. He is a former Chicago newspaper man, having served on Victor Lawson's *Daily News*. He is mainly responsible for the introduction of Chicago energy into the dreamy isles of the North Pacific.

Field Marshal Earl Haig is shortly to reënter the liquor trade, with which he was formerly connected as a director of the prominent firm of John Haig & Co. The controlling interest in the company was acquired in 1919 by the Distillers' Company, Limited, of Edinburgh, holding corporation for one of the largest group of whisky interests in the world. The field marshal will join the distillers' board in July. His family has been connected with the Haig Company since 1877, his father having been one of the founders.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptress and New York society leader, received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Columbia University last month. Mrs. Whitney was Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and married Harry Payne Whitney, the capitalist, in 1896. She will be remembered in San Francisco as the sculptor of the wonderful reliefs that embellished the the Fountain of El Dorado in the west wing-court of the Tower of Jewels at the Exposition. Among her principle works are the Aztec Fountain in the Pan-American Building at Washington, and the Titanic Memorial for the same city.

The Princess Jolanda di Savoia, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, and fiancée of Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, was born at the Quirinal Palace, Rome, June 1, 1901, not quite a year after the assassination of her grandfather, King Umberto, at Monza. She is what the Italians call a "fervida sports-woman," which may account for the fact that the Prince of Wales found her a good pal. She generally accompanies her father on his hunting and shooting excursions, and thus keeps up the traditions of the chase of the House of Savoy. The park at Stupingi, famous for its pheasants, and the Valley of the Aosta, equally renowned for its chamois, are the places where she finds the best sport. The princess is fond of riding to hounds, and takes delight in the fox hunts of the Campagna, but San Rossore and Castel Porziano are the places where she prefers to ride for the glory of motion. What makes her a complete horsewoman is the fact that she

is fond of horse racing and takes great interest in horse breeding. This year she was a constant visitor at the exhibitions of the Parioli at Rome and of San Siro at Milan. She is extremely charitable—a trait she evidently inherits from her mother, Queen Elena.

Another Arthur Balfour—commoner and business man, not aristocrat and statesman—has arrived in Washington from England. He comes to address the national conference of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Balfour, who is no relation to the Earl of Balfour, who led the British delegation at the Armament Conference, is a former master cutler of Sheffield, one of the blue ribbon honors of British industry. He is president of one of the principal steel-making corporations in the United Kingdom, a one time president of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce, and during the war was a prominent factor in the munitions industry. Tool steel is a branch in which Balfour is an expert and regarding which he has written a standard book. He comes to Washington as vice-president of the Associated Chamber of Commerce of Great Britain.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### The Evening Star.

Star that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary laborer free!  
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,  
That send'st it from above,  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as her we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
Parted lovers on thee muse;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be given  
By absence from the heart.—Thomas Campbell.

##### Morning.

In the barn the tenant cock,  
Close to partlet perched on high,  
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock)  
Juncund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
Shadows, nursed by night, retire;  
And the peeping sunbeam now  
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at night;  
And the lark, to meet the morn,  
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,  
See the chattering swallow spring;  
Darting through the one-arched bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top  
Gently greets the morning gale:  
Kidlings now begin to crop  
Daisies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed  
(Restless till her task be done),  
Now the busy bee's employed  
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,  
Where the limpid stream distils,  
Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
When 't is sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promised corn  
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
Anxious;—whilst the huntsman's horn,  
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,  
On the white emblossomed sprav!  
Nature's universal song  
Echoes to the rising day.—John Cunningham.

##### The Owl.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,  
The spectral owl doth dwell;  
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,  
But at dusk he's abroad and well!  
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;  
All mock him outright by day;  
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,  
The boldest will shrink away!  
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,  
Then, then, is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,  
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;  
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,  
She awaiteth her ghastly groom;  
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,  
As she waits in her tree so still;  
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,  
She hoots out her welcome shrill!  
O, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,  
Then, then, is the joy of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!  
The owl hath his share of good:  
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,  
He is lord in the dark greenwood!  
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,  
They are each unto each a pride;  
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate  
Hath rent them from all beside!  
So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,  
Sing, ho! for the reign of the horned owl!  
We know not always  
Who are kings by day,  
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl!  
—Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall).



# AMERICAN POLITICAL CHANGES.

Author of the "Mirrors of Washington" Shows What Has Been Going On Behind Them.

That masked bandit of American political writers, the unknown author of "The Mirrors of Washington," has been at it again, emboldened by success and the fact that his former book went unpunished. In the language of the street, he got away with it once and now he has come back. This time it is "Behind the Mirrors." He has scraped the silvering off, and is grinning through the bare glass, not enough of him, to be sure, to enable us to identify him, but enough to let us see that it is the same mocking devil who blasphemed against the Lord's anointed before. His views of politics are heterodox and sinful and not at all to be approved by any good reformer; and yet there is a spice in reading him that will appeal to the worst instincts of the best of us, and that is a great blessing these July days—like taking a nip from the tenor's flask in the choir loft.

"Mirrors" thinks we are on the way to being governed by blocs, despite President Harding's trouble with them and his abhorrence of them. Party government has been knocked into the convenient cocked hat, party responsibility is gone, there is nothing left but a balance between the farm bloc, the labor bloc, the banking bloc, the manufacturers' bloc, the packers' bloc and the shoe-makers' bloc, the free wool bloc and the Ohio woolen tariff bloc and all the little blocs that can trade around among the big ones—and the rest of us, that do not belong to a bloc, can have what the blocs leave, if they leave it. He does not go that length, quite, but it is only a step there from the point to which he does go. He has analyzed some facts and seen some tendencies in our political drift that are worth noting and remembering, *c. g.*:

Nor until the beginning of this century did it ever occur to us that the President was the head of his party. The control of the organization had been in other hands, in Hanna's or Quay's or Cameron's, or divided among a group of men like these three, who represented the interests of business in the parties, and often also in the Senate.

The idea that the executive was the party's head was merely a happy afterthought which was adopted to justify the resort to the line of least resistance in creating a stronger government at Washington, the concentration upon one man to represent the national will. We had simply done what other peoples had so often done in the history of mankind. When the English wished to weaken the rule of the great barons they magnified the office of the king. When we wished to get away from the rule of the barons of business we magnified the office of our elective king, the President. We invented new reasons for an old expedient.

And by making the amplified executive the head of his party, which we did—for the Quays and Hannas speedily disappeared under the new order and left no successors—we set him to sawing off the limb on which he sat. If his authority rested on that of his party then to be firm the authority of the party must be firm. For parties to endure and be strong there must be a certain quality of permanence about them. They must not rest upon personalities, but on principles and jobs, principles for the disinterested and for those whose interests are expressed in the principles, and jobs for those whose interests are less large and indirect.

Of parties with the executive as their head nothing remained but their name. The only nexus there could be between the executive and the mass of voters was personal. One year a party was Roosevelt, the next year it was Taft, and the distance between Roosevelt and Taft was the distance between East and West. A little later it even changed its name and voted in another column because Roosevelt had adopted a new party name and gone into a new column. Four years later it split up and much of it went to Wilson, who temporarily rallied a personal following just as Roosevelt had done.

And because the dispensing of jobs was an unseemly occupation for the executive we reduced by law the patronage that was available for the sustenance of parties. Thus we substituted personal caprice for the permanency of parties and at the same time cut down the practical means of holding organizations together. At the same time the decay of government by business left parties no longer an instrument of the economic will of the nation.

Thus the executive headship was wholly inconsistent with government by parties, upon which our magnified President was supposed to rest. A further inconsistency was that we adopted another theory for strengthening one-man power. This was that the President was the leader of the people. Have we a government by parties there? Not at all; the power of the executive rests upon something outside of and superior to parties.

The old party bosses are dead. No machine leader will control as many delegates in the next national convention as will Mr. Gray Silver. So far as delegates are now led they are led by senators and representatives. A Senate group chose Mr. Harding at Chicago. And senators and representatives lie at the mercy of organized minorities.

Now here is political philosophy; not idealistic, but based on realities, proceeding from facts. Whether they have become petrified into permanence, or whether we can go back to the original theory that the country was one bloc (and at that, it was never more than a theory), is another question, which the looking-glass chappie has not attempted to answer. He is more successful as a mirror than a prophet. In fact, he is a whole hall of mirrors, of the curving, Coney Island variety, the sort that make fat men look thin, and thin men fat, and stout ladies shorter and stouter yet, and shows long ladies standing on their heads. Inasmuch as we are just great children, it is fun looking in these mirrors. Here is a pair of images, quite in the style of the first mirror book:

Mr. Vanderlip is one of our best-known business men, yet what the public knows about him is nothing. He was the president of a great bank and amassed wealth. An old financial journalist, he has a gift of speech and writing, unusual in the business world. His agreeable personality made him liked by

editors. He achieved unusual publicity. Was his reputation solidly based or was it newspaper made? The public does not know, can not know. I use his case by way of illustration. Perhaps he ought to be President of the United States. But choosing a man for office on the basis of his business success, even so well known a man as Mr. Vanderlip, is plainly enough blind gambling.

Mr. Mellon is the shyest and most awkward man who ever rose to power. He is unhappy before congressional committees, before reporters in the dreadful conferences which are the outward and visible evidence of our democracy, at Cabinet meetings, where the fluent Mr. Hughes casts him terribly in the shade.

At one such meeting the President dragged him forth from silence by turning to him and asking him, "What has the Sphinx here got to say on the subject?" Thus impelled, the Secretary of the Treasury replied, unconsciously in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, "Well, Mr. President, I think there is a good deal to be said on both sides."

Now, that amounts to positive irreverence when one has been taught that all that is needed to make this old world what it ought to be is business men on the job. (Ella Wheeler Wilcox says it is love, but there is no use telling that to a Christian people.) "Mirrors" considers business men in office quite a joke. He says they are a pioneer ideal, insinuates that their success is often a matter of luck, and asks how we expect to elect luck to office. If this isn't blasphemy we never heard any.

Some useful space is devoted to the operation of the Cabinet and the interplay of the personal forces therein represented. What "Mirrors" calls "the bottle neck of the Cabinet" is the President's mind. It all has to go through that. He is sarcastic enough, and perhaps truthful enough, to remark that if reporters were present at Cabinet meetings it would appear that the Cabinet is mainly occupied with little things. Mr. Harding's administration has been in office more than a year, but how many important policies has it adopted? he asks. How much wisdom has emerged from the bi-weekly meetings? These are hard questions, so he helps answer them by citing an example. "The Cabinet listened to the Postmaster-General explaining how much it would facilitate the handling of the mails if people would distribute the mailing of their letters throughout the day," etc. And Europe starving, and China torn in two, and India seething with the violence of peace and non-resistance and the stage set for a coal famine at home, and a railroad strike—and the Postmaster-General gravely pointing out that people ought to mend their habits of mailing letters. Yet the President is busy, all the time. If he has to give his attention to stuff like that we should think he would be. Our reflecting telescope of these starry depths says:

Listen to the experience of a Cabinet minister. One of the most important Secretaries was explaining to some friends a critical situation. "But," interjected one of the listeners, "does President Harding understand that?" "The President," replied the Secretary, "never has time really to understand anything."

And remember how Secretary Hughes told the President that the Four-Power Pact covered with its guarantees the home islands of Japan, and how a couple of days later Mr. Harding informed the press that it did not cover the home islands of Japan; when it transpired that the information of Mr. Hughes on this point had effected no lodgement in the President's mind.

The presidential mind; that is the bottle neck through which everything has to pass.

Where our actual Secretary's mind falls short of our supposititious Secretary's mind is in the valuable quality of common sense. I am even prepared to maintain that as a measure of reality Mr. Hughes' mind is distinctly inferior to Mr. Harding's, which is one reason why he never did become President and Mr. Harding did.

This is a nice word for Mr. Harding, who needs it after some of the other things our author has said about him. But he has no such charity for the senior senator from California. Of our own Hiram he remarks:

Hiram Johnson is a declining figure. I see no reason to modify the conclusion which was reached about him in the "Mirrors of Washington," that he thought more of men than of principles and especially of one man, Johnson. The test of his sincerity came when the vote was reached on the unseating of Senator Newberry for spending too much money in the Michigan primaries.

Johnson's great issue a year before had been sanctity of popular nominations. Yet when he had an opportunity to speak and act against a brazen even though foolish attempt to buy a nomination, he was rushing wildly across the continent, arriving after the vote had been taken.

On reaching Washington, he called his newspaper friends before him to explain the difficulties and delays that had made him late. When he had finished a nasal voice from the press remarked, "Senator, there will be great public sympathy with you as a victim of the railroads. But the people will only know how great their loss has been if you will tell them now how you would have voted if you had been here." Johnson adjourned the meeting hastily without a reply.

The absence from the roll-call and the theatrical attempt to make it appear accidental were typical. Johnson had won the Michigan primaries in the national campaign of 1920. The delegates were in control of Newberry's political friends. They remained firm for Johnson throughout the balloting. Johnson avoided voting against their leader although his principles required that he should lead the fight for his unseating.

Johnson has always over-emphasized Johnson. At the Progressive convention in 1912 when Roosevelt was nominated for the presidency and Johnson for the vice-presidency, it was proposed, since both were in attendance, to bring both on the stage and introduce them to the delegates. The natural order was Roosevelt first, since he was the nominee for President and since he was, moreover, one of the most distinguished figures in the world, and Johnson, since he had second place, second. But Johnson would go second to no man. Either he must show himself on the stage first or not at all. Finally it was compromised by presenting them together at the same moment, holding hands upon the platform.

One of the most exasperating things about this gentleman is his memory for hard facts. He is a Gradgrind. Opposition to Gradgrinds does not follow from the iniquity or the folly of being a Gradgrind, but from the extreme efficacy of Gradgrinds as question-settlers who won't settle questions the way we think they should be

settled. They are always citing something uncomfortable that upsets our most cherished opinions. You can't handle them, so you feel that they ought to be exterminated. Does the crisis produce the man? The civil war did, and so we expect every war to do the same, but will it? Here is his view of it:

We put our faith in the jack-of-all-trades and the amateur. We have the cheerful notion that the "crisis produces the man." This is nothing more than the *justice illusion* which is lodged in the minds of men, an idea, religious in its origin, that no time of trial would arrive unless the man to meet it were benignantly sent along with it, a denial of human responsibility, an encouragement to the happy-go-lucky notion that everything always comes out all right in the end.

The world, in going through the greatest crisis in history, has controverted this cheerful belief, for it has not produced "the man" either here or elsewhere. No one appeared big enough to prevent the war. No one appeared big enough to shorten the war. No one appeared big enough to effect a real peace. And no one appeared big enough to guide this country wisely either in the war or in the making of peace, which is still going on.

Only in parliamentary life is there enough permanency and enough opportunity for the breeding of statesmen. We shall never have them while the presidency with its hazards and its wastes is stressed as it has been in recent years.

I have based my minorities upon self-interest, thus introducing into our government the selfish interests banished therefrom twenty years ago. Their banishment was an achievement of virtue. Their reintroduction is the accomplishment of good sense. They are the great quality while the world thinks as it does.

You have in this combination the spontaneous wisdom of the masses, if that is where wisdom generates. You have the wisdom of the few, if you believe in impregnation from above, and you have the wisdom of selfishness, if you believe as most of us do in the enlightenment of self-interest. And no one ever located wisdom anywhere else than in these three places, for the first, as I might easily demonstrate, is the modern democratic name for the wisdom of God; the second is the wisdom of men; and the third is the wisdom of the serpent; beside which there are no other wisdoms.

In fact, the reflecting gentleman appears to have put his finger on what might be called the dynamism of society. He has taken the machine apart and found out what makes it go—self-interest, an unbeautiful, ungenerous, unchivalrous thing, but the persistent thing in human affairs, and the productive thing, the thing without which it would be very difficult, and some think impossible, for society to get on. He may qualify his thesis with the phrase, "while the world thinks as it does"—but it has been thinking that way a long time.

What are we to expect from this bloc government, government by the interplay of organized minorities? It is rather nebulous, but having the depicting habit our author proceeds to try and answer by personal pictures:

To Mr. Lodge's petulant, imperious gesture—the sharp hand-clap for the pages—would succeed Mr. Silver's fixing gesture, that of a country merchant smoothing out a piece of silk before a customer at a counter. Mr. Silver as he talks performs one constant motion, a gentle slow moving of both hands horizontally, palms down.

Mr. Silver is a lobbyist with the powers of a dictator, or a dictator with the habits of a lobbyist, whichever way you wish to look at it. A former farmer, member of the West Virginia legislature, representative of farm organizations at Washington, he rules the Senate with more power than Mr. Lodge has or Mr. Harding has, but always with the gentle touch of a general-storekeeper, spreading the wrinkles out of a yard of satin.

But even this little lobbyist has a certain definiteness which public men generally lack. His feet are firmly placed upon reality. He speaks for a solid body of opinion. He is a positive rather than a negative force. He represents a fairly united minority which knows what it wants, and men are strong or weak according as they are or are not spokesmen of a cause; and the selfish interest of a group easily takes on the pious aspect of a cause.

It is always better to deal with principals than with agents. Gray Silver, Colonel John H. Taylor, the Apollo of the soldiers' bonus lobby, perfect ladies' man in appearance, who is full of zeal also for a cause, that of those who did not make money out of the war and who should in common justice make it all the rest of their lives out of the peace, and Wayne B. Wheeler, the fanatic leader of the dries, are all more real men than those who do their bidding in the Senate and the House.

This doesn't get us far, nor into any very definite field. Like most satire, it is not creative, only ground-clearing for what building may seem requisite. In fact, the author makes quite a struggle for a "happy ending," but it is doubtful if he accomplishes it. "We do not breed men in this country," he dares to say, and directly one thinks of a dozen. "An immense inertia develops between theoretical self-government and the practical reluctance of humanity to be governed by anything short of the heavenly hosts. . . . To overcome this inertia, minorities whose interests can not wait upon the slow, benevolent processes of determinism or upon the divine rightness of public opinion form to prod the constitutional organs of government into action. Mr. Gray Silver, the silk smoother, and Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, the Puritan fanatic, are both just as much parts of the government as Mr. Harding." And he might have included Samuel Gompers and John L. Lewis and B. M. Jewel. But Einstein has given us a new theory of the universe, man tends to become again "the measure of all things," and so great individuals may in time emerge. It never would have occurred to any one but a satirist who had scraped the silvering off the mirror in order to grin through it at the world to go to Einstein for a happy ending.

BEHIND THE MIRRORS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

John Wanamaker once declared that only 4 per cent. of those that try merchandizing make a success of it. If he meant such success as he has had, the percentage is lower yet.



BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 22, 1922, were \$140,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$124,300,000; an increase of \$15,800,000.

It is the duty of all good citizens to bow to the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, no matter how drastic they may be. The Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads are applying to the court for a rehearing in the case recently decided which so seriously affects both of said roads, not from any disloyalty to the court, but in the hope that they

roads have been operated as one system—should have great weight with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

As long as twenty-three years ago the government arranged with the Southern Pacific for payment of the Central Pacific debt of fifty-eight million dollars to Uncle Sam. The Southern Pacific had been in control of the Central Pacific for twenty-nine years then, and its was through that control that the government got its money. After over half a century of real progress in furnishing the Pacific Coast the railroad system we all approve, some way should be found in fairness to continue that operation as we are accustomed to have it, and as we understand it, because it fits our business.

The people of the Pacific Coast will be a unit in favor of allowing the present relations and management of the roads to remain as they are. To separate the systems, in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court, would visit inconvenience and hindrance upon every business interest and all the people of this Coast. It is generally believed, and devoutly hoped, that the preference of the people of this Coast for the systems remaining as they are, will be a deciding factor in the solution of these questions by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The roads are so interwoven, in both construction and operation, that it is almost a physical impossibility to separate them. Any kind of separation so far suggested is really a modified form of merger, but why modify a merger that has never been a merger at all, but for every practical public purpose has been one transportation concern?

If the Southern Pacific is compelled to sell the stock of the Central Pacific it could not, of course, acquire the stock at such sale. The control of the Central Pacific would, of necessity, pass to some other railroad, possibly to the Union Pacific, but would that road have any better right to acquire the Central Pacific, under the Sherman law, than the Southern Pacific?

The loss of the Central Pacific would so cripple the Southern Pacific as to render it powerless to function in the future for the good of California and Oregon, as it has done in the past. It behooves every one on this Coast who believes that the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific relationship should not be disturbed to give public expression to his views on the subject. Only by very prompt and persistent action on the part of the influential citizens of the Coast can we be saved from a most serious business calamity. Southern Pacific people have done well in asking the Supreme Court for its further consideration, for our highest court seeks to follow the path of wisdom. Let us not waiver in the faith that the problem will be solved to the satisfaction of the public using Southern Pacific service and approving it. This no doubt can and will be accomplished by lawful processes.

It cost the Michigan Central 15 per cent. less to have its repair work done by outside contractors paying their skilled mechanics 1.05 an hour and upwards, on the piece work plan, than it cost to do the same work in the Jackson shops of the company, where the men were getting 77 cents an hour. The shop men are striking against a reduction of wages and the railroad is striking against inefficiency. The public is striking against inefficiency, too, for the public has to pay for it in freight and passenger rates. The real issue is not wages, but work.

Dominating factors in the business outlook at this time include easier credit conditions, as evidenced by the general reduction in discount rates here and abroad, further reduction in unemployment, with an actual shortage of skilled workers developing at Detroit and elsewhere, and a better condition in the retail trade, which has felt the stimulus of an upward trend in many lines, says Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in its monthly letter.

Per contra, the most serious present influence retarding progress in all lines appears to be the attitude of labor toward readjustment. The recent railroad strike, in defiance

of constituted authority and the resorts to violence in the coal fields, can only delay progress and react to the particular injury of labor, which ultimately must contribute its share in price deflation. Defiance of law and order or refusal to meet fundamental economic laws would not be the sober choice of the true American citizenship which represents the backbone of labor in this free country; and the American public is firmly back of President Harding in his determination to suppress lawlessness and to protect our great industries against the march of radicalism. Confidence in the administration and its ability to reach a sane solution of these labor troubles is reflected in the favorable trend of business and the strength of the securities market.

One of the promising signs indicating a practicable basis of cooperation between capital and labor has grown out of the so-called "company unions" that have operated for some time past on the Pennsylvania Railroad System and among the "Big Five" packers. These direct representatives of the company employees in conference with the company managements have been able to settle all controversial questions without resorting to strikes, by reason, it would seem, of the more human contact between employer and employee.

Pittsburgh estimates indicate that the production of steel ingots in the six months ending June 30th last was about 16,000,000 gross tons, as compared with 9,000,000 gross tons in the last half of 1921 and of 10,000,000 gross tons in the first six months of last year. Further increase in unfilled orders by the United States Steel Corporation at June 30th reflects continued betterment in the industry.

New evidence of the increased activity of the manufacturers of the United States comes to the surface in the latest reports of their importation of manufacturing material of the class for which they rely upon foreign countries. Official reports of the value of the manufacturing material imported in May of the current year show, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, an increase of 33 per cent. in the value of the raw material imported when compared with the same month of last year, and an increase of over 60 per cent. in the value of the manufactures for further use in manufacturing.

This startling increase in the value of manufacturing material drawn from abroad in the latest month for which figures are available is the more interesting, adds the *Trade Record*, when we consider that the prices of many of the articles so imported are now materially lower than a year ago, and that the advance in the total value of these materials imported really means a larger increase in quantities than the mere figures of value would indicate. While the details of the May importation are not yet available, those of April, in which the increase was also large, are at hand and show that the price at which many of the manufacturing materials were imported was less than that of a year ago. Manila hemp, for example, imported in April, 1922, came at \$134 per ton against \$255 in the same month of last year; sisal hemp, \$109 per ton against \$146; india rubber, 17 cents per pound against 21 cents; pig iron, \$32 per ton against \$62 in the same month of last year; copper, 12 1/2 cents per pound against 14 cents; tin, 29 cents per pound against 34 cents; leaf tobacco for cigar wrappers, \$2.03 per pound against \$2.17, and other tobacco, 63 cents per pound against \$1.02 a year earlier; and ground wood pulp, \$30 per ton against \$42. In the textiles, however, cotton, wool, and silk, the 1922 prices are higher than those of a year ago, and this is also true of hides.

The board of directors of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has just declared the thirty-second consecutive quarterly dividend of \$1.50 per share on the first preferred 6 per cent. stock of this company. This marks the close of the eighth year of continuous dividend payments on this stock. As a result of this last declaration, \$650,000 will be distributed among more than sixteen thousand California investors by checks which will be mailed in time to reach every one of them on August 15, 1922.

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can convince the court that it has overlooked some facts of the case which, if duly considered, might lead to a different conclusion, says the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles.

Fortunately, under the Esch-Cummings railroad bill, now in force, the Interstate Commerce Commission can, when the facts justify it, allow just such a consolidation of railroad interests as the suit just decided sought to terminate. The fact that from 1870 to 1899 the

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same people who own the Southern Pacific Railroad system owned all of the stock of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and that, since 1899, the Southern Pacific has been the owner of all of the stock of the Central Pacific Railway, and that the Southern Pacific has operated the Central Pacific for more than thirty-seven years, under a lease from that corporation; and that the lease from the latter to the former road has been recognized and acquiesced in by the United States government for so many years; and that, since 1870, the

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consistently for the past eight years, with the result that today there is scarcely a city, town, or hamlet anywhere in Northern and Central California that does not regularly every three months receive the blue envelopes bearing the rewards of thrift and the wages of the capital invested by local shareholders in this useful enterprise. Practically every one of these checks will be deposited in some California bank, and it is a matter of no small importance to the business men of Northern and Central California that more than two and one-half million of dollars per annum in money are thus kept at home for the benefit of California business. A large portion of the company's shareholders are wage-earners and people of moderate means, who are deriving a

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satisfactory, dependable, and regular return from this high-class security. One indication of this fact is that more than ten thousand of these shareholders own ten shares or less.

A syndicate headed by Cyrus Peirce & Co., and including the firms of A. B. Leach & Co. and the Payne-Weber Company, is offering a new issue of \$7,500,000 collateral trust 6 per cent. bonds of the Central Indiana Power Company, according to the local offices of Cyrus Peirce & Co. The issue, which reaches maturity in 1947, is secured by all of the outstanding securities of the subsidiary companies. The Central Indiana Power Company serves consumers in the vicinity of Indianapolis.

It is enough to make a cat laugh to read the arguments that are advanced in California by the advocates of the proposed Water and Power Act which would launch the commonwealth as a state-owned power develop-

ment scheme to the extent of \$500,000,000 as a starter, says the Industrial News Bureau.

The ability of the state to borrow money at 1½ or 2 per cent. less interest than any private company is cited as the most important reason why the state should go into the power business on the theory that this saving would enable it to make lower rates to consumers.

Unless the state management of power projects were much more efficient than state or government management of any other undertaking the possible 2 per cent. interest saving would be more than swallowed up by overhead charges accumulated at various places in the management.

Aside from all this, however, the argument is weak and hypocritical and morally unsound unless the advocates of the measure come out flat-footedly and say that, for the same reason advanced in support of the Water and Power Act the state could secure capital more cheaply for operating our banks, our insurance companies, our wholesale houses, our transportation companies, our grocery stores, our newspapers and our farms.

If it is of such great advantage for the state to save 2 per cent. in one line of industry, it is obviously and of still greater advantage for the state to enter other lines of industry which effect even more intimately the daily life of its people than does the power business.

Why not have the state invest \$500,000,000 in the production of farm products and food stuff which would be furnished to the people on the same reduced cost that is claimed for the development of state power.

Whose business is to be left free, whose is to be taken over by the state?

Are the advocates of the state Water and Power Act honest enough to come out and openly advocate state socialism? That is what their measure proposes for the "other fellow's" business.

Already we see in Russia the failure of government monopoly of business.

To revive its industrial life, Russia is again inviting foreign capital to come there and develop property.

Instead of profiting by Russia's experience, socialists in California would launch the state on a programme of state ownership, which Russia, after disastrous experiments, is already turning away from.

Pursuant to the proper approval of both the State Banking Department and the Federal Reserve Board, the Bank of Italy has converted the First National Bank of Woodland, Home Savings Bank of Woodland, with its branch at Knights Landing, the Old Bank of Hanford, the Union National Bank of San Luis Obispo and the Broadway Bank of Oakland as branches of the Bank of Italy.

The consolidation of these banks will add \$10,000,000 to the resources of the Bank of Italy, giving it total assets of approximately \$220,000,000. The respective resources of the various institutions to be absorbed are: First National Bank of Woodland, \$1,400,000; Home Savings Bank of Woodland with its branch at Knights Landing, \$2,500,000; the Old National Bank of Hanford, \$2,400,000; Union National Bank of San Luis Obispo, \$2,000,000, and the Broadway Bank of Oakland, \$1,100,000.

Writing in a Central City (Nebraska) paper Mr. Stephens of that city claims that the municipal gas plant "will eat up the city." He contends that at the present rate of \$3.25 per thousand feet of gas the plant is not self-sustaining and he objects because the burden of paying the deficit, together with interest on the bonds and for the creation of a sinking fund, falls equally upon all taxpayers in proportion to their property, whether they are users of gas or not.

This is the same thing that happens when any city goes into industrial undertakings—those who get no benefit or service must pay for those who do. Witness Seattle and its street railway as a shining example.

The big railroad strike is on. Old-time railroad workmen are losing their wages and seniority rights which they have been years in acquiring.

But the trains are running and they will continue to run.

Public sympathy is always with the working man, but when a single workman or a group of workmen aggregating hundreds of thousands align themselves with a leadership that attempts by threat to intimidate courts and set aside by might decisions of regulatory and judicial bodies, they lose public sympathy which otherwise would be theirs.

As a result of the war we adopted a policy of public regulation of railroad wages. As long as wages were going up everything was fine, but it has been another story when regulation took a downward trend.

The agitator says the cost of living has not been reduced. Facts and figures disprove this statement.

Let any man go into a grocery store and compare the price of food with the price quoted two years ago—eggs, butter, flour, rice, bacon, vegetables. The same holds good with the price of shoes, the price of a suit of clothes, the price of an automobile, the price

of tires, the price of lumber, and in fact the price of any basic commodity.

In the face of very substantial reductions in the cost of what we eat and wear, railroad labor leaders deny that there is sufficient grounds for wage reductions which have been made by the Railroad Labor Board in its effort to equalize the cost of railroad operation to meet the sweeping rate reductions which the Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered.

The present strike is against the United States government and its decision as represented in the wage reduction ordered by the Railroad Labor Board.

The public would not tolerate refusal of the railroads to accept rate reductions recently ordered. By the same token it will not tolerate an attempt of railroad labor leaders to override the decision of the Railroad Labor Board.

It is an axiom among strike leaders that no strike succeeds without force. The slightest application in the present case of the methods by which other strikes have succeeded will amount to a declaration on the part of the railway men that the laws of the country have no sovereignty and that the central government does not exist. Such a gesture is the signal of impatient civil war and must be treated accordingly.

The railroad men were ready enough to profit by the impartiality of the Railroad Labor Board when it decreed an advance in wages; they are now obliged, under the law, to acknowledge its authority when the situation has altered.—*Manufacturer.*

The utility companies that have profited most during the past few years have been those concerns which have had a diversification in their business. Probably the greatest strides have been in the electrical power distribution, with gas second and street railways third, say McDonnell & Co.

One of the outstanding corporations in this field is the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, and the current offering of its 8 per cent. cumulative preferred stock provides a most attractive medium for the investor.

This concern is one of the largest and most important enterprises of the kind in the United States. Its three subsidiary companies operate practically all of the electric power and light, gas and street railway business in the largest cities and more populous sections of the State of New Jersey.

Last year the electric company generated 805,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, the gas company sold some 16,000,000 cubic feet of gas, and the railway company carried more than 348,000,000 revenue passengers.

New Jersey is preëminently a manufacturing state. Its ideal location is largely responsible for this. With deep-water frontage on both sides and crossed by several railway trunk lines, New Jersey is in a most favorable position as regards shipping and transportation, not only to other parts of this continent, but also to any port in the world. In this business field the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey has made wonderful strides and its earnings have been very commendable.

The balance available for dividends for the year ended April 30, 1922, is 3.1 times the present annual requirement of the preferred stock. This compares with the amount earned on the 8 per cent. cumulative preferred previously outstanding of \$34.40 a share in the calendar year of 1921, \$26 a share in 1920 and \$14.40 a share in 1919.

In addition to the excellent earnings applicable to this issue, the preferred stock is followed by \$30,000,000 par value of common stock. All of the said common stock was issued at par and since 1908, dividends have been paid each year on the common stock outstanding at the rate of not less than \$4 a share, present rate being \$6 a share.


We offer and recommend for purchase this preferred stock at the market to yield over 7.5 per cent.

One of the most attractive features from the investor's standpoint is that application will be made to list the stock on the New York Stock Exchange, thereby providing an active and ready market for this security.

This cumulative 8 per cent. preferred issue is entirely out of line with the price of other high-grade preferred stocks, many of which are selling on the Stock Exchange ten to fifteen points higher and yielding from 1 per cent. to 1½ per cent. less.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are members of a syndicate offering a new issue of \$12,500,000 Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company fifteen-year 7½ per cent. sinking fund convertible gold bonds, Series "A," due July 1, 1937. Price 98 and interest to yield 7½ per cent. The company was incorporated in 1895 and is one of the largest manufacturers and dealers in its lines, being engaged directly or through subsidiaries in the manufacture of fertilizers, sulphuric acid, cottonseed products and edible oil products and the mining of phosphate rock.

The consolidated net earnings for sixteen years, after absorbing inventory adjustments in 1921, averaged approximately \$4,404,220 per annum, or almost three times the average



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annual interest charges on all indebtedness for the period.

Consolidated net assets, together with net proceeds of present financing, as planned, are conservatively valued at \$82,000,000; the consolidated net quick assets alone on this basis are approximately \$32,000,000.

The sinking fund, payable semi-annually, commencing April 1, 1923, is to be sufficient to retire annually 2 per cent. of total issue from April 1, 1923, to October 1, 1927, inclusive, and 3 per cent. per annum thereafter up to April 1, 1937. Credit is to be allowed the sinking fund on account of bonds converted into common stock. The stockholders recently authorized the change of the present outstanding 279,844 shares of common stock into 279,844 voting shares no par value common stock and 69,961 non-voting shares no par value Class "B" common stock.

The bonds are to bear stock purchase warrants entitling the holder to purchase at \$35 per share up to July 1, 1924, inclusive, the said voting no par value common stock at the rate of two and six-sevenths shares for each \$100 principal amount of bonds; the bonds are to be convertible after July 1, 1924 (if accompanied by said purchase warrants), into said voting common stock at \$35 per share.

Thoughtful persons have been for some time sounding the warning that when a revival of business came the railroads would lack the facilities to deal with it, and that the country had a more vital interest in the development of railroad capacity than in the repeal of the Cummins-Esch law, which is agitated in some quarters, or even the reduction of railroad rates. The companies have been struggling under most unfavorable conditions, with inadequate earnings and a high money market, to make such provisions as were within their power for increasing traffic, but they have had little encouragement from the public, says the National City Bank of New York.

The following statements are quotations from remarks by Mr. S. M. Felton, president

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

of the Chicago & Great Western Railway Company, and chairman of the Western Committee on Public Relations, Association of Railway Executives:

"How many persons realize that were it not for the coal strike the railroads would now be handling an amount of traffic almost unprecedented at this time of year? How many know that for thirty to sixty days previous to the forthcoming rate reductions, business has been moving in a volume larger than for any year except 1920? Do you realize how deeply this should impress every man here, indeed, every man in America? Do you know that in the week ended May 27th the car loadings, exclusive of coal, amounted to 821,000 cars, compared with 795,000, which included coal, in the same period of 1921, when more than twice as much coal was moving as is now?"

"It seems incomprehensible that a country like this should so persistently refuse to face the real issue; that the great question before us today is not railroad rates, nor railroad wages, but adequate transportation facilities.

"The situation with respect to freight cars is really alarming. The ordinary record for bad order cars previous to the period of government operation was about 5 per cent. Today the railroads report nearly 15 per cent. of their cars in bad order. The actual number of these bad order cars May 1st was 327,704, three times the pre-war record. The latest reports show 25.1 per cent. of the locomotives are in bad order, as compared with about 10 per cent. previous to government operation of the roads."

Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, president of the Union Colliery Company of St. Louis, in an address before the May meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, pointed out the grave danger of congestion upon the railroads at the end of the strike. Referring to the situation in 1920, when the exhaustion of reserves resulting from the miners' strike of 1919, followed by the "outlaw" strike of switchmen, forced the spot price of mine-run coal to \$9 per ton at the mines, 725 per cent. of the price in 1914, he said that the deficiency of transportation service was just enough to keep the buying public in a panic, and added:

"It is a recognized fact that with the restoration of industrial activity the transportation resources of the country will prove, in the near future, even more inadequate than they did in the past. The growth of the railroad machine has not kept pace with our rise in population and industrial life; for example, between the years 1911 and 1920 the number of freight cars owned and in service increased 6.7 per cent.; the freight-carrying capacity, due to the purchase of large equipment, showing an increase of 18.2 per cent.; the net tons carried one mile, however, increased 62.4 per cent. Where the railroads between 1870 and 1918, forty-eight years, constructed approximately 3200 miles of new track annually, but 414 miles was constructed in 1920, and 642 miles in 1921, and while the number of freight cars purchased between 1901 and 1920 averaged 150,252 annually, the total cars purchased by the railroads in 1921, including those bought by private car lines and industries, totaled but 23,346; it is these limitations that attach to the transportation machine that will demand a settlement of the existing coal labor deadlock."

One's first impression of Elsie Singmaster's "Bennett Malin" is of short declarative sentences, hundreds of them, seriatim; one's second impression, that of a powerful theme; and finally, that of a book that might have been tremendous. It is obvious that Miss Singmaster worships simplicity, and simplicity is certainly a very good thing and very much better than grandiloquence. But though we admire her for eschewing so severely the grand style, which so few can handle and which perhaps ought never to be handled at all, still, there is a golden mean. And though a certain fine tonality can be got by precise strokes and no unnecessary ones—and is got in "Bennett Malin"—still, even simplicity can be over-emphasized and sometimes is in this really extraordinary novel. And Miss Singmaster's new book is so, not because it is reminiscent of Hawthorne and Jane Austen, but primarily because it has a new plot. Nothing is so rare as plot novelty. In fact there is no such thing as a new plot, but the effect is sometimes achieved as here by a fresh theme. Presumably there are an infinite number of themes at large in the universe, for which phenomenon all novelists, not to mention novel readers, should be duly thankful. The latter might be, if the former more frequently availed themselves, and in the present case should offer a vote of thanks to Miss Singmaster for offering them fresh sustenance.

Briefly, the theme of "Bennett Malin" is the effect of an hereditary itch to write on a particularly vainglorious egoist. So true does our author's coin ring, so little has it of the factitious quality of synthetic metal, one concludes that not only is her story unique, but actual. Almost any one might have been struck with the idea, but if he had mathematically worked it out almost no one would have arrived at the vraisemblance that distinguishes "Bennett Malin" from all the recent novels that we have read. Comparisons are odious and in art futile. But for the ring of reality and the effect of having been starkly lifted from life with no heightening of lights nor deepening of shadows, "Bennett Malin" seems to me unique.

As for its literary significance, it is certainly important, but it might have been so very much more so. However, if it had been cast in more orthodox molds it would probably have forfeited some of its air of actuality. As it stands it rather reminds one of a notebook of some such giant as Turgenieff, later to be transmuted into a truly great novel. It has the makings. Not that it is crude or unfinished, but neither are Turgenieff's notebooks. It is simply verbatim report. If the author had taken these conscientious and somewhat laborious annals and had fused them in the white heat of a rapid rewriting, "Bennett Malin" (Houghton Mifflin; \$2) might have been the great American novel. Sincerity alone is not sufficient for great art. It is essential, but so is form. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

William Butler Yeats is writing his memoirs and has chosen as a title, "The Trembling of the Veil."

Harper & Brothers report that the ex-Kaiser's memoirs, which they will bring out some time in November, are even more sensational than newspaper reports stated.

Lady Frazer has translated a section of her husband's famous "The Golden Bough" into French.

Thomas Hardy's "Late Lyrics and Earlier" is among the season's best sellers, having already sold 5000 copies.

Rudyard Kipling is said to be the most even-selling writer of our times. His best selling books, however, are probably "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Jungle Books," "Kim," and "Plain Tales from the Hills."

The Duttons announce the second volume of Baroness Leonie Aminoff's Torchlight Series of Napoleonic romances. The forthcoming volume, to be called "Love," is a sequel to "Revolution."

Robert W. Service, whose vigorous verse won for him the title of the Canadian Kipling, has written a novel called "The Spell of the Yukon," which will be published in the autumn.

A Japanese edition of the justly celebrated "Outline of Science" is in preparation, a Swedish edition has been arranged for, and a French issue of the book is expected soon.

Another collection of Stevenson's juvenile writing has been discovered. Mr. Gorse has pronounced "Monmouth," one of R. L. S.'s youthful attempts at a play, as absurd and crude, and further states that it certainly ought not to be published.

The woman correspondent of the London Daily Mail is a peeress in her own right, the Baroness Clifton of Leighton Bromswold. Baroness Clifton succeeded her father, the seventeenth Baron Clifton, before she was a year old.

Carl Van Doren's latest book, "Contemporary American Novelists," presents a critical survey of modern American fiction from 1900 to 1920, and covers the work of every one that has written anything of consequence in that period. John Macy calls it "an analysis of contemporary American civilization."

News comes from Joseph Conrad's home near Canterbury that he is writing a new volume of short stories. They will include beside the title story, "The Rover," which concerns the blockade of Toulon, "The Warrior's Soul," "Prince Romaine," and "The Tale."

A second volume in Elie Faure's "History of Art" is announced by the Harpers for publication August 1st. In "Medieval Art" M. Faure deals with the art of India, China, Japan, the Tropics, Byzantium, Islam, and he sets forth, with masterly analysis, a fine conception of European medieval art with reference to the Gothic, Christianity, the Commune, the Spread of the French Idea, and the Mission of Francis of Assisi. The first volume, "Ancient Art," has been received with great enthusiasm in both England and America. Walter Pach has translated both volumes from the French.

As is well known, the late William De Morgan turned to novel writing towards the end of his long and varied career. "Joseph Vance," his first novel, written at sixty-seven, was rejected by many publishers, chiefly because of the huge dimensions of the manuscript. DeMorgan's method was to write a few words on each page, with the result that publishers were unwilling to explore its great bulk. Messrs. Heinemann finally published "Joseph Vance" with such success that its rejectors wished they had had more courage.

It is generally known that Dumas had a collaborator in the writing of "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "Monte Cristo" and other romances. The collaborator, whose name was Maquet, agreed that his name should never appear on the novels, when he sold his rights for 145,200 francs, payable over eleven years by monthly installments of 1100 francs, most of which, incidentally, he never received. The French courts have recently ordered that his heirs shall receive their share of the royalties earned since 1908.

"Reconstruction in France," by William MacDonald, which was published by Macmillan on June 27, is a comprehensive survey of the unparalleled work which France has undertaken in the restoration of its invaded departments. Mr. MacDonald has spent most of the past five years in Europe as a correspondent, and knows devastated France intimately from repeated visits both during and since the war. His book gives a full and dispassionate account of what the war did in France, of the new policy of admitting the right of citizens to be reimbursed by the state for their war losses, of the organization of reconstruction, the restoration of transport and of the mines, the revival of agriculture, the problem of finance, the work of cooperative societies, and of the philanthropy and sympathy of the many friends of France.

"Chameleon: Being the Book of My Selves," by Benjamin DeCasseres, will be published about the middle of August by Lieber & Lewis. This is a book of twenty-seven essays in contradictory moods by a lyrical satirist, nihilist and mystic. Jack London, when he read these essays in manuscript form some years ago, said they were "the poetry of utter philosophy." "Chameleon" is the second book of DeCasseres. His book of free verse, "The Shadow-Eater," published in 1915, is now out of print. Benjamin DeCasseres has fought for fifteen years to get his extraordinary books printed. He has at last found a publisher in Lieber & Lewis who promise to bring before the American public the American writer who has been called the greatest thinker, satirist, epigrammatist and prose-writer of America by Thomas Hardy, James Huneker, Remy de Gourmont, Edgar Saltus, James Branch Cabell, Edwin Markham, Don Marquis, Jules de Gaultier, Jack London, William Marion Reedy, Hudson Maxim, and Francis Grierson.

A friend of W. L. George, the English novelist and essayist, contributes to the Philadelphia Public Ledger this account of how and why Sheila Kaye-Smith came to write her novel, "Joanna Godden," which has been having a remarkable success in this country since it was brought here by the Duttons last fall: "My curiosity as to why Sheila Kaye-Smith dedicated her fine novel, 'Joanna Godden,' to W. L. George has been satisfied by no less a person than Mr. George himself. It appears that Miss Kaye-Smith and he were out walking one afternoon in the Sussex (England) lanes when they came upon a gaudy farm wagon in a field. It was painted a vivid green and touched in with stripes of gold. On the side in large gold letters was the name of a woman farmer.

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Mr. George pointed at it with his cane. "There's your next novel!" he said. "The progressive woman against a background of the most pudding-headed reactionaries in all England!" Miss Kaye-Smith caught fire, and, leaving the wagon behind, the two novelists went at it hammer and tongs, suggesting, discussing, arguing and ramifying the theme from which emerged at last "Joanna."

The Page Company, of Boston, announces among its 1922 publications a new descriptive book by George Wharton James on "Utah: the Land of Blossoming Valleys." Perhaps no one is better qualified than Professor James to tell the story of this strange and romantic part of the United States. He devotes several chapters to an account of Mormonism with a sincere appreciation of the part it played in the development of the state.

There is a poetic touch about the following Japanese advertisements: "My products are forwarded with the speed of a bullet." "My marvelous paper is as solid as the skin of the elephant." "My vinegar is sourer than the spleen of the most diabolical mother-in-law."

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Industrial and Commercial South America.

What might easily become the standard reference work on contemporary conditions in the Latin republics is "Industrial and Commercial South America," by Annie S. Peck, the lady globe-trotter and South American authority. Miss Peck's exhaustive researches on everything about South America from topography to manufactures will be indispensable to every one financially interested in the southern continent and generally useful to any one wishing to extend his knowledge concerning current economic conditions there. Doubtless most of this material could be gotten from encyclopædias and special maga-

zine articles, but the beauty of the present volume is that everything one need know about South America can be found here readily and compactly. As general reading Miss Peck's book is rather too statistical, but it should be remembered that it is impossible to compress so much precise knowledge in one volume without reducing the text to the barest statements of fact. In fact, "Industrial and Commercial South America" is rather less decoratively written than a Baedeker guide—a point that should recommend it to the reference shelf of the busy exporter and manufacturer intent on concise and quickly acquired information.

INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL SOUTH AMERICA. By Annie S. Peck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

## Hay-Fever.

Sufferers from the summer plague of hay-fever or any of the kindred contagions whose origin lies in the pollen of plants will hail with joyful expectation a book that is said to outline an infallible cure. To relieve or cure hay-fever one must know its cause and nature, even as the treatment of any disease requires accurate knowledge, and heretofore the nature of hay-fever was an unknown quantity. That is until recent years, when great strides have been made in the study of pollen contagions. Dr. William C. Hollopeter has summed up the results of modern research on these diseases in "Hay-Fever: Its Prevention and Cure," of which the revised fourth edition has just been issued by Funk & Wagnalls.

The modern treatment of hay-fever is called the Immunizing Method of prevention and cure and is based on exhaustive research with pollens of various plants. Dr. Hollopeter's book is for the layman as well as the physician, and may be used with entire satisfaction by the sufferer himself. Among other features of his useful work is its treatment of preventive measures. And though the immunizing method is the feature of the book, all other successful treatments are expounded and medicines used in each treatment are named.

HAY-FEVER. By William C. Hollopeter, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$2.

## The Covered Wagon.

In marked contrast to the fevered fiction of the day is Emerson Hough's revivification of pioneer days, "The Covered Wagon." In fact, so used are we to the incessant sophisticated chatter of the average novel that it requires no small adjustment of attitude to loosen the tension with which we arm ourselves, as with a shock absorber, in beginning a tale of "high life" or Hollywood. Having begun Mr. Hough's book with our usual keyed-up, nothing-will-jolt us determination, we were pleasantly surprised to find it possible to relax and let ourself drift back—aided a little, it must be confessed, by the author's somewhat staid, homely style—back to the days of our faring forefathers and their leisurely if sometimes exciting lives.

"The Covered Wagon" is a love story, let us hasten to add, lest any think from the foregoing that it is merely a chronicle of frontiering. In fact, no such chronicle would be complete without more than one love story. But again so different is this romance from the triangular, polygonal, not to say polygamous, sort that we are accustomed to that it seems to merit a different generic name. Perhaps it would be better to call it an idyll. In fact, "The Covered Wagon" partakes of the nature of an epic and of an idyll without being precisely either.

THE COVERED WAGON. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

## Translations from the Chinese.

In an amusing little preface Christopher Morley explains how he came to write pseudo-Chinese verse. It began in the first place as a burlesque on *vers libre*. He says that in 1918, when he was working on the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*, he used to write what he called synthetic poems. Coincident with the outburst of *vers libre* was a similar hysteria for poem forms derived from the Orientals, caused largely by Arthur Waley's and Miss Lowell's successful labors in translating the delicate beauty of Chinese and Japanese poetry into English idiom. Mr. Morley was inspired by the pleasant whim to burlesque both *vers libre* and Chinese translations. And so his own particular mandarin was born, as he says, in a roll-top desk. The present volume is more mandarin stuff.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE. By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

## Opiate Addiction.

Of special interest in view of the current campaign against narcotics and for the redemption of their users is a recent publication of Macmillan's, "Opiate Addiction," by Edward Huntington Williams, one time associate editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and a special lecturer on criminology at the University of California. Most people have a vague idea of the horror of narcotic addiction, but their information is scattered and not particularly accurate. Dr. Williams' book

will enlighten the general public and at the same time is a valuable handbook for professional treatment of addicts.

OPIATE ADDICTION: ITS HANDLING AND TREATMENT. By Edward Huntington Williams, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

## New Books Received.

REVELATIONS OF A SPIRIT MEDIUM. By Harry Price, F. R. N. S., and Eric J. Dingwall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

Facsimile edition with notes, bibliography, glossary and index.

LITTLE ADVENTURES IN NEWSPAPERDOM. By Fred W. Allsop. Little Rock, Arkansas: The Arkansas Writer Publishing Company.

Light on journalism.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SECOND YEAR BOOK. By Dr. Charles H. Levermore. Brooklyn, New York: The Brooklyn Daily Eagle; \$1.50.

Work of the league in 1921.

THE COVENANT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Dr. Louis Smirnow. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$2.

Jewish verse.

IRELAND'S WOES AND BRITAIN'S WILES. By Andrew Gertie. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$2.50.

Current political comment.

THE HARP OF LIFE. By Nettie B. Allemong. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$2.

Poems.

THE HEART OF NATURE, OR THE QUEST FOR NATURAL BEAUTY. By Sir Francis Younghusband, K. C. S. I., K. C. I. E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

Exploration in the Himalayas.

THE BREAKING POINT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: The George H. Doran Company; \$2.

Entertainment as usual.

GERMANY IN TRAVAIL. By Otto Manthey-Zorn. The Amherst Books. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Conditions in Germany by an Amherst professor of German.

THE TATTOOED ARM. By Isabel Ostrander. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.90.

A mystery story.

## Yussuf Effendi.

"How do you know so much of the history of the Turks?" asked the lady of the mended glove.

"I have made a special study of your people and have written several books about them. If I can, I hope to write another."

"Really, you have written books about us? And what will prevent you from writing another?"

"It is so difficult to get at things now. Your system is all broken up, and I can not find out what has become of the fragments. Where, for instance, are the women who formed the harems of the great pashas? Now each one lives with one wife. What has become of the households of the various imperial princes? The women, let us say, of that poor crazy Crown Prince Yussuf Effendi, who killed himself a few years ago?"

I stopped short. My companion had become deathly white and swayed as if about to fall. Fearful for her, I put my arm around her.

"Yussuf Effendi was not crazy," she said after a little, in a shaking voice. "He was the kindest and gentlest of men, and if he had lived, he would be Sultan now instead of the crafty, cunning autocrat who has his place—and Turkey's fate would be different."

"I beg your pardon. I only repeated what every one here says."

"Do they all say that he was crazy and that he killed himself?"

"Yes, by opening his veins with a pair of scissors—as his father, Sultan Aziz, did."

"If he did, they made him do it."

Her lips trembled, and her eyes were full of horror, as if she beheld the ghastly scene. Then at last self-restraint utterly failed her. With her head bowed on her breast, she gave herself up to tears.

Presently, still struggling with her tears, she said, "I am one of those women over whose fate you have been wondering. I belonged to the harem of Yussuf Effendi."—From "The Lady of the Mended Glove," by Demetra Vaka, in *Asia Magazine*.

## Good Pattern Material.

An artificial wood that is so like the real thing that it can be worked with carpenters' tools and finished with a file or sandpaper is now being produced by an English manufacturing company, says *Popular Mechanics*. The material is known as plastic wood, and at

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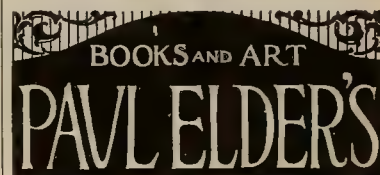
first it has the consistency of a thick paste, and can therefore be molded into any shape. It can then be hardened by exposure to the air, and becomes a tough, solid, waterproof substance. It is expected to be of special use for making patterns for castings.

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Nevertheless there were short-sighted critics who said that it was folly to go "so far away from San Francisco" for more water, and when Spring Valley, in 1875, acquired the first of its Calaveras holdings, these critics scoffed.

Today there would be no way of solving San Francisco's immediate water needs if it were not for this foresighted acquisition of the Calaveras lands.

Today Calaveras, which the city talked about acquiring in the 70's, is the scene of a striking coöperation between the city of San Francisco and the Spring Valley Water Company.

City and company are working together at the behest of the Railroad Commission to bring more water from Calaveras under conditions very advantageous to the city.

This work involves the company's raising of Calaveras Dam and its construction of a new conduit as far as Irvington, whence the city will build the westerly section of the Hetch Hetchy Aqueduct.

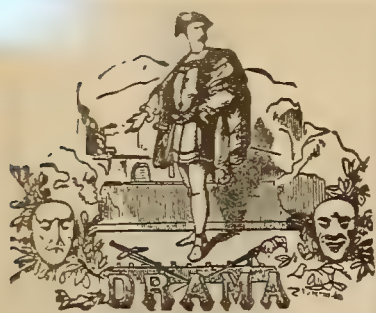
When this work, now under way, is finished, Spring Valley will pay the city for the use of the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy line, thus bringing Calaveras water to the big peninsula reservoir at Crystal Springs.

Calaveras will thus add 24 million gallons daily to our water supply, making the total 66 million gallons daily. And that will not exhaust the possibilities of Calaveras.

The critics of the 70's have been very emphatically answered.

SPRING VALLEY  
WATER COMPANY





## THE NEW LOCAL THEATRE GUILD.

When the Maitland Theatre closed in San Francisco it can not be said to have released for the consideration of theatre managers a congregation of theatre-goers of any considerable magnitude. But although the theatre had its downs, it also had its ups, and there were occasions when the small auditorium was full and running over during the entire week. There were, too, groups of people who went regularly to the Maitland because they liked the line of plays produced.

I felt hopeful, therefore, that something resultant would happen after it passed away—from here, anyway. And now it begins to look as if people who have a taste for a superior, progressive, or novel line of drama are going to have an opportunity to have it gratified.

Already there has been going on for some time in Berkeley very creditable work in the production of masterpieces, of which we in San Francisco knew little, save for occasional items in the papers. I had my eyes opened when I saw what really good acting these Berkeley players were capable of, during the production of "Wild Birds" at the Players Theatre. And it is really in Berkeley that the talent, the energy, and the initiative have developed that is resulting in an enterprise which San Franciscans may profit by, if they will.

The new-born San Francisco Theatre Guild is an organization which is to be devoted to the production, not only of plays of quality, but also of lectures, concerts, and operas. The artists selected are to be fully worthy of the high aims of the managers of the Guild; so we gather from the prospectus, which lays stress on such points as ideals, artistic progress, and non-commercialism.

The theatre which is to house the new enterprise is the one formerly called the Savoy, now renamed the Plaza. It is to be under the supervision and general direction of Mr. Samuel Hume, well known for various dramatic activities, not only in Berkeley, where he has been the director of the Greek Theatre, but also for his connection with a number of dramatic movements in the East and in Detroit.

Irving Pichel, also, like Mr. Hume, a man whose artistic enthusiasm made him prominent in dramatic activities at Harvard, will, with Mr. Everett Glass, be on the staff as associate director. Mr. Pichel has had considerable experience as a lecturer, writer, actor, and stage director in the East and South. His work in "Wild Birds" demonstrated the excellence of his acting, and the association of two such earnest and enthusiastic artists as Messrs. Hume and Pichel and the strengthening of the group enterprise by the addition of Mr. Rudolph Schaeffer, who, with Mr. Norman Edwards, will be associate art director, and conduct the work in the studio and laboratory workshop of the Guild, makes us hope for very, very much better results than Mr. Arthur Maitland, working by himself, could ever hope to attain.

Mrs. Jessica Colbert, who has had considerable experience in importing musical artists to San Francisco, will handle that department of the Guild which has to do with lectures, juvenile and marionette plays, concerts and operas, and will be general business manager.

The public will have to do the rest. If there weren't so many promising theatrical organizations coming into being in the East one might be warranted in shivering with apprehension at seeing this new enterprise take shape. San Franciscans are rather an ungrateful lot to cater to theatrically unless you offer them names and reputations. We are so far from the theatrical centre where name and fame are made that local theatre-goers are always hungry for celebrities. The new organization, therefore, can not hope for a very numerous following. But certainly, in this metropolis of the Pacific Coast, there ought to be a sufficiently large number of people to constitute a sort of constant clientele. For really we are in the way of being granted an enviable opportunity to keep abreast with modern movements in the drama.

It will begin with an initial season of twelve weeks on the evening of September 27, 1922, the plays to be chosen from both American and foreign works "on a basis of dramatic value, imaginative beauty, and artistic integrity." The plays chosen for this preliminary, or trial, season—for the support of the public has to be tested—are such as have received wide comment in the Eastern press.

They include Shaw's "Heartbreak House," Milne's "The Truth About Blayds," Molnar's "Liliom," O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape," and Galsworthy's "The Skin Game."

The company of the San Francisco Guild will have for a starter a group of professional players whose standing is established, with the luster of occasional visits from distinguished players contributing to the prestige of the Guild. Lesser members of the company will be talented and brainy amateurs; who, I may add, are far more interesting dramatic timber than untalented and automatic professionals. Representative citizens who are interested in the enterprise and wish to help it along will form an advisory board.

Later it is planned to start a Guild School, which will include instruction in the various arts and crafts which contribute to the art of the theatre. From it, no doubt, the Guild will draw for its group of non-professional players.

The advisory board of representative citizens has already been formed. It includes such names as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Joseph Redding, Milton Esberg, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Mrs. William Kent, E. J. Tobin, H. U. Brandenstein, Dr. Grant Selfridge, and twenty others of similarly progressive and intellectual tastes.

It now remains for the theatre-going element to set the seal of their approval on the enterprise. And it rather seems as if we deserve the dramatic poverty to which we are becoming habituated, which is only occasionally brightened by brief gleams of prosperity, if they do not at least give it a generous trial.

## AMERICAN TYPES IN DRAMA.

The racial hatreds which have always raged in Europe, and, since the formation of new nationalities, are glowing with an especial red-hot heat and venomous fury, do not seem to afflict us here in America. We are such a blend of races that we have a steadily lessening strain of pure Americanism; the purest, coming down from the British strain in colonial times, being considerably submerged, these days, by the queer mingling of hot and cold and temperate blood currents which unite to produce the American whose doings fill the newspapers.

Yes, that is the American we all know. He and his are childishly fond of pleasure and show. They go to the movies with composite steadiness and enthusiasm, they are well-dressed, well-housed, they own a car, they blow everything into achieving the joy of life. They are so happy—or contented, anyway, happiness being a rare bird—that they don't hate anything, not even the rich. They leave that to the foreign toilers, who come over here bringing with them a well-developed, congenial aptitude for hating.

But the typical American means to get-rich-quick himself, some time, so what is the use of hating the man who has reached the summit to which he hopes to attain?

This typical American—and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, not to mention his wife, daughter, and son—turns up with tedious frequency in the drama, pictured or otherwise, in fiction, and in the press. He is so commonplace and so common that he is not interesting.

Fortunately the young writers who are ministering to the needs of the little theatres are trying to get away from that epitome of the commonplace, the average American citizen. A playwright who writes a one-act play has more courage than those who are engaged in making a throw for success with a full-sized drama. It isn't nearly so calamitous if he fails. And so he roots around in pursuit of the novel, the bizarre, the unusual; just the sort of thing which makes the average producer experience a cold chill of disapproval.

I remember running across a character in a magazine short story once which I found extremely interesting. It was that of a college-educated Chinese who used the slangy vernacular of the American collegiate. He joshed with his American mates on equal terms, using his influence with a lot of Chinese coolies to do them some service.

Now an Oriental is never made over again inside. His external man, his dress, his expression, his tongue may all be transformed, but there is an inner region of his heart, mind, and soul that remains unaffected. He becomes a dual personality, with a capacity for widely deviating from the routine of conduct as we know and expect it when the crucial moment arrives. Such a man should make excellent material for the drama of the day, the motive being supplied by the inability of the cheerful, simple-minded, uncomplex American to realize the unplumbed depths and possibilities in that soul so foreign to his own.

"The Squaw-Man," out-dated play though it is, was an effort in the direction indicated, although dealing with the racial divergences sentimentally rather than psychologically; and the war brought to the surface glimpses of the college-educated native Indian who should supply interesting material for the drama.

There is a one-act play just out, entitled "Mirage," by George M. P. Baird, which

shows the wide divergence in type between the white and the Indian. It is a love story, treated with modern subtlety, and yet poetically. It shows how differently an Anglo-Saxon—we will assume, for purposes of argument, that the white woman in the play is an Anglo-Saxon—and an Indian girl will act when the possessive instinct of love animates them.

The author shows familiarity with the symbolism and traditions of the Hopi Indian. He has achieved situation, dramatic tension, atmosphere, and more than a touch of poetic beauty in the dialogue. In fact, given suitable players, and I would like to see his play acted, more particularly as, short as it is, the characters and types are sharply differentiated.

Now this sort of thing that expresses some of the peculiar, unique, and interesting phases in the varied life lived in different corners of this vast country compounded of blended dissimilarities is far too infrequently and insufficiently portrayed in the plays put forth even by the eager, aspiring, and unsteriotyped talent that has made little theatres a well-considered feature of the theatrical landscape.

## THE ORPHEUM.

Rumors have been reaching me, during rustication in the dull season, of good bills at the Orpheum; particularly those in which Kerekjarto, the remarkably gifted violinist, and John Steel, the French tenor, figured.

Therefore, by the law of reaction, this week's bill is just the usual average; containing, as often happens, on the average weeks, quite a lot of variety.

Fun and fancy are the dominant features, fancy being the attraction in "Under the Same Old Moon," with Edith Taliaferro playing the lead in a trio of playlets unreeling their stories under the benevolent regard of Luna. While little Edith's histrionic abilities are scarcely noteworthy, she travels on her cunning-little-cuteness, and has no difficulty in pleasing the public in the somewhat banal trio of playlets; which, by the way, are reinforced with melodrama and sentiment.

Grace Fisher, as the "Dresden China Prima Donna," also bands out some fancies, worked up—the Maud Mullerish one—with a pretty costume, a sweet speaking voice—as sweet as her singing one—and a more refined enunciation than we generally hear in vaudeville. She is the boss titivater, and was much prettier in her "country maid" costume, holding herself in the very correct first one, with its frosty scintillations, its feather fan, and trailing sash, rather too consciously.

Emilie Lea, aided by an efficient pair named Rock and Kaufman, won out finally, for she is a very limber and lively dancer, but she had to work for her victory. Her pianist knows how to handle his job well, I suspect, and he can turn piano notes into the ding-donging of a great bell, but he specializes on hair, and rather distracted our attention from his playing.

Still another girl figured on the bill: Beatrice Curtis, rather alluring to masculine observation, with Harry Fox, who inclines to the vulgar, but is clever at humorous suggestion; rather too deliberate, perhaps, but he gets there.

So does Billy Beard, who can't turn out darky dialect, but who has good stories and delivers them with a gusto that wins the audience, especially as he always works up to a good climax.

Other numbers were juvenile musicians who gave popular operatic airs, some clever acrobats with a heavyweight clown who had good comic stuff, and a magician who worked against a black background, accomplishing thus a number of novelties—floating figures, bodiless heads, automatically moving properties, and so on.

## ROSE COGHAN.

Another old favorite, Rose Coghlan, who, happily, is still living, was recently the occasion of a reminder to the public, not of its heartlessness, but of its inevitable forgetfulness. Rose Coghlan was a sterling actress. She learned her art in London, but practiced it in America, where she was much appreciated.

Her last public appearance was in "Deburau," which Belasco produced last winter for a successful run in New York. Her misfortune was that while still in good health in other respects, Rose Coghlan suddenly lost the ability to memorize her lines.

Her need was made public by a friend, and, as a result, a benefit was tendered her in New York which brought her \$10,000; not very much, but perhaps enough to give her the rest that will restore her memory.

She proposes, it seems, to write her memoirs, in which she will include interesting matter about her brother, Charles Coghlan. Rose Coghlan is seventy-two years of age. Poor soul! For her and for others like her who do not realize age and need until it is on them the outlook is always rather desperate.

Her last appearance, as I remember, in San

Francisco was in "Fine Feathers," by Eugene Walters, in which she played, with that sterling ability which ever characterized her work, the part of a hearty vulgarian in a suburban neighborhood. It was superbly done, for Miss Coghlan was perfect as a comedienne, and she far outshone the younger members of the company.

Away back, before middle age had robbed her of romantic charm, she played leads; and played them with distinction and magnetic charm.

Players of her ability are not down and out, however, after youth has passed, and for a number of years now Rose Coghlan, as a comedienne, has been an ornament to the American stage.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## The Columbia Theatre.

"Little Old New York," a comedy of New York life in its early days, by Rida Johnson Young, will be presented under the direction of the New York Players, Inc., at the Columbia Theatre, commencing with Monday night, July 31st.

It is a drama of youth, romance, and love in old-fashioned settings, with plenty of humor, action, and pathos to make its comedy human. The interest is sharpened by introducing well-known characters of the time—John Jacob Astor as president of the town council, Cornelius Vanderbilt as a ferryman, and Washington Irving as a young sport.

A bare-knuckle prizefight in a firehouse, interrupted by a false alarm of fire, is a humorous feature. The atmosphere of the old time is well preserved, and the dress, manners, and conversation of the belles and beaux of old New York are deftly sketched.

Isabelle Lowe and Creighton Hale head the cast. Miss Lowe was last seen here in the Klaw & Erlanger production of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Mr. Hale has won much distinction in some of Griffith's most important productions.

## The Orpheum Next Week.

Crane Wilbur has become famous as a stage star, picture star, and author, and with Suzanne Caubet, the famed French actress, he brings to the Orpheum a clever playlet, "Wright or Wrong." Mr. Wilbur and Miss Caubet have just finished an exceptional summer season in Oakland.

A male quartet is always good entertainment, but when they are wonderful comedians as well, one can be assured of a riot. Murray Kissen was last here with his "Hungarian Rhapsody" and he brings another burlesque, "The Barber of Seville." He will be remembered as one of the Avon Comedy Four.

Orpheum audiences always appreciate good music and it is for this reason that the Russian violinist, Yashoff Staffanov, is sure to be another musical sensation.

Harry Fox and charming Miss Curtis are retained for a second week. He has a lot of new comedy for the repetition of his "Interruptions."

No comment is needed on the fact that Miss Emilie Lea is the best female dancer the Orpheum has ever had. Her company and skit provide wonderful entertainment.

Fern Redmonds and H. Wells are a clever pair presenting a laughable turn entitled "The Gyp."

It takes well-trained birds to put on a bird cabaret and that is what is offered among the other acts of the week.

Cooke, Mortimer, and Harvey play a ball game in the dark and present one of the greatest novelties vaudeville has ever seen.

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## VANITY FAIR.

A wedding occurred in London the other day at which a woman pastor, or pastorese, or ministress, officiated, to the scandal of British conservatism. There was a woman organist, and tenors and basses were excluded from the hymeneal choir. A child once asked, "Mamma, were you there when I was born?" In this case the bridegroom was present, but if they could have found any way to dispense with his presence they would have done so. He was probably very uncomfortable, and was no doubt shown his place and kept in it—the English are great at that game, and if English feminism set out to show a bridegroom his place we can safely wager that he knew it and felt it, and wished he were in some other place. As a matter of fact, bridegrooms at weddings have been diminishing in importance for several generations, until nowadays at the most fashionable affairs of the sort they attract little more attention than the hat racks they are. A bridegroom is undertaking to support and rear a family, to be responsible for a lot

of harum scarum girls and boys until the girls are married and the boys in business or jail, and to pay all the bills and fines and supply all the gasoline and feathers, but on his wedding day he is treated as casually as though he had just come to take the centre aisle carpet to the cleaners. The best man does his best to look important as an assertion of the importance of his sex, but it is a rank failure. And what must it have been at this almost Adamless wedding? Needless to remark, the word "obey," that ancient imposture, was dropped altogether from the service as read by the ministress. Perhaps that was just as well, provided it does not come back on the wrong side of the contract; but we have long expected to see it there as a recognition of reality. After a few more such weddings, men will wonder more than ever why other men do it. But it will go on just the same.

It looks as though London thieves had acquired immunity in a peculiar manner, as long as they take pains to rob only the wealthy and aristocratic guests at houses where the Prince of Wales is being entertained. The other day Lady Beatty, wife of Admiral Beatty, who was Ethel Field of Chicago, lost a brooch at a ball given at Mall House by Mrs. Marshall Field in honor of Miss Gwendolyn Field. There were about 350 guests, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Lord Louis Mountbatten and a lot of titled persons, with a few plain Americans to give the thing a solvent appearance. Prior to the ball, Lady Beatty gave a dinner at Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park. She then drove to the ball with the Prince of Wales in his limousine. She was wearing a white satin brocade, with Venetian lace embroideries, and just above the waist line she wore a pearl and diamond cluster brooch, a small trinket worth about \$10,000—a mere trifle on Fifth Avenue, a thing Stillman's lady friend on the yacht with the golden cocktail shakers wouldn't look at, but in London quite a dazzling treasure. When Lady Beatty entered her own limousine with the admiral after the ball, the brooch was gone. Scotland Yard was notified, and sent a squad of sleuths, but by that time about 100 guests had departed. They proposed a search of the rest, and here is where the prince comes in. Lady Beatty could not hear of having the prince searched, and the others would not have tolerated any favoritism in so delicate a matter, so nobody was searched. If the thief was still there he must have smiled and thought it good insurance, and resolved to practice his gainful art only when the prince was present. Of course, the domestics have been carefully examined, but without result. There have been many complaints of similar jewel thefts of late, and it is thought specially trained thieves are mixing with the servants at exclusive social affairs and purloining valuables, perhaps with the connivance of the ladies' maids.

Mrs. James R. Mann, wife of one of the Republican leaders in Congress, has submitted a list of entries as the twenty-five greatest women in the history of the world not now living, says the *Washington Post*, in the contest being held to determine this question by the Women's Universal Alliance, whose international headquarters are in Washington. Mrs. Mann's list follows: Mary, mother of Jesus; Hypatia of Alexandria, Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, Joan of Arc, Empress Eugénie, Mary Washington, Maria Mitchell, George Eliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Sand, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mme. de Staël, Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, Florence Nightingale, Jennie Lind, Rosa Bonheur, Angelica Kauffmann and Cecile Chaminade. Four other names of women undoubtedly great in their chosen field submitted by Mrs. Mann can not be considered, as they are now living. These are Mme. Curie, the world's greatest woman scientist; Sara Bernhardt, Evangeline Booth and Jane Addams. It was decided to restrict the contest to the names of women not now living in order to be certain as to their fame. The winner of this contest inaugurated by the Women's Universal Alliance will be given \$100 in gold. All contestants must be members of the alliance and notable women as well as those of distinguished or illustrious rank will be considered as eligible for the list of twenty-five.

Miss Pauline M. Floyd, a young lawyer of Washington, has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, says the *August Delineator*. This is the highest tribunal of the land. In all the history of this free country, the Supreme Court has been above reproach. It is the final word in the law. It is the last appeal of all the higher courts of all the states. Here the law is interpreted and confirmed. The Supreme Court is no experiment station—no training school. Those who practice there must know the law and be equipped to present their cases before the twelve judges whose profound knowledge and integrity safeguard the tenets of free men. To be admitted to practice there is to have proved worthy. Miss Floyd is the youngest lawyer at the Supreme Court bar. New York City has a woman pastor. Miss

Helen Ulrich accepted a call to the Church of the Divinity. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw frequently preached in New York City, but Miss Ulrich is the first woman to become a regular pastor of a metropolitan church. The first woman to be nominated for the United States Senate is Mrs. Peter Oleson of Cloquet, Minnesota. Mrs. Oleson was one of the suffrage leaders of her state. The Democratic party has chosen her as its nominee. Whether Mrs. Oleson is elected to the Senate in November or meets defeat, she has cut the road a little wider for women in politics.

If you did not smoke, and had a perfectly good wife that did not smoke, and you sent her to the seashore for a vacation and a rest from household cares, and she returned to you with a little square flat silver case, and about her person the sour smell of cigarettes, what would you do? You would? Well, remember that women have had to stand that creosote reek from their husbands a long time, and they have stood it like soldiers. But the minute a man had it to stand he declared he wouldn't, and sued his wife for divorce. That is the Kingscote divorce case in England, and it was settled by a sort of compromise. Mr. Kingscote was a gentleman, in the English sense, and his wife had been a lady, but he set up the theory that she had ceased to be a lady when she contracted the nicotine habit. The court had no judicial opinion in the matter and called in an expert, a man that kept a tobacco shop. He testified that before a lady smoker ceased to be a lady she would have to smoke fifteen cigarettes a day. As Mrs. Kingscote smoked only fourteen, she got in under the limit, and remained a lady. As soon as Mr. Kingscote learned that she was a lady he saw his mistake. If she were a lady, why, by Jove, he would play the game out like a sport, much as he hated the smell. He had his barrister withdraw the complaint. Mrs. Kingscote will continue to burn 'em; but she will never again smell just as a lady should.

## African Royalty and Paris.

As an incident in the consolidation of the French Empire in Africa, the French government has been entertaining in Paris thirty negro "kings" from the equatorial regions, says the *New York Times*. To gentlemen of such rustic origin Paris seems to have been an eye-opener, so much that they resented the simple arrangements made by the government for their reception.

For French officials, used to entertaining royalty of somewhat greater eminence, had provided inadequate accommodations for the African potentates. They were housed two or three in a room, and to point the indignity there was a sign over each door, "Two kings" or "Three kings," after the famous model of "40 hommes 8 chevaux."

When the kings were taken out to see the sights they were all packed into a rubberneck wagon instead of being given a limousine apiece. This sort of thing eventually got on the royal nerves, so that some of the kings revolted and set out to see Paris for themselves. In this enterprise, apparently, they had a good deal of success, Paris doing its best to give them a good time.

Which is one more token of the ease with which strangers can get used to Paris. Readers of Mr. René Maran's "veritable negro novel," "Batouala," which won the Prix Goncourt, may be surprised that the chieftains found their quarters in Paris too cramped. If the local color in that book is correct, an equatorial king who found himself in a room with no company but one or two other kings would get agoraphobia.

Relief work of the American Relief Administration in Russia "has stemmed one of the greatest catastrophes that followed the war," Secretary of Commerce Hoover, chairman, announced in a report made to President Harding. "Without it," the report said, "many millions of people would have died from starvation and millions more would have perished from consequent disorder and disease." The situation in Russia is under control, the report continued, and promises much better after the harvest, though whatever the result of the harvest it seems likely there will be sporadic hardships in some localities due to the breakdown in distribution. Through the efforts of the administration 788,878 tons of food and medicine were provided for Russians; 3,250,000 children and 5,300,000 adults were fed; and more than \$59,000,000 was expended in combating the famine.

Foreshadowing the introduction of general co-education in Japan, the departments of engineering and medicine at the Kyushu Imperial University have just been opened to women students. Dr. Yoshida, president of the university, in making the announcement predicted that the day is not far removed when co-education will be adopted by all the universities in his country. Women are still barred from attendance at the Imperial University at Tokyo and at most of the other higher schools which men in Japan attend.

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## STORYETTES

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" was presented in New York, a Gotham woman passed a rather severe criticism on it. She said it was a very good play, all but the ending—the assassination of the hero was so improbable.

The man with the long, red nose appeared at the emergency hospital with that appendage mashed to a pink pulp. "How did this happen?" asked the surgeon. "Well, you see," said the victim, "I got a job in the shipyard, and I was down in the hold of a ship and I stuck out my nose for a little air and one of those darned riveters took it for a hot rivet."

They met and danced, and danced again, and after the eighth or ninth he asked the charmer: "Who is that Gloomy Gus over there? He's been following us around all evening, and sometimes I thought he was gathering the nerve to try to annoy you." "Oh, that?" said the charmer. "Don't bother about him. He's only the fellow that paid my way in."

"What is this Emersonian compensation we hear so much about?" asked the Inquisitive Person. "That," said the Cynical Philosopher, "is the doctrine that things are never so bad as they seem, because there are always mitigating circumstances. Compensation is the principle, active in the world, whereby you get a ride to the hospital in the ambulance that knocked you down."

There are few allusions to Moses (or Mesu) in the ancient Egyptian writings, but W. F. Durand, the civil engineer and scientist, of San Francisco and Palo Alto, on his return from Egypt laid before the San Francisco Engineers' Club some recently discovered evidence in a mummy papyrus that Moses was a poker player. A translation reads: "Mesu, I pray thee, open the pot."

Siam has electricity now and the thoughtful electric light people are doing their best. In every room in a Bangkok hotel is posted a notice in various languages. Its English version reads: "Sir—For the case that your electric light should fail, we beg to send you enclosed a postcard, which pleased send us at once when you find your light out. The company will then send you another postcard."

The new carpet in the old church was not yet paid for, and debt stared the congregation in the face. The pastor advanced to the front of the platform and with great fervor and determination announced: "We have tried every way we could think of to raise this money. We have had sociables and concerts, and we have done everything we could that was honest. Now we are going to try a bazaar."

This story was told the late Andrew D. White by the character who played Judas at Oberammergau: While he was working at his bench the door of his workshop opened and a peasant woman from the mountains came in, stood still, and gazed at him intently. On his asking her what she wanted she said: "I saw you in the play yesterday. I wished to look at you again. You look so like my husband. He is dead. He, too, was a very bad man!"

Six-year-old Dora returned unusually early from school the other day. She rang the door bell. There was no answer. She rang again, a little longer. Still there was no response. A third time she pressed the button, long and hard. Nobody came to the door, and she pressed her nose against the window pane and in a shrill voice, which caught the ears of every neighbor, called: "It's all right, mamma, I'm not the installment man."

Apropos of the death of Sir William Harcourt, who had long outlived the intense unpopularity of his early years, Sir David Hunter Blair says that at the time of his passing it seemed almost legendary to recall how three members of Parliament had once resolved to invite to dinner the individual they disliked most in the world. Covers were laid for six; but only one guest turned up—Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who had been invited by all three.

A story that harks back to the civil war concerns a troop of Confederate mountain volunteers and their colonel. They had been sent for by a certain Confederate town, but before they could arrive the Federal forces were in command of the city. The auxiliaries arrived in the night and found the town deserted. Not caring to mix unnecessarily with the Union troops, they turned around and rode out of the town by the first gate and road they found. Before them stretched a fine smooth highway and they took to it for all they were worth. They rode all night without passing any villages or signs of civilization. The countryside seemed not only deserted, but de-

molished as well. When the sun peeped over the Blue Ridge Mountains the colonel drew up suddenly. "What's the matter, sub?" asked his lieutenant. "Dammit, sub," roared the colonel, "we've been galloping around a race-track all night."

In the course of a lecture in the town hall at Aston-under-Lyne, England, the late Henry George put his audience in roars of laughter when he remarked: "The man who owns the lands owns the air as well. There has been only one attempt that I have ever heard of to make air separate property. Near Strasburg, in Germany, about the twelfth or thirteenth century, there was a convent of monks, who put up a windmill. One of the lords in the neighborhood—they would be called 'robbers' now—finding he could not get any tribute from them, set up a claim to the ownership of the air, and when they put up their windmill, said: 'All the wind in these parts belongs to me.' The monks sent in hot haste to the bishop, and told him of this claim. The bishop 'got up on his hind legs' and cursed in ecclesiastical language. He said the baron was a son of Belial; that he did not own the wind in that province; that all the wind that blew over it belonged to Mother Church; and that if the baron did not take back his demand for rent he would launch with bell, book, and candle the curse of Rome. Mr. Baron backed down. But if he had owned the land he would not have needed to set up a claim to the wind. Men can not breathe the air unless they have land to stand on."

The influence of Plato was at its height in 390 B. C.

## THE MERRY MUZE.

## Lav of the Social Diarist

Let other scribes with jeers and gibes  
Pursue the good and great,  
Or probe the tricks of politics,  
The secretaries of State;  
'Tis mine, as with a kindly care  
Life's landscape I explore,  
Simply to notice "Who were There,"  
To mention "What they Wore."

Week in, week out, at ball or rout,  
On river, lawn, or road,  
In Fashion's mart I watch the smart,  
The hierophants of Mode;  
With zest I note Lord Gorm's frock-coat  
And state with reverence due  
That Lady Spink looked well in pink  
Or mauve or grey or blue.

Week in, week out, with zeal devout  
I find congenial themes  
In dames in jade or gold-brocade  
And wondrous color-schemes;  
And very seldom do I shrink  
From noting by the way  
That Lady Spink looked well in pink  
Or mauve or blue or grey.

Although the hats of Lady Ouph  
Are of preposterous size,  
I do not venture on reproof,  
I never criticize;  
No venom mingles with my ink:  
I find, where'er I rove,  
That Lady Spink looks well in pink  
Or blue or grey or mauve.

And, if the last dead trump should sound  
At some great social show,  
I know I shall be faithful found  
To Lady Spink and Co.;  
Not musing upon Heaven or Hell,

But nothing who were  
And who was drest in blue  
And who in *feu d'enfer*.

## France and the Birth Rate.

The birth rate in France is going down, says *Le Matin*. In order to acquaint all the nation with the gravity of the peril which menaces it and a means of overcoming it, the National Alliance for the Increase of French population, whose offices are at 10, rue Vivienne, Paris, has decided on a plan to encourage competition in the production of an article to be used as propaganda. It is desired to distribute about half a million copies of such an article, as well as to give it publicity in the newspapers, in the belief that this will have good effect in the fight against the diminution of births.

A prize of 50,000 francs will be awarded to the winner in the competition. Five prizes from 2000 to 10,000 francs and forty prizes of 1000 francs each will be given other contestants, in the order of merit. The judges will not know the names of the competitors and will, therefore, not be aware whether any article will be that of a famous historian, a village schoolmaster, a well-known writer or a simple student. Each article will be judged on its own merits.

King Khama of the Bamangwato, a tribe in South Africa, will not allow intoxicating liquor to enter his territory, and travels about in a motor-car, driven by a white chauffeur.

Out of 1948 persons who traveled through a part of Russia in a refugee train, 1299 died during the journey.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Lorna Kilgariff and Mr. William Dolman Inskeep of Berkeley. The ceremony took place on Wednesday evening, July 19th, in St. Paul's Chapel at Long Beach. Dean McCormick officiated at the marriage. Miss Kilgariff is the daughter of Mrs. John M. Kilgariff and the late Mr. Kilgariff, and is the sister of Mrs. William H. Taylor and Captain Lester Kilgariff, U. S. A. Mr. and Mrs. Inskeep are on a motor trip through the southern part of the state. Their home will be in Long Beach.

In honor of Mrs. Charles Alexander, a number of affairs have been given, bringing together her friends. Mrs. Osgood Hooker and Mrs. George F. Marye were hostesses at two luncheons during the week. Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained at luncheon, at which Mrs. Alexander and Princess Poniatowski were complimented.

At a dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Miss Sarah Butler, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, and Mr. Frederick Tillman were the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained informally at dinner on Wednesday evening at their home at Menlo. Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker were Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's guests.

Miss Frances Lent entertained Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Edna Taylor, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Orel Goldarcena and Mr. John Brooke at an informal dinner on Thursday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue.

For Miss Hope Somerset, who is to be married in August to Mr. Donald Walsh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walsh, Mrs. Edward Fennon entertained at luncheon at her home across the Bay. Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Marian Lyman, Miss Katharine Bentley and Miss Kittie Fletcher of New York were Mrs. Fennon's guests.

Mrs. Burton Elkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckenridge Oliver of Kentucky, and Mr. James Cresson Parrish, Jr., were married in New York on July 12th. The ceremony was performed at the Central Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Harvey Brown.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols plan going to Portland in September. They will go East from there to visit their daughter, Mrs. Charles Mills, at Milton, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Alexander sailed on Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mrs. George A. Pope, who has been in the East for some months on a visit to Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston, has returned to her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John Galen Howard of Berkeley are in Carmel for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beardsley leave for a month's motor trip to British Columbia on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker are spending some weeks at Del Monte.

Lady Mortimer Davis of Montreal, Canada, is in San Francisco for a stay of some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike returned to California on Sunday. Mr. Pike left the following day for the Bohemian Grove.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and his daughter, Miss Sarah Butler, are at the Palace Hotel. Dr. Butler intended leaving on Thursday for the Bohemian Grove.

Miss Isabelle Bishop is at the Bishop ranch at Goleta with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hall Bishop.

Miss Louise Bullock leaves on Saturday for an extended trip to the Orient.

Miss Louise Boyd and Miss Katherine Donohoe will leave early in August for a six weeks' motor trip north.

Miss Eleanor Davenport has returned to San Francisco from Carmel. She is at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Ethel Lilley is the guest of Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., at her Santa Barbara home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Huntington are in New York. They will sail for Europe the end of the month.

Mrs. Cheever Cowdin stopped at Lake Tahoe on her way to San Francisco from the East. Mr. Cowdin is in San Francisco for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Towne motored to the Russian River with friends over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon, Miss Barbara Sesnon, Mr. Porter Sesnon and Mr. William Sesnon leave on Sunday for New York and Europe. They will be away indefinitely.

Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and Miss Marjorie Josselyn have returned from a hunting and fishing trip.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Richard Bayne, and Mrs. George Kelham are spending a week or

so as Dr. Harry Tevis' guests at his home at Alma. Miss Katherine Ramsey will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent at Pebble Beach over the week-end.

The Countess André de Limur will be at the Crocker home at Pebble Beach for the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth have opened their new home at San Mateo, and will pass the remainder of the summer there.

Miss Jessica Sherwood, Miss Winifred Sherwood, and Miss Rosemary Sherwood plan going to Europe early in October for a year's stay.

Mrs. George Gay and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Gay, leave on Friday for New York. They sail August 12th on the *Mauretania* for Europe.

Miss Patience Winchester is at Lake Tahoe visiting Miss Doris Schmiedell and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell at their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and their children are at their Santa Barbara summer home, which adjoins that of Mrs. Driscoll's parents, Admiral and Mrs. Albert Bacon.

Miss Constance Luft of New York has returned to San Francisco, after spending two weeks at Shasta Springs as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule are in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Walter Hobart and Miss Ysabel Chase will leave the end of the week for the Hobart ranch in Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering plan to return to New York for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boist of Chicago and Pasadena are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Byington Ford, at her Pebble Beach home.

Miss Claire Giannini sailed from New York on July 26th to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Giannini, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. William Houghteling are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall. Mr. and Mrs. Newhall are abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters leave early next week for New York. Mrs. Butters may possibly go on to Europe, Mr. Butters returning to San Francisco in a few weeks.

Mrs. Dudley Bates of Fresno is spending a few weeks in San Francisco as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Booth.

Miss Elena Folger returned the middle of the week from Monterey, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn.

Miss Mary Gorgas spent the week at Lake Tahoe, returning on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Tubbs left on Thursday for Catalina Island to be away two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling and Mrs. Herbert Allen and her children will visit Mrs. Herbert Moffatt at her home on Lake Tahoe.

Miss Jennie Blair returned during the week from a month's stay at Byron Springs.

Miss Geraldine Grace is spending several days in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace. The family have been spending the summer months at their Santa Rosa home.

Among those recently registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. C. W. Easton, Haverhill, Massachusetts; Mr. George Fisher, New York; Mr. Paine Reese, Chicago; Dr. Charles Dillard, Huntsville, Alabama; Mr. Charles L. Mariner, Oakland; Mr. O. H. Chamberlin, Fresno; Mr. G. O. Tower, Hanford; Mr. F. B. Palmer, Walnut; Mr. H. O. Schwitzenberger, Pomona.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. Eugene Benoist, Mr. Lester E. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Graham, Mr. H. S. Strasser, Mr. H. B. Strasser, Los Angeles; Mr. Thomas Carter, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. F. H. Harrison, Newark, New Jersey; Mr. N. H. Brooks, Indianapolis; Mr. George C. Nelson, Modesto; Mr. R. W. Stalnaker, Lodi; Lieutenant V. L. Mauser, U. S. N.; Mr. Thomas J. Proctor, Santa Rosa; Dr. R. Nichol Smith, Dr. Oscar Reiss, Los Angeles; Mr. Patrick A. Powers, New York; Mr. J. J. Kennedy, Indianapolis.

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### HOW LONG CAN WE LIVE?

How is longevity to be attained? asks a writer in the New York Tribune. Jean Finot in the *Revue Mondiale* gives answer, regarding the subject from a new aspect. First of all, he says, the common notions as to the necessary brevity of life must be abandoned. Man, he insists, can live 150 years, and this in a state of health that will permit him to serve himself through all his physiological and moral faculties. He says:

"One of the principal reasons for man's death before 100 years has been the false idea that eighty or ninety years marked the extreme limit of his terrestrial life. This auto-suggestion crept like a poison into man's consciousness and made the ravages of time conform to its contents. As soon as it is replaced by the truth that we can attain the age of a century and a half—many persons proceed toward it with serenity and radiant conditions of health.

"What is more, physicians who formerly refused to treat in the usual way people who had exceeded the conventional limits of life, attributing their infirmities to quasi old age, today treat them like other patients. And they obtain unexpected results.

"Count Greppi, who died in 1920 at the age of 103, furnishes an edifying example for the centenarians of tomorrow. The former Italian ambassador and senator had until the last moment of his life kept up his physiological and intellectual forces. He, no doubt, would still be among the living had it not been for the excessive astonishment with which he was incessantly regarded on account of his old age. He was so much tormented on account of his hundred years that he ultimately was seized with anxiety and appre-

hensions that undermined and finally killed him."

Innumerable documents have been sent to M. Finot from all parts of the globe, enough to fill a large volume. Here is an example, in the contents of a recent letter sent to him by the eminent Chilean lawyer, M. Amando Morago Drogue, corresponding member of the Society of Comparative Legislation of Paris:

"In Temuco, where he exercises the functions of protector of the natives, there are, in a population of 40,000 souls, more than twenty persons who have reached the century-and-a-half mark.

"And the author of this document guarantees the absolute authenticity of his statements, resulting from one of the most thorough investigations."

"Since I launched the doctrine of longevity, which actually enjoys a success beyond all my hopes," says M. Finot, "others have tried to surpass my assertions. Dr. Eugene Fisk, president of the Life Extension Institute, at the annual meeting of the New York Medical Society, maintained the doctrine that it will be possible to prolong human life beyond 1900 years. He supports his assertion on the fact that we have succeeded in prolonging by 900 times the existence of certain worms; that the tortoise lives over 2000 years, and that several plants succeed in going beyond tens of centuries.

"Nothing authorizes us, it is true, to accept this doctrine, which only brings in its favor arguments that have no bearing on human physiology. Yet it must not be rejected with contempt; for, however improbable it be, this and all similar doctrines can only help the triumph of the real doctrine of normal longevity that should attain a century and a half."

### The Philippines and Sea Power.

Filipinos should realize that there is no real analogy between Cuba and the Philippines, says William Howard Gardiner in the *North American Review*. Cuba geographically is under the very wing of the United States; and if any foreign power were to attempt her subjugation, the whole American people would rush to the aid of Cuba—and to the defense of their own immediate security. But the Philippines are very remote and many Americans, sensing possible complications, in effect ask the question: How can we withdraw from the Philippines with a show of decency and let them fend for themselves, thus saving ourselves from Far Eastern embroilments? It is rarely that the man on the street has sufficient knowledge of strategy to realize that the ultimate security of the United States depends on the security of Australasia and on the stability of the Far East and that these, in turn, depend on the security of the Philippines.

Filipinos should realize that the one and single thing that would cause the American people as a whole to come to their aid is the fact that the American flag floats over them, protecting them while their capacity for self-government is being developed. Remove the flag—as the *independista* would do—and the future of the Philippines will be a matter of practically no interest to the mass of Americans unconcerned with world affairs.

But perhaps the most profound factor in the future of the Philippines is the test it may put upon the moral fibre of the American people. It is no sign of a strong sense of righteousness for a guardian to grant the demand of a wayward child that he permit it forthwith to have its own way in the world. A higher sense of duty is shown by willingness to make whatever efforts and sacrifices may be required to defend and develop a dependent, however wayward. And the cycle of civilization after civilization has shown that when a once great people become so selfish and ease-loving that they lose their sense of duty to defend and foster their dependents, that is a sure index of moral turpitude which ends in their being overthrown as a nation by others who have not lost their virility. The policy of the American people toward the Philippines may indeed be the determining index of the future of the Pacific and our civilization.

Only twenty-one Italian citizens, according to tax returns, could qualify in the United States today as millionaires. On the basis of lire there are 5118 Italians who are worth more than a million, but a million lire at the present exchange amounts to only \$50,000. Three-fifths of the Italian millionaires have no more than this amount, and only ninety have more than ten million lire (\$500,000). Only two men possess more than fifty million lire. Rockefeller, by these figures, is thus worth at least twice as much as all the Italian millionaires put together. Two-fifths of the Italian plutocrats live in Northern Italy in the two provinces of Lombardy and Piedmont.

An interesting step towards Christian reunion has taken place in Toronto, where five Anglican clergymen and five Presbyterians have applied for ordination in both churches.

The octopus is the greatest enemy of crabs and lobsters.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### The Last Ride of Don Quixote.

And by his side a phantom maid  
Rode a white charger, reined with gold,  
Her armor like a shining blade;  
And a flag floated, fold on fold,  
Gold lilies that seemed to gleam and fade  
And glitter like the starlight cold.

The white flag caught against a star,  
Her white horse trampled the dim air,  
Along the skyline, faint and far,  
Legends and dreams behind her there  
Streamed up to high, aerial war,  
Their phantom lances glancing fair.

They gleamed and faded, and the sky  
Was torn with the old, thunderous shout,  
And wild with iron artillery,  
Day broke, and night was put to rout,  
And to that devil's battle cry  
A plodding line of brown crept out,

Young soldiers from a strange new world  
In whose wild mountains eagles scream,  
And over far savannahs hurled,  
Lonely and white, the lightnings gleam,  
And round their hearts lay madness curled,  
Young madness, beautiful as dream.

And lads from Oregon and Maine,  
And where the brown Missouri goes,  
And where the Rocky Mountains stain  
The skyline with their lonely snows  
Were on that melancholy plain  
And in the line that bends and flows.

Out of the wild trench came the line,  
Into the mud and reek and smoke,  
And through Quixote's brain like wine  
A sudden exultation broke,  
A hope crept upward like a vine,  
And in his heart a whisper spoke:

"Now is my madness truth," he said,  
"And my desire and my despair!  
The knighthood that I dreamed was dead,  
And the far horns of faith are there,  
Belief like a blown banner red,  
And honor like a sword kept fair.

"My quest!" he cried, and high and keen  
His heart leaped, and within his skull  
The madness broke like a thin screen  
From eyes of dream no longer dull.  
"My quest!" he cried. "Earth has not seen  
Armies more mad and beautiful!"

And with a windy shout he spurred,  
A phantom in that slow advance;  
And no man saw him, and none heard  
The cry ring o'er his cloudy lance  
As a tall shadow, gray and blurred,  
In crazy armor, charged for France!  
*Howard Mumford Jones in University of California Chronicle.*

#### Chloroform.

Over my nose and mouth a cold, hard cone  
Of silvered steel, covered with white, soft wool  
A vapor rolls, oily and sickening-sweet,  
Heavily down my throat: a drowsy heat  
Spreads thro' my limbs—Within my throbbing skull  
A great Bell tolls, hollow and deep of tone—

Some one says, "Take deep breaths." The tenuous sound  
Seems to descend a million miles to find  
My buried consciousness, but yet I hear,  
And feel I must obey; though palsied fear  
Grips the small cowering fragment of my mind  
That 's conscious still: a mole in frozen ground.

I breathe more deeply; and the great Bell tolls  
Loudly, more loudly yet—until its hum  
Seems as the beating wings of some fierce gull  
Trapped in the bony dungeon of my skull—  
Now I sink downwards—blind and chilled and numb—  
Down through the Earth's damp bosom—Pallid souls

I meet, that gaze on me from age-old graves  
As I pass dumbly down—At length the Bell  
Softens its tone to wave-beats—And I reach  
A strange-familiar, gray-green, twilight beach,  
Littered with bones that yield an earthy smell,  
And fringed by softly lapping, gray-green waves.  
*—Alan Fleming in the New Statesman.*

#### Clouds.

Earth dies to haze below, the cables sing,  
The motor drones like some gigantic fly,  
A monstrous mound of vapor bathes my wing  
And backward with the wind goes sweeping by;  
Above the voids white crags go sharp or dim,  
Oaks wave, the discs of rootless islands swim,  
And arches climb and crumble in the sun  
Over gray dinosaur and mastodon.

A crawling floor of color seals the spaces  
Where misty islands meet and part below;  
Cities that mask eternal hungering faces,  
Black wood and water mingle in its flow.  
Long mountain heights beneath these marching shapes,  
This marble-smooth and marble-solid air,  
Their manifold reality escapes  
To moon-faint mottlings. Distance does not spare.

They are the clouds now. Icy-tipped I ride  
A window-floor immeasurably wide  
Firmer than worlds. And through its paved glass  
I watch their formless, sunken shadows pass.  
*—Frank Ernest Hill in "The Measure."*

### Eighteenth Century Ms.

The Department of Prints and Drawings at the San Francisco Museum of Art has been enriched by the gift of several original drawings by eighteenth-century French and Italian masters. A Watteau in red, black, and white chalk is one of the most interesting of the new acquisitions. The drawing, which was presented by Richard Owen, whose collection of eighteenth-century French and Italian drawings in Paris is celebrated, was originally in the famous Fleury-Herard collection. Mrs. Charles W. Clark has presented a red chalk drawing by Hubert Robert, a contemporary and disciple of Fragonard. Two examples of the Venetian school now in the San Francisco Museum of Art are drawings by Domenico and Battista Tiepolo. The wash drawing by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo is the original design for his painting, "The Adoration of the Wise Men of the East." The sepia drawing of "The Wedding Feast of Punctinello," by Battista's son Giovanni, the engraver, is the second Venetian drawing. Giovanni was the author of a series of a hundred-odd drawings depicting the life and adventures of Punctinello, a collection of hitherto unpublished drawings that were first exhibited last spring by Mr. Richard Owen in Paris.

If it were against the law to dig coal, says the *Washington Post*, bootleggers would get us plenty of it.

Carriion crows still build their nests in several of the London parks.



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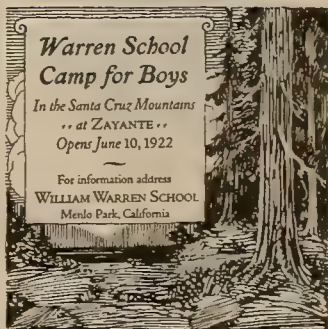
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How many members has Congress now?"  
"Too."—*New York Sun*.

After awhile our American literature will be teeming with quaint old bootleggers.—*Life*.

"He says he takes misfortune philosophically." "Always. Just tell him your woes and see if he doesn't."—*Judge*.

'18 (at class-day reunion)—Hello, Jim, how's the boy? '19—Why—er—it's a girl, you know!—*Princeton Tiger*.

Mrs. Critic—The acoustics are bad in this theatre, aren't they? Mrs. Shocked—My dear, they are positively immoral.—*Judge*.

"Papa, these shoes hurts me every step I take." "Take longer steps, sonny, and there won't be so many hurts."—*Wheeler's Magazine*.

"John, dear, for years the humorists have joked about the bride's first apple pie." "Yes, dear?" "So my first pie will be a lemon." And it was.—*Judge*.

Teacher—Can any one use the word "beetle" correctly in a sentence? Willie Willis—Pa says it does beetle how you dress the way you do on the salary you get.—*Judge*.

"Where is the groom?" "There he is." "Can't see him." "Well, you can see the tip of his nose. He's behind the bride's bouquet."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Your book, 'Purple Passion,' is the talk of the town. A few months ago you said it was a horrible fliv." "Yes, but I mailed a copy to the anti-vice people."—*Judge*.

"Where's the nearest garage? I've only got a gallon of gas left." "Wal, it's about thirty miles. That'll give you a purty good idea how far you can go on a gallon."—*Judge*.

"It's all nonsense to come to the country to escape the heat. It's just as hot here as it is in the city." "I know it, but there aren't so many people to talk to you about it."—*Life*.

To show her supreme confidence in her new husband, she gave him a night key. And to convince him of his position in the house she had the lock changed.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Mother (to Bobby, whose sister is going away)—Why are you crying, dear? You're always fighting with Delia and don't seem to love her. Bobby—I don't love her, but I need her.—*Punch*.

The two women were discussing the spectacular existence of a very wealthy man. "Where is his home?" asked Mrs. Moreler. "Home? He hasn't any. When they get as rich as that they've no more home instinct

than milk cans."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Dr. Prinrose—How did you like the Sunday-school book your maiden aunt gave you? Willie—It was dandy. I traded it at the second-hand book store for three Old Sleuth stories.—*Judge*.

Judge—What had the defendant been drinking when you arrested him? Cop—Whisky, I think, your honor. Judge—You think? You think? Aren't you a judge? Cop—No, your honor, only a patrolman.—*American Legion Weekly*.

"Did you ever buy a vote?" "Never," replied Senator Sorghum. "But, of course, I am not in a position to cross-question my political friends as to what they shall do with their money."—*Washington Star*.

"My papa is a mounted policeman," said Eric to a visitor. "Is that better than being a walking policeman?" asked the visitor. "Course it is," replied Eric. "If there is trouble he can get away quicker."—*Wheeler's Magazine*.

Mr. Pester—The Scrapieighs are going to sell all their household effects at auction next week. His Wife—I'm going around to bid on their parrot. I'd dearly love to know what they call each other in the privacy of their home.—*Detroit News*.

First Woman—How do you like our new neighbor? Second Ditto—I never saw such an ignorant person as she is. She can't talk about anything but painting, books, and music. She doesn't know a word of gossip about anybody.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Let me see! When was this little boy born, Brother Johnson?" inquired the presiding elder. "Well, sir," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, "it was just before or right after my best dog died, and I haint prezizely shore which."—*Kansas City Star*.

"What in the world are you staring at that married couple so intently for?" asked one young lady of another on the train. "Oh!" said the other girl with a start and a sigh. "It's so natural for us girls to contemplate matrimony, you know."—*Boston Transcript*.

A man who had just opened a store in a strange town was interrogating one of his early customers on the purchasing power of the citizens. "Now, there's Deacon Brown," he said. "He has the reputation of being wealthy. Would he be likely to spend much money in here?" "Wa-al," drawled the native, reflectively, "I wouldn't exactly say that he'd go to hell for a nickel, but he'd fish around fer one till he fell in."—*Salt Lake Telegram*.

## Ever Shakespeare.

I'm afraid it is this contempt for Shakespeare, Wycherley, Congreve, Sheridan, and other masters of classic English writers that is at the bottom of it all, says a writer in *London Answers*. I believe that a course of the classics is absolutely necessary to the proper training of every young actor or actress.

They need not specialize in Shakespeare all their lives, but until they have realized the possibilities of stagecraft as Shakespeare realized them, they will never be more than futile mummies. They will never make their mark in dramatic history, and, personally, I think they will never fully realize any part, however small.

Give me an actor with a thorough Shakespearean experience in preference to one of the "moderns." Most of the actors of today don't act; they pose and gesture; they "mouth" lines which they do not understand; they are devoid of technique, and they make the life of a producer a burden.

Their pretended "modernism" and their alleged natural acting is a sham. It is more artificial than anything in the old school. The old actors did at least act—they would deliver lines so that they could be heard all over the theatre. Today words are mumbled. The artists do not try to understand their meaning, so how can they expect their audiences to do so?

## That New Party.

The new party, according to its projectors, says the *Washington Post*, is to be composed of former Republicans and former Democrats in about equal numbers—voters who have tired of their old affiliations through a feeling that a new party is due and should be made as strong as possible.

Look, they exclaim, at the present situation! The Republicans, though in power by a landslide, are not redeeming their promises. They are not affording the relief the country needs.

The Democrats have no remedies—at any rate, are offering none. Beyond criticizing the opposition they seem unable to go. They are vigorous kickers, but not constructors.

So a new party, it is asserted, is necessary to satisfy both discontented Republicans and discontented Democrats, who, under the pressure of disappointment, will be able to get together on a platform and run things.

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the two old parties. Shall it be a disgruntled Republican for first place and a disgruntled Democrat for second, or the other way around? If a Republican for the first place, shall he be taken from East, or West, or middle country? If a Democrat, shall the South, as usual, be barred?

The speculation grows apace. Names are being suggested, and certain actions of certain men are referred to as evidence that those men are taking notice and consenting to the new party plans—are, indeed, counseling on the quiet and under cover as to how best to promote such a break-up of the two old parties as will supply the material for a new and compelling organization of national consequence two years hence.

## Vagaries of Caste.

In the face of the debasing beggary one meets with at every turn in India, the inviolate pride of caste offers constant surprises. A man who would beg *bakshish* from you with whining servility would scorn to accept food polluted by your touch. He would throw it away if your shadow had contaminated it. I remember a wonderful morning at Benares when I was being rowed up and down the Ganges at that early golden hour when thousands of pilgrims from all over India crowd the steps leading down to the river, singing religious songs as they cast garlands of orange flowers out upon the breast of Mother Ganga, and descend and immerse themselves in her sacred waters. As our boat glided along close to the bank, I saw a holy man with Ganges mud smeared over his face, sitting cross-legged in a little temple and eating rice out of a brass bowl. He happened to glance up, and with an expression of startled horror seized his bowl and jumped back to the farther end of his narrow stone shelf. It was only then I noticed the shadows of the rowers and myself passing horizontally across the floor where he had been sitting. On another occasion, the very courteous English Resident of the native state of Jaipur was taking me through the Jaipur model prison. When we came to inspect the kitchen arrangements, the Indian superintendent

pointed out that one end was partitioned off so that the food of the high-caste prisoners might be cooked apart from the others. Even then it had to be carried through the same court, so a man always walked ahead, sprinkling the ground with sacred Ganges water in order to insure purification.—From "Raw Material for an Indian Nation," by Gertrude Emerson, in *Asia Magazine* for June.

Philadelphia recently awarded a prize of ten thousand dollars to the leader of an orchestra on the decision that he is "the citizen of Philadelphia who during the past year has rendered the greatest public service to the city."

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Coal Mining Problem.

It becomes reasonably clear that the periodical strikes and lock-outs in the coal fields—including the present trouble—are due primarily to bad organization of the coal mining business. There are in the country today at least 40 per cent. more coal miners than are required to produce the normal output. The business of coal mining being seasonal in character, a measure of unemployment is inevitable. But it is plain that the situation would be vastly improved—that there would be more nearly continuous employment—if there were fewer miners. It is further true that there are too many mines under operation, since all that are now active, if operated continuously, would more than fill normal requirements. Summarized, the condition is too many mines and too many operatives.

The proper course of treatment is a more scientific organization of the coal mining business. And at this point we run up against anti-trust laws, because scientific organization means consolidation with establishment of trade agreements. It may be that only through congressional enactment, permitting a measure of reasonable monopoly of coal mining, can the desired end be attained. In a recent statement by the President to the contending forces there is found a hint to this end. President Harding proposes to refer the whole matter to a Federal commission. The suggestion falls upon reluctant ears because Federal commissions have not a high efficiency rating. But it is difficult to see how the situation can be dealt with in any other manner. The commission proposed by the President is to deal

with more than the immediate disturbance; it is to go to fundamentals, to discover the reasons for the recurring and ruinous warfare in the coal fields. Because nobody sees a way for anything better it is likely that the President's plan of a commission will be accepted. The task will not be an easy one, since the commission will have two jobs on its hands: one to make a temporary adjustment to run for a year or so, another to make the studies that are necessary before a better system can be put into effect in the coal fields.

By the time the commission's report shall be ready—a year or more hence—the public should be pretty well conscious of the fact that there can be no permanent peace in the coal fields unless a kind of organization now forbidden by the anti-trust laws shall be authorized or that the government shall go into the coal mining business itself. Offhand, the first suggestion appears the more desirable from every point of view.

### A Man and His Work.

From those who only a few weeks ago were still picturing President Harding as a spineless and shifty opportunist, retraction and apology are now due. It is no weakly amiable hand that during the past month has dealt with the coal miners' strike and the strike of the railroad operatives. Never in our history has a situation vital in its relations to the welfare of the country been faced with greater courage or more definite determination. There have been no fireworks, no dramatics. Quietly but firmly Mr. Harding has taken his stand upon fundamentals. With a righteous sternness he has reasserted both individual and community rights. Without straining the powers of his office, without spectacular assertion of his high obligations, he has planted the banner of Federal authority upon the firm basis of unquestionable principles. Where a timid man might have yielded under pressure (as in the case of the Adamson Act) he has stood firm. Where a vain man might have blustered, even while cringing, he has been guided by the dictates of a modest but sure mind. And as always happens when great and worthy causes are sustained with high moral determination, problems that a month ago threatened to bring about social chaos are fading away. Not yet are relations between the miners and mine-owners and between the railroad companies and their men adjusted, but there is coal for essential purposes; there will be coal for the winter. The trains are moving and they will continue to move. And for these conditions, so absolutely vital to the welfare of the country, we must thank the sound mind and the firm hand of our worthy President.

We must hark back to Grover Cleveland for an example of strength in the presidential office comparable with the immediate record. McKinley met difficulties with a suave diplomacy. Roosevelt blustered and compromised. Taft smiled his way through. Wilson yielded in the Adamson Act. It has remained for Harding, since Lincoln least pretentious and assertive of Presidents, to reassert fundamental principles and to enforce their acceptance. Not for a many a year will there be anybody to deny the obligation of government to provide "conditions under which free men, willing to work, may work in safety." Mr. Harding has settled that by a precedent that defines the duty of those that are to come after him, and which should inspire their courage. He has rescued from desuetude and given new birth of vitality to a principle all but lost under executive practice. And in doing this he has done for the country and for mankind a service of incalculable value. For in this principle—in the right of a man to earn his bread in the sweat of his face, free from hindrance—there lies that which is fundamentally related to human liberty, even to the integrity of civilization.

The secret of Mr. Harding's strength is in his con-

ception of the duties and the obligations of the presidential office. Others in our recent experience have regarded that great post—at least have treated it in practice—as a personal possession. Mr. Harding sees it in its true character. As President, he conceives himself, not an autocrat, but a trustee. He holds himself subject to the limitations, not only of the laws, but of the moral obligations which lie upon one who administers the affairs of others. He claims no right to arbitrary judgment, no privilege that may pertain to one who acts only for himself. There is a fine inspiration in this conception. On the one hand it promotes modesty; on the other, fidelity. And here, in the spirit of modesty and in the spirit of fidelity, we have the foundation stones of the character of President Harding.

We have defined the secret of Mr. Harding's success in these immediate troubles as lying in his conception of the character of the presidential office and in his fidelity in holding himself to its obligations. But back of all—the foundation upon which all rests—is Mr. Harding's individual character. It may be true that he is not a man of supreme intellectual power or of supreme cultural equipment. He makes no pretensions to genius or to universal wisdom. And not being a genius, he is happily without the defects of genius. Genius in a man placed as is the President of the United States is more likely to be a snare than a help. It too readily invents devices leading aside from the straight and narrow path of principle and duty. Not uncommonly it plays sad tricks upon him who possesses it, decoying him to courses that would make no appeal to a man of straightforward mind. In Mr. Harding, we repeat, we have no superman, but a man of plain common sense, which, when all is said and done, is the best of all the varied forms of sense.

Mr. Harding's task in recent weeks has been a grievous one. Not since the darkest days of the civil war has any President been so under the burden of responsibilities. Besides the universal confusion following the war, besides his inheritance of problems bequeathed by the preceding administration, besides difficulties due to treason in his own party organization, there have come upon Mr. Harding a siege of troubles unprecedented in their seriousness and in their variety. Even a superman might have quailed before the problems that loomed before him a month ago. Mr. Harding makes no pretensions as a superman. His endowment is that of a plain man, profoundly sensible of his duty, a man under the inspirations of an honest mind seeking to do his work as it falls to him. No greater demand was ever made upon the intelligence, the courage, or the devotion of any President, and no President ever met a hard situation with a more manly simplicity or a firmer reliance upon the powers that lie in the eternal verities. As in these trying days Mr. Harding has had the sympathy of all intelligent and patriotic men so now he deserves the approval and the thanks of all his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Harding is sentimentally a strict constitutionalist. He would like Congress of its own initiative—off its own bat, so to speak—to do the work of legislation, leaving to the President the duty of execution—all this as the Constitution directs. This conception of the "founding fathers" was logical enough, and it worked, fairly well in the days of relatively small things. But today the constitutional scheme, strictly speaking, is practically unworkable. If the President were to keep hands off Congress there would be no legislation—or worse than none. Political and social evolution has brought about a condition in which the President must be an initiator and even a director of legislation. By no other means can the right thing—



or anything—be done. Under a complex of many motives, Congress has practically abdicated one of the most important of its functions. It will not act without leadership and, we dislike to add the discreditable fact, without pressure. The plain truth is that Congress, as now organized, must both be directed and driven. Long since the country sensed the fact and by degrees it has transferred its dependence from Congress to the President. So, whether he would or no, the President must outline and, in so far as he may, enforce the course of legislation. Upon coming into the presidency Mr. Harding had hopes of reviving the constitutional tradition and of bringing Congress to a sense of its obligation. The hope was vain. Congress will not and perhaps can not do its work untutored and undirected. Mr. Harding has been compelled to assume the rôle of legislative director. It is a duty not to his taste. It puts upon him a burden he ought not to be forced to bear. Under it he becomes responsible to the country in relation to results dependent upon others than himself.

Mr. Harding's position in relation to legislation has been made difficult by failure on the part of men of his own party to cooperate with him. The Chicago convention of 1920, representing the Republican party, made certain definite pledges. It was the duty of Republicans in Congress to work with the President in performing what was promised. Both branches were under Republican control—that is, men elected as Republicans, and therefore under an implied pledge to enforce Republican policy, were in the majority. Mr. Harding had a right to expect that if Congress would not initiate legislation in line with the party pledges it would at least support measures presented by him as the official head of the party. But the record of the year shows that Congress has neither led nor followed. It is at this point that men like Senator Johnson, pretending to be Republicans, elected as Republicans, but in practice accepting no party obligation, have added vastly to the President's burdens. Hard indeed is the situation of one held accountable to the country for specific results and provided, in the view of the country, with cooperative aides, yet compelled at every turn to meet inertia, indifference, disloyalty and even traitorous opposition. Whoever would comprehend the trials under which our President has labored during the past year must understand that he has lacked support where it was due him—that men commissioned under party authority and in the party name have in multitudinous instances proved faithless.

It is truly a grievous burden, that of the executive office. In its requirements, a task adjusted originally to a limited territory and to a homogeneous people who numbered scarce three millions has grown with the progress of the country to colossal proportions. What was once simple has become complex. Where earlier Presidents had to deal with a few interests the President of today has to deal with many. Geographical expansion of the country, multiplication of its citizenship, the growth of industry and transportation—these have crowded upon the presidency an overwhelming multitude of obligations. Yet the system has not been changed; and the President is expected, even required under the earlier precedents, to perform prodigies of labor. The mere physical task is colossal. Few are the days when the President must not confer with many scores of visitors upon matters calling for understanding and judgment. The continuing sessions of Congress make a situation incessant in demands for counsel and guidance. It is a dull day when the President must not see many scores of callers entitled to be heard upon legitimate business. The mere drudgery of signing official documents—commissions and the like—takes fully two hours of the President's time each day, with grievous consumption of his physical energies. An especial abuse under which the President lives is that of receiving multitudinous visits of courtesy—or curiosity—so many that it is an exceptional day that he must not meet and shake hands with many hundreds of persons. There has grown up the habit of demanding addresses or letters from the President upon all sorts of occasions, putting him under a labor of preparation that would break down—under does break down—a man of other than iron constitution. The only time that a President may call his own is that which he spends in bed, and even his period of sleep are limited to the scantiest requirements of nature. Every waking moment is so filled with

pressing duties that anything approaching mental relaxation is out of the question.

So serious have become the demands upon the presidential office that ways and means of relief must be found. The burden of signing documents must be lifted from a hand now taxed to exhaustion. There must be, if we are to have in the presidency anything approaching an unwearied and vigorous mind, changes that will put upon others a thousand time-consuming and nerve-wearing duties. A President is entitled to and ought to have expert assistants to relieve him at many points of his work. Just as great railroad and industrial executives multiply their capabilities by the employment of assistants, so should the President of the United States have expert and officially authorized aides. At least two secretaries or assistants of Cabinet rank, working under his authority and in his name, might properly be added to his immediate official family.

President Harding is an exceptionally vigorous man, as well as a man of exceptional conscientiousness with respect to his duties. He is at his desk at an hour in the morning when half the world is still in bed. He spares himself not at all, and oftentimes his day is still unfinished when half the world has gone again to its slumbers. He gives himself scant periods for physical and mental refreshment. Strong man that he is, already the burden is beginning to tell heavily upon him. No man can work as he does, anywhere from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and permanently stand up under it. The burden is too heavy and the pace is too fast for human endurance.

#### Arbiter of the Drama.

Another manifestation of the tendency of industries to work as units under commissioners or general executive heads has just appeared in the field of the legitimate stage. The motion-picture industry has its Will Hays, baseball has its general interclub and inter-league umpire and dictator in Judge Landis, recently the restaurant proprietors of New York got together to appoint an "Emperor of Eats," and now the Producing Managers' Association of the theatrical world drafts Augustus Thomas and makes him executive chairman, with powers and authorities analogous to those of Landis and Hays. It looks like a contagion.

Thomas is almost if not quite the dean of the dramatic profession, a man whose life work for the theatre has given him great prestige. His personality and achievements are such that in the most jealousy-ridden of crafts he has aroused admiration without very much envy. Probably he will be trusted. As a playwright he is perhaps best remembered by that highly-colored frontier drama, "Arizona," which had tremendous popularity in the late 'nineties. It was part of a series that threatened to grow into an epidemic of "state plays," having been preceded by "Alabama" and "In Mizzoura"; but fortunately it proved to be but the third of a trilogy—a trilogy that probably did much to reveal the Americans, not only to themselves, but to their newly-acquired citizen material, in the good days before we had grown but too familiar with the words "propaganda" and "Americanization." In fact, Thomas began life as an American, and has been keeping it up since 1859, and all his experience and observation of the course of affairs since the civil war should have given him wisdom. The possibilities of the stage as an element of national life and culture are probably better appreciated in Europe than in the United States, but even here it is not hard to see the importance of the dramatic presentation of character and life, and of maintaining that force at its best and highest.

Of late, the stage has been profoundly affected by the motion pictures, so that what we might call the dramatic supply has been seriously changed, and in many places cut off entirely except in the cheap and easy form of "picturization." It is not likely that Mr. Thomas can do very much toward restoring the vanished "road," whereby many companies used to pay their way across the continent playing one-night stands, but he may in other ways do something toward rescuing the prestige of the spoken drama from the smutch put upon it by the bedroom plays that New York has had to witness in quantities for the past three or four years. People need the inspirations and the stimulus of good dramatic presentation, and have received, recently, little that was really serious and moving. The success of such a play as Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" indi-

cates the popular hunger for things of the stage that are, to speak in a paradox, real instead of sham. They want life and its problems unfolded and a little clarified if that is possible; at least they wish its realities and its possibilities exhibited in plot and situation and with an adherence to the elements of truth that shall train and uplift the emotional nature and fortify the will. Pajama girls and bedroom blunders do not satisfy that craving, but a dramatist of the ability of Augustus Thomas will be able to discern the public hunger for the better things of the stage, and perhaps by example, precept, advice, and occasional elimination, promote some renewal of their supply.

It is said that large powers have been conferred upon him by the fifty-three producers making up the membership of the association. He has expressed his confidence that with these men the wish to do fine things in the playhouse is as strong as the wish to make money, and he declares he sees in his present relations to the stage a chance to serve a profession with which he has a life-long association and "to advance the noblest and most potent art that touches the emotions of a people." This statement, and the standing of Mr. Thomas, give promise of better things for the American theatre.

#### Cheap Money.

It looks as though the country were again threatened with a "cheap money" movement, drawing power this time from the standing, in the popular imagination, of Thomas A. Edison and his friend Henry Ford. Times of financial disturbance always evoke efforts to help the nation over the hard place by propagating a demand for some new sort of money which will be in greater volume, and hence easier to obtain; and every malcontent has a vision of punishment inflicted on the wicked rich through the commodity with which the wicked rich are supposed to accomplish their wickedness; and this has in it such a fascinating aspect of poetic justice that those who think themselves the victims of organized avarice can hardly be blamed for believing in it. Some time ago Mr. Ford had before the public some sort of scheme for issuing currency against nitrates, and now Mr. Edison thinks it would be helpful to have the government go into the warehouse business and issue currency against the produce of the farms and mines and perhaps other producing agencies. Because Mr. Edison is a real benefactor of the race and not a mere visionary his currency dream, backed by his prestige, has danger in it.

It is not easy for the masses of the people, and, indeed, for some clever individuals, to understand money, and its requirements if it is to be sound and capable of doing the world's work. The literature of the subject is vast, opinions on it are fanciful and chaotic. But one idea may help to clarify the situation, and that is, that inasmuch as the value of money diminishes with its quantity, there is no gain to the general welfare by increasing that quantity, since the value of the aggregate will remain about the same—whatever the advantage may be to an individual here and there during the transitional disturbance. Cheap money is a commodity subject to all the drawbacks and deficiencies associated with the adjective cheap. You may have two dollars where there was but one before, but if it takes both to do the work formerly done by the one, you have merely increased the weight, not the potency. To use a post-Volsteadian metaphor, if you take a glass of 5 per cent. beer and add a glass of water, you have only increased the volume, not the strength. And we have yet to hear of the beer drinker who would not gladly trade the two glasses of 2½ per cent. for one of 5.

When "money is scarce" it is not money that is scarce. When the Kickerbocker Trust Company closed its doors in 1907, it was immediately said that money was scarce. But there was just as much money in the country after that as before. What was scarce, woefully and suddenly scarce, was confidence. And if some one with autocratic power had abruptly doubled the currency, confidence would have been scarcer yet—scarcer than the proverbial hens' teeth, scarcer and thinner than hair on a frog. There is more money in the country now than there ever was before, and the same large proportion of it is held, in the phrase of Senator Johnson, by the "same old crowd," and they have the same reluctance to give it up, and they are not to be blamed for it. The same small proportion is held by the same people that held the smaller proportion



before. Piling up the gold in the United States has not solved many social problems; nor created equality of service and reward, which seems to be the fantastic aim of our socialists and other economic reformers. As to currency, which is another thing with the same function, Russia has so much of it that you have to haul in a wheelbarrow the price of a light lunch, but it has not solved the problems of Russia. "Money" was part of the system the Bolsheviki set out to destroy, and they substituted currency in a mass, which they diluted to a thinner attenuation than Volsteadian beer. They gave it a less than homeopathic potency. They made ruble notes cheaper than wall-paper. They now have millions of rubles where they used to have one, and it takes the million, or thereabouts, to do the work of the one. But it has not made Russia happy. Much the same thing is true in Austria and in Germany. If Germany is recovering and Austria is not, it is because Germany is working frantically while Austria has been so reduced in territory and restricted in trade that work is almost a lost art; but cheap currency has not brought it back, nor is it likely to come back until money returns, in a form that is dear and hence valuable.

That Mr. Ford has succeeded in producing a cheap and serviceable automobile does not qualify him to pass upon every legal, international, sociological and economic subject under the sun. And because Mr. Edison, a better and more versatile sort of man, can make an effective electric light is no reason why he can make an effective medium of exchange for a nation.

Of course, Mr. Edison does not propose to debase the currency; merely to make more of it. But making more of it will cheapen it, and will not enable anybody to get more of it than can not get his share now. Cheap money does not mean easy money. In order to do its work, money must have value. In order to have value it must be scarce. How scarce? About as scarce as it is at present will do, although it never stays at one point for long, any more than the quantity of oats in the country does. This sounds like mere stand-patism, and it is, for that is what money needs. It has to be hard to get, in order that it may get what it should. Then when you get it, you've got it.

#### Johnson and the Party Plea.

Nobody need feel obligated to support Senator Johnson upon the plea of party loyalty. For Mr. Johnson belongs to no party—assuredly not the Republican party. In so far as he assumes to be a Republican it is merely assumption—a trick to win Republican votes. We pass over his record of treason in the Taft campaign of ten years ago. We pass over his record of treason six years ago in the matter of the candidacy of Mr. Hughes. But the mantle of charity may not be stretched to sufficient breadth to cover his disloyalty to the present Republican administration at Washington. He was elected as a Republican from a Republican state. It was his plain duty to support the principles enunciated by the convention at Chicago in 1920, and it was no less his duty to support the policies of President Harding in the carrying out of the party pledges.

Mr. Johnson has not done this. In truth, he has been a thorn in the side of the Harding administration from the day it took office. In the Senate he has allied himself, not with those who have sought to uphold the hands of President Harding, but with the group of recalcitrants that have missed no opportunity to annoy and thwart him. His affiliations have not been with the loyal party element, but with the La Follettes and the Borahs. Forgetting his obligations and his promises, in contempt of his plain duty, he has abandoned the party counsels and defied the party discipline by allying himself with the "blocs" that have attempted to tie the hands and weaken the spirit of the President. Most notable of all, in the supreme instance of the Four-Power Treaty, brought into being under Republican initiative and representing the highest achievement of Republican policy, he took his stand with the partisan opposition, so exercising his influence and so placing his vote as to put the treaty at hazard, to embarrass the President, and to discredit the party to which he professes allegiance. And why? The answer is not far to seek. It may be found in review of the course of his patron, Mr. Hearst, and in the interest of the New York Tammany politics which he has served under the patronage of Mr. Hearst.

California is a Republican state. Both its sentiments and its interests are bound up with the principles and

policies of the Republican party. California sentiment supports President Harding with enthusiastic loyalty. It commends especially his great achievement in the Four-Power Treaty with its guarantee of peace in our Pacific world. California resents the obstructive attitude assumed by Mr. Johnson towards Mr. Harding. Here we have explanation of the fact that multitudes, hitherto friendly to Mr. Johnson and who on former occasions have given him their support, are now actively opposing his candidacy for reelection and are looking hopefully to the election of Mr. Moore. For there is no doubt as to Mr. Moore's loyalty. If elected, he will represent California as a Republican. He may be relied upon to work with the Administration, to give support in the carrying out of the policies to which the Republican party stands pledged.

#### Editorial Notes.

We can but suspect that between the President and the responsible heads of the railroads there is misunderstanding of terms—particularly of the meaning of the term "seniority." Railroad authorities have invited men into their service to take the place of their striking employees and have promised them continued employment. If restoring their seniority to the strikers means the throwing out of men who were brought in under promise of continued employment, then there is involved in the situation a matter of honor. Apparently, the President in his tentative terms of settlement does not interpret restoration of seniority in the meaning attached to it by the railroad managers. It is not thinkable that Mr. Harding, even for the sake of peace, would ask the railroad authorities to be false to assurances given men who have been and who are still helping them out in the present crisis.

The senatorial contest in the Republican party in California is one of the most significant political developments of recent years. Every Californian, Republican, Democrat, or Socialist, man or woman, is in some degree interested in it. Its issues are important, its strategy is interesting, its battles are news. The speeches made by the rival candidates involve considerations of moment. It is to the interest of every citizen to keep informed of the varying phases of the contest and of the treatment accorded many pressing public questions by the aspirants to the nomination; and readers of daily newspapers have a right to rely on them for information of the progress of the contest. Can a daily paper perform this function with fidelity to its subscribers if, because of a petulant animosity, it refrains from printing the name of one of the contestants, to say nothing of omitting to report his speeches? Childish though that may seem, it has a worse implication than its mere lack of dignity. It is taking the money of the subscriber for a certain service and then failing to perform it. Whatever personal grudge may animate its editor, that paper is not doing its duty by its readers, nor by the Republican party which it presumes and pretends to represent. It is like a plugged quarter—not all there.

New York is about to impose a literacy test on all voters under the new registration, beginning there on October 9th. The secretary of state has sent the city board of elections copies of 100 extracts from the state constitution, which intending voters will be required to read before they become eligible to vote. The experiment is being watched with much interest, as there are many important problems the solution of which will depend on the results. People wish to know how the selection will actually work and what are to be the administrative difficulties of its application. Under the provisions of the law, inspectors have full authority to require all new voters to prove that they can read and write English, and this means all recently naturalized citizens, those that have lately entered New York from other states, and those that have attained their majority since the last election. The law provides that an applicant may present a certificate of literacy from the head of a public school where he tries to register, or of any school in a city or town where the state department of education knows the required standards have been met. The secretary of state, who has selected the extracts from the state constitution to be used where there is no such certificate, has, it is said, endeavored to pick out passages that would convey useful information, besides testing the ability to read.

#### DR. PRITCHETT ON THE SENATORSHIP.

##### A Thoughtful Man's Reasons for Supporting Moore.

(Responding to a request that he state his reasons for his support of Mr. Moore, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett has addressed the following letter to the Santa Barbara News.)

The *News* has courteously asked me to state why I advocate the election of Mr. Moore, a business man, untrained in political life, in the place of Senator Johnson, an experienced politician, prominently known throughout the country.

To answer this question, even briefly, a word must be said as to the problems with which a United States senator must deal. The world today is called upon to solve problems, industrial, social, national and international, more complex and more difficult than in any previous time in its history. It requires in this work, not so much men who can talk effectively as men who can think clearly. If we are to find a way out of the difficulties which beset us it must be found, not in the midst of heated talk and by exciting the prejudices of one group against another group, and by a multiplication of laws to cure every possible human ill, but rather by clearly thinking out those fundamental solutions of human rights and of economic forces which, when solved, lead us to the right answer. Our country is unique in being governed by lawyers. In no other country do the Congress and the separate legislatures contain a majority of lawyers. Whatever advantages may lie in this situation, it is clear that serious disadvantages have come by the over-multiplication of laws and the tendency to consider public questions from the standpoint of theoretical interpretation rather than from that of practical reality. Today we need in Congress, not talkers, but thinkers who can find the right answer and make that answer evident to the people of the country.

I believe Mr. Moore's election to the United States Senate would constitute a great gain both for California and for the country, because I believe that he belongs to the group of thinking, constructive men. An engineer by profession, a business man by training, with a long experience in the administration of great affairs, he has nevertheless given himself generously and heartily to the public service with no thought of reward. His willingness to undertake the labor of this campaign is itself a generous act. His attitude toward the problems which the country faces is that of the reflective, trained, experienced thinker who seeks first to get the facts and then to follow those facts to their legitimate conclusion.

The United States Senate needs today men of this constructive and reflective type, men who have a passion for the facts first and are then willing to follow where the facts lead. Mr. Moore belongs to the type of man who would do less talking and more thinking, and it is to such men that we must look if the country is to advance intellectually, morally, and materially. We want men who think straight about our national problems, whether they be commercial, industrial, or educational, and we want men who think straight about our international relations and who are willing when the truth is known to accept it and to follow it. Such a man Mr. Moore's whole life shows him to be.

Secondly, I believe that Mr. Moore should be nominated by the Republicans of California because he is a true Republican. No democracy has been able to function except through party government. Public opinion always divides along the lines of conservative and liberal legislation. As a matter of fact, both groups are liberal, but one group desires to go faster than the other group. This is the normal division of democratic votes. Whenever members of a democracy allow themselves to be divided up into a number of warring political factions, there is no continuity of government and no responsibility for legislation. Today, in our country, it is vitally important that the historical lines of political division be preserved and that government shall not degenerate into quarrels between different factions, leading to inevitable sacrifice of the public interest. Mr. Moore is a Republican who will have his own opinion on public right and wrong, but who in the matter of general public policy will stand loyally by the President of the United States and the party which elected him.

For these two reasons—that he is a constructive thinker and a consistent Republican—Mr. Moore seems to me entitled to the votes of the people of California.

It is not possible to urge his election without some implied criticism of Senator Johnson. Such criticism does not mean any charge against the honesty and sincerity of Senator Johnson. The people who do most harm in political life are not so often those who have crooked morals, but whose thinking is crooked, and Senator Johnson seems to be in this class.

The measures which he advocates, the policies which he proposes in Congress, are, in almost all cases, destructive rather than constructive. He has great ability to tear down, but little disposition to build up. Not only has he not been constructive in legislation, but he



has opposed those measures which more than any others have had the promise of constructive results. It is enough to cite two cases.

The two most important measures that have been before Congress during Senator Johnson's membership were the Esch-Cummins bill and the treaty of the Four-Power Pact, as it is called. The one was the most important effort yet made to deal with industrial problems along fair and reasonable lines. It is not perfect. It will, no doubt, need modification as time goes on, but it was a sincere and able effort to deal with this great question which affects so directly the happiness and the prosperity of our people. Senator Johnson opposed it.

The Four-Power Treaty, negotiated by President Harding and Secretary Hughes, is the most promising effort the world has seen toward a peaceful solution of the Far Eastern turmoil. It avoided entangling our government in formal alliances, but threw the moral power of the country on the side of peace and justice. Senator Johnson opposed it bitterly and voted against it.

He has never yet explained to the people of California on grounds that a reasonable man could accept why he opposed these two great constructive measures, the one dealing with our own industrial affairs and the other with our international relations. Let us assume, as we must, that the senator was sincere and honest in these votes. The inevitable conclusion to which one must come under these circumstances is that Senator Johnson doesn't think clearly enough upon great constructive measures to represent the State of California in the Congress of the United States.

I voice, I believe, the attitude of thoughtful Republicans in California in saying that they can not accept Senator Johnson's attitude toward the party to which he nominally belongs. There is such a thing as servile obedience to a party, always despicable and demoralizing. There is, however, a great distinction between that attitude and that of practical disloyalty. Senator Johnson has practically assumed that devotion to his own interests was above devotion to his party. He has allied himself, not with the President and the more thoughtful men of his own party, but with a little group of critics who oppose, and oppose in the most bitter fashion, all constructive measures. While too great subservience to party is an unworthy attitude, nevertheless the man who holds himself independent of all party duty and obligation has ceased to be a useful member of a representative body. Government in a democracy can be carried on only by some fair alignment of parties and by the acceptance of party responsibility. Today there is a disposition in our country to destroy party government by creating a series of little parties, formed by groups which have some particular interest to serve, each group clamoring for its own advantage at the expense of the public interest. Nobody desires to charge Senator Johnson with a wish to injure the public interest, and yet his practical action in disassociating himself from the party whose name he bears and allying himself with contentious and highly partisan groups, constitutes the effect of destroying the very thing for which he is supposed to stand. That he should see no inconsistency in considering himself a Republican and should at the same time expect to give no loyal support to the President, the head of the party to which he nominally belongs, is another example of that lack of clearness of thinking which has characterized all of Senator Johnson's political actions; and the main reason why some other man should be sent to the Senate in the place of Senator Johnson lies in the fact that both by his temperamental make-up and by the self-centered position which he has come to take, he no longer thinks clearly and constructively about national, international, and political causes.

The belated dedication of a monument to Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, once a famous Arctic explorer, is a reminder of an achievement quite as remarkable as anything that Kane did to add to the sum of knowledge of the polar regions. This was his mastery of physical handicaps which would have daunted ninety-nine men in a hundred. He was physically so frail that he was unable to complete his studies at college; he completed his medical education at home, became a surgeon in the navy, and while physician of the American legation at Peking began his career as an explorer which marked him for fame. It is less known than it ought to be that his polar researches, important though they were, constituted only a small part of his work. He succeeded in descending into the crater of the Taal volcano, though several able-bodied adventurers had failed, he fought Bedouins in Egypt, he crossed the island of Luzon on foot, and he made an early study of Alpine glaciers in Switzerland. All this and more he accomplished before he died at the age of thirty-seven, sustained always by unflinching pluck and by determination such as few men possess.

The first military band was heard in England in 1785. The Duke of York, son of George III, imported a band of twelve German musicians with three negroes, and established them as the band of the Coldstream Guards. Other regiments then formed bands on similar lines. The negroes continued to form part of the bands until the year 1838.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Seiko Hyodo, the first Japanese woman aviator, makes daily flights over Tokyo.

Gifford Pinchot, candidate for the governorship of Pennsylvania, is an ardent trout-fisher in his scanty leisure time.

Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, has been in the State Department for fifty-two years. He is seventy-nine years old.

Gene Sarazen, twenty-one-year-old professional, of Pittsburgh, who carried off the American Open Championship at Skokie recently, thus defeating the pick of the golfing world, was formerly a caddie.

In a recent column of "Individualities" we ran a paragraph on Lorena Trickey, the champion cowgirl. Phil Yoder is the world's champion bronco buster and steer roper. His record is twenty seconds from the whirl of the lariat to the placing of the last tie rope.

Mrs. Anna Dickie Oleson of Minnesota is the first woman to secure a nomination for the United States Senate. Mrs. Oleson has already taken part prominently in national Democratic politics. She was an associate member of the Democratic National Committee and a delegate to the Democratic convention in San Francisco in 1920.

The recently elected president of the National Education Association for the coming year is Dr. William Bishop Owen, principal of the Chicago Normal School. Dr. Owen was born in Ohio in 1866, was educated in American and foreign universities, and for many years was a professor in the University of Chicago. Dr. Owen succeeds Miss Clare Ormond Williams of Tennessee, retiring president of the association.

Lending money to kings is an experience which Mrs. Roberta Menges Corwin Hill Tearle, formerly of Brooklyn, but lately of Paris, declares is exciting, but not altogether profitable. She arrived in New York from Paris, bent on visiting the American State Department to seek aid in collecting 5,000,000 francs, which, she says, she loaned Prince William of Wied, who occupied the throne of Albania for seven months before the war.

Some of Booth Tarkington's advice to less expert writers has lately been published, along with an explanation of what he is trying to do and how he does it. "Don't worry about the plot," he says, "or your alleged 'lack of inventiveness.'" What Tarkington wants is "poignancy." "Treatment is the big show," he says. "Pick your reader—the best reader you have inside you." Further says this Old Master: "The characters make their own plot—all the plot there should be."

M. Take Jonescu, the Roumanian statesman, whose death is announced, had for a generation been one of the most prominent politicians in Roumania, and had several times held ministerial office. In December last he became premier for a brief interval. Since the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913, when he initiated the conference which led to the treaty of Bucharest, M. Jonescu has been one of the best-known Balkan leaders in London. He ardently supported his country's entry into the great war on the side of the Allies, and latterly has been active in the formation of the Little Entente, for which he always outlined a policy in harmony with that of the Franco-British Entente.

Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, who is regarded as the leader of the agricultural forces at Washington, is another of the many examples of a journalist turned politician. Senator Capper began life as a practical printer and became an owner of weekly and daily papers in his native state, Kansas. Besides owning the Topeka Daily Capital, he publishes a number of farm papers circulating in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and adjacent states. He is president of the board of regents of the Kansas Agricultural College; is head of the Good Roads Association of his state, and is generally typical of the new agricultural spirit of leadership. Senator Capper was governor of Kansas from 1915 to 1919, when he entered the United States Senate.

General Herbert Mayhew Lord, who has long been slated to succeed his chief, General Dawes, as director of the budget, and has finally done so, is a Republican. General Lord began life as a newspaper man, then wandered into politics, and at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war entered the army. At the beginning of the European war he held the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the Quartermaster Corps. July 15, 1919, he was made brigadier-general of the United States army. In October, 1918, he had been appointed assistant to Major-General Goethals with the title of director of finance. It was during this period that he demonstrated his great financial executive ability by services for which he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

Lord Shaw of Dumfermline, Scotland, one of Great Britain's most eminent jurists, has been chosen to represent his country's bar association at the San Francisco convention, to be held early this month. Lord Shaw was a close friend of Andrew Carnegie and was frequently his guest in New York and at Skibo. The distinguished lawyer will be the guest of Mr. John W. Davis, former ambassador to the Court of St. James,

while he is in this country. Lord Shaw is accompanied by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Vaughn Thompson, whose husband, as captain of the Royal Fusiliers, was killed in Belgium early in the world war. Mrs. Thompson recently published a biography of her father, "Letters to Isabel." Lord Shaw will address the Canadian Bar Association at its September meeting in Vancouver.

Charles Ransom Miller, editor-in-chief of the New York Times since 1883, who died July 18th in his seventy-fourth year, had been in the service of the Times for more than forty-seven years. He began his newspaper career on the staff of the Springfield Republican in 1872, where he remained till '75, when he joined the Times' staff to remain the rest of his life. He was an editorial writer from 1881 to 1883, when he became editor-in-chief, a post he had held ever since. He was vice-president and director of the New York Times Company and director of the Tidewater Paper Company. Charles Ransom Miller was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, January 17, 1849. He was married in 1876 to Frances Daniels of Plainsfield, New Hampshire. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, and a member of the Order of Leopold (Belgium).

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Day Is Dying.

Day is dying! Float, O song,  
Down the westward river,  
Requiem chanting to the Day,—  
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,  
Melted rubies sending  
Through the river and the sky,  
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks  
Up to cloud-land lifting;  
Slow between them drifts the swan,  
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower  
Inly deeper flushing,  
Neck and breast as virgin's pure,—  
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,  
Down the ruby river;  
Follow, song, in requiem  
To the mighty Giver.  
—Marian Evans Leves Cross (George Eliot).

### Villanelle.

O Singer of the field and fold,  
Theocritus! Pan's pipe was thine,—  
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

For thee the scent of new-turned mould,  
The beehives and the murmuring pine,  
O Singer of the field and fold!

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old,—  
The beechen bowl made glad with wine:  
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told,  
Thou bad'st the tuneless reeds combine,  
O Singer of the field and fold!

And round thee, ever laughing, rolled  
The blithe and blue Sicilian brine:  
Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Alas for us! Our songs are cold;  
Our Northern suns too sadly shine:—  
O Singer of the field and fold,  
Thine was the happier Age of Gold!  
—Austin Dobson.

### To a Waterfowl.

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Le Matin states that the French colonies in Africa can produce industrial alcohol in unlimited quantities, and asks why the delay in turning this into current wealth.



## DAME SHIRLEY, DE LUXE.

Famous Letters, from an Eye-Witness to the Birth of California, in Beautiful Format.

Artistic book printers are rare, and those we have we should cherish, for they supply delight to bibliophiles, and bibliophiles are of the salt of the earth. We have a number of enthusiastic, conscientious craftsmen in San Francisco who will give days to the composition of a page, who understand that rubrication means red ink, who never yet split a trigraph under any temptation, and who are thoroughly familiar with the delicate differences between a cipher and a lower case o.

One of the best of them is Thomas C. Russell, of 1734 Nineteenth Avenue, who reveres the traditions of Bigelow and Wilson and the other great printers of early America, who sticks his types by hand, and who is so fastidious that after setting up his copy he kicks off the impressions on an old foot-power Gordon press, two pages to a form. He even makes his own page ornaments, and in the case of his latest work has decorated chapter heads, initials, and ends with reproductions in blue of early Gothic grillage. The results are handsome. This latest achievement consists of the letters of "Dame Shirley," and we have never before seen her in so fine a dress; and as she not only supplied material for Josiah Royce's history of California, but probably suggestions for "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and perhaps for "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," there is nothing, when you think of it, that is too good for a California printer to do for her.

This sprightly lady made an important contribution to California history in the twenty-three jolly letters in which she described to her home-bound Eastern sister the aspects of life in the diggings of California in 1851 and '52. The reissue of these epistles in an edition limited to 450 from the private press of Mr. Russell is, therefore, an event. The real bibliolator will welcome it. Not only is the text displayed in beautiful lining Caslon, with cool, ample margins and well composed page heads, but a synopsis precedes each letter. This is an invaluable index, for Dame Shirley is the original source book of the pioneer history of the state.

She was Mrs. Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe, born in New Jersey, daughter of Moses Smith, a man of scholarly attainments, and Lois Lee Smith, a relative of Julia Ward Howe. A paper on Dame Shirley (which name she had assumed), read by her friend, Mrs. Mary Viola Tingley Lawrence, before a San Francisco literary society, precedes the letters, to inform us of her. She married Dr. Fayette Clappe, who was bilious, and had fevers, and could not seem to heal himself, and that is why an adventurous young couple that had rounded the Horn to settle in San Francisco had to seek mountain air and so betook themselves to Rich Bar, on the east branch of the north fork of the Feather River, where the altitude shortly made away with the fevers, and perhaps calomel cured the languid liver, and so we owe to bilious attacks in San Francisco some of the liveliest and most vivid pictures ever drawn of life in the California mines seventy years ago; brilliant, colorful scenes of the heterogeneous, nondescript gatherings that formed our early society and in its own rollicking spirit of adventure saw ultimately the necessities that led it to lay the deep foundations of the state. Surely few states at that time had been formed of such incoherent and amorphous elements.

Dame Shirley gave her sister this account of the formation of a typical gold camp:

During my call at the office I was introduced to one of the finders of Rich Bar,—a young Georgian,—who afterwards gave me a full description of all the facts connected with its discovery. This unfortunate had not spoken to a woman for two years, and, in the elation of his heart at the joyful event, he rushed out and invested capital in some excellent champagne, which I, on Willie's principle of "doing in Turkey as the Turks do," assisted the company in drinking to the honor of my own arrival. I mention this as an instance that nothing can be done in California without the sanctifying influence of the *spirit*, and it generally appears in a much more "questionable shape" than that of sparkling wine. Mr. H. informed me that on the 20th of July, 1850, it was rumored at Nelson's Creek—a mining station situated at the Middle Fork of the Feather River, about eighty miles from Marysville—that one of those vague "Somebodies," a near relation of the "They-Says," had discovered mines of a remarkable richness in a northeasterly direction, and about forty miles from the first-mentioned place. Anxious and immediate search was made for "Somebody," but, as our Western brethren say, he "wasn't there." But his absence could not deter the miners when once the golden rumor had been set afloat. A large company packed up their goods and chattels, generally consisting of a pair of blankets, a frying pan, some flour, salt pork, brandy, pickaxe and shovel, and started for the new Dorado. They "traveled, and traveled, and traveled," as we used to say in the fairy stories, for nearly a week, in every possible direction, when, one evening, weary and discouraged, about one hundred of the party found themselves at the top of that famous hill which figures so largely in my letters, whence the river can be distinctly seen. Half of the number concluded to descend the mountain that night, the remainder stopping on the summit until the next morning. On arriving at Rich Bar, part of the adventurers camped there, but many went a few miles farther down the river. The next morning, two men turned over a large stone, beneath which they found quite a sizable piece of gold. They washed a small panful of the dirt, and obtained from it two hundred and fifty-six dollars. Encouraged by this success, they commenced staking off the legal amount of ground

allowed to each person for mining purposes, and, with the remainder of the party having descended the hill, before night the entire bar was "claimed." In a fortnight from that time, the two men who found the first bit of gold had taken out six thousand dollars. Two others took out thirty-three pounds of gold in eight hours, which is the best day's work that has been done on this branch of the river. . . .

From a person of her staid and Puritanical up-comings one would expect signs of feminine shock at the scenes of this wild country filled with wild men and here and there a few wild women. But though duly pious, Shirley retains a sufficiently secular viewpoint to report things as they are, and not as she might have wished them to be, and does it, withal, rather directly and masterfully, and even in spots with humor, of which she has an abundant and saving endowment. Here is her reaction, as they would call it nowadays, to some little scenes of the celebration of the Independence of Chile, at Rich Bar on the Feather:

With that affectionateness so peculiar to people when they arrive at the sentimental stage of intoxication, although it was with the greatest difficulty that he could sustain his own corporosity, he was tenderly trying to direct the zigzag footsteps of his companion, a little withered-up, weird-looking Chileño. Alas for the wickedness of human nature! The latter, whose drunkenness had taken a Byronic and misanthropical turn, retracted with the basest ingratitude these delicate attentions. Do not think that my incarnated brandy-cask was the only one of the party who did unto others as he would they should do unto him, for the entire band were officiously tendering to one another the same good-Samaritan-like assistance. I was not astonished at the Virginia-fence-like style of their marching when I heard a description of the feast of which they had partaken a few hours before. A friend of mine, who stepped into the tent where they were dining, said that the board—really, *board*—was arranged with a bottle of claret at each plate, and, after the cloth (metaphorically speaking, I mean, for table-linen is a mere myth in the mines) was removed, a twenty-gallon keg of brandy was placed in the centre, with quart dippers gracefully encircling it, that each one might help himself as he pleased.

Dame Shirley and her husband soon departed from Rich Bar for other diggings known as Indian Bar, where they took up their residence in the Empire Hotel. She gives us this picture of an early popular tribunal:

F. went to the Humboldt, and returned in a few minutes to tell me that I might stop weeping, for John was going to have a regular trial. The crowd was merely a miners' meeting, called by Mr. B. for the purpose of having the trial held at the Empire for the convenience of his wife, who could not walk over to Indian Bar to give her evidence in the case. However, as her deposition could easily have been taken, malicious people will say that it was for the convenience of her husband's *pockets*, as it was well known that at whichever house the trial took place the owner thereof would make a handsome profit from the sale of dinners, drinks, etc., to the large number of people who would congregate to witness the proceedings. Miners are proverbial for their reverence for the sex. Of course everything ought to yield where a lady is concerned, and they all very properly agreed, *nem.con.*, to Mr. B.'s request.

The Squire consented to hold the court at Rich Bar, although many think that thereby he compromised his judicial dignity, as his office is on Indian Bar. I must confess I see not how he could have done otherwise. The miners were only too ready, so much do they object to a justice of the peace, to take the case *entirely* out of his hands if their wishes were not complied with, which, to confess the truth, they *did*, even after all his concessions, though they *pretended* to keep up a sort of mock respect for his office.

Everybody went to Rich Bar. No one remained to protect the calico shanties, the rag huts, and the log cabins, from the much talked of Indian attack—but your humble servant and Paganini Ned.

When the people, the mighty people, had assembled at the Empire, they commenced proceedings by voting in a president and jury of their own, though they kindly consented (how very condescending!) that the Squire might *play at judge* by sitting at the side of their elected magistrate! This honor the Squire seemed to take as a sort of salve to his wounded dignity, and with unprecedented meekness *accepted* it. A young Irishman from St. Louis was appointed counsel for John, and a Dr. C. acted for the prosecution. Neither of them, however, was a lawyer.

After this it seems necessary to reassure the little sister "back East," so that she may not think California is destitute of consideration for human rights, and the reassurance is based on nothing less than the orderly procedure of our own vigilance committee, which has of late been so well set forth in Mary Floyd Williams' book on the subject. She would have no difficulty in agreeing with Dame Shirley:

You must not confound this miners' judgment with the doings of the noble Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. They are almost totally different in their organization and manner of proceeding. The Vigilance Committee had become absolutely necessary for the protection of society. It was composed of the best and wisest men in the city. They used their power with a moderation unexampled in history, and they laid it down with a calm and quiet readiness which was absolutely sublime, when they found that legal justice had again resumed that course of stern, unflinching duty which should always be its characteristic. They took ample time for a thorough investigation of all the circumstances relating to the criminals who fell into their hands, and in no case have they hung a man who had not been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt to have committed at least *one* robbery in which life had been endangered, if not absolutely taken.

Offenders were not always treated with fatal severity. Here we are given an insight into milder ways, and confirmation of the fact that at least a desire for justice, instead of a mere instinct of revenge, was the motive behind these summary dealings:

A few days ago we had another specimen of illegal, but in this case at least extremely equitable, justice. Five men left the river without paying their debts. A meeting of the miners was convened, and "Yank," who possesses an iron frame, the perseverance of a bulldog, and a constitution which never knew fatigue, was appointed, with another person, to go in search of the culprits and bring them back to Indian Bar. He found them a few miles from this place, and returned with them in triumph, and alone, his friend having been compelled to remain behind on account of excessive fatigue. The self-constituted court, after a fair trial, obliged the five men to settle all liabilities before they again left the river.

In fact, California was not at that time California, but a sort of composite sample of the American spirit drawn from all quarters of the country. Lynch law merely met, in a rough way, the primal need of the frontier and expressed the instinctive American feeling of private ability to deal with difficulties.

Dame Shirley had her experience of dueling, but it should be remembered that at the time of which she writes dueling was not peculiar to California—it was a general, though then dying, custom of the country, and the scene she describes might have occurred in Virginia, in Missouri, hardly perhaps in New England, but probably in New York:

I believe that I have related to you everything but the duel, and I will make the recital of this as short as possible, for I am sick of these sad subjects, and doubt not but you are the same. It took place on Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock, on Missouri Bar, when and where that same Englishman who has figured so largely in my letter shot his best friend. The duelists were surrounded by a large crowd, I have been told, foremost among which stood the committee of vigilance! The man who received his dear friend's fatal shot was one of the most quiet and peaceable citizens on the Bar. He lived about ten minutes after he was wounded. He was from Ipswich, England, and only twenty-five years old when his own high passions snatched him from life. In justice to his opponent it must be said that he would willingly have retired after the first shots had been exchanged, but poor Billy Leggett, as he was familiarly called, insisted upon having the distance between them shortened, and continuing the duel until one of them had fallen.

In spite of such serious experiences our sprightly chronicler was part of the life about her, and that is what makes her observations so vital after seventy years. She was no joy-killing prude, but lived life to the full, and this bit of satire recalls a characterization from "The Egoist": "He was a water drinker and so died young":

When we arrived at the little oak-opening described in a former letter, we were, of course, in duty bound to take a draft from the spring, which its admirers declare is the best water in all California. When it came to my turn, I complacently touched the rusty tin cup, though I never *did* care much for water, in the abstract, as water. Though I think it very useful to make coffee, tea, chocolate, and other good drinks, I could never detect any other flavor in it than that of *cold*, and have often wondered whether there was any truth in the remark of a character in some play, that, ever since the world was drowned in it, it had tasted of sinners!

Newcomers were to her still "immigrants," and here is a picture of one of their social affairs:

I ought to say a word about the dances which we used to have in the barroom, a place so low that a very tall man could not have stood upright in it. One side was fitted up as a store, and another side with bunks for lodgers. These bunks were elegantly draped with red calico, through which we caught dim glimpses of blue blankets. If they could only have had sheets, they would have fairly been enveloped in the American colors. By the way, I wonder if there is anything *national* in this external passion for blue blankets and red calico. On ball-nights the bar was closed, and everything was very quiet and respectable. To be sure, there was some danger of being swept away in a flood of tobacco juice, but luckily the floor was uneven, and it lay around in puddles, which with care one could avoid, merely running the minor risk of falling prostrate upon the wet boards in the midst of a gallopade.

Of course the company was made up principally of the immigrants. Such dancing, such dressing, and such conversation, surely was never heard or seen before. The gentlemen generally were compelled to have a regular fight with their fair partners before they could drag them onto the floor. I am happy to say that almost always the stronger vessel won the day, or rather night, except in the case of certain timid youths, who, after one or two attacks, gave up the battle in despair.

I thought that I had had some experience in bad grammar since I came to California, but these good people were the first that I had ever heard use right royal we instead of us. Do not imagine that all, or even the larger part, of the company were of this description. There were many intelligent and well-bred women, whose acquaintance I made with extreme pleasure.

We do not know where Homer got the idea for the Odyssey, nor who first evolved the stock movie plot involving a man and a woman shipwrecked on a desert island, but in these letters perhaps Mark Twain first saw his great character, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." At any rate, here is the frog's prototype, all innocent of his coming fame:

After reading the description of the inconveniences and discomforts which we suffered in the American Valley,—and I can assure you that I have not at all exaggerated them,—you may imagine my joy when two of our friends arrived from Indian Bar for the purpose of accompanying us home. We took two days for our return, and thus I was not at all fatigued. The weather was beautiful, our friends amusing, and F. well and happy. We stopped at night at a rancho where they had a tame frog. You can not think how comic it looked hopping about the bar, quite as much at home as a tame squirrel would have been.

It is fortunate that Dame Shirley saw the California of her day, for it swiftly passed and its unorganized forces gathered and became a state. Reverses of fortune came to her and her husband, and, luckily again, she entered the San Francisco school department, where she was an inspiration to many a talented pupil, among the rest Charles Warren Stoddard. She was a friend of Bret Harte and his family, and from her the great story teller undoubtedly obtained suggestions for many of his scenes.

Her letters were published in the *Pioneer or California Monthly Magazine*, beginning in the first number, for January, 1854, and ending in December, 1855. The Russell book contains a facsimile of the cover of this publication, as well as many hand-colored old prints. It is in every way a worthy exemplification of typographic art.

THE SHIRLEY LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA MINES IN 1851-2. San Francisco: Printed by Thomas C. Russell at his private press, 1734 Nineteenth Avenue; \$12.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 29, 1922, were \$126,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$111,300,000; an increase of \$14,900,000.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them."

Wall Street had in mind that old adage when it attached so much importance to the recent sharp upward sprint in some of the old-line, standard railroad shares. And it seems quite logical to believe that a sudden forward bound of eleven points in a single day in such a stock as Louisville & Nashville,

not far behind this shadow there looms a big bull market in the rails. For ammunition there are increasing earnings, prospective dividend resumption and increases, the probability of many mergers, and the settlement of wage controversies for a long time to come when the strike shall have run its course.

As was recently pointed out here, the best purchases among the railroad stocks for a long pull are the standard issues, such as Atchison, Atlantic Coast Line, Chesapeake & Ohio, Illinois Central, Louisville & Nashville, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific.

Three of these stocks, Atchison, Chesapeake & Ohio, and New York Central, have prospects of a higher dividend rate this year. Louisville & Nashville is profiting from the long-drawn-out coal strike through its heavy haulage of coal from non-union fields, but its earning position is quite favorable aside from this fortuitous turn of events. Illinois Central has made a remarkable gain in earning power in recent months and is an outstanding bargain. Atlantic Coast Line and Norfolk & Western have attractive merger possibilities. Southern Pacific is a good, steady earner in good and bad years, and its future holds the assurance of increasing earnings from expanding freight traffic in its southwestern territory.

Union Pacific, still selling at a price to yield slightly better than 7 per cent., is one of the outstanding bargains in the railway investment list.

If, in the second phase of the bull market of 1922, the standard railroad shares take the lead, the dealings will be following the precedent of former major upward swings in the transportation stocks. In former rail markets the standard rails have always led and unusually they have nearly completed their rise before the low-priced rails have been taken up. But it is doubtful if, with the present widespread interest in the market, the standard rails will be able to attract attention to the exclusion of such issues as Baltimore & Ohio, Kansas City Southern, Pere Marquette, Rock Island, St. Paul, St. Louis-San Francisco, and St. Louis & Southwestern.

The demand for copper continues to expand from month to month. Of particular significance is the announcement that the Copper Export Association is prepared to call for payment next month of \$3,000,000 of its 1923 bond issue and \$6,000,000 of its 1924 issue, both of which were based on surplus stocks of the metal held for sale abroad. The bond issue, offered in February, 1921, was originally secured by 400,000,000 pounds of copper, and of this amount only 180,000,000 pounds now remains unsold. The copper stocks, like the rails, have held very well during recent unsettled sessions. They are still cheap enough to be bought to hold for substantially higher prices, with particular emphasis on such stocks as Anaconda, Chile, Cerro de Pasco, Kennecott, Inspiration, Miami, Ray and Utah.

In the industrial group the outlook is not so clear as in the rails and the coppers. But there are certain guides to speculative operations. For instance, it is known that activity is pronounced in the automobile and iron and steel trades, while the building industry is also in the prosperity limelight.

Studebaker has held its own against the downward movement on recent days of weakness in the industrial list and actually has succeeded in reaching new high levels. In view of this action it may be confidently assumed that a dividend increase is not far off; and earnings are sufficiently large to justify a payment large enough to send the stock to considerably higher prices. Maxwell Motors is living up to earnings predictions made earlier this year, and as soon as the remainder of its notes are cleared off, dividends will in all probability be started on the "A" stock, which is entitled to 8 per cent. General Motors has definitely turned the corner; the sales of its Cadillac, Buick, and Chevrolet divisions are particularly gratifying.

In view of the expected favorable action by the government authorities with reference

to the steel mergers which have for some time been hanging fire, the steel shares again appear to be a buy. Steel common, Crucible, Lackawanna, Bethlehem, Republic, and Midvale will likely have their share of attention in the fall market.

And the building boom also has, of course, a favorable bearing upon the iron and steel industry. But the stocks more particularly tied up with the building activity are such issues as National Lead, Certain-Teed Products, Allied Chemical & Dye (through its ownership of the Barrett Company), U. S. Realty & Improvement, International Cement, and American Linseed.

Other industrial stocks and specialties which appear to be headed for higher prices in the fall are Sears-Roebuck, Central Leather, American Hide & Leather preferred, Goodrich Rubber, Mullins Body, Westinghouse Electric, American Can, Endicott-Johnson, and American Cotton Oil.

The stock market during the past fortnight has displayed remarkable fortitude, even advancing in the face of many disquieting developments here and abroad, thus giving most positive proof of its strong technical position.

The decline of the German mark to a new low level of 18 per cent. of one cent, accompanied by new lows for the year in French and Belgian exchange and great weakness in foreign bonds of those countries, culminating with Germany's request for a moratorium and declaration of inability to meet future indemnity payments, has at last forced France to recognize the crisis that has been developing for many months. It is now expected that France will take a businesslike view of the matter and join with America, Britain, and the other allies in arranging a German loan, helping that country to set its financial house in order, and modifying such terms of the treaty as may prove necessary. With the horrible example of Russia at her door, the threats of a revolution in Germany are not to be regarded very seriously. Rather what might happen in the event that constructive help is not soon extended will be industrial and financial prostration, which would extend to France and the other neighboring countries, and would even have an effect on England, and, possibly, America. Throughout the weakness of marks and francs, sterling and Dutch guilders held steady and some of our own Liberty Bonds have been selling at new high prices. For the fourth time this year, the Bank of England has reduced its rediscount rate, which is indicative of the healthy financial conditions now obtaining there.

The railroad shopmen's strike is hampering transportation, but, with the firm stand taken by the government in backing up the Labor Board, is likely to be short-lived. Much the same may be said regarding the protracted coal strike, and an early solution of this difficulty may reasonably be expected. Reports from the steel trade and other industries throughout the country continue to be quite satisfactory, with no signs of any reaction in our business recovery.

The violent market decline in the stocks of Mexican oil producers caused by the reports of salt-water encroachment in the famous Toteo-Cerro Azul pool is generally felt to have been overdone, inasmuch as the pool is by no means exhausted and the companies most involved have vast acreages of oil lands elsewhere in Mexico which they are actively developing. American oils, at times, have been quite buoyant, although reductions in crude oil prices has rendered them temporarily hesitant. The equipment stocks and most other industrials have been very strong, some selling at new high prices.

It looks as if the way is being paved for an active resumption of the bull market. Some of the equipment stocks, notably American Car & Foundry, Railway Steel Spring, American Locomotive, and Baldwin; also such rails as the St. Pauls, Wheeling & Lake Erie, Baltimore & Ohio, New York Central, St. Louis & San Francisco, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Atlantic Coast Line and Rock Island look good. Marland Oil, General Asphalt, Standard Oils of Indiana and California, Philadelphia Company and Brooklyn

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Rapid Transit stock and 7 per cent. notes are splendid speculations.—*The Trader*.

Evidently municipal ownership of street railways produces the same complications wherever experimented with, as is indicated by the following from the *Michigan Investor*: "If Detroit's street-car system is falling behind at the rate of \$6000 or more a day, how



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when accompanied by an eight-point jump in Atlantic Coast Line, and a four-point gain in Union Pacific, means something more than a temporarily excessive balance of purchasing orders, says *Forbes Magazine*.

In fact, the forward movement of the standard-dividend-paying rails may be set down to the quiet investment absorption that has long been coming into this group in the form of an overflow from the investment bond market. Investors feel confident, in view of the excellent showing of freight car loadings and the tendency toward improving net earnings

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from month to month, that dividends are assured, and therefore they have been quite willing to take advantage of the high returns still obtainable. This continued investment absorption so narrowed the floating supply of various high-grade railroad stocks that it required very little buying to bring about sharp price gains.

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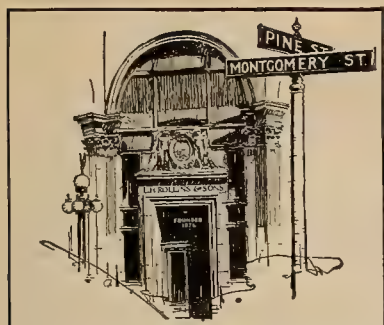
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pated in the growth. The foreign department has increased the scope of its activities and is now being enlarged to handle a still greater volume of business.

The bond department in the short space of a year's time has become an important factor in the retail distribution of bonds in California. This department will soon move into new quarters on the ground floor of the Sansome Street entrance to the bank. In addition to the complete bond department of the main bank, a bond department is maintained at each of the five branches.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce a new offering of \$225,000 of J. G. Ruddle Properties, Inc., first mortgage 6½ per cent. serial gold bonds maturing from December 1, 1926 to 1936, inclusive.

The security behind these bonds consists of a first mortgage on 3750 acres of farm land, half of which is represented by the highest type of river bottom lands devoted to alfalfa and other crops, located eighteen miles east of the city of Merced along the line of the Yosemite Valley Railroad. Two independent appraisers have valued these properties at a minimum of \$717,800, which is more than three times the amount of the bond issue. The net earnings of this company for the past three years has averaged more than one and three-quarters times bond interest requirements. Application has been made to certify these bonds as a legal investment for California savings banks and they are being offered at 98½, yielding from 6.90 per cent. to 6.60 per cent. according to maturity.

If the so-called "California Water and Power Act" comes into force, as a result of the November vote, the taxpayers will be saddled with a loss at once of over \$8,000,000, the amount now raised on taxable property which will pay no taxes when acquired by the five supermen who will be managing the development of the hydro-electric power of the state. The public utility companies now pay a sum approaching this in taxes. That will be lost, and the ordinary taxpayer will have to make up the loss. This is the first loss, a loss that is certain, say Strassburger & Co. If, as is probable, a rate for power below cost is charged to large industrial plants, the ordinary taxpayer will have to make up the

deficiency. This is now happening in Los Angeles.

If the Big Five should find—as they are finding in Ontario—that they have bitten off more than they can chew, that they have, "lured on by ambition, fallen into a pit of their own digging," and that they are compelled, at a heavy loss, to fall back on private companies to enable them to supply the power required, all of us will, as taxpayers, have to contribute our quota to pull them out of the pit.

This is without taking into account the certainty that their management will be, as public management has always been, amateurish and wasteful, because friendship, rather than efficiency, has been the determining factor in the selection of officials.

We have also to assume that no political machine will be created, that every servant of "The Five" will place the public interest before that of the individual on whose favor his all depends—too much to expect of the average man.

A democracy deserves every ill from which it suffers, for those who administer its affairs are of its own choosing. The defeat of the "California Water and Power Act" is certain if every taxpayer will take the trouble to study the text himself, instead of accepting the promoters' slogans at face value. If the act goes through, the taxpayers will have only themselves to blame when they find the burden of taxation too heavy to be borne.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company announce a new issue of \$3,500,000 Holly Sugar Corporation first mortgage fifteen-year 7 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, due July 1, 1937.

Holly Sugar Corporation is one of the large beet-sugar companies of the United States, and as successor to the Holly Sugar Company has been in successful operation since 1905. It owns or controls through subsidiaries seven modern fully equipped sugar mills located in the states of California, Colorado, and Wyoming, with a present annual output of approximately 1,000,000 bags of refined sugar. The management of the company has been nationally recognized as of the best.

These bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the physical properties of the Holly Sugar Corporation now owned or hereafter acquired, and constitute its only funded

debt. They are additionally secured by deposit of all stocks of subsidiary companies owned by the Holly Sugar Corporation. No mortgage can be placed on the properties of these subsidiaries while any part of this issue is outstanding.

William Lyle Cook, advertising, announces removal of his offices to larger and more conveniently arranged quarters at 913-915 Rialto Building, at New Montgomery and Mission Streets.

Conditions at the close of the first half of 1922 indicate that business will expand moderately during the autumn and winter months. It is now one year since the definite beginning of recovery from the depression of 1920-21. Progress was slow until the close of 1921, but since the beginning of 1922 improvement has been rapid. Money is cheap. The crop outlook is excellent. With few exceptions, stocks of raw materials and of manufactured products are not larger than necessary to bridge the normal period be-

is the deficit to be made up? Will the burden be shifted to the individual taxpayer, or will fares be raised to the point where expenses can be met? If the lines are not paying their way at present, they certainly can not do it when permanent repair of tracks starts. Work being done on tracks at present is of temporary nature."

The Anglo-California Trust Company's resources gained \$8,641,694 during the twelve months ended June 30, 1922, according to an announcement made by President Mortimer

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Fleishhacker. They are reported at \$34,617,284. The bank also showed a remarkable gain in deposits, the increase amounting to \$9,356,550.

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tween production and consumption. Commodity prices are rising. The movement at present seems to be primarily one of adjustment between the different classes of commodities, and as long as the upward tendency does not assume a speculative character, it is a favorable factor. Except for strikes, there is little idleness. Production has expanded steadily since the beginning of the year, and as yet the usual midsummer dullness has been little felt, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

Any fair appraisal of the situation must, however, take cognizance of several groups of qualifying factors. First and most important of these is the position of domestic consumers. Many are cautious and disposed to economize. Buying is not likely to be stimulated by report of impending shortage of goods, or fears of higher prices, for except in the case of necessities the public is will-

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wait, or to do without, if prices show a tendency to soar. Furthermore, large sections of the population can not buy, no matter how willing, if prices rise too rapidly. Although they have recovered somewhat, wages and salaries are lower than two years ago. Enforced unemployment left many workers in debt, or with depleted savings, not yet made good. Strikes have kept hundreds of thousands in idleness for months and threaten to result in idleness for other thousands if not speedily brought to an end. Farmers are usually conservative buyers and although prices of farm products have improved, prices of what farmers must buy are still too high in relation to what they have to sell to place them in a position to expand their purchases rapidly. Furthermore, they are paying their debts. There is every ground to expect a reasonable volume of fall business at moderate prices, but there is no basis for expectation of such volume at high prices or of boom business at any price.

The second retarding factor is the labor situation. The United States is in the midst of widespread labor troubles. It is useless to declaim against the spirit that has brought this situation to pass. Each side in both the railroad and coal strikes believes it is justified. Workmen do not lightly sacrifice their earning power, or corporations carelessly take the risk of damage to their property or thoughtlessly forego the hope of profits for a long period. That section of the public which is not directly concerned is an equal sufferer, for these conflicts are certain to be felt in lessened productivity and restricted distribution in every line. The only settlements which can be ultimately in the public interest are fair settlements, and the public has the right to take all measures which may serve promptly to bring them about. Delay in reaching settlements will temporarily delay expansion, but it will not affect the fundamental causes which for more than a year have been making for better business.

The third factor which seems likely to limit business expansion in the United States is the European situation. Outwardly it remains complicated. Enormous issues of paper have further depreciated the German mark. There have been assassinations and other evidences of political unrest and Germany has formally applied to the Reparations Commission for a moratorium on reparations payments. Difficulties arising from depreciated currencies and disorganized public finances are bound to be a retarding influence, and may have a certain adverse effect on exports of grains and other food products, cotton and other raw materials from the United States.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Maurice Francis Egan, scholarly diplomat, lends interest, at rather long range, to the third printing by John Murray in England of Sir Sidney Lee's life of Shakespeare. Mr. Egan was formerly minister to Denmark, and he will have it that Shakespeare must have visited that land with a troupe of players, that he knew the Danish people and their characteristics, and that Hamlet was not a mere lay figure of melancholic sensibilities, who could have worn his costume in front of any shop, but was a real Dane of the Danes, typifying their temperament and often their mental attitude. This he sets out in an article in the current *Geographical Magazine*. To him these things are as clear as the ramparts where Hamlet's father walked, or the pool in which Ophelia drowned herself. If you don't believe it, he can "show you the spot."

Now, whether Shakespeare ever reached Denmark or not, Sir Sidney Lee's book makes it clear that in the twenty-seven years between 1587 and 1614 he acted in thirty-three towns outside of London. In England there was a "road," even in Elizabethan times, and the theatrical companies regularly went on tour. Hence there is nothing extravagant in Mr. Egan's theory that the world's greatest genius in the field of letters saw Denmark with his own penetrating eyes, and noted there the characteristics of the Danish people. That matchless mind could not have wandered abroad without noting every salient difference between the somewhat mercurial folk among whom he was a foreigner, and the rather reserved and cool-headed English of whom he was the highest intellectual development. He might well have met two or three Hamlets. A Polonius or so would not have been out of the possibilities. As for Rosenkranz and Guildenstern, we have Mr. Egan's word for it that these are two well-known family names among the Danes. And we have the word of Paul du Chailly for it that the Danes are really the preponderating ethnic element of the English race. People may smile at Du Chailly as an ethnologist. They once smiled at him as a naturalist because he said he had found gorillas in Africa—but they got over it. If the Danes were the preponderant ethnic element in the more or less mixed English strain, it would not be stretching fancy too far to imagine Shakespeare as himself a Dane by descent, or at least largely Danish, and hence especially gifted for interpreting the Danish soul.

Whatever the English may be, whether more Scandinavian than German, or the reverse, Shakespeare was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. His father, John Shakespeare, was typical. He seems to have treated the town of Stratford-on-Avon like a lodge, and to have gone through all the chairs, beginning as official ale taster, accepting a

promotion to be town councillor, moving up once more to the proud position of petty constable, then becoming a chamberlain and finally an alderman; above which there seem to rise no greater heights except the empyrean itself. Commercially, he was what we should call a successful business man—that is, he succeeded in being a butcher, a corn factor, a wool merchant, and a dealer in malt, skins, and leather. Such versatility must have been necessitated by the fact that there was not much money in any of these trades, so he had to double up.

As to son William, he was educated at the Edward VI Grammar School of Stratford, where he studied Latin, read Ovid, and picked up a good working knowledge of French. Sir Sidney says of him: "There is, too, no reason to doubt that the dramatist possessed sufficient acquaintance with Italian to enable him to discern the drift of an Italian poem by Ariosto or Tasso or of a novel by Boccaccio or Bandello. Hamlet knew that the story of Gonzago was 'extant and written in very choice Italian.'"

Father got too many irons in the fire, or there were not enough chairs in the lodge, so when William left school he seems to have been apprenticed to a butcher. When he was eighteen and a half years of age, his future wife's relatives appeared to think he would better be married, so he was—to a lady eight years his senior. It was 120 miles to London, but after trying married life awhile and having three children by the time he was twenty-one, he decided to walk it. He passed in by Tyburn Tree "with the adder-bitten root," and by the archway of Newgate. Says Sir Sidney: "It was there that Shakespeare caught his first glimpse of the goal of his youthful ambition"—whether Newgate goal or not he does not state.

Then began his career of holding horses, acting as call boy, and then as super, and then as an actor and playwright. Scenery may have been scanty in the reign of Elizabeth, but by the time of James the genius of Inigo Jones began to supply separate set scenes, with contrivances for shifting them. Costume was a little in advance of scenery, inasmuch as the principal characters had especial "earmarks" for well-recognized parts: the classic Greek or Roman soldier, for example, usually wore Tudor armor, the civilians doublet and hose. The supporting parts, however, came on in the ordinary costume of the day, without any particular reference to time or place. As long as the audiences would accept it, this must have been economical and convenient. However, the wardrobes grew, and often contained rich materials in the height of passing fashion. Indeed, they became splendid, and foreigners commented on the false hair and beards, crowns and mitres and croziers and shields and weapons and the

like paraphernalia. Toward the close of Shakespeare's career these props became very abundant, and the historical plays were richly costumed.

Shakespeare began with "Love's Labor's Lost," probably produced when he was about twenty-eight years old. There followed "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "The Comedy of Errors." About these three there was, perhaps, nothing transcending the genius of other men then or thereabouts writing. But his rising sun blazed forth in inexpressible splendor with his next effort, the incomparable "Romeo and Juliet," which in time about marked the term of his youth. Its pathos, its tragedy, its quality of pure drama, exceeded anything the world had known; far exceeded the genius even of Kit Marlowe. And here we may leave him for the time—the trip to Denmark a matter of conjecture, but not his skill, authority, and power.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Rafael Sabatini, author of the popular romance of the French revolution, "Scaramouche," has written a new novel, "Captain Blood" (Houghton Mifflin Company).

"Outdoor Stories," a seasonable addition to the series of *St. Nicholas* stories, is announced by the Century Company. This juvenile magazine remains the classic periodical for children.

A new novel by Anthony Pryde, author of the clever novel of English life, "The Ordeal of Honor," is to be published in the fall by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is to be called "Claire de Lune."

Selma Lagerlöf has again declined to run for the Swedish Parliament. Her reason is that she is not prepared to give time and effort to politics and she does not wish to give up writing.

Edith Wharton is resting from the exertions of proof-reading her latest book, "Glimpses of the Moon" (Appleton), and is staying at Fountainbleau a short time before opening her summer home in Provence.

The Macmillan Company is reissuing several important titles that have been out of print for some time. Henry James' collection of short stories, "The Real Thing," Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted," and E. V. Lucas' "Wanderer in Paris" are among them.

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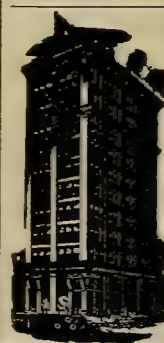
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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## The Reign of Iron.

Humanity's struggle with its own machinery is the theme of Arthur Pound in "The Iron Man in Industry." How far machinery may be permitted to become the tyrant and dictator of life, the master of the soul, is a question that must appeal to every thinking person. Machinery's support of modern civilization is unquestioned. What is questioned, and rightly questioned here, is the moral value it lacks and destroys. This is a mechanical age. But that does not necessarily mean that education should be, so to speak, mechanized, and the whole outlook of man restricted to the iron material with which he toils. A mod-

ern tendency in education is to sacrifice moral and mental culture to manual dexterity in order that the graduate of the so-called vocational school may be an effective mill hand rather than a man among his fellows. Yet "practical" education fails to satisfy any respectable intellectual need. It is a fortunate thing that such a man as Arthur Pound can sense and give utterance to the danger, for it is a real one. He says:

"The duel is on between that culture of the active soul which democracy offers as a final value of life, and a mechanization of mundane affairs so complete that democracy as we know it must perish under its sway. Our successors shall not come out of this conflict spiritually victorious unless they are sustained by faith that their labors are acceptable of God. . . . An adjustment between human interests and machine interests must still be made somewhere—if not in the shop, then in the streets, homes, and legislatures. As machines come to do more of the necessary work of the world, the right use of leisure as an antidote for sloth and luxuriousness and as a means of mental, moral, and physical health becomes essential to national vigor."

THE IRON MAN IN INDUSTRY. By Arthur Pound. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.75.

## The Exemplary Theatre

If there is any ratio between the interest shown in drama and the theatre in any age and the state of civilization of that age, ours must be destitute in culture indeed. The obverse cases of Hellenic and Elizabethan society immediately occur to one. Our own is as far removed as any era of playmaking has been. We live in the day of the well-made revue, but we are not yet so far gone but that we can welcome Mr. Harley Granville-Barker's attempt to diagnose our sad case and perhaps prescribe an antidote. Mr. Granville-Barker has thoroughly threshed out the subject in his recently published "The Exemplary Theatre," wherein he presents his own prejudices and argues for the educational importance of the playhouse. His first chapter, cast in the form of a debate between himself, the man of the theatre, and an imaginary "minister of education," is as amusing an exercise as we have recently encountered. The author has a wary eye on dramatic effect, we perceive, and knows well the importance of a good beginning. The remainder of the book is an argument for a theatrical renaissance that one altruistically hopes for the benefit of humanity at large will be generally read.

THE EXEMPLARY THEATRE. By Harley Granville-Barker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

## The Glimpses of the Moon.

Since Edith Wharton is generally conceded to be our foremost living novelist, and since her work is always of the social satiric sort, it might be inferred that she and satire are typical of our national literature. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth; she is no more typical than her great predecessor, Henry James, was of his generation of either life or letters in America. But in the name of originality and by all the shades of plagiarism, why has Mrs. Wharton resorted to imitation of the other great American novelist? And no one can read the first sentence of "Glimpses of the Moon" without being hit between the eyes by the James mannerism, rhythm, and punctuation. Such an aberration on the part of Mrs. Wharton is all the more inexcusable since she was well equipped with a style of her own which,

ardent James admirer though we are, we preferred to that of any other American novelist or to that of any other living novelist. Why any one with a style as delicately austere as Edith Wharton's or as coldly and hardly humorous should relinquish the practice of that accomplishment merely to pay the dubious compliment of simulation to another writer is one of the literary mysteries whose solution we will to the pundits and critics of a later age. We merely record the regrettable truth.

Another reviewer has called "The Glimpses of the Moon" a second "House of Mirth." It isn't—not any more than were "Summer" or "The Age of Innocence" or any of the author's other society novels. Mrs. Wharton has never done anything else so fine as "The House of Mirth," not even "The Valley of Decision," and the fact is doubly unfortunate, for in addition to the intrinsic misfortune implied in lack of progress is the underlying cause. Mrs. Wharton knew that "The House of Mirth" was very fine, and she has consciously or unconsciously been imitating it ever since. She might refute this statement by saying that her books were avowedly all social satires, but the foregoing is in our opinion the reason why she has never equaled or surpassed her own masterpiece.

If one had never read Mrs. Wharton's solitary masterpiece and had never—and here, we interpolate, a large number of people will benefit—read any of Henry James', one would think "The Glimpses of the Moon" very good indeed. It is only by the modern theory of relativity that it shrinks by contrast with greater things. And the author herself has done far better things before she fell into the too easy trap of "Jacobean" involutions. We sincerely hope that Edith Wharton will return to her own beautifully cut style and that in her next novel she will renounce the theme of "The House of Mirth," fascinating as that thesis of disenchantment was in its original exposition.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

## New Books Received.

MYSTICS AND HERETICS IN ITALY AT THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Emile Gebhart. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.

A study of the intellectual and spiritual elements in Italian life from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance.

ANCIENT BRITAIN. By George H. Cooper. San Jose: Hillis-Murgotten Company.

An argument for Britain as the cradle of civilization.

HISTORY OF THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS. By William Spence Robertson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4.

From the age of the Incas to the present.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST. By Cardinal Goodwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50.

An authoritative record of the expansion of the United States during the fifty years following the Louisiana Purchase in 1803.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

THE NATURALIST IN LA PLATA. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Studies of the fauna and flora of South America.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs.

THREE PLAYS. By A. A. Milne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

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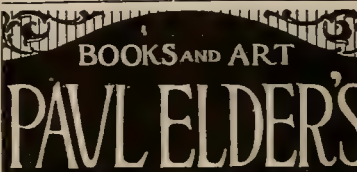
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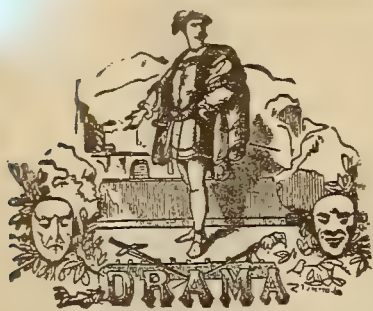
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### "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK."

This play is a direct descendant of the Boucicault drama. It was written by shrewd Rida Johnson Young because she recognized that there was a certain proportion of the theatre-going public that still clung to the Irish tradition; or to the idea of the mythical Irish character, half sentiment, half humor, that is now become a rigid and unchangeable type. This new traditional type Boucicault used over and over again, and became rich and famous on it. If Denis O'Sullivan had lived he might possibly have inherited a fold of Boucicault's mantle and made money by his revival of the Boucicault plays.

Chauncey Olcott, although no longer young, still plays the same broth of a boy that we are familiar with, and his spalpeens have made him rich.

"Little Old New York" is not a title suggestive of the moss-encrusted Irish play of tradition. But the astute author of the piece belongs, I should judge, to that order of playwright that takes no chances. She is "out for the stuff"; and, with her practiced finger on the public pulse, she said to herself, "I will mix Americanism and Irishism and New Yorkism, and I'll get them."

And she did. "Little Old New York" was running several years ago in New York, where it caught the public with the bait of the title—which has its literal as well as its modern significance, and is a good one—and the introduction into the list of characters of men who, away back in the beginning of the nineteenth century, founded the Astor and Vanderbilt dynasties. No doubt the New Yorker who knows his New York recognizes, in the stage portrait of old John Jacob Astor, a resemblance to some portrait on canvas of that weighty personage. Cornelius Vanderbilt, however, is a young man in the play, and the revived scions of the Schuyler and De Puyster families, and the impersonations of Washington Irving, FitzGreen Halleck, Henry Brevoort and Peter Delmonico, are merely those of young people whose names lend a fictitious value to the play, their identity having nothing to do with the workings of the plot.

The play belongs to adult fairy-tale drama; that is drama in which the spectator wishes to be thoroughly befooled into getting away from the prose of everyday living. There is nothing but open, almost avowed, artifice in the story of "Little Old New York," which shows an artless young impostor in the shape of a girl in her teens come over from Ireland passing herself off as her dead brother, who was the heir to a large estate.

Sometimes actresses have tried, and almost succeeded, in making themselves look like male striplings. It is a difficult feat, more difficult than that of male players impersonating women.

Isabelle Lowe, however, can not be said to have attempted to do anything with Patricia O'Day—except to make her Irishly cute and cunning entirely in a feminine way. A babe in arms would have known that the pantalooned figure—the young gallants in the play all wore the old-time, closely-fitting pantaloons—was of the same sex as its mother. The author was rather too liberal in endowing Patricia with ornamental qualities. She must have a brouge, she is portrayed as an irresistible witch, and she must sing, dance, and play the harp, besides having at the end of a ready tongue a bit of neat Irish repartee.

These various requirements Isabelle Lowe grappled with valiantly, overcoming the brouge, just playing with the harp, tackling the Irish jig pretty well, but being thoroughly unhorsed by the songs.

Quite a large cast is necessary to represent the play, the company being of mediocre ability.

Creighton Hale, the leading man, seems to have, as his special attraction, an equipment of good looks.

While Miss Lowe, against odds, finally scored in the play, the player who won the warmest response from the audience was Walter Scott Weeks, who, in the rôle of "Bully Boy," a prize-fighter, irresistibly tickled the ribs of the knowing ones in the audience by his take-off of some "pug" identity unknown to the unsophisticated.

I should add, for the delectation of the gay young gents who may read this estimate of "Little Old New York," that it includes a representation of an interrupted

prize-fight, in which two bare-torsoed young men thump each other in a manner which, I should judge from the sacrilegious laughter of the audience, was something of a burlesque on the real, the sacred technique, of the art of pugilism.

### THE ORPHEUM.

Crane Wilbur is a big headliner this week, and an attraction that can not be withstood, especially as he is supported by Suzanne Caubet, a pretty young Frenchwoman who is related to Mme. Bernhardt. "Right or Wrong" is the name of the piece, which opens imposingly in a red-curtained night court presided over by a gowned and lily-handed judge. The piece is an amusing bit of whimsicality, the comedy and repartee dashing off at unexpected tangents. It might be called a nut comedy on account of its studied but thoroughly amusing irrationality.

Mr. Wilbur, with his well-featured face, trained actor's voice, and rather impressive personality, shows, nevertheless, a very decided vein of humor. Suzanne Caubet, her clear, brunette tints set off by a yellow silk frock, is rather good to look at, and owns a fascinating little accent. The wayward humor of the piece keeps up steadily, the judge, played by William H. Barwald, contributing his share, and as there is a touch of romance mixed with its whimsical humor, it goes gayly and well.

"A Theatre Episode," played in chief by Stan Stanley, may be said to be a prolonged scrap between Stanley in the audience and an entertainer on the stage, except for the dollar-a-kiss interlude. Stan Stanley possesses a tall person, a penetrating voice, and a broad and ample gift of humor, all of which stand out freely from his extinguishing seat in the auditorium. The act goes with plenty of pepper and makes a hit.

I lost "The Gyp" and the ball game novelty, but the "Bird Cabaret," which consists of a collection of very loquacious parrots and cockatoos led by an equally talkative woman trainer, amused the audience, because of the tricks, whistles, exclamations and coherent utterances of the feathered talkers.

The rest of the bill consists of a barber-shop burlesque, in which there was much vivid Hebrew accent and a tuneful quartet, and several good left-overs.

### CONSIDER THE CHILDREN.

The other day I went to a picture-play at which there were shoals of children. The piece was of the enthralling type the public so loves: a pretty, lively, unsubduable American girl, scads of young men making up to her, drama, melodrama, and hyper-melodrama. There were scenes in a foreign land—with the "made-in-America" brand on them—foreign gentlemen with dark eyes, stilletoes, and lava-like eruptions of erotic emotion. The American heroine, thoroughly modern in her venturesomeness, was old-school in one respect. The American flapper of the present epoch, according to the realistic fiction of the day, written largely by brilliant young journalists who presumably know whereof they speak, stops at nothing; for so it is whispered, also at tea-tables and behind fans. And nobody knows as to the truth of the stories, for on the features of many of the grown young girls of the present generation is written that strange sophistication and that unbreakable reserve which mothers no longer can penetrate.

It is a queer epoch, and no man knows in what shape our young womankind are going to emerge; in two shapes, probably, for the instinctively law-abiding will become used to their freedom, and know how to use it to walk in safe paths, while the others will gayly caracol along the shady lanes that lead to mud and muck, and perhaps death in the stifling quicksands of license.

Well, our young American in the play belonged to that type which, during the past two or three decades, has so puzzled Europeans. She Daisy-Millered her way through all kinds of shady places, and with several queer, not to say fishy groups of men and women. And the bright, flaunting lily had not a single withered spot on its gay petals.

This won the audience. And I know that, since in the end dauntless young America got trapped, knifed, escaped, and ended with edifying conclusions, that the authors would say, "That is a play with a moral."

But what revelations of adult emotions toward enticing young womanhood had already been made! Those numerous children in the audience, male and female, were having their own instinctive emotions prematurely awakened. One felt sorry for them, on account of their too early initiation into such feelings; an initiation which has helped toward the growth of that mask-like reserve on the countenance of careless girlhood. But what are we going to do about it? For to the adult toilers these picture-plays of adventure are what fairy tales are to the children. They want to escape from the sordid realism of life, and the pictures give their starved imagination some vent. And the children are

part of the family, and go, too; and so the taste is formed.

But there is light ahead. For the next day I read an announcement that the Mission Film Corporation is going to make a series of picture-plays for children, in which fairy stories will be scenarioed, the rôles to be acted by children. Even now, indeed, a group of talented juveniles are under training, with an expert to guide them, Mrs. Lucy A. Cuddy, who has a dramatic department in the State Teachers' College—formerly known as the San Francisco Normal School—having already had considerable experience in training children for child plays. She has made adaptations from fairy stories herself, and has such tact with the children that she woos them away from the danger of being stage automata.

Mr. Léon Rice, vice-president of the Mission Film Corporation, says that the organization has received many requests to film child plays from women's clubs, teachers, and parents; which is encouraging, after seeing the spectacle already described.

Of course some children, having acquired the taste for caviar, could scarcely refine their palates to approving draughts of moon-drenched dew and the ambrosia of fairy beakers; but to many the new order of things will be rapturously welcomed, and not only by them, but by the grown children who father and mother them.

### LOCAL COLLABORATION.

Ralph Pincus and Marjorie Driscoll know enough about theatres, even although neither is a public performer, to dare to venture into the field of theatrical composition. Mr. Pincus being a seasoned business manager at the Columbia, while Miss Driscoll is a bright and perspicacious critic. Hence the collaboration of these two local lights resulted in a piece which, placed in first-class hands, ought to win applause and laughter from the lovers of musical comedy.

For musical comedy it is, "A Night in Hollywood" containing a number of ditties and lively choruses, which were rendered in good style by a youthful and shapely chorus.

The idea is good: showing the internal workings of a movie studio, and more particularly of movie players, in a humorous light. Naturally the piece does not go with the sure momentum of one evolved by sophisticated craftsmen, but it has a lively crackle of jokes which win the approval of hilarity from the audience, and the scene which showed two girl aspirants trying to make a hit with the camera interested keenly the movie fans that were present.

More could be done with this scene; with the whole piece, in fact, for it needs to be screwed up to a higher concert pitch.

That will come, however. It may be said, so far, to have been tried on the Mission dog, which barked hilarious approval. But the two collaborators will find it well worth while to develop more and funnier business for their comedians, and to give a greater air of spontaneity to the comedy.

The piece being in such good working shape, well provided with lively music, and with comicallities able to win laughter and applause, will probably, by degrees, if it is played on the road, develop into a smoothly running comedy that will bring financial recognition.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Perhaps the most positive proof of the increase of Royalist ideas in France is the canonization of Joan of Arc. Ten years ago those who were working for her were ignominiously treated by the republican government, some of them having been thrown into prison. This year the same government was obliged to participate officially at the festivities organized by *l'Action Française* throughout France in honor of the saintly maiden who had delivered her country from the slavery of conquest.—Count S. C. de Soissons in the *Contemporary Review*.

The mortgage business is one of the oldest businesses in the world. Back in the days of ancient Babylon, 3000 years before Christ, mortgage transactions were recorded in clay, which was burned to a brick for the purpose of preservation. Some of the bricks have recently been unearthed in the Babylonian ruins, and are concrete evidence of the existence of the mortgage business centuries before the great event in Bethlehem of Judea.



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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### The Columbia Theatre.

The success of "Little Old New York" was very apparent on the opening night, when the Columbia was crowded; and it has been so at every performance since. The second and last week of this play begins Monday night. There is a distinct charm to "Little Old New York" and a very charming star plays the rôle of the masquerading Irish lassie.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen has been specially engaged to play the rôle assumed by her in the Henry Miller's Theatre production of "Just Suppose," announced to follow "Little Old New York." Mrs. Whiffen, Isabelle Lowe, Creighton Hale and others will be in the cast of the A. E. Thomas play.

Just suppose that the Prince of Wales, during his recent visit to this country a couple of years ago, had traveled incognito, met a young American girl, and fallen in love with her. That is the supposition—without the name of the prince, of course—that forms the basis of this charming play.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

"Gus Edwards' Fifteenth Annual Song Revue" is characteristic of previous productions, in that it is resplendent with costumes, scenery, songs and girls, with a whole new flock of protégés and Gus Edwards' own personality and showmanship. This season Orpheum patrons will see the Broadway production in the new Gus Edwards' Revue.

Harry Carroll and the Varieties of 1922 attained popularity in their recent engagement here, and the management has had so many requests for another showing of this act that a return engagement has been arranged, for the one week only.

Tom Smith has a fund of humor and good nature combined, with an unusual talent for making people laugh.

As the blackface chauffeur of a rolling chair Joe Rolley is one of the biggest laughs one could find anywhere. He is an untutored comedian naturally, and with his excellent material should be as popular as when last seen here, featured with Anderson's Frivolities.

Gus Edwards' little Scotch immigrant protégé, "Sandy," is proving himself a capable single entertainer, and delights with his songs, stories, and broad dialect.

It is some time since Princess Radjah has been West and any who remember her will remember a great dancer.

Bert and Hazel Skatelle are a clever pair who are offering a surprising novelty.

#### The Players Theatre.

Monday night, August 7th, brings the initial performance of "The First Fifty Years," the unique study of married life by Henry Myers, to the Players Theatre, Bush Street near Gough. It also marks the return of Evelyn Vaughan to the legitimate stage, after an absence of four years, in what is said to be the most congenial rôle she has ever had. Opposite her will be William S. Rainey, recently returned from a successful season in New York. Reginald Travers is directing.

The play, declared to be astonishingly effective, has just completed a season's run at the Princess Theatre, New York, and it is offered to San Franciscans through arrangements with the Shuberts, even before Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston have an opportunity of seeing it. There are seven episodes, the first being the wedding day in 1872, and the others the various anniversaries down to the golden wedding in 1922.

The author treats his subject courageously, but with a humor that is a welcome leaven to some of the more serious moments. The production is scheduled for two weeks, with matinees on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Ocotopus numbering more than 5000 were landed during a recent week by the fishermen of Northern France.

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## VANITY FAIR.

A poor little flapper in New York bobbed her pretty blonde hair and then repented, and brooded over it until life seemed of no further value, so she locked the door, turned on the gas, and died. It is a singular case of reaction to a complex mental content that urged her two ways at once, and it was aggravated to a fatal end by an inverted appraisal of the values involved. Either life is not worth all the fuss we make about it, or it is worth so infinitely much more that such considerations as bobbed hair, long hair, or no hair at all should make little impression on us. The victim of so perverted a view was improperly educated, and lacked the right outlook. If she had had some remnants of recollection from her school days of the nature of the physical universe, of the main courses of history, of the wanderings of Aeneas, or of the battles of the demigods "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy," or had retained in memory some far faint cadences from "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey," she would have had a wider view of the vast human drama, a better perspective of her own personality and her own hair. If she was a

young person to whom modernized education had brought no hint of the so-called "humanities," with their broadening and disciplinary effect, their presentations of society and the individual, their constructive results in the up-building of the will and character, then she was indeed an unfortunate, bereft of the best intellectual heritage of the race, robbed of the moral support of common humanity, but there still would have been left her a way of regarding life that might have soothed her morbid sensibilities when that was her need: it is, in the best French manner, to regard the mundane pageant with less solemnity, to take it more as a joke. Whose joke, we may not know. But this is evident, that most of us take life too seriously for our own good, or any other person's good. Life is not all a funeral; or, if it is, we would do better with it in most cases if we treated it like the man in the limerick, who "just came along for the ride." Duties must be done, responsibilities discharged; but their full discharge entitles us, at the end of the day, to grin at the rest of the mummer's parade.

The manufacturers of American perfumes have found themselves sadly put to it, since the Eighteenth Amendment, for a vehicle of sweet flavors. Denatured alcohol is not remarkable for the sweetness of its scent, any more than the famous durian fruit of Siam. It is said that this fruit is so delicious to the palate that if you can get a bit of it past your nose, either by the clothespin method of administering oil to children, or by having a friend perform the office of the clothespin, or by plugging the nostrils with cotton, or taking ether first, or having somebody throw you down and stuff it into your mouth, you will be forever addicted to the eating of the noisome vegetable, and will long for the return of the official season as fervently as a baseball fan longs for the hard feel of the bleachers under his bones. But perfume made from denatured alcohol can not be eaten, and so there is no compensation for the horrible, almost opiodian reek Mr. Volstead has introduced into spirits. Perfume thus compounded can not even be used as a beverage; which seems to be the dark purpose of the flavor aforesaid. Perfumery that smells of the Volstead Act is not of much more value than the sort that emanates from those cunning little back-striped kittens one sometimes meets in the woods. No odor of flowers can compete with diethyl phthalate, unless perhaps they are onion flowers. And like the durian it is hard to get it past the nose. On the other hand, if it were not for the denaturing of the alcoholic content of the perfumery, society would soon find itself involved in a series of reciprocal perfumery parties, where people indulged in ylang ylang cocktails and brightened their wits and reminiscences with *chypre* punch or *julep au Houbigant*. And how about flavoring extracts? Have all the possibilities been extracted from them? Time was when no Siwash potlatch could be considered a social success without plenty of lemon and vanilla. Taken straight it was a great testimonial to the durability of the Siwash stomach. The case seems serious for the American manufacturers, required by the law to compete, if they manufacture at all, with the French and German perfumers, whose product still has possibilities.

It is now suggested in Margaret Emerson Bailey's book, "The Value of Good Manners" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), that a hostess can hardly tell whether her house guests are going to be comfortable or not unless she pays herself a visit in her own guest chamber. A dear, Mawruss! Very like daring a man to eat in one's restaurant, or suggesting to the sheriff that he try the gallows himself, and see whether or not he can take the stretch out of the rope with his own neck. We

have often wondered if our hostess knew that the door would not lock, that the bed had a bad spring, that the floor above creaked when any one walked over it so that sleep was a rarity, that we like lots of blankets, and that we hate sheets that are long at the top and turn down over the covers supposedly, but really give us only the comfort that comes from getting our neck entangled in them and dreaming we are being sacrificed to Bowanee or some other glum deity by means of the strangling-cord of an East Indian thug. This experimenting on yourself certainly has sense in or about it. "Suppose we try it," Miss Bailey says. "The room looks charming as we enter it, and the better to appreciate all its attractions, we start to take a rest. But where? There is no couch. And we never could stretch out comfortably and irresponsibly upon that immaculately starched or silken spread. We think over our past visitors. Did they, when they were tired, sit bolt upright? Did they play going to Jerusalem upon two chairs? Did they in desperation camp upon the floor? There is an hour left before dinner. If we may not lie down, we may still write a note. Paper and envelopes are on the desk, stamps placed neatly in the box beside them; but when we dip our pen into the ink-well it is dry. Suppose, instead, we read, and our eye runs over the books which we ourselves have placed beside the bed. 'Sesame and Lilies.' Good heavens! We had that in boarding-school. It was almost time to dress. We found ourselves in the bathroom with a little scrubby piece of soap in the soap basin and with no face cloth on the rack. Somehow, the end of a damask towel did not take the place. We looked in the cushion for a pin. Even the four were gone that held on its dainty cover. By the last guest, in desperation, they had been removed. We came to the uncomfortable conviction that, having once supplied our guest room, we had supposed that our supplies were lasting. It was much as though we had gone on writing checks without ever stopping to deposit a fresh balance at the bank."

It appears, after all, that long since the revels of Flora in ancient Rome, there has been worse garb for women than one sees on Fifth Avenue and on Powell Street today. Lady Norah Bentick, who wrote a book about the former Kaiser in exile, calls attention to some of the individual vagaries of the recent past, as an indication that conformity to fashion may really have a restraining effect instead of the reverse. She says: "Princess Pauline Metternich, at a state ball at the Tuileries, appeared before Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie with her hair hanging down her back and nude to the waist. The Princess Castiglione was notorious for the beauty of her figure, and her sculptured leg is in one of the chief museums of Italy today. At a ball she was so little clothed that the Empress Eugénie ordered her chamberlain to take to the princess a shawl. One of Napoleon's women was so proud of her legs and feet that she drove about Rome with her bare legs hanging out of the carriage window." Now, there's style for you—and independence of the dictates of the dressmakers. It will be noticed that the Princess Pauline had not bobbed her hair, but that is about all we should be permitted to notice about her. The Princess Castiglione would have run Lady Godiva close. And think of that one of Napoleon's women, which is not stated, who drove about Rome in that exceedingly unconventional way. We had a sport in San Francisco who rode home in two hacks at once—by hanging onto a hand of either cabby and running along between, and it was in the days of cobblestone pavements, too. But he was not strictly sober at the time—not strictly. And we have no knowledge that the lady described above was anything but sober as a judge. It must have been very uncomfortable as well as unconventional. But what an advertisement it would make for a taxicab company!

## Promoting Peace.

The federation of British music industries has been discussing the best means of starting a boom for British musical instruments. Joseph Riley of Birmingham thinks the best way would be to light a huge bonfire of old pianos. That, he says, would only be following the excellent example set by the music trade in America.

"It would make the finest sort of a display advertisement," he adds, "for it would show the country that the old pianos with which we are overstocked are not worth having."

"We could easily collect 10,000 of them," he said, "and nobody would miss them. Such rubbishy tinkling bundles of discords do incalculable harm to the music taste of the public. A child taught on one of them has all his musical instincts outraged and grows up, musically speaking, a sorrow to his prematurely aged parents."

The great Italian actress, Eleonora Duse, is returning to the stage. Her first appearance will be in a French play at Milan. She was born in 1859.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A thin man resented the lateral pressure of a fat man on the same seat in the street-car. He said: "They ought to charge by weight in these cars." "If they did, sonny," said the fat man, "you'd have to walk. They couldn't afford to stop for you."

"Why are you late?" demanded a man of his colored servant. "Boss, I done got kicked by a mule." "Well, it shouldn't have taken you an hour to get yourself kicked by a mule." "Oh, it didn't take long to get kicked, boss, but he kicked me in de wrong direction."

The bills had come in for building the young couple's home. "George," said the bride of a few months, "they are twice what we expected!" "Don't worry," said the young husband. "I expected they would be." "But George," she replied, "they're twice as much as that."

Tommy and little Joan in the second primary grade were great friends. Tommy was a bright youngster, but he was lazy. His teacher, wishing to impress on him the importance of study, told him, "If you don't work harder, little Joan will be promoted and you will have to stay back in this class. How will you like that?" "Oh," said Tommy, nonchalantly, "I guess there will be other little Joans."

The guns were popping over the moors and the pheasants were flying all about, but few were falling. One gun was especially unlucky. He shot time after time, but every time the bird got away. "I say," he remarked to the attendant game-keeper, "they're terribly strong on the wing today, what?" "Ho no, sir," said the keeper, "that's the same bird, sir." "The same bird? What the devil is the beggar following me about for, do you suppose?" "Beg pardon, sir, I think it's for safety, sir."

A Virginia gentleman was troubled by a disobedient and lazy coachman, who had been in the family a long time, and was well out of reach of discipline. He disobeyed orders and neglected his duties and made himself a general nuisance until in desperation his employer decided to threaten him with dismissal. "I can't put up with you any longer," he said. "At the end of the month you hunt another place." "Nuther place, nothin'," was the reply. "I druv yeh to yer baptisin', I druv yeh to yer weddin', an' I'll jest stick here till I drives yeh to yer funeral."

Mildred envied Patty her grandmother, for, as she explained, her own was in heaven. And she and Patty's grandmother were good friends until one day the grandmother was cross. She scolded the two little girls for leaving the screen door open, for walking in a flower bed and dropping crumbs on the floor. The two youngsters sought refuge on the porch. Grandmother started to follow them there a little later, to try to make up. She realized the necessity of doing so, for when she reached the door she heard Mildred say, "Patty, I wish your grandmother was visitin' my grandmother today."

A Mark Twain story recorded by Chauncey Depew in his "Memories of Eighty Years" relates an incident at a dinner party at Homberg. There was a dead silence whenever there was the slightest sign that the great humorist was going to make a remark, but to the company's disappointment he did not commit himself. The following evening the same company was again assembled and at last Mark told a story. There was great laughter, the fun being over the fact that Depew had told the same story to the same company the night before.

In the early days of the Canadian West a Scotchman named Duncan MacArthur and his wife Janet ranched a tract of land about forty miles west of the steel town of Verona. Duncan was a past master at the national accomplishment and on market days always returned home gloriously drunk. Janet's schemes to convert him always failed, but in desperation she tried one more. On market day she said, "Duncan, every time you take a drink today I'm going to take one, too." The incorrigible Duncan replied, "Then ye'll be gude and drunk by 6 o'clock, Mrs. MacArthur."

One of Judge's prize stories is as follows: An old Southern planter (once "Marse Davy") said to an old negro: "Well, Tony, this is our birthday again—seventy-five years we've been together, as man and boy; three-quarters of a century and on one plantation." "Sho nuff hit is, boss—and 'pears lak dese here years is a traveling aroun' a heap perter dan dey uster." "That's what's on my mind, Tony, and in the course of events we can't expect to remain here much longer—so I've been thinking seriously, Tony—seriously—about the grave and the hereafter." "Wat's dat, boss?" "Well, I want to make a bargain with you, Tony, a solemn bargain, to this effect.

Whichever one goes first, he will come back from the spirit world and tell the other one just what it looks like over there." "Hit's a bargain, suh. Dat suits me adzackly. But"—reflectively—"but, Marse Davy, if you goes fust, won't you come back in de daytime?"

A theatrical manager bought and staged a play and then became cursed with the usual doubts. He felt that it would never go. The author stood in the wings at dress rehearsal, very proud and confident, in irritating contrast with the gloomy manager. One of the stage hands was a person of peculiar aspect, and just to make conversation the author asked, "Who is that strange-looking fellow?" "That?" said the manager. "That's an Eskimo." "Why in the world an Eskimo?" asked the author. "Why," said the manager wearily, "we had to get somebody that could stand the frost around here opening night."

An English priest, Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, has written his recollections of Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal was evidently anything but a severe or lugubrious person. Being in Norwich one day during a heavy shower, Manning happened to take shelter in a chemist's shop in company with a very severe-looking lady. Wishing to be agreeable, Manning tried to say something apropos of the occasion or of Norwich and quoted, "The man in the moon came down too soon and lost his way to Norwich. The man in the south has burnt his mouth with eating of cold plum porridge." "I hate a fool," remarked the austere lady.

## THE MERRY MUZE.

## Mirth Control.

Are you the boob who likes to go  
To see a funny music show,  
And though you've paid three dollars flat  
To sit exactly where you're at—  
All comfy in the orchestra,  
You never lend your good ha-ha?  
Instead, you dare the man whose chaff  
Makes others roar—to make you laugh!  
You'd rather eye this comic cuss—  
Immobile and impervious;  
You wouldn't flinch to save your soul,  
For you believe in mirth control!

Are you the boob who likes to be  
"Wished on" a jovial company  
Where stories new and stories old  
Are told—while you sit clammy-cold  
With long-trained poker-face  
That shuns emotion's slightest trace  
(Unless your twitchless skin should deign  
A grin that is akin to pain)—  
But not a laugh to save your soul  
Since you believe in mirth control!

Are you the boob who, though you see  
The funny thing that's meant to be—  
You wouldn't let your neighbor know  
You thought it so; you'd rather go  
Cowled in your cloakings taciturn,  
And strangle joy before it's born—  
Or ever laugh—so help your soul—  
Since you believe in mirth control!

—Anthony Euwer in Judge.

## Former Conferences

The conclusion of the Genoa Conference is a fresh reminder to the world of the frequent resort which has been made to such gatherings and of the comparative meagreness of their results, says the New York Tribune.

It was always so. A few minutes sufficient to provoke war. It takes months and sometimes years to repair its evils.

The conferences of former times were called congresses, and were likewise held in more or less arbitrarily designated cities. The Congress of Westphalia, at the end of the Thirty Years' War, lasted six years. The Congress of Utrecht, after the war of the Spanish succession, was opened January 26, 1712, and did not end before April 11, 1713.

This congress was attended, behind the scenes, by a man who was a precursor, for it was he who first had the idea of the Society of Nations. This was Cardinal Polignac, the secretary of the French plenipotentiary.

During the long, idle hours which the discussions of the diplomats afforded him in the little Hollandish town of Utrecht, he composed his "Projet de Paix perpétuelle," in which he proposed the creation of a supreme tribunal of nations.

It required more than two hundred years of war and massacre to take up this idea again.

Nothing is more obviously false than that the remedy for the inequality among men consists in their return to the condition of savages and beasts. Philosophy will never be understood if we approach the study of its mysteries with so narrow and illiberal conceptions of its universality.—Shelley.

By a curious "freak" of Nature, insects which are the most beautiful when fully developed, are often the most repulsive in the grub stage.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Colonel and Mrs. Louis Ray Burgess have announced in Honolulu the engagement of their daughter, Barbara, to Mr. Robert Vernon Lee, United States Corps of Cadets.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovell announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Minerva Lovell, to Mr. Angus Gordon Nicolson of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Miss Lovell is identified with the younger social set, and is a member of one of California's pioneer families, being the granddaughter of the late Charles W. Hathaway. Her father, the late Mansfield Lovell, was a well-known business man. Mr. Nicolson has recently resigned as an ensign, having joined the navy at the outbreak of the world war. No date has been set for the wedding.

At a luncheon given by Miss Helen Smyth on Saturday the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Norman Waterloo Ford was made. The date for the wedding of Miss Smyth and Mr. Ford has not been set. Miss Smyth is the sister of Mr. Robert Smyth and Mr. Hugo Smyth, both in the American consular service. Mrs. Alfred B. Ford entertained on Tuesday afternoon at tea, introducing Miss Helen Smyth, fiancée of Mrs. Ford's son, and also complimenting Mrs. Sydney Waterloo Ford, the former Miss Margaret Belden, who is here on a visit from her home in New Zealand. At the tea Mrs. Bernard Ford, who returned recently from Europe, and Mrs. Arthur W. Ford assisted the hostess in receiving.

Mrs. Hope Somerset has set the date for her wedding to Mr. Donald Walsh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Walsh, for August 30th. Miss Somerset has named Miss Harriet Fletcher, a classmate at Vassar, for her maid of honor. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Katherine Bentley, and Mrs. Edward Fennon. At a luncheon which Mrs. Fennon gave on Wednesday, complimenting Miss Somerset, the plans for the wedding were disclosed. Several hundred invitations are being issued.

Miss Cornelia Clappett is to be married in Paris in the early autumn to Mr. William Shuman. A wedding tour of some months will follow the ceremony, after which the couple will return to San Francisco to make their home. Miss Clappett is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Clappett, who are now making Paris their home.

Mrs. Newton Booth Knox entertained at a reception recently in London, and among the guests were: Their Highnesses, Prince and Princess Schimadzu, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey, the Japanese Ambassador, the Chinese Minister in Washington and Mrs. Sze, Hungarian

Minister and Countess Szápáry, Peruvian Minister and Mme. Cisneros, Colombian Minister and Mme. Gutierrez-Ponce, Chinese Chargé d'Affaires Mr. Chu, Prince and Princesse Lobanov-Rosstovski, Viscount Templetown, Lord Leigh, Lady Arthur Browne, Lady Snathlyng, Sir Edward and Lady Boyle, Lady Hart, Lady Arnold, Captain and Mrs. Hussey of the American Embassy, Commander and Mme. Vierna of the Spanish Embassy, M. and Mme. Tohengawa, M. and Mme. de Hedry, Captain Sluys of the Netherlands Legation and Mr. William Gillett.

Miss Melanie Lancel, in honor of Miss Alice Carr, who is in California for the summer, entertained at a bridge-tee at her San Rafael home on Wednesday, July 26th. Among Miss Lancel's guests were Mrs. Philip Foster Brown, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, Mrs. Thomas Kent, Mrs. Jack Selfridge, Mrs. Nicholas Kittle Boyd, Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Madeline de Courtieux, Miss Kathleen Byrnes and Miss Charlotte Ziel.

In honor of some of the university friends of Mr. Richard Schwerin and Mr. William Bourn, Jr., who are visiting in California during the summer, Miss Josephine Grant was hostess at a small dinner party on Monday evening at her home in Burlingame.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail and their daughters, Miss Elizabeth Vail and Miss Jane Vail, entertained at a dancing party at their Montecito home. A great many San Franciscans spending the summer at Santa Barbara were among the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Baron and Baroness Van Eck, Mrs. James Hall Bishop, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Ynez Dibble, Miss Delphine Dibble, Mr. Hall Bishop, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Elliott Rogers, Mr. Edward Crimmins and Mr. Hugh Campbell were among Mr. and Mrs. Vail's guests.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Colonel and Mrs. John S. Irby have returned from an Eastern visit, and are making their home at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fay and Miss Phyllis Fay are at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Evelyn Selfridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Selfridge, Jr., has returned from Vassar to her home on Scott Street.

Mrs. Hewitt Davenport is in San Francisco for a few days. Mrs. Davenport is passing the summer with her children at their country home near Preston.

The newly-appointed British consul-general, Mr. Gerald Campbell, with Mrs. Campbell and their three daughters, are temporarily occupying 1161

Greenwich Street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Vinter, who are passing the summer in Ross Valley.

Mrs. John S. Drum and Mrs. Mountford Wilson are at Lake Tahoe, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin are on a fortnight's fishing and camping trip.

Mrs. James Garfield Boyd of Seattle is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper, at their Woodside home.

Mr. Le Roy Linnard left for the East two weeks ago, and is touring the New England states.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bettigen and their daughter, of Pasadena, are in Canada for a trip of a few weeks.

Colonel George K. Hunter, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Hunter are visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. Frederick Griffith, at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton T. Bean are in Canada, at Lake Louise.

Mr. James Phelan will sail for the United States on August 9th, from France.

Mrs. William Babcock is in Canada for a month or more, visiting at Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent are in San Francisco for a few days. In the fall Mr. and Mrs. Vincent plan going abroad.

Colonel and Mrs. Julian Bernheim have been on a motor tour through the south. They have returned to Letterman Garrison, where Mr. Merville Bernheim of Chicago is visiting them.

Mrs. James Alexander Black left on Thursday for her former home in New Orleans. She will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto are at their camps on the Russian River for the week-end of the play at the Bohemian Grove.

Mrs. William de Fremery is in Algiers gathering material for a book to which she is devoting her time.

Miss Jessica Sherwood is in Monterey on a visit to relatives.

Miss Eugenia Sherwood is in Salinas, where she rode in the rodeo held in Sherwood Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harrison and Miss Elizabeth Harrison are visiting in Windsor, Vermont. They will return to their San Rafael home in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harwood have returned from their wedding tour, and are making their home at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Jane Flood is occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood at Menlo Park during their absence.

Miss Caroline Hazard of New York is occupying her Santa Barbara home.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Edgar Allen Poe have returned to the Fairmont Hotel, after several days spent in the Yosemite Valley.

Congressman Julius Kahn is the guest of Mr. Milton Esberg at the Bohemian Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Belden of Wyoming are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden at their home at Ross.

Mr. Malcolm Whitman of New York will join Mrs. Whitman and their children at Burlingame shortly.

Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow has joined friends in Paris. Mrs. Goodfellow will be away until the late autumn.

Miss Marion Zeile is visiting Mrs. Cheever Cowdin at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, Jr., have returned to their Ross Valley home. They spent a week in the Tahoe region on a fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth are on a motor tour in the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter are at their country home at Lake Tahoe for the summer.

Mr. Willis J. Walker and his son, Mr. Léon Brooks Walker, are at Westwood in Lassen County for a few weeks.

General and Mme. Emile-Marie Taufflieb of Longueuil, France, are visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Walsh are at Lake Tahoe for a few weeks.

Mr. William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, is in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Mary Emma Flood are at Del Monte.

Mr. Horace Moody of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Percival Dodge are expected from Europe in August. They will visit Mrs. Dodge's mother, Mrs. Arthur Page Brown.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Alderson, who spent the month of July at San Rafael, have returned to their home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman have been in San Francisco for some time visiting Mrs. Kirkman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harrison.

Miss Mary Harrison and Miss Agnes Harrison are in the Santa Cruz Mountains for a week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus motored to Salinas for the rodeo and then to Del Monte for the week-end.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane was called East on Monday, on account of the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Philip Kauffman, at her home in Washington, D. C.

Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove have returned to San Francisco, after a two weeks' stay at Coronado.

Dean and Mrs. J. Wilmer Gresham have returned from their vacation and are at home in the deanery.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. D. D. Wilson, Reno; Mr. C. C. Bickenhaupt, New York; Mr. Joseph Dunne, Stockton; Mr. C. R. Pelton, Detroit; Mr. R. V. Williams, Buffalo; Mr. C. H. Greer, Turlock; Mr. D. J. Canary, Los Angeles; Mr. Clifford A. Russell, Sacramento; Captain G. R. Tupper, U. S. A.; Mr. J. L. Nagla, Sacramento; Mr. Charles Justus Wilcox, Toledo; Mr. H. M. Ramey, Seattle; Mr. Sidney F. Tyler, Philadelphia; Mr. Richard Walton Tully, Los Angeles; Mr. Buckley Wells, Virginia City; Mr. M. J. Korshak, Chicago; Mr. Walter Longnecker, Chicago.

Recently registered at the Hotel Whitcomb are Dr. George W. Bochman, Rochester; Mr. Peter Crunft, Batavia; Dr. E. Z. Hennessy, Napa; Dr. E. E. Haverstick, St. Louis; Mr. Harry Hamp-

shire, Eureka; Mr. B. H. Kelly, Mr. R. T. Tobin, Derby, Connecticut; Mr. E. A. Goff, Kenwood; Miss E. Dawson, Isle of Wight, England; Miss E. J. Jerry, Hove, England; Mr. James L. Quick, New Orleans; Mr. John R. Quinn, Delano; Mr. O. L. Everts, Fresno; Mr. W. J. Cubberly, Tahoe City; Mr. and Mrs. Horace J. Davis and party, Philadelphia.

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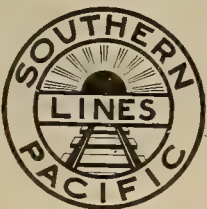
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#### MR. TAFT IN THE TEMPLE.

Mr. Taft, the Chief Justice of the United States of America, was the guest of the bench and bar of England at the ancient hall of the Middle Temple, an honor rarely accorded, and much more rarely accorded with the enthusiasm and seriousness that attended Wednesday's festival, says the *Manchester Guardian*.

The lord chancellor was in the chair, and Lord Haldane, Lord Hewart, Lord Shaw, Lord Carson, Lord Desart, Lord Parmoor, Lord Cave, the master of the rolls, Sir John Simon, Sir Ernest Pollock, Sir Leslie Scott, Sir Edward Shortt, and nearly all the distinguished lawyers of the land were present. According to counsel's opinion the gathering was one of the most notable ever held in this famous hall.

Lord Birkenhead, in an almost conversational tone, proposed the toast of their distinguished guest. "I have been twenty-three years at the bar and on the bench," he said, "and I can not recall more than three or four occasions upon which the bench and bar of England have had the pleasure of entertaining guests of our calling. We desire you, sir, to go from us neither as a judge, a statesman, nor a lawyer, but as one friend who had clasped the hands of other friends, and with the realization of all of us that we shall receive you again." It was as much his hall as theirs. He recalled that the common law of England ruled in his country, and they talked the same language as the lawyers of America.

The lord chancellor defined the common law to the acceptance of the company as the machinery by which a man might defend himself for his rightful actions. Both countries were the joint heirs of the English law, but

America had a written Constitution and England had not.

Mr. Taft, when he rose to reply, was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, the company rising and for some time waving and cheering. He spoke quietly with a rein upon his feelings, which he relaxed a little towards the end of his speech. From his earliest boyhood, he said, he had venerated the British bench and the British bar, but never in his wildest imagination as a boy had he realized that he would stand in their presence and receive from the great English bench and the great English bar such a welcome.

Speaking of the English common law, he said that the English law had insisted that any man who was an adult and in his right mind stood on his feet and acted for himself. That was the spirit that animated English law. He ended his speech by a quotation from a man of Memphis, speaking at 3 o'clock in the morning, who thanked his hosts for their "ferocious hospitality."

What seemed to him the most extraordinary feature of his experiences that evening was the idea that he could joke with the lord chancellor (which, apparently, he had done).

Mr. Taft ended on an unpremeditated note of emotion, in which he spoke of his reception "as if I were a real brother of yours." On that key he said farewell. It was a high occasion, carried through with a restraint which covered a great deal of profound feeling.

#### Shakespeare's Handwriting.

The intricacies of Elizabethan handwriting are discussed in a current number of the *English Library* by Mr. Hilary Jenkinson, who describes no less than eight distinct styles, together with a possible ninth, about which he does not feel quite sure, says the *Living Age*. In his paper, which is called "Elizabethan Handwritings, a Preliminary Study," he makes some remarks that appear to shed light on the vexed question of Shakespeare's hand.

Mr. Jenkinson points out that it was a frequent occurrence for an educated Elizabethan to have two styles of handwriting, and he applies this to the disputed autographs of Spenser. This leads another writer in the *Saturday Review* to take up the Jenkinson theory and apply it to Shakespeare, suggesting that perhaps he wrote both the Italian hand, which was coming into fashion in his day, as well as the ordinary cramped English hand of the times. This suggestion, which had been put forward before Mr. Jenkinson's paper, was at first received with more or less contempt by critics, but its position seems to be made somewhat stronger by his ideas.

Mr. Jenkinson points out another fact which may affect disastrously the authenticity of some precious autographs. It appears that copying clerks of that time—when the typewriter was an undreamed-of blessing—had a habit, when they were transcribing a document, of copying the signature also, writing it in a hand different from that of the document itself. Hence a paper may appear to have been copied by a clerk and then signed by the author when, as a matter of fact, the whole thing is a clerk's workmanship. It is said that a series of facsimiles of Elizabethan handwritings are to be issued presently to assist students.

The man who has fewest bodily wants approaches nearest to the Divine Nature. Satisfy these wants at the cheapest rate, and expend the remaining energies of your nature in the attainment of virtue and knowledge.—*Shelley*.

The aqueduct of Appius Claudius Cæcus dates from 312 B. C.

#### CURRENT VERSE.

##### To the Little Masters.

You little masters of the world,  
Whose words are subtle stings  
Build up your walls before our feet,  
Your ceilings for our wings,  
Saying, "You may not climb too far  
Nor lift your flight too high  
Above our drab and decent ways  
Where all the world goes by."

But we have seen the morning shine  
And heard the mountains call,  
Though sevenfold strong the prison be  
The sevenfold strength shall fall.

A million saints with flashing feet  
Have climbed beyond your sight;  
A million singers lifted song  
On wings of silver light.

As it has been, so it shall be  
While scorn may claim her own;  
By all the laughter of the years  
You shall be overthrown.

Our feet shall pass beyond your door;  
The clashing of our wings  
Shall blind you, masters of the world—  
Your words are little things.

—*Marguerite Wilkinson in the Forum.*

##### Twelfth Night.

O sweet slow tempo of those happier years  
That left men leisure for so many things!  
Leisure for music and for madness, too,  
For adorations and for fertile tears,  
Who listens now when comes the Fool who sings?  
Who cries "Olivia!" the whole night through,  
Or builds a willow cabin at the gate  
Of his desire and stands importunate  
Till air and earth give heed?

We have no time for anything but speed,  
And scarcely know what we pursue  
Or whither tend,  
Or what far lover's meeting may await  
The reckless journey's end!

—*Anne Goodwin Winslow in the Freeman.*

##### The Fish-Hawk.

On the large highway of the awful air that flows  
Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight screened

The majestic distances, he moved and had repose;  
On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned  
His steady body in long lapse of flight, and rose  
Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,

Up the clear stair of the eternal sky; and stood  
Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast,  
Widened around him the enormous Solitude,  
From the gray rim of ocean to the glowing west.

Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land

Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his throne  
Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned

The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown  
Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand,

The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,  
Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored

Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair  
Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her lord  
And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,  
Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way  
Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud Might,

Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey  
Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn  
The sound of moving winds and waters was; the sea

Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim  
Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly.  
Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.

—*John Hall Wheelock in Scribner's Magazine.*

##### Children's Party at the Whitcomb.

A Mother Goose party and children's tea will be given in the roof garden of the Whitcomb Hotel on Saturday afternoon, August 19th, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Mary Carr Moore, as Mother Goose, will present a children's programme for the little folks. Fourteen young girls in costume, representing all the most famous of the nursery rhymes, will assist during the afternoon.

It is now said that Pancho Villa has become a peace-loving, hard-working, contented rancher, without political ambition, and with a desire to help his people.

#### At Del Monte.

The water baseball series and the aquatic events of the Olympic Club and the Del Monte Club at the Roman Plunge last weekend drew a large gathering.

Tennis is vying with swimming and the water sports, as the Del Monte tournament will bring many players into action. Miss Mary K. Browne, former national woman's champion, has been spending her vacation on the Monterey Peninsula, and is one of the contestants in the tournament.

Among the San Francisco and trans-bay society folk who have been visiting at Del Monte during the past week are Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Vail Jones, Miss Helen Huide, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Aguirre, Mrs. George H. Dyer, Mrs. J. H. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Badger, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Goodman, David F. Selby, Miss H. F. Selby, Miss M. Keller, Clarence J. Selby, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Strange, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Marin, Mrs. Orlando Stephens, Miss Florence Stephens, Mrs. Rexford Shaws, Mr. and Mrs. Lou H. Rose.

#### Coming Marriage of Dr. de Marville.

Those who remember Dr. H. B. de Marville, at one time chief surgeon to the San Francisco French Hospital, and for the last twelve years a practicing physician in the American colony in Paris, will be interested in knowing that he is soon to be married in London to Miss Dousset. While in California Dr. de Marville married Miss Cora Caduc (now deceased), a daughter of Commodore Caduc, a very accomplished young lady of great beauty, whose family was at that time socially prominent in San Francisco.

"How do you like my frock?" asked Eric's sister, when dressed for a dance. "It's—er—quite simple," stammered the young man. "Simple!" she laughed. "Do you know what it cost? Do you know that twenty golden sovereigns wouldn't cover it?" "Perhaps not," said Eric; "but thirty might, well spread out." —*Toronto Globe.*

"John," said the Old Man, thoughtfully, "I don't approve of you running around nights, with all kinds of flappers and flirts. Why don't you settle down and go with some particular girl?" "That's it, dad," said the kid, blithely, "they aint any of 'em so very particular these days." —*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Eratosthenes, head of the Alexandria library, first measured the circumference of the earth in 245 B. C.

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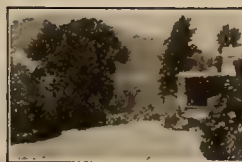
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Young Lady in Cathedral*—Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself. Only give mother a son-in-law.—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

*Joan (who has been taken with her puppy to see the "dog-doctor")*—Oo, daddy, he—he's just an or'nary man. I thought he'd be a dog.—*Punch*.

*Doctor*—Deep breathing, you understand, destroys microbes. *Patient*—But, doctor, how can I force them to breathe deeply?—*Passing Show (London)*.

"What do you think is the cause of so many unhappy marriages?" "Too many people are married before they get sense enough to stay single."—*Miami Herald*.

*Judge*—Why did you stick your knife in this man? *Prisoner*—Well, I heard the police coming, and I had to hide it somewhere.—*Lustige Blaetter (Berlin)*.

*Son (jocularly)*—But, mamma, aren't you rather a strain on the horse you ride? *Mother (indignantly)*—Certainly not. I put most of my weight in the stirrups.—*Life*.

*Granny (who doesn't like modern manners)*—You girls are so useless nowadays. Why, I believe you don't know what needles are for! *The Youngest*—What a silly old granny you

are! Why, they are to make the gramophone play, of course.—*London Mail*.

*Lawyer*—What are your resources? *Old Man*—I beg. *Lawyer*—Without a profession, then! A person of independent means! You will have to pay a luxury tax.—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

*Doctor*—Sir, an immediate operation is necessary. Your appendix must come out at once. *Patient*—Appendix! How many have I? The one in this bottle was taken out five years ago!—*Judge*.

*Brokeleigh*—I would do anything in my power to prove my love for your daughter. *Old Gotrox*—Would you support her? *Brokeleigh*—My dear sir, I said anything in my power.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Mother*—Why don't you like this animal alphabet Aunt Abbie sent you? *Ralph Waldo Higginthwaite*—It does not interest me, mamma—it takes no cognizance whatever of the theory of evolution.—*Life*.

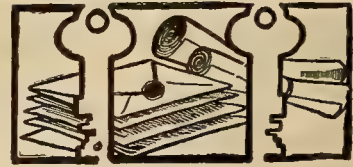
*Workman*—Ten pahnd! But the court gave me a 'undred pahnds compensation. *Solicitor*—But, my dear fellow, you—er—forget the little matter of—er—my costs and expenses. Just ninety pounds!—*London Mail*.

*She*—Indeed, Mr. Maulstick, yours were the only pictures I looked at in the exhibition. *Maulstick*—Ah, you flatter— *She*—No; the others, you know, were so surrounded by the crowd.—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

*Proud Dame*—I do not see, Alice, how you can think of marrying into such a commonplace family. *Romantic Daughter*—I am not going to marry into his family; he is going to marry into ours.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is there any sure way for a farmer to be prosperous?" "Well," replied Farmer Corn-tossel, "there's an element of luck in everything. The only sure way for a farmer to be prosperous is to discover an oil well."—*Washington Star*.

A chemist received this note, scribbled in haste, the other day: "My baby has eat up



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Author of Bills appropriating money for historical research work of State and CHAIRMAN OF SENATE COMMITTEE WHICH INCREASED STATE ALLOWANCE FOR ORPHANS.  
BORN and raised in the District, and actively engaged in Business therein for many years.

its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote by the enclosed girl, also send bottle of O Dick Alone as I am a bit historical."—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

*He*—But I asked you, dearest, to keep our engagement a secret for the present. *She*—I couldn't help it. That hateful Ella Sharpe said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had proposed to me, so I told her you had.—*Boston Transcript*.

"You say Meddling is a born reformer?" "Just that." "What do you mean by a born reformer?" "I have it on the authority of his grandmother that when he was five years old he started a campaign in his neighborhood to abolish Mother Goose."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Genoa a Thieves' Market?

It is universally admitted that the chief purpose of the conference at Genoa was to make accessible to exploitation by other nations the material resources of Russia, says David Jayne Hill in the *North American Review*. Let us imagine the conference completely successful in accomplishing this end. What would then happen when the nationals of the countries entering officially into a compact with the Bolsheviks were forced to complain that they were defrauded? There being no possible court of arbitration, the only alternative, unless these rights were to remain undefended, would be the use of force on a scale that would be equivalent to war. And what nation wishes to make a business bargain that involves the probability of war to give it effect?

The historian will have no difficulty in showing, with the documents in hand, that, when all the pious professions with which it is customary to make doubtful adventures seem respectable are stripped away, the Genoa Conference was a market for the purchase and sale of stolen property. Germany, being kept sternly apart from the private conversations between the Allied group and the Bolsheviks, began to suspect that the goods were being secretly delivered without consulting her, and demanded the signature of a treaty that had been for months under negotiation with the

Bolsheviks. The Russians, on their side, anxious to have at least one good customer, in order to prove that they could do business, were ready to sign, and did so at Rapallo. The Allied group, filled with consternation at this development, made an adventurous bid in which the Belgians and French refused to participate, because it sacrificed the rights of private property. The Bolsheviks, preferring isolated deals to a bloc engagement which might ultimately unite the strength of Western Europe against them, rather insolently declined to accept this bid; and thus the one permanent positive achievement of the Conference of Genoa is the Russo-German treaty of Rapallo.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Assuring High Taxes.

It is interesting, and if there were nothing at stake it might be amusing, to observe the solicitude of some of the supervisors for a minimum salary scale for city employees. Supervisor Schmitz, for example, has introduced a resolution to the effect that no general clerk shall begin work for the city at less than \$125 a month. This is in the interest of the standardization of salaries, for which high and holy object there is now a regular committee of the board. A disinterested observer, and for that matter an interested one, might be pardoned for wondering if this is not beginning at the wrong end—if this insurance of income ought not to begin rather with the taxpayer who provides the money than with the city employee who spends it. In the generally forgotten past we had in the charter such a provision. It was known as the dollar limit, and had, or was supposed to have, something to do with the tax rate, which in theory was not supposed to exceed it—except in case of emergency. But some emergencies arose, and others were invented, until the dollar limit has become a legendary, mythical thing, like the sojourn of angels on the earth, or that far-off day when the morning stars performed their celebrated choruses. A large judgment has recently been obtained against the city on account of excessive tax collection, which rather emphasizes than abates the disposition of the city fathers to exceed the limit. Without recourse to the gamble of litigation, there is nothing to

assure the taxpayer that he may retain a reasonable minimum of what he earns, and that, under the convenient fiction of emergency legislation, the municipality will not take more and more of his earnings and pay out more and more of his money in minimum wages to employees. For in a tremendous number of instances it is not the real estate that pays the taxes—it is the taxpayer himself who must go down in his pocket to meet his bills, including the tax bill, and every assessment that comes along. That is usually true of vacant land, most of which never appreciates in value sufficiently to pay for carrying it; or, if it does, does it so reluctantly and tardily that it only benefits the snap-hunter. The heavy burdens on improved property either come out of the home-owner and his wife and children, who might enjoy spending a little of what the tax collector takes, or they are passed along to the tenant, who, in respect to himself, his wife and his children, is in similar case. A minimum wage might be well enough for city employees if the city were a profit-making institution. But it is far from that. It is rather a profit-taking one.

### A Point of Honor.

The outstanding fact in the railroad situation is that the strike, strictly speaking, has failed. The men want to return to work; the railroads want them—or the bulk of them—back. But the situation is complicated. When the strike was called many old employees continued at their work, and a very considerable number of new men were taken on. The railroads gave pledges that in the final settlement every competent man that stayed on and every competent new man that joined the forces in the period of the strike should be kept on the job. Particularly it was promised that all men in employment when the strike should be settled should retain all the benefits attached to their jobs, including seniority rights. It was this promise that held many old employees and that attracted to the service many new men who abandoned other employments. From the beginning the point of seniority rights has been discussed generally and there can be no doubt that the pledge was given nor any doubt as to what it meant.

After many conferences, in which the President of the United States has participated, the strikers and the railroad authorities are in agreement that the strike should be brought to an end. A plan proposed by the President is that the men shall return to their work upon wage scales as they existed before the strike was called, leaving general adjustments, including the matter of seniority, to the Railroad Labor Board. But this affords only a partial solution of the difficulty. The men are willing to go back to work, but demand that their seniority rights shall be restored—that the status of the returned strikers shall not be what it was before the strike.

It will help to understanding of the situation to explain just what is implied in seniority rights. They are defined in a series of rules, the outcome of innumerable conferences between railroad managers and railroad employees and labor leaders in the course of many years, and were revised and partly re-created in the period of government operation. Rule 17 provides that employees serving on night shifts but desiring day work shall have preference when vacancies occur, according to their seniority. Rule 18 provides that the oldest employees in point of service, if capability is shown by trial, shall be given preference in filling such new jobs, or any vacancies as may be desired. Rule 20 provides that employees transferred from one point to another, with a view to accepting permanent transfer, will after thirty days lose seniority at the point they left, and that seniority at the point to which transfer shall be made will begin on the date of transfer. Rule 23 provides that long and faithful service on the part of men who

have become unable to handle heavy work shall entitle such men to preference of such light work in their line as they may be able to handle. Rule 27 provides that when the force is reduced seniority as per Rule 31 [below] will govern, the men affected to take the rate of the job to which they are assigned. Rule 31 provides that seniority in each craft "shall be confined to the point employed, \* \* \* except as provided in special rules of each craft."

Summarized, seniority means the length of time an employee has been continuously in the same class of service in a particular division or a particular yard or shop. In train and engine service seniority gives a man the right to choose his run when opportunity offers. In yard or shop service it gives him the right to choose his job in the same class of service, over those having junior seniority, provided he is qualified for the work. The principal value of seniority is regularity or permanency of employment. When there is a slump in business, or if for any other reason working forces are reduced, men of junior seniority are dropped from the pay-roll in the order of their seniority and those of older seniority remain at work. Seniority has nothing to do with term of service excepting in a particular division or in a particular yard or shop, or with pension privileges, because in the first instance term of service would mean the total time an employee has worked anywhere and at any class of work for the same employer. In the second instance, pension privileges are contingent on the number of years of continuous service in all classes of work, whereas seniority is contingent on the length of time an employee has been at work in a particular division or a particular yard or shop and generally in a particular class of work.

All this, taken in connection with the fact that in the period of the strike the seniority of old men who stayed on their jobs has been advanced, and that the seniority of men who have come newly to the work has been established, explains the matter now at issue between the railroads and the strikers. The proposition submitted to the railroad executives to return the strikers to work with unimpaired rights and privileges means that such strikers as have seniority older than other employees who loyally remained at work would take seniority over these men and would have the privilege to choose preferred jobs. It also means that the seniority of those who entered the service after the strike was called, July 1st, would be junior to the strikers, and that in case all the strikers were returned so as to make the force complete, the new men would be thrown out of employment. Or, in case of a slump in business or reduction in force for any other reason, these new men would all be dropped from the pay-roll before any of the strikers would be affected. Restoration of the strikers to their work with unimpaired seniority would make their term of service continuous from the time they first began work, provided there was no other break in continuity. But it would not restore pension privileges, as pension privileges are contingent on uninterrupted continuous service, and there is a break in continuity when an employee resigns or goes on strike and quits the service regardless of the length of time, whether for a day or a month, and regardless of seniority.

Since in recruiting the service in the period of the strike the railroad executives pledged themselves to the men newly taken on to continue them in their jobs there is involved in the situation a point of honor. A pledge may not be nullified by arbitration. A pledge is an obligation which may not honorably be disregarded. The proposal that the point at issue be submitted for determination to the Railroad Labor Board has a fairish sound. But how, without injustice to those who in good faith accepted assurances, how without involving themselves in an act of gross bad faith, can



he railroad executives consent to submit the issue to anybody? Plainly it would be an act of repudiation.

Under the conditions the railroad executives have no choice. What they promised they should perform, though the heavens fall. To yield would be to sacrifice both public respect and self-respect. And nobody, not the President himself, has a moral right to ask the executives to stultify themselves. In the meantime transportation service must be continued; and it will be continued. So much the government will attend to even though it may have for a time to take over the roads. However, this may not be necessary. It will probably be sufficient for operation of the roads if the government will protect the men now on the job in their right to work. President Harding has pledged the government to this end under the broad principle which guarantees "conditions under which free men, willing to work, may work in safety."

#### The European Debts.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Otto Kahn no doubt have reasons for simultaneous declaration that the United States by an act of generous free will should cancel obligations that it holds against England and the several countries with which we cooperated in the war. The reasons, no doubt, are of a kind that appeal to financiers, who want to set the world a-going again on something like the old schedules to ends not more in behoof of humanity than that, as Shakespeare puts it, "profits may accrue." These obligations would make a serious situation if the United States government was pushing for settlement, but it is not doing so nor is it likely to do so. Nobody is being disturbed nor is in the way of disturbance through our urgency. So far as immediate effects are concerned, Europe's debts to us make no figure, since they are held in innocuous abeyance.

Something more than financial considerations, even if they were pressing, is connected with the situation. An American administration or an American party that would propose to make void these debts would do well at the same time to get its grave clothes ready. Generous as the American people are, it is not their habit, individually or collectively, to tear up notes of hand. It is not by this means that our position in world affairs has been attained, albeit that in one notable instance—that of the Boxer award—we gave to China a sum that had been decreed to us.

Whatever may be the future policy of the United States in regard to European obligations time only will tell. But one fairly certain guess is that we shall not cancel them. We may never enforce their payment, assuredly we shall not if to do so will increase the distress of the world. But we will not wipe out the record. This is not because we are lacking in sympathy or generosity, but because it would be alike in contempt of business principles, internationally a species of impertinence, politically and retroactively fatal all around.

If Britain knows her own interest, and she is commonly pretty keen at that point, she would not consent to cancellation of her debt. For the inevitable effect would be to create in this country a group or party so resentful and so powerful as not only to unhorse the administration of the immediate time, but to revive that old and now happily quiescent but still remembered Grudge. Britain, while at the moment hard up and embarrassed by her obligations—even unnecessarily anxious in the matter of her debt to us—has possessions that are of little value to her, but that would be worth a good deal to us. Jamaica, for example. It is only a little while ago that we acquired the Virgin Isles for a price. Is there not in the fact of this purchase, and in the proximity of Jamaica to the Panama Canal, a suggestion both pertinent and practical?

#### The Missouri Primary.

Prior to President Wilson's return from Europe and his campaign to put over the League of Nations, Senator Reed of Missouri, albeit a good deal of a blather-skite, was an administration favorite. Upon many occasions—upon one very notable occasion—he was the recipient of warm commendation at the hand of Mr. Wilson. But Mr. Reed did not see his way to support the President in his effort to attach the United States to the League of Nations; and from that day he was held by President Wilson in bitter hatred. Mr. Wilson is a good hater and his ill-will toward Reed was expressed in many ways. Even after his retirement from office there was no let-up in the Wil-

sonian resentment. When some three or four months ago Reed's campaign for renomination by the Democrats of Missouri came on, Mr. Wilson, from his retirement, wrote and made public a letter asking the Democrats of Missouri to repudiate him. He so far forgot the record as to reproach Reed for a course in the Senate in relation to which he had previously written him a letter of cordial approval. This open denunciation of Reed, with the expressed wish that he be not returned to the Senate, was of double significance—first, as marking a continuing and embittered feeling; second, as indicating a desire to continue as the head and dictator of the Democratic party. Missouri's answer is found in Reed's renomination over Breckenridge Long, who was presented as a friend of the ex-President and as representative of his purpose to hold the dominating hand over the Democracy, not only of Missouri, but of the whole country. It comes as a dramatic and pitiful climax to a career that should have buried its ambitions on the 4th of March, 1921.

#### Shingles and Such.

Shingles for roofing promise to become almost as troublesome between this time and the November election as the pathological variety that start from somewhere on the back of the tired business man and threaten to exterminate him if they meet in front; which they never do. In fact, a good many men in the lumber business are likely to contract shingles of the latter sort, if the voters confirm on referendum the proposed State Housing Law prohibiting shingles of the former sort. If this act is adopted it is going to be very bad for the shingle business, which is a considerable part of the lumber business, and like all other business is entitled to some consideration. In the meantime, shingles of either sort will be a gamble.

Some lumbermen intimate that prohibition of the use of shingles was guilefully introduced into the State Housing Law by certain manufacturers of the many kinds of incombustible roofing now on the market; that these gentlemen felt they could sell more of their product if the shingle men sold less of theirs, and have made a surreptitious and sinful effort to down a rival in the sacred name of progress. The *Argonaut* is not informed about this, and it is one of those matters that are hard to determine unless some of the sinful are willing to confess, which the really sinful rarely are. But aside from that, the case of shingles with which we are now about to suffer illustrates more than our method of building houses; it goes to the foundation of our method of building laws.

We have contracted the bad habit of trying to do too many things by statute. It not only clutters up the statute books with laws that can not be enforced and so have to be broken, but in the case of those that can be enforced the effect is even worse, for it tends to restrict activity and hamper that initiative of the individual from which real progress comes—and comes faster than the wisest laws conceivable by human beings could ever bring it about. A silly demand has arisen for "constructive" legislation, on the part of people who never constructed anything, who do not understand the requirements of constructing things, and who lack the vision to see that progress is going on all the time, automatically, at maximum speed, and naturally fastest where there is least to hamper it.

They want new institutions before they have learned to operate the old. They want public and private morals regulated by law instead of wholesome human disposition. Their ideal is general conformity and uniformity, whereas not even the evolution of humanity from the brute could have taken place without variation from type. They would, if they could, make a world in which it would be impossible to pick and choose, because it would offer no choice. They want all the milk delivered by the same milkman, to save overlapping of routes; and if he gave you bad milk there would be no other from whom you could get good. Under general state control, the infinite variety of life would disappear before an iron standardization, and the exercise of preference and taste, which is the thing that rewards excellence and dooms the unworthy to the ash heap (without any assistance from the infinite wisdom we elect to our legislatures), would fall into abeyance and cease to be our great stimulus of growth. For that there would be no substitute, no matter how hard an all-wise legislature and a divinely-inspired electorate might try to invent one.

In a more concrete statement of the case, we should

lose what benefits there are in competition without acquiring those that come from natural monopoly. We could not change the milkman if we did not like his service. And if he knew we could not change, he would soon be giving us a service we did not like. That is true of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and the producer of roofing material. If the people next November should prohibit one another from using shingles they would thereby deliver themselves into the hands of the patent roofing material men. They would have cut themselves off from the competition of shingles, and would have to pay the price demanded by the makers of non-combustible roofing. And that price would rise. And it would serve them right. The value of stock in roofing concerns would grow, and the holders of it would be very grateful, and would sell it at a good profit if they had any sense, and the new owners would try to make money on their larger investment, and that would mean raising prices again, and no shingles in sight. That is the way artificial interference with the natural relations of supply and demand can be trusted to operate.

We betray no secret when we say that shingles are combustible. Everybody knows that. In some ways it would be better if all houses were built of a material that would not ignite when embers fell on it—and persons that have not had to attend big fires for a living have no idea of the size and heat of embers from a burning building and the distance to which a strong up-draft will take them. But the use of shingles is not compulsory. Those that wish to use some more expensive material are at liberty to do so. And that is of the soul of American institutions, that we shall have our choice among a number of alternatives, political, social, industrial, commercial, material and intellectual, supplied us by the enterprise of the individual members of the community. If the law prohibiting shingles should not be adopted, it is entirely possible that non-combustible roofing will in time supplant them, through voluntary choice, and in response to better prices and lower insurance rates and the reluctance of the people to have their houses burn down any oftener than they can help. But the transition should be voluntary, not compulsory; natural, not arbitrary; gradual, not abrupt and disturbing. That would be progress, and it would be real progress, which the statutory sort is not.

And further, it should be said that if a person does not wish to use shingles that is no reason why he should prohibit his neighbor from using them; which is true of things in cellars as well as things on roofs.

#### Concerning Coal Production.

Conditions in the coal industry are so complicated that there seems little hope of solving the problem of their efficient and equitable operation under voluntary arrangement. Competition for markets among mines of varying capacities and different situations, competition for labor in an industry vastly over-manned—these, in combination with a patchwork of restrictive laws, make a riddle something less practicable of solution than the famous fifteen puzzle. The whole business of coal production calls for scientific reorganization under a general plan designed to make the coal supply sufficient and regular and to establish working conditions equitable alike to operators and to men. The problem is not a new one. In one shape or another, it has vexed the country these twenty years or more. The present trouble at point of time runs well into a year, and yet we are no nearer an equitable adjustment than when it began.

Coal is a universal necessity, essential alike to maintenance of industry and to domestic requirement. Shortage of coal implies shortage of everything entering into the welfare of the country. In this respect coal production may be classed with transportation, which now for a good many years has been subject to governmental regulation. Is not coal production, like transportation, properly a subject of governmental oversight? The *Argonaut* is no friend of governmental interference with matters capable of adjustment under the principle of private initiative; but in the case of coal production it becomes evident that private initiative is not competent to the carrying on of the industry with regularity and equity all around. Private initiative has been given a long and a fair trial, even more than a fair trial, and it has not worked; and there does not seem any prospect that it may be made to work efficiently.

For the government to acquire the coal mines and to



go into the business of production in all its branches is unthinkable. Under governmental ownership and operation we should have, if not the old abuses, others equally grievous or worse. The country has found that out by its brief experience of possession and control of the railroads. But government ownership and operation is one thing and governmental regulation is quite another. The principle has been worked out in connection with transportation. The situation being what it is, chronic and apparently incurable, there would seem to be necessity for applying a system, corresponding to regulation of the railroads, to the coal mines.

The mines are now being operated after an inadequate fashion under the principle of providing conditions under which "free men, willing to work, may work in safety." But the system is one of makeshift. It lacks efficiency. Likewise, it is without equity. It neither provides an adequate supply of coal at reasonable prices nor makes for justice either to the coal operatives or to the coal miners. A better system is a necessity. Is it not the duty of the government to establish rules in the coal industry, precisely as it does in regard to transportation, under which production and distribution may be carried on systematically, efficiently, and equitably? The *Argonaut* thinks that it is.

#### Nullifying Punishment.

A recital of the facts about Walter Castor raises grave doubts as to the wisdom of much recent corrective legislation; and conspicuously the parole and probation laws. Castor killed one policeman, wounded another, killed his sister-in-law who had informed on him, and then committed suicide. By all accounts he was a thoroughly bad lot, and should have reversed his programme, starting with himself. At the time, according to a newspaper account, he was at large under parole, being under sentence for manslaughter, and in addition he had been put on probation by a complacent judge in Santa Clara County, before whom he had been convicted of robbing a store at Cupertino. One would have supposed that a judge would not admit to probation a man whose record proved him a criminal, and who had just violated his parole by committing a burglary. If it had not been for the parole law Castor could not have committed the burglary, and if it had not been for the probation law he could not have killed two persons and wounded a third in this city last week. When he was convicted of robbing the store he should have been sent back to the penitentiary, there to serve his term for manslaughter—but he ought not to have been at large to commit the robbery. A person guilty of manslaughter should take his punishment. And having committed the robbery he certainly should not have been at large to commit further crimes. His activities should have stopped, at least for a long season, with the manslaughter of which he was originally convicted.

All civilized persons must sympathize more or less with the efforts of our amiable idealists to uplift humanity by reforming the wild beasts of society, and wish them what success they may achieve without jeopardizing the lives of useful persons. But when their methods and reforms prove after adoption to work out in murder, we may at least be pardoned for scrutinizing the measures that give us such results. It is hard to freshen a bad egg, and the man that goes to the penitentiary may be regarded as a bad egg in practically all cases. Letting him off easy is no more likely to reform him than making him serve his whole sentence. And it makes a hash of the administration of justice, and encourages every criminal in his criminality, to have it generally understood throughout the underworld that the law does not really mean what it says, and that a sentence pronounced today may be nullified in a few months through a little so-called good behavior—that is, not making too much trouble for the prison guards.

The probation law is often abused. The parole law likewise is often abused, and when it is, as in this case, its tendency is to make mockery of our criminal jurisprudence. Society can not safely do that. Besides, it would hardly be worth it if society could safely do it. A reformed convict is certainly worth less than the man who so governs himself that he does not need reforming. And self-government must not be permitted to become a lost art. It is still a stern individual responsibility. The Prodigal Son did not receive the right treatment. It was not just to his unprodigal brothers. He should have been suitably chastised and

then set to work to earn his living. Killing a good calf for him was, in any practical sense, both injustice and folly; a beautiful exemplification of sentimentality, but not feasible if there was to be continued security and peace and justice in that family.

The parable was meant to illustrate the mercy and goodness of God. It should not be applied to the necessities of men, because their necessities can not be met that way. When a paroled convict kills an honest man, we have traded off a useful life for one of doubtful value to say the most for it; in fact, the act demonstrates that the murderer was of no value whatever. By all accounts, Detective Bailey was a useful person. He has been slain by the operation of the probation act and the parole law. Gable lies on a bed of pain a similar sacrifice to impractical idealism. It looks as if sentimentality had been permitted to go too far. We venture the opinion that no dozen of reformed criminals would ever be worth the price we have just paid.

#### Editorial Notes.

United States Marshal Holohan's recent conduct at Sacramento forms a sharp contrast with that of some of the reluctant and half-hearted state and county officials. Striding into a mob of strikers and demanding their attention, he denounced their conduct as un-American defiance of the government, emphasizing the fact that most of the faces around him were those of foreigners, and commanded them to disperse. It was language foreigners could understand, and they scattered. The technicalities of this particular case are of little import; the outstanding fact is that the United States Marshal has again proved that he is a man, as he did in the Hindu trial in San Francisco.

The State Housing Act has an attractive name, one suggestive of progress, reform, better living conditions for the poor, and other ameliorating influences. Because of that name, many unthinking persons will vote for it, supposing that they are thereby advancing the interests of the race. But a better designation for it is the popular one, "the shingle bill." Its prohibition of the use of shingles for roofing is its most important characteristic in its present form. It would add to the cost of dwelling construction in the midst of a housing shortage, and because of that increased capitalization it would form another resistant to the general effort to reduce the cost of living. There is better roofing material than shingles, but shingles are comparatively cheap and do very well. Although it should be said that even shingles are not so cheap as they might be.

A downright split between Great Britain and France would probably be a calamity at this juncture in world affairs, and it is a thing that ought not to occur. Lloyd George has been naturally solicitous for the relief of British unemployment through the resumption of British trade; with Russia, Germany, anybody, it matters not whom. But his policy of easing conditions for the Germans has run counter to the plain justice of the French claims for damages to cover devastations in the northeast departments of France, and he has found in Poincaré a minister just as stubborn as he is—in fact more so, for Lloyd George's main characteristic is rather flexibility than obstinacy. He can usually recognize it when he has encountered an immovable obstacle, and that seems to be what opposes him now. He should yield and preserve the *entente cordiale*, in the interests of something even more sacred than British exports; and it is not unlikely that he will.

A good many persons appear to have forgotten the distinction between compulsion and opportunity. Ambrose Bierce once said he had no objection to polygamy as long as it was not proposed to make it compulsory. No matter what one may think of prohibition, it can not be seriously argued that the drinking of poisonous liquor has been made obligatory on any one. Persons that blind themselves drinking bad bootleg, like those that buy flasks of cold tea and find out to their indignation that it is cold tea, and those that send to Canada for real Canadian rye at eight dollars a quart bottle and receive quart bottles filled with rye still in condition to make rye flour, are at least guilty of contributory negligence. For those who refuse to believe that wood alcohol will cause blindness there is little that can be done in the way of protection. Bootleggers should be carefully selected, if at all, but the victims do not seem capable of selection. Perhaps a clinic to certify the chemically pure might help prevent accidents.

#### THE TOMB OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

The Shrine to Which Sentimental Maidens Took Their Woes in Little Old New York.

Little Old New York in the early part of the last century was an epitome of the unfolding life of the nation. It had its rare society, even then, and some of the dynamic characters that have made history and founded financial dynasties were in the flush of youth. Even before the war of 1812, such a man as John Jacob Astor could dream of extending the infant republic to the unknown shores of the Pacific and the lower reaches of the Columbia River, and actually dispatched a ship, and an overland party, to carry out that bold and patriotic project. At Astor's country place near Hellgate, now in the neighborhood of one of the most densely populated parts of the city, Washington Irving could meet and interview some of the survivors; and later such adventurous souls as Bonneville. Fraunces' Tavern was in its heyday, and Hamilton's light-o'-love held her sparkling court in the colonial mansion that now overlooks the Polo Grounds made famous by Babe Ruth. Men with fast horses enjoyed their "brushes" on Fifth Avenue, where today the fastest of them would only block traffic. Washington Square, where the busses start northward, was "way up town." Instead of bobbed hair and poker faces, young ladies had susceptible hearts and tender sensibilities, and curls. And when they felt a'weary of the world they went to Trinity churchyard, where Wall Street abuts against Broadway, and mourned at the grave of Charlotte Temple.

They thought of her lovely girlhood, and sighed. They reflected on her bitter disappointment, and wept. They recalled her sweetness, and their own sweet lips, innocent of the lipstick, trembled. They thought of her fortitude under her crushing load of sorrow, and sadly shook their heads, and wondered if they, under like conditions, would be equal to it. They meditated gently on their own woes, and wished they were in the grave with her. Oh, how they wished it! The cruelties of life oppressed them, and they dropped their faces in their hands and sobbed aloud. They sobbed singly and in pairs, and in triplets and quadruplets. They sat about the cold stone engraven with her lovely name and sobbed in chorus. Sometimes so many wanted to sob that they crowded one another. Sometimes the sobs synchronized, and sometimes they syncopated; you can't help that. They loosened their stays so they could sob more effectively. They strewed the petals of roses, and the pale chalices of lilies, on the limestone slab that outlined the grave and held down the heroine. They melted, they dissolved, they just let go all holts and wailed aloud, while the traffic of the heartless world that had so neglected Charlotte and was so neglecting them that their hearts were breaking, plodded up and down the old dirt road which pointed toward Albany and which some day would become the world's most celebrated avenue of haberdasheries, jazz palaces, and delicatessen stores.

It was a great emotional outlet. A maiden whose cruel father had denied her a new buggy because the old one would look well enough with a fresh coat of paint could not stamp her feet and swear at her stingy old man. They did not bring them up that way in those days. Neither could she solace herself with nicotine. Nobody can tell exactly what might have happened if a New York young lady of something less than a century ago had smoked a cigarette in a restaurant or a hotel dining-room, because it had not been tried, and no young lady of that day had the courage to try it. No comfort lay in that direction. The only protest the victim of blighted love or paternal hard-heartedness could make was to go to Charlotte's tomb and commune with her. On the north side of old Trinity and within its benign shadow, there the overburdened soul, the heart bereft of hope of happiness, could find, at least for the time, the tranquilizing influence of the grave. There never was such a place to take a disappointment in love. Charlotte would understand those mingled emotions of outraged pride, and withered hope, and vestigial affection for the unworthy object, and the longing to have him where the victim could grind his flesh with her little heels and then bind up his wounds and nurse him back to health upon her bosom. Charlotte would know and understand. Down in the damp earth some whisper would reach her in her sleep, and she would sympathize.

The time of year had something to do with it, no doubt. It must have seemed neither so necessary nor so suitable when Trinity churchyard lay under a foot or two of snow. But in the spring when mother needed help at house-cleaning, or in summer when every bird song was a poignant pain, or in the autumn when the leaves were turning sere and preparing to fall from the trees ready for pressing between the pages of albums and gift books, the mourning at Charlotte's grave was good. There were then no automobiles, there were few matinées, there were no roof gardens. Young ladies were not taught to be athletic, and to hike up mountainsides in trousers. Young men, with side whiskers, slicked their hair with Macassar oil, and



it got on the high backs of the period chairs, so the young ladies embroidered antimacassars to protect the furniture, which had to last at least two generations. For them, this embroidery was about the height of indoor excitement. For outdoor sport, they were addicted to grave decoration, which could be enjoyed at Charlotte's tomb better than elsewhere.

No modern young woman would behave so. None does. Times and feelings change. The tomb is now deserted. If the typical flapper were invited to repair to the sacred spot and think about her ways and possible destiny, she would say: "Oh, chuck it. Wot do I wanna go sloppin' aroun' a graveyard for? Gimme a light an' don't talk foolish." Such a soul is not an orchid. It is a rutabaga. And perhaps it will yield more real nutriment than the orchid. Will the flapper make as good a mother as the weeper at Charlotte's tomb? Some specimens will, some won't. It all depends. Not all the weepers made good, you may be certain; not all the flappers will fail. The weeping was real serious, but it had no particular promise in it. In one sense, the public or political or social one, it was a hydraulic waste.

It was largely a matter of socialized sentiment, which is the thing that makes mobs. There was a general agreement about the tomb of Charlotte Temple. It was a good place to have a good cry, and less lonesome than crying by yourself, for others were almost sure to come, and perhaps admire your grief. Its service to the individual was as real as that of the posts put up in Scotland by the Duke of Argyle so that the oat-eating Scots might have places to scratch their backs.

But the contents of that grave were not so real. There was no Charlotte Temple under the slab. There never had been. There never was any Charlotte Temple anywhere. She was as fictitious as Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Marjorie Daw. That fane was vacant. It never contained so much as the finger-bone of the saint. It was an empty shrine. Indeed it was not even empty. It was just good solid Manhattan soil all the way down to bedrock.

Charlotte Temple was a maiden in one of those sentimental books on which the imaginations of young women in boarding-schools a century or so ago were fed. It was written by one Susanna Rowson, whose dates are 1762 and 1824, and once in awhile a copy still turns up in an old book store. It must have been one of the earliest examples of the American home-brew novel. It was a "best seller" for its day, and it had little or no competition. New York was small, there were few diversions, and the book became a rage.

About this time (exactly which time we do not definitely recall, and must refuse to furnish dates), the vestry of Trinity decided that the inscriptions on the tombstones were becoming illegible under the incessant chipping of the frost, and should be reengraved, and they set a gang of "sculptors of gravestone marbles" to deepen and sharpen the lettering, and preserve the records they held; this, according to a popular guide book to New York. They had no thought that any one would take away, still less add to, these landmarks of history. But a workman who had a light lunch and time on his hands, seeing a promising slab, amused himself by engraving it with the name of the popular heroine of the day. He made a nice job. It looked as well as any tombstone there; as dignified, as authentic, as reliable a record as there was in Trinity churchyard. To round the joke, it was well placed. And it is there yet. It illustrates the completion of the tragedy of a life that was never lived.

Thus Charlotte Temple died, who never had been born. Thus her tomb does not contain her body. Thus a figment took its place as a fact, and served as well, or even better; illuminating the dark disposition of sentimentalism to ignore the actualities of life and agonize, or even lynch a man, about nothing at all. A river of feminine sorrow has flowed above a stone that merely reserves from beneficial use enough agricultural land to make a good radish patch at the end of the world's richest and busiest thoroughfare of commerce. It is a grand exemplification of the conclusions of American sentimentality.

They say that Americans are the most numerous and emotional visitors at the tomb of Juliet, the grave of Hamlet, the pool where Ophelia drowned herself. And the Europeans accuse us of being a hard, materialistic, money-grubbing people. M. T.

Nothing would please me more than to see a renaissance of American wit and humor, writes James L. Ford in the *New York Tribune*, but I do not know how this is to be brought about. Committees of the sort assembled for every imaginable purpose, and which command a degree of popular respect that seems amazing to the sophisticated, are powerless in the matter. Not even in those great universities that offer elective courses in nearly everything from playwriting to plumbing is there a chair of wit and humor; and, while every variety of humbug and rascality rears its head without fear of consequences, the sword of ridicule, the only weapon of real strength in the fight against evil, is permitted to rust in its scabbard.

Claims against Williamson County, Illinois, on account of the Herrin massacres now aggregate more than \$250,000.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, has been given the degree of LL. D. by the University of Iowa. He is spending the summer on a lecture tour through Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The State Department has recently announced the first woman member of its foreign service in other than a clerical capacity. Miss Maud Miles of Erie, Pennsylvania, is entering the American Embassy in Tokyo as commercial attaché. Miss Miles, who has been in the State Department for some time, acted in a confidential advisory capacity for the Japanese delegation to the Arms Conference. Besides having a thorough knowledge of Japanese, French, Spanish and German, she is a student of Oriental trade conditions.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon, author of the other outline of history, "The Story of Mankind," was recently awarded the first medal ever given by the children's librarians' section of the American History Association. "The Story of Mankind" won the medal by the practically unanimous vote of a thousand children's librarians from Canada and the United States as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." The medal is called the John Newberry Medal, in honor of a famous old London bookseller of the eighteenth century who is supposed to be the first librarian to give special attention to juvenile literature.

Booth Tarkington celebrated his fifty-third birthday on the 29th of July, thus marking another milestone in what he has called "the unzested fifties." His publishers remark that the fifties may lack the zest of the thirties, when success was new and hard won, but that it remained for the fifties to bring Mr. Tarkington his richest reward. Within the past year *Literary Digest* readers have voted Mr. Tarkington the greatest American author. De Pauw University, the foremost educational institution of his native Indiana, conferred on him an honorary degree this spring. With "Alice Adams" he won for the second time in four years the Pulitzer prize for the most distinguished novel of the year. And now the *New York Times* poll for the ten greatest contemporary Americans includes his name.

Mlle. Nadeja Stancioff has the distinction of being the first regularly appointed woman secretary on any diplomatic staff in Washington. Mlle. Stancioff is the daughter of the Bulgarian minister to England and is not inexperienced in diplomatic manoeuvres, as she has several times acted as chargé d'affaires for Bulgaria in London in the absence of her father. In fact she is constantly mentioned in the court register as the first lady plenipotentiary welcomed by London since the days when the great Roman monastic orders sent abbesses to court on special missions. She was secretary-interpreter at the peace conference at Genoa. Mlle. Stancioff, who is a handsome woman in her early thirties, is a proficient public speaker and has been a lecturer at the Sorbonne. She is to take charge of the Bulgarian legation here in the autumn.

D'Annunzio has a new book on the press, entitled "A Conversation in a Garden." Since his Fiume adventure the poet is said to have confined himself to his retreat near Lake Garda, his book evidently being the fruit of his solitude. The hero of Fiume has recently entertained Chicherin, the Russian envoy to Genoa, thus attracting attention anew to the sympathies which have distinguished him in the past. However, most of his former followers have scattered, though some of them occasionally look him up either to be released from their oath of allegiance or to get financial assistance. He recently wrote his legionnaires that they should accept the arrangement which made Fiume an autonomous state. D'Annunzio is not a slave to a doctrine. Neither is he an iconoclast. The past appeals to the poet as strongly as the future, and in art at least he believes in traditions. His present residence was formerly occupied by Wagner, and its owner kept it precisely as the great composer left it. The same piano stands open in the salon with the same music upon its rack. And yet Lenin once said of D'Annunzio that he was "the only true revolutionist in Italy."

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, who died August 2d, was in his seventy-fifth year. Dr. Bell was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, March 3, 1847. He was educated in Scotland and England and on the continent. At various times throughout his life he had taken doctorate degrees in science, medicine, philosophy and law. In 1870 he went to Canada and a year later to Boston, where he became professor of vocal physiology at Boston University. The patent for the Bell telephone was granted March 17, 1876. Dr. Bell was also the inventor of the photophone, the induction balance and telephone probe for painless detection of bullets in the human body. For the latter invention he was awarded the honorary degree of M. D. by the University of Heidelberg. With C. A. Bell and Sumner Taintor he invented the graphophone in 1883. He founded and endowed in 1887 the Volta Bureau for increasing knowledge relating to the deaf, and he was also the founder of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. Among his many scientific monographs is a "Memoir on the Formation of a Deaf Variety of the Human Race."

Of late years Dr. Bell has divided his time between Washington, D. C., where he was a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and Nova Scotia, where his summer home was located.

Li Yuan-Hung, who has recently been induced, much against his personal wishes, to take over the presidency of the Chinese Republic, has left his luxurious estate in the British concessions at Tientsin and returned to the discomfort of Peking and the presidency. The highest honor in the republic has gone begging for months, and Li has only accepted it for the good of his country, or perhaps because his endurance was worn down by the importunities of his statesmen. Li Yuan-Hung is fifty-eight years old and has held many positions in China, from the place of major in the cavalry to the vice-presidency and finally the presidency of the republic, to which latter post he was elected in June, 1916. General Li's family consists of himself, his wife, a son of twenty years, now attending the Peers' School in Tokyo, a daughter of twenty-two, a daughter of sixteen, and another son of twelve. General Li has always been interested in Western culture, so that it is not strange that his estate boasts a theatre of German architecture, and an Italian garden, nor that the general himself is a devotee of outdoor sports, particularly tennis and skating.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,—  
A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company;  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.  
—William Wordsworth.

### The Tiger.

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?  
—William Blake.

### To the Cuckoo.

O blithe new-come! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days  
I listened to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways,  
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place;  
That is fit home for thee!  
—William Wordsworth.



JAPANESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

Tokutomi Slants an Oriental Glass to Catch Our Startled Reflection.

It is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us, and the poetic proverb is even more significant applied to nations than to individuals. When the nations involved in the presumably candid exchange of opinions are also involved in a diplomatic crisis of more than local and ephemeral interest and the crisis consists of nicely balancing the respective nations' faith in each other, the interest in the mirroring mentioned above noticeably accrues. We have recently been given the opportunity to see ourselves nationally as our neighbor across the Pacific sees us. Moreover, the Hon. Ichiro Tokutomi's study of "Japanese-American Relations" was supposedly not written for American consumption. Its translation into English was an afterthought, and judging from some of the comments on America, this statement is not incredible. But the less scented are these Oriental bouquets that are tossed across the sea, the less likely are we to be overpowered by dangerous fumes. Mr. Tokutomi's opinions of us are the more valuable for their lack of fulsome. And he lays the blame for our present strained relations squarely between Japan and the United States. Graphically speaking, it would fall mid-Pacific, and factually the locality mentioned is not foreign to the cause.

The average American, unversed in Japanese politics, may be surprised at Tokutomi's candor concerning a group of persons whom he designates as pro-Americans. We are prone to think of a foreign nation, particularly an Oriental one, as being in some mysterious way homogeneous—at least where Occidentals are concerned. Not so. Japan, imperialistic nation though she is, evidently did not use Prussian methods for convincing her children of the superiority of the fatherland. The present Japanese generation has been allowed to grow up with open minds and their own convictions. Here is our Japanese author's lament on the sad results of this oversight:

Should some Americans accuse Japan of being the Prussia of the Far East, our pro-Americans will admit that and say she is, indeed, a militaristic country. When they blame Japan for her expansion on the Asiatic continent, our pro-Americans will assent and say that Japan's imperialistic policy is her curse. If they talk of the great and lasting services which America has rendered to Japan in opening her up to the Western world, our pro-Americans will acknowledge that, too, saying that Perry was a great benefactor to Japan; that is why we erected him a monument. Should they boast of America as a land of justice and humanity, our pro-Americans will concur without reserve, saying that we pay profound reverence to Washington and Lincoln as the exemplary sages of modern times.

The foregoing is one of the eye-openers in a book that was presumably not intended for propaganda. It is a relief to know that the Japanese are not secretly and unanimously organized after the manner that Wallace Irwin and other anti-Japanese enthusiasts so darkly expound. If we accept "Japanese-American Relations" as a bona fide statement of the facts—and there is absolutely no reason for not doing so—it is obvious that Japan is as distressed and perplexed as we are by our tense relations and as anxious to relax. The Hon. Tokutomi even blames his fellow-countrymen for American misinterpretation of these facts:

But who is to blame if Americans have such misunderstandings about us? This responsibility rests upon both—America and Japan. On our side, we may divide those responsible in three groups: First—The so-called pro-American Japanese, who always assents to anything or everything Americans say or do. Second—Those anti-Japanese Japanese, who do not understand even their own country where they were born and reared, who look upon their own country with the eyes of a foreigner, and who take and interpret anything Japanese always from its worst aspect, and always magnify or exaggerate in their public or private utterances any fault or wrong of their own country. Third—The so-called politicians behind the scene and the military men in "the green room," who are active and bold only when they are not before the eyes of the public, and who furnish those anti-Japanese and anti-American propagandists of both countries with information or material of which they take advantage.

We have said that the Japanese publicist—he is editor-in-chief of the *Kokumin Shimbun*—is unsparing in his criticism of the United States. Here is where we realize Burns' fervent wish:

We do not say that Americans are a more war-like people than the people of any other country. On the other hand, we can find any evidence that they are braver defenders of liberty and humanity, nor that they are more fervent peace-lovers than any other people. Can the war of independence, the civil, and the Spanish-American wars, as quoted by President Schurman, be said to be purely and simply righteous wars, fought for the cause of justice and humanity, or not? Should we examine, in detail, the causes that brought wars, with a view of establishing historical truth, we would necessarily arrive at the conclusion that the interests of the American people constituted their fundamental, or at least very strong motives. In tracing the causes of these wars, we are certain that it would be more accurate and correct to ascribe them to economic conflicts, disrupted feelings, and national aspirations, than to the principles of liberty and humanity, as expressed by the commonplace phraseology. As to the cause of the Spanish-American war, the whole world knows very well the facts and circumstances; after instigating the rebellion in Cuba by her intrigues and using the mysterious explosion of the battleship *Maine* as an excuse, America resorted to arms.

And even so our Oriental critic would put some American propagandists to the blush. He not only

blames the politicians of his own country for poisoning American good faith, he exonerates our nation's imperialistic tendencies even while deploring them. He says that the United States have expanded as inevitably as "the snakes crawl out of their winter abodes and go to the bushy swamps on warm springs days"—a characteristically Oriental figure. Continuing, he says:

If this be so, have the United States, as a nation, changed their original character? In other words, was America, prior to the Spanish-American war, a country of justice and humanity, and did she thereafter become an aggressive country? We know that the character of the United States has constantly been undergoing changes in regard to its relations to the external world, and we realize that, at the time of the Spanish-American war, America made a very abrupt change at one stroke. We further know that, as the United States of the past was not an angelic state, the United States of the present is not a diabolical state. In our opinion, she has only been passing through transitional stages, from the very time of her foundation down to the present, in the same way as all other states.

We note that by reason of her distant position from European countries and the absence of a powerful nation in her proximity, it has been possible for the United States to have fewer occasions to resort to arms against other countries. But for this reason alone, we should not conclude hastily that she is a peaceful nation. For a man can not start a quarrel without a second party, however he may love a quarrel, just as a man can not drink wine without having it, no matter how fond of wine he may be.

But if Tokutomi attempts always to strike an attitude of critical detachment, he does not always succeed in keeping his balance. Observe how he interprets the Panama affair and once again observe how uncouth is our reflection in the Japanese lens:

Furthermore, can we not judge from the attitude of America towards the nations of Central America how heartless she has been in sacrificing the small and weak countries for the sake of her great imperialistic ambition? We need not further dwell upon this; let us simply remember the particulars of the ingenious scheme by which she came into possession of the Panama Canal. As the territory of Panama was a part of the Republic of Colombia, the United States first made Panama an independent state, detaching her from the Colombian Republic, and as compensation for the recognition of her independence, she then obtained from Panama the permanent lease of the Canal Zone, a territory over forty miles in length and ten miles in width. Notwithstanding her previous agreement with England to make the Canal an international highway, the same as the Suez Canal, she is planning to use it exclusively for her own strategic purposes, ignoring that agreement. Can this action justly be called the conduct of an ardent peace-loving people?

One would think that we had led an army of invasion into Colombia, but as our commentator says, we need not further dwell upon this.

At last we arrive at the crucial point—the immigration problem in California. Tokutomi begins at the beginnings of things, not, of course, without emphasizing the imperialistic nature of those origins:

California, which was ceded to America by Mexico, being 158,297 square miles in area, is by more than 10,000 square miles larger than the territory of Japan, not including her colonies, the area of which is 147,555 square miles. But in our country, the population per square mile is 356, while in California it does not exceed 15.3. And taking the entire area of the United States of America, we will find that there are not more than 31 persons to each square mile. In short, our country is as congested as the steerage of a passenger ship, or like an overcrowded cattle train; but Americans have abundant space, as do the cabin passengers, moving about as they please, with plenty of room and to spare. Under such circumstances it is most natural for our nationals to emigrate to California, just as water seeks its own level; besides, there is the stepping-stone of Hawaii in between us. The men in the sugar industry in Hawaii called for the immigration of our laborers in great numbers and employed them on the plantations; and ever since the annexation of that island by the United States, the number of our nationals immigrating from that island to California has been increasing.

Note the naïveté of the argument. The area of California is ten thousand miles greater than that of Japan, its population so and so much denser, we are the nearest basin in which they may overflow, and so forth and so on. And here we beg leave to hold the mirror up to Japan. Where another nation is concerned the imperialistic policy is "heartless," the nation imperialized is victimized and "sacrificed." Where Japan herself is concerned, imperialism becomes a pious duty, and the process of expansion is as natural as water seeking its own level. "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us." Continuing on the same tack:

The agricultural products of the entire state of California are estimated at about \$500,000,000, while those of the Japanese in that state are roughly estimated at \$55,000,000, or 11 per cent. of the whole; the total area already under cultivation in the state is about 12,000,000 acres, and the products per acre average \$42 or less, of which the Japanese have 390,000 acres under cultivation and the products per acre average \$141 or more. (The data gathered in 1918.) This shows that the rate of production by the Japanese is about 350 per cent. higher than the average rate of production in the entire state. And this higher rate is the chief reason for the jealousy of their neighbors, and for the discriminations against them.

Continuing with the California question and again digging into ancient archives, Tokutomi exhumes the origin of the gentlemen's agreement. For the benefit of the few benighted who may not know that this agreement grew out of the Japanese school children segregation agitation in 1906 after the San Francisco earthquake, we reprint the following:

President Roosevelt, who was alert and had keen vision, used this incident to bring pressure upon us and to secure from us what is known as the "Gentlemen's Agreement." This was, indeed, a great diplomatic victory for America, and a signal accomplishment to the credit of Roosevelt, whose shrewdness commanded universal admiration.

Under that agreement, on the one hand, Japanese children were readmitted to the schools while, on the other hand, Japanese immigration from Hawaii into the United States was forbidden. And not only were the Japanese coming from

Hawaii excluded, but the Japanese government was made to agree that it would thereafter absolutely check new immigration of its laborers to the United States.

Thereupon, the Japanese government forbade granting passports to any laborer except, first, to such immigrants who had come to Japan from the United States on a visit and were returning; second, to the parents, wives, and children of the Japanese immigrants already in America; third, to "settled agriculturists." And, at the same time, the Japanese government placed similar restrictions on the emigration of our people for Hawaii. This is, indeed, the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement," concluded in 1907, between Secretary Root, on behalf of the government of the United States, and Ambassador Takahira, on behalf of Japan.

As every one knows, the gentlemen's agreement, despite its suave name, was not sufficient lubricant for American-Japanese friction. Our author rather bitterly expresses himself:

Nevertheless, the anti-Japanese cry grew louder and louder, and the Japanese government endeavored to win the good-will of Americans. To meet what was called the public agitation in America, the government officials and the people of Japan did everything that possibly could be done to allay the anti-Japanese sentiment there. Such an instance may be seen in the fact that in 1915, when the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was held in San Francisco, Japan took the lead in accepting America's invitation.

But the intensity of the anti-Japanese feeling did not abate any. As previously stated, during the period of 1911 and 1915, approximately fifty-one anti-Japanese bills were introduced in the assembly of California; can we not infer from this how stubborn anti-Japanese agitation was? And in May, 1913, the Alien Land Law bill was passed in the California assembly. This bill provides that aliens eligible to become citizens of the United States may acquire the title to, or own, or transfer, or utilize, or inherit, real property, while aliens ineligible to citizenship were limited only to their leasing land for farming purposes for a period of not more than three years. To explain in the concrete, it made it absolutely impossible for the Japanese to own land, and in addition thereto, it limited their leases to a period not to exceed three years.

There are two sides to every question and it is undeniably interesting and valuable to get the Japanese viewpoint on this one. It is worth while, too, to know that they have earnestly labored to get ours. Referring to the time of the passing of the Alien Land Law, Tokutomi says:

At that time Viscount Makino, the minister of foreign affairs of Japan, asked Viscount Bryce, scholarly statesman and an authority on America, who happened to be visiting Japan, for his opinion about this matter, and Bryce advised him to rely on America, as the sense of justice of Americans was so keen that they would ultimately do what was right. Minister Makino, talking to others, said that this was just the principle and spirit which governed our attitude towards America. (See "Japan and the Gentlemen's Agreement," by Dr. Sidney Gulick.) We do not know whether this conversation actually took place or not, but while our trust in America was sincere, with what keen sense of justice have Americans repaid us in return for our trust, and how long are we to keep on trusting?

In conclusion, in a chapter labeled "What Will Be the Result of the Complication Between Japan and America," our author sums up:

We are quite tired of hearing the abusive words or the venomous utterances of the so-called anti-Japanese people. But there are also those in America who are pro-Japanese. Now let us listen to some of the views in that quarter. Charles Sherrill, one of the pro-Japanese in the Republican party, who is likely to become resident ambassador to Japan, in the event that this party accedes to political power, visited the country and made careful observation of her condition, and after returning to America he made the following statement as a plan for promoting the friendly relations between Japan and America:

"First—Japan to prevent her people in the Pacific Coast states from competition with the white laborers by gradually diminishing their number.

"Second—Japan to restrain the evil tendency of the immigrants who try to Japanize Hawaii—not only in its customs, but even in its ideas.

"Third—Japan to renounce the acquired rights of the Caroline and Mariana archipelagoes.

"Fourth—Japan to continue the embargo on 'Picture Marriages' of the Japanese in America.

"Fifth—Japan to close up the Japanese primary schools in Hawaii, and at the same time to recall to Japan her subjects who persist in fostering their mother tongue, customs, and loyalty to the imperial house.

"Sixth—Japan to permanently discontinue all her designs relative to the Philippines."

This, to be sure, is a very convenient view of a pro-Japanese American favoring America. It is said that there are two schools in America—the anti- and the pro-Japanese, and that the influence of the pro-Japanese by far surpasses that of the anti-Japanese. We do not know whether this is the case or not. But let us concede it for a moment—an ample concession indeed—and yet we shall have to come to the conclusion that both the anti- and the pro-Japanese do not differ much in their fundamentals. Both aim at bottling up Japan. The only little difference we can discern between them is in their methods—the one is harsh and the other moderate. If we examine into the substance of their activities, we will find that both are alike, and the differences are only in degrees and not in kinds. And do not views like the above confirm the similarity?

Probably the foregoing is the most significant disquisition in Mr. Tokutomi's book. Remember it was written for native consumption and enlightenment and his conclusion, distinctly anxious though it is—and it is significant that the better element in Japan are as anxious as ours for a peaceful *status quo*—it is also distinctly less tolerant than his beginning. It is perhaps not amiss to call attention to the fact so impatiently emphasized by our foreign critic that of the six compromises suggested by the pro-Japanese Mr. Sherrill, six of them are to the effect that Japan must concede something or other. At this point we are in Mr. Tokutomi's boat. We can only leave the question of our international relations in the laps of the gods.

JAPANESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS. By the Hon. Ichiro Tokutomi. Translated by Sukeshige Yanagiwara. New York: The Macmillan Company.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 5, 1922, were \$148,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$124,000,000; an increase of \$24,200,000.

The stock market the past month has followed the usual tactics of a summer accumulation prior to a resumption of activities in the future. There has been plenty of un-

strength throughout the past month and occupied a place of first importance in the transactions on the Stock Exchange. Such issues as the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Union Pacific, Chicago and Northwestern, Illinois Central, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Atchison and Southern Pacific and others of a similar character, were carried to new high levels for the year on a wave of buying that centered on the railroad shares.

The advance in the rail stocks was accompanied by an upturn in rail bonds of both investment and speculative type, the investment stocks being the chief factors. The strength shown by railroad stocks and bonds, regardless of the threatening aspects of the strike situation, shows that the general public as well as the trade, confidently expect our government to preserve law and order in any crisis that may arise, and that under no circumstances will a fractional part of the people of this country be allowed to prevent the free movement of traffic over our railroads.

Earnings are improving and car-loadings increasing with every indication that when the labor troubles are settled, as they undoubtedly will be in the near future, there will be a large increase in traffic on account of improved business conditions and abundant crop returns that will result in increased earnings. The tonnage of the railroads serving the Northwestern grain-growing states during the past month was nearly 20 per cent greater than during the corresponding period last year, in spite of strikes and other annoying conditions, and they now have the biggest tonnage in sight to handle that they have had for several years.

The outlook is equally favorable for all of the lines handling Pacific Coast traffic, as shown by their statements of June earnings, and the reports of business now in sight, which exceeds that of any previous season.

The extent of business recovery in the United States is shown by the National Bank of Commerce in New York in the August number of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*, by a comparison of trade and production statistics since the first of the year with corresponding periods in 1921.

"While it is generally recognized that business has steadily improved for some months, the extent of the progress achieved becomes apparent only when comparison is made between periods of reasonable length," *Commerce Monthly* says. "Those cases where the 1922 figures are below those for 1921 were for the most part affected by special circumstances. Thus the value of exports for the first half of 1922 is considerably lower than for 1921, but this is largely a reflection of price changes. Wheat exports are little more than half of those of the previous period—largely because of the extremely rapid movement of grain in the fall of 1921. Exports of pork products are somewhat smaller than for the corresponding period of last year.

"In contrast with these losses, carloadings, exclusive of coal, are more than 11 per cent. above the previous period, pig-iron production is nearly 28 per cent. higher, and steel ingot production 50 per cent. higher. Building contracts are up nearly 60 per cent. Cotton consumption for the half-year was 18 per cent. greater than for the first half of 1921.

"In connection with the situation in the United States, it is of interest to note that exports of cotton piece goods from the United Kingdom for the first five months of 1922 were 1,538,953,000 square yards compared with 1,058,382,000 square yards during the first five months of 1921, and British exports of woolen and worsted goods were 72,865,600 square yards, compared with 51,207,200 square yards for the corresponding period of the preceding year. Textiles constitute the most important class of British exports of manufactures, and the notable gains made clearly indicate better conditions, not only in the United Kingdom, but in the countries to which British textile manufacturers sell."

Carloadings for the first six months of 1922 totaled 20,248,000 cars, compared with 18,686,000 in the first half of last year. New capital issues to May 31, 1922, were \$2,627,-

648,000, an increase of \$769,974,000 over the same period last year. Bank debits to individual accounts, another index of business activity, were \$223,696,135,000 on June 28th, an increase of \$20,596,731,000 over the same period last year. New York bank clearings reached \$109,440,844,000 on June 30th, or \$11,424,697,000 more than the first half of 1921.

From statistics which are available in the files of the Wisconsin state railroad commission, it is plain that there has been a marked trend away from municipal operation of utility properties to operation by privately-owned companies. Records made public by the Wisconsin commission show that from 1915 to the present time some 17 municipally-owned plants have been sold to private companies. During the same period, according to the commission, seven new plants were set up by municipalities and 16 were taken over by cities. Of this total 15 of the plants which are mentioned buy electric current from private utilities and do more than distribute electrical energy, says *Cleveland Topics*.

The trend, even among the municipalities themselves, has been to junk a large percentage of their own generating stations and buy their electric energy from private companies. In other words, municipalities have found it cheaper to stop the generation of energy themselves when they find it impossible under certain circumstances to compete with the big central stations.

In 1915, according to the records, 79 cities generated their own electrical energy, while at present there are only about 30 doing this. Last year statistics show that 28 plants owned by different cities bought their energy from private companies. At the present time the total of municipal plants buying energy from central stations or privately-owned companies is nearly 70.

Yet in the face of our own experience with government operation of railroads, ships, and war industries, progressive radicals in California propose to bond the state at the next election for \$500,000,000 for state ownership and control of power resources.

Think of the political pie that would be passed around. The proponents of this demoralizing act object to being told they are following Russia's lead in destroying industries.

If this act is passed in California it will retard investment of capital in all Western states for fear of spread of the experiment to other sections, with resulting disregard of thousands of investors' rights.

Physical separation of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific after fifty-two years of unified management and control is as senseless a proceeding as splitting a growing tree down the centre, tearing the roots in half, and expecting the result to be two equally strong trees, says the *Industrial Review*.

The Southern Pacific and Central Pacific remind one of an old pioneer couple who settled in the West in the early days.

Full legal formality was often lacking in many transactions during that period, but the spirit and intent of an act carried more weight than the technical letter of the law.

The old Southern Pacific and Central Pacific may be likened to such a pioneer and his wife. They developed together and were wedded by force of circumstances.

Enforced legal separation for an act completed many years before the passage of legislation enacted at a later period to correct evils which had no existence in the case in question can serve no good purpose at this time.

That attractive socialistic writer, Arthur Brisbane, "told the world" a few days ago that there would be no strikes, no labor troubles even, if the people managed public utilities, made them their own, "managed them for their own convenience and profit, as they should do." One is permitted to remind this dreamer of dreams that whatever he may imagine "would be" the case, there have been even under these ideal conditions troubles of a disturbing nature, say Strassburger & Co. in the *Review*. Admittedly, however, only in those rare instances when the public man-

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agement has dared to set a limit to the demands of its nominal subordinates. These demands do not necessarily take the form of insistence on a disproportionate wage scale, except in so far as any wage may be regarded as excessive for a certain kind of service. The privilege expected—and usually conceded as a matter of course—is the liberty to loaf. Those of us who have lost time and temper unraveling the red tape of officialdom, subjected during the process to veiled exhibitions of resentment at our interference with the proper enjoyment of newspaper and cigar, need no confirmation of the charge. The truth, known to all, is that men do not work for government, state, or municipality in the same spirit as they do for private employers. There is not the same incentive, negative or positive. Risk of dismissal is too remote to



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The atmosphere of a public office is charged with a poison that has to be felt to be understood. Any man who has worked in both private and publicly conducted businesses has experienced this, will tell you that in the latter he has experienced the gradual overcoming of his energy and ambition by a kind of miasma that infects him with nausea when confronted with a task that had to be accomplished at once. Sooner or later "Tomorrow" is installed on the highest throne in his temple of worship.

Herein lies the danger of any such interference with the conduct of our public utilities as is contemplated by the misnamed "California Water and Power Act." The inevitable results are to be found in Ontario, in Los Angeles—wherever the palsied hand of government in business holds the wheel. Inef-



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favorable news in connection with both the coal and railroad strikes and the cut in crude oil prices to frighten the timid holder into running away from the long side, while at the same time there was an element of strong interests which stepped in and took all stocks offered and thus placed the market in a strong position, say E. F. Hutton & Co.

The cut in crude oil was anticipated by the decline in the oil shares before it actually happened. This influenced many holders to liquidate, and created a short interest in the market which caused the stocks of this char-

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acter to actually rally instead of declining. The strength displayed by the railroad list has been very gratifying under the circumstances, and with money loaning at 3½ per cent. to 4 per cent., an immense Federal Reserve, Liberty Bonds above par, and U. S. Steel selling over 100, we can not see any other side of this market except the bull side.

Notwithstanding the continuance of the coal strike, which has materially curtailed shipments of that commodity, and the railroad shopmen's strike, effective July 1st, that has threatened a very serious interruption to traffic, railroad securities showed pronounced

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vided for in this act, California would have about 45 per cent. of the aggregate debt of all the states in the Union. Totalling the percent bonded debts of the state, its counties and municipalities, we find that it was \$321,616,238 on June 30, 1921, as compared with \$288,510,608 on June 30, 1920, and \$93,906,423 on June 30, 1911. During the last ten years the total bonded debt for all forms of government in the state has increased 242 per cent., while in the same period the wealth of the state increased only about 60 per cent. Meeting the interest and sinking fund requirements of our present aggregate bonded indebtedness is already a sufficiently heavy load for the people to carry. Prosperous though we may be, and bountiful as are the resources of the state, we are yet far from attaining such a surplus of wealth that we may abandon discretion and give our indorsement to any untried scheme that idealists may seek to foist upon us. Why the people of California should be asked to project themselves into an experiment of this character is hard to understand when the conditions now prevailing here in the hydro-electric field are compared with those of other sections of the country. According to the California State Railroad Commission, the average rate in California in cost to the consumer is 1.42 cents per kilowatt hour. The rate in New England states is 2.82 cents, in the South Central states 2.65 cents, the Atlantic states 2.09 cents and North Central states 1.82 cents. We in this state are paying an average rate less than that charged anywhere else in the nation; we have created by law a commission whose jurisdiction it is to see that these charges shall be just and reasonable, and yet we are asked to create another political board, endow it with almost unlimited power and abundant funds, and give it a roving commission to build hydro-electric plants where it will, so that the people of certain favored sections in the state may get power at cost. And no one can say what that cost will be. Other government enterprises of a similar nature have failed to justify the hopes which led to their creation, as witness the New York traction muddle, the Erie Canal and the Ontario power project, the latter being the model, we are told, for our own proposed venture, and yet the charge is made by Premier Drury of Ontario that power which was sold by a private company at from \$15 to \$17 a horsepower year is being sold now by the government power commission for \$21 a horsepower year, and in addition the commission is piling up a yearly deficit of \$300,000.

The experience invariably has been that when government projects its activities into business an increased burden of taxation results to the people, and with so many examples of inefficiency and failure of government in business before us, it is hardly likely that the voters of California will invite disaster by giving approval to this ill-conceived measure.

The California Car Company is offering \$250,000 8 per cent. cumulative preferred capital stock, redeemable after five years at 105. Preferred stock carrying preference both as to earnings and assets is now purchasable at par with bonus of common stock--non-assessable and exempt from normal Federal income tax.

From a letter written by A. D. Bowen, president California Car Company:

"The California Car Company is a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California.

"The purpose of the company is to supply for profit the demand which exists on the part of the steam railroads for a passenger-carrying unit that will enable the railways to compete effectively with automobile passenger carriers.

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Schwabacher & Co. are offering \$120,000 Paradise Valley Irrigation District, Blaine County, Montana, serial 6 per cent. bonds, payable serially from December 15, 1927, to December 15, 1946. These bonds constitute a lien ranking ahead of first mortgages, including those held by Federal land banks and are free from Federal income tax. The interest and principal of these bonds are payable from taxes levied and collected by the county officials of Blaine County. State, county, and school district taxes may not be paid, nor will not be accepted by the county treasurer, except the taxpayer include his irrigation district taxes therewith.

The Paradise Valley Irrigation District is situated in the Milk River Valley, Blaine County, Montana, near the city of Chinook, obtaining its abundant water supply for irrigation by direct gravity flow from the Milk River. The valley has an area of 11,584 acres; 100 per cent. irrigable; 90 per cent. now in crop. The total debt is \$120,000, or only \$10.35 per acre.

Mitchum, Tully & Co. report that for the first six months of the current year United Drug Company earnings, after depreciation and taxes, amounted to \$1,678,000. This is an increase of \$487,000 over figures for the corresponding period of 1921. 1922 earnings are at the rate of substantially better than two and three-fourths times the interest on funded debt.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$220,000 San Gabriel Water District (Los Angeles County, California) 5 per cent. gold bonds, exempt from all Federal income taxes and from California personal property taxes, maturing from February 1, 1926, annually to February 1, 1949.

These bonds are a direct obligation of the San Gabriel Water District, organized under the County Water Works District Act of California, for the purpose of acquiring from private interests the systems which now serve water to the city of San Gabriel for domestic purposes, and to the agricultural tracts adjoining for both domestic and irrigation purposes.

The city of San Gabriel (sixth class) is situated about ten miles from Los Angeles, five miles from Pasadena, and adjoins on the east the city of Alhambra. Transportation is provided by the Southern Pacific and Pacific Electric systems, and by a network of hard-surfaced roads communicating with the adjoining cities. It is one of the oldest communities in the state, dating back to the Mission, which was founded in 1771.

The San Gabriel Water District, including the territory in the city, embraces a total of 2050 acres of highly-developed orchard and garden land, and will be extended to include an additional 480 acres, the owners of which have applied for admission. The territory surrounding the city of San Gabriel is one of acre and half-acre garden tracts, producing oranges, lemons, vegetables and poultry.

In the opinion of counsel these bonds constitute a direct obligation of the San Gabriel Water District, with an unlimited power of general taxation upon all taxable property in the district. The bonds are additionally secured by the pledge of revenues derived from the operation of the water system.

Reduced one-way passenger fares from California points to New York by Southern Pacific rail lines to New Orleans and thence by Southern Pacific steamship lines to New York have been announced by the Southern Pacific Company to become effective August 25th. The new rates of \$100.20 and \$91.20 will apply to second cabin and steerage accommodations from New Orleans. The present one-way fare of \$109.20 including first-class steamer accommodations is unaffected. The fares quoted include berths and meals aboard ship.

American investors are steadily buying more and more foreign securities and the United States has succeeded England as the world centre for investment capital, says *World's Work*.

This is an encouraging development from a national viewpoint, for only by increasing our investments abroad can we increase our exports of goods to foreign countries. The money that we lend is largely converted into goods here and it is the goods that we export. Thus foreign loans engage American capital and American labor at home. Before the war we were Europe's debtor and sent goods in payment of our debts, our capital and labor being employed in the production of them; now that we are a creditor nation we either must loan money abroad or take back more goods than we send out.

The position that we now hold in world finance, which has this relationship to foreign trade, is the position that Great Britain has held for a hundred years since the Napoleonic wars. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the English people have taken some steps in foreign investment. But the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century created a demand for capital at home with which to buy machinery, build factories, and develop coal mines, and prolonged wars forced the British government to borrow heavily at home and abroad. Dutch capitalists took advantage of this situation to invest at high rates of interest in British securities and British commercial and industrial enterprises. Amsterdam was then the chief financial centre of the world. Great Britain was still a borrowing nation at the end of the eighteenth century.

With the Napoleonic wars, however, came a change. A historian says of this period: "At the end of the war the industrial capacity of England had been expanded, a sizeable merchant marine had been built, and the people had learned how to save money. There began

immediately a rapid development of English foreign investment. Carried forward by the same spirit which had enabled them to overcome Napoleon, the people of the British Isles took the utmost advantage of their expanded productive capacity and of their experience in saving and investing. Important loans were made to the continental countries which had suffered the most from the long years of war, and foreign holdings of British bonds and stocks were bought back from the Dutch and others."

Then began the great expansion of England's foreign trade which continued almost without interruption up to the recent war. There followed the extension of British investments into South America, into French and Belgian railway securities, into canal, railway, and government bonds of this country. The rapid extension of our highways of transportation in the '50s and '60s would not

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have been possible without the aid of the savings of English investors. Their investments also extended to the British colonies, to South Africa, to the Far East, and helped in the development of those countries. On the London Stock Exchange today there is a greater number of foreign and colonial securities than domestic issues.

The world war has given to us the opportunities that the Napoleonic wars gave to England. It has brought to us a third of the world's gold supply and has made us the great reservoir of capital and credit. Although efforts to stimulate foreign financing by establishment of great financing organizations have largely failed, yet the American investor, and largely the small investor, acting individually, is now absorbing a large amount of foreign securities and is helping to solve the problem of our international future. Last year he took 784 million dollars' worth of foreign securities and in the first four months of this year he took 524 million dollars' worth. It is expected that by the end of this year American investors will have \$600,000,000 invested in South American government issues alone.

One of the recent developments has been the offering of foreign railroad bonds and industrial bonds in this country. Such offerings have a more direct bearing on our foreign trade than the government issues. In undeveloped countries such loans return to the lending country many fold the amount of

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capital involved. Sir George Paish estimated that the foreign capital invested in this country bore fruit in an increase in annual production of wealth of at least twenty times the amount we paid in interest. This increase in wealth meant increased buying power and greater demand for the products of the lending countries that returned to them much more than the interest they received on the loans. Better than tariff protection, which increases prices and restricts foreign markets, is investment abroad, which extends markets and keeps the balance of trade in our favor.

The individual investor, however, does not buy foreign securities in order to extend our trade, and should not. It would be well for him as an individual to study the experience of English investors in this matter. While there is no question that its foreign investments have paid Great Britain well, especially those that have gone into the most risky enterprises in their development stages, yet a large amount of these foreign securities are not now paying their interest and individual investors have therefore lost money in them. It would be well for Americans who are buying foreign securities to study the reports of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, a British organization for the protection of the interests of foreign security holders, which compiles elaborate records regarding the economic and financial conditions of the various states with whose bonds it has had occasion to deal on account of defaults or other developments affecting the interests of British holders. This organization reports the astounding fact that of all foreign government bond issues floated at various times in the English market almost nine billion dollars' worth are now in default as to principal and the arrears of interest amount to more than two billion dollars.

We know also that French investments in Russia, including both government and private loans made before the revolution, totaled more than four billion dollars. The lesson from this for the American investor in foreign securities is that he should diversify his selections among them. He will continue to be attracted to these issues by the high yields they offer, and it is well for the country that he should, but he should distribute his risk among them. By buying them on the recommendation of investment houses that enjoy the best reputations for conservatism and by well diversifying his selection of them he is not likely to regret his entrance into the foreign investment field.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" is, you might say, a rather complete recital of the secret reflections passing through the depressed mentality of a man who has reached "the dangerous age." To be sure, the author of "Dangerous Ages" made all ages dangerous. But the fact is that there comes a time in men's and women's lives when they realize that youth has gone, or nearly gone. And with the realization, since age has not yet come, the less balanced characters sometimes make an incautious grasp for their departed joys.

This is what Lee Randon did, and abruptly ran into tragedy. The recital does not lend itself to picturization, since the major part of the book is taken up with Lee Randon's secret reflections. They are, generally speaking, to the effect that we who have built up this twentieth-century civilization are all hypocrites; that our rules, our conventions, our pretended beliefs are hypocritical; and that marital constancy is a myth.

Of course fiction and truth—as told in the daily press—seem to bear him out. Many a man has abruptly said to his wife, "I don't love you any more. I'm going to get out." And he gets. Many a trusting husband has returned at night to the marital nest, only to find that his fair inconstant has unexpectedly fled with a secret and unsuspected lover.

The constant ones, of course, reprobate the fickle ones fiercely; and indeed it is one of the great tragedies of living that two in love do not unlove simultaneously. And it remains one of the beautiful and hopeful human traits that out of the fever of young love there often develops a beautiful and constant affection that causes a pair of married lovers to be willingly dependent on each other for happiness, sympathy, and companionship during a lifetime.

This, however, is a state that does not interest our young fictionists of the present day. And the author of "Cytherea" has made it his task, in his novel, to arraign the institution of marriage, not because it is lasting, since there is the divorce court, but because, when the affection of one of a pair has faded and died, he or she is still held in bondage by public opinion, and sometimes by the obligations of parenthood.

Perhaps it should be said that Lee Randon rather than Joseph Hergesheimer arraigns the institution of marriage, as it seems to be the author's purpose partly to let us into the surge of reflections passing through the mind of a man whose affection for a still young, good, constant and attractive wife has suddenly died; and partly to see how it works out when the husband evades his responsibilities and incontinently departs.

This part of the story, however, the author does not follow up completely, as he becomes interested in presenting the character of the woman—one of the queens and ornaments of New York society—who supplants the forsaken wife.

Mr. Hergesheimer has sometimes shown a strain and effort to achieve his effects. He has written "Cytherea" very carefully, very thoughtfully, but it looks somewhat as if the man of business as well as the artist was influencing him when he decided to be so daring. No doubt he said to himself that American fiction-readers had become so inured to candor that he could go further lengths than ever before, and that he would make "Cytherea" the sort of thing people would talk about in whispers.

In this he has succeeded, and in doing so has somewhat passed the bounds of literary reticence in his depiction of the salient feature in Savina Grove's character.

A curious feature of the book is a certain element of heartlessness in it. The affectional impulses seem missing in all the characters save Fanny, the wife, and even she belongs to that class of conservative woman whose principal feeling toward the husband is the pride of ownership and the instinct of possession.

Savina, too, is all instinct, Lee a mixture of instinct and reflectiveness, his long, profound meditations seeming to place him in a peculiarly lonely, detached position with regard to his associates, who take life as it comes, gayly, unthinkingly, and, when they sin, sin in secret, while outwardly they conform.

And that is Lee's great indictment against society; and, probably, Joseph Hergesheimer's.

And the novelist, in following up the sudden and hectic love between Savina and Lee, fails to pursue it to its logical conclusion, death being invoked to sever the new and so passionately cemented bond.

Whether or not this is an evasion is not quite apparent. Probably not.

"Cytherea" would seem to be the tilting of a lance for a cause advocated by several of the leading literati of England, some twenty years ago. The idea was tentatively advanced that marriage should be regarded, and entered upon, as a ten years' experiment, to be terminated at the end of the period if either of the contracting parties so desired.

But in England! conservative England, of

all places, where even divorce is so rigidly restricted that novels and plays take up the theme of legal injustice in respect to severing bonds between marital partners united to madmen or criminals. A wave of utter and overwhelming reprobation swept over the right little, tight little isle, and the reckless pioneers faded away into a dark background.

And now radical youth, impatient of restriction, is quite apt to take up the question again. Which is really rather foolish, in view of the fact that in this country marriage is no longer "til death do us part." The only burning point nowadays is property. And, since women have entered the industrial world in overwhelming numbers, in time, no doubt, the law will be changed about giving alimony to young and husky females able to earn a living, unless they have borne children to the deserted or deserting spouse.

The whole question is exceedingly interesting. At present the women have the inside track, and they will keep it as long as they can, with the aid of public opinion and male chivalry. For, suppose the ten-year scheme had worked, it would be largely for the benefit of the men, who would immediately seek more youthful partners, while the ex-wife, her youthful bloom somewhat lessened by a ten years' experience in domestic adjustment, would be at a disadvantage.

What a shame that we can not insure ourselves a visit to the earth a hundred or two or five hundred years after death, and see how the old world and the inhabitants thereof are wagging along in respect to this and numerous other social questions.

Nothing is so foolish as to confuse an author's views with those of his characters. Perhaps Mr. Hergesheimer's intention was merely to give a mental picture of the reflections of a husband longing for release, but nearly all the young fictionists of the day are radical, so why not he? There is a lot of yeast working in the minds of the present generation, some of it merely froth, some a leaven that will work for future regeneration. But so far no one has suggested or advanced any improvement on the institution of marriage, as it exists in our America today, with its alleviation or cure—when it suffers an angry and dangerous inflammation—of legal separation or divorce.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

James Joyce, the curious Irish writer who lives in Paris and writes the most amazing novels, was once a teacher of English in the Berlitz school at Trieste. His small son is such an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist that he refused to be taught to speak English.

E. M. Hull, the probably fabulously wealthy author of "The Sheik," is publishing a new novel, "The Shadow of the East" (Small, Maynard & Co.). Though the publication date is set for August 2d, three large advance printings have already been exhausted. "The Sheik" has reached its eightieth printing.

Philip Merivale, the well-known English actor and author, whose play, "Knut at Roskilde," has just been published by the Four Seas Company, is playing the part of Will Shakespeare in Clemence Dane's play about the great Elizabethan. Mr. Merivale will return to the United States in the fall with a Belasco production.

Harper Brothers have recently published their new descriptive catalogue, containing more than three thousand titles and being a veritable history of the famous publishing house, which is moving from the building it has occupied in Franklin Square for more than a hundred years. The first book published by the Harpers was Seneca's "Morals," in 1817.

The Princeton University Press reports that interest in the two Herman Melville books—one of prose and one of poetry—to be published by them this fall continues to grow. Inquiries are pouring in from individuals and stores all over the country. In addition to the regular edition there will be a special limited edition of 150 copies each, on handmade paper, each copy numbered.

Little, Brown & Co. report that their deluxe three-volume book, "The Supreme Court in United States History," has already attained its second printing. The rapid sale in a few weeks of an eighteen-dollar work on a rather abstract subject is indicative of change and development in the book-buying public. The publishers say that a few years ago such a book would have been dubbed high brow and ignored except in restricted circles.

Lord Charnwood, author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," is now writing "The Life of President Roosevelt."

Laurence Binyon, whose "Selected Poems" has recently been published by the Macmillan Company, says that he has never belonged to any special group of poets. Mr. Binyon is in charge of the Oriental prints and drawings at the British Museum. He writes: "Being

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poor, I had to choose between journalism and some such post as I have at the museum. I am glad I chose as I did, but I have never had any real leisure, or I should have produced far more. I now have a house in the museum, which perhaps suggests a mummified existence, but is far from being so."

A biographical and critical study of "Edward MacDowell," bearing the sub-title, "A Great American Tone Poet: His Life and Music," is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is the work of John F. Porte, whose two volumes on "Sir Edward Elgar" and "Sir Charles V. Stanford," both published by the Duttons, are known to lovers of music as biographical and critical studies that are comprehensive and sincere. The forthcoming volume will have a frontispiece portrait of Edward MacDowell and the text will contain many musical illustrations.

Before man can be free, and equal, and truly wise, he must cast aside the chains of habit and superstition; he must strip sensuality of its pomp, and selfishness of its excuses, and contemplate actions and objects as they really are.—Shelley.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman.

Stephen McKenna has tried something entirely new in a novel form for his "Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman." The novel that is a diary is, alas, only too familiar, and Mr. McKenna's "Confessions" have all the vices of the journal of monotony and restriction. But it is interesting waiting to see if the author can carry on and develop a story from what in themselves are a series of monotonous monologues. After a chapter or two one is apt to think he has arrived at satiety, for though Lady Anne's discursiveness is true to life and as large as life, it is rather too much for a steady diet. By the

time you have decided that Lady Anne not only has the floor, but is going to continue to have it unchecked by any form of rebuttal, you feel that Mr. McKenna has really neglected the Greek proverb not to run things into the ground. But if your love of satire is sufficient to make the grade you will discover a new interest in piecing together the different patches of the story, puzzle fashion. This novel method of exposition, plus a mordant piece of satire on middle age, are Mr. McKenna's present contributions to literature. There is something to be said for the new method—it is efficient. It enables one to skip nonchalantly about, reading backwards if one wishes. It doesn't matter, since the reader must construct his own picture puzzle anyway. Perhaps Mr. McKenna has started something.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WELL-MEANING WOMAN. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company \$2.

The Case of Sir Edward Talbot.

Omniscience, omnipotence, and immortality have always been fascinating subjects for the speculation of impotent and mortal humanity. Marlowe capitalized the idea with Dr. Faustus, but we may be sure he was not the first. The theme is certainly as old as alchemy, probably as imagination. Today Shaw and the gland transmitters are engaged with one part of the ancient heritage while the spiritualists take over the rest. It was a happy idea to utilize the drive behind the sempiternal aim of man and chain it to a mystery story with the almost certain result of throwing any ordinary mystery story laden with less occult horrors—and they are, after all, the only real horrors—*hors de combat*. Valentine Goldie, whom we are unfortunately unable to refer to by a pronoun, as we do not know and can not guess his or her sex, has had the bright inspiration and used it in "The Case of Sir Edward Talbot," which is cleverly saved from any imputation of being occult propaganda by its wholesome and cynical atmosphere. Only a writer capable of creating the delightful Joyce Cassilis could successfully keep the balance between heavy and supernatural horrors and conventional and cheerful skepticism. This feat alone is remarkable in a yarn which is extraordinarily imaginative even in its barest outlines. In addition the author is a clever sketcher of society characters and has a very racy humor. Altogether a most satisfactory mystery story.

THE CASE OF SIR EDWARD TALBOT. By Valentine Goldie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Ascent.

Novels by women seem to preponderate. In fact so general is the lady novelist that she is almost synonymous with the novelist in the present era. But though fiction has become practically a feminine institution, it does not follow that it is the peculiar habitat of the feminine writer. She has her rights there, but one may be pardoned for regretting the passing of the virile novel. There is a certain characteristic about fiction by women that holds good in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred and which the book listed above admirably illustrates. "Ascent," like the multitude of other products of the lady novelist, is marked by the total absence of gusto and anything resembling the joy of living. Whether or not it is true that women never experience any élan in life or whether only the disappointed take to literature, the fact remains that their accomplishment in the major field of fiction is remarkable for its sombreness. It would make an interesting thesis for a master's or a doctor's degree in literature. We venture to say our observation would be borne out by close research.

The reason for rather unkindly picking on "Ascent" as an excuse for exploiting our newly-discovered law is that it so beautifully illustrates the point. "Ascent" is the story of a woman's search for what may be pardonably called the *joie de vivre*, since her search took place in Paris. It is a remarkable story and there is a great deal more to it than its abstract thesis—it is in a dignified style, a little marred by preciosity—but the aptness of its theme is its outstanding feature. Even a hard, egotistic woman, such as Olive Devon, it seems, is doomed to everlasting gloom if she ascends and, though to do Olive justice she didn't, utter damnation if she descends. Judging from the lady novelists, a woman's life isn't worth living. Otherwise, "Ascent" is the study of an egoist, a bit consciously, but on the whole brilliantly done.

ASCENT. By Frances Rumsey. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

Canada could take 10,000 British girls of the right sort every year, if transport facilities would admit.

New Books Received.

THE OPINIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE. Recorded by Paul Gsell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

Translated from the French by Ernest Boyd.

ASCENT. By Frances Rumsey. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.  
A novel.

THREE PLAYS BY EUGENE O'NEILL. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

"The Hairy Ape," "Anna Christie" (Pulitzer Prize Winner, 1922), and "The First Man."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WELL-MEANING WOMAN. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

A novel on the older generation.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LAD. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

A sequel to "Lad: A Dog."

THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$5.

A book of recollections.

VERY WOMAN. By Remy de Gourmont. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$2.50.

Translated by J. L. Barrets.

CHATS OVER A PIPE. By James Glass. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Ltd.

A tale of two brothers.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST. By E. M. Hull. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.90.

A new novel by the author of "The Sheik."

HEART. By Edmondo de Amicis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

A schoolboy's journal translated from the Italian by Isabel F. Haggood.

AROUND THE WORLD IN TEN DAYS. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

A boys' story.

The Hungarians, Basques, and Finns are not classed among the Aryan nations.

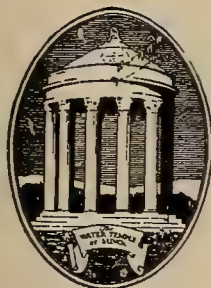
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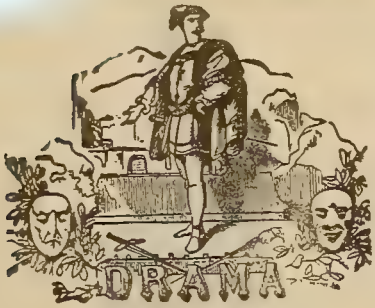
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BOOKS AND ART  
PAVL ELDER'S





### "THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS."

At the Players Theatre is being given this week this quite remarkable play, which is the first dramatic work of Henry Myers, an untied young playwright, and which won in the East an unqualified success.

There are only two rôles in this drama of matrimony, those of the husband and of the wife. The author's feat was to recognize the dramatic possibilities in marriage, played thus by the two contracting parties, without any contributing characters whatever; and further to depict in quite a masterly manner the effect of the slow processes of time on two people whose bond was forged, in the beginning, in the heat of what ought to have been merely a passing youthful attraction. It works as life has shown us it sometimes will, only there is a quality of deadly malice that develops in those two averse, divided hearts that prevents the couple from being wholly typical even of marital partners whose affections slowly change to aversion.

Alas, for poor human nature, which so loves novelty that long comradeship and mutual parenthood can not always keep husband and wife together when the other partner's habits, disposition, moods and moles, ways and looks and angles become so bore-somely familiar that repugnance is finally generated; a fierce and dividing force.

In "The First Fifty Years" the woman, after her disillusionment, takes to dreams; for women are incurably romantic; and she reverts tenderly to memories of the rejected suitor, forgetting that if she had married him she would see him daily in the same dull light of prose as she saw her husband. It never occurred to her that he, also, would throw his shoes on the floor, and complain of the size of the bills, and voraciously demand a champagne dinner on a larger beer income; that he also might have a pinchbeck heart and the disposition of a rattlesnake, and even come home to dinner smelling of the barber shop.

Nor did it occur to her that he might find that she had a tendency to complain of trivial things, and was of a pugnacious, even combative disposition.

Mutually faulty were the young pair; that's where Henry Myers showed a stroke of new genius. We couldn't take sides, but looked on, breathlessly interested spectators at the development of this strange, amusing, heart-breaking drama of sundered hearts.

At first, when the young bridal pair came to their tiny, simple home, their happiness and mutual infatuation had that touching quality attached to all things beautiful and ephemeral; a baby's shell-like fairness, a young girl's innocence, the tender bloom of early spring. We looked at them with fatu-

ous grins of tender sympathy. We had once been there.

A year passed; and though they still loved each other they had begun to bump against each other's individual idiosyncrasies, as the limited imagination of the wife could never conceive that, if she had wedded the other, they also might do.

And so the play goes on, showing sadly the disintegrating processes of time on two people who are very faulty, and commonplace in every respect except for a capacity for holding out in a quarrel. It is scarcely normal for people to maintain spite and resentment for so long a time; and yet it is both possible and probable that Henry Myers derived his idea from some item in the paper that told of just such a ten-year feud.

One wonders if the young playwright pioneering in this field belongs to the disillusioned young radicals of the present day, and if his play is an expression of twentieth-century disillusionment. I scarcely think so; for he holds us throughout the play; which can not be said of many of the young writers of the present; Floyd Dell, for instance, who won a best-seller with his "Moon-Calf," and who yet was tedious in a many of its earlier chapters; probably because he looked too much inward and too little outward.

The author of "The First Fifty Years," in spite of the blow the play inflicts on romanticism and impractical idealism, handles the first scene very prettily. He gives us plenty of food for amusement in phases, for the play is a peculiar blend of tragedy and comedy, in which it shows its similarity to life; that, indeed, is why it holds us.

Evelyn Vaughan and William S. Rainey shine in their handling of their respective rôles, the former popular leading lady of the Alcazar showing considerable dramatic power in her delivery of the wife's thunder and lightning mood, and restrained yet deeply expressive emotion during the long and sullen ground swell that followed the storm.

Miss Vaughan dressed the part very interestingly, her gowns showing gradual changes in the fashions, although she eschewed the unpicturesque exaggerations of the 'eighties—or somewhere in the later decades of the nineteenth century—when sleeves were like balloons ready for flight.

She was very charmingly and exquisitely gowned and latched as the bride, but some defect in the lighting did not permit us to see how much so until she came to the very front of the stage.

I think Miss Vaughan would have done better to wear medium brown hair rather than baby flaxen, which is rather trying, in spite of an immutable feminine conviction that it is transforming and beautifying. I remember that Blanche Bates had a similar conviction, as shown by her wearing a flaxen wig in "Molière." As a result of the flaxen curls Miss Vaughan grew steadily better looking as the play advanced until she was obliged to represent gray hairs and wrinkles; and even at the twenty-fifth anniversary—the play, after the first scene, represents the various popularly celebrated anniversaries—she was a very handsome fifty-year-old.

Mr. Rainey also entered with great thoroughness into his rôle, although the purely professional experience of his associate counted in her favor. But the young actor carried us with him in the part, and his make-ups for the various ages of the husband as the years advanced were most convincing.

Mr. Rainey's comedy was discreet and re-

strained, his youthful infatuation in the first act naturally and amusingly expressed, although his gestures were not sufficiently free, and both the players easily carried our illusion with them as they represented the gradual toll laid upon them in character and disposition by the advancing years.

It is a strange, absorbing life drama, this play, which reaches a passionate crescendo that affects us painfully. And then comes the silent act; a tragedy of glacial estrangement which chills the heart. It was not written for a lesson or a moral, but perhaps it may convey some kind of warning to the young and heedless who rush into matrimony with mates whose natures are a sealed book to them with the same gleeful impetus with which they go on a pleasure jaunt. For wily nature lays her traps, and into them we must walk, willy nilly.

The little theatre was well filled by an attentive audience which took occasion, at the end of the first scene, to give a cordial welcome to the two favorites, and load the lady with welcoming blooms.

It was largely a youthful audience; yet the play is one that will deeply interest all ages; the young who expect to venture into the deeps and shallows of matrimony; the mature, who perhaps are still swimming in deep water; the old, who perhaps have reached a place where the footing is firm; and the very old, who, in sight of eternity, can look back with philosophic calm on those far-off emotions that time has so dulled.

It was a happy idea to provide the suggestive musical background of old love songs during the entr'actes; old songs which were in harmony with the old-time garments worn: the woman's saques, flounces, and trains, and the man's full-blown trousers, Congress gaiters, and waistcoat gathered in at the back; although, true enough, a singer more in pitch would have made it a happier one. The setting, too, taken from Livingston Platt's designs, was in accord with the times, little modifications creeping in, in hanging and upholstery, as advancing years brought the long-deferred prosperity, and the wife, true woman that she was, clad herself in silk, and her furniture and windows in velvet.

### NATIVE DRAMA.

There was a time when the American stage largely depended on Europe for plays. That was in the transition period of the Victorian epoch, when the Oscar Wilde, Arthur Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones and R. C. Carton plays traveled to New York as soon as they made a London success, while for humor the American stage depended on French farces, which were produced on this side *ad nauseam*, until the public finally revolted.

Then ensued a long period of native drama, during which Bronson Howard, James Herne, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, William Gillette and plenty of others delighted the American public by giving it the then novel sensation of seeing itself on the stage where it had been witnessing the entertaining but not so absorbing goings-on of British noblemen and French Bohemians.

And now there seems to be a heavy European wave setting toward the reef erected by native drama, and threatening to engulf it. There are murmurs from some devoted adherents to the native drama, and complaints of the foreign tinge to the Eastern stage. And it is true that these plays by Europeans temporarily displace American plays, but the murmurers must recollect that a new order of things has come about with the passing of the war.

An immense curiosity about the life, the literature, the ways of thought, the art of other countries has developed; America being more the object of it than almost any other nation.

And while we are welcoming the plays of Shaw, of Andrejev, of Guitry, of Bataille, of Milne, to our shores, let us not forget that American plays, or theatrical entertainment, have been much in demand in both London and Paris, where they are always to be seen under the aura of success. So much so, in fact, that tourists in London have found that if they go to the play as guests, without having previously heard what it is to be, they are apt to stumble against something they have previously seen in New York.

Berlin is crammed with Russians, who figure prominently in its artistic life, Paris with Americans, London with divers nationalities. The half of the world is getting acquainted with the other half.

America is doing its share, and perhaps we are all learning something from this general perusal of the minds and hearts of other nationalities.

In the meantime the full production of American plays is, temporarily, in partial eclipse. Or so we judge from figures published by Augustin Duncan, director general of the Equity Players, who judges, from the plans for the forthcoming season of the big New York producers, that "the native drama would appear to be in a parlous state."

Mr. Duncan outlines the plans of the Equity Players' thirty weeks' season in New York, during which they intend to give five plays,

two American, one British, one Continental, and one a daring modern experiment, nationality as yet untold.

The significant point is that, while the European plays are easily obtainable, the Equity Players, unable to compete with the big producers, are experiencing considerable difficulty in finding the two American plays desired in the mass of dramas being looked over by their play-readers.

Here in San Francisco we will shortly have an opportunity to see Molnar's "Lilliom," which, having had a most successful run in New York, is to be acted at the to-be-Blaze—now the Savoy—by the company which is to make up the San Francisco Stage Guild—this title having displaced the first one chosen.

"Lilliom" attracted wide attention in New York, Eva Le Gallienne's and Joseph Schildkraut's impersonations of the two leading characters having, not alone satisfied, but charmed the spectators. It now remains for us to see how well American players will convey the general atmosphere of the play in this most interesting experiment.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### The Columbia Theatre.

"Just Suppose," which was so successfully produced at Henry Miller's Theatre, New York, last year, is to be offered at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday night, August 14th. The comedy is from the able pen of A. E. Thomas, who has given the stage some of its most delightful works of the past few years. "Come Out of the Kitchen," "The Rainbow," and "Her Friend the King" are a trio of his well-known comedies.

"Just Suppose" is believed to have had its inspiration in the recent visit to this country of the young Prince of Wales.

A young chap incognito visits a Southern home and there falls in love with the young miss of the house, the rôle played by Isabelle Lowe. How the romance is blasted by the call of royal blood makes for an attractive three-act comedy. Opposite Miss Lowe as co-star will appear Creighton Hale in the other principal rôle. It fits the star to a nicety, and in fact A. E. Thomas is said to have had him in mind when he wrote the play. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen has been specially engaged to play the rôle created by her in the original production at Henry Miller's Theatre, New York.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

For his final week here Gus Edwards is going to put on another revue. There will be new costumes, new numbers, and some more surprises.

Kerekjarto, genius of the violin, will play a return engagement of one week.

Laurel Lee, the "Chummy Chatterer," has personality and ability.

Heras and Wells, backyard entertainers, offer a novelty.

Roscoe Ails is a newcomer to the West. He has a large company, which includes clever Kate Pullman.

Princess Wah-Letka appears to be able to read your mind and foresee events.

Tom Smith is a promising humorist on next week's bill.

Joe Rolley is said to be the funniest black-face comedian that has been here for a long time.

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### COLUMBIA THEATRE

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### "JUST SUPPOSE"

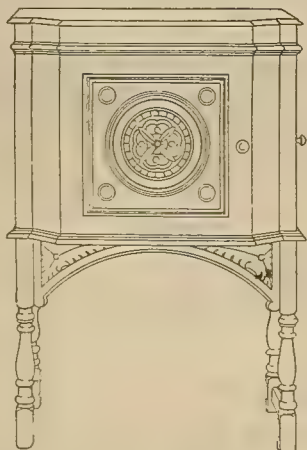
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day a feeling on the part of the guest of having been considered, and well thought of no matter what the disillusionment caused by the appearance of the bill a few days later. But in London they have it beaten the proverbial country mile. They charge for the reflection of a looking-glass, which is about the thinnest commodity one can imagine, and not even to be relied upon as a thing of beauty, because it is in all cases faithful. It fails to convey the compliment of an inquiry after one's health. Four American women, who had been sitting in a picture show and were going to supper afterward, stopped before a small mirror in the ladies' rest room, and observing that their noses had become a bit shiny they searched out, from that part of their attire wherein it is commonly carried, each a small powder-puff and proceeded to retouch the picture where it would do the most good. They used their own powder, their own puffs, their own time, and certainly supplied the noses that were reflected. They took nothing tangible from the mirror. But as they turned to leave an attendant said: "Tuppence each, please." "For what?" asked the Americans. "For using the mirror, madame." And one of them so far forgot herself as to turn to her neighbor and demand helplessly and tritely: "What do you know about that?" The attendant insisted, which is what she was there for, and offered to give a receipt to prove that the charge was "legitimate" and would not stop with her, but would find its way into the coffers of the cinema house. It is said that another rest room in another theatre keeps its mirrors curtained and imposes a charge of tuppence for drawing the curtain. It seems worse than the beggars' strike. Try to imagine that at the Granada, the Golden Gate, the California, or the Warfield. Anywhere you go from here it is worse.

Paris dancing masters say that one of next year's favorites will be a sort of Spanish waltz called the "Pasetto." We have seen no descriptions or specifications or directions for using, but some good things in the dance line come out of Spain. That country is the California of Europe. Another dance on the way is one known as the "Onduladad," which is enticing, for it has a wavy look and sound, and suggests possibilities of emotional motion. A jazz band armed with slurring sliphorns ought to make a good stimulant for the undulating "Onduladad." Yet, some ways you look at it, it seems to suggest something zoological—perhaps a snake. And the last syllable is associated with a popular brand of local cigar. Yes, the "Onduladad" would appear to have possibilities. Then we are to have the "Boston Reverse," which is described as the classic Boston, with reverse English on it, which will make it hard to tell where it is going. But the whole prophetic programme grows intricate to hopelessness by the addition of the "Girondella," described as a mixture of the tango and the old hesitation

waltz, geared to a slight spinning movement, like a motor-car skidding on a wet pavement. After which giddiness it steadies and comforts one to hear of Isadora Duncan's latest, for which she seeks to rent the Trocadero at Paris to astound the Parisians. She calls it the "Danse Immobille," but it is to be officially known as the "Eyebrow Dance" because, according to her statement, nothing moves in it except the eyebrows. She just stands there and wiggles 'em. As she hails from Russia now, and has acquired a young Russian husband, the French authorities fear that her eyebrows may give some sort of Bolshevik signals, but if so they are keen to learn them, and they are going to let her do it. The "Eyebrow Dance" is about the lightest form of labor one could imagine. It takes almost all the work off the legs, hips, abdomen, shoulders and bosom. If Isadora can make a good thing of it there is no reason why an industry should not be started in teaching people to wiggle their ears.

The world of fashion is a strange world, the dictates of fashion are strange dictates, the changes of fashion are arbitrary and often have no basis in reason, no cause that is rational, with perhaps one exception: that sometimes change is good in itself. A person that has suffered awhile from an ulcerated tooth would gladly exchange it for a boil, and the owner of the boil would not feel cheated at all if the exchange could be effected. Probably each would pay a bonus, regarding the change itself as a benefit and worth anything it cost. Long skirts are going to be a pest and a discredit to human intelligence, but they seem to be on the way. They will be insanitary. They will be worse than that: they will be nasty. They will be awkward in appearance and it will be impossible for the most skillful *modistes* to make them graceful. We shall lose the beauty of female legs, unless we go to the theatre, where they are a bore. The silk stocking manufacturers will suffer financially, which is not a matter of grave public concern, and the silk dress-goods makers will gain a little, but not enough to justify the change. A rational person, one that tried to guide his life by the light of reason alone, would hardly see an adequate motive for the change. Yet it will be made, for the sake of change itself. People get tired of the old things. And the experiments may be as useful as those of nature when she tries out new forms and kills off some of the old ones that can not compete in the struggle for existence. Yet it does seem as if we had got into a flippity-floppy frame of mind that called for change every fifteen or twenty minutes, in matters that might reasonably call for change every fifteen or twenty years. The tendency asserts itself in a manner grievous to the judicious, in the field of domesticity. Some persons like to change wives or husbands as if they were changing cars. The daily papers serve us once a week or oftener with the portraits of ladies who are trying their fourth or fifth husband, and who are willing to mate again in the spring, summer, fall or winter with equal facility. This matrimonial chance-medley may have fair results ultimately in bringing together after many years and several attempts two persons who can remain interested in each other for quite awhile, but somehow the old-fashioned way of getting married for life still has a good deal to recommend it. At least, the children know who their parents are going to be for months at a time, and that has its advantages.

Such reflections are suggested by the change in the style of Japanese suicide; a gloomy subject, but significant. Time was when an offended Japanese gentleman vindicated his honor and punished his adversary by committing *hari kari*. That was as beautiful in its unreason as anything in Western chivalry. He left his enemy as a heritage the obligation to follow suit, which in most cases must have seemed wholly unnecessary, inasmuch as one party to the controversy had removed the controversy by removing himself. Yet it was an old custom, and suited to Japanese ideas. It is going out of fashion under the impacts of Western modes. Another beautiful suicide custom in Japan was death by drowning, not in some wintry "waste of seas," but in a beautiful reach of a rocky stream, so that the affair would look as much as possible like a Japanese print. That, too, is passing. And what is the substitute? Rat poison; what is known in Japan as *neko irasu*: literally, "cat-not-needed medicine." It will do the work—but it does seem a little too rational, and the change too much like the change from Japanese costume to the Occidental rig of tail coat and black trousers, and "vest": a dress which does not suit the Japanese, and is uglier than the deuce on Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen. How colorful our streets might be if we could only get away from it! What shoals of shifting, changing, weaving light and beauty we might have if we just had the nerve to dress in colored silks or velvets, with laced-up doublets and slashed sleeves and long hose, and shoes or boots that had some other lines than those of our present little leather boxes for the feet! Who will start it?

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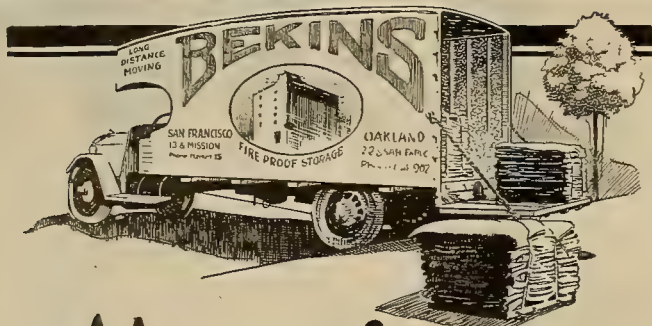
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A woman of the most unmistakably conservative type had accidentally got into the railway coach reserved for smokers. With ill-concealed indignation she saw the man next her fill his pipe. "Sir," she said frigidly, "smoking always makes me ill." "Does it, ma'am," was the polite rejoinder. "Take my advice and give it up."

Two Irishmen, at desperation point, held up a passing Scotchman. They should have known better. After a long stiff fight in which the Scot very nearly had the best of them they succeeded in getting him down. A close search revealed a tupenny piece. "Troth, Mike," said Pat, disgustedly, "if he'd had sixpence he'd have murdered the two of us."

A young woman in Washington, recently returned from abroad, was describing her experiences in mountain-climbing to a friend in the diplomatic service. "Ah, mees," said the foreign diplomat, "so you climb zat mountain? Zat was a foot to be proud of!" "Pardon me, count," said the American girl, "feat." "O-ohh!" exclaimed the count, "so you climb him more than once?"

An apartment house on Riverside Drive which goes in for heavy English service recently blossomed out with a new flunkey. A gentleman calling for Mrs. Brown was detained with the customary, "Is Mrs. Brown expecting you?" The caller blasted the new doorman with a glance. "My good man," was the unexpected answer, "Mrs. Brown was expecting me before I was born. She's my mother."

A farm hand rented a field from his boss with the stipulation that the rent was to be one-fourth of the crop raised. At harvest time the farmer was amazed to find that he received nothing at all in exchange for the field. The farm hand hauled three loads of produce to his own barn, so the farmer remonstrated. "How's this? Wasn't I to get a fourth of the crop?" he demanded in righteous indignation. "Yes, you was," candidly rejoined the tenant, "but as it turned out there was only three-fourths."

A waitress in a Far Western railway restaurant watched an Eastern traveler with solicitude for awhile, evidently worried about him, but as evidently timid about approaching him. Finally her anxiety got the better of her reserve and she asked him sympathetically: "What's the matter? Aint yer got no knife?" "Oh, yes," said the traveler, exhibiting his weapon. She heaved a sigh of relief. "That's all right, then," she said. "I seen yer puttin' yer fork in yer mouth an' I didn't know what was the matter. I been afraid ye'd stick yerself."

Senator Watson of Georgia is famous for his darky stories. One of his favorites is of the old colored mammy who was dusting a bronze bust of Shakespeare. "Marse Henry, who am dis yere gemman?" she asked one day. "That's Shakespeare, Aunt Sarah," said Marse Henry. "Shakespeare, the immortal poet." "Am dat him?" the old colored woman was plainly enthusiastic. "I'se done hea a lot 'bout dat Shakespeare. 'Deed, Marse Henry, I'se done hea so much 'bout him I allus thought he was a white gemman."

The foreign press is saturated with references to Emile Coué and his wonderful system, but so far our native papers have not been very badly bitten. A characteristic Coué story from the London *Morning Post* is as follows: A certain man suffered acutely from bow legs. He was advised by a friend to repeat the Coué formula every night thirty times: "Every day and in every way my legs are getting straighter and straighter." Unfortunately he miscalculated the number and repeated the magic words sixty times every night. As a result he is now knock-kneed.

Ebenezer Washington was up before the judge for his third drunk. The judge, wishing to be lenient to an old man, said: "I'll let you off easy this time, Ebenezer, but the next time you appear before me on a charge of drunkenness you'll go up the river." The old negro thanked him and staggered out of the courtroom. Next morning Ebenezer was up again on the familiar charge. "Ebenezer," said the judge, "you must remember what I said to you yesterday. Have you anything to say for yourself?" "Nuffin, jedge," the old negro blinked up at him, "'cept dat dis am de same drunk."

Clare Sheridan, the English sculptor, was reminiscing about Queen Victoria and her characteristic taste at a luncheon in New York. Speculating on how the queen would react to modern society and its ways, she said: "The queen, you know, doubted if heaven itself would be quite up to her stand-

ard. Once at Windsor they were talking about the pleasure the various great monarchs and rulers of history would have when they met in heaven. The queen considered the matter in silence for some time. Then she said firmly: 'As for me, I shall never consent to meet David—on account of his scandalous treatment of Uriah, you know.'

Associate Justice William R. Day is said to have the story-telling habit and to practice it even in the solemn precincts of the Supreme Court. One of his favorites is that of the lawyer who kept interrupting his witness' answer to a certain question. The question from the prosecuting attorney was, "Where were you between 10 and 10:30 on the morning of the 9th of August?" "I object," protested the lawyer for the defense. "Let him ask me," the witness protested excitedly. The relevancy of the question was argued for awhile and finally dropped, but not by the prosecuting attorney. He soon got back to the debated question and the defense again objected. And again the witness wildly cried, "Let him ask me! Let him ask me!" The third time the 10 to 10:30 question appeared with the same results the court stepped into the breach and ruled that the question was material. "Where were you between 10 and 10:30 on the morning of the 9th of August?" asked the prosecutor. "I don't remember," lisped the witness.

First Crook—I've bin wonderin', Bill—how does a man get his own money out of a bank? Second Crook—Easy. He jes' forges his own name to de check.—Life.

THE MERRY MUSE.

**The Remarkable Rightness of Dad.**  
When I was young and stocks were high,—  
And money grew on every tree,  
I often said to myself, said I,  
"A broker's life is the life for me!  
They always seem to have such fun!  
I wonder how the trick is done."  
But Father had another plan.  
"My son," he said, "the Law will do."  
And since he was a forceful man,  
I coldly answered, "Done with you."  
But oh the pain it was to me  
That I could not a broker be.  
They used to take me out to dine,  
Those happy, snappy broker-sports  
And when they'd had a little wine  
They reveled in committing torts:  
Those were the days when nothing lacked  
Except, of course, the Volstead Act.  
But now Time's mighty pendulum  
Has swung to quite another side:  
The great financial sea is dumb  
Where once the brokers used to ride.  
I con my cases in the night  
And murmur softly, "Dad was right."  
—G. S. C. in Life.

The Swadeshi Movement in India.

The second phase of the swadeshi movement, the boycotting and burning of English goods, stirred up an immense amount of bitter feeling in India, writes Gertrude Emerson in *Asia Magazine* for August. From this source, more smoke was written across the skies of Bombay than any other place, perhaps because the Bombay mill-owners soon discovered that the bonfires and the boycott materially helped the home industry. Wherever possible, after

the Congress and Khalifat committees had organized the collection of a huge pile of cloth to be burned as a demonstration, Gandhi was invited to touch the pile off.

From the practical point of view, one may cite a few figures to show the adverse effects upon the English cotton market of the Indian boycott, combined with other circumstances attendant upon the general situation. The normal annual import of manufactured cotton may be put down at something over £50,000,000 sterling. Before the war, India was the largest consumer of Lancashire cotton products, buying 45 per cent. of the total production. This percentage dropped to 22 in 1919, but rose again to 31 in 1920. Now comes the report that shipments of cotton cloth from Great Britain in 1921 are the smallest in a period of over fifty years. But it is unfair to attribute the fall, or even the largest, measure of this marked falling off of imports to the Gandhi movement, because the great rise in prices since the war, together with increased taxation to meet the deficit of nineteen crores in the national budget last year, must reflect itself in the purchasing power of the people.

"This movie ought to be good." "Why so?" asked the saturnine citizen. "Harold Heartbreak, the peerless screen lover, leaps from a precipice two thousand feet high." "Does he break his neck?" "Of course not. It's just a camera trick." "Then that particular movie is not worth a quarter to me."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Buck announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Viola Buck, to Mr. Harry Earle Wright. The news was first told at a luncheon party given at the Buck home on Gough Street the middle of the week. Miss Buck was graduated from Miss Hamlin's school and attended an Eastern school near Washington. She is the sister of Mr. Walter E. Buck, Mr. John A. Buck, Jr., and of Mrs. Charles Hufschmidt. The wedding will be an event of the early winter. Mr. Wright, before coming to San Francisco, made his home in St. Johns, Canada. He is connected in business with one of the banking concerns here.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Georgia Creed to Mr. Addison Posey has been made, with August 22d chosen as the date for the wedding. Miss Creed is the daughter of Mrs. William Creed of Linda Vista and sister of Mr. Wiggington Creed. The ceremony will be a simple one, witnessed only by the immediate members of the family. There will be no attendants to the bride. Mr. Wiggington Creed will give his sister away. After their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Posey will return to make Piedmont their home.

News of the engagement of Miss Doris Wirtner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Wirtner, to Mr. Francis Howard McCandless, has come as a surprise. The wedding date has been set for early November. Miss Wirtner is the sister of Mrs. Hubert Haven Anderson and Miss Harriet Wirtner. Engagement cards have been withheld because of the recent death of Mrs. Herbert Jensen at Shanghai. Mr. McCandless is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis McCandless of Seattle and a nephew of Mr. James McCandless.

Miss Katherine Bentley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley, entertained in honor of Miss Hope Somerset at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at luncheon. Miss Hope Somerset is to become the bride of Mr. Donald Walsh on August 30th. Miss Bentley's guests at the luncheon were Mrs. Harry Hush Magee, Mrs. Lindsay Miller, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Kittie Fletcher, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Katherine Armstrong, and Miss Dorothy Grissim.

Major and Mrs. Philip Wales entertained at dinner at their Menlo home on Thursday evening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. James Howell and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poole.

On the following day Mrs. James Howell, Mrs. Wales' daughter, entertained Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Roy Bishop, Mrs. Frank Hooper, Mrs. Ar-

thur Hooper, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Stanley Murphy, Mrs. Henry Poole and Mrs. Frank B. King at luncheon at the Menlo Park Country Club.

In honor of Count and Countess André de Limur of Paris and of Mrs. Malcolm Whitman of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained twelve guests at dinner Friday evening at their San Mateo home.

Miss Gladys Quarre entertained at an informal luncheon on Thursday. Her guests were Mrs. Paul I. Fagan, Mrs. Stanwood Murphy, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Albert Rees and Miss Frances Lent. Miss Quarre, with her mother, Mrs. Charles Quarre, is occupying Mrs. Harry Hill's house during Mrs. Hill's absence abroad.

A first-night audience of San Francisco society was present Monday evening at the cozy Players Theatre on Bush Street to welcome home Evelyn Vaughan and William S. Rainey in their amusing play of married life, "The First Fifty Years." Miss Vaughan has many friends here, and a number of Bohemian Club members were present to greet Mr. Rainey. Among those who entertained guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian, Mr. Charles G. Norris, Kathleen Norris, Dr. Frank Rodolph, Mr. Guernsey Newlin, Miss Adella Dugan, Mr. Herbert Dugan, Mr. F. A. Denicke, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. Richard M. Hotaling, Mrs. Margaret C. May, Mr. T. Daniel Frawley, Miss Adèle Blood, Miss Emelie Melville, Mr. Nino Marcelli, Mr. Charles Caldwell Dobie.

Mrs. C. A. Severance, wife of the president of the American Bar Association, was honored at a luncheon given by Mrs. W. H. H. Piatt of Kansas City in the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis Monday. The guests were Mrs. John W. Davis, Mrs. Fred W. Wadham, Mrs. Charles Henry Butler, Mrs. Bruce Sanborn, Mrs. Clarence Goodman, Mrs. Hugh Brown, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Vaughan Thompson, Mrs. Mark Potter, Mrs. Charles Thaddeus Terry, Mrs. Jeff Chandler, Mrs. William Nathan McChesney, Mrs. John Lowell, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Miss Grace Smith.

The Garden and the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis have been the scene of several enjoyable luncheon parties during the week. Mrs. Sydney Cloman and Mrs. Algernon Gibson were members of a small group last Monday. Miss Anne Peters entertained Mrs. Ord Preston of Washington, D. C., and her two attractive daughters, the Misses Mary and Eleanor Preston, at luncheon in the Fable Room. Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery took luncheon together. Mrs. George T. Cameron and Miss Helen Garrett were part of another group.

A luncheon party in the Garden of the St.

Francis included Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Celia O'Connor, and Mrs. Ritchie L. Dunn. Mrs. Murray Potter was hostess to a party of four in the Fable Room. Others entertaining at luncheon were Mrs. D. C. Murphy, Mrs. Louis Titus, Mrs. Elmer Cox, Mrs. A. Peters, Mrs. Benjamin Schlesinger, Mrs. Elsie Levey, Mrs. Rose Goldwater.

## At the Hotel Rafael.

The Hotel Rafael is becoming a favorite base of operations and point of departure for parties motoring to Muir Woods, Mt. Tamalpais, and other places of interest. Among those who enjoyed these outings over the week-end were Mr. and Mrs. M. Winegartner, Mr. and Mrs. D. Zelinsky, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Zelinsky, Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Thorne and Miss Sue Thorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dakin of Pasadena, who are spending several weeks at the Hotel Rafael, were hosts at a dinner party on Saturday night.

Others who entertained at the dinner-party on Saturday night were Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Speight, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wahlen, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Ivanovich, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Varney and Mrs. B. Lincoln.

A motor party from Los Angeles who spent the week-end at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Callendar, Mr. Harry Callendar and Miss Virginia Callendar.

Colonel and Mrs. George E. Gillis and family from the Presidio are guests at the Hotel Rafael during the summer vacation of Colonel Gillis.

## How Mark Twain Wrote His Books.

Describing his method of writing in a new chapter from his "Autobiography" in the August *Harper's Magazine*, Mark Twain says:

"There has never been a time in the past thirty-five years when my literary shipyard hadn't two or more half-finished ships on the ways, neglected and baking in the sun; generally there have been three or four. This has an unbusinesslike look, but it was not purposeless, it was intentional. As long as a book would write itself, I was a faithful and interested amanuensis, and my industry did not flag; but the minute that the book tried to shift to my head the labor of contriving its situations, inventing its adventures, and conducting its conversations. I put it away and dropped it out of my mind. Then I examined my unfinished properties to see if among them there might not be one whose interest in itself had revived, through a couple of years' restful idleness, and was ready to take me on again as amanuensis.

"It was by accident that I found out that a book is pretty sure to get tired along about the middle, and refuse to go on with its work until its powers and its interests should have been refreshed by a rest and its depleted stock of raw materials reinforced by lapse of time. It was when I had reached the middle of 'Tom Sawyer' that I made this invaluable find. At page 400 of my manuscript the story made a sudden and determined halt and refused to proceed another step. Day after day it still refused. I was disappointed, distressed, and immeasurably astonished, for I knew quite well that the tale was not finished, and I could not understand why I was not able to go on with it. The reason was very simple—my tank had run dry; it was empty; the stock of materials in it was exhausted; the story could not go on without material; it could not be wrought out of nothing. When the manuscript had lain in a pigeon-hole two years I took it out one day, and read the last chapter that I had written. It was then that I made the great discovery that when the tank runs dry you've only to leave it alone and it will fill up again, in time, while you are asleep—also while you are at work at other things, and are quite unaware that this unconscious and profitable cerebration is going on. There was plenty of material now, and the book went on and finished itself without any trouble."

## The Science of the Sea.

In the death in June of Prince Albert of Monaco science loses a generous patron and a distinguished student. Oceanography, or the science of the sea, is not a poor man's study, but the prince never hesitated to expend his great wealth in its furtherance, says the *Manchester Guardian*. He fitted out in the most up-to-date manner several research ships, which added greatly to the knowledge of the seas round the Mediterranean, the Azores, the North Atlantic, and later in the Polar regions, increasing at the same time meteorological knowledge. In the great museum at Monaco, which he built, are housed unrivaled collections of specimens and apparatus, besides the ample accommodation made for research work. For the better teaching of the subject he built at his own expense the Oceanographical Institute of Paris, endowing it with £160,000, and placing it under an international committee of oceanographers. He added many new species to Atlantic fauna, and his own researches are recorded in a series of monumental publications. Another side of his character was seen in his keen

support for the suppression of pigeon-shooting in his own principality, for, as he said at the time, "the more one studies animal life the more one is convinced that the denial of rights to animals involves the denial of rights to men."

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Mary Jolliffe spent the past week at Santa Barbara, where she visited Mrs. William S. Porter, Captain and Mrs. Edward Van Bergen are occupying the Howard School at Montecito for the summer.

Miss Jennie Blair left last week to visit Mrs. Elise Drexler at her Woodside home.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Murphy and Mrs. Murphy's daughter, Mrs. John Biddle, are in San Francisco on a visit, stopping at the Fairmont.

Vice-President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge of Boston are in San Francisco, incident to the meeting of the American Bar Association.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, who have been traveling in Europe for some months, returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Florence Wall of New York is returning East in a few days. She has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith at their home on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are at Webber Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody will join them there.

Mr. Frederick Tillman and Mr. Herbert Gallagher have been at Santa Barbara as guests of Mr. Tillman's sister, Baroness Jan Van Eck.

Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weill have returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several months, while they were in Paris.

At Tahoe Tavern during the week were Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell and Miss Harriet Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mrs. Philip Clay

and Mrs. Roger Chickering, Miss Esperanta Ghirardelli, Mrs. William Ede and Mr. and Mrs. Burr Eastwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Hoelscher are guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hoelscher at their Green Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin will remain abroad until November.

Miss Inez Macondray has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell at their home on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. C. A. Severance, president of the American Bar Association, and Mrs. Severance are in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and General and Mrs. Emile-Marie Taublieb spent the weekend at El Mirasol.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan C. Evans have returned from their wedding tour and have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler in San Rafael.

Mrs. Stuart Mackay is here from her home in New York, visiting her mother, Mrs. Washington Dodge, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. James Ward Kenney and her sister, Mrs. George Harding, have returned to town, after a visit of several weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn Young returned from their country home at Los Gatos and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Hamilton and their two sons are in San Francisco for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood and their daughter, Miss Helen Wood, have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they spent a month.

Mrs. Frederick Kellam and her daughters, Miss Elizabeth Kellam and Miss Frances Kellam, will go to New York early in September to join Mr. Kellam. They will make their future home in New York.

Mrs. Constance Peters leaves on Saturday for New York and England, to be away indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard O. Wayman are in Seattle, and will sail from there for Alaska on August 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman are spending several weeks in Seattle.

Miss Marion Fitzhugh has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of more than two years, when she was engaged in war work in France.

Mrs. Silas Palmer spent the month of July at Menlo as the guest of her father, Mr. Charles Holbrook. She has returned to her apartment at the Stanford Court.

Mrs. Miller Graham and her daughter, Miss Geraldine Graham, are at the Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara taking a rest cure.

Mr. Alfred Stillman of San Francisco has recently returned from Europe and is at present the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, at Middlebury, Connecticut.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and her son, Mr. Washington Dodge, Jr., arrived in San Francisco on Thursday, and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and the Princess André Poniatowski are in the Yosemite Valley for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George George Nickel have returned to their Burlingame home. They have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nugent at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson (Amanda McNear) spent the week-end with Mrs. John A. McNear at her summer home on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear will return to San Francisco October 1st.

At Del Monte, over the week-end, were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene P. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope.

Mr. George McNear, Jr., is sailing for New Zealand in August, to be gone several months.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith and her daughter, Miss Helen Hammersmith, have been in Santa Barbara for several weeks. They returned to San Francisco the middle of the week.

Mrs. B. F. Schlesinger and her son, Mr. Howard Schlesinger, are in New York. They sail for Europe on August 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lee Schlesinger are staying with Mr. B. F. Schlesinger at the family home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. George Gay and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Gay, are in New York. They will soon sail for Europe to be gone about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. William Orrick left for Europe last Wednesday for a trip of three months.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Jr., is at Carmel for a few weeks.

Miss Marguerite Grummon and Miss Harriet Grummon are on a motor trip, visiting friends in Los Angeles while in the south.

Mrs. Edmund William Marks of New York, here on her annual visit, is staying some time at Los Gatos with her niece, Mrs. Charles Norris.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., and her daughter, Miss Marion Lund, are in Santa Barbara for a week or ten days.

Recent arrivals at the Whitcomb Hotel include Rev. William H. Fishburn, Los Angeles; Dr. R. C. Hill, Coalinga; Mr. Howard A. Flanders, Boston; Mr. O. L. Gogg, Los Angeles; Mr. Earl Snapp, San Jose; Mr. H. L. Dobbins, Marysville; Mr. W. T. Clark, Miss H. M. Wall, Los Angeles; Mr. Everett A. Morgan, Portland; Mr. W. A. Gilman, Portland, Maine; Mr. P. A. Wellman, Los Angeles; Mr. John H. Conger, New Brunswick; Mr. and Mrs. Clem Hoker, Van Wert, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Hampton, Tampa, Florida; Mrs. L. A. Signon, Carthage, Tennessee.

Registered at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. W. C. Wider, Honolulu; Mr. John S. Healy, Mr. Thomas J. Tierney, New York; Mr. Moritz Rosen, Seattle; Mr. Frank E. Dunn, Stockton; Mr. M. Zuckerman, Los Angeles; Mr. Nathaniel Claves, New York; Mr. Fred Frohman, Chicago; Mr. Ed M. Childs, New York; Mr. Thomas J. Stewart, Portland; Mr. John B. Drake, Mr. William Drake, Chicago; Mr. Frederick S. Tyler, Washington, D. C.; Mr. H. D. Stockholm, Philadelphia; Mr. M. J. Hartley, Exeter, Ohio; Mr. A. Saphire, Shanghai; Mr. Thad Sweek, Seattle; Mr. Thomas J. Swivel, Portland.

Robert William Pfaffle, vice-president of the Eng-Skell Company, died on August 1st.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Old Mr. So-and-So.

When I first came here, a dozen years ago,  
The mountains said they'd tell me when time came to go.

That is a promise they've never taken back;  
Today they pointed Gabriel the way to my shack.  
Early this morning when the first cock crew,  
God's angel touched me and named a rendezvous.

I've a little water and I've a little meal;  
I'll build me a fire while I can still feel.

Beneath a down coverlid my father died,  
With smooth linen sheets tucked along the side,  
With a priest and a nurse and a screen from the fair,  
And a second silken screen to break the lamp's glare.

That is what it meant to me, when people said:  
"Old Mr. So-and-So died in his bed."

There's no one to care and there's no one to come.

I'll build me a fire before my hands are numb.

The first birds are here and the flowers will come soon,

A warm wet wind blows clouds across the moon.  
Old men are cold, and it is a bitter thing  
To live through the winter and die in the spring.

Again it will be true and again it will be said:  
"Old Mr. So-and-So died in his bed."

No screens to break the searching rays that pour  
On bare plank and hearth, with Gabriel at the door!

—Malleville Haller in the Nation.

#### "The God at Whom I Grumble."

(These striking verses are taken by Littell's Living Age from the Scottish Farm Servant, a monthly magazine which is the organ of the Agricultural Laborers' Union of Scotland.)

O Lord, I cannae understand  
The things that Ye pit aff yer hand:

The earth and sea are greatly planned,  
I must admit;

The heavens, glorious and grand,  
Prove your fine wit.

And when we see—we're no sae stuipet—  
The comet's on a leash and grippet,

And led like oay collier's whippet  
Upon the road;

We ken Ye're nae wisne mean or nippet—  
You are a God!

Bit why should the Great Engineer,  
That set thae worlds a' in gear,

And sent them spinnin' year by year  
Wi' sic precision,

Delight to treat puir mortals here  
Wi' cauld derision?

It's said Ye watch the sparrow's fa'  
And keep a reek'nin' o' them a',

And still Ye send the drivin' snaw,  
And mak' it freeze,

Till hundreds o' them dwine awa'  
By slow degrees!

I aften think the bonny floo'ers  
Are sweet thoughts o' your musing 'oors,

Bit oh, the fancy short endures  
Tae see Ye clatch

Them up in wrathfu' sleety shoo'ers—  
A foul debauch!

A mither's heart, a bairnie fair,  
Ye fashion baith wi' tender care,

And syne some day Ye smash your ware  
Dang a' tae bits:

The bairn is brocht in deid—noo there!  
That fairly grits!

I am na sic a hopeless duffer  
But what I ken it's guid tae suffer,

Bit yet what wey sood Ye be gruffer  
Wi' some bairn

Than what Ye are wi' some auld buffer  
Whae needs his fairin'?

Ye see oor king set his hall mark  
Upon some brewer or ither spark,

While bairnies gang wi'oot sark  
To pay the fee—

I'd strike the rale clamjamfary stark,  
If it was me!

To mak' a' clear I strive and stumble  
Till my puir wits are in a jumble,

Syne, in my weariness grown humble,  
I come to see

That the God at wham I grumble  
Is far yont me.

Just as my dowg or wee jakedaw  
May think me whiles an unco thrav

That wi'elds without a reasoned law  
The ruling rod,

Hoo is a man fit to misca'  
The weys o' God?

My dowg ne'er understands I'm shair,  
When instinct's strong implanted there,

What wey he soodnae hunt a hare  
Or chase a cat;

Bit still I cannae my weys square  
Wi' his for that. . . .

Lord, pardon a presumptuous fule,  
Whae thinks that wi' a lichter spill

He'll read the Great Inscrutable  
Like A B C;

The meal maun ey gang thro' the mill,  
And sae maun we.

—Andrew Dodds.

#### At Del Monte.

The largest gathering of society people of the year at Del Monte will take place the latter part of this month for the annual California golf championships. The contests on the links will get under way August 25th to 27th with the holding of the Del Monte summer tournament, and on September 2d to 10th the championships are to be played off.

Everett H. Seaver, president of the California Golf Association this year, will stop at Del Monte Lodge with Mrs. Seaver. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. M. H. de Young and Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Roos are among others who have made reservations at the Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Vincent of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Forsman of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Fertig of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nares of Fresno, Colonel and Mrs. Hudson Poole of Pasadena, W. W. Crocker and Miss Helen Crocker of Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cook of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. Pliny Holt of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Cox of San Francisco, and a number of others who have their homes at Pebble Beach will entertain house guests during the golf celebration.

Glass-lined steel tanks on the thermos principle are being tried for transporting milk by rail.



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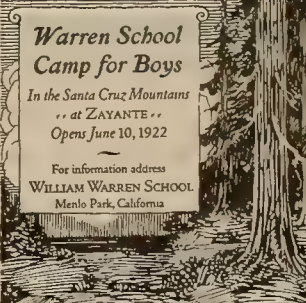
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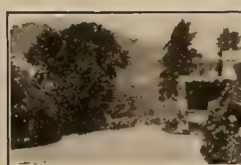
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I'm no saying a word against you, Mac-Tavish; I'm only saying that anybody that goes to your funeral should be forced to pay an amusement tax.—*Passing Show (London).*

"I see the big fight last night only took eighty seconds—were you there?" "Ye-es; but got so bored—didn't stay to the end."—*London Opinion.*

*Irate Customer*—Waiter, what sort of coffee is this? *Waiter*—I believe it is French, sir. *Irate Customer*—Well, don't you believe it any longer.—*Bystander.*

*The Professor*—Let us take the example of the busy ant. He is busy all the time. He works all day and every day. Then what happens? *The Bright One*—He gets stepped on.—*Life.*

"What fool told you to place those papers on that file?" "You did, sir." "Well, leave

them here—you're discharged for calling me a fool."—*London Answers.*

"Your wife wears the same hat all the year round. You, however—" "Is it my fault that women don't take off their hats in restaurants?"—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).*

"My wife says she will leave me if I don't quit smoking," said Mr. Meekton. "Going home to her mother?" "No. Her mother smokes more than I do."—*Washington Star.*

"And, Hortense, I believe I'll wear my pink satin with the silver rosebuds." "But madam has it on now." "Yes? I'd forgotten—and I couldn't see it for that spot on the mirror."—*Judge.*

*Tourist*—Why, Donald, you surprise me. You don't like the English people and yet you have an English wife. *Donald (with a sigh)*—Ay, mon, that accounts for it.—*Boston Transcript.*

*Friend*—What became of that sign, "The Patron Is Always Right," which hung up there? *Hotel Clerk*—It was taken down the day a guest insisted he had given the cashier a thousand-dollar bill.—*Judge.*

*Mrs. Motorist*—Why don't you ask some one where we are? *Mr. Motorist*—What the deuce difference would it make? Five minutes from now we won't be anywhere near here.—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

*Well-Meaning Golfer*—Do you think it quite safe to bring that child across the links? *Matilda (used to golfers)*—Oh, it's all right, sir. I shouldn't think of bringin' 'im if 'e warn't as deaf as a post, poor little chap.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

*She*—The doctor says I must reduce my weight, and you won't let me go to the Spa.

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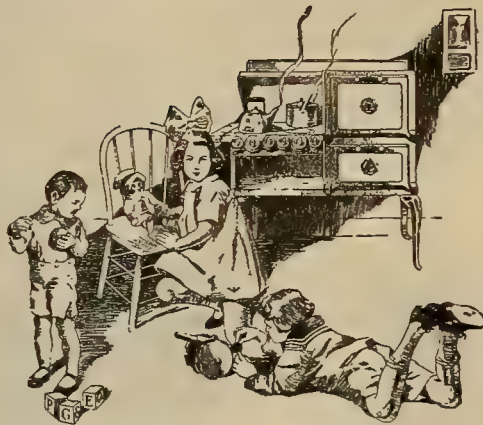
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Author of Bills for Waterfront Emergency Hospital, Viaduct, Recreation Piers and Authorizing State Harbor Commissioners to provide for passenger service along Waterfront.  
Author of Bills for Aquatic Park at the Foot of Van Ness Avenue and Larkin Street and for the survey and construction of bridges from San Francisco County to Alameda County and Marin County.  
Author of Bills appropriating money for historical research work of State and CHAIRMAN OF SENATE COMMITTEE WHICH INCREASED STATE ALLOWANCE FOR ORPHANS.  
BORN and raised in the District, and actively engaged in Business therein for many years.

You don't love me. *He*—I love you so much that I wouldn't like to lose a single ounce of you.—*Passing Show (London).*

*Visitor*—I don't understand how these chorus girls have the courage to appear so negligée. *Stage Manager*—The producer makes them work in a laundry for six months. By that time they hate the sight of clothes.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

*Squire*—Not much to grumble at this time, Mr. Grouse; hay all first-class and a nice drop of rain for the grass and roots. There's not much more you could want. *Mr. Grouse*—That's all very well, but where be I to get a bit o' rough hay for the young beasts in winter?—*Punch.*

## Some Music Is Worse Than the Rest.

Here is something in music that is a more typical, a more comprehensive expression of the modern American spirit, than all our coon songs, our pseudo-Indian wails, the regional songs of a hundred years ago, the tenth-rate imitation of vile English ballads, the imperfect echoes of French impressionism, says Carl Engel in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Good jazz is enjoyed by capital musicians, by men who are neither inordinately immoral nor extravagantly uncultured. It has fascinated European composers like Stravinsky, Casella, Satie, as Debussy was fascinated before them by rag-time. "Golliwog's Cakewalk" and "Minstrels" are works of the purest art, notwithstanding the fact that the essence of their peculiar charm was filtered from the emanations of the music-hall.

Maurice Ravel, last summer, told Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill, who was visiting him, that he considered jazz the only original contribution America had so far made to music. Nor do American composers of repute disdain to try their hand at it. Leo Sowerby, the young Chicagoan, who is the first musical stipendiary to be sent to the American Academy in Rome, has been guilty of sounding the jazz note in his chamber music and in a piano concerto. No less respectable a person than Professor Hill himself, associate professor of music in Harvard University, a

man who may be credited with harboring no desire for cheap notoriety, has signed his name to a "Study in Jazz" which Messrs. Pattison and Maier have played in their remarkable recitals for two pianos, and which, arranged for full orchestra, I believe, has been programmed by M. Monteux for the regular concerts of the Boston Symphony. There is frank and appropriate tribute paid to jazz in Mr. John Alden Carpenter's "Krazy Kat" ballet.

What more conclusive evidence could you demand to prove that jazz—good jazz—is not void of musical possibilities, not wanting in musical merit? If the fastidious musician succumbs to it, can you blame the people of America and Europe for liking good jazz?



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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Senatorial Campaign.

The issue in the senatorial campaign is in plain view. Shall California continue to be represented in the Senate by a man who holds to no party allegiance excepting as it serves his convenience, one who has opposed President Harding in his most important endeavors and who promises nothing better in future, one affiliated with William Randolph Hearst, one recently in the service of the Tammany Hall government of New York City, one whose instinct and habit or those of opposition and detraction, a man whose views and courses are inspired by his prejudices and his hatreds? Or shall it be represented by a man of vastly higher character who has entered the field as the representative of the loyal Republicanism of California, as a supporter of President Harding, a man illustrating in his own character ability, loyalty, and constructive instinct and habit of mind?

The tactical advantages of the situation are obviously with Mr. Johnson. He is the director of an organization which came into existence upon the basis of state patronage and is still largely supported from the state treasury. Presumably there is coöperation between Johnson and the present governor, who is a candidate for reelection—at least what is called the state machine is enlisted in Johnson's behalf. Again presumably he has the backing of the radical leadership of organized labor, with whom he has long coöperated in furtherance of its extreme pretensions

and demands. The quasi-criminal elements, the emotionalists always easily won by rhetorical fury, the rag-tag-and-bob-tail in general—all are for "Hiram." On the other hand, the intelligent, the thoughtful, the responsible elements are behind Mr. Moore. Particularly those who would like to see California represented in the Senate by sanity and dependability, by a man not mixed up with Hearst, with Tammany Hall, or other sinister affiliations are supporting Mr. Moore.

There is evidence of widespread resentment of Senator Johnson's opposition to the Four-Power pact and of his continued policy of pin-pricking in relation to the Harding administration. Intelligent and thoughtful citizens are weary of the sound and fury that attends every public appearance of Mr. Johnson and of the malevolence that seems to inspire his course. There is a general sense that California is misrepresented by one whose name is continually associated with the chronic malcontents and obstructionists of the Senate. Both the interest and the dignity of California suffer in the fact that at a time when reason and the spirit of coöperation should rule we have in the Senate one whose affiliations and whose motives of action are questionable and whose methods are those of the chronic sensationalist and the habitual objectionist.

Mr. Moore ought to win. He has the mentality, the industry, the spirit that would make an effective senator. In the Senate he would be a true representative of California—truly representative of the wish of our people to coöperate with our worthy President in the things that make for integrity and dignity in government.

### Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe.

Prior to the year 1896, when Alfred Harmsworth began publication of the *Daily Mail*, British journalism was practically a class institution. It was in the main addressed to the educated and the property classes, practically ignoring the interests and the tastes of the non-cultivated multitude. Harmsworth's basic conception was a newspaper calculated by its variety, lightness, and sprightliness to attract those to whom previously the daily journal had made little or no appeal. In what measure Harmsworth drew inspiration from his observation of journalism in America is matter of speculation; but in many respects the *Mail* was modeled after the yellow journals of this country. It dealt less in opinion, less in solid information, and was less regardful of literary form than any general newspaper that had been offered to the British public. It emphasized the "news," and in its variety and in tone and style it was seasoned to the popular taste. From the start it was a success; and with its success began a decline in the authority and dignity of the British newspaper press. Apologists for the change introduced by Harmsworth have claimed and still maintain that in popularizing the newspaper—even to a degree vulgarizing it—Harmsworth brought about an important development in British life in that he established the habit of reading the news on the part of multitudes previously unaccustomed to follow the course of public events. It has further been claimed that he raised appreciably the level of British intelligence concerning British affairs and to an extent the affairs of the world. However this may be, the *Mail* quickly outgrew in circulation all the older journals, and its influence has had much to do—for good or for ill—with breaking down the monopoly in government long exercised by the property classes in Great Britain. Following the success of the *Mail* in the sphere of daily journalism, Harmsworth established other papers similarly addressed to wider as distinct from narrower audiences, and ultimately, through his varied and scattered publications, came to be the most influential publicist in the British realm. All this before his fortieth year.

But for all his extraordinary success in the field of

popular journalism, for all his attainment of wealth and influence, Harmsworth was not satisfied. He aimed at nothing less than control of the most conservative and the most authoritative newspaper in the realm—the *Times*. It was an audacious ambition, seemingly out of the range of human possibility, but the fortune that had favored the young publisher in his earlier career still attended him, and in 1908 a curious conjunction of circumstances made him possessor of the "Thunderer." Then began a career which has not been matched in the records of journalism, in England or in any other country. Professionally speaking, Harmsworth led a double life. The *Mail*, still the large and continuing source of his wealth, ran along in its old groove as a ha'penny sensational journal, while the *Times* pursued its established policy as the journal of the property classes and as a counselor of government. The character of the publisher measurably rose with his responsibilities—this without entire separation from what had gone before. In becoming the editor of the *Times* Harmsworth took on a certain expansion of mind and policy. He became more a *Times* man than a *Mail* man. But the chasm was too wide to be spanned successfully, and both journals suffered somewhat in the effort of the proprietor to ride two horses going in diverse directions. The *Mail* gained something on the score of conservatism; the *Times* lost something of its traditional dignity and authority.

With the coming on of the war Harmsworth, by this time Viscount Northcliffe, rose from the position of a shrewd editor and publisher to that of a statesman. We shall not undertake to define or appraise his services. They may or may not have been always disinterested or separated from his personal motives. But this much may be said truthfully, that to the full extent of his powers, and under the lead of his own judgment, he threw himself into the thick of affairs with an energy that contributed largely to the course of events. His instinct for public opinion, his hardihood in meeting situations, his command of a great audience gave him a power that was hardly equaled and surely not surpassed by any other man in the period of the war. It was Northcliffe who challenged the policy of Lord Kitchener and to a degree so discredited him as to break down his prestige. It was Northcliffe and the forces under his command that drove Asquith from power and brought Lloyd George into the premiership. The agencies of publicity under the hand of Northcliffe did prodigious service in firing and sustaining the heart of England and in bringing multitudes of all ranks to war service. In the five terrible years of war Northcliffe stood at the front of forces that made for solidarity of British sentiment and for stubborn determination to fight on to the last man and the last gun. However opinions may differ as to his course in more recent events, the fact of his great service in the period of the war is title to the honors of history.

One who in the closing year of the war and in the period of the peace conference came into something approaching intimacy with Lord Northcliffe is entitled to bear testimony to the spirit and the energy with which he carried himself in the great struggle. He had in 1918 taken on an all but directing authority in the affairs of state. He was in daily, almost hourly, conference with the premier. There were no secrets of state that he did not share. There was no branch of government that did not counsel with him. He was the initiator of much and the adviser of all that bore the name of British policy. Beyond question, he was the most potent unofficial figure in the realm. To support of the war and to the military and financial policies in whose formulation he shared, he gave, not only the power of his newspapers, but his intense personal energies. Similarly he gave of his financial fortunes. His great country house of Sutton,



the symbol of his material success, and next to his professional achievements the object of his pride, he sold to the Duke of Sutherland and turned the purchase price into agencies of war relief. He gave up his beautiful house in Mayfair and established himself in modest quarters near Buckingham Gate. When his wife took on hospital and other war work he gave her authority to draw to the limit of his personal resources. In every way that a commanding citizen and an earnest patriot in control of great resources could contribute to the national cause Northcliffe responded with open hands, and with complete devotion of his individual energies.

It is perhaps too much to ask of a man wholly self-made, and of one whose success was so notable, that with distinction and power he should combine personal modesty. Assuredly, Northcliffe was not a shrinking personality. He was not assertive in a vulgar sense. He was no braggart. But he loved authority, loved distinction, loved the many forms of glorification that came to him. To the many who cooperated with him he was unfailingly considerate. Himself a strict disciplinarian and a prodigious worker, he had no tolerance for the shirker or the easy-goer. One who passed several strenuous days with him bears witness to the energy with which he threw himself into the complicated activities of his position in the summer of 1918. He had a place in the country, just outside London, to which he motored late each night. It was his habit to rise at 5 o'clock, and by 7 he had read and annotated the London morning papers. Nothing in any printed column was too great or too small for his attention. By 8 o'clock he was at his office in London. Between that hour and 10 he had conferred with his leading assistants, both from the *Times* and the *Mail*, had listened to suggestions and had outlined policies for the day. From 10 to 12:30 he was in conference with the prime minister or with other members of the government. Almost daily he had in the great dining hall of the *Times* building a group of distinguished persons at luncheon. And so on through the day until the dinner hour, when he had usually a group of foreign guests. It was a weary man who anywhere between 10 o'clock and midnight stepped into his motor for home. All this was grilling, and in some measure at least it accounts for the collapse that seized him some three months back and which has terminated in his death at the relatively early age of fifty-seven.

Northcliffe was an intuitive thinker. His mind went straight to the end in view, whether it was the creation of a penny journal, the purchase of the *Times*, or the winning of the war. The more detailed and scientific processes of thought were for others; and these he knew how to bring into cooperation. In the selection of associates—and in his many enterprises he had associates by the score—he made few mistakes. His judgment of men, especially in his own professional field, was almost uncanny. He not only knew how to judge men, but how to win and to inspire them. Dominant figure that he was, he broke down no subordinate's character, damaged no man's self-respect. By no means always wise, notably inspired by love of the limelight, greedy of power and hungry for fame, Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, journalist and statesman, is a figure worthy of remembrance and respect.

It is an open secret that in recent years the *Times* has not in a commercial sense been profitable. It is further an open secret that the profits of the *Mail* and of Northcliffe's other enterprises have gone largely into making up the deficit of the *Times*. In acquiring the *Times* Northcliffe did not pay in bulk cash, but partly in bonds entitling him to hold the property so long as the interest was paid. The Walters family, who for generations owned the *Times*, may retrieve it in default of continuous payment of interest on the bonds and of their ultimate liquidation. Presumably, Northcliffe's heirs are his wife and his four brothers. Whether or not they will wish to retain the *Times* under the conditions essential to its maintenance is questionable. It is possible that the paper may be returned to its former ownership, and this beyond a doubt will be the wish of the conservative elements in England. Yet there is in the Walters family no man of outstanding capability, presumably no man equal to taking on the responsibilities of the paper and of bringing it up to a position where it could stand alone.

Two of Northcliffe's brothers are men of experience in the publishing business and presumably they are men of ambition. The probability is that they will wish to continue the policies of Northcliffe; and in this purpose they will almost certainly have the support of Lady Northcliffe, a woman of unusual capability and force of character, thoroughly in sympathy with her late husband's purposes.

#### A Moral Mistake.

Any plan of settlement of the railroad strike that calls for breach of faith on the part of the government or of the railroad executives is both morally and practically vicious. This applies directly to the proposal to adjudicate promises made by government agents and by railroad executives to men who stayed faithfully on the job and to others who came into the work under specific pledges. Nobody will question the good intentions of President Harding. But his proposal to make the assurances of the Labor Board and the promises of the railroad executives subjects of compromise is a grievous moral mistake. There can be no compromise of definite promises. Those who make pledges must either keep them in good faith or surrender both public respect and self-respect. It is easy to understand that the President has been subject to confused and misleading counsels. Obviously he has failed to comprehend the situation in all of its aspects.

Somebody, we hope, will recall that when the law establishing the Railroad Labor Board came into effect it was remarked in these columns that it did not have "teeth enough." Events are justifying that criticism. The Labor Board may prescribe rules, but its powers do not run to their enforcement, since there are practically no penalties for disobedience. Naturally the decrees of the board have been regarded as merely admonitory. Many of the railroads—very notably the Pennsylvania—have ignored the Labor Board rules in precisely the same spirit that the labor unions have ignored them. If the system of control is to become effective—if the government is to have the power to prevent strikes—it must give to the Labor Board or some other directing agency a full set of "teeth." There must be penalties, applicable both to the railroads and to the men, for disregard of the rules of the board.

#### The Record in the Seniority Issue.

The issue upon which the railroad strike began is now far in the background. It is no longer a matter of wages, but a question as to the conditions upon which the strikers may return to the service they abandoned July 1st. Three classes of men are affected: (a) Men who were in railroad service prior to the strike and who loyally remained at work; (b) men not recently in railroad service, but who have taken the places vacated by the strikers; (c) men who struck, abandoning the service with the incidental rights and privileges connected with it. The strikers now wish to return to the work they abandoned under conditions precisely as they stood prior to the strike. They insist that the position of each man restored to the rolls shall be precisely what it was before he left the service—in other words, they want in returning to have their "seniorities" with the rights pertaining thereto precisely as if nothing had happened.

It goes without saying that the railroad executives would gladly have many or most of their old men back on the job, but they decline to receive them under conditions of unimpaired seniority because of commitments made (a) to the men who did not go out on strike and who gained advances of seniority thereby; and (b) to men who have taken the place of the strikers, thereby establishing themselves in seniority over those whose employment may be later than their own.

The pledges given by the railroad executives, and by the Railroad Labor Board under whose authority they work, were positive and definite. On July 1st, the day when the strike was called, Chairman Hooper of the Railroad Wage Board, and representing the government, announced:

Full governmental power will protect the men who remain in their positions and new men who may come in. \* \* \* Men who take the strikers' places are merely accepting the wages and working conditions prescribed by governmental tribunal and are performing a public service.

Three days later—on July 3d—the Railroad Labor Board passed a series of resolutions, concluding as follows:

Be it further resolved that the employees remaining in the

service and the new ones entering same be accorded the application and the benefit of the outstanding wage and rule decisions of the Railroad Labor Board until they are amended and modified by agreements with said employees arrived at in conformity with the Transportation Act or by decision of this board. And be it further resolved that if it be assumed that the employees who leave the service of the carrier because of dissatisfaction over any decisions of the Labor Board are within their rights in so doing, it must likewise be conceded that the men who remain in the service and those who enter it anew are within their rights in accepting such employment; that they are not strikebreakers seeking to impose the arbitrary will of an employer upon employees, but that they have the moral as well as the legal right to engage in such service of the American public to avoid interruption of indispensable railway transportation and that they are entitled to the protection of every department and branch of the government, state and national.

Also, on July 3d, the Railroad Labor Board declared as follows:

The six organizations, comprising the Federated Shop Crafts, have notified the Railroad Labor Board that a very large majority of the employees whom they represent have left the service of the carriers; that the members of said organizations are no longer employees of the railways under the jurisdiction of the Railroad Labor Board or subject to the application of the Transportation Act.

Following these declarations by the Labor Board, President Harding, on July 11th, issued a proclamation of which one paragraph is as follows:

Whereas the maintained operation of the railways in interstate commerce and the transportation of the United States mails have necessitated the employment of men who choose to accept employment under the terms of the decision [i. e., of the United States Labor Board], they have the same indisputable right to work that others have to decline to work.

And later in the same proclamation:

These activities and the maintained supremacy of the law are the first obligations of the government and of the citizenship of our country.

In line with the letter and spirit of these official utterances the railroads assured the men who remained with them that their loyalty would be recognized and all their service rights maintained. To the new men who found opportunity for employment in the vacancies created by the strikers' abandonment of their work the railroad executives gave assurance that they would not be displaced to make way for returning strikers. In the case of the Southern Pacific, the general manager, in a bulletin to shop craft employees, dated July 7th, said:

It comes to my attention that strikers and their paid leaders are spreading false propaganda that our shop craft men now at work will be displaced later on by men now on strike. Nothing could be further from the truth. Our shop craft employees have my promise that there will not be at any time any understanding or agreement reached with any one that will require their displacement by men now on strike. You have my assurance that shop craft employees who remained loyal, those who returned to service in response to my notice of July 3d, and new shop craft employees will be positively protected against displacement at all times.

In view of these several declarations made officially by President Harding, the Railroad Labor Board, and by railroad executives—for the bulletin issued by the superintendent of the Southern Pacific was practically duplicated throughout the country—it is mere surplusage to say that the general commitment is positive, definite, and as morally binding as words could make it. The obligations of the government and of the railroads alike are first to the men who stayed on their jobs, second to those who came into the service in the places of the strikers. It has become a point of honor binding upon the government and upon the railroads. To yield to the demand of the strikers that they be returned with seniority unimpaired would be a shameful repudiation; and equally shameful would be the submission of the pledges given, and of what may be implied in them, to adjudication. There are some things that may not be compromised. Under the pledges of the government, made through the Labor Board, likewise under pledges made by the railroad executives, the men who remained on the job are entitled to the seniorities they have attained; and the men who came new into the service are entitled to the seniorities established by their service. To nullify these seniorities—and this would be the effect of returning the strikers to their work with seniorities unimpaired—would be an act so shameful that no member of the Labor Board or no railroad executive could at once retain his official place and his self-respect.

Furthermore, repudiation of the pledges given would be fatal to the authority of the Railroad Labor Board. If men may win over the Labor Board by striking, then the determinations of the board become futile.



It would mean that before the Labor Board should hand down a decision it would have to consult the men, since they would have the power to annul any decree. It would signify an authority on the part of the labor organizations superior to that of an agency of government specially commissioned. Also, it would destroy respect of the men for their employers, since it would exhibit them, not only as powerless, but as faithless in relation to solemn pledges.

#### Really American.

The American Plan in industry is well named. It means, practically speaking, what President Harding meant when he spoke of conditions under which free men, willing to work, may work in safety. It has been in effect in the building industry of San Francisco for a little over a year, and we have thus had sufficient time to observe its results. In regard to the upbuilding of the city and the prosperity of its people as distinguished from the prosperity of a selfish part of its people, those results have been beneficial beyond estimate. Allowing all proper discount of the comparison by reason of changing general conditions, the fact presents itself indubitably that the worst restriction on building was removed when the closed shop was abolished. With that obstruction gone an astonishing energy of development has been released. The building operations for the first six months of 1921, under closed shop conditions, amounted to \$11,276,498. For the first six months of 1922, under the American Plan, they were \$23,356,239. The gain was more than 107 per cent. If the working class is interested in the expansion of industry and the opportunity for employment, which condition was better for the working people themselves? It has not all been plain sailing, and there is no reason why it should have been. Some conflict of interest is a natural condition of all trade. There have been some strikes of more or less seriousness. But on the whole the building trades have lost nothing substantial, contracts have been executed, the city has enjoyed some share of its natural development. For this the American Plan is to be thanked more than any other factor of the industrial and financial situation. It was inaugurated about the middle of June, 1921, and the curve of building operations started upward in August of that year. Nor is the phenomenon an isolated one. Early this year thirteen of the building trades in Chicago began operations on the American Plan. The result has been that in the first six months of 1922 Chicago building operations aggregated more than \$111,000,000, which is greater than for any entire year since the world's fair in that city. These are facts that can not be gainsaid, nor explained on any other basis than the patent one of cause and effect. Liberty and human rights are still the best foundation for the social fabric, still the most healthful condition of industry and life. When any class seeks for its own ends to curtail the liberties of the rest of the community it is making itself a social enemy. The great thing necessary just now is to get all classes of society to see it, and to understand that every individual is interested in the preservation and defense of individual rights. This is the interest of the whole, which is greater than any part. Without that there can be no healthy general progress, no matter what selfish gain there may be to a few. The American Plan is here, and that is the way it works. It is really American.

#### Editorial Notes.

One of the surprises of the current primary election season is the defeat of Representative Philip Campbell of Kansas. Campbell has represented the Third Kansas District for ten successive terms. He is chairman of the House Committee on Rules and was in line for the Speakership. It had been supposed that in his own district he was invincible. Campbell's defeat is attributed almost solely to his course in relation to the bonus bill, of which he was an ardent supporter and an active promoter on the floor of the House. He had it within his power as chairman of the Rules Committee to block the arbitrary procedure by which the bonus bill was jammed through the House, but he made the mistake of yielding to the clamor of the American Legion politicians to make it privileged legislation. If he did not originate he at least approved and brought into effect a "gag" rule setting a date for consideration of the bill and specifying that only five hours should be devoted to the debate. The opposition was obliged to accept the scheme, but did so under protest. At the

time Campbell was subjected to severe criticism, not only on the part of opponents of the bill, but of its friends. Fordney, an advocate of the bonus, but a critic of the method by which it was forced through, declared on the floor of the House, with reference to Campbell, that "a day of reckoning is close at hand when the people will rise up in anger at such high-handed tactics."

The defeat of Mr. Campbell has had a depressing effect upon the bonus campaign. And it is not the only circumstance tending to make an atmosphere of gloom in respect to this particular measure. Two senators—McCumber of North Dakota and Cumberston of Texas—have been repudiated because of their support of the raid. Breckinridge Long of Missouri, Representative Sweet of Iowa, Representative Burke of Pennsylvania, and Representative Jefferies of Nebraska have failed to win nominations because of their support of the bonus. Representatives Ireland and Copley of Illinois, Representative Dunbar of Indiana, Representatives Connell, Focht, Rose, Brooks, Jones, McLaughlin, Walters and Reber of Pennsylvania, Representative Campbell of Kansas and Representative Herrick of Oklahoma will not return to the House because they failed to properly represent their constituents on this issue. On the other hand, Senators Pepper of Pennsylvania and Swanson of Virginia, both opposed to the bonus, have been renominated by large majorities. Representative Alice Robertson of Oklahoma, Representative Garrett of Tennessee, Representative McFadden of Pennsylvania, Representative Garner of Texas, Representative Sears of Florida, and Representative McArthur of Oregon, all of whom opposed the bonus, have been renominated.

It is now demonstrated that whatever may be our policy with respect to the billions owed to us by our European allies, payment is not to be forthcoming in a form or within time to make these credits a resource for payment of the proposed soldiers' bonus. The only way to raise money to pay the bonus is by special taxation, and this may not be arranged for without distinct violation of the promise of reduced taxation to which the Administration stands committed. President Harding has not swerved from his position to the effect that any measure providing a bonus must also provide the means of paying it; and nobody has been able to figure out how this may be done without imposing on the public new and onerous forms of taxation in direct contempt of party promises.

There are to be submitted to the California electorate in the coming November election thirty measures under the referendum, ranging from a proposal to create a bond issue of \$500,000,000 for development of hydro-electro power by the state to creation of a special examining board for osteopaths. It would take a dozen Philadelphia lawyers from now until election day to properly study, classify, and annotate these proposed measures. That the voters of the state shall be able to act with intelligent judgment upon them is of course unthinkable. A safe rule will be for the individual voter to mark his ballot "No" in every instance.

Senator Reed of Missouri is not a profound man, and he is assuredly not a great statesman. His chief merit is courage. That is the basis of his standing with his constituency in Missouri. A contributory fact tending to his success was the effort of ex-President Wilson to read him out of the party and to bring about his defeat. The Democrats of Missouri—and presumably of the country at large—are obviously not willing to accept the ex-President as the dominating head of their party. Reed's chances of election in November are good. The state is nominally Democratic, though it gave Roosevelt a majority of 25,000 in 1904, Taft a majority of a few hundred in 1908, and Harding a plurality in 1920. The late contest between Reed and Long has had a stimulating effect upon Missouri politics. It has stirred waters that had become stagnant, and has reminded the people that there are things worth contending for, with the further principle that a man of courage and resource may not stand in fear of those who assume to speak in the name of prestige and authority.

The primary campaigns throughout the country have demonstrated for the hundredth time the futility of laws restrictive of expenditures in primary elections. There is no way by which a candidate may advertise himself

before a state and afford voters sufficient information to act intelligently unless he shall spend—himself or others for him—considerable amounts of money. Either a candidate must be widely exploited, and at very considerable cost, or the electorate must be left uninformed of his principles and his qualifications. The condition is by no means an ideal one, but it is what it is, and nobody has suggested any method of improving it. Experience has made plain the fact that the direct primary is more costly to candidates and more generally demoralizing than the old convention system with all its demerits.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### SOME PERTINENT REFLECTIONS.

##### Concerning the Relationships of the Central Pacific Railroad to the Interests of California.

In a widely-circulated letter Mr. F. G. Athearn, local attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad, urges acceptance of the Supreme Court decree "unscrambling" the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific properties, and arguing—upon the presumption that the Central Pacific will go to the Union Pacific—that great advantage will accrue to California. To this letter Mr. R. H. Swaine, the well-known shipping man, has replied as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 9, 1922.

Mr. Fred G. Athearn,  
Attorney for the Union Pacific R. R. Co.,  
San Francisco, California—

DEAR SIR: Your very interesting views on the separation of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads, which you were kind enough to send me, have been carefully read, and I take the liberty of writing you some of my views on the same subject.

I was particularly struck by your remark at the outset that "the Central Pacific begins at Ogden, Utah, and runs to the Oakland Mole on the eastern side of San Francisco Bay." I believe that this is the commonly accepted idea in the Eastern and Middle Western states. I suppose it is natural enough, and I have no doubt the general policy of the Union Pacific Railroad has been based on this assumption, as I have often noticed evidences of it in my business experience. The head office of the Union Pacific and the head offices of the principal or connecting or feeding railroads with which it connects are all located in the principal cities of the Middle Western states, or else in New York. This, of course, is where their great business originates and where their interests lie.

Contrary to your view, I know, and I think most Californians know, that the Central Pacific begins on the eastern side of San Francisco Bay, at the Oakland Mole, and runs to Ogden, Utah. I am of the opinion that the officers of the Southern Pacific have the same belief, and their policy in the past has been based upon it, and I have often noticed evidences of it in my business experience. Now, I consider that this viewpoint is of the highest importance; in fact, taken in connection with the results that arise from it, it is of the very first line. The question of competition, since the passage of the Transportation Act of 1920, does not seem to me to be of very much importance. However, it may be that to the Middle Western or Eastern man this competition is important, and that the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific are competing lines; but, to us in California, they are not competing lines, and never have been, and the suggested competition today amounts to nothing.

On the other hand, to me and to most Californians, the important matter, as the situation exists today, is the policy and ownership of these lines. The headquarters and interests of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific lines have been identical and have always been strictly Californian. They have always been California institutions, beginning in California and interested in the upbuilding of California, and to me this is everything. I might interpolate here, speaking of California, that there are many of us who think that the natural resources of the state are greater than those of Italy, and, as you know, Italy supports a population of 40,000,000; it does not seem to be a wild assumption to assume that we will one day have as many. California, facing the Pacific Ocean, is the front door of the United States, and the great commerce that will come to our shores will be carried and distributed eastward, southward, and northward by our railroads as far as economic conditions will permit. This has long been the vision of Californians, and also the vision when the Central and Southern Pacific railroads were built, and when the Panama Canal was constructed. There is every indication that these views will come to pass, and, if this is so, then the railroads running to the east, and north, and south are our great distributing avenues, and I see no competition in these diverse directions between the Central and Southern Pacific railroads.

I can see competition between the Western Pacific and the Central Pacific—they are both Eastern distributing avenues, and both fortunately have their headquarters here; both begin here, and both have similar interests, and both are really Californian. I can not find that we have any special interest in the Union Pacific, any more than we have in any of the other Middle Western railroads whose interests lie in the Middle West and who now are able to route their business over the Central Pacific. It is to us mainly a question as to what portion of the Union Pacific territory and that traversed by other Middle Western railroads is within our economic possibilities, and to which we may look for growth.

On the other hand, you must remember we now reach the great Mississippi Valley through the Panama Canal and the barge service on the Mississippi River, making us more or less, or, I might say, largely independent of the Middle Western railroads. In other words, we are a maritime state looking out over the Pacific, which is to be the scene of great trade development of the future; and we are interested in the railroads over which we can reach out from here, and, in so far as these compete, to use the competition to our own benefit, all we know how; but, remember that the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific start here in California, just as the New York Central starts in New York; and it is my view that, if the Central Pacific should be separated from the Southern Pacific, then we in California should raise the money, buy the stock, and own it here. Its ownership should never go to Omaha, or Chicago, or any other Western cities whose interests are not and can not be identical with ours, but, on the contrary, whose highest interests lie in developing their territory and, incidentally, to exploit our state as far as they can.

This must be apparent to you from the policy of the Union



sific in extending its line to the Northwest. You must be aware that when they did that no benefit accrued to us in California, but, on the contrary, it was entirely in the interests of the upbuilding of the Union Pacific and the great territory over which it reaches. If California is to grow, as we think it will, the purchase of this stock should be a good investment, and, if it is ever offered for sale, I, for one, will gladly buy my share of it. Furthermore, in the interests of California, it would be highly advisable that we should not only have the Central Pacific keep its headquarters and its interests in California, and, if possible, be owned in California, but it is also to our interests that the steamship lines that ply between California ports and the Far East should be owned and centered in California, particularly does this apply to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; and we should also own and operate from San Francisco at least one line between the Pacific Coast and the Atlantic Coast.

In other words, it is advisable for Californians to have a very important interest in the ownership of the great transportation systems that are necessary for our growth; and that these transportation systems should have their headquarters and their interests here in California. This applies to both the land and the sea—the railroads and the steamship lines. They are just as necessary and important to us as a delivery wagon is to a dry goods store. You know what New York and the country adjacent has become; what a trade and manufacturing centre; how the products arrive and depart by sea and by rail; and how their rail and steamship lines are owned and centered there. We have similar hopes, and it seems obvious that our transportation systems must be centered here, and not in Omaha or Chicago or New York.

Perhaps my experience, confined largely to shipping as it has been, has made me somewhat provincial, but I certainly think the Central and Southern Pacific do not compete, and I hope the Central Pacific will continue to begin on the east side of San Francisco Bay, and that it may never be the tail of the Union Pacific kite, or California become the back door of the Middle West.

Yours very truly,  
R. H. SWAINE.

#### A Word From Bakersfield.

BAKERSFIELD, August 10, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have read and reread and recommended others to read your editorial on President Harding—"A Man and His Work." It is both forceful and fitting and is full of pathos and power. It abounds with telling truths and touching tenderness. It is written in your best classic style and will be an imperishable tribute to our worthy President.

Doubtless you read his recent Marion speech and noted his unique remarks in regard to the Eighteenth Amendment: "The minority is being denied a fancied sense of personal liberty, but the amendment is the will of America and must be sustained by the government and public opinion," etc. No trace of weakness or indecision there. The President, a man of character and courage, has spoken, and the country is sitting up and taking notice. Some one has said that the best way to kill a bad law is to enforce it. Let those who think the Eighteenth Amendment is a bad law help its destruction by urging its enforcement. Patriotism prompts it, fairness demands it, and the President seriously and sternly invites it.

I have been a supporter of Senator Johnson since he commenced his political career, but his vagrant associations and wanderings with Hearst and Hylan, La Follette and De Valera, etc., and his lack of support generally of President Harding's administration has decided me in favor of Mr. Moore, who has already demonstrated his weight and worthiness by an unblemished life and by his wonderful business ability in engineering that peerless and only self-paying exposition ever held.

Mr. Moore is a man of large vision; a clear thinker and a proven doer of great things. From his past we have the right to believe and expect that he will benefit the nation as a senator even more than he has benefited California as a private individual. Let us put him to the test by electing him senator.

CHARLES MORRICE.

Is this democracy, or, simply, anarchy? I sometimes wonder—I am given to wondering—whether this holy experiment, as Penn called it, of democracy would be thought successful by its founders, writes C. Edward Newton in the *Atlantic Monthly*. When I consider how clumsily we have solved, if indeed we can be said to have solved, our governmental problems, I am inclined to doubt. Washington fought for, and secured for us, a continent. Are we not foolish to be robbed of our noble inheritance by the anarchist and the agitator? In letting down the bars—perhaps it would be more exact to say, in erecting no bars whatever around our possessions—we have placed in jeopardy our most precious institutions, and in exchange we have secured—what? Cheap labor, nothing else. We mistake the rapid exploitation of this continent for a logical operation of democracy.

When any body of men becomes so infatuated with their own special interests that they defy the laws of the land with impunity and are ready to assault and murder any who differ with them they have become a menace to the existence of democracy or any other form of free government, and their fellow-citizens must gravely consider how to protect the liberties which our Constitution is designed to secure.—Former Attorney-General George W. Wickersham.

Until electricity was discovered, the cause of the aurora borealis was unknown, and it was supposed to be of supernatural origin. Even today its exact composition or source is more or less of a mystery, but it is generally supposed that it is caused by the recombination of positive and negative electricity. It exists only in the regions of the poles, although its light is seen to a moderate degree over the greater part of the earth.

Since the passage of the Dyer anti-theft automobile law in October, 1919, 2120 automobiles, worth at a fair second-hand valuation \$2,567,208, have been recovered by the Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, according to figures compiled by that bureau at the request of officials of the American Automobile Association.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Marguerite Waltz has the distinction of being Philadelphia's only policewoman. Her duties consist in supervising the conduct of all affairs which concern the welfare of young girls.

La Fayette's great-grandson, the Count Charles de Chambrun, has recently arrived in Washington, D. C., to act as chargé d'affaires at the French Embassy during the absence of Ambassador Jusserand.

Walter Littlefield has recently been honored by King Victor Emmanuel III with the rank of Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy. The distinction was conferred in recognition of Mr. Littlefield's studies of Dante, which have appeared in various publications.

Sir Francis Younghusband has been presented with the Charles P. Daly medal for this year. The presentation occurred at the American Embassy in London and the medal was inscribed "For explorations in Northern India and Tibet and for geographical explorations on the Asiatic and African borders of the empire."

Augustus Thomas, playwright, has been recently appointed chairman of the Producing Managers' Association, a post corresponding to that of Will Hays in the motion-picture industry, Judge K. M. Landis in organized baseball, and Franklin D. Roosevelt in the construction industry. Thomas has signed a three years' contract.

Ales Broz, economic and industrial expert from Czecho-Slovakia, is a new attaché at that country's legation in Washington. Broz, who comes from diplomatic services in London, brings to his new task a wide knowledge of the facts on which American interests are seeking information. Broz is optimistic over the outlook for his country and claims that she has gone further in reconstruction than her neighbors.

Captain Lemuel Cornick Shepherd, U. S. M. C., has recently announced his resignation as aide-de-camp at the White House simultaneously with the announcement of his engagement. One of the unwritten laws of the White House is that junior aides must be bachelors, as one of the duties implied is being "nice" to women guests at the executive parties. The rule is said to have had its origin in the protest of an indignant wife of a gallant aide.

Gifford Pinchot, candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, is notably an outdoors man. Though more than six feet tall he does not look vigorous, as he is slender to the point of emaciation and is rather narrow in the shoulders. However, he plays tennis, is a good shot, an ardent fisherman, and can ride or tramp with any one. His profession of forestry has taken him much in the open, and it is said that many a Western ranger, cowpuncher, miner and guide can testify to Mr. Pinchot's brawny strength. Harpooning swordfish is probably his favorite sport and accomplishment.

Miss Florence King, Chicago lawyer, is the choice of the women of the Republican party for judge of the new district court in Chicago. Miss King, accompanied by some of her supporters, recently called on President Harding at the White House, but the President's attitude toward the suggestion that Miss King be appointed the first of her sex to sit on the Federal bench of the United States has not yet been published. The judgeship suggested is in the new district provided for Chicago and is in accordance with an act recently approved providing for amplification of the Federal judiciary.

Admiral Baron Tomosaburo Kato, the new "non-party" prime minister of Japan, though he is said to have the silent support of the nation as a whole, yet takes office in the midst of a chorus of disapproval from professional politicians. Kato, who is the reverse of a publicity-seeking politician, always shuns the limelight. When he was appointed minister of the navy six years ago he hid all marks of his rank and traveled incognito during his official trips. Unlike most of the men of his class, he has ignored petty accomplishments. The Japanese of his station pride themselves on beautiful writing, but Kato is an exception. Simplicity and economy are the keynotes of his character. Kato's pet aversion is green tea, which all Japanese drink, because he claims that tea drinking interferes with his sleep. Kato's sister, now eighty-three years old, says that as a little boy the premier was quick tempered and prone to fight the neighborhood children.

Lord Northcliffe, 1st Viscount, of St. Peter in the County of Kent, as his full title reads, who died in London August 14th, was born July 15, 1865, in County Dublin, the son of an English barrister. The history of his life is practically that of his paper, the *Daily Mail*, and the several others of which he was part owner, notably the *London Times*, which he largely controlled for the last twelve years of his life. Though Northcliffe devoted his life to newspapers and consistently refused official positions, he played a prominent part in British politics. He was particularly anathema to the Germans, partly as a result of his superintendence of enemy propaganda during the war. In fact he was honored by a special German medal struck of him as the "moulder of the English mind." His war-time services to Great Britain were probably more valuable than those of any other man except his friend and enemy, Lloyd George.

He was chairman of the British war mission to this country in 1917 and the same year was made director of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee. Northcliffe's early years were spent in devising schemes to found a fortune and it is a notable fact that at the age of twenty-three he had acquired enough money to buy his first publication, the *Weekly Answers*. The venture was an immense success and was the foundation of his career and the first of the forty-odd papers the millionaire proprietor was to own. Though he died of overwork at the premature age of fifty-seven, Northcliffe was the first publisher to mitigate the labors of his men by shorter working weeks.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### Carcassonne.

(Translated from the French of Gustave Nadaud, 1820-1893, by M. E. W. Sherwood.)

"How old I am! I'm eighty years!  
I've worked both hard and long,  
Yet patient as my life has been,  
One dearest sight I have not seen,—  
It almost seems a wrong;  
A dream I had when life was new,  
Alas, our dreams! they come not true:  
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,—  
That lovely city, Carcassonne!"

"One sees it dimly from a height  
Beyond the mountains blue,  
Fain would I walk five weary leagues,—  
I do not mind the road's fatigues,—  
Through morn and evening's dew.  
But bitter frosts would fall at night,  
And on the grapes,—that yellow blight!  
I could not go to Carcassonne,  
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times  
As holidays at home!  
The gentles ride in gay attire,  
And in the sun each gilded spire  
Shoots up like those of Rome!  
The Bishop the procession leads,  
The generals curb their prancing steeds.  
Alas! I know not Carcassonne,—  
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!"

"Our Vicar's right! he preaches loud,  
And bids us to beware;  
He says, O, guard the weakest part,  
And most the traitor in the heart  
Against Ambition's snare!  
Perhaps in autumn I can find  
Two sunny days with gentle wind,  
I then could go to Carcassonne,—  
I still could go to Carcassonne!"

"My God and Father! pardon me  
If this my wish offends!  
One sees some hope, more high than he,  
In age, as in his infancy,  
To which his heart ascends!  
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,  
My grandson went to Perpignan;  
But I have not seen Carcassonne,—  
But I have not seen Carcassonne!"

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,  
Half dreaming in his chair;  
I said, "My friend, come go with me  
Tomorrow; then thine eyes shall see  
Those streets that seem so fair."  
That night there came for passing soul  
The church-bell's low and solemn toll,  
He never saw gay Carcassonne.  
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

##### The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts tomorrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory:  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys, learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Ran on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,—  
The loving are the daring. —Bayard Taylor.



## RECREATIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE.

Paul Gsell Plays Plato to the Dean of French Literature.

It is something of a paradox for the most lucid writer of the most explicit modern tongue to stand in need of an interpreter, and yet Paul Gsell has performed an invaluable service in recording "The Opinions of Anatole France." Whether or not either of the clear Gallic minds concerned in this exposition was struck by the irony of it is not recorded. M. Gsell is a charming, we assume middling young, Frenchman who worships genius. Some years ago he gave us the splendid "Art," which expounded Rodin's opinions and philosophies. There was a crying need for that, since Rodin has always been misunderstood, and though there may have been less call for an interpretation of France, the book is even more delightful. Besides, "The Opinions of Anatole France" is more than an exposition. It is an intimate portrait.

Though every reader of "Les Contes de Jacques Tournébroche" must realize France's predilection for a racy story, it yet comes as something of a surprise that the greatest French intellect is as inveterate an anecdotalist as an American toastmaster. The only difference is that all of France's stories are good, as one gleefully realizes when "The Opinions of Anatole France" gradually resolve themselves into a steady stream of anecdote. He has a story for everything and they are all beautifully to the point. They are not given on the principle Mr. Leacock has found us guilty of—an eye for an eye and a story for a story. In defense of our national pastime, we maintain that one bad story deserves another.

Several of France's best are concerned with the corrupt politics of the French Academy. The legitimate system is very simple. An eligible wishes to join the Academy and sends the august body a letter of application and they, when there is a seat vacant, vote on the several applicants. Several such were beseeching France for his vote. It seems that the greatest luminary of the French Academy rarely goes near it. He declined to vote for his friends, but gave them quantities of advice:

France—But most of the time, as you know, my dear friend, as well as I do, the elections are purely political.

Haracourt—Yet, my dear master, your own was not!

France—On the contrary, it was so more than any other. But the story is worth telling in detail.

Ludovic Halévy, who loved me like a brother, kept constantly saying: "Why sulk at the Academy? It is the thing to join. It looks well on the covers of one's books. Present yourself. Do it for my sake. I am ashamed to be an immortal when you are not." Well, the end of it was that I drew up my letter of application, and went to read it to him.

"Tut, tut!" said he, "your letter is not in due form. Give it to me and I will arrange it properly." And he deliberately inserted three or four fearful mistakes in French, which stood out like poppies in a corn field.

"There," he said, "is the style required. But that is not everything. We must find out who will vote for you."

He drew up a list and proceeded to tick off a great number of names.

"Hm! Hm!" he muttered, "it will not be easy. These damned aristocrats will make wry faces when they have to swallow you."

I began making my calls. Halévy directed operations. Every morning I received a note: "Go to So and So! Call again on So and So!" All the time he was consumed with anxiety. Finally, one day when I saw him he was radiant.

"That's all right!" said he, rubbing his hands, "we've got them!"

"Got whom?"

"The aristocrats! Listen. There are two seats vacant. The extreme Left of the Academy is putting you forward for one. The aristocrats have a candidate for the other, a worthy nobleman of ancient lineage, but an absolute illiterate. They will not find it easy to push him through."

"We said to them: Do you want the extreme Left to vote for your nobleman? Then, vote for the anarchist, Anatole France."

The "anarchist" thus engineered into the sacred precincts of the Academy maintains that the works of the candidates are never read. One infers that if he himself and his politics had not been so well known, the Academy would have been sublimely ignorant of the fact that he was an anarchist. Le conte de Lisle, the "blasphemer who wrote 'Poemes Barbares,'" was elected as a Christian poet. Says France, "The majority of the immortals who voted in his favor, I am told, attributed to him Sully Prudhomme's 'Le Vase Brisé.'" Still on the trail of the Academy's negligence, M. Gsell tells the following yarn:

Some one told the story of the scurvy trick played by the author of "Les Origines de la France chrétienne" on Monsignor de Cabrières, who was a splendid orator, but had written practically nothing.

Monsignor Duchesne had gone into several bookshops near the Mazarin Palace, and had said in the most innocent tones:

"Give me the complete works of Monsignor de Cabrières."

The shop assistants were amazed.

"The complete works of Monsignor de Cabrières? We haven't them in stock."

"Oh, yes, you must have. Have a look!"

They searched and then:

"We can not find them, Monsignor."

"Come now, Monsignor de Cabrières is a candidate for the Academy. He must have surely written something, and I want particularly to read his books. Look again, please."

Great commotion. The owners and their assistants searched everywhere, moving piles of books and climbing ladders. But still there was nothing.

"We are very sorry, Monsignor!"

"So am I! So am I!"

As he went out he raised his hands to heaven.

"Where, oh, where shall I find the complete works of Monsignor de Cabrières?"

Nor is its present state the result of modern degeneracy. As every one knows, women are not as yet allowed to become members of the Academy, though if Mme. de Noaillet is successful in her fight they soon will be. But they have always been eligible for prizes. Perhaps it is because Frenchmen realize that the introduction of women would make corruption even more corrupt that they so assiduously bar them. At least, here is Anatole France's authentic story apropos of their refining influence:

France—Under the Second Empire Louise Colet was a majestic female, very beautiful, rather a virago, with a man's voice, and eyes which she knew how to use. She was married to a very ugly little dwarf, who played the violin at the Conservatory. The great philosopher, Victor Cousin, when he saw her, discovered in her the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. He reduced the little violinist to the same plight as Sganarelle. It was the correct thing to do.

Louise Colet used to twang the lyre. She asked her metaphysician to have some poetry prizes awarded her by the French Academy. How could Cousin refuse such a modest recompense for divine hours? So, every year that God granted, Louise Colet used to get her prize. It was as regular as clockwork.

On one occasion the good lady began rather late to manufacture her piece for the competition. The night before the last day for receiving entries she had not hatched a single line. She was greatly embarrassed.

That night there were some artists and writers at her dinner table. It chanced that Flaubert and Bouilhet had come. They were fond of her, because she was an amiable creature and made everybody feel comfortable. After dinner she showed them into a corner of the drawing-room.

"My dears," said she, "you must save my life." And she revealed her predicament.

"Now you must be very nice. Follow me into my study."

"... This way. . . . Plant yourselves in those two excellent armchairs, and before midnight run me off two hundred lines on Immortality. That is the prescribed subject. Here are some paper and ink. . . . Oh, I was nearly forgetting! You will find tobacco and brandy in this cupboard." As a matter of fact, it was her custom to smoke and drink like a trooper.

Then she rejoined her other guests.

The two friends smoked and drank and chatted.

"By the way," cried Bouilhet towards 11 o'clock, "what about Immortality?"

"Oh, damn!" replied Flaubert.

And they returned to the brandy.

At a quarter to 12 Bouilhet begged Flaubert to begin to think about Immortality. Flaubert was still reluctant, but suddenly, seizing a copy of Lamartine on a shelf, he opened it at random. "Write this!" he ordered imperiously. And without stopping he dictated two hundred lines from "Les Harmonies."

When it was finished:

"Add the title: Immortality! . . . Excellent!"

He was putting "Les Harmonies" back when Louise Colet appeared.

"Is it finished, my treasures?"

"Oh, yes. Certainly," said they, very lively.

She ran over the sheets of manuscript without recognizing Lamartine.

"You did not over-exert yourselves," said she, "but it will do, all the same. You are angels."

She gave them each a kiss. She presented her poem and got the prize, as usual, with many congratulations. The lines from Lamartine were printed over the name of Louise Colet. Nobody was any the wiser, for nobody read them.

Flaubert did not reveal the trick until very long afterwards.

But if the political morals of the Academy are not

unimpeachable, neither, it appears, is its intellect. Part

of the function of the Academy is the preservation of

French grammar. In fact to be eligible one must be a

grammarian, a fact that has hitherto been an unex-

plained marvel to us. Most educated Englishmen or

Americans, eligible for distinguished honors, are not

philologists. We have taken off our hats to the French

that in addition to being distinguished their great men

had time to become grammarians. We thought it was a

gift. But the following story leaves us with one less

than the proverbial nine marvels:

We never got any further than the letter A, for they do

a very short day's work at the Academy. The entry after

Anneau (Ring) was being made, and the Duc de Broglie

was presiding. By a majority of votes the following definition

was adopted:

"Ring: a piece of metal circular in shape."

"Smoke ring," I whispered insidiously.

These words caused some disturbance, but a grammarian

replied with great assurance:

"All right. We will put: by catachresis: smoke ring."

Catachresis seemed to be a sublime idea.

As an example, the Ring of Saturn was quoted.

"The astronomers have discovered several of them," I observed.

"So you will have to say the Rings of Saturn."

"No," they said, "it is customary to say the Ring of Saturn."

We are here only to ratify usage. So much the worse for

your astronomers!"

We regret the impossibility of finishing M. France's

history of his election. The foregoing paragraph is

sufficient to illustrate our point and the remainder is

another story. In fact, many of the best anecdotes in

this ultra-Gallic book are not suitable for publication

in an American periodical. But here are two on Rodin

that might appear anywhere and are only too good to

be true. One is naturally *qui vive* to see the effect of

the two greatest exponents of their respective arts upon

each other. The lesson learned is that even the great

are not above human jealousies. Elsewhere in "The

Opinions of Anatole France" we have discovered the

virile malice of France, so the two Rodin stories should

be taken with a grain of salt:

Rodin was doubtless greatly flattered by the visit of M.

Bergeret. Yet, these two prophets did not profess unreserved

admiration for one another. In private conversation Anatole

France is in the habit of commenting freely upon the inspira-

tion of the celebrated artist.

"He is a genius. I am sure of it. I have seen some nudes

of his, palpitating with life. But he is not one of those great

decorators such as France has known, especially in the seven-

teenth and eighteenth centuries. He seems to me to know

nothing of the science of grouping. Above all, it must be

said, he collaborates too much with accidents."

M. Bergeret explains what he means by these rather cryptic

words:

"He abuses his right to destroy what is not perfect in a work. Dear old President Fallières, who was one day paying an official visit to the Salon, stopped in front of a statue which had neither head, nor arms, nor legs, and said, with great simplicity:

"'M. Rodin is certainly a great man, but his furniture removers are singularly careless.'"

A further example of "collaborating with accidents" is the following:

"Do you know how he conceived that Victor Hugo, the half-reclining figure in marble in the gardens of the Palais-Royal? This is the story:

"Rodin had just finished in clay an imposing statue of the poet. Victor Hugo was standing upright on the crest of a rock. All sorts of Muses and Ocean deities were circling about him. One morning the sculptor brought a whole troupe of journalists to his studio, that they might contemplate the new work. Unfortunately, the evening before, he had left the window open, and, as a terrible storm had broken out during the night, a stream of water had reduced the huge group to formless pulp. The cliff had collapsed upon the dancing deities. As for Victor Hugo, he had flopped down into a sea of mud.

"Rodin opened the door, and allowed his guests to go in first. Suddenly he beheld the disaster. He all but tore his beard with despair. But the chorus of praise had already begun:

"'Wonderful! Marvelous! Formidable! Victor Hugo rising from this bed of slime, what a symbol! Master, it is a stroke of genius! You have tried to represent the ignominy of an epoch in which the inspiration of the bard alone survived, noble and pure. How beautiful!'

"'Do you think so?' Rodin asked timidly.

"'Of course! It is the masterpiece of masterpieces. Oh! Please, Master, leave it as it is!'

The story is certainly piquant. . . . Si non è vero. . . .

Probably because he is on his old grazing grounds, M. Gsell, having done duty to his present hero's re-

action to Rodin, turns with considerable alacrity to record Rodin's weighty if not witty truths:

Rodin—Yes; nowadays this mechanical process is commonly employed by our sculptors. They are satisfied to make casts of living models. The public does not know this yet, but in the profession it is an open secret. Modern statues are nothing more than casts placed on pedestals. The sculptor has nothing more to do. It is the maker of plaster-casts who does all the work.

France—Allow me to ask a question. I quite understand what you say when the figures of a monument are life size. But what do our artists do when they execute figures larger or smaller than the actual dimensions?

Rodin—There is no difficulty whatever about that, for they have instruments for enlarging or reducing the casts.

France—And in ancient times, you say, the sculptors refrained from making casts of living models?

Rodin—They used casts only for documentary purposes.

Formerly in the studios one saw arms, legs, and torsos, in casts, whose contour was perfect. The artists studied them to check the position of the muscles in their works, but they were careful never to copy them. They always attempted to put life into the models to which they referred, to transform them, to breathe into them their inspiration. It was the Italian, Canova, who began, at the close of the eighteenth century, to incorporate cast pieces into his statues. The great number of commissions which he received forced him to adopt this expeditious method. Since then, his example has been universally followed.

And once in a rather long while M. Bergeret, him-

self, ceases being either scintillating or Rabelaisian

long enough to express a serious opinion on art. And

then one is treated to such penetrating criticism as thi-

France—All great authors write badly. That is well

known. At least, the pedants say so. Great writers are im-

petuous. The vigor of their vocabulary, the intensity of their

style, the daring of their phrases, disconcert the pedants. To

the pundits good writing apparently means writing according

to rules. But born writers make their own rules, or rather

make none. They change their manner at every moment, as

inspiration dictates, sometimes they are harmonious, some-

times rugged, sometimes indolent and sometimes spirited. So,

according to the common notion, they can not write well. And

why deny it? Rabelais is not free from faults. His litaneies

of nouns, his strings of epithets, his lines of verbs, un-

doubtedly prove his inexhaustible imagination, but they make

his style heavy. His phrases often lack suppleness, cadence,

and balance.

It would be difficult to find in the old authors more regu-

larity, clarity, and harmony. "Le Ménager," for instance,

which was written long before Gargantua, contains some lovely

passages about bread, wine, and bees. No doubt the old

language creates an illusion, for distance gives an exquisite

shade to the things of the past, and we find charm in what

had but little for men of an earlier age. Yet, I do not think

I am mistaken. "Le Ménager" is charmingly written. It

would be good Rabelais, if it were Rabelais. . . . That is,

if it did not lack genius. Similarly, the "Contes" of the

Seigneur des Accords are full of charm. His style flows and

is a delight to the ear. It is better than that of Rabelais.

Nevertheless, it is Rabelais who is the great writer, and not

the Seigneur des Accords.

One of us suggested: Molière also writes badly.

France—Yes, indeed, Molière also writes badly. And so

do Saint-Simon, and Balzac and all the others, I tell you! In

Molière's time certain writers, Saint-Evremond and Furetière,

for example, used a much more polished syntax. They were

purer. Only, Molière is Molière, that is to say, not a good,

but a great writer.

The foregoing should be used to answer the pedants

who find errors of syntax in Shakespeare and Shaw. It

also explains why the same pundits never turn out any-

thing great themselves. The moral is: do not aim at per-

fection. France, himself, the greatest of French literary

men, perhaps the greatest of all living men of letters, is

supreme by virtue of his supreme indifference. How-

ever, we refer the reader, intent on getting the real

opinions of Anatole France, to another new book, his

"On Life and Letters." M. Gsell's volume should be

called "Recreations of Anatole France."

THE OPINIONS OF ANATOLE FRANCE. Recorded by

Paul Gsell. Translated from the French by Ernest

Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

The freight rate on coal from the United Kingdom

to American ports is from eight to ten shillings (\$1.76

to \$2.20) a ton.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 12, 1922, were \$134,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$117,000,000; an increase of \$17,500,000.

There is no indication of a pending change in credit conditions at this time and consequently no reason to expect a change in the trend of money rates, or at least no tightening of rates. Gold holdings of the Federal Reserve system continue to grow and are at a record high level, but there is no corresponding expansion of liabilities in the way of heavier discounts and increased note circu-

All barometers point to a continuation of low money rates and a marked reaction in bond prices can not be counted upon until this condition changes. The investor can gain no advantage by delaying purchases of sound bonds. The following bonds are recommended:

Delaware & Hudson 5½s, 1937, to yield about 5.40 per cent. This issue is outstanding to the amount of \$7,500,000 and is a direct obligation of the company, but not secured by mortgage. This road is showing a recovery in earning power and the margin of safety is ample. Dividends have been paid on the capital stock without interruption since 1881 and since 1907 the rate has been 9 per cent. annually.

Louisville & Nashville first and refunding 5½s, Series "A," due 2003, to yield about 5.20 per cent. Amount outstanding \$12,753,000, secured by a direct or collateral lien on over 5000 miles, and also by pledge of \$28,956,858 of securities. The outstanding funded indebtedness for the road is at the rate of \$33,000 a mile, a comparatively low figure. Both equity and the margin of safety of interest payments are large.

"It is not the rich who own the steam railroads, the trolley lines, the telephones, the light and power companies; it is the poor and the people of moderate means, whose aggregate savings are invested in these enterprises," Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, told the National Electric Light Association at its recent convention. "The 251 life insurance companies doing business in the United States at the end of 1921 had 70,672,959 policies in force, insuring probably fifty millions of individuals. They have the right of fair treatment on the

part of supervising and regulating officials. They are the real governing body in a republic and elect legislatures and executives. When a light and power corporation is unfairly treated, it is the people of the community, the voters and their dependents, who suffer. It is their savings that are depleted. Over-taxation, confiscation, failure to help public utilities by refusing to permit adequate rates are robbing them. It is the working people who suffer first when there is lack of service afforded by public utility corporations, because it is they who are chiefly dependent upon such service. It is important that legislatures and members of public commissions should realize these elemental facts. And they should remember that injustice done or permitted by them is injustice, not to the wealthy, but to their own constituents who put them in office."

Leading Chambers of Commerce on the Pacific Coast, important organizations of producers and business men and men of affairs, unite in urging the Interstate Commerce Commission in grouping the railroads under the Transportation Act to keep the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific together, says the Industrial News Bureau.

Those who produce and ship, those who know by actual experience the advantages of unified operation of these lines and the impairment of service that must result from dismemberment combine with those who build and operate railroads in saying that for the common good the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific, built and operated for fifty years as one railroad, shall so continue.

In view of this it is no less amusing than strange that Professor Daggett of the University of California should conclude otherwise.

We don't know how many miles of railroad Professor Daggett has built or operated or whether he has ever built or operated any.

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We do know that those who have done both and who better than Professor Daggett understand the transportation needs of the Pacific Coast not only hold the opposite view, but give something better than mere academic theories as their reason for it.

The note recently addressed by Great Britain to the other European powers compels again consideration of those more interesting than interest-bearing debts, due to us from our partners in the great war.

In view of the many misleading statements concerning that document, it may be well to emphasize the point that it does not mean that Great Britain can not pay what she owes us, unless she receives from others what is due to her. She intends to pay in any event.

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lation and the result is as much potential credit as ever, despite the greater demands of a reviving industry, says *Forbes Magazine*.

So long as there is an abundance of credit and money remains cheap, just so long will there be low bond yields. While corporate borrowing has been unusually heavy for several months, the demand has not exceeded the buying power of investors and bond prices

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but reminds those who owe her money (more than enough to cover her debt to us) that payment will be extremely burdensome if they continue to treat their obligations to her as a subject that it is ungenerous to mention. As their guarantor, she is prepared to accept full liability in the event of their default.

Unfortunately, this country can not afford to accept payment.

Those best qualified to judge know that im-

payer will suffer in proportion to his contribution; the sufferings of the receiver will exceed that of all combined.

Yet out of evil oftentimes good is born, and we may live to be grateful to the politicians of today for the long-drawn-out agony to which we seem to be doomed through their ignorance of the elements of economics. The experience may arm us to a resolve to be rid, once and forever, of the whole tribe, long before we have ceased paying for the gratification of their vanity.

All the politicians in the world in one large garbage can would be a sight worth living to see.—*Strassburger & Co.*

A new issue of \$600,000 City of Stockton, California, municipal improvement 5½ per cent. bonds is being offered by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company. The offering is due serially from December 1, 1923, to December 1, 1945. The bonds are tax exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income taxes.

Stockton, incorporated in 1850, is the county seat of San Joaquin County. It is the banking and trade centre of the wonderful northern San Joaquin Valley. It is situated on the main line of three transcontinental railroads, the Southern Pacific, Western Pacific, and Santa Fé, and has water transportation to San Francisco.

Large numbers of investors insist on income returns from whatever they buy, and at the same time they desire a large degree of safety coupled with extremely attractive speculative opportunities.

The inexperienced seldom think of bonds as combining these requirements. Bonds, to them, are low yielding, slow moving, prosaic investments, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Surprise may be occasioned, therefore, by the statement here that in the bond list at times extraordinarily high returns plus exceptionally well-defined speculative possibilities, and a reasonable degree of safety, are obtainable.

Such opportunities are now to be had among the so-called second grade or speculative railroad bonds.

Railroad bonds of this description are to be preferred above all others in the speculative classification at this time, because of two very important considerations.

First—The entire railroad situation has assumed a new and very promising aspect, from the viewpoint of the investor.

Second—Individual railroad securities can be more definitely and satisfactorily analyzed than any others, because of the wealth of up-to-date statistic data available. The Interstate Commerce Commission requires all roads to issue monthly detailed income statements, and weekly condensed statements of gross and net revenues. Also there are the weekly car-loading statistics by districts, and

by individual roads, which furnish an immensely valuable barometer of the trend of freight traffic and earnings.

As already stated, the fact that the general outlook for railroad earnings is so greatly improved—barring, of course, the very remote possibility that strikes will spread and be prolonged to a serious extent—is the chief factor favoring the railroad securities of all kinds.

From a market standpoint, this influence is now the strongest and most direct consideration in the case of second-grade railroad bonds. For they are classified as second grade primarily because the earnings have not been developed to an extent which gives absolute security to the interest payments. Of course, such bonds are rated below first-grade bonds also because of their having a junior lien on properties, but in the majority of cases this junior lien would be of subordinate influence in price provided the earning power had been demonstrated over a reasonably long period, to be in excess of interest requirements. For example: the junior liens of the Atchison or Union Pacific are practically on a basis of equality with the first mortgages of roads whose earning power is less.

With these points in mind, in the following condensed analyses, several of the individual bonds should prove especially interesting.

International and Great Northern 6s are one of the new securities of this road to be issued under the reorganization plan recently adopted.

The road is being retired from its second receivership, and that fact alone is having a prejudicial effect on its securities. But other roads have passed through two or more reorganizations, only to win finally a place among the country's leading transportation systems; so the investor who shuts his eyes to genuinely favorable factors because of prejudices handed down from the past can not certainly justify his position in this case.

While the reorganization has not resulted, as reorganizations usually do, in a reduction of the funded debt, it is nevertheless calculated to put the road in a sound financial position. Besides providing for the payment of various obligations contracted under the receivership for new construction, betterments, etc., the cash raised by the plan will give the road about \$4,000,000 working capital.

The interest on the adjustment mortgage bonds is not cumulative until after January 1, 1928, and prior to that time is payable in amounts to be determined by the directors, except that not less than 50 per cent. of the net income must be used to pay the interest, so that it would appear that the bonds are sure of some interest being paid from the start. The first semi-annual payment is due in January.

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mediate payment would spell ruin to our industries, unemployment for hundreds of thousands of our workers, and that if the tainted money must be taken—as apparently the politicians have determined—the longer we can put off the evil day, and the smaller the doses into which we can divide the poison, the better it will be for us all. The only way now seems to be for the bankers and industrial magnates of the world to get together as soon as possible and work out some plan by which those who can best afford it shall share the double burden of paying and receiving. Each



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for seasonal variations, I. & G. N. is not earning the full interest requirements on its total bonds. It is earning, however, between 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. under the above cited provisions requiring that 50 per cent. of the net income be applied to interest payments on the adjustment bonds, and it is not improbable that before the end of the year increased business will bring the revenues up to a point that will justify the full payment.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas Convertible Adjustment 5s, 1967, is also a "reorganization" bond. The amount issued is \$57,500,000. They are a direct obligation of the company and secured by a mortgage on all the property, etc., covered by the prior lien mortgages, but subject thereto. The interest is payable prior to maturity of the principal, only out of net income (before deduction of interest on these bonds), and is cumulative from and after January 1, 1925.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas is having a very strong comeback in earnings. The current reports indicate that its total interest charges, including the interest on the convertible adjustment 5s, is being earned more than one and three-quarters times. This would indicate that the first interest payment on the bonds, which falls due January 1st next, will be met in full (it is yet to be determined whether payments will be made annually or semi-annually).

This road is in a very favorable position because of the territory covered and because of the fact that the reorganization has provided ample cash for working capital and other immediate requirements. The property comprises a system of nearly 4000 miles, extending from St. Louis to Kansas City, and south to Galveston and San Antonio, Texas, with various branches. The territory is an important mining, agricultural, and oil region. The crop season this fall promises to add materially to the earnings.

Minneapolis & St. Louis Refunding 4s, 1949, are the junior bonds of a road which has never been established as a prosperous enterprise. Perhaps that is because it is too largely dependent on outside lines for its traffic.

The depressed conditions in the mining and lumber industries of the Northwest have had a great deal to do recently with the poor showing in earnings. These conditions are now distinctly on the mend, however, and the outlook is much brighter than it has been for some time.

The founder of Buddhism, Guatama, was born about 560 B. C.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Now that Anatole France is on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, or catalogue of books that Roman Catholic discipline forbids the devout to read lest their faith and good morals be jeopardized, his sales will probably bound higher and higher. Always a best seller among intellectuals, he will become a better seller. In addition to that he has joined the Immortals in a yet more distinguished manner than that conferred by the French Academy. It is strange that curses are more effective than blessings, probably because they are more sincere, more wholeheartedly meant, but it is frequently true. One is reminded of Voltaire's banishment, which proved a blessing in disguise. And it is safe to predict that Europe's greatest man of letters will not suffer from the papal decree. It is interesting to note, too, that educated persons may gain permission from their bishop to read the proscribed works. Probably it is just as well. France is not for the masses anyway.

It is not amiss to review the history of the famous index. The record is an institution of a college of cardinals and theologians at Rome, first officially recognized in 1557 by Pope Paul IV, when he caused a catalogue to be prepared by the Inquisition at Rome—a document that is usually referred to as the first Roman Catholic Index, though the custom was traditional in the church. As early as 400 the Council of Carthage had forbidden the reading of pagan authors, and in 1546, eleven years before the custom was crystallized by Pope Paul, the University of Louvain prepared a list of the works that were deemed pernicious, an example soon followed at Venice, Paris, Cologne and other cities. The next step was taken in 1564 by Pius IV, who had Paul's efforts reduced to a regular form by the Council of Trent. And it was later enlarged by Clement VIII. The mechanism which controls the index today was organized in Rome and established by Pius V. Books signaled out for the anathema of the index fall into three categories—books by Catholics opposed to the Catholic faith, books by heretics involving religious errors or treating especially of religion, and all anonymous works spreading pernicious doctrines. So that practically the only way to insure against position on the index is to be a good Catholic.

Even so, Anatole France's proscription is not comparable to Voltaire's, though the analogy is tempting because France's relation to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is analogous to Voltaire's and the eighteenth. Both were master minds of their eras. But what France has lost in the way of the zest of persecution—Voltaire lived all his life in terror of prison—he has gained in time and comfort. His earlier prototype did not dare to publish under his own name and finally, since his style was unmistakable, did not dare to publish at all. His "Philosophical Letters" from England were burned by the public executioner. It must have been rather disheartening to write in the face of such persistent and efficient malevolence. Voltaire's tribulations and ultimate success have recently been paid homage by the great Scandinavian critic, Georg Brandes. His book on Voltaire has not yet been published in English, but the *Living Age*, always on the *qui vive* for the cream of the European press, has printed a few pages of translations from it. We quote below a paragraph indicative of Brandes' critical acumen:

"Once on a time a bundle of nerves surcharged with electricity took Europe captive and enlightened it. Once on a time there lived a man who came to stand for human wit personified, and who to this day maintains

that reputation as far as civilization reaches. Once upon a time there was a daemonic genius whose mind struck fire, whose heart warmed to friendship and affection, but whose intellect with all its luminosity was cold, whose art was natural, whose simple eloquence was rarely equaled and never surpassed. Once on a time there lived a man of the world, a business man, a courtier, a landed proprietor, a poet, a scholar, an historian, a hermit, whose very essence was will, whose highest ambition was honor, whose delight was action, whose personality was charm, whose praise as a distinction was eagerly sought by a pope as by an actress, by a king as by a poet, and whose derision was a brand indelible through the centuries. No predecessor, Cicero alone excepted, occupied so central a position in the literature of Europe."

Collectors of the delightful edition of Anatole France published by Dodd, Mead & Co. will welcome the latest volume, "On Life and Letters." Nowhere else is France so delightful as in his essays. His contes have more punch, his novels are both profound and clear, but in reading his miscellaneous critical papers one has the sensation of having at last in a very Sahara of hypocrisy found a well of truth. M. Gsell, whose "Opinions of Anatole France" are reviewed elsewhere in this issue, remarks that the "Garden of Epicure" is his most characteristic and enjoyable work. It is so for the same reason that these papers are so delightful, because in them France's candor is unhampered by plot or plan. It gushes forth to mitigate the universal drouth.

R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

The National Library of Wales has secured at a cost of £5000 what is considered to be one of the finest collections of Celtic romantic literature in Europe.

Henry Arthur Jones has written a study of Bernard Shaw which is to be published in England this fall.

Miss Rose Macaulay, author of "Dangerous Ages," is about to publish a new novel, "Mystery at Geneva." She obtained the necessary local color when she was connected with the secretariat of the League of Nations.

It is reported in Paris that Eleanor Duse will appear there this fall with M. Lucien Guitry in a comedy written for them by Sacha Guitry.

The Macmillan Company has put together a Juvenile Ladder Library for children that should be particularly interesting to parents who are uncertain what to purchase for their offspring. The scheme of the Juvenile Ladder Library includes graded lists of books for children of various ages. It has also been catalogued according to subjects. It starts with folklore and fairy tales for children from four to six years, and carries the lists to children of fifteen years or more. By securing the pamphlet from the Macmillan Company a father or mother may glance through the classifications, alight upon the section to which the child belongs in age, sex, and predilection of subject, and so secure the books best adapted to the young hopeful. Several hundred books are so listed.

A pamphlet containing a sketch of John Galsworthy's life and letters has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons and is offered by them for free distribution.

Honoré de Balzac is known to most people as one of the world's greatest novelists, and few are aware that he had aspirations as a playwright as well. But he did, and he once wrote a five-act drama entitled "Cromwell." The play, hitherto unpublished, will be brought

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out in book form this autumn by the Princeton University Press, Balzac's original manuscript reproduced in facsimile.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, who has been two years writing his new novel, "This Freedom," to be published September 1st by Little, Brown & Co., is vacationing in Surrey.

Jackson and Salisbury's best seller, "Outwitting Our Nerves," has been again reprinted by the Century Company, and the editions are not less than five thousand each.

Nathan Haskell Dole, editor of one of the most authoritative and complete editions of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," is publishing a new edition of his "Omar: The Tent-maker" (the Page Company).

"Improvising" is the title of a little book just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in which Ethel Home, an English teacher of music and author of several books about music, voices her conviction that it will prove a great help in the understanding and appreciation of music if the pupil is encouraged to extemporize melodies before studying the formal rules of harmony, counterpoint, and composition.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,700,000.00

Employees' Pension Fund.....385,984.61

A dividend to depositors of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum

was declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1922.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Man-Size.

Universal interest in the problem of prohibition gives point to William MacLeod Raine's latest book, "Man-Size," whose plot is based on the liquor traffic into the Indian reservations of the Northwest during the last century. The Northwestern Mounted Police put up a substantial resistance to the whisky smugglers of that era. These Centaurs of the law were vigilant in the discharge of their duties—more vigilant than their prototypes of today. The reflection affords food for thought, although the author makes no case for an argument as applied to the present situation. Mr. Raine uses his facts for what dramatic

story element he can extract from them. However, there is a moral—it is that whisky will be smuggled into forbidden territory as long as it is made. The chief defect in an otherwise fine story is a rather minor anachronism. Mr. Raine's Westerners of a generation ago are proficient in the argot of the recent war. However, that is a detail. And the reader of adventure stories will undoubtedly enjoy the novel scene and plot of "Man-Size."

MAN-SIZE. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A Shepherd's Life.

The vogue for William H. Hudson's books the last year or so has been one of the most promising signs of the literary times. We can not be going quite to the dogs, culturally speaking, while Mr. Hudson is a favorite. Current literature may be pretty bad—somehow it is traditional that it should be. But there are still some good people writing, or perhaps one should say publishing in the present instance. "A Shepherd's Life," while almost entirely new material, is not exactly a new book. One has the impression of its having been written some years ago. And as a matter of fact its material was gathered over a number of years—hence its satisfactory solidity.

The plan of "A Shepherd's Life" is unusual. It is a cross between biography and travel, but is a hundred per cent. Hudson, and admirers of his may safely immerse themselves without fear of the shock of disillusionment. Mr. Hudson, like a certain brand of cigarette, is guaranteed to satisfy. These "Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs," in addition to being delightfully easy, spontaneous reading, supply one with an insight into a manner of life more indigenous to England than any other phase of existence, and probably less known than any other.

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Ravensdene Court.

J. S. Fletcher has given us another of his fascinating detective stories in the novel named above. In fact, after the manner of the Coué formula, this ingenious spinner of detective yarns seems to get "better and better" with every fabrication. He is one of the few writers of this genre who in addition to the *sine qua non* of a plausible and baffling mystery furnishes the reader also with an interesting slice of humanity and society and serves them with well-written ease.

"Ravensdene Court" is the story of a double murder mystery in remarkable circumstances and is packed with the particular J. S. Fletcher variety of heightened excitement and thrilling episode.

RAVENSDENE COURT. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

The Pageant of Peking.

De luxe editions are of immediate interest only to collectors, and unfortunately for book lovers in general it is only wealthy collectors who can profit by owning the gorgeous "Pageant of Peking," which is specifically an album of sixty-six unusually fine photographs of Peking by Donald Mennie, accompanied by an explanatory text written by Putnam Weale. Mr. Weale has written other books on China and is generally hailed as authoritative interpreter of the great Eastern republic. He has here traced the history of Peking from the time of the Khitan Tartars to the present day. But authentic as his narrative is, the primary interest of such a book is of course its format and photogravures.

THE PAGEANT OF PEKING. By Donald Mennie and Putnam Weale. Shanghai: A. S. Watson & Co.; San Francisco: John Howell; \$30.

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POLAND REBORN. By Roy Devereux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

A résumé of Poland today.

ABDICATION. By Edmund Candler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A novel of modern India.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A defense of Hamlet.

MY ALASKAN IDYLL. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

The sequel to "Alaska Man's Luck."

HEARTBEAT. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

THE GHOST GIRL. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A mystery story.

WHAT BECAME OF MR. DESMOND. By C. Nina Boyle. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$1.75.

A mystery story.

THE SHORN LAMB. By Emma Speed Sampson. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company.

A romance of the new South.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

A romance of the wilderness.

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Almo de Monco, M. D. Los Angeles: J. F. Rowny Press.

"On the anatomy and physiology of the human soul."

THE MEANING OF PROPERTY. By Isaac H. Lionberger. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.50.

Economics.

SOUTH SEA SKETCHES. By B. A. Erdland. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.75.

SONGS AND POEMS. By Karl Fuhrman. Privately printed in San Francisco.

He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure.—Chinese.

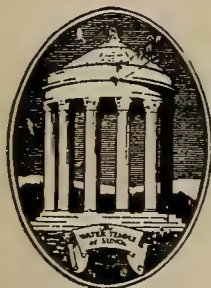
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The life of this agreement is for 12 years, and for that period, therefore, San Francisco and Spring Valley will work together to satisfy the demand for more water of our constantly growing community.

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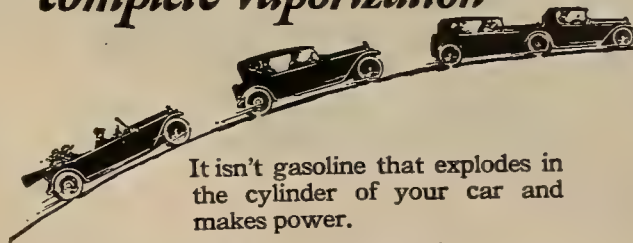
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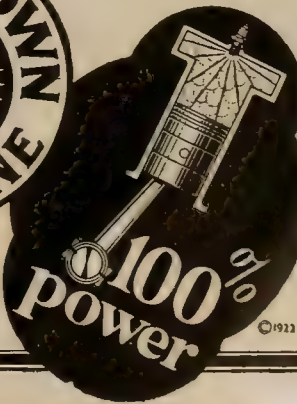
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### "JUST, SUPPOSE."

Romance, this week, and romance yet again! For here at the Columbia is a darling little love lyric of a play, in which the audience, hushed in a romantic ecstasy, hang rapt upon the murmurings of two young lovers, whose love has the beauty that attends a life-long idealization; for it will never reach fruition.

That makes three plays, this week, in which young love murmurs and audiences hang enraptured upon their accents. At the Columbia it is a sweet, sinless love that yet must be renounced; at the Alcazar a love that overcomes obstacles and launches the lovers on the long years of companionship that we see illustrated and working out to a bitter conclusion at the Players. So, on the whole, the love at the Columbia has the more touching beauty of non-fulfillment.

A. E. Thomas is the author of "Just Suppose," which had a very successful run in New York. The author, remembering, perhaps, how popular was the play introduced years ago into this country by Mansfield entitled "Heidelberg," which also shed a romantic glamour about the figure of a young sprig of royalty, conceived the happy idea of making a young visiting prince, whose numerous real names are not given, but whose identity is plainly that of a British prince, enter by chance the precincts of an old Virginia home and fall in love with its rosy-bud inmate.

Of course, as America has helped in making the world safe for democracy, we welcome a prince for a hero with particular fervor. And as, from the point of view of romance we denizens of a republic feel an artless pride in our Southern aristocracy, it pleases us to have the romance thus located.

Mr. Thomas, in common with the majority of American playwrights, is careful to have an atmosphere of delicate and engaging comedy attend and leaven the depiction of his charming story. Both the prince and his lovely innamorata have a keen sense of humor, the girl in particular indulging in delicate railery over what she, with her woman's intuition, sees plainly as a boyish masquerade; and the strenuous efforts of the prince's British dry nurse to make him return to the distracted embassy at Washington provide excellent comedy.

The limited vernacular in which the British youth who is cast in a mold expresses himself was really most enjoyable; every remark that fell from the inspired lips of the Hon. Sir Calverton Shipley being a rare delight. It was also most entertaining to listen to the frenzied and irreverent discourse in which the young peer expressed himself while reproaching and adjuring the dilatory prince for his leishureliness in enjoying his stolen vacation.

It sounded so real. Princes must occasionally relax from their pose on a pedestal, and it can not but be enjoyable for a royal lad to have a pal who isn't afraid to abuse him for indulging in a dangerous and absolutely prohibited lark, and intimate to him in unmistakable terms that he is an expensive nuisance.

The company makes an excellent showing in the representation of the piece. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen presenting, with her ever delicate and unfading charm, a lovely portrait of the ancient gentlewoman who is the grandmother of Linda Lee, for that is the pretty, old-fashioned Christian name of the dainty Southern girl whose youthful beauty and sweetness, set so fittingly in the old colonial home in which she was born and reared, have captivated the young prince.

Isabelle Lowe, with her flaxen locks, her pretty, youthful figure, and a suggestion she managed to convey of sweet, old-fashioned Southernliness, certainly makes a success of her rôle. She has the great fault, however, of cultivating an over-babyish style of speech. Now Linda Lee is not at all babyish, being a girl of considerable dignity of character, much penetration, and a keen sense of humor. I do not believe that a girl with a very keen sense of humor could ever over-stress the babyish manner unless she were doing it for fun.

Isabelle Lowe, however, shows decided cleverness—more than she showed in "Little Old New York"—and conducted herself with a pretty dignity in the interview between Linda Lee and the old diplomat. She can also weep quite plaintively, dilate her eyes bewilderingly, and seem to be what she represented. Yet, to add another criticism, she is

not quite sincere enough, there always being more than a touch of artificiality in her acting, which she ought to try to eliminate, for she has enough qualities to make it worth while; delicacy of technique, for instance, as shown in her best work.

Mr. Creighton Hale's appearance is well adapted to suggest the blond, boyish strippling who, as the Prince of Wales, came, saw, and conquered. The actor's very correct line of feature, well-shaped head, boyish build, and blond tints fitted into the rôle; and furthermore Mr. Hale, who had little opportunity to do more than look picturesque and smile fascinatingly in "Little Old New York," reveals himself this week as an agreeable and intelligent actor, able to make love wooingly, to jest engagingly, and to assume at need the dignity of a prince. The only thing that is missing in his representation is the English accent, his intonation being plainly American, although he speaks well.

William Lloyd and Louis Morrison are two actors who greatly strengthened by the excellence of their work the good effect made by the general company. Mr. Lloyd contributing, in the rôle of Sir Calverton, a particularly good brand of comedy which was most hilariously amusing, the actor being very apt in depicting the various emotions—artlessly transparent secrecy, ludicrous apprehension, desperate remonstrance, snubbed repression, and guileless scheming—which tormented the prince's naïve cicerone.

Mr. Louis Morrison as the imposing old diplomat rendered the magisterial dignity and grave and impressive rebuke of that gentleman with immense effect; and John Miljan made the unsuccessful young wooer a likable youth who won sympathy.

Mr. Thomas has written a very engaging play, pleasingly appealing to our—in spite of the cynical ultra-moderns—incongruous delight in romance, yet permeated throughout with delightful humor. The dialogue is pretty and witty, and at times full of dignity; the situations enjoyable, but the author made the mistake of so prolonging the parting scene that it finally reached the point of becoming lachrymose, thus dimming the pleasurable impression made by the previous delectable comedy in as well as out of the love scenes. And indeed the entire last act is a falling-off in merit, for while we accept the possibility and even probability of the young prince's escape, we are unable to conceive of the old diplomat becoming sentimental and deliberately bringing the prince to the gentle and artless Delilah, whose perils charms, we are credibly assured, have enslaved him for life. Being in a gooey mood we are willing for the moment to believe it, but find it difficult to swallow whole a soft-hearted and sentimental diplomat. It's like believing in those weakening detectives, who, in a romantic drama, allow the worthy but unfortunately compromised quarry to escape when he is safely snared, just from benevolence and soft-heartedness; and to make a happy end.

It was up to Mr. Thomas, or so he conceived it, to bring on the wooer in the background, so that we would depart with a comfortable consciousness that Linda Lee would not end as a spinster; and also to relieve the minds of the audience by showing the lovers in a parting embrace. And probably nobody but a jaded critic would question the advisability of allowing that parting embrace.

### THE BOHEMIAN CLUB CONCERT.

The annual concert of the Bohemian Club, in which is always presented, not only the music of their annual grove play, written and composed in celebration of their summer jinks, but also striking excerpts from the music of previous plays, is always a social as well as a musical event. There is a happy family atmosphere about it, due to the presence of the club members' womenfolk, who feel, womanlike, immensely privileged at being allowed to share, in a considerable degree, in the sacred revels of the club. For do not famous men come annually from the world's end to share these revels? And so the Tivoli Theatre is always cram-jam full on these occasions, the lordly males not only permitting the fair outsiders and privileged non-members to hear the music—which otherwise it were a shame, so beautiful and elevated it is, to restrict only to the hearing in the annual forest celebration—but they have settled down now to displaying to the deeply-interested spectators a series of photographs showing the happy celebrants either relaxed during their hours of ease or figuring as personages of the play in massed and immensely effective representation under the mighty trees.

The talented Bohemians never fail in securing a new and effective version of the familiar theme: forces of evil assailing the integrity of the noble forests. If we pause to think, it is to realize that annually the club brings, in dramatic and therefore highly effective guise, a realization to both thinking and non-thinking men of the terrible violation of our wonderful redwood groves that continues to go on, while poets write, musicians compose, and artists of the stage represent these continuous violations.

And the politician waxes and grows fat. But the good work has had effect, and the Bohemian Club has had a considerable share in the effect produced on the educated classes.

Mr. Charles G. Norris' play, entitled "The Rout of the Philistines," seemed to be more than usually clear and poignant in its symbolism. Set to most beautiful music, composed by Nino Marcelli, the play and music together furnished a particularly fine example of the quality of the annual grove plays.

Mr. Marcelli's magnetic and inspiring conducting of the excerpts from his score was very much in line with the character of his music, which has a full, pulsing vitality and individuality and the charm of ready and virile imagination. It leads, too, to the high lights which gives the listener many keen thrills, and the stretches of music between seemed to have no dull or perfunctory spots.

In fact, these annual concerts, with their revival of the best musical numbers from previous grove plays, are something to stimulate local pride, so finely dedicated to the highest arts is the talent whose fruits are thus exhibited.

The delighted auditors were treated to lyric excerpts from Humphrey Stewart's "John of Nepomuk," to the beautiful, mystical tone harmonies of Mr. A. Arriola's "Sunrise," from "The Enchanted Forest," and to Mr. W. Beckett's expressive and lovely "Farewell to the Forest."

A son and daughter of San Francisco, Mr. W. S. Rainey and Miss Doria Fernanda, assisted the excellent chorus with the solo selections, both singers displaying good technical voice control and fine volume, while the young tenor also pleased his hearers by infusing an elocutionary charm into his delivery of the words of his numbers.

### A CLAIRE KUMMER PLAY.

A romantic drama by Claire Kummer is serving as a magnet to draw to the Alcazar this week appreciators of the New York playwright's fresh, lively, and distinctive humor. For "The Mountain Man," although not claiming to be a comedy, is characterized throughout by that particular brand of playful humor which Claire Kummer has stamped with her own special mark.

"The Mountain Man," however, yields a pleasant surprise by giving us a legitimate right to enjoy its love scenes sentimentally, but with a clear conscience, for they are prettily, wooingly romantic, and yet full of those delightful, individualistic turns of humor which are an essential part of the author's mental make-up. So the audience had a perfectly lovely time hanging fondly over the two leading players, Katherine Van Buren and Dudley Ayres, both of whom are soon to leave them, as this is the last week of the old régime.

It can not be said that as a dramatist pure and simple Miss Kummer shines so much as a caterer in neat, deft, fresh and sudden turns of humor. There seemed to be too much plot to "The Mountain Man," and in two or three short spots in the play we got slightly mixed over motives and relationships.

But who cares! The principal thing is that the play went with fine momentum the greater part of the time, that every love scene was a loganberry tart, because it had sweetness and the pleasant tang that deprived it of all insipidity, and because the two players mentioned were very thoroughly on the job.

Miss Katherine Van Buren, while not showing the high polish of experience, played her pretty part with charming freshness and naiveté, while Mr. Dudley Ayres' sometimes too inexpressive repose caused him to be particularly well adapted to the rôle of "the mountain man," a virile illiterate of patrician ancestry, who, to the dismay of his aristocratic kinsfolk, has unexpectedly become the heir to a fine old family estate. To this character Mr. Ayres successfully gave the manliness, the humor, and the romantic sincerity necessary for its due interpretation.

As may be seen, there is a touch of old-fashionedness to the romance; and indeed I rather got the idea that Miss Kummer had revised an earlier play; one that was written before she had learned that she possessed the peculiarly profitable gift of making New York laugh. This theory, if correct, might account for the somewhat old-fashioned romanticism of the play. But having recently tackled some ultra-modern novels and plays, I discovered that I had a defiant feeling that I still like old-fashioned romance when it is as racy and unsaccharine as Claire Kummer makes it.

While we must concede that our rising young playwrights and fictionists are truthful in their delineations, yet it is a fact that they have a passion for dwelling on the seamy side of human nature. We must have seamy-sidedness to our plays and dramas, and it is better that it be truthful. But they rarely allow us the exhilaration of recognizing the fine grain in many human hearts, and the pleasing exaltation that comes when the contrast is made, and we are released from our long and dreary contemplation of the sty, and

are allowed, occasionally, to breathe the purer ether in which the higher qualities thrive.

"The Mountain Man" is just a light, pretty romance, offering no subtle psychology, no food for the intellect; but I tell you, Messrs. the modern novelists and playwrights, that if there is too dark and bitter a flavor to the mental food you offer us, there will be a violent reaction; and we will all be going back to the foolish fairy-tales of romance; and then truth will unluckily have a black eye.

So, messieurs, if you are going to give us the ugly truths—and we recognize that the world, for its own good, must face them—give us the pleasant ones, too; for, after all, though we humans are a bad lot, our poor old sleazy virtues often founded on selfishness and egotism, still, still, gentlemen of the pen, we must continue, for the sake of this tottering world, to believe in virtue and goodness.

There! Wait till I mop my fevered brow. Yes, thank you, I feel better. Let us return to our muttons, which are quite digestible, the sauce being so fresh and wholesome.

"The Mountain Man," as I have intimated, means "The Last of the Mohicans." When its week's run ends the Alcazar will be dark for a week, while the new régime, which means Mr. Thomas Wilkes, known for his divers and successful theatrical activities, will lay out shekels on the complete renovation of the theatre. On August 26th the theatre will open with a brand new company, and Mr. Wilkes will inaugurate his first season here by specializing in successes of the New York stage.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### The Columbia Theatre.

A. E. Thomas, many of whose plays have successfully appeared in San Francisco in the past, is the author of the Columbia's attraction, "Just Suppose," a three-act comedy romance woven about a family of Virginians and a masquerading royalty.

Isabelle Lowe and Creighton Hale are the co-stars in this production, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is seen in the rôle created by her when Henry Miller produced the play in New York.

"Just Suppose" will be offered for a second and last week commencing with next Monday night.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

Emma Carus, who has starred and co-starred in so many musical comedies that it would be difficult to enumerate them, brings a number of new songs written by herself and her accompanist, J. Walter Leopold, to the Orpheum next week.

Low Dockstader, "the foremost minstrel comedian," needs no introduction. He has a new line of gab this year which is by far his funniest, entitled "Talking Through His Hat," which was gotten together by that prolific comedy writer, Aaron Hoffman.

Miriam and Irene Marmein present their drama dances, grave and gay, in what is one of the most original and clever terpsichorean turns seen for some time in the West. They are assisted by Ruth Marr and Albert Kirst.

Princess Wah-Letka, an Indian seeress, is one of the most startling mystics in the history of theatrical business. She has proved herself to be amazingly correct in all of her statements.

Roscoe Ails, with Kate Pullman and the band, are a sure-fire hit for snappy entertainment and good laughs.

Billie Burke's "Tango Shoes" are a novelty provoking a great deal of meriment and entertainment.

Humorous Bob Murphy with his great voice and personality has a very "different" act this season.

A series of song impressions are offered by Jean Barrios, who, by the way, is a San Francisco native.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday  
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With Mrs. Thomas Whiffen in her original rôle  
Co-starring  
ISABELLE LOWE and CREIGHTON HALE  
Aug. 28—RICHARD BENNETT in "The Fool."

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President Cleveland (Golden State)...October 14th  
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## VANITY FAIR.

When Romeo was snooping around Juliet's house getting ready for the balcony scene, he heard her making some remarks of a highly personal nature, and murmuring among other things: "What's in a name?" Because of which, on the intelligent theory that the author believes whatever his characters may express, it is supposed by some that Shakespeare committed himself to the view that there was nothing in a name. But James E. Power knows that there is much in names, and is making a vigorous defense of his. He is postmaster of San Francisco. In becoming postmaster he received a great deal of assistance from Senator Johnson, assistance it would not be wise for him to forget and which he is trying to reciprocate by assisting his benefactor's endeavors not to become ex-Senator Johnson. Also, James E. Power is manager of the Charles C. Moore-for-Senator Mission headquarters, after having been secretary to Executive Secretary McGinnis of the war council of the Knights of Columbus, and before that secretary to Father McElroy of the Boys' Aid Society. Not to prolong the mystery, they are not the same person. James E. Power, grateful Johnsonian postmaster, appears to have resented the fact that his name is being used to make his benefactor an ex-senator. But James E. Power who is trying to make Mr. Moore Senator Moore and Senator Johnson Mr. Johnson says James E. Power is his name, that part of it was his father's and part was bestowed on him at the baptismal font, and he will be dinged if he will give it up for any Johnsonian appointee whatever. He says the name is not copyrighted, and is just as good for him as it is for the postmaster, and he sees no reason why he should not continue to use it, even though he may never draw the larger salary now appended thereto.

It is distressing to see two persons of the same name thus hostile and embattled. They might take a lesson from the bard and say, each to each: "O, be some other name! . . . Romeo, doff thy name; and for thy name, which is no part of thee, take all myself." Or: "Call me but love and I'll be new baptized. . . . My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself because it is an enemy to thee." But no. James E. Power, postmaster, will do nothing of the sort. He numbers his namesake among the Hiram Haters, and will exchange no love words with him. And James E. Power, Moore manager of the Mission, has no endearments for the Johnsonian Power. It is a painful situation. One would think there were enough names in the world to go round without getting the same one attached to two different men, in opposite parties or party factions. If this repulsion goes much farther it is evident that both will soon feel the need Falstaff so keenly felt when he said to the precious young Prince of Wales: "I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought." Wherein Shakespeare showed that he did not believe in the doctrine laid down by the rhetorical question of Juliet—or at least that he did not

believe it the morning he was writing about that quite dissimilar character, Sir John Falstaff. The latter knew what he needed. So much depends upon the point of view! To Juliet, a name just then was like a cork: an obstruction to be removed. To Falstaff a new name would have been a social clean shirt. Gladly would he have accepted it in lieu of the old one steeped in sin. We commend his unfillable prescription to our Powers. It is the only sure way either can escape the odium he feels should attach to the deeds and political affiliations of the other.

As to material for making the change, it must be confessed that there is something of a shortage if we consider the demand. No matter what name either might take, it would be almost certain to duplicate the name of some one else, at least as to the hinder part. People are born faster than names can be invented for them, and they are beginning to use up even the combinations and permutations of the old. Linguistic corruption helps a little, but not much; and we mind us of the remarkable chapter in Hardy's "Tess," wherein he recites a number of the peasant cognomens of England, which sounded strictly and rurally Anglo-Saxon, but which really were derived from the proudest Norman; such as that of the heroine herself, Darbyville, which came, you will remember, from D'Urberville; and Turner, which Hardy derived by a similar process from Tour Noire, or Black Tower. This appears to be a compliment offered by the author to an entire gens, and rather a stretched one, because the experts say the fact is nothing of the sort; that Turner is a trade name and means just what it says, which is, that the original bearer of it was an honest (or dishonest) craftsman.

Now why such an origin as Hardy gave should be considered a compliment is a mystery of human nature; but it is. Here we are, daily prating about truth, justice, equity, peace, and human rights, and not a moral blitherer among us that would not rather have it thought he was descended from a robber baron that issued from a Black Tower and raided the caravans of the traveling peddlers of mediæval times than that he was descended from a mechanic who made a living for his family by the serviceable art of turning balusters, and table legs, and spindles for Windsor chairs. Why is that? Does Time, among its other tricks, have the power to turn the shameful respectable, and the respectable shameful; to make thievery and murder heroic, and industry a thing to be despised? Or do we really despise work always, as a sign of failure, and admire violence and villainy as signs of power? If we do, are we really democratic? God forbid that we should be really democratic—only, we are always professing to be, and very loudly when we run for public office. It must be confessed that few of us really feel democratic, for ourselves, although we are willing that the other fellow be as much so as he likes. We say we admire honest toil, but how much more do we really admire old pirates—"land pirates and water pirates," and combinations of both sorts. If your name were Morgan, how much prouder you would feel if you thought you were descended from the old Welsh devil that burned Panama than if you thought your main ancestor was just plain Johnny Morgan who played the organ, or worked a farm, or put on "Morgan's Addition to Highland Park." And when an American makes a sudden fortune at the eminently serviceable and valuable occupation of packing pork, or by the doubtfully serviceable activity of speculating in war contracts, he is likely to be looked up by some genealogist willing to discover by sufficient research a blood relationship between the honest pork packer or dishonest contractor, indifferently, and some exceedingly reprehensible character of centuries ago; and if ordinary research fails to discover it, genealogists there are who will apply research until it is discovered, no matter what it may cost the patron. So that in numerous instances it may be said that a man who becomes rich in oil proceeds from geology to genealogy by a well-oiled transition. What he finds himself traced back to will probably be something quite disreputable and murderous, and if a coat of arms can be found to substantiate it his children will emblazon their shame upon the chimney breast for every visitor to see. That is human nature when it has its choice. Civilization is outward and material. It doesn't strike much deeper in than a light case of poison oak.

It is reckoned by the Bureau of Mines that 50,000,000 gallons of gasoline were recovered at refineries in 1921 from the uncondensed still vapors. Such an economy has a strong appeal for motorists, inasmuch as it has a bearing upon the price of the indispensable liquid fuel. But it is further estimated that if a like system were adopted by all refineries more than twice as much in addition might be saved, say 120,000,000 gallons altogether, which would thus be added yearly to the country's total output.

## LOUIS HEMON.

Three hundred years ago a young French advocate and historian, Marc Lescarbot, living in the wilderness on the edge of Canada, was appealing to France, "nurse from old of letters," to urge her children to carry their light by frequent voyages to these Western lands and so become "children of the West," says the New York Times. This poet-lawyer painted the lilies of France and the escutcheons of some of her noble families on the rude buildings which the French explorers, Champlain, De Monts, and Poutrincourt, had erected at the verge of the forest solitude and recited Alexandrine verses of welcome, of his own composition, when Champlain and his companions came back wounded and weather-beaten from their voyages down the New England coast.

Nursed by the same mother of letters and stirred by the same restless spirit as that of the early Breton adventurers, Louis Hémon came three centuries later, carrying that light into the clearings amid the forests, whose solitudes he himself as a "hired man" with his axe helped to push further back toward the frozen North. The story of his prosaic days among those whose passion was to "make land" was transmuted by him in the intervals of his toil into an idyl of the Lake St. John country, named after its heroine, "Maria Chapdelaine"—a novel which, published posthumously, has become "one of the few great books of our day" and another exquisite though tragically brief chapter in the history of what was once Nouvelle France.

This scholar, son of a university professor, born in Brest, carried not only the light of France into the Upper Canadian clearings, but also its love for the simple folk who with primitive heroism still battle with the forest for enough soil to keep them alive and fit for further struggle. There are, in witness of this, to rise two monuments to the memory of this son of France who toiled in the wilderness of Upper Quebec: one in Canada and the other in Brittany, from whose coasts sailed Jacques Cartier, the first true son of France to enter the continent through the "mysterious gulf" of the St. Lawrence and to see the towering cliffs of the gloomy Saguenay close behind him. Whether up at Peribonka, where the winter terrors of the great forest had changed the living body of François Paradis, the trapper of Mistassini, Maria's lover, "into a thing of ice"; or near the lakes that have been rechristened Lake Hémon and Lake Chapdelaine; or at Quebec, the capital of the province, toward which he was traveling when death overtook him: whether at Brest or St. Malo or Dinant in Brittany; they are together to testify to something that is deeper than nationality even—to the consciousness of human kinship and common dependence upon a higher power.

The inscription which the Greek poet Theocritus composed for a statue to an ancient writer might well be placed upon the two monuments to Louis Hémon: "His myriad fame has passed westward alike and toward the dawning day." Myriad his fame has become, not because of many books, but because of one. His fame has traveled not only westward (passing him in his last slow journey) and eastward toward the dawning day, but southward toward the land to which Lorenzo, the other lover, sought to woo the daughter of the pitiless forest, the land where city people, as he said, would laugh to think of the homely ways and little shops of Roberval. It would do these selfsame city people good to contemplate the brave, god-fearing life of the simple folk whom Louis Hémon has pictured up in the land where Maria Chapdelaine is even now hoping that the fine weather will last in order that the "blue berries may be ripe for the feast of St. Anne." Dwellers on this side of the border, which needs no forts or fleets, might well join in building these twin monuments to the author of "Maria Chapdelaine."

## The General Enemy.

Having failed utterly in the area of its present control, Bolshevism seeks aid from the outside, says David Jayne Hill in the North American Review. Having ruined Russia, it appeals to Europe. Having already exhausted the treasure extorted from its possessors by bloodshed and terror and harvested from the sacrament vessels of the church, this oligarchy of brigandage and assassination is now endeavoring at the same time to revolutionize the rest of the world through its propaganda and to wring from the civilization it would destroy, not only an admission of its legal authority, but the material means to carry on its procedure.

That Bolshevism entertains a desire to aid in the reconstruction of the Europe it has endeavored to destroy is incredible. Such a reconstruction is, on the contrary, an achievement it purposes to prevent by weakening Europe through division. For this purpose it is ready to enter into economic partnership with the rest of the world, or more precisely with portions of Western Europe, in order that by creating rivalries and jealousies it may the more effectively destroy it.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man was sent to investigate a warm election contest in an outlying county of Arkansas. He returned to the legislature and reported that there were just two kinds of people in that county: one kind did not know and the other kind would not tell.

An old sailor who was under court-martial had been so impressed with the instructions of the young officer detailed for his defense that he determined to exercise the greatest care as to qualifying evidence. So when the judge-advocate asked him his name he answered, "Bill Taylor, or words to that effect."

A reunion of world war heroes occurred in a Western hotel recently. The head clerk, who was a first lieutenant, called the porter, who had been his captain, and the head waiter, who was his lieutenant-colonel, and they all joined forces democratically to throw out a former general who was using too much free space in the lobby.

Two darkies, Sambo and Rastus, were in a mutual competition to impress each other. Sambo flashed his new Ingersoll. "What time am it?" said Rastus. Sambo, whose uses for the timepiece were solely ornamental, gingerly extended it, saying, "Dar she am." Rastus looked at the face calculatingly and replied, "Dam if she ain't!"

Bad company is not always better than none. A canteen story dating back to the war concerns a certain damsel of high degree who never lost sight for a moment of the immense favor she was bestowing on her, for the most part, rough-neck patrons at the front. Her ideal, however, was to treat the doughboys as graciously as if they belonged to her own set. "And what will you have?" she inquired in her best pink-tea tone of a morose-looking youngster sitting alone at a table. "A ham sandwich and no conversation," replied the doughboy.

Bishop Candler of Atlanta, condemning a certain theological controversy, said he was reminded of the colored preacher who began a sermon, "Breddern and sistern, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made outer wet clay and set up 'gainst the palin's to dry." A dissenting member of the congregation arose and said, "Pawsin, if Adam was de first man, den who all made de palin's?" "Bre'er Simpkins, set down," said the parson disgustedly; "sech fool questions as yourn would upset any system of theology."

Persons who are bothered by bores in trains and on boats are recommended to try the following method of squelching unsought conversation. A student traveling in England and wishing to make up for lost time by reading was very much annoyed by the man opposite who insisted on keeping the conversation afloat. He was determined to exhaust every possibility offered by the weather. "The grass is very green, isn't it?" inquired the would-be conversationalist cheerfully. "Yes," said the student savagely; "such a change from the red and blue grass we've been having lately."

"Jack" Thorp, compiler of "Songs of the Cowboys," was driving some cattle from Old Mexico to Lamy, near Santa Fe. He had two hired men with him, but was accidentally minus his weapons. The three men met a company of about forty Villistas, under a ragged Mexican general, who accosted the Americans with the question, "Are you armed?" "Yes," said Thorp. "And are your men armed?" "They are." "And who gave you the right," demanded the general, "to carry arms in Mexico?" Thorp looked him coldly in the eyes and said: "The governor of the State of Texas." The general glared hungrily at the beef, and with a saddened air waved his permission to pass.

Mr. John Ayscough, who recently wrote a witty book on Cardinal Manning, has two stories on microbes. One was of the vicar's wife who insisted to the sextoness that the windows should be open, adding, "Or we shall have those horrid microbes." The sextoness, at a loss to understand the ecclesiastical lady's uncharitable frame of mind, said, "And aren't they communicants?" The other was of a certain great English lady who had just arrived from London at her country home in Scotland. She hastened to the gardens, where she encountered the gardener. "Donald," said she, "I hope you have kept well all winter." "Na sae weel, me leddy. Na that weel. Whiles I think we nane of us hae our healths the same sine the McCrawbies came in."

Arnold W. Brunner, the New York architect, who recently declined a \$20,000 salary from the government of Pennsylvania on the grounds that he was already sufficiently well paid, says with reference to the people who

can not understand his action: "Some people are puzzled by it. Well, such people, when it comes to government jobs, don't know the meaning of the word 'honesty.' Speaking etymologically, they are as much at sea as the club steward. An elderly gentleman, after a long sojourn in the Orient, said on his first visit to the club: 'Where's Abram, my old waiter? Not defunct, I hope?' 'That's what he's done, sir,' said the club steward furiously, 'with every blessed thing he could lay his hands on.'"

"I had almost forgotten Dr. Holmes, the dear little man," wrote Mr. Ernest W. Longtellow in his "Random Memories." "He was like a sparrow, always chirping so gayly. I remember one memorable lunch at Nahant when were present the doctor, Mr. Sumner, Professor Agassiz, Mr. Appleton, my father and myself. How gay the talk was and how brilliant! It would be hard to find four more wonderful talkers than the first four. I sat next to Dr. Holmes, and when he was not firing off volleys of firecrackers in response to the sallies of the others he was plying me with questions. I think it was Dr. Holmes who related that once in a small town he had struggled hard to get a laugh out of his audience. All his funniest sallies fell flat. Much discouraged, he finished the lecture and was about to depart when one of the selectmen came up and thanked him warmly for the lecture and remarked that 'some of the things you said were so funny that it was all we could do not to laugh.'"

More than half the population of France is engaged in agriculture.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## To Japan.

(After the Conference)

Friendly Nippon, I salute you,  
Brother of the Rising Sun,  
Neighbor, clever and astute, you  
Played a splendid game, and won.  
You surmounted barriers mental  
With a finesse Oriental  
And a smile so brightly dental  
That you made the business fun.

Some, I know, professed to doubt your  
Promises anent Shantung,  
Saying that, till you got out, your  
Words were but a bit of tongue.  
Surely they are dull who see no  
Humor in the things that we know,  
While the fretful Filipino  
Still complains of being stung.

Come! Let's can the tedious jingo  
With this talk of future muss;  
Though we speak a different lingo  
Why should that stir up a fuss?  
By your chivalrous emotion  
You have bridged the western ocean.  
My undiplomatic notion  
Is that now it's up to us.

—G. S. C. in Life.

## Millions in Salt

A description of the famous salt fields of Phokia, in Asia Minor, is contained in an article by Dorothy Kennard in the August *Harper's Magazine*. She writes:

"The salt country is unique: a flat and barren tableland, just high enough above sea-level to hide the sea at its horizon. One can study the pyramids of salt for nearly half an hour before one boards the little trolley

car that runs one, along their base, to the front door of the manager's house. The cones are immense: they have an emplacement of some twenty or thirty meters square, each pyramid weighs four thousand tons, and is valued for sale at about twenty thousand sterling. We saw forty or fifty of such glistening sentinels, stretching, in ghostly formation, along the water's edge.

"Systematic drainage spreads a manœuvred sea into a series of squares, divided by breakwaters, over the tableland. And evaporation does the rest. The imprisoned ocean silts itself down, and is graduated, through the breakwaters, nearer and nearer to its final solidity. When formed, eventually, the crystal deposit is plowed, shoveled and deposited, as a substance, on a perfected railway arrangement of trolley cars, to the line of massed construction.

"Three hundred workmen, roughly, and an Italian manager, are responsible for a salt output that supplies one-half of Turkey."

Cocaine first obtained recognition as a valuable medicinal drug about thirty-five years ago, and the commercial supply was derived from leaves of the wild coca plant native to Peru. Now, however, the shrub is cultivated on an extensive scale in Java, which will export this year about 4,500,000 pounds of the leaves.

*Small Boy (in reply to kind inquiries)—*I'm crying 'cos I got dust on my new trousers. *Inquirer—*But you needn't cry now. They look quite clean. *Small Boy—*Yes, but mother wouldn't let me take 'em off while she dusted them.—*London Mail.*

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn McGaw to Lieutenant-Commander Ellsworth Harper Van Pater, U. S. N., of Norfolk, Virginia, was announced at a luncheon which Mrs. Orville Baldwin gave for her granddaughter at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Evelyn McGaw is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw and a sister of Mr. Baldwin McGaw. Her grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Orville Baldwin. The wedding date has not been set. Among Mrs. Baldwin's guests at luncheon were Mrs. Bradley Wallace, Mrs. P. S. Cramer, Mrs. Duncan Friselle, Miss Alyse Allen, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Carol Andrew, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, Miss Doris Baldwin, Miss Drusilla Baldwin, Miss Idabella Wheaton, Miss Helen Head, Miss Julia Tuggle, Miss Alta Nolan, Miss Virginia Chadbourne, Miss Frances Kelham, Miss Gladys Musciv and Miss Helen Deamer.

Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, and Mr. John Bryant Knox, on Wednesday, September 6th, at 9 o'clock, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland.

Miss Winifred Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Percival Brown of Piedmont, and Mr. Malcolm Eastland McClure were married on Friday, August 11th, at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Hazel Brown and Mrs. Duncan Davis were the attendants. The date for the wedding had been set forward from August 22d.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant and their daughters, Miss Josephine Grant and Miss Edith Grant, were hosts on Saturday evening at a ball which they gave at their summer home in Burlingame. Preceding the ball Miss Josephine Grant entertained forty guests at dinner at the San Mateo Polo Club. Among Miss Grant's guests at dinner were Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Stanley Armour, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Joseph Knowles and Mr. Richard Schwerin.

Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained at luncheon on Thursday for Mrs. Cordenio Severance, who is visiting here from St. Paul. Asked to meet Mrs. Severance were Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Vaughn Thompson, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Mrs. John Davis.

Mrs. William Ede entertained at luncheon on Wednesday, complimenting Miss Marjorie Waldron, who on Saturday became the bride of Mr. Kenneth Bostwick O'Brien of Minneapolis. Sixteen of Miss Waldron's intimate friends were Mrs. Ede's

guests, among whom were Mrs. Lucius Norris, Mrs. Charles Tilden, Mrs. Reuben Hills, Miss Garnette O'Brien, Miss Elizabeth Koser and Miss Hatherly Britain.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Waterloo Ford have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford at their Pebble Beach home. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ford will return to their home in New Zealand shortly.

Miss Mary Browne has been passing the summer in and around Monterey.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper is in New York on her way home from Europe.

Mr. Léon Brooks Walker and his guest, Mr. Stanley Armour of Chicago, are spending a week or ten days with Mr. Edward Paramour at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Moseley Taylor are expected in California early in September. They will visit Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has returned to her Burlingame home.

Mrs. Preston Drown is at Medford, Oregon, visiting relatives.

Mrs. Edgar Preston is in Belgium with her granddaughters, Miss Frances Ames and Miss Josephine Drown.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fay and their daughter, Miss Phyllis Fay, are in Ross for the summer months.

General and Mrs. Emile-Marie Taufflieb left during the week for Milwaukee. They sail for France September 14th.

Mrs. Louis Parrott returned to San Francisco a short time ago, coming by way of the Orient.

Mr. Claiborne Latrobe, son of Colonel and Mrs. Osmun Latrobe, arrived this week from Annapolis to visit his parents.

Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman for another year.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling and her sister, Mrs. Herbert Allen, with her children, have returned to Mrs. Jackling's Woodside home, after a stay of several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce of New York is in Santa Barbara visiting her mother, Mrs. Sherman Stow.

Mrs. Ernest Bradley has recently returned from an extended trip abroad.

Miss Ruth Hobart, who is recovering from a recent operation, is the house guest of Mrs. Daniel Jackling at Woodside.

Mrs. Willis Walker is in Santa Barbara, at El Mirasol, visiting Eastern friends.

Mrs. George Hellman and her daughters, Miss Louise Hellman and Miss Nancy Hellman, who

spent the month of July at Lake Tahoe, have returned to San Francisco.

Judge and Mrs. John Rand of Oregon are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Irving Rand at Fort McDowell.

Mr. Stanley Fay, who has been abroad, returned to San Francisco on Thursday.

Sailing on the Rotterdam for the United States last Thursday were Mrs. J. D. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Waterhouse and Miss Gladys Waterhouse returned during the week from Carmel.

Miss Marion Fitzhugh left for Pasadena unexpectedly on Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and her niece, Miss Frances Pringle, left last week for Santa Barbara for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Ellis of Washington, D. C., are in California on a visit, staying for a time in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whitman of New York are staying in San Francisco at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Buckland have left for the East. They plan to return in six weeks or so by way of the Canadian Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman of Montecito, who have been visiting here for some months, plan returning to their home in the south early in September.

Captain and Mrs. Powers Symington are in New York, awaiting the arrival of the Charles Fay family. Captain and Mrs. Symington will leave soon for London.

Miss Jean Howard is visiting Miss Alice Moffitt at Lake Tahoe.

Recent arrivals at Hotel St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. F. Drake, Lakeport; Mr. C. H. Black, Los Angeles; Mr. S. C. Satterthwait, Jr., Atlanta, Georgia; Mr. W. S. Brooks, Colusa; Mr. Adam Buler, Seattle; Fire Chief Ross Davis, Philadelphia; Mr. Robert G. Allen, Los Angeles; Mr. A. G. Fickerson, Sacramento; Dr. B. Kennedy, Indianapolis; Mr. S. H. Levy, Montgomery, Alabama; Mr. Edward C. Prentiss, New York; Mr. W. F. Brooks, Colusa; Mr. H. S. Boyce, New York; Mr. C. H. Murphy, Chicago; Mr. S. F. Perkins, Dallas.

## Post-War Italy.

Modern Genoa (and the same holds good of Milan, and, to a less extent, of other commercial towns of Northern Italy) has a strong spiritual affinity with Manchester, says Herbert Sidebotham in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Manchester, with its doctrine of laissez faire, its free trade, and its conception of the world as an economic unity transcending nationalist divisions, arose out of the ashes of the Napoleonic wars; and many people have observed what a great impulse a rather tight-belted peace has given to these ideas in England. Back to Manchester (people are thinking but half-consciously), or England can not support her population.

So with Italy. If her industrial system is to flourish, she must depend on free interchange of commodities abroad. She is not a self-contained country, with a monopoly of certain luxuries, like France; and whereas post-war unemployment has hardly affected France, in Northern Italy, especially in the engineering and shipbuilding trades, it is most acute. The great engineering shops, which sprang up like mushrooms in the war and are now mouldering to decay, are, to adopt Lord Derby's celebrated phrase about unemployment in the north of England. Nor has she a great colonial empire, with protected markets. For these and other reasons, you find all over industrial Italy a keenness of perception of economic truths—and of that greatest of economic truths, that nations prosper by each other's prosperity—such as you find nowhere else in the world, except in Lancashire when times are bad. Moreover, there are few traces in Italy of bitter anti-German sentiment. She hardly thinks of herself as having been at war with Germany, but only with Austria; and Austria's humiliation is so complete that magnanimity costs her no great effort.

## The Ultimate Debtor.

When M. Loucheur flatly says that France can not acquit her debt to America unless Germany acquits her debt to France, he is speaking the plain truth, says Sisley Huddleston in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Nor do I think that the United States can reasonably expect repayment unless all the allies and associates help her to obtain the wherewithal from the nation declared by everybody to be the ultimate debtor. But it is, in spite of anger, possible to ignore these external debts—which does not imply their repudiation. The connection between France's incomings and outgoings can not be denied. If that were all the problem, we could safely wait for the day when there would be agreement about the desirability of a clean international slate. Unfortunately, there is also the internal debt. That debt is piling up and up. It is not likely that Frenchmen will consent to a reduction of their claims on the government, to forego a good part of their savings lent on the strength of expectations on Germany, without putting up a most desperate fight. Surely, in spite of the gradual, and now almost complete, change of opinion in other countries, the maintenance of the old opinion in France can be readily understood. Every one hundred marks that Germany fails to pay comes off the bond-holding of an individual Frenchman.

## At Del Monte.

Miss Helen Crocker and her brother, Mr. William Crocker, have been entertaining during the past fortnight at their villa, located in Del Monte forest, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, and Mr. Richard de C. Schwerin.

A party of Burlingame people who motored to Del Monte Lodge last week-end was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, and Mr. Baldwin Wood.

Among the guests at a dinner given at the Del Monte Lodge by Mr. and Mrs. David Blankenhorn of Pasadena were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse of San Francisco.

Lord and Lady John Carberry are still at Del Monte and expect to extend their stay for another month. They were guests at a dinner given by Mr. Raymond Armsby, who also entertained Mr. and Mrs. Paul Iribe, Mrs. Alejandra McCondy Kaime, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Miss Ysabel Chase, and Mr. Eric Pedley.

Mrs. I. R. Viosca and her daughters, Isobel and Loreta Viosca, who recently returned from Europe, have made an extended stay at Del Monte. They plan taking an apartment in San Francisco.

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|             | Mountain View.....                 | 1.50   |
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THE GUITRYS IN LONDON.

The production of "Pasteur," which opened the Guitry season at the Princess Theatre in London, has been hailed by the British critics with more or less unanimous acclaim. The play was originally written for M. Lucien Guitry, father of the dramatist, Sacha Guitry, who is both actor and dramatist. It is natural that the great actor should find himself at home in a rôle created for him by his own son. The London Morning Post says:

"To the audience M. Guitry is Pasteur, the generous, lovable scientist, with all his genius, straightforward simplicity, and little human failings.

"The paradoxical description of Pasteur, 'l'homme le plus modeste du monde et le plus confiant en soi-même qu'on puisse rencontrer,' ceases to be a paradox when M. Guitry is the great scientist. The faith that moves mountains, the imagination without which the most painstaking observation and an infinite capacity for taking pains are mere *ignes fatui*, the all-embracing love of humanity which inspires the scientist's whole life, are felt instinctively, as Pasteur is shown in the most natural way in the world at five different moments of his life."

Not all the critics, to be sure, are quite so unqualified in their praise. Mr. Maurice Baring, writing in the *New Statesman*, complains that, although the creation of the stage character Pasteur to suit the talents of Guitry père may be a very fine thing from a purely histrionic viewpoint, it is a little hard on the great French biologist. Mr. Baring's criticism would carry more conviction with it, to be sure, were he not compelled to make the embarrassing confession that he has never read Valéry-Radot's "Life of Pasteur," on which the play is based. He writes:

"Not having read the 'Life of Pasteur,' I am unable to judge how far the play deviates from the facts, but every now and then a suspicion would creep into my mind that the truth was being modified or arranged to

suit the part. I was told that this was so by some one who had read 'Pasteur's Life,' and that the crucial scene before the experiment was made on the child was in reality far more poignant and more intense, perhaps too intense, perhaps too naked for theatrical representation, or at any rate not quite in harmony with this particular play—involving perhaps the introduction of other elements, factors, and persons, which would have overloaded the framework as it was built.

"An exhibition of virtuosity is always a great treat, especially if the virtuoso has the talents and the art of M. Lucien Guitry. But one is glad on the whole that all plays are not of this kind—slices of reality arranged to suit a supreme virtuoso—and, wonderful as this display of discreet, subdued fireworks is, it is a display of fireworks; it is not the interpretation and the enlargement of a masterpiece."

Guitry fils is one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in contemporary French drama, so prolific a playwright that he almost recalls the English dramatists of Good Queen Bess' day—who at the very most never spent more than two or three weeks on their most ambitious plays.

Sacha Guitry grew up in the atmosphere of the theatre. As a boy he played in comedy, copying his father, and gradually he passed from playing comedies to writing them as naturally, according to the distinguished critic Nozière, "as an apple tree grows apples."

Japanese Architecture at Its Best.

Japanese temples, almost literally built over volcanoes, are a triumph of earthquake-proof construction in wood, writes Mary Titzel in *Asia Magazine*. They bear witness to long missionary journeys of Buddhist teachers. The Nikko shrines were erected in the seventeenth century, when Japanese art was in its most exuberant period. In the foreground stands the "torii," which has come to be almost symbolic of the Shintoism of Nippon. Though many explanations are given of the origin of the torii, scholars have traced a remarkable resemblance to the gateways or "torans" at Sanchi, the Buddhist temple in India, which were built in the first century A. D., about the time of the beginning of the first great missionary movement toward China. The famous Yomei Gate, seen through the torii, and the heavy-roofed shrines that surround it, are inheritances from China, either directly or through Korea. Japanese architecture from the first showed a more varied grace and a greater richness of detail than the Chinese models. By the time the Nikko temples were constructed, builders had departed far from the severe dignity of Cathay. The graceful roofs had been exaggerated and coarsened and burdened with huge ridges. The wonderful carving was almost too lavish. Delicacy had given way to a profusion and gorgeousness that foretold decadence.

Conditions in the United States point to political revolution, according to D. Chauncey Brewer in his new book, "The Peril of the Republic." If his theorizing is correct, this generation is in danger of a more serious crisis than that which stirred it during the world war.

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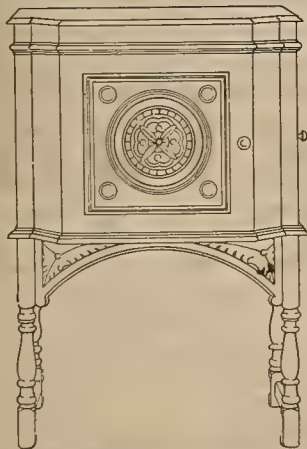
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CURRENT VERSE.

Norse Sailor's Joy.

Now, landmen, list! There is no sight more fair Than taut-strung cordage printed on pale air When noon is high and bravely the ship's course O'er-rides the riot of the restless horse That charge her bulwarks and go under, fleeing Far in foiled wrath. There is no fairer seeing Than tiny flags that flutter from the steep Slim mastheads as they dance above the deep, Crying aloud, "Good-by, good-by, you girls!" And from the ship's side the last eddy whirls Of land-locked water. There is nothing sweeter To seamen's eyes than sight of the Blue Peter Aloft and crying loudly to the land "We leave you, now we leave you!" Then each wand

Of corded wood becomes a violin The wind's hand dallies with as out and in His fingers wander, and the good ship goes With ranked sea-horses plunging at her bows, And in her sails the rumor of a drum Struck by the Monster she shall overcome! Yea, she shall overcome it and shall sing Through all her topsails in her triumphing When she rides down the level harbor ford Where lies one arm of ocean like a sword All steely cold, and o'er the sheer crag shooting. A sunbeam shows you all the gray gulls looting Nigh the lank nets that late have drawn the shoals.

Then all the sailors sing with gladdened souls To see the rockland after ocean-riding Through long, loud nights and still fair peace abiding That erst they knew ere that remembered day They left behind them their old Norröway; For in their nostrils are the sweet pine-smells, And in their ears the music of old bells, And in their eyes the promise of delight Round the warm angle at the fall of night. —Wilfrid Thorey in the English Review.

Sundown In America.

Into the torn sunset of Wyoming's desert past an Indian chief's grave Rides a consumptive cowboy whistling a jazz composed by a Galician Jew in Brooklyn; In a galvanized shack in the olive grove a rouge-lipped Italian girl Is noisily pulling the last sheet out of her type-writer; Two negroes are walking from the docks in Baltimore Talking about a meeting of the Knights of Pythias; On a farm in Kansas a small tow-headed boy baptized Johann Is peering from the threshold toward the telegraph poles for his daddy's Ford car; the calling of newsboys—the jangle and bellowing of the cows— The toot of endless horns—the rasping of crickets— The rush hour on the subways and trolleys—the piping of the sun-weary birds— The rise of the evening star above a forest on Lake Superior, Little merchants pompously switching on electric display lights, The clatter of dishes—the stamping of fly-ridden horses while unharassed; Young girls chattering hurriedly, powder their faces in dressing-rooms of department stores; On the darkened heights of Pike's Peak the mountain flowers huddle to sleep before the cold; On a straggling fishing boat off Nantucket A man is looking at the comics of last Sunday's Boston newspaper; On the outskirts of Mt. Rainier a man lying in an underbrush, Is breaking the law aiming his gun at a solitary antler; On a porch of a boarding-house of Santa Barbara a bobbed-haired, middle-aged novelist Is reading a love letter from a college boy and smoking a cigarette; A toy train full of Hungarian miners is puffing into a filthy company-owned town; In a store of Omaha a hesitating Bohemian farmer is examining a phonograph; On a lonely sandbar of the Atlantic a flock of snipes is dashing through the shallows— It is sundown in America. —Charles Recht in the Liberator.

The Electorate.

Men are not created equal. A very large part of our population, almost fourteen millions, are of alien birth, with little experience in self-government and often no aptitude for it, says John Corbin in the *North American Review*. The army mental tests, though made in haste under unfavorable conditions and admittedly subject to revision, show beyond question that the average of our citizens is alarmingly low.

Almost a quarter of the draft men (24.9 per cent.) were, by any genuine test, illiterate—and, at least by inference, twenty-five millions of the American people. Over 47 per cent. were technically morons, with a "mental age" under twelve years. "The only remedy for democracy," say the socialists, "is more democracy and always more and more democracy." In plain terms, if a citizenship of literates fails, add the illiterates; if that fails, add the morons, the imbeciles, the idiots.

Dinner Guests at Hotel Rafael

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fay were dinner hosts at the Hotel Rafael Saturday evening of last week, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Raas, Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop and Miss Kathleen Byrnes. Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin had several guests for dinner the same night, and among others present were Mrs. Robert J. Woods, who spent the week-end at the hotel, and Mr. Conrad Muesdorffer.

Egypt was conquered by Alexander in 332 B. C.

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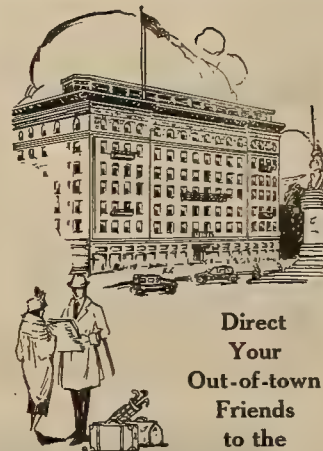
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What I say is that if a woman is good-looking the higher education is unnecessary." "Yes, and if she isn't, it is inadequate."—*Life*.

"You mustn't stand there and sing." "Thanks, constable; you are the first man who has admitted that I can sing."—*Stockholm Kasper*.

*Fair Angler*—What a glorious morning, Mac; I feel inclined to whistle and sing. *Mac*—Tut, lassie, we're no bird scarrin'—we're fushin'.—*Tatler*.

"So you're a Boy Scout, eh? Have you done your daily good deed today?" "Yes, sir. I taught Billy Jones that it isn't safe to call me a liar."—*Judge*.

"My doctor says I must walk more." "Well, what are you doing about it?" "Visiting three public houses instead of one."—*Munich Simplicissimus*.

"That actress looks at least ninety. Do have a look at her through my opera glasses!" "I can't. I've forgotten to put on my rings."—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

"So you intend to make a name for yourself?" "Yes," replied the newly-married man. "That seems to be the only way to keep my wife from using her own."—*New York Sun*.

A profane man was reminded of the scriptural command: "Swear not at all." "I do not swear at all," was his response. "I only swear at those who annoy me."—*Boston Transcript*.

Butler (in service of the Earl of Kyloes, as he enters the library on hearing a suspicious

noise)—Is that you, my lord? Burglar (hopefully, from behind curtain)—Yes, matey.—*London Answers*.

All were quiet in the cinema watching a comic character counterfeiting intoxication. The silence was broken by a small boy's shrill voice: "That aint the way to be drunk, is it, farver?"—*London Morning Post*.

*Old Party* (as Miss Jipps, who affects the Longlen bandeau, passes)—This 'ere tennis game seems to be gettin' dangerous. That's the second young person I've seen today with 'er 'ead orl bandaged up.—*Punch*.

"How do people live in such small flats?" inquired the visitor from the country. "Easily," replied Miss Cayenne. "No two members of the family are likely to be at home simultaneously."—*Washington Star*.

*Accountant* (to office manager)—Have you a great deal to do here? *Manager*—Well, I should say so. What little work there is I have to distribute among twenty people—that's no easy task.—*Stockholm Kasper*.

*Publicity Agent* (compiling views of well-known boxer)—What do you think of Lloyd George? *Well-Known Boxer*—Yer can tell the public I hates the sight of him, and I'm proud to say I've never seen him.—*London Mail*.

"What is the difference between 'well-known' and 'popular'?" "Well, I can tell you in a sentence. Mr. Volstead is probably the best-known man in the land today, but you couldn't call him the most popular."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Farmer*—Ay, she be eighty-nine an' a wunnerful ole woman; but she do suffer from delusions terrible. *Parson*—Oh, what are they? *Farmer*—She thinks she's got a diary wot's goin' to be published in the Sunday noospapers.—*Punch*.

*Young Physician*—Is there any advise you can give me? *Elder Medic*—Yes; before prescribing find out your patient's business. My first patient was the golf champion of the town and I advised him to take up the game for recreation.—*Judge*.

*Old Lady*—Don't think me rude, dear, but is this meant for a man or a woman? *Art Student*—I'm so glad you ask that, auntie. *Old Lady*—Why, dear? *Art Student*—Uncle George couldn't tell whether it was supposed to be human.—*Punch*.

*Visitor from London*—Do you mean to say you do nothing but lean on that fence all day?

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Why, I should go mad in a week! *Native of Rural Village*—Aye! Some would. But it's all right for a chap who can do a bit of thinking for 'isself.—*Weekly Telegraph*.

*Mother*—Jessie, the next time you hurt that kitty, I am going to do the same thing to you. If you slap it, I'll slap you. If you pull its ears, I'll pull yours. If you pinch it, I'll pinch you. *Jessie* (after a moment's thought)—Mamma, I'll pull its tail.—*London Opinion*.

"Could you let me have a five-spot for a few days?" asked Blithersby in a confidential whisper. "Here it is!" shouted Mr. Grumpson, at the top of his voice. "Thanks, but why so loud?" "I was hoping I'd be able to impress the transaction on your memory."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Zealous D. D.*—How did you like my sermon this morning, MacTavish? *Equally Zealous Golf Pro.*—Verra fine, sir. Verra fine indeed! But, though it's no up t' me t' criticize, I think y'd get a much better effect if wi' th' wor-rd "hell" ye'd do yer gesturin' wi' a full shoulder swing instead o' relyin' on th' limited power o' yer for-re-ar-rm!—*Life*.

"Wait for the car to stop, and don't get on until it does stop!" yelled the conductor of an open surface car to a woman making desperate efforts to get aboard as the car slowed up slightly at a corner. "Well, why doesn't it stop?" yelled the woman, as the car took

on speed again and made off over the crossing. "Well, why didn't you jump on?" the conductor yelled back.—*New York Evening Post*.

"I see befo' me," said the colored preacher on Easter Sunday, "twelve chicken stealers, includin' Kentucky Joe." After the morning service Joe made it clear to the parson that that slanderous statement must be withdrawn if the preacher's nose was to remain intact. At the evening service the preacher rose to the occasion. "Now I see befo' me," he declared, "nine chicken stealers, not includin' Kentucky Joe."—*Chicago Herald-Examiner*.

In the four cases of international friction which the League [of Nations] has reconciled during its first two years, one point stands clearly disclosed: the sole authority of the league is moral force; it rests on consent, and not on coercion, says Raymond B. Fosdick in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It can suggest, but can not necessarily impose a settlement. Its victories are gained, not by arms, but by concentration of world public opinion. If in the future it helps to maintain peace, it will be, not because it represents an overwhelming combination of military force, but because by slow stages it succeeds in gathering up the moral judgments of mankind into one powerful shaft of light and bringing that light to bear on instances of international justice.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Johnson and Moore.

In these final days of the primary campaign Senator Johnson, so his friends assert, is "working himself up into form." Mr. Hearst's *Examiner* applauds the fact that Mr. Johnson's trip through the Valley has put him in "fighting trim"; and we further have it on the testimony of the *Chronicle* that he proposes at his forthcoming meeting in the Exposition Auditorium to "strike with both fists." Mr. Hearst's *Call* chimes in that it will surely be an interesting meeting, since Mr. Johnson proposes to "flay his critics."

So we are going to have our amiable senator in the fine flower of his favorite mood. He is going to respond to the wishes of his more ardent clackers by having an attack of fits. This is his specialty. Like the quack of the familiar legend, he is "hell on fits." It will be a spectacular and striking exhibition. But it would be more to the point if, instead of working himself into a wild rage, Mr. Johnson were to answer certain legitimate queries which have been propounded to him and to which he has as yet in this campaign failed to give attention.

The people of California would like to know the basis of Mr. Johnson's affiliation with Mr. Hearst—why it is that Mr. Hearst has paid him a heavy fee for a nominal and futile service, and why there was secured for Mr. Johnson a fee from Hearst's friends in the Tammany administration of New York for another futile service. They would like to know by what means Johnson

won the support of Hearst's newspapers. They would like to know the bottom reason why, in coöperation with Hearst, Johnson abandoned the party to which he is accredited and the Administration to whose support he is pledged, to vote against the pact which guarantees peace in the Pacific Ocean. They would like to know why Johnson dodged the vote on the Esch-Cummins bill, and why he was "detained by a storm," when there was no storm, from voting in the Newberry contest. They would like to know why, when he pretends to be a Republican, and now claims support as a Republican, he allies himself with Senator La Follette and other enemies of his party and of the President, and makes of himself a blooming nuisance at Washington. If Johnson would answer these and other pertinent questions that have been presented to him he would do far more for himself in this campaign than by flying into rages, fighting with both fists, flaying his critics, and generally acting the part of a hot-headed and angry boy.

California is a Republican state. The Republicans of California are solicitous in support of the Administration at Washington. They are profoundly friendly to President Harding and they want their representatives to coöperate with Mr. Harding in the measures he is urging upon Congress. It is no answer to these demands that Mr. Johnson voted to raise the tariff on almonds.

This is not a time when the Republicans of California want to send to the Senate a "free lance," a man who is a Republican only when it comes to elections, who at other times stands in affiliation with William Randolph Hearst and the senatorial group of which Senator La Follette is the leading spirit. It is for these reasons that Mr. Moore is finding wide support, very notably among former partisans of Mr. Johnson. A vote for Moore is a vote against the whimsies, the vagaries, the alliances associated with the name of Senator Johnson. A vote for Moore is a vote for a man of character, a man who, if elected as a Republican, will represent the party, be faithful to its principles and loyal to its leadership.

### Upon Information and Belief.

Responding to many inquiries, we herewith present the ticket that the *Argonaut* will vote in next Tuesday's primary election:

- For United States Senator—Charles C. Moore.
- For Chief Justice, Supreme Court—Curtis D. Wilbur.
- For Associate Justice, Supreme Court (full term)—Charles A. Shurtleff and William A. Sloane; (short term) William H. Waste.
- For Presiding Judge, District Court of Appeal—John F. Tyler.
- For Representative in Congress, Fourth District—Julius Kahn.
- For Judge of the Superior Court (full term)—Lester G. Burnett, George H. Cabaniss, James Morris Troutt, and Louis H. Ward; (for short term) Walter Perry Johnson.
- For Governor—Friend William Richardson.
- For Lieutenant-Governor—Joseph A. Rominger.
- For Secretary of State—Frank C. Jordan.
- For Comptroller—Roy L. Riley.
- For State Treasurer—Charles G. Johnson.
- For Surveyor-General—W. S. Kingsbury.
- For State Senator, Twentieth District—Elmer E. Robinson.
- For Member of Assembly, Twenty-Seventh District—William Seward Scott.
- For Member County Central Committee, Twenty-Seventh District—Arthur C. Campbell, Lee Richardson Jacobson, George W. Kemper, Peter J. Owen, and William S. Scott.
- For Justice of the Peace—Frank W. Dunn, Byron

C. Parker, Thomas F. Prendergast, Rolla Bishop Watt, and Richard Abel.

This ticket is made up after careful inquiry as to the relative merits of the several candidates, and with consideration, in the case of judicial aspirants, of the legitimate claims of incumbency.

### About Newspapers.

Reference to the career of the late Lord Northcliffe may serve to illustrate differences between British and American newspaper practice. In the British Isles there is, or has been until very recently, but one centre of political interests. One body, the British Parliament, serves all in legislative matters both great and small. It is to the newspapers published at the seat of government—London—that the Englishman, the Scotchman, or the Irishman turns for political discussion, which, when all is said and done, is the backbone of the news. Likewise, London is the centre of social, commercial, and other general interests. Whoever anywhere in England, Scotland, or Ireland keeps in touch with what goes on in London, or with what is directly mirrored there, is, from the British standpoint, fully equipped at the point of current intelligence. His convenience, and the publisher's as well, is served by the fact that in the remotest districts he may read by his evening fireside papers still damp from the London presses. London newspapers—those of the traditional sort—are addressed, not to the local community, but to the whole realm; and naturally they deal more with national than with local interests. Thus Britain has an essentially national journalism. It is a journalism proceeding from the one great centre of political, social, and commercial interests and addressed to the property and governing class. It is only in relatively recent times—since the establishment of the *Mail* by Northcliffe (then Alfred Harmsworth) in 1896—that the newspaper press of Britain has made more than casual appeal to the non-cultivated masses. From time immemorial until this relatively recent period the reading of newspapers has been limited to the super-intelligent few, and to this class, of course, the newspapers were addressed in spirit, in matter, in form.

How much of the change illustrated in the success of the *Mail* stands related to Northcliffe and his innovations, and how much stands related to the pressure of newer times, it is impossible to say. However this may be, the *Mail*, which from its beginning made appeal to the masses, has been and remains both a popular and a financial success. It has carried the news, albeit in sensational form, and much of it relative to trivial things, to millions who previously never by any chance looked into a newspaper. It has developed an interest in events with study of their political meaning, plus a sense of political power, previously non-existent. If it has not in terms revolutionized the British government it has brought about or has been coincidental with changes that have broken the old-time monopoly of privilege and property in the business of government. Men of conservative mind bewail the change and have assailed Northcliffe as a breaker-down of the best traditions of British life. Accepting the challenge, he always maintained that the old traditions of British life needed breaking down in the interest of social justice and that whatever he had done to that end was a contribution to the moral welfare of the nation.

Today the two fashions in journalism exist side by side. The old-established newspapers—the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Morning Post*—holding to aristocratic standards, make the traditional appeal to the educated and the property classes and maintain the old elegance in form and manner. Concurrently, the newer papers, more or less modeled after the *Mail*, are



wrought in lighter mood and deal with lighter themes. The financial advantage is distinctly with the popular papers. They circulate more widely and their profits are vastly greater. Of the older papers, only the *Telegraph* is even fairly prosperous, while the papers of the newer sort pile up large profits for their owners. What the change betokens for British life we will not undertake to define further than to say that it implies a vastly wider basis for political policies. In government it makes the differences illustrated in comparison of Lloyd George and Mr. Gladstone. In current politics it implies increased authority of popular as compared with aristocratic motives. What these changes may signify relative to the ultimate life and character of Britain we will not venture even to guess.

The character of a newspaper, however it may otherwise be inspired, is largely defined—or created—by its advertising patronage. It is from advertising that newspapers draw their main support. And here is a significant fact in relation to the British newspapers. The more generous life of Britain is largely in the country. And people living remote from towns have not easy access to general marts. They resort largely to the "mail order" system, and are habitual buyers of the kind of merchandise that enters into luxurious living. Dealers in such merchandise find in the newspapers a ready means of reaching their customers. Thus newspaper advertising in England has been representative of vastly costlier kinds and types of merchandise than with us. It has, therefore, been to the interest of the publisher to circulate his paper among the prosperous, and to this end he has addressed his columns largely to the "classes" rather than to the multitude which, until very recent times, has not been a liberal buyer of things advertised. With other changes there has now come a condition which makes it profitable in England as with us to advertise for the trade of the many as distinct from the few, and this change has contributed greatly to the prosperity of the newer fashion in journalism. Comparison of the advertising columns of the *Times* or the *Post* with the *Mail* will illustrate the differences here suggested. What may be styled class merchandise, designed for the luxurious country-house market, is still exploited in the old and standard journals. Invitations to the cheaper marts, to bargain-counter sales and the like, are spread broadcast in the more popular papers. All this is having its effect upon British journalism. Less and less even the great journals are catering to exclusive business. More and more they are seeking patronage of the popular stores—and of "popular" readers. The tendency is towards popularization even on the part of the conservative newspapers.

Under the conditions of our own country a national journalism comparable with the national journalism of Britain is out of all question. We have, not one centre of political interests, but, with the national capital and our various states' capitals, a total of forty-nine. It is not practicable for a newspaper publisher anywhere in this country to epitomize the national political life after the fashion of a paper published in London. Then the size of the United States, physically speaking, makes national circulation of any one paper impracticable. A paper published at Washington or New York can not be delivered and read in San Francisco short of five days and more. Frequently six or seven days are required for transit and delivery. Even if it were possible for an American newspaper to cover completely the political and commercial interests of the country, its contents would be outdated and obsolete by the time they were in the hands of more than a fraction of our people. Furthermore, we have not here the homogeneity essential to support of a nationalized newspaper. Under all these conditions it is inevitable that our newspapers should mainly be local in character. Their centres of gravity rest each in its own field; and this means the exploitation of community as distinct from national interests. There are eight columns to the page in the average American newspaper. In the San Francisco daily papers of the date of this writing six of their eight first-page columns deal with affairs of merely community interest and only two with affairs of national interest. In brief, our American journalism, limiting that phrase to the daily newspaper press, is essentially and necessarily local.

It is a common allegation that our newspapers are controlled by their advertisers, and there is

much in their policies and make-up that looks like confirmation of this indictment. But the truth is that the advertisers do not so much control the policy of the newspapers as that the newspapers control the policy of the advertisers. The publisher, say of the San Francisco *Examiner* or the *Chronicle*, is less a journalist in the professional sense than a dealer in advertising space. He seeks to make his columns valuable to the man who has goods to sell. Now the prosperous and well-to-do classes in America are not habitual buyers of the sorts of merchandise exploited in the daily newspapers. Mrs. Vere de Vere (we trust nobody will think that we use this name ironically), who lives in a fashionable avenue, avoids a bargain sale as she would a pestilence. Mr. Vere de Vere gets his clothes from his tailor, who does not advertise. If a member of the Vere de Vere family is sick a physician is called in and his prescription is sent to the druggist. The Vere de Veres contribute to the *Examiner* or to the *Chronicle* only the dollar per month that is paid for delivery of the paper at the front door. Now how is it as to the O'Flahertys, who live at the Potrero, or the Bacigalupis, who live on Telegraph Hill? O'Flaherty père or Bacigalupi père brings home Saturday night say twenty dollars in cash, the result of his week's labors. This sum is divided pretty speedily between the dealers of ready-made clothing, the bargain counter, and the patent medicine shop. Therefore the O'Flahertys and the Bacigalupis are infinitely more valuable to the publisher of the *Examiner* or the *Chronicle* than the Vere de Veres. It becomes a point of policy with the publishers to put into their papers the things that will interest the O'Flahertys and the Bacigalupis. If the papers print elaborate accounts of the doings of the Vere de Veres and the social group to which they are attached, with pictures illustrating their movements, etc., it is designed for the entertainment of the O'Flahertys and the Bacigalupis, who are always intensely interested in the doings of the socially higher-ups. If five pages are given to the details of a murder, it is intended by the publisher as an appeal to the classes whose reading habits are practically limited to sensational news and whose appetite for it is always avid. In brief, the effort of the publisher is to season his paper to the taste of the "masses" because they are habitual buyers of advertised merchandise. Here is the whole secret of the sensational press. It has discovered that the way to make a newspaper prosperous is to make it attractive to the class that buys ready-made clothing, that is interested in bargain sales, and that consumes patent dopes.

In newspapers as in other things habit counts heavily. For many years San Francisco has been served by a sensational press practically to the exclusion of any other kind of daily press. Thus even the classes—the Vere de Veres and their kind—presumably conservative in general matters are addicted to the yellow newspaper habit. Unless the average San Franciscan finds in his morning paper anywhere from one to half a dozen highly-spiced "stories" he—more particularly she—has no sense of having read the news. It is not enough to tell of decent happenings in decent style. There must be the interest that attaches to scandalous doings or the paper is held to be flat. This defines the problem, or one phase of it, of whoever may seek to establish here a rational and conservative newspaper. The habit of the community has become fixed and it finds little satisfaction or none at all in a journal dealing with sober and serious things. The average San Francisco newspaper reader wants to know all about the Wilkens case, the latest intrigue in "high life." He seeks further entertainment in the vulgarities of the Jiggs family or in the adventures of the Gumps. He revels in bathing-girl portraiture. For those who care for serious interests, for authentic information, for intelligent discussion and for clean humor, there is of course the *Argonaut*. Let us whisper low, the unique prestige of the *Argonaut*, with its long-maintained vogue, is due to the fact that it finds no rivalry in our daily newspaper press.

#### Our Regulatory Laws Need "Teeth."

President Harding's failure to put an end to the railroad strike has exhibited to the country the deficiencies of our regulatory system, with the need for more effective laws relating to industries founded in public necessity. Transportation is foremost among our essential utilities and ways and means must be found to

adjust controversies relative to it without paralyzing the activities of the whole country. The President made this point plain in his address to Congress on Friday last. We quote:

The law creating the Railroad Labor Board is inadequate. \* \* \* It has little or no power to enforce its decisions. It can impose no penalties on either party disregarding its decisions. It can not halt a strike and, manifestly, it deliberately omitted the enactment of compulsory arbitration. The decisions of the board must be made enforceable and effective against carriers and employees alike.

Further, with reference to immediate conditions, the President says:

I must impress Congress and the country that no body of men, whether limited in numbers and responsible for railway management, or powerful in numbers and consisting of the necessary forces in railroad operation, shall be permitted to choose a course which imperils public welfare. Neither organizations of employers nor workmen's unions may escape responsibility. When related to a public service, the mere fact of organization magnifies that responsibility and public interest transcends that of either grouped capital or organized labor.

In these remarks the President puts up to Congress an imperative duty. Even more important and more timely is Mr. Harding's concurrent declaration of the policy of the Administration with respect to the immediate strike situation. Upon this point he says:

The first obligation and the first allegiance of every citizen, high or low, is to his government. \* \* \* No matter what hardships may attend or what sacrifices may be necessary, government by law must and will be sustained. Wherefore, I am resolved to use all the power of the government to maintain transportation and sustain the right of men to work.

The President is not responsible for the defects in our system of regulatory laws. Since there is no law by which he may bring the strike to an end and since his persuasions have failed, there is nothing left for him to do but to stand firm in support of fundamental rights. This plainly he intends to do. He will "sustain the right of men to work."

Mr. Samuel Gompers, speaking in the name of the American Federation of Labor, characterizes President Harding's declaration in his address to Congress last week as "unfortunate." Unfortunate why? Will Mr. Gompers dare maintain that American citizens are not entitled to protection of their government in "the right to work"?

#### Johnson as a Senator.

A group of citizens of Santa Barbara, represented by an executive committee including Henry S. Pritchett, Francis T. Underhill, Samuel P. Calef, Edward B. Starbuck, and Edward S. Spaulding, are issuing a campaign paper under the name *Santa Barbara Republican*. From the issue of the *Republican* of August 15th we excerpt the following:

It is a pitiful thing to see a candidate for the Senate of the United States motoring from one community to another, claiming reelection on the ground that he has secured certain tariffs favorable to a few products in his state. If such tariffs are justified, it is the plain duty of any senator to work for their adoption. If they are not justified it would be equally his duty to stand like a man against them. But to claim reelection as a senator of the United States on the paltry ground that he had raised the duty on almonds is the most cowardly exhibition that could possibly be made by a candidate for the great office of United States senator. Have there been no questions in the Senate during the six years of Senator Johnson's service, larger, more important, more far-reaching, than the question of a duty on almonds? The consideration of that industry is part of the everyday work. It goes without saying that any competent senator would have sought to do the just thing by his state, but to claim that as a reason and almost the main reason for election to the great office of a senator in the national Congress is the most pitiful claim ever put forward by a senator of the United States for reelection.

Mr. Johnson entered the Senate the best advertised man who had come to that distinguished body in twenty-five years. He was known as a popular governor of his state. He had been a candidate for the vice-presidency and so had met audiences throughout the country who had listened with interest to his oratorical exhibitions. He was looked upon as a man who would grow to be a power in the Senate.

These expectations have remained absolutely unfulfilled.

It would be hard to select a man more ill-suited for the work of a senator than Hiram Johnson. His great rôle is that of a stump speaker, and he has continued to be a stump speaker in the Senate. That sort of high talk gains little in the Senate of the United States. The impassioned speeches which Senator Johnson sends out to his constituents are made to empty benches. Now and then in a particular discussion the opportunity arises when a debater may make for himself a name on the floor of the Senate, but even in this respect Senator Johnson has been a failure. He has come to be classed, in the minds of the more influential men of the Senate and of the government, with a small group of senators who are known as the "Talkers Club"—Johnson, La Follette, Borah, and Norris, who call themselves Republicans, and Jim



Reed and Tom Watson, who call themselves Democrats. This group of men is always talking over the heads of the Senate to an imaginary public beyond. Their words are bitter, they have little effect except to stir up anger and resentment.

Senator Johnson's prestige has never been so high in the Senate as it was the day he entered it. The work of the Senate is not done by the men who make long and impassioned appeals. It is done by the able and thoughtful men who both in the public business of the Senate and in the committee work in which the real questions are thrashed out give themselves steadily, seriously, day by day, to the hard work of thinking out and solving public questions. For this kind of work Senator Johnson has little ability and less inclination. He gradually allied himself with a group of bitter critics of the Administration. He has opposed the most important and best-considered measures which the head of his party, the President of the United States, has proposed. He is in no position today to render to California a great service in the Senate nor to render the Senate a great service in the country.

He is another illustration of the fact that the glib talker on the stump oftentimes lacks both the capacity for work and the ability for clear and impartial thinking which are necessary for high service in the Senate.

There is still another reason why Senator Johnson has failed to get the respect and confidence of his colleagues. Ever since he has been in the Senate he has had his eye on the presidency of the United States, and his colleagues have felt, and rightly felt, that such legislation as he favored was aimed to advance his personal candidacy rather than to serve the essential interests of the whole country and of the whole public. It is a sound tradition in the Senate of the United States with all its weaknesses that the man who is confessedly a candidate for the presidency is not whole-heartedly a senator. Mr. Johnson falls in the estimate of his fellow-senators in this category.

Finally, Mr. Johnson is not a Republican. He has never attended the party caucuses. He has never lent himself to the process of working out a consistent party policy. He holds himself above his party and is coming to hold himself above his state. He is a Johnsonite, first, last, and always, and other considerations for the good of the state he represents, of the Senate of which he is a member, or of the country of which he is a citizen take second place.

As a stump speaker in California or in the Senate, Mr. Johnson is a glittering success. As a senator, he has been a dead failure.

### Crime.

Like the man that always made it a point to speak well of the Deity, the members of the American Bar Association who assembled in San Francisco a week or so ago expressed their disapproval of crime. They can not endorse it, and would be glad to see it diminished, and even entertained plans and proposals looking to that end. It is a good idea. But one of the plans proposed does not seem, to a mere lay mind, logically adapted to the object in view. It was to suppress the manufacture and possession of pistols, because most crimes of violence were found to have been committed with those violent little instruments.

Somehow it reminds one of Mark Twain's dread of beds. He found that most people die in bed, and therefore it was natural to suppose that there was something fatal about occupying one. All the statistics supported that conclusion, and if truth can not be reached by statistics, how is it to be discovered? The line of reasoning was complete. The only imperfection of it was its lack of any nexus of cause and effect. And the legal gentlemen who regard pistols as the cause of crime are falling into somewhat similar confusion. It may be that when men went armed they shot quicker. But that is not the sort of crime society has to fight nowadays. Furthermore, that mode of dress has passed out of fashion, except in the motion pictures and in a few remote parts of the cattle country. Old San Franciscans can remember when carrying navy revolvers was quite common. As order and security came, the hardware was found heavy, and was left at home. Today the carrying of revolvers by honest men is rare; by thugs, quite general. And it will not be greatly reduced on the part of the thugs through prohibiting the manufacture of sidearms. Nor can crime be much diminished in that way. Crooks that want pistols will find ways to get them; the persons who can not get them will be those that may have some honest need for them as household protection. And if thugs can not get pistols, there are other weapons. It is not the weapon that is the criminal. It is the savage, unregenerate, primitive human, whose disposition is selfish and whose character is undisciplined to social requirements. We believe he is usually the product of bad parenthood, expressing itself in indulgence and feeble control. Villainy is a quite natural thing, and the curbing of it in oneself or in another is an art. It is not to be accomplished by easy methods and sobbing sympathy for the criminal as the victim of society. Criminals are not the victims

of society, society is the victim of criminals, and of the worthless parenthood that brings them up.

It sometimes happens that the son of quite decent parents goes wrong and disgraces them. In such cases they suffer bitterly for any faults of omission or commission of which they may have been guilty. But more often parents of criminals have neglected their duty toward society and toward their erring children, and they should be punished with them. Parental responsibility is a moral reality and it ought to be a legal one. When corporal punishment is needed, and parents have not inflicted it with earnestness and vigor, they have made themselves *particeps criminis* in the delinquency of the erring youth. There are times in the life of almost every healthy boy when showing him his meanness and demanding that he mend his ways does no earthly good, and then there is no substitute for a good whaling. Blaming crime on weapons is like blaming death on beds.

Aiding and abetting the incompetent parent is the political judge, the sort of man that fears to lose his salary and has found that under a condition of universal suffrage and an elective judiciary he can count on votes at the next election in exact proportion to the leniency he shows to crooks. Such men as that, confirming the work of the criminal parent, are almost enough to account for the fact that we had in this country last year 9500 murders, and in the past decade 85,000; with an increase of 1200 per cent. in burglaries last year. Almost, but not quite. There is another element contributing, and that is the relaxation of punishment in response to the demands of sentimental reformers, persons more horror-stricken at one hanging than at five unpunished murders. The abolition of capital punishment in some dozen or so of states has not diminished murders in those states, or at least so it was asserted at one session of the Bar Association. And no normal person should have supposed that it would. Crime is the choice and responsibility of the individual criminal, and to make him choose something else it is necessary to equip him with the fear of punishment, swift, certain, and severe. Society can not afford to gamble the lives of its innocent members against the disposition of its guilty ones; the stake is not merely disproportionate in comparison with any return that might accrue in the shape of a criminal reclaimed by gentle methods, but it is immoral to expose the innocent to the depredations of the criminally disposed for any such visionary object. The sentimentalists that got up the parole system and the probation law are, we believe, morally responsible for a great deal of the criminality that has manifested itself of late. They have meant well, Heaven knows, but they have not done well. And if they can point to a few reclaimed criminals, the number reclaimed is no justification for permitting the recidivists to prey on the innocent.

So we have enough causes for the prevalence of crime besides pistols. To stop the manufacture of pistols and permit the manufacture of criminals to go on, and to suppose that because we have done that we have supplied some solution for the trouble, is hardly rational. Bad mothers and fathers, venal judges, punishments made mild by misplaced mercy, and the expectation set up in the mind of the underworld of dodging even those punishments through the operation of the parole and probation laws, are far more potent producers of crime than all the arms factories of New England. We should stop paltering with crime, treat it as a personal matter, and attack it by attacking the criminal with all the strength of criminal justice untampered by visions and sentimentality.

### Editorial Notes.

It is hardly necessary to remind intelligent citizens of California that as between candidates for the Supreme Bench (Judge Wilbur and Judge Lawlor) the former is in every way to be preferred. Judge Wilbur is in the prime of life, a lawyer of eminent standing, a judge of experience. He will bring to the State Supreme Bench public confidence, leadership, and dignity of the highest order.

The season of stress that the country has suffered since April in connection with the coal mining industry gives emphasis to the President's demand for investigation looking to some system of governmental regulation. It has become evident that an industry so vital in the life of the country can not with safety be left subject to paralyzing contentions between owners and workers.

The government must in justice and safety to the public apply a directing hand to the coal industry. Ways and means of doing this can only be defined upon the basis of information not now available, and it is to the end of getting at the facts and of defining methods of regulation that President Harding's demand for a commission is made.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Appreciated and Passed On."

SAMUEL DAVIS

Attorney and Counsellor at Law

Boston, August 8, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Enclosed find check to continue my subscription. I enjoy your paper greatly, especially the trenchant and able editorials. Your recent attention to Senator Johnson and his fee from Mayor Hyland is much appreciated. My copy of your fine paper is passed on to several others after my reading.

SAMUEL DAVIS.

Appreciated.

THE ROBERT McCURDY COMPANY

J. H. McEwen, Treasurer

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, August 9, 1922.

The Argonaut Publishing Co.,

207 Powell Street,

San Francisco, Cal.—

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I find no other paper which suits me as well as the Argonaut.

Yours truly,

J. H. McEwen.

A Bouquet From Portland.

PORTLAND, OREGON, August 19, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I enclose draft in renewal of my subscription. I often wish that I might positively disagree with your admirable editorials. I think it would stimulate my sense of self-respect. But alas, and alas; the weeks go by and I find my own ideas uncannily reproduced, and clothed, too, with a pungent cogency which I could not even hope to approach. And so I find myself eagerly looking forward to the Saturday mail to learn what I have been thinking of during the week. Keep it up, please, keep it up. And here's health and a long life to you, and more power to your good right arm.

THOMAS D. METCALF.

### VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Western Canada is suffering for want of trade with the United States and—against the manufacturers of Ontario and Quebec—urges reciprocity with the big country beyond the line. The farmers want to send their wheat and the ranchmen their cattle over the short haul and get our machinery in return. They want their grass-fed cattle "finished" in our corn belt.

Canada could have had reciprocity under Mr. Taft's proposals in 1911 and at any time for a decade thereafter, and refused it. Now Mackenzie King is prime minister of a changed administration, and he wants us to know that Canada as a whole is eager to reach an understanding.

Those who at Ottawa are saying, "No trucking with the Yankees," do not deserve to have their way. Those who declare reciprocity an opening wedge toward annexation talk ridiculously. The United States does not want Canada any more than she wants Mexico. She has on hand the big business of managing herself, and there are problems enough within her own majestic confines.

But on our side of the border some who oppose reciprocity are putting a pen-point worse than a knife-edge to immensely lucrative possibilities. Note how the present emergency tariff is killing, not merely Canada's exports to us, but our exports to Canada. In the fiscal year that ended in June their exports to us dropped from \$501,933,266 to \$295,398,203; our exports to them dropped from \$766,393,077 to \$501,540,869. In the year Great Britain has taken our place as Canada's best customer, the British purchases totaling \$301,838,559.

The prime minister says the government is ready at any time to consider overtures from Washington to mend the depressing condition. Every argument, not alone of intentional amity, but of self-interest, urges action at Washington as at Ottawa to overcome the economic impasse by which both countries are losing so heavily.

IRELAND'S LOSS.

(Washington Post.)

The death of Arthur Griffith has occurred at an inopportune time for the land he so well loved and so loyally served. In its formative period the new Irish Free State will have need of men of the Griffith stamp—men of vision, of keen intelligence and logical mind, of courage blended with moderation, of idealism tempered by practical considerations, and of determination to stick to a policy which they know to be right, whether or not it secures immediate popular approval.

In the now far-off days when Griffith began publicly to inculcate those principles and to advocate that line of action which later came to be classed under the generic title of Sinn Fein he stood practically single-handed and alone against conditions to which long usage and success in certain lines had seemingly guaranteed a perennial continuance. He had, on the one hand, to fight British domination in Ireland, but, stupendous as were the odds, that was the hardest part of his task, because on such a question he had with him the overwhelming majority of his fellow-countrymen. On the other hand, however, he had also to fight the Irish constitutional party, which had been fused into a mighty political machine by the genius of Parnell, and even after Parnell had gone down in death following disaster enjoyed the prestige of having wrested from a reluctant alien Parliament, not only an acknowledgment of the principle of home rule, but also very material benefits in the shape of land legislation and organized efforts toward the development of national resources.

For long and weary years Griffith was but a voice crying in the wilderness against the supineness and paralysis which in later days had overtaken that once formidable political combination, and but for the cataclysmic upheaval and the realignment of forces caused by the rebellion of 1916 he might still have been pleading in vain. That outstanding event, however, set the seal of promise, if not of performance, on the Sinn Fein methods, and although Griffith took no part in the rising and was even opposed to it, it had the strange effect of bringing him and his policies into the commanding position which they have ever since maintained.

Griffith was never a republican nor, in the full and true sense of that term, a separatist. He rather envisaged something like a return to the constitutional status that prevailed



in Ireland under Grattan's parliament, but with the removal of the limitations and curbs which hampered that legislative body and eventually proved its undoing. That was what he had in mind when in December, 1921, he signed the Hiberno-English treaty which established the principle and set up the machinery of the Irish Free State. That he judged aright the temper and aspirations of Irishmen the march of events has since abundantly demonstrated. It is a pity that the guiding hand of the master should so soon be removed from the helm of the ship of state, but he had clearly charted and marked out the course to be followed by his successor in steering it to the haven of peace and prosperity.

#### 100 PER CENT. AMERICAN. (New York Times.)

The Committee on International Law of the American Bar Association, which met last week in San Francisco, in commending the International Court of Justice at The Hague, said of it:

"The court is due to American initiative, American persistence, American ingenuity. And in this court sits an American."

More specifically, Mr. Root, whom Lord Shaw referred to as "the Grotius of America," and Mr. Choate, both past Presidents of this national organization and of the legal ability of America, are by name associated in the report with the origins of this court in which an eminent American jurist is now sitting. American initiative, persistence, and ingenuity exercised through such craftsmanship as that of these great national and international statesmen (not to mention others, who are also not mentioned in the report), certainly warrant putting the hall-mark of presumed political perfection ("100 per cent. American") upon the fabric of our best minds. Is this international institution of American origin and ingenious construction not to be thought perfect apart from the present administration?

The more than forty nations that have accepted and adopted the court seem disposed to let us improve that to which we make such proud claim so that we may ourselves join them in its use. The Committee on International Law of the American Bar Association has been instructed under a motion made by Chief Justice Taft "to suggest changes in the statutes organizing the International Court at The Hague which might make it possible for the United States to participate." That committee should also have prompt instruction from the country at large in support of what the Chief Justice has proposed. Not only does the court need our moral support, but we are shamed in the eyes of the world till we ourselves accredit that whose existence we attribute to American initiative, persistence, and ingenuity.

#### LINCOLN AND FORD. (Washington Star.)

The Ford boomers are finding in the boomie a likeness to Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln had a kind heart. So has Mr. Ford. Mr. Lincoln was eminently practical. So is Mr. Ford. Mr. Lincoln was a good judge of men. So is Mr. Ford. Mr. Lincoln was dependable. So is Mr. Ford. And so on. Hence, the thing to do is to put Mr. Ford in the White House, and in that exalted place give him opportunity to exercise the qualities which as exercised by Mr. Lincoln in the same place proved of such valuable importance to the country.

Great! Mr. Lincoln possessed many high qualities in rare combination. He was kind of heart, clear of head, firm of purpose, and abundantly supplied with staying power. In a time of appalling disturbance he rendered the country service beyond price.

But "we shall not look upon his like again." As appraised today by thoughtful men of his own and other countries, Mr. Lincoln was born for the emergency he met. How he would meet the present emergency is but speculation, and, wide and inviting as the field is, such speculation is not the need of the hour.

Mr. Ford has had, and is having, much success in business, and all rejoice in it. But it requires a lively fancy to endow him with the capacity to "take the helm" of the ship of state and "hold the rudder true," with an angry sea running. In Detroit at the head of and directing his great business enterprise he is placed to the best advantage. In Washington here, at the head of and directing the national government, he would be lost.

#### HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE. (New York Tribune.)

Fortunately for suffering humanity, nature has not been on strike this summer. Bumper crops this fall are assured. There may be a shortage of fuel and difficulty in traveling from one town to another, but there will be plenty to eat, and it was because our forefathers had abundance at their tables that the last Thursday in November was set aside as Thanksgiving Day.

The government farm reports forecast 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn, a white potato crop that has been exceeded only once, more than twice as many apples as were grown in 1921, tobacco 10,000,000 pounds in excess of last year, and the greatest hay crop ever known in the country. Crops are wealth, and when they are unusually abundant the country prospers in proportion.

Capital and labor may wrangle over wages and working conditions, normally may be slow in returning to some industries because of misunderstandings and disinclination to make common sacrifices, but with foodstuffs piled up in every granary the country will scarcely suffer from hard times during the winter that is to come.

The hope of obtaining real information on the history of Tibet is the object of a British mission which is now on its way to the "Forbidden City." Every member of the party is a British Buddhist, and they believe through religious affiliation they can obtain what other travelers and explorers have sought in vain. Foreigners who have entered the "Forbidden City" are few and far between, and no one heretofore has been afforded the opportunity to study the religion, literature, and history of this sealed country.

The Postoffice Department has been making an effort to reduce the number of letters sent to the dead letter office. They now number about 20,000,000 a year, and they are said to represent but a small percentage of those mailed with erroneous addresses. It is urged that letters be legibly addressed, and that they bear the sender's name in the upper left-hand corner.

The late King Edward deplored the coming of the automobile, to the extent of financing the coach roads of Britain, Wales, and Ireland and patronizing them personally several times each summer.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Horatio Gates Gibson is the oldest living graduate of West Point. General Gibson recently passed his ninety-fifth birthday.

Miss Beatrice E. Hart of Oxford, a noted British librarian, is in Washington to reorganize the library of political and commercial reference in the British Embassy there.

Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, former United States Ambassador to China, has recently sailed for Europe on his way to Shanghai. He is returning to the Orient to resume his duties as economic adviser to the Chinese government.

Mr. Philip Guedalla is said to have figured in more Oxford novels written by other people than any other Oxonian now living. He was president of the union in his undergraduate days. Later he was the principal of Rugby School and he is the author of "The Second Empire."

Vice-Admirals Gustaf and Vilhelm Dyresen of the Royal Swedish Navy are known as the "famous twin sea dogs of Sweden." The brothers, who were born March 26, 1858, were graduated from the Swedish Royal Naval Academy in 1877 and have risen together to the highest honors.

M. Alexander Sainbunac, who recently came to America to model a bust of former President Wilson, is the leading sculptor and chief exponent of art of Jugo-Slavia. The portrait of Mr. Wilson is commissioned by the Royal Academy at Belgrade, Serbia, and is to occupy a niche in the university library there.

Mrs. Bertha Blacett of Portland, Oregon, is the only woman guide in the Yosemite National Park. She was recently commended by the government for putting out a forest fire that threatened to destroy the preserve. Mrs. Blacett beat out the flames with her saddle blanket and then with improvised shovels dug a trench around the fire zone.

Passé as thrones have become in Europe, there are yet people left to fight for even minor, unpowerful ones. The succession of Prince Louis, son of Prince Albert of Monaco, is being disputed by a former butcher, who styles himself the Most Noble Marquis George Fredrick Grimaldi. He traces his line back to Luchetti, a governor of Genoa in 1231.

Albert Payson Terhune, in addition to being a popular writer and an expert boxer, has yet another specialty. He raises collies at his place, Sunnysbank, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where any fine afternoon he and Mrs. Terhune can be seen taking tea entirely surrounded by collies. Most of Terhune's readers are familiar with Lad, the hero of two of his dog stories.

Mr. John A. Stewart, who reached the centenarian stage August 17th, New York banker and ex-treasury official, was one of the brisk young men whom Lincoln called to his aid during the trying days of '64. He was First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during Cleveland's second term. Mr. Stewart is said to be the first official of the executive departments to reach the century mark.

Colonel Thomas Powell of Columbus, Ohio, veteran of the civil war and brother of the famous General Eugene Powell, is the proud owner of "Lawnmower," the only living descendant of Mary's little lamb. The original Mary was Mary Sawyer of Sterling, Massachusetts, who was eight years old at the time celebrated by the poem in 1814. The immortal verses, by the way, were written by John Roulston.

Richard Washburn Child, our ambassador to Italy, whose appointment continued the long tradition of sending a literary man to represent us at Rome, has recently joined the newly-formed American Press Association of that city. In his initial speech he asked American press representatives to give European statesmen fair play and the credit they deserve for honestly trying to solve the problems before them.

Mme. Tamaki Miura, the Japanese prima donna, who is known affectionately as "Madame Butterfly" wherever she has sung, is involved in a dramatic conflict that may prove of national significance. Her husband, Hasujiro Miura, who has accompanied the singer in her travels for the last eight years and has been, it is said, supported by the earnings of his wife's voice, has now decided that she should remain in Japan. As national custom makes a husband's word law for a wife, Mme. Tamaki must either break the Japanese custom and resume her career or give the latter up. She has indicated that she intends to keep her contracts with the Carlo and Chicago opera companies. Her decision will undoubtedly largely influence the struggle for Japanese feminine emancipation.

When Señorita Graciela Mandujano, a Chilean journalist and delegate to the recent convention of the League of Women Voters, asked for a list of the twelve greatest living women of the United States so that she could write sketches of them for Chilean papers, she little guessed what a flood of discussion she would unloose. Several dozen names have already been proposed and the qualifications of each canvassed, and finally a committee of women has asked the assistance of an equal number of men in the delicate task of choosing

the candidates for Señorita Mandujano's honors. Among all the names that have been proposed there is probably but one that will mean more than name merely to South Americans; that of Annie Smith Peck, whose mountain-climbing and lecturing in South America and whose writings about that continent have made her name and personality familiar to many thousands in each of the South American states. Miss Peck has long been a famous mountain climber, her most important ascent having been that of Mt. Huascaran in Peru, which reaches a height of 21,812 feet, and whose summit she attained at great peril to her life. She has lectured in Spanish and in Portuguese before universities, clubs, and societies in all the principal cities of South America, while her books on South America are accepted by South Americans as authoritative.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### Seven Times One.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven.  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,—  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old,—so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done.  
The lambs play always,—they know no better;  
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low.  
You were bright—ah, bright—but your light is failing;  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,—  
You've powdered your legs with gold.  
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow.  
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
O Cuckoo-pint! tell me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it,—  
I will not steal them away;  
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!  
I am seven times one today. —Jean Ingelow.

##### High-Chin Bob.

(This song was brought to Santa Fé by Henry Herbert Knibbs, who got it from southern Arizona, where it was sung by the cowboys. The song was written by Charles Badger Clark, Jr., and the original version is in his "Sun and Saddle Leather" under the title of "The Glory Trail." It appears under the above title in N. Howard Thorp's "Songs of the Cowboys," Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.)

'Way high up in the Mokiones, among the mountain-tops,  
A lion cleaned a yearlin's bones and licked his thankful chops;  
When who upon the scene should ride, a-trippin' down the slope,  
But High-Chin Bob of sinful pride and maverick-hungry rope.

"Oh, glory be to me!" says he, "an' fame's unfadin' flowers,  
I ride my good top-hoss today and I'm top hand of the Lazy-J,  
So Kitty-cat, you're ours!"

The lion licked his paws so brown and dreamed soft dreams of veal,  
As High-Chin's loop come circlin' down and roped him round his meal;  
He yowled quick fury to the world and all the hills yelled back:  
That top-hoss give a snort and whirled and Bob caught up the slack.

"Oh, glory to me!" says he, "we'll hit the glory trail.  
No man has looped a lion's head and lived to drag the bumper dead,  
Till I shall tell the tale."

'Way high up in the Mokiones that top-hoss done his best  
'Mid whippin' brush and rattlin' stones from cañon-floor to crest;  
Up and down and round and cross Bob pounded weak and wan,

But pride still glued him to his hoss and glory drove him on:  
"Oh, glory be to me," says he, "this glory trail is rough.  
I'll keep this dally round the horn until the toot of judgment morn,  
Before I holler 'nough!"

Three suns had rode their circle home beyond the desert rim  
And turned their star herds loose to roam the ranges high and dim,  
And whenever Bob turned round and hoped the limp remains to find,  
A red-eyed lion, belly-roped, but healthy, loped behind!

"Oh, glory be to me," says Bob, "he kaint be drug to death!  
These heroes that I've read about were only fools that stuck it out  
To the end of mortal breath!"

'Way high up in the Mokiones, if you ever come there at night,  
You'll hear a ruckus amongst the stones that'll lift your hair with fright;  
You'll see a cow-hoss thunder by and a lion trail along,  
And the rider bold, with chin on high, sings forth his glory song:

"Oh, glory be to me!" says he, "and to my mighty noose!  
Oh, pardner, tell my friends below I took a ragin' dream in tow,  
And if I didn't lay him low,—I never turned him loose!"

Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean will enjoy a total eclipse of the sun for six minutes on September 20th. A party of European scientists armed with the latest scientific apparatus will endeavor to use this six minutes to test the Einstein theory, but rain may make their long journey useless.



## THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY.

Maurice Baring Pulls the Strings and His Puppets Enact the Pageant of a Happy Life.

Reading Maurice Baring's autobiography, which is reported to be the non-fiction best seller in England just now, one is the victim of mixed emotions. It is such an enchanting book—and we use that hackneyed word advisedly and in its most literal sense—that the temptation is to lose oneself in this magical terrain of the past. The conflicting emotion is one of immense regret that the manner of life vivified in Mr. Baring's "Puppet Show of Memory" is a thing of the irrevocable past which can never, in our time at least, be a reality again. So we are grateful to Mr. Baring for treating us to these vicarious crumbs from his youthful banquet. Very few of us could serve them so appetizingly.

As a record of late Victorian childhood and young manhood the early chapters of Mr. Baring's memories are unique. It is not merely their charm. It is that, plus the play of a memory whose calisthenics partake of the nature of sleight-of-hand. Not that Mr. Baring is an old man—Who's Who records him as forty-eight, but the fullness and details of his recollections of his infancy are certainly remarkable. They enable him to reconstruct a period that is generally conceded to have been the happiest known to civilization. Perhaps our arboreal ancestors were even more care-free, but we doubt it.

"The Puppet Show of Memory" is not the sort of memoirs that abounds in anecdote. Most people who attempt to write their lives for commercial or vain-glorious reasons search diligently for a number of fairly good, no matter if they are old, stories and diligently ascribe them to one or another of their more or less famous friends, modestly appropriating one or two for themselves. These yarns, with some connecting tissue to the effect that "it was in the summer of 82, etc.," furnish a perfectly safe, mechanical formula for writing an autobiography. And they are very useful for review on this page, which is practically a department of anecdote. Sometimes the biographers seem almost to have borne us in mind, obligingly. But Maurice Baring's book does not lend itself to the scheme. It isn't good in spots, it is good all through, and the reader who contents himself with spots is unnecessarily depriving himself. Neither is it possible to represent Mr. Baring's life in brief, so we must content ourselves with giving a few samples of the happy era he has caught and preserved.

The lesson period with Chérie and Mrs. Christie presents an embarrassment of charming choices, so we shall first tap the stream of Mr. Baring's recollections at a boys' school to which he was sent to prepare for Eton:

In the afternoons we played Rugby football, an experience which was in my case exactly what Max Beerbohm describes it in one of his essays; running about on the edge of a muddy field. The second division master pursued the players with exhortations and imprecations, and every now and then a good kicking was administered to the less successful and energetic players, which there were quite a number of. The three best Rugby football players were allowed to wear on Sundays a light blue velvet cap with a silver Maltese cross on it, and a silver tassel. I am sorry to say that this cap was not always given to the best players. It was given to the boys the headmaster liked best. What I enjoyed most were the readings out by the headmaster, which happened on Sunday afternoons and sometimes on ordinary evenings. He read out several excellent books; "The Moonstone," the "Leavenworth Case," a lot of "Pickwick," and, during my first term, "Treasure Island." The little events, the races for stamp collecting and swopping, stage-beetle races, aquariums, secret alphabets, chess tournaments, that make up the interests of a boy's everyday life outside his work and his play, delighted me. I was a born collector, but a bad swopper, and made ludicrous bargains.

Incidentally the time spent at the private school was one of the least roseate of the young Maurice's life. His reactions to it are expressed in the following paragraph, descriptive of his début at Eton. Eton was a very different pair of boots, and the reader for whom English public school life has a fascination will revel in Baring's bright descriptions of his school days:

I enjoyed Eton from the first moment I arrived. The surprise and relief at finding one was treated like a grown-up person, that nobody minded if one had a sister called Susan or not, that all the ridiculous petty conventions of private-school life counted for nothing, were inexpressibly great.

Directly I arrived I was taken up to my tutor in his study, which was full of delightful books. He took me to the matron, Miss Copeman, whom we called McDame. I was then shown my room, a tiny room on the second floor in one of the houses opposite to the school yard. As I sat in my room, boy after boy strolled in, and instead of asking one idiotic questions they carried on rational conversation.

The next day I met Broadwood, who was at another house, and we walked up to Windsor in the afternoon. He told me all the things I had better know at once; such as not to walk on the wrong side of the street when one went up town; never to roll up an umbrella or to turn down the collar of one's great-coat; how to talk to the masters and how to talk of them; what shops to go to, and what were the sock-shops that no self-respecting boy went to. There were several such which I never entered the whole time I was at Eton, and yet I suppose they must have been patronized by some one.

Having fallen in love with Chérie, the French governess whom the infant Maurice thought "the most beautiful, the cleverest, and altogether the most wonderful person in the world," and whom he intended to marry on reaching maturity, we, too, rejoice at the

successful fruit of her training. For Maurice was a proficient French scholar:

At the end of the first year there was a prize called the headmaster's prize for French, for lower boys. I competed for this. It was always rather difficult to get a French prize at Eton, as there was usually a French or a Canadian boy who spoke and knew the language like a native. There was a special examination paper for this prize. I and a French boy, whose name I have forgotten, both got 95 marks out of 100. Then the papers were looked through again, and it was found that I had translated the French word *hôte* by *host*, when it should have been *guest*, so the other boy was given the prize, but my tutor gave me a book as a consolation." The following year I competed for the headmaster's French prize for boys in fifth form, and that time I won it, much to the delight of Chérie and of every one at Membrand.

Naturally the literary powers of the renowned-journalist-to-be began to manifest themselves during these later school and university days. Maurice finally went to Cambridge, to Trinity, after much hesitation between that and Oxford. Always weak in math, he had preferred Oxford with its more literary traditions, but Oxford, too, had its disadvantages in its stiff classical requirements, so Maurice brushed up on "sums" and went to Cambridge. But while still at Eton he was well launched in school journalism:

There was at that time a newspaper edited by two of the boys, called the *Mayfly*. I sent them my poem on Eton College, but they wisely refused it. The *Mayfly*, edited by Ramsay, was an amusing paper, but not quite so good as the *Parachute*, which had come out the year before, and was edited by Carr Bosanquet and others. This was a singularly brilliant newspaper. It only had three numbers, but they were most successful. There was at the same time an exceedingly serious newspaper called the *Eton Review*, edited, I think, by Beauchamp, which had articles about the Baconian theory, and other rather heavy topics. During my last summer a newspaper which had twenty editors, but only one number, came out, called the *Students' Humour*. There was also a book published in 1891, called "Keate's Lane Papers," in which there is an excellent poem by J. K. Stephen, which has never been republished, called "The Song of the Scug." It begins:

There was a little scug  
Who sat upon a rug  
With a dull and empty brain,  
And would show his indecision  
In a twopenny diversion,  
With a friend of the same low strain.  
And would eat a lot of cherries and see a lot of cricket.  
Till his lips and his fingers were as sticky as the wicket.  
But at last he came to be a bald old man  
Who talked about as wildly as a bald man can.  
And he said, by Gad;  
When I was a lad,  
And the very best dry bob alive,  
I should have made a million.  
But a man in the Pavilion  
Was killed by my first hard drive.

J. K. Stephen used often to come down to Eton, dressed always in slippers, a dark blue flannel blazer, and a dirty pink cap on the back of his head; and thus dressed, and reading a small book, I saw him serenely and unconsciously walk across the pitch during the Winchester match.

And here is a record of his Cambridge journalism:

In the summer term, during the May week, Hubert Cornish, R. Austen Leigh, and myself edited an ephemeral newspaper called the *Cambridge A B C*, which had four numbers and which contained an admirable parody of Kipling by Carr-Bosanquet.

Here are some lines from it:

By Matyushin and Wilczek-land he is come to the Northern Pole,  
Whose tap-roots bite on the Oolite and Palaeozoic coal:  
He set up his hand and his haunch to the tree, he plucked it up by the root,  
And the lines of longitude upward sprang like the broken chords of a lute;  
And over against the Hills of Glass he came to the spate of stars,  
And the Pole it sank, but he swam to the bank and warmed himself on Mars;  
Till he came to the Reeling Beaches between the night and the day,  
Where the tall king crabs like hansom cabs and the black bull lobsters lay.

Aubrey Beardsley was just becoming known as an artist, and we wrote to him and asked him to design a cover, never thinking he would consent to do so. He did, for the modest sum of ten guineas, and many people thought it was a clever parody of his draughtsmanship.

But still before his brief stay at Cambridge was a sojourn on the Continent, particularly in Germany, where all good English children were sent for culture before the war:

The country round Heidelberg was at this time of year at its most glorious. The fields were sheets of the brightest yellow. At night choruses of nightingales sang; the air was heavy with the smell of lilacs. Sometimes we would go up the river and to the little town of Neckarsteinar, which is like a toy city on the top of a green hill, with a wall round it, and is exactly what I imagined the "green hill far away" to be when I was a child, except that it had a wall. One evening—but this was later in the summer when I went back a second time to Heidelberg—we had a *Kneipe* in Dr. Ihne's garden and invited the Germania *Burschenschaft*. Professor Ihne came and made a speech and then left us; songs were sung, and I made a speech in German, and we sang: "Alt Heidelberg du Feine."

Besides all these events, Hubert and I spent a good deal of time reading and discussing theories of life. We were intoxicated by Swinburne, spellbound by Kipling, and great devotees of Meredith and Hardy. We also read a certain amount of German, and I remember reading Lewes' "Life of Goethe." I had already read a certain amount of Goethe and Schiller with Dr. Timme, including "Herman und Dorothea," "Iphigenie auf Tauris," and "Tasso." "Faust" and the lyrics I had read by myself as soon as I could spell out the letters.

Despite the immense effort he had made to matriculate at Cambridge, our historian could not make the grade of a second year—a fact that is significant of the inefficiency of university requirements:

I left Cambridge after my first summer term as I could not pass the Little Go, nor could I ever have done so, had I stayed at Cambridge for years. My life during the next five years was a prolonged and arduous struggle to pass the examination into the diplomatic service. When I left Cambridge I went to Versailles, and stayed there a month to work at French. Then after a few days at Contrexéville, with my father, I went back to Hildesheim and stopped at Bayreuth on the way.

But if the past is magic to us, distance seems to lend no enchantment to Maurice Baring, who will not even

admit the superior atmosphere, literary and artistic, of the famous and perhaps fabulous 'nineties. This was in fact the period of his university life and arduous training for the diplomatic service, so perhaps he should be pardoned for seeing it with a jaundiced eye:

This all happened in the period of the 'nineties. When people write about the 'nineties now, which they often do, they seem to me to weave a baseless legend and to create a fantastic world of their own creation. The 'nineties were, from the point of view of art and literature, much like any other period. If you want to know what literary conversation was like in the 'nineties you can hear it any day at the Reform Club. If you compare the articles on literature or art that appeared in the *Speaker* of 1892-3 with the articles in the *New Statesman* of 1921, you will find little difference between the two. The difference between the *Yellow Book* and periodicals of the same kind (*The Owl*, for instance), which were started years later, was chiefly in the color of the cover. The fact is there are only a certain number of available writers in London, and whenever a new periodical is started, all the available writers are asked to contribute; so in the *Yellow Book* you had practically the available writers of the time contributing—Henry James, Edmund Gosse, George Moore, Crackenthorpe, William Watson, John Davidson, John Oliver Hobbes, Vernon Lee, Le Gallienne, Arthur Benson, Arthur Symonds, and Max Beerbohm. I think there is seldom any startling difference between the literature of one decade and another. When I was at Cambridge, England was said by the newspapers to be a nest of singing birds; again the same thing was said when the Georgian poets began to publish their work; but the same thing might be said of any epoch. Throughout the whole of English history there never has been a period, as yet, when England was not a nest of singing birds, and when a great quantity of verse, good, bad, and indifferent, was not being poured out.

Nor was his indifference to the Silver Age of the Victorian era due to his own remoteness from the scene of action. On the contrary he was in the thick of the fray and the annals of Maurice Baring's twenties read like a roster of the names that characterize the happy 'nineties:

On Sunday evenings I used often to have supper with Edmund Gosse at his house in Delamere Terrace, and there I met some of the lights of the literary world: George Moore, Rider Haggard, Henry Harland, and Max Beerbohm. Sometimes there would be serious discussions on literature between George Moore, Edmund Gosse, and Arthur Symonds. I remember once, when Swinburne was being discussed, Arthur Symonds saying that there was a period in every one's life when one thought Swinburne's poetry not only the best, but the only poetry worth reading. It seemed then to annihilate all other verse. Edmund Gosse then said that he would not be at all surprised if some day Swinburne's verse were to appear almost unintelligible to future generations. He thought it possible that Swinburne might survive merely as a literary curiosity, like Cowley. He also said that Swinburne in his later manner was like a wheel that spun round and round without any intellectual cog.

George Moore in those days was as severe on Guy de Maupassant, and said his stories were merely carved cherry-stones. Edmund Gosse contested this point hotly. Still more amusing than the literary discussions were those occasions when Edmund Gosse would tell us reminiscences of his youth, when he worked as a boy at the British Museum, and of the early days of his friendship with Swinburne.

Preoccupied as our hero was at this time "learning arithmetic, geography, and long lists of obscure terms of French and German" preparatory to passing the examination prerequisite to a diplomatic career, he was not too engrossed to have his latent literary ambitions swept into flame by the same potent spirit of the 'nineties. It was Edmund Gosse who first encouraged him, for he had kept his aspirations dark at Cambridge:

One night, at Edmund Gosse's, in the winter of 1905, Harland was there, and the conversation turned on Anatole France. I quoted him some passages from "Le Livre de Mon Ami," which he had not read. The name of Anatole France had not yet been mentioned in the literary press of London, and Harland said to me: "Why don't you write me an article about him and I will print it in the *Yellow Book*?" The *Yellow Book* by that time had lost any elements of surprise or newness it had ever had and had developed into an ordinary review to which the stock writers of London reviews contributed. I said I would try, and I wrote an article about Anatole France, which was accepted by Harland and came out in the April number. This was the first criticism of Anatole France which appeared in England. In the same number there was a story by Anatole France himself, and a long poem by William Watson. When the proof of my article came, I took it to Edmund Gosse, and read it aloud to him in his office at the Board of Trade in Whitehall. He was pleased with it, and his meed of generous and discriminating praise and encouragement was extremely welcome and exhilarating. He said there was a unique opportunity for any one who should make it his aim to write gracefully and delicately about beautiful and distinguished things, and that I could not do better than try to continue as I had begun. No one could have been kinder or more encouraging.

Though his residence days at Cambridge were so unsatisfactory, our author was yet to discover the charm of English university life at Oxford. At Oxford he was to relive the exhilaration of Eton, which Mr. Baring thinks very like Balliol. Though not in residence at Oxford, he lived there for two terms exactly as an undergraduate.

We regret the lack of space to sketch in the remainder of Mr. Baring's delightful book. Suffice it to say that after a still further period of cramming in Germany he passed the official examinations, though he suspected that the grade given him in arithmetic was a gift, since on a comparison of his answers with those of the other candidates after the examination he found that his "answers in no ways coincided with theirs." He was finally admitted and appointed to the African Department. However, his diplomatic and journalistic careers are well known and it is rather the history of his unusually fortunate youth that marks his book aside. We agree with the London *Observer* that Maurice Baring's autobiography illustrates the finest phase of our late civilization.

THE PUPPET SHOW OF MEMORY. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$5.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 19, 1922, were \$147,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$120,600,000; an increase of \$27,100,000.

Judge R. S. Lovett, chairman of the board of directors of the Union Pacific Railroad, called as a witness recently before the Committee on Interstate Commerce of the United States Senate, made some very definite statements in reply to the charges that the railroads are controlled by a small group of Wall

before the Senate committee by Mr. Lauck, representing the railroad brotherhoods, Judge Lovett said:

"I state now, and as broadly and as emphatically as I can, that during all the years I have been a director and officer of railroad companies, the management and policies of each system have been in its own interest alone, as distinct from the other systems, and have been as separately in all respects as if there had been no common directors; that there has been no combination or common control or direction of them; that none of the banks or financial institutions mentioned by Mr. Lauck or shown on his exhibits, and no other bank, banker, or financial institution or groups of such have controlled or sought to control them, or had anything to do with the policies or management or with the business or affairs of any of said railroad companies, so far as I know or believe, except in lending them money or buying their securities."

Touching directly the charge that bankers were influencing railroad officials in their efforts to reduce wages, Judge Lovett said:

"No banker or any board of directors, or committee, at any time or place, has ever given me any advice or sought in any way to influence me as to the 'deflation of wages' of railroad labor or as to what wages should be paid to or what working rules and regulations should be established for, or what if any contract should be made with railroad labor, or had anything whatever to do with the policy of railroad management with respect to railroad labor. All the bankers with whom I have had anything to do or with whom I come in contact, on or off railroad boards, or in railroad management, have shown a friendly attitude toward labor, union labor at that, so far as I ever heard any expression from them on this subject."

"The fact is that the bankers are no more concerned about railroad labor than are other wide-awake citizens and manifest no more interest in the subject. The larger banks in New York, at which much of the denouncement has been leveled, and other investment bankers, own little if any railroad stocks. These bankers do not buy stocks to keep, but to sell, just as the merchant buys goods to sell. They sell as quickly as possible after they buy in order to buy again, for their profit is in the turnover. What interest have they, therefore, in the railroad wage question, more than any other citizen. It is the stockholder, and on weak roads sometimes the bondholders, who are interested in wages and working rules and conditions, because as they had been going in recent years these expenses may mean the loss of their property."

There are 106,000,000 Americans affected by the railway strike; 42,000,000 engaged in gainful occupations, 1,800,000 engaged in transportation work, 400,000 in railroad shop crafts, 1,000,000 railroad stockholders, and 1,000,000 railroad bondholders. There are 11,000,000 Americans engaged in agriculture, which now seems to suffer most from the railroad strike, says McDonnell & Co.

The total transportation employees are 4 1/2 per cent. of the total working population. In 1921 they received wages amounting to 7 per cent. of the nation's purchasing power. There are 26 per cent. of the working population engaged in farming and they receive 20 per cent. of the nation's purchasing power.

David Friday, president of the Michigan Agricultural College, says: "To put it briefly and strikingly, there are six times as many workers in agriculture as in railroad transportation, and yet they receive only three times as much of the nation's production as did the railroad workers."

The average compensation of railroad employees increased from \$730 in 1911 to \$1004 in 1917, \$1820 in 1918, and is now about \$1540. To quote David Friday again: "Half of all the rates collected by the railroads is paid directly to railroad labor. The amount which the men receive as wages is still approximately four times as large as the sum which is left for interest, dividends, and surplus. The return which the railroads are

making upon their investments is on the average so far below the return in other competitive lines, like manufacturing and banking, that no great reduction in freight rates is possible without a lowering in wages."

A new issue of \$400,000 Wyoming Sugar Company 7 1/2 per cent. first (closed) lien sinking fund gold bonds, due August 1, 1937, price 100 and interest to yield 7 1/2 per cent., is being offered by Carstens & Earles, Inc.

These bonds will be a direct obligation of the Wyoming Sugar Company and will constitute a first and only lien on a modern fireproof sugar refining plant and equipment located at Worland, Wyoming, appraised for us in June, 1922, by Messrs. Graham and Rasmussen, engineers and appraisers, Denver, Colorado, at \$1,190,000, and having a minimum daily capacity of 725 tons of beets. These properties are carried on the company's books at \$978,404.13, which is less a depreciation charge of \$222,066.37. After giving effect to this financing the total net quick assets exceed \$350,000. The company, through stock ownership, also owns, in the vicinity of Worland, land having a net equity value of \$155,000, which is additional security for this loan.

In common with other operating beet sugar refiners, heavy inventory losses were sustained by the company during 1920 and 1921, due to the rapid price declines and the country-wide depression then prevailing. Notwithstanding these losses, of approximately \$125,000, the three-year period ending February 28, 1922, showed net operating earnings, before interest payment and depreciation, of \$177,773, equal to \$59,257.80 per annum, or approximately twice the interest requirements on this bond issue. The company is today marketing sugar at a substantial profit. Conservative authorities estimate the earnings available for interest on this issue for 1922 at \$140,000, or more than four times interest requirements.

The security markets of the past fortnight have continued to show the utmost confidence in the face of disturbing news at home and from abroad, which can only be explained by the belief that these difficulties are not as menacing as they appear and that their solution is not far distant. The refusal of the railroad executives to accept in full the President's plan for settlement of the railway shopmen's strike seemingly was a most unfavorable development, indicating a long-drawn-out struggle, but the stock market has not regarded it in this light. After a little hesitation the rail list became very strong, and since then many new high prices—for years—have been recorded. The railroad managers apparently feel that they have the situation well in hand, and the ability of the Eastern roads to spare shop workers to help out some of the badly stricken Southern lines seems to confirm this view. While there have been some threats from the four big brotherhoods, it is not likely that these latter will ally themselves with a losing cause. The coal strikes also appear to be in the way of early settlement.

The German reparations matter seems a hopeless muddle, with France talking of seizing the Ruhr Valley and advancing to the Rhine, while the German mark has declined close to the vanishing point. The Balfour note on war debts has created in Wall Street mixed feelings of puzzlement and annoyance, but it is probable that it is intended chiefly for French consumption and is merely another step in the eternal jockeying of European politics, as a help to Lloyd George in his efforts to secure more favorable terms with the French premier in the matter of German reparations. Certainly we shall not feel much inclined to cancel, or even scale down, our perfectly just and collectible debts so long as France and the other European countries involved persist in continuing their huge and wasteful expenditures for armament. However, the situation is probably not as dark as it appears, and the market's appraisal is doubtless correct, just as when, some six or eight weeks before the armistice, it plainly indicated the early ending of the war, while official Washington, London, and Paris were most vehemently denying any such possibility.

Except where temporarily hampered by the

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strikes, reports of industrial activity throughout the country continue most encouraging, with steady expansion in nearly all lines. Money continues plentiful, with no indications of an early change to higher interest rates, which has been reflected in higher prices for investment securities, making it increasingly important to discriminate in their selection.—The Trader.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering an issue of \$10,000 San Pablo School District, Contra Costa County, California, 6 per cent. gold bonds, due serially August 1, 1923, to August 1, 1932. These bonds are tax exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income taxes.

San Pablo School District, adjoining the City of Richmond, is situated in the western part of Contra Costa County, and comprises



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the town of San Pablo and the surrounding country. The district contains valuable lands devoted to truck gardening, general farming, and dairying. A number of manufacturing industries are located in this district.

Bradford, Kimball & Co. and Hunter, Dulin & Co. are offering the 6 per cent. gold bonds of Reclamation District No. 2060, better known as the Hastings Tract.

This property consists of 7400 acres of rich alluvial land situated about six miles north of Rio Vista. The property is in close proximity to the well-known Grand and Ryer islands in the California Delta. Certification has been filed to have these bonds approved by the state banking department as a legal investment for savings banks in this state. The bonds mature serially from 1926 to 1941 and are being offered by the investment dealers at prices to yield 5.40 per cent. and accrued interest.

Being a political subdivision, the income



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Street bankers. These charges are put into circulation by irresponsible parties who either talk at random without knowledge of the facts or are interested in misrepresenting the facts, but unfortunately they are widely read and no doubt accepted by many people as having more or less truth in them. Judge Lovett said in part:

"I know of no men, in any important business which they do themselves not own, who are as independent and free from control by bankers, boards of directors and others (except commissions and many other public regulatory authorities and the various labor or-

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ganizations) than the presidents of the principal railroad systems of this country in all matters relating to the maintenance and operation of the railways in their charge, the purchase of materials and supplies therefor, and the wages paid and relations with labor employed thereon; and this same independence is, of course, carried by each executive when he acts as a member of the Association of Railway Executives."

Referring specifically to a statement made

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from the bonds is totally tax exempt from all  
 Federal, state, and city taxes.

Mr. Vincent Whitney, associate resident  
 manager of the San Francisco office of Car-  
 stens & Earles, Inc., was elected vice-presi-  
 dent of the corporation under the reorganiza-



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 companies, combine to establish the "de-  
 gree of safety" so much sought for by  
 every careful investor.  
 Net earnings of the public utilities di-  
 vision for June, 1922, were larger than  
 for any June in the history of the Com-  
 pany.

Send for Circular P

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tion plan which became effective on August  
 15th. Other changes in the personnel are  
 the election of G. Austin Haskell to succeed Lloyd  
 Hillman as president and the election of Ed-  
 ward V. Carter resident manager of the Los  
 Angeles office, and Lucius F. Crane, assistant  
 vice-presidents, as vice-presidents.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., was founded thirty-  
 one years ago by Henry Carstens, primarily  
 as a wholesale lumber business. From this  
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 ness in mortgage securities which ultimately  
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 Pacific Coast, with the home office in Seattle,



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 ernment, municipal, and corporation securi-  
 ties. The policies which have contributed to  
 the success of the business in the past will  
 be continued.

Ex-Senator Beveridge, who is again a can-  
 didate for the United States Senate, has writ-  
 ten an article which appeared in a recent  
 edition of the *Nation's Business*, which must  
 bring consternation to the Borah, La Fol-  
 lette, and Johnson brand of agitators. They  
 can not hope either for consolation or assist-  
 ance from Beveridge, if he is elected. In this  
 article he advocates the repeal of the Sherman  
 law, the abolition of war-time taxes, the levy  
 of a sales tax to raise revenue, the wiping  
 from the statute-books of all the tom-foolery  
 laws and regulations which have hampered  
 and nearly bankrupted the railroads of the  
 United States, the freeing of all business  
 from tyrannical regulations, and lastly, and by  
 no means least, he is unalterably opposed to  
 the soldiers' bonus. He has evidently divested  
 himself of the influence and heresies of the  
 blustiferous and iconoclastic Roosevelt, at  
 whose feet he was at one time an ardent wor-  
 shiper.

In this age of claptrap nonsense from pub-  
 lic men, this article of ex-Senator Beveridge's  
 is most cheering reading. More strength to  
 his elbow, and let's hope he is elected.—  
*Farmers and Merchants National Bank of*  
*Los Angeles.*

Japan is the one important country of the  
 world with which our 1922 trade shows an  
 increase. Our imports from the whole world  
 in the fiscal year 1922, says the *Trade Record*  
 of the National City Bank of New York,  
 show a fall of 28 per cent. in value, while  
 from Japan alone our imports show an in-  
 crease of 18 per cent. The 1922 exports to  
 the whole world show a reduction of 42 per  
 cent. in value, while those to Japan show an  
 increase of 30 per cent. The imports from  
 Japan in the fiscal year 1922 approximate  
 \$300,000,000 against \$253,000,000 in the fiscal  
 year 1921, and the exports to that country in  
 1922 were approximately \$245,000,000 against  
 \$189,000,000 in the preceding year. This esti-  
 mate of the 1922 trade with Japan is based  
 upon official figures of eleven months while  
 those of the trade with the whole world during  
 the full fiscal year are official.

Practically all of the increase in our im-  
 ports from Japan occurs in raw silk, while the  
 increase on the export side includes a large  
 number of manufactured articles. True, raw  
 cotton is the biggest single item in our ex-  
 ports to Japan, but the number of manufac-  
 tured articles which that country now takes  
 from the United States is steadily increasing  
 and in a dozen or more of the important  
 manufactures the figures of 1922 show an in-  
 crease in value when compared with 1921,  
 while in most cases the increase in quantity  
 is much greater than that of mere value.

The largest high-tension electric switches  
 ever built are now being installed by the Pa-  
 cific Gas and Electric Company in its Pit  
 River hydro-electric development. These  
 switches, six in number, weigh upwards of  
 thirty tons each and are nearly eighteen feet  
 high. Approximately 2000 gallons of oil, used  
 as an insulating medium, are required for  
 each switch.

The switches were specially built by the  
 Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing  
 Company at East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,  
 and are being installed at both ends of the  
 220,000-volt line, now under construction by  
 the P. G. & E. Co. through the upper Sacra-  
 mento Valley. Three switches will be placed  
 in service at Pit No. 1 power house in Shasta  
 County and three at the company's Vaca sub-  
 station, near Dixon.

While the switches are designed to operate  
 on a 220,000-volt system, they have been sub-  
 jected to a test of 350,000 volts, over 50 per  
 cent. higher than the normal operating volt-  
 age. In addition to being the largest in actual  
 size, the switches are also constructed to  
 break the highest voltage current ever utilized  
 in a commercial way.

The kill-joys are still on the job. Disap-  
 pointed, apparently, to find that Wall Street,  
 equipped with full knowledge of basic con-  
 ditions, refused to allow itself to be disturbed  
 by the admittedly black clouds hanging over  
 the transportation and coal industries, they  
 are now busy blocking transcontinental wires  
 with jeremiads bemoaning the shortsighted-  
 ness of those who should know better than  
 to remain cheerful when the end of the  
 trouble is in sight, says R. Berkeley of Strass-  
 burger & Co. The decline in Steel Corpora-  
 tion's operations, a possibly larger one in the  
 activities of the independent companies, a sup-  
 posed 10 per cent. shutting down of blast  
 furnaces, stories of defective railroad equip-  
 ment here and there—wonderful, is it not,  
 that the country dares to hold together? Less  
 than two months would suffice to offset all  
 these setbacks, in the strong upswing in pro-  
 duction that is sure to follow any relief to  
 the situation, unless all previous experience

of similar happenings counts for nothing as a  
 guide to what may be looked for.

There never has been but one correct race  
 to turn to trouble, that described as the stiff  
 upper lip, and this does not imply turning a  
 blind eye to facts that can not be denied. A  
 year hence how small will what we have lately  
 been through look, compared with the develop-  
 ment that will have manifested itself in the  
 whole industrial position? Bruin is a per-  
 sistent beast, but stock markets have had  
 enough of him for the present. The upward  
 trend is too assured to leave him a chance of  
 any activity beyond spasmodic and short-  
 lived raids.

Business is being conducted for the most  
 part conservatively and the number of July  
 failures declined 42 per cent. from the peak  
 level of last January. As compared with July,  
 1921, the liabilities involved showed a falling  
 off of 40 per cent., although individual fail-  
 ures were slightly more numerous. Brad-  
 streets' figures for the first seven months of  
 1922 show total liabilities of \$436,317,285,  
 this being a decrease of 4.3 per cent. from the  
 same months in 1921. Various other signs  
 shows that the deflation movement has been  
 pretty well completed in most industries and  
 that the country is gradually readjusting itself  
 to a sane price level and resuming normal  
 business methods. There are indications also  
 that the margin between earning capacity and  
 expense is increasing and that the average  
 family is now living more nearly within its  
 means.—*Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank.*

The security markets during the past fort-  
 night have given a most impressive demon-  
 stration of strength in the face of our own  
 serious strike difficulties and the sinister pos-  
 sibilities of the situation in Europe. The  
 markets rarely err on matters of this sort, so  
 that, in spite of the statements of labor  
 leaders, railway executives, and coal-mine op-  
 erators, apparently indicating a deadlock, we  
 may expect these troubles to be settled soon.  
 The unofficial statement that Great Britain  
 is willing to cancel the French debt to her,  
 provided the latter agree to a reduction of the  
 German indemnity from 132,000,000,000 gold  
 marks to 50,000,000,000, has been followed by  
 reports that France is now willing to accord  
 Germany at least a temporary moratorium.  
 There are now grounds for hoping that France  
 is at last preparing to take a sensible view of  
 the matter, and that the way will soon be  
 opened for the flotation of a German loan,  
 together with supervision by the Allies of  
 that country's finances.

The prospects for the continuance of easy  
 money have been reflected in new high prices  
 for Liberty Bonds and other investment se-  
 curities, and it looks like the trend here con-  
 tinues upward.

The second quarter's reports of United  
 States Steel, Republic Iron & Steel, Colorado  
 Fuel & Iron and Gulf States Steel are most  
 encouraging, showing a profit in spite of the  
 coal strike and in the cast of the last men-  
 tioned earnings at the annual rate of over \$6  
 a share on the common stock.

Prices for some of the listed oil stocks have  
 receded as a result of two 25-cents-per-barrel  
 cuts in the price of domestic crude oil, fol-  
 lowed by some shading in gasoline prices.  
 This year has seen such an intensive and  
 successful drilling campaign that the produc-  
 tion of crude oil has exceeded the facilities  
 of the refiners. However, this condition is  
 not apt to be aggravated or even to continue,  
 as the consumption of gasoline is running at  
 a record rate, with prospects of increasing,  
 while the intermittent coal labor troubles are  
 driving more and more manufacturers into  
 the use of oil as fuel. In the face of these  
 many apparently unfavorable factors the  
 average of the industrial stocks on July 19th  
 reached a new high level for the year. This,  
 following similar action on the part of the  
 railroad list on July 6th, seemingly furnishes  
 unmistakable evidence that we are still in a  
 bull market, with the trend strongly upward.

The equipment stocks have been among the  
 leaders in the rise. The steels also have been  
 strong, especially Republic and Midvale,  
 whose combination in the proposed North  
 American Steel Company has been approved  
 by the Attorney-General. Rails have been  
 very firm, with some sharp advances in the  
 case of the standard issues and the more  
 speculative non-dividend payers.

The market looks like a decided purchase,  
 but much discrimination should be exercised  
 in making one's selections. Among the rails,  
 New York Central, Pere Marquette, Pitts-  
 burgh & West Virginia, Wheeling & Lake  
 Eries, Atlantic Coast Line, Norfolk & West-  
 ern, St. Pauls, Great Northern, Northern Pa-  
 cific, Southern Pacific and Chicago & North-  
 western look good. Of the industrials, Co-  
 lumbia Gas, Allis Chalmers, Baldwin, Ameri-  
 can Locomotive, Railway Steel Spring,  
 Worthington Pump, Brown Shoe, Republic,  
 Midvale, Replogle and Sloss Sheffield Steels,  
 nickel and the better coppers, International  
 Paper, General Asphalt and Marland all seem  
 excellent purchases for the next ninety days.  
 —*The Trader.*

Considering the fact that all the textile mill  
 workers in New England have been on a

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strike for many months; that the coal men  
 have been on a strike since May 1st; that sev-  
 eral hundred thousands of railroad workers  
 went out on July 1st; that the country is  
 cursed with the most imbecile Congress that  
 ever disgraced the United States, being full  
 of socialistic hypocrites bursting with reform,  
 union-labor hirelings, and a varied assortment  
 of men-afraid-of-the-vote of the labor unions  
 and returned soldiers (there are many able  
 and patriotic men in Congress, but they are  
 in the minority), and notwithstanding the  
 fact that cost of production in America is  
 still outrageously high—the country at large  
 is still doing better than it could be expected  
 to do, says the monthly financial letter of the  
 Farmers and Merchants National Bank of  
 Los Angeles.

Fortunately, the President and the members  
 of his Cabinet (with a few exceptions, the  
 Secretary of Labor being a union-labor rep-  
 resentative and the Secretary of Agriculture  
 being the ex-editor of a socialistic agricultural  
 newspaper), are strong, patriotic, fearless and  
 able men. The President is a host in him-  
 self. His recent plain talk to the railroad  
 strikers has let those misguided men know

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that we are yet to have "liberty under the  
 law." The particular brand of liberty which  
 he stands for is the right of every man to  
 labor for whom he pleases, on such terms as  
 he pleases, without the interference of any  
 walking delegate, dynamiter, paid union

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slugger, murderous striker, or any other brand of infamous trouble-makers. This declaration has put heart into those who were despondent over the Herrin affair and the rebellion against the government in the Kern River oil fields in 1921. They hope that the criminals engaged in these two affairs will yet be brought to justice. His remarks must have been particularly cutting and aggravating to cowardly executives everywhere, . . . who have abdicated their functions, on several occasions, in favor of strikers. The courts of the country have repeatedly announced the same doctrine, but no President since Grover Cleveland has had the courage, manhood, and patriotism to make such an announcement as President Harding did.

The textile mills strike seems to have worn itself out and many of the strikers have gone back to work, quite a number of the mills now operating on a 75 per cent. capacity basis.

Owing to present business activity, money is still plentiful, and interest rates rule low.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Several months or weeks ago we ran across a reference to a book called "Maurice Guest," by some one named Richardson, in *John o' London's Weekly*. Though fairly familiar with most English novels, we were ignorant of "Maurice Guest" and were amazed to read in the English weekly that it was a very pearl among novels and that it was largely responsible for the modern English school of fiction. Duffield & Co. have recently obligingly issued a new edition of this book—it first appeared in 1908—and our conclusion on finishing it is that it is a pity it did not influence the younger British novelists, as Hugh Walpole and others have claimed. If the influence is there it is extraordinarily well concealed, for, rather violently to twist the meaning of the ancient simile, "Maurice Guest" was veritably a case of *margueritas ante porcas*. Or if the mythical person, Henry H. Richardson, has had his effect on English literature we hate to think what it would have been without him. But if it is true, as Mr. Walpole (who writes the introduction to the present edition) says, that Richardson has been a power among his successors it is easy to understand why the book is not better known. We do not mean it as a libel on human nature or on novelist nature, but we can understand that if a budding genius had come upon "Maurice Guest," whose author seems never to have been come upon—most conveniently for the nascent genius—and had read, reread, and assimilated this marvelous book, that if the forming powers Mr. Walpole talks of had begun to form his hitherto chaotic work, we repeat, we can understand that he would not advertise the fact that his now blooming talents were in their happy florescent state as a direct result of exposure to "Maurice Guest." Particularly as Mr. Richardson seems not to have been on the scene to claim his just dues. This is perhaps a bit fantastic. But there must be some good reason why a book of the remarkable quality of this one is not better known. And, in America at least, it is practically unknown. Who was Henry H. Richardson? In all the publicity that is being given the Duffield edition no light is thrown on that mystery nor is the author's identity referred to by Mr. Walpole further than his saying, "Maurice Guest" is founded, one can not doubt, on actual experience—that is, its author has known at first hand Leipzig, its musical life, and persons living there who could at any rate quite legitimately exist in the same world as Louise, Schilsky, Krafft, Madeline, Ephie Cayhill, and the rest. . . .

Did the mysterious creator of this vivid cross section of German student life die upon completion of his *chef d'œuvre*? Did the gods exact this penalty for having so closely imitated their craft? We have another theory. Mr. Richardson may come forward tomorrow and publish his portrait and his identity broadcast or his heirs may do so for him. But meanwhile we believe that he never existed. It wouldn't be human to sit quietly by in England and let the rising generation, whom one always hates, anyway, on principle, crib, if not the content, at least the glory of one's masterpiece.

So much for the psychology of the case. We are aided in our theory by a fact and an analogy. The former relates to the greater familiarity of the women characters of "Maurice Guest." Vivid as the men are and lifelike in the extreme, yet they are done objectively—this despite the fact the name character is a man. But he is even more shadowy than the cad Schilsky, who is obviously a woman's ideal bad man. And, moreover, Maurice, natural though he is, has the familiarity of a person rather than of a male. He is a mind rather than a man. The latter, the analogy mentioned above, refers to another novel of German life of a similar, perhaps a little earlier era, and which "Maurice Guest" is constantly reminiscent of. We mean the Baroness Tautphœus' "Initials." It is years since we read "Initials," and its outlines were lost in the haze of time, but little by little they emerged and took shape in reading "Maurice Guest." At any rate the great obscurity about the latter book lends color to the theory. For if perchance the Baroness Tautphœus had written it, it would be clear that, immersed in her German life far from the literary circles of England, it would be

practically immaterial to her what influence her book had on a foreign land or its letters. One is irresistibly intrigued by the thought of a German authoress molding English letters. But of course the theory is only a fancy, and if we remember correctly, the Baroness Tautphœus was an Englishwoman married to a Teuton. But at least we put forth a plea for "Initials," whether or not its author is also responsible for "Maurice Guest," for the book appeared in English, was read by the same few who were supposedly formed by "Maurice Guest," and they bear a striking resemblance to each other.

R. G.

### Notes of Books and Authors.

It is calculated that A. S. M. Hutchinson will net about \$500,000 on "If Winter Comes," since about three-fourths of that sum has already been realized.

Most readers of books with an Anglo-French interest know Mme. Duclaux, who was first married to James Darmesteter, the Persian scholar. While she was still Miss Mary Robinson she wrote a delightful volume entitled "An Italian Garden," and it was Darmesteter's appreciation of it that brought them together. Mme. Duclaux has been in London renewing old friendships, for she lives in Paris, and making arrangements to publish a new volume of essays. They will be both literary and artistic, for Mme. Duclaux' culture is wide, and she is a poetess. With her, as with other people, new books often have an unexpected origin, and her last one, a popular history of France, she wrote for first reading by an English officer keen about the history of France.

Van Wyck Brooks has translated Emile's "Jean-Jacques Rousseau" into English. This biographical and critical sketch of Rousseau, which was delivered by Amiel on the hundredth anniversary of the former's death, has never before appeared in English. It is now being published by B. W. Huebsch. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that these two authors of world-famous "confessions" were both Genevese.

Lieber & Lewis announce the early publication of a new series of unusual one-act and longer plays to fit the needs of the little theatres throughout the country as well as scattered amateur dramatic groups, whom the publishers believe will furnish the acting and play-writing material of the future. Pierre Loving has been chosen to be the editor of the Little Playhouse Series. Material for the series, which will exhibit a wide variety in theme and treatment, will be drawn from both European and American sources. The first number of the series will be on sale at all bookshops some time in September.

Word comes from the Houghton Mifflin Company that Amy Lowell is directing her literary forces in new channels. She has been engaged for months in the preparation of a Life of Keats, which will, however, not be ready for publication before 1923. The volume will prove of extraordinary interest to book lovers of every nationality. It contains a number of rare finds, notably six unpublished letters, several extracts from hitherto unknown letters from Fanny Brawne, and a number of rare portraits, notably one of Keats' brother, Thomas.

Ford Madox Hueffer, the veteran British critic, writing of the younger generation of English novelists, calls them "a haughty and proud generation: vigorous and free in their passions and adventures"—quoting Pushkin. Mr. Hueffer is referring particularly to such writers as Frank Swinnerton, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, Wyndham Lewis, Clemence Dane, Dorothy Richardson, and James Joyce. The practice of the short story as an art, which once engaged such men of genius as Kipling and Wells, Mr. Hueffer now finds in abeyance except for the work of Miss Mansfield, whose collections "Bliss" and "The Garden Party" have lately been published in this country. Although he traces Mr. Swinnerton's literary descent from Gissing and Miss Dane's from Henry James, he regards them as assailing the "Modern Position" from a common angle. Of Wynd-

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ham Lewis he writes: "In the discussions, Mr. Lewis shows himself an extraordinarily great artist, not, heaven knows, in what his characters say, but in the rendering of their temperamental and physical reactions one upon the other. Mr. Lawrence is a great realist—except when he is recording conversations." Of James Joyce, Mr. Hueffer has high hopes as "a writer of very beautifully composed English."

Claude Lovat Fraser, the English artist, who became universally known through his decorations for "The Beggar's Opera," will probably have even a greater influence on the taste of future generations than on his own. For one of his last works before his premature death was an edition of Mother Goose Rhymes, illustrated in color and black and white, to be published soon in this country by Alfred A. Knopf. Whenever a great talent is turned to juvenile decorations one is reminded of the remark of an English celebrity who said that the real wonder was that the generation raised on Kate Greenaway and Frederick Locker-Lampson was not even more brilliant and more distinguished for good taste than it was.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Heartbeat.

The publishers of Stacy Aumonier's "Heartbeat" quote Meredith's "If a man can not write a good story, why should he write at all?" Whether Mr. Aumonier bore it in mind or not, we wish that more novelists would familiarize themselves with the cryptic piece of criticism. And the author of "Heartbeat" might very well have used it as a criterion. For "Heartbeat" is the sort of book one has to finish, not because you particularly like the characters or because the theme is fresh or familiar or different, but because the author has dramatically marshaled his forces and because he knows his readers' psychology. In

this respect he is like Leonard Merrick, to whom, in fact, he is frequently compared. And it is a trait which more writers might imitate in Mr. Merrick with impunity from the charge of plagiarism.

Nevertheless, "Heartbeat" has an unusual plot and an unusual dramatic persona—the freshness and lifelikeness of the latter being doubtless due to their having been drawn from life. That is the general impression, at least, which is not shattered by its heroine being the daughter of a famous chancellor of the exchequer and the wife of a famous comedian. We hasten to confess that we do not recognize either of these personages, but they are lifelike in the extreme. Barbara, herself, is very convincing, and one would not be very much surprised to have her identified with any one of the leading stage beauties of a generation ago.

Probably it is because of his preoccupation with stage life that Stacy Aumonier is compared most often with Leonard Merrick. It is sometimes speculated why, in view of their similarity of temperament and theme, Merrick is popular in America and Aumonier is not. We think we found the answer in "Heartbeat," the first of its author's to come our way. Mr. Aumonier has the same fascinating facility for story-telling as his better-known prototype, often the same charm and delicacy, and their themes are similar. Neither is one annoyed by the analogy, as there is no hint of plagiarism, since both are original artists. The trouble, in fact, is to be found in their one marked difference. Where Merrick leaves one soaring in the—probable—mirage of human kindness and ultimate decency, Aumonier drops you headlong and shocked into a mud puddle that murky reflects the not too rosy life above it.

HEARTBEAT. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

## Little Women.

"Little Women" is again in the foreground, the American Library Association having put it on its list of essentials for a school library, and Little, Brown & Co. have obligingly brought out an attractive inexpensive edition to supply the demand. Jessie Wilcox Smith has made eight delightful designs in color that exactly illustrate one's own idea of the homely scenes and graces of the Marches. So that the edition is bound to be treasured by youngsters everywhere.

The publishers have also issued a little booklet condensed from Ednah D. Cheney's "Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters, and Journals," apropos of the restoration and proposed preservation of the Orchard House in Concord, where most of the events of "Little Women" occurred and where the book was written. To any one not familiar with the larger biographies and memoirs of the Alcotts this pamphlet is extremely interesting, perhaps most particularly for the photographs, since every member of the family is represented. Louisa, the ugly duckling, and Meg, the beauty, turning out to be twinesquely similar, the advantage, if any, rather lying with Louisa. And the actual facts of the sisters' lives are rather different from those of the book, autobiographical though it is. One's chief reaction to a perusal of the little book is an even greater admiration for the stoical character of Louisa Alcott.

LITTLE WOMEN. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.  
THE STORY OF THE ALCOLTS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 20 cents.

## The Fair Rewards

A fullness of theme and a slenderness of plot characterize Thomas Beer's "The Fair Rewards." The novel, in addition to its being a study in sentimentalism, is a true story of the American stage, giving intimate glimpses of such celebrities of the past twenty years as Charles Frohman and Anna Held. Of the three kinds of sentimentalists exposed in the story, the unconscious and the rampant varieties are nearly eclipsed by the almost extreme type—the willing sentimentalist. To

this breed belongs the hero, Mark Walling, a figure found in every American theatre. He is the half artist who is at once pulled and repelled by beauty. Contrasted with a sophisticated younger generation, Mark appears pathetic in his illusions and his simple faith in the success of his silly theatre. In talking—it can not be called conversing—Mark has a disconcerting habit of babbling along, jumping from one subject to another without any logical connection whatsoever. The conversation of the other characters at times becomes satirically brilliant.

One of the outstanding features of the book is the unusual manner by which the author brings about a change of scene, which happens with measured frequency. It is like the hero's conversation—the reader is in the midst of one scene to be suddenly dropped down without any obvious transition into a new setting and sometimes after a considerable lapse of time—a manoeuvre doubtless intended to suggest stage atmosphere.

Readers of his frequent contributions to *Century*, *Smart Set*, and other magazines will welcome this first novel of Mr. Beer's.

THE FAIR REWARDS. By Thomas Beer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

## New Books Received.

FOR RICHER, FOR POORER. By Harold H. Armstrong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.  
A novel.

THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING. By Robert Keable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.  
A novel of Africa.

ADMIRALS OF THE CARIBBEAN. By Francis Russell Hart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.  
Sketches of Drake, Morgan, De Pointis and other admirals.

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. By Giovanni Papini. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50.

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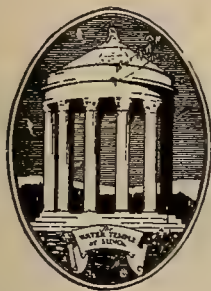
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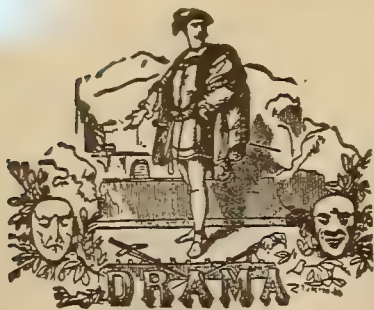
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### THE ORPHEUM.

Dancing, singing, mind-reading, and monologizing constitute the Orpheum tricks this week. One of the trickiest of the tricks is by Jean Barrios, who, fashionably gowned, sings several love songs feelingly, although in a voice that has cat-like tones. However, we accept the modish young lady for what she seems to be, with her slender, shapely legs, her swelling chest, and her sufficiently feminine, good-looking face. We vaguely felt, however, the absence of feminine charm, which was suddenly accounted for when a baritone note issued from the artistically reddened lips and we discovered that we had been fooled. Like Julian Eltinge—who, by the way, he impersonates—Jean Barrios runs to "gown creations" and dainty feminine airs. After his sex is revealed the young man rings the changes on his two voices, and on the whole gives an effective act.

Another solo act is that of Lew Dockstader, who, in characteristic style, discourses amusingly on the topics of the day, paying his compliments particularly to prohibition and politics.

Prohibition, indeed, is a mine of wealth to vaudeville entertainers. What in the world would they do if the world suddenly went wet? Imagination reels at the awful thought. While the stomachs joyfully gurgled with alcoholic content the joke-box would be almost empty.

Bob Murphy is another joker on the invaluable topic. Bob has an enormous voice, a minute girl partner, some not particularly amusing songs, but a very successful vaudeville manner. On the subject of the alcohol famine he speaks with that tender regret that wakes echoes of hilarious response in the audience.

The princess—no, the Princess—Wahletka is a real American Indian seeress. Sure thing, for she wears a fringed and beaded Indian costume. The princess converses in English pure and almost undefiled, and reads minds across the theatre, answering questions that are not uttered, but whose correct divination is acknowledged by the persons concerned.

Several score people thus silently interro-

gated destiny, the answers being delivered aloud in the penetrating accents of the princess, who seemed to feel a genial reluctance to give any but favorable or semi-favorable replies to the silent questions. Which makes us think—but begone, intruding doubt.

Emma Carus and her young associate, J. Walter Leopold, gave an act of hearty fun that kept the audience in high good humor. Emma, like Trixie Friganza, frolics all over the stage like a good-natured baby elephant. makes fun of herself and her somewhat plump proportions, and alludes irreverently to old Father Time in terms that include the color of her hair and the length of her service as a public entertainer. In spite of the solidity that she so gayly derides the popular favorite dances with considerable agility, becoming good-naturedly blown during the exercise, and freely confiding her discomforts to her delighted and indulgent audience.

In the Roscoe Ails act the dancing is the real thing. Mr. Ails himself, Kate Pullman, his feminine aid, and the two jazz performers displaying very complicated and brilliantly executed steps to the lively music of a syncopation orchestra; which also is the real thing. Mr. Ails and Kate Pullman have a lot of rather insane comedy, but when the company gets to dancing then we regard them with considerably enhanced respect.

The most ornate and high-class act of the entire programme is that of the Marmein sisters, who present a series of dramatic dances, including some versified lines very well spoken by the accomplished pair. The sisters, who are toe dancers, show much grace and agility, and dance with the lightness and joyousness of the born dancer. Their story dances are tastefully set off with effective backgrounds, sets, and costumes, and go with dramatic verve.

Much taste and originality is shown in the costumes, one dance in particular—that illustrating the Mother Goose story of the queen whose crack-a-jack tarts were stolen—being an exceedingly lovely stage picture. The costumes contain suggestions of the queen and the knave on a pack of cards, and also of the figures in a fairy tale. And as the two dainty little figures go through the pantomime of accusation, reproach, penitence, and forgiveness, dancing the while the prettiest of illustrative steps and poses, one felt as if this one of the popular child myths had suddenly burst into lovely, dancing life.

The grace and buoyancy with which the Marmein sisters dance is attained partly by severe exercise, and at the Wednesday matinee of the coming week the two girls are going to extend invitations to people in the audience to dance with them on the stage, and possibly to receive a few helpful hints.

This will not be like the Tango shoe act, in which four or five volunteers come up from the auditorium and exhibit their talents and their freak appearance; for these participants are there to be at once skillful and ridicu-

lous, and to persuade the rubes in the audience that they are really volunteers instead of paid performers.

### THE ART THEATRE OF MOSCOW.

Bolshevism in Russia has had the effect of causing Russian art to migrate to other nations. The Russian patricians—such of them as could get away—and the intelligentsia of the proscribed bourgeoisie are all over Europe. And for some reason—perhaps to ward off hostility toward Russia—the Bolsheviks in authority have been not wholly unwilling that the torch of Russian art should be carried aloft in other countries.

And so, whether or not the long-pending arrangements for bringing the company of the Art Theatre from Moscow to America are completed, it is very evident that we in the United States are going to have the long-desired opportunity to witness the flower of Russian dramatic art.

The Art Theatre of Moscow has had just a quarter of a century of existence. At first there was a struggle to maintain that existence, for Russians, like other nationalities, whatever they are now, have had their conservatism in the past toward new art movements.

It was started by a dramatist of Moscow, who was backed by a wealthy citizen interested in dramatic art. Other citizens helped out, though rather sparingly, and the players themselves became shareholders in the infant organization.

The Art Theatre did not initiate its career with a determination to exploit Russian art. Far from it, for of the first five plays which were rehearsed—in a barn on the country place of one of the organizers—one was a Shakespearean play, one Italian, one Hauptmann's "Hannele," one the Greek tragedy, "Antigone," and one a historical play by Tolstoy. None of them succeeded, and it was Tchekov who saved the day with his "Sea Gull."

This play immediately scored an immense success, and the Art Theatre was firmly established. Tchekov's plays became largely identified with the Art Theatre; so that it has frequently been said that the Art Theatre made Tchekov's plays and Tchekov's plays made the Art Theatre.

Tchekov understood his compatriots, and loved them as well. In his plays we meet the social, gregarious, talkative Russian of the intelligentsia class; the class to which Tchekov, a doctor by profession, belonged. Tchekov, like many Russians, was the soul of hospitality. Innumerable friends and relatives, at his urgent invitation, visited him for indefinite seasons, and, turning night into day, indulged in the unending talkfests in which the typical Russian delights. No doubt that, in spite of the toll these guests made on his scanty means, Tchekov unconsciously made profit from his guests by using them as models

for the numerous thumb-nail sketches drawn by his prolific pen, and for the very human and often lovable characters in his plays.

It would seem, after all, as if Russians, instinctive cosmopolitans though they are, liked best the plays which showed up the national character in not too condemning as well as not too flattering a light. For these open-minded, large-hearted beings, with their easy Russian tolerance and their utter lack of that smugness which seems to turn certain brands of respectability into hypocrisy, appealed to the Russian heart.

So a sea-gull became the emblem of the Art Theatre. But during the five years of struggle that followed translations of the plays of famous European dramatists of other nationalities were produced; for the Art Theatre's backers wished to be recognized as patrons of worthy dramatic art, whether native or foreign.

Some half-dozen years before the outbreak of the world war the theatre, now a recognized world influence in the art of the drama, organized as a cooperative stock company, with a membership of one hundred players and students of acting and one hundred musicians and artisans of the theatre.

The policy of the theatre, at least in the past, has been to follow out a line of complete independence. It has truckled to no one, and yet has made good financially.

Before the war and its results rendered what happens in Russia a sealed book to the world the Art Theatre was covering yearly expenses approximating four hundred thousand dollars, and paying out something like a tenth of that sum to its shareholders: all of the profession.

During these good times it was a usual happening for the house to be sold out nightly, without any resort to sensational advertising.

In spite of the amazing Russian facility in mastering foreign languages, and the old custom of using the French language in the homes of the upper classes, linguistic experts pronounce the Russian tongue to be most rich and expressive and sonorous and beautiful to the ear. Indeed, such a conclusion was occasion for remark here in San Francisco when we heard the Russian speech during occasional intervals of dialogue in some of the operas sung by the Russian Grand Opera Company during its engagement at the Columbia last year. Therefore, when the American public views the choicest fruits of Russian dramatic art it will have its ears gratified by speech that is mellifluous and musically soothing.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### Geraldine Farrar Coming.

Miss Geraldine Farrar has been secured by Manager Frank W. Healy to open San Francisco's 1922-23 music season with a concert at the new Schubert-Curran Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 9th. She will travel from point to point in her private railroad car, and is absenting herself from the Metropolitan the entire coming season, so that hundreds of American cities that now know Miss Farrar only through the medium of the phonograph will hear her in person.

Manager Healy, in addition to the San Francisco concert, has booked Miss Farrar for concerts at Fresno in the Municipal Auditorium, in Oakland at the Auditorium Theatre, and in Sacramento at the State Armory.

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## VANITY FAIR.

We were discussing names. Old dusters who go poking through Domesday Book and the Patent Rolls and the Pipe Rolls and the Charter Rolls tell us some curious things about the corruption of cognomens—what Weekley calls the wear and tear on them as they descend the ringing grooves of time. So we learn that aristocratic Seven Oaks gets down to the rather meaningless sound Snook; and the thunderous, majestic Theobald is reduced by illiterate repetitions to Thibaut, and Tibbetts and finally Tibbs, than which it can go no lower. They tell us that names are the oldest articulated forms of speech—in other words, when people began to talk the first thing they did was to call one another names. It is not unlikely. There are still times and junctures when it is the only relief. But why cultured Britishers who can read and write, and know how printed words look, will persist in calling Cholmondeley Chumley, and in speaking of Worcestershire sauce in a manner to make children think it is made of worsted is still a mystery. Perhaps because it just "comes easy." That would be a reason; of a sort. But how in the world did they ever get York from Eboracum, and whisky from usquebaugh? Such corruption helps a little, however, by adding to the short supply. If duplication such as occurs in the sad case of James E. Power, Johnsonian postmaster, and James E. Power, manager of a Moore club, grows much worse we may expect that one morning some of those busy individuals who try to have everything regulated by law will initiate a constitutional amendment providing for a Department of Names, with experts and inspectors and commissioners to go about changing families' cognomens as the official number changes your house number after you have had the same one for twenty years, and supplying human beings with labels like Pullman cars. It has been done. The assigning of surnames to certain persons theretofore without them, Mark Twain tells us, was once made a perquisite of the army officers in Austria, and what they did to the newly-named was a-plenty; until the newly-named came in and bought the right, for a good stiff price, to select their own. And having paid the price, they selected the very best they could think of—such as Blumenschein, Edelstein, Rosenblatt, and the like; poetic and sweet in the German tongue. Such names would be worth a great deal, compared with some of our abrupt, harsh, monosyllabic English ones. Still, making new names is not a good fashion to start. In this age of general standardization, identities should be preserved somehow.

Many a business man grown weary with the thought of the great industrial strikes has said to himself: "Well, if they tie up the country so we can't do any work nor make a cent the links are always open, and we can do our little eighteen holes without those qualms of conscience that afflict us so when we have something else to do, and play instead." It has seemed like the glad prospect of enforced vacation, with the coal famine

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still afar off. But in Indiana they are finding out it is too good to be true. The caddies are striking at Vincennes and Lawrenceville, and it looks as if the thing would spread to other centres of the great golfing industry and finally affect the whole country. And will the government do anything about it? Will it take the view that golf is a necessity of life and appoint a commission to investigate the miseries of caddying and the fatigues incident upon a ten-hour day or a split trick? The caddies want 40 cents an hour instead of 25, and it is indeed hard to understand how a caddy can raise a family and enjoy any leisure for the improvement of his mind on 25 cents an hour. Certainly it can not be said to improve the caddy's mind to trail around carrying a set of clubs for the ordinary golfer, especially a very ordinary golfer whose game gets no better except when profanely stimulated. It is to be presumed that golf will soon take its place as one of the necessities of life. Well, it is—of a golfing life, which is the only sort some persons seem to understand, judging from the slant of their conversation. And isn't it wonderful what the Scotch sold us when they sold us golf?

In Great Britain the telephone system is operated by the government through the post-office, to the alternate exasperation and merriment of all the Americans who try to use it. For short distances, shouting seems more effective, and for longer ones there are convenient and cheap cabs. Getting a number is like waiting for money from home. It is a grand exemplification of government ownership such as the advocates of the Water and Power Amendment desire to see inaugurated in the field of power production in this state. Recently a government official received a letter reading: "The telephone for which I have been applying for over a year has now been installed. Please let me know by return mail on what day the Postmaster-General can come round and perform the unveiling ceremony."

Turkish women, like their Western sisters, find it advisable to aid nature with a little art, but the artist's materials are not produced in Turkey, and have to be imported according to a consular report. Perfumes, lipsticks, rouge, cold creams, and all the other items of make-up are in lively harem demand. And France controls the larger part of the business, with Germany perhaps a close second and the United States far back. The English supply the soaps. Before war, imports of *eau de Cologne* were heavy, but during the war a local industry arose and now Turkey makes much of its own supply. The trade in face powder is shared between France and Germany, France supplying the better grades, Germany the cheaper. All these things minister to the growth of monogamy, already so threatening to the old harem life. If harems are to become suddenly expensive through the unlimited use of perfumes and pigments, few will be the Turks that will care for large families. And when the harem life goes, Turkey will not be much more interesting than Alberta. So another great social movement may be traced to an economic origin and financial pressure. And from monogamy it will not prove a very long step these days to that freedom for women which appears to have been the especial aversion of the Mohammedan. These are times when it seems as if the world were growing monotonous.

Paris is becoming greatly agitated over its bathing facilities, and will probably become more so as consciousness of the present deficiency grows. There is a positive famine (if the negative can be positive) of bathtubs, in some quarters. A municipal councillor has stated that in the Epinettes quarter, for example, there are 60,000 persons and only forty tubs. He thinks that one bath for 1500 persons is not sufficient and that without doubt there are many inhabitants of this part of Paris who never bathe "unless they throw themselves into the Seine or pass the summer at some beach. Some do not wish to throw themselves into the Seine, and can not afford to pay for a season at Biarritz or Deauville. This is why the scent of our subways is not always so delicious." He says the same condition exists in all large French cities, and as to the small country towns he would not dare speak of them. And he calls for a minister audacious enough to stand on a platform of soap. When you think of standing on a platform of soap, audacity is hardly a strong enough word. The councillor is perhaps unduly anxious. Forty baths to 60,000 persons is about forty more than the Americans possessed at the time they won their independence and laid the foundations of this country. Our great national heroes, our demigods of the heroic age, were not much bothered with bathing unless they fell in the river. The practice of bathing was regarded as hazardous, and in Massachusetts they had a law against it except by prescription of a physician; which shows how sagacious it is to have things regulated by the infinite wisdom of politicians assembled in legislatures. The first bathtub in this country is said to have been

put into a Cincinnati man's house in 1846. That was a long time for a nation to wait for a bath. Now we are enabled to spend thousands of dollars on tubs, showers, bidets, foot-baths, nickel-plated toothbrush holders, non-skidding soap dishes, instantaneous heaters and all the other paraphernalia which so delighted the Pittsburgh millionaire that he said he could hardly wait for Saturday night. If France will be patient, bathtubs will arrive. Let their production start on a large scale, well financed, and compulsory bath installation is almost certain to follow.

### THE DOMESTIC CAT.

So long as the child's favorite pet is a kitten, and maiden ladies prefer the cat to the dog as a companion, the origin and family history of *Felis domestica* will be of interest, says the *New York Times*. In the *Contemporary Review* Aylmer Cecil Strong writes about "The Coming of the Cat." The coming of the dog would be a more difficult subject, for it is probable that as far back as the time when man could bring up and discipline a wolf's cub there were dogs. The Egyptians made much of cats, protected and worshiped them. But Herodotus says that Egyptian families went into mourning when a dog died. However, Mr. Strong says nothing about that. His subject is the cat. He is inclined to think that if the Egyptians had domesticated the mongoose, that animal would now be sitting on the hearth or sunning itself on the garden wall. He insists that the cat in ancient Egypt was really sacred, not nominally so. Diodorus is cited as an authority for the statement that cats dying in a military campaign were brought home for burial, although the soldiers might be on short rations, enduring frightful privations.

After the Romans conquered Egypt, they, with their usual sagacity, tolerated cat love or worship. Diodorus tells the story of a mob tearing a Roman soldier "to pieces" because he had accidentally slain a cat. An office of Keeper of Cats was hereditary. The Turks adopted *Felis domestica*. In Cairo homeless cats were fed by order of the Kadi. According to Lane, translator of the Arabian Nights, the Sultan Ez-Zahir Beybars founded a home for cats in a garden near his mosque. It must be admitted that in Constantinople the consideration for cats was not so tender.

There can be no doubt that the Egyptians were a persistent and patient people, for we should probably have no domestic cat today if they had not adopted *Felis castra*, the wild cat of the desert, and trained the progeny for generations. This appears to be settled, although there are scientists who point out that the color of the fur on the under surface of the wild cat's foot is yellow to the heel bone, while that of the domestic cat is generally black. There are said to be other differences of coloration, but who can believe that the domestic cat was always a tame, orderly, and discreet animal, clean in its habits, wise of aspect, and given to philosophical meditation? It is significant that the domestic cat mates with the wild cat in all countries, so that pedigree becomes a baffling problem.

In the township of Ludlow, Vermont, a woman used to exhibit two wildcat cubs, which she had brought up on the bottle. Her boy had discovered them in a hollow log in a mountain pasture before their eyes were open. They slept in her lap and submitted to fondling until they were as big as an Airedale dog, but eventually they died of civilization. Evidently the domestic cat was evolved only after a great many generations of intelligent and unremitting care. Mr. Strong finds that the domestic cat did not become a "familiar figure" in Europe until the first century of the Christian era. It was imported from Egypt. When the Romans finally evacuated Britain about A. D. 436 the family cat was performing its toilet on the doorstep. But it was 500 years later before the cat got into the statute book. In 936 Hywal Dda, Prince of South Wales, had a law enacted for the protection of cats. It seems that the Romans did not hold the animal in high esteem, for while "fragments of horses, dogs, and goats" have been found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, remains of the cat were absent. . . .

Mr. Strong has collected some agreeable etymological data. For instance, the gipsies who came from Northwestern India and brought cats with them called the female pishika. "This form," we are told, "seems to tally with the Persian *pushek* or *pusnak*," hence puss, the term of endearment. The old Egyptian name for the cat was *ma-u*, "an obvious onomatopoeic." Apparently we owe the word cat to the Romans. They called the animal "catus," which meant the "knowing one," and the word passed into the Romance languages as *chat* and *gato*.

The Bolshevik government is said to have asked the Allies to pay them a war indemnity of £5,000,000,000. Lenin may be ill, but we are confident he is not suffering from nerve trouble.—*Punch*.

"You don't look a day older than you did ten years ago." "My dear, I'm not."—*Life*.

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Booth, the tragedian (father of Edwin Booth), had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like you acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't quite get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he. "The bridge is gone."

A British profiteer was bawling the heavy expense of keeping his son at college. His friend was sympathetic. "What is it that is so expensive?" he inquired; "board and lodging?" "No," replied the profiteer, "languages. Here is one item reads, 'For Scotch, £250.'"

One of General Pershing's favorite stories is of the volunteer battalion of backwoods-men who once joined General Grant. Grant admired their physique, but mistrusted their training. However, he told the "colonel" to drill his men for him. Without a moment's hesitation the colonel yelled to his command: "Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and fo' lef end-ways! Tote yer guns! Git!"

The late Henry Watterson, who was fond of sojourning at watering places like the Riviera, Florida, was one winter spending some time at Joseph Pulitzer's marble palace near Monte Carlo. He was sitting on the sun-drenched terrace when a group of gilt-haired old ladies passed. When they were safely out of hearing Mr. Watterson remarked, "Figures don't lie, but these new-fangled corsets keep them from telling the whole truth."

The *British Weekly* tells the following story of Lady Astor and her old negro nurse, whom she met again during her recent visit to America: "Lady Astor was showing Aunt Betty the picture of Cliveden, her beautiful home on the Thames, with its wonderful lawns and handsome house. Aunt Betty looked at the picture, looked at Lord Astor, looked at Lady Astor. Then she delivered herself as follows: 'Well, Miss Nancy, all I's got to say is dat you suttingly did over-marry yourself.'"

The editor of a magazine which is published by a New York bus company offers a prize each month for the best story turned in by an employee of the company on any topic pertaining to company affairs. Here is one which won this month: "One seat on the top and one inside," shouted a bus conductor at a stopping place. "Sure, now, and you wouldn't be after separatin' a daughter from her mother," said the elder of two women on the sidewalk. "Right ye are, I would not," said the conductor, starting the bus. "I did that once an' I've been regrettin' it ever since."

A Scotchman, an Irishman, and an Englishman were regaling each other with freak stories and washing them down with rounds of ale. The Englishman and the Irishman had paid several times, but still the Scot made no sign of cooperation. Still the stories went on. Said the Britisher, "The closest race I ever saw was won by a horse who had been stung by a wasp and won on the length of the bump raised by the sting." The Scot came him one better with a boat that had won by a new coat of paint. "The closest race I ever saw," said the Irishman, "are the Scotch."

In a certain rural village a man by the not uncommon name of Brown sustained the loss of his wife. A neighbor of the same rare name had recently lost a boat by theft and the vicar's wife, out to condole the bereaved Mr. Brown, called on the latter by mistake. She expressed her sorrow to hear of his great loss. "Oh, it aint much matter," was the reply, "she wasn't up to much." "Indeed," said the surprised woman. "Yes," he continued, "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my brother, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time." Whereat the outraged woman fled.

A typical, spectacled, absent-minded savant from an Eastern university was a member of a geological survey outfit in Arizona. One morning he found that his watch was at a dead stop and would not respond to shaking, rapping gently on the tent pole or any other stimulus. It was a fine chronometer movement, and the party was dependent on it for some of its observations, so they sent the old professor and a keeper thirty miles by wagon to a little town where there was a watchmender. The watchmender screwed the usual little tail-light into his eye, gouged open the case, explored the works with his nut-pick, closed the case, twisted the stem and handed it back, remarking very gently: "That's a fine movement—one of the best I've seen. But you'll have to wind it."

Sir Henry Lucy, who publishes his diary

from time to time in England, is just now being largely quoted for his "Later Entries." If all diarists were as entertaining as Sir Henry we could understand their vogue. Here is a story he attributes to Lord Beauchamp: "At dinner last night Lord Beauchamp told a story of colonial experience. It was illustrative of the primitive habits still prevalent in remote parts even of a colony so long established as New South Wales. An English couple traveling far afield came upon a residence where they were welcomed with colonial hospitality. Dusty and heated with a long drive, the lady timidly asked if there was such a thing to be had as a bath. 'Why, certainly,' said the hospitable housewife; 'come along.' The visitor was conducted to a shed, and duly provided with towels. 'It's a shower-bath, you know,' the hostess remarked as she left the place. Having prepared for the ablution, the lady looked all about for the string that in an ordinary bath would let fall the welcome shower. While still searching she heard, from what she discovered to be an aperture in the roof, an unmistakable male voice persuasively saying, 'Come a little nearer, ma'am, right under the hole, and I'll drop the bucket of water over you.'"

"Don't you think long hair makes a man look awfully intellectual?" "It depends. My wife found a long hair on my coat sleeve yesterday and I looked a perfect ass."—*Canton Times*.

Lady—What, in your opinion, is your finest piece of fiction? Author—My last income-tax return.—*London Opinion*.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Ballade Freudienne.

O do you dream of funny things at night—  
Of purple dragons comin' through the rye?  
Of scarlet fairies sailing on a kite  
Across a dappled, heliotropic sky?  
Of Pilsner beer or hops or pumpkin pie?  
Of Yap or Vladivostok or of Nome?  
Of vitamins or raging bacilli?  
Have you a little complex in your dome?  
When'er you slumber does a silver sprite,  
Enceased in moonshine gleaned from fields on high,  
Come wafting to your couch and halt her flight  
To drop a kiss and, smiling, flutter by?  
Is there a damsel for whom you sigh,  
Another Venus risen from the foam?  
Is there within your breast a stifled cry?  
Have you a little complex in your dome?  
How often do the clouds enshroud the light!  
The hopes that blossom, wilt soon and die;  
Suppressed desires scratch and claw and bite;  
They yelp like yapping curs that terrify.  
Have you a psychic mote within your eye,  
A skeleton that stalks about your home?  
A Hidden Fear that smites you, hip and thigh?  
Have you a little complex in your dome?

L'ENVOI.

Friend, you may contradict, dispute, deny,  
Pooh-pooh from early morn until the gloam;  
For ev'ry dream there is a What and Why.  
Have you a little complex in your dome?  
—Lester Markel in Judge.

## The Duck-Billed Platypus.

A fine male specimen of the duck-billed platypus, the chief zoological treasure of Australia, has recently been added to the collection of rarities in the Bronx zoo, New York

City, says the *Washington Post*. The platypus is one-third bird and two-thirds mammal; it has a bill like a duck and a long, furry tail.

While the Australian platypus is so rare as to engage new and special attention in this country, its prototype, the duck-billed platypus Americanus, has long commanded the interest of psycho-zoologists. The duck-billed platypus Americanus (male) is one-third a party man and two-thirds whatever happens to be the popular issue in the state of his habitat. Sometimes the fractional proportions noted are vice versa, so to speak, depending on just how popular the popular issue may be. The Australian platypus feeds on angleworms, very small shrimps, and wood-grubs, his diet and that on which the variety Americanus feeds being much the same, metaphorically speaking. The scarcity of wood-grubs has caused the Bronx zoo authorities to appeal to the public to aid in supplying them with sufficient to keep their pet alive. The refreshment dearth which the Americanus type most suffers he more frequently relieves by an appeal to his bootlegger.

Thousands will flock to see the Australian platypus, but no one would visit a zoo for the purpose of gazing on the platypus Americanus; there are too many of them at large.

Some years ago M. Maurice Maeterlinck was forbidden to smoke by his physician. The author of "Wisdom and Destiny" has, however, found a way out of the difficulty. He discovered that by filling his pipe as usual and placing it unlighted in his mouth, the required inspiration comes as formerly. An example of the influence of auto-suggestion in smoking.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Miss Doris Crane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Barnitz Crane, and Mr. Victor Maxwell were married on Wednesday, August 23d, at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Christopher Trowbridge was matron of honor for Miss Crane and Miss Vera Pernau acted as bridesmaid. Mr. George Maxwell of Los Angeles was best man for his brother. The ritual was read by Dean J. Wilmer Gresham in the presence of two hundred guests. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas V. Maxwell, parents of the bridegroom, are still abroad.

Miss Josephine Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore, and Mr. Dean Dillman, whose marriage is to take place the latter part of September, were the honored guests at a dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall P. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Jean Seales, Mr. Edward Pringle, Mr. Oliver Lyman, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Donald Edwards.

Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell has chosen September 30th as the date of her marriage to Mr. James Moffitt son of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt. The wedding will take place at the Schmiedell country home at Ross at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and will be followed by a reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear of Ross and Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson have issued invitations for a barbecue supper party and dance which they will give at the Lagunitas Club at Ross on Friday evening, September 8th. The affair is in honor of Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell and her fiancé, Mr. James Moffitt, whose wedding will be an event early in winter.

Mrs. Loring Pickering entertained at luncheon at the Burlingame Club in honor of Comtesse André de Limur. Bidden to meet the honor guest were Mrs. Jerome Politzer, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Walker Kamm, Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mrs. William Fuller, and Mrs. George Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble of Ross will entertain on September 2d at the Lagunitas Country Club at a dance to be given in honor of Miss Betsey Dibble, Miss Isabel Sherman, and Miss Lucia Sherman.

Miss Hope Somerset was the guest of honor on Friday afternoon at a luncheon which Mrs. Jack Okell gave at her home. Mrs. Monroe Green-

wood, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Harry Hush Magee, Mrs. Edward Fennon, Mrs. Malvin Dargie, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Katherine Maxwell, and Miss Flora Edwards were Mrs. Okell's guests.

Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold entertained at luncheon at the William Kent home at Kentfield on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Harold Arnold, her sister-in-law, who is visiting in California. Mrs. Arnold's guests were Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Jack Selfridge, Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Jr., Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Berrien Anderson, and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard.

Duci de Kerekjarto and Don Pablo Sanchez of the City of Mexico were guests of Mrs. John Kahn of South Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, at a luncheon last Saturday in the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Kahn and daughter are at present in this city on a short visit.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin have returned to their Burlingame home, after a three weeks' camping trip in Montana.

Mrs. George A. Newhall has returned to her home, after a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy of San Rafael, who has spent the summer in Europe and in the East, is expected home the latter part of next week.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and the Princess André Poniatowski left on Tuesday for a week's stay at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Lewis Carpenter and her children have been spending the summer at Miramar. They return the end of the week.

Mrs. Frank A. Somers and her children are spending several weeks at the Mount Diablo Country Club.

Mrs. Ernest Bradley and Miss Kathleen Bradley have recently returned to their Marin County home, after an extended absence abroad.

Miss Helen Crocker is at the McCCloud River Country Club over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Fuller spent the week at Pebble Beach as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent.

Baron and Baroness Van Eck have returned to their Burlingame home, after passing the summer months at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry Scott is recuperating from a recent severe illness at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugent Lent left during the week for a month's stay in the East.

Dr. and Mrs. C. O. Sappington are leaving soon for the East, Dr. Sappington to be on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School at Boston.

Mrs. Whitney Sperry has returned to the Fair-

mont Hotel, after a stay of two weeks in the Yosemite.

Mrs. James H. Bull and her son, Mr. Wilfrid Bull, returned to their Jackson Street home, after a fortnight's stay at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Butters and Mrs. Thayer returned from St. Helena the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Nion Tucker, who has taken a rest cure at a sanatorium, has returned to her Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., are at Lake Tahoe, where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and Miss Doris Schmiedell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law are spending the summer abroad and are at present in Venice.

General and Mrs. Charles Morton have returned from their Alaskan trip and are at their home in the Presidio. Mrs. Morton and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huff, leave shortly for a visit to Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Morton's former home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lanson, Jr., of Pasadena, are visiting Mrs. Lanson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kellam and their daughters, Miss Elizabeth Kellam and Miss Frances Kellam, are leaving on September 12th for New York, where the Kellams will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul I. Fagan were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Fagan, Jr., at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox are at Deauville, France.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. Frank O'Connor, Mr. Grant McCartney, Los Angeles; Dr. G. L. Consineau, La Jolla; Dr. Jesse Fineberg, New York; Dr. W. B. Thornsill, Lynchburg, Virginia; Mr. Milton S. Meyer, Portland; Mr. Louis Van Ullam, New York; Mr. Sam Rosenberg, Los Angeles; Mr. S. C. Bias, Mr. Louis Hartzberg, New York; Mr. Edwin H. Lee, San Antonio; Mr. Julius Alexander, Susanville; Mr. Walter A. de Camp, Cincinnati; Mr. W. S. Brooks, Colusa; Mr. T. W. Naylor, Salt Lake City; Mr. Allen Rives, Tonopah; Mr. M. Gorgey, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boone, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. O'Reilly, St. Louis.

## The Late Colonel Weinstock.

Harris Weinstock was born in London sixty-eight years ago and was brought by his parents to New York in early childhood. At the age of fifteen he came to California and very soon thereafter began in a very modest way at Sacramento a business career that soon made him one of the conspicuously successful merchants of the state—a position which he maintained continuously to his death on Monday of this week. Important as was Colonel Weinstock's career as a man of business, it became with process of time least among his distinctions. There was in him a profound humanitarian spirit. In the whole period of his California career—in his day of small things as well as in the period of his larger relationships—he gave freely of his time and his means to what we may call the broader human charities. To every cause and to every movement making appeal to generosity of mind and spirit Mr. Weinstock gave without stint. The main enthusiasm of his life, outside the ideal domestic circle of which he was the centre, was the betterment of his fellow-men. Never at any time did he fail to respond to any demand in the name of human brotherhood. Upon the basis of scant elementary schooling, Mr. Weinstock superimposed wide reading with the reflections of a thoughtful mind. He became a public speaker of grace and power. He was a prolific writer and gave to the world a series of studies of historic personages that became an inspiration to thousands. Some ten or twelve years ago he put aside measurably his business cares and took upon himself very considerable obligations of public service, mainly of the kind that yield no remuneration. He made a voluntary tour of the world, under commission from the governor of California, studying labor conditions everywhere, and embodying his observations and reflections in an official report which may be found in the library of every student of labor questions. He made careful study of the physical needs of the California community and in a period of official service as state market director contributed notably to the material welfare of the state. Concurrently with these activities and through many years Mr. Weinstock made contribution to the intellectual life of the state as a lecturer and as a writer for the newspaper press, mainly upon topics of humanitarian interest. Truly a man of fine spirit, a man of vital beneficence, a man worthy of the widest respect and of the affection that attended his life was Harris Weinstock.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1922.

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(Signed) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## At the St. Francis.

The Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis were crowded with small parties gathered informally for luncheon last Monday. Mrs. Thomas Eastland was hostess to a half-dozen friends. Mr. and Mrs. Will Parrott had a small group with them at luncheon in the Fable Room. Mr. Howard Spreckels. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Helen Garrett and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith were one of the groups. Mrs. Walter Filer and Mrs. George Cameron were together for luncheon.

Another of the distinctive groups in the Garden at the Hotel St. Francis included Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Miss Jennie Blair. Others who entertained small groups at luncheon were Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. George E. Ebright, Mr. and Mrs. Grattan D. Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King.

## A Worthly Candidate.

Mr. Richard Abel, a candidate for justice of the peace, is a graduate of the State University, and though still relatively young, a man of experience as a legal practitioner. His election will mark a distinct advance in the character of our minor courts.

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The Columbia Theatre.

Richard Bennett, who has not appeared here in a number of seasons, will be the stellar light at the Columbia Theatre, commencing Monday night, August 28th. Since his last appearance here this star has been the centre of attraction in a number of notable productions in the East and last year proved one of the outstanding hits in the new play called "He Who Gets Slapped."

Under the combined direction of Thomas Wilkes and Sam H. Harris of New York, Bennett will make his appearance in the title rôle of the newly-staged drama, "The Fool," written expressly for him by the prolific playwright, Channing Pollock. The engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be the only one played hereabouts by Bennett, as he is scheduled for an immediate New York appearance in this piece.

Briefly told, the story of the play concerns a young rector, Daniel Gilchrist, who is compelled to resign by his fashionable congregation because of his radical sermons and his "fanatical" methods of living in accordance with the teachings supposed to come from the pulpit. His decision to follow the path he preaches causes his fiancée to break their engagement. He assumes the position of arbiter between a mining company and the workers whose cause he champions. He is misunderstood by both sides and is called a "fool." Finally he establishes a resort for down-and-outers, and this action brings him into a series of rather unlooked-for complications. How he continues to lose the world but to save souls is shown through the action of the closing scenes. Over thirty players support Bennett in this production.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The Orpheum, starting Sunday matinée, August 27th, is headlined by Haru Onuki, Max Fisher, and Florence Roberts. Haru Onuki is

a Japanese prima donna of some distinction whose beautiful soprano voice was trained in America. Her repertory consists principally of singing songs, some of which are Japanese numbers and others American numbers sung in Japanese.

Max Fisher and his dance orchestra are known all over the world, and especially in New York, where they played on the Ziegfeld Roof. Mr. Fisher and Earl Burnett, the piano accompanist, have composed many songs, among which are "Leave Me with a Smile" and "You Won't Be Sorry." They will play these numbers and more as few synopated orchestras can.

Florence Roberts, the famous legitimate actress, and Mr. Fredrik Vogeding of the Royal Theatre, Amsterdam, Holland, have a brilliant farce entitled "The True Story," written by Lea D. Freeman, a Yale graduate. Fredrik Vogeding is a young Dutch actor who has played in many languages, but this is his first play in English. His accent gives a fascinating touch to his delightful performance.

Hurst and O'Donnell are "nut" comedians guaranteed to chase away the blues.

George Yeoman is also a "blues" chaser.

Johnny Singer and his Dancing Dolls have a unique turn.

Lew Dockstader in "Talking Through His Hat" remains for a second week.

"The Rivals."

The production of "The Rivals" at the Players Theatre opening next Monday evening as the second offering of the Vaughan-Rainey season should be something of an event. A distinguished cast has been organized to enact this diverting and famous old comedy.

Heading the cast is Evelyn Vaughan as the romantic young hoyden, Lydia Languish, and William S. Rainey as the dissembling Jack Absolute. Emelie Melville is cast for the loquacious Mrs. Malaprop. This is one of her most famous rôles and one which she played with Nat C. Goodwin and William H. Crane. Ann O'Day, well known here as leading woman of the Maitland Playhouse, will essay Lucy, the calculating maid in the Malaprop household. Frank Keenan Wallace has been added to the cast to play Sir Lucius O'Trigger. The choleric Sir Anthony is in the hands of Reginald Travers, and Frederick McNulty will play Jefferson's famous rôle of Bob Acres. Joseph Carson Sturgis is the Faulkland; Léon Bowen, Fag; and Louis Wood White, David.

"The Rivals" will be presented all next week, with matinées on Tuesday and Saturday.

The San Francisco Stage Guild has secured for its opening company the services of Maurice Brown and his wife, Ellen von Volkenburg, well known for the excellence of their work in the Chicago Little Theatre. Mr. Brown has had valuable experience as a member of Margaret Anglin's New York company, and has also done some producing in New York. He has also shown great gifts as a teacher of dramatic art and will be the director of the school connected with the San Francisco Stage Guild. Ellen von Volkenburg has specialized in work on marionette theatres, several of which she developed in the East. She will continue work in this line, and will also act and teach in the school. Sam Hume, who has just returned from a six weeks' teaching and producing course at the Connish School in Seattle, will be glad to meet any one interested in the work of the

guild or the school Sunday after 10:30 a. m. in the Plaza Theatre, 80 McAllister Street.

Events at Paul Elder's.

The fall season of events in the Paul Elder Gallery will open Saturday afternoon, September 2d, at 2:30 o'clock, with an illustrated lecture entitled "Through Unknown Australia," by Captain Kilroy Harris, D. S. O., in which a series of unusual slides dealing with the lesser known parts of the island-continent will be shown. Captain Harris, who was wounded four times during the world war and later served as king's messenger and official war lecturer for the British and United States governments, has traveled over 5000 miles on horseback and over 5000 miles in a one-horse sulky through the back-country of Australia, and tells in his lecture of his experiences off the beaten path.

The Paul Elder Gallery lecture calendar for the fall season, setting forth the many events that have been arranged to follow this lecture by Captain Harris, may be had by writing to or calling at the gallery.

The Protean Element.

Sulphur is one of the most peculiar substances known. It can exist in different forms and still be one and the same substance. It is the Jekyll and Hyde of the elements. In outward appearance each one of the several varieties of sulphur is different from the other, but in essential properties it is still sulphur. In one form it is yellow, hard, and brittle. This is the most common form of sulphur. Molten sulphur, poured into cold water, solidifies into a stringy, plastic mass, amber in color and capable of being molded between the fingers. Its original brittleness is lost and it resembles a string of rubber. Flowers of sulphur, another variety, is almost white in color. Yellow sulphur smells on heating, but if the heating is continued and the temperature increased the molten mass hardens and becomes solid, melts again, and is finally converted into a gas. This peculiar behavior of sulphur is of the greatest significance from an industrial and technical standpoint. It has made it possible to mine it under the most unusual circumstances, a feat which would, under other conditions, have been impossible.

Pierpont Morgan has given a copy of the portrait of Milton by Janssen to Christ's College, Cambridge, where the poet was educated. The father of Milton, the scrivener of Bread Street, brought up his son with great care, and when the son was ten caused a young artist, born in England of Dutch descent, but trained, no doubt, in Holland, to produce a picture of "the little Puritan with auburn hair" clad in his neat lace frill and tight black-braided dress.

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At Del Monte.

The summer polo tournament opened at Del Monte last week-end and continues this Saturday and Sunday. The San Mateo team is made up of Thomas Driscoll, Willie Tevis, Louis Carpenter, and Captain McCauley, and the Del Monte team consists of Willie Crocker, D. Schwerin, Harry Hunt, Hugh Drury, Eric Pedley, and Sam Morse.

The manoeuvres, drills, and parades at the United States Reserve Officers' Training Camp on a knoll overlooking the polo fields are one of the attractions of the week.

Another attraction at Del Monte is the presence of a moving-picture company which is taking scenes on the Monterey Peninsula for "Ching Chong China." Marguerite de la Motte, Harrison Ford, and Lon Chaney are the movie stars in the company.

Miss Evelyn Barron and her brother, Mr. Edward F. Barron, with his children, are at Del Monte to make an extended stay.

Mrs. John Emmert and daughter, Miss Barbara Emmert, of San Francisco, are back at Del Monte for another visit. They will be joined shortly by Mr. Emmert. The Emmerts have a homesite at Pebble Beach and intend making their residence in the near future.

Among those from San Francisco and vicinity who spent the week-end at Del Monte were Miss Helen O'Brien, Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. W. P. Hannon, Mr. and Mrs. John Lyar, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Norcross, Mr. and Mrs. Ed M. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Clem W. Rogers, and Mr. John Parrott.

Among the guests at Del Monte Lodge are Mr. Miles A. Goodyear of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Guthrie and Miss Marian Williard of Santa Barbara.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Sir Conan Doyle declares that there are no divorces in heaven. Well, of course, you can't get a divorce without a lawyer.—*Los Angeles Express.*

He—Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits? She—But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?—*London Opinion.*

First Clubman—I hear, Jones, that you are standing for Parliament. What party? Second Clubman—Oh, no party. Independent independent.—*Punch.*

Mr. McHaggis—He's unc' ceevil, yon new meenister. Mrs. McHaggis—Ay, he kens weel oor guid auld Scottish provairb, "Toujours la politesse."—*Punch.*

Mrs. Hibrow—Did the earl you had to dinner last night bring his coronet? Mrs. Newrich—I didn't even know he could play one.—*London Passing Show.*

Old Lady—Well, here's a dollar for you, my poor man. Tramp—A dollar! Lord bless yer, lady; if ever there was a fallen angel, it's you.—*Boston Transcript.*

"When are Madge and Tom going to be married?" "They won't be able to afford it for some time; he let her choose the engagement ring."—*Boston Transcript.*

Stenographer—Tomorrow's my birthday, dearie, and I'm going to take a day off. Dearest Friend—Why, darling, you never took less than a year before.—*Judge.*

"Awfully sorry to hear that your wife has run away with your chauffeur." "Oh, that's all right. I was going to discharge him, in any case."—*Stockholm Sondag Nisse.*

Father—My son is reckless, careless, and indifferent of consequences. Friend—Good heavens! I didn't know you had made a taxi driver out of him.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Miss—When you leave I shall want a week's warning. Bridget—It's me custom, ma'am, to announce me departure with three blasts on me auto horn.—*Boston Transcript.*

Ironic Housewife—Aint you the same man I gave a mince pie to last Christmas? Tramp (bitterly)—No, mum, I'm not; an' wot's more, the doctors say I never will be again.—*Life.*

Old Grad—When I was in college we used to have a bar in the basement. Rising Generation—Sh! Sh! We have to keep a little still about our basement now.—*Oregon Lemon Punch.*

"You remember that lot you sold me? You remember you said it was within sight of the car line?" "Yes." "Well, do I have to furnish my own binoculars?"—*Nashville Tennessean.*

The spendthrift who used to take his girl to all the free lectures and to see circus parades is now piloting her around to the radio concerts in his neighborhood.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Socialist Agitator—Think of the potential musicians who lack the money to buy an instrument; think of the artists who will never have the opportunity to paint; think of the

great-minded ones who can not study.—*Stude*—Yes, dammit, that's me.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

"Dey say, Sam, dat de handsomest flowers hab no perfume and de handsomest birds no song." "Yes, an' de handsomest gals hab no sense—one of 'em refused me las' night."—*Boston Transcript.*

"You've been to Bangkok?" "Yes." "It must be a quaint city. What did you see there?" "Well, there was a pretty good Chaplin film at one of the movie houses."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Applicant—I've called in answer to that advertisement of your'n for a handy man, sir. Employer—Well, what qualifications have you? Applicant—I live next door, sir.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Absent-Minded Professor (to servant)—You say there is a collector at the door? Did you tell him I was out? Servant—Yes, sir, but he didn't believe me. Absent-Minded Professor—Well, I guess I will have to go and tell him myself.—*Colorado Do Do.*

"Did you participate in many engagements while in France?" asked the interested old lady. "Only five," replied the ex-A.E.F.-er with becoming modesty. "And you came through them all unhurt?" "Not exactly," he returned sadly; "I married the fifth."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Ironic Mother (to infatuated daughter)—Forget your young man, my child. . . . An idiotic marriage! You've been as if struck by lightning, you say? Bah! So was I, long ago, for your father. And how many times since have I wished I'd had a lightning rod that day.—*Paris L'Illustration.*

## Colonial Finance In Africa.

War-burdened Europe is not the only part of the world where public finance and private business are plunged into confusion by a disordered currency, says the *Living Age*. Great Britain's Kenya Colony in East Africa is a case in point. The original coin in circulation there was the Indian rupee, worth slightly over 30 cents in American money. During the war this coin rose to double its usual value as measured in British currency. Finally, the colonial office stabilized the rupee at 2 shillings, as compared with 1 shilling 4 pence before the war. This added 50 per cent. to the local cost of production, and an equal amount to the old rupee debts, thus crippling colonial producers.

The next step of the government was to abolish the rupee as legal tender and to substitute a 2-shilling piece in its place, issuing paper bills of the latter denomination and a smaller quantity of coins of baser metal in exchange for silver rupees. This aroused so much popular protest that a new coin, the "Kenya Shilling," was finally substituted. The result of these rapid and inconsistent changes is monetary chaos.

Simultaneously, the colonists are up in arms against an income tax recently imposed by the government, which they refuse to pay on the ground that it is illegal. It is interesting to note that the nonpayers justify their opposition by the argument used by the American colonists, at the time of the revolution, that "taxation without representation is illegal." Lawyers are defending people in the courts for nonpayment of these taxes, without charging a fee for their services.

## Dramatic Insects.

Soon after the successful filming of Maurice Maeterlinck's beautiful and impressive play, "The Blue Bird," the story went that he was commissioned to write a special scenario for the movies, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. He completed his script and gave it to the head of the producing organization. The latter looked it over and then, with a gesture of despair, remarked: "Good gracious" (or the Hollywood equivalent of that expression), "the hero's a bee!" It may have been possible that the great Belgian



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Yet you leave valuable treasures there—heirlooms, jewelry, keepsakes—which money could never replace; you leave important papers there—insurance policies, securities, receipts—the loss of which would cost you large sums of money.

Did it ever occur to you that there is absolutely no safety for your valuables in your home or office?

You do not need to be reminded of fire dangers and the uncertainty and havoc of them, but you may not realize what an intricate, scientific, almost infallible profession burglary is! Home and office locks and safes are slight obstacles in the way of a professional thief.

Your turn may not have come yet, but that does not mean that it never will.

But it never will if you take the proper precautions. Don't trust the home hiding places—a joke to thieves.

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mystic, feeling original inspiration at a low ebb, was cribbing from one of his own prior works dealing with apiany life.

Perhaps taking pattern by Maeterlinck's own blue-bird philosophy, with its inclusion of the souls of presumably inanimate objects, or perhaps Rostand's "Chantecler," with its barnyard denizens, two Czech playwrights recently made a production at the Prague National Theatre in which all the characters were insects. Cable descriptions of this fantastic work describe it as being most pessimistic. There is a poignant tragedy in the life of each smaller bug when it is devoured by a bigger bug, though doubtless the authors have logic and science on their side. They even may be utilizing insects as symbols of humanity. "All symbols," Maeterlinck himself has said, "are symbols of something, and not of nothing," which, one is inclined to think, is itself a symbolical sentence. "Symbols," as one of the Belgian's witty commentators once said, "make such strange sounds." The late Henri Fabre, a Frenchman, probably knew more about insect life and its analogies to human existence than any of his contemporaries; and he has justified the Czech authors in many pages of his fascinating volumes.

The dramatization of the speechless is no new thing. There was, for instance, Aristophanes in "The Birds," with its "Cloud-Cuckoo-Town," and "The Frogs," with its lament for the decay of tragic art, one of the

earliest dramatic instances of a longing for a return of the "good old days." One almost can hear old Aristophanes saying: "There were men who could write tragedies when I was a boy." Rostand's poultry yard was revealed and animated for us by Maude Adams, the most feminine rooster ever to greet the rising sun, while Wagner devotees long have been familiar with the bass, depressing protests of Fafner and the soprano warblings of the bird who led Siegfried to the side of the dormant, flame-encircled Brunnhilda. One wonders, however, whether all the juxtapositions of just plain men and women in their various relationships have been exhausted for dramatic purposes.



## San Francisco Law School

FOURTEENTH SCHOOL YEAR

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Another Peninsula Highway.

Whatever within reason aids the circulation of traffic it is good public policy to promote. Whatever enables people to travel about and see more of one another and the country in which they live assists in the broadening of intelligence, of public sympathy, of the general understanding of the needs of neighborhoods and sections, while it strongly militates against narrowness and against sectionalism itself. Both the intelligence of the people and the military strength of a state are enhanced by means of communication; and economically, roads are a great gain, for their tendency is to bring people and goods together and thus they contribute to ultimate values. Roads cost money, but they are better worth it than most of the things for which the public funds are spent. We can hardly have too many of them—at any rate we are in no present danger of having too many of them. And since the development of individual transportation by means of the automobile, California's highways constitute one of the principle charms of the state. It is true that our bond issues for them amount now to \$73,000,000, and that the debt is likely to grow even greater before it begins to diminish. Yet solid value is there, and we have for the money a great attraction we did not have before. In the light of this development, it is well for this city that action has at last been taken toward providing another and seriously needed traffic artery down the peninsula, and across the Bay by means of a bridge either at Ravenswood or at

Dumbarton Point. The San Francisco-San Mateo highway commissioners have decided to go ahead with the business. Supervisor McLeran, chairman of the finance committee, says the contribution of this city can be raised without increasing the tax rate, a bit of white magic one wishes could be extended indefinitely, and the San Mateo representatives are ready to do their duty in the matter. It will cost about \$50,000 for a survey, and \$175,000 for right-of-way purchases. The state may be induced, without flagrant injustice, to stand half the bridge cost, which may be somewhere between \$2,700,000 and \$3,000,000, the balance being assessed against a benefited district. The execution of the whole plan is expected to cost about \$7,000,000, and as no such expectations are ever disappointed we may be sure it will cost at least that much. But the money will not have to be paid all at once, and the improvement will be worth it.

### Tuesday's Primary Election.

The nomination of Richardson (Republican) for the governorship, seemingly an assurance as we write on Wednesday, is a mark of resentment and revolt. The taxpayers of California are weary to disgust of the carnival of extravagance that in recent years has gorged the roster of state employees, multiplied costs in every department of the state government, and trebled or quadrupled tax rates. Richardson promised curtailment of the official list, elimination of waste, and reduction of the tax bill; and the voters of the state, having observed his record in the state printing office and later in the treasurership, believed him and gave him their suffrages. Of Mr. Richardson's election in November there is not a reasonable doubt. In addition to presumptions based upon the fact that the Republican party is largely in the majority in California there is now in the nominee's favor the important element of individual prestige won on Tuesday. The Argonaut knows Richardson well and it has faith in his sincerity and in his administrative capabilities. There is not much flagree work about Richardson. He is a plain man well endowed with common sense—the rarest kind of sense—and he knows the job before him in all its angles. That he will justify the confidence of the electorate we have no doubt.

The nomination of Senator Johnson was a foregone conclusion. All the practical prognostics were favorable to his candidacy despite the many sound contrary considerations. The candidacy of Mr. Moore came too late and there was lacking the support of effective organization. It was the familiar case of raw militia against regular forces—and we have the familiar result. Mr. Johnson, we have no doubt, will be successful in November. But he has had a jolt—one that in spite of his majority vote will shake his prestige. His primary campaign, albeit he has won it, was no walkover. It has made clear the fact that a very large proportion of the people of California are distrustful of the man, resentful of his attitude toward the Harding administration, disgusted with his affiliation with Hearst.

Now a word in the kindest spirit: Mr. Johnson is a man of many gifts. He has courage, popular powers of expression, prestige of a certain kind, a winning personality. He has practically seven more years of assured service in the Senate. In this period he will either establish himself as a worthy political figure or he will suffer decline and eclipse. Two courses are open to him. If he shall separate himself from the La Follette group of irreconcilables, if he shall give the support due from one who claims to be a Republican to the Harding administration, if he shall dissolve the association that affiliates him with Hearst—if he will do these things, Mr. Johnson can reestablish himself at home and make for himself character as a statesman. But if he shall fail to do these things, he will go down

and further down to a status worse than political oblivion. In the circumstances of the contest just ended, winner though he be, there is for Mr. Johnson a handwriting on the wall that he may not disregard without hazard of his fortunes as a senator and as a man.

In the results of this primary election we have the beginnings of a new era in California politics. There are new tendencies in plain sight. There will be reorganization under new motives, new standards, new leadership—and all to the good.

### To Combat the "Ism"-ites.

A Boston dispatch of August 19th reports the incorporation of a society, largely made up of members of the Massachusetts bar, "to oppose further Federal encroachment upon the reserved rights of the states." Another announced purpose is "to stop the growth of socialism." This is cheering. The good Lord knows that the country needs some sort of organized effort to counteract the innumerable movements tending more and more in the direction of bureaucracy. The present year has witnessed a dangerous growth in number and variety of movements tending to radicalism, socialism, and the several other "isms," particularly at the nation's capital.

Notably there is a tendency to bring these varied movements into coöperation. The various associations of militant suffragists representing the extreme feminist movement, associations formed to promote legislation in character similar to the recently enacted maternity bill, organizations advocating the creation of a Federal Department of Education—these and the large and growing bodies of pacifists, some of them actual defenders of bolshevism and communism, with the several farm organizations, are found curiously interlocked in their directorates and in their agencies of propaganda. The pacifist movement has given them a common ground. The argument is the simple one that if less money is spent for the national defense more money will be available for so-called public welfare work and the creation of more welfare bureaus. Moreover, advocates of the so-called welfare work naturally are emotional sentimentalists who can easily be led into the pacifist camp, where they rub elbows with reds of all tints and shades.

This consolidation of interests, more than anything else, is responsible for the dangerous and destructive cuts recently made in the army. Approximately forty-two per cent. of the strength of the army authorized in 1920 has been cut, thus reducing the military establishment to a figure far below the pre-war status. They have made impossible the carrying out of the policy declared in the National Defense Act of 1920 providing adequate professional military instruction for the two non-active elements of the new army and navy of the United States, namely, the national guard and the organized reserve, not to speak of the professional instruction supplied by the detail of regular commissioned and non-commissioned instructors to public schools and other educational institutions.

It is an interesting fact that many of the so-called public welfare organizations were put forward by the organized pacifists to conduct a lobbying campaign in favor of drastic reductions when the army and navy appropriation bills for the current year were under consideration in Congress. It is unfortunately true, under modern propaganda methods, that the great majority of the members of worthy and patriotic organizations of women—and of men as well—have no conception of what is being done by their promoters and leaders in urging or opposing the nation's protection, nor of the strange and startling associations into which these promoters and leaders are being brought at Washington.

Verily it is time that there should be organized opposition to this association of movements which is seeking to fasten upon the country a system embodying



of socialism not far removed in their tendencies from rank bolshevism.

### The Loss of Collins.

In the assassination of Michael Collins we have the perfected spectacle of one of the most sombre aspects of revolution—that phase in which it turns upon and rends itself. The French revolution exhibited it, and so did the Russian. When the hand of strong government is removed and the people divide into factions, it matters not whether those factions be animated by the purest devotion, or the spirit of selfish adventure, or the desire for revenge, the revolution is likely to begin destroying its children; destruction is so much easier than building, and it is so much easier to displace an old authority than to set up a new one. The assassination, following so closely on the death of Arthur Griffith, has an ominous look to any one sincerely desirous of peace in the Green Isle.

In addition to being commander-in-chief of the Free State army, Collins was finance minister in the Dail Eireann cabinet. Shortly before his death he had obtained a temporary injunction in New York restraining Eamonn de Valera or any of his agents from withdrawing funds that had been collected for the Irish Republican cause and deposited in New York banks. These funds, it is said, amount to about \$2,300,000, a balance out of \$5,000,000 collected in this country by "friends of Ireland." The money belongs to the Dail, but two of the trustees of the fund are De Valera and Stephen O'Mara. The Irish parliament has drawn upon the fund for its expenses. The suit has brought out the fact that there is no one in the United States just now who can speak authoritatively for the Irish republicans. In the suit Collins acted as minister of finance and a co-trustee of the funds, which the factionists some time ago agreed should not be used for factional purposes. Whether the assassination was based on Collins' act as finance minister, or was merely a deed of reprisal, is not at this time clear, and perhaps it does not matter in a practical sense. The pith and pity of the situation is that a patriot is dead, and that his death occurs at a time when he was needed most.

For Collins' reconstructive work was only beginning. He had the authority, the prestige, and the boldness of method which might have availed to bring order to his distracted country. With Griffith gone, there seems to be no other leader in just such a position. He had held true to the fundamental demand for Irish freedom, but he could also recognize when the fight was to all practical purposes won, and saw no sense in further sacrifice merely for a name, and perhaps for a degree of independence which under all the political and geographical circumstances would be an anomaly and an impossibility. Under the Free State treaty and the Free State condition, Ireland would have had substantial liberty, provided there could have been brought about that essential of liberty everywhere; namely, internal order. Collins seems to have possessed the statesman-like power of appraising practicalities and accepting facts to a greater degree than most of his idealistic compatriots, and it was a quality that made him invaluable in such a condition of instability and insane confusion as Ireland has been exhibiting of late. With it he possessed both dash and firmness, both energy and moderation, both vision and restraint, combined in proportions that seemed to make him the man for the crisis. He believed the treaty he had done so much to negotiate would bring order and prosperity to his people, and even cherished the theory that an Irish settlement might form the basis for an effective League of Nations.

Aside from a humanitarian standpoint, and the desire of this country to see peace on earth, the assassination of Collins postpones again the much-to-be-desired time when the Irish question will disappear from our domestic politics and our foreign policy. It has always been a disturbing and an uncertain element, and one upon which demagogues could depend for votes and power. As long as that element affected our elections we could not be sufficiently independent to consider our own higher interest. It has been especially detrimental in all considerations affecting our relations with Great Britain. We have not been able to consider those relations strictly on their merits as affecting the interests of the United States alone, but have been forced to consider what effect any proposed settlement might have on Irish-American sentiment. It is largely on this account that the hatreds of revolutionary times have been

kept alive for a hundred and fifty years when a better understanding and closer relations might have served to maintain the peace of the world. There was ground for hope that if Ireland could be content this feeling would be allayed and would rapidly die, and of late that hope has had a good part of its basis in the character and influence of Collins. Such being the case, he is a loss to this country as well as to Ireland.

### Relieving the Strain.

European affairs have reached a curious *impasse*, from which ordinary processes of politics appear to offer no egress. They are log-jammed, hopelessly stalled, unless some outside power shall see its way to relieving the situation. The United States is that power, at least in part, and could, if public sentiment were properly informed, do much to get things going. To be of assistance, however, it is necessary for the people of this country to recognize two things: that their own prosperity is indissolubly connected with that of Europe, and that they must interest themselves henceforth in European conditions, for their own isolation has departed. It does not help, it merely makes things worse, for self-seeking politicians to preach the outworn doctrine of "no foreign entanglements," meaning thereby to the unconcerning voter the maintenance of our old aloofness.

The complaint is made, set going and repeated by anti-French propaganda, that France is by her own choice and evil disposition maintaining a huge standing army which has deprived her of industrial man-power and which demonstrates her inclination toward that militarism which has become anathema to good folk everywhere. The fault and the blame have been assessed to her, and the artifices of paid publicity are now employed to make Americans forget the merits of her case. But her great standing army is proof of none of the evil disposition with which she is charged. It is, in part, our fault. The plain truth is that France was promised protection in case she was wantonly attacked again as the Germans attacked her in 1914. That promise has not been fulfilled. Having no guarantees such as she was led to expect, she very sensibly determines to keep her own borders, even at great cost of man-power and of money. Meantime she receives no reparation payments from Germany, all the money Germany has paid so far hardly being sufficient to reimburse her for the upkeep of her troops on the Rhine. And meantime, also, the German mark, largely through the fiat money policy of the German socialistic government, takes a high dive after the Russian ruble and the Austrian crown, and for much the same reason, until last week you could have bought a hundred of them with one buffalo nickel. And meantime again, the rift grows between Poincaré, who refuses to abate the French demands for reparations, and present British policy.

The approaches of the Lloyd George government toward Germany and Russia, one the recurrent enemy and the other the one-time ally but now the potential foe of France as under her present dictators she is the potential foe of civilized society in general, constitute the sharpest point of tragedy in this tragic situation. But British policy is the outgrowth of British necessity. Economically, France is a self-contained unit. Her agriculture, her manufactures, her colonial outlets and her present foreign trade are fairly well adjusted to her needs. With England such is not the case. England, Scotland, and Wales have a population of almost 44,000,000, living on a territory capable of sustaining on an agricultural basis perhaps 16,000,000, probably at the outside 18,000,000. The rest must subsist on a huge export trade and its carriage. At the present time there are about 2,000,000 registered unemployed, which probably means a total of 3,000,000, and the taxation on every form of wealth is an almost intolerable burden. If unemployment in this country were in the same proportion as in England we should have about 7,500,000 persons out of work, and our present industrial troubles would seem a soothing and tranquilizing experience by comparison. In all probability we should not be supporting that burden with the fortitude and absence of popular turmoil which the disciplined British character and the homogeneous British populations are exhibiting. In respect only to Russia and Germany, the United Kingdom has suffered a large loss of market. In 1913 exports of British produce to Germany amounted in value to 40,677 thousand pounds sterling; in 1921 they amounted to 17,832. In 1913 similar ex-

ports to Russia amounted to 18,103 thousand pounds; by 1921 they had shrunk to 2173. To reduce these figures to dollars, multiply them by about  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . This is a serious loss of trade, and one which, in view of the necessities of British labor, is worth regaining if possible. Opportunist though he may be, Lloyd George has hardly any other course than to regain it if he can; but his efforts to regain it bring British necessity and British policy into conflict with French necessity and French policy, and that is tragedy real and actual, within the classic definition of the term. To help in any way toward a resolution of it would be a lofty mission, and one peculiarly within the province of American altruism; to say nothing of our own commercial interest in the general restoration of the world's economic health.

The debt owing the United States by our late associates in the war may perhaps, temporarily at least, be left out of the problem. We are not canceling it, but on the other hand we are not pressing for its payment. At some later time we might take up seriously the question of its refunding so that it should assume the aspect of a less immediate and harassing and discouraging liability. It has even been suggested that inasmuch as most of it accrued through the purchase of war materials and food for which the necessitous peoples of western Europe were charged from two to three times what the supplies were reasonably worth, it would be a graceful and a not altogether unjust act to scale it down. That may be left for future consideration. What the United States could do at present, and should do for our own sake as well as that of France in particular and Europe in general, would be to enter into a treaty with France and Great Britain assuming the obligation to go instantly to the assistance of France if she should be wantonly attacked again.

Far from being an entanglement in European wars, this would be the best assurance that there would not be another European war, at least for a long time to come. It would relieve the strained financial situation by releasing to industry the man-power France is compelled by existing circumstances to keep under arms. There is no doubt that the thrifty French would take advantage of such a chance. There is no militarism in France in any sense except a defensive and proper one. She would welcome the opportunity to demobilize her burdensome protective army, in order the better to mobilize a productive industrial one. Her main desire, like that of the people of this country, is to remain at peace and be let alone. But in such a world as we are living in at present the desire for peace is not sufficient. There must be a formidable potentiality behind it, to make a war of aggression look like the worst possible investment. That is what it would have looked like to Germany in 1914 if she had suspected England would come to the help of France, and the United States to the help of both. Had such a prospect existed in the German mind there would have been no war, and the world would have been a different and far happier place today.

Just now there is an undoubted war drift in European affairs. If a general European war should come again there is no way by which we could keep out of it. It would be a great deal better to prevent it by such a foreign policy as would show that we would participate if it came than to stand foolishly aloof and be again caught in a conflict we had done nothing to prevent.

### Stick to Fundamentals.

President Harding has put aside proposals for government operation of railroad and coal properties—wisely, we think. There is a much better and simpler way to deal with the situation. Briefly stated, it is to let it alone. By letting alone, we do not mean that the Administration should leave the contending elements to fight out their differences in a physical sense. The duty of the government has been clearly stated by the President himself; it is to protect property and to protect men in the right to work. If this shall be done the pending troubles will not last long. Well meant as Mr. Harding's efforts have been in the past month, they have, we fear, tended less to compose the situation than to aggravate it. Railroad executives and coal operators have been stiffened in their attitude by hopes of government aid; likewise, the attitude of the strikers has been made stubborn under the notion that the government would in same way help them. The fundamental business of the government is to maintain order



—to protect property and to protect men in their right to work. As the laws stand, this is as far as government has authority to go, and it is as far as it ought to go. Let the government stick to fundamentals—the safeguarding of property and protection of men in their right to work—and adjustment of the pending troubles will not long be delayed.

### The Tariff Bill and Its Implications.

Since the far-away day of Alexander Hamilton we have had many tariff acts, some good, some bad, as related to the welfare of the country, but each in a manner more or less according to some declared principle or policy of revenue legislation. It has remained for the Congress now sitting at Washington to draft a tariff bill founded upon no principle, that reflects no policy, that is consistent with nothing—least of all with itself. For all its individual high rates, it is not a harmonious protective measure. For all its reductions and omissions, it is not a tariff-for-revenue measure. It is a hodgepodge—the outcome of a grab-bag scramble, with all rules of equity and consistency suspended, and minus any regulative and responsible authority. All previous tariff bills were made by a political party and in accordance with political convictions or policies. This has been made by “blocs” representative of special interests indifferent or ruthless as regards other interests, and so selfishly inspired as to have lost all sense of obligation to any principle or to any party.

The farm bloc has been the chief sinner in this reckless scramble. In the interest of the farmer—more specifically in selfish vote-getting interest—the farm bloc has dominated the hearings. It has applied the protective principle to those commodities that the farmer sells while concurrently applying the free trade principle to commodities that the farmer buys. Wherever the farm bloc could make an advantageous trade for votes—no matter what inconsistencies might be involved in the transaction—it has used its power without scruple. A typical instance is that of building materials. Lime, brick, shingles, lumber, magnesite, cement and like products, the domestic manufacturers of which are subject to keen competition from abroad, are denied adequate protection. In relation to this group of articles the farm bloc joined forces with a group of Eastern senators headed by Calder of New York “to protect the homebuilders” and to prevent the writing into the bill any tariff on building materials. “Who’s Who in America” for 1922-3 defines Senator Calder’s occupation as “engaged as builder, and erected nearly 3000 houses at Brooklyn.” Calder and his group are ardent protectionists where the products of their own states are concerned. They are equally ardent free traders in relation to anything touching their own pocket nerves.

With all its faults the bill which is now in conference is likely to become a law. Not that it is satisfactory to anybody or defensible upon any principle, but for the reason that it is the best that can be hoped for under the circumstances; and further because, with all its faults, it will substitute a basis for business calculation for the existing uncertainty. Nobody pretends to justify this bill, but it finds some support in the business world upon the theory that whatever its demerits something is better than nothing.

In this situation we have a striking illustration of what happens in our system when the basis of our politics shifts from the party principle to the rule of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. A high authority defines politics as “the administration of public affairs in the interest of peace, prosperity, and the safety of the state.” That is real politics; and it is a course only possible when members of Congress work under some sort of coöperative discipline. Without coöperation, only another name for party organization, and without responsibility, only another name for discipline, politics ceases to afford guarantees of any kind. Politics becomes an orderless go-as-you-please in which the interest of peace, prosperity, and the safety of the state are lost in the struggle for selfish benefits.

Today the most important concern of our real statesmen—and of thoughtful men in or out of public life—is how to get our politics back upon a responsible basis—upon the party basis. The alternatives are political chaos or autocracy. We don’t want either, but sooner or later we shall have first the one and then the other unless means shall be found to restore and revitalize the party system.

### HEADWORK AND HOBBIES.

Gilbert K. Chesterton Enlivens the International Situation with Criticisms of American Success-Worship.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is the leading paradoxer of the English-speaking nations. He has recently made a tour of this country and extracted from it a good deal of nutriment, and now sings his paradoxology. He has discovered that Americans are fond of success, and deplores the fact that this alien spirit is invading England. At the same time he makes it plain that Englishmen, too, like success, but the sort of success they like is not our sort. It is success in pursuing hobbies and light entertainment and thistledown trifles, and in bringing home, not the bacon, after the American fashion, but the missing handle that completes the tea-pot collection, or the cracked vase of the Ming dynasty without which the modern Englishman’s house and castle would be forever lacking. He declares that the other sort of success, the American sort, is quite alien, and that we are a foreign nation. To all which one is tempted to plead guilty in loud and positive tones, and ask how it happened that Mr. Chesterton, like the late Mr. Weller and the “vidders,” was compelled to undergo so much to learn so little; or why it was that he could not have used his considerable abilities to discover something the other transatlantic lecturers had overlooked.

For Mr. Chesterton is a person of ability and of undoubted distinction. An Englishman, he is a good Catholic; a Catholic, he is a Socialist. And he is a prolific producer of criticism on every mundane topic; criticism which he pours out with the prodigality of a mountain torrent, sparkling with wit, bubbling with good humor, and whirling into the most unexpected cross currents and back eddies of paradox. To be a Catholic when you are an Englishman would be somewhat of a distinction, although you would have considerable company. Real loneliness is attained, however, when you succeed in being an English Catholic and a Socialist at one and the same time. There may be other specimens, but the present writer has not the pleasure of their acquaintance, and supposes them to be few.

From this detached eminence Mr. Chesterton surveys a world that is all wrong, but past much helping, and so a fit object for japes. And very entertaining japes he pokes at it. To read much of G. K. C. is to behold the world inverted, as though you stood in Mme. Tausaud’s wax works and looked in a mirror that gave you back, not merely your own topsy-turvy reflection, but all society behind you standing on its myriad heads and smirking at you upside down, its upper teeth where its lowers ought to be; an amusing horror like Hallowe’en lanterns. You get such views of life as, that wrong is really right, that right is only wrong in disguise, that pain is pleasure, that the whiteness of black is only exceeded by the blackness of white. He can string them along that way, and string his readers along that way, until the end of the column. It is a gift, and a valuable one, for it is marketable, and is, in fact, Mr. Chesterton’s own method and material of success.

In the present instance, we have his observation that “there is something in the instinct for hobbies and holidays that is at once childlike and wise. We might almost say that the more a man has a single eye, the more he will lead a double life.” From this the discerning reader will see at once that the best illustration is a sample; and that applies to more than Chesterton. This paradoxicality appears to be one with the topsy-turveyism of Shaw, who is said to have derived the method from the much-discussed Samuel Butler; in fact, the story goes that Shaw once confessed it. Now Butler wrote “Erewhon,” one of those semi-sarcastic romances, in which with pleasant satire he pointed out that practically everything the typical Englishman does is a mistake. Butler’s method was the height of mechanical simplicity, and, once adopted, it almost enabled the book to write itself. The title is merely “Nowhere,” spelled backwards and with two letters transposed, which demonstrates the technique. The plan was to present everything hindside to, and upside down, and inside out, which can be depended upon to expose the seams and display without much effort the faulty construction of the universe. But it led Butler to one conclusion that is in general sound, for in “Erewhon” he tells us that a man who had made an income of 20,000 pounds a year was greatly respected, and even exempted from taxation, because it was assumed that he must have done something valuable in a public way or society would not permit him to have so much.

In the main, the apostle of inversions follows the model as long as the teaching is nonsense, but departs when soundness is approached. The American ideal which Chesterton reprehends “is that of what is called success; that is, the notion that there is something meritorious about working very hard for money, and the still more grotesque notion that there is something meritorious about getting it.” Had he really understood the society and the economics he professes to

understand, and the service to humanity which all is said and done and all the exceptions are in, is the general condition of getting money, he would have seen more truth in the Erewhonian proposition than in his own.

Americans are rather fond of success, and that is well for America and has lately been well for the world. Dollars are a crude measure, we grant, but at least they are a measure, and in very many cases they are about the only one we have. The mistake Mr. Chesterton has derived from his brief but sharp pursuit of the dollars of this country is in supposing that Americans who pursue dollars are pursuing dollars only. Apparently he did not examine the conditions of the struggle, nor take into account the requirements of amassing money.

We carry in our economic system many parasites whose wealth was inherited, or acquired by marriage with wealthy widows, or derived from financial accident. Policy and the imperfection of human institutions makes that necessary. We have thus far discovered no way to avoid it; nor have the English. But one great difference between us is that in England such acquisition of wealth is regarded as success, whereas no healthy-minded American would see in it anything at all satisfying; so we have examples of rich men’s sons trying to be reporters, and rich men’s daughters trying to be nurses, in the laudable and pathetic effort to get somewhere and do something on their own hook. Such cases reflect with fidelity the American feeling that success is really achievement. That is something Mr. Chesterton apparently blinked in his rush for the box-office receipts.

We may justly regard mere parasitism as common to both countries, and cancel it from the equation. It amounts to little by comparison with the whole. What our critic means to accuse us of is avarice. Now the American struggle for success is not a struggle of avarice, but a struggle to do big things well. The difference is in the distinction between getting and doing. Americans who have made millions building railroads and developing iron mines and steel mills, until we have the world’s greatest transportation and steel-producing agencies, somehow do not seem content, after they have amassed their millions in that virile and publicly valuable manner, to go about collecting birds’ eggs, or pastels, or little cracked tea-cups. Perhaps they have a wholesome fear that their relatives would put them into nice asylums with spacious grounds where they could do their collecting under the eyes of guards, and with economy. It is true that the big-business-man class in America includes a number of crooks who ought to be in jail, and some of whom get there. It is also true that when our men of energy and ability become obsessed with the vision of achievement they are inclined to forget the niceties of life, or leave them to their wives and daughters; and also that they are likely to look at public affairs and the rights of others with a sort of mental strabismus induced by their peculiar obsession. But, granted all that, the business men of America have been the main factor in transforming a raw continent into the abode of a great civilization, for they have had the vision, and they have also had what is far more effective, the power to engage and direct technically-trained talent toward the solution of the hugest material problems.

Mr. Chesterton supposes that because our millionaires do not collect teacups, and butterflies, and paint china in their spare time, they are reluctant to use their brains. It is a curious deduction. He says: “There is one form of work which all these workers avoid at all costs; and that is the work which we call headwork.” If this critic supposes that George F. Baker does no headwork, how does he suppose the George F. Baker fortune is protected from the avarice of George F. Baker’s avaricious competitors? If Mr. Rockefeller did no headwork, how does Mr. Chesterton suppose we can buy good kerosene in this country at \$1.15 a gallon or less? If he thinks young Mr. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel does no headwork, what does he suppose Mr. Schwab pays him his abundant salary for? Pick-and-shovel work? At pick-and-shovel work Mr. Grace could not earn three dollars a day; his hands are too soft and his back would ache. When Mr. Weyerhaeuser builds a new logging road into a forest, if he does no headwork how does it happen that the road gets built into the right forest, on the right grades, and at the right time to get us out the lumber? If a genius of vision and execution like Eugene de Saba does no headwork, how comes it that the reservoirs and the watersheds and the dam sites and the transmission lines are all so beautifully correlated for the delivery of energy for running pumps and cars and lights and machinery on our farms and in our cities?

Work such as this does not do itself. Nor is it done to order for men of money by ambitious young workers fresh from college or technical school, without careful check-up and confirmation. A man with a fortune to invest will either do more headwork to save it and make it productive than Mr. Chesterton ever thought of, or he will swiftly fall out of that class which Mr. Chesterton supposes does no headwork. The idle rich are few compared to the working rich. What would our critic call the decision of the United States Steel Corporation to advance the wages of laborers 20 per cent.? Does he suppose that decision was made with the



## INDIVIDUALITIES.

gesture of a man detaching the ash from a cigarette? He may be sure it involved the most painful exploration of every circumstance bearing on the matter, a searching study of labor statistics, of production per man, of living conditions, of effect on the labor supply, of the probable future demand for steel, of all the thousand and one details of a vast and complicated industry, any or all of which were to be affected by the decision. If that does not involve headwork, then the judge on the bench does none.

Headwork? Why that is all Gary and Farrell and Schwab and Grace do. That is why we have steel. And that is what they are for in the economy of the nation—to supply us with steel, not to polish their culture collecting moths or postage stamps. If they wish to do such things in order to keep fit, that is a different matter. Some might. Harry Payne Whitney appears to take his recreation in improving the breed of horses, which amounts to something as a public benefaction, and other wealthy men find recreation in improving the breed of cattle, which, since the advent of the motor-car, is a still greater one. And if animal husbandry does not involve headwork in the superlative degree, then the agricultural colleges at Davis, California, and Ames, Iowa, and similar institutions ought to be abolished.

Unless we are much in error, the ideal of success which our rotund-otund philosopher so reprehends in America he will soon have to deal with in some form or another in England. Two great developments are going to bring it about. A few years before the war it was becoming evident to English manufacturers that the physical equipment of manufacturing England was growing old, and in need of replacement. Generally speaking, the "plant" was wearing out, or becoming inadequate in the modern world. New methods, new buildings, new machinery, and general standardization were needed. A great field was opening for the engineer and the capitalist together in the work of renewal. This work was halted by the war, and probably to a large extent remains to be done. It is undoubtedly being undertaken an item at a time, here and there, by separate individuals and corporations, imperceptibly to the mass, and gradually; but done it will have to be, and England will go through some such industrial evolution as America has been going through since colonial days.

It will be much assisted by the second of these developments, the revolution the war has caused in English social life—the destruction of aristocratic fortunes by war taxation, and the forcing of the most capable aristocracy in Europe into trade and industry. The English aristocrat will no longer be the dilettante whom Mr. Chesterton appears to admire. The war broke a lot of crockery and a lot of noblemen. The broken noblemen will have to cease collecting broken teacups and go to producing good ones. That will be better for everybody. They may even have to cease paying so much attention to the endless woman-hunt, and give more to the endless shilling-hunt, and that will be healthier. An old country can not be like a new one, but in the words of the "Belle of New York" it should be "as like it as it is able to be." The Americans have had a continent to subdue. They have subdued it. They have had a civilization to build. They have built it; not too well, but as well as any people could have done it. That has taken headwork. If Mr. Chesterton has not seen it performed, nor met in his recent lecture audiences the men who performed it, that does not prove that it has been "avoided at all costs." Whatever we have made by headwork far more than by handwork or backwork. Whatever England lacks today, generally speaking, she lacks because too much headwork has been diverted to the leisured Englishman's hobbies. Not that hobbies are a bad thing; but the Englishman seems to regard a hobby as a good in itself, whereas to the American the hobby as such can not rightly be regarded as more than a way of keeping fit for some serviceable activity.

MORTON TODD.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 30, 1922.

In granting an injunction to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad against interference by striking shopmen "with the property, business, and employees of the company," Judge Edwin S. Thomas of the United States District Court at Norwalk, Connecticut, said: "These men assemble in groups and intimidate the workmen. This is an indication of cowardice. Peaceful persuasion is always permissible, but strikers or other persons have no right to intimidate by assault, nasty or vulgar language, or by insulting women, the wives of men who want to work. Any man has a right to go to work and the striker has a right to stay away if he feels like it. No one is forcing him to go to work."

The famous Dickens inn, "The Leather Bottle," in Cobham, Kent, where the novelist spent his honeymoon and where he wrote parts of the "Pickwick Papers," is advertised for sale.

If there is one thing in the world, says the Boston Transcript, that is nearer zero than the German mark it is the sorrow of the world at Germany's self-inflicted calamities.

Senator Henri de Jouvenel, chief editor of *Le Matin*, has been appointed French delegate to the League of Nations to succeed René Viviani, who has recently resigned.

A descendant of one of the most ancient Italian families, the Duchess Stella de Lante, has entered the American movie field. She has a part in "The Masquerader" with Guy Bates Post.

Miss Thelma Leonore Harrell of Savannah, Georgia, is the youngest Portia in the United States, probably anywhere. Miss Harrell, who is seventeen, was recently admitted to the bar in both state and Federal courts in Georgia, after studying law while yet in high school.

The people of Milan, where Pope Pius was archbishop before his election, have presented him with an automobile of the latest Italian model. It is mauve colored and bears the papal coat-of-arms on the doors, surmounted by the triple crown and the pontifical keys. The Pontiff, it is said, will use the car within the Vatican gardens. Cardinals of late years have been possessors of gas-propelled cars, but it is not strange Pius is the first Pope to own an automobile. Vatican officials have remarked the change from relatively recent time, when ecclesiastics were forbidden even to ride bicycles.

Claude West, the French impressionist and the last of his school, is to be given the signal honor of a national appropriation for a museum to house his works. The only parallel case is that of Rodin, and even in the case of the greatest of modern sculptors the Hotel de Biron was transformed into the Musée Rodin only after the sculptor's death. The French government, despite its straitened circumstances, has granted an appropriation of a million francs to convert the Orangerie of the Tuileries Gardens into an annex to the Luxembourg and a residence for a great Monet collection. Claude Monet has now reached the venerable age of eighty-two and is said to shake his head as regretfully over radical tendencies in modern art as his elder contemporaries did over the extreme radicalism introduced by Monet, Renoir, and other impressionists.

The new prime minister of Austria, and the first regulation premier since the revolution of 1919, is a priest, Dr. Ignatz Seipel. Dr. Seipel, who belongs to the old school of Austrian politics, first became eminent in state affairs in 1916 and '17, when he was a great favorite of the ex-Empress Zita. At that time, prior to the revolution, he was minister of education, a not unusual post for a papal prelate in Catholic countries. (The Hungarian minister for education is also a priest, Dr. Voss.) Dr. Seipel began life as a practicing priest in Vienna, became a professor of religion in Salzburg, and later a lecturer on theology in the University of Vienna. Then came his court connection, which ended with the fall of the monarchy under the socialist revolution in 1919. However, the same year he was elected to the National Assembly, where he became prominent as an opponent to the social democrats. Dr. Seipel soon became the leading spokesman for the Danubian Federation policy, which opposed union with Germany. With the fourth and final fall of the Schober government Dr. Seipel, as the leader of the opposition, almost automatically became premier. He is said to be the first priest to head a government since one was prime minister of Holland a hundred years ago.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, whose new novel, "This Freedom," is being awaited with considerable interest in this country, where his previous book, "If Winter Comes," is in its 377th thousand, owns to India as the place of his birth, in common with Thackeray and Rudyard Kipling. His father held the rank of general upon his retirement, and naturally he brought up young Arthur in the expectation of having him enter the military service in India. When the critical moment of exams came Hutchinson was turned down on account of defective eyesight. The parental resolution was nothing daunted, and the young man agreed with it to the extent of taking up the study of medicine so as to enter the army medical service. It was at about this time that the future author was inoculated with the literary germ, with such ultimately happy results, and A. S. M. Hutchinson, after a period of sending out manuscripts that were mostly unwanted, decided to quit a profession that did not attract him, and break into the newspaper game in London. He succeeded so well that at the outburst of the world war he was editor-in-chief of the London *Daily Graphic*, and the author of three excellent novels. Then he went to France, where, in spite of his conviction that he would never write another novel, the characters of "If Winter Comes" began to circulate in his busy brain, and shortly after he was demobilized the book was written. "This Freedom" is the result of two years' steady work.

Genevieve Ward, American tragedienne, recently died in England at the age of eighty-five. Miss Ward, who was born in New York, March 27, 1837, was the daughter of Colonel Samuel Ward and granddaughter of Gideon Lee, one time mayor of New York. She studied singing in Paris and in Italy and began her operatic career in 1856 in Milan, where her success as a singer was assured. Returning to America in 1862,

she went to Cuba, where an unfortunate attack of diphtheria deprived her of her voice and brought her singing career to a premature close. In '73 she returned to England to act in Shakespearean repertoire. Her first appearance on the American dramatic stage was at Booth's Theatre, New York, 1878, in a play called "Jane Shore." In 1879 she opened the Lyceum Theatre in London, where she produced "Forget-Me-Not" and "L'Aventuriere." In 1881-82 she toured all of the English-speaking countries in her greatest success, "Forget-Me-Not," appearing some 2000 times. She is said to have remarked of the production, "In this play I gave Forbes-Robertson and Sir Herbert Tree their first real chance." Miss Ward had been unhappily married at the age of seventeen to Count Constantine de Guerbel of Russia, from whom she soon separated. She did not remarry. Miss Ward was an ardent sports-woman and an amateur artist. She wrote with Richard Whiteing "Before and Behind the Curtain." On her birthday last year King George conferred on her the Order of Dame Commander of the British Empire.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Mahogany-Tree.

Christmas is here;  
Winds whistle shrill,  
Icy and chill,  
Little care we;  
Little we fear  
Weather without,  
Sheltered about  
The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs  
Birds of rare plumage  
Sang, in its bloom;  
Night-birds are we;  
Here we carouse,  
Singing, like them,  
Perched round the stem  
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit,—  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.  
Life is but short,—  
When we are gone,  
Let them sing on,  
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,  
Happy as this;  
Faces we miss,  
Pleasant to see.  
Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to your dust!  
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
Lurks at the gate;  
Let the dog wait;  
Happy we'll be!  
Drink, every one;  
Pile up the coals;  
Fill the red bowls,  
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup,—  
Friend, art afraid?  
Spirits are laid  
In the Red Sea.  
Mantle it up;  
Empty it yet;  
Let us forget,  
Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite;  
Leave us tonight,  
Round the old tree!

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

## Jaffar.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,  
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,  
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;  
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,  
Ordained that no man living from that day  
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.  
All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show  
How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
And facing death for very scorn and grief  
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square  
Where once had stood a happy house, and there  
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar  
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man  
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began  
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;  
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;  
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;  
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great.  
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.  
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"  
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it  
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,  
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

—Leigh Hunt.



## AN IMPERIAL BOGEY HUNT.

One More Political Critic Has a Case of Nerves About the British Empire.

When in our carefree youth we read the fancy—fantasy it seemed—of the British historian who, looking forward, saw a savage from some South Sea empire leaning on a crumbling portion of London Bridge and viewing, philosophically, the ruins of London, we thrilled with the dramatic possibilities of a distant future. Little did we wot that the war and its attendant evils would act as a fast motion camera in unrolling the scenes of any such future into the very present. Fortunately the savage and the fragmentary architecture are still safely lodged in the far beyond, which is their heritage. Or perhaps they were only historic license.

A critic who writes anonymously and whose publishers say he is a colonial with a distinguished British army record in France, Italy, Egypt, and Palestine, and who has spent much time studying the political *status quo* in England, has summed up the situation as he sees it in "England?", a book whose argument is that English and imperial leadership has passed out of the hands of Englishmen and that the cause of England's trouble was inherent in the nature of her imperial rise, the war of course being a powerful adjuvant. Like Lord Bryce, "an Overseas Englishman," as the author of "England?" anonymously signs himself, sees a parallel between the British and Roman empires:

The cause of the declension of Rome was the overlaying of the national by the imperial character. England, who has given so much, who has spent herself in the service of the world, is now destined to receive. And how many there are who are ready to assist the "weary Titan," to seat themselves in the seats of the mighty; to buy and break up the estates of the class which made England great, to relieve them of their books, pictures, and heirlooms, to transact their affairs, deck themselves with their titles, belong to their exclusive clubs—see them pressing forward to crush the Englishness out of social England. Forty pages each week in *Country Life* alone of announcements of ancestral mansions for sale.

England today is suffering from blood poisoning. The nation is not organically unsound. She is sick because she is not herself: there is far too great an infusion of foreign matter in her blood. She seeks seclusion, unity with herself. Beneath all the crudity and vulgarity, ugliness and unrest which disfigure London and the English towns, there is a soul in travail. It is, because of the very depth of its distress, strangely inarticulate. If it find expression, it is rarely in the public press, or in the utterances of the jaunty and successful politicians who alone seem to have the public ear; but you may catch notes of the national anguish in occasional speeches or letters to the *Times* of the responsible heads of the old English families. Or perhaps in the guardedly ironic deliverances of Dean Inge. Listen closer, and you may find that the heart-cry is not confined to the dukes faced with the necessity of quitting their ancestral palaces or the nobles horrified at Mr. Lloyd George's surrender to Ireland. You may surprise it in the decorous seclusion of the homes of the real English, who, in hall or hamlet, have somehow managed to keep themselves and their manners, and ideals—aye, and their sorrows, to themselves. They are not parading the sacrifice of their young manhood throughout Europe. Their one passionate desire is to be themselves—to be English.

One is reminded of Maurice Hewlett's claim in his recent "Wiltshire Essays" that the real hope of England lies with the English peasant—the backbone of the country. An Overseas Englishman allows the habitants of halls as well as hamlets in his eclectic group of the true English, but like Hewlett he would bar the superficial smart cosmopolite from the fold. The latter of course has assisted in English embarrassment:

Not only to rural England is the passing of the old families a great blow, because with all their *laissez-faire* and feudal pretensions they and their beautiful buildings and parks were an asset to the nation. They served to redress the balance between rural and urban life. The castle, hall, and manor were rallying places for the people of the countryside who will not be disposed to give to Sir Herbert Higgs or Sir Montagu Finkelstein the loyalty and personal affection they gave their predecessors. And it is just possible, as time goes on, that Higgs and Finkelstein will find that they have made a bad bargain—that the game of being country gentlemen is not worth the candle.

We piously hope so, but there have been other roots of trouble in England long before the war and its profiteers were dreamed of. Neither, in fact, were responsible for the unfitness of the recruits which the former called out. Of course that was after the destruction of the flower of English youth which the early days of the war so relentlessly demolished. But every nation has its unfit, and stature is a poor test of stability. Our gloomy author seems to enjoy such gloom as this:

The percentages of rejections for the army were alarming. In spite of the repeated lowerings of the standard of height and chest measurement, the cadres could not be filled with able-bodied recruits, until at last it seemed as if England was degenerating into what the prime minister called a "C3 population." The rejections per centum on a single day in Birmingham reached as high as seventy-three as compared with a maximum of nine for recruits at the French recruiting stations at Lyons or Bordeaux. But far better than a perusal of the evidence given in official reports and in the newspaper articles of the time was a personal inspection of the English conscripted regiments, not in battle, when their psychological state affected their bearing, but on the march, when they could be reviewed in the mass. The degeneration which had set in from the earlier armies, whether they were compared with the French, the Scotch, or the Irish, was painfully manifest. The superb first hundred thousand had perished, and the government was now drawing upon the masses—the general average of the nation.

The stature of the Guards had descended from five feet ten

inches to five feet eight, then to five feet six inches. One regiment was composed of Englishmen scarce a man of whom stood over five feet. The elite, amounting to perhaps one-hundredth of the available male population, had disappeared, and the nation at large was now under arms in the field.

Our author seeks a broader cause for the prevalence of undersizedness and general mediocrity even in the later armies. The overseas Englishman seems to place at least some of the blame on the over-colonization that raged during the nineteenth century. The very force that was to make England an empire and that was to prevent the sun from setting on the Union Jack was, in this dreary view, eating into the native morale:

Whether it was in India, in North America, in Africa, the tragedy went on that was to form England's magnificent epic of overseas colonization. The world is apt to forget now the warnings that went up again and again to the youth of England: "It is not worth it." "Failure and death are certain." It seemed as if a demon of perversity had seized upon the soul of this island people. I need scarce burden these pages with instances. They began in 1609 and have continued to the present day. There is the tale of the Gold Coast—from which in 1871 even the hardy Dutch had retired forever. After the Ashanti war, Sir Henry Brackenbury solemnly adjured England to abandon the whole region.

Even so, inferior as the later armies were in measurement and general physique, they contrasted not unfavorably with the French. If the ratio of refusals at the same time was seventy-three English to about nine French, we can only conclude that the French requirements were laxer. Poor France! Perhaps she was not squeamish when numbers seemed the only thing that could save her from her mortal enemy. But though the following paragraph wrings one's heart with pity for the state of France, one is nevertheless relieved that English deterioration is not so great as the excerpt above on the Birmingham refusals would imply:

The Great War furnished to two countries—France and England—striking revelations of national misconceptions. The French, with a historic reputation for physical tenacity and spiritual buoyancy, sent legion after legion of corpulent fatalists into the field. I remember standing on a wayside hillock in Picardy noting for a living day the marching of infantry and cavalry, and the demeanor of the French troops. They passed in review like the legendary levies of the Covenanters. Sturdy, dour, silent, shambling—they would have justified the metaphor of the pacifist of "sheep being led to the slaughter." In another part of the countryside the English hosts came on—horse, foot, and artillery—slender, raw-boned, small, smiling men, vociferous in song. The comparison arose inevitably to the mind—of schoolboys and apprentices released from toil. Yet they were marching to the trenches. Such were the men whose bulk and phlegm had been for centuries contrasted with the dapper vivacity of their Gallic neighbors!

But all of this has nothing to do with political decline, which is the main thesis of an overseas Englishman's book. We have been delving beneath the political decline to its causes, of which colonization is so great a factor. And if the home-grown English troops suffered because of the colonization spirit of the last century the British army did not. An overseas Englishman admits with pride:

There was nothing more striking in the war than the fact that not one of the native races which had experienced German rule volunteered to fight for Germany, while there was not one race that had come under the even-handed justice of British rule which has not demanded with passionate loyalty to be led against the common enemy by English officers.

One of the great factors in the view expounded in our colonial's book is the agricultural and industrial situation. He points out that for the greater part of a century England had been a great wheat exporter, specifically between 1688 and 1760. And up to 1840 she could balance the increase of her population with an adequate increase in wheat. About 1840 to 1850 was the turning point:

In the middle of the century, when English agriculture reached its zenith, the relative yield of the soil was greater than that of any other country. England was the world's master farmer, and her methods were eagerly studied on the spot and adopted by foreigners. Today it is only in respect to the quality of her live-stock that she has anything to teach the foreign farmer. In the course of forty years or so, three and a half million acres have passed from arable to grass—and in spite of the enormous increase of the urban population, there are 250,000 fewer men on the land.

With a population of forty millions England only grows food for sixteen millions. She finds herself in the abject position of requiring the world to feed her in exchange for goods which other nations show an increasing disinclination to take on her own terms, and has thus created for herself a dangerous and precarious position.

And with the fall of national farming and the rise of manufacture the seeds of weakness were sown. With factories and their products came advertising. English taste and digestion would appear to be doomed, and with them culture in the aesthetic sense and the sound mind that inhabits a sound body. But we are outstripping the Colonial Britisher, who here chiefly laments the effect on journalism:

The *Times*, as every other journal, has to see its columns profaned and vulgarized by the intrusion of matter in the wrong place. If the aesthetic sense is not outraged by the juxtaposition of the pictorial announcement of some dress-maker or soap-boiler with the obituary notice of a statesman or an essay on Einstein, it is because of the hardening effect of custom. Posterity will regard this phenomenon with different eyes. It robs the journal of its dignity, of any pretense to literary unity. It is as if a malicious urchin were to scrawl a slang couplet across a dignified official proclamation. How can the mind retain its concentration and singleness, if it is asked at the same time and in adjoining columns suavely in the one and stridently in the other to consider the details of female underclothing and an exposition of the pragmatic philosophy of William James?

With the gradual relinquishment of the work best

suited to the national genius, agriculture, came a deterioration in the native genius for work. They did not take kindly to factories, and perhaps it is at this very point that we tap a hidden cause of British trouble. Money accumulated too readily. Goldsmith's dirge rings portentously in one's head. Ill fares the land, indeed, where wealth accumulates and men decay. Today the idea of a Fijian on Brooklyn bridge sketching the ruins of New York's skyline is grotesque enough, but perhaps it is not amiss to bear the analogy in mind. We refer it at least to the thoughtful few who see the futility of wealth at all costs.

People need incentive to work. That is probably why history moves in cycles. At any rate the war proved an incentive, but alas, not a lasting one:

The decline in national industry was spectacularly arrested by the war, when the whole nation put its heart and soul into the work of achieving victory. For a space of four years it was again the old England. Work became an ecstasy; idleness a reproach. No task was too arduous or too humble not to attract swarms of votaries. The rewards were great, but more than money was a return of the old sense of accomplishment and the joy of emulation. Victory came; and almost immediately the English nation fell back into the evil ways, the miserable shirking, the distrust of capital, the foolish demands that an industry should pay them more than the industry was worth to those who initiated and organized it; and then, the criminal strikes, the menaces, and the feverish unrest, leading finally to such economic dislocation and unemployment on such a vast scale that two million idlers became pensioners on the bounty of the government. Then was the shameful spectacle seen of thousands of sturdy men and women refusing employment when it was offered, preferring to accept the dole of the richer and more industrious classes. No wonder that General Booth of the Salvation Army, who has spent his life amongst the industrial classes, should point out the grave consequences of this policy upon the character of the English workman.

Pausing for a moment in our frenzied search for symptoms and causes of the present embarrassment, we must remark that though that argument is the theme of "England?" it does not monopolize the attention of its author. A minor point for which he holds a brief is the misuse of the word British. We have been guilty of it several times in this review. "British," it seems, is a modern contraption devised to spare the feelings of the Scotch, Welsh, Colonials, and Irish. For some reason or other prior to imperial days the three former peoples were content to be called English. One wonders if the Irish were. Doubtless it was immaterial to the Scot what he was called since his nationality could never be hidden anyway and he probably thought he conferred an honor on that of England by answering to it. The overseas Englishman is a little hazy about it and its insidious danger, but there is no mistaking his feeling on the subject. He would like to reinstate the good old terms England and the English.

In a chapter on English character, in which the author shows considerable psychological acumen, he sums up his countrymen as follows:

If the English character in general can not be understood abroad, it is perhaps because it is not understood at home. The conduct and disposition of the English, their tastes and their prejudices, have been misconceived and misrepresented by their own social and political leaders. A Frenchman instinctively understands France; a German understands Germany; sometimes even an American statesman understands America; but British annals for the past century are full of examples of great men and great parties who failed to understand England.

If one does not possess the secret, what contradictions the English as a race present! One does not know where to have them. This observer says they are fundamentally sentimental; another that they have laughed their sentimentalists out of court. They are a great commercial country, and yet the least commercially-minded people on earth: a nation of shopkeepers, and a nation of idealists. They are proud, and yet what race shows such humility? They are not artistic or literary, and yet they have produced the greatest masterpiece of art and literature. No one calls the English witty, and yet their wit is perhaps greater in content than that of any other nation. They are proverbially lazy—yet by the sweat of their brow and the force of their muscle they have altered the face of the planet. Rigid and conservative, no people have run harder and longer after novelty. No wonder that the baffled foreigner fails to understand such inconsistency.

We have rather deliberately swung over to a contemplation of this lighter side of the book before quitting, to relieve the tension that one feels after a prolonged study of England's woes. It is not a pessimistic study. We feel that the overseas Englishman has not overstated the facts. He does not even state them bitterly. He merely records a crisis and his peroration is not unoptimistic:

But what power—what prophet is to awaken the sickly millions in England—to bring about a moral and hygienic revolution? What sudden and universal flash of insight is to come to the nation, revealing to the industrial masses that their whole organization and practice of daily life is wrong, that they can no longer with impunity herd in cities and take their daily bread from "vans and cans and chemical works," that dirt and disease destroy the body and addiction to cheap pleasures degrades the soul?

We have not hazarded a guess at the identity of an overseas Englishman, though we assume he is a Canadian. He is probably not a professional writer. His style has the inequality of one not used to this medium of expression and his argument, while it is all there and the sympathetic reader extracts it easily enough, is not presented as forcibly as it might be. However, it is a sincere little book, and if its form is not quite professional it is none the less vital and significant.

ENGLAND? By an Overseas Englishman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 26, 1922, were \$135,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$112,000,000; an increase of \$23,800,000.

Basic conditions have not changed during the last thirty days. The normal midsummer slackening in business has been less noticeable than usual, despite the fact that the railroad and coal strikes have continued to exert an adverse effect, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

Evidence of the steadiness with which all

theless difficult to see how serious traffic congestion can be avoided.

Wholesale trade in most lines is satisfactory. It is apparent that retailers are continuing their policy of conservative orders, but reports from all parts of the country indicate that a good autumn business is expected. The most recent crop reports, together with the fact that aside from men out on strike, there are now fewer unemployed workers in the United States than at any time since the beginning of the business recession of 1920, amply justify this expectation.

The iron and steel industry is being increasingly affected by the difficulties arising from the coal and railroad strikes, but aside from the effects of the labor situation, the outlook for the industry on the basis of unfilled orders and other evidences of demand is for stable business to the close of the year. While no marked changes have occurred in conditions in the various divisions of the textile industry, there has been a gradual recovery in New England from strike conditions. A slightly improved demand for broad silks is in evidence. Operations in the boot and shoe industry and other sections of leather manufactures are expanding. The automobile and tire industries have not as yet shown as much seasonal curtailment as was expected. The machine tool industry is about holding even and a steady although restricted distribution of agricultural implements continues. Demand is fair and a reasonable activity prevails in many special lines, such as electrical apparatus, household utilities, and furniture.

Aside from temporary fluctuations, money rates have shown no change during the last thirty days and easy conditions prevail in all sections of the money market. Prime

commercial paper rules at 4 to 4 1/4 per cent. There is only a very small amount of paper moving, and with a few exceptions buyers are disposed to insist on rates somewhat better than 4 per cent. Demand from country banks is especially poor, being even less than at the corresponding season a year ago. Banks in financial centres outside New York have been buying some paper, but most New York City banks have not been active purchasers.

Call money has fluctuated considerably from day to day without any marked general trend, and there has been no notable change in the volume of loans on stocks and bonds as reported to the Federal Reserve Board either by the banks of New York City or elsewhere. Renewal rate on August 15th was 3 1/2 per cent. Time money ruled at 4 per cent. for ninety days and 4 1/4 per cent. for four to six months.

The brokers' selling rate on prime sixty to ninety-day bankers' acceptances is 3 per cent., the rate being the same as thirty days ago. The volume of transactions is comparatively small.

The attitude of comparative indifference with which, until recently, the troubles in the coal fields have been viewed by California, while natural, even excusable, is lamentable. For all that concerns even one state is the concern of all, and happenings that represent calamity to a large number of our citizens can not wisely be ignored by any, says R. Berkeley of Strassburger & Co.

The effects on transportation and all the basic industries are now coming home to every Californian, touching each one of us as they do through their bearing on the cost of nearly everything we use.

Discussion of the viewpoints of the two parties to the struggle is as unwise as it is unnecessary. The issues lie deeper and any words tending to inflame passions can not fail to have serious consequences for all of

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classes of goods have been moving is the fact that carloadings for the month of July, exclusive of coal, were one-fourth greater than such loadings for July, 1921, and lacked very little of reaching the total for August, 1920, the highest recorded month for American railroads. Equally convincing evidence of the remarkable maintenance of business activity is the total of debits to individual accounts as reported by member banks to the Federal Reserve Board, which were 13 per cent.

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higher for the week ending August 9, 1922, than for the corresponding week in 1921.

On the basis of freight movement thus far in 1922, an unprecedented strain on the capacity of the railroads seems certain in the autumn as a result of the expected expansion of business, the delayed movement of coal, and the marketing of large crops. The roads have ordered more than 100,000 cars during the year, and have steadily improved their facilities in other ways, but it is never-

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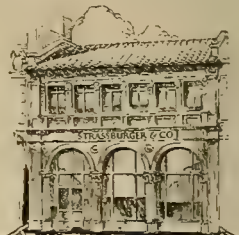
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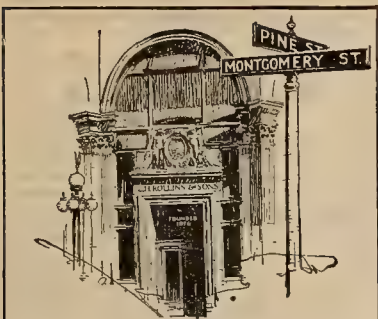


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of the world are justified in using. What we can not afford has yet to be discovered. Certainly we can not afford to bear the blood-guilt of injustice to any of our citizens.

If under present conditions a reasonable return to capital investment is not assured, it will not be a question of our obligations to capital. Coal will in that case not be produced by individual effort. For investment can not be forced.

There is another alternative, government control. Alien to the spirit of American ideals, this can never be an attractive solution of the difficulties.

The way to permanent peace lies in the temporary shutting down of some of the mines, insuring to those who work the remainder a wage that provides for a good standard of living—such as every American has always expected and deserved—and a fair return to capital investment.

Our consequent obligation to the workers who may therefore be forced to seek other

employment is one we should accept without murmuring.

The William R. Staats Company is offering \$250,000 Planada Fruit Farms, Inc., first mortgage ten-year sinking fund 7 per cent. bonds, due November 1, 1932. Price 101 and interest, yielding about 6.85 per cent. These bonds are tax exempt in California and the company agrees to pay normal Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. The bonds are secured by 1924 acres of fertile fruit lands adjoining the town of Planada on the main line of the Santa Fé Railroad in Merced County. Approximately 894 acres of the land have been sold under contracts of sale for the face sum of \$464,554, and \$159,095 have been paid on such contracts, leaving a balance of \$305,459 due by purchasers to the Planada Fruit Farms.

Something like 10,000,000 or more gross tons, out of a total of 62,000,000 total world tonnage, is now idle, or between 15 and 20 per cent., according to information gathered on the New York *Herald's* shipping page. The United States Shipping Board's idle fleet accounts for 4,625,000 of the idle tonnage. British shipping has been nearly as much affected as American. It is estimated that "1,900,000 tons of British shipping is eating its head off in idleness, or 10 per cent. of the total merchant marine of the kingdom." Further facts on the world situation are given: "Although the tonnage laid up is not generally the most efficient, the average value of the idle vessels is estimated at not less than \$45 a gross ton. Thus the total capital involved the world over is in excess of \$450,000,000. Based on costs of construction, the figure would be much higher, as much of the tonnage, especially that of the Shipping Board, was built after 1915 and at the peak of building costs."

In the interim between the spring rise and the expected fall boom the stock market has settled down to a rather meaningless series of trading sessions. Traders who ordinarily swing large-sized blocks of stock have, as a rule, taken profits on that portion of their holdings which would require constant watching and are holidaying at some distance from Wall Street. One of the largest operators recently sailed for Europe. If the market breaks, large-calibre operators will likely be

buyers of stocks; or, if the market shows signs of forging ahead again, they will undoubtedly return to the street to take part in the next extensive movement, says J. G. Donley, Jr., in *Forbes Magazine*.

In other words, the stock market has been left to take care of itself, and, considering the occasionally alarming reports from the strike centres, the repeated disappointments over rumored early settlement of one or the other strike, the renewed collapse of the market, England's disturbing note to France on the question of inter-Allied debt settlements, and various other events calculated to restrain enthusiasm, it has performed very creditably. Average prices of industrial and railroad stocks, and the general average for the market have reached new high levels. In the meantime, the daily volume of trading has dropped from above a million shares to between 500,000 and 800,000.

If it were definitely known that either the coal strike or the railroad strike were destined to continue long enough to seriously retard the recovery in business, the market's movement would certainly be due for some reversal. But, although it can not be definitely affirmed that the strikes will not have serious results upon business, the average trader will not risk a short sale nor the loss of his position on the long side of what is now generally recognized as a major bull movement, in the face of the possibility of an overnight settlement of one or both of the labor disturbances. Other factors being bullish, Wall Street never takes the bear side on strikes, because, while no one can predict how long a strike will last, every one knows that it may be settled in the course of a ten-minute conference.

The greatest cause for concern about the current dealings lies in the fact that it is almost impossible to find a bear in Wall Street. Practically without exception everybody is bullish. Those who talk about the market in commission houses, writers of brokerage market letters, financial editors of New York and out-of-town papers, and important bankers, business men, economists, and speculators—all are bullish. Perhaps this unanimity of opinion, more than anticipation of the usual summer dullness, has induced several big traders to reduce their holdings and leave the market to its own devices. In their judgment it is a market in which to ride lightly

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and await developments, no matter how sure they may be that the longer trend will be upwards. Experience has taught them that bull markets are not immune from sudden, sharp reactions.

The best course for the ordinary trader would seem to be to follow this plan, taking profits on that part of his holdings that have had wide advances and being prepared to take on additional stocks in the event of either a reaction or a pronounced and unmistakable renewal of the main upward movement.

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of their rise to date, the best group of stocks to hold is the rails. In this group, St. Paul common is showing signs of heavy accumulation, and it would not be surprising within the next two years to see this stock retrace the ground that it lost so swiftly in 1917, when it began its long decline from around the 90 level. Southern Railway is another low-priced issue that has been consistently accumulated and which, owing to the industrial and agricultural rehabilitation of the South on an inspiring scale, as recently told in *Forbes* by Editor Edmonds of the *Manufacturers Record*, holds the promise of considerably higher prices before the major bull movement has run its course. St. Louis & Southwestern common, with earnings of over \$9 a share last year and the promise of \$10 or \$12 this year, is also worth buying and holding.

Other medium and low-priced rails that are sufficiently attractive to hold strongly to are Baltimore & Ohio, Kansas City Southern, Pere Marquette, Rock Island, and St. Louis-San Francisco.

The standard dividend-paying rails, responding to buying coming largely from far-sighted investors, have with fair regularity been moving into new high ground. In this group, Union Pacific, on account of its relatively high yield, is unusually attractive. Others that should be bought for a long pull are Atchison, Atlantic Coast Line, Illinois Central, Louisville & Nashville, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, and Southern Pacific.

Copper metal has held quite firm during the dull summer months, and while production is slowly increasing there is every indication that an improved demand in the fall will result in rising quotations. Stocks in this group that may be bought to hold for substantially higher prices include Anaconda, Chile, Cerro de Pasco, Kennecott, Inspiration, Miami, Ray, and Utah.

A further outbreak of the price war in the motor industry has caused some shading of prices in that group, but the shares of companies that are strongly situated and which will gain through the elimination of weaker units aimed at in the price-slashing campaign are very likely to recover sharply from their present reaction when the fall advance starts in the general market. The best judgment is that Studebaker is better to buy than to sell. Chandler Motors is apparently not accomplishing the sales or earnings records that were predicted earlier in the year. General Motors, on the other hand, is doing better than some of its friends predicted a few months ago. Maxwell Motors stocks have been badly managed in the market, although earnings have fully come up to forecasts, and it is to be expected that these stocks will sooner or later adequately discount the company's strong financial and revenue position.

Specialties that seem to have possibilities of further bulling in the next upward swing are National Lead, U. S. Realty & Improvement, Associated Dry Goods, Sears-Roebuck, Central Leather, American Hide & Leather, Goodrich Rubber, American Beet Sugar, Westinghouse Electric, Western Union, American Can, and Endicott-Johnson.

Brazil will celebrate on September 7, 1922, the centenary of its independence.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Several publishers have commented during the past year on the return of the historical novel. Probably there never has been a specific era of the historical novel, the nineteenth-century fad for them being rather a Scott rage. But the novel based on authentic facts is assuredly coming into its own as writers are more and more realizing that truth is stranger than fiction. It may be remarked that many of the greatest have capitalized the ready-made drama of history, but the significant thing about the new historical novel is that it does not merely borrow the panoply of history; it revokes the dead and awakens the past. That is to say, it does in a few brilliant examples, chief among which are the Baroness Aminoff's marvelous Napoleonic series. Nothing more formidable than an exhaustive study of Napoleon by the average historical novelist can be imagined. Treated by the majority of them it would be deadly. But if there ever has been a great historical novelist that person is Léonie Aminoff. Those who read "Revolution," the first of the Torchlight series, thought that her high level of achievement in what was then to be the first novel of a trilogy could not possibly last through the second and third volumes. We raved over "Revolution," but looked forward to its two sequels with fear and doubt. Now the second volume, "Love," has been published (E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$2), and it seems that Mme. Aminoff has changed her plan and intends writing, not three Napoleonic books, but a dozen, and having read "Love," we are now *qui vive* for the remaining ten. We do not pretend to even know how she does it. She must have as a seventh sense Henry James' "sense of the past." History is more alive to her than the present is to most of us, but that is her secret.

The third volume of Professor Thomson's "The Outline of Science" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has appeared rather shortly on the heels of the second. Volume 3 of this "plain story simply told" introduces the layman to psychic science, the new applied sciences of telegraphy, telephony, flying, and modern chemistry, biology, botany, meteorology, and so on. Those who had the foresight to subscribe for this set can flatter themselves on their perspicacity, and those who did not can be impatient trying to make good the deficit. It is certainly an invaluable reference work of popular science which all young people, in particular, should have access to. The work when complete in four volumes will aim to cover the field of modern scientific development, and Professor Thomson's efforts have been so successful and his accomplishment is at once so masterly and simple that it is well warranted to enlighten the unscientific and illuminate the initiate.

It is a day of dramatic as well as other unrest, many critics, including Maurice Baring, favoring a revival of the puppet show. In a recent review of the subject Mr. Baring commented on the superior lifelikeness of marionettes to ordinary actors, who conversely always suggest puppets. And a great American dramatic authority has expressed the opinion that all actors should be replaced by the wooden dolls and their guiding strings. Certainly the discriminating agree that Tony Sarg's marionette shows are superior, for instance, to the average stock company. In reality they are superior to any but the most finished acting, as they are artistic, and most dramatic performances are not. The talent is often there, but unlike Mr. Sarg's dolls, which can be made to do anything their stage manager wishes, the average actor is both untrained and unmanageable. A solution of the theatrical debacle might be found in a return to the classical tradition, not necessarily the Greek tradition. A picture of the typical commercial road show converted to the classical cause flits dizzily before one. But of course we are speaking abstractly and with reference to an ideal richer than the American dollar. The book that has suggested these fragmentary comments is a handsome volume by Kate Buss called "Studies in the Chinese Drama" (The Four Seas Company; \$5). Miss Buss' scholarly representation of the cult of the drama in China has fired us with a great yearning for a similar Occi-

dental institution. The ambition is probably a vain one. "Studies in the Chinese Drama" is nevertheless a beautiful contribution to dramatic literature. R. G.

### Notes of Books and Authors.

A number of monographs relating to the various bureaus and commissions of the United States government are being published for the Institute for Government Research by D. Appleton & Co. Five volumes have appeared recently and several more are to be issued. The titles of this week's publications are "The United States Bureau of Mines," "The Alaskan Engineering Commission," "The Federal Trade Commission," "The United States Tariff Commission," "The Federal Board for Vocational Education," and "The United States Steamboat Inspection Service." The monographs aim to give, first, the history of the establishment and development of each service; second, its functions, described by detailing its specific activities; third, its organization for the handling of these activities; fourth, the character of its plant; fifth, a compilation of or reference to the laws and regulations governing its operations; sixth, financial statements of its appropriations, expenditures, etc.

The Duttons have ready for immediate publication a new volume in their musical series, the Musician's Bookshelf, in which are already listed half a dozen or more volumes of deepest interest to musicians of all kinds. This new volume is on "Pedaling in Piano-forte Music," and is the work of Algernon H. Lindo, an English authority upon that instrument. He thinks that the correct management of the pedals is of the greatest consequence in piano-forte playing, calls it, indeed, a "subtle art," and devotes a long introductory chapter to the exposition of the principles of pedaling, the remainder of the book dealing with the practical application of those principles and with the special pedal treatment required for certain periods and composers. The text carries apt musical illustrations.

The twenty-five books which were chosen by the American Library Association and the National Educational Association as a model "two-foot bookshelf" for children were recently on exhibition at Columbia University. Harper & Brothers call attention to their Louis Rhead editions of several of these books: "Arabian Nights," Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, "Robinson Crusoe," and "Treasure Island," and to their Holiday Edition of "Tom Sawyer," which is illustrated in color by Worth Brehm. Harpers are the exclusive publishers of another book included in this model list, "Boy's Life of Roosevelt," by Herman Hagedorn.

Alfredo Panzini, whose masterpiece, "Wanted—A Wife" ("Io Cerco Moglie"), is soon to appear in an admirable English version by Frederic Taber Cooper, is one of the foremost Italian novelists, and the only one possessed with that subtle humor which is more often associated with the Anglo-Saxon than the Latin mind. The London *Times* calls this novel an Italian "Kipps." The authorized translation of this book will bear the imprint of Nicholas L. Brown.

Another volume of reminiscences by G. B. Burgin, "More Memoirs and Some Travels," is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. His "Memoirs of a Clubman," which the Duttons brought out in the early summer, is a peculiarly entertaining narrative of memories and good stories by a man who has known literary London almost all his life, and as editor, author, and clubman has numbered among his friends most of the English men and women of letters for the past thirty years.

T. M. Longstreth in his new travel book, "The Laurentians," tells about a visit to the house of the heroine of "Maria Chapdelaine." Mr. Longstreth was up in Canada last year gathering material for his own book, and was surprised to learn that Maria was a real person, being now Maria Bedard of Peribonka. Mr. Longstreth describes Maria as he saw her, "nearing-middle-age woman still habited in her Sunday-go-to-mass clothes, whose tendency was toward portliness, but ele-

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gantly, and whose complexion still recalled the rose." Maria dislikes to talk about herself as the heroine of a novel now famous on two continents, but Monsieur Bedard does not mind talking about the novel, its author, and its characters. "Yes," said Monsieur Bedard, "Louis Hémon spent the winter with us, a silent man, and frail. I don't think our winter agreed with him. He said that he was after health and wished to work in the fields. The work in the bush was too hard for him, so he worked with me here, and in the evenings wrote. We did not know that he was writing about us, until one day after he had gone there came three copies of the book. I'm afraid they've all been taken. People will take things, you know."

Illustrated booklets devoted to the life and works of Anatole France and W. B. Maxwell have recently been printed by Dodd, Mead & Co., who will be glad to send copies on request. The same firm also issues booklets about Archibald Marshall, Louis Couperus, Jean Henri Fabre, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Hugh Walpole has written a new novel, "The Cathedral," which is to be ready for English publication in September.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Peacemakers, Blessed and Otherwise

One of the peacemakers—blessed, not otherwise—in Miss Tarbell's book on the Washington Conference is Miss Tarbell herself. If you don't like Mr. Wilson read Miss Tarbell's account of him riding near the end of the procession on Armistice Day. And if you approve of Mr. Hughes you will approve of him more and like him no whit less. As for President Harding, who of the enlightened will deny Miss Tarbell's words: "Possibly the wisest thing that Mr. Harding has yet done as President has been to let the members of his Cabinet do their own work"? How wonderful if university presidents would take counsel there! And Japan will thank Miss Tarbell for more than fairness to them. Not that she is so at the expense of China. In fact she is very critical of persons who make points by odious comparison. Indeed this temperance of tone extends even to the author's one major irritation—France. France irritated her at Paris and more so at Washington. The best chapters in the book are those explaining France's non-cooperativeness. When Miss Tarbell has explained she does not denounce. It is unnecessary.

As for us, Miss Tarbell thinks very well of our part in the conference, and rightly. But she regrets that we did not take a stand against the submarine traffic. Slips do occur.

Meantime "what the conference seems to prove is that you can get peace by friendly negotiation—that a coöperation of nations is not a dream, that it is a reality."

PEACEMAKERS, BLESSED AND OTHERWISE, BEING OBSERVATIONS, REFLECTIONS AND IMITATIONS AT AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.60.

Facing Reality.

That we are slaves of words and machines; that we are more trivial than the Victorians, given over to sport, politics, 3 o'clocks in the morning, and snobbery; that modern drama, poetry, and novels could be better, and that religion could be better still are the contentions of a new volume by Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, ex-Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and already the author of a history of English patriotism and "The Reconstruction of Mind." The author's purpose in all his books is summed up in his quotation from Blake:

I will not cease from mental fight  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

He would have us learn the way of mental health, attain the will to reality, devote ourselves entirely to peace, and rescue (by way of religion) a world more than half disposed to blow itself to pieces with the latest improved devices.

The author, quite in accord with his belief in reality (not realism), talks to his readers in a style so clear a boy could understand it. Philosophers will find him "popular," but his book is not intended primarily for them, but for the plain man with a strain of the thoughtfulness in him.

One would expect the author when he reaches his conclusion to have more to say than he does of his panacea, religion; but after all his advice to us all to be constantly reborn, to love God and our neighbor, to grasp reality and relinquish egoism, is perhaps sufficient, if followed. Meantime he draws a dark picture of our time; but of that he may say, "There is no need that civilization should perish." It's "up to us." And as for England, "If," says he, "it shall be England's fate to be stripped and crucified for the world's salvation, what more splendid destiny could any patriot decree for her?" None, we answer, save that she live forever to be "a light of leading rare."

FACING REALITY. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

Tradition and Progress.

The opening essay of "Tradition and Progress," a selection of occasional writings on popular subjects, Professor Murray calls "Religio Grammatici: The Religion of a Man of Letters." "The next three essays," says the author, "deal more or less directly with Greek subjects, or rather with the light thrown by particular phases of Greek experience upon modern problems of society and conduct and literature. Then the connection with Greece becomes slighter, and by the end of the book we are dealing directly with modern problems."

Here, in short, is the book of a lover of Greek life, and of modern life before, during, and after the war. It is fitting that the great transcriber of Euripides should interpret the "Bacchæ"; that the war should inspire a study of "Aristophanes and the War Party"; that "The Stoic Philosophy" should in 1915 engage the thoughts of a man of letters; that "The Soul as It Is and How to Deal with It" should take especial account of Gandhi and Stephen Hobhouse; that "Orbis Terrestris" should be a quiet appeal to England to deal nobly with her vast empire; that "Satanism and the World Order" should argue for love against hate in the new world of today; that

"Poesis and Mimesis" (1920) should return to Greece and afford an illuminating interpretation of Aristotle's theory of imitation. In tone the book is temperate, dignified, weighty, and urbane, and rewards a careful reading. Professor Murray, by the way, is not only Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, but was delegate for South Africa to the second assembly of the League of Nations, 1921.

TRADITION AND PROGRESS. By Gilbert Murray. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.

The Abbe Pierre.

Jay William Hudson has drawn a series of delicate portraits dovetailed with another of equally charming countryside genre pieces and called the performance "The Abbe Pierre." This kindly character who lends us his eyes to view the quiet events of his corner of Gascony merits a niche in the gallery of lovable characters in fiction. The reader with a taste for the endearing school of fiction will rejoice in the Abbe Pierre and his pride in Gascony as the cradle of a race capable of producing even in literature the doughty type of D'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac.

The Abbe Pierre is hardly consistent in expressing a fear that with the passing of old brass lamps, battlement walls, and the ancient tumbledowns of the landscape, windmills, there will be nothing left for poets to sing of. From another viewpoint that might be true, but not from the abbe's. For there is nothing more interesting than humanity to visionaries of his stamp. They will always be moved by the homely signs of mankind's presence, whether it is the clank of wooden shoes on the road or a scythe hung by the door. And then there is the everlasting subject of love, which the naive old abbe does not presume to expound. He lacks worldly knowledge. He can only marvel at what seems to him a miracle and ask, what is it? Pathos and humor are merged in this book, which is probably a work of fiction that has come to stay.

ABBE PIERRE. By Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

The Ghost Girl.

In the prosaic city of New York Edgar Saltus unfolds "The Ghost Girl," a story of breathless interest, to which the author has liberally added psychometry, black magic, and materialization. However, he has the originality to omit the hackneyed haunted house. The reader is so amused by the clever manner in which the book is written that he forgets to take cognizance of the chills running up and down his spinal column and which a good ghost story is proverbially supposed to produce. Mr. Saltus' style is perhaps the most interesting feature of his book. His use of what Hugh Walpole terms that most incredible language—the new American tongue—is highly diverting. Saltus is remarkably successful in accomplishing the difficult task of making psychic phenomena plausible and simultaneously producing a good mystery story.

THE GHOST GIRL. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

New Books Received.

THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT. By Ridgwell Culum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90. A story of the wood-pulp trade of Eastern Canada.

AT SIGHT OF GOLD. By Cynthia Lombardi. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A novel of Italy and New York.

THE RED KNIGHT. By Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A romance.

LOVE. By Leonie Aminoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. The sequel to "Revolution."

CHASING AND RACING. By Harding Cox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5. Some sporting reminiscences.

YOUTH AND THE OPEN DOOR. By George Ross Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. The relation of habit and character to success.

FLOWER OF THE WORLD. By Alice Calhoun Haines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A California story.

SOME BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. By H. J. Massingham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5. "The Art of Nature."

ENGLAND. By an overseas Englishman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. "Has the British Empire passed its zenith?"

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. By Claude H. Van Tyne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5. An investigation by the head of the history department in the University of Michigan.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW GRANADA. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4. The story of the life of Ximenes de Quesada and his South American conquests.

THE LADIES. By E. Barrington. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$3.50. The romantic adventures of history's favorite heroines.

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE. Edited by Professor I. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Third volume.

WINTERGREEN. By Janet Laing. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75. A novel.

WEST. By Charles Allen Seltzer. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90. A novel.

SEA WRACK. By Vere Hutchinson. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75. A story of the wild north coast of England.

THE CRUISE OF THE HIPPOCAMPUS. By Alfred F. Loomis. New York: The Century Company; \$2. A sea yarn.

OUTDOOR STORIES. Retold from St. Nicholas. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25. Juvenile.

FOOD PRODUCTS FROM AFAR. By E. H. S. Bailey and H. S. Bailey. New York: The Century Company; \$3. A popular account of fruits and foodstuffs from foreign lands.

LITTLE WOMEN. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50. Popular illustrated edition.

MURICE GUEST. By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50. New edition, with an introduction by Hugh Walpole.

THE CLASH. By Storm Jameson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.90. A war-time novel.

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE. By Edson Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75. A story of the Canadian Northwest.

THE BREATH OF SCANDAL. By Edwin Balmer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.90. A novel.

LARRY CREIGHTON. By Elinor Mordaunt. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.90. A novel.

CAPTAIN BLOOD. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. Another historical novel by the author of "Scaramouche."

MARY LEE. By Geoffrey Dennis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. A novel.

Sailing Vessels.

Says the *Living Age*: "Those of our readers who are interested in maritime affairs may recall a short description of *La France*, the largest sailing vessel in the world, in the *Living Age* of March 18th. She was a five-masted French bark of 5633 tons, built at Bordeaux in 1912. Not long ago she was wrecked on a reef one hundred miles off the west coast of New Caledonia, and is reported to be a total loss. "Originally this vessel had a Diesel engine, but it suffered the fault of many auxiliaries in being 'just big enough to kick her over a calm,' that is, too small for any real use. Consequently it was removed some time ago. Although so large a vessel, her sail spread was relatively small compared with that of our old Yankee clippers. The main



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yard of the *Great Republic*, built in Boston in 1853, was 120 feet; that of *La France* was but ninety feet.

"Hamburger Nachrichten prints an illustrated description of a new sailing vessel of 2400 tons just launched at Bremen. It is notable on account of its rigging. The first and third of its five masts, counting from the bow, are square-rigged, while the remaining three are schooner-rigged, the idea being that her square rig makes her a better sailer when running directly before the wind."



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## "THE FOOL."

They say that it took Channing Pollock a number of years to write this play. And probably he did have his leading idea in his mind—that of a good man trying to follow literally the counsels of Christ in his daily life—during those years in question, and wrote now and again a scene. But for an experienced playwright like Channing Pollock the work lacks unity and continuity, and it looks as if, when Richard Bennett applied to him for a play, he slapped his collected material together in short order, so as to be able to meet the request of the actor.

Mr. Pollock has not been wont to write plays characterized by deep thinking, and the mark of a tyro in unfamiliar territory is on "The Fool." It has echoes in it: faint echoes of "The Stranger in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Not that Mr. Pollock has borrowed from either of those, but they helped to mold his line of thought. The scene in "Overcoat Hall," in the third act, however, recalls Hall Caine's "The Christian," a play which to my mind was superficial and theatrical, in spite of the success it attained and the successful effect producers always contrived with the mob scene.

The man who writes a play built on the theme of "The Fool" should be, like Galsworthy, in the grip of a strong love and pity for humanity. So we feel it as we see or read his plays: "A Little Bit o' Love," "Justice," "The Strike," "The Silver Box," "The Pigeon." There are signs that Mr. Pollock has also been influenced by Galsworthy, and one thinks the better of him for unconsciously showing his appreciation of the man who wrote "The Pigeon," even while we feel that he has not yet attained the intellectual or spiritual stature to write successfully along the same line.

He has had his central idea, but we do not feel a Galsworthian spirit behind the way he carried it out. He is not sufficiently simple and sincere. There is, for such a theme, a certain pettiness in the display of the spite and back-biting exhibited by the church people in the first act. True, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" the characters in the lodging-house show spitefulness and retail venomous gossip, but the scene is not just thrown at you without issue; the whole group is gently, skillfully manipulated by the Stranger's trustfulness toward a final state in which the audience, with melting hearts, feels the beautiful influence. What Mr. Pollock was getting at was the lack of sympathy in a fashionable parish toward the spiritual leader when he tried to follow in the footsteps of Christ. Only, Galsworthy would have simultaneously condemned, loved, and pitied.

Again, in the communings of Daniel Gilchrist with his inner self, when the colloquy in the dark takes place and Gilchrist hears the voice of his soul, or his conscience, or his

diviner self, which, as it turned out, was the voice of God, say to him, "Follow the Master," the thrill of spiritual sympathy, if such there was, could not but be chilled by the purely theatrical device of throwing a small spotlight on a bearded face surrounded with flowing hair; presumably that of Christ.

In the "Overcoat Hall" scene—located in the resort for down-and-outers started by Gilchrist when he finds that he and the church do not want each other—there is certainly opportunity for dramatic effect, and many, viewing the number of odd and out-of-the-way characterizations introduced by the author, would say that he has fully availed himself of it. He has, in a way. The spectator is interested, entertained. But somehow the sympathies are not thoroughly reached.

Take the character of the crippled child, Mary Margaret, for instance. Jenny Wren probably had a share in her creation, although her function in the play took her quite away eventually from Dickens' conception. But in "The Fool," Mary Margaret—as no doubt Jenny Wren would be, also—was of the theatre theatrical.

In this scene there were women in lowly walks of life, one of them a silken-clad Magdalen in the grip of a consuming love for the young minister. She comes to warn the young disciple of the Christ doctrine that her deserted husband, thinking him responsible for her fall, has come to kill him. Hence the mob scene.

This scene is very carefully worked up, with yells, scuffles, wild excitement, culminating in a miracle—without any relevancy—by which Mary Margaret, after a wild, audible prayer, is cured of her lameness.

In the last act the ex-lovers—Gilchrist had a sweetheart, who abandoned him in favor of a wealthy suitor who did not throw his money away on the poor, like the young disciple—have one of their peculiarly dry scenes. She comes to tell him she still loves him, but his virtue is proof against the assault. Her jealous, dissipated husband is now lame; apparently Mary Margaret has worked off her disability on him. There is a not particularly successful attempt at injecting comedy by having Mary Margaret present the young minister with a hideous chromo, which she greatly admires.

Then, at last, solitude. The disciple of Christ communes with his soul, and through the back of his head Bennett manages to convey to the audience that Gilchrist says to himself, "It is well with my soul, it is well. I am on the right path."

This theme, it will be remembered, Hauptmann, the German dramatist and novelist, handled with much greater effectiveness in a novel called "Johannes" wasn't it? And "The Idiot" is the title of Dostoevsky's novel, also about a man, an epileptic, animated by the spirit of Christ. But both of those writers were always, in their works, moved preëminently by a deep love of humanity.

Richard Bennett is an actor of creditable ambitions, and has appeared a number of times in rôles which show that he has placed his aspirations high. He is of the modern school of acting, and sometimes he is so natural that his meaning is not fully conveyed; particularly when he tries to convey it with his back to the audience.

He is not a genius, but he is a valuable man to his profession, because he has made himself a good actor with high ideals. In "The Fool" he fills his rôle with due effect without any attempt to monopolize the stage centre, his principal lack being a deficiency of strongly marked personality.

On account of his fair play the company has ample opportunity, particularly in render-

ing the character rôles of the various personages that appear at Overcoat Hall.

The company filling the numerous cast has been carefully rehearsed and their work is most conscientious, although not striking; Clair Verda, in the leading lady's rôle, conveying a sort of dryness of feeling in uttering Clare Jewett's protestations of love.

Of the others, the two, aside from the star, who had a little gift for submerging their conscientiousness in their rôles are Mr. Hugh Metcalfe in the rôle of the elder Goodkind and Mitzi Kimball as the lame girl, Miss Kimball, although somewhat stereotyped, playing the rôle in a manner most acceptable to the audience; which, by the way, was not the usual first night crowd.

Whether it was church people or not I know not, but, although it seemed non-receptive at first, its final verdict was that of approval. At any rate the star, during his speech, showed himself grateful and happy.

## "THE RIVALS."

It was quite an inspired idea for the Vaughan-Rainey combination to produce "The Rivals," for they had a company of almost half a dozen professionals organized by taking in Emelie Melville and pretty Ann O'Day. Reginald Travers might be said to be already in the combination, and as for the others, the majority has had so much experience before paying houses that it may be said to be more than semi-professional.

"The Rivals," although throwing the rôles of Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Anthony, Captain Absolute and Bob Acres well in the spotlight, offers, like all the Sheridan comedies, excellent opportunity for good team work.

Sheridan was thoroughly conventional in his custom of giving every character the stage centre, if only once; of alternating scenes for the two different pairs of lovers, and for the important characters.

Perhaps, indeed, it was he who established the conventions; but at any rate, one is struck by them in seeing or reading the play. Jack and Lydia alternate with Falkland and Julia, although Julia has been suppressed, posterity condemning the foolishness of Falkland and Julia's love affair. Every gentleman's gentleman has his little turn at the stage centre, and pretty, scheming Lucy also has her chance, while Sir Lucius O'Trigger's rôle, late as that personage appears in the play, has many a time been played by famous actors.

The performance that is being given at the Players Theatre this week offers little opportunity for anything but commendation, Emelie Melville offering a fine old traditional portrait of Mrs. Malaprop. Gorgeously costumed, dictatorial in voice and bearing, she makes that doughty dame so much the stage figure of another day that we almost rub our eyes, and look to see the name of some famous actress of the past. This depiction of Mrs. Malaprop, which, by the way, Emelie Melville also gave one midsummer night at the Greek Theatre with William Crane playing with her as Sir Anthony, is quite the best thing I have seen her do during her present sojourn of some years in San Francisco.

Mr. Reginald Travers' long experience as an actor enables him easily to assume the rôle of the choleric Sir Anthony, whom he invests with that panoply of testy authority which so easily ran into suggestions of impending apoplexy in the days before fathers learned that they no longer can call their sons to heel.

Evelyn Vaughan as Lydia Languish has no such possibilities as in last week's play. Lydia, of course, is an awful goose, and as such actresses must play her. The rôle, in fact, is as subsidiary to that of Mrs. Malaprop as Lydia was in worldly matters subordinate to her formidable aunt. The principal qualities Lydia is required to contribute are beauty, charm, and a pretty touch of comedy. These qualifications Miss Vaughan possessing in sufficient measure, it follows that her Lydia is well done; but as the lady is not only a good actress, but has the gift of personality, I shall look forward with interest to seeing her in her next rôle; for it is whispered that the Players have something particularly interesting up their sleeve, and we have hopes that Miss Vaughan's services will be retained.

Mr. Rainey, in the handsome and picturesque costumes of Captain Absolute, made an uncommonly comely figure of that engaging young schemer, acting the part with that gay nonchalance and that insouciant gallantry characteristic of Jack Absolute, and singing most agreeably one or two songs of the times.

Ann O'Day, in a ravishingly coquettish little costume, made the daintiest and most beguiling of Lucys; a delightful little incarnation of a kind of figure that has passed away from modern drama.

Frank Keenan Wallace endowed Sir Lucius O'Trigger with a very good Irish brogue, and helped to make the scene in which that professional fire-eater figured go with considerable éclat. And Frederick McNulty's talent for burlesque enabled him to give a Bob Acres that greatly amused the audience, in spite of the fact that no less august a player than Joseph Jefferson has played that same rôle

here in old San Francisco. Callen R. Tjader made a very acceptable Fag, and Joseph Sturgis and Louis Wood White completed the cast.

The idea of dressing the pretty girl orchestra in the powder-and-puff costume of the time was a most happy one, and added to the generally decorative effect of the entire performance.

To this generally decorative effect a number of carefully considered details contributed: the richness of fabric and striking colors of the costumes, the opulent sets, with the graceful, gilded furniture; and the minuet performed with notably stately grace by Mrs. Melville and Mr. Travers.

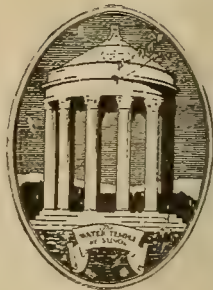
Miss Vaughan's fine appearance gained

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novelty and beauty from the black hair she wore, and the excellent good taste of her lovely costumes still further enhanced Lydia Languish's beauty and charm.

The picturesque revival of the old custom of sending out handsomely liveried flunkies to light a row of candles in lieu of our modern footlights had an aesthetically pleasing effect, as did also the white-wigged and puffed and panniered picturesqueness of the two pretty musicians, who gave still another charm to the general effect by playing old-time English airs such as we heard in "The Beggar's Opera."

### PROFESSIONAL TRUTHS.

I have always considered that acting must be a most trying occupation, and that if the young people eagerly seeking a stage career could look ten years ahead many of them would renounce the possible triumphs that talent wins for the calmer if duller life lived by the ungifted majority. There are certain retirements from the stage from the surprise of which ardent theatre-goers have never recovered; Mary Anderson's, for instance. And Forbes-Robertson, although no longer young, retired in the full tide of his fame, for the public showed no signs of having had enough of him. But he was weary of it, and longed for privacy.

In the later years of his career Edwin Booth showed plainly that the inspiration of earlier years was waning. In fact, the ready imagination of youth ceases to function at a certain stage, the magnetism that, as a general thing, belongs to the season of physical attractiveness fades and dies, and then—what?

An automatic working of the technique and artistic finish evolved by years of experience must satisfy the artist; the artist who had once so adored his art.

Artists, of course, do not generally tell the truth. If the interviewer conscientiously endeavors to pry something loose from the interviewed that does not show the marks of careful and labored preparation, he is seldom rewarded. The young things twitter, the old ones reminisce.

But at a recent interview given by Wilton Lackaye to an expert in starting players to talk and reveal themselves the veteran star told a lot of home truths. It all came from his first offering the bitter truths of experience to his son, who wished to be an actor. Youth, of course, never, or almost never, heeds such warnings. Mr. Lackaye's experiences are legion. They are those of hardship, short runs when long ones were expected; the humiliation of failing when lesser players won big successes. They are the losing of family life, the missing of family festivities. They are the perpetual motion, the life in trains, hotels, and theatres. Part of the disenchantment comes from seeing how small is the artist's financial return—he who gets all the public acclaim—as compared with the immense winnings of the manager.

I was rather staggered when I read the article, realizing how easy it is, without knowing anything about it, to complain that the prices of theatre seats are too high because of the salaries paid players. Mr. Lackaye gave a few figures, and said that his boodle was not made by acting, but by managing and backing a play.

I think perhaps a perception is coming to people of the profession that unless they rise to that thin ether where dwell the eternal stars there is little money in it for them. Al Jolson is making a huge income, but it proves nothing but Al Jolson, who, by the way, made his millions in various ways connected with the stage instead of on it.

Thus the players are venturing, nowadays, for business on their own account, the which is probably looked at with a jaundiced eye by the managers.

One thing is sure: this is a time of transition in the theatrical business. The big managers have been in a state of alarm for two or three years. They were very scornful of the suggestion made last winter by George Arliss, that the cycle had swung around again for the stock company to be re-instituted. Cogent reasons were advanced against it, and yet we have had great joys in past years from the high-class stock company. And if there were a series of stock companies established in a number of the leading cities of the country there would be excellent opportunities supplied for splendid team work, for the gradual ripening of immature but promising art in the younger members, and for the harassed players to wrest from fate occasional pause of a year or so in their perpetual pilgrimage.

### IN RE PLAYERS' SALARIES.

The always vital subject of actors' salaries has been the subject of a very courteous and reasonably expressed communication to the Actors' Equity Association, written by A. H. Woods, the well-known Eastern producer. Mr. Woods has a lot of plays up his sleeve, and he wishes to produce them provided the "fantastic salaries" now being drawn by players do not continue to retain their present high figure.

Mr. Woods points out that if they do not come down there will be very scant pickings this winter for the acting profession; and, remembering the disastrously large number of plays that were withdrawn during the last and the present season in little old New York, the dramatic hub of the American universe, it is not surprising that readers out as well as in the profession will be much impressed by Mr. Woods' exhortation.

And he strengthens it by adding to it the statement that, in any event, "a force stronger than Equity or the Producing Managers' Association is going to bring them down. It's an economic law."

The gratifying feature in the affair is that the Equity leaders, who printed the communication in the association's publication, have an editorial note appended to the communication in which is recognized Mr. Woods' friendliness toward Equity and his fairness in stating the question.

Then follows a suggestion, which won't suit the producing managers a little bit, but which seems to have the elements of fairness in it.

It is to the effect that the actors consent to a lowering of their salaries, but that they be allowed a percentage of the gross receipts over a certain amount; the point being that the actor must live during the idle weeks following the cessation of the season, even though producing managers may not see the necessity.

The point is well taken, and promises to open up very considerable discussion. But what is still more interesting about it than its face value is the fact that it will be pounced on by workers of other professions, whose salaries, it is plain, must eventually come down.

And there is still another point, apparently overlooked by Equity, but which the Producing Managers' Association will be sure to bring up, for they will doubtless point out that if the actor earns his percentage of the gross receipts, must he not also expect to put up with his share of the loss, if the run proves unprofitable?

Out of all this something is going to come; perhaps a reorganization of the whole question, which may, perhaps, make for greater financial health and balance on both sides in a possibly rosier future.

### COUGHING.

The subject of coughing in the theatre has come up so many times that it seems pertinent to air a few observations on the subject. The cougher, of course, says indignantly, "I can't help it." But he can; unless, indeed, he is so far gone that he should not go to the theatre at all. Lots of people don't know that they can stifle a cough; that it is better for the vocal chords, and for the ailment itself, to stifle it.

If theatre managers would put the same heartfelt adjuration not to cough on their

programs as they do to remove hats, they would find it efficacious; particularly if they added, "Doctors say it is better to repress a cough. Try it."

There are always, of course, contrary people who experience a passionate desire to do a thing if they are advised not to. But if a courteous usher would offer a tall, chilly-looking glass of cold water to the graveyard cougher, he might realize he was in the wrong place.

Concerted action on the part of the injured audience might work. It is, of course, the duty of a man who suddenly develops a frog in his throat to go outside and kill the frog. If, however, he remains, then the audience, as with one accord, should turn and look at him reproachfully.

It doesn't work when only one—the man whose backbone you are industriously kicking—turns and tries to slay you with a look. But when a number of people turn their heads uneasily to view the offender he feels like the unoffending spectator in the proscenium box upon whom the spotlight is suddenly turned.

Perhaps a little facetiousness might work; a few mild jokes about the cough syrup that mother used to make being on tap. But one thing is sure: the cougher in the theatre is a common nuisance who merely needs to exercise a little self-control, and that plain cold fact should be made in some way to penetrate his hide.

### THEATRICAL NOTES.

It is said that the Actors' Equity Association is becoming very powerful. Already it has been instrumental in doing away with many abuses from which players have suffered; among others insufficiently cleaned and ventilated dressing-rooms. As a result players are getting spunky, and now the women players have scared up sufficient courage to request that the influence of Equity may be exerted in doing away with coarse and suggestive scenes, lines, and situations in plays. And no doubt the scandalized Broadway producers are all saying, "Well! What next?"

Clemence Dane, author of "The Bill of Divorcement," has run against a snag with her play in blank verse entitled "Will Shakespeare." Blank verse, or verse of any kind, is a ticklish medium to use in this era of realism in the drama. But the trouble was that instead of painting Shakespeare as a demi-god, Miss Dane depicted him as a youth of twenty, his character still in the making. And the portrait did not please an idealizing public that wants its gods left with a bright aura. In "Will Shakespeare" the bard was unkind to Anne Hathaway, the playwright developing the idea that out of his sins was developed the ability to create Hamlet and Macbeth. In the meantime, while "Will Shakespeare" failed in London town, the metropolis of her native land, "A Bill of Divorcement," which the author considers a lesser and "ordinary, well-written play," continues to attract crowds. And it is her first play. Verily, life is full of the unexpected.

We can not very well blame players who are established favorites in the East for feeling able to abstain from capturing San Francisco by the splendor of their art. New York is generally home to them, and everywhere they go is nearer home than San Francisco. We are, as a consequence, humbly used in our far-off isolation to waiting till the big guns grow old before they come our way. But there are new possibilities for us. It is said that many popular players are out of a job in New York, and that those who are in one are not such an awfully tight fit. Hence the great favorites can not so firmly refuse to go on prolonged tours as formerly; or so it is whispered. And perhaps—oh, perhaps—some more big guns will come out our way. We San Franciscans like big guns, just as much as other folks do, and we don't see them so awfully often. So, although we are not praying for their lack of prosperity, it is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody something; or words to that effect.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### The Columbia Theatre.

"The Fool" has made a hit at the Columbia Theatre, where it will be seen for a second and final week commencing with Monday, September 4th. It has every quality to hold interest and is presented by a cast of exceptional fitness.

"The Rear Car," said to be "battier than 'The Bat,'" comes to the Columbia on Monday, September 11th, with Richard Bennett in the rôle of the silly-ass "deflector" who gets tangled in the many mysterious happenings on the eastward trip. The play is by Edward E. Rose and has already created a sensation.

Among other coming attractions for the Columbia are the stage production of "Nice People," "The Gold Diggers," Mitzi in "Lady Billy," and "The Merry Widow."

Scientists claim that the North Pole is gradually moving south. Maybe it will discover Dr. Cook yet.—Life Lines.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### John McCormack's Plans.

Mr. D. F. McSweeney, manager of John McCormack, the Irish tenor, writing from Paris to Frank W. Healy, McCormack's local representative, says:

"I have just spent a week with McCormack at Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire. He looks better today than he has for several years. He spends two hours a day, Sundays excepted, rain or shine, roaming the countryside, shooting rabbits, and when the gamekeeper is not looking, an occasional partridge. He is as rabid a tennis fan as ever; a set or two between showers is almost a daily event. He is on a sort of eat and grow thin diet. When I met him at the Savoy Hotel I was agreeably surprised to see how well he looked. His friends may rest assured that his voice is as good as it ever was right now. He could give a concert tomorrow, but he won't. He has made up his mind to take a good long rest, and I do not think that any one will deny that he is entitled to it. John McCormack's voice is one of the treasures of the world and he holds it in trust as such."

"Two days after my arrival in London I heard him sing for the first time since the concert he gave in Chicago on April 2d. His first song was 'Oft in the Stilly Night.' I won't attempt to tell you how I felt, but it was certainly good to hear his voice again, the voice we feared during Holy Week would be stilled forever."

"The next time I heard Mr. McCormack sing was at one of the most interesting and enjoyable functions I have ever had the privilege of attending. It was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio de Navarro at Broadway, Worcestershire. Mme. de Navarro, as you know, was the incomparable Mary Anderson ('Our Mary'). The Navarros were celebrating the thirty-second anniversary of their wedding and the McCormacks the sixteenth, and I do not believe a more happily married quartet ever celebrated an anniversary. Mr. McCormack has decided to take things easy until the spring of 1923, when he will return to America for a brief tour."

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

Theodore Roberts has gained fame as an artist both on the screen and on the legitimate stage, but his present engagement is his first on the speaking stage for a good many years. Mr. Roberts is a native-born San Franciscan and it is particularly fitting that his first personal appearance after a long time on the silver screen should be in his native city.

Max Fisher and his orchestra are a synopated sensation. Every man in the organization is an artist.

Lloyd and De Voe are likable young men and their singing and kidding cover a wide range of entertainment.

Ernest Hiatt assures us that it's "Nothing Serious," and the audience has a delightful time roaring at his brand of humor.

Hurst and O'Donnell have been "Profiteering in Fun," and their subjects are gainers rather than losers.

Oakes and Delour will appear with their "Cycle of Cyclonic Dances."

Duffy and Kellar have a new idea in their "Via Telephone."

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## VANITY FAIR.

There is said to be drifting through the American mind today a growing interest in the formularies of social life, and that this interest is broadening and deepening into what threatens to become a real fad. Books on the subject are in demand, some have even made money for the authors, and evidences multiply that more people are reading, studying, and thinking about the subject than ever before. If this is so, it is a good symptom and the fad will be a good thing, for we need to pay more serious attention to our manners, and the best way to accomplish any general result is through some popular craze. It would be a relief if Americans were suddenly to become enamored of proper personal conduct, for they would elevate mere form into an art, and make it the expression of the kindness which distinguishes them among modern peoples. They have heretofore paid scant attention to the forms of deportment merely because they were forms. They have felt that, in the words of the old Gilbert and Sullivan song, "No matter what you do if your heart be true, and his heart was true to Poll." They have been conscious always that their hearts were true, and so were satisfied that their conduct would be; under which assurance they have permitted themselves such nightmare ceremonials as "Mr. Smith, shake hands with Mr. Brown," which is enough to set on edge the teeth of a Winne-mucca Piute or a Mexican peon; because Mr. Smith may not wish to shake hands with any one, and may have a particular dread of any personal contact whatever with the aforesaid Brown, a sentiment which Brown may reciprocate. As a people we appear to have missed altogether the important fact that the rigid daily and hourly observance of form is in itself an invaluable discipline which strengthens men instead of weakening them, elevating self-respect and steeling character for the work it has to do. What other equally valuable function has military ceremonial; the salute, the drills, the manual of arms? These bring men into a frame of mind to act their part as men when the need arises. And any man who is punctilious about his conduct is the stronger for it, exactly as his mind will function more clearly if he drills himself to good grammatical and syntactical usage.

That is an individual value. Beyond it, is a social value difficult to overestimate. Good manners are the lubricant of community life. If they mean anything at all they mean the forms under which it has been found most convenient and profitable for human relations to operate. Underlying them is the finest humanity—consideration, kindness, cheerfulness, helpfulness. It is not good manners to drag your personal griefs into your conversation, to the distress of your friends, who can not lighten them. It is not good manners to say or do embarrassing things, and hence as we have no knowledge just what things may at times be embarrassing it is bad manners to make personal remarks, unless they are called for by some particular and beneficial

purpose. It is not good manners to do things that are vulgar, and make your friends ashamed. Of such are the principles of proper personal conduct; and it can not be dispensed with in any order of society if that order is to do its work smoothly. Even Nigger Jim and Huckleberry Finn on the raft in the Mississippi had need of it, and Jim justly complained of the practical joke Huck played on him, which wrung his heart with dread and "threw dirt in the face of a friend." It is not good manners to play practical jokes, unless they be very innocent and friendly and conceived in real kindness. The world is no such hilarious place that we can afford to enhance the misery of life to others in order to enjoy it more ourselves. It is bad manners to put the other person at a disadvantage, or in the wrong, or force him to embarrassing explanations. It is bad manners to arouse repugnance, and so we no longer eat with our knives, although once it was done by the most eminent men. That we have begun to pay attention to such seeming trifles is no sign of degeneracy, for they are only trifles in seeming—they are really as important as many of our laws. They are, in fact, the basis of the law of social intercourse, and they help sweeten life for everybody. A refined civilization will take on such hall-marks of its refinement, and it will do it without fear of weakening itself or the character of its members. Persons there may be who will argue that when Rome became over-civilized she fell; but Rome had other reasons for going down—as many as there are historians to invent them. And we are in no present danger from over-refinement.

On grounds wholly economic, the government of Japan seems about to attack the drinking of *sake*, or rice beer. *Sake* itself seems mild and innocent enough, but it takes about 20,000,000 bushels of the nation's best rice to brew it, and this the government thinks is needed for food. The Britisher supposes beer to be food, but the Japanese government appears to think otherwise, and is going to offer the market a substitute made from starch pulp and hydro-chloric acid. Where the starch pulp is to come from is not stated, but there are several sources besides rice. The situation recalls the story of the two miners, one of whom went to town for supplies. He returned with a loaf of bread and a demijohn of whisky, to be greeted with the angry demand: "What in hell'd you git so much bread for?" The Japanese people seem to be eating too much rice and not leaving enough for the brewers, or else the brewers are taking too much from the cooking pots. The small *sake* cup in general use looks harmless enough, but it is said that it is filled some thirty or thirty-five times at a sitting, so it bears no real relation to the quantity imbibed, nor is it any check upon the bibulousness of the imbibitor. Japan is already a large importer of rice, some of which comes from California, and the proposal of the government experts and scientists may affect the export trade of this state to some degree if the hydro-chloric acid substitute should come into general use. Whether this chemical compound will furnish the same stimulus, with the same bouquet, as real *sake* is something still conjectural. If it is anything like the substitutes permitted us under the Volstead Act it will, as the negro porter said, "lack authority." Neither fiat money nor flat beer seems to be just what humanity wants, and either confirms the theory that it is easier to tell what people do not want than what they do. The problem, however, is in this case up to the Japanese government, which is both strong and adroit. If it decrees that the people shall drink hydro-chloric acid and wood pulp we may be sure they will drink just that or go very dry. And it would certainly release a great deal of rice, perhaps to the grief of some of the California rice farmers.

Before those skirts are lengthened, Policeman Lee of the classic city of Berkeley is to have his innings, officially and correctly, and altogether in the line of duty. We all love duty, but some duty is sweeter than other duty. Tantalization may be an incident of Policeman Lee's duty in this case, but we may be sure he will never shirk it. The medicine will be easy to take, no matter how numerous the doses. Three pairs of brown silk stockings were larcenously abducted from a clothes-line in the aforesaid classic city on a recent evening of "faculty moonlight," and August Vollmer, penologist, sociologist, psychologist, expert criminologist, and chief of Berkeley's police department, has set Policeman Lee the task of finding 'em. In the absence of any thumb prints or toe prints or occult demonstrations of ownership through any lingering aura of the organs that once rightfully inhabited those stockings, but one resource suggests itself; Policeman Lee will have to look for them. And where shall he look? Why, where else should he look? He is convinced that they were taken by a woman, because the clothespins were replaced, which in all Policeman Lee's experience as a thief taker no male thief has been known to do. This beats Sherlock

Holmes in the first half lap. Supplied by the former wearer with a complete description of the missing hose, it will become the office of the patrolman to stand at corners where street-cars are being mounted, and keep his weather eye peeled. How altitudinously the inspection is to proceed is not specified, but we may presume all due facilities will be granted. In fact, any wearer of hose attempting to conceal them by crouching, or holding down skirts while mounting car steps will invite suspicion at once. In this crisis it will be found best to reveal rather than conceal, and certainly there has been during the past few years no apparent reluctance in revelation. "Clocks" and "runs" and embroidered butterflies and lacy perforations will all come under the scrutiny of the vigilant representative of the law. And he has not asked for help. It may be devotion to duty on his part, or it may be selfishness, but he seems willing to assume the whole assignment and see it through. It may be taken as granted that the finish will not come too soon. Linked sweetness long drawn out is what may normally be expected in such a case; and Policeman Lee has a front seat at the big show.

## Bavaria Against Prussia.

Recent events in Bavaria have strengthened rather than weakened the cause of the Pan-Germans, and have tended to widen rather than close the breach that divides North from South Germany, says the Boston *Evening Transcript*. The opposition of the Social Democrats to Count Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian premier, has gone up in smoke, with the result that the Munich cabinet has the backing of a clear majority in the Diet in its refusal to carry out the law passed by the German Reich for the protection of the republic. Whether or not the majority of the Bavarians are supporting Count Lerchenfeld is by no means clear. Nevertheless the political cleavage between Bavaria and Prussia—the two most important of the German states by far—is marked, and the doctrine of nullification, now insisted upon by Munich, leads as logically and as necessarily to the disruption of the republic as the doctrine of nullification in this country, more than half a century ago, led to the disruption of the Union.

The issue that has now caused Munich to throw its glove down in defiance to Berlin is one of more than passing significance. Behind Bavaria's defiance lies the spectre of a monarchical restoration, and the creation of a new state, dedicated to the advancement of Pan-Germanism. Monarchical reactionary Bavaria is a haven of refuge for the monarchists, the Pan-Germans, and the reactionaries of all Germany. Once a name that conjured up all that was harsh, repellent, and soul-destroying in the German character, Prussia apparently is the chief nursery of the democratic virtues, while Bavaria, a name that once brought to mind the lighter and more humanistic aspects of the German character, has taken under its aegis the elements of reaction that exist in present-day Germany. Bavaria, moreover, is predominantly Catholic, while Prussia is predominantly Protestant, and a still further factor that is drawing the two states apart is the desire of many Bavarians to cast in their lot with Catholic Austria by the establishment of a state that would embrace all, or the greater part, of Bavaria and Austria.

Compromise, the great remedy for political differences, may conceivably settle Prussia's quarrel with the Bavarian cabinet. Not every Bavarian, surely, can approve the defiant attitude of their government. Yet the situation must inevitably remain a dangerous one for some time to come, more particularly as Bavaria's recalcitrancy has come at a moment when the German republic faces fiscal ruin.

Beatrice Grimshaw has just returned from her plantation in Papua for a visit to her former home in England, remarks a writer in the New York *Times Book Review*. For fifteen years she roamed all through the South Pacific, and has now made Papua her home. On her plantation she finds natives from the cannibal tribes her best workers; she says they are intelligent and adaptable and very strong physically, perhaps because of their unusual diet. They prefer the meat of natives to that of whites—the latter is inclined to be a bit too salty for their taste. Miss Grimshaw says the Papuans are natural traders and have an instinct for construction, and she thinks they resemble Americans in both these points. She has visited America and calls it "the paradise of impatient people." Leap year is every year in Papua; at least, it is never beyond the bounds of propriety for a girl to propose marriage, but her father demands a price from the bridegroom proportionate to her beauty and accomplishments. The coin of the realm is either pigs or clam-shell bracelets. A wife may be paid for on the installment plan, and must be returned to her parents if payments are not duly made.

The man who introduced the ukulele into Hawaii is dead. They are still looking for the man who introduced it into the United States.—*Life Lines*.

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# STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

She was in high feather, as she had succeeded in securing a "plus four" man to take her around. "Do you like a high tee?" he inquired at the first tee. "Rather, George," was her enthusiastic reply; "let's make it sausages and bacon."

*Tit-Bits* has a story of a deaf bridegroom who upon being repeatedly asked the conventional question, "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?" finally got angry and said, "Oh, I don't know. She ain't so awful. I've seen wus'n her that didn't have as much money."

The preacher had been strolling about the links, and wishing to drive home a small moral lesson said mildly, "I notice that the players who get the lowest scores are not those who swear." "Why the hell should they?" demanded the gloomy golfer as he dug up some more turf.

The famous artist had painted a portrait of himself and his wife. His little son, brought in for a private view, said: "I think it's pretty. But who is the strange lady?" "Hyacinth," said the artist reproachfully, "don't you recognize your own mother?" "Oh, but then why did you paint her with that strange man?"

The continental traveler deposited an enormous bag beside the table in the restaurant car. The conductor promptly rebuked him. "Don't you know you can't bring your luggage in here. You'll have to put that bag in the van." "Luggage," sneered the traveler. "That isn't luggage. That's my purse. I'm going to Austria."

At a railroaders' banquet in Scranton, W. W. Inglis, the well-known coal operator, told the story of the man who after traveling on a little branch line about twelve miles long, notorious for its dirt and discomfort, said: "Thank heavens, the worst of my journey is over!" "Come far?" inquired a fellow-sufferer. "No," said the first chap; "going to Cochín, China."

A salesman who had taken a large order for goods in a Scotch town offered the canny Scot with whom he was dealing a box of fine Hayanass. "Naw," said the Scotchman, "don't try tae bribe a mon. I cudna tak them." "Well," said the salesman, "suppose I sell them to you for a nominal sum? Say six-pence?" "In that case," the Scot cheerfully answered, "since you press me I wadna refuse an offer so well meant. I'll be taking two boxes."

A lady who is devoted to her home environment and stays there the year around was assailed by a friend who scarcely remains at home long enough to acquire an environment. Said the fashionable friend, "I knew that you wintered here, but I was astonished to learn that you summered here, too." "I have not only wintered here and summered here," said the unfashionable one, "but you will be even more astonished to learn that I always fall here and have sometimes sprung here."

An addition was expected to the family and the ten-year-old daughter was sent to the country, while Johnnie, aged nine, remained at home. When the new arrival made its appearance, Johnnie's father wrote a long telegram to his little daughter and dispatched Johnnie with two dollars to defray the cost. When the youngster returned he gave his father a dollar and sixty cents change. "What's this?" demanded his father. "Did you send my wire?" "Certainly," answered Johnnie, "but it was too long. I cut it down." "But what did you say?" queried his exasperated parent. Johnnie handed him a copy of the telegram, which read: "Dear Susie—I win. It's a boy.—Johnnie."

Judge's prize story for the week is even better than usual, though we frequently think their "second prize" story better than the first: "A clergyman was having tea with a family newly settled in his parish. On the sideboard were several decanters, filled with what looked like spirits. 'My friend,' he said to his hostess, 'you should avoid even the appearance of evil. I do not suggest that you drink, but—' 'Why, Vicar, they're only filled with furniture polish. It's the decanters I like; they're so pretty.' 'Exactly,' said the vicar, 'avoid even the appearance of evil, I repeat. I helped myself to a drink from the big decanter in the middle.'"

An Englishman staying at a Nevada ranch suggested one morning that his host walk with him to a nearby mountain. Of course, the Britisher was deceived in the appearance of the distance. After walking several hours and the mountain seeming no nearer, he was told that it was still twenty-five miles away

and that the deception was due to the rare atmosphere of Nevada. Returning home by a different route, they came upon an irrigated field. At the first irrigation ditch the Englishman sat down and began to remove his shoes. "What on earth are you going to do?" inquired the Nevada. The Englishman contemplated the ditch and said, "Why, I'm going to swim this blooming river."

A story told on the late Dean Stanley refers to his thorough immobility in the pulpit. Preaching one morning at Westminster Abbey, he was pleased to notice the perfect attention of his congregation. At the close of the service he remarked to his wife upon their steadfast attendance on his words. "They never seemed to take their eyes off me," he told her with obvious gratification. "No wonder, my dear," said Lady Agatha, "seeing you had one of your gloves on your head all the time you were preaching." Placing his gloves in his hat on leaving home, the dean had removed his hat in the vestry upon being gowned and had walked reverently to the pulpit unaware that he was carefully balancing one glove on his head.

"And you are ninety-five years old!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! You look so well, so strong, so young. How have you managed to do it?" "My method is very simple," the venerable gentleman replied. "I have never let any of my friends know if I didn't happen to be feeling well, consequently I've never had to take any of the things they would have recommended if they had known I was ailing."—*Pickup*.

# THE MERRY MUSE.

## Confirmation.

"Getting out of bed should be a leisurely, not a hurried process. The act of springing from bed is bad, because it accelerates the action of the heart suddenly after the period of repose."—*The inevitable "Harley Street physician" as reported in a contemporary.*

Why arise with senseless haste?  
Bed has got a pleasant taste;  
Hurry would be most misplaced.

If they call you, never mind—  
They will come again, you'll find;  
Do not rush to draw the blind.

Why consult your window-pane?  
Ten to one it's wet again;  
If it's not, it's going to rain.

Do not look for joyous thrills  
From the stuff the postman spills;  
Let them lie—they're merely bills.

Breakfast? Cut it out, I say,  
Lunch will do as well today;  
Overeating doesn't pay.

And in fact I now recall  
Days that tempted me to drawl,  
"Why on earth get up at all?"

And the answer, I decreed,  
Was that, anyway, the deed  
Wasn't one that called for speed.

Rise I might; but this affair  
Needed some deliberate care—  
Haste increased life's wear and tear.

Now, I'm rather pleased to see,  
I was right as right could be:  
Harley Street agrees with me!

—*Lucio in Manchester Guardian.*

# A Lincoln Myth.

A popular Lincoln myth will be a currency from Mr. Taft's speech to the Press Club the other day, remarks the *Manchester Guardian*. He quoted as Lincoln's the familiar saying, "You can fool all the people part of the time and part of the people all the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time."

A few years ago the authenticity of this saying was investigated, and no ground whatever could be found for attributing it to Lincoln. It does not occur in any of the great President's writings or speeches, and neither Mr. Hay nor Mr. Nicolay—who collaborated in the authoritative Lincoln biography—was able to discover any trace of it. According to Mr. A. R. Spofford of the Library of Congress, who carried out the inquiry, the real author of the saying was Phineas T. Barnum. If so we have underrated Barnum.

One would prefer to believe that it was Lincoln who said it, and, in spite of historical research, probably it was.

A writer in the *London Times* makes an appeal for the return of the stones of the Reims Cathedral, carried off by curio-hunters; and the *Times* very properly gives this request a prominent position on its editorial page. However, a carping critic, who writes to the *London Herald*, is unkind enough to quote the following from the advertising pages of the June 17, 1921, issue of the *Times*:

REIMS CATHEDRAL SOUVENIR  
Complete door-handle from northwest door  
WHAT OFFERS?

**D**ESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Harriet Campbell and Miss Eleanor Campbell, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William R. L. Campbell of Claremont, to Mr. Arthur Webster, Jr., and Mr. William Rochelle Blair were announced at a tea given Saturday by Mrs. Campbell. Three hundred guests were in attendance.

Two weddings will take place Saturday, September 30th, when Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell becomes the bride of Mr. James Moffitt and Miss Elva Ghirardelli is married to Mr. John Welby Dinsmore.

The marriage of Miss Schmiedell and Mr. Moffitt will be solemnized at 4 o'clock at St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross. After the wedding a reception will be held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell. The Rev. Charles Deems will perform the ceremony. Miss Doris Schmiedell will be her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Margaret Scheld, Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, and Miss Aileen McIntosh. Mr. Howard Spreckels will be the best man and Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. William Magee, and Mr. Cyril McNear will be the ushers.

The wedding of Miss Ghirardelli and Mr. Dinsmore will take place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli, in Oakland. Mrs. Harry Magee will be her sister's matron of honor and Mr. Thomas Dinsmore will be the groomsmen for his brother. After the wedding trip Mr. Dinsmore and his bride will reside in Piedmont.

Miss Carroll Cambron will be married to Mr. Stanley Morrison September 28th. Miss Lisa Stillman will be the maid of honor and Miss Elizabeth Wright will be bridesmaid. Mr. William Morrison will be the groomsmen. The wedding will take place at the home of Miss Cambron's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Cambron, in Baker Street, at 9 o'clock in the evening.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York, who has been spending the summer in California has been the honor guest at a number of luncheons given recently. Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained for Mrs. Alexander last week, as did Mrs. James Flood and Mrs. Russell Wilson.

Mrs. Charles R. McCormick gave a luncheon last Wednesday for Mrs. Lewis Lapham, who is visiting here from the East. The guests who attended Mrs. McCormick's luncheon, which was given in Atherton, included Mrs. Andrew B. Hammond, Mrs. Florence Cole, Mrs. John R. Merrill, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mrs. Harry Bates, and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Aileen McIntosh and Miss Alice Requa gave a dance last Saturday evening at the Menlo Country Club. The guests of honor were the debutantes of last season. Preceding the dance the hostesses entertained at dinner. The guests at this latter affair were Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant,

Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Rosamund and Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Inez Macon-dray, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Stanley Armour, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Charles and Mr. Samuel Dabney, Mr. George Tallent, Mr. Edward Pond, and Mr. Lawrence Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained at dinner on Friday evening for Mrs. Edward H. Harriman of New York. Those who were present included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, Mr. and Mrs. R. Penn Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. Averill Harriman, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander entertained at tea on Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel, where she has been stopping since coming to San Francisco. The tea was given as a farewell by Mrs. Alexander, who is leaving today for her home in the East.

Miss Caroline Madison gave a dance for seventy-five guests last Friday evening at the home of her father, Mr. Frank D. Madison, in San Rafael. A number of the guests entertained at dinner preceding the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid entertained at dinner on Thursday for General and Mrs. Charles G. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Murphy, and Mrs. John Biddle. The dinner took place in the Gray Room of the Fairmont Hotel. The guests were Colonel and Mrs. Robert Noble, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull, Miss May Colburn, Miss Elizabeth Huff, Miss Marion Fitzhugh, Mr. Wilfrid Bull, and Captain Harry Sepulveda.

Mrs. Margaret Buckbee entertained at dinner on Friday evening for Miss Laura Lindsay Miller and her fiancé, Mr. John Knox. Miss Buckbee will be a bridal attendant at the wedding of Miss Miller and Mr. Knox next month.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., entertained recently at luncheon for her house guest, Miss Elizabeth Brandeis of Washington, D. C. The luncheon was given at the Town and Country Club. The following guests were present: Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Lawrence Bowes, Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Adeline Kent, and Miss Alice Carr.

Mrs. George T. Marye will entertain during September at a dinner for her daughter, Miss Helen Marye. The guests will be the debutantes of the coming two seasons and their escorts.

Mrs. Barnaby Conrad entertained at a luncheon on Saturday for Mrs. Ord Preston of New York. Before her marriage Mrs. Pestron lived here with her father, General Charles Murray, U. S. A. Mrs. Conrad's guests included intimate friends of Mrs. Preston.

Miss Laura Lindsay Miller and Miss Margaret Buckbee were the honor guests at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., in Palo Alto. The guests included debutantes of the past two seasons.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick will entertain at tea next Thursday for her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles

Bowie Detrick, who is visiting in California from her home in Honolulu.

Major-General and Mrs. Charles G. Morton entertained several hundred guests Tuesday evening at a reception in their quarters at Fort Mason. This was the first formal entertainment given by General and Mrs. Morton since their return from their honeymoon a few weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee entertained at a house party over the last week-end at their home in San Rafael. The guests were friends of their daughter, Miss Betsy Dibblee. The group were among the guests at the dance given by Miss Caroline Madison Friday evening.

Mrs. Seward B. McNear gave a no host barbecue dinner and dance Saturday evening at the Lagunitas Country Club. Fifty club members and their friends were present.

Mrs. Harry Whiting of Philadelphia was the guest of honor at a luncheon and bridge given Saturday afternoon by Mrs. William Moore at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in Menlo Park for Mr. Lapham's mother, Mrs. Lewis Lapham, who is their house guest. Fifty guests were present.

## Hybrid Words.

A writer in *Jack o' London's Weekly* has written an amusing article on Franco-English exchange of words. This courtesy, though doubtlessly well meant, is often clumsy in effect. Says Mr. Roche, the present researcher, to give our French friends the floor, they have adopted many of our sporting terms quite unnecessarily, since their own words have exactly the same meaning as those they have paid us the compliment of borrowing from our vocabulary.

Paper-chase, crack, preliminary, canter, hammerless (in the case of a gun), cruising, round (of a pugilistic encounter), stand, race, to dope, brook, have one and all their French equivalents in rallye-papier, champion, galop d'essai, sans chien, croisière, reprise, tribune, course, droguer, and ruisseau. They have coined an extraordinary French verb in poulou, which, it is claimed, is the English for galloper, since it is said to be "derived," save the mark, from to pull up!

Un squarmouth will be a puzzle to many, although our Anglomaniac friends think it very English indeed, for do we not go on our travels with a square-mouthed kitbag? It was necessary for the writer to see a picture of a squarmouth, in an advertisement, to enable him to grasp the meaning of the word. Un smoking (our dinner-jacket) has long ago had the freedom of the ville de Paris and other towns, but dancings is of a much later date.

Rowing, which has held its own for many a long year, has fallen into disrepute, and l'aviron has once more come into its own, but le footing still foots its way along. Five o'clock simply means our afternoon "tea," as can be seen on the signboard—to name but one place—of an hotel at Garches, which informs the English-speaking tourist of the fact that there is "Five o'clock à toute heure." Hence, five o'clock means "to take tea." Most of us have eaten lilies in France without being aware why they were so called. They are our early rose potatoes; at first, the tuber was called l'early—the early—but it was subsequently surprisingly transformed into lirie, the article and the noun being welded, as in the well-known case of lierre, originally and correctly l'ierre.

A funny thing it is to hear a boy called Lili, but just repeat twice the last syllable of Charlie, as pronounced in French, and you have the explanation. It must, however, be borne in mind that Lili also represents Emilie. To come to ourselves.

We daily see in print en deshabille, or even en dishabille, which should be en déshabillé. Reveille is common in England, but not in France, where the diane is sounded in barracks at early morn. Le réveil, an abbreviation of réveille-matin, was formerly said, but it has long since given way to la diane. Double entendre, for double entente—meaningless in French—is dying a very hard death, for it has made its appearance quite recently, while morale, to designate the moral of troops, is, like the poor, always with us. Vive (for Vivent) les Anglais is, alas, too familiar with us.

One of the literary shrines of Italy was reported destroyed when the Fascisti set fire with incendiary bombs the famous "Byron Palace" at Ravenna, where the poet lived in 1819. The building, which was known in the middle ages as the Rasponi Palace and was one of the tourist attractions of Ravenna, is situated across the square from Dante's tomb, which escaped injury. The palace was reduced to ruins because it was used as the headquarters of the Socialist Coöperative Society. General strikes have been declared throughout the province of Romagna, in protest against the Fascisti, who continue to occupy Ravenna under martial law.

The oscilloscope is an invention which makes an engine working at high speed appear to crawl. It is now believed that a development of this device will enable the movements of a bricklayer to be followed by the human eye.—*Punch*.

## Mrs. Lowenberg Complimented.

The monthly letter of the League of American Pen Women, issued by Mrs. Grace Geldert, national president, contains a paragraph recommending that every branch of the league adopt a resolution similar to one offered by Mrs. Lowenberg of San Francisco, as follows: "Be it therefore resolved that no books or pamphlets of a bolshevistic nature be allowed in the libraries of the League of American Pen Women or within the portals of their halls or rooms wherever situated, and that no publicity be given by the League of American Pen Women through their bulletin or other service to books or articles of an unpatriotic character." Mrs. Geldert adds that the position taken by the league in conformity with this resolution has been warmly commended by the Secretary of War and many other men and women "who stand by that bulwark of Christian civilization, the Constitution of the United States."

There is an animal cemetery in Montevideo, Uruguay, where elaborate monuments are dedicated to monkeys, dogs, cats, parrots, and other household pets.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble have returned from Santa Barbara, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen.

Miss Frances Julliffe, who is at present abroad, will return to San Francisco before the end of the year.

Miss Mildred Van Dorn of Washington, D. C., is visiting her uncle and aunt, Admiral and Mrs. Josiah S. McKean, at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport have returned to San Francisco from Del Monte, where they spent three weeks.

Miss Mary Eyre has returned from Europe and is visiting Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at her camp in the Adirondacks.

Mr. Emile le Brun de Surville, accompanied by his bride, has arrived from Sisterville, West Virginia, and is at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Charles G. Hartigan of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris, at Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent will leave the latter part of the month for Europe. They will be accompanied by Miss Katherine Ramsay of Burlingame and Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna of New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt are spending a month at their summer place on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull and her three children have returned from Carmel.

Mrs. Charles G. Morton left today for the East. She will be away a month.

Miss Mary Emma Flood has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Elysse Schultz Hopkins will leave within the month from New York, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fair have returned from the Truckee River, where they spent two weeks fishing and hunting.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin will return from Woodside the last part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin have returned from Lake Tahoe and are now in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford were recently guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Lewis Lapham is the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her daughters, Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Claudine Spreckels, returned from Europe on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., will return this week from Palo Alto, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Cyril McNear is en route to the United States from China.

Mrs. Charles Bowie Detrick will sail for her home in Honolulu September 22d.

Mr. and Mrs. Matteo Sandona have returned from a trip to the high Sierras.

Mrs. C. P. Overton and her daughter, Miss Frances Overton, have returned from Europe and are at the Claremont Country Club.

Lord and Lady John Carberry are at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mrs. Sydney Waterlow Ford and her little daughter will sail for their home in New Zealand October 1st.

Mrs. Ord Preston is visiting in San Francisco from her home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Henning are at Broadmore, Colorado Springs. They will come to San Francisco shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clark of New York have been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBride in Woodside.

Mr. Raymond Armsby was a recent guest at the Hotel Del Monte.

Captain and Mrs. William Hays Hammond are in La Jolla. They will leave soon for Benning, Georgia, where Captain Hammond will be stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne are at Coronado for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bishop are visiting at the James Hall Bishop ranch in Goleta.

Mrs. Edward H. Harriman of New York spent last weekend as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker in Burlingame. Mrs. Harriman is

staying at the Hotel Fairmont during her visit in San Francisco.

Miss Elizabeth Brandeis has returned to her home in Washington, D. C. Miss Brandeis has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Kent in Ross.

Sir Barry and Lady Pemberton of Beverly Hills will return to their home in Shropshire, England, during the coming month.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop left Monday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and their daughter, Miss Hélène de Latour, spent the past week at El Mirasol.

Mrs. Samuel Knight has returned to Burlingame from Santa Barbara, where she has been for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will leave today for their home in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have spent the summer in California.

Mrs. Franklin Gibbings has arrived from her home in Shanghai and is en route to London for a visit of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Bean have returned from a trip through Canada.

Mrs. John Biddle of Washington, D. C., is visiting her father, Mr. Samuel Murphy, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her sister, Princess Poniatowski, recently visited the Crocker lodge at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz will occupy the Howard Park home in Burlingame for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury are in Salt Lake City for a stay of several weeks.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rodman will establish a home in Washington, D. C., the first of the year.

Mrs. George T. Marye and her daughter, Miss Helen Marye, have returned from Del Monte. They will leave for the East the end of the coming month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frank Judge have returned from Salt Lake City and are in Burlingame.

Mrs. Joseph Rucker, Jr., left Tuesday for New York. She will join her mother-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Rucker, Sr., who is returning from abroad September 15th.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper of New York is in Santa Barbara visiting Judge and Mrs. James Cooper.

Mrs. Frederick Kellond of Texas is visiting her mother, Mrs. Edward Selfridge, in this city.

Mrs. A. J. Raish and her daughters, Miss Aimee Raish and Miss Leila Raish, came up from their ranch in Modesto recently for a visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard have returned from San Rafael, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilder J. Bowers are in Los Altos visiting Mrs. Bowers' father, Mr. Ernest Meiere.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus of Washington, D. C., have purchased the Cheever Cowdin residence in Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Titus will spend summers in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McFarlane will return to their home in the Hawaiian Islands in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison returned from Montecito to their home in Menlo Park on Monday.

Former Attorney-General and Mrs. George Wickersham are at Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay have returned from Europe, after a several months' absence.

Mrs. Herbert Newhall arrived yesterday from Santa Barbara. Mrs. Newhall is visiting her parents, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull.

Mrs. Loring Pickering will leave the latter part of the week for Seattle en route to New York.

Mrs. George Barr Baker will return to her home in New York the latter part of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone will return to Burlingame in October, after a tour of Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Ziele is spending the summer at La Crescenta, Canada, in the mountains back of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner and their children will return to town soon, after spending the summer on their ranch in Madera County.

Mrs. Arthur J. Brander will return to America from Europe in September.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Fox is in Montecito visiting her sister, Mrs. Earl V. Armstrong.

Mrs. William H. Langdon, her daughter, and two sons are now in Berlin. They will not return to California until next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park have returned from Santa Barbara and have taken a house in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum have returned from a trip through Canada.

Mrs. Peter Dunne and her two daughters, Miss Marion Dunne and Miss Marjorie Dunne, will arrive in New York from England September 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling are entertaining Miss Ruth Hobart at their home in Woodside. Miss Hobart is recovering from a recent operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox are at Deauville, France.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Davis and their daughter, Miss Idalee Davis, have returned from their motor trip south.

Mr. Philip Clark is stopping at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Clay, Miss Mariadna Clay, and Philip Clay, Jr., have been there since the first of June.

Miss Jessie M. Ewing, who left San Francisco in February to visit Captain and Mrs. Wilbert Wurtsbaugh at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Great Lake, Illinois, will return to San Francisco in early September. Miss Ewing is touring the National Park, after several months in Washington, D. C., and New York. Captain and Mrs. Wurtsbaugh and their daughter, Miss Eleanor, are now in Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at Hotel St. Francis include Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Young, Los Angeles; Mr. Charles A. Whitmore, Jr., Marysville; Mr. and Mrs. Hubert N. Richards, New York; Mrs. Carolyn Jamison, Mrs. I. W. Poe, Los Angeles; Mr. J. B. Norris, Dallas, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Page Morris, Duluth; Mr. Edgar Fuller, Sacramento; Mr. E. K. Burns, Seattle; Mr. G. F. Prendergraft, Turlock; Mr. W. S. Cruise, Mr. L. S. Klasson, New York; Dr. P. H. Hoffman, Marysville; Mr. H. H. Sweet, Pasadena; Mr. E. J. Smith, Chicago; Mr. W. G. Kysor, Cadillac, Michigan; Mr. William A. Pick-

ering, Kansas City; Mr. Frank R. Maples, El Paso.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### The China Cupboard.

The China Cupboard's gray  
And cool tins shining day;  
A hoard of age-old shadows steep  
The narrow room in sunless sleep  
Its flowered cups and dishes wait  
In rows upon the shelf, with plate  
And jug of blue design  
And homely jam-jars in a line,  
And wide, pale bowls where flowers spread  
Their tracery of blue and red.

Here Sally comes in working-gown  
And apron; here she reaches down  
A bulging pitcher, rough and brown.  
Into the sunlight then she speeds  
To draw the water that she needs.

So Sally's self enfolds me round  
With shadowless shadow and mute sound,  
And it is very joy to find  
The close, gay flowers of her mind.  
Then she will speed this mood and be  
Crisp light and windy gayety,  
When all her thoughts will be as keen  
As water, and as swift and clean.

—*Iris Graves in the Nation and Athenaeum.*

#### The Song of an Aeroplane.

Here let them hang, that hung full oft in air,  
To flash, with following thunder, on the foe;  
Here let them rest, that knew no resting there,  
Till warped and withered, like the beams around,  
they grow.

As dinted armor decks ancestral hall,  
And war-worn memoried ensigns droop and fade  
In vaulted aisle, so shall these vane recall  
Deeds, till our days undreamed of, in high  
heaven essayed.

These have adventured where no eagle yet  
Has raised exalting plume, ay, far away,  
Beyond earth's straining vision, have they met  
A lonely challenge to a dread unwitnessed fray.

No trumpet pealed the signal for the fight  
(To many a deadly brunt these wings have  
flown);  
No plaudits rose, that nerve the charging knight,  
Where he that ruled their fury fought aloft  
alone.

And ne'er was honor grudged to foe that fell,  
Before the rushing of these victor vane,  
Whose measured throb beat out his dying knell;  
No deed that earth defiled, the air's proud record  
stains.

—*Thomas Thornely in the Observer.*

#### Straws.

When the straws by the curbstone lie all the one  
way  
You know very well what the log books will say—  
Hard winds in the Channel from Falmouth to  
Deal,  
And tankers that ache through their coatings of  
steel;

Wind East by Northeast blowing sleet on the  
brine,  
Slow tankers in travail from Humber to Tyne,  
And captains that swear by the Lord they'd give  
thanks  
For a barge out of Runcorn untroubled of tanks.

When with straws that are woven and ribboned  
you make  
A screen for your head lest your eyeballs should  
ache,  
You know very well what the log books reveal—  
Blue water as smooth as the back of a seal,

And sun-mellowed captains who now seem to draw  
All the sweetness of life through the stem of a  
straw,  
Slowly sipping and sorry for all the poor souls  
That sail between towpaths and telegraph poles.

When the straws from the nose bags slide over  
the roofs  
You know there is thunder and dust of sea hoofs  
From numberless nags that come cantering down,  
And challenge the tankers to ride them or drown;

Then captains grow testy and can not sit still  
As they dive to the hollow or leap to the hill,  
And swear if they hadn't been fools they'd have  
stayed  
To serve out the rum in a bar at Port Said.

When the straws are upright and a-rattle in rows,  
You know very well what the log books disclose—  
Wide waters all smooth and wide heavens all  
dumb,  
And captains whose lives are all honey and rum;

For, filling their glass till they're half overseas,  
The tanker runs on while they lie at their ease,  
Full of pity for all the poor lads with no sand,  
The limpets that hold on the fringe of the land.

—*Wilfrid Thorley in the Saturday Review*

There are now fifteen Russian book-publishing firms in Berlin—some of them being subsidized by the Soviet government. They are all in a flourishing condition, and do a considerable trade with America.

### At Del Monte.

The California golf championship, September 2d to 10th have taken on considerable social importance. Southern California is to be represented in larger numbers than ever before, and the north will turn out en masse.

The picturesque Del Monte Lodge, which is the starting and finishing point for the Pebble Beach golf course, where the championship matches are contested, will be the scene of many gay luncheon and dinner parties, and will also be interesting with afternoon teas. The golf clubhouse at Del Monte has always been a favorite luncheon place, and the hotel dinner-dance in the Palm Grill is popular.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, well known in New York and Eastern social circles, is one of the visitors enjoying the scenic beauties and out-of-door life at Del Monte. Young William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has been at Del Monte with his tutor. Lieutenant-Colonel Harold L. Mack entertained recently at a dinner-dance in the Palm Grill at the hotel. Among his guests were Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Robert A. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, and a number of brother officers of Lieutenant-Colonel Mack's who are encamped at the Del Monte polo fields. Among the guests at Del Monte Lodge are Mrs. W. B. Schiller and her son, Mr. W. B. Schiller, Jr., Mrs. L. M. Masters and Mrs. W. McCall of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Cate, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Staats of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Thomas of Pasadena, Dr. and Mrs. Leo Musser, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd C. Sturns, and Miss Lotta Bland of Oakland.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her sister, Princess Poniatowski, are at the Crocker Lodge at Pebble Beach to stay over the weekend. Mrs. Crocker is showing Princess Poniatowski the points of interest at Del Monte and Pebble Beach.

### Comparative Literature.

A German novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter, but do not get each other until the last chapter.

A French novel is a book in which two people get each other right in the first chapter, and from then on to the last chapter don't want each other any more.

An American novel is a book in which two people want each other at the start, get each other, and then want each other clear through to the end.

A Russian novel, however, is one in which two people neither want each other nor get each other, and about this 450 profoundly melancholy pages are written.—*Translated for World Fiction from Munich Jugend.*

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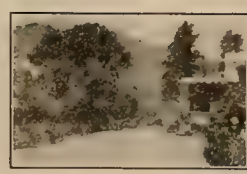
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did your vacation do you good?" "You said it; I came home broke." *Portland Express.*

"When I was your age I had no thought of taking a wife." "But I don't want to take a wife; I want one of my own."—*Life.*

"Oh, mummy, we've had such a lovely game! There's an old gentleman asleep over there, so we've buried him."—*London Opinion.*

"I don't understand men." "What now?" "My husband ran a tank during the war, and now he can't run a vacuum cleaner for me."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"If the operation hurts you, don't blame me, but blame your nerves." "And if I hit you on the nose when it is over, don't blame me, but blame my tooth."—*Munich Megendorfer Blätter.*

*Boss*—Mr. Lindelof, I have forbidden all levity in office hours. Now, one of the young ladies has complained that you have kissed her. *Mr. Lindelof*—Which one was it?—*Stockholm Kasper.*

*Movie Magnate*—In your next production I want you to create an air of great luxury. *Director*—All right, I'll have the star pick an orchid to piece while she says, "He loves me; he loves me not."—*Life.*

"See the farmer boy," said the smart city slicker. "Well?" "I wonder if that yap has ever been anywhere?" "He's been in Germany and France." And that ended that.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

*Old Lady (who is opening an account—to bank manager)*—Now I never put all my eggs into one basket, Mr. Smith, so I'm going to leave part of my money here and part in your Bayswater branch.—*Punch.*

*Young Alderman*—Just imagine, those rascally street railway people had the nerve to offer me a hundred thousand to vote for their measure. *His Wife*—Oh, Henry! I always knew you'd make good.—*Life.*

"Little Kitty is always stroking the cat. Does that signify that when she grows up she will be a lover of animals?" "No, I fancy it means that she will be fond of fur coats."—*Munich Megendorfer Blätter.*

*Census Taker (to middle-aged spinster)*—And what is your age, madam? *Spinster (coily)*—I've seen just twenty-five summers. *Census Taker*—How long have you been blind?—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

*Daughter*—The preacher just phoned and said he was coming to call this afternoon. *Mother*—Gracious! We must make a good impression. Give the baby the hymn-book to play with.—*American Legion Weekly.*

*Small Boy (to absent-minded gentleman who has been spending the last hour perambulating the park)*—Dad, mother says you're to bring the pram 'ome at once. You've forgotten to put baby in.—*London Passing Show.*

*Despairing Bus Driver (new to the route, to conductor who is equally ignorant)*—Look 'ere, Bill. I can't find the blinkin' place. I'll just go on to the nearest village and you can

oller out "Stow-on-the-III! All change!" They're all joy-riders, anyway, and it won't make no difference to them.—*Punch.*

"Isabel," said mother, as she summoned her youngest into her presence, "has your brother Willie come home from school?" "I think so, mother," answered Isabel. "The cat is hiding in the woodshed."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

*Undergraduate (on the links)*—Professor, did you see a meerschaum pipe with a round bowl? *Near-Sighted Professor*—Well, now that you mention it, Simpson, I did think that last shot of mine behaved rather oddly.—*Judge.*

"I suppose," said the society matron, "that you found many curious marriage customs among the aborigines?" "Yes," replied the explorer, "I did. I discovered one tribe where women were not allowed to change their husbands, nor men their wives."—*Judge.*

"I'll wager," said a clubman, as he entered the smoking-room, "that the man who ran his auto over our friend Juggins is sorry he did it." "Why are you so certain of that?" some one asked. "Juggins was wearing a scarf-pin that punctured the fellow's tire."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"What's become of Rantington Roarer, the eminent tragedian?" "He's playing small parts in the movies." "He used to say he'd starve before he'd prostitute his talents on the screen." "Maybe he did. He was considerably under weight when he signed up."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

## Joys of Socialism.

That Swedish socialism has a directly opposite trend to the socialism in the United States, so far as the wage question is concerned, is the finding of Dr. Hugh P. Baker, executive secretary of the American Paper and Pulp Association, who is now in Europe on a tour of investigation of the paper industry there, says the *New York Times*.

"Swedish socialism," says Dr. Baker in the course of a trade letter, "means a leveling down of the wages of the skilled worker to the earnings of the unskilled worker. In America socialism has meant leveling up the common labor to the standards of the skilled workers and the intellectuals."

"This is the striking difference that is manifest between socialism in the two countries to the observer of the trend of thought among the working class. The difference

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may be due to the Russian influence, for communistic posters are found on the walls of paper, pulp, and sawmills.

"The socialists are in control in Sweden and their efforts are devoted toward two things, greater government activity, even to actual operation in the forests and forest industries, and toward leveling down to the common laborer in wages, and incentives of course. Thinking Swedes recognize the danger of this trend in their efforts to maintain quality in their product as an essential factor in the retaining of world markets."

## Names in Books.

It may be granted that the prolific author has an increasingly difficult task to find suitable names for the people of, say, his thirtieth book or play, says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*. Meredith, in whom it is often possible to detect that he was refining upon Peacock, fell back a good deal on the frankly unusual—Mr. Ferbrass, Mr. Lespel, Mr. Tuckham, Captain Baskett, and Turbot (the journalist) are examples from the one book, "Beauchamp's Career"; but though they seem bizarre when detached from their place, in it they do not startle. One foot of Meredith was in the romantic camp where anything may happen to names; and an author

whose license with names seems to exceed the allowable, even if in plays the post-name is more nearly legitimate than in novels, is Sir Arthur Pinero. Let one play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," not a romantic play, illustrate. Pustina Emptage, Theophila Fraser, Mrs. Cloys, Denzil Shafto, Peter Elphick, Mrs. Quinton Twelves. They are society people, and good names, thanks to deed-polls, are cheaper than good addresses, but such a collection of strange names is rather to caricature life than to attain that exaggeration of life which is art. It amounts to cruelty to children. Captain Marryat wrote "Japhet in Search of a Father" on the theme of the nameless child, and showed preoccupation with a similar theme in the jolly boys' book, "Percival Keene." Authors who take due care for the characters, their offspring, might recall the tribulations of the unnamed Japhet and the misnamed Percival Keene; they might spare their characters the desperate queerness of being called by names as regrettable as if they had been born to patriotic parents when the war was popular.

It is Mr. Monckton Hoffe who fairly outruns the constable. In "Pomp and Circumstance" he confronts us with a cast which includes Angelo Pageant, his wife Doria, Seymour Revelsent, and Asphodel Forrest! This is what leads to the theatres being called theatrical; it is to announce in advance that the play is remote from life; to paraphrase Judge Brack, "People don't have such names," or, if they have, it is bad art to collect them. We are, as Queen Victoria said, "not amused" when incredible nomenclature inhibits our will to believe in the credibility of the characters, and, apart from fantasy—where Lord Dunsany's inventions of sonorous Eastern names are unique—it is safe to stick to orthodox names, even if an author, as he goes on, must reshuffle old combinations. A sobering thought for the amateur of the unorthodox is that no baby is secure against being named after the admired figure in a popular author's work. Pity the rhapsodist's old age, embittered by appearances in the police courts of young persons whose distinctive names recall a "best seller" of twenty years ago.



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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Proper Fleet Base.

It is an anomaly when a harbor has every advantage as a fleet base, and the fleet is based somewhere else. It is both a folly and a danger when the fleet is split into ineffective units and scattered among ports none of which is either properly situated or suitable in accommodation for defense. That is exactly what a foreign enemy would desire, and it is exactly what has been done with the Pacific fleet. San Francisco is centrally situated, its harbor is large enough to accommodate destroyers, submarines, mother ships, colliers, tankers, hospital ships and all other auxiliaries, it has an abundance of shipyards and drydocks, and it is surrounded by a larger population than any port on the Pacific Coast of America on which to draw for skilled mechanics and every other form of labor and service. Moreover, it is landlocked in a manner that the attempt on the Dardanelles proved impregnable. The southern harbors invite attack, and Puget Sound is partly foreign so that an enemy could bottle up and neutralize any American ships that war caught there. From this port the fleet could move with maximum dispatch to any threatened point on the Coast. In case of war, which we wish would never recur but know is as certain as any other phase of destiny, it would be necessary to concentrate the fleet on San Francisco Bay, if the enemy would kindly give us time. For that reason, if no other, the officers and men of the fleet should have an intimate familiarity with the Bay, with its climate

at all seasons, with its geographical relations to all the Coast, and with the industrial resources and strategic values of the location. These considerations are in no sense repugnant to the spirit of the Disarmament Conference and the Four-Power Treaty. That spirit imposed upon us the duty of reducing armament, but not of being fools about our armament when reduced. We have the navy for national defense. There is no other reason for retaining any of it, and no reason at all unless it is to be effective. Under the policy of reduction, effectiveness is all the more necessary, and no considerations of politics or local interest should be permitted to weaken it further. All these arguments and more were impressed upon Secretary Denby, on the occasion of his recent visit to this city, in his conference with the Bay Cities Naval Affairs Committee. Napoleon's principle was to divide and conquer. It is the duty of the Navy Department to see that the present division of the Pacific fleet is abolished, that the fleet is henceforth operated as a unit, and that it is drilled and maneuvered in practical relationship to its proper strategic base.

### Under Which King, Benzonian?

The railroad strike situation has got down to fundamentals. It is not now a question of wages, or seniority, or of any other matter of merely incidental import. Is the government at Washington supreme, or must it yield to the authority and the power of the labor unions? This is the issue; all else now is irrelevant. President Harding through his Attorney-General has spoken for the government:

The underlying principle is the survival and the supremacy of the United States. \* \* \* No union or combination of unions can dictate to the American Union. \* \* \* I will use the power of the country within my control to prevent the labor unions of the country from destroying the open shop. \* \* \* When a man in this country is not permitted to engage in lawful toil, whether he belongs to the union or not, the death knell to liberty will be sounded and anarchy will supersede organized government. \* \* \* When the unions claim the right to dictate to the government and to dominate the American people and deprive the people of necessities of life, then the government will destroy the unions, for the government of the United States is supreme and must endure. \* \* \* There must be no coercion by letter, telegrams, telephone, word of mouth or interviews to be published in newspapers, to direct or command any person to abandon the employment of the said railway company. \* \* \* No organization will be permitted to laugh in the frozen faces of a famishing people without prompt prosecution and proper punishment.

These utterances are incontrovertible unless it be conceded that there is an authority in the United States superior to the authority of the government.

In the face of these declarations the head of the American Federation of Labor declares that the unions "will fight." He asserts the right to disregard the commands of a United States court, thus endorsed by the government at Washington. The unions will, Mr. Gompers declares, defy the government.

Now we are to see if President Harding or Sam Gompers is the head of the republic. One is backed by the laws of the land and the mandate of the whole people. The other is backed by an irresponsible agency which sets up rules of its own making and the authority of its agents as superior to the authority and powers of the government.

Public opinion will determine the issue; and it is for every citizen to take his part in making the verdict. Men and brethren, where do you stand? Are you for President Harding and the supremacy of the government, or are you for Sam Gompers and for the supremacy of organized labor? "Under which king, Benzonian?"

Once before—in the year 1861—the authority and powers of the government at Washington were challenged. Eleven states of the Federal Union entered into a conspiracy to estop the processes of the

government within their several borders. They called hosts of armed men into the service of the cause as they defined it. A bloody war followed and many thousands of men laid down their lives. That challenge to the authority and powers of the Federal government failed. So will this new challenge fail.

### The Old Deal and the New.

The governorship of California, as compared with that of other states, is an office of exceptional powers. The "short-ballot" helps make it so. A scant half-dozen functionaries, whose duties are mainly of a routine sort, are filled by popular election, but the more potential agents of administration—most notably the all-powerful Board of Control—are appointed by the governor. Then we have a multitude of commissions whose members are named by the governor and with tenure subject to his favor. Associated with our numberless commissions are numberless *attachés*—lawyers, clerks, stenographers, messengers, laborers, chauffeurs, and last but not least, an army of high-salaried "experts." Of the thousands who in one service or another or through one device or another draw salaries from the state treasury—and ride about in 461 state motor-cars—all, in the philosophy of practical politics, are under obligation to the governor. And it is no accident that this is so. When Mr. Johnson was revising the state constitution ten years ago he was also building up a political machine—and he missed no tricks.

Another source of power as related to the governorship of California is the legislative practice of enacting all money bills without scrutiny. This is done under a rule of "courtesy" as between legislators. Each legislature passes up to the executive office a mass of measures appropriating money vastly in excess of the available funds; and it becomes the duty—and the opportunity—of the governor to arrange the budget in his discretion. In his judgment or at his sovereign pleasure he may give here and withhold there. He may reward or he may punish. A more effective means of disciplining members of the legislature or of placating communities could hardly be devised. All this obviously is at odds with the principle under which the power of the purse should abide in the legislature, leaving only the duty of execution to the executive office, but it is only one of many illustrations of the difference between theory and practice.

The Johnson machine, evidence of whose vitality we have just seen in last week's election, was founded in the powers of the governorship; and it has been maintained by the same powers. True, Senator Johnson and Governor Stephens do not love each other, but their concurrent ambitions led them to smother their antipathies. The one seeking continuance in the senatorship and the other in the governorship, they have worked together; and Johnson, being the stronger personality, has had the better of the partnership. In the late election, under influences mainly "under the table," the energies of the joint machine were exercised almost exclusively in behalf of Johnson and to the neglect of Stephens. Johnson is booked for another term at Washington, but Stephens goes sadly back to Los Angeles to resume business as a private citizen at the old stand. He has made no public moan, but one who claims heart-to-heart knowledge reveals to the *Argonaut* that if Mr. Stephens had the power to paint the moon it would be a "bloomin' sanguinary spectacle."

Mr. Johnson has held his machine in fair working order through a policy of cajoling Governor Stephens. But will he be able to make a deal with the prospective governor, Richardson? Those who are in the know of things say not. Richardson, while an amiable man, is essentially a lone-hander and he is no "dub" in the game of politics. While he once worked with Johnson, he owes him nothing. In his private affairs he has ex-



hibited organizing ability; and there is further evidence of his skill in the recent campaign. We suspect that Johnson will not find in Richardson the complaisance and pliability that enabled him to use Stephens and the powers of the governorship to his own ends. In the campaign just ended Richardson stood opposed to the Johnson machine. In so far as it took heed of the contest for the governorship it was for Stephens. Richardson owes it no friendship. The score is the other way round. Thus, although Mr. Johnson came out of the recent campaign a victor, he stands weakened in his potentialities by the outcome. His machine, a dominating force for the past ten years, is now minus its fundamental prop, since the essential powers of political organization in California lie with the governorship.

The vitality of the Johnson machine has largely been dependent upon the prevailing riot of extravagance in state affairs. It has thriven upon multiplication of offices and lavish expenditure of public money. The theory has been that the taxpayer is a dumb creature without ability to protect himself. So it has been and so it would have continued to be if there had not arisen a champion of the principle of economy. Mr. Richardson appears in that character. Now for upwards of a year he has gone quietly about the state exhibiting the follies, the wastes, the graft of the system. He has pledged himself to reform the system—to disband the commissions, to cut the official roster, to demobilize the army of tax-eaters. This programme, if it shall be carried into execution, and we believe it will, can not fail first to weaken and ultimately destroy the machine. That which has been built upon extravagance can not be maintained under a régime of prudence and legitimacy in public expenditure—and that is what Richardson promises and what the taxpayers expect at his hands.

That Senator Johnson and his friends see a menace to the machine in the prospective election of Richardson is evident in their effort to put a rival candidate in the field. Mayor Rolph confesses that he has been urged to get himself on the ticket by petition, and he intimates that he has the matter under consideration. The motive is plainly in view. It is inspired partly by malice against Richardson, partly by the hope of throwing the election to Woolwine, the Democratic nominee. With a Democrat in the governor's chair the machine would lose its main support, and after a fashion it might be held together in the hope of future success and reward. From the machine standpoint a Democratic governor is much to be preferred to an anti-machine governor. While Mr. Rolph does not easily put aside any suggestion flattering to his political ambitions, he is in this particular matter a bit shy. And well he may be, for if now, after having participated in the primary, he should come out as a candidate it would be a shabby act—an act even shabbier than other things that he has done in times past. The sinister motive would be too evident. He could not hope for election. All that he could get out of a candidacy would be a little brief applause from radical supporters of the machine, and to this would be added the contempt of all fair-minded and right-thinking men. The contest for the regular party nomination was open and above board. The party has declared its choice, and with an emphasis that can not be mistaken or explained away.

#### The Bonus.

The five-billion-dollar raid upon the treasury of the United States and the earning power of the American people known as the Soldiers' Bonus Bill has passed the Senate with certain amendments, and, having previously passed the House, now goes to conference. Its proponents believe that it will be in the hands of President Harding within the next two weeks. If he signs it the raid will become effective next New Year's; which is not far off.

This bill passes at a time when nations, and industries, and society in general are in a restless, fevered state. The world is ill. Although the United States is better off than the nations of Europe, it is in no condition to assume a new and demoralizing burden. Business in this country is just struggling to its feet after the vast disorganization of the war; and not merely business as such, but that universal business of providing for the household and making the family income go as far as it will. No burden can be laid upon the commercial affairs of the nation, by imposing it

upon the national finances, without its being felt, and severely felt, by the general body of the public; for in the long run it is the consumer that pays.

The country was under no obligation to take on this added load. Its obligation was to the maimed and incapacitated, and to the dependent survivors of those that gloriously died. As for those that participated in the European conflict, they had an education universities could not give; and an exalting experience beyond all price, which this bill purposes to reduce to terms of \$1.25 a day, less the \$60 discharge money already received.

On the contrary, Congress and the government were under the gravest obligation to lighten burdens to the taxpayer as far as that is humanly possible. Taxes are crushing in their weight, and the public is growing increasingly conscious of the fact and increasingly rebellious about it. We have just had a demonstration of it in California, where a campaign directed solely at that mark has resulted in the nomination of a comparatively obscure aspirant for the governorship. There is no other meaning to the startling success of Mr. Richardson. He defined and restricted the issue to that one point. Both the business men and the people in general are tired of the ceaseless demands put upon them by the government, and determined to force retrenchment. Mr. Richardson understood the matter, thereby giving evidence of his qualifications. The voters recognized the issue, and voted to make retrenchment the policy of the state; and President Harding would do well to regard that result of the California primary as an indication of the temper of the public on the sore subject of finance.

The President has said that he would veto the bonus bill unless it carried its own revenue-raising provision. He should have said he would veto it whether or no—because any revenue-raising provision that would work could work only in one way and that would be by taking the money out of the people; there is no other way for government to get money. But at any rate he has said it must carry its own revenue-raising method. He should and probably will stand by what he has said. The public expects it, and it is hopefully looking for something of the sort as an outward and visible sign of courage and firmness. President Harding is an amiable and a considerate man, but we have never on that account doubted that he possessed the requisite obstinacy—stubbornness if that quality be necessary—to discharge in full the high trust reposed in him by the American people, even to opposing a behest of the people themselves if it were manifestly to their hurt. And this bill would be to their hurt. The argument that "it will put money into circulation" is absurd. Not a dollar would be in circulation after it that is not in circulation now. Two-thirds of the money paid out through it if it were enacted would be received, like all easy money, as something dropped from the sky or a winning in the lottery, and would be spent for superfluities. It would, in other words, be wasted instead of being devoted to productive industry, and the ultimate benefit would not accrue to the intended beneficiaries. The burden would fall upon the taxpayer, and the only compensation he could ever hope to see would be an unhealthy inflation of trade.

The addition tacked to the bill on motion of Senator Simmons of North Carolina, providing that the interest on the foreign debt be used to defray the cost of the bonus is a fantastic, eleventh-hour effort to meet the condition laid down by the President. That money is all needed to redeem interest on the bonds of the government due its own people, or for the remission of war taxation. Used in that manner it will do more for business and industry than four times the amount dribbled out in fifty and hundred-dollar lots to abled-bodied young men who have survived unharmed the sublime test of patriotism and received the invaluable discipline of war. And it will do more for these young men themselves, for it will go far to reestablish industry on a normal basis and enable them the sooner to find their places in it. The foreign interest device does not meet the issue; it dodges it. It provides no new source of revenue, but merely appropriates an old one.

The bonus raid is a measure of public largess, on the bread-and-the-circus plan of catching votes in return for gratuities, or doles; and not for needed doles either. It is a bid for popularity, an essay at corrupting part of the electorate in a palatable manner. The President's veto is expected, even by the senators that

voted for it, and it is awaited with eagerness by a public that is tired of the whole sordid subject, and would like to see it disposed of properly and for good.

#### The Bonus Debate.

Our veracious and thoroughgoing daily newspapers were too much taken up with the activities of Peggy Joyce, with speculations about the McCormick girl and her riding-master fiancé, with the latest news of Fatty Arbuckle, and other similarly important matters, to give attention or space to the debate which preceded the passage of the bonus bill by the Senate.

One of the notable speeches was made by Major Reed, the new and youthful senator from Pennsylvania. Reed is an ex-service man, having been several months at the front in France. Admitting that a majority of the ex-service men in the country favored the bill, Mr. Reed declared the belief that they were more anxious to see the public debt paid and taxes reduced than to receive the bonus. "I am not willing," he said, "in army slang, to pass the buck to the President, therefore I shall vote against this bill now."

Senator New said that the measure was in effect an insult to the soldier:

It is a gratuity, and no man ever accepted a gratuity without being the worse off for having accepted it. It is my honest belief that so far as the cash feature of this bill is concerned it would be money thrown away. It is insufficient in amount to accomplish any beneficent result that would be enduring, and at the end of a brief period of indulgence the only thing that would be left would be the debt that its granting would fasten upon the treasury.

Continuing, Mr. New pointed out that the cost of the so-called bonus which is provided by this bill will exceed the cost to the government of the whole civil war. This means the addition of \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 to the public debt, which already approximates \$23,000,000,000. It is impossible to create a public debt that leaves the shoulders of any man free from the burden it imposes. Its effect will be felt by those who are to be the immediate beneficiaries of this plan for a generation after they have lost all recollection of the pittance which the bill proposes to give them.

Senator Myers (Democrat) of Montana declared that the bill had been promoted by the methods of propaganda. He used, he said, to "think that Congress sat here and deliberated and in its judgment enacted legislation which it thought was for the best interests of the country. But I believe that idea has been largely superseded by the idea that if you want to get anything out of Congress you must institute propaganda and carry it on very extensively and very actively. There has been more propaganda carried on in favor of this legislation than any other legislation I have known for a good while."

Continuing, Mr. Myers contended that:

The country is in no condition to saddle upon the taxpayers an additional burden, variously estimated from \$4,000,000,000 to \$7,000,000,000. I do not believe the business of the country, which is just emerging from a long and distressing depression and from a very stagnating condition, is in any shape to stand any such added burden at this time.

Senator Underwood (Democrat) of Alabama made comparison of the wages of the soldier with those of the mechanics who served at home in civil occupations:

A vast number of the young men who served in the army were not trained and had no profession. Many of them were farm boys. If you compare the wage received in the army after all of their expenses had been paid and allowances made for their families with the wage men got on the farm during the war I do not think there would be much difference between the two classes of men as far as actual compensation is concerned. Of course there were men in the ranks who made great sacrifices to be there. Nobody can contend that men of this class will have their compensation adjusted by our paying them an additional \$625.

Proceeding, Senator Underwood said he could find no reason for paying a bonus to men who had come out of the service unscathed and capable of earning a livelihood. He would vote to care generously for those who had been rendered incapable, but he would not insult a man competent for self-support by handing out to him a petty dole:

We now owe \$22,000,000,000 and it is proposed by this bill to increase that indebtedness by \$4,000,000,000 or \$7,000,000,000 more. I think \$7,000,000,000 is nearer the mark than \$4,000,000,000. At any rate, it is proposed to increase the present indebtedness by passing this bill and making the aggregate



nearer \$30,000,000,000 than \$20,000,000,000. What effect will that have on the national defense?

Senator Wadsworth (Republican) of New York in opposing the bill stressed its economic and moral effects. Referring to a statement by Senator McCumber to the effect that if the Bonus bill were not passed the young men of the country would not again rally to the public defense, "I have," he said, "no such opinions of the veterans of this war as would lead me to suggest such a thing either in public or in private. I can not comprehend how such a suggestion could have been uttered on the floor of the Senate or in any other place, indicating as it does a suspicion, or at least a fear, or a doubt at least, as to the loyalty of these men to their country and its institutions, indicating as it does that it would be wiser and safer in view of the possible crisis which might overtake the country for us to pay them an average of \$300 or \$400 as provided in this bill."

Senator Williams (Democrat) of Mississippi also denied the charge that the boys who went to the training camps or the war, and who returned to their homes uninjured, made "sacrifices":

When a young boy with warm blood in his veins answers the call of his country, whether as a volunteer or as the subject of the draft, and goes out to fight for civilization against military autocracy, I scorn the suggestion that he has sacrificed the number of days, months, or years that he has devoted to that purpose. That it has placed him at an economic disadvantage with his fellow-citizens all history proves it is not true.

Senator Colt (Republican) of Rhode Island commended the bonus in a brief and colorless speech, merely declaring it to be a "matter of equity."

Senator Sterling (Republican) of South Dakota opposed the bill on both economic and patriotic grounds. In summary he said:

The bill ought to be defeated. First, on the ground of precedent; second, on the ground of the country's needs otherwise; third, on the ground that the ex-service men can get along without it; fourth, on the ground of the bad example it will set and the evil consequences that may flow therefrom in the future; fifth, on the ground that the terms of the bill itself are iniquitous in that they violate sound business principles and invite prodigality and recklessness on the part of the beneficiaries or supposed beneficiaries of the bill.

Senator La Follette, political nondescript of Wisconsin, was ardently for the bill. His only objection to it was that it "made too meagre provisions for our soldiers." He argued that there would be no difficulty in raising the money. He would restore and increase the excess profit tax, and increase the tax on large incomes and raise the inheritance tax on large fortunes. His idea was to cinch the rich "without burdening the industries of the country."

Senator Borah opposed the bonus on grounds both moral and economic. Further, he denounced it as a mere vote-seeking scheme. A striking sentence in his argument is as follows:

A modest offering to the millions of service men is a poor palliative to more millions who may be out of employment. Stabilized finance and well-established confidence are most essential to restore industry and commerce.

Senator Lodge (Republican) of Massachusetts favored the bonus, but did not engage in the discussion. In all twenty-three senators took the floor in the debate, which, while broad in its scope, did not present considerations not previously made familiar to the public.

#### Editorial Notes.

At last we are to be revenged on G. K. Chesterton. W. L. George, John Cowper Powys, and the rest of the tribe of transatlantic critics and lecturers. Our own H. L. Mencken has gone to England. May he return with some part of what they took away. The literary balance of trade must be redressed.

Wine production on a commercial scale still goes on actively in California. The total of commercial stock on hand the first of July in Southern California alone aggregated 21,371,820 gallons. According to Mr. Goodcell, collector of internal revenues for the southern region, production so far exceeds withdrawals that the supply is increasing at the rate of 3,485,843 gallons monthly.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon reports that the deficit in governmental expenses for the present fiscal year will probably run to the tidy sum of \$500,000,000.

If on top of this situation there should come the tremendous demand in the bonus bill the situation of the national treasury would be pitiful indeed. The hope is that President Harding will put the executive kibosh on the bonus. Aside from other objections, this measure is in direct and flagrant contempt of the pledges under which the present administration came into control of the government. It was the distinct promise of the Republican party to reduce taxes, and that may not be done with the bonus added to the national financial budget.

President Harding's ship subsidy proposal is in the way of going over to the next session of Congress. The present Congress has on hand too many things to take up now a subject of this importance. Furthermore, Congress is loath to act upon the proposal with a general election just ahead. But the President has in no manner altered his purpose. He has come to the fixed judgment that by no other practicable means can the American flag be maintained on the Seven Seas. Thus believing, he will use all the powers of his office to secure the enactment of a measure embodying substantially his previous recommendations.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### An Englishwoman's Protest.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD,

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGL., July 29, 1922.

DEAR ARGONAUT: In an April issue of the *Argonaut* your Vanity Fair writer deals hardly with the culinary efforts of the average Englishwoman. Admitted that fancy cooking is not our strong point, there are one or two pertinent excuses. First, that up to very recent times domestic labor was cheap and efficient and there was no particular reason for the mistress of a house of the well-to-do class to cook. Now it is only the very modern houses which are built with the labor-saving devices that almost every American establishment has as a matter of course. In these the American housewife is able to cope with quite respectable menus without being handicapped and daunted by sulky coal stoves built in coal-strikeless days, of antiquated hot-water systems made apparently to run another sort of cold water, long stairs, and all the paraphernalia and clutter of the period when hands were more employed than brains.

Vanity Fair says, too, that she (I am sure it is a feminine pen) doubts if we could produce teachers in England capable of teaching this most useful of all arts. Well, I fear her knowledge is very much of the past—that nebulous region that evolved the mother-in-law joke, the effete aristocracy, and the elastic-sided-booted Englishwoman—or that her experiences while in this little island were terribly unfortunate. However, let her still hope, as domestic science (*i. e.*, cooking, laundry, and general housework) is now on the curriculum of state schools and most of the voluntary ones; very admirably done, too, by certificated, intelligent women who have made it their life work.

I believe that the next few years will see a great improvement when the new poor are able to afford more modern labor-saving aids and can concentrate their energies. Englishwomen have excelled in their gardens, so why should they not, now that the necessity is upon them, in their kitchens? Hands that have wielded the spade will not be ashamed to brandish the spoon. I fancy even now, man for man and woman for woman, that England could show a cleaner slate for dyspepsia than America, and perhaps this is because of our simpler breakfasts which Vanity Fair casts in our teeth. Comparisons are odious, and most nations eat the food they enjoy and which suits them and their particular climate. The average Englishman feels unfit for the day after a breakfast of what he would call "messes," and the same shudder of horror apparently overtakes his American cousin at having tea for that meal. Let us therefore eat garlic in France, oil in Italy, chilis in Spain, and, if need be, rotten fish in Siam, in the happy faith that the native knows best.

PHYLIS A.

##### Concerning an Old Landmark and a Proposed New One.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 20, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Do you know of the Lincoln School Association, of which I am a member, and to which only youngsters of fifty years and up are eligible? They dine together once a year—on February 12th—wear their school clothes and endeavor by song, recitation, and reminiscence to imagine themselves schoolboys again. The teachers who are still with us are also invited. Every year until recently a "first reader" was auctioned and often reaucted to help swell the fund that the "boys" had been collecting, with which to erect a Lincoln Memorial, a replica of the statue that stood in front of the old Lincoln School on Fifth Street and that was destroyed in 1906.

The fund grew so slowly that it was decided to pool it with a similar fund that the local civil war veterans were collecting. This occurred a few years ago and a committee was appointed from both these associations, plus James D. Phelan and James Rolph, Jr., our mayor. Now what I am afraid will happen is that either one or the other the Jimmies will, when the fund is big enough, use his influence to give the job to some friend of a friend of a political friend, as I understand was done in the case of the Lincoln statue that was presented to England by the United States and which was so bad that it was afterwards replaced by a replica of the Lincoln by Saint-Gaudens.

The "boys" who for sentimental reasons would like the old school statue reproduced forget that this feeling will not survive them, although the statue will. Why couldn't we get permission to copy the Saint-Gaudens, and thereby insure to our city a recognized masterpiece and in addition save the cost of a design competition?

Then as to the location. I hope that it will not be in the Golden Gate Park, where it will likely be placed in company with a miscellaneous assortment of more or less amateurish effigies of the more or less great.

I should favor a spot nearer the centre of town, such as Union Square or the Civic Centre, where it could be seen daily by tens of thousands. A LINCOLN SCHOOL "BOY."

It is now said that the financial troubles of German communities mean the end of free schooling in Germany.

#### THE UNIFICATION OF CHINA.

Situation Appears to Be Working Itself Out Through the Processes of Historic Evolution.

China comes nearer being a united country today than at any juncture in her affairs since the Empress Dowager was overthrown and a republic established in 1911. The situation is working itself out, through a sort of natural evolution such as war sometimes assists. The condition from which the country is emerging should be understood, and can be understood from an easy American illustration, but the solution was one for time alone to bring.

Can you picture the United States being run by the governors of the forty-eight states, electing themselves by the votes of their respective national guards, keeping them under arms when funds are obtainable—money taken from taxes and revenues that should go to Washington? The situation in China, with its eighteen provinces, has heretofore been somewhat analogous. China has the largest army in the world today: a million and a half men who receive \$10 Mex a month—sometimes. The military governors, or Tsuchuns, have fought each other until they are, through defeat and elimination, approaching unity. The only fighting now going on is between Ching Chung Ming, and the remnants of Sun Yat Sen's army and followers in the vicinity of Canton. Wu Pei Fu has been in Hankow, 600 miles up the river from Shanghai and geographically half way between Peking and Canton, where he has tried to appease the anti-northern factions of Hupeh, Honan, and Szechuen provinces, the Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky of our civil war days.

Right here let us kill the thought that there is a civil war in progress in China, as it has been so misnamed in the press of America. The two main factions, the northern or Peking government and the southern or Canton government, have never fought each other. They can't, because they are too widely separated. The fighting has all been between provinces or within a province, until Wu drove Chang out of the north. With the elimination of Sun Yat Sen and Chang Tso-lin the greatest obstacles to the reunification of China have been overcome. Only minor unorganized factions in a few of the provinces are now endeavoring to carry on their independent governments and monopolies.

The eighteen provinces of China proper constitute the republic, as a homogeneous possibility. Five distinct countries comprised the old Chinese empire—Tibet, East Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria, and China proper—and are now looked upon politically as comprising the Chinese Republic. When the various provinces with their different languages, coinages, and governments begin to function along lines that somewhat resemble a republic (say 10 per cent. as effectively as the forty-eight states of the American union) it will be time enough to consider the vast deserts, plateaus, valleys and mountain ranges of the other four countries, of which the white man knows little: an almost treeless, roadless, railless, wireless empire of double the area of China proper, and one that can be traversed only by camel pack-train.

It is well for any American—including those who have lived in China—to study the map before discussing her reunification. Nature has created tremendous handicaps in the path to progress of this vast area. Taking a quick glance at these outlying domains, we must understand that Manchuria is virtually Japanese territory today. Turkestan and Mongolia, where they are not mountainous, contain large deserts. Here wild dogs and horses still roam; a fact which we can hardly appreciate sitting by our home firesides. It is only within recent years that a Caucasian has boasted of approaching the forbidden shrines of Tibet.

The outcome of the present situation in respect to personalities in the government of China is anybody's guess. Hsu Shih-chang, who was president after Yuan Shih-kai died, is out, and Li Yuan-hung, who was vice-president under Yuan Shih-kai, is president—temporarily.

Yuan Shih-kai was a military leader and succeeded to the presidency through his power as commander-in-chief of the Chinese army. Upon his death, Li Yuan-hung became president. Though he was the general in charge, in succeeding to the presidency he failed to hold his position of military power when the Tsuchuns revolted in 1917, and Hsu Shih-chang became president. Hsu was ousted through the military diplomacy of Wu Pei Fu, the present military leader, who has done more to reunite China than any other man. Chang Tso-lin, who has been openly financed and assisted by the Japanese, has been called the "Uncrowned King of Manchuria," but he was "crowned," to use a slang expression, when he was defeated by Wu in one of the most strategic and decisive battles of recent Asiatic history.

Chang Tso-lin is still the war lord of Manchuria; there is no denying that. He controls the northern end of the Peking-Mukden Railway, even though the minister of communications in Peking issues orders to the



contrary. But when Chang was driven north of the Great Wall and away from Peking by Wu he was eliminated as a possible military leader in China proper. What he and Japan will do and are doing in Manchuria is another story.

Now take a jump to Canton, a thousand miles south as the crow flies, but a great deal farther by steamer. There is no railroad connecting north and south China. On the map, Peking is opposite San Francisco and Canton is opposite the tip of Lower California. Sun Yat Sen has been the undisputed ruler in South China. He even claimed to be the rightful president of the republic. Sun is a Cantonese, and as the Chinese in America are nearly all Cantonese we have had a distorted view of him and his efforts. It is possible that Sun Yat Sen will be offered a position when the new cabinet is formed, as he has a certain following that should be united. In the meantime he maintains a house in the French concession in Shanghai, where his spoils of government are safe from the hands of any rival faction. As soon as Wu Pei Fu eliminated Chang Tso-lin (who was in sympathy with Sun Yat Sen) in the north, Chang Chung Ming took Canton, and is now the military leader of Kwang Tung province, in which Canton is located. Ching Chung Ming is a northern sympathizer, but if his political ambition becomes too great he may assume the powers of military governor of Kwang Tung—and who could stop him as long as the money held out?

Thus we have a kaleidoscopic view of the situation. Is it better to disband the armies and deprive the Tuchuns of their power, or unite them under one strong head? Both policies have adherents. When armies are routed or disbanded in China they become roving bands that plunder and kill. When a Tuchun attains undisputed power, he generally does likewise. A real leader, who could properly direct the efforts of the armies and at the same time keep them fed, clothed, and contented, could accomplish wonders if he were let alone. China has her own way of working out her salvation. At the recent Washington Conference a Japanese official asked Wellington Koo when he thought his country would be in a position to govern herself. Koo's laconic reply is famous: "China has been governing herself for the past 4000 years." The Grecian and Roman and German empires have risen and fallen while China carried on in her own way. In the meantime it is for us to dictate what she shall or shall not do?

The Washington Conference accomplished much for Chinese welfare of which the Chinese people know little and care less. Great Britain has abandoned Wei Hai Wei. Japan will evacuate Shantung. That is, she will officially withdraw her troops with strings tied to the withdrawal, but leave many citizens and business men (ex-soldiers well trained) behind her. She leaves the curse of her recent monopoly, and in the opinion of many Occidental observers has forever ruined Shantung as a white man's country.

The British, Japanese, and Americans have agreed to withdraw their postoffices January 1st (something we had no international right to establish), and a commission is working on a plan to raise the custom's duties from 5 per cent. to 12½ per cent. Nearly every commodity in or out of China pays a 5 per cent. duty today, most of which goes toward paying the interest on the Boxer indemnity to England, France, and Japan. It will be recalled that America remitted her share of the Boxer indemnity long ago, with which China established an educational fund to send her students to American universities.

Do the countries with interests in China want to see this peaceful four-thousand-year-old nation united? Japan, no. England, France, Portugal—all of whom have colonies or concessions in China—well, the only answer is that for the first time in history all these nations recently gathered around the table at Washington in their first show-down. All were supposed to lay their cards on the table—but did they? America played trumps with her disarmament cards, and thereby sacrificed her ability to maintain the open door. The gate to Manchuria is locked, and the key is in the Imperial Palace at Tokyo.

If the so-called New China Spirit ever permeates farther inland than twenty-five miles from the coast there will be some hope of awakening the hordes of the interior. If China should arise in her wrath her word would be law. But will she? We can not see it in the light of her history for forty centuries.

A united China would help business, which is what the foreign nations are most interested in, next to obtaining concessions. Otherwise China can take care of herself.

WARREN MANLEY.

SHANGHAI, August 10, 1922.

Corporal André Peugeot, who was killed on August 2, 1914, by a band of Uhlans at Jonchery, France, thirty hours before the declaration of hostilities, has been recently honored with a monument as the first victim of the world war.

The first transatlantic ship under the German flag to make a regular call at Boulogne since the war was the *Antonio Delino* from Hamburg, which recently embarked passengers and mails for Buenos Aires.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Pleasant A. Stovall, former American minister to Switzerland, has been awarded the gold medal of the Belgian government for war work among prisoners and refugees. Mr. Stovall recently received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Georgia.

Mme. Curie is reported to be hard hit by the wave of economy that has struck the French government. The abolishment of 50,000 government positions does not leave her famous radium laboratory unscathed. One of the most serious obstacles the discoverer of radium has always faced was the shortage of qualified assistants. It is now urged in the interests of science that some philanthropist forward the few hundred dollars needed annually to keep Mme. Curie's staff at even its present inadequate proportions.

Professor Albert Einstein, exponent of the theory of relativity, has been blacklisted by the Deutsche Nationale party, who have marked him and a number of other leading German Jews for persecution. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, whose editor, Theodor Wolff, is also on the monarchists' blacklist, says: "Professor Einstein's continued concealment is advisable because the assailants of Maximilian Harden and Mathias Erzberger have not been apprehended. Professor Einstein's enforced absence is a blot on the German name and honor."

An authorized announcement has been made that all profits from Mr. Lloyd George's memoirs will be devoted to war charities. The British premier is publishing his account of the great struggle to counteract the many partisan pamphlets and articles aimed against his direction of the war. Mr. Lloyd George has made great progress in his history of the war during his holiday at Criccieth and expects to have the first volume ready for publication by early spring. Apropos of Lloyd George's decision to donate the proceeds of his book to charity it has been pointed out that he is a poor man practically dependent on the income of about \$10,000 left him by Andrew Carnegie.

Miss Willa Cather has the honor of being the only woman included in the group of five Americans "who have appeared above the literary horizon in the last ten years" as chosen by some fifty leading American critics in response to a question put by the *Literary Digest*. Miss Cather was born in Winchester, Virginia, in 1876. She was educated at the University of Nebraska, where she received her bachelor's degree in 1895 and her doctorate in 1917. Miss Cather was on the staff of the *Pittsburgh Daily Leader* from 1897 to 1901 and was associate editor of *McClure's Magazine* from 1906 to 1912. She is the author of "April Twilight," "Alexander's Bridge," and "My Antonio," the last of which Heywood Broun has declared the best American novel to his knowledge.

Cardinal Cagliero has been awarded the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice by the Italian government and the decoration is causing more troubles in the papal army. The honor bestowed by Italy on a prince of the church has revealed the fact that while decorations of other governments, including the German and Austrian war crosses, may be worn in the Vatican by members and troops of the Papal Court, the ban against wearing those of Italy still exists. The Pope allowed Cardinal Cagliero to accept the Italian decoration and it is believed will now make a new dispensation allowing him to wear it. That is where the trouble starts, for the Italian veterans of the world war who have enlisted in the papal gendarmes want the same privilege extended to them, while the aristocratic corps of Noble Guards are opposing such exception being made to the old rule established when Italy took Rome from the Pope. The Pope, it is reported, has the question under consideration.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, as he appears listed in the British "Who's Who," or Zacharie-Basile Zaharoff, as he is sometimes known on the Continent, is Europe's man of mystery, and according to some British statesmen the power behind the premier's chair. Sir Basil, who enjoys the distinction of his English title presumably in return for his immense war services, is among other superlatives claimed to be the richest man in the world. But not by himself, for the extraordinary character about whose early life the most that is known is that he is part Greek and part Russian takes his love of mystery and incognito to a fanatic degree. Sir Basil Zaharoff, who is said to be about seventy-two, tall, slender, with silvery hair and moustache, is a banker by profession and one of the most powerful of international financiers. He is supposed to have given Greece, his mother's country, an allowance of two and a half millions annually during the Balkan war and half that sum during the world war. He has paid for new Greek legations lest his mother country seem shabby to strangers and he is credited with having financed the rise of Venizelos. It is because of his foreign origins that many Englishmen, despite his generous contributions to their government, consider him unsuitable for the post of adviser to the prime minister—a position which he nevertheless denies enjoying. From the outset of the world war the Germans considered the capture of Zaharoff of first importance. He nevertheless evaded them and continued his work as a munitions

director—a post which undoubtedly brought him into contact with Lloyd George. According to *Le Journal des Hellènes* Sir Basil is a director of the Crédit Lyonnais, a director of the Barclay Bank in London, stockholder in numerous steamship lines, grain elevators, and theatres, owner of vast Near Eastern properties, and half owner of the Monte Carlo Casino. In addition to these possible connections he is the known head of the Vickers-Maxim munitions plant in England. Despite his English title, Sir Basil is a French naturalized citizen.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Drifting.

My soul today  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;  
My winged boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,  
The mountains swim:  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim  
With outstretched hands  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff:—  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where swells and falls  
The bay's deep breast at intervals,  
At peace I lie,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With earth and ocean reconciled:—  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail.  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where summer sings and never dies,—  
O'erleaved with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid,  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;  
Or down the walls,  
With tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips,  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
Where Traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows:—  
This happier one  
Its course has run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

### Three Loves.

There were three maidens who loved a king:  
They sat together beside the sea;  
One cried, "I love him, and I would die  
If but for one day he might love me!"

The second whispered, "And I would die  
To gladden his life, or make him great."  
The third one spoke not, but gazed afar  
With dreamy eyes that were sad as Fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,  
The second his life with fond love blest;  
And yet the woman who never spoke  
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

—Lucy H. Hooper.

More than 3,000,000 adult persons are employed or engaged in operating retail stores in the United States.



# THE ITALIAN FACTOR IN EUROPE.

Edgar A. Mowrer Depicts the Character and Leanings of the All-Enduring Nation.

Considering the number of persons that have tried in vain to find a formula for immortality, it is no discredit to Edgar A. Mowrer that he has not presented us, in his "Immortal Italy," with the specific reason why Italy is immortal, and hence that he has probably disappointed those patriots whose desire is an order of society that will never die. But that Italy is "immortal," or at least has been thus far, and seems destined to be for some time to come, is not easy to gainsay. Like the testy mountaineer whom the tenderfoot asked if he had lived there all his life, Italy could truthfully reply "Not yet." But probably she never would, because she is not laconic. On the contrary, Mowrer finds it in the Italian nature to be tediously logical and explicatory. They have the reasoning mania. "No one ever accepts an order or follows an instruction without a preamble of logic. . . . Your cook must explain the burning of the roast in terms of syllogism, or more often of an enthememe. The tailor has not finished your suit a month after it was promised because 'in the first place . . . in the second place . . . in the third place,' all solemnly shown on his fingers and with appropriate gestures." From which it may be inferred that Mowrer knows his Italy; but not that he does not love it and the Italian people. He does. He treats his grand theme with sympathy and affection, for which, however, he can hardly expect much appreciation from Italians if this paragraph presents a faithful image:

For all his shrewdness, the average Italian is completely taken in by praise and hyperbole. Tell him he is a good fellow and you like him; he remains cold. But call him a noble Roman, the legitimate child of Latin virtue and civilization, the younger brother of Dante—announce that his country, his army, his customs, his women, his intelligence, his nobility of soul outshine those of other countries as the sun the moon—and he's yours. He can not help it; even though he knows better, it goes to his head. In the popular mind foreigners are divided into friends of Italy, who are expected to express themselves in this tone, and enemies of Italy who are known by their failure to praise.

Nor are the Italians likely to forgive him for a certain hard brilliance with which he has treated the characteristics of individuals and nation; and although it is fine reading, clear-cut and to the point, in part exquisitely incisive, one of the very best of the current analyses of peoples with which it is sought to illuminate the European fog, one wonders whether its boldness, its sharpness, its frankness, and many another quality that is a virtue in the eyes of the analytical Anglo-Saxon with his mania for the whole truth, may not grind a figurative knife or two for the author who has dared handle so sensitive and sentimental a subject with so much freedom.

The title would connote a longer perspective than the book supplies. Mowrer dismisses antiquity rather cavalierly, and soon gets down to modern considerations. Yet the title is justified, as characterization. For has any other country displayed the ability to come back that Italy has? Ruined, devastated, degraded in the Dark Ages until the population of Rome consisted of a few thousand dreary creatures who supposed the remains of former grandeur were the work of gods or demons, Italy finances the Renaissance, almost organizes and directs it, gives new art to the world, and moves to her place in the present through such genius as Dante, Galileo, Leonardo da Vinci, Marco Polo, Columbus, Galvani, Volta, Vico, Verdi, Mascagni, Puccini, Marconi—to say nothing of Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini and Victor Emanuel II. If power to come back demonstrates immortality, Italy is immortal. She has it in a degree to dim the war records of Battling Nelson and Willie Ritchie combined. Our author asks:

How can one familiar with the United States, with Great Britain, with Germany, found hopes on a moribund land of beggars and museums? Is it not a still greater marvel that, after 3000 years of preeminence, Italy is still alive, that it has kept its personality and reformed its nationality, that a renewed nation with its soil still heavy with coma should be breathing in what superficial foreigners had taught us to consider a graveyard? A country that can twice arise from the sleep that is brother to death deserves the epithet immortal. In the Italian power to come back is matter for comparison which might make the enthusiast of modernity a little skeptical.

There follows much light upon recent Italian events affecting her participation in the war, and her status since, including that strange, new phenomenon of the *fascisti*. In Mowrer's view, Italy was rather absorbed in certain jingoistic ambitions which had led her to so fantastic an adventure as the conquest of the Libyan desert, but had ignored other interests, and had almost to be dragged into the war. This is how it occurred:

The emotional nourishment of the Italian people during the first twenty days of May, 1915, was charged almost to the point of explosion. No people less used to effervescence could possibly have kept moderately sober under the influence of so many fizzing ideas and foaming emotions. The battle between Neutralists and Interventionists, Giolitti and Sonnini, Germanophile finance and Francophile democracy, was in full swing. No one could say positively whether Italy would enter the war. I had been told in Paris that her intervention was certain. At Quarto near Genoa I had listened while a short, bald-headed poet called D'Annunzio poured forth to a crowd weeping with delirium a torrent of rhapsodical rhetoric whose message was war. But the choice of the country was dubious.

Italy's leaders had no accomplished fact or immediate aggression to flaunt before their countrymen. To the best of my knowledge, no nation, consulted freely and individually in circumstances permitting patient reflection, had ever chosen war. And in Italy I was not in touch with the democratic and ardent patriots outside public office who were the greatest force for intervention. Among the persons whom I met, diplomats, business men, deputies, journalists, the soberer elements seemed committed to peace. They reasoned; against their reasoning the Interventionists opposed either dubious arguments about a short struggle or emotional declamation.

The book is filled with these stained-glass transparencies, wonderful in their vividness and color; but perhaps some portraits done in this hard and brilliant medium will give the best idea of the style. Has any one given us lately a better study of D'Annunzio than this?

English-speaking persons hold it axiomatic that a boaster must be something of a bluffer. To large numbers of Italians boasting is the becoming garment of great deeds. It takes a long time to realize that they can shelter their real earnestness behind verbal flamboyancy just as easily as Americans behind sarcasm or Englishmen under indifference. Where an American feels only histrionics, the Italian thrills with stiff determination and is excited to heroism. Thus Gabriele D'Annunzio represents to most foreigners an incurable wind bag, a consummate comedian and a picturesque nuisance. To the average Italian he epitomizes the longings of modern Italy. To his nation he is the peerless prophet of "Italianity," the master of the fiery Word, a "column of never consumed fire." He means to his nation the hypostasis of the national life—what Kitchener meant to the English or Roosevelt to Americans. Like them he has his opponents, detractors, enemies. To his followers he is all that man can hope to be—a poet, a soldier, a leader, a hero, a devil with the women—in short, "the greatest of the Italians."

To define, even to describe this man of many facets, is no easy task. A recognized poet at eighteen, he has been a successful journalist, society leader, novelist, has been elected deputy, and planned war flights over Vienna. Always he has remained a consistent though curiously limited artist. He has captained a serious nation in one of its highest endeavors. We think of an aged and somewhat decaying voluptuary, the hero of a thousand beds, and instead we find him at fifty-six directing a complicated undertaking in its least details, manifesting an unrivaled physical and intellectual energy. This is but the latest of his surprises; his has been a life of continual renewals. From the sensual, talented boy, eager for the obvious prizes of life, he passed to the disdainful superman, the philosopher meditating on his own death, the emotional voluptuary toying with ideas of suicide. The fleeing debtor became the intellectual lion of Paris. Then, at the age of fifty-two "the dandy put on a uniform, the poseur showed a contempt for death, and the voluble boaster a capacity for firm instant action."

As to Giolitti, the old master of Italian finesse since Machiavelli departed, Mowrer has this to say:

When Nitti fell, the irony of fate brought back to power that old fox, Giovanni Giolitti, the most cunning and successful of Italian politicians. The old man who had been hooted as a traitor five years before returned (June, 1920) with the unanimous consent of all parties. Every one else had tried and failed to bring back peace to Italy. Giolitti could at least bring the unruly bureaucrats to heel and make the trains run. He might even find a way to down the socialists and solve the Adriatic question, which was rapidly running the country to bankruptcy.

Giolitti returned—humiliating his chief opponents by appointing them senators—and with him his invariable formula: never face a strong opponent or fly in the face of public opinion; wait until the wind turns and then strike before he can recover. Accordingly the prime minister yielded to the Socialists at the time of the factory occupation, but with guile in his heart. "Giolitti," said the Italians, who have an uncontrollable admiration for cunning, "knows his chickens."

After the war, Italy became a hotbed of socialism. So far had the propaganda gone that the proletarian movement seemed ready to proceed on the orders and the programme of Moscow. The manifestations were all about, clear and unmistakable, taking such forms as these:

But social intolerance and general violence had no limits. In some districts it became dangerous to wear a monocle or ride in an automobile. Thenceforth all men were to be equal—all *signori*. Meanwhile anarchy, arrogance, and violence were the prerogatives of labor. A dispute between a street-car conductor and a passenger was answered by a twenty-four-hour general strike. A football game at Viareggio was the prologue to a two-day battle with firearms. Storekeepers accused (rightfully) of profiteering had their stores plundered. In several localities villas were sacked by armed mobs. General strikes isolated town after town, telephone and telegraph wires were constantly being cut. Registered letters went astray. Packages and freight were subject to the most impudent robbery. Trains ran hours behind time or not at all, according to the whim of the engineers. The garbage men in Rome struck twice in hot weather and for days the none too clean city stank with refuse; a terrible epidemic might easily have resulted. Anarchists freely tossed bombs and hand grenades about. Life became a sinister carnival. Each category of worker became a law unto itself. All authority had disappeared. Slight quarrels regularly ended in murder.

But the Italians would not be capable of "immortality" if they did not combine with their emotionalism and blinding logic some large measure of the pragmatic. Unfortunately for socialism, they took a look at it:

Giaccio Menotti Serrati, editor of the four editions of the *Avanti!*, went to Moscow to see if an Italian revolution was possible. The impression brought back from Moscow by the Italian delegates was simply disastrous. Soviet Russia was a land of "hunger, pestilence, and the gallows." If revolution meant reducing one's country to the state of Russia, the Italian socialists would get along without revolution.

And reaction took on a practical, effective form. It seems to have been thorough, and it disclosed at once an astonishing feebleness in the forces of red revolution, which appear to have relied mainly on noise and on taking society unawares while it seized the arsenals and the arms. *Fascism* promptly stopped that. And here is its picture:

In practice *fascism* proved to be "dynamically conservative," yet in theory it was and remained revolutionary. Its unquestioned founder, Benito Mussolini (born 1884), was formerly a red of the reds. His lieutenants were likewise rebels. Umberto Pasella and Agostino Lansillo had both been

syndicalists; Michele Terzaghi was, like Mussolini, an ex-socialist. These men imparted a strong revolutionary spirit to the movement, which they proclaimed "republican in tendency." Temperamentally the early *fascisti* were similar to the advanced communists, equally opposed to liberalism, democracy, and pacifism, equally ready for a fight, exalting heroic violence in opposition to the current "worship of the belly." From their syndicalist origin they also derived their chief doctrines, the cult of the "productive forces" and the shifting of centre in the economic struggle from the field of distribution to that of production. By 1920 (though they did not yet come out as a political party) they had formulated a programme of some clarity.

They aimed to defend the nation and the victory against foreign aggression and bolshevik violence. This done, their task was to stimulate production. The enemy was not socialism, but the parasite, whether workman or capitalist. Whatever economic organization should prove best fitted to produce, that they would defend. They declared themselves favorable to the eight-hour day, all sorts of workman's insurance, cooperative management of public works and public utilities, a national council for production (not unlike a soviet), a tax on capital and heredity, the confiscation of church property and excess war profits, the reduction of the state powers and the bureaucracy. In foreign policy they were "aggressive." Hence the support of the Fiume raid and the scheming for "republican dictatorship." Mussolini has written: "The interest of the nation is above that of single groups and classes, even above those of a single generation." The arbiters of the national interest should be chosen, not from decrepit and corrupt pontificians, but from among young, daring, intuitive individuals with energy to govern, not afraid to use those violent methods the occasion might demand, but not necessarily pledged to lawlessness.

So instructed, the first *fasci di combattimento* remained practically inactive for nearly two years, their only accomplishments being the sacking of the offices of the Milan *Avanti!* and the support given D'Annunzio. Then, allied with the army in Venetia Julia, and with capital in Emilia, they began a real offensive on organized labor, recruited their numbers from among all ranks of respectability and, ceasing to be militia, assumed the aspect and tactics of "vigilantes."

What of present problems? Our author says that anarchy and personal ambition have taken every opportunity to play havoc with the national life. The government is nearly bankrupt, although the people are in the main prosperous. (There is a movement afoot to make Austria a loan in order to repel bolshevism from Italy's borders.) But there is a sad lack of discipline and control, and a "labor turnover" in cabinets that seems rather discouraging just now when stability is most needed. The way out is not easy. *Fascism* was a reaction against a revolution that had really been abandoned already, and so offers nothing progressive in a political sense, although its concern with production is the most rational thing in economics we have thus far seen emerge from the European wallow. Then there are high taxes, and the paper-money disease, both aggravated by extravagance. Foreign contacts are unfortunate and prospects limited. The treaty of Rapallo, which gave the country good frontiers and a protectorship of the Little Entente against a return of the Hapsburgs, was a creditable achievement, but did not settle the question of the Adriatic. Italy will never cease her efforts to get possession of the Slavic islands and the east coast of the Adriatic, and she must defend Trieste against Teutonic ambition, sure to aim at recapturing it. The condition of the peasants was improved by the war—Heaven knows there was room—but it will be long before they can do much to guide national affairs, and the parasitic bureaucrats, like those in America, are gaining rapidly on the productive elements. The people are thus being corrupted into leaning on the government, and the more they lean on it the more they hate it, for they see bureaucracy sapping economic life through higher and higher taxation, as in California.

An economic crisis impends, for Italy is in the fell clutch of her own fecundity. Her people breed too fast, and there is no room for the excess population without vast internal development or else that potent cause of more war, external expansion. And the government dawdles:

The older politicians seem to overlook the problem and the newspapers are full of exhortations to an impossible social peace. It is as though the butterfly were asked to spare the chrysalis or the snake the old skin from which it is emerging. The soul of Italy has grown too big for the old body politic and strives restlessly to break its bonds. Labor crisis and *fascisti* reaction had their origin in the irresistible spirit of the new times. New Italy wants to be better fed and educated and frets against the old-fashioned state paternalism. Already Italians are cramped for space.

Here lies the really important task of Italian diplomats. This is to obtain, somewhere, somehow, scarcely populated territories whither the stifled population of Italy may emigrate and breathe. Within twenty years Italy may well number fifty million inhabitants—more than France, on a poorer territory only half so large; as many as Great Britain, without Britain's wealth or industry; nearly as many as Germany! If arrangement can be made for the unhampered emigration of these multitudes into South and North America, or French North Africa, or the Near East, Italy may be able to continue her historical rôle as mediator—her vast humanitarianism and experience will enable her to precede the more narrowly nationalistic nations in the new ways of international cooperation. If no such outlets can be peaceably acquired, Italy will have no choice but to seek to obtain them by violent means.

Were the older generations of Italians immortal there would be little hope of betterment. But the young men, the war veterans and their younger brothers, the middle class and the best of the proletariat, are rebels. Discontent seems to be inciting an entire generation to overthrow the older men and their cynical indirect methods. The young are more patriotic, energetic, and practical than their elders. If they could, many would emigrate; since they must remain they demand a different world; less finance and more production; less paternalism and more soul. Inevitably the future is theirs.

So it seems, after all, that the immortality of Italy depends on the mortality of her elder statesmen. In that she is not unique.

IMMORTAL ITALY. By Edgar A. Mowrer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending September 2, 1922 (five days), were \$130,900,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$118,000,000; an increase of \$12,900,000.

Although during the last thirty days the bond market has shown its normal summer dullness, dealings in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange have been somewhat larger than for the corresponding periods of the last three years. Prices have been well main-

prefixed to their serial numbers so that they are readily distinguishable from notes not called. At the same time, in connection with the refunding operations, an issue of United States Treasury notes was offered dated August 1st and maturing September 15, 1926. They bear interest at 4½ per cent. and \$345,000,000 were issued, with additional allotments of \$142,000,000 in exchange for Victory notes.

The minister of finance of the Dominion of Canada has announced a similar refunding operation to the effect that \$178,000,000 of the 5½ per cent. Victory issue of 1917, which mature on December 1, 1922, will be retired by the issue of convertible 5½ per cent. five and ten-year bonds maturing in 1927 and 1932.

Normally, at this season of the year, funds are moving westward in anticipation of crop-harvesting demands. Over a long period of years the effect of this seasonal demand has been a tightening of the money rates, beginning usually about the middle of June and reaching the peak in October. So far this year, however, time money and commercial paper have showed no tendency to advance and there has been no pressure on bond prices as might ordinarily be expected, says *Forbes Magazine*.

An explanation is found in the present level of commodity prices and the increasing supply of gold. Commodity prices are sufficiently below 1920 levels to require a substantially smaller volume of credit in order to finance an equal volume in turnover, but have rallied far enough to liquidate large amounts of outstanding obligations and contribute to the general credit supply. Gold has been shipped into this country steadily for two years until total holdings of the Federal Reserve System are now in excess of \$3,000,000,000.

Federal Reserve note circulation totals a little over two billions, and loans and discounts, including rediscounts at Reserve Banks, of 800 member banks reporting, total slightly under eleven billions. The margin between actual requirements and possible limits is so wide that a tremendous increase in demand for accommodations could take place before any real strain would be apparent. Of course, if inflation began to recur in an acute form it is probable that rediscount and other rates would be advanced in an effort to check it, but there seems to be ample credit accessible for legitimate business needs.

Under the circumstances, bond prices are likely to hold their own. Any marked reaction will not come until it is necessary to divert capital from investment to commercial channels, and of this there is no imminent prospect.

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé general 4s, 1995, are attractive at a price to yield about 4.32 per cent. Outstanding to the amount of slightly over \$150,000,000, they are highly secured by first and other liens on 8514 miles of railroad and by deposit on securities. Fixed charges have been earned by a wide margin under all operating conditions and current earnings equal two and a half times all charges, despite extraordinary maintenance expenditures. These bonds can not be retired before maturity and offer one of the safest permanent investments in the railroad group.

Kennecott Copper Corporation 7s, 1930, may be bought to yield about 6.30 per cent. They are outstanding to the amount of \$15,000,000 and are secured by pledge of 500,000 shares of Utah Copper capital stock, having a market value of over \$32,000,000. Kennecott is one of the world's lowest cost producers and is one of the few copper companies which could operate throughout 1921. Great possibilities lie in the Braden properties in Chile and in Mother Lode. This bond shows a high yield and is attractive where a short-term investment is acceptable.

The quantity of cotton cloths exported from the United States in the fiscal year just ended showed a material increase over the preceding year and a big gain when compared with the pre-war average. The value of course showed

a decline, for the average export price per yard in the fiscal year 1922 was but about one-half as much as that of the immediately preceding year. The quantity exported in the year ending June 30, 1922, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, was 613 million yards against 556 millions in the immediately preceding year, but the 1922 value was only \$77,000,000 against \$141,000,000 in the year preceding. The quantity exported increased 10 per cent., while the value declined 45 per cent. The average export price of the cloths sent out of the country in the fiscal year 1922 was 12.5 cents per yard against 25.4 cents in the fiscal year 1921.

This increase in the quantity exported in 1922 occurs, says the *Trade Record*, especially in the Orient. China alone took over 30,000,000 yards against 12,000,000 in the preceding year, and the Philippines 87,000,000 against 43,000,000 a year earlier. To Asia and Oceania as a whole the exports of the fiscal year 1922 were 162,000,000 yards against 96,000,000 in the preceding year. To Europe, the great cotton goods manufacturer outside of the United States, the total in the year just ended was 40,000,000 yards against 20,000,000 in the fiscal year 1921. The one grand division which showed a marked decline is North America, to which the exports of the year were but 239,000,000 yards against 279,000,000 in the preceding year, and practically all of this fall-off occurs in the shipments to Cuba, to which the exports in the fiscal year 1922 were but 30,000,000 yards against approximately 90,000,000 in the year preceding. These figures of distribution are exclusive of about 50,000,000 yards for which destination is not yet shown in the official reports of 1921 and 1922.

Stripped of the pretty promises that its supporters make for it, the so-called Water and Power Act discloses provisions which make it so dangerous as to condemn it to overwhelming defeat at the hands of the thinking people of California at the general election next November.

Such phrases as "power at cost" can not obscure the fact that this proposed amendment invites the people of our state to place a \$500,000,000 mortgage on all the property they have or hope to acquire and then to turn over this huge sum to a board of five men whom they can neither select nor control.

Friends of the "act" can not hide the fact that it would make all the property in the state responsible financially for the acts of this super-board. They can not hide the fact that all the people in the state may be taxed to pay the interest on these \$500,000,000 of bonds—at least \$25,000,000 a year—and to make up any deficits or defaults that may be occasioned by the dishonesty, incompetence, or poor judgment of the overlord board of five.

The little groups of theorists who are attempting to force the Water and Power Act on the people of California can not conceal the dangers of placing in five men powers so far beyond any ever granted to any man or body of men in the history of democracy. Praise of the proposed amendment can not obscure the fact that it gives to five men a power greater than the power of the people—a power to build in California a huge political machine that will control the state.

If the so-called Water and Power Act could possibly accomplish everything its advocates claim for it—and to assume that it could is absurd—it would not benefit one iota the people of California, where power, on the average, is already cheaper and more plentiful than anywhere else in the world.

We have nothing to gain by this proposed amendment; there is nothing to make worth while the tremendous risk of heavy loss and ruin that the experiment in state socialism would entail.

To read the "act" is sufficient to prove its utter impossibility and its great danger. It should be defeated at the polls by a vote so overwhelming as to protect us against such rash schemes in the years to come.

Five or six special trains will leave Chicago September 30th carrying the major part of the delegations from the Atlantic seaboard and Mississippi River points to the

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eleventh annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association to be held at Del Monte during the second week in October. Altogether about a thousand delegates and ladies accompanying them are expected to attend the sessions, which will be preceded and succeeded by sight-seeing trips and entertainment extending over a ten-day period. The executive committee in charge of plans for the convention is composed of B. H. Dibblée, chairman, E. H. Rollins & Sons; Cyrus Peirce, vice-chairman, Cyrus Peirce & Co.; R. H. Moulton, R. H. Moulton & Co.; LeRoy T. Ryone, Ryone & Co.; Dean Witter, Blyth, Witter & Co.; G. C. Stephens, Stephens & Co.; J. E. Jardine, William R. Staats Company; R. E. Hunter, Hunter, Dulin & Co.; H. S. Boone, National City Company; J. W.



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These are bonds of an old municipal district organized in 1913 to take over the privately-owned system which had efficiently furnished water requirements for the previous fifteen years. The district is almost entirely in a high state of cultivation and productivity. The bonds are a prior tax lien, ranking ahead of mortgages and other private liens, including mortgages securing Federal Farm Loan Bonds. The average value per acre is \$252.34 and the bonded lien only \$49.38, the ratio exceeding 5 to 1.

The district enjoys an excellent market for its agricultural products in the numerous resorts close by and Spokane is only thirty-

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tained, with a slightly higher tendency. Active buying of high-grade investment issues has continued, with the result that some of them have reached new high levels. Transactions in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange during the period were \$305,000,000 compared with \$308,000,000 from June 16th to July 15th, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

Among the more important new issues were \$15,000,000 Philippine government 4½s due in 1952 offered at 99½; \$12,500,000 Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company Sinking Fund Convertible 7½s due in 1937 and sold

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to yield 7.73 per cent.; and \$9,000,000 Long Bell Lumber Company First Mortgage 6s due in 1942 offered at 96 to yield 6.35 per cent.

On July 25th the Secretary of the United States Treasury announced that about half, or nearly \$1,000,000,000 of the outstanding Victory 4¾ per cent. notes are called for redemption on December 15, 1922. Notes so called bear the letters A, B, C, D, E or F

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vate operation of the roads. Under government operation the number of employees rose 261,548, or 16.2 per cent. The pay-roll increased 86.3 per cent, showing that the increase of numbers and of pay meant reduced efficiency. The average wage rose to \$1453.25.

With the return to private operation, the railways were thrown upon themselves to produce wages and profits. Both had to be earned in a period of reduced traffic. The only possible source of profit was to reduce costs. The operating ratio was reduced from 94.38 per cent. to 62.74 per cent., the employees were reduced by 351,000 and wages by \$862,000,000. The net operating income

in 1921 was 3.08 per cent. on the property investment, or more than was earned by government operation under better earning conditions. The improvement in earnings continued in 1922 until the strike came. For the first five months of 1922 net operating income was 4.36 per cent. From September, 1920, to May, 1922, the entire period since the cessation of government operation, the average rate of return was 3.42 per cent.

Labor disputes and controversies with the resulting strike situation have necessarily hampered business, nevertheless there are many counterbalancing favorable influences, say McDonnell & Co.

The government's forecast of bumper crops for the United States overshadowed, to no small extent, conflicting strike developments. In the past big crops have always had a most decided effect on business activity and have really been the basis of our eras of prosperity.

For the fourth time in history, the corn crop promises to exceed 3,000,000,000 bushels, this together with a record crop of hay, the fourth largest crop of tobacco ever grown, an 805,000,000-bushel wheat crop and a 1,251,000,000-bushel oats crop, should bring great prosperity to the country.

There will undoubtedly be a tremendous increase in the purchasing power of the farmer, and railroads as well as all other lines of industry will benefit from the excellent crop conditions.

Building throughout the country reached the unprecedented high level of \$1,700,000,000 during the first half of 1922 against \$1,063,500,000 for the 1921 period. An unusually high proportion involved small operations with 40 per cent. residential in 1922 against only 22 1/4 per cent. residential two years ago.

While railroads and public utilities are doing only essential construction, and big industrial building is small, nevertheless the inquiries for estimates on larger operations are appearing in greater volume. Actual construction along these lines, however, is delayed pending stabilization of the industry.

Manufacturers of brick, cement, and lumber are experiencing difficulty in keeping up with new business. Lumber production is rapidly approaching high figures of 1920, the banner year; and despite the record rate of Portland cement production, stocks of this material continue to fall off.

Trend of the tobacco manufacturing industry is favorable. Outlook is for a bumper crop produced at low cost, which should mean cheaper leaf.

Notwithstanding reduction in prices for finished products, manufacturers' profits are holding up fairly well. This is due to economies effected and lower prices for merchandise other than leaf.

Two of the leading tobacco companies are running ahead of last year in net profits, and there are indications that the showing for 1922 will come close to 1921, which was the biggest year in their history.

Possibility of acquisition by American interests of control of French government monopoly for distribution of tobacco products has been revived. Two years ago \$1,500,000,000 of American capital was marshaled for the undertaking. Negotiations, however, were not successful and Americans dropped the matter at that time.

The large increase in volume of traffic other than coal caused such figures to approach the best on record, and this was strongly reflected in the June earnings of our leading railroads. Moreover, except for coal, July traffic remained at a high level.

While the market has registered dullness during the past few weeks, railroad stocks have been gradually creeping higher and recently reached a new high price level for the current year.

All the evidence goes to show there has been a persistent though quiet accumulation of these issues even since the announcement of the shopmen's strike. This clearly indicates that, in the opinion of influential financial interests, the substantial improvement in the earnings of representative roads will eventually be translated into terms of the stock market, no matter what temporary obstructions are encountered.

The past month has been a period of great uncertainty as to how and when the railway shopmen's strike would be terminated, and at times there was an irregular movement in stocks, when prices in the entire market, especially in the railroad group, were subjected to a severe test by the prospect that a nation-wide tie-up of transportation might result from the spread of the strike spirit among the four big brotherhoods. Nevertheless, railroad issues continued to range from firm to strong, and a number of additional new high records for the year were made, notably by the New York Central, Chicago and Northwestern, Great Northern Preferred, Pere Marquette, Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific. Buying of high-class railroad stocks increased substantially during the month, and a considerable number of shares in that group went to the highest prices of the year, while there was an active inquiry

for low-priced rails and the prevalent movement in these shares has been upward, say E. F. Hutton & Co. in their monthly review.

There has also been a general rise in prices of railway bonds, especially the so-called speculative issues, which gave a remarkable demonstration of strength by soaring to new high records for the year.

The failure of the latest negotiations in New York to end the shopmen's strike has given new impetus to the movement for Federal control of the railroads as well as the anthracite coal mines, but we are confident that President Harding will not undertake to operate the roads until they have been given ample time to make good their claim that they can operate close to normal, in spite of the strike, and we believe that in any event the operation of the roads by the government will not be undertaken unless general transportation is seriously obstructed. This we do not believe will happen if the men who have remained loyal to the railroads by refusing to join in an unjustified strike and the men who in the interest of the public have taken the place of the strikers are afforded the protection they are entitled to.

The Anglo London Paris Company is offering \$380,000 Reclamation District No. 833, Butte County, Sacramento Valley, California, 6 per cent. serial gold bonds, due 1926-1931 inclusive, exempt from all Federal taxes and from all state, county, and city taxes in California except inheritance taxes.

The 1922 assessment roll of the Butte County assessor shows property to the value of \$35,000,000.

With a crop output, according to census figures, of \$1,500,000 from its 2200 farms, Butte is one of the important counties of the valley. Its steady development is indicated in the increase of 118 per cent. in the value of farms lands and farm buildings during the preceding ten years to an aggregate of \$53,000,000, an average of over \$21,000 per farm.

Butte County contains a great body of rich land, much of it already brought to a state of high development, notably in orchards.

Evidence continues to accumulate that the small investor of this country can and will supply the capital needed for the growth of American industrial, public utility, and railroad companies. The war taught people to save and invest. It also broadened their investment vision so that now foreign securities as well as domestic issues find a place in most investment lists. The United States has become a nation of investors. Where we had a few hundred thousand buying securities, now we have millions. The importance of this can not be overestimated. Changed from a debtor to a creditor nation by the fortunes of war, we are continuing to finance our own internal growth without calling upon Europe for capital, and, furthermore, we are loaning abroad to help finance the rest of the world, says John K. Barnes in the *Century Magazine*.

When income surtaxes went up during the war many feared that the sources of investment capital would be dried up—that the streams which supplied our corporate organizations with the funds they needed for continued growth would run low. For it had been the comparatively few large investors, outside of the insurance companies and savings banks which buy the more conservative securities, who had supplied the investment capital in this country. Those large investors were driven into the tax-exempt municipal bonds, yet the sale of corporate stocks and bonds goes on at a greater rate than ever before. Investment bankers report that their average sale has dropped from around \$15,000 to about \$3000, but their aggregate sales are larger. And in addition to taking more American corporate issues, these new investors are steadily adding a larger amount of foreign bonds to their holdings.

In the more speculative issues these new investors are not able to exercise the same discrimination that those of more experience might, and it is likely that some worthy enterprises may not be launched because those able to see their possibilities may not have funds available to risk in them, while other enterprises of no promise may be put across by the misleading of new investors as to their possibilities. But on the whole there will be less money lost in purely worthless promotions because the public by the Liberty Loans has been educated to think in terms of investment rather than speculation and gambling. The real cure for the blue-sky promotion evil is to get people to invest their money in good securities. Then the get-rich-quick promoter has less chance of tempting it from them.

It is doubtful whether investment bankers appreciate the advantage of this broadening of the investment base from a few hundred thousand investors to a few million. It is harder for them to reach millions than it was thousands; they must adopt new methods to do it. But they are going to find it of advantage to the companies whose finances they handled to have their securities widely distributed. It is going to result in a better public feeling toward corporate enterprises. At present the public is a large owner of se-

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curities through the savings banks and insurance companies, but the average person does not take the interest in corporate affairs that individual ownership of stocks and bonds would give him.

The public utility companies have come to realize the value of having many stockholders among the people they serve. It influences public sentiment to the point of fairness to the companies where formerly it was fre-



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quently antagonistic. This movement toward "customer ownership," started by Mr. A. F. Hockenbeamer of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company before the war, has been successfully fostered on the various Bylesby public utilities and adopted by many others. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company took it up and with the aid of Kidder, Peabody & Co., who carried on a unique campaign among telephone users, added 40,000 stockholders to its list in fifteen months.

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was scored by the New York Telephone Company recently. In accordance with the new policy of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to finance additions necessary to take care of the growing business of its subsidiaries by the sale of preferred stocks of those companies, the New York company offered \$25,000,000 of 6½ preferred stock to its employees and telephone users. The amount was limited to twenty shares for each subscriber in order to get a wide distribution of the issue. In one day more than one hundred thousand people entered subscriptions amounting to \$82,500,000. In the allotments no one got more than five shares, or \$500 worth of stock. No bankers' commissions were paid and probably the company would not have gotten 107,000 new stockholders from among its telephone users had it done so. It was a remarkable demonstration of our new investment capacity, the depths of which our investment bankers have not yet sounded.

Our situation today is much like that of Great Britain after the Napoleonic wars. Those wars taught the English how to save and invest money. Before that they had borrowed from the Dutch to finance the growth of their industries. But with the overthrow of Napoleon they had found their investment pace and started their career as the bankers of the world. This position they held up to the recent war, when the opportunity came to us to take the position held by England for more than a hundred years. Whether or not we take it depends largely on our new investors.

So far the new investor is doing well. Some of the things he has done in the domestic field have been pointed out. In the foreign field figures compiled by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and by the London Joint City and Midland Bank of London show that we are now taking nearly twice as many foreign securities as the London market. It is largely the buying of the small individual investor that accounts for this. In four months recently he took more than \$500,000,000 of various foreign government, city, railroad and industrial issues. A contrast of this with the past is enlightening. When the Allies wanted a billion-dollar loan from us in 1915 not many people could see the advantage of it and the bankers could not see the possibility of floating it. It was cut to \$500,000,000 and went with great difficulty; but when the money was spent here and American business began to boom, the advantage to us became apparent. The foreign loans we are now making have a similar influence, for only by increasing our loans abroad can we increase our exports of goods to foreign countries. Before the war we owed Europe interest on the money we had borrowed from it and we sent them goods in payment, capital and labor being employed at home in the production of them. Now that the war has changed us from a debtor to a creditor nation, we must either loan money abroad or take back more goods than we send out. The loans we make are largely converted into goods here, and it is the goods rather than the gold that we export. Thus do foreign loans engage American capital and American labor at home, and our new investors, by their greater purchases of foreign securities, are hastening the return of prosperity in this country.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Two poets deteriorate into prose in "The Return" of Walter de la Mare and "The First Person Singular" of William Rose Benét. Of the two, Mr. Benét comes through as the more plausible novelist, and that though he has less experience in the alien field of prose than has the author of "Memoirs of a Midget" and "Henry Brocken." Mr. de la Mare is the typical poet who writes prose poetically and may or may not improve it thereby according largely to the readers' taste, whereas Mr. Benét, excellent versifier though he is, has the more catholic potentialities of the trained newspaperman. As a novel, "The Return" (Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50) is a nightmare, not, however, without its ghostly and literary affiliations. It is akin to Mr. Onions' recent essay in horrors whose name mercifully escapes us, and like all the literature of the horrible it is Poe-esque simply by virtue of its morbidity. It reminds us, though it is not so well written, of Arthur Machen's "House of Souls" and so on *ad infinitum*. All which merely proves that in prose one had better stick to prosaic themes, since all the rest are inevitably a stripe. And notwithstanding, we should like to dub it "much ado about nothing." "The Return" is the story of a man who, having caught a chill in a trance in a churchyard, comes home with a changed countenance. Enough to make any one's face change, shrivel, darken, what you will. But Mr. de la Mare finds sufficient in it, or thinks he does, for several hundred pages of comment whose sole reward for the reader is the occasional chance encounter of a beautifully tipped and colored phrase the like of which one could find with less exertion in Mr. de la Mare's eminently satisfying verse.

"The First Person Singular" (George H. Doran; \$2) has for its philosophic theme the survival of the fittest—socially speaking. The reader unaware of William Rose Benét's place in American letters as a first-class minor poet would never guess the truth from "The First Person Singular," a gently humorous, gay little novel with distinctly feminine touches. A greater contrast to the lugubrious use of a sledgehammer to drive a thumb tack sort of thing of "The Return" could not be well imagined. "The First Person Singular" treats such really serious vital subjects as wage-earning and social snobbery and small-town intolerance quite flippantly. The moral is that extremes meet in these two well-meant attempts of poets to write the more lucrative stuff called prose. In fairness, however, one must admit that "The Return" is the more serious and beautiful piece of work.

Readers of Baroness Aminoff's "Torchlight" books can not fail to wonder who this new luminary is. Despite her foreign name, she handles English with magnificent mastery. Some one has said of Conrad that, philologically though his knowledge of English is, he has never written a page that does not contain at least one phrase an Englishman never would have used. Not so with the author of the Napoleonic novels. Born in Helsingfors, Finland, in 1878, the daughter of Consul Emil Borgstein and an English mother, Constance Patterson, Léonie was educated in England and France and early acquired their tongues as well as her native Swedish. The Finnish poet, Topelius, was fortunately her godfather, and it was he who first directed her literary efforts. Her quiet married life on the estate of the Baron Max Aminoff was also conducive to writing, and it was there that her early novels, written in Swedish, were composed. They were published by Bonnell of Stockholm. Widowed in 1915, Mme. Aminoff devoted herself seriously to writing, this time in English, when the epic idea of a series of Napoleonic novels was conceived. Mme. Aminoff's working system is interesting. She prepares the ground very thoroughly by reading everything available on her grandiose historic theme, but the actual writing is done quickly, as any one who has read "Revolution" and "Love" (E. P. Dutton) can easily imagine. Not otherwise could that fresh vividness be obtained. Her own explanation is, "The pictures in my mind are like the sunset clouds, and vanish all too soon, but while they are there they are extraordinarily clear." Snared in print they are also extraordinarily clear.

If absolute candor were the acid test of fine work, the already famous negro novel, "Batouala," by René Maran, would be superlative indeed. Whether or not it is the utter frankness of its context, slightly camouflaged, we fear, by translation, there is certainly something remarkable and outstanding about "Batouala." In its perfect naïveté it strangely resembles the art that conceals art of our own decadent race. But one must not give too much credit to inspired savagery. M. Maran pays tribute in his preface to his masters, Henri de Regnier and Jacques Boulenger, and it is certain that he resembles in his metallic hardness the former at least. Nor is "Batouala" the spontaneous outburst of animal nature brought into contact with French

civilization. Its author states that he spent six years over its careful workmanship—etching, he calls it. It is rather like *al fresco* paintings done in primary colors in the French manner of the *premier coup*. As a record of the pristine African life, fast vanishing according to its author, and of the quaint though deleted native customs, "Batouala" (Thomas Seltzer; \$1.75) would be interesting alone. And as a study of the weird psychology of the black it is even more so, but as a lesson in stripping a subject of irrelevancy it is invaluable. R. G.

#### Notes of Books and Authors.

London booksellers report that this summer they are doing better with guidebooks than they have since 1914.

"Success," by Lord Beaverbrook (Small, Maynard & Co.), is to be translated into Swedish and is already in wide circulation on the Continent in the Tauchnitz edition.

"Gods, Ghosts and Goblins," by Bertha Lum (J. B. Lippincott Company), is a beautifully illustrated and decorated volume containing a series of wonderful plates in full color and half-tone representing the charming or grotesque legends of Japan. The author is the foremost exponent of the Japanese in art. This work will be published in a limited autographed edition.

The Gaekwar of Baroda is one of the greatest Indian authorities on historic Oriental jewels. He is at work on a book dealing with the famous Eastern trophies whose material he has been collecting for years.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, though he is best known as a writer of prose, has written a good deal of verse, and published it, too. His three volumes are severally called "Songs of Action," "Songs of the Road," and "The Guards Came Through."

The Appletons report that six presses have been kept steadily running on "The Glimpses of the Moon" since a month before its publication date. A fifth giant edition has been rushed to press.

Paderewski has often been made flattering offers to write his reminiscences. Hitherto he has always declined on the grounds that he had things of greater importance to do. However, it is thought that he may now accept a publisher's offer recently made.

The publication of a French version of "Winesburg, Ohio," by Sherwood Anderson, has been discontinued in *Le Gaulois*, where it was appearing serially. B. W. Huebsch is the American publisher.

D. Appleton & Co. have published a timely book entitled "A Journey to Ireland," by Wilfrid Ewart. It furnished a frank picture of the present Irish scene.

"Some Distinguished Americans," by Harvey O'Higgins, is announced for early September publication by the Harpers. An actual personality is concealed in each of these seven portraits and all are said to be easily recognized.

Of the twenty-eight Houghton Mifflin Company books selected by the New York State Library for 1921 in their annual "Best Books of the Year" list, a few of the titles under fiction include Frederick A. Fanger's "The Golden Parrot," Denis MacKail's "Romance to the Rescue," Raphael Sabatini's "Scaramouche," Maud Diver's "Far to Seek," and Ian Hay's "The Willing Horse."

At the head of a particularly rich list of biography in the Houghton Mifflin Company's fall announcement appears "The Letters of Franklin K. Lane," Secretary of the Interior in Wilson's war cabinet. Next in the list comes "Glimpses of Authors," by Caroline Ticknor, descendant of three generations of well-known Boston literary figures; a "Life of Shakespeare," by John Quincy Adams; another of William Roscoe Thayer's inimitable biographies, this one of George Washington; "The Real Lincoln," by Jesse W. Weik, who concentrates on that little-known part of Lincoln's life, his career as a lawyer; an autobiography of Oscar Straus' service under Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft, called "Under Four Administrations"; "John Burroughs' Talks," by Clifton Johnson; "The Wandering Years," by Katherine Tynan; a thrilling autobiography of Ralph D. Paine's adventurous life, called "Roads of Adventure"; "At Sea with Joseph Conrad" (on a British mystery ship), by its commander, Captain J. G. Sutherland, and the "Letters of Horace Howard Furness."

The English publishers of "If Winter Comes," Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, are still selling that popular publication at the rate of a thousand a day.

Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, professor of history in Princeton University, has just completed an intensely interesting book, "The Planters of Colonial Virginia," in which he describes the sort of people who settled the

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colony; he also includes the complete rent rolls for the year 1704, showing just how much land each colonist owned. The book will be published early in the autumn by the Princeton University Press.

"California: The American Period," by Robert Glass Cleland (John Howell, publisher), is a popular history of early California from the days when daring explorers and fur traders lived lives of almost unbelievable adventure through the riotous times of '49, the American conquest, and the recent amazing economic, political, and industrial development of the Golden State. A logical sequel to Dr. C. E. Chapman's "California: The Spanish Period," this new book points out the numerous factors which tended to weaken Mexican control over her distant province and emphasizes the primary importance in the history of California of its annexation by the United States.

In connection with J. K. Huysmans' novel, "Against the Grain" ("A Rebours"), Lieber & Lewis, publishers, announce that they have procured an introduction for the book by Havelock Ellis.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Pan and the Twins.

Some years ago a reviewer called Eden Phillpotts, a "pagan spirit in our modern world moving over the hills of Devon." His earth worship in that long series of novels in which he has painted his glorious part of southern England has immortalized him and it. His "Wild Fruit," a volume of poems, is full of a beautiful paganism. Now, in "Pan and the Twins," he is quite frankly, if with the most delicate irony, at one with the closing years of the ancient world. Taking a bit from Kingsley, Swinburne, Pater, he adds a reality and humor to paganism that is perhaps denied to those more serious, more convicted ancients. In pure sweetness and good nature "Pan and the Twins" would seem to answer that beseeching cry of many a critic to Phillpotts to produce something *not* tragic. His book replies, Go back with me into an age when men *could* be happy.

The piece is no mere idyl, however, but an artistic plea for tolerance. One of the twins is a pagan, the other a Christian. But though the Christian doesn't do much for the pagan, the pagan, assisted by Pan and love, very much improves the Christian. And in the end so highly do the Christian Emperor Theodosius and his saintly bishop think of the pagan that they let him live, in the face of the church militant. "Let us regard Arcadius as a picturesque and harmless survival of a happier age than ours," says the nice emperor.

Asceticism comes in for a good share of knocks, especially in Chapter XIII. "Good God—I'm in love!" cried the dumfounded hermit (in an earlier chapter); and he devoted all that night to penitential exercises.

In addition to the twins and Pan (himself), several delightful Roman ladies, two

badgers, a bear or two and some bits of classically conceived scenery figure excellently in a story that is first of all, though we mention it last, a "rattling good story." Children will love it; adults appreciate it. Once more Eden Phillpotts reaches his high mark.

PAN AND THE TWINS. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

Sidelights on American Literature

Admirers of Professor Pattee's "American Literature Since 1870" will open his new book with eagerness, and they will not be disappointed. Professor Pattee is interested in Americanism in literature. In "The Age of O. Henry" and "A Critic in C Major," too, he would set O. Henry down a peg; he regards him and Mr. Mencken as master jazzers in our agony of jazz. O. Henry has his uses, says he, but let us not mention him with Poe and Hawthorne. As for the thorny bludgeon of Mr. Mencken, what does that effect but destruction? Yet there is hope for Mr. Mencken. The critic in C (one can't call it C minor) calls up the critic in C major to create something worthy of the American symphony.

One more modern engages Mr. Pattee—Mary E. Wilkens Freeman, namely—and a finely tempered essay he awards her. But its title is scarcely complimentary: "On the Terminal Moraine of New England Puritanism." "The Epic of New England," moreover, is a mournful piece, expanding Mr. Pattee's title in his earlier book—"The New England Decline." Yet he would have New England's epic, its one-time grandeur, celebrated—now that it is dead. To him the civil war killed North and South alike and gave birth to the West, and with the West to American literature.

Meanwhile he writes most illuminatingly of

Poe's "Ulalume," and in "The Modernness of Philip Freneau" contributes a well-nigh faultless essay on a poet whose works he has himself edited in several volumes. Finally he studies Bryant as an eighteenth-century romanticist and Longfellow as an offshoot of the German romantic movement. He misses fire absolutely in his estimates of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," but a thesis is a thesis. "The young poet of the new century must sweat out Longfellow," concludes Mr. Pattee; "Whitman is our prophet of today." May we not, however, consider the matter open to controversy? Some of the younger choir may be harking back.

SIDELIGHTS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

Some Milne Plays.

"Three Plays" is the title of the volume by A. A. Milne containing "The Truth About Blayds," "The Dover Road," and "The Great Broxopp." Of these three the one of most serious purport is "The Truth About Blayds," although no one is quite sure whether the author is satirically indicating the tendency of the average man to lies and hypocrisy, or whether he is just comfortably indicating that the law of expediency is the common path pursued, and we might as well make up our minds to it. At any rate in this account of an imposture—and a mean, low-down one, since the impostor stole the fruits of another man's brains and the fame that they earned—the author makes his family tacitly join in the imposition, and everything and everybody is comfortable when the play ends.

Mr. Milne is noticeably tender-hearted when it comes to the wind-up in his plays, so, in remembering that trait, we can but believe his ethics are not as faulty as some critics would believe, and that he is really a gentle satirist.

"The Dover Road" is a delightful comedy, old-fashioned in plot, modern in treatment. This account of the efforts of a rich and romantic eccentric to sever the destinies of elopers who are headed for unhappiness is animated by the spirit of Mr. Milne's singularly engaging comedy.

"The Great Broxopp" also has its individual charm and flavor, but we question whether the author will carry his public with him when he impoverishes "The Great Broxopp" because he is bored by his prosperous inactivity.

Mr. Milne is right. Broxopp will be much happier exercising his undoubted talents for making money than sitting in a corner of his newly-acquired baronial hall accumulating a fine case of Bright's disease. Yet so literal is the average person about prosperity that it is doubtful if the average reader can repress a rueful feeling when he sees the great Broxopp's fortune thrown aside in order to release its owner for fresh activities with his special talent.

THREE PLAYS. By A. A. Milne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

New Books Received.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SANDS. By Frances Everett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

SPINSTER OF THIS PARISH. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

THIS FREEDOM. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

A new novel by the author of "If Winter Comes."

A CRITICAL FABLE. By A. P. F. Fun. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Satire.

CRIME. By Clarence Darrow. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50.

Its cause and treatment.

THE ART OF THE OLD WORLD IN NEW SPAIN AND THE MISSION DAYS OF ALTA CALIFORNIA. By Mary Gordon Holway. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$3.

A study of early California and Mexico.

BEASTS, MEN AND GODS. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Dr. Ossendowski's escape from the Russian Bolsheviks.

THE BOOK OF THE SKY. By M. Luckiesh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

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THE FRENCH CHEF IN PRIVATE AMERICAN FAMILIES. By Xavier Raskin. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

A book of recipes.

BEYOND ROPE AND FENCE. By David Grew. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

The story of a horse.

GIFT OF THE DESERT. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A Western novel.

POEMS OF HEROISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. Edited by John R. Howard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

THE STORY OF MARY LYON. By H. Oxley Stengel. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

Famous Americans for young readers.

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES. By Peter B. Kyne. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

A novel.

AT THE EARTH'S CORE. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

By the author of the Tarzan books.

JUSTIFIABLE INDIVIDUALISM. By Frank Wilson Blackmar. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.

"A protest against the mass play of modern social life to the neglect of individual culture."

BUSINESS LETTER PRACTICE. By John B. Opdycke. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons; \$2.50.

Maxim Gorki is no longer popular among the Bolsheviks. *Pravda*, the official Soviet organ, says: "Gorki never was a proletarian writer, but a slum-proletarian bard, worshipping bourgeois culture and constantly oscillating between right and left. We treat Gorki as a petty bourgeois who is constantly wavering."

In order to prevent the native language from falling into disuse several rural district councils in Wales have passed resolutions to the effect that all their minutes should be recorded in Welsh instead of in English, and that all communications with government departments be forwarded in Welsh.

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## THE ORPHEUM.

It is odd how chance is always sending a run of a kind on a vaudeville bill. This week there are half a dozen young men billed for patter, with occasional dancing trimmings. They are all brisk and lively, unless we except Frank Hurst, who, temporarily deprived of the accustomed support of a sick partner, revealed a marked tendency toward plaintive sentimentality. Frankie, for so comely a youth, inclined to sob stuff. He carols of desolation and had a long, homesick, heart-to-heart telephone talk with Ma, three thousand miles away, in New York. Some style about Ma, when it comes to paying her long-distance telephone bills. I have an idea Frankie writes his own stuff. It was fairly bulging with "darling mother," "lonely," "homesick," "don't leave me, honey," and so forth. However, Frankie, in spite of some breaks in his voice, came through, and won sufficient encomiums to make him dream, no doubt, wild, mad dreams of going it alone.

Tonie Grey does very good darky stuff in a hospital setting, and does it well. Likewise some limber dances with which he made a big hit.

De Voe and Lloyd gave plenty of amusing patter, and tickled the risibilities of the audience with their take-off on tough dancing. They spun their act out too thin at the last, however; a reproach which could not be leveled at Ernest Hiatt, an exceedingly lively and genuinely humorous raconteur and a sort of Mr. Malaprop who needs no partner to back him up. This young man was very wisely selected to fire off his artillery of fun following directly on the impression made by Theodore Roberts' intensely dramatic act. It was no slouch of a job to capture the hushed receptivities of a temporarily awed audience, but Ernest did. He has very good material; the kind that flatters an audience by challenging its quick recognition of funnysims.

It was something of a shock during a mood of tragedy to see a sort of human breeze blow on to the stage, but in a moment or so he had us all laughing so comely that, as must happen in vaudeville, the powerful effect left by the De Mille playlet was temporarily dissipated.

The Roberts piece is called "The Man Higher Up," and is a striking story of vengeance by mental suggestion on a white slaver who has deflowered an innocent girl under wantonly cruel circumstances.

Theodore Roberts plays the rôle of the German doctor who, with European subtlety, devotes three decades to injecting the poison of fear in the heart of the respectably placed scoundrel who had poured his pollution on the white flower of maidenhood that he—the doctor—had loved in his youth.

Mr. Roberts is an artist at make-up, as any one unfamiliar with his work before the camera could discover by the series of picture-play portraits of him in divers characters that were exhibited, as a preliminary to his spoken impersonation, thrown upon the screen.

He had greatly changed his physiognomy, and the foreign intonation, and the exotic touch conferred by the plum-colored, brocade dressing-gown, together with his actor's ability to submerge himself in a part, gave him a remarkable oneness with his rôle. And the deliberation of each successive movement, attitude, or remark completed the suggestion of an unsleeping vigilance toward vengeance that yet had an unmelodramatic reality to it. Perhaps the most noticeable feature in Mr. Roberts' striking portrayal was the series of expressions following each other on the doctor's face—the revival of past anguish, the glut of present vengeance, and the cold glitter of satisfied hate, as he pitilessly reviews, for his victim's enlightenment, the thirty-year-old tragedy; a fanatic in vengeance, but upheld by a sense of right.

Mr. Roberts had for support the excellent actor De Witt C. Jennings, who ably depicted the growing terror of the hounded victim.

It is certainly an unusual situation to see an avenger and his victim, barricaded against interruption, waiting for an infernal machine to blow up. But William De Mille can be depended upon to produce the surprise, and the outcome charged with psychological significance and dramatic power. This is one of the most notable numbers that we have seen for some time at the Orpheum, and possesses a drawing power that has been filling the house.

Be...des the attractions already mentioned,

the Orpheum programme contained two musical features, one the Max Fisher Dance Orchestra, which pleases a variety of tastes, some of the strident order. But "At the Temple Gate" was played with pleasing Oriental color and suggestion and "Three O'Clock in the Morning" is the kind of descriptive music that delights a vaudeville audience.

Six dark-skinned brethren from the Philippine Islands plucked a lively series of melodies from their stringed instruments, the act being further brightened by the excellent dances of two Brazilians. Oakes and Delour having also opened the programme with a highly effective dancing act.

## A FRENCH FLAPPER.

The flapper has appeared in French drama, the well-known writer of comedies, Maurice Donnay—assisted by the inevitable collaborator, in this case André Rivoire—being responsible for the appearance of this intrepid young radical in the conservative precincts of the French stage.

"La Belle Angevine" is the name of the play, the title being the nickname of, not a woman, but an elderly, good-natured, and exceedingly prodigal roué, who passes his prosperous existence in squandering large sums on a perpetual procession of *chères amies*.

Mongerey and his present *chère amie* have invited a gay crowd of irregular *convives* to witness "the hanging of the crane" in the gorgeous hotel in which Mongerey is installing his latest—pretty Huguette.

Mongerey, however, hurts the feelings of one of his decorators—a gentleman with a big head and little patience—by questioning the good taste of one of his most prized effects.

But a calamity happens when Mongerey pulls down the offending drapery and dances on it. Huguette, the mistress of the mansion, of the feast, and of Mongerey's affections of the moment, follows the incensed decorator with the illuminating statement that they are lovers; and Mongerey is down and out.

What to do? Why, get another girl, suggests his indefatigable friend and majordomo, La Vignole; get another one, any old or young girl, and save your face.

They confer gravely. For the hotel is ready, the feast is ordered, the guests are bidden, and there is no mistress to preside over the revels.

The indefatigable La Vignole comes to the rescue. "Il faut absolument trouver une femme . . . qui aurait de l'abattage, de l'entrain, qui se ferait tout, de suite remarquer par sa beauté, par sa grace, par son esprit."

Now we begin to hear the flapping of the flapper's wings. Brigitte, who has previously overheard on the telephone La Vignole's desperate efforts to capture a fourteenth guest who will take the curse off the fateful number thirteen, has come to volunteer. A stranger to both Mongerey and his devoted majordomo, both gentlemen at once remark her beauty and grace, as she explains herself, saying that she is not known at all, and that Mongerey has a "réputation de lancer les femmes," and that she desires only to be "lancé."

Brigitte makes it plain that she has no intentions on Mongerey's susceptibilities. "She is just a little nobody who wishes to emerge from her obscurity," and, while she admits that she has no social credentials she demurely reminds Mongerey that he does not exact the pedigree of his other guests.

At this moment Victorine, the maid of the fair deserter, Huguette, enters bearing a carton which contains the festal costume of Huguette. And then Mongerey has a bright and burning idea.

It is of course that the pretty stranger shall preside over the revels as their fair mistress. "Nous sommes dans un embarras cruel . . . c'est le ciel qui vous envoie."

All this exchange is characterized by the most exquisite politeness, there being just enough retreating and advancing on both sides to give vraisemblance to the eminently Gallic situation.

Brigitte, of course, after some doubts and hesitations over the unexpected prominence of her place during the fête, accepts. In the meantime the reader, or spectator, of the play, as may be, preserves a recollection of the fact that Mongerey's eminently respectable nephew—a scientist who feels a moral disapproval of his uncle's giddy career—is coming reluctantly to assist at the hanging of the crane, and something tells us that the adventurous Brigitte—who has made it plain that she prefers to be called "mademoiselle" instead of "madame"—has never trodden and does not intend definitely to tread the primrose path of dalliance.

Roger, of course, comes, and, as subsequently turns out, recognizes Brigitte as a fellow-student at the Sorbonne who has already implanted, unknowingly, a tingling little arrow in his receptive heart.

Skipping the complexities of the piece, and the very amusing working out of the plot, it follows, *bien entendu*, that Roger, after his terrifying doubts of the moral standing of the

pretty Sorbonne student, finds that she is, as we perspicaciously suspected, perfectly straight.

For Mlle. Juliette d'Avernes at Mongerey's, but Mlle. Brigitte Reynaud in fact, a student at the Sorbonne, and a curious, independent, and amused spectator of life, is a flapper. And, when the fête is at high tide, and Brigitte, chic, elegant, with something, as she played her part, of the ingénue about her, dips a little below the surface in this "monde de la fête," she suddenly finds it horrible. All of Mongerey's guests ridiculed him behind his back. Few came for the social joys of the fête, for nearly every one had an axe to grind, and they all wanted to grind it on the palm of the elderly Don Juan upon whose profitable prodigality with money they counted.

And finally, when Mongerey offered to make Brigitte's temporary post a permanency, she incontinently slapped his face and fled.

And here we make another discovery. Since the war Maurice Donnay has written very little. But preceding this present epoch his name and fame were largely identified with plays, given in a tone of irony, and with an abundance of wit and natural gaiety, about illicit love. Morals scarcely figured in the plays of his youth, but, as the years went on, he wrote several pieces of a moral tendency.

And to this category belongs "La Belle Angevine." The wit and the humor are there, the light, amusing portraits of immoral people who live gayly in a world given over to pleasure, but the point of the whole thing is that Brigitte and Roger, offended and repelled by the atmosphere at Mongerey's fête, come together, drawn to each other in part by their repugnance for the life that Donnay has so often gayly pictured for the delectation of Parisians.

This play reminds us of another characteristic of French drama: the frequency with which married women, or ladies of irregular lives, figure as the leading female character because of the social restrictions thrown around the person of "une jeune fille bien élevée."

Roger never meets nor speaks with his pretty fellow-student at the Sorbonne until he encounters her as "une femme de luxe" at his uncle's. She got there because she was a flapper. Donnay does not call her one in the play, although La Vignole speaks of her as "une poule savante." But flapper she is, as she so reveals herself when she confesses her ingrained respectability to the enamored but skeptical Mongerey in exculpating herself for going, under such compromising conditions, to the fête at his house.

"I was curious," she says, "awfully curious. Even my going to the Sorbonne was part of this curiosity. I always thought that the world was just as interesting a subject for study as the subjects they offered at the Sorbonne. And then I got it into my head to be curious about the gay life of the underworld. It became an obsession with me, and when the opportunity came I couldn't resist."

No doubt this young French flapper is like many of ours. She fled from the crowning "saloperie" at Mongerey's fête. For these fearless, independent, busy, pushing, limitlessly inquisitive young radicals and extremists can not, in their fresh youth, stomach the strongly flavored pleasures which, as is probable, have palated on Maurice Donnay's Parisian palate. Hence, perhaps, the moral turn the veteran writer of light-minded comedies has given to his play, although custom and experience render him unable wholly to break away from pictures of the gay whirl of the milieu he knows so well how to limn.

## MILLER IN NEW YORK.

There have been many items in Eastern papers as to which of the three plays that we saw the Henry Miller company act in this city would have the handkerchief thrown its way for presentation in New York. My choice, viewing the matter from a strictly business point of view, would have been "The Awful Truth," in spite of the interest attaching to Henry Bataille's "La Tendresse."

But "The Awful Truth" seemed safer, "Her Friend the King" being decidedly cut out by the wit and sparkle of the Arthur Richman comedy. There is no doubt, however, that both Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton are greatly taken by their respective rôles in "La Tendresse"; so much so, on Miss Chatterton's part, that she has renounced the rôle of the piquant young divorcée in "The Awful Truth" in favor of Ina Claire—the comedy to be brought out at Henry Miller's Theatre on September 20th.

Playing as co-stars, Miss Chatterton and Henry Miller will appear in "La Tendresse" at the Empire, over which Miller's son, Gilbert Miller, is the presiding deity. And, it seems, rather than leave Blanche Bates unprovided with a rôle, the faults in "Her Friend the King" are to be eliminated by a process of revision, and the popular actress will again have the opportunity of flashing a considerable sartorial display on her public; an experience which even ladies who are as frank about the renunciation of youthful vanities as Blanche Bates is may well find agreeable; for it may be remembered that Blanche

Bates' millionaire-widow clothes were so thrilling that they were becoming to the vivacious Californian.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Miller will have found it expedient to eliminate some of the atmospheric details in "La Tendresse," which would only interest a Parisian audience. That done, the play will gain considerable in quickness and compactness.

Mr. Miller likes the rôle of Barnac (if that is the correct name), and it certainly suits his methods, and gives him an exceptional opportunity. As to Ruth Chatterton, I feel convinced that she adores the rôle of Marthe, which allows for variety of mood, great emotion, and a departure from the usual; in America anyway.

It will be most interesting to notice how

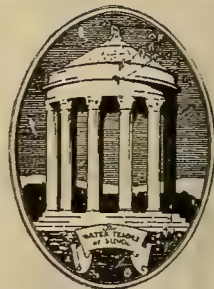
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SPRING VALLEY  
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New Yorkers take to the Bataille play. There seems to be a vogue in foreign plays recently; another factor, no doubt, in influencing Henry Miller to retain "La Tendresse" in his repertoire.

The play is rather a corker for Americans, even though there is no grossness in the treatment. But there is a subtle psychology in Bataille's masterly depictions of eroticism which will escape many Americans. He is—well, here is something said of him by a distinguished French novelist and essayist, which I found in a William Lyons Phelps essay, and which is most interesting. The Frenchman said that Bataille best represents "the moral anarchy and extreme refinement of intelligence where we now find the elite of an old people (the French) very artistic, very human, and very corrupt. I consider him," he continues, "as an enemy; I hope for the destruction of the society that he represents; but I recognize his art and his sincerity: he does his duty like an artist: he is true to life."

So here is an interpretation of one kind of French people, and it remains to be seen how well the American public will grasp it.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Postage Going Foreign.

The 2-cent postage stamp, representing in service probably the biggest value obtainable for the money, has extended its field of usefulness, says the Boston Transcript. It will carry a one-ounce letter to any postoffice in half a hundred foreign countries in addition to any one of the more than 50,000 post-offices in the United States, the many more in Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, and, of course, to any of the postoffices in American possessions overseas. The extension of the 2-cent rate to so many foreign lands is saving Americans, particularly business men, thousands of dollars annually in foreign postage, assisting in extending American trade, and, government officials believe, is tending to cultivate more friendly relations with foreign peoples.

The 2-cent rate was put into effect near the close of last year to Argentina, Brazil, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Jamaica, and Martinique. On March 1st this year Bermuda and Haiti were added to the list. Many Americans, it is believed, still use a 5-cent stamp in sending letters to a number of the foreign countries where the 2-cent rate prevails.

These countries now include Anguilla, Antigua, Argentina, Bahama Islands, Barbuda, Barbados, Bermuda, Bolivia, Buenos Aires, Brazil, British Guiana, British Honduras, British Virgin Islands, Canada, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Curacao, Dominica, Dominican Republic, Dutch West Indies, Ecuador, England, Grenada, The Grenadines, Guam, Haiti, Hawaii, Honduras, Ireland, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Martinique, Mexico, Montserrat, Nevis, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, New Zealand, Panama, Peru, Philippines, Porto Rico, Redonda, St. Kitts, Shanghai, China, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Scotland, Tobago, Tutuila, Samoa, Trinidad, Virgin Islands of United States, Western Samoa, and Windward Islands.

The Cunard Steamship Company now have bookshops as well as libraries on their cross-Atlantic steamers.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Richard Bennett is to give San Francisco a taste of what the author, Edward E. Rose, is pleased to term a melodramatic farce, "The Rear Car." This piece with its startling complications while the car, attached to the Continental Limited, is on its way eastward in the night, is said to furnish as many laughs as thrills, and Bennett in the rôle of the "deflector," the man who is supposed to prevent crime, rather than detect it, offers a very unusual performance. The story of Ruth Carson, the railroad magnate's long missing daughter, was an unusual one, even before she boarded the eastbound train to be taken to her father. Once the car is in motion strange things begin to happen to Ruth Carson, Norah O'Neil, her traveling companion, and Alden Murray, the lawyer entrusted with the safe conveyance of the girl. And they happen with such utter strangeness and rapidity that the audience grows bewildered and then bursts forth in laughter over some ludicrous situation provoked by the "silly-ass" deflector, Sheridan Scott: the rôle played by Richard Bennett.

Besides the star the cast includes Violet Schramm, Clair Veda, Richard Cummings, Hugh Metcalfe, Franklin Pangborn, Jerome Sheldon, J. Morris Foster, Madeline Lubetty, Norman Feusier and John A. McGuire. "The Rear Car" starts next Monday night at the Columbia.

The final performance of "The Fool" will be given this Saturday night by Richard Bennett and the supporting cast.

The Players Theatre.

The revival of Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," featuring Evelyn Vaughan and William S. Rainey, at the Players Theatre, Bush Street near Gough, will close on Saturday evening.

Messrs. Travers and Rainey, who sponsored the productions of "The First Fifty Years" and "The Rivals," announce that a supplementary season of eight weeks has been decided upon, prior to the opening of the regular Players Club season late in the fall.

The next play to be offered, commencing Monday evening, September 18th, is Ossip Dymov's exotic and sensational drama, "Nju." Evelyn Vaughan will be seen in the title rôle, a part offering opportunities for her unusual dramatic gifts. "Nju" was produced in 1908 in Berlin by the famous Max Reinhardt at the Kammerspiel Theatre, and enjoyed great popularity in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Zurich, Budapest, Petrograd, Moscow, and elsewhere. It found its way to the American stage when it was produced in New York recently by Joseph Urban and Richard Ordynski. This is its first showing in San Francisco.

"Nju" is a fresh treatment of an old theme, worked out, not in the usual acts, but in nine swiftly moving scenes. It will undoubtedly be a much-discussed play. Unusual settings and costumes in the impressionistic manner are being designed for the production by Ray Coyle.

"Pietv and Pie."

One of the plays to be given its initial performance at the Sequoia Little Theatre, 1725 Washington Street, which is to open its second season of one-act plays on November 4th, is an American novelty called "Pietv and Pie," by Blanche Cumming, a San Francisco girl.

The play attracted the attention of the director, Ruth Brenner, at one of the regular meetings of the Playcrafters in their Little Theatre Studio, 1625 California Street, and was chosen as the American comedy on the all-comedy bill to be presented this season. The beginnings of suffrage and mince pie, with other early colonial discoveries, are involved in the plot. There are two scenes, the witch-ridden Salem Wood, and the cottage of Dame Anne. The name Anne suggests the first American woman who asserted herself for reform, Anne Hutchinson. Blanche Cumming's play shows an easy way of accomplishing the reform, without suffering the inconvenience of banishment, as Anne Hutchinson did. That is where the "pie" comes in.

Miss Cumming's is the third local play to be given an opening in the Sequoia Little Theatre, and several others will be given later.

The Orpheum Next Week.

With the reputation of being the greatest delineator of "mother rôles" in moving pictures, Miss Vera Gordon is coming to the Orpheum Theatre next week in a stirring little playlet entitled "Lullaby." The same finesse and finely drawn portraiture of stage character are evident in this playlet as Miss Gordon gives in her picture characterizations. Here is an art with a deep and human appeal, and she interprets such parts with an understanding and intelligence that come only with the love of motherhood.

Miss Gordon, since going into vaudeville, has so arranged her work on the speaking stage as to enable her to continue screen work. It has been a common experience of hers to be playing in an Orpheum Theatre and in the same city seeing her own work ex-

hibited in one or more moving-picture houses. This, of course, has a doubly good effect, for to see her in silent portrayal only makes stronger the desire to see her in person and hear the dramatic voice that has stirred auditors and held them in rapt attention in the legitimate theatres, where Miss Gordon first gained her popularity.

Genius, and Taking Pains.

Geraldine Farrar, the soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, will be the first concert artist to be heard at the new Schubert-Curran Theatre; Miss Farrar, with a concert company consisting of a celebrated tenor and a well-known cellist being booked for a concert there Sunday afternoon, October 8th.

Few American singers have had such a career on the stage, in the concert hall, and in screen drama. For her successes there is ample reason. First of all, every one who travels or works with Miss Farrar knows that she probably spends more hours in toil at her task than any other living artist. Her endurance is phenomenal. Her persistence and the clearness of her thinking when she has a definite object in view might be formulated in text-books for young artists. No detail of her work is neglected. She spends infinite thought, not only on every phrase, every word of a text, but on her bearing on the stage or its arrangement—on everything which could possibly tend to make or mar an artistic presentation. Managers greet her with a sigh of relief, since she is the most sensible, level-headed and reliable of prima donnas; the least given to extravagance or temperamental nonsense; the most apt to do business "like a man."

The much discussed play, "Nice People," will be offered at the Columbia Theatre, following "The Rear Car." The company coming for the presentation of the piece presents a list of well-known names.

Mitzi, that charming personality of the musical-comedy stage, will be seen here next month in "Lady Billy."

"The Emperor Jones" continues to prove one of the most remarkable stage offerings of the Eastern season.

A return engagement of "Three Wise Fools" will be played at the Columbia Theatre in the near future.

Sport Degraded.

Tournament lawn tennis has been played for so many years at the Longwood Cricket Club that one would suppose there, if anywhere, the gallery would be well managed, says the New York Tribune. Its reported treatment of Mrs. Mallory in her match with Miss Helen Wills is discouraging.

Miss Wills was naturally the favorite. The brilliant girl player from San Francisco has been so close to victory over the American champion in several encounters that there was hopeful expectation of seeing her break the veteran's monotonous winning stride. It was perhaps not unfair to show preference in heartiness of applause. A gallery needn't be hypocritical. But it was grossly unfair to applaud Mrs. Mallory's errors and to show displeasure at decisions of the umpire and the linesmen when they went against Miss Wills. It is curious what rank discourtesy a crowd will exhibit, which its members as individuals would be heartily ashamed of.

The meanness of the Longwood partisans had the effect of stiffening Mrs. Mallory's determination, which is great at all times. It probably also disconcerted Miss Wills, who likes fair play or none. The result was that Mrs. Mallory won. There could have been no pleasure in the game for either contestant. Is there no way of preventing onlookers untrained in sportsmanship from spoiling good sport?

The profiteering factor aside, the proposition that the government own postoffice buildings is soundly in keeping with the general idea of applying business principles to the conduct of public business, which is by no means the least of the important things to the credit of the present administration to date, says the Washington Post. It is in line with the budget system, already adopted, with resultant saving of scores of millions of dollars to the taxpayers. At present the annual rent bill for postoffice buildings is \$12,000,000. Rentals are being paid on property representing money borrowed at from 7 to 10 per cent. interest, whereas the government could build its own postoffice structures on money obtained at 4 per cent. and there would be no taxes, which, in the case of buildings now rented, are added to the price exacted by the investors. Add to the saving that would be effected under normal circumstances the saving through relief from pure extortion, and the wisdom of the government-owned buildings is beyond question.

The official flower of Butte, Montana, recently adopted, is the pansy. We suggest the coconut as the emblem of Medicine Hat.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Sophistry of Duration.

Tell me not beauty dies like dew  
The envious sun draws trembling up,  
Nor liken hers to that brief hue—  
Flashes the rose's tender cup—  
For things like her so lovely are,  
They should outlive the bravest star.

If all my senses still conspire,  
Ere their meridian he past,  
To set the blossoms of desire,  
The worm shall not exult at last:  
Her children and my words I trust  
Shall speak her grace when we are dust.

—Richard Aldington in the Nation and the Athenaeum.

At Star-Rise

There's something like a loud song  
Singing in my heart;  
And I've no shoes upon my feet,  
But when shall we start?

O little dull people!  
You would not know the way;  
And I will talk with you again,  
But not today.

Not till I am back again  
From where I must be—  
From the lands that are the difference  
Between you and me.

For there's something like a hunger  
And food will not do,  
When ten million stars and more  
Beckon me from you.

—A. Newberry Choyce in the New Witness.

Sun.

Sleeper in primal darkness, who first heard  
God break eternal silence with a word  
That stirred the chaos into form and flame;  
That clove the day from night; that gave a name  
In turn to every torch-enkindled star—  
Elders brother, thou, to all things that are!  
Beneath thy ray, revealed in light and shade,  
Water took wings; the firmament was made;  
And earth, arising out of ocean, bore  
Fruit trees whose seed lies at the fruit's deep core.

And thou and thy sweet sister moon were given  
Dominion o'er the burning lamps of heaven,  
Which mark the seasons and which pull the tides  
And hold the line where day from night divides.

Warmed through, the great sea-monsters spouted foam;  
Fish swam the seas; the wild birds built a home;  
The long procession of the beasts began;  
And God in His own image created man.

Thy raging anger through the cosmos sheds  
A benediction on a billion heads.  
Thine is the heart at which creation stands,  
Toasting before thy fire its sides and hands.

Thy universal domesticity  
Comforts the purring cat, the apple tree,  
The dragon fly and all things that draw life,  
As equally as Adam and his wife.

When the last frozen fountain is released,  
And the last harvest of the world increased  
By thy beneficence; when last there dies  
Sunset as an emperor upon the skies;  
When, neither feeble nor with breast grown cold,  
Thou perish as the prophet has foretold—  
Washed over and drowned in dreadful seas of blood—

And earth is drenched with fire as with a flood:  
If (as I think may be) each man may take  
Some relic of the sun—for her dear sake  
I'll choose that shaft of light she used to wear  
On sunny days amid her mortal hair.

—Theodore Maynard in the New Witness.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The feminist movement, to which of late we have been paying too little attention for its good, has run out on itself. We feared as much. Without proper counsel and guidance it has exceeded the wildest dreams of Carrie Chapman Catt, and even her wildest desires. It has been going so fast that it seems in danger of meeting itself coming back, unless, which is not unlikely, it shall be saved by tripping over its own feet and falling on its own powdered nose. The vocal sisterhood is strenuous in its new demands, and some of the sisters in the rear are calling in vain to those in front to warn them of the precipice over which the new impetus threatens to drag the whole dinged procession. There is a measure, ill-considered and dangerous, that is to be introduced into some forty-two legislatures, looking to "blanket equality" as the phrase has it, and there follows therefrom much fluttering of feminine nerves for fear of what feminism has most vociferously demanded, lo, these past eighty years.

Now blanket equality is a somewhat ambiguous term. In the relations between the sexes it might mean a great deal that its proponents had no intention of having it mean. But let that pass, as Babe Ruth says when he gets a bad one. It has other meanings, and it is of these that some of the leaders of feminism are afraid. They say they fear that it will not promote equality, but inequality. What they really fear is just the opposite—that it will reduce the present inequality to equality, that it will really make women legally equal to men, whereas they now have the edge on them and, as far as they understand the situation, purpose to keep it. For there has been a vast amount of remedial legislation for women, special legislation in fact, confirming unto them special privileges in industry and even in domestic affairs, which blanket equality might and probably would repeal, and then they would find themselves in the position of the little boy that wanted the bumble bee—he got it.

It may confidently be predicted that the effort to make men and women alike by law will fail. We know of no way by which it can be done. They are born different, and after that it is too late. From that critical time they differ more and more. Miss Florence Kelly, the celebrated factory inspector and leader in the feminist movement, announces the discovery that "men do not bear children, are freed from the burdens of maternity, and are not susceptible in the same measure as women to poisons now increasingly characteristic of certain industries, and to the universal poison of fatigue." Women can not be made men by act of the legislature, or by amendment of the Federal Constitution. That is an important discovery, and the wonder of it is that it should have been made by a lady who has never yet been led to the altar or the operating table. As an inspector, Miss Kelly fills the bill; she is an observant person, and in her knowledge of physiology is fit to rank with the old judge, who, to the indignant rhetorical question of

the suffragette, "What is the difference between you and me?" replied, "Madam, I can't con—understand." Following on such physiological data we have had many a law of late intelligently discriminating between the sexes. Women can vote all over these fairly well United States, but in a great many of them she can not make a contract to work more than eight hours a day. Under "blanket equality," such a disability would probably be removed, and she would have the right of a man to work as she wished. Feminists want equality, but not that kind. That would be real equality. The sort they seem to want is the equality that gives women everything men enjoy, and then some. Like the Irish carpenter, they want things "more than plumb." And Carrie Chapman Catt says they should have it. A husband usually assumes the support of his wife. She bears the children, and in most cases he considers that she is to blame for that and as long as she has gone and done it she can just devote herself to the hard, dirty, and more or less thankless job of bringing them up. It is neither logical nor just, but such is the nature of the brutes, and so the custom is for him to go to his comfortable office or job and leave her to struggle with rebellion. But he knows she has her hands full, and so he attends to getting the money to pay the bills. It seems simpler for life to divide itself that way. In most states a husband must pay his wife's debts. But under blanket equality where would the liability be?

At present, woman can say to man, as the Irishman told his favorite enemy: "I'm the equal of you, an' a damn sight better." And men know it. And being usually guilty of something and feeling conscience-smitten most of the time, they are generally disposed to let bygones be bygones if the women will, and give them about what they ask. But blanket equality has them puzzled. Here for the past decade they have been giving the women inequality after inequality, privilege after privilege, and now feminine fickleness manifests itself in characteristic fashion and takes the form of a demand for whatever it is they have not. It is discouraging, and it is bewildering, and if picketing is to begin again no man may say exactly how it is to be stopped, especially as the most effective battlers are no longer battling on the same side. The National Woman's Party recently disbanded and reorganized under the same name, but with a different object. That is more confusing than foreign exchange. Just which one of these organizations is a man supposed to vote for, and how is he to know without consulting the calendar whether he was with them now or is with them before? It is a sort of stop-watch business, a question of time defined within narrow limits. Miss Elsie Hill is chairman of the National Council of the new party, and says its object is "the removal of all forms of the subjection of women." Good. But who will guarantee the removal of all forms of the subjection of men? Who will see that men are surrounded with the protection that has been thrown around women and young girls? Statutes against rape and seduction, and fixing the age of consent, are all leveled against men; not one is in their favor, not one seeks to protect their virtue against the ruthlessness of any woman. Will blanket equality redress this old iniquity? Will it raise the age of consent for men to twenty-one years, and protect their mature virtue against the wiles of the siren? Or must they still, like the sailors of Ulysses, stuff their ears with wax and bind their susceptible leaders to the mast? What masculinist will arise to protect male virtue by statute?

The blanket equality bills have been or are about to be introduced into legislatures all over the Union because of the tedious time it takes to have a constitutional amendment passed and ratified. But the National Consumers' League, which for fourteen years has been engaged in shortening the working day of wage-earning women, and the Women's Trade Union League, which has been instrumental in similar reforms, and more of them, are fearful of going to extremes, and especially are they fearful of ambiguities in the wording of the act or the ultimate amendment—for it is planned to amend the Constitution blanket-wise. The proposed amendment, which is all framed, but which no man has thus far had the hardihood to introduce, is to read: "No political, civil, or legal disabilities on account of sex or on account of marriage, unless applying alike to both sexes, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." That's flat, but it is also fearfully broad. Miss Kelly says of it: "The implications of the amendment do not coincide with the stated purpose of the National Women's Party. While attempting to remove old forms of subjection it tends to create a new subjection of women." There seems to be no pleasing them. They have their minds made up to be both equal and unequal, subject and sovereign, and that imposes on the masculine voter the old embarrassing necessity in anything he may contemplate doing for or against, of shooting so

as to hit it if it is a deer and miss it if it is a calf. But that is nothing new. In their dealing with women men have been shooting that way for ages—with the usual result of missing it when it is a deer and hitting it when it is a calf, and then paying for the calf. In passing promptly all the feminist legislation demanded of late years they have cherished the hope that they were emancipating themselves from this age-old dilemma, but it seems not to be so. There is no rest. And we shall greatly miss our guess if there is any for the opponents of blanket equality. Unless all signs fail they are in for a terrible rating at the hands of their enthusiastic sisters. No reformer's lot is a happy one these days.

## Moles and Toads and Owls.

The mole is the victim of a senseless persecution, says a writer in the *Contemporary Review*. The gardener who finds his well-tended lawns or flower-bed in a state of mild eruption may be pardoned if he takes steps to abate the nuisance, but on the heavy-land farm the mole is entitled to every consideration. He lives upon worms and insects, the cock-chaffer bug and the wire worm being esteemed especial luxuries. The track that he throws up is really a benefit to the heavy soil, for it consists of earth that has been loosened and aerated. When the harrows have smoothed down the molehills the little mound makers have improved the texture of the land. . . .

The toad is another victim of senseless animosity. . . . Here we have the case of a very prolific animal, but it has a very high rate of mortality. The toad is not ugly and venomous, it will not live for centuries or years or even weeks "under a cold stone," it does no harm to man directly or indirectly—on the contrary it serves him well. Slugs and snails are its favorite diet; in greenhouse or conservatory it earns the gardener's thanks. There is, be it admitted, a slight penchant for bees, and the presence of a toad under the alighting board of a hive is to be deprecated, but, if the intruder be carried away to a shady garden bed and left to his own devices, he will atone for his indiscretion. Shut up in the conservatory, he will do still better. . . .

The barn owl has been known to take a score of rats a day, and it must be remembered that the rat is a night feeder, his hours being from about an hour after sunset until midnight. In the dark, a man can not see the rat that scents and avoids him; but the rat can neither see nor hear the owl, which descends upon him with silent wings and carries death in its grip, for the owl's feather-shafts are rounded and the owl's claws in gripping pierce the heart. After a time the rat grows poison-shy and trap-shy, and the spring and summer diet on preserves is endless. There are eggs and young birds, there is ample residue of the maize fed to the hens in the coops and young pheasants in the "rides." In woods over which never a hawk dares hover, in which every owl, barn, wood, long-eared, and the rest is shot on sight, where bats and weasels dare not to be seen, the rat thrives. The pace of productivity beats the game-keeper every time, and unless the farmer encourages owls—no difficult task—it will beat him, too. The rat may serve a purpose, though in the present state of our knowledge it is an unmitigated evil; in any event, its numbers and its habits constitute a national menace.

One of the oldest and most distinguished hostels in the United States is the Canoe Place Inn, between Shinnecock and Peconic Bay, on Long Island Sound. The charter of this fine, old, rambling, red-brick structure was signed by Queen Anne, but the inn was doing a thriving business years previous to this. An interesting figure is the venerable figurehead of the frigate *Ohio*, which, after an honorable service, was displaced by the ironclad and finally broken up in the waters which wash the cove. One of the most massive of existing figureheads, it was carved in Greece and presented, with much ceremony, to this government. It shows Hercules in impressive pose and was warranted by the Greek donors to possess magic gifts. One of the most valuable sets of registers to be found in this country is to be examined in Canoe Place Inn. Its famous autographs begin in 1659 with the mark of Wyandach, grand sachem of the Montauks, and include famous colonial governors about Manhattan, Dutch, Swedish, and English, for two hundred years. The inn fell into the hands of the British authorities during the revolutionary war and provided for the officers under Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton—as close an approach to a club as existed in those days in this part of the world.

Great efforts are being made in the United States to protect the native birds, mainly because of their usefulness as insect-destroyers. One expert says that in the State of Massachusetts birds destroy twenty-one thousand bushels of insects every day, and in Nebraska one hundred and seventy carloads.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Little Ellen, saying her evening prayers, was stopped several times by her mother. Finally she broke out with, "Mamma, are you running this prayer or am I?" On another occasion, being sent to bed and questioned if she had asked forgiveness, she replied: "Oh, yes, and God said, 'Oh, don't mention it, Miss Ellen. I've lots worse girls than you.'"

An American family living in China recently hired two servants from Nanking, a missionary centre. Accordingly, the new servants were Christians. Another Chinese servant in the family discovered the newcomers' religion and reported the fact to his mistress. Asked how he knew the new boys were Christians, he said: "Oh, they know all about God, Jesus Christ, and Santa Claus."

Instead of the usual boys' adventure book, Tommy's mother gave him a book of etiquette, and the results were satisfactory until one day his sister, starting to leave the room, found herself violently seized and thrown backwards into the coal scuttle. "You ignorant little beast!" growled Tommy. "Don't you know that you should wait till a gentleman opens the door for you?"

Judge's prize story of the week is as follows: A friend just returned from teaching in Kentucky tells this story of a backwoodsman who had been elected to serve in the state legislature. Arrived at the capitol, he handed his card to the doorkeeper. That individual glanced at the name, and said: "You go upstairs." "Like hell I go upstairs!" quoth the embryo maker of laws. "I was elected to the lower house, and that's where I stay!"

Actors are frequently victims of spontaneous interjections from the gallery. Sir Henry Irving was a particular sufferer in this respect. Playing Macbeth, one night, he had reached the critical point in the banquet scene when in terrible fear he sinks to his knees, covering his face with his robe, after entreating the shade of Banquo to depart. As the ghost vanished a shrill voice in the audience broke the impressive silence: "H'its all right now, 'Enery. 'E's gone!"

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, the dancer, who was married last year in Oriental dress and who is never very far from the limelight, is the heroine of a story in which the Duchess of Marlborough also figures. At a charity concert in one of the great English houses the host whispered to her grace, "We are to have a surprise number. Lady Constance has promised to do her barefoot Persian dance." "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the duchess. "I knew something dreadful would happen when I spilled the salt at dinner."

Rastus was always complaining about his wife. "My wife Mandy's always asking me for money," was his constant lament. One day he poured his exasperated feelings out to a sympathetic listener. "She done ask me for three dollars just now. Once she asked me for seven dollars. Last week she begged me for five. This morning she come whining for fifty cents. Always money, money, money." "Wel, what does she do with it all?" Rastus was asked. "'Deed, I don't know, sah. I nebber give her none."

The late Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, once made a visit to Father Stanton's church in High Holborn, a most ritualistic organization. The service was not quite to his liking, but Father Stanton talked so fast that he did not have a chance to say anything until he got into his carriage to go away. Then he remarked: "I like your service, Stanton, but I don't like your incense." "Very sorry, my lord, very sorry," replied Father Stanton, submissively, "but it is the very best I can get for three shillings and sixpence a pound."

A certain small negro colony in the South, which was founded shortly after the war of emancipation, has always been singularly prosperous. However, it is rather out of the beaten path, and it aroused the curiosity of an automobile tourist, who asked a venerable citizen for some vital statistics of the place. He was told there were about sixty families. "You must have a hard time getting preachers," the tourist ventured, bearing in mind the racial love of religious exercise. "'Deed, we do, sho', suh. Thar's only 'bout twenty preachers regular."

Jokes on St. Peter are pretty stale, and, generally speaking, all of the changes have been wrung on the heavenly gates, but Hollywood seems to be an exception to all known rules. St. Peter bid a solemn welcome to three white-robed men as they approached. "Where are you from?" he asked the first. "Chicago," the man replied. "You may go in." "Where are you from?" he asked the second. "From New York," he replied.

"You may go in." "And where are you from?" he asked the third. "I'm from Hollywood," said the man. "You may go in, but I'm afraid you won't like it," said the saintly guard.

Sir Lees Knowles, a former president of the British Board of Trade and a well-known Lancashire philanthropist, tells the following story about his relative, R. G. Knowles, a famous English comedian: "I was playing at the London Theatre of Varieties, in Shore-ditch, and there was a child that would not stop crying," wrote R. G. Knowles. "It cried, and just as we all thought it was worn out it veered into a shriek, and then it howled, and to vary the monotony once in a while it yelled. The audience had lost all patience, and I had reached the limit of mine, so I said, 'Madam, dear lady, will you kindly quiet the child for the sake of the audience, for my sake, for your own sake, for the sake of the child, and for heaven's sake will you quiet the child?' She stood up, and in a piteous voice said, 'I can't; my dress buttons down the back.' We never heard the child again, for the shriek from the audience so surprised the infant that it gazed at the people open-eyed, while the mother joined in the laughter."

Decayed teeth have been found in a skull thousands of years old. Impacted wisdom teeth can be found in skulls taken from the shell mounds around San Francisco Bay and exhibited in the ethnological museum of the Affiliated Colleges. The theory that civilization causes such troubles is no sounder than the decayed molars.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Glory and the Girl.

1918

When war was on, a uniform Would take Clarissa's heart by storm. It thrilled her to her girlish soul. She'd even with a bell-hop stroll, In hopes that folks would think her pal At least a Major Gen—er—al.

1922

But now has come another day. Clarissa doesn't feel that way. In uniform, she would not pal, Not even with a Gen—er—al, For fear her friends might take him for A bell-hop from the hotel door. —Judge.

Mystery.

Where does the tall sun walk at night? Where is the frost, in June? Where, by day, do the stars take flight, Hoarding the silver moon?

Where did the roses learn to dress Green with a crimson hood? Who taught the gray dove tenderness, Hid in the fearful wood?

Where do the tired sparrows sleep When the still dusk has come? Who crowned the breakers of the deep With their eternal foam?

Where did the land's last lonely marge First take the ocean's kiss? And where did I get the nerve to charge A dollar a line for this?—C. W., in Life.

\*I guess about fifty cents.—Editor.

In 1921 the Pribilof Islands yielded 23,671 seal skins.

Bumper Crops in Sight.

The government's crop report in the month of August, says the *Review of Reviews*, is the first one of the year on which final confidence can be placed with regard to most of the farm products. The report issued on the 8th of last month was a most cheerful one. July had brought rarely favorable weather for almost all kinds of growing things on the farm. As a result, the Department of Agriculture was able to forecast a three-billion bushel corn crop for the fourth time in our history.

The greatest crop of hay ever raised, estimated at 93,100,000 tons, is already assured. The second largest yield of white potatoes and the largest production of sweet potatoes are promised, with exceptional yields of tobacco and apples. With the two wheat crops about up to the average of the last five years, the general result of the season's farming activities is as good as the best on record.

At August prices seventeen farm crops indicate a value of over \$7,100,000,000, exceeding the 1921 figure by \$1,200,000,000. Of this impressive total, corn accounts for \$1,943,000,000, hay for \$1,078,000,000, wheat for \$782,000,000, and potatoes for \$505,000,000.

In certain agricultural sections of the Northwest the melon-growers cover the ground with roofing paper except where the melon vine rises. This keeps down the weeds and keeps in the moisture. The method was first developed on sugar plantations in Hawaii.

A person weighing between 120 and 140 pounds contains about five quarts of blood.

**D**ESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller of Piedmont, became the bride of Mr. John Bryant Knox last evening at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland. Several hundred guests witnessed the ceremony, and a reception was held later at the Miller home. Mrs. Monroe Greenwood was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were chosen from the ranks of the debutantes who came out the same season as did the bride. These included Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Hatherly Britton, Miss Elizabeth Watts, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Claire Knight, and Miss Janet Knox. After the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Knox will reside across the bay.

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Josephine Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, to Mr. Dean Dillman which will take place at 1 o'clock September 16th, at the Rancho Tres Ojos de Agua, the Moore estate near Santa Cruz. The wedding service will be performed in the garden of the place. A breakfast will immediately follow the ceremony. Miss Dorothy Crawford will be the maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Corinne Dillman, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Jean Clift Searles, and Mrs. Ernest Gunther. Mr. Oliver Lyman will be the groomsmen and the ushers will be Mr. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. Edward Pringle, Mr. William D. Shuman, Mr. Harry Good, Mr. W. D. Edwards, and Mr. William Wallace.

A wedding of last week was that of Miss Hope Somers, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Somers of Berkeley, to Mr. Donald Walsh son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Marion Walsh of Piedmont. The marriage took place last Wednesday evening at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Berkeley. Several hundred guests attended the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Augustus Martyn. The bride's maid of honor was Miss Kittie Fletcher of New York, a classmate at Vassar, from which college both young women took their degrees last June. Mrs. Jack Okell, sister of the bridegroom, was matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Elizabeth Moore and Mrs. Edward Fennon. Mr. Kenneth Walsh was groomsmen for his brother. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh are now on their wedding trip and upon their return will reside in Oakland.

In honor of Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, whose marriage to Mr. John Knox took place last night, Miss Elizabeth Magee entertained at a bridge supper last Friday evening. The guest list included the bridal party and a number of the debutante set and their escorts.

Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood and Mrs. Edwin Stadtmuller entertained at a tea last week, the affair taking place at the Wood home on Presidio Avenue. Mrs. Frederick B. Kellam, who is leaving shortly for New York, was the guest of honor. Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Stadtmuller were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Kellam and Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Warren Smith, Mrs. Stetson G.

Hinds, Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Caleb S. S. Dutton, Dr. Adelaide Brown, Mrs. Frederick H. Meyer, Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Mrs. Charles F. Jackson, Mrs. John McGaw, Miss Helen Deamer, Miss Evelyn McGaw, Miss Elizabeth Buffington, Miss August Rathbone, Miss Carol Andrew, Miss Virginia Chadbourne Miss Phyllis Meyer and several others.

Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin entertained at luncheon on Friday for Mrs. Henry Percival Dodge, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, in Burlingame. Mrs. Dodge was Miss Agnes Page-Brown before her marriage to the American Ambassador to the Balkans, and this is her first visit home since her wedding abroad in April.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke entertained the latter part of the week for her sister, Miss Harriet Pomeroy, who has just returned from New York. Mrs. Brooke gave a luncheon at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Dibble entertained at a dancing party for their daughter, Miss Betsy Dibble, Saturday evening at the Lagunitas Country Club. Over a hundred guests were present. Prior to the dance Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibble entertained at dinner for Miss Betsy Dibble.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard gave a luncheon party at their home in San Mateo on Sunday for Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, who left Tuesday for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Howard entertained the following guests at the luncheon: Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker Harris, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Mayne, Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin and Mrs. Lloyd Bowers. Mrs. H. W. Kittle entertained at luncheon on Tuesday for Mrs. Patrick Calhoun of Charleston, South Carolina, who is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Paul Foster, in San Rafael.

Miss Josephine Moore was the honor guest at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Marshall Madison at the home of Mrs. Madison's mother, Mrs. Perry Eyre, in Menlo Park. Guests at the affair included Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Victor Cooley, Mrs. Ernest Gunther, Mrs. Herman Phleger, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Lucy and Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Mary Emma Flood and Miss Mary Bernice Moore.

Miss Geraldine King will entertain at luncheon September 19th in honor of Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, who will become the bride of Mr. James Moffitt September 30th. Miss King will entertain at the Francesca Club.

The officers and their wives of the Thirtieth Infantry, which has just come to the Presidio, will be given a tea-dance this afternoon. Mrs. Edward G. Huber and a number of army matrons will be hostesses.

Mrs. C. P. Overton, who recently returned from Europe, and Mrs. Carroll Graves, wife of Commander Graves, U. S. N., retired, were the honor guests at a tea given by Mrs. William H. Hammer on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stow entertained at luncheon on Sunday in honor of Miss Rosalie Howard, who is their house guest at La Paterna

Ranch, their place near Goleta. The guests were mainly San Franciscans who are visiting in or near Santa Barbara and included Judge and Mrs. James Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Crain Herberston, Miss Ethel Cooper, Mr. Oscar Brown, and Mr. Mayo Newhall.

In honor of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York, Miss Susie Russell entertained at tea last week at the Hotel Fairmont. The guests were close friends of the honor guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained at dinner last Wednesday, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer.

Mrs. Frank Stringham entertained at Tanglewood, her home in Berkeley, for Mrs. McKee Mhoon on Saturday. A number of San Franciscans were invited.

Mrs. Donald Walsh, a recent bride, will be the honor guest at a luncheon which Mrs. Harry Hush Magee will give at her home in Piedmont, September 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery entertained recently at dinner, following which Mah Jongg was played. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Walter Martin were their guests.

Mrs. Duval Moore entertained at luncheon on Wednesday for Mrs. Sydney Ford of New Zealand, who has spent the summer in California. Mrs. Ford is returning to her home the first of next month.

Mrs. Crawford Clarke will celebrate her eighty-second birthday, Saturday, September 16th, with a reception at her home in Presidio Terrace. A number of guests, many from out of town, have been invited to attend.

Invitations were out last week for a reception to Miss Rena Lazelle and Miss Ingeborg Lacour-Sorru by the faculty of the Ada Clement Music School, 3435 Sacramento Street. Assisting the faculty in the receiving line were Miss Lena Blanding, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Mrs. Frederick Crowe, Mrs. Oscar K. Cushing, Mrs. Beverly L. Hodghead, Mrs. Parker Maddox, Mrs. M. S. Porter and Mrs. Ernest Simpson.

## Tiny Mouse Deer in Captivity.

Mr. Frank H. Buck, writing in *Asia Magazine*, describes a little-known and fascinating species of deer, the Plandok or mouse deer of the Malay Peninsula:

"I had secured porcupines, both the common and the brush-tailed variety, Malay honey-bears, monkeys, gibbons, squirrels in variety and a half-grown leopard, but the prizes of my collection were five mouse-deer. They are exquisite miniatures of large deer. The full-grown bucks are between eleven and twelve inches high. They have light spots along the sides and a dark brown streak down the back—markings very much like those of the English fallow deer, but they have no antlers. Many legends and fairy tales have grown up around Plandok, the mouse-deer, who has won the hearts of Malay children as Brer Rabbit has our own. When I returned to Singapore I was fortunate in getting six more mouse-deer from Yew Kee, the Chinese animal dealer, who has just received them from a trader in Ipoh. I knew that every zoo in America would be glad to display these beautiful little animals; so I nursed them into captivity with unusual tenderness. But in the month before I sailed for America three of them died in spite of my care, for they are very delicate animals and most difficult to accustom to cage life. At first they beat themselves unmercifully against the sides of their cages and worried a great deal, but finally, after much coaxing and caressing, they became quite tame and even were taken out of their pen to run about the compound. Every morning one of my natives went to the marshes near Singapore to gather the water plants which are the favorite food of mouse-deer. We also gave them sweet potatoes chopped fine and a mixture of chopped apples and carrots. For the trip home I made two comfortable crates, with a separate compartment for each animal. Out of Manila one of the does had a little fawn, which was so small that it could lie flat on the palm of my hand. I spent most of my time on the ship in petting them and watching their diet as closely as if they had been babies. In every port I procured fresh water plants for them, kept their cages damp and sprinkled with clean sawdust and gave them fresh water several times a day."

Alma Mann walked from ocean to ocean in sixteen hours and twenty-six minutes, and she is only twelve years old. But she picked the easiest place: the Panama Canal Zone.

THE MISSES REBECCA AND JOSEPHINE GODCHAUX, authors of the excellent and successful manual of French language, "Our Method," will resume their lessons on September the first.

Mademoiselle Rebecca Godchaux will open her series of French Readings, or "Tuesday Matinées Françaises," in October.

Address: 2620 Buchanan St. Phone West 959.

## Law School Faculty Dines.

A faculty dinner was given by the San Francisco Law School at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, August 29th. Methods of instruction were discussed and plans for enlarging the scope of study were considered.

Those in attendance were James A. Ballentine, Robert W. Harrison, Leo H. Susman, Alden Ames, Robert L. McWilliams, I. M. Peckham, Simeon E. Sheffey, Herbert W. Clark, Thomas J. Straub, Robert Beale, John Elliot Cook and Robert Johnston.

The aim of the organization since its origin has been to maintain an evening law school wherein the same standard of legal instruction given in the leading day law schools could be within reach of those industrious persons that desire legal training.

Mrs. Nancy C. Hahn of St. Louis has won the commission for a monument to the Missouri boys in the Argonne.

Japanese women often buy their dresses by weight. Under such circumstances embonpoint costs.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman have returned from a fishing trip in the mountains and are at their Burlingame home. They will go East this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker recently spent several days at Del Monte.

Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay are en route west from New York. They have been abroad.

Mrs. C. P. Overton and her daughter, Miss Frances Overton, are visiting in California and are in Claremont. They will return to England this autumn.

Mrs. Charles G. Morton is in Greenfield, Pennsylvania, for a visit of a month.

Mrs. Joseph G. Castner visited in San Francisco recently, en route from Washington, D. C., to Texas, where she will join General Castner.

Mrs. George B. Dinsmore and her niece, Miss Frances Mace, have gone abroad for six months.

Mrs. Stewart Lowery and her sister, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, will leave for New York September 16th. They will visit with Mr. and Mrs. Cheever Codwin.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry W. Mizner of St. Louis visited Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase in Burlingame en route to the church convention in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hay Chapman spent several days in San Francisco upon their arrival from Honolulu. They have now gone to their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and Mrs. Oscar Cooper returned Tuesday from Del Monte, where they spent the week-end.

Mrs. Willis Polk and Mrs. George Howard have returned from Santa Barbara, where they spent ten days.

Mrs. John Drum is in New York for a stay of two months.

Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott and Mrs. Preston Brown will leave Monday for New York, where they will meet their mother, Mrs. Edgar L. Pres-

ton, who is arriving from Europe with her two granddaughters, Miss Frances Ames and Miss Josephine Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison have returned from Montecito, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker are in the south on a motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague are on a motor trip to Oregon. They will be away for three weeks.

Miss May Tattersall is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Schlusser, on Green Street.

Princess André Poniatowski and her son, John, have left for their home in Paris. They spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen and their children are at Santa Cruz Island. They will return to San Francisco shortly.

Mrs. Thomas Garrett of Virginia and her son, Mr. Thomas Garrett, will leave shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Henry Percival Dodge is visiting her mother, Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, in Burlingame. Miss Elizabeth Ashe is in New York. She arrived from Europe a few days ago.

Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall of Santa Barbara recently visited in San Francisco as the guest of her parents, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull, on Jackson Street.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Miss Mary Emma Flood at Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law have returned from Europe and will come to San Francisco shortly. They have been recently visiting friends in Chicago.

Mrs. Herbert Allen is recovering from a recent fall from a horse. She is visiting at the country place of her sister, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, in Woodside.

Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray is en route to New York by way of the Panama Canal.

Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant in Burlingame.

Mrs. Andrew Welch and her two daughters, Miss Florence and Miss Marie Welch, who are in Europe, will remain abroad for another year. Mr. Welch will return to this country shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren will leave shortly for New York by way of the Panama Canal. They will go to Europe later in the year.

Miss Virginia Murphy recently visited Mrs. William Alston Hayne and Miss Ida Bourn in St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cebrin and Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton have returned from the Cebrin ranch near Bakersfield.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman recently spent several days in the big tree grove, Humboldt County.

Miss Jean Boyd has returned from a trip through the Northwest. She is with her mother, Mrs. George Boyd, in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Warren D. Horner are en route to France. They embarked from Montreal.

Miss Constance Luft has returned to her home in the East, after a several months' visit with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Quinn.

Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Clappett recently returned to their Paris home, after a visit in England and Ireland.

Miss Rosalie Howard is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Stow at Goleta.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have been visiting in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Mrs. Macondray Moore sailed last week for New York on the steamship *Ecuador*.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury and her family are at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia. They recently returned from Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin E. Rohmer spent the past week-end at Del Monte. They recently visited for several weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry Whiting of Philadelphia has returned East, after spending the summer in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe have leased a home in Presidio Terrace, where they will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland will return the end of the month from New York.

Mrs. Loring Pickering is in Seattle. She will go to New York in the near future.

Mrs. William Henry Smith Jr., and her daughter, Miss Mary Dennis Seales, have returned from Brookdale.

Commander and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp are spending the summer at the villa of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. Jack Neville, and Mr. Vincent Whitney spent the past week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent in Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham motored down to Del Monte over the holiday week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Mhoon of Lindsay have spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Spence Black in Piedmont.

Mrs. Elmer Cox and Mrs. Conrad Peters have returned from Pebble Beach, where they spent a week at Mrs. Cox's home.

Mrs. Maynard Dixon has returned from New York, where she visited her mother, Mrs. L. Sydney Carriere.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny have returned to Los Angeles, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ozra W. Childs and her daughter, Miss Emelen Childs, are in Santa Barbara for the month of September.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron recently spent a week at the Feather River Inn. Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Cameron's sister, has been spending the season there.

Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow will sail from Europe shortly and will come directly to California.

Mrs. W. H. Morrow and her daughter, Mrs. H. R. Mann, are in New York, where they will spend the next two months.

Mr. Raymond Armsby is in New York. He will sail soon for Europe, where he will join his sister, Miss Cornelia Armsby, in Paris.

The British Consul-General and Mrs. Gerald

Campbell have left 1161 Greenwich Street with their family for Sausalito. They will return to the city on October 1st and take up their residence at 2165 Jackson Street, which they have leased for a period.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Bonestell will return to their home in Piedmont shortly, after spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who have spent the summer in California, returned last week to their home in New York.

Mrs. Charles Weldon of Los Angeles is spending several weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Butts have returned to their San Francisco home, after spending the summer in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent are in Oswego, New York, and are guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Leonard Underhill.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Haven recently returned to San Francisco from Europe.

Mrs. Horace Jackson of Chicago will arrive here shortly to spend several weeks. Mrs. Jackson is now in San Diego.

Mrs. Frederick B. Kellam and her daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Frances Kellam, will leave soon for New York, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Fry are en route to Canada and New York, where they will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois of New York are expected to arrive in San Francisco soon.

Miss Marion Zeile is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill at Tahoe.

Mrs. E. M. Blanford has returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule recently passed several days at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., spent the holiday week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop, her daughter, Miss Isabelle Bishop, and her son, Mr. Hall Bishop, will return soon from Goleta, where they spent the summer at the Bishop ranch.

Miss Katherine Kuhn and Miss Marianne Kuhn are spending the summer in the East as the guests of their aunt, Miss William Scaife, at Southampton, Long Island. They are now visiting Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Miss Alisa Mellon at Pride's Crossing.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper recently visited her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Mrs. Cooper has just returned from abroad.

Mr. William Shuman will leave for Paris in October. His marriage to Miss Cornelia Clappett will take place there in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Lloyd-Smith of New York are visiting at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Vincent are the guests of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst at San Simeon. Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby and Mrs. Denby were guests in San Francisco last week. They arrived from Japan on the transport *Henderson*.

General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Barnett also arrived on the transport *Henderson*. Mrs. Barnett will return East soon.

General Douglas McArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. McArthur visited in San Francisco prior to sailing for the Philippine Islands on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Peterson of Belvedere have returned to their home, after an enjoyable motor trip to Eureka, California, Grants Pass, Crater Lake, Klamath Falls and Shasta Springs. They found the fishing good at Crater Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fergusson MacLeod motored to Lake Tahoe recently and are visiting Rubicon Springs and the Tavern. They will return within the week, via Tioga Pass. Miss Lucy Marsh is accompanying them. Ensign Emil Pohli, Mrs. MacLeod's son, is on his way to Manila on the U. S. S. *Fega*.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. W. F. De Boyes, New York; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Jack, Brawley; Mr. and Mrs. John Hansen, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jergens, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. T. T. C. Gregory, Palo Alto; Miss Isabelle Steele, Mr. and Mrs. George Steele, Jersey City; Miss M. R. Dominguez, Australia; Dr. N. Green, New Orleans; Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Hollywood; Mr. H. F. Alexander, Tacoma; Mr. J. P. Underwood, Chicago; Mr. Thomas L. Abbey, New Orleans.

#### Learning One Thing Well.

The Hindus taught schoolboys only one or two subjects at a time, says V. B. Metta in the *Forum*, but these subjects were taught so well and so thoroughly that those who had studied them became, not mere mines of information, but really cultured beings.

The modern mind's shallowness, discursive lightness and fickleness is most probably the result of the system of teaching by snippets. In order to justify their methods, modern teachers say that the mind of the child is tired by being fixed on only one subject for a long time. But then how was it that ancient children, whether Hindu, or Chinese, or Greek, were not tired? Either they possessed better and healthier minds, or what is more probable, their interest in their subject was so thoroughly aroused that they were not tired of fixing their attention on it for a long time.

Ocean steamers can ascend the Amazon 2300 miles.

#### Monterey's Art Exhibit.


The Monterey Peninsula, known as the residence of many artists, is to give an exhibition of paintings at the Monterey Industrial Exhibition, now going on. Painters who visited the peninsula in the early days, and the artists now residing there, have contributed to make what experts claim will be a notable display.

Gouverneur Morris, the short-story writer, acting as chairman of arrangements, has gathered many interesting features. The chairman of the art committee is Cornelius Botke, and the chairman of the art jury is Francis McComas, who is assisted by Armin Hansen and Fred Grey. Only the best canvases have been accepted.

One feature of the exhibition is the appearance of several wives of painters, who are represented by their own canvases. Among those are Mrs. Armin Hansen, who is exhibiting under her maiden name of Frances Rives. Mrs. Francis McComas has several canvases listed as Gene Francis.

One of the prized pictures is the portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, painted in early days by Joseph Strong when Stevenson resided in Monterey. This canvas was loaned to the Monterey Exposition by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, together with a moonlight study by Charles Rollo Peters.

The Macmillan Company is bringing out this week a new 75-cent library of about sixty titles. The books offered in this inexpensive cloth edition include such novels as "Sandy," by S. R. Crockett; "Foe-Farrel," by Quiller-Couch, and "The Three Brothers," by Eden Phillpotts, as well as many outdoor books—Kane's "Adrift in the Ice Pack," Ruxton's "Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains," and Kephart's "Camping and Woodcraft"—more than twenty favorite juvenile books, and such classics as the "Golden Treasury," Robinson's "Three Taverns," and Mabie's collection of Old English ballads.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He's an excellent driver." "Auto, golf, or charity fund?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Scamp—There's too much rouge on your lips. Pamp—Oh, well, the evening's young yet.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Bolshevik—What a perfectly ideal country America would be under Soviet rule. "Yes, Serge, but who would feed us then?"—*Life.*

"You look dejected." "Yes, married life gets on my nerves." "Been married long?" "No, the marriage takes place tomorrow."—*Judge.*

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—Did you ring, sir? Guest—Hell, no! I was tolling; I thought you were dead.—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

Indignant Day-Tripper (to sleeping wife)—"Ere, Alice, wake up and enjoy yourself. I aint spent seven-and-a-tanner to bring you 'ere to go to sleep!"—*London Opinion.*

"The leading man isn't as good in this scene as he was in the love scene you shot yesterday." "Oh, he's learned since then that the star is the director's wife."—*Life.*

Caller—I suppose, Tommy, you love your new little sister very dearly. Tommy (eying the baby coldly)—Yes, but I'd a good deal rather have a dog.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Fechtin' again, ye wicked lad?" "Aye, an' I'll be at him again if he keeps on saying I wear a kilt because my feet are over big to get into trousers."—*London Passing Show.*

Mistress (annoyed)—How do you manage to make so much noise in the kitchen, Norah? Cook—Well, you just try to break four plates without making a noise.—*Boston Transcript.*

Clerk (trying for a raise)—I can't live on my salary, sir. Employer—I'm sorry to hear that. I was about to promote you to the head of our economy department.—*Boston Transcript.*

First Lady—I suppose you're off to the seaside soon? Second Lady (of the new aristocracy)—Oh, we've quite given up the seaside. We only go to watering-places now.—*Punch.*

Old Dame—When I was your age, a young man would never let a lady stand in a tram car. Young Man—No. At that time, ma'am, people traveled in stage coaches.—*Stockholm Kasper.*

Mose—Whut you doin' fr a livin' now, big boy? Hose—I is the janitor on a boat. Mose—Gwan away—boats ain't got'n no janitors. Hose—Is, too—this is a flat boat.—*Stanford Chapparral.*

Efficiency Expert—This system will aid your clerks in getting their work done quickly. Business Man—But what I want is a system that will aid them in getting their loafing done quickly.—*Judge.*

Visitor (at very quiet seaside place)—And whatever do you people do with yourselves in the winter? Landlady—Oh, we talks and laughs about the people what stays 'ere in the summer.—*Punch.*

Married Man (to friend)—You bachelors don't feel comfortable either at home or when you're away. Get married and you'll at least feel comfortable when you're away.—*Stockholm Sondags-Nisse.*

Hub—Your bills are awfully heavy again this month, my dear. Wife—Well, of all the nerve! You know father still pays all my

bills. Hub—That's just it. How can I have the cheek to ask him to meet any of mine when you're touching him up all the time?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Maiden (to steward)—Oh, there's my fiancé on the pier! I wonder if I could go down and say good-by to him? Steward—I am afraid not, madam. The boat leaves in two hours.—*California Pelican.*

"What, Gladys! You want to leave to be married? Why, this is most unexpected." "But, ma'am, it isn't my fault. Your son didn't ask me to marry until last night."—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

"The dwelling was to be in the latest and modern style, and as soon as we enter it the plaster falls, the windows are broken—" "Yes, madam, it is the latest modern style."—*Munich Megendorfer Blätter.*

"Do you approve of a government censorship for the theatre?" "No," replied Miss Cayenne. "Politics in business hasn't been enough of a success to encourage the idea of politics in art."—*Washington Star.*

"You know, Reggie, dad simply can't see you. He insists you're a born fool." "But, of course, you stick up for me?" "Yes, indeed. I always tell him your success is entirely due to your own efforts."—*Judge.*

"Did you notice that girl who just passed?" "The one with the bright blue sweater, silk stockings with roses about three inches apart, sport shoes, bobbed hair and—" "Yes." "Not particularly."—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

Mistress—I really must get another kitchen-maid, cook. Jane is so careless and behaving so badly. Do you think Mrs. Smith's registry office is a good one? Cook—Oh, not so bad, ma'am. That's where I got you.—*Punch.*

Prison Visitor (sympathetically)—Now, my good man, what brought you here? Convict—Mistaken confidence? Prison Visitor—Really—in whom were you deceived? Convict—Myself—I thought I could run faster.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Lawyer—I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment. But do you think your husband will fight the suit? Woman—Fight! Why, man, the little shrimp can't even come into a room where I am!—*Chicago Herald.*

"How is the liquor supply around here?" inquired an arid tourist in the Ozarks. "Out!" succinctly replied Gabe Gosnell of Fiddle Creek. "Since the infernal revenuers took to raiding round yur most folks is so dry that when they mail a letter they have to pin the stamp on."—*Kansas City Star.*

"How do you expect to draw business to your summer hotel if you don't advertise radio concerts?" "Softly," replied the astute manager. "I passed the word around among my prospective patrons that the nearest thing to a radio about my place was an echo, and there isn't a vacant room in the house."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Bill—Wot d'yer think about this 'ere Frenchman, Bert, an' his auto-suggestion cure? Bert—D'yer mean that bloke wot says you've only got to keep on repeating "Every day I get better and better," an' you do get better if ye're poorly? Bill—Yes, that's the bloke, Bert. Bert—I believe in 'im, Bill. Why, every day for the last three months I've bin sayin' to myself, "Some day I'll get a summons for not paying my rate," an' strike me pink, yesterday it landed.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

In the days when English gilded youths had money and cab fares were inconsequential it used to be great fun about 11 o'clock at night to get in a "night hawk" at Charing Cross and tell the driver to go to Trafalgar Square, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Then when the jehu had covered the block that separates the two inform him that he was wrong and had not taken his fare to the right Trafalgar Square, but should have gone to one of three others miles away. This pastime was recalled this month when the London County Council, a body which has general jurisdiction over the independent boroughs that compose London, had before it a suggestion that some of the conflicting street names be eliminated. But the four Trafalgar Squares are by no means the only conflict, and in many cases the same name is carried by seven or eight streets in as many parts of the city. The confusion grew out of the fact that the authorities of the boroughs had no idea when they named their streets that some day each of them would be swallowed up in the immense city that is now London. The puzzle to an American is how a cab-driver or taxi-man nowadays ever gets them all straight, and as a usual thing he knows how to get home as well if not better than you do.

The Italians number the hours of the day up to twenty-four. The Persians have a different name for every day in the month. But when ferry commutation coupons are numbered by the day of the year it is only a nuisance to the commuter.



A Drawer in an Office Desk is admittedly no place for valuable documents, such as deeds, wills, contracts, bonds, etc.

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## Where Sirens Still Sing

The women of Tabiti, lovely and easily loving, have long been famed as the sirens of sailors, writes Edward A. Salisbury in *Asia Magazine*. I found them in no way changed. I landed at Papeete with my crew intact. When I sailed away, six weeks later, I was short two mates, an engineer and a third of my sailors. Some of them were ill, but most had succumbed to the lure of the island. As I write now, I catch a glimpse of laughing girls, barefooted, dressed in gay pareus, with bright flowers in their hair, going down a Papeete street, hand in hand with my two bull-necked Swedish mates, Chris and John. They were both honest sailors, but that was the last I saw of them. The "Coconut Girls" of Papeete figured in my moving pictures. It is true that all Tahitians innately love a lover, which is by no means to say, however, that social lines are not drawn sharply in Papeete society. These "Coconut Girls" are a class of their own. They have come to Tahiti from many neighboring islands, brought by fair promises or the lure of the "city," and left by the men they came with. They live up among the coconut groves behind the town and are a happy, care-free lot, quite content with the gift of a seat at the "movies," if from one they like. When the fancy strikes them or they want a new pareu, they may wait on table at the hotels. My film-taking was a great lark for them. They pictured splendidly on the film, but my difficulty was to keep them in one place long enough to finish a reel. San Francisco brewers who established breweries in Tahiti when prohibition came into force in the United States made my work no easier. I would take down to the beach two automobiles filled with girls, laughing and shouting at every pedestrian, but when the cameras were set up and I was ready to begin work, too often half the girls and most of my assistants had disappeared. So when I sailed from Papeete, I left steamer tickets for the missing members of the crew. When I arrived in America over a year later, a friend showed me a newspaper headline something like this: "Returned Crew Says Salisbury Reincarnated Wolf Larsen." Wolf Larsen would have murdered more than one man if he had a crew ashore at Tahiti.

## OLD AMERICAN STOCK DYING.

New England, once the prolific nursery of the ambitious, intelligent "Yankee stock," which trekked forth in millions to settle the West, is fast ceasing to be Anglo-Saxon country, writes Lothrop Stoddard in "The Revolt Against Civilization" (Charles Scribner's Sons). In Massachusetts the birth rate of foreign-born women is two and one-half times as high as the birth rate among the native-born; in New Hampshire two times; in Rhode Island one and one-half times.

Outside of the South and parts of the West the old native American stock is not reproducing itself, the birth rates of immigrant stocks from northern and western Europe are rapidly falling, while the birth rates among the immigrant stocks from southern and eastern Europe remain high and show comparatively slight diminution. The American intellectual groups are much less fertile than similar European groups. The average number of children per married graduate of the leading

American colleges like Harvard and Yale is about two, while among the leading women's colleges it is about one and one-half. Furthermore, the marriage rates of college men and women are so low that, considering married and single graduates together, the statistical average is about one and one-half children per college man and something less than three-fourths of a child per college woman. Professor Cattell has investigated the size of families of 440 American men of science, choosing only those cases in which the ages of the parents indicated that the family was completed. Despite a very low death rate, the birth rate was so much lower than, as he himself remarks, "it is obvious that the families are not self-perpetuating. The scientific men under fifty, of whom there are 261 with completed families, have on the average 1.88 children, about 12 per cent. of whom die before the age of marriage. What proportion will marry we do not know; but only about 75 per cent. of Harvard and Yale graduates marry; only 50 per cent. of the graduates of colleges for women marry. A scientific man has on the average about seven-tenths of an adult son. If three-fourths of his sons and grandsons marry, and their families continue to be of the same size, 1000 scientific men will leave about 350 grandsons to marry and transmit their names and their hereditary traits. The extermination will be still more rapid in female lines."

A brother-author, on meeting M. Pierre Loti for the first time, asked him if he had read a certain book of Bourget's. "No," he replied, "but then, you see, I never read. I have never read anything, not even Chateaubriand, though he has been called my master." "But," exclaimed the other man, "surely you've read Montaigne, Molière, La Fontaine?" "Not one of them. Only a good deal of the Bible as a boy, and since I grew up a few of my friends' books."

The "touch system" of manipulating a typewriter is said to have put American typists ahead of those of Great Britain. Yet the poor old British Empire manages to struggle along.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Bonus Bill—and a Precedent.

The bonus bill, having passed both the House and the Senate, is now in the hands of a conference committee and in the way of speedily being put up to President Harding. Various efforts have been made to get from Mr. Harding some intimation of his purpose respecting it. But he has made no response. His statement some two or three months ago to the effect that he could not approve any measure failing to provide means for meeting its costs to the treasury still stands; and under it there is hope that he may kill the bill by veto.

This is not the first bonus bill. In 1874 there was introduced into the Forty-Third Congress a bonus bill camouflaged like the present one by a seductive title. It proposed a donation from the treasury to each man who saw service in the civil war of \$8.33 for each month of military service. It further provided a land-warrant option. It was estimated that the cost of the measure to the taxpayers of the country would run from approximately \$20,000,000 up to \$150,000,000 and that it would draw upon the public lands of the country to the extent of 400,000,000 acres. This bill passed the House by a vote of 177 to 40 and later passed the Senate by a bare majority of one vote—31 to 30 votes—the presiding officer casting the deciding vote. The

bill went to President Grant, who returned it with this message:

House Bill No. 3341 is herewith returned without my approval, for the reasons, first, that it appropriates from the treasury a large sum of money at a time when the revenue is insufficient for current wants and this proposed further drain upon the treasury.

The issue of bonds, authorized by the bill to a very large and indefinite amount, would seriously embarrass the refunding operations now progressing, whereby the interest of the bonded debt of the United States is being largely reduced.

Second, I do not believe that any considerable portion of the ex-soldiers who, it is supposed, will be the beneficiaries of this appropriation are applicants for it, but, rather, it would result more in a measure for the relief of claim agents and middlemen who would intervene to collect or discount the bounties granted by it.

The passage of this bill at this time is inconsistent with the measures of economy now demanded by the necessities of the country.

U. S. GRANT.

Here is a precedent that Mr. Harding will do well to follow.

### The Tomb of Lincoln.

Many years ago the little town of Salem, Illinois, a few miles north of Springfield, identified with the early manhood of Abraham Lincoln, passed out of existence. There remain now only a few tumble-down wrecks of wooden buildings to mark a spot that must forever be historic. Representative Shaw of Illinois has presented to Congress a project providing for Federal purchase, improvement, and up-keep of Salem. His idea is to restore the town as it was—the tavern, the village store, the log houses. The whole, according to his plan, should duplicate the conditions of Lincoln's time and so become a species of museum illustrating an early but now gone-by phase of Western American life. The project seems a bit whimsical, yet something may be said for it.

Lincoln's body as all the world knows was taken back to his former home at Springfield, where it is entombed in a "memorial structure" which, regarded from the standpoint of art, is probably the very worst specimen in the whole world, even more tawdry, and uglier, than the Albert Memorial in London, which is saying a good deal. There has just been created at Washington a Lincoln Memorial building. It is placed charmingly adjacent to Potomac Park. Designed upon classical lines and done exquisitely in every detail, it is perhaps the most beautiful structure in the world, certainly beyond any other this side of the Atlantic. Here at the nation's capital and in the noble building raised in his memory would be the proper sepulchre for Abraham Lincoln. Here, available to multitudes, it would become an inspiration of high moral and patriotic value. At Springfield it is so far removed from the main currents of American life as practically to be lost to the public consciousness. Perhaps the one person living and having authority to dispose of the body of Abraham Lincoln is his son Robert. In his turn Robert Lincoln has creditably served his country. He has now opportunity of further service in so disposing of the dust that was once his father as to bring it concretely and for all time to the consciousness of oncoming generations of Americans.

It may be argued that it matters little what disposition may be made of the physical remains of the dead. True enough of mankind in general. But there abides in the relics of a great personality that which unfailingly affects the sensibilities of the living. Who can appraise the stimulus to French patriotism of the famous sarcophagus in the *Invalides* that contains the dust of Napoleon Bonaparte? How significant a fact in American life has been and continues to be the tomb of Washington! Mount Vernon is a Mecca to which thousands repair year after year. The tomb of General Grant in the metropolis draws its thousands of visitors day by day. And it is not too much to say that no man

can look upon either of these memorials without revivification of the spiritual element in his nature. The body of Abraham Lincoln, in a noble shrine, and so placed as to be available to multitudes, would be an asset of incalculable moral value.

### "Reasonable Comfort."

Among the issues accentuated by the railroad strike is that between the practice of paying labor according to what it earns, and the socialistic proposal to pay it according to "what it needs." The demand has been made on the Railroad Labor Board that the principle be recognized of fixing minimum rates of pay which will insure the subsistence of the worker and his family in health and "reasonable comfort." This would revolutionize the basis of compensation, and the Labor Board refuses to do it.

To pay men what they "need," for "reasonable comfort," would be an ideal procedure, but it could be instituted only in a society of ideal men. The doctrine is one to which we should like to subscribe, if it could be given effect, but as generally stated it is vague, uncertain in meaning, and open to misinterpretation and abuse. There is no unit of measurement, no standard of comparison, by which "reasonable comfort" can be defined. Belief in it comes from socialism's failure to understand the fundamental economic fact that values are subjective.

The proposal was enunciated in 1918 by Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the National War Labor Board, as part of "the presidential policy for labor," and so it is to be identified as a child of the Wilson administration; to which, in fact, it bears so strong a resemblance that its paternity could never be denied. It belongs with those other hypnotic Wilsonian phrases, "watchful waiting," "too proud to fight," "peace without victory," and the like. The evil effects of the White House dalliance with Gompers, the surrenders involved in such measures as the Adamson Act, are things from which we shall long suffer. And one of the particular curses bequeathed us, to crop up in the present crisis and add to the current perversions of opinion, is this unmodified official phrase of "reasonable comfort," without any method of describing it, of saying what is comfort and what is reasonable—apparently leaving it to be checked only by that other Wilsonian concept, "self-determination."

At that, it is a seductive doctrine, seductively phrased, especially appealing to benevolent sentiment. It does seem that society has somehow failed unless it can guarantee "the subsistence of the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort." Without close scrutiny that appears to be a mild demand, and one we should all like to see fulfilled. But it is merely a beautiful dream, and, without a score of working checks not yet invented and some others impossible of application, it could not be brought into general accordance with the facts of life. Economic and biological potencies are involved of which it takes no account. And like the rest of socialism it won't work, much as we might like to see it.

Paying its labor enough to insure self-determined "reasonable comfort" would be a policy no nation could stand, one no society is rich enough to support. The basis would be unstable. "Reasonable comfort" can not be specified. It is a subjective thing. The concept of it varies with the individual. Any average notion of it would change from day to day, and the only thing certain about the changes would be that every one would lay a heavier load on the community. Pay the average man, worker or other, upon the basis of what he thinks he needs today, and tomorrow he will need twice as much. His necessities will increase while he sleeps. If he has a wife and five children now, in five years he



Have a wife and ten children. And they will have two automobiles, and the wife will have added to her culture by cultivating a taste for Siberian mink.

In fact, if we examine this unmodified doctrine we shall find that our feet are entangled in more Wilsonian phrases. "The subsistence of the worker and his family." How large a family? That is something every housewife must know when she does her marketing, and surely the nation ought to know it if it is to provide for the families of all the workmen in the country. "In health and reasonable comfort." Just what is meant by "reasonable comfort"? Let us get down to the brass tacks of it. Is it to be found for the workman and his family in the motion-picture show, comparatively inexpensive; or in a ten-room house for the growing brood, embellished with art and supplied with luxuries? Who shall say where comfort stops and luxury begins, or where necessity leaves off and comfort begins? How many would be satisfied with any other person's opinion on the subject? Or even with the interpretation of some board of socialist politicians? Or even with their own appraisal of last year?

The idealists that "believe in" such arrangements, both as to their possibility and desirability, talk a great deal about the lack of "social justice" in the existing order. But where would be the basis of justice in paying workmen enough to insure the subsistence of them and their families in self-determined "reasonable comfort"? Of two workmen of equal value to the community one may have a wife and two children and the other a wife and ten. Under the policy of paying them what they might think they need for "reasonable comfort," or what some state socialist commission might decide they needed, we should have to take a large part of the reward from the man with the wife and two and give it to the man with the wife and ten; or else throttle down the energies of the former to balance his earnings and receipts.

Unless there is to be a limit on the family which society is to support "in health and reasonable comfort," there will be no limit on the population. Very few persons in our hundred million are guided by spiritual considerations in courses unselfish and beneficial to the community. Mankind in the mass is little above the animal yet, though it is sheltered by sawed lumber and window-glass and has access to sanitary plumbing. The Malthusian principle is eternally scientific: that "population tends to press upward upon the limit of subsistence." Generally speaking, that is true of men as well as rats. That is biology. That is social dynamics. That is life; not, perhaps, life "as it ought to be," but life as it is. The vast majority of men are mainly concerned with their natural instincts. To eat, to sleep, to talk the hours away, to glut the procreative appetite, are their chief desires. If there is in the mass of them any real longing for the culture Mr. Gompers has lately taken the agency for, it only manifests itself individually, to raise the individual out of the mass. Millions are impelled by religious teachings to overpopulate their households, their class, and their country. If the ceaseless commands of nature and faith were reinforced by the assurance of self-determined "reasonable comfort," if whenever a child was born the father's wages were raised, the fecundity of the rabbits in Australia would be left in the dust by that of human beings in the United States. Industry could not keep up with it, and the doctrine itself would soon be defeated by the ruin it had caused.

These are hard things to say, but they should be said. It may be conceded that men have a right to live, but so has the community. Providing the workman with what he might decide to need for comfortable subsistence is not the business of society, it is the business of the workman. He can not safely be relieved of the fear of poverty, any more than the rest of us can. If he were, production would cease, reproduction would be tropically stimulated, and the fact instead of the fear of poverty would come upon us all. What the workman is entitled to is not the Wilson guarantee of an undefined "reasonable comfort," but the Harding guarantee of the "right of free men willing to work to work in security." The workman is entitled to what he can earn under normal conditions, and he must make it go as far as he can. He must cut his coat according to his cloth. It is all that most of us can do, it is the best society has been able to devise, and workmen are not entitled to any special privileges. They are not entitled,

for example, to eat up in excessive wages the substance of any other equally productive class, and destroy it—a process that is beginning, that is the avowed purpose of many radicals, and that will reach just that objective unless the aggressions of organized labor are halted at the limits of the law by courageous courts and executives. But if the courts and executives, and Congress itself, are to act courageously, there must be no confusion of public opinion about what society can and can not do in the matter.

The issue is one that will have to be faced by the country, and this discussion is rendered timely by the fact that after many classes of labor had attained far more than the living wage of college instructors Mr. Gompers, at the Denver meeting of the American Federation of Labor, left even that goal behind and began his agitation for "cultural opportunities" for the laborer. And that has been consistently followed by the demand of the president of the union of maintenance of way employees that the Labor Board recognize the principle of "subsistence in reasonable comfort," and his intimation that the matter would be brought before Congress. And Congress as a whole has become a timid and pliable body, which, having little will of its own, needs to be stiffened up by that of an intelligent public.

### The Supreme Court.

Substitution of former Senator Sutherland for Associate Justice Clarke tends notably to strengthen the Supreme Court. And, we say it without prejudice, the court needs strengthening. Of its nine members, three—Day, Holmes, and McKenna—are past the retiring age. Of these, Justice Day (age seventy-three) has recently been named umpire of the mixed American-German Claims Commission, which should imply retirement from the bench. Holmes (age eighty-one) and McKenna (aged seventy-nine) can not in the nature of things much longer remain in active service.

That Day, Holmes, and McKenna, in spite of weight of years, have continued on the bench is generally attributed to their concern for the character of the court. It is an open secret that they were alarmed for its future in consideration of the character of men President Wilson appointed. McReynolds is a sound man and a sound judge, but both Brandeis and Clarke are radicals of rather extreme type. While the former is a man of fine legal mind and capable of response to the sobering responsibilities of judicial authority, the latter is little more than a compound of socialistic prejudices. He retires by resignation at the relatively early age of sixty-five, and the common understanding is that he does so because he has found himself out of tune with the spirit of the court. For one thing, he and McReynolds are openly unfriendly to each other and he is in many things at odds with the other members of the court. By nature something of an agitator and fond of spectacular appearances, Clarke has been unhappy under the restraints imposed upon him by judicial office. More than once he has shocked his colleagues by indiscretions. He will breathe easier in unofficial life and the court will be more comfortable without him.

The Supreme Court now consists of seven Republicans, including Sutherland, and two Democrats. President Wilson appointed none but Democrats on the Supreme Bench and to other courts of the Federal judicial system. President Harding replaces Clarke by a Republican, but he recently appointed a Democrat to a Federal judgeship in Georgia. It is expected that with the retirement of McKenna, Holmes, and Day, President Harding will appoint at least one Democrat, and in the common opinion Senator Shields of Tennessee is already slated. Another Democratic possibility is John W. Davis of West Virginia and New York. It is suggested that the appointment of Davis would not only bring to the Supreme Bench a man notably capable, but that it would remove from the political field a possible rival for the presidency. This suggestion is a bit gratuitous, in consideration of Mr. Harding's apparent indifference to a second term, and it is only worth noting as an item of current gossip.

Since the days of McKinley the entire personnel of the Supreme Court has changed; and since its foundation in 1789 only seventy-one men have been appointed to that bench. There have been nine chief justices. It fell to President Wilson to name one-third of the membership of the court. Already, though he has been in

office only a year and a half, President Harding has named a chief justice and an associate justice, and he will almost certainly have the appointment of three more associate justices.

The present senior member of the Supreme Bench is McKenna of California, now in the twenty-fifth year of his service. Up to this time only two men from the Pacific Coast have sat on the Supreme Bench—the late Associate Justice Field and Associate Justice McKenna. George H. Williams of Oregon was nominated chief justice by President Grant in the '70s, but withdrew prior to action by the Senate. Beyond a doubt another Pacific Coast man will be named in McKenna's place when he retires.

### Editorial Notes.

There is little satisfaction in current primary election returns for those who have been prophesying rout of the Republican party this fall. In almost every instance incumbents have been renominated, and by normal majorities. The results in Tuesday's primaries are of special note as they relate to Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and Senator Townsend of Michigan. Lodge's majority is larger than at any time since the direct primary came into vogue. Townsend's success plainly indicates that the Michiganders are not in sympathy with the effort to prejudice Mr. Townsend on the score of his sympathy with Senator Newberry. Summarization of primary elections thus far held the country over indicate a general and normal state of the political atmosphere. There is no sign of popular favor for Wilsonism. The outlook is for continued control of both houses of Congress by the Republicans, though it will not be surprising if the existing heavy majority in the House shall be cut down. Indeed it will be far better so. Where the margin is large the inevitable effect is to destroy the sense of party obligation. On the other hand, a narrow margin tends to promote a spirit of loyalty to party and to sustain the discipline essential to unity of action and the carrying out of party pledges.

The convention at Portland has made a forward step in striking the word "obey" from the pledge exacted at the altar from the bride. But the concession comes late. Not within any living memory has the pledge to obey had practical validity. No bride this half-century past has murmured the word "obey" without the mental reservation typified in crossed fingers. Many have resorted to delicate subterfuge by substituting a rhythmic "be gay." There was further proposal at Portland to eliminate from the marriage service pledge on the part of the groom to "endow" the bride with all his worldly goods. Here again practice has outrun fact. In so many instances endowment is the other way round that the pledge becomes both an anachronism and a joke. But in the wisdom of the assembled churchmen the pledge, though practically meaningless, is still to be exacted.

Despite frantic "gestures" on the part of brotherhood leaders it becomes evident that the railroad strike is petering out. The men in the service of many of the roads are forming independent unions and are returning to their jobs. Here in California conditions brought about by the strike are wholly dissipated. All trains are running, and in the Southern Pacific machine shops more men are now in service than when the strike began. This is measurably the situation elsewhere. Practically all is now over except the shouting which is maintained in the face of obvious defeat by the few leaders who are striving less to rally their one-time followers than to maintain their own places—with the salaries and allowances thereunto pertaining.

It is not easy at this distance to follow the swiftly-moving drama of Greek politics. One obvious fact is that the royalist régime has failed both militarily and civilly and that the best hope for the country lies in restoration of the authority of ex-Premier Venizelos. Whether or not Greece is ready for democratic institutions comparable to our own we will not even venture a guess. But we suspect that the Greeks need a ruler as distinct from a president. Most peoples that have not had extended schooling in at least the minor responsibilities of government are better served by a strong hand than by "self-determination." Venizelos is unquestionably a capable administrator and a practical if not a sentimental patriot. At the head of the



Greek people he will be something between a king and a president. That is probably the system best adapted to the present status of the Greeks.

It is hardly surprising that scandal after scandal should develop in connection with prohibition enforcement. Men who will accept this service are likely to be either necessitous, and therefore subject to temptation, or of low character, and therefore eager to be tempted. Thus, a service that should be sustained, if at all, by character is placed in unfit and even in vicious hands. The devices practiced in enforcement of the law are in a moral sense quite as mischievous and more contemptible than the crimes they seek to uncover. Can anything too severe be said of maintenance by the prohibition enforcement authorities of a "blind pig" as a trap for the unwary? It may be added that a law which requires for its enforcement the practice of calculated fraud can not and ought not to command the respect of decent people.

Mr. Beveridge, who is expected to return to the Senate next year, has taken up the cudgels against Senator La Follette in the latter's attack upon the Supreme Court of the United States. La Follette, it will be remembered, has proposed an amendment to the Constitution giving to Congress authority to nullify any decree of the Supreme Court. To this Beveridge makes answer:

If Congress alone is to interpret the Constitution for itself, then necessarily there would be as many different meanings given to the Constitution as there would be changing congressional majorities of different opinions. In the nature of things, congressional interpretation of the Constitution is kaleidoscopic interpretation.

Since the war, and until just now, German and Austrian artists have been excluded from the French exhibitions. But a change has come over the temper of the French art world. A canvass recently taken of fifty leading artists resulted in a vote of forty-nine to one favoring readmittance of the German artists to the French exhibitions. German operas, which during the war and for a considerable period after were not tolerated in Paris, are now admitted to popular favor.

By negative action the convention of bishops of the Episcopal church in session at Portland has rejected a proposal to abrogate the rule under which clergymen of that denomination may not, excepting under especial circumstances, perform the marriage ceremony where one of the parties applying has been divorced. The issue arose upon the initiative of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant of New York, a clergyman of the sensational type, who wishes himself to marry a well-known lady of the New York fashionable world who has been twice divorced. Concurrently, the bishops of the Anglican Church of the West Indies, who have just held their provincial synod, have resolved as follows:

We reaffirm the indissolubility of marriage and refuse to admit any relaxation of the principle contained in the table of kindred and affinity for church people, even where civil law sanctions such relaxation.

It is, of course, possible to admire consistency based upon principle. But as a matter of policy the Episcopal church does itself no good by these refusals. The modern world quite definitely and positively sanctions divorce; and if Episcopal clergymen may not marry divorced persons there are plenty of other means of getting the matrimonial knot tied. Here in San Francisco Judge Graham will do the trick as neatly as any cleric. We have yet to hear of an instance where a man and a woman wishing to marry have been deterred from so doing by refusal of some Episcopal clergyman to officiate. The case of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant is exceptional in that he is himself a clergyman. If he marries a divorced woman he will be disciplined by his bishop—in other words, he will have to give up his job.

A recent incident less than a thousand miles from San Francisco may serve to suggest a way out of their troubles for the Rev. Grant and his lady love. The Rev. Rastus Johnsing, pastor of an "Afro-American" flock, applied to a local banker for a donation. "It seems to me," replied the victim of this gentle touch, "that our very considerable colored population ought to be able to support its own church." "What I had mos' in mind, sir," replied the soft-voiced Johnsing, "was a contribution, sir for my pers'nal suppo't and comfo't. Our people, sir, they don't be as lib'ral as

they ought, sir, and I thought, sir, that you might be willin' out of the gen'rous 'dowment that our good Lord has bestowed upon you, sir, to do a little something for my pers'nal behalf." "Why," replied the banker, "we have here something like seven thousand colored people. Surely you must get in wedding fees a pretty generous support?" "I sadly say it, sir," replied the Rev. Johnsing, "that you are mistak'n, sir. You see, sir, a'many of our people, sir, jist takes up."

Hon. John Sharp Williams is retiring from the Senate, not because the people of Mississippi wish him to quit, but because after a congressional service of twenty-seven years he needs to do something in the way of rebuilding his personal fortunes. Senator Williams is not without certain amiable weaknesses. But he is a man for a' that—a man of intellect, a man of courage, a man of integrity. We excerpt from his remarks in the Senate on the bonus bill these noble sentences:

I did not rise to argue this question. I arose in order to present my protest against the assertion that my two boys and my nephews and the other boys who served in the army of their country sacrificed two or three years of their lives.

I merely rose to say that they did not sacrifice them; they glorified them; they sanctified them in the eyes of God, of men, and of good women.

Who would measure in dollars the dear love of a man for his native land? When a boy with warm blood in his veins answers the call of his country and goes out to fight for civilization against military autocracy, I scorn the suggestion that he wasted the number of days, months, or years devoted to that purpose.

I only pray that there may be an opportunity for you when you die to die in some cause so worthy that it may glorify your death and sanctify it just as these boys' lives were glorified and sanctified by their services, and just as in death their comrades, left behind them on Flanders fields, were glorified and sanctified.

Mr. Gompers complains for his unions: "We have life, we take what liberty is doled out to us, but we are still in pursuit of happiness." That is just about the way it is with the rest of us, and it does not make the pursuit any easier to have the transportation tied up and the coal supply threatened every little while. One trouble with Mr. Gompers is that he fails to understand that there are a great many more of us in this country than his four-million-odd members of labor unions.

Now we have an explanation, from the manager of the Valley Creamery Company, of the discrepancy in milk prices on the two sides of the Bay. It appears from this gentleman's statement that 13-cent milk in San Francisco causes an unsaleable surplus which is taken to Oakland and sold for 10 cents. In other words, they tilt up the milk can on this side of the Bay and pour out the milk on the other. We hope some of the Oakland dealers will become infuriated to the point of retaliation.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Lloyd George Revised.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Sir: In your issue of July 29th last you reproduced a communication of mine which you headlined "Correcting Lloyd George." From the following may we conclude that he has corrected himself? In a speech delivered not long ago in the city of Aberystwyth, Wales, Lloyd George said, amongst other things: "I am aware that many people doubt the wisdom of Great Britain for having participated in the war. On my part I do not regret the decision, for if we had kept ourselves aloof we would have had an arrogant, unmerciful military empire dominating the whole of Europe, holding under her yoke France and Russia and violating, under an iron-clad tyranny, all national liberties. Great Britain would then have had to face this arrogant empire and I, for one, dare not contemplate what would have happened at the final collision." This corroborates the words expressed in my last: "Had the Germans succeeded in taking Calais, Dunkerque, and the French North Sea coast, the history of the war would have resulted very differently for every one of the Allies." I wonder whether Lloyd George reads the *Argonaut*.

Yours truly,  
Joris Van Antwerpen.

Japan is the one important country of the world with which the 1922 trade of this country shows an increase. Imports from the whole world in the fiscal year 1922, says a survey by the National City Bank, shows a fall of 28 per cent. in value, while from Japan alone imports show an increase of 18 per cent. The 1922 exports to the whole world show a reduction of 42 per cent. in value, while those to Japan show an increase of 30 per cent. The imports from Japan in the fiscal year 1922 approximate \$300,000,000, against \$253,000,000 in the fiscal year 1921, and the exports to that country in 1922 were about \$245,000,000, against \$189,000,000 in the preceding year. This estimate of the 1922 trade with Japan is based upon official figures of the eleven months, while those of the trade with the whole world in the full fiscal year are official.

Carthage was founded by the Phenicians about 850 B. C.

## VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

### IMMIGRANT SELECTION.

(Washington Post.)

The most serious gravamen of the charge brought by Secretary of Labor Davis against the 3 per cent. immigration restrictive law enacted last year and now in operation is that by the passport systems in effect throughout the world power is lodged in the hands of foreign governments to say who shall and who shall not emigrate to the United States. It is obvious that all those nations which are not overburdened with an excessive population—and since the war not many are in that category—will do their best to keep at home the most desirable classes and individuals among their own citizens, while they will facilitate the departure of those whose absence is a good riddance and who, as the phrase goes, leave their country for their country's good. It is easy to see that the working of such a system, spread over a series of years, would eventually make the United States a dumping ground for the wastrels, the incompetent, and the *mauvais sujets* of all Europe.

The Secretary not unnaturally complains that the immigration stock which has played so important a part in the up-building of America is not forthcoming under the present programme. That such is the fact is not open to doubt, as the statistics on alien immigrants analyzed a few days ago in the *Post* abundantly prove. Many causes doubtless contribute to this regrettable result, but foremost among them is the check on movements of population afforded by the passport and visé scheme.

Mr. Davis is of opinion that before the present temporary law expires a radically different method of dealing with the immigration problem will have to be evolved. Among other things, he suggests that American officials at ports of embarkation should be empowered to subject intending immigrants to examinations involving mental, physical, and other characteristics. In that way, he thinks, it could be insured that this country would get immigrants of a constructive type. At all events, the whole question is one that must soon engage the attention of Congress once more. When that occurs, those advance recommendations of one who has given much earnest thought and study to the many-sided problems presented by the incoming alien will be deserving of careful consideration.

### CONGRESS AND ITS SOURCE.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The always amusing Manuel Herrick of Oklahoma, who has been beaten for renomination to Congress, has written, as was to be expected, an amusing letter to explain it. When once a public character has attained reputation for being either a wit or the cause of wit in others, the unthinking will merely laugh at everything he says or does, and this will be the fate of Mr. Herrick's latest forthputting. But, comic as it is, there is food for thought in it, and nearly every voter in nearly every congressional district in the United States would do well to think it over. Enumerating the causes of his campaign, the airplane daredevil, beauty-contest originator and solicitor of mash notes, who for too brief a term has represented Oklahoma in the House, says:

"Most of the voters are dumb driven Cattle during that campaign of 17 days I met men who thought that Dick T. Morgan was still the congressman and that I was trying to take his job away from him and others thought that Charles Swindall the man who served out the unexpired term of Dick T. Morgan of two months and twenty nine days with the congressman and I was trying to take his job away from him and others who thought that Both Me and Swindall was congressman and still others who did not know what was the congressman and did not care."

Mr. Herrick probably does not know it, but he has put his foot on what's the matter with Congress. It is Congress' constituency. Who is your congressman, gentle reader? If you live in a great city, probably you don't know. If you live in the country, probably you know his name and call him "the Judge"; but you don't know whether he's good, bad, or indifferent. If he is good, he doesn't get a chance to serve you very well, because at the end of his second or third term, according to whatever may be the benighted custom of your district, the upper end of it considers that the unwritten law demands that the lower end shall give up the incumbency and pass it northward, or vice versa. If he is bad, you don't get a chance to know what he has done to the nation because of the ready way in which he pushed through the new postoffice or deepened the creek—that is, if yours is a rural district. If he is a city congressman, he doesn't have so much chance to make good at home, for, being a mere tool of the local machine, the House machine holds him in contempt and does not even know his name. Here his only chance to get by is to bring his own local machine down on the head of the House machine, which can only be done by obeying swiftly the orders of the local machine, and can not be done at all unless the local machine is powerful enough to worry the House machine. The country member can get his pork barrel through by refusing to vote for some other measure the House machine wants or by log-rolling with other members.

So the ungrammatical, the misspelt Herrick has hit the nail on the head. It is not his district alone which thinks Swindall or Morgan is still in Congress or "that Both Me and Swindall was congressman." It is all over the United States, in every district. In 1916 a liveryman named Robert Ross, unable to read or write even as well as Herrick, put his name up for President of the United States and got 16,000 votes in the Republican primaries in Nebraska. Most newspapers, unable to believe in the existence of such a constituency, explained it on the ground that the Great American Sense of Humor was at work. Alas! Herrick, with his Swindalls and his Morgans, has supplied the real answer.

Besides, we all knew it before. The evil is most flagrant in great cities, where men may go wild over a sheriff or a mayor without even trying to know who was running for Congress; but it is rampant all over the country. Herrick's district, for instance, is not illustrious for great cities.

### THE REAL UNDER DOG.

(New York Tribune.)

The leaders and members of organized labor must be conscious of the great change which has occurred in the public's attitude toward labor unionism. Attorney-General Daugherty expressed a feeling becoming increasingly general when he exclaimed before Judge Wilkerson at Chicago:

"When the unions claim the right to dictate to the government and to dominate the American people and deprive the . . . people of the necessities of life, then the government will destroy the unions, for the government of the United States is supreme and must endure."

Unionists excuse even when their members are probably participants in outrages against life and property. Their leaders apologize for criminal acts. Witness the recent statement of President Farrington of the Illinois mine workers with respect to the Herrin murders and yesterday's defiant declaration of Samuel Gompers that he will not obey court orders. The labor organizations have aroused the belief that in the pursuit of selfish purposes they are contemptuous of the law. Many things other than a flouting of the social bond have



tributed to the alteration of the atmosphere. For generations the chief asset of unionism has been the common belief that labor was an under dog. Who thinks this now? We have Czar Lewis of the miners' field and Czar Jewell of the railway shopmen. And czarism is always czarism. Men, when their personal interests are involved, can not be trusted to be just. The love of power as such burns in the breast of the new dictators as it did in the breasts of the old.

The public sees what will be its fate if it does not establish boundaries to greed and arrogance. The great mass of people now realize as they have never realized before that their meagre incomes are clipped to fill the pockets of a conspiring minority. The price of coal gives tangible evidence of the consequence of allowing one labor element to perpetuate war wages.

In other directions education proceeds rapidly. The goods that all create by common labor and out of which all are paid are levied on by those who rapaciously claim to have a first lien. The rest of us are told to be satisfied with the remainder. The public is the under dog.

Moreover, union practice, a practice which has been systematized into a fine art, is deliberately to hamper production, the good mother of us all. By limiting the output per man, by frowning on the admission of apprentices, by opposition to labor-saving machinery, and by countless devices for job multiplication production per man is kept down. The victims of this policy are unionists as well as non-unionists, yet the stupid course is blindly pursued. No wonder there is discontent!

So there is a great awakening. Even politicians are beginning to suspect that the way to popularity is not in complete subservience to unions. Though there is little objection to the union principle itself, an overwhelming protest rises against what the unions in fact do.

#### THE RUSSIAN TERROR.

(New York Times.)

The number of persons reported to have been executed by order of the Cheka in Russia is incredible. The dispatch from Riga to the London *Times* states that the figures given are "official bolshevist figures." The total number so reported is 1,766,118. The seeming exactness of this total invites credence, but when the components are examined it is discovered that most of them are in round numbers, the exception being in the number of professors and priests, which are given as 6775 and 1243 respectively. An unhappily confirming statistic as to the latter is found in a statement of the Russian orthodox council issued in early May to the effect that the freedom of worship concerning which Tchitcherin had made declaration at Genoa had not hindered the execution of more than "1000 priests and twenty-eight bishops." The official figures concerning priests, 1243, are so near this number reported by the church as to give a tragic color of truth to the whole list of mortality by occupations, even though most of the statistics are given in round numbers as 8800 doctors, 355,520 "other intellectuals," 260,000 soldiers with 54,650 officers, 12,950 landowners, 192,350 workmen, and 815,100 peasants.

If these figures are dependable, the confessed executions have taken place at the rate of 1000 a day for four years, and have almost equaled in number the losses of the French in battle during the war.

#### THE SYRIAN SITUATION.

(New York Tribune.)

It seems that a part of the press in the United States has been for some time misinformed, or informed in a mischievous way, as to the real situation in Syria and in Lebanon, says Gaston Liebert, French consulate-general.

The statements or protests of the "Syrian committee" can not really be taken seriously, as they come from a few individuals who have personal grievances following their dismissal or eviction from governmental functions in either Syria or Lebanon. It is inconceivable that assertions such as the one putting the number of that so-called "Syrian committee" at 4,500,000 should receive credence, when the total population of Syria and Lebanon, according to the 1922 census, is only 3,000,000, including the nomad tribes.

As for the 150,000 (?) well-armed partisans who are supposed to be ready to start a "guerrilla warfare" against the French troops in case the French mandate should be maintained, that is one of those prophecies which nobody can reasonably believe in until its realization, which may take a very long time.

Independent of these groundless hypotheses, the news received concerning the recent occurrences in those countries is not more accurate. Der-az-Zor, which, according to a newspaper report of May 19th, was in the hands of the Syrian Arabs, is not only still occupied by our troops, but has increased in importance and in strength. No insurrection has taken place, as announced, among the Arab tribes on the borders of Trans-Jordan. These news items are absolutely false, and it is enough to say so without giving the matter an importance which it does not deserve.

The ill-meant distortion of the Damascus and Homs incidents shows the state of mind from which this sort of information proceeds.

At Damascus, after six days of disturbances, on April 11th last, there were four people wounded and one killed, not by the shells of the motor guns, which fired only blank shots, but by the crowd in effervescence who crushed those unfortunate people.

At Homs, on April 19th, during a meeting of the pupils of the Sultaneh College, which the scum of the population of that city did not fail to attend, the troops had to intervene, a native having fired a pistol at a French officer. Two were killed and three wounded who remained on the spot. The troops, moreover, intervened without arms and the soldiers contented themselves with scattering the crowd with the lashes of their military belts.

The letters or telegrams which are produced in the press of America all come from the same source, namely Cairo, where there are gathered the few factious elements dominated by personal resentment and by the desire of attracting to themselves an importance which neither the Syrians of Syria nor the inhabitants of Lebanon are willing to concede to them.

Education should be sound as well as pervasive, says the *Review of Reviews*. Nothing is more to be desired and encouraged than the tendency of men who work for wages to study political and economic science. We shall be secure from radicalism and dangerous socialism only by virtue of the trained mentality of our workers. Private property is a beneficent institution in a democratic republic, if conditions are such that every intelligent and industrious man may reasonably hope to become a capitalist to some extent, while also earning wages or salary.

Admira Kato, Japan's new premier, is a great naval expert and at the same time the main exponent of the Japanese peace policy.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Moissaye Boguslawski, a Russian musician, has a memorized repertoire of 2500 compositions. He has devised a system by which he can memorize any composition in fifteen minutes.

Lieutenant-Commander M. A. Mitscher is selected captain of the navy's team in the coming aerial classic. The team will enter the Curtis and Pulitzer cup races to be held in Detroit in October.

Mrs. Helen H. Gardner is the first woman to head a Federal government department. In the absence of George R. Wales she is acting head of the United States Civil Service Commission.

Sergeant Patrick Collins of the Chicago police force is a brother of the late Michael Collins, the martyred hero of the Irish Free State. The two brothers came together to America, but Michael turned back immediately upon arriving.

Mrs. Charlotte Despard, a pioneer in the suffrage movement in England and a prominent figure in Irish affairs, has announced her candidacy for Parliament. She is president of the Women's Freedom League and Lord French's sister.

Mrs. Ernest R. Grant, director of the Children's Health Crusade, Washington, has during the past four years enrolled 144,000 Washington youngsters. She recently presided at the first international children's health crusade luncheon, which was attended by 600 people, including most of the celebrities of Washington.

Colonel Edward H. R. Green, son of the late Mrs. Hetty Green, despite a recent knee affection which has forced him to the wheel chair for most of his traveling, is still able to go about his estate at Round Hills, Massachusetts. Colonel Green makes his rounds in a tiny electric automobile scarcely larger than an invalid's chair.

Dr. Charles Prospero Fagnani, who was forced to leave Germany several months ago because of his anti-German activities during the world war, is professor of Old Testament literature and exegesis at the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Dr. Fagnani was a teacher in the New York public schools from 1873 to 1879. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1882 and was one time pastor of Westminster Church, Yonkers, New York.

Bonnie Gray, the newly-crowned queen of women cowpunchers, is making Lorena Trickey, champion woman rider of the world, look to her laurels. Miss Gray won the fancy riding events at the recent Pike's Peak rodeo, doing the trick which she alone of women riders is said to accomplish—passing completely under her running horse and regaining her saddle. The youngest of them all is Joan Woodbury, the six-year-old San Francisco movie rider, whose bravery in the saddle recently won for her a prize pony.

American viscountesses by marriage are fairly numerous, but Henry Edward Pellew is probably our only viscount. Mr. Pellew, who as a British younger son craved the title, has recently ironically inherited it at the age of ninety-four. The elderly peer hesitated long before definitely accepting the honor, but has finally done so; most probably on his son's account, the Hon. Charles Pellew. Mr. Pellew, as the new peer prefers to be addressed, since he intends to continue his American residence, was in early life one of the founders of Keble College, Oxford. In 1858 he came to America, where in New York he met and married Elizabeth Jay, granddaughter of John Jay, revolutionary leader and first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. After the death of his wife he again came to America in 1873 and married her sister, Augusta Jay. He then became an American citizen. Mr. Pellew is the sixth Viscount of Exmouth, a title bestowed on his ancestor, Admiral Edward Pellew, for valorous services in the American revolution.

Albert Thomas, director of the International Labor Office, is to come to America this fall to study American labor conditions. Thomas, who was French minister of munitions during the war and therefore the French equivalent and colleague of Lloyd George at that time, is a very decided personality. Only forty-four years old now, he was still in his thirties during the period of his war activities to which France owed the tremendous production of seventy-fives and the general efficiency of her munitions department. Thomas was born the son of a small baker in the town of Champigny sur Marne in 1878. As a youngster he traveled and studied in many countries as a result of scholarships won through his outstanding and active mentality. He is the author of a number of sociological books and at one time was a newspaperman. Before his appointment as controller of munitions he was a leader of labor elements in the House of Deputies. In August, 1920, he was appointed director of the International Labor Office, in whose interests he has been traveling ever since. M. Thomas calls himself "the Wandering Jew of social politics."

There have been few men of wealth in Wall Street whose ideas and personality were as little known as the late William Rockefeller's. He could not easily be interviewed, and even those who came in contact with him carried away no clear idea of his opinions. The

only time when he was freely quoted, as recalled in Wall Street, was at the time of the "rich men's panic" in the spring of 1907. One story is told of a recent meeting of the directors of one of the largest of the copper companies, of which he was a member. The management had expected to pay the regular dividend; so had most of the directors. The corporation's secretary, being on familiar terms with the newspaper men sent to report the meeting, had distributed among them printed slips announcing the payment of the dividend and its date. These slips were to be "released for publication" at the conclusion of the meeting. Mr. Rockefeller appeared late, just as the meeting was about to break up, and sat at the directors' table less than five minutes, but he evidently had something to say. "The dividend has been passed," later announced the corporation's secretary, collecting the slips he had previously handed out.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### The Fairies.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkiln he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring  
To dig one up in spite,  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

—William Allingham.

##### Mary Morison.

O Mary, at thy window be!  
It is the wished, the trusted hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That makes the miser's treasure poor:  
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sighed, and said among them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary canst thou wreck his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.—Robert Burns.

##### The Tribute.

No splendor 'neath the sky's proud dome  
But serves her for familiar wear:  
The far-fetched diamond finds its home  
Flashing and smouldering in her hair;  
For her the seas their pearls reveal;  
Art and strange lands her pomp supply  
With purple, chrome, and cochineal,  
Ochre, and lapis lazuli:  
The worm its golden woof presents;  
Whatever runs, flies, dives, or delves,  
All doff for her their ornaments,  
Which suit her better than themselves;  
And all, by this their power to give  
Proving her right to take, proclaim  
Her beauty's clear prerogative  
To profit so by Eden's blame.

—Coventry Patmore.



## THE VITALITY IN MORMONISM.

Searching Study of the Elements of Endurance in the Religion Founded by Joseph Smith.

To most men in this country the mystery of Mormonism will always be how Mormons could support such large families while the rest of us are compelled to struggle along with one wife and just a few children. It does not occur to many persons to investigate Mormon philosophy, and in these days of the high cost of living we are but mildly interested in Mormon theocracy. The mystery is more economic and domestic than it is political or ethical, or even sociological. "The Mystery of Mormonism," by Stuart Martin, does not give the exact prescription from the financial point of view. It does, however, attempt some explanation of Mormonism, and it seeks to place it in American history. Mr. Martin's book can be commended as a good addition to Stenhouse's "Rocky Mountain Saints," which it in on way imitates except as the subject matter compels treatment of the same themes.

Mormonism is a sociological, religious, economic, agricultural, domestic and historical phenomenon that ought to be of considerable interest to any student of American affairs. It is an American religion. It was invented, or discovered, or revealed, to an American, and grew up among Americans, before the foreign influx had raised any doubts as to what a real American might have the luck to be. The Pioneer Monument in the centre of Salt Lake City, surmounted by the statue of Brigham Young with the statue of his walking stick, looking every inch the monarch of all he surveyed, bears on the pedestal the names of about 148 or 150 of those Mormons that first crossed the desert to Salt Lake Valley. The writer of this article stood there recently, near the place where the pinnacles of the Temple and the figure of the Angel Moroni overlook the church's profitable Utah Hotel, and carefully read these names, and there was but one that was not a pure Anglo-Saxon name form—if such thing there be as a pure Anglo-Saxon. Mormonism is an American religion, and the Americans are the sort of people that can produce Mormonism—in all its dips, spurs, angles, drifts, winzes, stopes, aspects dorsal, ventral, and lateral, variations, idiosyncrasies, whimsicalities, logicalities, and all the rest of it. You can not take any broad account of the people of America and count out Mormonism.

Under what circumstances did it begin? We have all read of Joseph Smith and his peep stone and other ways of imposing himself on the ignorance and credulity of his neighbors, but it is well to understand how the field in which he sowed his extraordinary seed had been made ready. On this head the author of "The Mystery of Mormonism" is thus explicit:

Mormonism was evolved at a time when the entire American continent was exhausted by the conflict of philosophical theories and was rent by theological schisms. The country was passing through a soul-racking, confusing era, as Europe had passed through one before her. The unifying influence of a dogmatic authority was moribund, if not already dead, and in its place was a riot of beliefs, the residue of which is still to be observed in the land. America refused to believe in the Divine right of kings or of priests, and clamored for freedom. She obtained freedom, and immediately became bewildered in the multitude of interpretations of that freedom.

Yet, of all the strange sects which sprang up in the United States, the Mormons alone held any considerable ground against attacks, and flourished in spite of them. All other sects have gradually disappeared, or have become so insignificant as to be of no account, for as civilization spread westwards its unifying influence gradually, but very effectively, obliterated them. Mormonism is now considerably modified; but the impetus given it by its founder, Joseph Smith, and the strong, defiant characters who were its leaders and directors in the early days, have carried it far on the current of history.

In considering Mormonism we are dealing with conditions of almost a century back. In 1920 it was a hundred years since Joseph Smith claimed he met the "two glorious Personages" who told him where to dig for the golden plates on a hill twenty-five miles southwest of Rochester, New York. The United States was still a newly-formed nation, and it was not so long since Aaron Burr had the rashness to believe that he might found an empire within its then indefinite borders. Joseph Smith did found a small one, finding his opportunity in the vote-hunting propensities of that ever-blooming modest violet of our institutions, the American politician. After the Missouri persecutions came Nauvoo, which Smith told his followers meant "beauty and rest." If Smith did not know the name of a thing he could always invent a name and then translate it. He was one of the greatest translators that ever lived. He once translated a whole book from the wrappings of a mummy he bought from a circus, and if Champollion had not deciphered the Rosetta Stone it would have been a perfectly good translation yet, and perhaps the only one we ever should have had from the Egyptian. He could have translated Etruscan just as easily, but unfortunately he was shot by a mob before that language had been brought to his notice, so we are without knowledge of Etruscan. But he did have until his death a nice little empire at Nauvoo, owing to the kindness of the politicians. It came about thus:

But the presidential campaign of 1840, more furious than its predecessors, gave the Mormons their opportunity. Smith, previous to and during those tumultuous days, made friends

with the leading politicians, while they with equal willingness made friends with him, for he controlled several thousand votes. But to neither party did Smith at first commit himself. He was anxious to obtain certain powers for his city, and he openly stated he would support the party which was the more inclined to aid his people. At length, following a council meeting with his officials, he announced that he intended to support the Whig programme, and the Mormons voted unanimously for the party. But the following year (1841) the Democrats desired much to conciliate the Mormons and secure their vote; and early that year the unparalleled Nauvoo Charter was granted by them. It was a great triumph for the prophet. Never was a more liberal charter given to any city. It gave the governing authorities power to pass all laws "not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States"—a vague enough phrase which could be, and was, interpreted in several ways. The charter came into effect on February 1st the same year. Among its provisions were the appointment of a mayor, four aldermen, and four councilors; a mayor's court, with exclusive jurisdiction in all cases relating to the city; a municipal court, the mayor as chief justice, and power to issue writs of habeas corpus—power which only the judge of the supreme and circuit courts had hitherto held. It also incorporated the militia of Nauvoo into a body called the Nauvoo Legion, besides establishing a court-martial for the Legion not governed by state law.

Our author recounts very interestingly the upbuilding of the hierarchy at Nauvoo, an hierarchy in which Brigham Young was the Lion of the Lord, Parley P. Pratt the Archer of Paradise, and Lyman Wight the Wild Ram of the Mountains. Smith was mayor, judge, editor of the official paper, lieutenant-general of the army and chief director of the town of 20,000 people. Nobody could serve a writ in Nauvoo without his consent. He announced himself as a candidate for President of the United States. The revelation on polygamy came along, the *imperium in imperio* grew too strong for the stomachs of the neighbors, and the Nauvoo lynching followed, with the destruction of the city and the murder of the prophet. Then came the long trek westward to the Promised Land under the second prophet, Brigham Young. And Mormonism held fast to the principle that it was walking in the shoes of the ancient Hebrews, entitled to a Canaan and begirt with enemies as the Israelites were, which enemies were also the enemies of God. That frame of mind will explain much in Mormon history.

The Israelites had their quail and manna. The Mormons have their miracle in the wilderness, a very beautiful one, and a miracle worth while as it saved a whole people from starvation. Mr. Martin gives this account of a really touching episode:

The most anxious time, however, was the following May and June (1848), when legions of crickets settled on the fields and gardens of the Saints, eating up every blade of the struggling crops. The settlers were filled with dismay at the plague. They organized war on the crickets; they slew millions, and lit fires, hoping to drive them off, and they prayed for relief from the starvation which threatened. All their hopes of surviving had been placed on the harvest which was being destroyed.

Just at the most critical moment, when they were weary of the combat, they were amazed to see flocks of sea-gulls come sailing over the mountains; and at the sight their spirits sank to the lowest. "Here," they said, "are greater destroyers than the crickets." But the gulls began to feed on the crickets. They ate and gorged themselves till they were sick, and then they ate again, devouring the crickets, and thus rescuing the crops. The Mormons held, and still hold, the coming of the gulls as a definite miracle, a direct manifestation of the Almighty's providence towards them, for it enabled them to obtain a harvest. The gull is now a semi-sacred bird in Utah, the shooting of which is forbidden. A monument commemorating the incident has been erected only recently in the Temple grounds at Salt Lake, and a very pretty monument it is.

One of the great epics of American immigration and westward migration was the disastrous handcart expedition:

The immigration from Europe to Salt Lake City had been progressing slowly; but many thousands were still waiting to make the trip from Liverpool, and it was to facilitate the journey of these converts across America that the proposition was advanced to construct small handcarts in which each man could haul his own baggage and provisions. The city of Iowa was the point at which the outfitting took place. There were three companies in all who started on this long journey of over 1100 miles, carts were made in a hurry, many of them being of timber insufficiently seasoned, and were constructed of two parallel oak sticks about five or six feet long, connected by one crosspiece at one end which served as a handle, and several pieces a few inches apart at the other end to form the bed of the cart. This "body" rested on a pair of light wheels, and each person was allowed less than twenty pounds of baggage in the cart, the heavier provisions and tents being hauled in wagons. Five tents and one wagon drawn by three oxen were allowed to each 100 individuals, and about 500 persons composed each company.

The first company made the journey safely, and entered Salt Lake Valley at the beginning of autumn. The second company did not leave till the second week in August. It was composed of 120 able-bodied men, some elderly men, 300 women and children of walking age, and seventy infants of tender years. A prophecy gave the detachment faith in the success of their long trek; but one courageous man, Levi Savage, who had already been to Salt Lake, opposed the journey. He urged that the risk of approaching winter was too great to ignore, and suggested a delay until the spring; but he was reprimanded by the elders for lack of faith, and ultimately this weak company of enthusiasts set out, singing the well-known Mormon hymn of which the two verses are:

A Church without a prophet is not the Church for me;

It has no head to lead it, in it I would not be;

But I've a Church not built by man,

Cut from the mountain without hand, Oh, that's the Church for me, oh, that's the Church for me.

The God that others worship is not the God for me;

He has no parts nor body, and can not hear nor see;

But I've a God that lives above,

A God of power and of love,

A God of revelation, oh, that's the God for me, Oh, that's the God for me, oh, that's the God for me.

Here we have some revelation of Mormon philosophy. The Mormon has a personal God, something the simple faith of mankind in general can visualize and

adore. Such a God is probably present to the consciousness of a Mormon as He was to the Israelites, and, moreover, there was a way of communicating with Him, so that through revelation a warrant could be obtained to do whatever seemed necessary for the welfare of the people. Build on that the fact that the office of prophet always fell into the hands of the strongest and most dominant personality and you have reason enough why Mormonism is going into its second century. There was dread of material progress, but Brigham Young faced it thus:

The railroad reached Salt Lake Valley the following year. There had been some opposition among the Saints to the proposal to admit a railroad track into their stronghold; but all objections were ruled aside by Brigham, who boldly declared that "it was a damned poor religion that couldn't stand a railroad." Outsiders confidently predicted that the railroad would end Mormonism; others that it would bring great trade to the community; but it was soon seen that it brought both drawbacks and benefits. The isolation which the Mormons had enjoyed up till then was banished, and financial and social barricades were in danger of being swept away, or, at any rate, were being assailed. To save his flock from the consequences of those dangers, Brigham came to the rescue, and announced that "it was advisable that the people of Utah should become their own merchants." Their temporal supremacy was to be maintained at all costs, and the Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institution was forthwith founded for that purpose. The institution remains to this day the greatest bulwark which the Mormons have against the trade of the Gentiles, securing for them a financial position in the Far West, and aiding them to keep their money among themselves more successfully than any other measure could have done.

To such sagacious management was added a thoroughly gripping ritual which the book professes to set forth in detail from the statements of apostates. In this feature it goes several lengths beyond Stenhouse, who had been a Mormon and perhaps observed obligations not binding on this Gentile author. The latter even describes what is seen by the faithful when taking their "endowment" in the innermost sanctuaries of the Temple overlooking the Utah Hotel. We spare our page a blush over what he says about some early observances, and present these descriptions as very good guidebook material if true; and we see no reason why they should not be:

It is a beautiful apartment, about forty feet long, with a floor of white marble. Round the walls are a great number of doors, half glass, and the only natural light in the room is "borrowed" from outer windows. But the main thing that attracts the eye is the large font in the centre of the apartment. Here all baptisms "for the dead" take place.

The font is of iron, enameled white; it is four feet deep, and can hold 400 gallons of water. The well, several feet under the floor level, is circular, and is tiled with marble; but the font itself is raised from the floor by a flight of steps. Up these the candidate goes, dressed in garments suitable for the immersion, and, after being immersed, walks out at the other end down another flight of steps, and so out of the apartment. Recorders sit near the font to take note of the ceremony. The supports of the font are of the strangest kind. They are twelve life-size brazen oxen with silvered horns. Three face eastwards, three westwards, three southwards, and three northwards. The large font rests on the haunches of these animals, which stand slightly below the floor level, and are surrounded by a gilded ornamental rail. The design is based on the description of the font in Solomon's temple mentioned in the Book of Kings. In these baptismal ceremonies women administer to women and men to men, and dressing-rooms are provided for both sexes not far from the Baptismal Room.

On an average about 300 persons go through the Temple weekly, "working for the dead." But the war and a recent influenza epidemic held up this sacrament, and today this "work" is a year in arrears; but they are now going through at the rate of 600 a week.

"Working for the dead" consists in being baptized for those ancestors who died too early to be baptized in person. They go a long way back. Hence the skill and renown of the genealogical societies of Salt Lake City. The description continues:

The Garden of Eden Room is one of the first the candidate enters during the endowment ceremony. It is an apartment of fair size. The walls and ceiling, which is arched, are beautifully painted to represent Eden. Great clouds stretch across the sky, which is studded also with silver stars. On the walls are woodland scenes, in which birds, beasts, insects, flowers, and trees are reproduced with fine effect. There is a set piece representing the Tree of Knowledge in front and at the side of an elevator upon which the "gods" ascend. The tree seems to be intended for an apple tree, and there is a small shelf fastened at the back whereon is placed fruit for the "temptation" scene. The whole idea is to impress the candidate with a feeling of repose and calm, and this object is well attained.

There are those who say that Mormonism is dying; but Mormonism has been "dying" many times in its hundred years' career, and always it has lived to "die" again. At every crisis up to the present it has been saved from destruction by the unifying, binding power of its leaders. In the old days it had many of those strong, virile characters among its principal men—men who were doers as well as organizers, who spoke to the rank and file in the common language, and were able to rope a steer, or offer up a prayer, or fight for their lives against a pitiless desert. But times have changed, and when Joseph Fielding Smith died on November 19, 1918, practically the last link with those days was snapped.

As a mere matter of interest, Mormonism is worth attention. This book abounds in information, rather than invective.

THE MYSTERY OF MORMONISM. By Stuart Martin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.50.

Blood pressure being one of our most popular ailments, it should assist the "drink water" campaigns of some of our water companies to have it known that the experiments of two London physicians, Orr and Innes, as described in the *British Journal of Experimental Pathology*, seem to demonstrate that blood pressure can easily be relieved by copious draughts of water.

The first of the Homeric poems is supposed to be about 2850 years old.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending Friday, September 8, 1922 (four days), were \$109,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year (four days); \$89,700,000; an increase of \$19,600,000.

California members of the Investment Bankers' Association of America are going to make sure that Eastern bankers who attend the eleventh annual convention to be held at Del Monte early next month will see California's varied charms. The six special trains have been routed from north to south, includ-

—calls for an investment of upwards of \$30,000,000 annually. And the West's potential water-power development, as determined by the engineers, is twenty-two times that of all the thirty-seven states east of the Rockies.

At the last census there were 4,219,000 acres of irrigated land in California, 22 per cent. of the irrigated land in the United States. (That will indeed be a fact for the investment men to ponder upon.) Invested in irrigation enterprises in California is the sum of \$194,000,000, a most substantial fraction of the nation's total, \$697,000,000.

California highway bond issues aggregate \$73,000,000, and with an automobile for every five and one-fourth persons there are enough machines to depopulate the state in one day. The state stands first in ownership of automobiles per capita.

The quiet strength of financial markets during August reflected accurately the best-informed opinion regarding basic conditions. There have been few sensational advances, and about the middle of the month it looked as if pessimistic reports concerning the foreign situation and domestic labor conditions were being given undue weight. Recoveries, however, followed hard on the heel of declines, and the upward trend has been maintained, says R. Berkeley in the *Review of Strassburger & Co.*

The bond market has been consistently steady, strength in listed obligations being particularly noticeable of late. Higher prices have been established, in some cases new highs.

The demand for higher rates of interest than are now afforded by bonds of the highest grade is being manifested in insistent inquiry for preferred stocks. It is recognized that these are, from every practical standpoint, as safe as many bonds, safer certainly than any but those of the highest grade.

The probability of cheap money during the remainder of the year justifies the expectation that all sound bonds and investment stocks will reach higher prices within the next few months. It should be borne in mind, however, that a bull market does not insure universal advances, any more than a bear market witnesses all-embracing declines. The market has been very much mixed lately and is likely to continue so. But more advances than declines are due.

In the metal markets, copper has remained firm. It is difficult to find anything in the near future that can justify a lower price. Tin is unchanged; while visible stocks have decreased, the probable increase of invisible stocks has induced conservative views.

Cotton and grain have shown signs of unsettlement, for which there are no solid reasons. A misreading of the European situation has been reflected in a weak tendency, in wheat more particularly. Fundamentally, cotton remains in a strong position, and there is no justification for lower wheat levels.

Revenue from all sources for the support and maintenance of the state government alone in California for the year beginning July will total \$41,221,000.

Just supposing that the proposed Water and Power Act with its \$500,000,000 mortgage on the state should pass. How much would the overhead and annual expenditures for state purposes be increased?

The taxpayers will never be told until the bill comes in.

Hamilton, an Ohio city of 40,000, is almost broke from voting bond issues.

In 1889 it voted \$100,000 bonds to build a gas plant. Before the bonds came due more than \$150,000 in interest had been paid, and not one penny of the principal.

The gas plant had been abandoned for nine years. In 1894 an electric plant was built from the proceeds of a \$100,000 bond issue and \$125,000 has been paid in interest.

Other bond issues have been floated for ex-

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tensions and the income from the plants was never sufficient to pay for operation and reasonable extension, not to mention depreciation, reserve, and sinking funds.

Under public regulation of private utilities, and selling the securities to employees and customers, the property pays taxes and the people share the earnings instead of the taxpayers being loaded with debts as in the case of Hamilton.

Mr. William Sproule, president of the



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Eastern bankers are going to see and study at first hand California resources and development, the facts and figures of which they have already absorbed as California's bond issues have been underwritten and sold. In between times they will have plenty of opportunity to play, for committees in charge know

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that California ranks back East as "the playground of America."

Here are just a few of the facts that will be impressed upon the visitors during their ten-day swing through a cross-section of California mountains, valleys, and ocean rim:

Between the last two census periods California jumped from sixteenth to second place as an agricultural state and attained first rank by a big margin in average farm income—over \$3500 per annum.

Development of electric power in California—already past the 1,000,000-horsepower mark

## Investment Pioneers

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Southern Pacific Company, on his return after a week's absence in Oregon, said there is greater activity in the business of Oregon than at any time since the height of the war period.

Asked as to shop conditions, he said on the 1300 miles of railroad the Southern Pacific operated in Oregon the number of men at work in the shops is now greater than before the strike.

As to shop conditions on the line generally

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"A National Yet Personal Service"

he said the number of men now at work in the shops on the company's Pacific system is greater than the number who went out on strike. All over the line this has been accomplished without hiring any strikebreakers. The men at work are real workmen who desire the work and have accepted the wages, rules, and working conditions laid down by the United States Railroad Labor Board. The men have formed their own union and called it the Southern Pacific Shopmen's Protective League. Of those qualified for this league,



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LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO PASADENA

over 80 per cent. have already joined. It is plain to any one going through the shops that strike conditions do not prevail anywhere in the shops.

"Our newspaper advertisements are withdrawn because there is no longer a need for them. Good men who know the strike has failed are returning, and we will make the effort to find suitable work for such of our desirable and capable workmen as seek return to the service.

"Two outstanding features of this ill-advised strike are, first, the loyalty of thousands of our men, who, following their own strong common sense, could not be forced into the strike; second, the large number of men, not only anxious to find work, but anxious also to go to work at the wage schedules and under the working rules and conditions laid down by the United States Railroad Labor Board, against which the strike was called."

Henley & Scott announce that they have taken over the business and organization of Miller, Henley & Scott, general insurance agents.

Henley & Scott are Pacific Coast managers for the following insurance companies: Western Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada, British America Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada, British General Insurance Company of London, the Tokio Marine and Fire Insurance Company, Empire State Underwriters of the Agricultural Insurance Company of New York. These companies have combined resources of over \$90,000,000.

The Anglo London Paris Company is offering \$2,500,000 Imperial Irrigation District 6 per cent. serial bonds in denominations of \$1000, due 1935 to 1956, exempt from all Federal income taxes and taxes in California except inheritance taxes.

Imperial is the largest irrigation district in California. About 413,000 acres in the district are under intensive cultivation, and its products are marketed throughout practically the entire year. Climatic advantages coupled with a cheap water supply make Imperial one of the most prosperous agricultural communities in California.

The bonds are a direct obligation of the Imperial Irrigation District; payable out of

annual assessments levied and collected under the same authority as taxes; and are secured by a tax lien, ranking ahead of first mortgages on all land in the district.

The Imperial Irrigation District land and improvements are worth approximately six times the bonded debt against it, and its average annual production per acre is over ten times the annual charge per acre for water, bond interest, maintenance and retirement of bonds.

One of the most popular forms of making an attack on capital among labor-union leaders and their sympathizers is to point out the imaginary profits being made by stockholders, who evidently, in the mind of the agitator, are getting rich by keeping down the wages of the much-abused "working man," says the *Cleveland Topics*.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, which has many thousands of stockholders, has been frequently asked how its employees have fared as compared with its stockholders by reason of the wage and dividend changes made since the pre-war period. The record of this great corporation is typical and is therefore of great value in correctly estimating what thousands upon thousands of stockholders have faced during the past eight years.

Let it be realized that the average stockholder is not a capitalist—he wishes he were—but a plain person who has worked hard, saved his money, and placed it where he hopes it will be safe and will earn reasonable interest. The Pennsylvania stockholders are no different from any others.

In 1914 wages on the Pennsylvania Railroad averaged \$850 a year per employee. Today, after all readjustments, including those effective July 1, 1922, they average \$1550. Wages are therefore 82 per cent. higher than in 1914, while the cost of living, according to government statistics, is 67 per cent. higher. This means that each of the company's 200,000 employees, on the average, is able to buy considerably more of the desirable and needful things of life than his pre-war wages would obtain.

But the stockholders are in a different position. They number 140,000. Most of them own less than 50 shares each. The average ownership is 71 shares. Before the war 71 shares yielded an income of \$213 per year.

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In 1921 the directors were forced to reduce the dividend on Pennsylvania Railroad stock from the rate of 6 per cent. to 4 per cent. annum. This cut the return of the holder of the average number of shares to \$142 per



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year. He is now getting one-third less dollars than in 1914, and in addition, like the employee, he has to meet the higher cost of living. This means that the actual buying power of his present income from dividends is much below that of his pre-war return.

The railroad management naturally feels an

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reduction, which has been publicly stated, to restore the 6 per cent. rate as soon as that step can be wisely taken, without risking deterioration of the property. Even then the stockholders' incomes will merely be restored as to the number of dollars, but not as to purchasing power, as long as the cost of living remains above normal.

As between the stockholder and the employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the burdens of the war have fallen entirely upon the former. The same condition, of course, is true of the railroads in general, and has undoubtedly been an important factor in accounting for the failure of the men, who are at present on strike against the recently authorized very moderate wage readjustments, to enlist the support of the public.

It is, and long has been, the declared policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad to pay its employees the best wages and offer them the most favorable working conditions in the country, or for that matter in the world. The stockholders of the company have consistently supported the management in this policy, in order that loyal, efficient, and satisfied working forces might be maintained, and the public receive the best service possible. Most of the company's men are, and always have been, of this type.

In the present crisis the great majority of the Pennsylvania's shop forces have remained loyal, wisely accepting a conservative wage readjustment which is fair to their interests, and necessary as a measure of justice both to the owners and the users of the railroad. Moreover, among its men there are doubtless thousands whose course of action has been influenced by knowledge of the facts that the railroads have had to accept a reduction in freight rates, and that wages on the railroad, even in a depressed year like 1921, took over 51 cents out of every dollar paid by the public for service.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

There are publishers with a specialty, but Mr. Knopf is not one of them. Three books issued by him during the week bear testimony to the catholicity of his taste and of his publications. Of these, the one that will be most widely read is also the one of greatest merit, Miss Cather's fine new novel, "One of Ours." One which we enjoyed the most is a fantasy by John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr., which smacks of Beerbohm in both title and context, "The Undertaker's Garland." The third is that which shows Mr. Knopf's catholic and liberal mind, for it is neither realistic nor mordantly clever. This last, "Tutor's Lane," has the local interest of being produced by a young Californian, Wilmarth Lewis.

"Tutor's Lane" is most erroneously advertised as being the first American Gilbert-and-Sullivan novel. If one weren't told that its original title was "Birth and Behavior," which all good Gilbert-and-Sullivanists will recognize as being derived from the inimitable authors of our best comic operas—and we confess that we did not recognize it—no memory of those inimitables would ever occur to the reader of "Tutor's Lane." Otherwise, a charming little novel of small town college life not without its dull passages—but what small town or college isn't?—and nowise reminiscent of Gilbert and Sullivan, as we have endeavored to point out.

A truly fresh contribution to American letters is "The Undertaker's Garland." Though it is not so advertised, it is the first Beerbohmian book to claim allegiance to American literature. All of which goes to show that the psychology of plagiarism is as peculiar as any other. If you have not plagiarized you may boast that you have, but not vice versa. However, "The Undertaker's Garland" is almost as good as Max Beerbohm, if not quite. And though obviously influenced by the greatest living exponent of English prose—and who could be a better influence?—its thesis is original. True, it is derived in turn from the Middle Ages, but as there is nothing new under the sun, one's chief hope for a novel appearance is to excavate deep enough to reach forgotten strata for one's origins. Its subject, claim its young authors, is the natural reaction of a generation of writers reared in the late war. And the concluding sentence of their apology is: "Yes: at the darkest point of the Middle Ages, people made a farce of death. To the people of the fifteenth century death itself had more life in it than life has today." "An Undertaker's Garland" is calculated to vivify our deathlike repose. That is to say, it will make you think. But we must not dismiss it with the disparaging imputation of seriousness. Like all great truths, it is amusing.

"One of Ours" will probably be hailed as the great American novel. We are not sure that it is, but it is at least a plausible candidate and it will undoubtedly be nominated to the post by hosts of enthusiastic admirers. To enumerate Willa Cather's literary characteristics would be to catalogue the indispensable ingredients of good literature. We haven't space here for even the terminology. Her technique is very fine, even masterful, although we do not think her a beautiful writer. If she had Mrs. Wharton's flair for fine prose, for example, she would be marvelous. But comparisons are odious even in criticism. And furthermore, if the impossible could be achieved and the best of Mrs. Wharton's and Miss Cather's abilities could be synthesized into a masterpiece with the reality of "The House of Mirth" and the American commonplaceness of "One of Ours," there would still be something lacking—though we should be glad to read the hypothetical marvel. What neither of these ladies' works reflect is the joy of life. Their books are accurate and beautiful reflections of certain phases of our national life, but they are seen as in a glass darkly. Women writers seem doomed to represent life, however successfully, without verve or gusto. That is, serious women novelists. We can think of a dozen lesser lights who have verve enough and to spare for their more serious and significant sisters. However, we present the challenge. Let Miss Cather or one of her runners-up produce a good novel written with gusto. R. G.

#### Notes of Books and Authors.

Many are discussing James Joyce's "Ulysses," but few are reading it, as the book was published in Paris by subscription in a limited edition. Meantime, due to its fame, there has been a revival of the demand for Joyce's other books here and in England. These four volumes represent an unusual variety of genre. "Chamber Music" is a Garland of lyric poetry. The difficulties that surrounded the publication of "Dubliners," a collection of short stories, due to fear of libel—ing an exalted person, made trouble for several printers in London and Dublin; years passed and controversy raged before the book actually appeared. A naturalistic drama,

"Exiles," discloses the talent of Joyce in another phase of refined perfection. Of course, the most significant work is "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," which Mr. Huebsch published in America before the book came out in London. It is the precursor of "Ulysses," the latter book being a continuation of the story of Stephen Dedalus, the "artist" of the title.

A British movie company has gone to Iceland to film Sir Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son."

A volume announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. on "The Prime Ministers of Britain" will be a book of consequence. It is the work of Clive Bigham, who, beginning with Walpole in 1721, carries the story through two hundred years, ending with Lloyd George in 1921. During that time thirty-six prime ministers have held office, each of whom he studies judicially, analyzing his character, describing his appearance, narrating his personal and official history, and pointing out his influence upon his times. Of each one there is a full-page portrait.

Max Reinhardt, the great German theatrical producer, is to visit this country in November. Among the plays he will stage in New York is "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The Harpers announce an important book of reminiscences by W. A. Rogers, "A World Worth While," to be published this month. Mr. Rogers, who is the successor to Thomas Nast on *Harper's Weekly*, was head cartoonist of the *New York Herald* for seventeen years and a friend and contemporary of such men as Abbey, Frost, Reinhardt, Pyle, and Nast. Mr. Rogers drew many of the most famous war posters.

What promises to be a very interesting glance into the "dark backward and abysm of time" is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co.—"Chaucer and His England," a study of life and times in England in the fourteenth century by C. G. Coulton, a lecturer in English in Cambridge University and author of several volumes dealing with the Middle Ages. The work is illustrated with reproductions of old prints, including the Hoccleve portrait of Chaucer.

Harper & Brothers announce reprints of the following books: "Conflict," by Clarence Budington Kelland; "Gardening with Brains," by Henry T. Finck; "The Car That Went Abroad," by Albert Bigelow Paine; "The Vertical City," by Fannie Hurst; "Souls for Sale," by Rupert Hughes; "The Man on the Forest," by Zane Grey; "The Great Desire," by Alexander Black.

The Harpers report that James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" is in its ninth large edition.

Joseph Conrad's wife has written a cookery book which is to be published in England this fall. It is the first literary attempt of the great author's wife.

Apropos of the newspaper lists of the "twelve greatest women," Heywood Brown says in the *New York World* that he "can not understand why the name of Willa Cather appears on none of them. If anybody has written a better American novel than 'My Antonia,' we do not know of it." "My Antonia," was published in 1918 by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

A new issue at a reduced price is being brought out by the Duttons of their handsome publication of George Gissing's masterpiece, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

Edison Marshall, winner of the O. Henry Memorial Award for the best short story of 1921 with his "The Heart of Little Shikara," has written a new novel of the wilds, "The Sky Line of Spruce," published by Little, Brown & Co. He is an author whose title to authority in writing adventure stories of the West is well founded, both in ancestry and in personal experience. The pioneer instinct is in his blood, inherited from forbears who crossed the Atlantic before the revolution. His grandfather went to California in '49; his father was born and bred in a log cabin on the frontier of Illinois. Marshall, the younger, was born in Rensselaer, Indiana, and was educated at the University of Oregon. His own adventure-experience was gained in knocking about in the Cascade Mountains, in the southern Alleghenies, and with the hobo fraternity. One of his trips of observation was into the plantation country of the Louisiana delta, and another was into Alaska, where he narrowly escaped the claws of a monster grizzly. The result of his varied and often perilous experiences has been that Mr. Marshall has acquired an enviable faculty for making vivid his stories of man and beast at close grips in the wilderness.

"The Theory of Relativity," by Albert Einstein, containing the very latest development on the subject, is announced for autumn publication by the Princeton University Press.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at  
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#### Intellectual Standards.

We have fixed standards of monetary value, of weights and measures, of all things in the material world, says Willis Fletcher Johnson in the *North American Review*. It is startling to deny the need of equally imperative standards in the intellectual and moral world. He must be strangely lacking in vision who does not perceive in our failure to maintain such standards a fecund source of the evils from which the world is suffering. The commercial world would suffer chaos if the monetary standard were abolished; the industrial world would become a bedlam if a pound or a gramme were to be varied in weight according to every individual taste and fancy. We must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that the things which pertain to the mind and spirit are less in need of exact definition and fixed standards, or are less susceptible thereto. There was of old a curse pronounced upon him who removed his neighbor's landmarks. Still more deserving of condemnation are they who tamper with the intellectual and ethical landmarks of humanity.

It is estimated that \$1,000,000 a week is advanced in London on pawned articles.

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June 30th, 1922

Assets.....\$76,170,177.18

Deposits.....72,470,177.18

Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,700,000.00

Employees' Pension Fund.....385,984.61

A dividend to depositors of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1922.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Light on Latin America.

To those that believe in several groupings of the nations, European, Asiatic, and American, as a policy likely to stabilize the world, and one more workable than the effort to get us all into the same bed, "The New Latin America," by J. Warshaw, Ph. D., is likely to supply needed information.

Also, it comes along rather opportunely with the celebration of Brazilian independence. We all know a few things about South America and about Central America, but there is an amazing ignorance in this country of anything valuable or significant on the subject. It does not get us far, for example, to know that the condor of the Andes is the largest bird, or that some of the biggest snakes live along the Amazon. Introducing Rivers of Doubt only confuses the subject. Dr. Warshaw discusses matters that are of pertinent interest. He tells us of industry, of the position of women, of the Latin American attitude toward the more or less Anglo-Saxon American; he goes over the Monroe Doctrine and the growth of nationalism among the Latin Americans. He devotes much space to the subject of education and cultural development. And he tells us something of the current opportunities for Americans. He tries to be practical, and warns us that it is an error to regard Spain as a decadent nation, or that Latin America is a sink of iniquity, or that destructive revolutions are always going on

there, or that all the peoples south of the Rio Grande are alike. The population of Mexico, for instance, is heavily Indian, that of Nicaragua is Indian to the extent of seven-eighths of the inhabitants. But these Indian races have produced great commanders and administrators. South of the Caribbean, the Latin peoples do not feel the need of any tuition or guardianship from the United States, and tact and consideration are very necessary to friendly relations. Says the author:

"The future will undoubtedly witness the growth of the A. B. C. alliance as the spokesman for Latin America, and an increased tendency on the part of Latin American countries to seek its good offices rather than to have recourse to European governments or to the government of the United States. . . . To most Latin Americans we are still 'Yankees.' . . . A Latin American who has never seen an American, or has seen only types resembling the national cartoon, will almost necessarily visualize us in the one mold of the New England trader of a past age: and politicians and writers who wish to perpetuate this image of us, along with the invidious phrase 'dollar diplomacy,' will perforce term us *yanquis*, just as our own unwitting citizens are so often prone to term all Latin Americans 'natives,' 'spigotties,' and 'greasers.' Chauvinism and jingoism are always ready to generalize their animus in the shape of a derogatory catchword or brand." Adaptability is needed and will repay the effort.

The book is well supplied with maps and statistical matter. It is a serious and probably a valuable effort to inform United States Americans about Central Americans and South Americans.

THE NEW LATIN AMERICA. By J. Warshaw. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3.

Upstream.

In "Upstream" Mr. Lewisohn writes with mournful beauty of his childhood in Berlin, with pensive sadness of his boyhood and youth in South Carolina, where he attended a Methodist college that wins some praise, with a mingling of appreciation and despair of Columbia, with acumen of the state universities in which he taught German (he could get no place teaching English literature, he affirms, because he is a Jew), and with fiery indignation of Politics, War, Puritanism, Prohibition, Americanism and Capitalism. He is now dramatic editor of the New York Nation.

Many of us have profited from Mr. Lewisohn's books on modern French and German literature, but we feel that we don't learn a great deal from him in "Upstream" about the living abstractions we have capitalized above. Naturally, he doesn't quite appreciate "Anglo-Saxonism." Less accountably, since he has grown up in it, he doesn't get the American sense of humor. "Muddling along" has served the British Empire; yet he condemns it heartily in us and is almost French in his logical demands upon our opportunist selves. He complains of our ethical duality of conscience and says we must practice a stricter spiritual veracity, lest we die. He hates to see us sneaking about drinking in secret and thinks we are awful sex hypocrites. He wonders if our war mania wasn't due in a way to sex inhibition.

But the vital part of his book, perhaps, is its sections on American university education. Mr. Lewisohn was instructor at the University of Wisconsin for one year and assistant professor at the University of Ohio for eight; so he knows somewhat of what he speaks. And having succeeded as a teacher, he does something more than backbite. Even so, his findings are not reassuring. College presidents are inquisitors preaching college loyalty; college professors are high-minded gentlemen lacking in courage and independence, but very busy with "administrative twaddle"; students are an indistinguishable crowd of youngsters intent on bettering themselves economically and talking fudge and football. As for internal university politics, such as are the curse of certain of our higher institutions, they for some reason escape the particular condemnation they deserve at the author's hands.

What, finally, is Mr. Lewisohn's hopeful note? He says he hasn't any, except that the spirit of criticism is abroad. But why not remember, too, that if we become weary of well-doing, we also get tired of being bad? Abuses die before our Davids can fit their stones to their slings; our Goliaths, too, take to their heels. Yet we should be the last to deny that books like Mr. Lewisohn's assist in their discomfiture.

UPSTREAM, AN AMERICAN CHRONICLE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.

Poems of the Great Game.

The internally warring spirit of man expresses itself, when at its best, in verse, and this disposition is the basis of "Songs of Challenge," an anthology selected and arranged by Robert Frothingham. "Pin us down," he says, "and you'll find that most of us believe in our kinship with the worth-while things, the truly big things, 'the stars which fleck our journey's dusks.' But it's like squaring the circle when we try to weave that belief into the warp and woof of our daily grind. The

great majority of us are essentially religious—not theologically, nor doctrinally, and frequently not even intellectually—but in the inner recesses of our spirit, where joy works alone. . . . Here we kneel to 'whatever gods may be' and strive to play the game." And of such strife are such poems made as Frothingham presents in this little handy volume. Here we find old friends such as Wordsworth's "The world is too much with us," Owen Meredith's "There is no unbelief," and Edwin Arnold's "After Death in Arabia." One notes the absence of such fine things as Sill's "The Fool's Prayer," and La Hire's Prayer, though both should surely have had place here—but no anthology is complete according to any one person's idea except that of the anthologist, and we note several other prayers, so perhaps there are enough. Among the haunting verbal melodies offered us is William Johnson Cory's "Heraclitus": They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead.

They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.

I wept as I remembered how often you and I Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And there is that other fugitive thing reminiscent of Villon, "Tis All and Nothing":

Write on a ruined palace in Kashmir: "The end is nothing, and the end is near."

Where are the voices kings were glad to hear? Where now the feast, the song, the bayadere? The end is nothing and the end is near.

These convey an idea of the quality of verse that has appealed to the collector in a theme that makes for a quite remarkable unity of thought and feeling. Here meet Charles Badger Clark, Jr., Don Marquis, Bliss Carman, Louise Imogen Guiney, Matthew Arnold, Thoreau, Burton, Stevenson, William Winter, Eugene F. Ware from Kansas and Will H. Ogilvie from Australia—a truly catholic gathering. Edwin Arlington Robinson is represented with his "Peace on Earth," and John D. Swain with "Villon's Regrets":

One perfect lily grew for me,  
And blossomed on another's breast;  
Others have clasped the little hands  
Whose rosy palms I might have pressed:  
So as I die, my wasted youth  
Mocks my dim eyes and fading breath—  
Still, I have lived! And having lived  
That much is mine—I mock at Death.  
I should confess, you say. But yet—  
Only for Life have I regret!

There is much comfort in this book for a rainy day, and for any day; the stimulus and elevation of sound verse.

SONGS OF CHALLENGE. By Robert Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.65.

The Detour.

Owen Davis has been best known as a writer of plays of purely melodramatic intent, but "The Detour," a wide departure from his previous methods, shows the real perception that was dwelling all the time under the fictitious.

For "The Detour" is a real play of real people. There is not a false note in it. Its theme—that of the dream, idyllic or otherwise, which is necessary to us all—is of universal appeal, and the simplicity of the farmhouse setting, the characters, and the life that is being lived make it intensely real, yet guided by the pathetic yearning for the ideal.

From his experience in writing plays of less worth, somehow the author has evolved a knowledge of human character, a mellowness of outlook, a tolerant, kindly humor, and an ability to fuse his materials into a deeply dramatic presentation of life that places him at one bound in the upper ranks of our native dramatists.

The story shows a group of rural people, each engrossed in his or her special and widely varying dream. There is conflict, for a father opposes his paternal will to the dictum of the aspiring mother that their only child shall go to New York to escape the toils and restrictions of farm life. Nature, however, plays her part, and the girl, as did her mother before her, chooses the life of domestic obscurity glorified by love. And the baffled mother incorrigibly dreams on; but this time of grandchildren.

THE DETOUR. By Owen Davis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

New Books Received.

TUTOR'S LANE. By Wilmarth Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.75.

A farcical tale of a small college town.

THE UNDERTAKER'S GARLAND. By John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

"A riot of centaurs and devils, of pagan and Christian gods."

ONE OF OURS. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.

A novel.

THE CHAIN. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90.

A novel.

NONSENSEORSHIP. By Heywood Brown, George S. Chappell, Ruth Hale, Ben Hecht, Wallace Irwin, Robert Keable, Helen Bullitt, Lowry, Frederick O'Brien, Dorothy Parker, Frank Swinnerton, H. M. Tomlinson, Charles Hanson Towne, John V. A.



IT'S THE WATER.

Prepared with Glacier Water from Shasta Springs

AT ALL DEALERS

SHASTA WATER COMPANY

Weaver, Alexander Woolcott, and the author of "The Mirrors of Washington." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

CHARLES REX. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A novel. ROLLO IN SOCIETY. By George S. Chappell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Satire. MY NORTHERN EXPOSURE. By Walter E. Traprock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

The Kawa at the Pole. ULSTER'S STAND FOR UNION. By Ronald McNeill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

A history of northern opposition to Home Rule. SIR EDWARD COOK. By J. Saxon Mills. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Biography. TWENTY YEARS IN ROUMANIA. By Maude Parkinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

A study of people, customs, and events. THE PRIME MINISTERS OF BRITAIN, 1721-1921. By the Honorable Clive Bigham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE. Edited by Henry A. Sherman and Charles Foster Kent. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50.

Selections from the Old and New Testaments. AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LABOR PROBLEMS. By Gordon S. Watkins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$3.

SONGS OF CHALLENGE. An anthology by Robert Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.65.

PRELUDES AND SYMPHONIES. By John Gould Fletcher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Verse. LITHUANIA. By Rupert Brooke. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company; 50 cents.

Modern plays, edited by Frank Shay. SOUNDING BRASS. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company; 50 cents.

Little Theatre plays, edited by Grace Adams. THE TURNER TWINS. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

Juvenile. FIVE NIGHTS AT FIVE PINES. By Avery Gaul. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A mystery story.

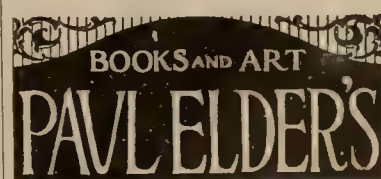
The Wright Magazine

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THE WRIGHT MAGAZINE  
P. O. Box 894 Little Rock, Ark.



Calaveras and Pulgas

Calaveras means "skulls." Pulgas means "fleas." Calaveras is the name of a valley that spans the boundary line between Alameda and Santa Clara counties. Pulgas is the name of an old Spanish grant in San Mateo County.

Calaveras and Pulgas summarize present activities in connection with the cooperative programme to provide more water for San Francisco.

That programme moves forward with steady progress. Here are the outstanding features:

Spring Valley is engaged actively at the eastern or Alameda County end of the water route; the city of San Francisco at the western or San Mateo County end.

Spring Valley is adding to the height of Calaveras Dam so as to provide an additional 24 million gallons of water daily for this city. The company will follow this work with the construction of an aqueduct to Irvington.

San Francisco is building the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit, beginning with the driving of Pulgas tunnel from Redwood to Crystal Springs Reservoir.

Spring Valley must amortize the cost of its work at the eastern end of the route, to the end that if the city buys Spring Valley after the amortization is effected, the cost of that work will not be added to the price.

Spring Valley must pay the interest on the bonds sold by the city to build the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit.

Spring Valley must pay the city for the use of the conduit.

Before long, work on the project to increase your water supply from Spring Valley sources will be humming all the way from Calaveras to Pulgas and Crystal Springs.

SPRING VALLEY  
WATER COMPANY





## THE NEW CURRAN.

At the opening of this classically beautiful playhouse, with its air of sumptuous dignity and its suggestion of being built to house the very best in dramatic art, everybody who could possibly squeeze in worked his passage, and the new theatre was full to bursting.

The audience contained many of our most eminent citizens and there were stacks of flowers handed up to the stage at the appropriate time.

The theatre, which has many of the most modern features, carefully studied acoustics, a sunken orchestra pit, reflected illumination, conveniences for immediate use as a picture-play house, has also the additional feature of allowing those seated in the proscenium boxes to see, as well as hear, which will be very gratifying to the beauties who ornament stage boxes by their loveliness, only to lose, in many theatres, the possibility of having a complete view of the performance. And they may lay the flattering unction to their souls that they will be seen under a golden proscenium arch of such unusual beauty that their own beauties can not but be heightened in such a favorable setting.

It can not be said that the play, "Mike Angelo" by name, was quite up to the occasion, and the members of the company are merely feeders to Leo Carillo. But Mr. Carillo, with his air of youthful ingenuousness, his pronounced magnetism, his fascinating Italian accent, and his instinctive charm, was really the central rallying point. Plainly the play was written all about him; his Latin appearance, his quick, unforced dramatic expression, and the quality he possesses of pleasing the great majority.

Edward Locke, the author, showered nearly all his choice lines on Mike Angelo, showing considerable ingenuity in giving a comical twist and a child-like guilelessness to Mike's clipped English. Author and actor in combination never failed to move the audience to laughter at the intended moment.

In fact it is a Leo Carillo week, the actor being such a popular favorite that he will prove a good drawing card in spite of some defects in the play and a company that fails to call for any special remark.

"Mike Angelo" will of course have to submit to the blue pencil, and vigorous excision of Newton Carlton's and Peter Smith's rather long platitudes in the last act. The studio atmosphere is sufficiently well indicated, although I question if people in real studios dance a ring-around-a-rosy as frequently as they do in stage ones. The company, too, is much given to standing around listening, in rigid attitudes, and with too fixed and almost respectful attention to Mike's fascinatingly guileless self-revelations. That, however, is a matter that the stage director can easily remedy.

I think it was a mistake to have two characters cast with foreign accents. One ought to be sufficient, especially when it is one of the main attractions of the piece.

San Franciscans like novelty. The Arthur Maitland Theatre and the old Alcazar had to retire for lack of sufficient business, but the backers of the new enterprise have an auditorium that can seat 1800 persons, and they will fill it with those that like happy endings and will confidently rely on getting it.

## "THE REAR CAR."

They should put up a large sign at the Columbia containing the announcement: "This play is a farcical take-off on 'Bats.'" Thus spectators who have not previously informed themselves will know what it's about. People

who go to the Columbia unexpectedly see the curtain rise on a dark stage; pitch dark. Then they hear a woman scream; scream upon scream. It seems like Frank Norris' story of the lion-tamer who was killed by his savage charges when the lights went out. They look at each other—or vainly try to in the dark—with startled eyes, thinking they have stumbled by chance on a play stuffed with melodramatic horrors.

Not having known in advance that Edward Rose, the author, had amused himself and was seeking to amuse the public by making game of the popular fad for plays modeled on "The Bat," some time is lost before they catch on and begin to grin.

The play is a queer mix-up, no mistake, and not universally funny; for there are some brands of humor that do not reach all lovers of the ridiculous.

"The Rear Car" is unquestionably ridiculous, but its humor is not always authentic. It seems to me that Richard Bennett is rather wasting his powder and shot on it, as he is not a farcure by vocation, and he does know how to act. Perhaps a troupe of skillful farceurs could have made "The Rear Car" funny from the start, but bewilderment in an audience is a mistake. They may be artfully tricked, misled, and surprised, but they should never be allowed to founder.

The things that contribute to this state of mind were a series of the events and incidents that make up plays like "The Thirteenth Chair," "The Bat," and various mystery stories; unexpected faces, and appearances like the hand turning off the light in "Grumpy." But the various incidents being unrelated, the burlesque was only funny in lightning flashes.

Perhaps, however, Richard Bennett regarded the play as a light interlude between heavier pieces, for, in spite of the theatricality of "The Fool," it calls for serious treatment and has made quite an impression on some auditors with susceptibilities to religious drama.

## WORDLESS FILM PLAYS.

Every once in a while one sees a play on the screen that has a noticeably small number of sub-titles, or of explanatory text. This, evidently, is an effort on the part of scenario writers to work toward a new goal: a picture play that tells its story so graphically, and with such fine continuity, that words are needless.

Whether this consummation is to be wished we do not yet know. But the comparatively few artists among those who have to do with picture-play production are interested in the idea, for it would mean better pictures, a gain in time, and, above all, better acting. For there is no question as to the tendency of the subordinate players in the movie business showing a trend, like their peers in the spoken drama, toward the deadening methods of stereotype.

There would need to be some overhauling, no doubt, of present method used in movie scenarios. But that is bound to come in any case, as the method of working out picture plays does not stand still. We have but to pause, reflect for a few moments, and compare the first-class picture plays of the present epoch, pieces of real magnitude, with those we were enjoying uncritically a dozen years ago. Indeed, it would not be at all a bad idea for some movie theatre proprietor, or some producer, to revive an old favorite of that era in order to place it on the same programme in contrast with the best work of the present time.

It is worthy of note, by the way, that the loss in time in giving the spectators in a movie house full opportunity to read all the explanatory text is considerable. The commensurate gain, therefore, would perhaps allow for a more leisurely enjoyment on the part of the audience of many beautiful stage pictures presented. For one of the trials, in the peaceful and silent atmosphere of a picture play theatre, is the speed with which they race the pictures over the screen. The tenderest consideration is paid to the slower readers of the text. They must never be made to feel that they are not considered. But in many of the plays there are really beautiful pictures full of interesting detail; pictures such as the court scenes in "The Three Guardsmen." It is not only exasperating to see such pictures, that are like copies of famous paintings, hurried off the screen, but it is a downright loss.

Several experiments have been made in giving picture plays without text; two have been seen, and not so very long ago, by the movie fans, "The Swimm'g Hole" and "The Journey's End." This means that others will follow; and next it remains to be seen how kindly the public will take to the innovation.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A Kansas woman sued her husband for divorce because he has forced her to move sixty-three times in twelve years. And some women complain that married life is monotonous.

## THE BOG-LIGHT OF PLAY WRITING.

I am speaking entirely within the bounds of probability, says James L. Ford in the New York Tribune, when I say that at the present moment there must be at least a million individuals devoting all or a part of their waking hours to the construction of what they imagine are plays. In this great army are representatives of every business, profession, and mechanical craft, and if the time they have wasted had been employed in some simple work of agriculture like picking huckleberries or digging potatoes the cost of living might have been materially reduced.

The persistent harping on the earning capacity of the American dramatist that has been going on ever since Clyde Fitch ran his brief meteoric course across the theatrical horizon has proved of incalculable harm to a credulous generation of money-hunters. It has created the widespread delusion that the writing of plays is one of the most lucrative and easily mastered callings that ingenious youth can embark in, whereas we have only to compare the gross amount of the royalties paid each year to playwrights with the number of those engaged, more or less successfully, in writing plays to realize that it is the most poorly recompensed of all occupations.

Bartley Campbell and Bronson Howard may be accounted the earliest of the race of modern playwrights whose emoluments have become a matter of such unfortunate notoriety.

Bartley Campbell's "My Partner," with its conspicuous "actor-proof" scene, was a notable production, for it proved the value of the playwright to be at least equal to that of the star. The same may be said of Mr. Howard's "Banker's Daughter," which had been given two or three times under as many different names before it received the help of A. R. Cazauban at the Union Square Theatre. The author thought himself fortunate when Mr. Palmer agreed to pay him \$25 a night for his play, as indeed he was, for it paved the way to a successful career, and it is said that "Shenandoah" yielded him a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars. Campbell continued to write popular dramas, but the low scale of royalties disgusted him, and in time he became his own manager and producer, till the toil and anxiety entailed by the two dissimilar offices drove him out of his mind and eventually led to his death.

It was Charles Frohman who inaugurated the custom, now universally followed, of paying the dramatist a percentage of the gross takings instead of a flat royalty, and of this beneficent policy Clyde Fitch was one of the first to profit conspicuously. In his adroit hands that which a simpler generation had regarded as a profession became a business, and he followed it with efficiency and industry, reaping large pecuniary harvests and implanting hopeless ambitions in thousands of young souls. The influence exerted by Frohman and Fitch was far more extensive and disastrous than is generally known.

The lure of prospective money making, coupled with the magical illusion of the footlights, unseated reason in the heads of the vast number who wished to get rich quickly and without hard labor, and caused an epidemic of playwrighting that has raged ever since with steadily increasing malignity. To the many elective courses that make easy the path of the lazy student up the heights of Olympus, far-seeing college presidents hastened to add that of dramatic construction, which attracted countless eager students, and at the same time persons without any education save the most meagre convinced themselves and their immediate relatives that playwrighting was easy for the strong wrist.

The result of this was to create a sort of will o' the wisp which the incompetent have followed to the neglect of better opportunities. No estimate can be made of the numbers engaged in this futile pursuit, of the vocations abandoned or the careers ruined by following this *ignis fatuus*, but it is safe to say that of the hundred-odd millions who constitute our population there are very few who have not at least considered a try at the calling that involves so little work and holds out promise of such great rewards.

The modern corsetless, golf-playing, swimming, riding, dancing girl looks like a pretty fine physical specimen—much finer, any one will grant, than the long-skirted, tightly-laced Victorian lady, whose most violent exercise was croquet, says the Ohio State Journal. Probably there are many women, necessarily of the leisure class, who overdo the sport fad. But unless English women are very different from the American women, there aren't many so strenuous. And it isn't likely that the most enthusiastic sportswoman ever tires herself quite so much as the active housewife of the middle classes, particularly in these house-cleaning times. It is no sport to carry a big mattress out in the yard for airing or to drag out the rugs; and who has heard scientists worrying over the future of the race on account of these little stunts?

Tibet's area is 463,200 square miles.

## WAS HAMLET SHAKESPEARE?

The hypothesis that Shakespeare composed "Hamlet" in order to expose a court scandal, and inveigh against glaring sins of the times, is not supported by any evidence whatever; at least Professor Thompson produces none, writes Horace Furness, Jr., the eminent Shakespearean scholar, in the North American Review. We should be furnished with facts as to Shakespeare's source of his knowledge. We should be shown that Shakespeare was smarting under rebuffs from those high in office, and thus divulged state secrets out of spite. We should be shown that Shakespeare's particular animus was against Leicester, and should be told the incidents which aroused it. Without this information there is no reason why Shakespeare should rake up concealed facts in a case which had been discussed and sifted almost before he was born—Amy Robsart died in 1560—and throw out veiled hints accusing the principal agents, one of whom, Leicester, had died ten or twelve years before Shakespeare wrote his play. What person then witnessing the play would cast his memory back thirty years or more and at once apply some obscure reference to a case which had long since ceased to excite any interest? Furthermore, even had Shakespeare openly avowed his belief in Leicester's guilt, who would have paid any attention, or attached any importance, to the words of a young playwright, who at that date, 1598, was only beginning his career?

Mention is made of but two Quartos, 1603 and 1604, as appearing before the Folio of 1623, whereas there were three others, one in 1605, one in 1611, and one undated, a clear witness to the great popularity of the play, although Mr. Thompson several times refers to it as but "caviare to the general." The Quarto of 1604 is evidently a rewritten version of the play as it appeared in 1603; there are many additions and some omissions. But when Mr. Thompson declares that "it is an inescapable conclusion that in the revised version Shakespeare introduced a large element of the personal equation," it is taking for granted that we know just what that personal equation might be. Did Shakespeare ever show himself completely? Such phrases as "beyond doubt," "it is quite certain," are somewhat dangerous when applied to a theory touching Shakespeare's creations, and are apt to excite antagonism, in place of acquiescence. Until we have more positive evidence of Shakespeare's own character I, for one, shall not accept this dogmatic assertion that Hamlet is Shakespeare.

Again: "In a play purporting to be based on actual history it was natural, even inevitable, that Shakespeare should have women in contemporary allusions or incidents which, however much metamorphosed in the drama, nevertheless were recognized as familiar by the audience." This is, of course, true to a certain extent. The chance mention of some actual incident, whereof the date is known, is one of the few ways we still have of establishing the date of composition of any play. But it is the despair of the historian that of these historic allusions Shakespeare has far fewer than any of his contemporaries. He seems to have been so immersed in his own story and drama that the everyday events passed him by almost unregarded. Still less is it likely that he should have traveled back thirty years and more to cast out obscure allusions to an incident which few among his audience would be likely to recall.

## The Place with an "atmosphere"

## SIGNPOSTS

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Rapid in action is the melodramatic farce, "The Rear Car," which started on a two weeks' run last Monday night and ever since has been giving large audiences a mixture of thrills and laughs. Edward E. Rose, the author, is to be congratulated upon having Richard Bennett cast for the "deflector," the sort of butter-in who mixes up the already complicated conditions existing on the private car conveying the long-lost heiress to her father. Bennett has done a number of dramatic rôles with success, but this is the first instance in which he has come out as a farceur. His success is in nowise less brilliant than in the other line of stage work. He is supported by a large cast which gives the necessary melodramatic touch to the scenes of this mystery drama spoke of as "battier than 'The Bat.'" It will be offered for the last time Saturday night, September 23d, and is not to be played elsewhere in California, Bennett leaving immediately for New York to open his season there.

The stage success, "Nice People," will be the next offering at the Columbia Theatre, opening there on Monday night, September 25th, with Mary Newcomb in the stellar rôle. This is the Rachel Crothers play that created so much of a stir on Broadway.

The Players Theatre.

Unusual interest centres in the announcement by Reginald Travers and William S. Rainey of the continuation of their special season of worth-while plays at the Players Theatre, Bush Street near Gough.

A series of five distinctive and attractive plays will be offered, beginning with Ossip Dymov's Russian drama, "Nju," which will be given its San Francisco première next Monday evening with Evelyn Vaughan in the name part.

Another novelty is Philip Moeller's comedy, "Madame Sand," which deals with the escapades and amours of that interesting personage. It was a starring vehicle for Mrs. Fiske recently in New York, but has never been seen in San Francisco. Mabel Gump is cast for Madame Sand.

In response to numerous requests, Francis Powers' colorful tale of San Francisco's Chinatown, "The First Born," will be given, with a sparkling comedy by John Jex entitled "Violet Souls" as a curtain raiser.

An elaborate revival of "Romeo and Juliet" and the first production of a new play by Charles Caldwell Dobie, at present called "Doubling in Brass," complete the series.

The regular Players Club season will start in November, upon the completion of the Rainey-Travers series, and will also consist of five plays new to San Francisco. Season subscription tickets for the entire ten productions are now being offered at reduced rates.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The public is well acquainted with Hobart Bosworth on the screen. Those who remem-

ber him on his last appearance at the Orpheum will be surprised to see him in a character which is an antithesis to the Sea Wolf. "Jes' Buck," which Mr. Bosworth wrote himself, is as great a comedy as "The Sea Wolf" was a drama.

The announcement that Rae Samuels is coming will give every one who goes to vaudeville a thrill. Her personality and song numbers are treats which she brings too seldom. D'Amore Franklin and Douglas Charles with Ethel Truesdale contribute a liberal surprise of the good things of the theatre.

"The Dizzy Heights" is a great domestic comedy in which Anderson and Burt spend their honeymoon in the Alps. The skit is packed with laughs.

Quite the most tantalizing toes which have tickled the terpsichorean tastes in a long time are those of the Mellette Sisters.

A laugh with every chug of the motor is the record of "Fields' Family Ford."

Swartz and Clifford have a distinctive way of getting over their popular melodies and clever nonsense.

The Bieserts are sensational cyclists who make every moment a thrill.

The Circuit's Third of a Century.

It will startle many an old-timer to be told that the Orpheum has been dispelling gloom in San Francisco for a third of a century. But so are we getting on. The Orpheum Circuit, from a beginning in this city, spreads today over fifteen states and the western part of Canada, and is preparing to celebrate the completion of a third of a century of progress and achievement. The anniversary date falls in the week commencing Sunday, October 22d, and during that seven days Orpheum theatres, north and south, east and west, will be resplendent with flags and crowded with patrons.

Thirty-three and a third years ago, two young San Franciscans, Martin Beck and Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., conceived the idea of this circuit of theatres. Their assets consisted of the lease of a small show house, a few hundred dollars in cash, their energies, and an idea. They spent so much on decoration and on items of cleanliness and comfort that rival managers shook their heads and made bets on the time that would elapse before they found the sheriff in possession; but the public surged to the box-office, and kept on surging. Los Angeles beckoned to them, and soon a theatre in that city was under their management. Thence the circuit rapidly spread.

In San Francisco realty values increased in the vicinity of the Orpheum, and no mistakes were made in the purchase of sites in any of the cities of the circuit. Vaudeville was elevated by adopting the policy of clean, bright shows, so success attended from both directions. The circuit extends from San Francisco to Chicago, and from Winnipeg to New Orleans, and generally speaking it books the best light entertainment that offers in New York or London. Altogether, it is an institution in which San Franciscans can take pride as well as pleasure, and regard with some of the affection that attaches to memories of the long ago.

It took a trip to the States, and to Washington, for that matter, for a man from the Panama Canal Zone to have an undesirable encounter with mosquitoes, says the Washington Post. Contrary to whatever notions any one may have concerning the tropical nature of Panama in contradistinction to our own part of the country, the mosquito does not exist now in Panama, but is frequently met outside, according to Richard M. Davies of Panama. "Panama has been rid of the mosquito entirely," says Mr. Davies, "and with it has gone the malarial troubles which for many years were rampant in that country. Strange to say, during my present trip to the States I have been bothered on several occasions with mosquitoes, and it was a new experience, since the country along the Canal has been completely rid of them. There are sporadic cases of malaria, as you will find them no less in sections much farther north. But the mosquito and malaria as a disease generally suffered over the country have been eliminated from Panama. I find that some persons in the States have peculiar ideas about Panama. I met one man who believed that the country was largely a swamp. And the surprising fact of the matter was that he had visited Panama. There is not a swamp there. It is a hilly country and is dry and anything but a country of swamps. There is not the hustle that is found in the large cities up this way. You can take life easy, and the populated sections are more like small towns, where everybody knows all about everybody else."

The etymology of "Yule" proves the Pagan origin of this Christmas custom of the Yule festival. The feast of the sun god Thor—always celebrated in Saxon days at the winter solstice—was termed Giul, the signification of which was ale, and of this word Yule is a corruption.

Red-haired persons are said to be less subject to baldness than others. But is it worth it?

BALTIC STATES IMPROVE.

That the help given to Northwestern Russia in 1919 and 1920 by America played an important part in stamping out the Bolshevik spirit in that district is the conviction of Colonel Edward W. Ryan, who for the last four years has had charge of all American Red Cross activities in the new states of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia, bordering on Riga Bay, says the New York Times. Colonel Ryan has just reached New York after eight years medical and relief work in various countries of Europe. Conditions in Kovno Reval and adjacent territories, where in 1920 and 1921 the Red Cross was feeding 36,000 refugees, have improved so much that the inhabitants of the Baltic states are not only now raising plenty of food-stuffs for their own use, but are exporting flax and timber.

"They have balanced their budgets and as far as production is concerned are economically independent," said Colonel Ryan, discussing the rehabilitation of Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania. "In 1919, when we first went into Riga, the people were in a dazed, disorganized, helpless state. They were groping in the dark, not knowing what would happen from day to day and not caring much. From January to May of that year Bolshevik propaganda was strong, and it was only through dogged work that these three countries are not today in the deplorable state of Russia."

"At the time of the Kronstadt revolution many of them escaped across the ice and reached Finland. There they were fed and cared for by the Red Cross, and eventually were able to return to their country. The first national army of 250 men, which did some hard fighting in those days driving back the Bolsheviks, has now increased to 60,000. With the exception of the southern border of Lithuania, where it joins Poland, there is comparative peace through the Baltic states. But along this border the Poles are aggressive, and it will be necessary for the Lithuanians to be mobilized for some time to come."

"Most of the officers in this army received their education in Petrograd and Berlin and are very intelligent. They are well trained and disciplined. It was only through the clever organization of disjointed forces that the strongest leaders were able to pull together the nucleus which later played so important a part in the formation of an independent government. In 1917 the seven or eight million inhabitants of these three countries were as uncertain of their future as the other 100,000,000 people in Russia. Even after the recognition of the Baltic states by the League of Nations, sporadic revolutions kept those countries in a chaotic and unsettled condition. Only now that a degree of normality has been reached is the feeling of unrest developing into something more stable, more durable and lasting."

"To many of those people war is normal and peace abnormal. This is true, not only in the Baltic states, but all through Europe. Boys have been leaving their schools and classes since 1914 to go into the army. To them war is the natural life. They can not go back to school now to finish an interrupted education—as they are demobilized they must look around for a new trade, a new profession. The Baltic states, as well as other states, have this problem confronting them. That they have, with the Bolsheviks continually knocking at the door, been able to stabilize their trade, start their schools, and reestablish industry is greatly to their credit. Had they had the indolence and procrastination of the Russians of Central and Eastern Russia, this would not have been possible. But they are a naturally thrifty, hard-working, industrious group."

What Makes a Playwright?

A flair for the stage is a gift that the Fairy Godmother seldom brings to the christening, says James L. Ford in the New York Tribune. It was the birthright of Dion Boucicault, whose "London Assurance" was produced with sensational success when he was nineteen years old, and, as it was as difficult then as now for an unknown to obtain a hearing, we may infer that he wrote it at the age of eleven. It is a rare thing to find this extraordinary aptitude for dramatic creation in the cultivated mind, and we have only to read the essays on the drama penned from time to time by erudite scholars to become convinced that the whole subject lies beyond the comprehension of academic thought.

The education of the successful dramatists has been that of life rather than of books. The last man to learn the art is the literary expert, because he can not escape the thrall-dom of fine writing, which is a far cry from construction. An accomplished playwright once told me that a watchmaker possessed the best natural gifts for the craft, as every wheel in a watch served a useful purpose in making the wheels go round, and to remove one or add a new one would ruin the whole works.

And while the few have acquired or inherited the knack of scene-building, the other million of college professors, carpenters, law-

yers, undergraduates, gasfitters and mercantile clerks are blindly following the *iguais fatuus* of the stage, leaving in its place only disillusionment and the consciousness of a profitless career.

Gentlemen of the Chorus.

Why are chorus men? used to be a question asked by theatre-goers, but it has finally been answered—because it means a job, says a London cable to the New York Herald. As several theatres are giving preference to men who served in the war, chorus work for men has been given a new dignity. And the fact that the rôles of chorus men are being filled by real men who have proved themselves such makes a difference widely observed on the dark side of the footlights in London theatres.

At Daly's Theatre, where Harry Welchman is starring in "The Lady of the Rose," there is a male chorus which includes two ex-majors and five captains as well as others of lesser military rank, but no less respected in the war days. In the play they do a parade and nothing like it has ever been seen done by stage soldiers before. They are soldiers first and chorus men by necessity. When Welchman snaps his commands they click their heels together and give a remarkable performance. At the same time they take real pride in their work.

One ex-major in this chorus commanded a horse artillery battery and was gassed in France. Captain "L. P." went out with the West Kentish regiment; Captain "C. P. P." with the Indian cavalry, and Captain "R. R. M." was at Saloniki. His pals call him the "commercial traveler" because the only line he speaks is "Yes, we are only waiting for orders."

Lord Leverhulme and America.

In an article in the *Westminster Gazette* that would warm the cockles of a prohibitionist's or an efficiency expert's heart Lord Leverhulme indicates the superiority of Americans over Englishmen in practicing the habits of sobriety, diligence, and early rising, says the *Living Age*. To be sure, he hastens to add the British have many points of superiority that he deems it more politic not to divulge. The important thing is that breakfast is served in New York hotels at 6 o'clock and that barber shops open at the same hour. This impresses the Britisher, for London's culinary and tonsorial artists do not embark upon their day of toil until eight. Americans undoubtedly have the habit of work, and if material prosperity is the greatest thing in life, surely we are the greatest nation in the world. Lord Leverhulme is also impressed with the way young Americans with large inheritances buckle down to work, whereas a young Englishman with even \$5000 a year income is certain to spend his life in leisure. He also points, as his countrymen frequently do, to our enormous gold reserve, but graciously adds that America's good habits are her real reserve of gold. The noble lord finds that Japan, too, is more progressive than his own country, and he expresses the opinion that England should imitate the industrious habits of the Oriental nation before undertaking missionary reform there.

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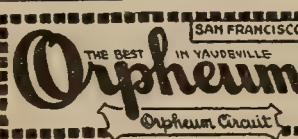
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## VANITY FAIR.

The sale of "Tait's" last week to a syndicate originating in the land of citrus fruits and cafeterias appears, to many a soulful Bohemian, to mark the passing of the typical San Francisco French restaurant. As a matter of fact, the San Francisco French restaurant has not yet altogether passed, and Tait's was not a faithful type of the class, being quite too proper; but there is some truth in the theory that times have changed, inasmuch as times are always changing, and that San Francisco no longer presents its vices to the world in the same fearless and seductive forms as of yore. And that is enough to excite the fear that it has passed its most full-blooded and fiery youth, and begun to enter upon the time of life which the Frenchman described as "the sad days when our vices begin to desert us." For it can not be denied that the old French restaurants of several stories, where the higher the story the lower the morals, have almost departed. It is not altogether due to our beloved Brother Volstead, either, for the process began before the general dessionation, and was probably started by the rise in living costs. But memory remains. There was the one where the elevator man wore diamonds for keeping his mouth shut. It began in the earliest of early days, with a canine name, and after many shifts of base reached its apogee on the corner made famous by Spider Kelly. (The Spider, by the way, had some good sporting instincts, and attended the Volsteadian auction of his bar furnishings with his usual personal sign-manual in evidence: a small piece of ice held in his left hand, perhaps to refrigerate his overwarm heart.) And then there was the one built on Mason Street after the fire, when the motor-car had begun to exert its influence even on the oldest and least respectable institutions. Behind a side door it had an automobile runway leading to the rear, where an automatic elevator waited, and veiled ladies could reach the upper levels without attracting notice. Why? We do not know, and not knowing can not say, as the old lady put it. But we do mind us of the observation of the late Reuben H. Lloyd: that "no woman ever went upstairs in a French restaurant to say her prayers."

Eating in a San Francisco French restaurant made you feel wonderfully wicked and filled you with good food—the best ever cooked anywhere in the world. No Roman emperor with an imported Greek cook ever dined as San Franciscans used to dine in their own restaurants with their imported French cooks. If you don't believe it you have an excellent chance of comparison—there are plenty of Greek restaurants. The wicked feeling operated as a tonic. The French cook knew his business. The raw materials of the feast—fish, flesh, fowl and fruit—were the most luxuriant and full flavored ever caught in the sea or grown upon the land. The wines that ripened in our beautiful coastal valleys—oh, gosh, how can we continue? One of the strange things about these places was the impeccable respectability

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of the lower floor, a feature never understood by any Eastern visitor. But here the San Franciscan took his wife, and could without embarrassment meet another San Franciscan with his. The wickedness of the rest of the place was a thing that could be swallowed with the soup. Why fuss about it? Those were the good days, not only of good cooking, but of the social theory that your fellow-citizens' morals were none of your business; an attitude of mind it is growing harder and harder for the public to maintain before the growing example of governmental interference with everybody's business. Another marked feature was the "French bread," baked in the same good way by one bakery in this city since 1853. Not only was its crust crisp and golden, combed into a little ridge by a stroke of the baker's knife before the loaf entered the oven, but it was made with real old yeast which gave the crumb a most appetizing and tonic sour savor. Only in two places in the world was such bread to be found: San Francisco and Paris. The most serious damage some of our restaurateurs have been able to do to the gastronomic reputation of San Francisco they have done by substituting the little dry, savorless, uninteresting individual rolls, shaped like dolls' pillows, and just as tasteless. One might as well eat excelsior. The old times are going. It is dull work toting a tray. No man has ever been able to do it with dignity.

Humanity is again on the eve of a great regeneration, a new birth of hope and promise. The millennium has dawned once more, this time in darkest Pennsylvania, state of sinful manufacturers and coal barons, and the mounted constabulary our pink reformers call Cossacks, and copper-riveted boiler-plated political bosses, and tariff protectees, and all the other grievances discontent can describe. The millennium is always dawning or about to dawn somewhere, but somehow its sun never seems to get much higher than about half-past 9, which, if we remember rightly, was first-drink-time in Wolfville. But in Pennsylvania it now appears with a splendor lacking to all other appearances, and an element of promise whose absence heretofore is sufficient to explain why it has always faded away before 10 a. m. Pennsylvania has a woman boss. She has arrived at last, and in the state of Matt Quay and Boies Penrose, of William E. Crow and Philander Knox. She is Mrs. Gifford Pinchot; and Harrisburg, the capital of the state, has raised its arms in terror and despair and ejaculated through its choking, fat throat, "My God!" The Old Guard hated Pinchot badly enough, ever since he wrested the gubernatorial nomination from the stand-pat aspirant. But with the realization of how it was done has come an added alarm. It was a feminine victory. The cunning hand of feministic generalship has become plainer as the Old Guard has counted the dying and the dead. "It was her work that licked us in the primary," said one of them the other day. "She spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to do it, but she did a damned good job." And the Old Guard may be supposed to know. To reverse Napoleonic tradition, it surrenders when it must, but it never really dies. In the present case its knees are dragging in the dust behind the chariot wheels of a new Queen of Palmyra, Boadicea, what you will, but a woman, and its reluctant acknowledgments swell the roar of victory; a victory with which it will not admit Pinchot himself had much to do. No doubt when it grows callouses under its chains it will be quite accustomed to feeding from the fair white hand that welded on the links; provided it can get anything on which to feed.

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania was Miss Cornelia Elizabeth Bryce of New York, niece, on the distaff side, of J. Sergeant Cram, than whom there has been no more adroit political manipulator among the hosts of Tammany. Her family was wealthy, and she was accustomed to cash, in larger units than two-dollar bills. When the Bull Moose herds were calling over mountain and prairie in 1912, she heard the call and joined. Pinchot was one, and it is said Roosevelt introduced them. Before that time Pinchot had never sought elective office, but after that he had the nerve for anything. In 1915 he added to the gayeties of the Old Guard by running for United States senator against Boies Penrose. He might as well have run for Sphinx, or the Pyramid of Cheops. But his wife said that at least he had dared. She sat at his right hand in his Philadelphia office and whatever she needed to know about real politics she found out then. Old stagers say it was she that did all the daring. They do say that Pinchot never ventured much, and that it was Roosevelt who put him into the Ballinger contest, as his wife put him into the senatorial and the recent gubernatorial. As one of them expressed it while waiting on one foot for the millennium the other day, "it will be a case of spoiling a damn good forester to make a damn poor governor." Be that as it may, as dear old Macaulay was so fond of saying, they have a shrewd opinion as to who

is the present boss of Pennsylvania. "Hell's bells!" said the Old Guard. "He ain't running for governor; his wife is running him. She won't trust the campaign even to the state committee. She's goin' to boss the whole shebang, and when he's elected it won't be hard to tell who is really governor, and the boss of this poor old shot-up commonwealth. Where do we old war horses git our hay now?" That is the millennial question. Such wicked institutions as Old Guards should forever disappear in shame before the bright white light of the millennial day. Social justice may be expected, whatever that means; and the abolition of poverty, selfishness, and crime. If any lions can be found in Pennsylvania they can lie right down with the lambs and have no fear.

### Automobile Courtesy.

Automobiles in all parts of the United States will soon be bearing on their windshields a little green and white sticker with "automobile courtesy" in large letters over the name of the local automobile club, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, indicating that the driver of this car is observing the courtesy campaign being conducted by the American Automobile Association in connection with the Chicago Automobile Trade Association and the National Automobile Dealers' Association.

"We believe that 50 per cent. of the automobile accidents which happen on the highways of the United States could be avoided through the use of a little automobile courtesy," said Dai H. Lewis, acting executive chairman of the A. A. A. "Courtesy costs nothing and brings greater results than any other element entering into the driving of an automobile."

"Real automobile courtesy demands that we give the other fellow his share of the road; that we dim our lights when meeting another car at night; that we recognize the fact that the man behind us blowing for the road wants to get by and is not challenging us to a race; in short, it means being agreeable in all these little things that go so far toward avoiding friction."

The American Automobile Association in taking up with its 800 affiliated clubs the question of carrying on this campaign is impressing the need for careful observance of traffic regulations as one of the elements of a courtesy campaign. The traffic officer, the association points out, is only a human being placed in a difficult position because of the necessity of enforcing these regulations and a little courtesy toward him will eliminate many of the more trivial arrests that now clutter up our traffic courts.

The whole operation of the courtesy campaign, the A. A. A. points out, depends entirely upon the old principle of the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

### Shawl Goats.

Cashmere shawls, according to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, are not made of wool of sheep, nor do the animals live in Kashmir. In our everyday parlance the word cashmere is incorrectly applied to material made from the finest grade of the wool of merino sheep raised in Spain, but the real product is made from the soft, very fine and short under-wool of the shawl-goat, which lives in the mountainous regions of Tibet. There are several varieties of this so-called wool, but on the finest of it the Maharaja of Kashmir has a monopoly.

The natives collect it after it has fallen off naturally in the springtime, or remove it and separate it from the hair.

I firmly believe that a desire to go behind the scenes of a theatre and be introduced to actresses is the most powerful, and, in many cases, the most disastrous passion of which human nature is capable, says James L. Ford in the New York *Tribune*. No mirage of shady grove and cooling spring that ever quickened the pace of the weary desert traveler is as alluring as that which the ingenious youth beholds as he journeys toward the goal that always eludes him. In that mirage he sees himself in that fascinating region that lies behind the footlights, a land of indescribable charm to every one who has never entered it. He sees himself conversing on terms of intimacy with the actresses whom he has watched from his seat in the orchestra or gallery, wondering the while if the radiant qualities that distinguish them in the mimic scene dominate their private lives.

Before leaving Deauville King Alfonso of Spain started a new fashion which is reported to have been taken up by French aristocracy, says a Paris cable to the New York *Herald*. The king at his last appearance in the Casino for dinner wore a double-breasted dinner jacket. The coat is much longer than the ordinary dinner jacket, and has six buttons, two of which are high up on the chest. It appears, however, that the coat can be worn only by slender men and looks badly buttoned when the wearer is seated.

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## STORYETTES

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Mrs. George Gould, who strongly disapproved of divorce, was once talking to a young divorcee at a Lakewood dinner party. The latter was admiring Mrs. Gould's jewels. In the midst of her gurgling she commented on her hostess' wedding ring. "How old-fashioned it looks!" she babbled on. "In the past they made them so much larger than they do now." "Yes," said Mrs. Gould, cutting in on the gush with precise asperity. "In the past they made them to last a lifetime."

A famous bishop was waiting for his train in an out-of-the-way village when he saw a stranger eying him askance. Fearing he might be cutting a slight acquaintance, the bishop nodded to the man. "Excuse me, mister," said the possible acquaintance, "but I think I seen your picture in the paper onct." "Very probably," answered the bishop. "Kin I ask," the stranger inquired respectfully, "what wuz you cured of?"

The director was reduced to the state of a raving maniac. The star was new and ignorant of the codified procedure in the violent love scene being enacted. "All you gotta do, Geraldine," roared the peeved director, "is shove the hero away from you rough when he tries to kiss you. For the love of Moses! Aint you ever tried to keep a fellow from kissing you?" "Never," said Geraldine.

Two famous actors, novices at the game, were playing golf. They were gradually but surely reducing the turf to an approximation of a plowed field. Finally their caddies felt that they could stand it no longer. One turned to the other with, "Did you say them two are actors, Jim?" "Yes, Jo," admitted the second, anguish and apology struggling in his voice. "Well," said the first, "all I can say is they might make good scene-shifters."

The now proverbial wife of the profiteer was having her *nouveau riche* home decorated. The place was literally overrun with painters and paperers. The foreman approached the lady and reported, "We have completed the morning room, ma'am; what next?" "You can do the study on Friday," he was told. "What shall we do in the interim, madame?" "Oh, paper that, too," the lady nonchalantly replied.

H. G. Wells has a very heavy, well-preserved thatch of hair and a passion for telling stories concerning his less fortunate fellows. One is of the man who had only a fringe covering the zone from ear to ear at the back of the neck. Even this fringe has to be clipped, and when the man once asked a barber, "May I keep my collar on?" he was told, "Yes, and you may keep your hat on, too, if you like."

The high-powered car was speeding toward a railroad crossing when a train rounded the bend a mile away. The two men in the front seat, both racing fiends, began an argument as to whether or not they could beat the train to the crossing. The driver insisted he could easily make it, his companion that the train would beat them by several minutes. The argument and the speed increased and the train rolled swiftly on. Finally a passenger in the rear seat could stand it no longer. Frantically clutching a side of the car he shouted, "I don't give a damn who wins this race, but I hope it aint a tie."

Wickham Steed, editor of the London Times, is accredited with being an enthusiastic admirer of things American. Particularly, he is said to like the proud spirit of all Americans, high or low. "On one of your New York trolleys," says Mr. Steed, "an English tourist poked the conductor with his stick and said, 'I say, my man, is this the Bowery?' 'No, it ain't, dern yer,' was the haughty reply. 'It's the conductor.'"

One of T. R.'s standing favorites concerned some cowboys who, after catching a supposed horse thief, discovered to their dismay that they had caught and executed the wrong man. One among them who had a reputation for tact was selected to break the news to the victim's wife. "Are you the wife of Jake Smith?" the impromptu diplomat began. "Yes," the woman replied. "No, ye aint, neither; you're his widow," proceeded the tactful one. "I have his body out yonder in the wagon. We hung him for hoss lifting. But there's no need to feel bad about it. We found out after that he was not the guy we wuz looking for. The joke is on us."

On the porch of the abandoned postoffice at Markleeville, which still bears the old sign because everybody knows the postoffice is now in the back of the general store, there is a large safe, also abandoned. It was left there by the superintendent of an Alpine County mine when the company failed years ago. A

sympathetic traveler asked a cowboy if the residents knew what was in it, and why they did not open it for its possible contents. "Yes, sir," said the cowboy. "We know exactly what that safe contains, and we have held a-many a rally to try to make up our minds what to do about it. She contains \$6.40 and a bottle of whisky, and we are afraid to blow her open for fear of bustin' the bottle."

The late Dan Hanna, according to his friends, hated camouflage of any sort. Hanna used to like telling the story of the girl and the young man in the moonlit palm garden of a Florida hotel. "But," said the girl, gently uncoiling the young man's arm from about her waist—"but, Reginald, is your love real?" "Real?" he cried passionately. "It's as real as the coral in your sweet lips and the rose flush of your cheek!" "Oh—ah—" stammered the girl, "isn't it—er—I mean—it's a lovely evening, isn't it?"

The umbrella is one of the oldest inventions. It appears on the temple walls of Egypt, Assyria, and in the ancient sketches of India and China. No one knows where it originated, but probably in hot climes, as a protection from the sun. In fact, "umbrella" means "sunshade," from the Latin "umbro," shade. It is said to have been introduced into Europe from Persia.

The giant bamboo of India blossoms at the age of thirty years and then dies. It produces large numbers of seeds which the natives use for food if they can live until the crop matures.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The Country House Hostess Speaks Her Mind.

The summer season's over and the guests have gone away. Of course they all brought presents, and I view with some dismay, Bird sticks, bird baths, bird houses, door knockers and door stops, All sorts of porch doodaddles from the neighboring gift shops. Queer things of painted tin, to hang on my veranda wall; And fearsome jugs of pottery, to decorate my hall; And dinky sofa-pillows, and dolls for telephones, And paperweights, of scenery painted on cobblestones. Framed verses for my guest room, of sentimental drools; And green one-legged baskets filled with useless garden tools; And teetery tea-tables, and smoke-a-diddle stands, And candlesticks, hand-painted by misdirected hands. And strings of semi-precious junk to dangle round my neck; And knitted scarfs and sweaters—til! I am a nervous wreck. I hope I'm not ungrateful, but the clouds would show a rift. If I could speed one parting guest who hadn't left a gift!

—Carolyn Wells in Judge.

## The New Brazil.

On all sides there is evidence of an increasing tendency on the part of Brazil's responsible leaders to face reality, to discard the "made-in-Europe" concept of their country, to know and to dominate their own en-

vironment, says Roy Nash in the American Review of Reviews. One case in point is the recent explorations of that intrepid em-pire-builder, General Rondon, who carried a telegraph line across wildest Matto Grosso through obstacles unthinkable to one unacquainted with tropic jungle, exploring and mapping great areas of hitherto unknown territory, standing as the protector of savages who thus came in contact with their civilized neighbors for the first time. Another is the work of the Institut Butantan, where the venoms of poisonous snakes are studied and serums prepared by rigid scientific methods for distribution throughout a country where snakes happen to be more of a menace to human life than elsewhere. These are but two of many instances which might be cited.

There is a New Brazil, and in these two decades of the Twentieth Century it has moved farther in the direction of a larger and finer life for the average man than in the four hundred years that went before. If certain basic problems of a democracy, like public education, have been neglected—charge it to the republic's youth. She has solved one great problem of a modern democracy which the United States has found well-nigh insoluble: with a population where all colors from white to black freely intermingle, Brazil knows no color problem and is torn by no race hatred. She enjoys peace within a land empire which one day will support two hundred millions as easily as it now supports thirty. She is at peace with the ten sovereignties which touch her vast boundaries, and all boundary disputes have been settled in the days of her youth by the peaceful processes of diplomacy.



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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mrs. Harry Scott and Mrs. Preston Drown will introduce their daughters, Miss Frances Ames and Miss Josephine Drown, to society at a ball to be given November 4th at the Burlingame Country Club. Several hundred invitations will be issued for the affair. The two cousins are returning here shortly from Europe, where they have been for the past six months with their grandmother, Mrs. Edith Preston.

Miss Leonora Armsby will be introduced to society at a ball which her uncle, Mr. Raymond Armsby, will give at the Burlingame Country Club November 11th. Miss Armsby will come to California in October with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Armsby. They will spend the entire winter here.

Miss Lillian Williams and Mr. Edward Polhemus were married Tuesday in San Jose at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Williams. The wedding was simple in its detail and was witnessed only by intimate friends and relatives. Among those who attended from San Francisco were Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Spalding Baker, Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus, Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham and Miss Elsie Clifford.

Miss Josephine Grant entertained at dinner last Saturday evening at Hotel Del Monte. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mrs. William Parrott, Count Jean de Limur, Mr. William Crocker and Mr. Harry Hunt.

Miss Mary Chickering gave a luncheon Tuesday for Miss Harriet Walker and Miss Idabelle Wheaton, who are going East shortly to attend college. Miss Chickering entertained at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Paul Fagan entertained at luncheon today for Miss Margaret Buckbee, who will be married this winter to Mr. John Boyden.

Mrs. Helen Johnson Emrich and Miss Frances Johnson entertained yesterday at tea for Mrs. Charles Bowie Detrick of Hilo, Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Josephine Moore entertained the members of her bridal party over the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, in Santa Cruz. Miss Moore will be married Saturday afternoon to Mr. Dean Dillman in the gardens of the Moore home. Those who were Miss Moore's guests were Miss Jean Clift Seales, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Alice and Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Corinne Dillman, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Ernest Gunther, Mr. Oliver Lyman, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Jerd Sullivan, Mr. William Shuman, Mr. Edward Pringle and Mr. Donald Edwards.

Admiral Edward W. Eberle, U. S. N., and Mrs. Eberle entertained at luncheon aboard the U. S. S. California last Friday. Over twenty guests were present.

Mrs. George T. Marye gave a luncheon Saturday for Miss Anne Gordon, who recently arrived in San Francisco with her step-father and mother, General and Mrs. George Barnett. Mrs. Marye's guests included Miss Rosamond Lee, Miss Mar-

garet Lee, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Mary Martin, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Mrs. Henry Percival Dodge and Mrs. Austin Moore.

General Charles G. Morton, U. S. A., and his step-daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huff, gave a tea in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Edward W. Eberle last Friday afternoon at Fort Mason. The guests were army and naval officers and their wives from about the Bay region.

Miss Barbara Beardsley gave a tea Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Kathleen Bradley and Miss Betsy Dibblee at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Boardsley, in San Rafael. A hundred girls were present and included a number of the girls who will make their debuts in 1923.

Miss Virginia Chalkbourne entertained at a bridge-tea on Saturday in honor of Miss Frances Kellam, who left on Tuesday for the East with her mother, Mrs. Frederick Keilam.

The engagement of Miss Josephine Tynan, daughter of Mr. Joseph Tynan, to Mr. James Tattersall was announced last week. Mr. Tattersall recently returned from abroad. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Los Altos in honor of Mrs. Edward W. Eberle. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer, Judge and Mrs. William C. Hunt and Mrs. Norval Lane Nokes.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin celebrated her birthday on Friday, holding open house throughout the day. Scores of friends called at her home on Broadway. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Mary and Miss Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Mrs. Oscar Cooper assisted Mrs. Martin receiving. Mrs. Martin entertained at dinner on Thursday in honor of her daughter, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, who has just returned from abroad.

Mrs. Harry Hush Magee entertained at luncheon on Friday for Miss Helen Rodolph of Piedmont. Mrs. Magee gave the luncheon at the Women's Athletic Club.

Miss Ethel Lilley gave a house party last week-end at Bolinas. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp chaperoned the guests, who included Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Mr. Hall Bishop, Mr. Richard Wiley and Mr. Neil Lilley.

Miss Lottie Woods entertained at tea one day last week for Mrs. John Biddle of Philadelphia. Miss Woods was assisted in receiving her guests by her sisters, Miss Maud Woods, Miss Dorothy Woods, and Mrs. Ray Sherman.

Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell and her fiancé, Mr. James Moffitt, were the guests of honor at a barbecue picnic given Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear at the Lagunitas Country Club. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Adeline Kent, Mr. William Shuman, Mr. Robert Hooker, Jr.,

Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, Mr. Cabot Brown, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Edward Maltby, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. George Montgomery and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Invitations for the wedding of Miss Carroll Cambron and Mr. Stanley Morrison have been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Carroll George Cambron. The ceremony will be performed in the garden of the Cambron home on Baker Street at 9 o'clock, the evening of September 28th. Miss Margaret Monroe will be the maid of honor, and Miss Elizabeth Wright and Miss Lisa Stillman will be the bridesmaids. Mr. William Morrison will be his brother's groomsman and the ushers will be Mr. Barreda Sherman and Mr. Blair Shuman.

Captain and Mrs. Henry Odell entertained last week at dinner for Miss Mildred Van Dorn of New York, who is visiting her uncle and aunt, Admiral and Mrs. Joseph McKean, at Mare Island.

Miss Virginia Ford gave a tea on Saturday afternoon at the St. Francis Hotel for Miss Eleanor Welty and Miss Mary Welty, who are leaving here shortly to attend school. Miss Ford entertained twenty guests.

Captain George Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger entertained at luncheon last Saturday for Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby and Mrs. Denby. The guests were naval officials and their wives.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Kent Kane Parrott gave a picnic supper on Monday evening at the Hope Ranch clubhouse near Santa Barbara, where they are spending the summer. The guests included a number of San Franciscans who are south for the season.

Mrs. Porter Ashe gave a picnic supper Saturday evening at her home in San Rafael. Her guests were a number of young people who motored over from town for the affair.

Mrs. Henry Crocker had thirty-six guests for dinner in the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis last Monday evening, and with them later attended the opening of the new Shubert-Curran Theatre, returning to the hotel for after-theatre supper and dancing.

Mrs. Herbert Rothchild had a party of eleven with her at the opening of the new Shubert-Curran Monday evening, after which the guests enjoyed supper and dancing in the Garden of the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Walter Filer was hostess at a dinner party for six in the Fable Room of the St. Francis previous to attending the opening of the new Shubert-Curran Theatre.

The Garden and Fable Rooms of the Hotel St. Francis have been taxed to capacity during the past week with informal parties of those returning to town after the holidays. Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. George T. Cameron and Mrs. Walter G. Filer were one luncheon group. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels lunched with her son, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and her daughters, Miss Claudia and Miss Eleanor Spreckels, who have just returned from Europe. Mrs. Malcolm Whitman had her children with her for luncheon on Monday in the Fable Room. Mrs. Harry Scott and Mrs. Willard Drown took luncheon in the Garden on Monday. Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker and Mrs. David Neustadter were together for luncheon in the Fable Room. Mrs. Roy Bishop was hostess to a party of three for luncheon in the Garden.

Others who entertained small groups at luncheon in the Garden and Fable Room of the St. Francis included Mrs. Sidney M. Ehrman, Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Jr., Mrs. George Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. William S. Kuhn, Miss Helen Garrett, Mrs. N. Levy and Mrs. Albert Ehrman.

## The British Campaign for the "Left Turn."

A campaign in mass education—designed to end the anomaly which reverses the rule of the road as far as vehicular traffic is concerned, but conforms to common practice on the sidewalks—has been attempted in London since July 1st with little success, says the Boston Evening Transcript.

The left is right for wagons, automobiles, and anything else on wheels all over the United Kingdom. The custom is said to be one of the after effects of the secession of the Church of England from the Church of Rome. The tradition is that the first set rule of the road—keep to the right—was the idea of one of the earlier Popes, who devised the regulations in order to control traffic in Rome. The English, therefore, in renouncing Catholicism did a good job and reversed even the papal method of travel.

Historians say that the change-over was not effective as far as pedestrians were concerned, due to the fact that in those days most men still carried swords. They continued to pass each other on the left because—and here authorities disagree—it was either easier to draw swords and get into action or it was harder for a man to attack you unaware. At any rate, when the English have followed any system at all they have walked to the right.

Carrying of arms having fallen into disuse and "Safety First" become a national slogan, it was decided that it would be much wiser for pedestrians to walk facing the traffic than otherwise and consequently walk to the left was discussed and then an effort made to put it into practice.

Cold statistics say that thirty thousand signs on the pavements and placards on public vehicles and public places were used to drill the idea home, but even so, it is still a long way from there. The authorities of the City of London proper, the original square mile, asserting their inalienable rights of British liberty, refused to have anything to do with the innovation on the ground that walk to the right was on the same plane with common law.

## Death of Daniel S. Richardson.

Daniel Sidney Richardson, foreign secretary to the consulate-general of Japan, former assistant postmaster of San Francisco, and for many years secretary and treasurer of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, died at his residence, 1707 Tacoma Street, Berkeley, on Monday, September 11th.

Mr. Richardson was identified with the early literary circle of California, and enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ambrose Bierce, and later with Philip Verrill Mighels. He was a frequent contributor to the old *Overland Monthly*, and was the author of a book of verse entitled "Trail Dust," containing such well-known poems as "Panchita," "Yosemite," and "The Promise of the Sierra." He was born in West Acton, Massachusetts, studied at the old College of California, and during Grant's administration was secretary to the American legation in the City of Mexico under John W. Foster, serving in his chief's absence as *chargé d'affaires*. Returning to San Francisco, he acted for many years as a trusted business agent for the Japanese government, and for these services was twice decorated by the emperor. In his relations with Japan Mr. Richardson was always a consistent factor for peace. He had not been well since the Disarmament Conference at Washington, which he attended as one of the expert advisors to the Japanese delegation, and where his services were highly appreciated by his clients. He was a man of the truest culture as well as the most steadfast loyalty to his country, his family, and his many friends.

## Lectures on Aryan Culture.

A course of seven Tuesday afternoon lectures on "Aryan Culture" will be given by Sukumar Chatterji, editor of *Chhatra Sahodar*, under the direction of Paul Elder in the Paul Elder Gallery. The course will begin September 19th, at 2:30 o'clock, with a summary of "Aryan Culture" in all its aspects. This will be followed on consecutive Tuesdays with "Dawn of Indian Civilization," "Literary Heritage," "Knowledge, Arts, Sciences," "Medical Science and Psychology," "Breathing Systems of India," "Music and Drama."

Trench maps, printed on strong canvas for military purposes, are being used in England as insoles for tennis shoes. It seems a footy way to treat them.

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Truxton Beale, her mother, Mrs. William Oge, her sister, Miss Alice Oge, and Mrs. William Babcock, have returned to San Rafael, after a two weeks' motor trip to Mendocino County.

Mrs. Frank Scott Gibbings and her mother, Mrs. J. A. Breuner, left on Sunday for England, where they will spend the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have returned from France and are at the Fairmont Hotel. They will recoupy their San Mateo home shortly.

Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter and Miss Anne Porter are in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer have returned from the Feather River.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Washington Dodge returned Monday from Santa Cruz, where they spent a week.

Mrs. Ozro W. Childs of Los Angeles and her daughter, Miss Emeleen Childs, are spending the month in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Stephen Vincent Childs and her children are at West Point as the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Frederick P. Reynolds.

Mrs. James L. Flood and her daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood, have returned from El Mirasol in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. McKittrick of Bakersfield are in Santa Barbara visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arturo Orena.

Mrs. Richard Waldron and her daughter, Miss Anne Waldron, have left for New York, where the latter will enter school.

Mrs. Charles Bowie Detrick will sail next week for her home in Hilo, Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp spent several days last week as guests of Miss Ethel Lilley at Bolinas.

Mrs. Aileen Doe Johnson is in Bolinas as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Frank W. Lynch.

Miss Patricia Rule is en route to her home in New Jersey, after a summer spent here as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Sue Merriam.

Mr. Gerald Campbell, British consul-general, and Mrs. Campbell are in Sausalito, where they will spend the month of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Shepard spent the past week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph de H. ver Mehr are visiting at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Chickering are at Gold Lake, Feather River.

Mrs. Henry Ohlandt is en route to New York. She will spend the winter there.

Mrs. William Bull Pringle and her daughter, Miss Isabelle Pringle, have returned from abroad.

Miss Frances Pringle has recently been the guest of Mrs. Porter Ashe in San Rafael.

Mrs. Paul Verdier has returned from Europe and is in New York.

Judge and Mrs. James Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop and her children have returned from their ranch at Goleta.

Major and Mrs. Julius Ochs Adler are en route to Europe on the steamship *Olympic*.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie is in Santa Barbara for a two weeks' visit.

Mrs. George Tallant has returned from a six months' trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland are visiting in New York as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby.

Mrs. William J. Younger, who is at present in Paris, will visit in Vienna shortly.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and their daughter, Miss Alice Moffitt, are occupying the Armsby home in Burlingame.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has returned from a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hudnut sailed last week for Europe.

Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Lawton Filer and Miss Mary Emma Flood spent the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Calion Beacon have gone to Los Gatos for the winter.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding are in Monrovia.

Mrs. Alan Lowery and her little daughter have returned from Santa Barbara.

Admiral Joseph Lee Jayne, U. S. N., and Mrs.

Jayne sailed last week for New York on the transport *Argonne*.

Commander Thomas Starr King is visiting here with his ship, the U. S. S. *California*.

Mr. Walter McGavin has returned from an extended stay in Paso Robles.

Mrs. Sumner B. Loop and her daughter, Miss Virginia Loop, have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay and their son, Mr. Charles Fay, Jr., returned last week from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy returned last week to their home in New York, after spending the summer in California.

Mrs. Frank Thompson has returned to her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her two daughters, Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Claudine Spreckels, have returned to San Francisco from Europe.

Mrs. John Baker, Jr., is at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale will return to town from her summer home in Shasta within the next few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Jenkins and their son are in Santa Monica. They will visit in Santa Barbara before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Klink will sail soon for the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Nichols have returned from San Rafael, where they spent the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. William Ford Blake will sail today for the Orient.

Captain William Shea, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shea will leave for the East October 1st.

Mrs. William Alston Hayne went to New York last week to place her son, Master Francis Bourn, in school.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker and their son, Master Herbert Fleishacker, spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Alderson have returned from San Rafael, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. Armstrong Taylor is in New York. She will sail tomorrow for London to join her sister, Mrs. James Corrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Heyman and their daughter, Miss Alice Heyman, are in Berlin at the present time. They will sail for the United States on October 4th.

Mrs. Harry Scott and Mrs. Edith Preston Drown are en route to New York.

Commander Albert Moritz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moritz are visiting here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ullman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers and their family have returned to town from the Mount Diablo Country Club, where they have been for six weeks.

Mrs. John J. Spieker has returned from Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg, Miss Katherine Donahoe, and Miss Louise Boyd have returned from a trip through the Northwest.

Miss Deborah Pentz will leave soon for the East.

Mrs. Ella Pierce Breyfogle has returned from a year's trip through Europe.

Mrs. George Barnett and her daughter, Miss Anne Gordon, sailed Sunday on the transport *Henderson* for New York.

Mrs. Frederick Kellam and her two daughters, Miss Frances and Miss Elizabeth Kellam, left for New York on Tuesday.

Mrs. Benton Decker Weaver is visiting for two weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kendall Armsby have arrived in New York, after a transcontinental motor trip. They are at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle have returned from Belvedere.

Mrs. Howland Russell has arrived at her home in Boston, after crossing the continent by automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Northcutt of Surrey, Enguand, will spend the winter in California.

Miss Helen Marrye, accompanied by her aunt, Miss Flora Doyle, will leave this month for New York, where she will return to Miss Spence's school.

Mr. and Mrs. Powers Symington will make their home on the receiving ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Major-General and Mrs. George W. Read are en route to Manila, where they will be stationed for the next two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Trench Volte, who have been in San Rafael this summer, have returned to town.

Commander and Mrs. George L. Weyler, who have been visiting in San Francisco several weeks, will leave shortly for Southern California.

Miss Mary Gorgas spent the past week-end at Mare Island as the guest of Captain and Mrs. Odell.

Dean and Mrs. J. Wilmer Gresham are in Portland attending the triennial convention of the Episcopal church.

Dr. and Mrs. Leroy Brooks are in Coronado.

Admiral Edward W. Eberle and Mrs. Eberle motored south Monday and are at present in San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Sinclair of San Mateo have returned from a two weeks' stay at Pebble Beach.

Recent arrivals at Hotel St. Francis include Mr. E. J. Lyne, Mr. S. P. Bartlett, Los Angeles; Mr. F. G. Snook, Sacramento; Mr. T. C. Denny, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Sam Rosenberg, Los Angeles; Captain B. Reynolds, U. S. A.; Mr. Ben S. Hunter, Los Angeles; Mr. W. G. Van Pelt, Mr. H. H. Nelson, Santa Rosa; Mr. Ellis Cohn, Mr. N. G. Harrington, Los Angeles; Mr. Bert Hirsch, Mr. Theodore Gallert, New York; Mr. Fred W. Schutz, Berlin, California; Mr. C. A. Reynolds, Seattle; Mr. John H. Leavell, Stone Canyon, Colorado; Mr. L. S. Cates, Salt Lake City.

Deaf persons in Germany are no longer to enjoy their natural advantages. Special churches are to be provided for them with telephones between the pulpit and the pews.

The summit of Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, is 20,300 feet above sea level. It is our highest real estate.

### A Canticle.

Lovely is daytime when the joyful sun goes singing,  
Lovely is night with stars and round or sickled moon,  
Lovely are trees, forever lovely, whether in winter  
Or musical midsummer or when they bud and tassel  
Or crown themselves with stormy splendors in the fall.  
But, lovelier than night or day or tree in blossom,  
Is there no secret infinite loveliness behind?  
Beautiful is water, running on rocks in mountains  
Or bosoming sunsets where the valley rivers ponder,  
Beautiful is ocean with its myriad colors,  
Its southern blues and purples, its arctic gray and silver,  
Blown into green frost-fretted or wine-dark in the evening.  
But still more beautiful than waters calm or cloven,  
Than ocean thunder-maned or floored for delicate springtime,  
Is there no beauty visible save to our eyes?  
Marvelous is the grass, friendly and very clean,  
Though intimate with all the dead, the ceaseless dead,  
It has great heart and makes the ancient earth forgetful;  
It is not troubled by the wind and from the storm  
It learns a radiance; all night it wears the dew  
And in the morning it is glad with pure gladness.  
More marvelous than dew-strown morning grasses,  
Is there  
No brave immortal joyousness that wrought the grass?  
Who lifeth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon:  
Who painteth green and purple on the blackbird's throat?  
What hand of rapture scattereth sunshine through the rain  
And fingeth round the barren bough of spring returned  
Dim fire? Who stenciled with caught breath the moth's wide wing,  
And lit the ruby in his eyes? Whose ecstasy  
Set silver ripples on the racing thunder-cloud  
And fared the walls of storm with terrible dead green?  
What dreamed fretted dew upon the flat-leaved corn  
And twined in innocence of useless perfect art  
The morning-glory with its bubble blue, soon gone?  
Was there no hand that braided autumn branches in  
Their solemn breds and stained them with a sombre rust?  
Was there no love conceived the one-starred, rivered evening,  
And dipped in crocus fire the gray horns of the moon?  
They say there never was a god men loved but died—  
Dead is Astarte, Astoreth is dead, and Baal;  
Zeus and Jehovah share a single grave and deep;  
Spring comes, but Freia comes not nor Persephone:  
On temple plinth and porch the random grasses run,  
Of all their priests alone the white-stolled stars are faithful.  
Dead are the gods, forever dead! And yet—and yet—  
Who lifeth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon? . . .  
There is a loveliness outlasts the temporal gods,  
A beauty that when all we know as beautiful  
Is gone, will fashion in delight the forms it loves,  
In that wide room where all our stars are but a drift  
Of glimmering petals down an air from far away.  
—William Alexander Percy in *Scribner's Magazine*.

### Hops.

God will not quit the world because of war,  
Nor beauty forget to grow the morning rose.  
Life is not thru the building of the earth;  
Life will not stop, for life the greater grows.  
Now day is hammered blue out of the night;  
The world is wrapped in flowers of its dead.  
Think not that war was the end of the world,  
For there are finer, brighter things ahead.  
The earth is too strong to be killed with strife;  
A sphere, fire-born, that faced the centuries  
Will keep on still, thru centuries to come—  
And nothing can shake down that one great peace.  
Men have fought wars before, who thought earth lost,  
Who termed the nations withered, blind with lust;  
They cried, all hope and beauty had been killed.  
We have forgotten them. Their names are dust.  
There is a sure intention in the world,  
A steady aim that goes on thru the lands.  
We must remember that; for we are those  
That ages hand to others, with their hands.  
We can not stay the great inevitable.  
There will be peace—tho come a thousand wars.  
The march is steady, sure, and can not pause;  
As earth goes grinding on among the stars.  
—Edward Curran in the *Forum*.  
Russian women are said to be born politicians. They must have lost their grip.

### ITALY AND AUSTRIA.

The Austrian crisis, after causing a momentary flutter in the various European chancelleries, has simmered down and again assumed something like normal proportions, says the *Washington Post*. Rumors of Yugoslav mobilizations and massing of troops, current in certain quarters, are categorically and officially denied in Belgrade. Italy's supposed schemes of annexation have been reduced to a simple plan for an economic and customs union, and even this, according to the Rome journal, *Messaggero*, has proved abortive and unworkable and has been abandoned.

It is further declared that Italy has no intention of taking isolated action regarding Austria, but will continue to base her whole policy *vis-à-vis* with that state on the existing treaties. Last but not least, it is announced that M. Nintchitch, the Yugoslav minister of foreign affairs, will shortly proceed to Rome to confer with Signor Schanzer, the Italian foreign minister.

As M. Nintchitch has just returned from Marienbad, where, with King Alexander and M. Pashitch, premier of Yugoslavia, he has had long conferences with Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak premier, he will be in a position to inform the Italian foreign minister of the exact situation in Austria. The resolutions at Marienbad represent the views of the "little entente"—that is to say, the alliance of Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia.

As the result of these conferences at Marienbad, declared Dr. Benes, the coöperation of the states composing the "little entente" is closer than ever. "Our exchange of views has satisfied us," said the Czechoslovak premier, "that the peace of central Europe depends upon us and on our continued and active collaboration, and we are confident in our ability to maintain it."

There was little verisimilitude in the reports that Italy planned the annexation of Austria. That country, in her present plight, would be a mere deadweight, and Italy has certainly no ambition to hang such a millstone round her neck. She is struggling with enough economic problems of her own without adopting any additional burdens. The greatest advantage that could be accorded to Austria would be the throwing down of the economic barriers which today exist between her and the states composing the "little entente." When this is done the former Austrian Empire will be reconstructed in its main economic lines and fresh prospects of industrial and commercial prosperity opened up to the states entering the combination.

Inscriptions on animals' bones are the earliest form of Chinese writing. The British Museum possesses a few specimens.

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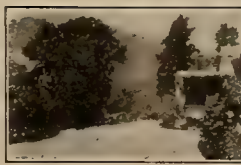
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jack—Aunt Amelia's out. Caller—I'm so sorry. I've never met her. Jack—Then jolly well touch wood quick.—Punch.

"What's your husband growling about?" "He's cross because I'm taking him out to enjoy himself."—London Mail.

The Calf (referring to pump)—What's that, mother? The Cow—That, my dear, is a pump. It has been collaborating with me for years.—Life.

"Congenial set in your apartment house?" "Best I ever met with. Everybody is determined not to know anybody else."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss Flirty—Jack, that man at the fifth table hasn't taken his eyes off me since we came in. Her Escort—How do you know?—Boston Evening Transcript.

Flannigan—What hit ye, Mike? Ye're all shredded. Mike—Me own dog did it. I went home sober last night, and he didn't know me.—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

"I don't see why you call Jamieson stupid. He says a clever thing quite often." "Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize it should be said only once."—Columbia Jester.

Customer—You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy? Newboy—I'm out o' practice, sir. You see, most of the gents say, "Keep the change."—London Titi-Bits.

Elderly Hostess—Really, I am horrified! No child has ever spoken to me like that in all my life! Five-Year-Old Betty—Exactly; that's the way you've been spoiled.—Judge.

Crawford—The damp weather is blamed for the plague of mosquitoes. Crabshaw—It's more likely the way the little dames are dressing. Look at all the bait in sight.—Judge.

A correspondent says there are two kinds of non-prohibitionists in this country—those who have a little still and those who have still a little.—Boston Evening Transcript.

"What d'you think of the Smithson girl?" "Oh, well—er—she's a rather nice little thing, isn't she?" "Ye-es, but—cat to cat—what d'you think of her?"—London Daily Express.

"Why are those two fighting?" "About Mrs. Anderson." "What, jealousy?" "No. The one above married her recently on the advice of the other fellow."—Stockholm Kasper.

Film Star—How much will you charge to get me my divorce? Lawyer—If you'll agree to let me handle all your divorce suits for the next ten years, I'll make you a special price.—Life.

"I really dislike to talk to her; she has such a habit of finishing one's sentences for

one. You know the kind?" "Yes, they listen faster than you can talk to them."—Boston Transcript.

He—Indeed, I am fond of children, particularly in the country. She—Why particularly when you're in the country? He—Not when I am in the country. When they are.—Paris Sans-Gêne.

Provincial (after fall of curtain on Act II)—What's the next act about? His Wife (consulting programme)—Says 'ere, "Act III same as Act I." Provincial—What, all over again? Not me. Let's 'op it.—Punch.

"I understand your husband isn't going to contest your suit for divorce." "No. That's the way he's always been. There never was any fun quarreling with him because he wouldn't talk back."—Detroit Free Press.

Struggling Author—There was a lot of paper on my desk. What has become of it? Cleaner—I threw it out. I thought it was waste-paper. Struggling Author—It wasn't waste-paper. I haven't written anything on it yet.—Punch.

Smith—How's the liquor question in the West? Jones (who has just returned)—No question at all. Why in one town I was in the water had been turned off for a week and the inhabitants didn't know it until they had a fire.—California Pelican.

College President—So you want a job as a professor. Did you ever earn any money in your business? Applicant—No, not to any marked degree. College President—Very well, you will be given a position in our economics department.—Stanford Chaparral.

Youth (by the sea)—You little thought a week ago that you'd be sitting on a lonely seashore with a man then unknown to you. Maiden—Oh, yes, I did. Youth—But, dear, you didn't know me then! Maiden—Of course not, but I knew myself.—London Opinion.

Small Boy—Mother, can God see everything? Mother—Yes, dear. Small Boy—Can he look through cloth and iron? Mother—Yes, dear. He can even do that. Small Boy—My gosh! Think of all the circuses he must have seen for nothing.—Los Angeles Times.

The essence of tyranny, it is said, is power without responsibility. Under our present organization, or lack of it, when a group procures legislation it exercises this power, says John Corbin in the *North American Review*. But there is another menace to the freedom of a nation, equally great—that its elected representatives have responsibility without power. Thanks to the uncontrolled activity of groups, that is the case with even a numerically strong majority. Congress is fast becoming a mere rubber stamp for selfish, warring group interests. "Will the Republicans control the next Congress?" one politician asked another in the fateful months of 1922. "What difference does that make?" was the answer. "They can't control this one." Harassed by multifarious machinations, even the "strongest" majority finds itself impotent to serve, not merely the nation, but—grim portent—its own political fortunes.

Only queen bees and workers have the power to sting. The drones can not sting. The stinger is curved, and is carried sheathed. After the point enters there is a flow of poison. It is believed that a bee can not sting a second time because, owing to backward pointing barbs the stinger is left in the wound. Thus, the bee dies as a result of its vengeance.

The municipal council of Amsterdam includes five women.



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## TREASON HARD TO PUNISH.

Convictions for treason against the United States have been very few, and it is a striking fact that at no time in our national history has any one actually been punished as a result of judicial conviction for the crime, says James G. Randall in the *North American Review*. Some of the leaders of the Whisky Rebellion of 1794 were convicted and sentenced to death as traitors, but were pardoned by President Washington.

In 1798 an insurrection in eastern Pennsylvania to resist a land tax passed by Congress gave rise to the famous Fries case. Fries was tried for treason, and it was in his elaborate charge to the jury, since often cited, that Judge Iredell declared that opposing the execution of any law by force of arms amounted to levying war. Fries was convicted and sentenced to death, but was pardoned by President Adams.

The Burr case was the most notable treason trial in our history, and it illustrated well the many legal obstacles that stand in the way of a conviction for this crime. In spite of the intense popular resentment against Burr, and the efforts of the administration at Washington under President Jefferson to have him convicted, the jury found it impossible under the instructions of the judge, John Marshall, to bring in an adverse verdict, even though it seems clear that they desired to do so. Burr was known to be connected with an assemblage of men on Blennerhassett's Island in the Ohio River, but it was not proved that any act of war took place in connection with this assemblage, the evidence tending to show Burr's connection with it was ruled out, and the prosecution had no other evidence to offer.

During the civil war the general law of treason was used but slightly, special acts being passed which related to the existing "rebellion." The Treason Law of July 17, 1862 (called also the second Confiscation Act), is chiefly notable, perhaps, for its softening of the penalty for treason. According to the law of 1790, death was the only penalty, but few favored enforcing the extreme penalty against the thousands who were (according to the Union view) guilty of treason. The new act therefore gave the court the discretion to decree either death or fine and imprisonment for treason, while for insurrection or rebellion (which seemed to be recognized as a distinct offense in the law) death was not provided at all, the prescribed penalties being imprisonment, fine, and confiscation.

Of the hundreds of thousands who were technically "traitors" during the civil war, only a few hundred were even indicted. Of these only a very limited number were brought to trial, and none were actually punished for the offense.

In the case of Jefferson Davis, preparations were made for his prosecution, the charge being treason, before the Federal Circuit Court at Richmond under the act of 1790, the penalty of which was death; but the general amnesty proclamation of December, 1868, caused the dismissal of his and all similar cases.

During the great war, the Treason Law was found unavailable as a means of punishing disloyal and hostile acts, and the Espionage Act was passed to deal with the emergency. Four prosecutions for treason were instituted

merely as test cases to develop the possibilities of the statutes, but none of them resulted in conviction. In one of these cases (United States vs. Werner, in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, 247 Federal Reporter, 708) the government's attorneys attempted to fasten the crime of treason upon the editors of a German language newspaper on the ground of discouraging enlistments, obstructing war measures, falsifying war news, and the like, but the court held that, while words published in a newspaper may be adduced to show treasonable intent if taken in connection with an overt act, and while the conveying of messages valuable to the enemy is treasonable, yet something more than the mere publication of sentiments must be shown.

This recapitulation will make it clear that the severity and extreme features of the Federal treason statutes make them really unavailable as actual instruments of judicial prosecution, and that in the rare cases when conviction has occurred, executive clemency has always interposed to prevent punishment.

There is no sounder critic of golf than Mr. Bernard Darwin, and the explanation which he gives for the triumph of the American amateurs over the British invaders is the same as that which he advanced for the victory of the American professionals in the British open championship, says the *New York Times*. The Americans play the better short game. Especially do they excel in that shortest of all short games, the dropping of the ball into the cup with a single stroke from any part of the green. That certainly is a fair inference from the analysis of the play on the National links the day before yesterday. The Americans won by putting. Mr. Darwin sorrowfully but firmly concludes that the British have much to learn from their conquerors in what he calls "this damnable and seductive art."

It has been recently found that photographs of stars down to the sixth magnitude of degree of brightness can be taken in broad daylight. If the photographs are taken through a deep red screen the stars appear distinctly.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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### The Proposed School Bond Issue.

In addition to the annual budget of \$4,799,144 for current expenses of the school department there is demanded from the taxpayers of San Francisco a lump sum of \$12,000,000, to take the form of bonded indebtedness, for the purchase of sites and the erection of some thirty-odd new schoolhouses in San Francisco. There is need for better school facilities and something ought to be done in the way of providing them. And doubtless the demanded twelve millions will be granted, since the verdict is to be by popular vote, in which the "have-nots" will decide what shall be done at the cost of the "haves." The normal way to augment our school facilities would be by the moderate process of building one schoolhouse after another. This would be the course of prudence and economy. Upon the basis of a bulk grant of twelve million dollars there will certainly be a riot of extravagance. It will be difficult or impossible to sell the bonds at par, as the law requires, but the restriction will be evaded by paying for contracted work in bonds. To the bids as prepared by contractors there will be added a percentage sufficient to cover the estimated loss—or something more—involved in selling the bonds at a low price. Favored parties will be given the contracts and the looting of the taxpayers will proceed blithely. This is the way we have been doing things in recent years and there is little hope of a change. And so it will continue just so long

as we shall put into office professional exploiters of the public, men of no business capability, of no individual responsibility, and of relatively low character.

Advanced engineering opinion has discerned what is probably an error, and a costly one, in the common practice of schoolhouse construction. According to this view it is a mistake to pay for permanence. In twenty-five years or less the type of building becomes obsolete, through changes in teaching requirements, and then the community has on its hands a heavy investment, too good to scrap, and upon which it is still paying interest. One-storied buildings where possible, of cheap materials, with numerous wide exits for safety in case of fire, will do all that brick and steel can do, and at much smaller cost. Unfortunately the community has become wedded to the idea that in order to have good school buildings it is necessary to pay as much as possible. The tenacity with which this view is held is assisted by many improvement clubs and "booster" organizations whose idea seems to be to have something expensive about which to brag. Some sober second thought on the subject might save us money and give us more school buildings at the same time.

### The Bonus Veto.

President Harding has done well to veto the bonus bill. He has done even better to embody in his message of rejection the underlying moral considerations upon which the veto rests. He makes clear the reasons why special payment for service in the war to those who returned in health and competence ought not to be granted. We quote:

Citizens of every degree of competence loaned and sacrificed, precisely in the same spirit that our armed forces went out for service. The war spirit impelled. To a war necessity there was but one answer, but a peace bestowal on the ex-service men, as though the supreme offering could be paid for with cash, is a perversion of public funds, a reversal of the policy which exalted public service in the past and suggests that future defense is to be inspired by compensation rather than consciousness of duty to flag and country.

In giving approval to "the avowed purpose of the bill" the President is careful to define that purpose as an "expression of the nation's gratitude." Appreciation and gratitude for service do not imply approval of demands upon the national treasury. The President makes this point clear. Likewise in avowing the "binding obligation of the country to its defenders" he limits its financial phase to those "who left the armies injured, disabled, and diseased," and "unable to resume their places in the normal activities of life." These reservations are pertinent and wise. In precisely defining the obligations of the government they serve also to place limits upon its obligations. In thus drawing a clear line relative to the government's duty the President does much to clarify a confusion of mind that has failed to discriminate between sentimental and material commitments. He "avows" the former; he denies the latter, defining it as that "which the soldiers themselves while serving in the world war did not expect."

There will undoubtedly be an attempt to pass the rejected bill over the President's veto, but it is not likely to succeed. The House of Representatives may give the requisite two-thirds vote, but a tentative poll of the Senate indicates defeat of the measure in that body. The bill is dead, as it deserves to be; and there is little prospect of its being revived—at least not in the form that has characterized it up to date.

Partly in ignorance, but mostly in the spirit of mendacity, it has been asserted that the bonus was a pledge of the Republican national platform of 1920. The Hearst press has ceaselessly asserted this falsehood. The record speaks for itself—here it is in the full text of the 1920 platform as it relates to those who served in the war:

We hold in imperishable remembrance the valor and the patriotism of the soldiers and sailors of America who fought in the great war for human liberty, and we pledge ourselves

to discharge to the fullest the obligations which a grateful nation justly should fulfill, in appreciation of the services rendered by its defenders on sea and on land.

Republicans are not ungrateful. Throughout their history they have shown their gratitude toward the nation's defenders. Liberal legislation for the care of the disabled and infirm and their dependents has ever marked Republican policy toward the soldier and sailor of all the wars in which our country has participated. The present Congress has appropriated generously for the disabled of the world war.

The amounts already applied and authorized for the fiscal year 1920-21 for this purpose reached the stupendous sum of \$1,180,571,893. This legislation is significant of the party's purpose in generously caring for the maimed and disabled men of the recent war.

If in this declaration there is the promise of a bonus there must be something amiss with the *Argonaut's* mind, since after many careful readings we can not find it.

### England and the Turk.

Owing to the collapse of the Greek military efforts in Anatolia and the alarming development of Turkish strength, the Lloyd George government has ordered the British fleet into the Dardanelles and dispatched Lord Curzon, its foreign minister, to Paris to confer with Premier Poincaré, Count Sforza of Italy, and representatives of the Little Entente, with a view to some concert of action that will prevent a restoration of the Turk in Europe.

Since the sack of Smyrna by the Turkish forces last week, the gravity of the situation has become apparent, and a call has gone out to the overseas dominions of the British Empire to support the defense of Constantinople. It is said that the call has not been received everywhere with enthusiasm. Hope is expressed that a way will be found out of the present trouble without another general war. Meanwhile the victorious Turkish commander has gone to Nicomedia, close to Constantinople, where he will be able to consult the remains of the old Turkish government. He declares the Christians must get out of Asia Minor, the Allies out of Gallipoli, the Greeks out of Thrace. England is said to be determined that the Turks shall not return into Europe, and ready to go to war in order to prevent it. The language of the cabinet is that of high resolve: "The empire will not consent to sacrifice the result of the gallant struggle and decisive victories of her sons in the western theatre." As the *Argonaut* goes to press things seem to be tending toward a sharp conflict between England and the Turk, with the further possibility of a clash between Western civilization and Mohammedanism, out of whose fundamental antagonism the whole trouble really grows.

### America's Part in the War.

Remarks attributed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling in belittlement of America's part in the war are marked more by assumption and presumption than acquaintance with the facts; and we shall be glad if it turns out that Mr. Kipling has been misinterpreted. Yet undoubtedly there are many in England, perhaps in our own country as well, who have an erroneous impression as to the part we played in the war. There is reason for it. The fact that our President was an avowed pacifist—"too proud to fight" and hopeful of "peace without victory"—and that he had in the executive departments of the government, including those directly administering our military and navy establishments, creatures similarly minded, has tended to mislead many even of our own people as to the extent and value of our participation in the great conflict. That we were late in getting in is a fact of which there can be no denial and of which most Americans are frankly ashamed. The motives that kept us out of the war long after we should have been in it are apart from the purpose of this writing, which is to consider what we did after we got in. Yet it may be said in passing that long before



the spirit and will of the American people succeeded in pushing a reluctant administration to action we were promoting the war in its most serious requirements by holding open our market and extending credits.

Since America is so frequently stigmatized as thinking in terms of dollars we take license to speak first of the financial phase of our part in the war and of our contribution to the relief of Europe since its end. We sent in round numbers two millions of men to the battlefield. Of this vast total something over 70 per cent., or in numbers 1,400,000, went in British ships and for their transportation we paid to the tune of \$250 per man—a total of \$350,000,000. We paid other vast sums, of which we have not exact figures, for transportation of munitions, food, horses and other materials and accessories of war. Probably one billion dollars is a low estimate of the sums paid to England upon transportation account. During the war period and since we have waived interest on amounts due us from the countries with whom we were associated in the war. Concurrently we extended credits which still stand against our allies. Since the war we have bought foreign securities to the extent of approximately three-quarters of a billion dollars each year. Summarized, our financial contribution to Europe during the war and in the more recent period stand as follows:

|  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| American securities repurchased from abroad..... | \$ 3,000,000,000 |
| American government loans.....                   | 10,000,000,000   |
| Interest on government loans.....                | 2,000,000,000    |
| Commercial credits extended abroad.....          | 3,000,000,000    |
| Dollar securities bought from foreign countries: |                  |
| 1919 .....                                       | 713,000,000      |
| 1920 .....                                       | 571,000,000      |
| 1921 .....                                       | 596,000,000      |
| 1922 (8 months).....                             | 751,000,000      |
| Foreign-money securities sold here:              |                  |
| 1919, 1920, 1921 and 1922.....                   | 620,000,000      |
| Foreign currencies bought by America.....        | 500,000,000      |
| Total.....                                       | \$21,751,000,000 |

It is in no spirit of self-righteousness or boastfulness that we refer to this record. But it is right that the people of Europe, and of our own country as well, should be informed that statements to the effect that we have shirked our obligations in the war and that we continue to shirk them are based on false premises. In effect they represent ignorance and presumption rather than acquaintance with actual facts. We say actual facts because the statement as above tabulated comes from official sources, verified by Mr. D. R. Cris-senger, Comptroller of the Treasury, and presented by him in an address before the Indiana Bankers' Association at Indianapolis on the 13th instant.

When the war ended it came before the council table at Paris to allocate the gains and salvages of victory. All were clamorous—America excepted. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking for England, insisted and promised that all Britain's vast financial charges should be paid by the defeated countries—and it was due to his insistence that the sum total of the bill presented to Germany, and which she was forced to accept under duress, ran to the prodigious total of \$36,000,000,000. Here, incidentally, it is pertinent to remark that American experts, after careful study of the conditions, wished to place the demand upon Germany, not at the colossal total of \$36,000,000,000, but for a sum less by two-thirds—to be precise, \$12,000,000,000—which representatives of the Central Powers conceded to be within their capability. France, with more moderation but with notable persistence, demanded indemnities sufficient to repair the damage done by the German armies with partial reimbursement of her charges on war account. Similarly Italy, Belgium, and the lesser participants were eager for whatever might be obtained from the defeated countries. America alone, we repeat, stood aside, asking for nothing. There came to the Allied countries, as contraband of war, great and rich territories in Africa, in the Mediterranean, and in the Pacific Ocean; and these were apportioned to England, to France, to Italy, to Japan. Again America asked for nothing and was awarded nothing. Will Mr. Kipling, or any Englishman with full knowledge of how the account stands, dare deny that in many ways a prodigious net gain accrued, especially to England, in the award of the salvages of the war? Would Mr. Kipling's country today accept the full amount of European debts due to us in exchange for her territorial gains growing out of the war? Verily, she would not.

But not alone in money, or in money plus our participation at the fighting front and on the sea, did America

participate in the war. Psychology played its part; and it may not be denied that America's entrance into the war turned the tide toward ultimate victory at a time when nothing else could have done it. Mr. Arthur W. Page, then Ambassador of the United States in London, is a credible witness, and it will tend to the enlightenment of Mr. Kipling, or whoever else may carp at American participation in the war, to study the record as given in confidential memoranda and in letters written while the events were in process. Mr. Page records (see *World's Work* for September, current year) that at the date of our entrance into the war—April, 1917—"Great Britain had overdrawn her account in America to the extent of \$400,000,000 and that she had no cash available to meet this overdraft." This debt had been incurred in purchase of supplies and securities. The money was due, and if it had not been paid British credit would have broken down. What happened in this emergency? The American government paid the debt out of the proceeds of Liberty Bond sales and so saved the credit, not only of England, but of the allied countries which were represented in her purchases. In the meantime England was not able to feed herself. She had barely six weeks' food supply for herself and her allies. Says the editor of the *Page* letters, summarizing their significance:

If Germany cut the lines of communication and so prevented these supplies from reaching British ports, the population would be starved into surrender, France would be isolated, and the triumph of the Prussian cause would be complete. That the success of the German submarine campaign would accomplish this result was a fact that the popular mind readily grasped. What it did not so clearly see, however, was that the financial collapse of Britain would cut these lines of communication quite as effectively as the submarine itself. The British were practically dependent for their existence on the food brought from the United States just as the Allied armies were largely dependent upon the steel which came from the great industrial plants of this country. If Great Britain could not find the money with which to purchase these supplies, it is quite apparent that they could not be shipped. The collapse of British credit, therefore, would have produced the isolation of the British Isles and led to a British surrender just as decisively as would the success of the German submarine campaign. And it was the American government, through money provided by the American people, that sustained British credit at a time when otherwise it must have collapsed.

It is not in the spirit of self-applause that we recite these facts. It is because they are essential to sound understanding of America's participation in the war and a refutation of charges—even of sneers—that we hear now and again from across the water and even from our own people. It is only just that the truth should be before the world in its full significance. Nobody claims for America that she did more than she ought in the war. But when America is criticized as a shirk and as a moral delinquent it is time the plain truth were forced home, namely that America saved the cause at a time when England was approaching collapse, and that her dealings with Europe since the war have been generous and helpful—helpful probably even to the extent of saving the world from a vast disaster.

A word needs to be said as to America's part in bringing about "premature peace." It is true that the war ended prematurely. It is true that peace should have been signed, not at Versailles, but at the gates of Berlin—or above her ashes. It is true that the correspondence relative to the armistice was conducted on the side of the Allies in the name of the then President of the United States. But Mr. Wilson did not speak upon his individual initiative and for the United States alone. The facts are that the German government applied to the President of the United States and that the latter in conference by cable with at least one European power—Britain—and probably others made reply for the Allies. There can be no doubt on this point. The *Argonaut* can speak positively. By curious chance its editor was at the moment in England and in relationships that gave him the facts at first hand. He was present at a conference in which participation was declared and approval recorded of Mr. Wilson's first and second letters in response to the German request for armistice, by the most authoritative personalities in Britain. That it was a mistake—that the armistice, being a military matter, should have been referred to General Foch—is now conceded. The point was raised at the time, but it was not heeded. The British government wanted immediate peace and cooperated with President Wilson in the correspondence that brought it about prematurely. It was not America alone, acting through her President, but

America in consultation with Britain, acting through her authorities, that ended the war before it reached its logical climax at the gates of Berlin—or above her ashes.

#### Mrs. Harding's Illness.

The illness of Mrs. Harding, now happily passing, has touched the heart of the country. When the gravity of her condition became known the sympathetic response was immediate, spontaneous, universal. Explanation does not lie wholly in the fact that the sufferer is the wife of the President. In large measure it lies in the humanness of the Hardings, in the fact that over and above maintaining the official character of the White House they have given it an atmosphere of friendliness—almost of neighborliness. What the Hardings were in their home town of Marion, and later in the senatorial life of Washington, they have been in the White House. There has been the same freedom from pose, the same simplicity and cordiality. There has been no stately mystery about their lives, no appearance of isolation. And all this without sacrifice of dignity or of conventional form.

Sincerity and simplicity have marked the conduct of Mrs. Harding from the hour she entered the White House as its mistress. Of her sufficiency upon formal occasions the whole world has knowledge, but it has remained for kindly gossip to reveal a more intimate expression of her character. A recent visitor at the White House tells of finding Mrs. Harding busy transferring a piece of silk from a sofa pillow to repair a break in the covering of a chair. It was a small economy characteristic of careful and thrifty housewifery, and under the circumstances especially pleasing. A recent dinner guest at the White House upon being tendered a cup of coffee brewed upon the table by the hostess begged off upon the plea that he suffered a state of nerves under which indulgence in coffee at night implied later denial of sleep. "This will not harm you," replied Mrs. Harding; "it comes right from home—from Marion. It is warranted not to affect the most sensitive nerves." "My wife," replied the guest, "is a coffee lover and she has tested all the substitutes and dopes, but none of them work with us." There was no further insistence, but later, upon his leaving the White House, there was handed him with his hat and coat a tin of coffee for his wife with the compliments of Mrs. Harding. Trivial things, to be sure. None the less significantly revealing kindness—a neighborly homeliness—on the part of the mistress of the White House.

President Harding has had his share in maintaining a gracious atmosphere in the great official establishment for the time being his home and in his keeping. The courtesy that marks his official hours is transmuted into cordiality the moment he enters the domestic atmosphere. It is universal testimony that no host could be more free from any form of affectation, more solicitous for the comfort of whoever may be his guest.

#### Again Mexico.

From private sources of unquestionable reliability the *Argonaut* learns that conditions in Mexico, while presenting a fairly smooth surface, are hardly better than they were prior to Obregon's taking on of the presidency. There is no open rebellion, but there would be if the Obregon government would take a positive stand against abuses. He holds on under a policy of toleration. Under this policy there is given to sinister forces a species of license to pursue their courses by whatever methods may please them. The German element, which came into a position of large influence in the chaos of recent years, continues in a species of dominance. But wherever Americans are concerned, property is seized at will and there is no means by which it may be recovered. The courts are largely controlled by bribery. In the more remote districts brigandage in a relatively mild form abounds, the owners of mines and the great ranches being compelled as heretofore to pay tribute to marauding bands. By these bands there is persistent discrimination against the property of Americans. Protection may not be had from Obregon, not because he would not be glad to give it, but for the reason that he is powerless. In the cities bolshevism, under the inspiration of German socialists, has taken a profound hold upon the people, and very recently, upon an occasion similar to our Labor Day, a procession of twelve thousand men marched through the streets of the capital, each man in line bearing a red flag with a mourning border. Nobody doubts that the Obregon government



would have been glad to suppress this demonstration if it had dared.

These facts are of course known to the State Department at Washington and, beyond a doubt, they explain why we have not given formal recognition to the Obregon régime. While nominally in an orderly state, Mexico is in the hands of its mobs in a degree hardly less than it was three years back, when there was no pretense of government. The military group is held in restraint by liberal and regular payments from the national treasury, and it will remain quiescent just so long as there is compliance with its demands. On the whole, while murder and outrage are less rampant than formerly, the condition is not very much improved, and those with close knowledge of the situation are doubtful if it ever can be until force is applied from the outside.

Since the day of Huerta, the *Argonaut* has held the opinion that peace and order in Mexico will not be attained until this country shall assume toward that country something comparable to its attitude toward Cuba. In spite of the prevailing semblance to order we see no reason to modify this judgment. There does not, we are convinced, abide in Mexico the power to regulate the affairs of the country and to establish conditions of general security. A day must surely come when we shall be compelled for the protection of our interests and our people, and of social order in general, to establish a species of guardianship comparable to the relationship we sustain toward the affairs of Cuba

#### That Wooden Fleet.

A fleet of wooden ships built by the government during the war, and which in detachments of anywhere from five to fifty have been lying in quiet harbors during the past five years, was knocked down last week to the highest bidder for \$750,000. This figure is in sharp and painful contrast with the original cost of these ships—approximately \$300,000,000—not to mention the many millions expended more recently for care-taking and insurance. None the less the government is well rid of an incubus since, regarded as ships, these vessels are valueless. They are of small tonnage, of hasty and faulty construction, and of a type for which there is no use in normal commerce. The syndicate that has taken them over, so it is said, will seek its profit in salvage of materials contained in these vessels.

There is instinctive temptation to gibe at this deal as illustrating the scandals and the wastes of the war period. From a business standpoint the whole transaction is marked by folly. The loss to the government is obvious. But it is to be remembered that it was for no business purpose that these vessels were created and that under the circumstances of their construction ordinary business considerations had no part. This fleet was created at a time when there was immediate demand for ships to carry supplies of food and munitions to Europe. In the judgment of those in authority there was no time to build steel ships. What was wanted, and wanted grievously, was anything that would float and do the work. The need was imperative and time was the essence of the situation. Very possibly—indeed we think in fact—there was bad judgment in the whole business, but there is no evidence that there was lack of good intent and a good faith. Ships were wanted, and a wooden fleet was planned to meet the requirement. That it did not meet it or even attempt to do so is due to the fact that the war came to its end before the boats were ready.

For the motive under which construction of the wooden fleet began we have only to turn back the pages of history to April, 1917, when the United States entered the war. At that time the German submarines were doing prodigious damage. The monthly toll of losses ran into heavy tonnage and fear was universal that under the ratio of destruction the Allied armies fighting the Germans and the people of the Allied countries might soon be in the grip of famine. The need of the Allied cause was for ships. Writing from London in April, 1917, the late Arthur W. Page, American Ambassador to Britain, said:

We find the need of more ships—ships, ships, ships—troop ships, food ships, munitions ships, auxiliary ships of the navy, wooden ships, steel ships, little ships, big ships, ships, ships, ships, without end of number.

Here was truly a hurry call. In the judgment of those in authority the quickest way to answer this call was to build wooden ships. This was done, perhaps not with judgment, certainly with extravagance. But

it is to be pleaded in extenuation that the need was great and immediate. Anything was better than nothing. And since the wooden ships might be built in less time than steel ships, orders were given and the fleet was created.

It is true that no one of these ships ever did any service in the sense of carrying men, food, or munitions to the war zone. None the less they served a purpose in that the enterprise of their hurried building had a profound psychological effect. It was concrete evidence to the German government that America was in the war and that she was to make contribution of her tremendous resources without stint. There may have been those in the German war organization who knew better than our own authorities that this method of creating a fleet was not founded in sound judgment. But at least they knew that in a frantic effort to cover the ocean with transports there was determination backed by a resource that could not in the end fail to be decisive. Beyond a doubt this great fleet of little boats, built at such tremendous cost and now sold for a trifle, played an important part in forcing upon the Germans the state of mind that ultimately brought about surrender. Waste there was in the wooden ship programme—grievous waste. But it was not all waste.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### A Kind Word for Storyettes.

YEON BUILDING,  
PORTLAND, OREGON, August 24, 1922.  
TO THE ARGONAUT: I read with interest the various letters addressed to your editor commenting on the masterful presentation of timely topics, and I have most often silently acquiesced with the writers. Amid our appreciation for the "sublime" I hope we do not lose sight of the genuine humor contained in every issue. I modestly confess that I have become so attached to your "storyettes" that I turn to them first.  
Very truly yours,  
L. EDWARD TONKON.

#### A Word of Approval.

SANTA BARBARA, September 19, 1922.  
DEAR ARGONAUT: Your September 16th number is one of your best. I wish that the sound and common-sense statement touching the claim of the labor unions for a wage that should provide "reasonable comfort" could be read by millions instead of thousands. We are embarked on a programme to try these socialist notions and with few politicians who have either the knowledge or the courage to tell the truth. Please send me half a dozen copies of the *Argonaut* of the 16th.  
S. H.

#### Boldness Versus Courage.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, September 17, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR:—Sir: It is a common remark that Senator Johnson is a man of courage. The remark fails to take into account the real meaning of the word "courage." Senator Johnson has boldness, which is a very different thing from courage, and particularly on the stump, before an audience, under the stimulus of public speaking, he has great audacity. It is related of Abelard that when he came to the University of Paris to teach philosophy, while yet a very young man, he felt himself at a disadvantage in comparison with the theologians in the disputation. He accordingly retired for two years and gave himself to the study of theology. On his return, his biographer quaintly remarks that his "power of vituperation was unexcelled."

It is not recorded that Senator Johnson ever studied Theology, but he had a long experience as a criminal lawyer, and his power of vituperation is his chief political asset. But this also has nothing to do with courage. Courage is a moral quality, that sort of moral bravery which enables a man to take his part in the uncomfortable tasks because it is his duty to face the disagreeable public service, because he owes it to his position to deal frankly with great public issues to the best of his ability, whether they make for or against his own political fortunes. Senator Johnson's greatest weakness lies in the lack of this quality.

The most thorny question which has come before Congress in recent years, the industrial situation, was dealt with in the Esch-Cummings bill. Naturally the politicians disliked it, but men of courage dealt with it to the best of their ability. Senator Johnson sidestepped. When the Newberry case was voted on in the Senate, Senator Johnson found it agreeable to be absent. It was not a pleasant question for him to face, but a man of courage would have faced it whether the approval of Senator Newberry's case or not. The most vicious legislation before the American Congress today is the so-called "Bonus Bill," but men of courage in the Republican party have stood nobly against it. Senator Johnson is for it. Its advocacy is supposed to carry votes.

In no matter has Mr. Johnson shown his lack of courage more clearly than in his attitude toward organized labor. Here again votes are involved. The true friend of labor approves its course when it is right and as a true friend frankly tells it when it is wrong. The present grave situation in industrial matters is largely due to the cowardice of men like Senator Johnson, who fail to do their duty both toward labor and toward the country, and the interests of labor and the interests of the country are one. It doesn't take any courage for a politician to wax eloquent over the sins of a corporation. The most timid politician on earth has nothing to fear from any such attack. When Governor Johnson went out after the corporations his roar could be heard from Shasta to San Diego, but when he was called upon to deal with violations of the law by the labor unions in San Francisco his voice was as meek and mild as that of a sucking dove.

In such emergencies boldness and audacity take to the woods. Courage meets the issue. Senator Johnson has the first, he has hitherto failed to show that sort of moral courage that faces the hard questions the country wants answered. He has contributed nothing to the solution of our most serious domestic problem—the industrial one. If Senator Johnson is a true friend of labor and has at heart the interest of the whole people, let us hope he may take counsel of courage and face the question fairly, thoughtfully, and with an eye single to the good of all.  
H. S. H.

Detroit is said to be the greatest open-shop city in the United States.

### THE WARLIKE TURK.

He Has Not Been Lacking in Martial Energy or the Use of Improved Weapons.

The Turk is again plaguing Europe and raising the old question as to just how terrible he is. The treaty of Sevres does not suit him at all, nor does the modern conquest of Palestine, the recent smash-up of the Greek adventure in Anatolia has added embarrassments to those expected by the international commission for bringing security to the more or less peacefully disposed people of Northern Asia Minor, murders of non-Turkish persons by Turks are reported in Constantinople, and altogether the outlook is several degrees darker than it was two months ago. The Turk in triumph is not a reassuring spectacle, especially when he feels that he has been despoiled of territory to which his ancestors took title by the sword. Egyptian independence, the Hedjaz business, the French mandate over Syria, and the hand of the western European on Constantinople and the Dardanelles have not had a soothing effect on Turkish nationalism and religious fever. Like Cousin Egbert, the Turk can be pushed just so far, and it looks as though that point had been reached. It hardly repairs things now for the beaten Greeks to blame their once popular king, and to fling themselves into Athens yelling for the return of Venizelos.

In the general admiration of the Germans as methodical war-makers we have been diverted from the talents of the Turks in the same direction. But those that have fallen into the habit of regarding them as slothful voluptuaries, devoted to the entertainment of the harem varied by a debilitating over-indulgence in Hammam baths might do well to consider some past performances. It would take too long to catalogue the battles and victorious wars that marked their invasion of Europe and came within an inch of reducing it to one large mediæval Armenia. What underlay those advances is of more significance. We do not commonly ascribe progressiveness to the Turk; and yet, at his chosen occupation of war-making he has shown some features of management a little ahead of his competitors. It would not be illogical to credit his military leaders with strategy at least equal to that of the enemies they conquered, or they would not have been the conquerors. But in addition the Turks displayed a skill and an invention in arms indicative of mental abilities which, had they been directed to a proper object, might have contributed something to human happiness.

The Turks were the greatest bowmen in Europe, realizing what General Pershing realizes as a result of the recent conflicts: that, other things being equal, individual small arms are determinative in battle. So clearly did they understand this that centuries ago it became the custom for the heir of the throne of the Ottoman Sultans to be apprenticed to a bowyer. The bowyer's trade was thus brought directly under imperial patronage and dignified with its own peculiar prestige. And the weapon was worthy. The English long bow was a good arm, but in snap, speed, and driving power it did not compare with the Turkish short bow, while in construction is showed a relatively infantile simplicity. The English long bow was what is known as a "self bow": that is, it was made from a single stave. Strangely, no steel that men could produce in the days when the bow was important ever had the right qualities. But in the Turkish bow, wood contributed neither elasticity nor force, its function being merely that of a light core or form.

This core had the shape of an open bracelet, the ends nearly meeting. On the outer curve were attached by means of very fine glue two riven pieces of buffalo horn, butted together at the handhold. Along the inner curve were glued a large number of pieces of sinew from the neck muscles of the ox. It took a really terrible Turk to string his bow; no mere sedentary sensualist, but a powerful man. At a meeting of English toxophilites in London about a century ago one of these bows was produced and not an Englishman among them could string it. It took the secretary of the Turkish legation, and he had to get a leg lock on it like Stecher's scissors hold around an opposing wrestler's neck.

When this bow was strung its curves were reversed, and it was so sectioned that it took the form of the Cupid implement in a Valentine; but, as the fellow said, it was far from such. Reversing the curve brought the buffalo horn inside, to resist compression, and the ox-neck sinews outside, to supply the tension. This supplied a lightning snap lacking to any steel then known. The bow was usually covered with beautifully tooled leather to keep dampness out of the glue.

The form of flight arrow had been experimentally determined, within such definite limits that in a hundred specimens examined the lengths did not vary over a quarter of an inch. They were slightly barrel-shaped—a refinement of design that the English fletcher never reached, and that has made its first appearance in the American "boat-tailed" rifle bullet within the past year. Tipped with ivory and winged with two delicate vanes of parchment, it is said that this arrow could be driven the incredible distance of 600 yards; more than twice the range of the English long bow. There are records carved on marble shafts on the



archery course at Constantinople of arrows having been driven 800 yards, but the writer refuses to believe them—600 is his limit.

It was practically useless to give an English archer a mount; his long bow could not be handled on a horse. But the Turkish short bow was a good cavalry weapon, like a carbine. It could be used effectively without snapping off the horse's ear or becoming entangled in his mane, and so it gave great mobility to the Turkish archers. With its range and adaptability it was for a long time the most effective small missile weapon used in Europe.

The Greeks of the Eastern Empire resisted Turkish encroachments with Greek fire for centuries, and while the descriptions would indicate something crudely resembling gunpowder, they do not appear to have used it for the discharge of missiles. But when Mahomet II decided that Constantinople was ripe for its fall and might as well fall into his lap, he used real artillery. The Germans were not the first to use "fort wreckers"—the Turks were. Mahomet employed in the final attack on the city the largest cannon that had been cast at that time. It was done in bronze by a Hungarian or a Danish engineer, was supposed to have a calibre of "twelve palms," and could throw to a distance of a mile a stone ball weighing 600 pounds. It took sixty oxen and thirty wagons to haul it, with 200 men to steady it and 250 preceding to clear the way and stiffen the bridges on its journey of 150 miles from the foundry at Adrianople. It could be loaded and fired but six or seven times a day. In Gibbon's text it blew up, and then an "artist" devised the trick of pouring oil into it to prevent its blowing up—a rather confusing statement that leaves us uncertain whether it was greased after it exploded or exploded after it was greased; but it appears to have done the work, or its companion pieces did.

While this great gun and two others scarcely inferior, and fourteen batteries of smaller ordnance, were hammering the landward walls, the Turks gave another exhibition of ingenuity and martial energy far beyond the powers of any race of ineffective sybarites or mere dull-witted savages. Behind the wall it was about ten miles from the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn, which the Turkish vessels had been prevented from entering by a chain stretched across the harbor mouth and defended by a number of Greek and Genoese craft. Over this ten miles of hillocky land a runway was made of planks, daubed with tallow. Eighty Turkish galleys and brigantines were beached close to the other terminal, mounted on skids, started on this plank runway, and with the aid of tackle and their own sails were navigated overland and launched into the upper waters of the harbor. The transit was accomplished in a single night, according to Greek historians. In the last assault Constantine Palæologus died in the breach—and we find coupled with his name that of Cantacuzene, borne today by the granddaughter of General U. S. Grant. Mahomet took the real estate, but assigned to his soldiers the captives and the loot. The sack of Constantinople by the Turks was very thorough, but less profitable than it would have been had the city not been sacked and burned two and a half centuries before by the alleged Christians of the Fourth Crusade.

It was some time in the eighteen-nineties, perhaps the late 'nineties, before American troops were armed with repeating rifles. Such weapons had long been used by our hunters, but our soldiers were provided with clumsy single-shots until a short time before the Spanish war. But at the battle of Plevna, fought between the Russians and the Turks in 1877, the latter were armed with Henry rifles, made in the United States, and they were the first troops in Europe to be so armed. With this repeating rifle, they melted down the Russian charges and won the field. In a strictly military sense the Turks were ahead again.

The recent discomfiture of the Greeks tends to elevate the Turks to their old importance as an ever distracting element in a distracted world. As Senator Lodge said in a recent article in the *Forum*, "wherever the Turks have power there are massacres, and the destruction of populations seems certain to follow in their footsteps. There never has been a worse example than that now shown in Anatolia, Armenia, and the northern part of Asia Minor." The Turkish weakness, and the safety of Western Europe from them, has not been in any want of ingenuity on the part of the Turks or their lack of ardor for battle and the spoils of war. It has lain rather in their scientific backwardness, in their failure to master the methods and the discipline of modern knowledge. Their operations at the front are not supported by a scientifically resourceful and productive nation behind the lines. Director W. W. Campbell of the Lick Observatory once said on this subject:

The remarkable advance in the civilizations of the leading nations during the past four centuries has been due chiefly to the daily and hourly influences of accurate knowledge and scientific method. . . . The scientific spirit is almost unknown among the Turks, the Moroccans, the Mohammedans in general, the Hindus, the Egyptians, the Chinese. The unscientific nations are threatened with absorption by their more scientific neighbors, not so much because they do not invent or perfect the most powerful cannon, the sturdiest dreadnaught, the speediest aeroplane, or the subtlest submarine, but because the scientific people forge ahead of them in the arts of peace, in the moves of thought, in the affairs of daily life. The

unscientific people are without influence in the world, not because they are unwarlike, but because they are lacking in the everyday efficiency which accompanies the scientific spirit.

Still, considering past performances, it will not do to underrate the Turk, or attempt to absorb him too rapidly. He is likely to be even less digestible than he looks.

In July, 1920, the Allies dispatched to the Turkish government, through M. Millerand, this rather pointed opinion:

The Allies are clear that the time has come when it is necessary to put an end once and for all to the empire of the Turks over other nations. . . . During the war the record of the Turkish government in massacre, in deportation, and in maltreatment of prisoners of war, immeasurably exceeded even its previous record. . . . For these reasons the Allied powers are resolved to emancipate all areas inhabited by a non-Turkish majority from Turkish rule. It would be neither just nor would it conduce to lasting peace in the Near and Middle East if large masses of non-Turkish nationality should be forced to remain under Turkish rule.

If the Turk remembers that, and then thinks how little the Allies have done to make it good, or help the Greeks make it good, he must smile as he wipes his scimitar on his voluminous trousers.

#### Abraham Lincoln.

(Assassinated April 14, 1865.)

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
His length of shambling limb, of furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonair,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step as though the way were plain,  
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurrie jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;  
To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;  
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work;—such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—  
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command:

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to work His will,  
If but that will he can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,  
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—  
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:  
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood;  
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;  
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;  
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

—Tom Taylor.

According to an old reader of the *Argonaut*, the doggerel verse recently published in these columns about "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine" is by a certain Dr. Putt, a pioneer, who published his poems in pamphlet form.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lady Astor has an opponent for the candidacy of her district, the Sutton Division of Plymouth, in Dr. H. W. Bayley. He is a Conservative, and against Lady Astor's national policy.

The city of Liverpool claims the distinction of having the first woman cotton broker in England. She is Miss Margaret Robertson, who has become a partner and active manager in her brother's business.

Alois Brandl, a distinguished Anglo-philologist of Germany, is the recognized authority of that country on Shakespeare. For many years he has been president of the German Shakespeare Society. He has published a great deal of valuable Shakespeare philology.

Another marriage between royalty and commonalty is to be that of the sister of King Christian of Denmark, the Princess Dagmar, to Lieutenant Castenskold, an officer on the reserve list of the royal body guard. Castenskold has recently returned from two years spent in Alaska, where he is said to have augmented his fortunes considerably. The young lieutenant's aunt is grand mistress of the robes, and at the head of the household of the Queen of Denmark, so the mésalliance is not of a striking nature.

Colonel the Hon. William Orde-Powlett, who has just succeeded his septuagenarian father as Lord Bolton, is the descendant, on the Powlett side, of Martha Jones, one-time cook to Lord Scrope. It is, in fact, through this lady's illegitimate daughter, who married Charles Powlett, afterwards first Duke of Bolton, that the present Lord Bolton inherits no small portion of the county of Yorkshire which once belonged to the historic house of Scrope. Incidentally another of Colonel Orde-Powlett's ancestresses was Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly Peachum in Gay's "Beggars' Opera."

Horatio G. Eddy, eighty-one, of Chittenden, Vermont, who many years ago startled the country by his spiritualistic manifestations, and who was the head of a family of spiritualists, died early this month. Eddy was especially famous for his Honto's Cave episode, when he held alleged communication with the spirit of a dead Indian. After Horatio and his brother, William H., had traveled over the world holding séances they finally confessed that they had duped the credulous and today the Chittenden ghosts have almost been forgotten.

Miss Florence E. Smith, who operated one of the first two typewriters to be used in the United States Post-office Department, has retired after nearly a half-century of government service. Miss Smith entered the postal service through an appointment as stenographer August 7, 1875. Since the installation of the parcel post, some years ago, her work has been confined to translating French, Italian, Spanish, and German letters, claiming indemnity for lost articles. She had known French and German from youth, but was obliged to teach herself Spanish and Italian. Miss Smith is a D. A. R. through five revolutionary ancestors.

A testimonial fund is being raised on both sides of the Atlantic to be presented to Professor George Saintsbury on his seventy-seventh birthday, which will occur in October. For twenty years Professor Saintsbury occupied the chair of rhetoric and English literature in the University of Edinburgh. In 1915 his health forced him to resign, but owing to war conditions no suitable recognition of his services could then be made. Professor Saintsbury, despite his immense learning, could never be called a pedant. It is interesting that his "Cellar Book," which shows a long-standing acquaintance with life, letters, and liquors, is the classic on its subject.

W. Morgan Shuster, president of the Century Publishing Company of New York, publisher of the *Century Magazine*, probably knows more about the "inside baseball" of Persian politics than any other American. After his successful service as collector of customs at Manila and as secretary of public instruction in Cuba, Mr. Shuster opened law offices in Washington. Subsequently, on the recommendation of President Taft, he was asked by the Persian government to become treasurer-general of that country. His administration of the office was so successful that the Russian government, which was then seeking to dominate Persia, demanded his dismissal. To avoid bloodshed, Mr. Shuster resigned and returned to this country.

Rafael Sabatini, author of the popular tale of the French revolution, "Scaramouche," is, as his name implies, Italian. Born in Central Italy in 1875, English is an adopted tongue with him, and like Joseph Conrad's, his literary feats in the acquired medium are therefore the more remarkable. His youth was spent in Italy and he was educated in Portugal and Switzerland, but as a young man he became an English citizen. In addition to his writing, he conducted an English publishing house for five years, and during the war served in the intelligence department of the war office, where his knowledge of languages made him particularly useful. Incidentally, his historical novels are done as relaxation—not without its commercial advantages—from his real historical labors. His "Life of Cesare Borgia" and "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition" being among the latter.



"THE LADIES!"

Feminism of the Days of Peppys and Horace Walpole Treads a Minuet in the Pages of E. Barrington.

It is likely that the eternal feminine is no more eternal than the eternal masculine, nor ever will be, in spite of certain recent female efforts to dispense with male assistance in carrying on. It still seems necessary to have fathers as well as mothers, and so the efforts of the sexes to bamboozle each other will long continue the main amusement of humanity. In the words of the Sunday-school song, speaking of something quite different, this is a blessed assurance. It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and a dull nature that never participates, be it ever so prospectively or even tentatively, in the excitements of the everlasting chase.

Gallantry, fans and perfumes, miniatures and morsels of lace, smalls and dress swords, the swish of silken skirts (said, in our time when skirts were long, to have been simulated by sandpaper attachments), the enticements of the hunt that never ends, the recurrent drama of capture and conquest, the hypocrisies of chivalry countered by the swindles of modesty—in short the whole gauzy sublimation of sex-attraction dressed to the decorum of the *Atlantic Monthly's* pages, appear in a little blue-covered sort of boudoir volume entitled "The Ladies!"—with its unavoidable suggestion of the balance of the toast, "God bless 'em!" And who would wish to avoid that suggestion? Certainly not the male of the species, to whom the perpetuation of the race has been made the most painless of obligations, involved in one of the most poetic and delightful of pursuits. The subject is defined as "A Shining Constellation of Wit and Beauty." It is all that. The literary treatment is by E. Barrington, who seems gifted that way, and its several chapters have already delighted the dear old *Atlantic's* readers, and should delight still others.

The author has cast back to the eighteenth century for idle days and scented nights, and the longings and sweet languishments of the English court when it was a real one, to give us the gentle adventures of some celebrated beauties when beauty was historically influential—as who shall say it is no longer? He has gone farther back than that, for in his presentation of feminine allurements he introduces us first to "The Diurnal of Mrs. Eliz<sup>th</sup> Pepys." It is not known that Mistress Pepys ever kept a diurnal, but he has set himself the problem, "What would Elizabeth have felt if she had read the secrets of the diary?" And he answers it thus in the confidence of a fictitious diarist:

3d.—This day awakes Saml in a musty humour as much over-served with meat and Drink, and in great discontent calling me, do bid me rise and fetch his Pills that olde Mother Wigsworth did give him at Brampton. I merry and named him the Passionate Pilgrim from his love to these, whereupon he flings the Pills in my face and all scattered, Deb grudging to gather them it being Lord's Day. So I go to church, leaving him singing and plaining "Beauty, Retire" to his Viall, a song not worthy to be sung on a holy Day however he do conceit his skill therein. His brown beauty Mrs. Lethulier in the pew against us and I do perceive her turn her Eye to see if Saml do come after. She very brave in hanging sleeves, yet an ill-lookt jade if one do but consider, but with the seeking Eye that men look to, and Saml in especial. Fried Loyne of mutton to dinner, and Saml his head akeing I did sit beside him discoursing of the new hangings for the small closet, wherein great pleasure for it will be most neat and fine. And great content have we in such discourse and in our house and the good we are come to.

4th.—This day do Saml speak handsomely enough of his humour yesterday, charging it upon the Rabbits, and so I left it. And strange it is how when he do so repent my heart do take part with him though I would better renounce him awhile to learn him manners. So he to the Exchange and buys me a piece of Paragon to a petticoat, and though it be not what I would have of my own choosing yet I do receive it with many good words as hoping all will yet be as I desire. So to sup on a good dish of beef à la mode, and he well content, it appearing he have this day bestowed upon himself at the Exchange a good Leorbo, four Bookes, and a payre of Globes, talking very high how these be for my instruction rather than his own liking. The which I receive smyling, but do think—Lord! what fools men be that will have a woman so lightly deceived, fine wordes buttering no parsnips. Sure they be but Children when all said and done, and their Innocency in this a pleasant thing to see.

This day, he being with his Lordship, I to gain a sight of his Journal, he carelessly leaving it about, but took nothing by my pains, it being writ in secret writing, which do plainly show it to be what he would be shamed if known. Whereas mine owne is void of all offence, and I do lay it under the smocks in the great armoire only because it is not seemly that Saml should know my thoughts, I having to deal with him as best I may.

Mem. To ask of Mrs. Jemimah Crosby if her father, being a scrivener, knoweth and can instruct in secret writings.

24th July.—For many days I have not writ, for at the last I did come to read what I would, and thought not all, for some is in Greeke or I know not what, yet what I did read hath broke my heart. His Mrs Lane that he did prayse for a God-fearing woman, his Deb—but what do I say?—sure he hath not a heart but a stone. So I telling him certayne things of my knowledge (and yet not how I did know them), he in great fear and terror and as I thought unlike a man of Courage. Which did shame me for him that I could scarce bring myself to look in his face and see him thus, remembering his high carriage that I did use to see in him. And times there were when I would rather he did Brazen it out, it seeming so poor a thing to see him so low, and times again when in Madness I would have taken a knife to him, but he did pull it away with weeping Teares and promise of amendment. But how to trust him or any I can not tell. And I have bid Will Hewer (Saml humbly agreeing thereto) that he continue with his master and oversee him in all his walks abroad, doing me to wit where he goeth. Yet, how to trust Will—for sure all men are alike and will give the other countenance in Deceit. So what way to surety, for if a man

regard not his wife where shall she look for good? And truly I do believe that in such Trafficking men do chip and whittle away their heart till none be left and they can not love if they would, and no anchorage in so rotten a Holding ground. And thus have I learned that a woman may be young and yet aweary of her life, which I did not think to be true.

Never suppose the hunt is always one-sided, or lacks those climactic surprises in which the pursued turns on the pursuer or the trapper steps into another's trap. Were the beautiful Gummings merely gunning, or did some compassion for the quarry enter into their gentle breasts? "Was there," says Mr. Barrington, "no finer, more ethereal touch in Elizabeth Gunning's stolen marriage with her duke than is recorded in Horace Walpole's malicious gossip?" The Gummings were poorer than church rats (why a rat should hang around a church we could never understand, but so goes the proverb), and Ma Gunning had about as much compunction; but an author whose heart is held in the little pink palms of beauty will perforce ascribe in such a case some sweeter lure than the dry and brittle pages of history supply. They left Dublin for London, where Elizabeth Gunning, on account of the great Duke of Hamilton, jilted the honest heart that had loved her in Ireland, and here is how our author tells what followed, supplying from a colorful imagination one of the prettiest love passages since Richard Feverel. The duke was a cagey old fox who did not purpose to be caged—the hot-hearted but icy-headed hero of many a sultry chamber. This time the trap caught him, though not after the intent of the trapper. There was a family council:

"What signifies grumbling?" finishes Mrs Gunning. "T is as plain as the nose on your face. Elizabeth's is the best chance, and if she makes her match, my Lord Coventry will kiss your slipper, Maria. The Duchess' sister can marry where she will."

"T was vain to interrupt. Mrs Gunning sailed on, maternal, imperative, and took no heed. It would be impertinence to intrude on the talk that followed, and the plan laid for the entrapping of his Grace, of whom it may be said that he could protect himself against even the assaults of beauty better than Mrs Gunning supposed. But Elizabeth, borne down by two to her one, fought a losing game.

"I hate the man," she cried with spirit, and knew 't was false as she said it. 'T'd sooner sweep a crossing—"

Mrs Gunning smiled contemptuously. "Not you! You came pretty near it in Britain Street, and 't is known how you relished it. Beggars, my dear, can't be choosers. The Duchess of Hamilton may have as much delicacy as she pleases. Miss Elizabeth Gunning can't afford it. There's no more to be said."

Ma baited the trap. The duke arrived. In the dim light of perfumed tapers, such as D'Annunzio loves, Elizabeth appeared, hair streaming to her timid knees, lips a-tremble, breath a-flutter, a negligée with blue ribbons clinging to every bifurcated contour—and we have people nowadays that shy at short skirts. Ma and the sister left them alone on some trumpety invention to suit the proprieties of those austere times, for any mother of ability can beat any mere propriety that gets in her way; and the duke chased Elizabeth around the table, as the Uncle Tom bloodhounds chased a later Eliza over the ice on the Ohio River. He caught her, too, for she couldn't run very fast—was supposed to have a headache, which made her look tender and easy to take.

But here the author's predilection for internal as well as external tenderness leads him into sheer romance. Elizabeth can not carry it through, and says so; and confesses the plot, and that springs the trap more effectively than even Ma had planned it, for Hamilton sees reality in the confession, and, being Scotch, has no fear of a mother-in-law, and begins to plead for love itself, and demands to know were he merely poor James Hamilton if she would not have come to his breast; and she says:

"T is not impossible. But oh, how should I prove it—prove it? There's not a word I say but rings false now. Leave me—leave me. I have said too much."

"You can't prove it? But you can, and if you prove it, I will distrust God's mercy before I will distrust my girl. All you have told me was known to me—known to all the town. It rings through the streets that the fair Gummings and their mother are schemers; that they love none and seek only the best price for their charms. Marry me now, this hour, Elizabeth, and face the world that will call your plotter and adventress. For they will so! There's no club in town but will ring with the story of how the beauty was cunningly left to a half-drunk man's advances. That's how Horry Walpole and all the old women of both sexes will have it! All this will be known through your mother's folly and your Abigail's chatter, and they will tell how you trapped me, how I would have escaped and could not for the snares about my feet. Marry me and face this, if you will, and I will believe you love me, for you will stand a disgraced woman for all time. Marry me not, and I will make your way easy with gold, and your mother shall tell her own tale, and not a smirch on your name, and fear not but another rich man will give you all I could, and not a spot on it. Choose now once and for all. I have seen and I know how my coronet will sting you with shame—with shame set in it."

He did not embrace her. "T was the strangest wooing. The clock pointed to eleven. The house was dead silent. Her eyes widened with pain and fear. She looked piteously at him.

"They will say you caught me drunk, whom you could not catch sober. They will say you forced the marriage, lest I escape. There is nothing they will not say but the truth—that my sweetheart is the sweetest, the purest, the proudest woman alive. Your delicacy will be trod in the mud, Madam. Will you take your man at that? Will you crawl through the dirt to his heart?"

His fire kindled hers. Her eyes glittered. "And if they believed me worthless—that is not what I ask. What would your Grace think?"

He smiled with peculiar sweetness. "Child, you know me. Look at me."

And still she trembled. "Beloved, adored!" he cried. "Thank you I knew not 't was death to you to tell the truth? Shall a man find a pearl in the dirt and not set it over his heart? I have loved you since

first I saw your fair face, and now I honour you. Come to me and bless me; and when these fools cackle and gibber, I shall know how to protect my wife."

Well, Hamilton shook the peach tree and they were wed in a rush, with full benefit of clergy, and then they shook Ma. Sister married a mere count; but Elizabeth, having got off to a good start, survived her duke and married another, the Duke of Argyll. Some people have all the luck. Ma became housekeeper in a royal palace, which was pretty good for her. She was probably a trapper to the end. And that was the episode of the Golden Vanity.

Let us proceed to a consideration of "The Walpole Beauty," another of those Watteau figures setting out for the Cytherea of a royal court. The text is now epistolary, and sufficiently explicit, especially of the heart and manners of the times:

But, Kitty child, who do you guess is the new beauty? I give you one, I give you two, I give you three! And if 't was three hundred, you'd be never the wiser. Why, Maria Walpole, you little blockhead! Maria, the daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Horry's brother. What think you of that? But Sir Edward never was married, says you. True for you, Kitty, but don't you know the story? No, to be sure. There's no scandal in Ireland, for St. Patrick banished it along with the snakes and their poison, because the island that has so many misfortunes would have died of another.

Well, take your sampler like a good little girl and hearken to the history of the lovely Maria that 's to blow out the Gunning candles. Let me present to your la'ship Sir Edward Walpole, brother to the Baron of Strawberry Hill. A flourish and a sliding bow, and you know one another! Sir Edward who resembles not Horry in his love for the twittle-twattle of the town, is a passable performer on the bass viol, and a hermit—the Hermit of Pall Mall. But the rules of the Hermitage are not too severe, child. 'T is known there were relaxations. And notably one.

The Hermit some years since was lodged in Pall Mall; and in the lower floors was lodged a dealer in clothes, with pretences to fetch and carry.

Lord! says Kitty, what 's this to the purpose? Attend, Madam. The curtain rises!

'T is an old story: the virtuous pretence—and the un-virtuous. There was one of them—Dorothy Clement, a rustic beauty, straw hat tied under the roguish chin, little tucked-up gown of flowered stuff, handkerchief crossed over the bosom, ruffled elbows. 'T is so pretty a dress, that I protest I marvel women of quality don't use it! However, this demure damsel looked up at Sir Edward under the hat, and he peeped under the brim, and when he left the house and returned to his own, what should happen but the trembling beauty runs to him, one fine day for protection, swearing her family and master have all cast her off because 't was noted the gentleman had an eye for a charming face.

Well, child 't is known hermits do not marry. 'T is too much to ask of their Holinesses. But he set a chair at the foot of his table for the damsel, and bid her share his pulse and crusts; and so 't was done, and whether in town or country, the Hermitess kept him company till she died. Sure the Walpoles are not too fastidious in their women, excepting only Horry of Strawberry Hill, who has all the finicals of the others rolled up into his lean body.

Well, Kitty, there were four children: a boy,—nothing to the purpose,—and Laura, Maria, and Charlotte. And the poor lasses, not having a rag of legitimacy to cover 'em, must needs fall back on good behaviour and good looks. I saw Laura, a pretty girl, in the garden at Englefield some years since, when I was airing in Lady Pomfret's coach; and as we looked, the little hoyden Maria comes running up in muslin and blue ribbons, all health and youth and blooming cheeks and brown curls and eyes—a perfect Hebe. And 't is she—the milliner's brat—that 's to borrow the Car of Love and set the world afire. But she can't be presented, Kitty; for our high and mighty Royals frown on vice, and not a single creature with the bar sinister can creep into Court, however many may creep out. And that's that!

And now I end with compliments and curtsies to your la'ship, and the glad tidings that one of the virgin choir of Twickenham, those Muses to which Mr. Horace Walpole is Apollo, has writ an Ode so full of purling streams and warbling birds, that Apollo says he will provide a sidesaddle for Pegasus, and no male shall ever bestride him again.

Nevertheless she appears to have been presented, for in later letters we find:

Well, into the midst of this prodigious assemblage, with Uncle Horry quaking inwardly and making as though Walpole nieces were presented every day, comes the fair Waldegrave, gliding like a swan, perfectly easy and genteel, in a silver gauze with knots of silver ribbon and diamonds not so bright as her eyes. I dare swear not a man there but envied Lord Waldegrave, and many might envy the beauty her husband—a good plain man, grave and handsome. But the bride! She swam up to His Majesty, like Venus floating on clouds, and her curtsy and hand-kissing perfect. Who shall talk of blood in future, when a milliner's daughter can thus distinguish herself in the finest company in Europe? 'T is true 't is mixed with the Walpole vintage; but when all's said and done, who were the Walpoles? If you get behind the coarse, drinking Squire Western of a father, you stumble up against Lord Mayors and what not! So 't is a world's wonder, and there I leave it.

Who, indeed, were the Walpoles? They should all know soon. There must be losers, that there may be winners. In that brocaded world, to be somebody you made some one else nobody. A sovereign's favor was both pattern and golden thread; and the Countess Maria Coventry, one of the two Gunning beauties, was soon pushed aside for the milliner's bastard daughter. And the milliner's b. daughter survived her noble husband and married a royal duke, the king's brother, His Grace of Gloucester. Receiving *en princesse* at Gloucester House, "she wore a robe in the French taste, of gold tissue, her hair lightly powdered, with a bandeau of diamonds and the duke's miniature in diamonds on her breast." And the Countess of Coventry, deposed court beauty, died of spreading on too much white lead in lieu of her natural complexion.

So wagged that waggish world; and such blue-and-silver images of it are today a good antidote to the carking frets of the bank clearings, the building permits, the Rotary Club and the other obsessions of twentieth-century success.

"THE LADIES!" By E. Barrington. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$3.50.



BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 16, 1922, were \$176,800,000; for the week ending September 17, 1921, they were \$147,700,000; a gain of \$29,100,000.

Blyth, Witter & Co. are members of a syndicate offering \$21,000,000 Kansas City Power and Light Company first mortgage thirty-year 5 per cent. gold bonds. Series A, price 93 and interest, yielding 5.47 per cent., due September 1, 1952. Interest payable without deduction of Federal income tax, deductible at source, not in excess of 2 per cent.

The Kansas City Power and Light Company controls the electric light and power business in Kansas City, Missouri, and also sells either at wholesale or retail electric current used in portions of fourteen near-by counties in Missouri and Kansas. The total population of the territory served is approximately 575,000. Upon completion of the present financing these bonds will be secured by a direct first

freight over its southern route as against the central route via Ogden unless the shipper so stipulates. The percentage of transcontinental traffic delivered unrouted to the carrier and which the carrier might divert from the central to the southern line is so insignificant that it cuts little or no figure in the case. If the Central Pacific line to Ogden were operated by a new management, or if the Union Pacific took it over, as has been suggested, the present situation would remain unchanged and competitive conditions would not be intensified. There would be a mere substitution of another railroad-operating organization for the present one.

"In connection with competition, it is worth while considering the situation that would confront the Pacific Coast were the Union Pacific permitted to acquire the Central Pacific lines, as Union Pacific officials have suggested. The Union Pacific, with its headquarters and its important interests east of the Rocky Mountains, now reaches out from Salt Lake and Ogden northwest to Portland, and has trackage rights into Seattle. The Union Pacific now reaches out from Salt Lake southwest into Los Angeles. The Union Pacific now owns a steamship line from Portland to San Francisco. If the Union Pacific further succeeds in gaining control of the Central Pacific lines from Ogden out to San Francisco Bay and reaching up and down the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, the Union Pacific will hold the Pacific Coast transportation situation in the hollow of its hand.

"Creation of such a situation is contrary to the government's policy, set forth in the transportation act of 1920, which contemplates the grouping of the country's railroads into a limited number of strong systems, competing on terms of substantial equality.

"Central and Southern Pacific lines were developed during the last half-century as a single transportation unit, in Central and Northern California and elsewhere, along routes that meet the requirements of shippers and travelers in the most efficient and economical way. Terminal and other facilities are now established on this transportation system at points where they naturally speed the movement of traffic and best serve the interests of the public.

"If the interwoven lines of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific are torn apart, according to corporate ownership, as is proposed, many additional terminals and other facilities of no benefit to the shipper would have to be established at the new and arbitrary points of junction of the separated companies' lines. Train runs would have to be based on the new artificial arrangement, with greater expense and less efficiency as the result. Changes of crews and switching of cars at all junction terminals would mean delay to shippers. Efforts to avoid such delays and confusion from two-line hauls by confining shipments to the lines of a single company would in many cases bring roundabout routing and attendant slower transportation. Duplication of certain lines and facilities, giving no additional service to the public, would be necessary, and the public would ultimately have to pay for such injudicious duplications.

"The net result of separation of Central Pacific from Southern Pacific lines upon the major part of the Pacific Coast traffic would be slower and less efficient service, the annoying necessity for shippers to deal with two managements instead of one, change in the flow of commerce from natural to artificial channels, thus depriving many communities of service they now enjoy, and an increase in operating expenses that would be reflected in higher rates or poorer service or both."

At such a time as the present, public utility common stocks present an unusual opportunity to the investor who is willing to accept a small element of speculation when placing his funds for income, in return for the chance of a substantial appreciation of principal. This is because the earnings applicable to sound public utility common stocks can be counted upon to increase during the coming few years

with more assurance than in the case of any other class of industry with a possible exception of the railroads, says R. W. Sykes in *Forbes Magazine*.

The favorable outlook does not necessarily presuppose any great industrial revival, although this seems probable, but the increase in net will be due, and it is already apparent, to lower operating costs. Public service is a necessity, and the volume of business shows a consistent expansion during depressions as well as boom periods with few exceptions; so that gross income can be counted upon. But what is left after operating expenses, taxes, and other prior claims are deducted, is subject very largely to outside influences. It is only necessary to recall the plight of the utilities during the war to emphasize this. Then man power was scarce and wages correspondingly high, materials, especially copper, were at inflated levels and rates were fixed by franchises at a level based on pre-war expenses.

Now the very opposite holds true. Not only are the materials used substantially lower and numerous wage reductions in effect, but rates which were finally advanced as a general rule, have not been much changed, nor does there seem to much agitation that they should be. The majority of public service corporations are far behind in their expansion programmes, and it is felt that a period of high earning power should be allowed in order to permit them to catch up with the demand for service, this giving more actual cash for reinvestment by the companies themselves and also improving the investment merits of public utility securities and thus making new financing easier.

Another factor of no small importance which is changing the entire appearance of electric light and power companies particularly, from the viewpoint of earning power, is the increasing adaptation of water power which almost eliminates fuel costs. In the case of steam plants the many improvements which are constantly taking place in generating equipment is increasing the production per employee and this reduces labor costs.

A selected list of public utility common stocks is given here. Many of the issues named have already enjoyed a considerable advance, but the outlook is so encouraging that much higher levels are likely to be reached. These stocks should be bought with the idea of holding over a period of time. A gain in earning power in a public service corporation comes more slowly than in the case of an industrial corporation where selling prices may be advanced upon an increase in demand, but it is more stable.

Columbia Gas & Electric for the first seven months of this year reported a gain in net earnings of almost 28 per cent. over the corresponding period of 1921 and for the full year should show earnings equivalent to from \$9 to \$10 a share. The surplus stands at the largest amount ever reported and the prospects of an extra disbursement or an increase in the dividend rate are good.

In 1916 Detroit Edison sold as high as 149 on a 7 per cent. dividend and earnings at the rate of 14.61 per cent. Later followed a period of decreased earnings which grew out of war conditions, but with 1921 a turn for the better came and earnings of 10.21 per cent. were reported. Now earnings are running at the rate of better than 13 per cent. a share, and the stock is paying 8 per cent.—and selling around 111.

Laclede Gas Light has had a pretty hard time of it since 1918 while fuel and labor costs have been so high, but relief has come in double measure. Operating costs are headed downward and increases in rates for both gas and electricity have been procured. From not earning full fixed charges in 1921, to say nothing of anything on the preferred and common, net earnings for the first half of 1922 increased to an amount equal to \$4.32 a share for the common after preferred dividends. Dividends have been resumed at the rate of 7 per cent. and are, of course, being fully covered at this time.

The yield on Montana Power at this time is only slightly over 4 per cent., and the dividend, such as it is, is not being earned. The secret of the present selling price of the stock

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and the favorable conclusions as to the future is found in the close affiliation of the company with the Anaconda Copper interests and the low cost at which an enormous amount



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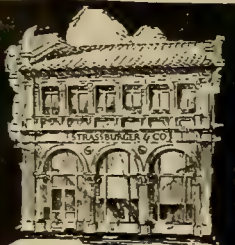
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of power can be produced when demand warrants. The Anaconda mines and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul are already large users under normal conditions and are likely to be much larger users later on. Practically the entire power production is hydro-electric

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and undeveloped reserves will increase the present capacity by 50 per cent. when expended.

The North American Company is following an aggressive expansion policy and increasing its earning power rapidly. For the first three months of 1922 the common stock earned at the annual rate of over \$10 a share, while dividends at the rate of only \$5 a share are being paid.

Pacific Gas & Electric common is conspicuously out of line with other public utility stocks of an equal grade. The common is earning more than \$10 a share annually at this time and the payment of extra dividends or an increase in the declared rate can be looked for. The community in which this company operates is showing a remarkable gain in population and facilities are inadequate to meet the growing demand.

The common stock of the Philadelphia Company yields a high return and affords a conservative speculation. The Pittsburgh District was subject to particularly severe effects in the 1921 depression and the income account of this company reflected this. However, depression is a thing of the past and earning power is recovering sharply. The new electric power units are proving very profitable and the outlook is as good as at any time in the company's history. The railway properties are being rehabilitated and promise to carry themselves, at least in the future.

There is much speculation over the probability of a \$2 increase in the dividend rate

year 1922 is likely to stand out as a very prosperous one for this company.

In spite of the apparently very unfavorable news developments here and abroad during the past two weeks, the stock market has been consistently strong, with many issues scoring extended advances. There has been no important liquidation and reactions have resulted from technical considerations. The unavoidable conclusion is that there has not been as yet any considerable distribution and that stocks are still largely in strong hands.

The question of modifying the terms of the German indemnity and granting that country a respite in her payments appears to have reached a state of impasse, with France violently opposed to the other Allies and insistent on her demands. The matter has been referred to the Reparations Commission. Meanwhile German marks have sunk to new low levels and French francs and bonds have been very weak. However, the outlook can not be quite as gloomy as it seems, for sterling exchange and the British security markets as well as our own have been very strong, which is a pretty plain indication that the economic collapse of Germany will be averted.

The gradual ending of the soft-coal strike, even though this has meant largely yielding to the miners' demands, is a most bullish development, as it has done much damage economically. The steel trade in particular is likely to feel its effect for several months. The anthracite strike is of little consequence, except as it may affect the comfort of the Eastern cities by forcing the use of smoky soft coal. The railroad strike has not been in existence long enough, nor has it been sufficiently successful from the standpoint of labor to have had any great economic effect.

The general advance of wages in the steel industry and coal mining appears to mark a return toward some inflation. This is not surprising. Periods of prosperity usually are accompanied by rising prices for commodities and labor, just as periods of depression are noted for the reverse. Provided this inflation does not extend too far, it need not be viewed with alarm, but rather welcomed as a harbinger of good times.

A most encouraging feature of our home news is the splendid crop prospects, which are likely to mean prosperity for the farmers, rural communities, railroads and industrial corporations supplying their needs. The McCumber tariff bill, when, or if, readjusted may be in some respects deplorable, but will prove a very bullish factor on many industries.

The bull market has been showing signs of renewed activity, and it is gratifying to see the return to speculative favor of such old standard dividend-paying rails as Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Delaware & Hudson and the Hill roads. The rails and equipment stocks seem to be among the most attractive speculations. The public utilities also will do very much better, although many of these stocks have already had considerable advances. The so-called farm stocks comprising the manufacturers of farm implements and fertilizers and the mail-order houses are discounting a return of prosperity.—The Trader.

By all the signs that one may find in the day-to-day dealings on the Stock Exchange, the market has definitely started upward again. Its present movement is the resumption of the major upward movement which was interrupted in June. It should be a typical fall boom; that is, it should go much further and culminate in much more violent movements than did the rise of the spring and early summer, says J. G. Donley, Jr., in *Forbes Magazine*.

And—if you have not already read the indications in the market and acted accordingly—it is not too late to buy stocks. Advances of from ten to twenty or thirty points in rails as well as industrials of exceptional speculative attractiveness are likely to be scored before the fall upswing terminates; and it is better to get the last twenty points of a move than the first ten.

Those who had been waiting some sign of the resumption of the main movement, or some indication that the market was actually in shape to advance from the level it held during the dull period without a clarifying reaction, found what they had been looking for in the action of prices following the publication of what seemed to be good strike news. Following the apparent settlement of the soft coal strike at the Cleveland conference there was a wave of distinct optimism regarding the outlook for ending both the hard coal and the railroad strikes. Had there been many holders of stocks anxious to take profits or had the inside position of the market been weak, it seemed likely that the coming of the good news would have been used for unloading. But the market went to new high levels on the good news. Such action coming after months of rising prices could only be interpreted as bullish. And it was immediately following this demonstration that many big operators began to add heavily to their lines of stocks. Their purchasing

operations encouraged others, and it was not long before trading again expanded to the million-share level.

In spite of its probable discomfiting effect in the camps of those who have been attempting to induce workers to accept lower wages, the announcement by the Steel Corporation of a 20 per cent. advance in the pay of common labor in the steel mills was accepted by Wall Street as a constructive development. It is reason that such action by the far-seeing heads of the Steel Corporation indicates that they are looking forward to a long period of prosperous business conditions and, if not high prices, at least firm prices. Fear of the consequences upon earnings of industrial corporations of a resumption of the downward movement toward pre-war price levels has all along been one of the restraining factors in the market for industrial shares. If wages are to hold up 80 per cent. above the 1915 level—as in the case of Steel Corporation workers—then prices of finished goods will stay up. And if both these things are going to happen, stocks are too low.

Another development that has helped stocks has been the slowing down of activity in the bond market, where high-grade securities have pretty well adjusted themselves to the ruling rates for money. Funds long employed in the bond market are now coming enthusiastically into the stock market, for their possessors have in most instances reaped handsome profits by buying bonds low and selling them high.

With the exception of rubber and perhaps one or two other things, commodity prices have been rising slowly but steadily. While leather, which was once in almost as bad a statistical position as rubber, has not advanced much the market is holding firm and it seems likely that an increasing demand will cause further advances. Steel prices have been steadily advancing, due to high coke prices, high labor costs, and a rapidly expanding demand. Interference in transportation caused by the rail strike and shortage of fuel caused by the bituminous coal strike have tended to accentuate these movements of raw material prices. And the price situation is very important because nothing begets confidence in the buyer as much as a rising market.

In fact, everything points to a very healthy fundamental situation, and if the shortage of coal and the rail strike do not have a much more depressing effect upon general business than has yet been apparent there should soon be such marked improvement as will clear away all doubt.

The railroad stocks are proving their right to be regarded as one of the most attractive groups in the market. And traders, long accustomed to look for their quick profits and big moves in the industrial list, are rapidly being attracted to the rails. In a recent week the average price of a group of active railroad shares scored a larger advance than a representative group of industrials. Moves of three, four, or five points in a day in different rail issues have, in fact, become quite the usual thing.

The standard dividend-paying rails, into which group a large volume of investment buying has overflowed from the bond market, have through constant absorption gotten into such a strong position that perpendicular advances are quite likely to result. Union Pacific, for instance, has been steadily going into the boxes of investors and out of the loan envelopes of Wall Street brokerage houses; and even after its steady advance the stock is still very cheap on the basis of its high yield and well-known earning power. Others in this group that are in much the same position are Atchison, Atlantic Coast Line, Illinois Central, Louisville & Nashville, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, and Southern Pacific.

Among the low-priced rails, St. Paul common is an outstanding bargain. Earnings have not yet recovered sufficiently to cover interest charges; but those who are accumulating this stock are looking forward—not backward. In one month the earnings picture can be radically changed, and it may be predicted rather confidently that this will happen when the bumper crops begin to move. Another very attractive low-priced rail, and one that is earning a substantial margin, is St. Louis & Southwestern. Earning about \$10 a share, this stock is entitled to sell fifteen to twenty points higher than its current level.

Other medium and low-priced rails that promise to make profits for buyers are Baltimore & Ohio, Wabash "A," Kansas City Southern, Pere Marquette, Rock Island, St. Louis-San Francisco, Erie first preferred, and Southern Railway common.

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the trustees for the bondholders, insuring the title to the property in the company. Fire and earthquake insurance, each in the amount of \$550,000, is also being carried and insurance in the amount of \$50,000 against rental losses due to fire.

Demand for all grades of bonds holds firm and as there is very little selling coming into the market, prices are steady. The feverish activity of two or three months ago is absent, fortunately, and the majority of bonds have returned to an investment status. Yields are pretty well adjusted to current money rates and the ensuing stability lends confidence and also gives the investor a firmer basis upon which future transactions may be calculated, says *Forbes Magazine*.

The ratio of reserves to liabilities and deposits, the truest indicator of credit conditions, the Federal Reserve System reports at the highest point in years.

If general business experiences a boom in the autumn it may reach sufficiently large proportions to cause an advance in interest rates. It is not believed, however, that any strain is likely to be felt, nor, in fact, is much of an advance in rates very probable in view of the almost unlimited resources of the Reserve banking system. Certainly the present requirements could be greatly augmented before being reflected in the cost of time money. Bond prices under the circumstances should remain steady.

A form of investment which is sometimes neglected is that found in equipment trust certificates. These certificates or bonds are generally issued under what is known as the Philadelphia plan, the provisions of which make them among the safest investments afforded. The title to the new equipment, passenger or freight cars, locomotives, etc., against which the bonds are issued, is lodged with a trust company which leases it to an operating company, as the New York Central, for example, at an annual rental sufficient to pay interest on the bonds and to retire a certain amount each year. The railroad company must make a cash payment in the beginning, usually about 20 per cent. of the cost price, as a margin of safety, and the annual rental must be sufficient to retire the balance due before the equipment wears out. The life of a freight car is estimated at about twenty years on the average, while equipment trusts rarely run for longer than fifteen years.

The rental thus paid is accepted as an operating expense and is deducted from earnings before the interest on even a first mortgage bond is deducted.

Default on equipment trust certificates is almost unknown. If these rentals can not be paid, the operating company has to do without a large part of its equipment, and earning power, of course, is practically cut off.

At a meeting on September 19th the Paraffine Companies, Inc., declared the usual 1 3/4 per cent. on preferred stock, payable September 27th, transfer books closing September 21st. The directors also passed a resolution authorizing an application for listing preferred and common shares and bonds on the local stock and bond exchange. Mr. W. D. K. Gibson was elected a director to succeed Mr. A. F. Morrison.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The name of Rostand has been twice in the limelight lately. "The Crystal Coffin," Maurice Rostand's first book, was published in English this summer (Robert M. McBride & Co.), and now it is announced that Arnaga, Edmond Rostand's famous estate in the Pyrenees, is offered for sale. In fact it is to be publicly auctioned, minimum bid allowed being a million and a half francs. That sum represented in the neighborhood of \$300,000 before the war, and of course represents sadly less today. In a happier era Arnaga would have been bought by the French government. It is said that in France it is hoped some altruistic American millionaire will be the purchaser—one who will throw it open on certain days to the public. Arnaga consists of a palatial residence and forty acres of beautiful grounds. In the halcyon days before the war it was the Mecca of the artistic, literary, and theatrical cliques of Paris. A perfectly equipped marionette theatre for which Rostand and his son Maurice wrote pieces was one of the great attractions of the place, rivaling in interest the Comédie Française, the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, and the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin. After the relative failure of "Chantecler" in 1910 Rostand withdrew more and more to his Basque retreat, in which country, it is said, he was the more at home because of a prominent strain of Spanish blood.

It should be remembered that the later condition of Rostand's life was that of an invalid. Shortly after the production of "L'Aiglon" in 1900 at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt he was taken with a dangerous attack of pneumonia, from which he never fully recovered—a fact that amply accounts for his not quite living up to the brilliant promise of his youth. He was not yet thirty at the time of the phenomenal success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in 1897. That was said to be the most sensational theatrical event since the memorable first night of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" in 1830. The first three acts were a perpetual ovation, every line of certain passages being applauded. The book of "Cyrano" outsold the current best sellers among French novels. Its sale has been estimated at half a million copies and it is no doubt still going strong. But Rostand never did it like again. He was taken ill three years later after the strain of producing "L'Aiglon," and though his admirers everywhere "Les Romanesques" and "La Princesse Lointaine" still they do not pretend to compare them with his acknowledged masterpiece.

It is typical of the fate of a great man's son that the publication of his first book should send one into rhapsodies about his father. Maurice Rostand is still a very young man—we do not know exactly how young, but his father was fifty at the time of his death four years ago—and he may have a brilliant future. Certain it is he can write. But we suspect he will follow the usual curve of great men's sons. Judging alone from the content of "The Crystal Coffin" he is bound to do so. It is replete with all the decadent morbidity of Verlaine, La Forge, Gautier, and nothing could be farther from the sweet reasonableness and wholesome romanticism of Rostand père. As the foregoing would imply, Maurice is entirely lacking in his father's humor, or, at least, "The Crystal Coffin" is entirely lacking in it. As a neurotic study of the modern French soul this introspective rhapsody is enlightening, but bad publicity.

Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival" was a

sordid thing with its morbidity only relieved by passion—not much alternative. Because of it we began "The Altar Steps" (George H. Doran; \$2) with distaste. In fact we almost did not begin it at all, and so narrowly missed missing a book of unusual spiritual beauty and considerable claim to literature. For the person at all minded to things immaterial, to the something beyond the husk and pomp of life, "The Altar Steps" will be a great delight. Even those of more casual bent will revel in its beauty of style. "Carnival," too, we recall, was beautiful, at least in spots, but it was the beauty of iridescence on a stagnant pool. It was not agreeable to the spiritual olfactory nerve. "The Altar Steps" is so very different that it would be easy to call it ascetic. But it isn't ascetic or ecclesiastic, as undoubtedly some reviewers will label it. Nor are we sure that it has anything to do with "Robert Elsmere," even though it does hinge—or its plot does—on the Oxford controversy. It is rather comparable to such a book of spiritual renaissance as "Jean-Christophe," and like every other genuine book, it is in one sense incomparable. Much consideration is given nowadays to the revival of historical fiction. It is really more a sign of the times that serious fiction is being revived, if by serious we understand fiction of distinction and merit, and of some interest other than artificial problems of social caste. Mrs. Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon" has a spiritual theme. So has Gerald Donovan's "Vocations," though the latter, like "The Altar Steps," belongs to the more exclusively religious type. What we are contending, though, is that a book need not be religious to be mentally refreshing. Nor need it be sexual to be interesting—as "The Altar Steps" admirably proves. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mackenzie will not mar his achievement here by a sequel with a love theme. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors.

Jay William Hudson, author of the popular Appleton book, "Abbé Pierre," is a professor of philosophy at the University of Missouri. It is said he has written a substantial volume of poems which, however, he can not be persuaded to publish.

Evidently the "collecting" of Samuel Butler has begun, for an autograph copy of his "Erewhon" was sold at Sotheby's recently for \$23.

Funk & Wagnalls have secured the American book rights to Lloyd George's memoirs, and the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times the serial rights.

Emerson Hough is reported as seriously ill in a hospital in Denver. Perhaps he is cheered a bit by the tidings that his new novel, "The Covered Wagon," continues strongly among the best sellers of the season.

The dog-lover will be interested in "Terriers," which Darley Matheson has written and the Duttons have just published. For there he can learn all about that desirable breed of dog, whatever the variety—Fox and Bull and West Highland and Skye and Airedale and Boston and Yorkshire and Welsh and the dozen more of which he writes. The author knows his subject and he confines himself to the business of describing each variety, its origin, points, objects, faults, virtues, characteristics. Several chapters are devoted to the care of terriers and the management of stud dogs. Thirty or more full-page plates afford excellent illustrations of various kinds of terrier.

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Assets ..... \$76,170,177.18  
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| U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....                           | 8,302,415.75    |
| Other Bonds and Securities.....                             | 607,295.13      |
| Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco..... | 150,000.00      |
| Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....           | 1,735,217.63    |
| Cash and Sight Exchange.....                                | 14,011,726.63   |
|   | \$50,742,193.65 |
| LIABILITIES   |                 |
| Capital.....  | \$ 2,000,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits.....                          | 6,574,113.33    |
| Circulation.....  | 1,984,200.00    |
| Federal Reserve Bank.....                                   | 2,580,000.00    |
| Letters of Credit.....                                      | 1,875,952.05    |
| Deposits.....   | 35,727,928.27   |
|   | \$50,742,193.65 |

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# REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## French Cooking with American Food.

Every one who has envied the good fortune of a friend possessed of that highest product of civilization, a French chef, will—quite literally—rejoice at the publication of a book of recipes by Xavier Raskin, whose long experience as a French chef in this country has, as he says, fitted him to arrange recipes of French dishes conforming to American conditions. Everything about French cooking, from the mysteries of roasts and entrées to those of French pastry and confitures, is lucidly set forth in this really invaluable book. Nor does M. Raskin write for his fellow-artists. His book is intended for private families and he claims there are few recipes in it that the average housekeeper will find beyond her means or experience. M. Raskin has selected for publication here only the recipes that have been most in demand from him in his twenty years of connection with Americans.

THE FRENCH CHEF IN PRIVATE AMERICAN FAMILIES. By Xavier Raskin. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

## Pirates in the Offing.

Rafael Sabatini's new novel, "Captain Blood," has revived lively speculation concerning the return of the historical novel. The fervor with which Mr. Sabatini's "Scaramouche" was welcomed in 1921 would indicate that the problem of the inevitable domestic tangle which will not be unknotted, however skillful the writer, has wearied readers to the point of returning to the Stevenson-Johnston type of novel, whose popularity was beginning two decades ago. Perhaps we are not doing justice to Mr. Sabatini in attributing the popularity of his books to the assumption that the problem novel has

palled. Undoubtedly his novels are of sufficient merit to stand alone in spite of their belonging to that almost extinct school of historical fiction which Mary Johnston's later novels certainly did not serve to keep alive.

In "Captain Blood" we have a gripping piratical tale of the seventeenth century and the creation of the redoubtable Peter Blood with his sardonic humor, hot temper, and Irish sentiment is a masterpiece. At times the author is unkind to this experienced soldier and well-educated gentleman in making him appear rather a fool. For instance, to serve the purpose of a necessary turn in the tale, Captain Blood is made ignorant of the position of the North Star, a circumstance explained on the ground that he had never studied astronomy. Another vividly interesting character is Arabella Bishop. She is not the plump, languishing, and quite helpless feminine type so characteristic of that period. Though a product of the seventeenth century, she has the spirit of the twentieth. That is one of the charms of the book. While lacking in even the suggestion of anachronism, it has an ultra modern spirit.

This tale of buccaneers, Spanish gold, and pieces of eight will make a strong appeal to the adventurer in us which formerly delighted in "Treasure Island."

CAPTAIN BLOOD. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

The biggest seller in the world is neither A. S. M. Hutchinson nor Ethel M. Dell, says *John o' London's Weekly*. His name is Harold Bell Wright, and he is an American expert in what is called "uplift" fiction. The first sales of his novels average 250,000, and the total sales at least 500,000. He runs a publishing firm that issues nothing but his own books, and a cinema company that films them. Harold Bell Wright was originally a minister and nowadays he lives in Arizona.

## New Books Received.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOR. By Violet A. Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

A picture of the Elizabethan court.

THE RUSSIAN TURMOIL. By General A. I. Denikin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

Memoirs: Military, social, and political.

OUT OF THE WORLD NORTH OF NIGERIA. By Angus Buchanan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

An expedition through the Western Sudan in the interests of the zoological geography of Africa.

THE LAST HARVEST. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.; \$2.

A final collection of Burroughs essays, including studies on Emerson and Thoreau.

WITCH DOCTORS. By Charles Beadle. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A tale of Central Africa.

THE CAPTIVE HERD. By G. Murray Atkin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE. Edited by James A. Harrison and R. A. Stewart. With an introduction by Charles W. Kent. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.75.

FLOWING GOLD. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel.

CARNAC'S FOLLY. By Gilbert Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

A Canadian romance.

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER. By Melville Davison Post. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

THE VAN ROON. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

CAPTAIN POTT'S MINISTER. By Francis L. Cooper. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

A novel for young people.

DAN QUIN OF THE NAVY. By Captain Beach. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A sea story.

WANTED—A WIFE. By Alfred Panzini. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; \$1.90.

Translated from the Italian by Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE MULE. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

A sequel to Casey Ryan.

THE HAWK OF EGYPT. By Joan Conquest. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

LONESOME TOWN. By Ethel and James Dorrance. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

A story of Montana and New York.

THE TREMENDOUS EVENT. By Maurice Le Blanc. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

An adventure story by the author of "Arsène Lupin."

THE GOLDEN FACE. By William Le Queux. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

A "crook" romance.

THE SECOND FLOWERING. By Samuel Gordon. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.75.

The love story of a modern Enoch Arden.

SIDE LIGHTS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

Literary criticism.

THE SOCIAL TREND. By Edward Allsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

SOCIETY NOTES. By Duffy R. West. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company; 50 cents.

Modern plays, edited by Frank Shay.

HOW TO WATCH AND UNDERSTAND FOOTBALL. By Percy D. Haughton. Boston: Marshall Jones & Co.; 50 cents.

A guide to football by a Harvard coach.

THE WONDER BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. By Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50.

Translated by Florence Constable Bicknell.

THREE BLACK BAGS. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A mystery story.

THE REST HOLLOW MYSTERY. By Rebecca N. Porter. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A mystery story.

LITERATURE AND LIFE. By E. B. Osborn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A selection of essays and occasional papers by the literary editor of the *London Morning Post*.

Statistics about books for some reason seem to have a more general attraction than similar compilations along other lines. The annual figures on best sellers are always eagerly greeted. In this connection the statistical "fans" may like to glance at the list of the publishers of one hundred and three "best biographies," compiled by the North Carolina College for Women. The Houghton Mifflin Company appears as sponsor for twenty-two; Scribners for seventeen; Macmillan, eleven; Appleton and Doubleday Page, six each; Century, Dutton, and Holt, five each; Longmans, four; Lane and Harper, three each; the Atlantic, Lippincott, Little Brown, Putnam, and Crowell, two each; and Stokes, Doran, Moffat Yard, Jacobs and Harcourt, Brace, one each.

An unfinished O. Henry story has been discovered on the back of an old ledger belonging to the Morley Drug Company, by whom the author was once employed in Austin, Texas.



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## "Only a Novel."

Current discussions of the novel, with indications by some critics how easy it is to write a good one, and groanings by others over the terrible amount of trash which comes from the press in the form of fiction, says the *New York Times*, prompted an English writer to go back to Jane Austen. She not merely wrote novels, but had ideas about them. One of her characters takes up the theme in "Northanger Abbey" and refers to those who speak contemptuously of a book as being "only a novel." She adds: "In short, only some work in which the greatest powers of mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language." What a terrible prescription for these days of easy writing and hard reading!

A young Japanese novelist named Segiro Shimada, who is traveling in England, is translating several of Mr. Wells' and Mr. Galsworthy's novels into Japanese.

## THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING

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"Simon Called Peter"

The Boston Transcript says:

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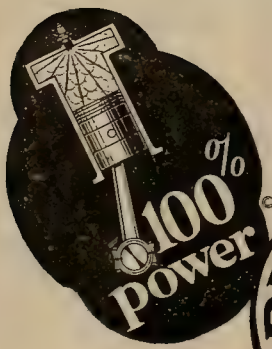
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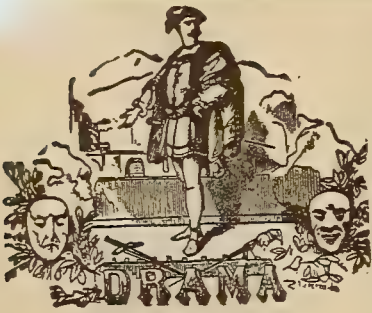
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### "NJU"

These two weeks the Rainey-Travers combination is giving us at the Players Theatre a highly creditable representation of Ossip Dymow's Russian play, which has gained a pronounced success in several of the European capitals. It is always rather a difficult feat for American players even of the best quality to give foreign drama with its native atmosphere. We are obliged to rely on suggestions and the psychology of the play.

"Nju"—which they pronounce "Noo-a," a soft-sounding and caressing name truly—is the interior view of the triangle which has been made so familiar to us in European drama. That is to say, the author has shown us the emotions with which each of the three, the married pair and the lover, is possessed; has given us a near view of their separate and individual psychologies. Each of the nine scenes shows the gradual presentation of the drama which culminates in tragedy.

For Ossip Dymow is essentially tragic in his view of life; and in fact gives nowhere in the play any indication of possessing a sense of humor. There are, in places, a Maeterlinckian simplicity in the dialogue; an intention on the author's part, probably, to show how inseparable are the trivialities of life from the culminating peaks of drama.

Here is a case in point: *Husband*—How beautiful you look, lying there in your white dress in the moonlight. *The Wife* (languidly)—It isn't white. *Husband*—What is it, then? *Wife* (limply: she is dreaming of love with the other fellow, a poet)—It's cream. *Husband*—Well, cream then. It reminds me of the dialogue about the view of the city from the tower between the princess and the nurse in Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine." But although there are intentional commonplaces in the dialogue, the play is far from commonplace. It presents Nju as a rare and beautiful woman who has never really loved; which means, of course, that she was ready for trouble when it came. And come it did, embodied in the shape of a young poet whom she met at a ball. They met, they gazed silently—like the Flying Dutchman and his mortal sweetheart—they loved.

Nju is depicted as a woman with an immense and hitherto unexpended capacity for loving. Her love flows around its object in a serene, beautiful flood, for she loves with her soul rather than with her senses, which makes the crux of the drama.

The character of the poet is that of a man who, like Tolstoy's Fedya, cares nothing for the conventions of life. He loves beauty, and finds it in Nju. It is difficult to pierce the mystic yearnings of the soul of the poet, who is a modern complex. Therefore he can not yield to the primitive simplicity of love, as in his case it is complicated with intellectually analytic inhibitions.

The woman who from the commonplaces of her existence has slipped into this dream of a beautiful and perfect love, the potency of which is so great that home, husband, and child fade into insignificance, suddenly awakes from her dream.

Her introspective lover is incapable of complete surrender to love. He fails to top the heights, and the statuesque woman silently withdraws her love and finds the world a void. The husband is simple, male love personified; possessive love reduced to first principles. Nju does not conceal her evasion of his claims, and Dymow has depicted him as bewildered at his sudden bereavement. Deprived of the exquisite being who has been the joy of his life, he veers between passionate jealousy, the primal desire to kill, and avid clutchings to regain this beautiful possession that was his but yesterday. "Why

can't we all three live here? I will just be your friend." And then comes the gust of rage which culminates in the bloodless struggle between the two men. For, true Russian that he is, Dymow wishes to show the pitiful futility of earthly things. A point of view which we perceive repeated in the tragicomic ending, and which explains the episode of the husband and wife's old love letters. "They have served their turn," she says impatiently, when the husband wishes to soften her averse heart by rereading them, "and now they are dead."

Obscure Russian psychology in the upper classes is rather baffling to the average American audience. All audiences are interested in the triangle, and this one showed the usual absorption. But I think that it was the husband, and not Nju walking on her lonely, impossible heights, who had their sympathy. Him they comprehended, Dymow having made his character as simple and readable as large print. They were slightly aghast when, in his drowning clutch at his vanishing love he proposed a *ménage à trois*. But they sympathetically comprehended his varying states of mind, and no doubt some of them, male and female, knew that cry of the heart for solitude with which the woman wounded a faithful but disregarded love.

Ben Erway had the simplest character to interpret, and, being an intelligent young actor, satisfied his audience in spite of being in a dramatically exotic atmosphere to which his stage experience hitherto has not led him.

Evelyn Vaughan had the rôle of the romantic, impractical idealist; the woman whose soaring wings fell broken from their flight into the empyrean of a lofty, disinterested love when her chosen mate could not soar equally high.

Miss Vaughan is an intelligent woman, and dealt successfully with an expression of the soul of the dreaming Nju. Without being a great beauty she managed, with sumptuous costumes, silver embroideries, a skillful consideration of lights, and backgrounds, and poses, to make herself an interesting and graceful figure, with an exotic suggestion of something strange and foreign about her.

Rainey has the hardest problem of the three, for the baffling psychology of the lover is much more difficult to convey. The young actor sought earnestly adequately to convey the enigmatic character of the poet, which is complicated by a tendency on the author's part to revert to an old-school blend with a modern complex. Mr. Rainey had his good moments, and his average ones, the principal fault in his impersonation being the appearance of effort. And, indeed, the love-making was a tax on the young actor, the poet's special brand of love being of a kind in the expression of which does not dwell Mr. Rainey's specialty.

The general performance, however, is such as to merit commendation for adhering to simplicity of expression; which is what Dymow would have approved, even while missing certain Russian subtleties in the players.

How essentially Russian is the ending; death, oblivion, and the play of life goes on above the grave of the forgotten one.

Several minor rôles were appropriately presented, notably that of Marie by Mrs. Parent. In respect to the externals of the production it was admirably dressed. The curtained backgrounds somehow seemed particularly appropriate to the psychology of the piece, and the stage pictures were so harmoniously grouped and composed as to be very pleasing to the eye.

### THE ORPHEUM.

We San Franciscans are so far away from the theatrical centre that we are perpetually experiencing the sensation of having hitherto unknown players swim into our consciousness, take possession of our imagination, and then swim out again, generally back to the East, from whence they sometimes come no more. But on one occasion one of them, we thought, had floated into eternity and the eye of man would not see him again.

How many years ago was it that Florence Roberts played here in a translation of Angel Guimera's Spanish play, "Marta of the Lowlands"? Eight, ten? I give it up. Perhaps more. Probably more, as it was long enough ago for Hobart Bosworth to give six years to the building up of his health, then re-emerge into the life of men, become a movie star and a movie producer, and make his name perfectly familiar to all the movie fans.

Yes, it was Hobart Bosworth, a handsome young six-footer supporting Florence Roberts in "Marta of the Lowlands," whom a lot of us had deeded and buried all those 'steen years ago.

Mr. Bosworth was a young shepherd in the play who brought his athletic proportions, his good looks, and a very dizzy toilet, I remember, down from the Spanish Pyrenees to Marta's wedding in the lowlands. For they titivated him up to the nines. I can remember how irresistible the matinee girls found him in his white trappings—white goatskin, was it? Anyway, he was dressed like a stage bridegroom, for I do not doubt that the management recognized that it was worth while

to make the best of Mr. Bosworth's youthful beauties.

And then, one day, it was stated in the papers that the favorite young actor Hobart Bosworth was obliged to leave the stage because he had tuberculosis. So we incontinently buried him and forgot his name, and never knew that the Hobart Bosworth who was the beautiful young shepherd from the Pyrenees was the same man redivivus in the movie world. For the energy and staying power that built up the Bosworthian career in the picture-play industry had been invoked during a six years' fight to down what is known quite aptly as the grim messenger.

Hobart Bosworth and Rae Samuels are the leading attractions of this week's Orpheum bill, which is well provided besides with other entertaining and amusing features. Mr. Bosworth wrote his own playlet, "Jes' Buck," which is a melodramatic "hands up!" trifle with a blend of honest cowboy sentiment. The point of the piece is the quickness on the trigger of the cowboy fraternity, and the rapidity with which the point of vantage can be shifted according to a man's pistol strategy. The sentiment is merely a side show.

Mr. Bosworth's personable figure and stage magnetism assist him greatly in carrying off his rather creaky vehicle, and the audience gave him due honors as a headliner.

Rae Samuels, however, is the hit of the week, her ebullient vitality and gay animal spirits and the chummy relations which she establishes with her audience, together with her songs and impersonations combining to attract the oft-repeated applause that proved her the favorite. Besides, she dresses up to the nines.

W. C. Fields in "Fields' Family Ford" gained a laughing success, the audience shedding streams of risible tears as Mr. Fliverton tackled the numerous clanging attachments of his tin equipage and gave numerous false alarms to the expectant Fliverton outfit as he cranked his recalcitrant car in rain.

Anderson and Burt made good in "Dizzy Heights," a sketch depicting a wrangling couple who carry their marital bickerings to Alpine heights. The piece is quite scenic, with its perspective of clouds and mountain tops, and the two scrappers costumed in the garb of mountain climbers. Also the audience laughed immoderately at Eddie Swartz' lively nonsense. Julia Clifford is rather a whooping vocalist, but she was ornamental, for she is a good dresser.

D'Amore and Douglas gave a cleverly violent representation of an Apache dance, showing such amazing strength and agility as to win prolonged salvos of applause.

The Girtin girls give a very good act in trick bicycling, in which they show the strength, balance, and muscular elasticity of born as well as trained acrobats.

And the Melette Sisters, dressed in duplicate and making the audience feel as if it saw double, so much did they look alike, both in their opening cottons and later in their pretty green and silver, made a good wind-up act, in which they did both graceful and acrobatic dances.

### DRAMATIC PROSPECTS.

San Francisco, in spite of some southern affirmations to the contrary, is the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, at least in feeling and aspect. Recently it has been growing rapidly, and the increased population will have great need of the numerous flats and apartment houses that are springing up so thickly during the present unprecedented building activity.

Going by financial records, we are a very

prosperous community. Our sunny, bracing climate predisposes us to the enjoyment of holiday festivities. We are continually seeing huge bleachers go up for the popular enjoyment of parades, in which the participants gayly costumed and flower decorated, appear to the delighted public view in ornate floats of various designs and symbolisms. We have a flourishing art school, are contiguous to two flourishing universities. There is a commendable effort being made by an art association to keep up popular interest in both local and imported art. We have an uncommonly beautiful park and two fine and generously stocked museums.

There are minor features into which I need not go. What I am leading up to is the absence of a prevalent interest and delight in real art in this prosperous, beautifully situated city that is crammed with a pleasure-loving population. Musically San Francisco has developed considerably in the last seven years. Since the many musical festivals at the Exposition of 1915, which discovered to San Franciscans their delight in music as music—which is different from a taste for opera, in which drama and spectacle play a part—the San Francisco Symphony Association has successfully fostered the local taste for high-class music.

And yet as a community we remain childish and undeveloped in our taste for drama. We have a large number of theatres; so many that nowadays we have lost count. Not one of them, however, strictly identifies itself with



## Bringing in More Water

Direct communication between Calaveras Reservoir in Alameda County and Crystal Springs Reservoir in San Mateo County will solve San Francisco's water problem for years to come.

That direct communication is now being established, the work proceeding on a cooperative footing, with the city of San Francisco and the Spring Valley Water Company as the two members of a virtual partnership.

When this work is completed, San Francisco's water supply will be augmented by an addition of 24 million gallons daily, making the total 66 million gallons daily.

Spring Valley is now adding to the height of the Calaveras Dam. The company will also build a new conduit to carry Calaveras water as far as Irvington.

San Francisco is at present driving Pulgas tunnel through the hills between Redwood and Crystal Springs Reservoir. This tunnel is part of the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit which, when completed, will extend from Irvington to Crystal Springs.

When Calaveras water reaches Irvington, it will enter this Hetch Hetchy aqueduct and flow through it to Crystal Springs.

Spring Valley will pay the City for the use of this section of the Hetch Hetchy line, and will also pay the interest on the bonds sold by the City to build it.

San Francisco taxpayers therefore will not have to carry the burden of this bond interest. They have to pay the interest on all other Hetch Hetchy bonds, but not on those sold to build the Bay Division. Spring Valley relieves them of that responsibility.

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the finest and highest forms of dramatic art. True, the Players Theatre—and our only firmly established little theatre—aims at quality; but little theatres naturally do not have the pick of the profession as players. That was the trouble at the Maitland, in which masterpieces were sometimes played by obscure actors who were quite incompetent adequately to interpret a work of art.

This fall season the launching of a number of new theatrical enterprises, the new Curran, and the Alcazar under its new management specializing in stock. They will incline to the giving of light popular pieces, and perhaps occasionally the grab bag may toss up a play that is worth while.

There will be a season of opera bouffe in San Francisco, Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff having arranged to transfer their Oakland enterprise to this side of the Bay. And this promises to be interesting and enjoyable, although probably only of a temporary nature. That, of course, rests with San Francisco. The Century, renamed the Morosco, will specialize in the lightest brand of musical comedy.

Hence, generally speaking, the seeker after the best and finest theatre can offer us can only occasionally be found in what we call the commercial theatres, since, like the daily press, they seek to appeal to a diversity of taste. And it is foolish to expect them to be altruistically unbusinesslike.

It seems as if the proper development of the best in drama is today in the hands of youth, since practical-minded maturity does not dare to juggle with profits. Youth, however, is courageous, venturesome, and generous in its enthusiasms. Keeping abreast of progressive ideas, it has the courage of faith. It aims at quality first and profit second, hoping, however, that all-round merit will attract sufficient patronage to keep the ball a-rolling. For youth, though more open-handed than maturity, is no fool.

And so the little theatres sprang up all over the country, engineered by youth. And though lots of them fell down again, there are vigorous survivors, and they have put their stamp on their times; a stamp that will not be obliterated.

Out of the Washington Square Players in New York was evolved the Theatre Guild, which made, during the season that ended in the summer of this year, many notable, liberally patronized and widely discussed contributions to the list of masterpieces produced in New York.

For some years the Greek Players in Berkeley have been putting on pieces that, no matter how much a cultivated minority of theatre-goers might desire to see them acted, could only be known from the printed page. But now we, too, shall have a line of work similar to that done by the Theatre Guild in New York.

The San Francisco Stage Guild will make known to us such pieces as Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," "Lilliom," and "The Hairy Ape"; "The Truth About Blayds" and "Heartbreak House"; pieces that make the commercial managers fairly tremble. The Guild will

branch into such activities as a lecture bureau, a series of concerts rendered by musical lights, marionette plays, and fairy dramas for the children, the child players to be trained by Mrs. John Cuddy, an expert in that line.

In the meantime the Players Theatre, which has a modestly brilliant season with "The First Fifty Years" and "The Rivals," is going to follow up Dymow's "Nju" with Powers' "The First-Born," and later we may see there Philip Moeller's witty presentation of that "femme galante" Mme. Sand, intrepid seeker, as she persuaded herself, after an ideal love.

So here is the opportunity for those who have little taste for the sentimental fairy tales that are popular with the majority of American theatre-goers to witness dramas that present a philosophy of life, genuine human nature, and the real conflict from which drama is born. But if they want that kind of attraction in the theatre they must dig themselves out of their scornful isolation and support the kind of drama that is aimed at their special kind of taste.

Nor need the heads of the commercial theatres have cause for apprehension. If the class who have given up theatre-going come back into the fold the big theatres will enjoy their patronage when they offer attractions of real magnitude, such as Walter Hampden in the legitimate, Margaret Anglin in "The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc," Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, and so on.

And every once in awhile there is a charming refreshment even for those who are sticklers for the drama of truth in such pieces as "The Three Wise Men," soon to be revived at the Columbia, which also promises us Rachel Crothers' "Nice People," "Six-Cylinder Love," and other New York successes.

For my part I thank heaven for a catholic taste. If the dispenser of sentimental fairy tales can present his pleasing improbability with grace, wit, pretty sentiment and charm I'll enjoy it with the children in heart. But it has been hard sledding to see the masterpieces enacted by tyros, while the trained, experienced, polished players are obliged to dedicate their talent to the lighter forms of drama.

The San Francisco Stage Guild, however, has secured several experienced and talented professionals whose tastes and abilities have caused them to associate themselves with the higher forms of drama. Among these, and heading the company, when the new enterprise opens on September 27th, are Maurice Brown and Ellen von Volkenburg, both of whom will, it is believed, prove to be inspiring leaders in the School of the Theatre which is to be one of the numerous activities in connection with the new Plaza.

The Travers-Rainey season at the Players also has more than a professional cast, as demonstrated in the really excellent acting of "The First Fifty Years" and "The Rivals."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The oldest known banknotes were issued in China 2837 years before the Christian era.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

### The Columbia Theatre.

As a stage offering the Rachel Crothers comedy-drama, "Nice People," achieved a most decided success on Broadway, running there for one year and later for six months at Chicago. This play will be seen on the stage of the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, September 25th, with Mary Newcomb in the rôle of "Teddy" Gloucester, the society "flapper."

Miss Newcomb, in recent seasons, has won distinction for herself and will be remembered as leading player with the late Clifton Crawford in his New York production of "My Lady Friends." In the play in which she comes here next Monday night Miss Newcomb has added laurels to her wreath.

Sam H. Harris has surrounded his star with a competent cast to tell the story of the modern fast pace of the younger set who will not tolerate parental assertion on the question of drinking, smoking, and plunging. The regeneration of "Teddy," the leader of a coterie of these "nice people," comes only after a series of escapades with attending humorous scenes. Matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

### The Orpheum Next Week.

Karyl Norman, known as "The Creole Fashion Plate," is one of the most finished artists on the stage. This engagement of this entertainer comes after a success in London and New York.

Wesley Barry's work in the screen version of "Penrod" was a hit and his freckles have won more hearts than many a dimple. He has a big company for his Orpheum appearance and is going to surprise many of his screen admirers when they find him just as clever on the stage.

Rae Samuels has new numbers and some dazzling gowns.

Beth Beri is a California girl who went East and returns to her native state one of the country's most finished and entertaining dancers.

Senator Ford, formerly a newspaper cartoonist, is a newcomer to the West, but he is said to be a great comedian with brand new material.

William Sully and Genevieve Houghton, a pretty girl and a snappy young fellow, present amusement of rare distinction.

The Great Léon is a magician and mystifier. He brings a startling act.

Mr. Mantell has originated a comical, ingenious, manikin turn entitled "La Petite Cabaret."

### Farrar's Supporting Artists.

Geraldine Farrar, the Metropolitan soprano, who will be heard in concert Sunday afternoon, October 8th, at the Curran Theatre, is too great an artist to ignore the value of competent support; therefore she is bringing with her Henry Weldon, the basso; Joseph

Malkin, the 'cellist, and Claude Gotthelf, accompanist.

Regarding her opera performances or her concerts as a whole, and not as a vehicle for self-exploitation, Miss Farrar encourages her associates to do their best; the result being that her audiences leave the opera house or concert hall feeling that every minute spent there has been one of delightful entertainment.

Tickets for Miss Farrar's concert are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store.

Paris workmen engaged in carrying out street improvements in the Boulevard St. Marcel, near the Jardin des Plantes, have apparently unearthed vestiges of a cemetery dating from the Merovingian period, on the site of a portion of what was much later known as the collegiate burial ground of St. Marcel. So far five stone coffins have been discovered, together with a large number of bones. The discoveries tend to prove that during the Merovingian period only the more important dead received the honor of burial in coffins of any kind. In one of the coffins brought to light a small quantity of coal is said to have been found, which indicates that the deceased person was one of the great ones of his time. The purpose of purifying the soul of the departed is supposed to have been reserved exclusively to leaders of the community.



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## VANITY FAIR.

When the United States Steel Corporation introduced a commodity known as "flat wire" it caused a mild sensation in industry, for flat wire served many purposes formerly requiring much preliminary labor on the iron or steel strip. Paris has been preparing to celebrate a great Parisian who introduced to the multitudes flat hair, and who inaugurated the process of flattening the hair on the head of any one whose hair was merely tubular with what the engineers call a circular section. To millions it would be a serious question which of the two benefactors deserved the better of humanity: he that introduced flat wire into industry, or he that introduced flat hair on heads that had formerly borne only the round section variety. For round hair is uninterestingly straight, while flat hair is beautifully curly. And it is a question whether it is better to add to the beauty of the world or to its mere mechanical conveniences. Paris celebrates the man that added to the snares of human beauty, male and female. His name is Marcel, and he is the inventor, not of aeroplanes or hydroplanes, or some new-fangled method of wireless transmission of bad songs and dull market statistics, or even a new style of abdominal surgery, but of the Marcel wave, a process of increasing the flatness of hair and thereby decreasing the flatness of life. Fifty years ago this great benefactor was a mere barber; and yet not a mere barber, for he was, under his own scented locks, a blazing genius, a forward-looking leader of his trade, his tribe, his race. He flattened the tresses of a young lady of his acquaintance, and she couldn't keep it to herself, and well he knew she couldn't, and he soon had all the work he could do. The results lasted five months, by which time, of course, the straight hair grew up from the uncorrupted scalp, and the kinks waved around on top. This made it necessary to repeat the operation, and brought the new industry into conformity with the basic principle the late P. D. Armour once laid down for a young man who had asked him how to get rich: "Make something the people will eat up." If Marcel waves were really permanent they would be far less profitable, just as permanent hams would be. But that in five months at most they grew out on straight stems meant wealth to the inventor. Marcel's services were sought, with profitable repetition, by beauties from France and England, and all parts of Europe. He was overwhelmed with business. He has flattened the hair of practically all the famous French actresses. Can this man be called a barber? Perish such vulgarity and such ingratitude! Paris acclaims him as she would any other patriot, any savant who had added to the national fame and honor. She elevates him, still living, to the pedestal on which stand her mighty dead, she places him with Daudet, with Zola, with Victor Hugo, with Pasteur, with Lavoisier, killed at his chemicals by the Terrorists, who declared the Revolution had no need of scholars. Marcel the hair waver shall have his due. The great beauties of Paris will take

hair in kinks. The most brilliant luminaries of the stage will act as subjects while hundreds of instructed barbers will engage in a hair-dressing competition for 30,000 francs, paper money. The man that invented flat wire will not be in it with the man that invented a way to flatten hair. But more wealth awaits another inventor—the man who can reverse the process and straighten the kinks on the Afro-Americans of the United States. That man need never worry about his debts again.

Turkey has determined to guard its ethical standards from the corrupting influence and dubious morality of the Christian nations as exemplified in female costume. The government has appointed a style commission which finds danger in the shortened skirt just as Western nations are about to lengthen it. No doubt an irade will soon issue requiring all Turkish women to use plenty of material in their pantaloons, especially at the bottoms, or, rather, the lower edge. Such regulation seems timely and advisable, for all restraints commonly understood as Turkish in the matter of women appear to have been relaxed since the Young Turk revolution of 1908. It is strange how political changes affect costume and customs, even among the Turks. The traditional costume of the harem is gone. The Turkish woman no longer dresses as she did. The impenetrable black veil (yashmak) which used to conceal her features as effectively as any Venetian masque has changed into a piece of thin transparent gauze serving to enhance rather than conceal the flash of Oriental eye beneath it, according to correspondence of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The ungainly tcharchaf, or head scarf, which used to cover the whole of the upper part of the body and left one in doubt whether Turkish women possessed waists, has grown shorter and shorter. The more advanced section, in their desire to prove that they possess, not only waists, but necks, have bisected the tcharchaf, restricting the part which covers the head to a sort of Russian toque. Skirts have become shorter and shorter, and in some cases are covered with variegated colored embroidery, thus showing the influence of Parisian or Viennese models. The Turkish commission has worked on this problem for months and has elaborated a code of dress which will protect Mohammedan virtue from the general looseness of Western ways. Whatever else the Turk may do, he is determined to live on a high moral plane—at least he is determined to keep his womenfolk on that plane.

Autumn is on the way, and a few September rains will bring the fact home to all, including the prune farmer who must arise in the night and stack his trays to salvage part of his crop. That is one of the unfailing signs of the approach of autumn in the country. But in the city it is most distinctly heralded by the appearance of celery on the grab counters of the cafeterias. This omen

has appeared. The violinists have begun rosinning their bows more heavily, the pianists are using dumb-bells again. Jazz orchestras have little to fear, for the penetrating saxophone and the ear-splitting Chinese trumpet and shark-skin drum are beyond effective competition, but with old-fashioned orchestras, that dispense music rather than hullabaloo, the case is different. Those that like music with their meals have had it in some restaurants all summer. They must now give their kindly consideration to those that prefer celery. After all, there are few happier sounds in nature than a cafeteria full of people crunching celery. And there is a way by which both music lovers and celery enthusiasts can be pleased. Given a good orchestra leader, one that really leads rather than one that tries to lead and play at the same time, one able to set the tempo for a whole restaurant full of celery chompers, and a sublime effect should be possible. There is no truth in the rumor that they are about to exclude celery from restaurants because it interferes with the music. It should be part of it, and one of the best parts. But only when well led. Syncopated crunching will not serve. It must be rhythmic, truly concerted. And in order to be so it should be orderly. We have a number of popular compositions with which it will, at a pinch, accord. There are "Stumbling," "Hot Lips," and many more. It can even be articulated with the old reliable "Poet and Peasant" overture, only that is long, and it takes several bunches to last out. For the celery obligato the leader should see all set, each diner with his branch poised. At three raps on the music rack every mouth should open, every branch should find itself between suddenly converging teeth, natural or store. Thence it is mainly a matter of keeping time, with trimmings, indicated in Italian, the language De Quincy found so necessary to music. The first crash tears the morsel from the brittle stalk. The rest is the champing movement, only to be interrupted for fresh supplies. Now, all together! *Addagio, allegro, andante, con molte espressione, fortissimo, crescendo!* We do not know if we have these in their most effective sequence, but if not the composition can be rearranged. The musical possibilities of celery are not exceeded by those of any jazz orchestra in any tin tray palace in the land.

Only one man was ever known to us who could eat celery in silence. All his processes were silent, to secretiveness. He was an expert at it. He embezzled \$5000 and silently slipped away. This points to the conclusion that when an honest man chaws celery he makes a noise.

The Topeka State Journal has for some months been printing the Bible in serial form, and states that the experiment has proved a great success. Readers are following the installments with interest, and those of

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Senator Borah said at a dinner in Boise: "I am sorry that Lord Grey opposes the system of international conferences, for I believe they will avert future wars; I believe they would have averted the world war. Yes, gentlemen, I say with the great Lloyd George, 'Better pow-pows than bow-wows.'"

The provision dealer was astonished. He gazed at the newly-married young woman as if he thought she were a victim of temporary insanity. "Did you say you wanted a—lean chicken, ma'am?" he queried. "Certainly, I did," and the young woman's expression took on an added dignity. "Neither Mr. Torker nor I ever eat chicken fat. It is extremely distasteful to both of us, and I see no occasion for paying for what we do not like."

The following conversation took place as Dinah Johnson entered the office of Probate Judge Emory in Southern Georgia: "Am yo' de reprobate judge?" "Yes, I'm the probate judge." "Wall, dat's wat I says, you'se de reprobate judge an' my ole man, wat's been studyin' down at his heah logical cemetery, done died detested an' lef' me two little infidels an' I done come to be 'pointed der executioner.'"

The defendant, held in an Ohio court on the charge of keeping a dog without a license, repeatedly tried to interrupt the evidence, but was hushed each time by the court. Finally the clerk turned to him and said: "Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?" "Yes, but—" "We want no 'buts.' You must renew your license or be fined. You know it expired on January 1st." "Yes," said the defendant, "and so did the dog."

A. J. Balfour said on the *Aquitania*: "I go back home impressed with your American quickness. You are certainly the quickest people on earth. An English farmer was showing an American over his sheep farm one day. 'How many sheep do you think there are in that field?' the farmer asked. 'Er—600,' said the American. 'Right! Exactly right!' said the farmer. 'How the deuce did you know?' 'Why,' drawled the American, 'I just counted the legs and divided by four.'"

In the streets of a Southern city there recently met a couple of darkies, and, during the course of their conversation, one remarked to the other: "Yessuh, I's done proved dat honesty is de best policy, after all." "How?" demanded his friend. "You remembers dat dawg dat I took?" "Shore, I remembers." "Well, sub, I tries fo' two whole days to sell dat dawg and nobody offers more'n a dollah. So, like an honest man, I goes to de lady dat ownied him, an' she gives me three dollahs and fifty cents."

The late John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, said at a dinner in Atlantic City last summer: "Germany isn't hated quite so bitterly as in the war-time, but she had better pay what she owes us, all the same. 'There's my husband in the backyard,' said the woman. 'But, madam,' said the gas collector, 'I see nobody but a Chinaman out there in the back yard.' 'Well, that's my husband,' said she. 'Your husband's a Chinaman!' groaned the gas collector. 'No!' 'Yes, sur,' smiled the woman. 'Why, the woman next door is married to a German.'"

The conjurer was performing in a theatre near a powder mill. A sailor and his parrot were enjoying the show. The conjurer changed half a crown into a penny. "Now that's a fine trick," said the sailor, lighting his pipe. "I wonder what the hell he'll do next?" The sailor threw away his match. A minute later there was no sailor, no factory, no theatre, no village. On a steeply a mile away the parrot, with one feather remaining, said: "Now that's a fine trick. I wonder what the hell he'll do next?"

The late Sir James T. Naesmyth of Posso, Peeblesshire, is succeeded in the title by his nephew, Mr. Douglas Naesmyth. An interesting story is told of how this very old family got its name. In the reign of James III of Scotland an ancestor, pursued by the Douglas partisans, sought refuge in a smithy, disguised as a hammerman. The Douglas followers suspected the man, who in his agitation struck a false blow, when one of the Douglas men rushed at him calling out, "Ye're nae smith." The story leaves much to be desired; for example, where Posso got its name, and also Peeblesshire.

According to Mr. G. B. Burgin in his "Memoirs of a Clubman," Robert Barr was once traveling in France with his wife in a non-smoking carriage, when two brawny Huns, each smoking a huge pipe, got in. Explaining that it was not a smoking carriage

and that Mrs. Barr objected to smoking, Barr promptly bundled them out again. At the first stopping place, when the Huns were strolling up and down the platform, they saw Barr smoking a huge cigar in the same carriage. "You to us tell," one of them spluttered, "this a smoking carriage not is, and you yourself smokes when the lady the smoke not wishes." "Ah, but you see," replied Barr, "she's my wife and can't help herself."

When Susan Johnsing brought back the clean clothes, the mistress of the house said, "Why don't you let that big, hulking husband of yours carry the clothes for you?" "Mah husban'?" was the scornful response. "Dat aint no husban' o' mine. Dat's jes' de nigger I lives wid."

An Abraham Lincoln story in William A. Roger's treasure house of reminiscences in "A World Worth While" concerns the well-known cartoonist when he was a young treasury clerk. He was a member of the Home Guard and was liable to be called out for guard duty after office hours at any time. "One night," he relates, "I had arranged to go to a ball and had arrayed myself in my best clawhammer, my most immaculate vest, and a silk hat. I was about to leave the house when a call for guard duty came. No time for a change of raiment—but one thing to do, shoulder my musket and march all night in front of the Treasury Building! In the early gray dawn I saw the long, shambling figure of the President coming down the White House walk. He had his hands folded behind his back and his head was bowed. Evidently he was out to do a little quiet thinking

by himself. He approached, and when he was still a few feet away I stiffened up in true military form and presented arms to the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States. Mr. Lincoln stopped, looked at me carefully, and then inquired what regiment I belonged to. I felt a good deal flustered, but managed to reply that I was Treasury Clerk So-and-So called for guard duty in such-and-such a company and regiment of the Home Guard. The President looked at my top hat, at my patent-leather pumps, my clawhammer coat, and my old army musket, and he said, 'Well, young man, I did not wish to be too inquisitive, but I can't get used to all these new uniforms.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

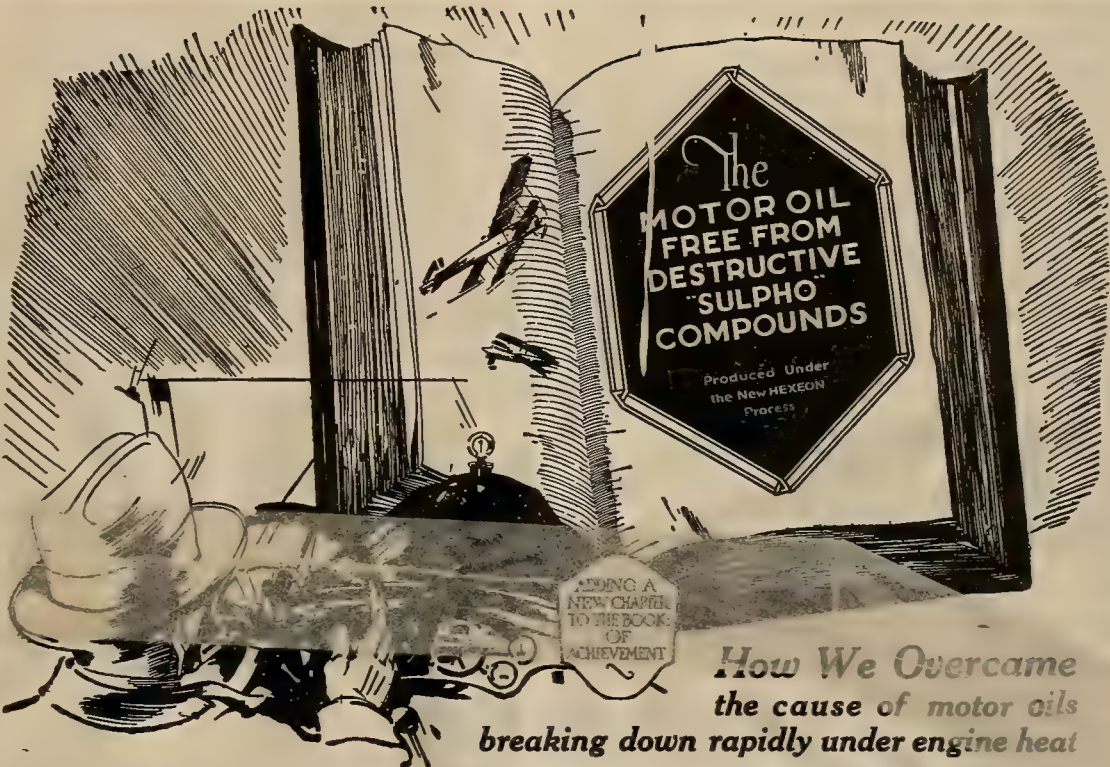
The Comrade Speaks.

I'm a wild, or Russian, Bolshevik,  
With manners rough and rude,  
I swear 'most ev'ry time I speak,  
My table-talk is crude;  
I curse out-kings and queens and such,  
And drop bombs in their soup;  
I think it funny as a crutch  
To see them loop the loop.  
And as for rich aristocrats,  
I lead them quite a dance.  
(Frankly, I bat 'em in the slats,  
What time I get the chance.)  
For do you think that I would change  
My kopeks for their dollars,  
That I would give my kerchief strange  
For all their linen collars,  
That I'd eschew my simple fare  
To chew their costly food,  
And lap up all their liquors rare?  
YOU BET YOUR LIFE I WOULD!  
—A. C. M. A. in Life.

Is the Salon Coming Back?

Verily, these are the days of petticoat politics, or of petticoated politicians, says Maud McDougall in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. All over the country women are being nominated, generally by the party whose nomination is regarded as more or less an idle compliment, carrying scarcely the ghost of a chance of election. Men all over the country—especially the men who are candidates or party managers—are waiting that "You can't count on the woman vote!" In the old days they could make a fair guess which way Mr. Thomas Catt was going to jump in an election, but now no mere man can predict in which direction Mistress Tabby Catt's feline imagination will carry her. Women are breaking lances with men in the political lists. Politicians are trying to propitiate the woman vote with sacrifice and burnt offering. Senator Pomerene, for instance, who is credited with presidential aspirations, but who was opposed to the bitter end to the Federal suffrage amendment, is offering, apparently as a propitiation, a mothers' pension bill; other are inquiring anxiously how the women "react to the tariff."

Playing politics is at all times Washington's favorite in-and-outdoor sport; and in these feminist days the game is acquiring a new and piquant interest. Also it is developing a little group of political hostesses, women of means and position whose homes are in a fair way to becoming centres of party activity, political salons, such as have flourished in London and Paris and other European capitals, where campaigns have been planned and men and measures have been made and unmade.



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, who will be married to Mr. James Moinitt September 30th, was the honor guest at a dinner party given Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin at their home in Burlingame. The guests were of the younger married set and the debutantes of the past two seasons. Miss Schmiedell was also the honor guest at two luncheons last week, one given on Thursday by Mrs. Wakefield Baker in San Rafael and another on Friday by Mrs. Lawrence Fox at the Town and Country Club. Mrs. Alfred de Ropp will entertain for her today at the de Ropp home in town.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ely are in New York on their wedding trip. The wedding of Dr. Ely and Miss Jessica Wilbur, daughter of President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University and Mrs. Wilbur, took place last Thursday evening at the Stanford Memorial Chapel in the presence of forty relatives and friends. Dr. and Mrs. Ely will remain East for a month and upon their return will make their home in Palo Alto.

The engagement of Miss Frances Lent to Mr. Hugh Porter was made known last week by means of betrothal cards sent through the mail by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, parents of Miss Lent. Miss Lent is a debutante of last year. The wedding will take place during December upon the return of Mr. and Mrs. Lent, who are now in the East.

Mrs. Charles J. Foster entertained at tea on Tuesday at her home in Ross as a farewell to a number of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Foster will make their home in the future in Piedmont.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster entertained at luncheon last Friday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Oyster, in Palo Alto. Her guests included Mrs. Charles W. Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Lorraine B. Mackey, Mr. Alfred Oyster, Mr. Lorin Howard Tryon, and Mr. Elmer Jennings.

The engagement of Miss Cornelia Sutton to

Mr. Joseph Mason Reeves, Jr., of New York is announced by Miss Sutton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sutton. Miss Sutton is a University of California student. Mr. Reeves is an illustrator of national note. The wedding will take place upon Miss Sutton's graduation from the university.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn entertained at luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon, who is passing the summer in California. Mrs. Bourn's guests at the affair, which was held at Filoli, her home in San Mateo, were Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. George Barr Baker, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. William N. Tubbs, Mrs. Richard Sprague, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. George T. Marye and Mrs. James L. Flood.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Mackay and Mr. Kenneth O'Brien will take place today at St. Mary's Church, Roslyn, Long Island, with many Californians in attendance. Among the bridal attendants will be Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara, who is visiting at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Clarence Mackay, in Long Island.

Mrs. John R. K. Nuttall entertained at luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Louis Parrott, who has returned to California for the summer. A dozen guests were asked to meet Mrs. Parrott.

Miss Evelyn McGaw, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Commander Elsworth Harper Van Patten, U. S. N., was announced last month, was given a bridge-ten on Saturday afternoon by Miss Mollie McBride at the Francesca Club. Over twenty guests were present.

The recital which Miss Doria Fernanda gave Tuesday evening at the St. Francis Hotel was attended by many San Franciscans. Those who took boxes and entertained friends included Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers, Mrs. Charles Slack, Miss Laura McKinstry and Miss Ada Clement.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg will entertain at a dinner-dance on Saturday evening at their new apartment in Hyde Street.

Miss Hélène de Latour will be a luncheon hostess tomorrow at the St. Francis Hotel, when her guests will include the debutantes of the past two seasons.

Miss Mary Chickering gave a luncheon during the past week for Miss Betty Dibblee and Miss Harriet Walker. Miss Chickering entertained at the Town and Country Club and was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Allen Chickering.

Mrs. Laura Bride Powers entertained at a reception Sunday afternoon at her studio in the Court Yard Studio Building. Several hundred guests called during the afternoon. Mrs. Ray Simonds, Mrs. Adrian Applegarth, and Mrs. Carlo Morbio were among those who assisted Mrs. Powers in greeting her guests.

Mrs. Robert Stewart entertained at tea on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Nicholas Kittle Boyd, Miss Margaret Geary, Miss Kathleen Kinney and Miss Lucille Crow, the latter of New York. The engagement of Miss Crow to Captain J. W. Roy Stewart, U. S. A., son of the hostess, was made

during the afternoon. Several hundred guests were entertained, many from San Francisco being among those present.

Mrs. George Howard entertained at luncheon on Friday at Howard House in El Cerrito. The guests were Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Charles Dudgeon, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. George Landenberger, Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs and Miss Flora Doyle.

Miss Helen Marye entertained at dinner last Friday evening at the St. Francis Hotel, having ten guests. Mrs. Eugene Murphy chaperoned the group. A theatre party followed the dinner.

Mrs. Horace Hill gave a luncheon on Friday at the St. Francis Hotel, having as her guests Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. John Gallois, and Miss Marion Zeile.

The engagement of Miss Camilla Loyal Ashe Sewell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewell of Bath, Maine, to Senator Evans Edge of New Jersey is announced. Miss Ashe has visited in San Francisco a number of times as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Norman McLaren, and her uncles, Mr. Porter Ashe and Mr. Gaston Ashe.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained at luncheon last week at the St. Francis Hotel, prior to her departure for the East. Her guests included a number of matrons from the peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman entertained at dinner on Sunday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bernard W. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Count and Countess André de Limur, and Miss Katherine Ramsey.

Mrs. Walter G. Filer was luncheon hostess to Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. D. C. Jackling, and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at the St. Francis last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Romanovsky and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verrier were another of the groups at luncheon in the Fable Room. Miss Edith Grant entertained a party of five. Mrs. George T. Marye was hostess to a group at luncheon, including Mrs. George de Latour, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Cecelia O'Connor, and Miss Flora Doyle. Among others entertaining were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mrs. Frederick Burnham, Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mrs. J. A. Folger.

May Look at an Ex-Emperor.

Now that he is rid of his officious aide-de-camp, who it was said was the instigator of the secrecy maintained at Doorn, the ex-Kaiser no longer hides from the stares of tourists who go to his Dutch castle home, according to the New York Herald. Visitors to the town this summer—and these include hundreds of Americans—are not in any way prevented from getting a long look at the former emperor as he strolls or busies himself about the grounds.

While admittance to the residence and grounds is still prohibited, the guard about the grounds has been reduced, and the big palisade built by the order of the former aide-de-camp has been removed, so that Wilhelm as he continues to saw down trees is plainly visible and can often be heard talking.

His favorite subjects for conversation are agriculture and shooting. Visitors report that he has been seen to shoot a hare and a rabbit and to plant a tree.

His interest in the minutiae of his life is still intense for him. The only trace left of his former power is exercised at the dinner-table, where no one is allowed to speak unless he does, with the result that if the ex-Kaiser is moody and won't speak the meal is taken in silence.

He objects to all criticism of President Ebert and rebukes all jokes on his successor as head of the German nation. He still believes, however, that Germany will again become a monarchy, although he does not entertain the hope that he will be recalled. He expects one of his grandsons to be the next emperor.

For visitors he invariably has one question: "What does the outside world say about me?"

Wilhelm was the first to take steps for a reconciliation with the ex-Crown Prince, who is now one of the most frequent visitors at Doorn. It is even reported that he will be authorized by the Dutch government to leave Wieringen and live with his father.

The United Fruit and other lines have instituted a rigorous system to prevent bootlegging in live birds and animals which have been smuggled in by the hundreds to supply the New York market for pets, says the New York Times. Importation of birds and animals is not forbidden, but quarantine regulations are so strict, and the difficulty in handling a shipment of monkeys, parrots, and miscellaneous birds and animals is so great that the ship companies often refuse to transport them at any price. Sometimes they name so great a figure that the pet dealer can not meet it. This condition, together with the disorganization of the world's pet market, which formerly was in the hands of Germans, is responsible for the enormous prices of pets at retail.

The largest sum ever paid for a film in France was 750,000 francs for the French rights of Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm."

War Workers' Work.

San Francisco Chapter, National American War Mothers, will give a bridge and whist party and informal dance at the St. Francis Hotel, Friday evening, September 22d, at 8:30, to raise funds for carrying on the chapter's work for disabled veterans in hospitals. There will be a series of prize awards. The chapter, of which Mrs. Rose C. Sargent is Chapter War Mother, keeps up extensive activities looking to the care, comfort, and entertainment of buddies confined to hospitals. Tickets may be procured from members and from Sherman, Clay & Co.

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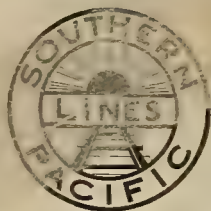
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Don't you think she should have her voice cultivated?" "Yes, plowed under."—*Life*.

*The Artist*—Do you like marines? *The Girl*—Yes, but I just adore aviators.—*Judge*.

*Mother's Voice*—Are you entertaining Harold? *Daughter's*—No, we're just talking.—*Colgate Banter*.

"My wife is quite mad. I can't have her put away, however, until she has killed some one—preferably a stranger."—*Paris Journal Amusant*.

*Ezra*—How long you say that son o' your'n has been in college? *Ezekiel*—Waal, 'bout sixteen head o' cattle 'n' twenty acres o' corn.—*Annapolis Log*.

*She (as the band strikes up)*—Surely this is Tschaikowski's "1812"? *He*—Very likely; I asked for the oldest wine in the cellar.—*London Passing Show*.

"If Juliet imagines that Frank is marrying her for her money, why doesn't she pretend she's lost it all?" "She's afraid he might believe it."—*London Mail*.

"How did Blithers get a job with the government?" "His congressman had to get him a government job or pay his railroad fare back home."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"You 'usband 'as got to look shabby lately." "Well, it's really a blessing" in disguise, Mrs. Miggs; y'er see, it saves me all the expense of 'avin' to dress up to 'im."—*Punch*.

"Where is your mother?" "She has to stay in bed." "Why, is she ill?" "No, she must keep to her bed because, if she leaves it, father will occupy it."—*Berlin Der Brummer*.

A contemporary reminds us that there are two mentally deranged men in Russia who think they are Trotzkys. It is quite possible that one of them is right.—*London Humorist*.

*Summer Visitor*—And does the splendor of a sunset mean nothing—nothing to you? *Farmer*—You—betcher—sweet—life it does, missus! It means I kin onhitch an' go home.—*Life*.

*Hubby*—Did you get Norah to clean the spot out of my golf suit? *Wifey*—No, I did it myself. Poor girl, she can't bear the smell of gasoline since the chauffeur jilted her.—*Judge*.

*Seaside Landlady (to maid)*—I thought I told you to present the bill to Number 13? *Maid*—Yes, mum, I 'ave. *Landlady*—Impossible. I can still hear him singing.—*London Opinion*.

*The Doctor*—Sure, I'm willing enough to prescribe beer for you, but I can't think of any disease to name in the prescription. *Mr. Wetmore*—Make it hydrophobia, Doc.—*Way-side Tales*.

"What's the matter, dear? You look unhappy." "Oh, dear. I married Dick for alimony and then I fell in love with him, and now it breaks my heart to divorce him."—*London Mail*.

"I have seen some strange characters since I came to the States," said Klaus Klone. "Well, I do see one fellow, however, on a regular basis, down the road, but he is a little suspicious. He was daid."—*Toronto*.

"Do you know that good stuff?" "It's poison, sir." "Then why are you drinking it?" "Strictly as a sporting proposition. The law may interfere with my personal habits to some extent, but my life is my own."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Do you find that taking summer boarders lightens your burden as an agricultural toiler?" "I'll say it does," declared Farmer Cornstossel. "It's a heap easier to get your tomatoes with a can-opener than it is with a hoe."—*Washington Star*.

*Complete Stranger*—Could you tell me who that old fellow is? I've noticed him on the

pier a goodish bit. *Old Lady*—Well, he has the air of an actor or a poet. *Complete Stranger*—Air! Oh, you can't go by that. They often cut it nowadays.—*Punch*.

QUICK AND CROOKED.

"The most remarkable fact about Richard Douglas, professional swindler," says Mr. Charles Kingston in 'Remarkable Rogues' (John Lane Company), "was that he kept a record of every one of his crimes, as well as a profit and loss balance-sheet, which he drew up at the end of the year. His diary was an astonishing document, and had it not been for the craft and obvious guilt of the impostor it might have been used as evidence to prove that he was not quite right in his head. Douglas, however, was too resourceful a thief to be a lunatic, and for some years he victimized all classes in London, where he posed as a baronet and committed depredations upon the trusting and unsuspecting.

"The impostor was a man of venerable aspect, with kindly blue eyes and a soft, ingratiating manner. He was born with the name of Douglas, but as his father was a small tradesman in a Surrey village Richard thought he had better disown him, and when he had failed many times to earn an honest living he blazoned forth as 'Sir Richard Douglas of Orpington House, Kent,' and made his two elder sons partners in his criminal enterprises. A few months' swindling provided Douglas with sufficient capital to rent an expensive house at Ascot, which became his headquarters, and it was to that he would retire every week-end from the stress and strain of London.

"He had, of course, many narrow escapes. Once he absent-mindedly entered the shop of a jeweler whom he had defrauded only a fortnight earlier. The moment the proprietor saw him he recognized him, but pretended not to do so, and entered into negotiations with the self-styled 'baronet.' But the jeweler was so unusually alert that 'Sir Richard' soon realized the situation, and knew he was in a tight corner, for in addition to the presence of the jeweler a brawny assistant was keeping guard at the door. But the 'baronet' was in no way perturbed—he just casually glanced out of the window, lightly brushing his cheek with his handkerchief. It was a signal to his son, who was outside, that he was in difficulties.

"Philip Douglas was a real chip of the old block, and in a moment he devised a plan to save his venerable parent. Walking briskly into the shop where 'Sir Richard' was the only customer, he peremptorily laid his hand on his father's arm, and in curt tones expressed his delight at having at last captured him.

"It's a bit of luck for you that I was passing and recognized this fellow," he said to the astonished jeweler. 'Do you know that he is one of the greatest swindlers in London? I have been looking for him for over a year. Take my advice, and see if he has robbed you of anything.'

"The jeweler, who had been waiting for a sign to determine whether or not the man before him was the 'baronet,' and thinking that the man was a moment before his hands were bound, and that which was his own and his son's.

"At the suggestion of the 'detective,' the jeweler further charged Sir Richard with having tried to obtain the tiara by false pretenses. This was what the two rogues wanted.

"Then you will be good enough to make a parcel of that tiara," said the 'detective' with an air of authority which was irresistible. 'You will carefully seal it, too. I shall have to hand it over to my superior officer to be used as evidence at the trial. Of course, I will give you a receipt for it.'

"The jeweler hastened to obey, and ten minutes later Philip Douglas left the shop and stepped into a four-wheeler with his father and the diamond tiara. The 'detective' shouted out the address of a police station, nodded curtly to the jeweler, and drove off. That night at Ascot the family gloated over the acquisition of a prize which would bring them in six hundred pounds at least, and leave a big profit for the receiver of stolen goods."

A War-Born College.

Down on a little quiet street in Paris, the rue de l'Elysée, is the headquarters of an international experiment that is interesting, because it combines idealism with action in its quiet but effective educational work, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It is called the College des Etats-Unis l'Amerique.

Established in France in 1916 and incorporated in the United States in 1919, it was designed primarily to encourage intellectual unity between the United States and France, as well as a better understanding of the people so closely brought together during the war. It is an organization with the soul left in, and its object is to give individual attention to any student coming to France—a centre from which he can not only obtain information regarding the merits of universities, schools, and all intellectual activity, or in any special branch, but where he is advised as to his own special needs. Intellectual honesty is needed in these days. Universities are some-



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times only magnificent structures, housing a cafeteria, where the student helps himself according to his appetite for instruction. A little diagnosis or a few suggestions from some one interested would not come amiss, and that is the object of this unique clearing house for humans; it hopes to solve the problems that so often confront the individual student in coming to France.

If the student desires it, every effort is made to place him with sympathetic French families, where he may live comfortably and economically and at the same time acquire a knowledge of the language and customs of the country available in no other way. A better understanding among the young people of the allied nations is a good foundation for future peace, and is there a better way than through the mutual friendship gained by English-speaking students living in French homes?

Several hundred students have been placed in French families through the assistance and interest of the College des Etats-Unis and their letters are full of friendly understanding and sympathy.

The College des Etats-Unis is in America one of the best known, best loved, and, in fact, the largest reality in French education and culture. The inspiration of the French people and the French Republic is the heart of the world over.

The College des Etats-Unis has on its board of administration men who are famous on both sides of the Atlantic. The American Ambassador is honorary president, and the patrons include M. Millerand, president of the republic; the president of the council, the president of the senate, the ministry of public instruction and rectors of the universities. The catalogues have been printed in English for the first time for the express use of American students and are prefaced by the foremost savants of France.

Back to Barter.

In Boston many years ago a canny landlord leased a piece of real estate for a long term of years at an annual rental of so many bushels of wheat, says the New York Evening Post. As dollars cheapened, the value of the wheat rose compensatingly, and so the rent remained nearly stable in purchasing power from year to year. Not exactly, of course, but the variation between the purchasing power of that rent fifty years ago and today is far less than if the rent were paid in money.

Lately Germans have been adopting this method. A peasant woman the other day

leased so many acres for so many pounds of butter per annum. As the mark descends, her rental butter rises in value. This practice is bound to become common wherever and whenever money becomes insecure and unstable. In a pinch of that sort every one realizes that money is not wealth and acts accordingly. In that conviction a trader exchanges one reality for another, and the age of barter is reborn.

A humorist recently suggested to the American publishers of the ex-Kaiser's memoirs that the American title should be "From Baden-Baden to Worse and Worse."

Visit to San Francisco Cemeteries

(Reprint from Park and Cemetery.)

I am interested in Mr. Banta's "Cemeteries of San Francisco" in the July Park and Cemetery. A few weeks ago I was in San Francisco and visited the cemeteries and found them just as he tells us they are. I was at the Hotel Plaza when, Wednesday morning, June 14th, my good old friend John McLaren, Superintendent of Golden Gate Park, came for me and I was his guest for the day. The forenoon was given to the glories of that queen of parks, Golden Gate Park, and the companionship of the great landscape architect who designed it and constructed it and who has been chosen by the people of San Francisco to continue to reign over it so long as he lives, was certainly a delight and a fund of instruction no other teacher could impart. Then, with the kindly hospitality of Mrs. McLaren, rested and refreshed away again we sped, this time to a feast of cemeteries and the greatest among these was Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

Now, I know many of our great cemeteries, east and west, north and south, at home and several abroad, but a more beautiful cemetery than that of Cypress Lawn near San Francisco I never have seen, and when it comes to their new public mausoleum, it defies competition. Its beauty, elegance, substantial and artistic finish inside and out, and the tasteful disposition of growing plants, rock and water, surpass any effort in a similar situation that ever before came under my observation.

And the outside cemetery was lavishly beautiful with splendid grass and a wealth of furnishing trees, shrubs, palms and other plants to us here unknown out of doors, because of their tenderness, still their manner of use at Cypress Lawn suggested many a lesson in planting, using the material available at our hands. Mr. Banta, do please give us some detail of what they plant and how they use it.

During part of that happy day another dear and congenial old friend of both of us, Tom Lee, Superintendent of Del Monte, Monterey, joined us. I spent the previous Sunday with him on that magnificent estate of a thousand acres reveling in its vast collection of rare trees and other plants. Twenty years ago I spent a day with him in the same enjoyable task.

You know it does a fellow good to get out and away among other folks, it helps to eliminate the conceit from his noddle, a mighty good job, too, sometimes.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Announcement.

Under the heading "Shall the Turk Return?" there appears in this number of the Argonaut an article by Mr. Morton Todd setting forth the background, with something of the foreground, of conditions that have produced the threatening situation in the Near East. It is pertinent to say that Mr. Todd joined the staff of the Argonaut some months ago in succession to the late Sidney Coryn, taking up the work that gentleman so long carried with diligence and brilliancy. Mr. Todd is a native Californian and was graduated from the State University at Berkeley so long ago as happily to have forgotten it. Since that day he has had wide experience in journalism and in book writing, both here and at the East, and has supplemented these experiences by foreign travel. He comes to the Argonaut highly equipped and with the purpose of making it his life work. The editor of the Argonaut takes pleasure in introducing Mr. Todd to its readers and bespeaks for him the confidence that was for so long and so freely given to his predecessor.

### Canada and Our Tariff.

We are told that Canada is in a mild sort of panic in sudden consciousness that our new tariff law will measurably shut her from our markets. While not in sympathy with the fact, and while not regarding it as sound policy, we find it impossible to refrain from

reminding our Canadian neighbors that they have small ground for complaint. For many years they clamored for reciprocity. Under the Taft régime reciprocity was offered them and they turned it down—and in spiteful terms. It is not so far back as to have been forgotten that there was in Canada a tremendous campaign accompanied with loud beating of the imperial drum in opposition to a fair proposal—this after the proposal had been invited. A little foresight, a common-sense acceptance of facts and conditions inherent in geographical contiguity and identity of interest, should have instructed our northern neighbors that their best policy was to accept what was offered. They should have got what was good for them when the getting was good. But, blinded by prejudice and vanity, obsessed with the pride of imperial connection, they missed their chance. The natural affinities of the six provinces that go to make up Canada lie each with the American states immediately to the south. All would be more prosperous if the line that separates them from the United States were wiped out. If they have not realized this in the past they are now likely to discover it. It is a case where a chastening experience may yield a better state of mind with ultimate consequences all to the good—for both countries.

### The New Tariff Law.

A vast patchwork is the Fordney tariff bill, which became a law on Thursday of last week. Originally drawn on broad lines and in terms conforming with the promises of the Republican party in its 1920 platform, it was in its course through Congress amended at more than two thousand points, each emendation representing some particular local or other specific interest. It may be that our all-wise Father in Heaven knows what, in its final form, it contains, but it is certain that nobody else does. What we do know is that it was made up in respect of no principle and upon no consistent theory. The political party whose policies it is presumed to represent and which must accept responsibility for it had no more to do with the making of it than the opposing party. It is a product of mutual bargaining—of log-rolling, in the argot of politics—on the part of members of Congress who for this purpose abandoned their political affiliations and ignored or repudiated the pledges implied in them. In broad sense it is reflective of the chaos brought about by the direct primary system—a system that has eliminated the spirit of nationality from our politics and given emphasis and enlarged authority to personal, local, and class considerations.

The so-called agricultural bloc was the largest influence in the writing of this bill. The bloc is composed of men of all parties frankly more solicitous for sectional and class interests than for the broad welfare of the country or of the parties whose principles they nominally represent. The trick by which this incongruous group was organized and held together is analogous to the traditional confraternity among thieves. Practically each man, in consideration of his support of the bill as a whole, was allowed to put into it that which might please his special constituency and so serve his personal interest. For example, a congressman for Massachusetts wishing to favor some special interest in his district could get his particular job through by yielding to every other man's job. Our immediate representatives had full share in this riot of bargaining. They boast that they have done "big things" for California; and so they have in the sense that they have put high—even excessive—rates on many of our products. But these results ought to be cause of shame rather than of congratulation; and, in truth, the indirect cost will far outrun the direct gain. We "got ours," but at costs, moral and material, vastly outbalancing any advantage that the achievement may yield.

First or last the country must come to understand

that it has been buncoed by this tariff. Knowledge may not come in time to affect the November elections, but it can not be very long delayed. When it shall be found that half the items of domestic expenditure have been pushed up in price, when it shall be seen that the old bugbear "H C L" has gone up rather than down, when it shall be realized that promises made at Chicago in 1920 have been dishonored, there will come, first resentment, and in the end rebuke. A political party, no more than an individual, may ignore its pledges with impunity.

### Some Calm Reflections.

An interesting development in connection with the situation in the Near East is found in militant, even bloodthirsty, demands made to our government to participate actively in military operations against the Turks. A women's board of missionaries in Boston insists that the President send battleships to join the British fleet in beating back the Turks from the Dardanelles and Constantinople. Preachers in various parts of the country are shrieking demands that we join in punishing the Turk for outrages perpetrated on the Armenians and on residents of Smyrna and other parts of Asia Minor. In this connection it is interesting to recall that these same worthy folk have been giving the aid of their voices to propaganda put forth by the organized pacifists of the country to destroy the military effectiveness of the army and navy of the United States. All of which reminds us of the familiar adage that there are those who are never able to see further than their noses. The plight of the Armenians has long been a favorite topic with the Federal Council of Churches in America, the Church Peace Union, and other religious organizations associated with the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments and the Federation of Pacifist Organizations that have directed recent raids on our army and navy and maintained a lobby at Washington for that purpose.

Sympathy for Near Eastern Christians has come easily to those who have not given themselves the labor of looking into what Christianity means in that part of our moral vineyard. If they had looked closely—or even at all—into the history and character of those so-called Christian populations they would have found them scarcely less bloodthirsty than even the terrible Turk. Admiral Chester of the American navy, whose views are supplemented by the testimony of other informed and responsible Americans, has made formal report to our government that the Greeks signaled their entrance into Smyrna—under the auspices of the Allies—in 1919 by a series of wholesale massacres. When the Greeks landed at Smyrna in the year named they killed more than three hundred Turkish troops in the courtyard of their barracks by turning machine guns on them. A correspondent of the London Mail in Asia Minor reported last week, submitting testimony in proof of the statement, that during the past two years the Greeks have murdered more than 100,000 non-combatants in Asia Minor. But this is not all. It has in many instances been a case of Greek against Greek, since it has been the practice of one band of so-called Christians to launch campaigns of wholesale murder against other Christians of different creed. Still the sentimentalists of this country would hurl the United States into war against the Turk for the advantage of Christian Greeks and Christian Armenians who in reality are little better than savages.

Sentimentalism just now takes another turn regardless of exact facts. Senator Sheppard (Democrat) of Texas, speaking for this group the other day, declared that if the United States had entered the League of Nations "there would have been no war in the Near East." Likewise and concurrently, the International Reform Bureau proclaims that if the United States had



accepted an Armenian mandate "all would have been well." The statement of this organization is that "there is no reason to believe it would have cost us blood or money to safeguard Greek and Armenian Christians and carry out the Allies' determination as to Turkish outrages." The cold logic of the situation is that if we had accepted the Armenian mandate, as Mr. Wilson proposed under his League of Nations plan, we would now be pulling Europe's chestnuts out of the fire and incurring the bitter enmity of Europe in so doing.

Very obviously Europe has mishandled the whole Near East situation. The present crisis has been brought about through the mutual suspicions and jealousies of England and France with regard to the Dardanelles. France has been backing Mustafa Kemal with loans and other forms of assistance while England has been backing the Greeks, and now our sentimentalists, who would have us believe that they are consistently opposed to war on principle, want us to get into the mess on behalf of England and the savage Greek. The Allies installed the Greeks in Thrace and in Asia Minor as a means of holding the Turk in check—this with the hearty approval of our professional sentimentalists. For be it remembered that, in 1919, churches, preachers, and religious federations too numerous to mention, throughout the whole United States, howled that the ancient lands be restored to Greece. It was done. But the course of Greece since 1919 has been characterized by massacre and destruction. Eager to possess these lands, she has lacked the strength to hold them either peaceably or by the sword. Turkish rule over these countries was long characterized as intolerable. But has Greek authority been better?

Another interesting development, far from the Near East, but directly related to the troubles there, is the new handicap under which the government of the British Empire now operates in establishing and maintaining imperial foreign policy and in making war. Somebody, we hope, will recall that the editor of the *Argonaut*, writing from Europe in the fall of 1918, declared that the so-called British Colonies had "grown up"; that in consideration of the developments of the war they had ceased to be "children" of Great Britain, and that henceforth they would be full co-partners in the empire. Proof of this prophecy is afforded by the immediate situation. The ministry at London finds that it can not move far without the advice and consent of the Dominions. What actually has been going on in the last few days—since the trouble in the Far East became serious—is that the British ministry has been submitting a referendum to the dominions to the end of determining how far it may go in checking the Turk and in preserving the Dardanelles from Turkish control. Britons have professed amazement that the President of the United States can not put into effect a foreign policy without the advice and consent of the Senate. It is now pertinent to suggest that our British critics should take stock of the parallel condition under their own system as revised by progress of events.

#### Courage in the Presidency.

If President Harding had done nothing else since taking office and if in the remaining two years and a half of his term he shall do nothing else, he has already done enough in two special acts to establish his permanent fame as an executive of courage and of essential integrity of mind. We refer to (1) his assertion of the principle that every citizen is entitled to protection in his right to work; (2) to his veto of the bonus raid. We hear on many sides that by these acts Mr. Harding has made it impossible that he shall succeed himself in the presidency. Parallel historical incidents do not justify this prophecy. Abraham Lincoln was reelected President in 1864 under circumstances infinitely more threatening than anything that can be brought to bear in the case of Mr. Harding. Grover Cleveland was elected President for a second time, in 1892, after having been beaten in 1888—this in recognition of the strength of character illustrated in courses that were the cause of his defeat in 1888. It is a mistake to assume that a man in political life incurs enmity by courses of conduct that tend to offend elements in the country, when there stands in support of his acts the basic qualities of character and courage. The American people instinctively respect a man who does his duty as he sees it, even though in so doing he may antagonize certain elements. In the immediate instance nobody—not even those who feel themselves aggrieved—questions the in-

tegrity of President Harding; and time will surely confirm and approve his judgment in both instances above referred to. That a citizen is entitled to work upon his own contract free from intimidation or disturbance from anybody is a principle so founded in the social equities as not to be subject to permanent disapproval. Again, passing over the consideration that time will surely justify the bonus veto, it will as surely confirm respect for the courage involved in the President's act. On top of all is the fact that Mr. Harding is doing nothing and intends to do nothing looking to reelection. Obviously he is content to perform to the full of his abilities the great duty that is upon him without reference to future effects as regards himself. It is the universal testimony, not only of those close to President Harding, but of all immediate observers at Washington that his eye is upon his immediate duties and not at all upon future projects relating to continuance in office. This will surely command the respect of the country; and unless we are wholly at odds respecting the psychology of the American people, Mr. Harding will gain consideration—even popularity—rather than lose under the course that he has thus far pursued in the presidency.

#### The Stadium Blunder.

Although the decision is not yet final, the Regents of the University of California seem determined to locate the football Stadium in Strawberry Cañon. The *Argonaut* believes that if they do they will make a mistake, and that the mistake will be indicative of a misunderstanding of university needs.

Considering the matter merely from the viewpoint of utility, the selected site will, if used, prove both inconvenient and dangerous, besides being offensive to the neighboring residents and detrimental to their property values. The town of Berkeley did not develop with any such institution in prospect. The approaches to the proposed site are insufficient to accommodate the traffic which popular sporting events are certain to attract. There will be no parking spaces for automobiles except the streets, which will therefore be choked with them. If not, then automobiles can not be effectively used, and there are no other transportation facilities to the Strawberry Cañon site that are adequate in any degree. And if automobiles are to be parked in the streets, it will not only be inconvenient to the owners, but a serious danger in case of fire, as the chief of the Berkeley fire department pointed out after the destruction of Hearst Hall. Fire starting anywhere in the congested area on a football day would probably become a conflagration, because the department could not get at it. The vicinity is thickly built over; and the persons that thickly built it over do not want the Stadium and the mobs and the disturbances and the dust, and should not be forced to suffer them. It is not fair to deface a settled neighborhood that way when it does not have to be done.

If the Stadium is to be built in Strawberry Cañon it will be necessary to cut away, at heavy cost for landscaping, a large part of the Big C hill; which disposes of the argument that the topography of the site is in its favor. Such a structure as the Yale Bowl, and that seems the best form, is a scraper job, in which the earth is moved from the centre oval, to deepen it, and banked up around the rim to support the seats. A natural amphitheatre, if there were one available, is little to the point; it would probably be a cheaper operation on level land.

It is doubtful if the university can acquire, without a legislative act, a good title to the proposed site. Three and a half acres about in the centre of it were once condemned for a reservoir to serve both the university and the deaf and dumb institution. This set up a trust, which it will take some management to dissolve. Until it is dissolved the Regents could probably be enjoined from proceeding, and the undertaking held up.

Whether such a structure is to be a monster of ugliness or an object of interest and beauty may depend altogether, and in this case will depend altogether, on where it is placed. The Flavian Amphitheatre is a rather good-looking thing where it is, but crowded into the Roman Forum it would have been an enormity. The Stadium jammed into Strawberry Cañon, close against the fine old residences of the neighborhood, will be an oppressive, overwhelming thing, no matter how it is planned. Down on the level prairie toward West Berkeley, there is ample room, as yet unoccupied or but sparsely occupied, where it would have a spacious setting and would be an imposing and dignified and per-

haps beautiful work, rather than a nightmare. And there are good transportation facilities, capable of expansion for peak loads, and there is plenty of room for parking all the automobiles people will ever wish to drive there; and if the owners of the surrounding vacant lots are canny they will probably rent parking space and supply security for the property entrusted to them. That will accommodate every one concerned, and it will not interfere with the fire department. As yet there is nothing down there to burn, and the whole neighborhood could develop with reference to the Stadium and the risk. The neighboring owners would like to have it. Those in the vicinity of Strawberry Cañon would not. Distance from the university is no objection. It is no farther than the Yale Bowl is from the Yale buildings, or Soldiers' Field from Harvard.

But there is another and deeper reason than these, which we fear the Regents have not considered; that is, the opportunity to make a physical and symbolical separation between the scholarly purposes of the university and its mere sporting propensities, a separation that ought to become more pronounced as the university undergoes proper development. Those sporting propensities are a degenerate imitation of the athletic fad among the classic Greeks. And the athletic fad was never necessary to the civilization of Greece. We are not unmindful of the claims made for the agency of the Olympic games in bringing the Greeks together and making them one people; claims which would have more validity if the Greeks had ever got together or had ever become one people. Their athletics had little to do with their passion for knowing things. They were not supreme at it. Their best runners would probably look like paralytics beside the crooked professional sprinters of a generation ago, and their most eminent gymnasts are beaten all hollow all summer long by those of the cheapest little American circus. If you don't believe the latter statement, read Brander Matthews' book on the drama.

Our young people in college have elected to imitate one of the poorer parts of Greek life. If, instead, they had chosen to master Greek philosophy and learning and literature and art, and make the whole scholarly spirit of ancient Greece their own, universities would be worth a hundred per cent. more than they are. The Regents should encourage the student world to reverse itself in this matter. The Stadium, which in spite of anything you want to say or sing about it is to be the Colosseum of university life, should be as far removed as possible from the academic halls. It does not belong on the campus, which has already too much the character of a country club, too little the character of the academic grove.

President Barrows has recently expressed serious concern about the lack of space for the construction of buildings to serve the legitimate uses of the university as a place of learning and culture. In the face of his statements on the subject, how can the Regents devote land on the campus to athletic spectacles, without encouraging the belief that football is as valuable as philosophy?

#### A Case of Political Demoralization.

It was the wish of Senator Johnson, candidate for reelection, to have a close personal and political friend at the head of the State Republican Committee, and his choice fell upon State Senator Boynton. It was the wish of Mr. Richardson, candidate for governor, to have in that position a man devoted to his interests, and his selection was Mr. Radcliffe of Watsonville. When the State Central Committee met in San Francisco last Saturday there was a counting of noses and Johnson had the best of it. Boynton was chosen by a substantial majority. Now comes Richardson with a declaration that he will take his doll rags and go home. He will have naught to do with a committee presided over by Johnson's man Boynton. There you have it. Already, before the campaign has begun, a pretty row between candidates, with one of them arbitrarily ignoring the official party organization. It is pertinent to ask—Where are we at? Is there a Republican organization in California, or has our politics become a mere fight between rivals for official place?

What is the obligation of Republicans in a situation in which a candidate for United States senator denies by his acts any obligation to sustain party policies, and when a candidate for governor repudiates the head of the official party organization? Again—Where are we at? There was a time when the Republican organization in California belonged to the members of the party



and when it had authority to outline principles and policies and to pledge candidates. It would appear now that we had attained a condition in which each candidate makes his own platform, grabs the organization if he can or ignores it if that suits him better, and schemes for election after any manner that fits his whim or pleasure. A situation in which this sort of thing is possible comes pretty close to political chaos. And this is what the direct primary has put over on us. It has made of our state politics a mere scramble for office—a catch-as-catch-can game void of responsibility, character, or dignity. Under pretense of putting political power directly into the hands of the people it has denied to the individual voter—to the people—opportunity to have any part in defining public policies or in the selection of agents of public administration.

#### Editorial Notes.

It will take something more than angry assertion on the part of a partisan press and the perfunctory certifications of a partisan ex-officialism to discredit the judgment of the editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, who have written into that work that Newton D. Baker, formerly Secretary of War, was a pacifist who had no stomach for preparedness, or for the war even after we got into it. It is a case where declamatory denial stands at odds with recorded fact. If Mr. Baker had been for preparedness he would have prepared—or quit. If he had been earnestly for prosecution of the war he would have prosecuted it with vigor—or quit. A Secretary of War whose heart was in his work would not have waited for four months after we were nominally in the war to determine what kind of a gun we should begin to manufacture. Can anybody imagine Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, dilly-dallying and shilly-shallying through the period when we were obviously in the way of getting in? Can anybody imagine a man whose heart was in his work waiting until put under pressure of public opinion to take measures essential to organization and dispatch of our forces? "The record," says a maxim of the law, "is the best evidence." By the record Mr. Baker stands convicted. Furthermore, he was brought into the War Department for the self-same qualities that marked his conduct prior to our entrance into the war and after we got in. Mr. Wilson, himself a confessed pacifist—a man "neutral in thought" and "too proud to fight," an advocate of "peace without victory," a President who "kept us out of war"—wanted a weak and spineless war minister. He had found in his first Secretary (Garrison) a man of independence and spirit, and independence and spirit being not to his taste, he sought and found in Baker a creature whose mind would "go along" with his own. It is waste of energy for Baker or his apologists to froth at the mouth—or in print—over the verdict of history. It is a verdict illustrated and confirmed by a thousand facts. It stands among the ineradicable shames of our national history. For our national honor the least said about it the better.

The necessity for American oversight in Cuba continues, despite the fact that the island has been nominally independent now for a quarter of a century. For the third time Cuban affairs are in a mess. Recently General Crowder was sent by the Washington administration to "straighten things out," and his report embodies a series of recommendations essential to public order. The president of the Cuban government has accepted these recommendations, but the legislative branch of the government is obstreperous and threatens to disregard the agreement conceded by the executive. It looks as if we should again have to send an armed force into Cuba to enforce another season of house-cleaning. The more intelligent and responsible Cubans recognize this necessity, and so far from protesting are entirely willing that we should get at the job at the earliest possible date.

The San Francisco Bureau of Governmental Research has been looking into the proposal for a \$12,000,000 bond issue for the construction of some thirty or more public school buildings. It presents an alternative proposition: (1) that the amount of the bond issue be reduced from \$12,000,000 to \$5,000,000; (2) that the contemplated life of the bonds be reduced from forty-five to twenty-five years; and (3) that \$14,500,000 be provided on the pay-as-you-go plan by the budget appropriations during the next six years. The argument of the bureau is to the effect that by the proposed

means the same sum could be provided as under the supervisors' plan and in the same length of time—\$19,500,000 in six years. The cost to taxpayers would be reduced from \$31,380,000 to \$22,300,000, or a saving of \$9,000,000. The tax rate for the six-year period would be increased 17.1 cents on the average over the tax rate mentioned for the supervisors' plan, and the tax rate for the succeeding thirty-nine years would be from 13 cents to 5 cents less, or an average of 9 cents, than under the \$12,000,000 bond plan of the supervisors. Only two supervisors, Messrs. Hynes and McSheehy, voted "No" when the ordinance specifying that \$12,000,000 forty-five-year bonds be issued was passed.

On top of the demand for twelve million dollars for additional school buildings in San Francisco now rises on the edge of the horizon a colossal demand for extension of the municipal street-car system. It is not that the extensions are seriously needed, but because there remain to be carried out certain electioneering promises in which certain committees and certain contractors have acquired what may be styled "vested interests." Private companies owning and operating street-car lines extend them when there is a demand promising profit. In the case of the municipal system extensions are made on political account. If it be desired to get the vote of an outlying district there is arrangement under which the powers that be promise new street-car facilities without reference to the earning power of the constructions proposed. The carrying out of such bargains is easy, since those who vote the money do not have to pay the bill. There was time when it seemed that this species of political shenanigan would work itself out, but there is no longer reason for hope. The trick of spending other people's money has been learned and the politicians and the non-taxpaying element have also learned how to keep it in continuous operation.

Government experts, figuring upon the larger and more obvious items of loss by the coal strike, place the figure at \$1,190,000,000. Of this sum it is estimated that the 600,000 striking miners lost approximately \$750 each, or a total of \$450,000,000. All of which, first or last, will have to be paid by the consuming public. Losses by the railroad strike run into so many and such obscure channels that appraisal is difficult or impossible. The sum, assuredly, is a vast one. But the loss has not alone been in terms of money. The factor of social demoralization, involving the death by violence of some thirty-one persons and incidental losses due to accidents that normally would be avoided, are beyond estimate.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Deer Hunters and Forest Fires.

DUTCH FLAT, September 14, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: This is the "open season" for deer; also it is the season of forest fires. This year is as every year: when the deer hunters come forest fires begin. The two events are contemporaneous. There were no forest fires hereabout until the hunters began to arrive, September 1st; now one can see a beacon in every direction every night, and the horizon is obscured by smoke day and night.

Lighted cigarettes carelessly tossed aside as on the city streets, camp-fires heedlessly left burning or inefficiently quenched, or else permitted to spread in the mulch of the forest floor, are the cause of the conflagrations.

The "open" deer-hunting season, coming in September, when the woods are as tinder, annually is causing enormous destruction of timber, frequently of farming property, too. And slowly but surely, also, it is bringing about the destruction of the remnant of the *cervidae* of our mountains. Already the elk have disappeared from our Sierra and Coast range—from the Cascades, as well; and they would be as the buffalo everywhere, but that "Wood's Hole" in northern Wyoming is now under protection.

Why should such awful wastefulness be longer tolerated? California is paying an intolerable price to provide a month's fun (*sic*) annually to its town tenderfoot (during the most dangerous month of the year) to blaze his vain and destructive trail through the forests!

Hereabout every one is of opinion that there should be a closed season for at least ten years—the country hunters agree to it, and they are not the conflagration-makers—and when again there shall be "open season" that then it ought not to begin before October 15th—when the rains usually begin—and that it should end November 1st.

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

##### Appreciation.

BROOK FARM,

DEVON, PA., August 25, 1922.

TO THE ARGONAUT: It is a privilege to subscribe.  
Yours truly, (Mrs.) OSCAR SEELEY.

##### Not Yet.

BERKELEY, September 25, 1922.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—Sir: I have read to several friends your description of the wife of the President of the United States patching a chair cover with part of a sofa pillow, and we are unanimously agreed that when such a thing can happen in the White House the country has not completely gone to hell yet.

MILLO ANDERS.

#### SHALL THE TURK RETURN

Mohammedan Power Again Looms Ominously on the Eastern European Horizon.

Religious conflict is the real character of the crisis in the Near East, a conflict presently complicated by international jealousy, aggravated by fears for concessions and investments, darkened by some treacheries and lightened by few considerations of real humanity. How far it will go can not be foreseen, but the old nature and an old trouble are clear. The Allies were willing that the Germans should stay in Europe; they were not willing that the Turks should. They, therefore, recognized some difference between the Germans and the Turks, and that difference must have been religion. The Germans were supposed to have our kind.

Concretely, the crisis arises from the efforts of the Greeks to enforce the provisions of the Treaty of Sèvres, signed, in fulfillment of the conditions of the armistice with Turkey, at the government porcelain works near Paris on August 10, 1920. The treaty that was made in the pottery was broken in the Porte—or to be precise it was refused ratification at Constantinople. At the same time, the fact that the Turkish delegates signed it, and the Oriental resignation with which the Sultan appeared to receive its confiscatory and expulsive provisions, split the Turkish Empire.

Recent Turkish troubles and Turkey's part in the great war brought upon the stage three striking characters: Talaat, Enver, and Mustafa Kemal. Each played his energetic part, but two of them have ceased from troubling. After the war Talaat went to Berlin and opened a saloon. He might have been a success as a saloon-keeper, but an Armenian who disliked his record among the Armenians assassinated him a year ago last March. Enver had a more dignified career. He took the back track of the Turkish people, and in Turkistan, with bolshevist assistance, organized a really formidable power, one that was beginning to menace India. But an Armenian killed him at Bokhara. Mustafa Kemal appears to have been more than the mere fighter. In the sketch of him presented in the *Argonaut's* department of portraiture, "Individualities," the reader may discern some qualifications of the constructive statesman and patriot; cruel, to be sure, but we hardly expect a Turk on the warpath to be real gentle. His progress from Angora, where he had set up a secondary Turkish state, to Smyrna and thence to the Dardanelles, appears to have been assisted by French jealousy of England, and Italian jealousy of Greece, more than by that general bugaboo, the Moscow soviet government. There is little natural affinity between bolshevism and the Turks, who are worshippers of authority and autocracy.

The presence of the Turk in Europe has a most interesting historic background. He is recognized as an anomaly, something which in a spiritual sense does not belong and never can; a transplanted part of Asia, with Asian guile and policy and Asian ways of regarding human relations. Perhaps he feels himself out of place, and he is certainly aware of the endless pressure exerted against him by the claims and desire of Russia to reach the Mediterranean through Constantinople. At any rate, his European possessions have been whittled away until at the outbreak of the great war comparatively little was left. This tends to make him irritable. It would anybody.

When we first meet the Turk in the pages of Gibbon, and that is the best place to meet him, he is rising somewhere vaguely in the plains of the East, beyond the Oxus and the Jaxartes, and erupting toward the West—the last of the great westward "migrations of peoples," if we omit the European influx into what was once songfully known as our own United States. He is a horseman and a horseback archer, just as the American pioneer when he reached the plains became a horseback rifleman; and he seems endowed with a genius for the destructive operations of war. The American plainsman liked to feel that his followers at least would found cities and build institutions for the service of men. If he slaughtered the Indians it was more on the principle of clearing the land. The Turk had no interest in constructive achievement; apparently no ability that way. He was satisfied to appropriate the work of others, after he had removed the workers. Denver, Cheyenne, Laramie and Salt Lake City may not be the most beautiful of human creations, but they are a paradise compared to the creative accomplishments of the Turk. Among the most fanatical of men, even his religion was borrowed. Fervent as he was in faith and prayer, he could not even give the world a respectable ecclesiastical architecture, and his main mosque today is the great church Justinian built. Like death, the Turk took all and gave nothing. His symbol on a banner is the crescent, denoting growth and development; but the real expression of his genius consists of full graveyards, and of 75,000 people on the quays at Smyrna, made homeless by a conflagration comparable to that of San Francisco in 1906, and as useless to any military, political, or social purpose. With his destructiveness he com-



lines the abhorrent attribute of cruelty. He has some good qualities, but he is careful not to let them ride him.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries the Turks, tempted by riches they could consume but not replace, began to move westward from Turkistan, and the delicate civilization of Persia withered before them. The shepherds and horse herders had become robbers, the bands of robbers became conquering armies, the armies aimed at the Eastern Roman Empire and ultimately brought it down. Besides the Persians, they had overwhelmed the Syrians, the Armenians, the Kurds, and the Arabians both of Arabia and Egypt. They took the Holy Land and provoked the Crusades, for they persecuted the Christian pilgrims whom the Arabians had treated with an amiable tolerance; compelling them, with the most refined Turkish humor, to defile the shrines they had tramped a thousand miles to honor. Western Europeans have never liked them real well since. The Turks took back Jerusalem after the First Crusade, and rather easily repelled several more of these fantastic expeditions. Long before 1453 they had completely enveloped Constantinople, tearing away piecemeal the territories of the Eastern Empire, conquering Bulgaria and Serbia; and in that year Mohammed II broke his treaties with the last of the Roman emperors and took the city. The Turk's title to the best piece of real estate in the world is not even that of honest conquest. Nor did he halt there. He got into Italy. Jan Sobieski, the Pole, had to stop him at the gates of Vienna, or he might have overrun Europe. A Polish spy who penetrated the Turkish camp during that siege was rewarded with a monopoly of baking rolls. He chose for them the form of the crescent; and that is why we eat Vienna crescents for breakfast—when we have them. It is easier to devour the symbol of Turkey than its reality. What might have happened had Vienna fallen it is hard to say. Imams might have preached the Koran in Notre Dame and York Minster, and with the requisite surgical trimming the Pilgrim Fathers might have been Mohammedans.

After this failure the Turk seemed weary, and when they had Poled him out of Vienna, so to speak, he sat down on his conquests. Following the battle of Lepanto, in which our old friend Cervantes lost a hand, happily not his pen hand, Turkey began to wane. She lost in rather quick succession Hungary, the Ionian Islands, and much territory in what has been Russia. She had been weakened by her victories, and illustrated the biological law laid down by David Starr Jordan that a warlike people drains away its best blood, win or lose. Greece was lost to Turkey in the battle of Navarino, Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt, rebelled and captured Syria, France conquered Algeria, and in spite of slight recoveries a series of nineteenth-century events wore Turkey down to the limits she occupied in August, 1914. Her craftiest statesman did not wish to enter the great war, understanding that she had little to gain, and much to lose.

The Turk in Europe was never the Arabian in Europe. The Arabian in Europe created a civilization of beauty and value, laid the foundations of many of the modern sciences, and left remains and memories that are among the inspirations of literature, poetry, and art. If the Turk has contributed anything of similar worth we do not recall it. He has been a blight. For that reason, and for his religion, and his system of matrimonial repetition, and his cruelty, the peoples of Western Europe and the people of the United States hailed the end of the war as an opportunity to say to him, as the small London girl told her sister the Angel of the Lord had said to Adam and Eve after the fall: "Nah then, ahtside!" They purposed to bundle him over the Bosphorus and make him stay there. After the Peace Conference they evolved the Treaty of Sèvres, one of the four treaties supposed to bring peace on earth, one of the four heralds of the dove. It was a sort of Wilsonian achievement, looking to ideals and desirabilities rather than facts. The Sultan was permitted to remain at Constantinople with the remnants of a government, under the surveillance and practical control of a mixed commission representing England, Italy, and France, which has been so administering the business that you had to learn what quarter of the town you were in to know what sort of postage stamp to buy. The Turkish Empire was dismembered. The English had relied upon the Treaty of Sèvres, and had looked to Venizelos, the Greek premier, to enforce it. The Italians encouraged King Constantine to proceed from Venice back to Greece, where he promoted a turnover of government that sent Venizelos into exile. And both French and Italians had contrived secret treaties with the Turks.

Here is one of the apparent puzzles of the situation. People concerned for Western civilization are asking, "Why has France let us down?" They are tempted to the bitter observation of Lowell, slightly paraphrased:

"Your mark was the guns, Jean."

But the French financial interest in Turkey is heavy. Loan after loan of a decrepit government has been placed through French bankers, French financiers have established banks in Turkey, French capitalists have acquired valuable concessions and involved French money in Turkish territory. That inclines France to recognize Turkish territorial rights, and there is some-

thing to be said on that side. Financial interest is an intimate relationship. The Turk does not look so bad to the French, while on the other hand the English gains in Mesopotamia have disturbed the balance of interest in the Near East. Italy feared the rise of a Greek power. England was between two dark prospects: her bitter experience and a dangerous condition of her political and commercial establishment.

The British Empire is the largest Mohammedan power and the Mohammedan world is now in a ferment of religious revival. One-quarter of all British subjects are Mohammedan, and the most cohesive bloc of them is in India, where, under the agitations of Ghandi, they have at last formed a union of sentiment and ambition with large elements of the Hindu population, which joins them in the demand that the Caliphate shall not be expelled from Constantinople. This demand is based on certain assurances given by England to her Mohammedan subjects, assurances that were followed by heavy recruiting in India in the war against Germany. On the other hand the Turk, under obligations to both England and France, joined the Germans and closed the Dardanelles to the Allied warships, thus causing the defeat of Roumania, the collapse of Russia, and the prolongation of the war for two years; with grave chances of evil outcome.

Lloyd George declares that the treacherous porter shall not hold the gate again. But the Turks threaten to visit on Constantinople the pains of hell they sent on Smyrna, and from the Paris conference goes an humble invitation, with Lord Curzon's approval, to make themselves at home again in Constantinople, to accept most of Thrace, with Adrianople, and to come and talk it over at Venice. That great waterway, the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, with the Sea of Marmora between, is to be neutralized, if the Turks will kindly consent. They are offered practically their old place in Europe as the fruit of their slaughters in Asia Minor, and the offer may have to be confirmed to them in the interests of a weary and tax-ridden civilization. It is disappointing. It looks like the recrudescence of Turkey, with all that involves of religious hatred and commercial jealousy; an event whose end no one can foresee, but one to which the United States can hardly be indifferent.

MORTON TODD.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Abraham Lincoln.

(From the "Commemoration Ode."  
Life may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as in the field,  
So bountiful is Fate;  
But then to stand beside her,  
When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,  
This shows, methinks, God's plan  
And measure of a stalwart man,  
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,  
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
Whom late the Nation he had led,  
With ashes on her head,  
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:  
Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And can not make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote:

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
How beautiful to see.

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;  
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
Not lured by any cheat of birth,

But by his clear-minded human worth,  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
They knew that outward grace is dust;  
They could not choose but trust

In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,  
And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;  
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
Yet also high to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,  
Or, then, of Europe fronting northward still,  
Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;  
Here was a type of the true elder race,  
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.  
I praise him not; it were too late;  
And some innate weakness there must be  
In him who condescends to victory

Such as the Present gives, and can not wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:  
He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment not the hour,  
But at last silence comes;  
These all are gone, and standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame.

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—James Russell Lowell.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Barton Payne, successor to the late Henry P. Davidson as head of the Red Cross, is a lawyer, and was at one time a judge of the superior court of Cook County, Illinois.

Jesse W. Sweetser of Siwanoy and Ardsley, Yale and Wall Street, is America's new amateur golf champion. Sweetser, who is only twenty, has brought the amateur crown back to New York after a nine years' absence.

Jacob S. Coxey, who led his famous "army" to Washington many years ago, recently filed his petition in Toledo for the non-partisan nomination for United States senator from Ohio.

Edward Bell, chief of the current information bureau of the State Department, has been assigned to duty as counselor of the legation at Peking, China. Mr. Bell has been stationed at many capitols in various diplomatic posts.

George Horton, American consul-general at Smyrna, is an eminent man of letters, some of his titles being: "Songs of the Lowly," "In Unknown Seas," "Aphroessa," "Constantine," "A Fair Brigand," "Like Another Helen," "Modern Athens," "The Tempting of Father Anthony," "The Long Straight Road," "In Argolis," "The Monk's Treasure," "The Edge of Hazard," and "Miss Schuyler's Alias." Horton was born in Fairville, New York, in 1859. He has long been deeply interested in the life and affairs of the Near East. His wife was Catherine Sacapoulo of Athens. From 1899 to 1901 he was literary editor of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, leaving that paper to become editor of the literary supplement of the Chicago *American*. He has been consul-general at Athens, consul at Saloniki, and as consul-general at Smyrna was in charge of the interests of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia and Serbia in Asia Minor, from the outbreak of the great war until April, 1917, when, on the rupture of our relations with Turkey, he was transferred to Saloniki, returning to Smyrna in May, 1919. For protection of the Christian populations in Turkey he was decorated with the papal Order of Gregory the Great, and he is also a Commander of the (Greek) Order of the Savior. He has received the thanks of the British and French governments for his services to their nationals during the war.

William Phillips of Beverly, Massachusetts, who was recently appointed Under Secretary of State to succeed Henry G. Fletcher when the latter was named Ambassador to Belgium, is notable among the "career men" in Washington. The State Department nowadays is being staffed with young men who enter the diplomatic service fresh from college, and who by reason of their special gifts—education, social background, and personality—have proved peculiarly fitted to establish and maintain friendly foreign relations. They are learning the game from the inside out, serving apprenticeships in secretarial positions and working up to the highest posts. The new Under Secretary was but recently Minister to The Hague. Seventeen years ago Mr. Phillips was succeeding Mr. Fletcher as first secretary of the American legation at Peking. Since that time the two have been playing on the international chess-board, occasionally passing on the high seas, each to slip into the position the other had vacated. Mr. Phillips was one of the Federal government commissioners to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in this city in 1915. His present post of Under Secretary of State, which has given him the title of the "diplomat behind the diplomat," was created three years ago by law to relieve the Secretary of his increased duties and to give higher prestige to his assistant, who in the absence of his chief automatically becomes the acting head of the State Department.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha was brought up at Saloniki, and became well known at Constantinople during the Young Turk revolution of 1908. During the war in the Balkan peninsula he distinguished himself as a military leader at Chatalja, was promoted to a colonelcy, and sent on a mission to Sofia after the war, and on another to Paris, returning to Constantinople in 1914, a short time before the outbreak of the great conflict. During the attack of the Anglo-French fleet on the Dardanelles Kemal Pasha took command of a sector when the Turks seemed to be in a critical situation, and by disobedience of some erroneous orders saved the Turkish army by the victory of Anafarta and probably prevented the capture of Constantinople by the Allies. For quarreling with the German generals over points of strategy he was sent to Mesopotamia in disgrace, but returned to the capital a few weeks before the armistice. After the occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks he was appointed inspector-general of Anatolia, but being gifted with great organizing ability and at outs with the policy of his government, which he accused of betraying Turkey to the Allies, he raised an army of his own. In 1919 the government tried to recall him to Constantinople, but he refused to obey, and although he had formerly been very friendly with the Sultan he was degraded and deprived of the right to wear his decorations. He loathes politics, but has a remarkable ascendancy over the Turkish people and his troops. He is the real organizer and commander of the nationalist movement in Anatolian Turkey.



## ATOLLS AND BLUE LAGOONS.

## Two More Wanderers Yield Themselves to the Spell of the South Pacific Islands.

Another effort to penetrate the mystery of the south sea islands strengthens the conviction that they are in one particular like Chinamen: they have no mysteries, and only look mysterious because the troubled complexity of the Western mind can not credit their tranquil simplicity. When a Polynesian sits and looks at the surf breaking on a lava ledge, sits there and gazes for hours, and you wonder what he is thinking about, it is ten chances to one, not that he is thinking about nothing, but that he is not thinking about anything; which is a different business. James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff, reacting to the farther swing of the pendulum from the hell of war, sought peace as far from the French flying fields as they could get, and in "Faery Lands of the South Seas" they give us their interpretation of things seen and heard; and tell how that region of mystical beauty and calm laid soft hands on them and soothed them into companionship with the gentle ex-cannibals of the Paumotus, the Marquesas, and other spots of fragrant earth such as Melville first described and our own O'Brien later turned into slathers of money without causing any of them to disappear. We may say at the outset that their book, although a product of that impossibility, literary collaboration, is written in a style as charming as its subject, and as vivid as the blue lagoons and *niu* groves which it depicts. It is rare description of enchanting scenes and charming people, with just enough narrative to enable one to see the characters living their real lives; and it is illustrated with beautiful sketches.

The Polynesian is a rather good sort, and his soul has possibilities. Its character persists, despite efforts to alter it. Floating on an ocean of darkened silver one heavenly night, one of our authors gets a glimpse of a phase of it, thus objectivized:

Some one came aft, walking along the rail in his bare feet. It was Oro, the cabin boy, who is taken with an enviable kind of madness at the full of the moon. He looked carefully around to make sure that every one was asleep, and then stood clasping and unclasping his hands in ecstasy, carrying on a one-sided conversation in a confidential undertone. Now and then he would smile and straightway become serious again, gazing with rapt, listening attention at the world of pure light; nodding his head at intervals in vigorous confirmation of some occult confidence. At length his figure receded, blurred, took on the quality of the moonlight, and I saw him no more.

So we sail with them in trading schooners, propelled by the white man's hope of private profit, the real disseminator of civilization, and find ourselves outbound for strange ports, and in the peculiar company of beach combers, pearl speculators, seekers of solitude for its own sake and sometimes "for their country's good"; and happily of several characters of real nobility, like Varaner, whose English name was Warner, and his half-caste son who flew in France and returned to the islands a captain. The ladies, too, are there, making the most casual contributions to the population, and between times catching fish.

It may have been the muck of war that did it, but these men seem seized with a passion for the beauty of the world, and eager to share:

We made landfalls at dawn, in midafternoon, late at night—saw the islands in aspects of beauty exceeding one's strangest imaginings. We penetrated farther and farther into a thousand-mile area of atoll-dotted ocean, discharging our cargo of lumber and corrugated iron, rice and flour and canned goods; taking on copra; carrying native passengers from one place to another. Sometimes we were out of sight of land for several days, beating into head winds under a slowly moving pageantry of clouds which alone gave assurance of the rotundity of the earth. When at last land appeared it seemed inaccessible remote, at the summit of a long slope of water which we would never be able to climb. Sometimes for as long a period we skirted the shore line of a single atoll, the water deepening and shoaling under our keel in splotches of vague or vivid coloring. From a vantage point in the rigging one could see a segment of a vast circle of islands strung at haphazard on a thread of reef which showed a thin, clear line of changing red and white under the incessant battering of the surf. Several times upon going ashore we found the villages deserted, the inhabitants having gone to distant parts of the atoll for the copra-making season. In one village we came upon an old man too feeble to go with the others, apparently, sitting in the shade playing a phonograph. He had but three records: "Away to the Forest," "The Dance of the Nymphs Schottische," and "Just a Song at Twilight." The disks were as old as the instrument itself, no doubt, and the needles so badly worn that one could barely hear the music above the rasping of the mechanism. There was a groove on the vocal record where the needle caught, and the singer, a woman with a high, quavery voice, repeated the same phrase, "when the lights are low," over and over again. I can still hear it, even at this distance of time and place, and recall vividly to mind the silent houses, the wide, vacant street bright with fugitive sunshine, the lagoon at the end of it mottled with the shadows of clouds.

Things out there grow delightfully mixed, and people take little harm by the mixture. Humanity is not merely slowed down and comfortable, but seems to have acquired a really comforting interchangeability:

Before separating at Papeete we had arranged for a rendezvous, but at that time we still possessed American ideas of punctuality and well-ordered travel. Now we know something of the casual movements of trading schooners and have learned to regard the timely arrival of a letter as an event touching on the miraculous—the keeping of a rendezvous, a possibility too remote for consideration. One hears curious tales, in this part of the world, of the outcome of such temporary leave-takings as ours was meant to be—husbands seek-

ing their wives and wives their husbands; families scattered among these fragments of land and striving for many months to reunite.

I witnessed, not long ago, the sequel of one of these unsuccessful quests. A native from a distant group of islands set out for one of the atolls of the Low Archipelago, the home of his sweetheart. Arrangements for the marriage had been made long before, but letters had gone astray, and upon his arrival the young man found that the family of his prospective father-in-law had gone to another atoll for the diving season. With no means of following, he submitted to the inevitable, and married another girl. Months later, the woman of his first choice returned with her second choice of a husband; and the former lovers met, for the young man had not yet been able to return to his own island. Neither made any question of the other's decision—life is too short; and from the native point of view, it is foolish to spend it in wanderings which, at the last, may never fulfill their purpose.

R. L. S. grooved his trail on these oceans, broad and deep, and neither the waves of time nor of the sea have obliterated it. Other wanderers cross it here and there, and send the tidings home to San Francisco and Scotland and the world, as though he still lived and one should come on him some day. Our wanderers met an old American castaway on Ahu Ahu, and he brought back that other wanderer:

Once, as we sat drinking, Tari mentioned Stevenson, and the old man's face brightened.

"E," he said, slowly, in native fashion, "I remember him well; he came to Hiva Oa with the *Casco*. A funny fellow he was . . . thin! There was nothing to him but skin and bones. And questions—he'd ask you a hundred in a minute! I didn't take to him at first, but he was all right. He didn't care how he dressed; one day I saw him walking on the beach with nothing on but a pair of drawers."

And there was another, less widely known, but with the scholar's love of the unexplored. On far Ahu Ahu they found one of those lovable delvers into the kitchen middens of the world, and took up with him the everlasting question of the origin or origins of the Polynesians. Here are his conclusions, based on nebulous appearances, and therefore vague and fascinating:

"On the whole," he said, with agreeable readiness to speak of his work, "I am convinced that they came from the west. The Frenchman's theory that the race originated in New Zealand, like the belief that they migrated westward from the shores of America, is more picturesque, more stirring to the imagination; but the evidence is too vague. If one investigates the possibilities of an eastward migration, on the other hand, one finds everywhere in the western islands the traces of their passage. For out in the Orient, in isolated groups, off the coast of Sumatra, about Java and Celebes, and in the Arafura Sea, I can show you people of the true Polynesian type. Even in such places, where the last migration must have passed nearly two thousand years ago, scraps of evidence remain—a word, a curious custom, the manner of carrying a basket. These things might seem coincidences if the trail did not grow warmer as one travels east.

"Though no trace of their blood is left, New Guinea must at one time have been a halting place in the migration. Papua it is called, and one finds the word current in Polynesia, meaning a garden, a rich land. The natives of New Guinea are as unlike the people of the eastern Pacific, I should say, as the average American or Englishman, and yet throughout New Guinea there is a most curious cropping out of Polynesian words, pointing to a very ancient intercourse between the races. Consider the word for woman among the Polynesians. In Rarotonga, it is *vaine*; in Tahiti, *vahine*; in the Marquesas, *vehine*; in Hawaii, *wahine*; in Samoa, *fahine*. The same root runs through the dialects of Papua. In Motu, woman is *habine*; in Kerepunu, *vavine*; in Aroma, *babine*; and in Motumotu it is *ua*, which in this part of the Pacific means, variously, female, seed, and rain. I could cite you dozens of similar examples. Now and then one comes across something that sets one's imagination to work . . . as you must know, the word for sun in the islands is *ra*, but in Tahiti they have another word, *mahana*. In New Guinea, thirty-five hundred miles away, and with all Melanesia between, the tribes of the South Cape call the sun *mahana*. What a puzzle it is!

"Though it may be the merest coincidence, that *ra* has a flavor of Egypt. I wonder if there could be a connection? I used to know a girl in Tahiti whose strange and rather beautiful name—hereditary as far back as the records of her family went—was that of a queen of Egypt who ruled many hundreds of years before Christ. But I mustn't ride my hobby too fast."

No name is given: the lonely delver is incog. But could this have been Judge Fornander? He seems too long ago, and yet this is much his method, and much the direction of his theories. However we may puzzle over these matters of Polynesian origin, the Polynesian apparently does not. He is the despair of the peddlers of ready-made civilization. It seems dangerous to sell him marbles, for instance, for instead of resisting idleness he takes the marbles and plays for keeps with them and makes no copra for days, when it is well known that his real function on the earth is to make copra so that the El Dorado Oil Works, or some other oil works, may turn out palmolive soap, or some other brand of soap, for the rest of us. He doesn't seem to care a red cent whether we have any soap or not. He is shameless about it. Approaching an island, the supercargo was talking:

"Well, we won't have to stop long," he added, grouchyly. "I'll take what copra they have and get out. It's a God-forsaken hole. They only make about twenty-five tons a year. The island could produce three times that amount under decent management. They're a lazy, independent lot, at Rutiaro. You can't get 'em to stir themselves."

I asked him what they had to gain by stirring themselves. "Gain?" he said. "They have everything to gain. There are only two frame houses on the place. The rest of them are miserable little shelters of coconut thatch. I haven't sold them enough corrugated iron in ten years to cover this cockpit. You remember Takaroa and Niau and Fakahina? Well, there's my idea of islands. Nice European furniture—iron beds, centre tables, phonographs, bicycles—"

A further catalogue of the comforts and conveniences of civilization which the inhabitants of Rutiaro might have and didn't convinced me that this was the atoll I had been looking for, and I regretted that our stay there was to be so brief.

After that it is plain what a perverse, refractory lot the Polynesians are, and how fast wedded to ways that are vain. And yet, somehow, they get along with themselves, with nature, with what we call life and think

about a great deal; get along about as well with it as we do, and without thinking about it at all. Here is a motion picture of them not easily equaled:

The pass was at the farther end of the lagoon, and in order to save time in getting the work ashore under way, the supercargo and I, with three of the sailors, put off in a whaleboat, to land on the ocean side of the village. Half a dozen men rushed into the surf, seized and held the boat as the backwash poured down the steep incline at the edge of the reef. Among them was the chief, a man of huge frame, six feet two or three in height. Like the others who assisted at the landing, he was clad only in a *pareu*, but he lost none of his dignity through his nakedness. He was fifty-five years old, as I afterward learned, and as he stood bidding us welcome I thought of the strange appearance certain of the chief men in America or France or England would make under similar circumstances, deprived of the kindly concealment of clothing. What a revelation it would be of skinniness or pudginess! What an exhibition of scrawny necks, fat stomachs, flat chests, flabby arms! To be strictly accurate, I had seen some fat stomachs among elderly Paumotuans, but they were exceptions, and always remarkable for that reason. And those who carried them had sturdy legs. They did not give one the uneasy feeling, common at home, at the sight of the great paunches of sedentary men tottling unsteadily along a strip of crimson carpet, from curb to club doorway.

Wherever one goes in Polynesia one is reminded, by contrast, of the cost physically to men of our own race of our sheltered way of living. There on every hand are men well past middle life, with compact, symmetrical bodies and the natural grace of healthy children. One sees them carrying immense burdens without exertion, swimming in the open sea for an hour or two at a time while spearing fish, loafing ashore with no greater apparent effort for yet longer periods. Sometimes, when they have it, they eat enormous quantities of food at one sitting, and at others, under necessity, as sparingly as so many dyspeptics. It would be impossible to formulate from their example any rules for rational living in more civilized communities. The daily quest for food under primitive conditions keeps them alert and sound of body, so that, whether they work or loaf, feast or fast, they seem always to acquire health by it.

How much do they really need from us, their top-lofty superiors and guides and mentors to better ways of living—more satisfying and more wholesome ways? One of our authors supplies this rather illuminating discussion:

It seems to me that the chief benefit resulting from the Christianizing process is that it has offset some of the evils resulting from the rest of the civilizing process. This was not the opinion of Tino, supercargo of the *Caleb S. Winship*, however. I remember a conversation which I had with him on the subject, when Rutiaro itself lay within view, but still far distant. For the sake of argument I had made some willfully disparaging remark about traders, and Tino had taken exception to it.

"You're wrong," he said. "You know as well as I do—or maybe you don't—what these people used to be: cannibals, and not so many years ago at that. I don't suppose you would call it a genteel practice? Well, what stopped it? I'll tell you what stopped it—tinny beef."

That was a new angle of vision to me. I said nothing, but I thought I could detect a hint of a smile in his eyes as he waited for the statement to sink in.

"I have had some fun in my time," he went on, "arguing this out with the missionaries. I say tinny beef and they say the four gospels. Can't be proved either way, of course. But suppose, right now, every trading schooner in the archipelago was to lay a course for Papeete. Suppose not one of them was to go back to the atolls for the next twenty-five years. Leave the people to themselves, as you say, and let them have their missionaries, with the Golden Rule in one hand and the Ten Commandments in the other. What chance would they have of dying a natural death? The missionaries, I mean. About as much chance as I have of getting old Maroaki at Tako Raro to pay me the eight hundred francs he owes me."

That is candor, such as one hears on the ground, in the field, where theories are confronted by realities, and fine principles have to give way to probabilities.

Out there on the broad crystal of the Pacific, among the coral islands, white men have yielded to the immemorial spell, have "sat them down upon the yellow sand, between the sun and moon upon the shore," and lived instead of hurrying, and loafed instead of laboring, and sunk into the lotos-eating state. And even there the war reached its bony hand and dragged some of them back "home" as the English never lose the habit of calling it. So there was the case of Warner, as related by himself:

I never thought I'd see the old country again, but the war changed all that. I got a nasty wound in Gallipoli, you see, and they sent me home to convalesce. The family wasn't meant to know I was hurt, but they saw a bit of a thing in the paper [an account of the exploit which won Tari his D. C. M.], and there they were at the dock when the transport off-loaded. I hadn't laid eyes on them for fifteen years. . . . The old governor—by Jove! he was decent. It was all arranged that I should stop in England when the war was over; I thought myself it was a go. When the job was finished, and I'd got a special dispensation to be demobbed at home, I stood it for a fortnight and then gave up. . . .

Home is all very well for a week or two, but for a steady thing I seem to fit in better down here. What is it that makes a chap stop in the islands? You must have felt it yourself, and yet it is hard to put into words. This sort of thing, perhaps [he swept his hand through the soft darkness] the beauty, the sense of remoteness, the vague and agreeable melancholy of these places. Then I like the way the years slip past—the pleasant monotony of life. My friends at home put up with a kind of dullness which would drive me mad; but here, where there is even less to distinguish one day from another, one seems never to grow fretful or impatient of time. One's horizon narrows, of course; I scarcely look at the newspaper any more. If you stop here you will find yourself unconsciously drifting into the native state of mind, readjusting your sense of values until the great events of the world seem far off and unreal, and your interests are limited to your own business, the vital statistics of your island, and the odd kinks of human nature about you. Perhaps this is the way we are meant to live; at any rate, it brings serenity.

And that is one of the best things about a book like this: that even into a noisy, crowded, mainland city "it brings serenity."

FAERY LANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS. By Hall and Nordhoff. New York and London: Harper & Brothers; \$4.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending September 23, 1922, were \$152,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$136,300,000; an increase of \$15,700,000.

The recent advance in wages announced by the United States Steel Corporation has been accepted as a recognition on the part of some of our most important industrial and banking interest of the beginning of a new inflation period. This wage increase affected for the most part workers not connected with labor unions. Later, the New England textile interests announced increased wages and invited

strike. Mr. Gompers is now unfortunately permitting himself to become enlisted in the ranks of those unpatriotic labor unionists who think of patriotism only in the terms of their personal interests. He is quoted as saying before the International Typographical Union: "The men who are non-union will join our ranks as their only protection in the world of struggle. We must stand against the atrocious conduct of our government officials toward the rational and constructive movement of organized labor to raise the working people. It must not be stated that the spirit of 1776 is dead in 1922."

How about standing against the atrocious conduct of union labor at Herrin, Illinois, Needles, Arizona, and numerous other places? Why rail against injunctions calculated to check murder and arson and innumerable crimes? Mr. Gompers may as well be informed now as later that the spirit of 1776 is the very spirit that is actuating the government to issue such an injunction in behalf of men who desire to work and who temporarily do not feel constrained to abide by the rules and regulations of his various unions.

There is ample evidence that the railroads have been terribly handicapped by the former shopmen's rules that have compelled the activities of a dozen men, in many instances, to do some trivial repair work that one could have accomplished in far less time. It would almost seem that some of these union men who are riotously condemning and who recently have been actually murdering non-union shopmen may be regarded themselves, not as "labor-unionists," but as "non-labor-unionists," and it really begins to look as if some of the high-salaried labor union leaders were somewhat afraid of their jobs.—*The Trader*.

The absurdity of the so-called Water and Power Act is the tremendous risk that its supporters are asking the people of California to take—and all for nothing.

Herbert Hoover is authority for the statement that "nowhere is power so cheap nor so plentiful as in California." "Nowhere"—not excepting even Ontario, which advocates of the proposed Water and Power Amendment point to as the Utopia of hydro-electric development.

Then why all this fuss? Why this vast expenditure of money in an effort to foist upon the people of the state an experiment in state socialism for which there has been no popular demand, and which, from all accounts, was hatched behind closed doors by a handful of self-appointed representatives of "the people's interests"?

Why are the people of California being asked to mortgage all their property to the tune of \$500,000,000? Why are they being asked to risk this vast sum and to take the chance of running up an additional huge tax bill? Why are they being asked to entrust half a billion dollars to a board of five men, whom they can not choose for themselves nor control after they have been appointed?

Why are the people being asked to create ideal conditions for the formation of an all-powerful, autocratic political machine that will control their business, their farms, their credit, their commerce, their power bills, their irrigation systems?

What is the object of it all?

If the people are going to take the tremendous risks involved in the so-called Water and Power Act they must be shown good reasons for it. They are not going to indorse this \$500,000,000 note sight unseen.

Advocates of the proposed amendment have not yet advanced any adequate reason for its adoption. They will not do so. The fact is there is no good reason for this dangerous experiment, and the thinking people of California are going to reject it overwhelmingly at the polls next November.

The situation in the Near East may be taken too seriously, but can not be altogether ignored by us. For we have work of importance—and profit—to do in Asia Minor, which we might have been doing long since had we not allowed ourselves to be misled by

an ignorant, quasi-religious propaganda, say Strassburger & Co.

Great Britain's policy is to blame for all that is happening. Abdul the Damner, Enver the Epileptic, Ferid the Fatuous, have been her fancies. Turkey, the real Turkey, she has not known.

Many years before Abdul entered the walls of his prison he would have been deposed had Britain not interfered. When a period was put to his misrule by the Young Turks it was not to be supposed that every member of that party was sincere. It was soon obvious that Enver was unreliable. Yet Britain tacitly supported him. Further, she antagonized all by her association with Russia, Turkey's enemy. Notwithstanding this, the entrance of Turkey into the great war on Germany's side could have been prevented had Kemal been in power. For he foresaw the inevitable end. The signing of the Mudros Armistice in 1918 gave the Allies a chance of redeeming the blunders of the past. Kemal was there, prepared to carry out a strictly defensive policy in external matters, content to devote his energies to internal reorganization. Instead, Ferid was put in power, Kemal fled, and quietly set to work to re-create a new Turkey at Angora. He succeeded without money in gathering round him a body of capable executives, and but for the ill-judged piece of impertinence represented by Greece's injection into Smyrna, the terrible atrocities of which she has been guilty and her persistent onslaughts on her neighbors, we should never have been faced with the present tangle.

Even a worm will turn. Kemal is no worm, is on the contrary probably the ablest statesman in the old world, next to Dr. Benes of Czechoslovakia. He has to be reckoned with now, as will have to be also the evil influences that are gathering round him. Handled wisely, he may, even now, be willing to listen to the voices that guided his earlier days. If not, he will be crushed, and a world that has rarely had any use for her greatest men will have suffered another loss.

The National City Company is offering \$75,000,000 ten-twenty-year Federal Land Bank 4½ per cent. bonds, exempt from Federal, state, municipal, and local taxation, due May 1, 1942. These bonds, in addition to being obligations of the Federal Land Banks, all twelve of which are primarily liable for interest and ultimately liable for the principal on each bond, are secured by collateral consisting of an equal amount of United States government bonds, or mortgages on farm lands which must be: (a) first mortgages, to an amount not exceeding 50 per cent. of the value of the land and 20 per cent. of the

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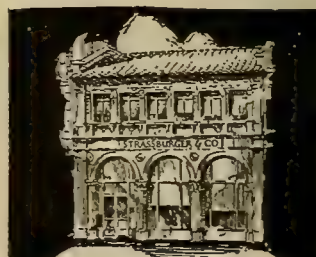
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their striking employees to return. This action must be construed, not as a back-down on the part of the employing interests, but as another instance of recognition of the changed conditions governing labor's compensation.

There is scarcely any doubt that the United States Railway Labor Board will in its turn recognize these changes and increase certain railway wages where the situation seems to demand it. As a matter of fact, the vast ma-

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jority of striking shopmen are already back at work—most of them in the shops of other roads than those they left.

Meanwhile, labor unions are making much to-do over the so-called Daugherty injunction. Whatever criticism may be leveled at certain details of this injunction, it is well enough settled that it has had a definite effect already in vastly decreasing the number of criminal outrages which were interfering with railway traffic and which could only be laid at the door of labor unionists.

At times in the past Mr. Gompers, speaking for the American Federation of Labor, has reflected much greater sanity and intelligence than could be said of some of his confrères, but in the face of a losing shopmen's

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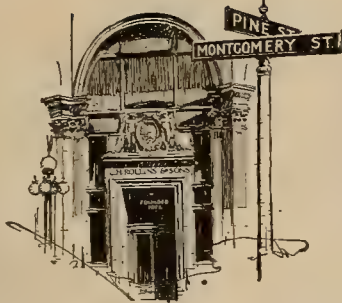
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the Federal Land Banks is indicated by the fact that, during the year ended November 30, 1921, 4725 farms against which the banks had made loans totaling less than \$15,000,000 were actually sold for over \$45,000,000.

Taxes are taxes, however they may be disguised.

It is idle for propagandists for the so-called Water and Power Act to try to argue that the \$500,000,000 burden that they are

every bit of property in California would be covered by a blanket mortgage, and the taxpayers would become responsible for the payments of this huge debt, principal and interest.

Theoretically the unspecified projects on which this \$500,000,000 is to be spent would pay for themselves. But the drawers of the so-called Water and Power Act could not have had very great confidence in the ability of their Utopian scheme to pay for itself, for they provided that defaults in both principal and interest might be met by taxes, by draft on the state treasury, and by the issuance of more bonds.

The interest alone on \$500,000,000 of bonds would be at least \$25,000,000 a year, and the moment the Water and Power Act became part of the Constitution of California the taxpayers of the state would be irrevocably liable to pay additional annual taxes in that amount.

George H. Burr & Co. are offering \$15,000,000 Cudahy Packing Company fifteen-year sinking fund 5½ per cent. gold debentures, due October 1, 1937.

The Cudahy Packing Company, one of the largest packing-house concerns in the United States, has plants in six packing centres and 110 distributing branch houses in the principal cities of the United States. After the

present financing the company will have the following stock and surplus outstanding: \$8,500,000 preferred, \$17,000,000 common, \$3,500,000 surplus. Funded debt includes this issue and about \$10,500,000 first closed mortgage bonds, due December 1, 1946, which are being retired by a sinking fund of \$325,000 per year.

The proceeds of this issue will retire by January 15, 1923, now outstanding \$4,000,000 7 per cent. notes due July 15, 1923, and also provides additional working capital by reducing current liabilities. The company's financial statement, dated October 29, 1921, made at the close of their fiscal year, including these debentures, and applying proceeds of this issue and the proceeds from sale of the balance of first mortgage bonds issued earlier this year, shows total assets in excess of \$65,450,000, net current assets and net tangible assets applicable to funded indebtedness \$27,195,000 and \$52,880,000 respectively.

An offering of a new issue of \$2,000,000 San Diego County Water Company first mortgage gold bonds, 6 per cent., Series "A," due December 1, 1962, is being made by Blyth, Witter & Co. These bonds are exempt from personal property taxes in California and interest is paid without deduction for normal Federal income tax, not exceeding 2 per cent. The price is 95 and interest, yielding over 6.30 per cent.

The San Diego County Water Company, a California corporation, was organized to take over properties owned or controlled by Mr. William G. Henshaw of San Francisco, consisting of approximately 46,000 acres of agricultural land in San Diego County, which in large part is naturally sub-irrigated or is supplied with rainfall in excess of eighteen inches per annum sufficient for profitable orchard and general farming without recourse to irrigation; also dam sites, reservoir sites, and water rights capable ultimately of delivering water in dependable and sufficient supply to irrigate approximately 35,000 acres of citrus land in outside ownership available for and needing irrigation. In addition to this service the company's water properties can furnish a net safe domestic yield of 10,000,000 gallons daily whenever that amount or any portion thereof shall be required by the city of San Diego and neighboring communities.

Acquisition of these properties and complete engineering studies covering all phases of water supply, storage, and distribution have been in progress for the past twelve years under Mr. Henshaw's direction.

The growing disposition of the non-manufacturing world to exchange its raw material for American manufactures is apparent, says the National City Bank of New York, by a close study of the import and export figures of the fiscal year just ended. While the value figures often fall below those of recent years, the quantities of individual articles show in

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trying to saddle on the people of California does not mean more taxes for all of us.

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many cases large percentages of gain, even in the "lean" international trade year 1922 when compared with the year immediately preceding. Though the strike troubles of the past



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few weeks may have checked the disposition to lay in stocks of manufacturing material, the figures of the full fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, make it quite apparent that the quantity of raw material being brought into the

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

...is increasing and that the countries sending them are willing to accept our manufactures in exchange.

Tin, which is sent us chiefly from the opposite side of the globe (for we produce none ourselves), is a striking evidence of the encouraging situation in our manufacturing industries and of the willingness of the foreign producer to accept our manufactures in exchange for his natural products. The quantity of pig tin imported in the fiscal year 1922 was, in round terms, 100,000,000 pounds as against 80,000,000 in the preceding year, but the stated value of this 100,000,000 pounds is only \$29,000,000, while that of the 80,000,000 pounds of the preceding year was \$42,000,000. In other words, imports increased 25 per cent. in quantity, but decreased 30 per cent. in stated value.

This striking characteristic, of an increase in quantities of imported manufacturing material but a reduction in stated values, extend to many of the articles for which we must rely on the other parts of the globe, and the fact that this increase in quantities is accompanied by a decrease of stated value suggests that our manufacturers will continue to compete successfully in world markets for the finished products.

That the non-manufacturing world is ready to accept our manufactures in exchange for its raw material is also strikingly evidenced by the figures of our exports of tin plate and other manufactures to the very countries from which we draw the tin. Most of the pig tin comes to us from the Straits Settlements, the Dutch East Indies, the Malayan Peninsula, Hongkong, and China, and all of these countries and colonies take in exchange our tin plate and many other manufactures, and this is also true as to Bolivia and Chile, from which we receive the tin ore of the Bolivian mines and pay for it in manufactures of tin and many other articles.

This commendable "habit" of paying for our raw material with the products of our factories extends to many articles and many countries. We sell cotton manufactures to the world's producers of raw cotton, Egypt, India, Australia, China, Peru, and Brazil; rubber manufactures to the Malayan Peninsula, the Dutch Indies, and Brazil; woolen goods to Argentina, Uruguay, and Australia, and leather goods to all the countries sending us the hides and skins which we must have from abroad.

L. M. MacDonald, representative of the executive council of the California Bankers' Association and vice-president of the Bank of Italy, left September 24th to attend the annual convention of the American Bankers' Association to be held in New York, October 2d to 6th. He was accompanied by Charles A. Smith, national executive councilman of the association and manager of the Bank of Italy Livermore Branch.

Yellow fever was finally eradicated from Cuba in 1901.

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The English more than any other nation have a type of literature which is perhaps least represented in American letters. It is of a semi-private nature and is written by a certain group of people for the enjoyment of the same group. Much of it, frankly, is not interesting to the outside world. We refer to the English custom of printing private memoirs and travels. We do not, emphatically, mean such books as Mrs. Asquith's and Colonel Repington's diaries. Their piquancy stamps them with the earmarks of ultimate publicity. We refer instead to such quiet social, political, and travel annals of the English upper classes as E. P. Dutton & Co. have the pleasant habit of publishing. A steady diet of these books would be monotonous, though hardly more so than regular rations of American fiction. The kindest thing one can say about our home-made novel is that it is in the experimental stage and has therefore a sort of scientific interest that it certainly lacks intrinsically. There is nothing of the laboratory about the books we are here discussing: they are an English institution. And though they are, more often than not, written by non-professional writers, still, by virtue of their seasoned heritage in English letters, they are never or seldom amateurish. Though they lack the canons of literary form and composition, they are always mature. Every cultivated Englishman is a potential author.

Six books recently brought out by the Duttons seem to fall into this category of non-professional literature, whose principal characteristic is that it makes no claim to literature as such. They are the plain records of plain Englishmen, and the reason for their publication is public spirited. When America develops a school of public-spirited citizens and statesmen, we also will have this type of book, for it is the result of the Anglo-Saxon spirit plus generations of cultivation.

To return to the Dutton sextet. The first on our list, "Sir Edward Cook, K. B. E., A Biography," by J. Saxon Mills (Dutton; \$6) is the chief exception to the definition, for every intelligent Englishman or American, whatever his class, will read it with interest. However, its general interest is due to its being an exceptionally intelligent treatment of a chapter of British journalism, not to any piquancy culled from the Asquith school of memoirs. Its virtues are intrinsic and it is the sort of book whose ideal background is a rainy, foggy evening in San Francisco, London, or Edinburgh, and a library fireplace. It is temperate, genial, and full of usable information. Sir Edward Cook was for many years editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and later of the *Daily News*. He is the author of four excellent biographies, chief among which are the standard life of Florence Nightingale and the "Life of Delane" of the *Times*. The author, Mr. Mills, is a London barrister.

The second of our selection also has its exception in that it is the work of a professional writer, Sir Henry Lucy. His "Diary of a Journalist: Later Entries" (Dutton; \$6) is as full of meat as the former entries, which is perhaps the best advertisement we could give it. Here, indeed, is a book to vie with Margot and the trenchant colonel. If Sir Henry is not so acrid, he is at least spicy. His system, which should be commended to all diarists, is to record only interesting events. He was fortunate in happening on so many.

"The Private Diaries of Sir Algernon West,

G. C. B." (Dutton; \$7), belongs preëminently to our classification. This is the sort of annal that is interesting to the cultivated Englishman or the American student of history, both of whom are interested for different reasons in private political history. Few if any racy anecdotes here. You must concentrate to follow all the moves on the board, Sir Algernon having had a perfect passion for detail, all which will be eagerly devoured by the historical student. "The Private Diaries," which are edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, belong to the familiar school category called a "source-book."

Number four on our list is the truly charming record of Sir Francis Younghusband's sojourns among the Himalayas. This is one of the most naive and refreshing of books. One wishes one were as lyrically inspired as Sir Francis himself in writing about "The Heart of Nature" (Dutton; \$5). Why doesn't one hear more of Sir Francis' powers of description? He is not a professional writer, but he is better than any professional except possibly William Hudson, of whom he strongly reminds one. Even so, the professional Mr. Hudson, weighted ever so little as he is by technicalities, does not soar quite so rhapsodically as does Sir Francis. Perhaps it is the result of living so much among the mountains. His descriptions of the flora and fauna of the Himalayas is something not to be missed.

The last two of the group of six are typical—more so than Sir Francis'—of the class we have been defining. One is an anonymous book of travel entitled "People and Places" (Dutton; \$6), and described as "a life in five continents." This is the typical Britisher's record of out-of-the-way travel. It is well worth browsing through and is written, as so many of these unprofessional books are, with a fresh sprightliness that might well be the envy of the jaded writer by trade.

"Out of the World North of Nigeria," by Angus Buchanan (Dutton; \$6), is a chapter of African exploration that will be enjoyed by readers of Stanley's and Livingston's journals. The author was, according to native statement, the first white to penetrate to some of these northern African mountain fastnesses. Like Sir Francis Younghusband, Mr. Buchanan holds a brief for the beauties of nature, but he adds that it is hard for a white man to be sympathetic with nature or in a condition to appreciate its loveliness when he is as sick as the average white is in the tropical jungle. We assume that the Himalayas are healthier than Tamgak and Agalak. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors

Three of Sir James Barrie's plays are to be produced in Italy with Emma Gramatica in the leading roles.

Dorothy Canfield has written a new novel, "Rough Hewn," to be published this fall. It is the only book she has written since "The Brimming Cup."

The extraordinary success of Emerson Hough's new novel of the pioneer West, "The Covered Wagon," has stimulated interest in his earlier work, "The Story of the Cowboy," to such an extent that the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., report that its twenty-first printing has been put to press.

Dr. Ossendoski, author of "Beasts, Men, and Gods" (Dutton), attended the recent Washington Conference, being attached to the Polish legation as adviser on Far Eastern

All Books that are reviewed in the

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affairs. As his book indicates, he is an expert on the subject.

Clinton T. Brainard, president of Harper & Brothers and of the McClure Syndicate, returned to America in August on the *President Taft*. He brought with him, not only the contract for the ex-Kaiser's memoirs, but for books by both Asquith and Viviani which the Harpers will publish.

"The Garden of the West," a new volume of poems by Louise Driscoll; "On the Trail of the Peacemaker," sketches of travel in Europe and the East by Fred B. Smith, and "The Public Relief of Sickness," by Gerald Morgan, are among the early September books on the Macmillan list.

The selection of poetry and prose by Keats published by the Oxford University Press American Branch is introduced and annotated by Henry Ellershaw. The volume contains essays and criticisms on Keats by Shelley, Jeffrey, Landor, Leigh Hunt, Masson, Swinburne, and Robert Bridges. The volume which follows—"Johnson's Poetry and Prose," edited by R. W. Chapman—includes Boswell's "Character," Macaulay's "Life," and an essay by Sir Walter Raleigh.

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If you don't know whether you like the modern poets or not—read it, it will convince you one way or the other.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Carnac's Folly.

The many readers of Sir Gilbert Parker's dramatic romances of French Canada will welcome "Carnac's Folly," wherein he unfolds the thrilling story of John Grier, Canadian lumber king, and his son Carnac. Between the two exists a strange antipathy—the keynote of this lurid tale of hate and love whose background is French Quebec with its exotic population and the great St. Lawrence with its fighting, heroic denizens, the lumbermen.

CARNAC'S FOLLY. By Sir Gilbert Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.

Warfare in the Human Body.

Mr. Morley Roberts is not a professional scientific man, but it is obvious from this book that he is a scientist—much more of a one, in fact, than are many professionals. This volume on "method, malignity, repair, and allied subjects" is a really brilliant contribution to modern scientific thinking. Like Florence Nightingale, who was another amateur in scientific fields, Mr. Roberts has a genius for scientific method.

Mr. Roberts' primary interest is sociological and his intention in writing these papers was to draw an analogy between the human and the social bodies. The student of social conditions will therefore find his book of unusual interest, but because in illuminating his social theory he had to delve deep in human pa-

thology, he has also illumined modern biology on many obscure points.

Perhaps the most interesting paper, because it is one of the most general interest, is the anthropological study, "The Cannibal in Evolution," which like those of medical or psychological interest is also written with a view to clarify social and group behavior. Mention also must be made of an amusing paper, "The Pharmakos and Medicine," in which Mr. Roberts displays considerable ability as a comparative philologist. Again emphasis should be laid on the fact that this book is a brilliant exercise of the imagination in science—very much the reverse of an orthodox scientific treatise. That it is the more readable is of course obvious. What may not be so readily granted, but what we nevertheless believe true, is that it is therefore the more valuable even as a scientific document. An example of the informative value of applied imagination is his referring to psychoanalysis as "the drainage of what we may call figuratively a mental abscess." Another brilliant metaphor is that of the "cave remains, skulls, or bones, which are the island peaks of the submerged continent of anthropology."

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY. By Morley Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

Our Debt to Seneca.

Admirers of Greek and Roman literature and believers in the value of the classical heritage for the modern world have of late been active in the defense of the now almost defeated study of the classics against the onslaughts of modern educational theorists. Realizing that the serious study of the languages is a thing of the past, they are now apparently determined at any cost to make a belated attempt to save at least the spirit of the classics. In England recently have appeared such excellent and inspiring studies as "Our Hellenic Heritage," by H. R. James; "A History of Greek Mathematics," by Sir Thomas Heath, and "The Legacy of Greece," by Gilbert Murray and others. The Loeb library of translations accompanied by the original texts has for some time been making Greek and Roman literature accessible to those who have been denied the privilege of learning the original tongues, and to those whose Latin and Greek have grown rusty through neglect.

Now a new series, *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*, makes its initial appearance with Mr. Gummere's "Seneca the Philosopher and His Modern Message." The series will include some fifty volumes, having as editors many of the leading classical scholars of England and America.

Mr. Gummere's "Seneca," as those who are familiar with his translation of the "Epistle Morales" in the Loeb library might anticipate, represents a careful and loving study of the author and his influence. In the space of one hundred and thirty-eight pages he has given us eight chapters dealing in a concise manner with the life of Seneca, his influence upon pagan Rome, his appeal to the church, his influence in the Middle Ages, in the Renaissance, and in modern times. Accompanying the text are brief notes and a select bibliography. Unfortunately there is no index. Barring this omission, the reader will find here in accessible form the information he needs to appreciate the tremendous influence that Seneca has had on modern literature and thought.

May we look forward to a rapid appearance of the remaining volumes in the series and hope that they will show a like excellence!

SENECA THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS MODERN MESSAGE. By Richard Mott Gummere. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.50.

The Vehement Flame.

Mrs. Deland has written a study in human nature, in matrimonial failure and success, and a study of *mésalliance*, in "The Vehement Flame," though judged from her title she merely intended to write a study in jealousy. "The Vehement Flame" presents the old problem of the possibility of happiness between people who are ill matched in age, mind, and disposition, though—again—the author ignores the larger possibilities of her theme, so great is her absorption in the difference of age and the resulting theorem of jealousy. Mrs. Deland has obviously set out to trace the history of a marriage of which the woman was twenty years the elder, and though in the native richness of her mind the original motif expands to far greater dimensions, she seems to us hardly to make the best of it. She is not an opportunist. But neither is her book the cut-and-dried result of a formula, as most thematic novels are. Thanks to her really great knowledge of humanity and to her saving grace of humor, "The Vehement Flame" is a very human novel—not a finished thesis at all. If we have any fault to find with it, it is that original motif which hardly needs proving—that an ill-matched marriage will be a failure. Also, we object, just a little, to Eleanor's being twenty years the senior of her husband. Her age of thirty-nine was feasible enough. It was his nineteen years that were so incredible, though again it is platitudinous to

state that boys of nineteen are fascinated by women twice their age. Overlooking the theme, which as we have said works out with far greater richness than the reader is at first given to expect, "The Vehement Flame" is a novel remarkable alike for its characters, its dramatic quality, and its truth to life. It is unreasonable to demand more.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

New Books Received.

THE ALTAR STEPS. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. A novel.

SPELLBINDERS. By Margaret Culkin Banning. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. A novel.

ON TIPTOE. By Stuart Edward White. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75. A romance of the redwoods.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN. By Sophie Kerr. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.90. A novel.

WHISPERING SAGE. By Harry Sinclair Drago and Joseph Noel. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75. A Western romance.

MUMMERS IN MUFTI. By Philip Curtiss. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75. A story of theatrical life.

LETTERS TO A DYINN. By Grace Zaring Stone. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A series of letters from the South Seas. WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG. By Frederick R. Becholdt. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

A book of true Western stories.

ONE WORLD AT A TIME. By Margaret Fuller. New York: The Century Company; \$2. A story of the old South.

SENTINELS ALONG OUR COAST. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company; \$2. The story of America's lighthouse service.

THEY CALL ME CARPENTER. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.75. "A tale of the second coming."

THE SINGING CAPTIVES. By E. B. C. Jones. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2. A new novel by the author of "Quiet Interior."

BABEL. By John Cournoos. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.50.

By the author of "The Mask" and "The Wall."

THE TRAIL OF THE SPANISH HORSE. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75. Juvenile.

LETTERS OF A RADIO-ENGINEER TO HIS SON. By John Mills. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.; \$2.

An account of the fundamental principles of radio communication.

A MOTHER'S GARDEN OF VERSE. By Rosalind Huidekoper Greene. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$2.

STURBLE. By George Looms. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75. A novel.

Colley Cibber as a Poet.

Perhaps the most picturesque wearer of the laureate's wreath was Colley Cibber, says the Boston Transcript. He was not merely a poet of note in his day; he was also an actor, a dramatist and a theatre manager. He was appointed laureate when he was fifty-nine and thence onward until his death in 1757, at the age of eighty-six, he produced every year his New Year and Birthday Odes. It is said that his appointment came as a reward for a play written by him, "The Non-Juror," which satirized the Jacobites, and he in his turn was cruelly satirized by Pope and others as a singular object of their derision.

As a matter of fact, however, Cibber knew and acknowledged his limitations as a poet. "It may be worse to write bad poetry for twenty-seven years," says Professor Broadus, "and be blithely aware how bad it is all the while than to write bad poetry unwittingly. It may be worse—but at least it is more engaging. And Cibber not only knew it was bad, but quite openly said so. 'No Man worthy the Name of an Author,' he said in the Apology, 'is a more faulty writer than myself; that I am not Master of my own Language, I too often feel, when I am at loss for Expression'; and in 'The Egoist, or Cibber upon Cibber' (1743) he frankly declared that his odes were poor stuff. The ridicule which was poured out upon him on every hand he met with unshakable good humor. When a group of his friends challenged him to read some of the burlesques aloud he not only did so, but wrote a political satire upon himself." It is probable that he considered the laureateship a joke, as have many others. As a contribution to the stage of his day, his work was voluminous. In common with many others he rewrote Shakespeare, and it was his version of "King Richard III" that was known exclusively to the theatre-goers of a half-century and more ago. Many of its phrases, notably "Richard's himself again" and "Off with his head; so much for Buckingham," were Cibber's, and not Shakespeare's.

The 500 California manufacturing establishments reporting to the state bureau of labor statistics showed 105,976 employees at work during August, a gain of 11,754 over June, and of 11,615 over August, 1921.



IT'S THE WATER.

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AT ALL DEALERS

SHASTA WATER COMPANY

Booth Tarkington at Three.

When Booth Tarkington was very young he possessed a pair of red-topped boots that would have delighted the soul of any Penrod of forty or fifty years ago. Senator Harry New tells about the first time he saw them adorning their owner, aged three.

"I won't tell you how long ago it was," said the senator, "but anyway I guess I am a little older than Booth, and that is why I remember my first view of him so well. It was at his home in Indianapolis. I saw a tiny figure emerge from around the corner of a frame house.

"All I could see at first was a pair of boots. My first impression was that the boots were taking their wearer somewhere. He hadn't grown up to them at all, but it was plain to see he was proud. And why shouldn't he be? They were red-top boots and they had copper toes. Boys who have grown up since the days of the red-top boots have never known the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime.

"After getting an eye full of Booth's boots, I then looked at Booth," said the senator. "He had on a little white dress. The combination of that dress and the boots made a picture which has never gone from my memory. Booth was about three years old. We became friends at once and always remained so."

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A Programme and a Partnership

"The contract which we have made with the Spring Valley Water Company assures us of our ability to construct the Bay Division of the conduit without costing the taxpayers a cent, as the company will pay the interest charges from the time construction starts. It will also assure us an immediate needed increment to our water supply."

This quotation is from Robert M. Searls, Special Counsel for the Hetch Hetchy Water Supply, speaking at the Commonwealth Club on the water supply problem of San Francisco.

The conduit mentioned is the Hetch Hetchy conduit. The Bay Division of the conduit is now under construction.

When completed it will be used by Spring Valley to bring Calaveras water from Irvington to Crystal Springs Reservoir. The water company will pay the city for this use.

Spring Valley is raising the height of Calaveras Dam, and will also provide facilities for carrying Calaveras water as far as Irvington, where it will enter the Hetch Hetchy line.

The city and water company, in other words, are cooperating to solve the immediate problem of more water for San Francisco.

Cooperation of this sort, resulting in a virtual partnership between the city and water company, is a new thing in American water service.

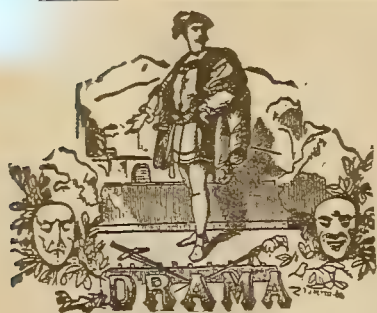
When the city and company complete their respective parts of the present programme, the daily supply will be increased from 42 to 66 million gallons.

The addition of 24 million gallons daily to the supply will not exhaust the possibilities of the big Calaveras Reservoir in Alameda County.

But that much more water added to the present supply will solve the immediate water problem in San Francisco.

SPRING VALLEY  
WATER COMPANY





"NICE PEOPLE."

This play at the Columbia is showing the flapper as she flaps, and the cockerel emitting inebriated crows. The author, Rachel Crothers, always quick to adapt herself to the stage needs of the moment, has perceived what entertaining stage material resides in the nonchalant personalities of the dashing young girls of the present era.

So there they are, beautifully dressed, pretty as a box of variegated candy, smart, graceful, assured. Badinage and verbal audacities sparkle. They are clever. They know it all; or think they do, because they are early acquainted with man's weakness and woman's power.

When the girls are alone their jealousies, rivalries, and pugnacities come to the surface. And the quick-wittedness of youth is there, ready of tongue to reinforce the keen detections of the precociously observant mind. But all the time these young persons are playing over the surface of things, quite unconscious of the depths that have escaped their observation.

It is highly entertaining; more particularly because they are so smart and pretty. Their elders look on helpless, complaisant, from necessity. Life to the young things is an exhilarating whirl, a mad, gay, pleasurable chariot race, and they hold the reins. They have wrested them from their seniors, and they mean never to give them back.

There are little murmurs in the audience here and there from parental lips: "Isn't that like Di?" Or, "Kate, do you recognize yourself?" For the young actresses in the company play their rôles of the little exclusive group of "nice people" with cleverness, dash, and naturalness; the naturalness of people who know each other well and have nothing to conceal except their amative preferences.

Rachel Crothers has done it well, and Producer Sam Harris has picked out the right people to express the demeanor and character of these gay young devotees of pleasure.

The centre of the group is "Teddy" Gloucester, whom we shortly perceive to be a girl of intrinsic character, underneath the exuberant superficialities of her life. Teddy is very dashing and bewitchingly acted by Mary Newcomb, whose pretty face has piquant charm, and who bestows on Teddy just that mixture of winning, careless frankness with the foolhardiness of a self-willed girl who has never allowed herself to be crossed.

Miss Newcomb also adopts a quick, impetuous manner of speech suitable to the character of the pretty madcap who, in her youthful ignorance, makes self-will her god.

Another very clever and extremely pretty member of the company is Maureen Olson, who plays the ungrateful rôle of a lithe cat who takes you off your guard by sudden scratches, purring melodiously the while.

There are several lively verbal scraps between Teddy and the cat, which I regret to say we all enjoyed with unethical delight. But the dialogue is clever and natural, and the two girls did it so well, Mary Newcomb as Teddy with gallantly fearless charges and full-front attacks in the enemy country, Hallie, the cat, receiving each keen-bladed rapier thrust with surreptitious dagger jabs that an umpire would call foul.

Teddy is an example of the girl who has character-substance behind her fluff, Hallie of the feline materialist who has become one chronic Grab. Eileen—very prettily played by Barbara Gurney, who also carries her clothes smartly—supplies an instance of the girl with a nice nature who vibrates between that nature and external influences, and doesn't realize herself.

Theodore von Eltz plays "Scotty," a young knight-errant of pleasure with whom Teddy is

rather slipping and sliding into the "in love" condition; and Thomas Chatterton, long and favorably known at the Alcazar, plays the nice young man who wins Teddy to a better way of thinking and living when she comes a cropper, endangering her reputation by a mad exploit of wilfulness done to discipline a recalcitrant parent.

I must confess, however, that like our little friends who clamor for a story about a Bad Boy, I enjoyed the first act the most. It was so entertaining, so up to date, so well done. It is a real picture, and highly diverting.

That, really, is the real reason of the play; to give a picture of delightfully pretty and what ought to be attractive girls going calamitously the wrong way. And of course the girl who was the leader and whom we admired the most and liked the best, had to be picked up from her stumble, dusted off, and set with her feet pointing in the right path.

Fortunately Mary Newcomb was at all times attractive to look at and to listen to. Her creator has given Teddy lots of snappy dialogue, and Miss Newcomb does it snappily. It was rather clever, the contrast between the two girl antagonists when Teddy made her rapid, gallant charges, and Hallie drawled, and opened wide her blue eyes with an air of false innocence.

Both Theodore von Eltz and Thomas Chatterton did their parts very well, but I think their rôles should be exchanged, as Mr. von Eltz's appearance and personality would better accord with the character of the young man who was faithful to his ideals, while Thomas Chatterton's good looks and physiognomy adapt him better to the character of the ornate young social darling for whose favor the girls competed.

Pauline French as Margaret Rainsforth, the aunt, speaks her lines well, and has a very agreeable voice. But she doesn't understand the psychology of dress, for it was most unfitting for a lady supposed to have the maturity of an aunt to pass strictures on the too revealing costumes of the girls—which, by the way, didn't deserve the reproach—while she herself wore a very décolleté and closely entwined costume which looked like that of a professional vamp.

Mr. Hugh Metcalf played a rather weak and unreasonable father satisfactorily, and Messrs. Hoagland and Tyrone gave that clever little touch of comedy to the characters represented that made them stand out in due relief, while Fred Manley was satisfactory as a rather conventionally staid rural character.

The piece is light; doesn't aim to be anything else; and the moral is rather too obvious for this sophisticated era. But it was written to entertain, and in that it thoroughly succeeds because as a playwright Rachel Crothers is a well-trained entertainer, and because the personnel of the company is just right.

#### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

It is, in my opinion, most regrettable that a skilled and intellectually sympathetic representation of Ossip Dymow's psychologically subtle drama, "Nju," should not have attracted the attention or received the support of the intellectual minority who wish to keep abreast of modern drama.

True, the majority of newspaper criticisms were adverse, but what is surprising is that a play that had had runs in the capitals of Europe should not have at least appealed to the curiosity of the more discriminating.

The company that represented the piece is largely professional, Evelyn Vaughan's and William Rainey's work in "The First Fifty Years" being of a merit to inspire full confidence, quite aside from the past achievements of these favorites.

"Nju" ran a week. It is a play that challenges the artistic intelligence of both players and spectators because of the depths of its thoroughly modern psychology.

It was not written to please sentimentalists, but to depict two men and a woman in the grip of the master passion, and to show how primitive love works when its instinctive outflow is complicated by the demands made by civilization and the social and moral code.

The conventionalist can not but be startled by the strange woman's ruthless breaking of her bonds, the moralist by the lover's serene belief that the world, and all the women who please him, are his oysters. The husband alone inspires general sympathy.

But Dymow is one of those sombre Russians whose tendency to a cynical acceptance of the unsentimentality of human beings when they want hard enough is thoroughly national. There is no sunshine in his mental make-up as there is in Tchekov's, purely modern though the latter is. Tchekov reveals the faults and foibles of the national character humorously, but lovingly. Dymow, with a strange mixture of baffling reserve and stark simplicity, shows his characters working out their destiny. Those who like the drama to be writ in the large and childish print suitable for babes to read would not care for "Nju," because the author does not tell everything.

In that he bears some resemblance to Joseph Conrad, who is not loved by the literal, but

who is adored by those who sympathize with his adherence to the method of real living, in which we often have to feel our way in the twilight, exercise our intuitions, join our stray gleams of surmise together, and then not positively know.

Each to his taste, therefore. It is perfectly comprehensible that the many would not care for "Nju." A tenderly loving mother would be outraged by the mother's desertion of her child, a faithful wife by her cold resistance to her husband's importunings.

But, whether or not the author sympathized with her—and of course he did—she is most challenging to the interest of those who are curious about the psychology of other peoples.

Æsthetically, emotionally, ethically, Evelyn Vaughan made her most interesting; William Rainey grew into the character during the week, and gave it with greater ease and with a touch of the necessary worldliness, Ben Erway gave an extremely sympathetic portrayal of the anguished husband, and just when a strange, fascinating, unusual dramatic representation was in a state of high polish it had to be withdrawn.

However, I rather imagine that the players derived keen artistic pleasure from the representation, in spite of the lack of support. There is so much that is banal and crassly obvious on the stage. But there is little in "Nju" that is obvious. Even the grim humor and bitter irony of the final scene would probably affront the more homely or more literal spectator, who likes characters to be folksy and everydayish, and who prefers that humor should be open and frolicsome instead of grim.

Dymow's stage technique—and, by the way, the play was directed and staged with notable intelligence—is *sui generis*. He has a scorn for the theatrical curtain, and his simplest effects are used in closing each scene. But on occasion his diction rises to eloquence and beauty, while always retaining its expressive simplicity.

Really, I could almost find it in my heart to be sorry for those unenterprising ones who would have appreciated "Nju," but who have lost an opportunity to see a play that has won honors in Europe and a performance that did justice to it. One also in which Evelyn Vaughan in the series of graceful and exotically beautiful costumes that so fittingly enshrined Nju's mystic and baffling charm gave a portrayal that rose to real distinction.

#### ORPHANS IN PARIS.

France is a nation that is popularly regarded as the country-seat of reason; there being no other people so clearly, coolly logical as the French. And yet here is a popular outbreak in a motion-picture house in Paris over "Orphans of the Storm."

It must be caused by a residue of the emotionalism left by the storm. Other peoples—notably the Germans and the Americans—have since the war snatched eagerly at such gayeties as will offer surcease of sorrow; although we can but admit that in America we have much less to forget than any other of the nations involved.

But France is still sad, and bitter in the extreme against all who will not acknowledge the extent of her injuries and the righteousness of her demands.

The "Orphans," of course, have nothing to do with war devastation, but the wrath which made Parisian spectators boil over when the first production of the picture was made in Paris has its roots in the devastated territory of northern France.

The young men who started the disturbance in the theatre by hotly protesting against what they conceived to be an attack on the general character of the Bourbon régime, as depicted in the picture, were supported by almost the entire audience. The press took it up, and to the stupefaction of the producers, they suddenly found themselves floundering in a very lively kettle of fish.

Whether the fish will turn out to be whales does not yet appear, but the incident is too much in the nature of that attending the first performances in America of Synge's famous "Playboy of the Western World." Irish auditors conceived it to be an attack on Irish character, and of course all Irish lovers of a shindy joyfully hastened to see the play and to join in the row.

As quickly, however, as the disturbance boiled and bubbled up it simmered down. And no doubt, after the present matter has been threshed out in the Paris press by more reasonable-minded editors, the volatile public will forget all about it, and go to see the play in great numbers.

The joke of the thing is that while the Parisian youth who incited the hostile demonstration were wrathful because the French ruling class of the era represented in the picture were held up to reproach, in America, when "Orphans of the Storm" first came out, the labor press went for Mr. Griffith because in reproaching mob rule he was, they asserted, upholding capitalists.

By this time, no doubt, the whole fuss is over and done with. It certainly is a tempest in a teapot, and is not founded on genuine sentiments. Mr. Griffith, when the matter was

drawn to his attention, very reasonably pointed out that in the picture the cruelties of the Terror were greatly softened for artistic reasons, and that Charles Dickens made the account of the oppression of the ruling class much stronger in his "Tale of Two Cities," upon which famous work Mr. Griffith drew for the majority of his incidents depicting the Terror.

It is certainly curious that in a once great militaristic empire that has become a republic, and that has successfully held monarchy at bay for over fifty years, even a small group of people could succeed in stirring up a large audience against a play which was more particularly on the side of the people, and which, furthermore, so carefully skirted the danger point; for it will be remembered that while it showed up the martyrdom of the plain people it also exhibited the fearful perils attending mob rule; and while it depicted the ruthless cruelties of the aristocrats it elevated to the post of hero of the play a humane young scion of an aristocratic family; which does not seem to leave the disturbers a leg to stand on.

#### THE FARRAR CONCERT.

Geraldine Farrar has sung in concert on a previous occasion in San Francisco; but it is probable that she will on this visit attract much larger audiences. It could scarcely be mere curiosity to see her, that emotion having been amply gratified during her appearances in grand opera last fall, when her unprecedented drawing power greatly lessened the financial losses attending an unsuccessful season; unsuccessful, indeed, only on the nights when she did not appear.

But San Franciscans have discovered that Miss Farrar is, supremely, an artist; and though her dramatic gifts almost outshine her powers as a vocalist, she is, too, in her vocalism greatly the artist. She has not, perhaps, a really great voice, but she can convey so much emotion with a comparatively light vehicle—for grand opera, at least—that she wins a like response. And as the air lady has a voice of sweetness and thrilling emotional expression, and the beauty which reinforces her artistic gift, it is probable that many San Franciscans who have already heard her once or twice will be eager to repeat the pleasure; more especially as Miss Farrar had in contemplation at one time the idea of renouncing further vocal triumphs and going into purely dramatic work.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg's negro play, "Taboo," has been successfully produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Edinburgh and is scheduled for London. In New York it was not highly spoken of and murmurs have been heard against the local critics, says the New York Times. The following fact is cited as a warning to playwrights: In one place Miss Wiborg repeated a "cue" word further along in the dialogue, with the result that the actress, when she came to it, went back and repeated the entire stretch of dialogue between. This happened again and again. It was as if a squirrel, leaping freely from limb to limb, should suddenly find himself running in a cage. The whole play was held up in a circular whirl of dialogue until the other actor in the scene altered the second cue and thus liberated the bewildered squirrel. If the critics found the play verbose and repetitious, whose fault was it? In England apparently Miss Wiborg "minded her p's"—and especially her cues.

Germans are rioting because of the high cost of living. It does not seem to reduce it.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

The Rachel Crothers comedy-drama, "Nice People," is meeting with well-deserved success at the Columbia Theatre, where next Monday night it will enter upon the second week of its stay.

The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be John Golden's production of "3 Wise Fools," with Thomas Wise as the star of the cast. This comedy won a distinct success here last season.

John Golden's prescription for theatre patrons is laughter and plenty of it. He has kept this in mind when producing all his successes, "Lightnin'," "Turn to the Right," "The First Year," "Dear Me," "Thank-U," and "3 Wise Fools." In the latter comedy laughter predominates, although there is a pretty romance woven in with a lot of mystery. The play is by Austin Strong, a Californian.

The Wizard Returns.

Once again will Kibosh, the Persian magician, who is sentenced to relieve Egypt of drought by causing the Nile to rise, stalk the boards, and once again will Ferris Hartman bring out the well-known "gag-line" and the topical song when the Hartman-Steindorff season of comic opera gets under way at the Rivoli Opera House Monday evening, October 2d, with a revival of Victor Herbert's melodious favorite, "The Wizard of the Nile."

Advance indications are that the atmosphere that surrounded the old Tivoli days will be re-created as far as it is humanly possible. Hundreds of patrons of the old Tivoli have reserved seats for the week, and to lend the exact touch of local color a bar (Volsteadian in character) has been erected in the rear of the house and a search is now under way for some of the old bar attendants of former times.

In many ways the choice of "The Wizard of the Nile" as the opening bill is regarded as a happy one. The piece has received the highest number of preferences in the voting contest which is being carried on for the purpose of determining the operas to be played, and it affords a splendid opportunity for the introduction of the members of the Hartman-Steindorff organization to theatre-goers. The comedy is of the situation kind which gives Hartman an opportunity to scintillate, the chorus numbers are pretty and frequent, and the solos and the duets contain some of the most popular melodies in the realm of lighter music.

The piece, it will be remembered, introduced the one-time popular line, "Am I Wiz?" and the topical song, "Dreaming," which swept the country.

The painters, decorators, and carpenters who have been engaged in remodeling the Rialto Theatre for the past two weeks have completed their work and the house, which will be formally rechristened the Rivoli Opera House, has been converted into one of the most attractive in the city. Among the improvements have been the remodeling of the interior, the extension of the stage, and

the installation of new chairs, new drapes, and new hangings.

Excellent acoustic properties have always been a feature of the house and the announcement is made that each seat commands an unobstructed view of the stage. The size of the theatre gives it the degree of intimacy essential to the proper enjoyment of comic opera.

Features which will mark the season will be the revival of standard comic opera in accordance with the preferences of the patrons expressed at the box-office, season tickets enabling music lovers to take advantage of every production at reduced rates, exceptional musical interpretation of the scores of the operas by Paul Steindorff, choragus of the University of California, and a selected symphonic orchestra, capable comedians, talented singers, a singing beauty chorus and "newart" scenery by Harry Tyler and his wife, Bertha, protégés of Joseph Urban and Maxfield Parrish.

The cast of principals includes Lavinia Wynne, well-known San Francisco actress, with experience in grand and comic opera; John Van, tenor, heralded by Hartman and Steindorff as a distinct "find"; Edna Malone, a charming little dancer who has built up a state-wide reputation by her work; Hazel Van Halten, Rafael Brunetto, Robert Carlson, and George Kunkel, who is coming from New York to act as associate comedian with Hartman.

The Orpheum Next Week.

In a dramatic playlet entitled "The Unknown," Henry B. Walthall, star of motion pictures, will open his Orpheum tour. He has been a movie favorite ever since his exquisite portrayal of "The Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation."

Karyl Norman, "The Creole Fashion Plate," has proved a great attraction.

"Doc" Baker is a lightning change artist, and with him is a company of beautiful girls in a production called "Flashes." The novelty of a revue built around a protean artist is enough to insure entertainment.

Chic Yorke and Rose King are giving new life to the old family tintype. Mr. Yorke has a droll manner and Miss King sings prim ditties.

Fisher and Gilmore are a sophisticated Juliet and a boob in a snappy skit, "Her Bashful Romeo." It is a speedy, lively farce.

No more witty or refreshing monologist has ever been on the Orpheum Circuit than the solemn Senator Ford.

Smith and Strong charm their audiences with their "Golden Voices from the Golden West."

Herbert and Dare are graceful gymnasts.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Wellington Furlong, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, explorer, author, and soldier, will visit San Francisco to lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, October 7th, at 2:30 o'clock. His subject will be "The Passing of the Old West," in which he tells the story of the range life now all but disappearing. He will show a colored screen panorama of the early cattle country and the cowboys at their range sports in the annual round-up.

Other events scheduled for the Paul Elder Gallery will be the lecture by Sukumar Chatterji on the "Literary Heritage of the Hindus," to be given Tuesday afternoon, October 3d, at 2:30 o'clock; and a review of W. J. Locke's latest novel, entitled "The Tale of Triona," by Raine Bennett, dated for Thursday afternoon, October 5th, at 2:30 o'clock.

BORN TO THE STAGE.

In writing of heredity, the word "environment" pops up as quickly and as inevitably as does the far end of a see-saw when, with firmness and conviction, you plant yourself on the other, says Alexander Woolcott in the *North American Review*. It is difficult always to say of any player that he was born with his talent, since, just because he was born in the theatre, he wandered early upon the stage, and so was bent and shaped to its needs while he was young. One does not have to be a profound student of the stage to see the tremendous advantage that is held on it by those who begin their work there so early in life that they are as unconscious of it as of the air they breathe and of the sun that warms us all. They are growing up in the theatre in the precious years when the rest of us are outside, not only not learning how to act, but, by every experience and precept and taboo of the breakfast-table and the sidewalk and the schoolyard, are busily learning not to act at all.

Consider for a moment the most beautiful art which the theatre of our time has known, the incomparable art of Eleanora Duse. Her biographical note in "Who's Who in the Theatre" starts off with the single, significant line, "Born of strolling players." Are we to find the explanation of her art in that fact? Or is there no need to go back of the mere fact that she went on the stage as a baby, so young that by the time she was seven she was experienced enough to take over the post of prompter, and by the time she was sixteen

she had had enough training to play the foremost rôles; enough, at least, to play Juliet in a production at Verona. Sixteen and playing Juliet at Verona! The next Vassar girl who writes down in April to Mr. Belasco that every one is so good as to call her pretty and that they did all admit she was perfectly splendid as Tweneen in "The Admirable Crichton," and that she is only twenty-one, and please would he take her under his instruction and make a star of her some day—such a one might well receive back from him just a little engraved card with this legend on it: "When she was sixteen, Duse played Juliet at Verona!"

That biographical note of hers, so rare in its bluntness among the more pretentious paragraphs which are carefully and sometimes cryptically edited to adorn such records, might, as a matter of fact, be written after most of our best names in the theatre. Minnie Maddern Fiske, E. H. Sothern, Maude Adams—born of showfolks and born while those folks were on tour. That was why it was possible for Maude Adams to make her first appearance on the stage at the age of nine months—her first entrance was on a platter—and why when little Minnie Maddern made her New York debut at the age of four it was as an actress who, though the advertisements of the time mendaciously announced it as her first appearance on any stage, had already played a dozen rôles in as many towns and simply reeked of experience.

THE GALLERY AND THE GODS.

The Equity Players announce that during their season at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre they will charge only half a dollar for gallery seats, even on Saturday night, and that for Tuesday matinee the price will be a quarter, says the *New York Times*. This is not a philanthropic move; it is a pure matter of business. At the price of a seat in the motion-picture palaces, the Olympus of the gallery is empty. But will the gods return? Most managers now build theatres with no gallery, believing that the old gods have passed beyond even a Wagnerian twilight.

If true, this is a pity. More than a high seat is comprised in true godhead. Wisdom

COMIC OPERA LOVERS

We are reproducing below a card so arranged that you may let us know what comic operas you would like to have us revive during our season at the Rivoli Opera House (formerly the Rialto Theatre) at Market and Seventh Streets, and also an application blank for season tickets which will enable you to see all of our productions at reduced prices.

We ask that you kindly clip and send in to us at the theatre at your earliest possible convenience. Our season will start Monday, October 2d.

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Place a cross opposite the twelve operas you prefer in the following list. If we have omitted any of your favorite operas add them to the list.

- "The Idol's Eye"
- "Woodland"
- "Chimes of Normandy"
- "Wizard of the Nile"
- "Robin Hood"
- "The Chocolate Soldier"
- "Babes in Toyland"
- "The Wedding Day"
- "The Toy Maker"
- "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"
- "Belle of New York"
- "Madame Sherry"
- "Wang"
- "Mlle. Modiste"
- "The Red Mill"
- "The Serenade"
- "Rip Van Winkle"
- "The Mascot"
- "The Highwayman"
- "The Geisha"
- "Sho-Gun"
- "Fortune Teller"
- "Boccaccio"
- "Bohemian Girl"
- "Maritana"
- "King Dodo"
- "The Campus"
- "El Capitan"
- "Love Tales of Hoffman"
- "Fra Diavolo"
- "Erminie"
- "Pinafore"
- "Katinka"
- "Maytime"
- "Pom Pom"
- "Mikado"
- "Olivette"

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and its sportive child, wit, were attributed to the gallery of old. During the first crucial weeks of a run, manager and playwright rubbed their bald spots against the ceiling as they watched for the authentic verdict there on high. On Olympus was felt the first warm breeze of success, the first blast of failure. It is true that the gallery was conservative, scorning strange arts and new delights. When have the gods not been so? But their hearts were at one with established canons. Many of them were children and received there the training in fundamentals that qualified them later as steady and acute patrons in the lower theatre levels. The gallery was at once a citadel of tradition and a source of progress. If it has passed, the theatre is permanently poorer.

This is the day of the equalitarian—of the sort of equality, that is, which demands for everybody the material best. What matter if one slumbers first class, in a luxuriously upholstered chair. What profits the art of the theatre if the aroused consciousness sits apart, in a world remote from the temporal vale of bliss? It is the same throughout the world of a new democracy.

In Paris Romain Rolland, with certain of his fellows in the love of poor humanity, set up a People's Theatre in which plays of Molière and Corneille and Shakespeare were interspersed with advanced compositions of their own. Once or twice workmen came with their families. But they were neither allured by low prices nor flattered by having a theatre dedicated to their class. As Rolland sadly concedes, the poor of today set small store by the treasures of the spirit. They prefer to mingle with the bourgeoisie—into the world of which, as suggested by the more luxurious house and pictured upon the silver screen, they firmly intend to rise.



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## VANITY FAIR.

The cartoonists have neglected a change that has been creeping over one of their favorite characters of late. John Bull is still represented in the papers with his old upholstering of adipose tissue, whereas he should look shrunken and weakened from all his troubles, slack in the "westkit" and the waistband of his trousers, chap-fallen, spindling and pathetic, and bewildered, as though some one had sat on his hat. He has had much to worry him of late, and one of his pressing troubles is anxiety about the shrinkage not so much of his middle as of his middle class. It may be remembered that Robinson Crusoe's father highly commended to his restless son the advantages of the middle station of English life. It is to be questioned if he would do so now. It is in danger at the top and at the bottom. It appears that the British laboring man no longer aspires to rise into the middle class, being content to consume its substance with his beer, in wages operating through the high cost of living, and to have the politicians take what is left in the form of taxes—which the war would have done to an alarming extent anyway. But the members of the middle class have not ceased to aspire to the upper class, and it has been the policy of Lloyd George's government to promote a tremendous number of them—the successful brewers, distillers, manufacturers, journalists, even butchers and bakers and brokers; "city men" in general. This process of baling out the middle class at the top had always before been offset by recruits at the bottom. It is so recruited no longer, but the baling-out process has been accelerated by every evil necessity of British politics in these particularly evil times. And, most significant of all, the middle-class birth-rate has fallen. Fewer marriages are contracted, and what with the taxes and the high cost of living, an abnormal percentage of these prove sterile through the shifts and restraints of domestic caution. The British middle may be willing to be led to the altar, but he draws the line at becoming a father any more numerous than he can help. Thus the pillars of empire broaden at the base, and flower at the top, but in the centre they are being drawn down to a perilous tenuity. Lloyd George should try picking out a few able but recalcitrant lords and demoting them into manufacturers and skilled capitalists as a proper support of the English social order.

Some of these long skirts have a curious effect when suddenly encountered: they look as though the waistband had broken, and one wonders what will happen next.

In France the female ankle is ceasing to be an object of admiration and becoming an object of solicitude. The theory of the fussers and worriers is that women have so long gone without the support of boots that they have contracted a sort of simulated elephantiasis. This is especially apparent among those that eat too well and so put added burdens on the lower extremities. It gives them a tendency to "upset," or mushroom, just above the slip-

per top, which tends to disappear in an annular fold of soft flesh. It is now proposed by the Paris style-smiths to equip women with boots, not merely to conceal the ankle, but to restore its recent properly converging lines of grace and beauty. The tanners are taking notice of a probable doubling of the demand for leather. For those that have retained the well-turned lower joint there are to be open-work boots, cut out, with the hose showing. They have appeared in San Francisco and look sufficiently ridiculous to attract the most charming women.

Among her other conventions, San Francisco has been enjoying a meeting of dance teachers on the roof of a leading hotel. New steps have been introduced into this peculiar form of locomotion that are guaranteed to make the stepper as graceful as a sea-gull. There is a tango fox trot, as though the old one were not strenuous enough for bald and short-winded persons. There was the *Tire Bouchon*, said to represent a corkscrew, in spite of what Mr. Volstead has done about persons that use such things. There was also a Volstead waltz, probably suggesting the gyrations of a thirsty soul who had indulged in wood alcohol. Perhaps frail humanity could not have stood prohibition and this new agony at the same time. But it has all been overshadowed and diminished by a new sort of shiver dance introduced by the Shah of Persia at Deauville. We have not been supplied with plans and specifications of this fresh convulsion of nature, but understand that it surpasses anything ever seen in any Persian harem since Thais touched a match to Persepolis. Up in Canada, however, the Indians will tolerate no such doings. Chief Redhatchet, who leads the band on Walpole Island, Ontario, is putting his foot down hard on those squaws whose supple shoulders imitate the human orchids of Broadway, and those bucks who have been learning the ways of the cabarets. He says the luring, teasing invitations of the saxophone are merely the artfully modulated challenge of the amorous bull moose, and shall not seduce his people from the old sun dance and ghost dance that had to suffice for their ancestors. "Once," says the chief, "they were satisfied with an ordinary band. Now they want bad music. They want to dance all night, and next day nobody wants to work." Which shows that the American Indian is our blood brother after all.

Mrs. Ganna Walska McCormick has lately been at Karlsbad taking the cure. A great many persons take the cure there without taking the trouble to inform an anxious world for what, but in this case we are told for what—it is for weight. She is said to have lost twelve pounds in six days, which looks bad for Mr. McCormick. That lady evidently means business. Mr. McCormick has also been taking the cure, but with more probability of making the weight. They have occupied separate training camps, but have pursued much the same method. Mrs. Ganna's second, or at least training adviser, appears to be Elinor Glynn. The régime recommended has included rising at 9 o'clock, drinking two quarts of water, taking some mud baths, with massage, road work, dry sweats, a glass of water, and then to bed. Neither is to worry. But the odds are on Mrs. Ganna, provided she can keep it up. She is still heavy, but her wallop is harder. When Brady was informed that Casey had married a woman who weighed 250 pounds, he said: "The damn coward! He knows no woman can fight at that weight." Mrs. McCormick should soon be ready for the ring.

A special dispatch to the New York *Herald* says: "The average Frenchwoman pays for her clothes today three times as much as they cost before the war, according to figures which have just been compiled. Whereas in 1913 it cost 5500 francs a year it now requires 15,000 francs, and this only allowing for necessities. A tailored costume which formerly cost 250 francs now sells at 700; two street dresses which cost 600 francs each nine years ago now cost 1300; two evening dresses cost 3200 each against 1000 in 1913; shoes have doubled in price and lingerie is three times its pre-war cost. Women of the moderate class of dressers who before the war could manage to dress on 2000 francs a year by transforming and renewing their out-of-style garments now find 10,000 insufficient. It is this type of Parisienne who although employing winter trimmings on summer hats must still pay 500 francs for ordinary lingerie and 80 francs for very ordinary stockings."

In Tibet the women are under no legal disabilities whatever. If there is no son, the eldest daughter inherits the paternal estate, and she then has the privilege of marrying one man at a time and of retaining him as husband as long as she pleases. To get rid of him no formality is necessary. Though he can not leave her except for gross misconduct, she can put him out of doors on small provocation or none at all.

There are now 253 treaties recorded with the League of Nations.

## TIPPERS AND "NEITHERS"

Stories of chalk marks being made on baggage and threads tied to coats by hotel attendants to indicate persons who do not give tips, says a London correspondent of the New York *Herald*, fade to insignificance beside the experience of a well-known London man whose wife received the following letter from the head waiter of a famous northern resort hotel where they stayed for a vacation:

"Dear Madam: I trust you will excuse me for taking the liberty of writing, but since your departure I have received urgent requests from my staff to take up the matter, but before doing so I feel it my duty to let you know before taking action. Your husband left without leaving any gratuities to any of the staff, which is a most disgraceful thing for a man of his standing—your friends you left behind think the same. Anyhow after seven days from your departure from this hotel I feel it to be my duty to forward your names to my club and association so that every hotel in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales may know your name and the ungenerous way you treated the above hotel staff.—Yours faithfully, Head Waiter."

The recipient of the letter explained that no tips were paid because the husband and wife each thought that the other had attended to the matter. The letter, which was written on the hotel's stationery, was promptly returned to the management, which extended a profound apology.

Inquiries in many quarters in London failed to reveal the existence of anything like an organized tip-extorting system of which the head waiter hinted. The head of the union of both British and foreign waiters laughed when asked if such a system existed. "There is no need of asking that," a well-known hotel waiter said to the New York *Herald* correspondent. "We are pretty well able to tell the unpunished man, as you say in New York, when we see him."

He admitted, however, that there was much changing back and forth among waiters and hotel servants in the same district, and a persistent non-tipper was sure to suffer in the service he got. The practice extends, not only to fashionable and expensive hotels, but to many popular-priced restaurants—many in which the non-tip rule is emblazoned on all menus, with the notation that the penalty for accepting tips is dismissal.

"Neither" is what the waiters call the non-tippers here, and the word is rapidly passed when one of them enters. A. S. Haller, secretary of the Union of Helvetia, the largest hotel and servants' organization in the world, said it would be folly to organize such a system as that waiter's letter hints at, for it would be too expensive and at the same time probably libelous.

"No tips at all is the answer to the problem," said one of the managers of Joseph Lyons, Ltd., a firm operating a chain of tea shops, restaurants, and hotels where the non-tip rule prevails. "The public should realize that thousands of servants, particularly the British, dislike the tipping system altogether. We have a constant waiting list of those who seek posts in our non-tipping establishments. The head waiter should have been reported to the Hotel Proprietors' Association. They would have taken action to sharpen the supervision of his employers."

The New York *Herald* correspondent discussed the tipping system with scores of Americans a few days ago—tourists who have sampled both the ordinary system and the system prevailing in Italy and some parts of France, where 10 to 15 per cent. is added to the bills in lieu of tips and no other tips are expected. Though many favor the latter system, more experienced travelers prefer the old method because, they say, they find that when a fixed percentage is added to the bill they have to give small gratuities anyway in order to obtain better attention. Few Americans, however, report anything like persecution when they fail to tip either through inadvertence or because they have not received good service.

## Foreign Decorations.

Hereafter foreign decorations presented to members or former members of the army must be tendered through the State Department and their delivery authorized by special act of Congress, says the Washington *Star*. This action is made necessary by the War Department, due to the expiration of the limit of the statute which authorized members of the army of the United States to receive military decorations from the powers with which our government was associated during the world war.

The War Department has conferred 7812 decorations, of which 703 were presented to members of foreign armies and civilians, and 17,787 foreign decorations have been awarded to the personnel of the United States Army, members of American welfare organizations, and American citizens connected with the American and Allied armies and interallied commissions.

In a West African village the sight of a white man fills the infant with terror.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story dating back to the war is of the little shop on the Bowery with a large service flag decorated by thirty-eight stars. Passers-by occasionally inquired, "Surely you haven't lost thirty-eight members in your family?" "No," was the serene retort. "Worse than that. Customers."

The partners, who were financiers, suspected the office-boy of tampering with the petty cash. One of them wished to send for the police. The other, a more moderate man, was inclined to take a human view of the situation. "No, no," he said deliberately. "After all, we began in a small way ourselves."

Angel Valentine, lady of color, cooked for a San Francisco family. One day she approached the daughter of the household with a piece of shoestring. "Oh, Miss Annie," she said beseechingly, "I got such a misery in mah hair! Won't you take an' tie up mah top hair? Tie it up jes' ez tight ez you kin—mah palate's fallin' down."

The nervous patient, about to have gas administered, anxiously inquired, "Will it make me sick, doc?" "Not at all," replied the anesthetician. "How long will it be before I know anything?" was his last question, as the mask was adjusted. Probably the gas mercifully shut off the doctor's retort. "Aren't you asking a good bit of the anesthetist?"

Two sailors got into a discussion over the exact definition of a heifer. One claimed that a heifer belonged to the hog family, the other that it was a variety of sheep. They decided to refer the question to a disinterested critic. "Bill," they asked the boatswain, "what's a heifer? We're having an argument." Bill bit off a large chew reflectively. "To tell you the truth, mates, I dunno much about poultry."

The original of all the mother-in-law stories is said to be the following: As the cave man was gnawing at a bone one morning the cave woman rushed in yelling, "Quick! Get your club! Quick!" "What's the row?" growled the cave man. "Saber-tooth tiger chasing mother," gasped the cave woman breathlessly. "Oh, hell!" said the cave man. "What do I care what happens to a saber-tooth tiger?"

The head of the department of physics in a certain mid-western college was returning from his vacation. On the train he sat next a man whom he thought he knew. They drifted into a conversation and finally the professor said, "You look very familiar. I wonder if I've ever met you before." The other man smiled and said, "I think you have. I'm a student in some of your courses and I live at your house."

Samuel Gompers' favorite labor story is of Joe Gillingovitch. Joe was busily engaged smoking and watching a large building operation when the boss come up to him and said, "Want a job?" Leisuredly removing his pipe, Joe said, "I can only work in the mornings." "Why can't you work afternoons?" suspiciously demanded the boss. "In the afternoons," Joe unblushingly explained, "I have to carry a banner in the unemployed parade."

H. H. Kohlsaat tells a story corroborating the legend that Eugene Field was a cheerful debtor. William E. Curtis, of whom Field had borrowed \$150 some years before, visited the poet in Chicago and reminded him of the debt. The following day Field printed this paragraph in his column: "William E. Curtis, the well-known correspondent of the Chicago Record, is in the city for a few days looking after some of his permanent investments."

A gentleman who kept two darkies to take care of his lawns and gardens observed one day that one of them was missing. "What's the matter, Mose? Hasn't George showed up this morning?" "Why, boss, doan' you all know? George, he's in de hospital!" "Hospital? How did that happen?" "Well, boss, yo' see George he's been tellin' me every day foh a week that he's gwine to lick his wife foh naggin' him. Well, yestiddy she done ovaheah him."

An actress was brought before a magistrate for speeding, and was asked by him what she was trying to do. She confessed with a smile: "I was just trying to seriously split the air." The judicial retort was: "Well, if you did it as well as you split the infinitive I think it is no more than fair for you to split a hundred-dollar bill and leave it with the court." The dazed lady paid her fine, but confided to her friends that she would not know what an infinitive was if one leaped into her car.

Senator Phelan, addressing the Commonwealth Club, illustrated his traveling propensi-

ties by the story of the Irishman who became concerned about a friend's mixture of blood. "Phwat koind of blood have yez, anyhow?" this Irishman asked. "Why," said his friend, "on my father's side I am part Portuguese, some Spanish, some Italian, and a little Dutch." "By gorra!" said the Irishman, "yer mother must have been a wonderful traveler."

The noted Chicago lawyer, Emery Storrs, attended a banquet of stock-breeders in the old Leland Hotel some thirty years ago. Called upon to speak, he said: "Gentlemen, I have listened with great interest to the merits and good qualities of the Jersey, Holstein, and other fine breeds of cattle, but as an attorney for railroads I can assure you the most valuable and highest-priced animal in the world is the offspring of an ordinary cow crossed by a locomotive."

Attorney-General Daugherty's decision that church property can not be enemy property because it is God's, recalls an incident in the career of Sam Brannan. Brannan was a Mormon and San Francisco's first millionaire. Hearing of his growing prosperity, Brigham Young sent for his tithes, saying a tenth of all he made belonged to God and must be turned in at the Tithing House in Salt Lake City. Brannan replied: "If 10 per cent. of my fortune belongs to God, let God come and get it." Brigham's arm was long, but it did not reach to San Francisco, so Brannan kept the money.

The current of the Amazon is felt 150 miles at sea; by those that are there.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Pan.

Long time agone in Arcady, across the fields of Arcady,  
Strode Father Pan a-piping to the shepherds in the glade,  
While fauns with roses garlanded danced gayly to his melody,  
And nymphs came trooping merrily to frolic as he played.

The shepherd folk of Arcady forsook their flocks with rustic glee  
To follow in the wood god's train across the scented mead.  
The violets and daffodils in rhythmic time swayed lazily,  
While Father Pan adown the field went piping on his reed.

But now there stands a large hotel where once were fields of asphodel,  
And all night long in Arcady the blaring trombones play.  
And there Pan plays the saxophone, the clarinet and traps as well,  
For Father Pan, where once he ruled, plays in a cabaret.

He sways his body wearily in cadence with the melody  
And dreams of Spring in Arcady—the only dreams he has.  
The wild-eyed dancers leap and whirl in Corybantic revelry.  
The gods are gone from Arcady and Pan is playing jazz.

—Flaccus in Life.

In Palmyra, Syria, there is a flying physician who locates and visits his patient among the wandering Bedouin tribes by means of an airplane.

Reciprocity.

According to an English funny paper a popular and talented pen-and-ink artist not long ago received the following circular from a firm of motor-car dealers: "You are cordially invited to participate in our grand £20 prize-drawing contest. Each participant may submit one or more drawings advertising our motor-cars, and the winner will receive a grand prize of £20. Drawings must be sent prepaid, they must be original, and all unsuccessful drawings will remain the property of the undersigned." Now the artist, who can scarcely be persuaded to make drawings at £20 apiece, smiled over this printed circular. Then he took a sheet of notepaper and wrote to the motor-car firm: "You are cordially invited to participate in my grand £22 prize motor-car contest. Each participant may submit one or more motor-cars, fully equipped, of his own manufacture, and the winner will receive a grand cash prize of £2 in notes. The motor-cars submitted should be brand new, and must be shipped freight prepaid. The unsuccessful motor-cars will remain the property of the undersigned."

The calendar of the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, Broadway and Forty-Seventh Street, New York, has a paragraph which says, "Don't sleep out loud during the service."

Owners of thoroughbred horses in England are said to put spectacles on them that make the ground seem nearer so they will step high. A horse with large, horn spectacles, stepping high, would be a rare sight in a dry country.



DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

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FREE FROM DESTRUCTIVE "SULPHO" COMPOUNDS



## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Miss Antoinette Naglee Burk, daughter of Mrs. A. Naglee Burk, and Mr. Frederic Johannes Spruyt of Holland were married in Saratoga on Saturday, September 23d. The ceremony was held in St. John's Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. Collins officiating. A wedding breakfast at the country home of the Naglee Burks followed the ceremony. Attending the bride were Mrs. Millen Griffith of Ross as matron of honor, Miss Barbara Sutton, Miss Betty Gayley of Berkeley, and Mrs. Henry Swift as bridesmaids. Mr. Spruyt was attended by Mr. Gerald Francken. Mr. and Mrs. Francken came from Holland recently to attend the ceremony. Mrs. Spruyt is the granddaughter of the late General Naglee.

For Miss Betty Schmiedell, whose wedding to Mr. James Moffitt is to take place September 30th, Miss Geraldine King of Piedmont entertained at luncheon at the Francisca Club. Miss King's guests included Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Margaret Buckbee, and Miss Katharine Bentley.

In the evening Miss Mary Martin gave a dinner at her Burligame home in honor of Miss Schmiedell and Mr. Moffitt.

On Friday, Miss Hélène de Latour entertained

at luncheon for Miss Schmiedell at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall entertained at a bridge party on Monday evening, September 25th, in honor of Miss Elva Ghirardelli and her fiancé, Mr. John Welby Dinsmore. The Piedmont home of Mr. and Mrs. Hall was the setting for the affair. The wedding of Miss Ghirardelli takes place September 30th.

Mrs. George W. Kelham was hostess at a luncheon at her Sea Cliff home on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon, who leaves for New York on October 1st. Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. James L. Flood, Mrs. George Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Mrs. Louis Parrott were Mrs. Kelham's guests.

Miss Mollie McBryde gave a bridge-tea last Saturday, complimenting Miss Evelyn McGaw, fiancée of Lieutenant-Commander Ellsworth Van Patten. The Francisca Club was the setting for the affair. Mrs. Bradley Wallace, Miss Virginia Chadbourne, Miss Helen Deamer, Miss Jeannette Sessions, Miss Isabelle Wheaton, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, and Miss Carol Andrews were among Miss McBryde's guests.

Mr. Milton Esberg, Jr., was host at an informal party at his Ross Valley home on Sunday. Swimming, dinner, and dancing entertained his guests, among whom were Miss Jean Howard, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Betsey Dibble, Miss Kathleen Bradley, Miss Isabelle Wheaton, Mr. Preston Stuart, Mr. David Pierce, Mr. Bert Innes, Mr. Robert Carson, and Mr. Jackson Kennedy.

At the Marin County home of Mr. and Mrs. William Kent at Kentfield the annual grape festival, which takes place this year on October 7th, will be held. Proceeds of the unique affair go toward maintaining the Presbyterian Orphanage in Marin County. From the sale of the grapes, attractively arranged in baskets, and the refreshments a large sum is raised annually, which together with annual contributions made at this time take care of the orphanage for a year.

On Tuesday evening, September 19th, Miss Doria Fernanda (Miss Fernanda Pratt) gave a delightful concert in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel. As Miss Fernanda has been in the East for some years, much interest centered about the concert. Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. Charles C. Moore were among the box-holders who entertained parties of friends on the occasion.

Mrs. Robert Hays Smith was luncheon hostess to a group that included Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. George Cameron, and Mrs. R. Walker Salisbury at the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Mrs. Ritchie Dunn entertained Mrs. R. F. Schwerin, Mrs. Bernard W. Ford, and Miss Celia O'Connor in the Fable Room. One of the groups at luncheon included Mrs. Alexander Rutherford and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker were with a small group for luncheon in the Fable Room.

Others who entertained at luncheon in the Garden of the St. Francis included Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hannah and Miss Helen Garrett. Mrs. Abra-

ham Haas was hostess at a dinner party for seven in her Hotel St. Francis apartments on Saturday evening, and Mrs. Henry Sinsheimer entertained a few friends at dinner on Friday evening last in her apartments.

## For a Stronger Chamber.

"Make San Francisco Supreme" is the war cry of the membership campaign of the Chamber of Commerce. The campaign is an expansion movement to create a stronger chamber, and one whose membership will be representative of civic interests.

More than five hundred business and professional men have volunteered their services to bring about this increased strength, and have dedicated two hours of each day during the drive to the solicitation of memberships.

During the expansion campaign an effort will be made to acquaint San Franciscans in general with the big problems that have been faced by the chamber, and the accomplishments that have been scored.

Directors of the chamber believe that upon the success of this appeal depends much of the future growth and development of the city. It is pointed out that Los Angeles leads American cities from the standpoint of Chamber of Commerce membership based on population. The Los Angeles chamber has a membership in excess of 9000, whereas the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce barely passes the 5000 mark. It is believed that much of the present development and success of Los Angeles has been made possible through a strong and active chamber.

The goal of the present membership campaign is for 2000 additional members. Every effort will be made to exceed this quota.

## At Del Monte.

Nobles and their ladies of Islam Temple of San Francisco enjoyed a delightful outing at Del Monte the past week-end. A golf tournament was the feature sport event, which provided diversion and interest for the gathering. Among those who were in attendance were High Potentate and Mrs. Ira W. Coburn, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Gebhardt, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. McKevitt, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bernhard, Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Prather, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hogrefe, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Nauman, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Traung, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lorber, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lackenbach, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pellage, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Wentz, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitley, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Kilp, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jonas, Mr. and Mrs. E. John Houston, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. West, Mr. T. L. Hill, Mr. P. C. Gerhardt, Mr. Walter Hood, Mr. A. C. Van Ness, Mr. A. W. Van Ness, Mr. W. L. Boskette, Mr. Harry Maundrell, Mr. Phil Clapp, Mr. J. L. Lewin, and Mr. Edwin Bernhardt.

The Olympic Club is coming to Del Monte next week-end for its annual fall golf tournament and outing.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reis of Pasadena are at Del Monte for a stay. Mrs. A. G. Murphy and daughter and Mrs. Carson Ricks and daughter are with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boisot returned from their home in Pasadena last week and intend making a stay of another month or so at Del Monte. They spend much of their time with their daughter, Mrs. Byington Ford, who has a home at Pebble Beach.

Miss Madeleine Sisson, daughter of Mrs. Albert Sisson of San Francisco, is a guest of Mrs. Mary J. Fatjo at Pebble Beach. Miss Sisson will make a stay of a week or ten days. She will be the incentive for several dinners and teas.

Among the recent arrivals at the Del Monte Lodge are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hill of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hughes of Bakersfield, Dr. and Mrs. Hartland of San Francisco, Mrs. Bertha Holt Clark, Mrs. Howard H. Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Holt, all of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Code of Hollywood, Mrs. Henry B. Capin and Miss A. M. Revue of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Harle of Coronado, Miss C. Codman, Mrs. R. Codman, and Miss C. E. Ward, all of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Merchant of Los Angeles.

## Episcopal Old Ladies' Home.

The annual reception and donation day of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home will be held on Friday afternoon, October 6th, from 2 until 6 o'clock, at 2158 Golden Gate Avenue. This institution, which provides homes for aged gentlewomen, offers an opportunity to its friends each year, not only to assemble for a cup of tea with "the family" and the board of managers, but to bring gifts to help provision the larder for the coming year. In many cases a sum of money is left instead, all helping materially toward providing dainties for the sick and essentials for the home. Mrs. A. L. House is president of the board, the other members being Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Mrs. Seward B. McNear, Mrs. B. M. Gunn, Mrs. W. M. Fitzhugh, Mrs. N. L. Nokes, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. H. S. Crocker, Mrs. George Caswell, Mrs. George Reid, Mrs. John Harold Philip, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. J. K. Armsby, and Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart.

## Mills College Music Club.

The Music Club of Mills College, California, is the centre of musical activity on the campus, and the programme which it has announced for the autumn meetings promises to be of exceptional interest. French composers have been discussed. Others will be considered in the following order: October 3d, English composers; October 10th, social meeting at Mr. Carruth's studio; November 7th, Russian composers; November 21st, social evening (faculty evening); December 5th, Scandinavian composers.

A place on the membership roll of the club is open to all students in the music department theoretical branches.

The club has a fourfold purpose: it aims to promote cooperation between students and faculty of the department of music, it hopes through its monthly programmes to encourage the study of American composers, of foreign composers, ancient and modern, and of musical interpretation, appreciation, and criticism, it has supervision of musical affairs and concerts in connection with the college, and it keeps the campus informed concerning concerts, recitals, and events of musical interest taking place in the Bay region.

## A Rare Monologist.

A recital which is something of a novelty is to be given by Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., on Monday evening, October 9th, in the ballroom of the Fairmont, in which that lady will demonstrate her skill in the art of the diseuse; an art which, since Yvette Guilbert first demonstrated to Americans its power to interest and entertain, has become immensely popular in New York.

Mrs. Lund gives humorous character sketches, and impersonations of noted lights of the American stage; whose special idiosyncrasies she is able to catch and convey. For this ability the lady has won encomiums from such distinguished judges as Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, and Brock Pemberton, the well-known New York producer.

This is Mrs. Lund's first professional appearance in San Francisco, the diseuse having made her more frequent appearances in Southern California and New York, in which city she won many plaudits both from fashionable private and large public audiences.

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Louis Welch has gone to New York on a visit to his brother, Mr. Charles Welch, on Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark Keeney are occupying the apartment of Mrs. Keeney's mother, Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw, during her absence abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Keeney expect to occupy their new home in Piedmont before winter. Mrs. Victor Maxwell (Miss Doris Crane) has returned to San Francisco from her wedding tour.

Dr. David T. Day of Washington, D. C., is in San Francisco, staying at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. Henry Suzzalo has spent his vacation in California, and is at present in town at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Clayburgh are again occupying their home in town, after a long absence at Lake Tahoe and Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller arrived in the East last week on their return from Europe. They plan to start for San Francisco the last of September.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Armsby are in the East at present, planning to start for California soon. Mr. and Mrs. Armsby will travel home by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Rice, Jr., are in San Francisco, coming from Schenectady, New York. They are at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. Thomas A. Driscoll and her two sons, who have been in Santa Barbara all summer, will return to their San Mateo home the last of September.

Mrs. Herbert Payne has decided to come to California about the middle of November, instead of going to Europe, as she had originally planned.

Governor William D. Stephens was in San Francisco for a few days last week, coming to San Francisco for the first time since the primary election.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker have returned to their home, after a short trip to Del Monte.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon will leave for New York the first week in October, to spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell are leaving the first part of October for New York and Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brown are at Beresford, where they plan to be until late in September or early October.

Mrs. James Ward Keeney left last week for New York to be the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. George Bolling Lee.

Mrs. George Harding returned to her home in the East about two weeks ago, having spent the summer in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Schweitzer have returned to their apartment in San Francisco and closed their Sonoma County home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Esberg have decided to take a house in San Francisco for the winter.

Senator James D. Phelan has recently returned from a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace and Miss Geraldine Grace of Santa Rosa are spending some time in San Francisco, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William Oge and her daughter, Miss Alice Oge, who have spent the summer in San Rafael as guests of Mrs. Oge's daughter, Mrs. Truxton Beale, returned during the week to their Hollywood home.

Mrs. Truxton Beale will shortly close her Marin County home and return to Washington, D. C., for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker and their small son returned during the week to their Montecito home, having come to San Francisco for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin expect to leave next month for their Montecito home for an extended stay. Mr. and Mrs. Bothin have spent the summer at their home at Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond have opened their Scott Street home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brown plan leaving about the first of the month for New York and Boston, to be away for some months.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy and her daughter, Miss Virginia Murphy, who have been visiting Mrs. Murphy's grandmother, Mrs. Augustus

Rodgers, at her Broadway home, left on Saturday for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to join Colonel Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury have returned to San Francisco, after a summer spent at Ross. They leave shortly for a trip of several weeks to New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Roncovieri will leave October 3d for a two months' stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, after a week's visit in town, returned to their Rutherford home. They plan coming to San Francisco for the winter.

Mrs. Robert Franklin McMillan, who has spent the summer with her father, Mr. Theodore Blake-man, in San Francisco, has returned to her New Orleans home, where Colonel McMillan is stationed.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith and her children have returned from their country home and reopened their Jackson Street home for the winter.

Mr. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, who returned a week ago from an Eastern trip, is leaving for Japan on October 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft and their son, Mr. Howard Taft, have returned to their Eastern home, after a visit here of two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald and their family have opened their Forest Hill home for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Alderson and their little daughter, Miss Jane Alderson, have returned to their home in San Francisco, after a summer at the Hotel Rafael in Marin County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jay Foster, who have made their home in Ross Valley for the past twenty years, will shortly take possession of a new home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, who has been in California during the summer with her daughters, returned recently to her home in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent have gone to New York, en route to Europe. They sailed September 26th.

Mr. Francis V. Keesling has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. George Barr Baker is returning shortly to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer Fuller have recently returned from New York.

Judge and Mrs. James Cooper and Miss Jane Cooper, who have been at Santa Barbara for the summer, have returned to San Francisco for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Alexander, who have been making their home at the Fairmont for some time, left last week for an extended Eastern trip.

Miss Sophia Brownell daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell, returns within the week to her Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and their children returned to their New York home on Monday, after spending the summer in California.

Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan sailed for the Orient on Thursday. Miss Alice Richardson accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Jordan on their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Bosqui and Miss Marjorie Bosqui, who have been living for some time at New Canaan, Connecticut, will spend the winter in New York.

Mrs. César Bertheau is abroad with her two sons, Messrs. Rudolf and César Bertheau, Jr., and will probably remain away until spring.

Among those recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. W. S. Brooks, Colusa; Mr. Jules Alexander, Susanville; Mr. Louis Katz, New York; Mr. Ben C. Holt, Spokane; Mr. R. S. Springer, Stockton; Mr. W. S. Van Nostrand, Binghamton, New York; Mr. A. Lee Krick, Los Angeles; Mr. L. M. Tynan, Salinas; Mr. Ben Ettelson, Portland; Mr. L. B. McCormick, Salt Lake City; Dr. John Favill, Chicago; Rev. R. E. Bristol, Camden, New Jersey; Miss Pauline French, New York; Mr. B. M. Bloom, New York; Mr. A. N. Wyson, Portland.

### Hother Wismer's Concert.

Hother Wismer, the violinist, will give a concert at the Sorosis Auditorium on Thursday evening, October 5th. Edgar Thorpe will preside at the piano and Miss Dorothy Pasmore, the 'cellist, will assist. Among the numbers will be the prelude and fugue in A minor for violin alone, the Joachim D minor violin concerto, and some rarely heard duets for violin and 'cello, including the "Passacaglia" by Handel and a sonata by Hayden.

Lars Hanson's performance of "Richard III" at the Intiam Theatre, Stockholm, caused a well-known English critic to announce him as one of the few "great" portrayals of that rôle. Hanson introduces a novelty in the last scene, however, which causes one to miss the final note of majesty, scorn, and defiance of this much-calumniated monarch. His Richard dies off stage—perhaps a more artistic ending for the imaginative playgoer, but surely a loss to the listener for those well-known lines of the bard. Mr. Hanson is a Swedish film star.

Turkey will be represented in the Olympic games of 1924 in Paris, Prince Eumer Farouk Effendi, son of the heir apparent and chairman of the Turkish Sports Federation, has declared. The chief Turkish strength will be in the weight-throwing events and much is expected of the wrestlers. The team will be equally representative of the Greek, Armenian, Jewish, and Turkish populations of the Constantinople district.



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## CURRENT VERSE.

### Vista Del Mare.

(Genzano lies on the Appian Way running southward from Rome, and is celebrated for its wines and the beauty of its women. It looks out from a spur of rock over the untitled plain stretching toward Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of the Emperor Trajan, with the sleek but scarcely visible Mediterranean beyond it.)

Genzano wines are good wines, Genzano girls are chaste.

Genzano from its hill top looks out across the waste.

And as you sip the white wine or as you sip the red,

Far, far away a beam of light,  
A faint and furtive gleam of light

As hazy as a dream of light,  
Shines forth and then is fled.

Genzano lads are brave lads, Genzano mules are strong;

In painted carts, with nodding plumes they draw the wines along.

And if the load be full casks or empty ones and light,

The lads they drive their cattle on  
Where Romans once did battle on

The dusty road, and rattle on  
From morning until night.

Genzano town has proud men; in palaces they dwell,

And gaze across the waste land below their citadel;  
And whether they be single or husband a good

lass,  
The gladness all men ask of wine

Is theirs in many a cask of wine,  
Or wicker-waisted flask of wine

They tilt into the glass.

Genzano girls have long locks and wavy locks and black

That lie in coils upon the head or twisted down the back.

Their eyes are shining darkness, a mine that's full of fire;

Like fillets with their tails a-drift  
They walk amid the males a-drift,

And see them not. The sails a-drift  
Are all their eyes desire.

Genzano girls are lovely. I know on what they muse.

It isn't on the wine-casks and whence they are or whose;

But why they flaunt a red cheek or why they bide a pale

Is that far-shining beam of light,  
The faint and furtive gleam of light

As hazy as a dream of light,  
That shows a lover's sail.

—Wilfrid Thorley in the London New Witness.

### Very Full of Laughter Is the Old Man.

Very full of laughter is the old man.  
The air is full of wings

Of the little birds of laughter  
Which the old man flings

From his mouth up to the rafters  
In the whitewashed ceiling

That vibrates with his laughter  
And quivers and sings;

Till the little birds come stealing  
To the lips whence they came,

And you only hear the laughter  
In the shaking of the flame,

In the tapping of the leaves,  
And you only hear the laughter

Where the round cat heaves,  
And you only hear the laughter

Very faintly if at all;  
Until, as you drowse, suddenly once more

He awakes with a roar,  
And the laughter goes flapping from the ceiling to

the wall.

Very full of laughter is the old man.  
Very full of laughter is the old man.

I know not what I say,  
I mistrust what I hear.

There's an evil tongue licking where the log-fires play,

The round cat heaves with a laughter and a fear.

There are wells lying deeper  
Than the laughter in his eyes,

There are glooms lying deeper  
Than the lost lands of the sleeper;

There are sounds behind the laughter  
Which I dare not follow after,

There's a choked heart tolling and a dumb child cries.

There's an old mouth full of laughter  
But a dumb heart cries.

Very full of tears is the old man.  
—Louis Golding in the New Witness.

### Diarists.

They catalog their minutes: Now, now, now,  
Is Actual, amid the fugitive;

Take ink and pen (they say) for that is how  
We snare this flying life, and make it live.

So to their little pictures, and they sieve  
Their happinesses: fields turned by the plow,

The afterglow that summer sunsets give,  
The razor concave of a great ship's bow.

O gallant instinct, folly for men's mirth!  
Type can not burn and sparkle on the page.

No glittering ink can make this written word  
Shine clear enough to speak the noble rage

And instance of life. All sonnets blurred  
The sudden mood of truth that gave them birth.

—Christopher Morley in New York Review.

## Slot Machine Radio.

Wireless apparatus in the not distant future will be installed in practically all hotels and play an important part in entertaining the guests, prophesies the *New York Hotel Association Messenger*. Improvements in radio communication are coming so fast and exciting such widespread interest that its possibilities as an accessory to hotel equipment may be said to be almost without limit.

Numerous hotels in the United States already have instituted radio service for their patrons and others are preparing to do so. A recent striking indication of the drift is seen in the announcement that a New York company, manufacturing radio apparatus, has contracts for 25,000 receiving sets which operate only on deposit of a quarter, the orders coming chiefly from hotels and hospitals.

If a guest in a hotel room, or a patient in a hospital so equipped, desires a little entertainment he has merely to drop in his coin exactly as if the set were a chewing-gum or penny arcade machine, and he gets everything that comes over for the next twelve hours, jazz, weather reports, baseball scores and so on.

The cost of installation under the system will be borne equally by the company and the hotel or institution, and the profits or loss will be divided equally between them. The machines are expected to be in operation within a very short time.

In New York City the recent growth of the radio has been so rapid that it is estimated there are now from 75,000 to 100,000 apartments equipped with receiving sets. Wireless equipment has, in fact, come to be considered so indispensable that plans now being made for many new apartment houses provide radio equipment for each apartment.

There will be a central receiving station connected with the apartment, and in charge of an experienced radio operator, similar to the switchboard operators in apartment buildings. Radio broadcast concerts and news will be received by the central station and radiated to each apartment, which will be furnished only with a loud speaker, since all the radio instruments will be in the central radio room, where the complete tuning will be done by the expert in charge.

The term "Bridport dagger" is not so familiar in this country as it is in England. It is occasionally encountered here, but seldom in its correct sense. Its derivation appears in a book called "The Soul of Dorset" (Houghton Mifflin), which has already appeared in England under a different title. Mr. E. J. Darton, the author, speaking of Dorset Bridport, gives the explanation of "Bridport dagger." He says: "All the rope for Nelson's ships was made in Bridport, which for 800 years had maintained the same industry, so that a 'Bridport dagger' became a proverbial saying. To be stabbed by that weapon—a halter—was the same thing as falling off a platform while engaged in conversation with a clergyman, and resulted in your being put to bed with a shovel."

Fred S. Mansfield, the veteran lawn tennis umpire of New England, has officiated in more than 25,000 tourney games during his career and still is active.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is Joe very simple?" "Simple! He thinks necking is a new kind of scarf."—*Brown Jug.*

Prof.—Late again! Soph.—Not a word, Prof.; so am I.—*Yale Record.*

"I think I'll have my beauty nap now." "Take a good long sleep, dear."—*Life.*

"I had a wonderful poker hand last night." "Clean up any money on it?" "No—we were playing rummy."—*Judge.*

"Papa, what is a pedestrian?" "An individual, my son, that is always found in front of automobiles."—*Paris Le Rire.*

Rich-Quick—That there's a beautiful bust you've got, Mrs. Inrigh. Mrs. Rich-Quick (sotto voce)—"Burst, Henry!"—*Life.*

"Fellow tax dodgers," began the candidate. And that put him in right with his audience at the start.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Chinese beggars are organizing a union. What happens when a beggars' union strikes? Do its members go to work?—*Boston Transcript.*

"Actors must be a delicate lot of people." "Why?" "I always see their names attached to patent medicine advertisements."—*Stockholm Kasper.*

He—They say that people who live together grow to look alike. She—Then you absolutely must consider my refusal as final.—*New York Medley.*

Hubby—Don't worry so about the cook's impudence, Jane. Don't take any notice of her. Wifey—I have to; she's just given it.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Traffic Cop—What is your number? Speeding Autoist—1932. Traffic Cop—I didn't ask when you were born. I asked for your number.—*Stockholm Soudags Nisse.*

First Weary Willie—I dealt you a hand of spades then, didn't I? Second W. W.—How did you guess it? First W. W.—I saw the frightened look on your face.—*Oregon Lemon Punch.*

Muriel—They went to the Lake district for their honeymoon, and Gladys was miserable. Nell—Why, what was the trouble? Muriel—Jim fell in love with the scenery.—*Buffalo Express.*

"What is your idea of a true statesman?" "A true statesman," replied Senator Sorghum, "is a man who could get elected to any office with ease if posterity had a vote."—*Washington Star.*

Naval heavyweight (with creative mind)—The old admiral wasn't arf pleased when I won larst night. "Ginger," 'e sez, "you aint arf walloped old Nobby—my blinkin' oath, you aint. Put it there, Ginger, ole pal," 'e sez;

"I allus did like ye, an', moreover, now I sees yer close to," 'e sez, "I even likes yer face."—*Punch.*

College—Hey, who got my black shoe? I've got one of somebody's tan pair. Education—Don't that beat hell! I'm in the same fix and trying to make an 8 o'clock.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Chap (hiring car for use over week-end)—How many will she hold? Native Owner of Car—Well, she generally holds four, but seven can get along if they're real well acquainted.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"Europe is now asking, 'Who is the greatest statesman?'" "Not exactly," commented Senator Sorghum. "What Europe is asking just now is, 'Who is the greatest financier?'"—*Washington Star.*

Old-Fashioned Mother—I'm sure Adelbert would make an ideal husband, my dear. He understands women thoroughly. Modern Daughter—But, mother, I don't want to be understood.—*Life.*

Her Girl Chum—Did the minister make Ferdinand use the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow"? Mrs. Justwed—No. Why put him on his guard? I'll get 'em anyway.—*Judge.*

"My boy, I hear you are hanging around stage doors." "Why—er—dad, I'm thinking of writing a play." "You can't learn anything about Shakespeare from a chorus girl."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Host—Those, my dear, are my great-aunt and uncle. Small Guest—I suppose they are dead? Host—Yes. Small Guest (after a pause)—May I ask whether they died of illness or oldness?—*Punch.*

"Can't you make fifteen or twenty words out of that, Helen?" said Mrs. Newrich as her daughter was writing a telegram. "I don't want the clerk to think we can't afford more than ten words."—*Boston Transcript.*

Among the questions that young Malachi recently put to his father was this: "Dad, was time invented in Ireland?" "What an idea! Why did you ask?" "Because it is spelled o'clock."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"Never been in Peewecuddyhump before, I reckon?" insinuated the landlord of the tavern. "No!" snarled the traveling salesman who had not taken as many orders as he felt his importance deserved. "That is the reason I am here now."—*Kansas City Star.*

Fame? It is a bubble. Listen! Bernard Shaw was walking along Adelphi Terrace, and the following dialogue took place behind him: "See 'im?" "That bloke? Yus. Who is 'e?" "Shaw." "Shaw?" "The great vegetarian eater." "Go on!" "Fast."—*London Tit-Bits.*

First Chautauquan—You know, the thing that makes Bryan such an effective speaker is the fact that he pauses between his sentences. Second Chautauquan—Yes, and if he would pause between his speeches his speeches might be appreciated.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman of the man in a high state of intoxication who was shouting most vigorously at a lamp-post. "Oh, never mind, mishter," was the reply. "Thash all right. I know she's home, all right—I shee a light up-shairs."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The collection of gems owned by the Gaekwar of Baroda is believed to be worth over \$10,000,000. Among the items is a necklace containing a diamond worth \$400,000, known as "The Star of the South."

## Argonaut Readers, Attention!

It is safe to say there is scarcely one of our readers who has not some valuable paper at home or in an office safe, where it is liable to destruction in case of fire.

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## Where Competition Is Invited.

A transportation war has just broken out in London which is attracting considerable attention from the entire city, or at least that portion of it which rides on the buses. The city's great combine, the underground or tube, which controls all the subway and bus lines, is seriously worried by the appearance of a competitor in the field.

A week ago there suddenly appeared new buses, which a new corporation had put on the street, the vehicles being practically duplicates of the old ones except for paint of a different color. They made their first appearance on one of the most profitable routes, running from Victoria Station through Westminster and the Strand. They did a thriving business, charging the same fares, despite the efforts of the older company, which sent out its own buses in an effort to blanket the intruders at all stops.

Now others have appeared, running from Piccadilly Circus to the Marble Arch and through the heart of the shopping district. These are carrying passengers for a penny while the older company is charging tuppence. At the last session of Parliament the subway concern tried to obtain the exclusive rights to the streets now occupied, in return for extensions of the routes—a project which it was also promised would provide relief for unemployment. But Parliament refused and considerable publicity was given to the fact that the old bus lines did not have the exclusive rights to the streets they operated in. Any bus satisfactory to Scotland Yard and up to the standard of safety and cleanliness can ply for hire.

The latest invaders are using their buses also for country trips, and the manager says that with the waning of the summer season he is determined to see if he can't make the city business pay.

## Iodine and Goitre.

A new food product brought into existence through chemistry is of great value in the treatment of goitre, said J. W. Turrentine of Los Angeles, who presented a paper on the subject at the meeting of the American Chemical Society at Pittsburgh.

"From the seaweed kelp there is prepared a carrier for the iodine in both organic and inorganic combination," said Mr. Turrentine. "It is agreed by all students of goitre that the disease is attributable to the deficiency of iodine in the diet. It follows, therefore, that the alleviation and probable eradication of goitre can be accomplished by supplying that element to the diet."

The new food, he declared, would take the place of a sea food, which constitutes an important part of the diet for goitre treatment.

## Prehistoric Curios From Haiti.

Recently Dr. W. L. Abbott of Philadelphia brought back from San Domingo (Haiti) some very curious little images carved out of marble and sculptured with human faces, the teeth fiercely displayed, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. He ascertained beyond a doubt that they were prehistoric amulets, worn by aboriginal warrior chiefs when they went into battle. They were supposed to ward off hostile weapons.

When Columbus landed on the island of Haiti in 1492 he was surprised to find that the native inhabitants wore no clothes what-

ever. They did not need to, in that latitude.

They were Caribs. But, although tradition assigns to the Caribs of the American Mediterranean (which from them gets its name of Caribbean Sea) a keen appetite for human flesh, it does not appear that the aboriginal folks met by Columbus in Haiti had any such addiction. They did tell him, however, that on an island to the eastward were people afflicted with so great a weakness in this regard that they would take bites out of persons they met. This island (Porto Rico) they called Caniba—whence our word cannibal.

The amulets may connote more than science yet knows.

By living on Fifth Avenue the toucan has developed a new power, says the New York Times. This bird has always been able to detect the approach of a thunderstorm. Something about its half-pint bill may respond to the electricity in the air. At any rate, it gives a penetrating musical call when thunder is brewing. The toucan is gregarious and this is a warning to its colleagues. The recently discovered faculty is that of detecting airplanes miles away. Long before a human being can catch the faintest purring of a motor, the toucan is calling frantically. As a rule, a few minutes later, the airplane motor comes within the hearing of humans in the same vicinity. The toucan has not shown sensitiveness to the noise of automobile motors on Fifth Avenue, but it may be too well broken in to them. The evolutionary origin of this response to air vibrations may have been in the development of a sense of detecting the approach of enemies in the air, big predatory birds which slaughtered the toucans. Why the toucan ever cultivated its gigantic beak is one of the puzzles at which biologists have guessed in vain.

The feminist movement has made rapid strides in Japan. It is not unusual for the male members of the population to wear "votes for women" badges bought from woman suffragists along the thoroughfares.

In Turkey, Syria, and Armenia the women wear garments of celestial blue as an emblem of mourning.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The University and the Argonaut.

In the course of kindly comment on the introduction of Mr. Morton Todd to the readers of this paper the Fresno *Republican* speaks of "the animus of the *Argonaut* against the University of California."

Nothing is more dangerous to rational inference than ascribing motives. The *Argonaut* has no animus against the university, which it regards as the state's most valuable institution. But because the university is the state's most valuable institution, it must not be permitted without admonition to follow certain fatal tendencies in education that are asserting themselves throughout the country. The *Argonaut's* criticisms have been wholly constructive in purpose. It believes that certain unthinking and superficial demands for material results have been misinterpreted as substantial public opinion, and that the spirit of the undergraduate body has been to some degree impaired by a confusion of standards and an uncertainty of aim on the part of the Academic Senate—in which the Academic Senate is not singular in the drifting educational world of today. What the *Argonaut* believes on a matter of importance it is quite likely to say; clearly, so that its readers may understand it. Nor is it unmindful of the risk of being itself misinterpreted. No publication can be issued without being misunderstood in some paragraph by some one—probably in every paragraph. For

example, the Fresno *Republican* itself, judicious as it usually is, mistakes a pleasantry for an expression of hostility.

The University of California is particularly the business of the public of California, not merely because of the taxes the public pays for its support, but because it is the real hope of the state. It could do the institution no good for it to get the feeling that it was above criticism. On the contrary, it would be infinitely harmful to it. And we are greatly mistaken if the whole faculty would not agree with that conviction.

### Mainly Political.

Attempts to forecast the outcome of the November congressional elections are made practically futile by the fact that the various contests are mainly individual. Party authority has little to do with it; and for this the direct primary system is largely to blame. It tends to transfer the centre of gravity from national to local issues and to considerations of individual popularity. Then there are many "ifs" in the case. If we have an open October, if unemployment is reduced, if industry and commerce are prosperous, it is safe to assume that those Republicans who are manifestly downcast and fearful will find that their predictions of a tremendous shrinkage in the Republican majority of Congress have been baseless. It is inevitable that the present majority is to be reduced, and on many accounts it is desirable that it should be. But it is a good guess that the reduction will be less than has generally been expected. This is about all that can truthfully be said regarding the outcome in November. Nobody knows anything about it; nor will anybody know until the returns are in and counted.

The bald fact is that the chief consideration tending to maintenance of party solidarity, or anything like it, hinges upon the attitude of the country towards the presidency. Always in the second year of a presidential term there comes a slump in popular estimation of the incumbent. Human nature has much to do with it. Extravagant hopes which hail every incoming administration are always more or less disappointed. Then there is lukewarmness on the part of many party men who have expected favors that have not materialized. The new heaven and the new earth that enthusiasts are always looking for never reaches the mark of pre-election prophecy. In the immediate instance the railroad strike and the coal strike have served as contributing adverse facts. While President Harding has suffered, as others have before him, it still remains that he has a strong hold on the popular affections if not upon what passes for popular political convictions. Even the great Democratic papers, like the New York *Times* and the New York *World*, exhibit a kindly regard for him, even when they feel it necessary, on partisan account, to speak slightly of him. There has of late been a disposition to arraign him as a weak man, afraid to use the big stick even where it might be needed. But this charge lost its force in respect of his courageous assertion of the right of every man to work upon his own contract, with the concurrent right to demand and receive protection at the hands of the government. Further, it becomes ridiculous in view of his veto of the bonus raid.

Settlement of the railroad and coal strikes makes a situation that tends to Republican hopefulness. The country seems all set for a wave of prosperity. The great obstacles to business are out of the way. Things are moving at least. And if October shall prove an open month business in every line, including employment, is in the way of stimulation. The country is actually running a race with the weather. An extended cold wave would check the movement of coal with the result that the furnaces which support in-

dustry would shut down, dwellings would grow cold, the people would be aroused in a resentment that would find expression at the polls in November. Wherefore, Republican hopes and interests centre in the weather. Happily in California this phase of the situation does not enter into industrial or political calculations.

The whole campaign stock in trade of the Democrats is the new tariff bill. It has been easy to summon Republican witnesses, individual and journalistic, of high standing in support of the theory that the new law is an iniquity, that it was created by the rottenest kind of log-rolling, and that in operation it will rob the ultimate consumer. Offhand, it may be said that the situation is not unlike that in 1910, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill proved the undoing of the Republican party. But we have to consider certain considerations that made no figure in 1910. First and foremost is the fact that the effects of the new law will not be impressed upon the country prior to November 7th. Again, it is manifest that the country has much less interest in the tariff in the year 1922 than it had in the year 1910. So many really great issues have been forced upon public attention in the last five years that a tariff law becomes relatively an uninteresting matter. Federal taxes are plainly going down while Liberty bonds are going up. The Democratic managers have to face the fact that whatever the derelictions of the past year and a half of Republican authority in the government the taxpayers of the country are paying into the national treasury this year about a billion dollars less than in 1920, and that in the same period the sum of public debt has been reduced by another billion dollars.

There is growing hope that the affairs of the government will so adjust themselves that there may be no need for a special session of Congress next year. Summers without Congress in session have been rare these twenty years past. There was an approach to that condition in 1920, when Congress stood adjourned from the middle of June to the first week of December. But there followed four years of summer Congresses. We can easily believe that a prayer goes up every night from the White House that the country may be spared in the summer of 1923. The thought makes a pleasant picture—no Congress in session, no elections at hand, long weeks of peace and serenity! Such a period would hold many advantages for the Pacific Coast. It is not to be doubted that there would be a general movement of high officials to this land of salubrious summer airs. President Harding, it is well known, wishes to pay the Coast a visit and has only been deterred by the conditions that have held him at Washington. Given a summer free from a special session of Congress and we would surely have him as a guest, probably accompanied by a majority of his Cabinet. It would be a good thing all around in that it would give those who make up the government a chance to get away from Washington and renew acquaintance with the country.

### "Damned Smartness," and Where It Hurts.

A young co-ed was sentenced to two days in jail for speeding last week. She served her time rather than accept the alternative of having her driving license revoked for ninety days. She enjoyed her incarceration, her "stretch" as an habitual criminal would call it, and declared that it gave her an opportunity to do some real studying. In addition she found to her satisfaction that prisoners in the Alameda County jail are well treated and supplied with good food. That ought to gratify our sentimentalists who are forever fearing that our jails are not sufficiently attractive.

Putting students in jail might be a good way to induce some of them to study, but there may be a better



ray, in some cases, to induce careless persons to stop speeding. There is no doubt that jail sentences for speeders are good, and that in many cases they act as a deterrent, especially when they are made long enough. But inasmuch as this young lady found it interesting, and amusing, and even profitable, to spend two days in jail, there may be some doubt as to whether the short sentence usually imposed will cure many speeders. Some may be cured by them, and some may need something else. The *Argonaut* suggests publicly sentencing some of them to assist in hospitals on cases of injury due to illegal driving.

With many young persons who are not guilty of driving while intoxicated (of course, a man that will drive an automobile while intoxicated ought to do at least a year at hard labor in the penitentiary) speeding is a matter of thoughtlessness and the disposition of youth to take a chance, regardless of the fact that another is compelled to share it. Such a person sentenced to serve in a hospital and actually see some of the results of speed and disregard of road rules would probably be impressed with the enormity of the crime he or she had committed in subjecting others to such cruel risks. There are plenty of victims of automobiles lying in the hospitals of every large city in this land, who have been a year in bed and will never walk naturally again; who will never again know health and soundness and freedom of movement. There are children who will grow up cripples, women whose lives have been blighted, useful men whose usefulness has been forever impaired, by the selfishness of motor drivers. They have lain on beds of pain for months, they have passed the long days and nights in agony and despair relieved only by drugs, just because somebody was having a heedless good time and disregarding laws made in the interest of public safety. The authors of such trouble have paid no attention to the reasons why such laws were passed, and only think it smart to evade them; some even pay no further attention to the victims they have ridden down. If they could see the human wreckage caused by such evasions, they would be shocked, horrified. A young schoolteacher in San Jose recently lost a leg and the use of her hand for life, merely because of a few minutes' drunken fun on the part of a person she had never seen, and who had no reason for breaking the speed laws except that he wished to do it. The man has gone to the penitentiary for a year. When he comes out, he will still have two good legs and two good hands. His victim will not. Yet he will probably feel that he has been very cruelly treated.

Broadcast warnings that speeding is dangerous do little good. Short terms in a comfortable county jail do not appear much more effective. But a few days in a hospital where automobile cases are received should fill with contrition the heart of any reasonable human being that had persistently broken the traffic laws. It is hard to realize the misery such violations cause unless one has had cases under personal observation. Some speeders were laughing the other day at their own astuteness in slipping out of a trap, when an occupant of the automobile said: "I wish you fellows could see my wife, ten months in bed with a paralyzed arm and a broken thigh that won't knit because a man cut a corner just as she stepped off the curb. You wouldn't think you were so damned smart." And that is what is involved in breaking road rules—damned smartness, of the most cruel character.

#### Colonel Harvey and His Critics.

Certain light-minded statesmen, seconded by the light-minded press, continue to amuse themselves by baiting our ambassador to the British court. The fact that upon occasions of ceremony Colonel Harvey wears the dress prescribed by custom—not, we suspect, from choice and assuredly not from vanity—is regarded as a proper subject for hilarious jeering well seasoned with sneers. This is far from being harmless fun, since there is involved in it a belittlement of an official who has serious and difficult work to do and whose dignities as a representative are affected by what is said of him at home. The truth is that Colonel Harvey has made and is making a highly creditable representative of his country at the Court of St. James. Whether or not President Harding might better have made another selection is beside the point. Whatever else may be said of Colonel Harvey, he is beyond question a man of great mental brilliancy; and it may be further said that he is intensely and entirely an American in his

sentiments and general attitude. That he has won respect in the country to which he is assigned is the testimony of every observant American who has recently visited England, including Chief Justice Taft.

The basis of Colonel Harvey's success lies primarily in a sympathetic social instinct combined with very unusual powers of expression and exposition. No man better than Colonel Harvey understands the American mind; and no man who has ever represented the United States officially at London has been able better to interpret the American mind to our British cousins. The very lack of formality or of pose which characterizes Colonel Harvey's addresses has commended him to the British officials with whom he has to deal. It is not easy for the British mind to take in the conditions of American politics which differentiate our system from theirs; and not every American ambassador has had the art or the essential American self-respect to interpret effectively the atmosphere of American political life with the reasons why some things may be done and why other things may not be done. It is at this point that Colonel Harvey has achieved a notable success in his personal contacts and in his public addresses. He goes straight to the mark, and in the slang of the day he unfailingly "puts it over." Where concession in minor, including ceremonial, matters is a point he concedes; where straight talk is necessary he has the force requisite to the situation. Speaking broadly, he is making of his mission an absolute success; and this being so, he merits respect at home as he has won respect abroad.

It is perhaps well for his American critics that Colonel Harvey's official position debars him from retort—retort whether with bludgeon or rapier. There are few capable of meeting the Colonel in intellectual combat—certainly none of those who find amusement in a persistent course of pin-pricking. We can but suspect that a day of retribution is coming when the Colonel, freed from official restraint, shall put aside his famous "knee pants" and roll up his sleeves for action against certain of the more impertinent of his critics.

#### The Milk in the Coconut.

The glee with which certain spokesmen of Senator Johnson's machine, including Mr. Hearst's *Examiner*, have greeted Mr. Richardson's indiscretion in repudiating Boynton as the head of the Republican State Committee has logical inspiration. The declared purpose of Richardson, if he shall be elected, is so to reorganize the state government as to substitute business standards for the purposes of personal politics; and this obviously implies destruction of the Johnson machine, which lives on state patronage—in other words, upon funds drawn from the state treasury.

Richardson's repudiation of Boynton gives a species of excuse—not much of an excuse, to be sure, but better than none—for bolting the party nominee and supporting his Democratic rival, Mr. Woolwine. It is presumed that if the latter can be brought into the governorship by help from the Johnson machine he will be open to arrangements under which at least a share of the official patronage of the state may be left in the hands of the Johnsonites. But even if Woolwine in the governorship should prove intractable, Democratic control of the state treasury would at least serve to prevent Republican reorganization in opposition to or out from under Senator Johnson's hand.

Richardson proposes curtailments and economies that would be fatal to the machine. It must have the commissionerships, the attorneyships, the clerkships, the stenographerships, the tide-waiterships, the state automobiles, etc., else it perish. This since it has not within itself—with the door of the state treasury barred against it—means of continued existence. This it is—the need for retaining its hold upon the state treasury—that inspires the desperate effort to beat Richardson and put Woolwine in the governor's chair.

It should be apparent to every Republican and to every taxpayer that the main hope of the greedy organization that now for ten years has had its hand upon the throat of the California taxpayer lies in the defeat of Richardson. His programme is simple, but in its promise effective. He pledges himself to curtail the clutter of commissions into which the administration of state affairs is now partitioned, to dismiss numberless salaried attaches whose business is less related to public welfare than to promotion of the machine, to establish business methods in state affairs. He estimates the saving to be brought about by these reforms at approxi-

mately a million dollars per year—a sum now drawn from the state treasury to feed the Johnson machine.

#### An Administrative Incident.

Young Teddy Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, now and again exhibits flashes of the paternal form. A recent incident is in point. While Secretary Denby was in Japan, and while Roosevelt was working out economies in the administration of the Navy Department, he determined to close up the purely political navy yard at Charleston, South Carolina. That, as the country will recall, is the yard which old Ben Tillman forced upon the country when he was chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs during the first Wilson administration. To make a channel to the yard it was necessary to alter the landscape materially. At great expense a considerable area of land was eliminated. This was all to the good from the Daniels standpoint, since the more money spent in the South, the better. Young Roosevelt's proposal to shut up the Charleston yard soon encountered negative action on the part of the senators from South Carolina. They induced ten of their associates—making an even dozen in all—to sign a round robin declaring that they would oppose with their influence and their votes the President's ship subsidy bill if the Charleston yard was closed, unless the government at the same time should also close some Northern navy yard. They took this threat to Lasker, chairman of the Shipping Board. Lasker is the field agent of the ship subsidy proposal. He carried the paper to the White House, and very shortly thereafter Roosevelt received formal and written instructions from his commander-in-chief to cancel the plan for dismantling the Charleston yard. Of course, Roosevelt was peeved. Especially he resented Lasker's part in the affair. Orders being orders, he obeyed—but technically rather than in spirit. For immediately he exercised the power of the department and withdrew all ships from Charleston, leaving the yard with nothing to do. A few days thereafter Secretary Denby came home, and being more subservient, reversed his young assistant's policy, but not in an offensive way. Adroitly he brought about the creation of a board of naval officers to make a new study of navy yard needs, preserving the existing status.

#### Editorial Notes.

The farm bloc, the Department of Agriculture, and the professional conservationists are making combined effort to "save" the forest service from transfer to the Department of the Interior, where it properly belongs and from which it was withdrawn to please Gifford Pinchot and has since been maintained at great expense. The combine makes a showing, very adroitly worked up, that the service as now organized derives a revenue of approximately two and a half million dollars. While it is true enough that the forest service actually gets in this amount of money, the costs of its operation are such as to leave a deficit. As a matter of cold fact the service spends something like three million dollars each year more than it takes in.

Athens has been greatly agitated over the prospective loss of Thrace, which "produces nearly all the cereals used by Greece." For our part, we do not eat cereals, and would probably remain dry eyed if the Turks took Battle Creek.

A striking exhibit of the demoralization of party responsibility and discipline in California is supplied by declarations of policy on the part of both Republican and Democratic candidates for the governorship. Prior to the conventions held at Sacramento last week both Mr. Richardson and Mr. Woolwine made public the lines upon which their appeals are made to the voters of California. Mr. Richardson ignores all issues save that of economy. A promise to cut down the cost of the state government was both the foundation and superstructure of his primary campaign and he proposes to proceed along the same line with no attention to anything else. Having tested the potentiality of this one idea he will not mix things up by recognition of any other. Mr. Woolwine announces himself as against the Volstead law and as favoring allowance of wines and beers. His appeal, he declared, would be to the sentiment that resents interference of government in individual affairs. Mind that neither of these candidates, although nominated under party banners and assuming to represent party purposes, has left it to the parties in their organic character to name the con-



ditions of the contest. It would seem that neither Republicans nor Democrats, other than the candidates themselves, are to have anything to do with outlining the principles upon which those who nominally represent them are to stand for election this fall.

The issue of personal liberty as related to the traffic in liquors is almost as serious a matter in British Columbia as with us, although upon a different basis. Under existing law liquors may be had in sealed packages from government stores by persons presenting license to purchase, such license being obtainable for a fee of five dollars. The license requirement is resented by many, who maintain the right of a British subject to buy at his pleasure in open market without special permit from an official. A further demand is made by those who represent the sentiment of the working classes for the right to buy beer by the glass. There is no general demand for the return of the saloon—on the other hand public sentiment supports its continued suppression—but at the same time there is insistence that a way shall be provided by which the working man may have his glass of beer without being forced to acquire a license and to lay in a stock. These issues are to be made subject of action by the provincial legislature, which is to convene on the 20th instant at Victoria. Public sentiment is divided and a hot session is in prospect. The present provincial government is committed to support of the existing law and common expectation looks to a political turn-over that will bring in a new organization of the provincial government.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Admiral Sims on San Francisco Bay as a Naval Base.

#### NAVAL WAR COLLEGE

NEWPORT, R. I., September 23, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Dear Sir: The enclosed clipping from the *Army and Navy Register* quotes your editorial, "The Proper Fleet Base," in your issue of September 9th.

I have read this editorial with great interest, and it hits the nail squarely on the head. What the navy needs is, of course, a naval base; that is, a position from which the fleet can operate as a unit, that position having the necessary facilities for repairing and supplying a fleet in the shortest possible time. A navy yard is something entirely different. We might have fifty navy yards on the coast, each one of which was capable of a certain amount of repair work, but they would not be adequate for our purposes in war unless we had, in addition, a real naval base. If we had a real naval base we would not need the other positions. One of the commonest mistakes made in discussing such matters is to suppose that scattered naval bases are necessary for the protection of the coast. If we have a fleet that is stronger than the enemy can bring to bear on our coast, and if its maximum efficiency is secured by keeping it together at an adequate naval base, it protects the whole coast, no matter how many hundred miles long it may be.

Very sincerely yours,  
WILLIAM S. SIMS,  
Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy.

### Accepted, With Thanks.

The *Seattle Town Crier* says in a recent issue: "Among all the hundreds and thousands of daily and weekly papers published in the United States, there is none whose editorial observations are held in higher esteem by the discriminating than the *Argonaut* of San Francisco. Accuracy and amplitude of information, poise, understanding, fairness, sanity, honesty, and a superlative gift of interpretation are all the *Argonaut's*."

### A San Franciscan in Germany.

DRESDEN, August 22, 1922.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: Before I left San Francisco for this trip to Europe it frequently had been stated and it appeared in the press that Americans were not well treated in Germany. I suspected that our people were imagining much of this, but from my own observation I am inclined to think that there is a foundation for some of it. Frankly I do not think they want us here, and while in that frame of mind they must inevitably show it. Personally I would advise Americans to avoid Germany until a little better feeling is aroused and the animosity, if that be it, is removed.

Much of the annoyance, I must admit, comes from my lack of acquaintance with the language, for many of the towns could not produce a single person to whom a question in English could be addressed. A conductor or any one connected with the train or station who could understand an American was indeed a novelty, and so refreshing that one would forget himself for a moment.

Many of those side trips involve one, two, or three changes, yet if you say to the conductor that, for instance, you are going to Dresden, he will not tell you when to change cars, nor will he advise you when the point is reached. Of course it is my duty to know their language if I expect to travel in their country, but such is not one of my accomplishments. If one is fortunate enough to find one who can speak both languages much trouble is obviated, but it must in truth be added that the conductor can not always give accurate information, which I found to my sorrow.

If one be fool enough to travel first class, and that coach is full, he must take second class, or even third. But if a German enters the car with a third-class ticket and takes a second-class seat he will not be forced to vacate for you. On the other hand an American holding a second-class ticket must vacate a first-class seat, even though not occupied, or pay the difference. In most of the hotels here the service is poor, no doubt due to conditions which these unfortunate people can not for the present remedy. At the Hotel Weber, one of the best here, I could not get an egg for breakfast—"all out." If your room is on the fourth floor and you ring for the "lift" it may come up that day or next.

They openly boast of one price for the resident and another for the American. If prices are not in open figures in the stores you will pay much more.

The San Francisco German consul gave me a permit to go

in and out of Germany once and charged me \$20, while to another he gave a year in and out for the same money. In New York and Chicago the charge was \$10 for a couple and in Italy you may obtain a *visé* for \$5.

While at Geneva I told the German consul that he could renew my *visé* for Germany without charge or I would go to Paris and thence to Belgium and Holland. He complied, and yet others there paid again. In both Germany and Austria once you leave the country that cancels your *visé* and another golden eagle must be forthcoming. In a number of cities, after entering Germany, you must again present your passports, and a charge is made for the privilege of entering the town. In some places you may be called at any hour of the night to produce your passport. To me this only occurred once, but other Americans recounted several instances. If you buy anything in this country they will tax you on export at the border, but that is purely an economic measure and I have no concern regarding it.

They have coined a new word, "Valutostok," meaning an American who visits Germany or Austria and lives like a prince for a very small amount of money; and yet the town of Innsbruck, Austria, was crowded while we were there with Germans hikers who can beat the game by leaving Germany, going into Austria and exchanging the already depleted mark for a meaningless Krona. I must confess some guilt of "Valutostok" myself while in Austria, for the bank quite willingly gave me 165,000 krona for \$5. Ease and comfort for little money, but not *otium cum dignitate*. There are many Americans who tell me that they have had no troubles, and my own were quite insignificant as compared with some I witnessed and others told to me. It is apparent that the wide publicity given this subject by our countrymen has in a great measure modified the German activities, but it is still in the air; you feel it and don't just know how. I regret it exceedingly on account of my German friends who placed letters in my hands.

Obviously it should not be assumed that all my moments in Germany were unpleasant, for I could recount many instances to offset the unpleasantness. However, Americans visiting here must expect no such cordial treatment as is accorded to us in Switzerland, a most wonderful, charming and beautiful country to travel in.

P. S.—How I miss my *Argonaut*!

R. W. OSBORN.

### The Canadian Reciprocity Campaign.

SAN MATEO, October 4, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Under the caption "Canada and Our Tariff" in your issue of the 30th ultimo you state a case which is only partly true, as will be seen from a recital of the following facts.

Reciprocity was defeated in Canada in 1911, not on its own merits, but principally because the Liberal government, under the late Sir Wilfred Laurier, had become stale and was due for defeat. The old gentleman chose a great national issue rather than the weakness of his cabinet to go down on. The Conservative party (then forming the loyal opposition) in its fight, while playing up the imperial end of the trade relations and using President Taft's ill-advised remark that "Canada would be an adjunct of the United States," with great dexterity, laid much greater stress on the extravagances of the government with its railway and naval policies.

Probably the greatest factor was the so-called "Tippot Navy" of the Liberal government. Previous to the calling of the election the Conservative leaders were all in favor of a Canadian navy, but as soon as the Liberals adopted it as a definite policy words could not be found sufficiently scornful to be used in describing the nucleus of the Canadian navy. Nothing would suit the Conservative party but the gift to Great Britain of three dreadnaughts for the imperial navy. This carried great weight in Canada because the British navy is the pride of all British peoples and its traditions represent its highest ideals. It was very potent in English-speaking Canada, while in Quebec—the stronghold of Sir Wilfred Laurier—it served as putting militarism further away. The Conservative party actually spread the propaganda in Quebec that Laurier with his Canadian navy was going to take the young French-Canadians and send them away to fight England's battles.

You and your readers know how the political game is played here. There is little difference in Canada. The Liberals are again in power and have intimidated their desire for reciprocity. There is no doubt of their substantial backing by the people on that policy, and we shall hear more of it from those on this side of the forty-ninth parallel as soon as the people get around to it.

A CANADIAN.

### Hail to the Chief

SAN FRANCISCO, September 25, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Friend W. Richardson was nominated for governor "on his own" in a *taxpayers' revolt*. According to his catchy pre-primary slogan, "More Business: Less Politics," his election would seem to indicate an intention to return to conservatism, a consummation devoutly to be wished by thousands of Californians. That his nomination was the result of such a belief is beyond question, for he was nominated despite the machine. Partly because of that belief he will receive thousands of Democratic votes.

Who would have supposed that the senior senator from California would have been so lacking in political acumen as not to realize that the verdict of the *Republican primary nominating Richardson was the verdict of the plain people in the face of the bitter opposition of the machine*, and yet it is obvious that the action of the Republican State Central Committee in electing Boynton as its chairman was the action merely of that discredited machine.

There is grim truth in the old classic legend: Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad!

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

According to the *London Post*, Limerick, where the Irish rebels had their headquarters, has one of the most beautiful peals of bells in the world. They were made in Italy by a young workman, who, after the toil of many years, produced a peal of bells which were so perfect in tone that even his critical judgment was satisfied. The bells were hung in a neighboring convent, but in the course of years war swept across that part of the land, and the bells were lost. Misfortune overtook the bell-founder, and he left his native land, wandering about the world for years. Then, hearing that his bells had been taken to Limerick, he set out to hear their sweet tones once again. As his vessel sailed up the Shannon, borne upon the evening air from the towers of the cathedral came the music of his bells. He went forward and sat, listening, his gaze fixed upon the distant cathedral, but when the vessel came to anchor and they went to rouse him he was dead.

One of the popular French broadcasting radio stations is the Eiffel Tower.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

It Was the Bank of Deposit for Occidental Thought and Culture During the Dark Ages.

### I.

When Byzas picked on the point of land at the corner of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn to found a colony of Megarian Greeks, he proved himself one of the best realtors of classic times; and the use of a modern commercial term does those times no injustice, for the classic Greeks were a thoroughly commercialized people. Their bickering little governments were probably founded for the protection of their trade, and they whip-sawed each other with every trick and device they could invent; and they were very inventive. Megara, on the Corinthian isthmus, went in for colonies, as all the Greek communities did, which would give the merchants of the fatherland a monopoly of business and shut out the other Greeks. A modern Greek would be as much disposed to give another half of his coffee and doughnut joint as an ancient Greek would be to let one from the next-door country trade with his colony. So every little Grecian state wanted its own. Perhaps that shows why they never united.

Thanks to Byzas, Megara got a good colony. The Bosphorus was the original Golden Gate. If you wanted to go anywhere in particular in that part of the world, that was where you had to go. Io once passed that way from Asia into Europe in the form of a heifer, which was a disguise Jupiter wished on her to conceal his philanderings from his wife; and as even the ancients knew that the right name for the family cow was Old Bos, they called the waterway the Bosphorus, or cow-ford, as the English later called a shallow place in the Thames Oxford. Place names are wonderful records. Without the Bosphorus, and the Ionian Sea, the story of Io would be hard to swallow.

Byzantium stood at the cross-roads of the ancient world. Traffic between two great continents and two great seas had to pass it. It was the Forty-Second and Broadway of its times. It would have been the greatest place on earth for electric-lighted billboards, but in the days of Byzas there were none. There were no Camel nor Chesterfield cigarettes, there was no Spearmint gum, no Beeman's Pepsin, there were no cord tires, each guaranteed to be better than all the others; in fact, there was very little of what we call civilization. But Byzantium was on the main highway of such civilization as there was. Jason sailed by it in the *Argos* on his hunt for the Golden Fleece, supposed to be placer gold from the vicinity of Trebizond on the southern shores of the Black Sea. It was the toll-house on the natural canal between the Grecian world in the Mediterranean and the vast wheat fields on the black soil of what we call the Ukraine. When it came to picking property, Byzas was a good picker. Not a real estate in Los Angeles could beat him. That is about all we have on Byzas. He probably had a hard time getting any tolls out of the other Greeks.

Constantine was another good realtor. Diocletian recognized that the main administrative troubles of the Roman Empire were in the East, with the Persians and Armenians and Sythians and other turbulent peoples on that border, and removed his capital eastward, but he missed the best location by passing up Byzantium for Nicomedia, or Ismid, what an American would call Smithville; where Mustafa Kemal went recently to be near his "great and good friend" the Sultan. Constantine was a shrewd politician and business man, and did not make Diocletian's mistake. He was practical and believed in the wisdom of Senator Sorghum, "if you can't lick 'em, jine 'em"; so he jined the Christians, then becoming the most numerous sect in the empire. But as baptism was efficacious but once, he postponed it until toward the close of his life, so that he could get a sort of wholesale rate on sin. He took Byzantium in 323, A. D., and began turning it into a new city five years later. It soon became known by his name, but that of Byzas is preserved in the adjective.

At this time the Atlantic Ocean was practically unoccupied. There was no such city as London, and lonely, long-legged liver birds were the only inhabitants of Liverpool. New York was not yet on the map; in fact, there was no map. A great commerce for its day moved through the Bosphorus, and Constantinople became the London, Liverpool, and New York of the early Christian world. It was the key of the Eastern Hemisphere. But it was far more than that. It is difficult to speak of Constantinople except in superlatives, nor is it possible to indicate in any reasonable compass a fraction of what it has meant in human affairs. Cities are the greatest works of mankind, embodying the triumphs of social, industrial, and commercial organization. The very name "city" is, in its Latin form, the root word of civilization, because civilization is so much the flower and fruit of city life. And Constantinople has been a great city, one of the greatest. Because of its position, its power, its majesty and authority, it stood like a tall rock amid the barbarian flood that submerged the Roman order, and it became the bank of deposit for the intellectual treasures of antiquity, a bank from which those treas-



ures could be and were withdrawn when the time came for men to use them. So much was this its character that part of the serpentine tripod of the Delphian Oracle, that supreme spiritual authority of the Grecian world, stands today in the old Hippodrome, still inscribed with the names of thirty-one Greek cities that fought against the Persians at Platea.

It is said that Rome gave the Western world its juridical foundation in the Roman law. That is not strictly true. Rome developed that grand system of jurisprudence, but Constantinople gave it to the world. If Justinian, Emperor of the East, had not caused to be compiled, by Constantinople scholars, the Pandects, the Code, the Institutes, and the Novellæ, our lawyers and judges would only be guessing today at how the Roman courts had solved some of the knottiest problems of human rights.

At such a place, wealth will not only be made in quantities, but it will converge there from without. A great deal of money is made in New York, but more is spent there—money that is made in Pittsburgh, in Chicago, in Sioux City, in Davenport, in Colusa. Constantinople was not only a place where embattled secretaries slew one another in thousands trying to settle whether God the Father and God the Son were made of the same substance or like substances, or whether an omphalopsychite that had gazed at his own umbilicus until he went crazy had really seen the Light of the Transfiguration or had merely overstrained his optic nerve; but it was a place to which the fastest horses were brought from Arabia, the choicest gems from Golconda, and the finest weaves of silk on camel trains from Shantung across the uplands of Turkistan and Central Asia. Its wealth was incredible. Gibbon could not believe his own authorities on it. It was the "Queen of Cities," where the tribute of the empire was annually paid, whose emperor daily received the revenues "from the shops, the taverns, the markets, from the merchants of Persia and Egypt, of Russia and Hungary, of Italy and Spain, who frequent the capital by sea and land"; a revenue so rich that one of the porphyrogenetous emperors inherited 109,000 pounds of gold and 300,000 pounds of silver, and came to have before his death a sum equal to 8,000,000 pounds sterling buried in the vaults of the palace.

Constantinople was enriched with innumerable works of art when Rome was in pitiful ruins. The Hippodrome, 1400 feet long and 400 wide, was adorned with the images of victorious charioteers. There was a statue of Helen, probably comparable to the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. There was a Hercules of Ly-sippus, of noble size, a colossal image of Juno from her temple on Samos, and there were the wonderful bronze horses that now form the quadriga over the portal of St. Mark's in Venice. These were but a few. The city evolved an architecture. The Roman arch, rotated on a vertical axis, would describe a dome, and this superbly beautiful form crowned the Byzantine churches. Under those domes the supporting pillars and pendentives were encrusted with mosaics of semiprecious stone, the altars set thick with gems; the whole was ornamented with an overdone, prodigal embellishment.

This was a city of great churches, of domes and towers, of palaces and convents and public baths and libraries and theatres, and of open-air shelters wherein the incessantly disputatious people could split with rhetorical razors the single hair that divided the Arian and Athanasian doctrines, or some other subtlety of the Nicene creed—the free silver or protective tariff question of their day. It was filled with artists, critics, connoisseurs, savants, dillettantes, theologians, rhetors, ranters, metaphysicians, pamphleteers, authors. It seethed with intellectual activity, it was the seat of a learning and a culture which, while not creative, at least preserved some of the values of a mighty past. If there had been printing presses there would have been a dozen daily newspapers and they would have had extras on the street every thirty minutes.

A city so placed, and drawing to itself its tribute of the riches of the world, is in an exposed position, an object of the conqueror's desire. It was taken many times. It was taken by the Persians and the Spartans, by Alcibiades, Lysander, Alexander, Septemius Severus, and Constantine. After Constantine its emperors presided, with the majesty of Augustus, over the dying Roman Empire. Probably they did not hasten its fall; more likely they kept life in it long after its normal time to die. They had their proportion of great men and sometimes the name of a Comnenus or a Paleologus is almost fit to shine with those of some of the western Cæsars. They had a hard part to play. Through the Middle Ages civilization was not rising for them; it was going down, authority was weakening, the barbarian was coming closer every decade. There are those that believe our own civilization is in that sort of decline today, and that the barbarian is coming upon us. A widespread devotion is not easy to detect at the time; but as long as we have such institutions as the General Electric Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Remington and the Winchester arms works, and some good battleships we are still a jump or two ahead.

There was a lively trade in the ninth and tenth centuries, and before, between the Russians and the Mediterranean world, through Constantinople. A fleet of

rude boats annually visited it with slaves, furs, honey and wax, hides; and returned with wine and oil, Indian spices and Greek manufactures, to the enrichment of the brokers and warehousemen serving this profitable business. But the Russians coveted the riches of the city even then, and within two centuries tried four times to take it; and inasmuch as neither human nature nor geography undergoes much alteration, whoever holds Constantinople must look out for the Russian. It was believed that a statue in one of the squares was inscribed with a prophecy that Russia should one day be master of Constantinople, and this encouraged Russian hope. That hope still lives, supported to some degree by a sort of legal claim arising out of the marriage of a prince of Moscow with an heiress of the Eastern Empire. As in many cases of the sort, it is largely a matter of getting possession, but the present tenants are hard to evict, and the neighbors will not help.

MORTON TODD.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Song of the Greek Poet.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Pæbus sprung!  
Eternal summer glids them yet;  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo farther west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
For, standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on a rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships by thousands lay below,  
And men in nations,—all here his!  
He counted them at break of day,—  
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now,—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among a fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush,—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest!  
Must we but blush?—our fathers' blood  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred, grant but three  
To make a new Themoplaë!

What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah, no! the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"  
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain,—in vain; strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,—  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave,—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served, but served Polyocrates,—  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades!  
O that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there perhaps some seed is sown  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,—  
They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade,—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But, gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!—Lord Byron.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Daudet, the widow of the celebrated French writer, has just been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Mrs. Emma Tafanelli Korn of San Francisco is America's first veritable Portia, for Mrs. Korn is so far our only woman lawyer of Italian descent.

Miss Lucille Atcherson of Columbus, Ohio, has the distinction of being the first woman appointed by the United States government to a diplomatic post. President Harding recently announced her nomination to be secretary of embassy, Class 4.

Richard Mulcahy, Michael Collins' successor as commander-in-chief of the army of the Irish Provisional Government, is a man of uncommon brains, according to the Manchester *Guardian*, and of the particular kind of scientific imagination needed in warfare.

Noel Sargent, who is manager of the open-shop department of the National Association of Manufacturers, has taught economics and political science at the College of St. Thomas and the University of Minnesota. He is a graduate of the University of Washington.

E. V. Lucas, the essayist, whose writing is so reminiscent of Lamb and who has written the best biography of Lamb in the language, is assistant editor of *Punch* and literary director of Methuen's publishing house. It is said that though Lucas knows every one, he eschews literary circles and prefers actors and prize-fighters. The essayist is an ardent cricket fan and enjoys a reputation as a gourmet.

It is said of Sir William Orpen, the English portrait painter, that only serevants succeed in calling him Sir William. All men call him Bill and all women Orps. As an R. A., he was duly elected to the Athenæum Club, but it is said that he has never had the courage to enter that haunt of bishops and other staid persons. Orpen is by common consent a great painter and a great success. He has literally queues of distinguished persons waiting their turn to sit to him for their portraits.

The Maharajah of Rajpipla, the pure cast Hindu ruler of the Rajputana state, is visiting this country to study our institutions and our agriculture. The Maharajah is said to be one of the wealthiest of Indian princes—his annual revenue is in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000—and one of the few not affected by the present native unrest. He belongs to the Sesodia régime and has most enlightened views. His itinerary includes the grain fields of Canada, where he will study the implements in actual use with a view to their adoption in India.

The Countess Carola Frederique Festetics de Tolna, who has arrived in New York to pass the winter in this country, is one of the most interesting and most modern of European semi-royalties. The Countess Carola is the youngest of the three daughters of the Prince Festetics and his wife, the former Lady Mary Hamilton, the divorced wife of the late Prince of Monaco. The countess, who is of the emancipated type of European woman, has maintained an extensive Paris establishment for some years and belongs to an advanced philosophical cult.

George H. Sutherland, now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, whom President Harding appointed to succeed John H. Clarke when he recently resigned to devote himself to "reading, reflection, and the good of humanity," was formerly United States senator from Utah. The new Associate Justice was born in Buckinghamshire, England, 1862, educated in Utah and at the University of Michigan, married in 1883 to Rosamond Lee of Beaver, Utah, was admitted to the bar the same year, and began the practice of law in Salt Lake City in 1893. He was a member of the first Utah senate in '96. His terms in the National Senate were 1905-1911 and 1911-1917. He was president of the American Bar Association, 1916-17. Mr. Sutherland is the author of "Constitutional Power and World Affairs."

Mrs. Harriet de Kraft Woods, who was recently appointed superintendent of buildings and grounds of the Congressional Library—a post sometimes known as "housekeeper to the Congressional Library"—is the first woman to hold that feminine position. Mrs. Woods is the daughter of the late Admiral de Kraft, U. S. N., and the widow of Arthur T. Woods, professor of mechanical engineering in the University of Illinois. During her husband's life she aided him in all his technical writing, and after his death in 1893 became the secretary of a well-known consulting engineer of Chicago. In three years she had become manager of the Chicago office of the *Railroad Gazette*—of which her husband had at one time been associated editor. Concurrently, she acted as librarian of the Western Railway Club of Chicago. So it will be seen that Mrs. Woods brings to her new job an unusual degree of executive training. Her library career began twenty-two years ago in the humble capacity of a clerk. When her recent appointment was offered her she was in charge of one of the most important divisions of the copyright office. Her new duties involve the direct supervision of the laboring force—engineers, gardeners, charwomen, etc.—at work in the upkeep of the buildings and grounds of the Congressional Library.



## MAIDS OF HONOUR.

Some Studies of Moods and Tenses of Various Female Charmers at the Court of Great Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had the sour fortune to be a great statesman in the form of a woman. She took her England through its most critical infancy, playing with Philip, teasing Alençon, beguiling the weary hours with the attentions of Leicester and Raleigh and Essex and no one knows how many more, but always with England uppermost. If she ever had any physical charms she outlived them, and died a poor, yellow old woman, with yellow teeth, and hair that had been golden or auburn, but looked like ashes at the last. And if her claims to strict propriety are faint, much may be forgiven. She seems often to have been in love and never to have held a lover's fidelity for long. But her court was brilliant, her day was dazzling, and she was a spiteful, cantankerous, crafty, wise and wonderful monarch. Hers was a day of great men rather than of idle gallantries. There was intrigue enough between the Catholic and Protestant parties, with plenty of menace from abroad. But she brought England through, not always honestly, but with the guile of those water fowl that pretend a broken wing and lure the hunter away from the nest and the fledglings. So Philip waited too long, and when he struck there was Great Drake supporting Great Elizabeth; and Great Howard, and all the other worthies of a great age, and Philip's kingdom began to go to smash and kept on going and all the gold of Peru couldn't stop it.

"Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour," by Violet Wilson, touches but lightly on problems of policy, but at times reflects the doings of the world in which the Virgin Queen played so grand a part. Many young noblewomen are discussed here, and there are some grim pictures of Mary Fitton, of Catherine Grey, of Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, and Elizabeth Howard, and more—all with hard, naked foreheads, huge ruffs around their necks, and sleeves that looked stuffed with a feather bed. The gallery is rather full up with Elizabeths—Vernon, Bridges, Vere, *et al.* Not so gentle a galaxy as Mary Stuart's, but in some ways more sprightly; for:

Clever herself, Elizabeth had no patience with stupidity, but liked to surround herself with people whose quick brains were attuned to her own. The maids of honor were famous for their accomplishments: they spoke several languages, were good musicians, clever needle-women, graceful dancers, and proficient horsewomen. Nor were they behindhand in their domestic pursuits, being ever ready to try their hands at cookery when the palace cooks, usually "musical-headed Frenchmen," could be prevailed on to demonstrate the mysteries appertaining to sugar-plate, kissing comfits, ginger-breads, sugar meats, or the most delectable confectionery known as marchpane.

From their nearness to the queen's person, the maids of honor were objects of solicitude to the courtiers, who pressed, and not infrequently bribed them to further their suits with the queen. Sometimes they were successful, often they were not; so much depended on the nature of the favor sought, the personality of the suitor, the influence of the lady, and the caprice of the queen.

Walking the tightrope of propriety and statecraft was what was required of Elizabeth, and she had to do it. She did not wish to marry, as a husband would have been an encumbrance and she had a hard race to run. If she had married a Spaniard she would have incurred the enmity of France, and of Spain had she married a Frenchman. For like reasons she could not marry a Protestant, nor a Catholic. She could not make open war on Spain with her weak little island kingdom as it then was, and she would not let Spain alone. She took stock in the ventures of the profiteers of her day, then known as privateers, yet would grant them no letters of marque to distinguish them from pirates or protect them from the Spaniard or the hangman. Her whole life had to proceed on such a basis, clear to the end, and she saw it through with hardly a whimper. The Tudor blood was Welsh. So is Lloyd George.

Of her dangling with the widowed Lord Robert Dudley, Miss Wilson has this to say, in part:

At this crisis Elizabeth threw both parties into equal perplexity by creating Lord Robert, Earl of Leicester (accompanying the honor with the gift of Kenilworth Castle), at the same time saying that as she esteemed him "as her brother and best friend" he would make a suitable husband for Mary, Queen of Scots.

No one knew what to think, least of all Leicester, who regarded the suggestion as the work of Sir William Cecil, and expressly designed for his undoing. In perplexity he consulted Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who suggested that he should test the queen's affection for himself by flirting with one of her ladies.

Leicester, being at his wit's end, said he would, and fixed on Lettice Knollys, the beautiful young Countess of Essex, for the dangerous experiment.

Once begun, the flirtation proceeded apace, to the alarm of the ladies trembling at the thought of what would happen when the queen became aware of it.

As Leicester avowedly designed to arouse Elizabeth's jealousy, he ostentatiously deserted her for the company of Lettice, who, pleased with a seeming conquest, did all she could to lure him on. The queen drew her own conclusions and drew them strong, so that even Leicester was aghast at the storm he had raised. Lettice fell from her high place in Elizabeth's friendship forever, whilst the maids of honor had a sorry time listening to the ravings of a jealous woman who heretofore had never dreamt of a rival.

Perhaps part of Elizabeth's repugnance to marriage may be found in her statement that the English ran

after an heir to the throne more than the reigning sovereign; and she dearly loved to be run after. The court must form a suitable stretch for such a pursuit, and all must be in order:

Elizabeth wished to emphasize the importance of royalty, by establishing a monopoly of everything likely to enhance a queen. This, with so many ladies eager to emulate, if they could not rival their mistress, she found by no means easy. Did the queen wear silk stockings, then no more cloth hose for the ladies of the privy chamber. With their ankles all alluringly outlined by silk stockings, they waited for Elizabeth to state a new fashion, which hotfoot they must have, too. Lace ruffs, kept in place by wire "supportasses," were common neckwear at court, but the year of Ann Russell's wedding saw the introduction of an innovation which revolutionized ruffs. Mistress Dinghen, a Dutch woman, came to England, and proceeded to demonstrate the uses of starch. Englishwomen, quickly appreciating the possibilities of this new method, flocked to Mistress Dinghen, eagerly proffering the £5 fee which she charged for initiating pupils into the mysteries of starching, with an extra twenty shillings for instruction in making starch. Steel or silver poking sticks were next used in preference to the old-fashioned setting-sticks, and a new industry sprang into being.

Higgins, a tailor, established a great reputation for his ruffs or picadels, and his shop, in a road above Westminster called Piccadilly, held infinite variety of them, "either clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needle work, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sonne, the moone, the starres, and many other antiquities strange to beholde. Some are wrought with open worke down to the midst of the ruffe and further, some with purled lace so cloyd, and other gewgaws so pestered, as the ruffe is the least parte of itself."

So that's where starch came from, and perhaps how Piccadilly got its name. And one clearly sees, from the ankles of the maids of honor, that silk stockings are not a vice peculiar to our age. Flappers have always worn them when they could find the price, and maids differ little from century to century.

When St. Louis asked his faithful De Joinville whether he would not follow the example of Our Lord and wash the feet of the poor, the marshal replied, "Sire, those villains' feet I will not wash." But St. Louis did, and so did Elizabeth, keeping her Maundy at Greenwich and washing the feet of some thirty-nine old women, who were made as passable as possible first. But there was one aspect of the recurrent ceremony she did not like:

The reiteration made of her thirty-nine years was the least pleasing part of the Maundy ceremony to Elizabeth, who much disliked anything that called attention to the passage of time. She had been much put out by the behavior of three of her rejected suitors who had recently taken unto themselves wives. Thereby they caused extreme annoyance to the virgin Queen of England, who liked to imagine them languishing in single blessedness; when, instead, they wedded less exacting princesses, Elizabeth conceived herself very grievously affronted.

The liveliness of the court was from time to time enhanced with theatricals, and while the Globe may not have had much scenery at first, they had it at court; and as much trouble with props as any motion-picture studio:

The Master of the Revels needed to be a man of resource, for the actors were frequently exacting in the nature of their demands. One company sent in a request for "Hobby horses, wheat sheaves, bodies of men in timber, dishes for devil's eyes, devices for hell, the hell-mouth." Another set of players could not perform without a vizard for an ane's face; also a monster; seven dozen imitation eggs, sham whiting, mackerel, flounders and snowballs. The Earl of Leicester's company proved insistent for a vizard with a black beard; one similar with a red beard, and sufficient fir poles to represent a forest. Others clamoured for a device for counterfeiting Thunder and Lightning, a country-house, a city, a live fox and a wax cake.

When properties were not in stock they had to be made, and the Earl of Warwick's actors being about to present "The history of the Burnyng Rock," were particular that the rock should be adequately represented. The Master of Revels, wishful to please, borrowed a cloud for the purpose; thereafter trouble and expense fell heavily upon him.

Painters set to work to transform the cloud into a rock, but the paint refused to dry, so fires had to be kept burning day and night. As it still partook more of a cloud than rock in appearance, a load of ivy was sent for, to cover its obvious deficiencies. Then aqua-vitæ being burnt on the rock, twelvence had to be expended in order "to alay the smell thereof."

The next performers raised trouble over the damaged cloud, so Edward Tilney had to get "a hope and blew linnen cloth to mend the cloude that was borrowed and cut to serve the rock in the plaie of the burning knight."

And there were tournaments, and once Elizabeth thought virginity could be overdone and she would wed, in spite of what she had always said about the advantages of the single state. A youthful swain from France, nineteen years her junior, Duke of Anjou and son of Catherine de Medici, was selected. It was a rather cruel sort of business, in which the maids of honor took no very honorable part at the end. The love-starved queen met him and let herself fall in love with him. There was a great to-do when the French party came over:

The annual tournament in honor of the queen's accession was held, as usual, at Whitehall on November 17th. Elizabeth in the gallery paid scant attention to her champion, Sir Henry Lee, and other valiant knights, so engrossed was she by Alençon, who wooed her with persuasive tongue and ardent eyes. Elizabeth, fairly carried off her feet, forgot she was a queen, forgot her years, her austere virginity; everything, indeed, save the magic of love. Taking a ring from her finger, she gave it to Alençon, so openly that he, and all who saw the act, regarded it as a definite pledge of betrothal.

Ambassadors hastened back to despatch special couriers with the news; Londoners heard the report with delour; peddlers leaving town that night advertised it through the provinces along with their wares.

Then entered policy, and the marriage had to be prevented. The anti-French marriage party besieged the maids of honor, and they besieged the queen:

Ladies of the bedchamber foretold diminution of her power

and loss of the nation's affection; Blanche Parry recalled the unhappiness of her sister Mary with Philip of Spain; Mary Radcliffe requoted Elizabeth's own arguments on the superiority of virginity; maids of honor with gusto repeated reasons the queen had used to thwart their own love affairs. In united chorus they wrung their hands and besought her not to throw herself away upon a beardless boy.

Morning found the ladies exhausted but triumphant, and Elizabeth resolved to remain a spinster. Having dried their eyes and repaired the damage to their complexions, maids of honor assured the anxious courtiers without that all would be well, as Her Majesty had sent a message to Sir Christopher Hatton, requesting him to come at once in order to help her out of a very difficult situation.

Alençon paid an early visit with all the confidence of an assured lover, but his eager protestations of affection were chilled by the queen's evident aversion, and the presence of an undoubtedly hostile third party.

Elizabeth in eulogistic terms professed the deepest affection for monsieur, and though she had decided never to marry she begged that he would think of her as a sister.

Monsieur, angry and mortified, flatly refused to do anything of the sort; he declared that Englishwomen were as fickle as their climate, and burst into tears.

Elizabeth could not bear to see her "little frog" cry, and drying his eyes with her own handkerchief, endeavored to console him with words "even more tender than the occasion demanded."

The Spanish business began to blow up warm, and Miss Wilson gives us this succinct but vivid and human account of a passage between the queen and the Spanish ambassador:

Though the exploits of the explorers did much to enhance the prestige of English seamanship, they undoubtedly led to strained relations with Spain, who regarded their boldest exploits as sheer acts of piracy. Bernardino de Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, acting under instructions from King Philip, went down to see Elizabeth at Richmond, with a plain request that she would restore the plunder Drake had taken from Spanish treasure ships. The queen in pained surprise said it was the first she had heard of the matter; nor would she depart from ignorance, though Mendoza assured her that he had himself been telling her of it for the past three and a half years.

With cynical skill the Spaniard worked Elizabeth into a white heat of fury, by hinting that if she remained obdurately deaf it might be necessary to see if the roar of Spanish cannon could improve her defective hearing. Having conveyed the hint and set Elizabeth hectoring, he waived the matter as not worth disputing with "a lady so beautiful that even lions would crouch before her." "She is so vain and flighty that her anger was soothed at hearing this," wrote the ambassador in his account of the interview, when he referred to Elizabeth not as a lion-taming lady, but a "rusty old weather cock" veering with every breeze.

This proud but pathetic majesty had much to fear from the maids. They could not help it; nobody could. It was just human nature, imperfectly disciplined. She fell in love with the step-son of her old lover, Leicester; fell in love when she was old and lonely, with a young philanderer of the court, who abused his advantage and treated her with wilful caprice. He demanded a monopoly of her favors, and when she showed some kindness to a rival provoked a duel and got himself wounded, and after the caustic observation on Elizabeth's part that some one ought to take him down, he made it up in this crude fashion:

Essex soon made his peace, as well he knew how; a caressing gesture, a few endearing words, such were treasures to Elizabeth by their rarity. The flowing compliments which slipped so easily from Raleigh's facile tongue were difficult to Essex. Indeed, his flattery of the queen was so stilted that Sir Francis Bacon took him to task on the subject, saying, "a man may read your formality in your countenance; whereas it ought to be done familiarly and with an air of interest."

Frances Walsingham, Sir Philip Sidney's widow, could have told the queen the difference between my Lord of Essex's real and artificial love-making, for her he wooed, won, and secretly married. The news when it came to the queen's ears caused her paroxysms of jealous misery which preyed alike on mind and temper. The whole court in general, and the ladies of the privy chamber in particular, suffered vicariously, as an apprehensive courtier informed Lord Talbot:

"If she could overcome her passion against my Lord of Essex for his marriage, no doubt she would be much quieter; yet doth she use it more temperately than was thought for, and God be thanked, doth not strike all she threatens. The earl doth use it with good temper, concealing his marriage as much as so open a matter may be; not that he denies it to any, but for Her Majesty's better satisfaction is pleased that my lady shall live very retired in her mother's house."

Before long both queen and wife had common cause together, for neither could claim Essex's vagrant affection for long, and he began to pay great attention to Lady Mary Howard, Her Majesty's pretty cup-bearer.

And there is the note of bitterness on Ann Russell's wedding:

After the feast came a masque performed by the maids of honor. The girls had invented a new dance especially for the occasion, and "each had a shirt of cloth of silver, a rich waistcoat wrought with silkes and gold and silver, a mantell of carnation taffeta cast under the arme, and their hair loose about their shoulders curiously knotted and interlaced." Into the hall they came led by Mary Fitton, "and delicate it was to see eight ladies so pretty and richly attired."

The masque ended in great applause from the on-lookers, when vivacious Mary Fitton, approaching the queen, entreated that she would come and join in the dancing.

"Who art thou?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Affection," replied Mary Fitton, and the word stung the queen to the quick.

"Affection! Affection is false," quoth she bitterly. "Yet Her Majestie rose and dawnsed."

The reader of this book will find in it a great deal of interest about the maids of honor, but the best of it serves as a mirror to reflect the Virgin Queen, and reflect her as a human being rather than a depersonalized agency of statecraft. The treatment is sympathetic and the reader may supply the analysis himself. As a view of a great age it is well worth while. The illustrations are especially interesting and historically valuable, and include a reproduction of a painting in the collection of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, showing Elizabeth dancing with the Earl of Leicester.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR. By Violet Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.



### BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ended September 30, 1922, were \$149,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$140,000,000; an increase of \$9,600,000.

There appears on the horizon no other adequate source of help but the United States if Europe is to be brought back to a healthy condition within the near future, Dr. Henry A. E. Chandler, economist of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, declares. "During the four years that have elapsed

upon business conditions with sufficient force to prevent the restoration of the productive power of some of the principal nations of Europe.

"On the other hand, there is a deadlock in international opinion which in many ways is the more difficult to solve. The latter arises chiefly from the inability of the nations to understand the insurmountable difficulties in each other's problems.

"The fact is that there exists in France as in Germany a very complicated and difficult condition of affairs. Just as it appears impossible for Germany to get upon her feet without a respite, so it appears impossible for France, without reparations or financial help from other countries, to meet the obligations that face her. And even if Great Britain could afford to, and were willing to, cancel the entire French debt to her without relief from her debts to the United States, France could not entirely forego reparation payments for any considerable time without other substantial financial help from the outside.

"This is the central fact of the situation in Europe. It does not, of course, include many important factors that must be considered before sound conditions can be established. Many of these questions, notwithstanding the pressing nature of some of the situations they involve, must wait for their final solution until the deadlock has been broken. The central fact in the present European situation, then, involves principally two things:

"First, whatever may be the theoretical capacity of several of the European nations, the governments (through which all national policy must in the end be expressed) face a combination of economic and financial burdens that they can not carry unaided.

"Second, partly because of this financial deadlock, and partly because of the misunderstanding of each other, European nations worn nerveless by long attempts at working out their own problems, have been driven farther and farther into a deadlock of opposing opinion.

"The evidence appears well nigh overwhelming that Europe is unable to pull herself out of this dilemma without help. Europe must have help in two ways:

With both coal strikes settled and the railway shopmen's strike practically over, surprise has been expressed in some quarters that the market did not respond vigorously to the good news. But this is not the way of Wall Street. The outcome had been long expected and discounted marketwise, so that on its announcement there was a wave of profit-taking whose effect has been augmented by efforts of the bearish element.

However, in a bull market it is quite normal to have a fair setback about the middle of September and, considering the extent of the previous advances, the declines have been moderate and have resulted in an increased short interest in many stocks and improvement in the technical position. Bears lay much store by the fresh complications in Europe brought about by the new snarl in the German reparations matter and, what is more serious, the danger of general war in the Near East in consequence of the Turkish successes and the Soviet attitude. However, this latter menace is likely to bring about ultimately a closed rapprochement between the Allies and the strong stand taken by Great Britain is apt to check very shortly the ambitions of the Turk.

Coal production is now being pushed to the utmost, and the question of adequate supplies is largely dependent on the railroads. For some months there will be undoubtedly a scarcity of coal in some districts and resulting high prices, but this condition is temporary. The steel industry is slowly getting back into its stride, with the prospect of continued improvement throughout the balance of the year.

Reports from the various industries continue in the main encouraging. The spectacular shut-down of the Ford works reflects conditions applying to that particular company, or, possibly, merely the mental attitude of its

owner. The companies manufacturing railroad equipment are receiving a flood of orders. The locomotive companies are especially rushed and are steadily increasing operations. According to a recent statement of President Vaucrain, Baldwin, which is now operating at about 50 per cent. capacity, will be working at full capacity by the end of the year. The significance of this can be realized when it is remembered that this company can earn all charges and dividends with a liberal margin over when operations for the year average only 30 per cent. capacity. The locomotive business is peculiar in that it fluctuates enormously from year to year, and consequently large profits must be exacted.—*The Trader*.

It would seem to be a sign of increasing prosperity in Europe if people there have money to invest in America. In discussing bond market conditions this summer the *Guaranty Survey*, published by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, calls attention to a recent growing demand from abroad for American securities: "This demand has come chiefly from Holland and Switzerland, where money rates are low and surplus funds in large amount appear to be available for investment. Interest is centered in Liberty Bonds and foreign dollar bonds issued in the United States, which are tax-free to non-resident aliens, as well as in the standard railroad issues with which foreign purchasers are familiar."

The ranks of those lined up against the dismemberment of the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific system in this state have been strengthened by the addition of the Central California Traffic Association, a body composed of traffic managers of some of the greatest business organizations in this part of the state.

Convinced that dissolution of this great rail system would mean added freight bills to the extent of several million dollars every year and inferior service due to the two-line haul, the executive committee of this organization, of which A. T. White, traffic manager of the Emporium, is chairman, passed resolutions backing up the chambers of commerce and civic organizations throughout the state which are going before the Interstate Commerce Commission to state the public's side of the case.

The shippers declare they are not interested in the success of any railroad, but in this case are convinced that if the Union Pacific secures the dismemberment of the S. P. C. P. system, as it asks, the men who pay freight bills will be the real losers.

The California Electric Railway Association, whose membership includes electric transportation companies in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Bakersfield, Fresno, San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento, San Diego and many other parts of the state, also has passed resolutions strongly protesting the unmerger, and has sent copies of the protest to the Interstate Commerce Commission and members of Congress interested.

Most of the organizations throughout the state which have heard arguments on the question of dismemberment have gone on record against it and have joined the shippers' committee against dismemberment in planning to present the public's case to the commission.

Essentially a product of evolution, the Investment Bankers' Association of America was formed as a result of conferences on other matters held between Eastern and Western bond dealers. Organization was perfected in New York on August 8, 1912, with 181 main and 13 branch offices on the rolls. Within the decade this number has increased to 555 main and 258 branch office memberships—a 200 per cent. increase in nine years.

George B. Caldwell, at the time with the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, was the founder of the organization and its first president, serving until 1914—a two-year administration. In addition to "the father of the association," as he is known, the following men played important rôles in initial activities, and the policies they laid down have been carried through to the present time by the organization without important deviation: Lewis B. Franklin,

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Allen G. Hoyt, William R. Compton, Warren S. Hayden, C. T. Williams, and a number of others. With a vastly larger membership than was registered in its early days, the association still stands committed to its original tenets.

The first convention of the organization was held in New York on November 21, 1912. It has met annually during the intervening years in the following cities in order: Chicago, Philadelphia, Denver, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Atlantic City, St. Louis, Boston, and New Orleans, where last year a record attendance of 890 was registered. St. Louis, in 1919, had recorded 700 delegates, Boston the next year reporting 650 in attendance.

There had come about, before organization among the bond dealers, a growing feeling of the importance that the investment banking business was assuming. The conviction had been gaining strength that investment banking occupied a distinct and separate field from



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general banking. While recognizing that competition is an incentive in any line of business, the dealers also faced the fact that the investment banking business is by nature somewhat coöperative, and that investment bankers of the United States and Canada have much in common. The formation of a syndicate is essentially the formation of a temporary partnership, it was clear.

With the increasing size of issues offered to the public many problems were presented for solution, to say nothing of legislation in the several states and in Congress. In addition public utility commissions and their rulings affected the value of securities. All these factors, together with many others, had created the feeling that some organized effort must be made to bring together the legitimate dealers of the country. Today the organization comprehends in its membership 95 per

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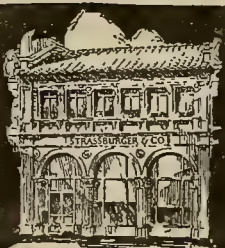


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since the armistice closed the great war there has always existed a strong hope that conditions in Europe were gradually improving, and that a solution would finally be found for the great conflict of interests that has been impeding Europe's recovery," Dr. Chandler writes in the October issue of the bank's magazine, *Commerce Monthly*.

"The occurrences of recent months, however, have finally brought many people all over



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the world to recognize what some of the ablest observers in Europe have long ago seen, namely, that there exists in the *status quo* left by the war and by the treaty of peace a series of economic, financial and political conditions that have been slowly but surely driving some of the principal European nations into a deadlock which in some ways becomes set harder and harder with each successive month.

"This deadlock is two-fold in nature. On the one hand, a series of economic conditions and inter-governmental financial obligations arising out of the war have forced governments into financial practices which react

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cent. of the better investment bankers of the United States and Canada.

As the association has grown the board of governors, which meets quarterly for this and other purposes, has exercised greater care in consideration of applications for membership quantity membership, with the result that admission to membership has become a desired privilege to be kept at high value.

Up to thirty years ago the distribution of investment securities had been carried on principally by houses located in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In those days the modern syndicate was unknown; in fact such

and the listing of them is indicative of the scope and activities of the organization: business practice and ethics, constitution and by-laws, education, financing, and auditing, foreign securities, fraudulent advertising, government bond, industrial securities, irrigation securities, legislation, marine securities, membership, municipal securities, publicity, public service securities, railroad securities, real estate securities, syndicate agreements, and taxation.

As a rule the chairman of each committee is a member of the governing board, thus establishing contact of that body with committee work.

With an active board and committees at work, the secretary is concerned in keeping in touch with all, in referring matters between committees, carrying out the programmes mapped out, and conducting the general business of the association. The duty of appearing at hearings and stating the position of the association upon any public question comes from the president, the board of governors, or its committees.

Last year the organization took a great forward step in the formation of group organizations blanketing every geographical division of the country, California taking the lead in this expansion policy. The zeal and co-operation they exhibited was largely responsible for the enhanced growth the organization experienced last year.

When California won the 1922 convention at New Orleans last year the executive committee of the California group determined to stage, not only a successful convention, as far as thoroughgoing handling by the host committees could insure it, but to take maximum advantage of the opportunity to show their fellow investment bankers from beyond the Rockies an adequate cross-section of the scenic, agricultural, and industrial resources of the state. They pledged themselves to see to it that the men who have helped underwrite and market the securities of California's large capital enterprises, and who have been familiar with the development of those resources through absorption of analysis and reports, should see at first hand the reality. Hence the week's swing through Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, en route to Del Monte for the convention, October 9th-12th, with the post-convention day in San Francisco.

California and the bankers both will be material gainers as the result of the better acquaintanceship.—Cyrus Peirce.

At the regular meeting of the board of trustees of the Equitable Trust Company of New York, held September 20, 1922, a quarterly dividend of 4 per cent. was declared on the outstanding capital stock of the company, payable September 30, 1922, to stockholders of record September 22, 1922.

Stripped to its essentials, the so-called Water and Power Act proposes the issuance of \$500,000,000 of state bonds to put the State of California into the electrical power business. This is six times the present bonded indebtedness of the state and twice the bonded indebtedness of the State of New York, which has four times the assessed valuation of California.

California today leads the world in electrical power development. Nowhere else is power so plentiful and so cheap. Private enterprise has accomplished this and may be depended upon to keep pace with the growing needs of the state.

But as the growth of California proceeds the state will need more and better country highways, more schools and more public buildings. The state will have to finance them. Private enterprise will not do it.

The issuance of \$500,000,000 of bonds would stretch California's credit to the breaking point. Even if the Water and Power Act accomplished everything that its advocates claimed for it California would be no better off than it is at present, with the private producers of electrical power operating under the control of the state railroad commission. The people of the state have everything to lose and nothing to gain in the proposed experiment.

Why should California bond itself to the limit to go into the power business when it is going to need its credits to discharge properly the legitimate functions of the state government? The answer is obvious to every thinking person, and intelligent voters of California may be depended upon to defeat the preposterous water and power scheme at the polls next November.

Despite the recent strikes of shopmen and coal workers, resulting in traffic congestion on Eastern lines and a car shortage in the West, new records in the loading of freight cars with commercial products for shipment throughout the country were established during September by the Southern Pacific Company on its Pacific system.

Records revealed by J. H. Dyer, general manager of the company at San Francisco, show that the loading of cars during the past month increased 15 per cent., as compared with September, 1921, and September, 1920.

The large increase in loadings was con-

sidered as most gratifying by officials of the Southern Pacific Company. They pointed out that the report proved conclusively the recent shopmen's strike had not acted to curtail traffic on the lines of the company or to place large numbers of cars out of commission.

Completed reports from all districts of the system show that for the first twenty-seven days of September this year a total of 82,421 cars were loaded with consignments of freight. For the same period in September, 1921, the total was 71,782 cars. The loading for this period of September, 1920, totaled 71,361 cars.

The tabulation reveals that the average daily loading of cars for September of this year amounted to 3053 on the Pacific system, as compared with a daily average of 2659 cars for the same period a year ago, or an increase of 394 cars per day.

With records for the entire month of September of this year rapidly being completed, it was indicated the car loadings for the month amounted to approximately 91,500, as compared with a total of 79,400 cars for September, 1921, and 79,303 cars for September, 1920. This was an increase of approximately 12,100 cars for the past month over September a year ago.

Mr. F. A. Freeman, president, and Mr. Frank W. Camp, secretary of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are in San Francisco prior to the Investment Bankers' Convention at Del Monte in order to confer on matters affecting the California offices of the company.

The foremost question of the moment is whether the remarkable activity of the mid-summer months will be followed by a period of gradually and conservatively increased business or whether it is the forerunner of a period of secondary inflation. The indications point clearly to the conclusion that good business based primarily on domestic requirements is ahead for the autumn months, but that inflation in the generally accepted sense will not occur, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York.

Manufacture is on a satisfactory basis, excepting in so far as some industries have suffered from lack of coal and inadequate transportation facilities. Crop yields are excellent for practically all crops except cotton, according to the September estimates, and the forecast is for a cotton crop more than two million bales above that of last year. Unemployment is practically non-existent. Retail and wholesale business in the United States during the autumn will show considerable expansion over that of the corresponding period of 1921.

It must nevertheless be recognized that even though crops are large, dollar wheat, a considerable decline in the price of hogs since the first of June, and relatively low prices of other agricultural products have reduced the purchasing power of the farmer. The situation is similar in respect to other important classes of raw materials. These conditions and the fact that not far from one million men were continuously out of work as a result of strikes during the greater part of the summer are major factors which have effectively blocked inflation at this time. Business is being booked for requirements of the immediate future and forward buying is cautious. Good business is assured, but it is not reasonable to expect a boom.

Conditions abroad and the state of the exchanges are not such as to encourage any idea that there is to be any large increase in European business in the near future. Exports from the United States to countries where general business shows improvement, such as Australia, the leading South American countries, Central America and the West Indies, will probably increase somewhat, but these countries are primarily dependent on conditions in the international market for raw materials, chiefly agricultural, and their inhabitants are therefore in a position differing in no important way from that of the American farmer. They will unquestionably buy more freely than they bought last year, but not extravagantly.

It may well be that prices in some lines may continue to tend upward as price and wage readjustment proceeds, but any rapid general upward tendency in the prices of goods ready for the ultimate consumer would be checked by unwillingness and inability on the part of purchasers throughout the world to follow up the market. Manufacturers and merchants will still find it essential to pursue a policy of careful and economical operation, for the best prospect of profits lies, not in rapidly rising prices, but in operating efficiency and gradually expanding volume of business.

The probable course of money rates during the next few months must be judged in connection with several factors, namely, the degree of activity in general business, the course of government refunding operations, the amount of slack present in the leading capacity of the individual banks of the country and the change in the effect of crop-moving requirements on the money situation by reason of the operations of the Federal Reserve system.

One of the prime purposes of the establishment of the Federal Reserve system was to

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overcome the seasonal stringency which prior to that time had been a characteristic of the money market of this country. The abnormal business conditions which prevailed from the autumn of 1914 until midsummer of 1921 made it impossible to judge with any accuracy the probable effectiveness of the system in stabilizing the money market through the crop-moving season. During the autumn

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months of 1921 the dominant factor in the money market was the rapid liquidation of loans as a result of the general business readjustment then in progress. The current season is the first since the passage of the Federal Reserve Act when the machinery then established has had the opportunity to function under reasonably normal conditions.

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a form of distribution really began to assume national proportions less than fifteen years ago. Ten or twelve years ago as corporate financing developed, as municipal financing grew in amount, the dealers found it necessary to cooperate more closely in distributing. About that time it was estimated that \$1,557,146,000 in corporate securities and \$400,000,000 in state and municipal securities were distributed to the investing public, as compared with \$1,826,498,000 in corporate securities and \$1,030,000,000 in state and municipal securi-

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ties for the latest available annual period. The policies of the Investment Bankers' Association are laid down by the board of governors and its officers, and these policies are executed by the standing committees of the organization. Appointed each year, these committees are active in fact and not theoretically. Appointment as a member of a committee means work and travel in conferences and entails study and a large correspondence. No individual is asked to serve unless willing to give of his time to the work to be undertaken.

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is nevertheless noteworthy that although large crops were moved very rapidly during the fall months of 1921, the resultant demand for money did not check the steady decline in money rates.

On the basis of current conditions and the factors referred to above, there is no justification for expecting any sharp change in money rates in the near future, although such change as takes place is likely to be in the direction of slightly higher rates.

Captain Thomas Harold Messer, C. E., U. S. A. (retired), announces that he has resumed private practice as consulting engineer, with executive offices in the Mills Building, San Francisco. Telephone Garfield 733. With eighteen years of technical training and practical experience in building construction problems, architectural and landscape development, city and country planning, and civic betterment, he offers expert personal service.

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At a marriage ceremony in India the bride stands on a large plate filled with milk and rose colored sweetmeats.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

"This Freedom" suffers from the malady that afflicts all thematic novels—that of an arbitrary decision in a factitious case. It can not be otherwise with a thematic novel unless like a certain recent play it offers two endings, and then it is the reader's choice that is arbitrary. The moral of all which is that it is both fatal and impossible to generalize, though generalize one must to solve a general problem. The old query rears its head whether literature is a legitimate vehicle for moral questions. The answer, of course, depends on one's personal ethical convictions. But the query is a legitimate one, and there is the inevitable fact that a solution to a social, moral, or ethical problem is not equal to that of a mathematical problem. The former is written to support a foregone conclusion; the latter is the inevitable result of its premises.

But to leave formulas and get down to facts. Mr. Hutchinson has written a powerful defense for his brief, which is that a married woman's first allegiance is to her children. Stated thus baldly the case seems too obvious to need treatment. But it is the obverse of the medal that engages Mr. Hutchinson's interests and sympathies. Seen from the other angle of the paradox, the theme of "This Freedom" is whether or not a married woman has a right to an independent career. Beyond a doubt the individualists will chorus a mighty affirmative to this bald statement. The question is truly a vexatious one—in print. Personally, we have a theory that Rosalie's case would never arise in the three dimensions of reality, or if it did, would be in the freak case—and Mr. Hutchinson hints that his heroine was such a one—of a dual personality. There are women undoubtedly who are as engrossed in business or career as Rosalie was—that is, to the degree rarely achieved by either sex where the interest in work absorbs everything else. Such a woman, we maintain, would not have married, or if she had would have proved so unsatisfactory a mate that the marriage would not have endured long enough to work the havoc wrought by Rosalie's and Harry's. There may be—but we have not known them—women capable of the dual personality exhibited by Rosalie of business machine—she was a banker—and emotional parent. But at least, fortunately, their number is not great. The female of the species is usually either a characteristic example of the gentler and more emotional sex or she belongs, when reason outweighs emotion, to what is latterly called the third sex. Rosalie marvelously combined these two phenomena. It is hard to imagine that one so affectionate, so emotional as she would have so relentlessly and terribly sacrificed her family. Still, an extraordinary, a freakish dual personality might have done so. Only—we repeat—such are, by the law

of chance, rare. Rosalie is admitted by her author to be an unusual character. Why apply her problems to ordinary mortals? The majority of her sex are by the nature of things primarily mothers. Surely we can afford the luxury of a few feminine bankers who are most likely spinsters, nine out of ten times.

Otherwise, and we have treated its problem first because it is that that will engage the instant and clamorous attention of the public, "This Freedom" is a striking piece of work, and a much more artistic one than "If Winter Comes." In both these novels Mr. Hutchinson's characterization is remarkably fine and the plot of "This Freedom" shows greater dramatic power than the former book. There is a wonderful drive about it. It is a thing that, having read, one could not forget. This is partly due to a rather mannered presentation of material in "This Freedom." Unless we are mistaken, Mr. Hutchinson has taken a leaf from Edgar Lee Masters' method in "Domesday Book." Sometimes the affectation of legal phraseology is identical. It is certainly not without power and it is conducive to verisimilitude. But let us pray all the gods that ever were imagined that the custom will not be generally adopted. Once in the case of Mr. Masters and twice in the case of Mr. Hutchinson are decidedly enough. If the legal treatment affected by these gentlemen, combined with their common delusion of being the god in the machinery of destiny, becomes general we shall eschew all novels and live happily ever after. Meanwhile, "This Freedom" is eminently worth reading—though we wish it were possible for its author to patent his method. Already we can see a ghastly long line of lesser gods from machines showing the strings with which they pull their puppets and philosophizing in a vein half way between Dickens and E. L. Masters between pulls. Please, Mr. Hutchinson, patent it! But as for the question answered by "This Freedom"—a novel can prove nothing. All this one proves is that A. S. M. believes a woman's place is in the home, and doubtless he knows. He is a bachelor. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors

The author of a book of French recipes recently reviewed in these columns, Xavier Raskin, whose practice of French cooking has been largely got in America, has for many years been the chef in the family of Mrs. Elliott McAllister. M. Raskin's book, "The French Chef in Private American Families" (Rand, McNally & Co.), is an exhaustive treatment of French recipes adapted to American cooking conditions.

The Princeton University Press is preparing the fifth edition of Professor Edwin Grant Conklin's "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men." This will be

the ninth printing of this important book. Revised with every new printing, its sales, instead of dropping off, show a steady increase.

"Memories of Travel," by Viscount Bryce, will be published early in 1923 by the Macmillan Company. These observations and impressions of a veritable citizen of the world will carry the reader to such unusual scenes of travel as Iceland, the Altai Mountains, and the Marsh of Suworov, as well as showing fresh aspects of Palestine, the isles of the Pacific, and the scenery of North America.

In answering the question, "Which is your favorite among all the characters in your books?" put to him recently by the London Bookman, Mr. Locke made a characteristically "Lockean" reply, "Perhaps Septimus, who has always struck me as being rather a dear ass." Dodd, Mead & Co. have announced a new story by Locke, "The Tale of Triona," for early publication.

A book for artists, architects, and all other lovers of beauty is "Villas of Florence and Tuscany," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein (J. B. Lippincott Company). It consists of three hundred photographic illustrations of the finest examples of Italian villas, taken by the author and accompanied by five chapters of descriptive text.

It is not generally known that Gilbert Frankau, the author of "The Love Story of Alette Brunton" (The Century Company) new this year, "Peter Jameson," a success of yesteryear, etc., was at twenty-one president of a large corporation and a thoroughgoing business man. He sold out at great loss early in the days of the world war, enlisting in the British army as a private. He was a field gunner on the western front. Later he was sent to Italy on a special mission. He suffered shell-shock while on the peninsula expedition, and was invalided out of the service with permanent rank as captain. But Mr. Frankau never uses his military title.

Lord Dunsany's first work of fiction will be published this fall under the title "Don Rodriguez." He prefaces the book with the following: "I have chosen a pleasant tale for you in a happy land. I have youth to show you, and an ancient sword, birds, flowers, and sunlight, in a picture unharmed by any dreams of commerce."

"The Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling," by Percy Allen, has just been published by the Duttons. So long, so active, and so important was that life that the volume becomes practically a history of the London stage during the nineteenth century. Percy Allen, who is Mrs. Stirling's grandson, makes the narrative vivid and fascinating, filled with the color and the action of the days when the London theatres housed so many geniuses. For, as he well says, the story of her life links up the stage of the Siddons, the Kembles, and the Keans with that of the Irvings, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Bancrofts. There are many good stories of famous actors and actresses and the volume is illustrated with pictures of Mrs. Stirling and others, some of them reproduced from paintings in the Garrick Club.

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Louis Untermeyer.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## With a Poet in the Rockies.

It is easy for admirers of Vachel Lindsay to cavil at Mr. Graham's book, for after the Rockies, the volume is concerned less with the poet than with the narrator. Admirers of Mr. Graham, on the other hand, will note with interest that he is the better mountain-climber of the two. Poor Vachel was so hard put to it to keep up with the agile Englishman that he didn't give voice to as many good things as one hoped. Still, the book is worth reading for its chapter on the Dukhobars and the Mormons in Canada; and for passages like these: "Springfield is not even on the main line from New York. But neither is Bethlehem." And of Springfield's cordiality: "It was very moving for one who had come right out of the bitterness and quarrels of Europe and out of the loneliness of London. They know something about living which we are forgetting." As for Lindsay himself, he admires "the chivalric, leisurely, and flamboyant genius of the South," calls Santa Fé "the spiritual capital of America," is more interested in Swinburne (whose "Ode to Athens" he recited with gusto) than in Whitman, wants two or three literary lights per year from Europe to come to us sponsored by our magazines and universities, and believes in primitive Christianity. Finally, "his political hero is John Randolph or Andrew Jackson, his literary god is Ruskin, his artist in marble is St. Gaudens, his pet hobby is Egyptian hieroglyphics, his passion is the road, and his ideal is St. Francis."

TRAMPING WITH A POET IN THE ROCKIES. By Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

## The Singing Captives.

Bearing in mind the delightful "Quiet Interior," E. B. C. Jones' book of a year ago, we began "The Singing Captives" avidly, but eagerness soon spent itself on the latter. Perhaps Miss Jones is experimenting—her work has not the quality of pot-boiling—or for one reason or another she may not be in her best form. But certain it is that "The Singing Captives" does not compare with "Quiet Interior," which, despite the neutrality of its tone and title, pulses with life. By contrast, the gayer, louder tune one expects from "The Singing Captives" limps and stumbles along most lifelessly.

This defection is probably due to its having an anecdotal backbone about sufficient for the vitality of a short story. By dint of much characterization, interesting but still uninspired, the author has spun this out to the dimensions of a rather slim novel with, we think, unfortunate results. Though again, we may be prejudiced by expecting too much from the author of "Quiet Interior." Is it possible that Miss Jones is resting on her laurels? We do not purpose to let her do so. Any one who could write Miss Jones' former book should be ashamed of the nonchalance exhibited in "The Singing Captives." For example, Carolyn tells her brother, Roden, "I'm lurching with Anne at Simpson's today. Will you come?" That was at 10 o'clock. "At noon Roden roused himself" and went down to lunch, where the family was assembled, including Caroline! This is a minor point assuredly, but it doesn't make for greater reality and the thing is obviously a slip—not

intentional impressionism. Another error, more amusing, is the name of one of the characters, Evelyn Cashel. Evelyn, of course, is a man—we Americans are educated up to that. But Cashel! It is a pleasant sounding word and Miss Jones, we know, has a nice ear for well-sounding names, but we think Cashel a mistake. When Shaw gave it to his handsome prize-fighting hero it was with the intentional pun that cashel means, in Celtic, a ring. Nothing could have been more appropriate for Cashel Byron. Miss Jones may argue that it is a perfectly good proper name, but we maintain that in writing one must consider such fine points as literary association.

THE SINGING CAPTIVES. By E. B. C. Jones. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

## Santa Barbara and Montecito

The story of the origin of the name of California is told by John R. Southworth in his valuable little book on Santa Barbara and Montecito. Mr. Southworth is obviously a mine of early California lore. He is the author of a dozen or more volumes on his specialty, and the present one, an encyclopedic treatment of Santa Barbara, past, present, and future, bears witness to his thorough knowledge of our Spanish background.

His account of the naming of California bears repetition. In the year 1510, according to Mr. Southworth, a novel was published in Seville in which an island, rich in minerals and precious stones, and inhabited by a tribe of Amazons, "robust, dark women of great strength and great warm hearts," was named California. This magical isle was supposed to be a terrestrial paradise, and as the book was something of a best seller in its day the name "California" was evidently familiar to Spaniards as a sort of isle of the blest. What more natural than when discovering Lower

California and supposing it to be an island that the Spanish should name it, half jokingly perhaps, California?

Mr. Southworth, having thus begun at the beginnings of things, goes on to the discovery of Santa Barbara by Cabrillo, relates the history of subsequent expeditions of exploration and the entire history of Santa Barbara up to the very present. In fact the latter part of his book is a guide-book to the beautiful California resort, but we like better his picture of the halcyon days of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century in the little settlement that was discovered on the anniversary of Saint Barbara's martyrdom.

SANTA BARBARA AND MONTECITO. By John R. Southworth. Santa Barbara: The Orena Studios.

## New Books Received.

WHEN WINTER COMES TO MAIN STREET. By Grant Overton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"Flying leaves from autumn books."

THE JUDGE. By Rebecca West. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

By the author of the "Return of the Soldier."

A KNIGHT AMONG LADIES. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

"A romance over a garden fence."

NICOLETTE. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75.

A tale of old Provence.

OLD MOROCCO AND THE FORBIDDEN ATLAS. By C. E. Andrews. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.

Travel.

PRIVATE DIARIES OF THE RT. HON. SIR ALGERNON WEST, G. C. B. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

British political history.

INDUCTION COILS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Professor F. E. Austin, E. E. Hanover, New Hampshire: Privately printed; \$1.

TOLD UNDER A WHITE OAK TREE. By Bill



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AT ALL DEALERS

SHASTA WATER COMPANY

Hart's Pinto Pony. Edited by his master, William S. Hart. With illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

MEMOIRS OF THE MEMORABLE. By Sir James Denham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5.

Recollections of great English statesmen, fighters, writers, and artists.

PEOPLE AND PLACES. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

An anonymous narrative of life in five continents.

MY BALKAN LOG. By J. Johnston Abraham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

The story of the first British Red Cross Serbian Unit.

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Later entries.

LEGISLATIVE PROCEDURE. By Robert Luce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

The first of four volumes covering in detail the whole subject of law-making and representative government in the United States.

FREQUENTED WAYS. By Marion Newbegin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

A general survey of the land forms, climates, and vegetations of Western Europe.

THE FIGHTING EDGE. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A Western novel.

JOHN BURROUGHS TALKS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

His reminiscences and comments as reported by Clifton Johnson.

DON RODRIGUEZ. By Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

Chronicles of Shadow Valley.

AN INSTRUMENT OF THE GODS. By Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Stories of the sea.

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## OLD TIVOLI DAYS RETURN.

Somehow those old Tivoli days, with their gay informality, and the merriment that had a personal element in it as it was launched from the footlights straight to the delighted receptivities of San Francisco's jolliest citizens, have left a well of sentiment. They belong to "the city that was," some declare, stoutly asserting that the old atmosphere is forever gone.

But it was revived at the Rivoli on Monday night. People came in shoals that had given up the theatre-going habit. The solid citizens were there who always loved laughter and whose faces bore the creases of chronic jollity.

Some of them organized and bought the first half-dozen rows of the theatre. And what a shout they raised when kind-eyed Paul Steindorff appeared in the orchestra pit, and what a yell when Ferris Hartman, beaming with the celebrated smile wholly untarnished by time, skipped in.

The old-timers rose in their seats, shouted "Teddy, Teddy, good old Teddy!" waved handkerchiefs and programmes, and let themselves go with a joyous whoop.

And "Teddy"—the old familiar name Ferris Hartman was known by—turned, metaphorically speaking, fifty different kinds of handspring. There was no professional pretense in his joy. It was pure happiness. For he and some hundreds in the audience were almost persuaded that time had rolled back and the past had come again.

And then they settled down to business, and we speedily found that no advantage had been taken of the audience's melting mood. For the performance they gave was just as good as we are wont to see when musical comedy is given in the higher-priced theatres.

In the first place they had secured a group of principals with good voices, pretty Lillian Glaser, with her face of youthful innocence enshrined in a flood of golden curls, having a pure, sweet, lyric soprano, that comes as effortless and crystalline as water from a spring. John Van has a robust tenor of considerable ring and amplitude, the young man being fortunately endowed with such athletic proportions as to top almost by a head the tall, slender soprano.

Nona Campbell has a pleasing appearance, a good address, and a mezzo of good tone and volume, and Robert Carlson intoned Odalisk's melodious aria in a voice that recalled Eugene Cowles' once popular basso.

Rafael Brunetto has a baritone that proved to be invaluable in the concerted numbers, and Hazel Van Haltren and Lavinia Winn twittered lightly but sweetly, the latter young lady possessing a pair of thrilling continuations that, fortunately, the masculine habiliments of the apprentice required to be a steady ornament on the landscape.

Ferris Hartman made a joke about his singing, and then made husky noises in the old familiar way. But mark you, he never slights a syllable. I remember how *simply* he was wont to get his tongue around the Gilbertian lines; always a test of the fully trained comedian. And Ferris Hartman's chronic way of taking the day's work joyously stands by him. He was as light on his feet as a boy, and never missed a single occasion to start the ball of laughter anew.

George Kunkel played a second comedian acceptably, and Paul Hartman, the youthful scion of his popular sire, was a giddily-skirted Egyptian cop.

Edna Malone is gifted as a dancer with lightness, grace, and dramatic expression, and the prettily costumed chorus gave a composite effect of youth, beauty, symmetry, and girlish enjoyment. It goes without saying

that with Paul Steindorff at the helm the musical part of the entertainment was done in first-rate style. And so the pretty voices of the pretty chorus united to give pleasure by their business-like efficiency from a musical point of view.

As to the opera, it was composed by Victor Herbert in his youth, when that gifted master of melodies was bubbling with spontaneity. Every melody and the occasional numbers showing Herbert's gift for dramatic expression were the expression of a youth as yet untouched by the exactions of wearing fame.

Harry B. Smith, famous, too, in his line, matched these gay melodies with gayer nonsense; for, as shown in "Starlight, Star Bright," Herbert could put so gentle a witchery in his seductive strains, that, on Monday night, when the familiar song was sung, the audience took turns in laughing at the lively patter and abandoning itself to a bath of sentiment at each recurrence of the "Starlight" measures—so much so, in fact, that the comedian was finally obliged to hint, in an improvised jingle, that every good thing must come to an end some time.

But the enjoyment of the audience in the opera wasn't all of a reminiscent nature, for the change that has come over musical comedy in the last five years, since its makers have discovered that its devotees want a story and a plot, has swung it around in line with just such works as "The Wizard of the Nile"; so that this quarter of a century piece seemed purely modern, more especially as the jokes were many of them made over and brought down to the present.

Well, it was a great night, and there are going to be many like it, in respect to regular enjoyment of comic opera, for the tastes of the younger generation will be well ministered to. All over the house, the other night, we heard the carefree laughter of youth rising above the jolly boom of middle-aged mirth. For the many must be reached to make a success in this world of competition; and for some reason there seems to be unprecedented activity in the theatrical business of San Francisco at present.

The Hartman-Steindorff combination meet the inevitable competition with popular prices; and, if I mistake not, another new theatrical enterprise will be obliged to do the same; measurably, at least. For there are always the movies in active competition.

## THE PLAZA OPENS.

On Wednesday evening of last week the newly renovated Plaza, the playhouse of the San Francisco Stage Guild, opened its doors to the public.

The Plaza opens under the happiest auspices, as it possesses an advisory board and has a long list of guarantors, both composed of men and women prominent in the business, social, or intellectual life of San Francisco.

The plan of the Guild, to give plays of real merit that have also achieved something of a popular success, has greatly interested the theatre-going public of San Francisco, and the Plaza was sold out on the opening night, to an audience that showered the players with flowers and applause.

The selection of "Miss Lulu Bett" for the first vehicle proved a most happy one, as it is an eminently actable play, and full, not only of the richest essence of genuine human nature, but of humor as well; sometimes, it is true, of a sardonic nature. I had read the play, and had not realized with what full and beautiful measure the humor of it would carry over the footlights; which is an indication of how much a stage representation develops its possibilities.

The principal impression a reading of the play leaves upon the mind is the simple, humble beauty of Lulu's character, and the gradual evolution of drama in a home and among people which are the very essence of the commonplace. Zona Gale has that keen perception of the true and the genuine which enables her to make her characters utterly true to life. But life always having its blended elements of pathos and humor, this playwright, who understands so well how to get at the soul of her characters by the unconscious yet inevitable truthfulness of their characteristic expression, has evolved a play the dramatic action of which develops with that seeming casualness which stamps the drama of life itself.

The action of "Miss Lulu Bett" centres around the family affairs of the Deacons, Deacon père being a brother-in-law of Lulu, the household drudge. In this group the author has placed the sort of people that we see every day going to the corner grocery, or, if we live in a country town, watering the front garden. And with that keen perception that Zona Gale has for fundamental realities she shows us these people thinking their commonplace thoughts, going through the commonplace actions of their commonplace lives, and holding our attention riveted because she does not spoil the illusion by a single intrusion of purely theatrical effect. She fascinates us by the genuineness of her collected observations of life: no banalities, no sentimentalities, except as they are given as the

expression of a character. Thus, Dwight Deacon, the brother-in-law, is a man who is the human expression of the most banal portion of the Sunday edition. With the utmost self-complacency, and a thorough conviction that he is an original and a wit, he tapes out an unending string of platitudes. In this conviction Ina, his admiring wife, fully shares. The two children, being of a younger generation, have the usual strain of youthful irreverence, and the selfishness, egotism, and rebellion against legitimate authority which is frankly revealed by candid and unchastened childhood.

Ninian Deacon, the brother of Dwight, having knocked about the world, has gained some of the knowledge of life and character of which Dwight, the self-appointed god of the hearthstone, is totally devoid.

Grandma Bett is a genially truthful picture of the old lady with a decaying brain that has a habit of suddenly functioning with its old-time shrewdness. Grandma has the old lady habit of forgetting what she has been told, or suspecting what has been carefully concealed from her, and accusing her little world of being in a conspiracy to keep her in the dark. Grandma Bett greatly endears herself to the audience by her detestation of Dwight, her grim endurance of his children, and her solicitous affection for Lulu.

The two youthful suitors are the sort of thing that hangs around and gets under your feet in small-town families where there are girls, Bobby Larkin being just honest adolescence, and Neal Cornish the humble, patient, literal, inarticulate suitor who longs for the flower, but lacks the courage to put forth his hand and gather it.

Lulu is the only rarity, the fundamental humility of her nature preventing her from realizing that she is the only adult in that family who can give and win affection. Lulu supplies an instance of how a modest, unflashing gem can be denied and disprized by a prig and a cad. She gives, generally, the impression of joylessness, but that little pale, flickering flame of fun and repartee during her and Ninian's preliminaries to regard were an indication of what Lulu might flower out into in a Dwightless existence.

No doubt there were people in the audience who, in greater or less degree, were daily taking it out of their Lulu Betts, and who looked on shallowly sympathetic and illusively indignant over Lulu's thwarted life and baffled aspirations. For there are always Lulu Betts in the world, and always the egotists who impose on their instinctive longing to win affection by taking care of those they love.

Such people as Lulu are loved, even if they are tyrannized over, by every one around them except confirmed egotists, who, like Dwight, love only themselves.

Besides the lifelikeness of character and action in her play, Zona Gale adds to the vraisemblance by a natural and simple development of the theme so that each character has a share, without having a mechanical turn, in the evolution of the story. Lulu Bett is not by any means kept in the stage centre, Ninian, Dwight, Grandma Bett, and Manona, the *enfant terrible*, competing with her for that prominence, while Neal Cornish, Bobby, and fifteen-year-old Di and her calf-love affair become contributory to Lulu's humble drama of life.

The Guild has assembled a very good company, its full resources and best-known players not having been drawn on for the present programme. But every rôle in the cast was done excellently, Mary Morris having already inspired full confidence by her work as leading lady in the Maitland company. Those of us who had seen her in "The Rutherford," and who recognized a resemblance in the circumstances and some also in the characters of the two women protagonists of the two plays, looked confidently to see the intelligent and sympathetic impersonation Miss Morris gave. She rescued Lulu from an effect of monotony by the subdued inner fire that flashed when she finally faced and bore down her tormentor, but the toneless, dull voice of chronic dejection was pitched too low, on the first night; a fault which was probably corrected on subsequent nights.

Lloyd Carrigan's representation of Dwight's fatuous self love and the cruelty of his petty tyranny merits high praise. It was perfectly rendered, both this actor and Irving Dillon acting out their rôles with that submergence of their real selves which made them at one with the drama.

But, indeed, that was a characteristic of the cast in general, occasional spontaneous tributes being won by such simple effects as the depiction of a twelve-year-old's habitually artful evasion of the nightly command to go to bed, and her prolongation of each precious minute until the sentence of banishment was finally enforced.

The rôle of twelve-year-old Monona was admirably played by Eleanor Hesthall, who was neither gauche nor phonographic, but simply natural.

Emelie Melville has a juicy part in the rôle of Grandma Bett. And here we must again pause to admire the author's complete emancipation from stereotype. How many fireside old ladies have we seen in the drama,

saintly, white-haired, patient, and sweet-tempered; and boresome. Grandma Bett is no saint. She has a tongue and a temper, and she exercises them both freely. And how cleverly the author has invested her with the little foibles of age, its fretfulness, its occasional pathos, and its tendency to tantrums.

And how we did enjoy Grandma Bett in a tantrum; more especially as it blew off its steam on Dwight, the prime causer. Emelie Melville did not make the mistake of overdoing it, and gave, also, Grandma's occasional minor note when the weariness and the loneliness of old age momentarily overcame her with an effect of pathos that, possibly, in conjunction with the skill of the author's delineation, will have brought to many a perception never before felt of what old age means.

But primarily Grandma Bett meant comedy; genuine comedy, awakening the kind of amusement in which the intellectual perceptions may share.

The rôle of Di was cleverly represented by Irene McSwain, who graphically portrayed both the simpering self-consciousness of young girlhood indulging in its first bath of sentimentality, and the guileless artfulness of youthful deceit trying to gain its own ends.

Harold Minger and Warren Duff played the two rustic swains, giving to them that air of rural honesty and that awkward bluntness characteristic of the unpolished male with a simple sincerity that caused the two imperfections to be unstagily natural.

The performance as a whole gives the effect of having been stage-managed with care, skill, and intelligence. Whether it is the boredom of Monona, the native vigor of Grandma's scorn for Dwight, the airiness with which Di tries her errand camouflage, or the jaunty sophistication of Ninian, we feel ourselves at all times in the atmosphere of genuine drama; created by a dramatist of acute perceptions, trained under intelligent direction, and expressed with sympathetic comprehension.

It should be added that the Plaza has been renovated and decorated with light, cheerful, and harmonious colors, and that the settings were in complete conformity with the exactions of the play.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

## The New Disease.

Much interest is felt in social circles over the forthcoming appearance of Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., as a professional diseuse, Mrs. Lund having made a signal success last winter by her recital in New York in the drawing-room of Mrs. Henry Waters Taft, when the large audience of New York's élite there assembled set the seal of approval on her work.

Mrs. Lund's San Francisco programme includes impersonations of Gila Varesi in "Enter Madame," of Ethel Barrymore in "Déclassée," of Ruth Draper, now the most prominent diseuse on the American stage, in some of her characteristic work.

Following her appearance here Mrs. Lund is slated to give several recitals at different points in Southern California. The recital in San Francisco will take place on Monday evening, October 9th, in the ballroom of the Fairmont, on which occasion Mrs. Lund will be assisted by Elsie Cook Hughes, the London pianist, and by Deniah Hanifin, baritone.

Mrs. Lund's list of patronesses is as follows: Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. George Boyd, Miss Christine Donohoe, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. George Kelham, Miss Sara Kaufman, Mrs. George H. Mendel, Jr., Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. M. C. Sloss.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## Some Healy Offerings.

With a desire to reduce the quantity and increase the quality of concerts given in San Francisco, Manager Frank W. Healy has made but a few bookings for the coming music season, but all are of artists of stellar magnitude.

First on the Healy list are concerts to be given by Geraldine Farrar. Miss Farrar with a concert company including a capable accompanist, tenor, and 'cellist, will be heard at the new Shubert-Curran Theatre on Geary Street near Mason on Sunday afternoon, October 8th. She will also be heard under Mr. Healy's direction at the Municipal Auditorium on Thursday night, October 5th.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, whose appearances are

events of great importance, has been secured by Mr. Healy, and on Sunday afternoon, February 4th, at the Morosco Theatre, formerly the Century, he will be heard in a recital of music for the pianoforte.

Charles Hackett, the American tenor, who is at present the leading lyric tenor at the Monte Carlo Opera, will follow the Farrar engagement.

Titta Ruffo, the baritone, will be heard here in January. Ruffo is taking a two months' leave of absence from the Metropolitan so that he can fill engagements in the important cities of the United States.

Rosa Ponselle, the leading dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, will come here at the close of the Metropolitan season.

Mr. Healy has been offered the American tour of the famous Russian Balalaika-Orchestra, which under the direction of Dr. Eugen

Swerkoff is at present completing a tour of Germany, Austria, Holland, and England. With the Balalaika Orchestra is a full complement of vocal soloists and a group of Russian folk dancers.

## Reviving 'The First Born.'

It is many years since San Franciscans have seen Francis Powers' drama of Chinatown, "The First Born," but the memory of it is so strongly implanted in the hearts of drama lovers that the Rainey-Travers company at the Players Theatre has received numerous requests for its revival. Consequently it has been scheduled for a week's production, commencing next Monday evening, October 9th.

When originally produced in San Francisco at the old Alcazar, "The First Born" ran for eighteen weeks to capacity business. It was

the first play to capture the spirit of Chinatown as it was twenty years ago. It gave rise to a score of imitative plays, none of which succeeded in intriguing the public interest like the original.

A large cast of principals and many extras have been engaged for the present revival. William S. Rainey will play Chang Wang, the grief-stricken father; Dorothy Wetmore, Loey Sing; and Lorimer Johnston, the well-known character actor, the Doctor. Others in the cast are Ada Beveridge, Frederick McNulty, Callen R. Tjader, Arthur Pierson, John Walter, Barrie Hopkins, Louis Wood White, Horace Heslby, Joseph C. Sturgis, Peggy Shearer, Mrs. Harry Perry, and many others.

Preceding "The First Born," John Jex' delightful farce-comedy, "Violet Souls," will be given with a cast including Hilda Clough Deniville, Reginald Travers, William S. Rainey, Lorimer Johnston, Dorothy Woodward.

## The Orpheum Next Week.

Harry Watson, Jr., is one of the clever comedians, and presents some funny bits of burlesque, including his "Battling Kid Dugan" and the great telephone scene.

Songs with melodious airs, pretty girls each of whom is a soloist, singers and dancers, and his own inimitable personality mark the appearance of Anatol Friedland's new revue as one of the events of the season.

Karyl Norman, "The Creole Fashion Plate," has created such a sensation in San Francisco that the management has decided to hold over this artist for a third week.

Elizabeth Kennedy and Milton Berle display dramatic talent rare in youngsters of their age. They offer a little satire entitled "Broadway Bound," in which they show genuine ability.

Portraying rural types as the "Arkansas Travelers," the Weaver Brothers present a novel musical act full of fun and melody.

A chic little miss and a clever eccentric comedian are Babcock and Dolly, and they place their skit "On the Boulevard."

Vincent O'Donnell, "The Miniature McCormack," is one of Gus Edwards' protégés. Vincent has grown since his last visit here, but still has the same excellent voice.

Corinne, a vivacious miss, presents a remarkable dance production, beautifully staged and costumed, with Dick Himber.



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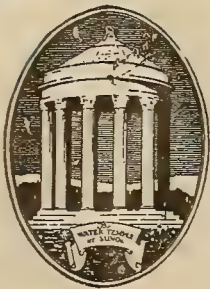
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This quotation is from an address made by City Engineer O'Shaughnessy to the Commonwealth Club on the water supply problem of San Francisco.

The conduit he spoke of is the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy Aqueduct, the construction of which is now under way.

When completed it will be used by Spring Valley to bring Calaveras water from Irvington to Crystal Springs Reservoir, the water company paying the city for this use.

Spring Valley is at present increasing the height of Calaveras Dam, and will provide facilities for carrying Calaveras water as far as Irvington, where it will enter the Hetch Hetchy line.

The city and the water company, in other words, are coöperating to solve the immediate problem of more water for San Francisco.

When the city and the company complete their respective parts of the programme, there will be direct connection between Calaveras Reservoir and Crystal Springs Reservoir. Our supply will be increased by 24 million gallons daily.

This addition of 24 million gallons daily will not exhaust the possibilities of the big Alameda County reservoir.

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## VANITY FAIR.

In divorcing her "Lily Love," Juanita Miller, Joaquin's daughter, will have the sympathy of all that have been over that road before her. It was a case in which separation was inevitable. Juan, aforesaid Lily Love, suffered a keen disappointment. He found he was wedded to work, and he did not love it. A Mormon prophet once got a revelation to the effect that the Lord did not wish him to work, but Juan did not appear to need a revelation; he knew it intuitively. It just made him weary, and there seemed to be no compensating benefits. "There were things about the Heights for him to do," said Juanita, "such as putting post-cards in envelopes and mending the fence and things, and he wouldn't do them. Had he worked, or been of any help, I would have loved him, but when he was very much separated from me by giving me no love and no help and no escort and no support and consideration, why, simply, my love ceased." Pathetic, that, on both sides. Of course, Juanita was exacting. Putting post-cards into envelopes was enough. She should not have expected fence-mending, which tends to bring a Lily Love into contact with harsh boards and posts with the bark on, and nails and such materialistic things, enough to knock the spots off any Lily and the love out of any Lily Love. It was too heavy a burden to lay on the aching back of any bridegroom. She could have expected nothing but uncontrollable irritability. But Juan should not, for all that have knocked her down. "It may have been well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down the stairs?" says an old bit of verse. Ah, why? Some persons go too far. The energy required for such demonstrations of cave-man affection would build part of a fence. The violence was misdirected. Concentrated on the twisting of a post-hole auger it would do some good in the world, although it might raise blisters on the hand of the Lily. Women should investigate these things before marriage. If a man is just going to be a sort of matrimonial I. W. W., the divorce bill might as well be presented with the marriage certificate. Poor Juanita! Her orange blossoms must have grown on a lemon tree.

Positively a new fashion in matrimonial trouble is set us by the Tiernan case in South Bend, Indiana; although it recalls the story of the Irishwoman whose divorce complaint against her husband was that she suspected he was not the father of her last child. Mrs. John P. Tiernan is positive her husband is not the father of her last child, and says so, and when Harry Poulin, on the witness stand, denied being its father she shouted right out in court that he was a liar. One strange aspect of the case is that South Bend sentiment, as represented in the courtroom audience, is badly bent and sympathizes with Mrs. Tiernan in the matter. It hisses Poulin's denials and applauds Mrs. Tiernan's affirmations, and will not be cheated of the most toothsome scandal it has savored in years. Notwithstanding that, Professor Tiernan sat in the courtroom, puzzled beyond the scope of professorial understanding by a series of situations he never encountered in any text-book he has thus far investigated. Under the laws of mere chance and probability, to say nothing of the laws of physiology and the customs of polyandry, Professor Tiernan might consider that he had an even break; but the crowd and Mrs. Tiernan will not have it so. That were too prosaic. Dates and the calendar do not seem to help much in the contest between the indubitable mother and the illicit but modest father. His denials of paternity are regarded as cowardly and lacking in sporting spirit. To the South Benders he seems devoid of any romantic impulses of gallantry, any proper masculine pride of paternal prowess. He has even tried an alibi, with dates. It is too much. The business is worse than any proceeding in a medieval Court of Love against the gallant that has kissed and told. Here is one that not only won't tell, but denies, and stubbornly seeks to ruin the best barber-shop story South Bend has rolled over its multitudinous tongues for a generation. We have no doubt the whole Studebaker works is stewing about it. Why should a man resent the tribute to his powers involved in being called a liar under such circumstances? We commend the case to Dan Totheroh, our rising young playsmith. Here is something wilder than "Wild Birds," less probable than the Thirteenth Labor of Hercules. South Bend must have a publicity expert.

Humanity's appetite for forbidden fruit was one of the first things it noticed about itself when it came down out of the trees and began to regard itself as human. This appetite it dramatized in the old three-act version of the Garden of Eden, where there was plenty of fruit, and humanity in the perversity of its heart got tired of all of it except the sort it should have avoided—with what effect on the population of the globe has not even yet been determined. And now we have "dry" navies patrolling our waters, and cellar sniffers going about our flat buildings trying to restrict people to those fruits whose juices have not been extracted, or those juices that have not yet

fermented. At home it works, in a way, to the enrichment of the peddler of "happy water" or worse. But abroad the American is likely to take a long, hard fling at what he is denied at home, and so the publicans of Deauville this summer have had a harvest. And the inclination toward the illicit has gone far beyond the various kinds of juice. It extends to the gaming table, where participation appears to be more general and stakes higher than ever before. And Americans are said to be doing more drinking and gambling there than the people of any other nationality. It is said the Americans only sleep between 8 o'clock in the morning and 2 in the afternoon, when the Casino is closed. The balance of the time they are leaning over the tables watching the spinning of the wheels or the progress of the little toy horses that run in slots. At 2 o'clock in the morning the scene in the Casino shows staid business men from Kokomo, Keokuk, or Los Angeles, men that vote their support and contribute their money to every worthy cause that guarantees to make other people moral and high-minded, shoving chips across green-topped tables and then figuring their gains and losses. Anybody that would crank a motion-picture camera on them at such a time and then develop a number of reels could sell the celluloid on the first showing—to some of the persons therein depicted, who would probably not exhibit it in their home towns. Lawyers, doctors, and solid business men with pews in the leading churches at home, would appear tilting long tumblers or thin-stemmed glasses—just boys away from school and home and mother and the preacher.

The curious thing about it, observable to the sophisticated, is that the majority of the players in the Casino are not the wayward sons of clergymen, nor youth of any type, nor seasoned sports accustomed to Delmonico's and Canfield's, but staid persons who look as though they went to bed at 9 o'clock in Des Moines or Cedar Rapids, like the people of the town in Oklahoma who objected to curfew because it woke them up. Of course, all sorts are represented. A recent 2-o'clock-in-the-morning inspection showed at one table a former American ambassador, a leading theatrical producer, a great New England lawyer, two Broadway stars, and the head of a big steel firm. But also the thirty tables devoted to baccarat and chemin-de-fer were surrounded largely by Americans that had to be told by the attendants and changers what to do in order to enjoy this rather technical form of vice. Many did not know when they had won, left their money up, and with beginners' luck won again. They were not persons that played at home, that was evident, and for most of them gambling appeared to be hard work. But they were willing to do it, and stayed late, stayed until the Casino closed at 8 o'clock in the morning. It was the novelty that got them, evidently. Gambling is no novelty to a continental. He can find chemin-de-fer running wide open whenever he wants to look for it, with just as little trouble as in this country a negro barber finds his way to a crap game. But the respectable Americans seemed starving for it, and did not care for sleep. What the European takes as a casual diversion they make a serious business, like the farm hand who complained: "It's Saturday night, and I've got to shave and put on a clean shirt and go to town and get drunk, and gosh how I hate it!" Although the Americans are not such plungers as the Europeans, in the aggregate they lose more because of greater numbers; and the bartenders tell the same tale—they are spending more for alcoholic encouragement. If the Americans were to leave in a body, Deauville would feel like a war profiteer threatened by a long peace.

Here's Gabriele D'Annunzio going to be a monk. He'll make a great monk. He could tell any monk in the monastery a story that would make him

Break from his cell  
With a hell of yell

And elope with the Mother Superior.

Trims for Fall Hats.

A thick whipcord chenille, in all colors and mounted on a coarse net in a close all-over row-on-row effect like corduroy, is used in a variety of ways to trim falls hats for women, according to the bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America. Two prominent uses of this new material, the bulletin says, are in the form of either single-ply appliques in conventional sprawling traceries on duvetyne or Lyons velvet shapes or thickly stitched together for an entire facing.

"Bows of duvetyne or velvet, stiffened by the row-on-row stitching lines of this new cord, are seen," it continues, "and entire brims or edge cords are not neglected by the designers in using it. Draped turbans in duvetyne, velvet, metal, or panne combinations so trimmed are a thriving local item, as well as Paisley print draped combinations.

"Pasted birds of hackle and coque, with long lacquered beaks, are used in making a certain line of window display hats with

panne tops and royal blue Lyons facings. Standard staple shapes are chosen to flaunt these vagaries, including left-side rolls, short-back pokes, and cloche and cushion brims."

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A storyette that dates to the eighteenth century is as follows: Dr. Johnson once met the village postman trudging along the dusty road on a hot summer afternoon. The postman observed that he had still a mile to walk just to deliver one newspaper. "My goodness!" exclaimed the sympathetic doctor, "I'd never go all that distance for such a trifle. Why don't you send it by post?"

Former Postmaster-General Hays, as every one knows, is an advocate of the air mail. "Of course, it gets criticized," he said, "and criticism is a good thing, but it can be run into the ground. I am reminded of the vaudeville producer who muttered as he read the press notices of his programme, 'These critics are thorough, all right. They don't leave a turn unstoned.'"

With reference to the millennium, Samuel Gompers recently said: "It is still a long way off, of course, but the workman is not the downtrodden slave he once was." He quoted the case of the tennis pro who was giving a new club member some pointers. "Hold your racket loosely, sir," he said. "Oh! more loosely! You hold it as stiff as if you were a hod-carrier." "But I am a hod-carrier," said the new member mildly.

The Southern Californian may think himself an adept making seductive pictures of his end of the state, but he can still learn from the Honolulu, out in the north Pacific. Down there they say a drummer from San Francisco sojourned a month, and when they took him to the homeward-bound steamer and put leis around his neck and sang "Aloha Oi" to him a few times, he cried like a baby and said he had forgotten his wife's first name.

The late Mrs. George Gould hated any desecration of the Sabbath. Motoring one summer Sunday in Lakewood, she encountered a family whose fortune had been made in asbestos. The rich asbestos makers were picnicking, fathers and sons over whisky and poker, mother and the girls with cigarettes and bridge. Mrs. Gould drew up to speak to her acquaintances. "Well," she said pleasantly, "I didn't know you Smiths had such faith in your asbestos."

Bishop Weller of Fond du Lac is responsible for the following: After a long life of storm and strife the wife of an Englishman died. After a while the Englishman, whose name was Henry, sought to get into communication with the spirit of the departed spouse. He went to the mystic precincts of a clairvoyant who put him in touch with the spirit of Harriet, his wife. After a few preliminary questions the husband said: "Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?" "Yes, 'Enry." "Are you 'appier than you were with me, 'Arriet?" "Yes, 'Enry." "Where are you, 'Arriet?" "In 'ell, 'Enry."

Pius XI is said to have a pretty wit. When the new Pope was Archbishop of Milan he motored one morning from Milan to Como to a lunch party at a great lakeside villa there. Another guest was a Milanese nobleman, who said to the archbishop: "Reverend father, if only you were St. Peter!" The archbishop inquired why his noble friend desired this metamorphosis. "Because, reverend father," explained the duke, "you would then hold the keys of heaven and could let me in." "My son," said the future Pope, "would it not be better for you if I held the keys of the other place? Then I could let you out."

Chauncey Depew tells the following anecdote in his recent book of memoirs: "When I was at Yale the faculty included several professors of remarkable force and originality. The professor of Greek, Mr. Hadley, father of the distinguished ex-president of the university, had a caustic wit and his sayings were the current talk of the campus. He maintained discipline—which was quite lax in those days—by the exercise of this ability. One day, when the boys had driven a calf into the recitation room, Professor Hadley quietly remarked: 'You will take out that animal. We will get along with our usual number today.'"

T. R. St. Johnston tells a story of a former Chief Justice, Sir Fielding Clarke, who during a tour of the mountain districts of Fiji arrived very hungry at a large village and found food scarce because of a big wedding in the town. He went for a stroll alone. After an interval he returned, beaming all over, and said, "What a cheery, hospitable house I have found down there!" pointing to a large, well-lit house facing them at the end of the town. "I was strolling past and they asked me in, and pressed upon me some excellent boiled fowl and roasted bread-fruit, followed up by a bowl of first-class yangona, after which there was some very good sing-

ing." One of the party who knew the language turned to a man standing by and asked what house that was at the end of the village. "Oh, that, sir, is the jail," came the astounding reply.

An incident in connection with the visit of Lord Rosebery, the former British premier, to Oxford some years ago to unveil Lord Salisbury's bust is told by the Rt. Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair in his "New Medley of Memories." He says: "I had repeated to his Oxford hostess a story told me by the principal of a Scottish university, of how Lord Rosebery, engaged to speak at a great Liberal meeting in a northern city, found himself previously dining with a fanatically teetotal provost, who provided for his guests no other liquid refreshment than orangeade in large glass jugs. As this depressing beverage circulated, the Liberal leader's spirits fell almost to zero; and it was by the advice of my friend the principal that, between the dinner and the meeting, he drove *ventre à terre* to an hotel, and quaffed a pint of dry champagne before mounting the platform and making a speech of fiery eloquence, which the good provost attributed entirely to the orangeade. The lady, unknown to me, passed on this delectable story to one of the Union Committee, who took it very seriously; the result being that when Lord Rosebery reached the committee-room, just before the inauguration ceremony, a grave young man whispered to him confidentially: 'There are tea and coffee here; but I have got your pint of champagne behind that screen; will you come and have it now?' 'Well, do you know?' said the great man, with his usual tact, 'I think for once in a way I will have a cup of coffee.'"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## A Case for the Courts.

Fate carelessly drew us together  
And our names were put up on the spot,  
So we had to get on with it whether  
We took to the notion or not.  
But I heard not a hint of the scoffer;  
On occasion, in fact, I would catch  
The remark that we'd probably offer  
An excellent match.

Till today, it is true, we've afforded  
Strong proof of the promise we gave;  
If our object was candidly sordid,  
As a pair we knew how to behave.  
Yet while I regard you as splendid,  
Though your welfare's close to my heart,  
Our engagement, dear lady, is ended,  
And now me must part.

But what if our partnership 's over!  
Just think of the trophies we boast  
As you scamper tomorrow to Dover,  
And I to the Devonshire coast.  
Not ours the least need to repine; all  
Was done that we bargained to do  
When we pulled off that handicap final  
At 6-4, 6-2. —Punch.

## Ter-r-r-rible!

They met on the bridge at midnight;  
They will never meet again—  
For one was an eastbound heifer,  
The other a westbound train.  
—Ray Law, Stanford '23.

An English lover of music was envying the Italian barber his musical heritage and his greater enjoyment of opera. "I suppose you Italians," he said, "can understand your singer perfectly?" The barber looked puzzled. "You can if you understand the words," he said.

## When Kipling Liked Us

In 1889 Rudyard Kipling made his first visit to the United States, and in "American Notes" gives his impression of the Americans of thirty years ago. "My heart has gone out to them beyond all other people," he wrote, "and for the life of me I can not tell why. Their government's provisional; their law's the notion of the moment; their railways are made of hairpins and match sticks, and most of their good luck lives in their woods and mines and rivers and not in their brains; but for all that, they be the biggest, finest, and best people on the surface of the globe! Just you wait a hundred years and see how they'll behave when they've had the screw put on them and have forgotten a few of the patriarchal teachings of the late Mister George Washington. At present there is too much balcony and too little Romeo in the life plays of their fellow-citizens. Later on, when the proportion is adjusted and the American sees the possibilities of his land, he will produce things that will make the effete East stare. He will also be a complex and highly composite administrator. There is nothing known to man that he will not be, and his country will sway the world with one foot as a man tilts a seesaw plank!"

The London *Morning Post* says that an engine-driver who is a keen naturalist asserts that the crow frequents railways more than any other bird. He haunts embankments and cuttings, but is particularly partial to the "four-foot" because of the grease and oil that are always to be found on the line. An express train will frequently run against and kill various other kinds of bird, but it rarely hits a crow.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Kathryn Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cook of Berkeley, was announced at one of the largest parties of last week, given by Mrs. Edwin Ferguson at the Palace Hotel. Miss Cook is the fiancée of Mr. Arthur Robert Bradford of Fresno. The guests to whom the announcement was made included Mrs. Carl Martin, Mr. John Cook, Mrs. Peter Cook, Mrs. E. B. McNear, Mrs. Peter Cook, Jr., Mrs. Hall H. Huff, Mrs. Walter Graves, and Mrs. Andrew Haas.

The marriage ceremony at which Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell, became the bride of Mr. James Moffitt, son of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, was performed on Saturday, at 4 o'clock, at the little Episcopal Church at Ross. The bride was given in marriage by her father. Miss Doris Schmiedell attended her sister as maid of honor. Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Aileen McIntosh, and Miss Alice Moffitt were the bride's attendants. Mr. Howard Spreckels was best man for Mr. Moffitt, while Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Richard MacLaren, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, and Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., were the ushers. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt greeted their friends on the lawn at the entrance to the house. The wedding supper was served indoors. Mrs. Moffitt, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutcheon and the niece of Mr. George Howard of San Mateo. Mr. Moffitt is the nephew of Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Harriet Jolliffe, and Miss Frances Jolliffe, and of Mr. James Moffitt of Piedmont. On their return from their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt will make their home in San Francisco.

In the gardens of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll George Cambron, on Saturday evening,

Miss Carroll Cambron, their only daughter, was married to Mr. Stanley Morrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pierce Morrison of Redlands. Miss Margaret Monroe and Mr. William Morrison were the attendants for Miss Cambron and Mr. Morrison, followed by Miss Elizabeth Wright and Miss Lisa Stillman, Mr. Blair Shuman, and Mr. Barreda Sherman. After the ceremony the guests were received indoors, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison leaving on a motor trip. Upon their return they will make their home on Russian Hill.

Another wedding which took place on Saturday afternoon was that of Miss Elva Ghirardelli, daughter of Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli, and Mr. John Welby Dinsmore, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Dinsmore of Piedmont. The ceremony was read by Rev. Kloss at the Ghirardelli home. Mrs. Harry Hush Magee (Miss Juanita Ghirardelli) attended her sister, and Mr. Thomas Dinsmore, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. Following the wedding supper, Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore left on a motor tour. On their return they will make their home in Piedmont.

Miss Mary Emma Flood entertained at her country home, "Linden Towers," at Menlo Park, at luncheon on Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Victor Cooley (Miss Helen Pierce). Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., Mrs. Nicholas Kittle Boyd, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Geraldine King, and Miss Jean Boyd were Miss Flood's other guests.

Mrs. Peter Cook and Mrs. Erskine B. McNear gave a luncheon and bridge party to several close friends at the Cook home at Rio Vista, complimenting visiting friends and a group of engaged girls. The guests of honor were Mrs. William Stephens, Mrs. Robert Harrison, Mrs. Robert Dollar, and Mrs. Cachot Davis. The engaged girls complimented were Miss Katherine Anderson, Miss Pauline Meyers, and Miss Kathryn Cook.

Complimenting Miss Mary Lou Heilborn of Sacramento, Mrs. Curtis Wright entertained a group of intimate friends of the honor guest at luncheon at her Claremont home. Mrs. William Ede, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Merodine Keeler, Miss Laura Curry, Mrs. Henry Heilborn, Mrs. Willard Miller were among the guests.

Miss Evelyn McGaw was the honor guest at a luncheon on Friday given by Miss Helen Head at her Greenwich Street home. Mrs. Bradley Wallace, Mrs. Philip Duncan Frissell, Miss Alyse Allen, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, Miss Jeanette Sessions, Miss Julia Tuggles, Miss Mollie McBryde, and Miss Carol Andrew were Miss Head's guests.

Mrs. Leigh Sypher gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her San Mateo home in compliment to Mrs. Charles Lyman and her sister, Mrs. Charlotte Clark of Paris, who is visiting in San Francisco. Asked to meet Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. Clark were Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. John Sutton, Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. William Weir, and Mrs. Mark Gerstle.

At an informal bridge party, Miss Isabelle de Viosca and Miss Laura de Viosca, who have re-

turned from abroad recently, entertained as their guests Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Virginia Loop, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Doris Fagan, and Miss Helen Slater.

In compliment to Mrs. Frederick Sharon, a luncheon was given by Mrs. George Kelham at her Sea Cliff home on Tuesday. Asked to meet Mrs. Sharon were Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Seward McNear, and Mrs. Jerome Politzer.

Mrs. Carol D. Buck, who is visiting in California for a short time, was complimented at a luncheon which Mrs. Gaillard Stoney gave at the Town and Gown Club. Mrs. John Murtagh, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. James Bull, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, and Miss Ethel Shorb were asked to meet Mrs. Buck.

## The Grasshopper Hawk.

In this prairie country they have some kind of a hawk the name of which I do not know, but locally termed the "grasshopper hawk," says Captain Charles Askins, describing, in *Arms and the Man*, a ride through Oklahoma. He is a blue gray fellow with white markings, a trifle larger than a pigeon hawk. This chap seems to live entirely upon grasshoppers and other winged insects. He comes in the spring after the "bugs" are on the wing and disappears with the first frost, being evidently no more able to exist without his grasshoppers than a snipe is without worms. So far as is known he never kills a bird or any description of small animal, nothing but grasshoppers. All farmers have the most kindly feeling for him, and in turn he seems to have no fear of man, but will sit in a tree not twenty feet distant and turn a friendly eye on the passing horseman.

Moreover, he has developed some queer habits of his own, and therein lies the substance of this story. As the rider passes through the grass or stubble, swarms of grasshoppers arise before the feet of the horse. The bird evidently knows this will happen, so he sails just above steed and rider, watching until some big 'hopper takes to the air, and then he pounces on it. Now here another queer thing took place. Maybe I am mistaken about this, but I watched the bird pretty closely. Martins, whippoorwills, kingbirds, and the fly catchers generally seize their prey with their bills. Not so the grasshopper hawk from what I could see of the process. He flew above his 'hopper and caught it with one foot. Then, as he flew along, his foot went up and his head went down, all very quickly, and that was the last of the grasshopper. So far as I could observe, this bird never alights to eat the insect, but invariably swallows it while on the wing. Sparrow hawks sometimes catch insects also, but alight to eat them, and so far as I know seize the grasshopper while he is at rest. The grasshopper hawk is by far the most common member of the hawk tribe in this plains country, but I never remember seeing one farther east than Oklahoma.

## Barrymore in "Hamlet."

In confirmation of a report printed in the New York Times, announcement has been made by Arthur Hopkins that John Barrymore will return to the stage this season in "Hamlet." After "Hamlet," Mr. Barrymore will be seen for a limited time in "Richard III" and "Redemption," both of which he has acted here before.

Mr. Barrymore suffered a breakdown while acting in "Richard III" in the spring of 1920, and his only stage appearance since then was made at the Empire Theatre a year later in "Clair de Lune." In the interim, however, he has been seen in a number of motion pictures.

Mr. Barrymore's appearance as Hamlet is scheduled for November. The scenery for the production will be designed by Robert Edmond Jones, and it is reported that Mr. Jones will again have recourse to the much-discussed method introduced by him in "Macbeth" last season.

With John Barrymore's return made certain, all three of the Barrymores will be seen on the New York stage this season. Ethel Barrymore will begin a season at the Longacre Theatre on September 26th and Lionel Barrymore will be seen in "The Fountain," a new O'Neill play.

## Pie Versus Beer.

The language of the Eighteenth Amendment relates to beverage use, not to gluttonous abuse, says the Rev. John Cole McKim in the *North American Review*. Doubtless two or three quarts of beer at a sitting might have a harmful effect. So might twenty pies. But neither would be a normal dietetic use. It would not surprise me to learn that there are, in the archives of the Anti-Saloon League, any number of statistics tending to show that the effects of keg parties are immeasurably more deleterious than those of pie-eating contests. I could not accept the conclusions, however formidable the data, except in so far as they might tend to prove (what needs no proving) that, of the two, the keg parties have been the more frequent and the more frequented. That is because intelligent people who know the difference prefer beer to pie.



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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham plan leaving for the East early in November for a trip of a month or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker leave early in October for New York.

Mrs. Edgar Preston, Jr., with Miss Frances Ames and Miss Josephine Drown, arrive in New York from France this week. They return to San Francisco about the middle of the month.

Mrs. Harry Scott and Mrs. Preston Drown are also in New York.

Miss Cynthia Boyd is leaving during the week for Maryland, where she will be at St. Timothy's School.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard Shields leave during the month for Los Angeles to spend the winter there.

Miss Sophia Brownell returned East on Saturday to resume her studies at Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear sailed for France during the week.

Mrs. Eugene Lent is in the East at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Herman Leonard Underhill.

Miss Frances Lent is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Paul Ganan.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling have gone to New York for a trip of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have recently gone East, to be in New York for some time.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr and Mr. Robert Burroughs of New York left on Saturday for New York en route to Europe, where they will spend the winter with Mrs. de St. Cyr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore left for New York the first of the week, to be away until the latter part of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent sailed for Europe on the *Mauritania* during the week. They plan to be away for the winter.

Mrs. William Summers is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas Dibblee, at the San Julian ranch.

Mrs. Dibblee will remain on the ranch until after Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith will leave for New York the latter part of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Hooper, who have spent the summer at their Woodside home, have opened their home on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre and their sons will return to San Francisco about the middle of the month and take possession of the home they purchased recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore are in the Yosemite for a short visit.

Mrs. George Ely (Miss Jessica Wilbur) and Dr. Ely are traveling in the East at present, on their wedding tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker are at present in New York. On their return to California they will open their home in San Francisco.

Miss Flora Doyle and Miss Helen Marye left on Saturday for the East. Miss Marye will continue her studies at Miss Spence's school.

Miss Isabelle Wheaton left on Thursday to return to the Mt. Vernon School at Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson are returning the early part of the week to their Burlingame home, after a stay of several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur Redington left on Saturday for the Atlantic coast, going East to choose a school for her daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Weaver, who have been in the East for some time, will return to California this month, and will sail for the Orient on November 10th for a trip of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum will return from New York the first of the week and reopen their Burlingame home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop expect to return to San Francisco from the East the first part of October.

Mr. Cyril McNear returned from China on Thursday to attend the wedding of Miss Schmiedell to Mr. Moffitt.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, have sold their Woodside home and will spend the winter at their San Francisco apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour have bought the Henderson home on Scott Street, and will spend the winter there.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Wellington Furlong arrived in San Francisco on Tuesday and is stopping at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. George Barr Baker returned to her Eastern home on Tuesday, after spending the summer at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John Knox (Miss Laura Lindsay Miller) have recently returned from their wedding tour and are occupying their new home.

Mrs. Whitney Sperry will leave for Europe from Los Angeles via the Panama Canal this week.

Mrs. Paul Verdier remained in Paris to pass the winter there. Mr. Verdier recently returned from an extended visit abroad.

Colonel and Mrs. Carol D. Buck leave during the week for Chicago, where Colonel Buck is to be stationed for the coming two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Funsten are at their San Francisco home again, after spending the summer at Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Berendsen and their daughter, Miss Anita Berendsen, arrived in New York from Europe this week. They return to California after a short visit with Eastern friends.

Mrs. William Tubbs has leased her home on Broadway for three years to Mrs. Squire Verrick Mooney.

Among the visitors during the past week to San Francisco, after the convention of the Episcopal Church in Portland, were Right Rev. Dr. McInnes and the Right Rev. Dr. Gailor, the president of the national council.

Mrs. Dearborn Clark plans to leave for the East in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Talbot are in Normandy. They plan to leave soon for England to spend the winter there.

Among those recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. Charles Rafeld, Portland; Mr. Joseph Berger, Mr. E. C. Braun, Seattle; Mr. Edwin H. Flagg, Mr. J. C. Brooks, Los Angeles; Dr. B. Robbins, Hanford; Dr. Arthur D. Hirschfelder, Minneapolis; Mr. Sam Rosenberg, Los Angeles; Mr. James Brown, New York; Mr. T. M. Morris, Bakersfield; Mr. W. D. McAdams, Chicago; Mr. M. Wyman, New York; Mr. Ben C. Holt, Spokane; Mr. A. L. Wright, Portland; Mr. G. A. Brastanburg, Fullerton.

#### At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Dr. James L. Gordon, pastor of the First Congregational Church, will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery Saturday afternoon, October 14th, at 2:30 o'clock. His subject will be "Couléism," a discussion of the celebrated doctrine of "Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion" of Dr. Emile Coué, which is one of the topics occupying the public mind today.

Sukumar Chatterji, editor of *Chhatra Saha-dar*, will lecture in the same gallery Tuesday afternoon, October 10th, on "Knowledge, Arts, and Sciences of the Hindus." These lectures are given under the direction of Paul Elder.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver are being congratulated upon the birth of a son, to be named Frederick for his father. Before her marriage last fall Mrs. Beaver was Miss Anne Dibblee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee.

The weight of a piece of hickory is the best indication of its strength. It is said that 100,000,000 board feet a year are consumed in the making of tool handles, including golf tools.

There are 113 newspapers and fourteen magazines owned and directed by negroes in this country.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Waking Dreams.

This morning, as I woke in bed,  
The Little Ouse was in my head—  
The Little Ouse that flows so brown  
Beside the wharf at Thetford town,  
And under the gray arch where yet  
The seal of ancient peace is set.  
Oh, what should make that quiet stream  
Wind through my happy waking dream?

Yesterday, as I woke in bed,  
The Atlantic pounded through my head,  
Lashed by the furious Sou'west  
That gives to sea and ships no rest;  
While, like a derelict, on high  
The half-moon drifted through the sky.  
Oh, what should make that moon's pale gleam  
Eerily haunt my waking dream?

The day before, I woke in bed,  
And children flitted through my head.  
Oh, there was Jack, with open smile,  
And Anne, her face wreathed in guile;  
And Derrick, of the sober eyes,  
Gazed at the world with mute surprise;  
While schoolboy Tom, cheered by his team,  
Shot a goal through my waking dream.

Tomorrow, as I wake in bed,  
Who knows what may be in my head?  
What joy? What peace? What grief? What fear?

Where shall I be—afar or near?  
Oh, strange adventure! . . . Hasten, Sleep!  
Bear me across the unknown deep;  
But bid some holy influence beam  
Upon my spirit's waking dream!

—Gilbert Thomas in the Observer.

#### Summer Tryst

When the long day from quiet dawn  
Has come to quietness again,  
And eve, advancing through the trees,  
Stretches long fingers o'er the lane,  
Then from the farm, across the field  
Of shut-eye daisies quick I go,  
And through the churchyard where old yews  
Guard the poor dead who lie below.

I know who's waiting down the road,  
Thinking, "She's late," and "She'll not come."  
I'll see him first, where I walk hid  
Behind the yew trees in the gloom.  
Oh! how the thrush among the graves  
Cries "Joy!" and "Joy!" and "Gay!" and  
"Gay!"

My heart thrills to his tiny heart.  
Ah, shall I hurry, or delay?

Alas! poor dead, who lie so still,  
So hid, so deaf to that shrill call,  
And never hear my footsteps pass,  
However quickened; nor the fall  
Of ripe yew-berries on the stones  
Which lie so heavy on their bed. . . .  
Ah! low beneath the thrush's note  
A whistle sounds. . . . Poor dead! Poor dead!  
—Ivanhoe in the Spectator.

#### Lamb.

The old bellwether  
looked at the lamb  
as a gentleman looks  
when he mutters "Damn." . . .

"If you jump and frisk,  
you little fool,  
you'll only end  
by losing your wool."

When I was a lamb  
I always would  
behave as like a sheep  
as I could."

"Did you!" the lamb  
replied with a leap.  
"I always thought  
You were born a sheep."

The park-keeper said  
to the boy on the fence:  
"Let's have less  
of your impudence."

Off with you, now,  
and do as you're bade,  
or you'll end in prison.—

When I was a lad." . . .  
—Humbert Wolfe in the Chapbook.

#### Black Magic.

(To a boy looking at a photographic exhibit—  
"Mammals in the Wild State.")

Go back to the office, boy, or back to school—  
Black magic lurks in stumbling elk that go  
New-antered where the rocks are soft with snow,  
In a beaver's nose that grooves a birch-ringed  
pool;

Mad antelope go streaming past you here;  
Great grizzlies hunch their bulk up scaly pines;  
Beneath those sheep the cañon water shines  
Mile-down in shale, and perilously near!

Fly then from red-tails bunched by twilight streams,  
And all lithe creatures of another earth,  
Lest they should steal you back to second birth,  
And in some country of astounding dreams,

Among their crags and underneath their sky  
Make you like them—fierce, beautiful, and shy!  
—Frank Ernest Hill in the New Republic.

The eye of a woman is said to be better  
than that of a man.

### A Noble Bohemian.

Among the paupers at the Hôpital, Adalbert Biart de Ghérardine, the king of the Bohemian quarter of Paris, drew his last breath a few days ago, says the *Living Age*. After his death the body was taken to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, where only families whose history dates back at least to the time of the First Empire are entombed. Beside the bones of his famous ancestors, soldiers and sailors who died in the service of their country, now rest those of this last representative of a noble line. And in a short time he will be unknown; people will wonder how he lived up to the standards of his predecessors.

His life was singular, for though he may have been a failure, he remained true to his traditions and was a distinguished man. His fine, handsome figure was a familiar sight to habitués of the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg, and the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Although he had no known abode, his wardrobe was extraordinarily varied. The Grecian garb of Raymond Duncan is conventional compared with the unexpected and incongruous garments of Ghérardine. Sometimes he would appear in a sixteenth-century costume with sleeves of silk; he would often wear an officer's khaki hat; he might appear in short trousers with his legs encased in armor; or, in a Swiss mountain-climbing outfit, he would seem prepared to scale the Matterhorn. But Art could make his appearance no more striking than Nature already had, and the combination was amazing.

His story is tragic. Having studied at the Sorbonne, he edited, at different times, *La Plume* and the *Revue de Paris*; but it is probable that his "Thirty Years of Bohemia" was written by a friend who put Ghérardine's name to it. He was beloved by every one, during his later years as much as in his youth. His failure was caused by his grief over the death of his daughter, after which he ceased to devote much effort to his work, and finally became a drifting Bohemian vagabond. It is seldom that aristocracy decays so picturesquely.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What cigarettes do you smoke?" "My husband's."—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

She—My aunt goes to every dance that I do. He—Ah, a dansant.—*Colorado Dodo.*

Harry—Did you feel the earthquake last night? Carrie—No, I was shimmying.—*Washington Dirge.*

Waiter (to irate customer)—We aim to please. Customer—Then I'd advise a little target practice.—*Washington and Lee Mink.*

"I hear that Eth Souers has the reputation of being the biggest liar in Indyanner." "Yep. He even has to have his neighbors call his hawks."—*Judge.*

Aged Scotswoman (who has been knocked down by a cyclist)—Can ye no ring yer bell? Youthful Cyclist—Aye, but canna ride a bicycle.—*Til-Bits.*

Professor—Aren't you Mr. Smith? Stude—No, sir, I'm Mr. Smith's twin brother. Professor—Ah, I see; what name, please?—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

"What! Jim a second-story man? Why, I've always believed in him." "But he's probably always stuck to his first one with you, dear."—*Annapolis Log.*

"She is the sort of woman," remarked a lady, "who gives you her favorite recipe and purposely leaves out the most important ingredient."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Tramp (at the back door)—Lady, will you please give me a glass of water, I'm so terribly hungry that I don't really know where to spend the night.—*Paris Le Rire.*

Willie—I looked through the keyhole last night when May's fellow was calling on her. Father—And what did you find out? Willie—The electric lamp.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Co-ed—Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the roll? Another Co-ed—I did try to, but he answered for four different names.—*Missouri Showme.*

Jessie—I can't imagine how you get money out of your husband. Bessie—Oh, I simply say I'm going back to mother, and he immediately hands me the fare.—*London Answers.*

"Fifty years ago girls married before they were twenty; nowadays they're thirty before they think of it." "We get wiser every day. In another fifty years we won't marry at all."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Friend of the Local Champion—It must be heavenly, meeting all these people and being introduced as the new champion. The Local Champion—I don't meet people, silly. People meet me.—*Punch.*

"Won't you come and make a four at bridge, sir." "I am exceedingly sorry, old man, but I don't play bridge." "You don't play bridge? Then what on earth did you join a golf club for?"—*Judge.*

Father—Are you sure he loves you? That it isn't your money? Daughter—He swore he worshipped me since he first saw me. Father—Where was that? Daughter—At the beach last summer? Father—Were you in a

bathing suit. Daughter—Why, yes. Father—He's after your money.—*Carnegie Puppet.*

"And so," read Bess from her book, "they were married and lived happily ever after." "They did!" exclaimed Mary, eagerly. "Oh, Bess, does it say what kind of a car he bought?"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Local M. P.—Well, Mr. MacGregor, I hope you liked the story. I finished up my speech with? Mr. MacGregor—Ay, yon's a bonnie story. Dod, man, I mind the first time I heard it I near kicket the bottom oot ma cradle.—*Punch.*

"Look here!" exclaimed the stranger, as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle. "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road?" "Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him through the dark, "we're a-finding them, ain't we?"—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Mrs. Vere Gonne (to her solicitor)—I can not imagine how the unfortunate affair has leaked out. I have certainly never said a word about it in the presence of my servants. Solicitor (dryly)—Possibly not, madam; but have you ever said a word about it in the presence of a keyhole?—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Customer—What do you mean by selling me that stuff you called hair restorer and telling me it would restore my head to its original condition? Chemist—Didn't you like it? Customer—No, I didn't! If I had kept on much longer I should have been entirely bald. Original condition, indeed! Chemist—Most people are born bald, or nearly so, sir. That is the original condition.—*London Answers.*

## The Hindu Sticks to His Caste.

Hinduism embraces almost every form of belief, says Harold Cox in *Asia Magazine*. I remember years ago having a conversation with a charming old Brahman, who explained to me, then newly arrived in India, that Hinduism was a question, not of creed, but of conduct. To quote his words, which impressed themselves on my mind: "You can believe in one God or three Gods or in thirty-three thousand Gods; you can believe that there is no God, or you can believe that God is in everything, and with all these different beliefs you can be a good Hindu, provided you follow the rules of your caste."

That one word "caste" is the essence of Hinduism. The Hindus, who enormously outnumber all the rest of the population of India, are divided up into a multitude of castes, religiously separated from one another. Into whatever caste a man is born, in that caste he remains until he dies. At the head of the whole system is the priestly caste of Brahmans. But the Brahmans themselves are divided into a number of sub-castes, all keeping their respective rank, which is determined, not by wealth, but by birth. One of my best pupils in India was a very high-caste Brahman boy. So high was his caste that he could not find any one in the neighborhood sufficiently sacred to be permitted to cook his food. He had to import an uncle, who lived with him in a hut in the college compound and prepared meals while the boy was attending classes in mathematics and English literature. Similar barriers run right through Hinduism. The lowest castes are in fact known as the "Untouchables" because merely to touch them pollutes a Hindu of a higher caste. I have myself seen an Indian servant, when asked by his English mistress to fetch a shawl for the baby, toss the shawl to the baby's nurse instead of handing it to her, because she, being of a lower caste, would have polluted him if she had touched the shawl before he had parted with it. In parts of southern India, where the caste system is even more rigid than in the north, the Untouchables are forbidden to walk on certain roads, lest higher castes should be polluted merely by seeing them. Thus Hinduism is essentially and rigidly aristocratic or theocratic in organization.

## A Persian Refinement.

We spoke of the Russian occupation two years before, says Clara Cary Edwards in the *Yale Review*, for our city lies within that part of Persia overrun by the Czar's army during the war. "I had much annoyance from the Russians," said our friend the local baron, "but they were not very clever. While I was governor, it happened that a Russian soldier quarreled with a Persian gendarme and the Persian shot the Russian. The Russian consul demanded that I deliver the gendarme to him for judgment and punishment, but I received a telegram from Teheran to the effect that I should not give him up. So I said to the consul that it would be well to hold a joint inquiry into the affair at the place where it had occurred—the slaughter-house. We drove out there with our suites: the Russian took his secretaries and his clerks, and a Russian colonel came too, in a fine new uniform, with his spurs shining. Within the slaughter-house were nothing but wooden benches for us to sit on. We discussed and examined witnesses, while the Russians held their white handkerchiefs to their noses. *Vallah!* I, too, was

## Argonaut Readers, Attention!

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dead of the smell! Every day we went to the slaughter-house, every day we found new witnesses to examine, every day we discussed the affair. The consul suggested that we meet elsewhere, but I told him that I was anxious to help him in every way possible, and that we could not understand the case unless we examined it in its own surroundings. It was not long before the consul sent word to me that he was ill and could not go on with the inquiry for a time. We never took it up again." He accepted a cigarette from the Sahib and paused to light it. "The Russians are not bad men, if one has a little subtlety."

## Freudian View of Dickens.

Had Dickens lived in the twentieth century, the Freudians, taking one shrewd, amused, infuriatingly perspicacious look at him, would have analyzed him on the spot, says Alexander Woolcott in the *North American Review*. They would have noted his clumsy efforts at playwriting, his adoration of Macready, his wistful loiterings at the stage-door, of which the faint, unmistakable aroma was ever the breath of his nostrils, and his disarming readiness to laugh and cry at the most ordinary of performances in any theatre. They would have noted his pantomimic gyrations when in the throes of composition. They would have known that the young novelist who walked the night-mantled streets of Paris in an agony of sympathy for the dying Paul Dombey was a side-tracked actor. They

would have noted his own incongruous capacity for self-pity, his grotesque sensitiveness to the most piddling of criticism, his comically transparent excuses for appearing in amateur dramatics, his gallant and undeniably Thespian appearance and his flamboyant raiment, rings and all, which distressed his sedate friends, but satisfied something within him. They would have noted all these things and published in some obscure journal an article written to demonstrate that Mr. Dickens was suffering from an exhibition complex. This would have maddened him. He would have dictated sixteen furious letters demanding retraction, growing the redder in the face as he paced the floor because he would have known that it was all quite true. That half-smothered desire gnawed at him through all the years of his growth until at last it found an outlet which brought him peace.

For fifty years seven lights have burned day and night in front of a statue of the blessed virgin in one of the Catholic churches in Chicago. These lights commemorate the escape of the edifice from destruction in the great fire of 1871.

A new thing in vehicles, the one-passenger runabout, has become a frequent sight in English towns, and particularly in London, where traffic conditions make its size convenient.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Latest Prohibition Order.

The policy of the United States Shipping Board permitting sale and consumption of liquors on the ships under its administration has been based upon expediences connected with competition. Where passengers may have choice between ships upon which liquors may be bought and consumed, and those under a strict rule of prohibition, the former are likely to get the bulk of the business. Thus the purpose for which the Shipping Board vessels are maintained and operated, namely, that of creating a world-going merchant marine, must to a great extent be thwarted if our ships may not provide that for which there is on the part of ocean travelers an insistent demand. These were the considerations upon which the policy of the Shipping Board was established despite the fact that prohibition is the rule in the United States. The inconsistency of this practice is obvious and the order of President Harding closing the bars on Shipping Board boats, however it may affect their operation, was sound in morals and it was necessary under the law. But when there is denied to foreign ships having liquors on board, even though under seal, the privilege of entering American ports the order goes further, we believe, than the limits either of expediency or interest. It will surely be regarded by foreign countries as a denial of legitimate rights and is certain to be protested, possibly in

ways that may tend to our disadvantage. We have an undoubted right to pursue any domestic policy we may see fit, but it is going far to seek to impose that policy upon foreign nations with whom we maintain reciprocal trade relations.

### Vacancies in High Places.

The most important business before the President of the United States at this moment is the selection of twoscore or more properly qualified men to sit in the high places of the government. The President is reticent on the subject, but there is reason to believe that his reserve is not due to embarrassment because of any lack of available timber. His difficulty lies in making choice from many possibilities and so making it as to work out a harmonious mosaic in which the factors of fitness, geography, political affiliations and representative character shall blend. Here are some of the posts to be filled: Seven members of the fact-finding Coal Commission, one Assistant Secretary of War, one Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, one Assistant Secretary of Labor, one Governor-General of the Philippines, one Presiding Judge of the Court of Customs Appeal, twenty-one Federal Judges, one governor of the Federal Reserve Board, one member of the Federal Reserve Board, one and possibly two members of the Tariff Commission.

It is a formidable list. Formidable in the sense that certain embarrassments are connected with making appointments on the eve of a congressional election. When the executive has a batch like this on his hands, inevitably the offices have an unnatural relationship one to another. The jobs must be considered as a mass. Thus if it becomes inexpedient to appoint a particular man to the Federal judiciary it may be that he can be worked off on the Coal Commission, and so on through the list. There are many things to be considered and it takes time to prepare the slate.

One of the factors that must be kept in mind are the "lame ducks," who are always more or less on the hands of a President. Already, as a result of the recent primaries, there are two lame ducks who are qualified for appointive positions, namely, Senator McCumber of North Dakota and Senator New of Indiana. Both stand well with the President. Both are men of ability. Both have been mentioned for selective appointment, McCumber for the Federal Reserve Board and New for Governor-General of the Philippines, although it is doubtful if New would take a position so far from home at a time when he is planning to make important changes in the political map of Indiana. There is greater likelihood of his eventually becoming Postmaster-General, and letting Dr. Work, the incumbent, go back to Colorado with the Administration's benediction for duty well done. Then the crop of lame ducks may be increased considerably as a result of the November election. Probably the Republicans at Washington are more scared than they need be, but many of them fear that they are going to land in the lame-duck class and are not anxious that all the offices be filled before the fact is certain. This contributes to delay.

In the matter of the selection of seven gentlemen to constitute the coal fact-finding commission, however, lame-duckism does not figure. A short time ago the Administration was very eager for immediate authority to appoint the commission, and it has not escaped notice that since authority was granted there has been no haste in the matter. The reason is not entirely a mystery. Congress slipped into the law creating the commission a clause requiring that body, among other things, to inquire into the possible nationalization of coal mines. This, of course, was a sop to government-ownership advocates. But the provision is there and it might do a great deal of harm if some of the members of the commission were to develop radical tendencies.

Therefore the President and his immediate advisers are going over the tentative lists in hand with the purpose of eliminating from consideration anybody who may have the taint of government ownership predilections. No chances are to be taken, not even of a minority report.

The selection of a Governor-General for the Philippines is not immediately pressing because General Wood will hold that post for nearly two months longer. December 1st is the date on which he is to take up his duties as provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and a deputy governor could carry on for a short time. But the matter is coming along and has to be given consideration in connection with the other appointments. The army is boosting General Bandholtz for the job. Bandholtz made a fine record as chief of the Philippine constabulary. At present he is in command of what is known as the military district of Washington, taking in the army posts immediately adjacent to the national capital.

The three near-Cabinet jobs must be filled soon. Assistant Secretary of War Colonel J. Mayhew Wainwright has been nominated for Congress in a New York district and wants to get out at the earliest possible moment. The post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in charge of the collection of the revenue, has been vacant since Elmer Dover was informed that he had resigned and that his resignation had been accepted. There is difficulty in getting a suitable man for this position. There is no vacancy as yet in the post, of Assistant Secretary of Labor, but it is a probability that E. J. Henning of San Diego, who now holds the position, will be named as district judge for the Southern District of California. This assistant secretaryship is admirably suited for a congressional lame duck, and for this reason the post is not likely to be filled until after appraisalment has been made of the wreckage on hand after the November election.

No vacancies have bothered the President so much as the two that are impending in the Federal Reserve Board. Farm bloc politics complicate the situation. The President has to appoint a governor of the board in place of W. P. G. Harding, whose term expired some weeks ago, and he has also to appoint the additional member prescribed under the farm bloc legislation of last year, which provided for a new member and also that the business of farming should have a representative on the board. Governor Harding is a Democrat, but he is pretty generally supported by bankers throughout the country on the basis of the fine record he has made. His chief opponent is that arch-demagogue, Senator Tom Heflin, also of Alabama, who has been clamoring against Governor Harding and the board since early last winter. Heflin, who is a member of the farm bloc, has brought Senator Capper and various other bloc senators to his support. The agitation has apparently caused President Harding to forego his original intention of reappointing Governor Harding because the farm bloc senators, particularly Capper, have stirred up a row throughout the Mississippi Valley.

Heflin and the farm blocers have a simple but highly demagogic explanation of the ills of the agriculturists. They maintain that Governor Harding and other members of the Federal Reserve Board are the tools of Wall Street; that Wall Street for its own profit decreed a policy of deflation which the board under Governor Harding carried out; that this policy of deflation was made to bear in a particularly heavy fashion upon the farmer, and that that is what caused farm prices to crash. This theory, of which Heflin is the chief proponent, is not supported by the chronological record. Farm prices began to decline before deflation set in. Moreover, the Federal Reserve system has given the farmer a greater degree of financial support than he has ever had previously in periods of



financial stringency. The record also shows that there has been some free-hand lying, particularly by Southerners, in explaining that their inability to get loans from their local banks was due to the policy of the Federal Reserve Board. There is no serious question about the facts. But it is true just the same that farmers of the South and Middle West have been made to believe that Federal Reserve Board deflation was especially directed against them and that it is responsible for the plight in which they find themselves.

Further to complicate the situation, the American Farm Board Federation, the major interest behind the congressional farm bloc, is demanding, not only that Governor Harding shall not be reappointed, but that its own president, J. R. Howard of Iowa, shall be given a place on the board. This has set the Grange and the National Board of Farm Organizations, rival farmer bodies, to froth at the mouth. They oppose Governor Harding, but they are insistent that the American Farm Bureau Federation shall not dictate the nomination of a member of the board. What they want is an actual dirt farmer.

Meanwhile, certain wild-eyed candidates, looking to the November election—radical demagogues like Brookhart in Iowa and Frazier in North Dakota—are telling the voters that both railroad rates and deflation are responsible for low farm prices. Politicians of this school demand repeal of the Esch-Cummins Transportation Act on the ground that it contains a guaranty provision. They have convinced many farmers of the country that this law guarantees to the railroads a return of 5½ per cent. on their value, leaving the implication that the government out of its treasury makes up any deficit. The truth is that the Esch-Cummins law does nothing of the sort. The government did guarantee earnings during the period of government administration of the railroads and for a space of time thereafter, but since September 1, 1921, there has been no Federal guaranty. The railroads are absolutely on their own. The so-called guaranty provision merely declares that a certain percentage is a fair return. If it is exceeded, the railroads under the law are compelled to reduce rates. Deliberate misrepresentation by politicians who are farming the farmer persists, however, and it is surprising to find that many farmers—and others—still believe that there is in the law a government guaranty to the railroads.

#### The "Unmerger" Case.

There is natural and general disappointment that the Supreme Court of the United States has denied the appeal of the Southern Pacific Railroad for a rehearing in the "unmerger" case. But while the decision stands as the final judgment of the court, the case is not lost, since there remains resort to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has authority under the Esch-Cummins Act to group the railroads of the country in accordance with practical conditions and practical judgment. This resort will be made by the shippers of California and the hope is that the commission may be impressed by considerations that lie outside the lines of inquiry pursued by the Supreme Court. Surely the interest and the wish of the region served by the system now known as the Southern Pacific, made up of links bearing the names of Southern Pacific and Central Pacific, must have weight with a body whose determinations are subject to facts as distinct from legal theories and judicial precedents.

In its last analysis this matter is a contention between the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific over lines of railroad owned by the former and essential to its completeness and efficiency as a working system. The Union Pacific, now possessing terminals at Portland and Los Angeles, wants a third connection on Pacific tide-water at San Francisco. It seeks to get it by taking over from the Southern Pacific its lines between San Francisco and Ogden. To this end—in its inspiring motive only a little short of piracy—the decree of the Supreme Court is a direct aid, not so intended, to be sure, but having that effect.

We shall not venture to take issue with the Supreme Court concerning a point of technical law, but in the interest of this community, and of fair play in general, we protest that the decree imposes a hardship for which there is no justification in practical conditions. The Central Pacific lines are essentially part of the Southern Pacific system. They were created with that purpose and to that end. To tear from the Southern Pacific lines it has constructed under the name of the Central

Pacific would be, first, to cripple it, and second, to impose upon it a vast bill of expense without in the least degree benefiting anybody. Further, it would impose upon the country which the Southern Pacific serves a tremendous hardship for which there is no rhyme or reason. There is no demand for it in the country served by the Southern Pacific system in its existing form; on the contrary there is universal protest against it. No voice has been raised in support of this proposal whose inspiration may not be traced to the wish of the Union Pacific to extend its line to California, and thus in connection with its Portland and Los Angeles branches to gain a still firmer grip upon the traffic of the Pacific region.

#### Voting Intelligence.

As a result of the testing of the intelligence of some 1,700,000 officers and enlisted men drafted into the American army for the world war, it appears that:

Half our adults have no more intellectual acumen than the average pupil in the eighth grade. [About fourteen years of age.] Probably a quarter have less than the average pupil of the seventh grade. [A year below.] The least intelligent 15 or 20 per cent. of our population would probably be incapable of mastering, after any amount of instruction, the more difficult portions of the typical eighth-grade text in arithmetic, of making any progress in algebra, of getting much sense out of a moderately difficult prose selection, or of understanding the underlying principles of the tariff, taxation, bond transactions, or banking. On questions of larger social and national policy they vote blindly or as directed by political bosses. They are democracy's ballast, not always useless, but always a potential liability.

This quotation is from an article in the current *World's Work* by Dr. Lewis Madison Terman, one of the foremost authorities of this country on the testing of intelligence by methods developed from those of Binet and Simon in France. The tests applied in the army showed some very disquieting things about our electorate. If the draft was representative (but happily it was not quite that, on account of the exemptions of many of the members of the learned professions), it indicated in the most reliable group tested an average mental age of 13.4 years. Yet, considering what classes have the bad habit of neglecting to vote, the average soldier is probably the average voter. These tests are not for the determination of knowledge, but of mental ability, which is another matter.

Manhood suffrage is based on the theory that men are born equal and remain so. The truth is that they are born very unequal, and remain so. The dullards do not become brilliant, the highly intelligent children remain highly intelligent. Equal education does not equalize the differences; it accentuates them. Yet all over the United States men (and women) can vote when they become twenty-one years of age, no matter how deficient their mentality may be, unless they have the misfortune to get into asylums or penitentiaries. Under the direct primary system they vote on the qualifications of aspirants for party nominations whom they do not know, to be candidates for offices whose requirements they can neither imagine nor understand. They vote directly for United States senators, who will have to deal with the most complicated puzzles of foreign policy. That is what is the matter with Congress, and the reason why it is gradually filling with rabble-rousers instead of men of judgment and devotion. Competent observers say its level of intelligence has never been so low. The child-minded voter can understand the rabble-rouser—the rabble-rouser sees to it that he or she can, by guarding himself against any utterance above the comprehension of a child of 13.4 years. Of course, the rabble-rouser does not consciously guide himself by the limitations of this grade of human prune, but he feels those limitations as a practiced automobile driver feels the power of his engine, and he is careful to feed it nothing it can not absorb into its system and turn into votes.

When a candidate for United States senator pulls out the tremolo stop in his vocal organ, aims a thick finger in the general direction of Heaven, and intones "De-e-vine, ce-e-lestial A-a-beraha-a-m Linkun" as part of an argument for a protective tariff on lemons, he is employing wise and successful tactics.

In California we have got into the bad habit of amending our Constitution by popular vote. This November the electorate, average intelligence of a child 13.4 years old, will have to accept or reject some twenty-two proposals to change the fundamental law, which has already been so radically altered and mutilated that it is no longer fundamental. These proposals range in scope from the highly complex water

and power amendment, involving, not only technical engineering problems, but questions of basic political philosophy, to one preventing the use of shingles on frame buildings in incorporated cities. All persons are sentimental, although not all are fairly intelligent. In fact, the lower the intelligence the greater and sillier the sentimentality. And thoughtless idealists as well as job-hunting demagogues are going about the state appealing to passion, and emotion, and sentiment, all much the same thing, instead of to reason and a knowledge of facts, to get the public to vote their way.

Our only salvation from utter chaos is that the unintelligent do not form a distinct class energized with what the socialists admire as "class consciousness," and so do not vote together. It has not heretofore been possible to unite them and keep them united. If it were, the demolition of the social order would result, and after a Russian agony of centuries society would have to attain some stability through feudalism, slowly and painfully restore a measure of its liberties through revolution and the martyrdom of its best spiritual elements, and thus painfully return to its present position. Perhaps that will happen anyway; perhaps it is happening now, with a hundred thousand hungry orators to accelerate it and no one to raise a voice against it for fear of offending the voting mass. If we are on that limb of the spiral, it is largely because of our making matters the subject of popular voting with which the general body of the public is incompetent to deal, and with which the more intelligent part of the public does not wish to be compelled to deal, but would much prefer to leave to the decisions of representative experts. We have no immediate cure for the disease; but it is much to have such an instrumentality as mental measurement to assist us in recognizing it.

#### Enemies of Society.

It is not an idle theory when the law recognizes crime as an offense, not against an individual, but against society. And that is particularly true of crimes committed for the purpose of winning strikes. Every time a strike is won (though strikes are seldom won) by the aid of crime, society suffers in its right to the services of business lawfully and securely conducted. That is a real right and a valuable one.

The right to strike is not the right to commit crime. It is the business of working men to get all they can for their work, but that does not mean to get all they can by foul means after they have got all they can by fair; to get all they can lawfully, and then a little more lawlessly. For what they can get lawfully, the public will have to pay, and should be willing to pay, but for what they get unlawfully, the public also must pay, and is robbed when it does it. That robbery, public opinion should have the sense to resent, and the resolution to make the courts protect society from—which the courts could do.

A crime committed to assist a strike is a worse crime against the public than one committed by a single highway robber or burglar. If it is a murder it is a far worse murder than one for revenge or robbery. If employers, for fear of strike violence, concede more to labor than they would if they only had a walk-out and a shut-down to fear, then the public has been robbed, in the form of an addition to the cost of living, to the extent of the difference. An individual thief intends to rob one person, or a few persons. A criminal that commits a crime in the hope of helping to win a strike intends to make society pay more for the commodity or service affected than it ought to pay. Although strikes seldom win, so seldom in fact that the socialists deride the labor unions for depending on their form of organization to ameliorate the lot of labor, there is no doubt that many a concession is made to workmen, not in justice nor in recognition of the shrinking value of money, nor in meeting the varying proportion between the demand and the supply of labor, all which might take the form of legitimate price increase, but through fear of strike violence. Such concessions are to that extent robbery of the consumer, who in the end pays all the bills that are paid, as well as all those that are beaten—and all the damages of every sort. And we are all consumers, including the strikers themselves. Yet so lacking is the public in plain business imagination that it winks at the courts that wink at the violence of strikers. The public and the courts seem to consider that the desire to win a strike supplies a motive that palliates the offense; whereas it aggravates it. The blow is struck against the whole community,



instead of a few immediate victims. And it has its more or less intimidating effect, whether the particular strike for which it is committed is won or lost.

A man intends the natural results of his acts, whether he can pre-vision those results or not. We have had a great deal of strike violence lately, the intention of which was to make the already overburdened public pay more for commodities and services than it normally ought to pay. There was the "war" in West Virginia, and the hideous massacre, worse than Turkish, in Illinois. Those were armed attacks on the public. Our own little taxicab war broke out with renewed violence at Powell and O'Farrell Streets last week.

In the railroad strike, the government in support of its petition for a restraining order against the striking shopmen has presented evidence of eighteen murders, forty-four cases of assault where the victims were sent to hospitals, seventeen cases of derailing trains or engines, numerous cases of dynamiting bridges and bunk-houses and of the burning of bridges, roundhouses, and other railroad property for the replacement of which the public will foot the bill; and at present properly foot it, because it does not insist on protection. This is war on us all. Lagging prosecutions and lenient punishments encourage it.

Crime is voluntary. It does not have to be done. And that is especially true of crime committed to assist in strikes. It is deliberate, intentional assault on society. It has less excuse than other crime, and a wider destructive effect, and it ought to be punished more severely because of its motive; not less so. There may be mitigating circumstances about an ordinary private crime. There are none about strike violence. Society has paltered with it as long as it can afford to.

#### The New York Governorship.

Governor Nathan L. Miller, who has just been nominated by the Republicans of New York for a second term in the executive chair, is a lawyer, fifty-four years of age, and is conceded by the non-partisan element of the New York press to be the best executive the state has had in many a year. The effect of Miller's administration and of his open leadership of the party has resulted in the elimination of factional interests; he has a united party behind him. Immediately following his nomination by the Republicans, Miller was tendered nomination at the hands of the Prohibition party, an organization which in the gubernatorial election of two years ago cast upwards of fourteen thousand votes. Replying, Governor Miller said that he was not a prohibitionist and that he could not, therefore, accept the nomination at the hands of a party with whose cardinal principle and whose main aims he was not in sympathy. At the same time he declared himself opposed to the saloon and to the iniquities associated with it.

It is universally conceded that the Republicans have nominated the best ticket, from the standpoint of competence, to fill the offices for which the candidates are named, within memory. Instead of giving the minor places to local politicians and sections search was made under Governor Miller's leadership for the very best men. The consequence is that should this ticket be elected New York will have, not only an excellent, but a thoroughly harmonious administration of all its executive offices during the next two years.

The Democratic nominee for the governorship is the idol of his party, ex-Governor Alfred Smith, who preceded Miller in the executive office. Smith is supported by Tammany Hall, also by William R. Hearst, who was a competitor for the nomination. Smith stands upon a platform made up largely of the usual platitudes, but highly significant for its declaration against the Volstead Act to the extent that it prohibits the sale of wines and beers. Smith will make a "wet" campaign and it will surely bring him many thousands of voters in November, regardless of the superior quality of the Republican state ticket. There are, we are told, those high up in the Republican organization who feel that the campaign now on is relatively a duplication of the John Purroy Mitchel campaign of some years ago. By that they mean that while the Republicans have the best ticket and the best newspaper support, the other side has the votes. What there may be in this suggestion time only will tell. But one thing is certain, namely, the New York campaign is going to be a mighty interesting one.

It is a significant fact that in New York—and elsewhere this fall—relatively small appeal has been made

to the "labor vote." It would seem to be understood at last that the labor vote is a bugaboo to which vastly too much attention has been accorded in recent years. The truth is that there is no such quantity as the labor vote, since the laboring element, like other elements of our citizenship, is divided in its political allegiance and not disposed to accept dictation at the hands of leaders who assume power to place it here or there at their pleasure.

#### Editorial Notes.

The town of St. Pierre on one of the Miquelon Islands, 180 miles off Nova Scotia, has risen from barren obscurity to large importance as a depot of the bootlegging interest. The New York Herald reports that in the past nine months St. Pierre has shipped 500,000 cases of whisky to America. The illicit traders, it is said, are able to buy whisky at St. Pierre at approximately twenty-one dollars per case, and there is a handsome margin between this price and what can be got in the ready market of Boston, New York, and other coast cities.

There is on in New York an agitation to prevent the migration from that city of many artists who find themselves hampered by the advance in rentals. As a measure of relief it has been suggested that there is a vast deal of roof space which might be turned to account in the construction of studios to be rented to artists at low rates.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Canada and Reciprocity.

VANCOUVER, B. C., October 4, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I see so much to admire and commend in the *Argonaut* that it is with extreme reluctance that I venture to take exception to your remarks re "Canada and Our Tariff" in your issue for September 30th. Those curt, unsympathetic sentences are not, or so it seems to me, much like your usual writing on international relations. In the first place Canada is not in any sort of panic, mild or otherwise, concerning the new United States tariff. We have the means of defending ourselves, if necessary, against an unjust tariff. The reciprocity that was offered us under the Taft régime, I venture to say, would be rejected tomorrow if offered again. The Canadian people have not changed so far as I can see. The same people are clamoring for it now that wanted it before. It is true that there is a "grit" government in power at the present time, but that government has received no mandate from the Canadian people to ask for reciprocity. If that had been one of the planks in the recent election I am convinced that it would have been turned down. It is far from the fact to say as you do that, "blinded by prejudice and vanity, obsessed with the pride of imperial connection, they missed their chance. . . . All would be more prosperous if the line that separates them from the United States were wiped out." My comment on that is that it is neither "prejudice or vanity" that restrains the Canadian people from asking for closer customs relations, but a natural regard for national safety. I am one of the Canadians, and there are many thousands in this country, who feel that it would be much better, nationally, for Canada if our countries were separated by seven thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean.

Yours truly, R. W. DOUGLAS.

##### How a Berkeley Citizen Feels About the Stadium Site.

The following letter has been received by the authorities of the City of Berkeley:

SAN FRANCISCO, October 3, 1922.

Mayor and Council of the City of Berkeley,  
Berkeley, California—

GENTLEMEN: I recently purchased Lot C, Block 8, University Terrace, Berkeley, which lot, as you know, is situated on Panoramic Way. It is my intention to build a residence on this lot as soon as possible, but unless I can be assured that the new stadium will not be built in Strawberry Cañon, or, if built, that the City of Berkeley will take appropriate measures to regulate traffic to and from the stadium so as to eliminate congestion in the vicinity thereof, I shall not build.

Last Saturday a minor football game was played at the present field, and although the attendance was relatively small, yet automobiles were parked nearly the entire length of Bancroft Way, and upon intersecting side streets for a considerable distance south. It is not difficult to imagine what conditions will be when more important games are played and the attendance is larger, nor what intolerable congestion will exist if the stadium is built in Strawberry Cañon and automobiles are permitted to park on the narrow hillside streets in the vicinity. In case of fire or other catastrophe, police and fire automobiles and ambulances would be absolutely precluded from reaching the scene of the disaster.

Even if it be conceded that the City of Berkeley can not prohibit the building of the stadium in Strawberry Cañon, there would seem to be no reason why an ordinance should not be passed forbidding the parking of automobiles within a certain designated area adjacent to the stadium, particularly upon the narrow hillside streets, during designated hours in days when the stadium is in use.

I therefore earnestly urge the adoption of such an ordinance at the earliest possible date, so that the University of California may have concrete evidence of the widespread opposition to the location of the stadium in Strawberry Cañon.

Respectfully yours, H. M. SAWYER.

##### The Definite and Indefinite Articles.

If I am elected in November I shall submit to the legislature in January, 1923, a budget that will call for an actual decrease of from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 below the last biennial budget of \$91,000,000. I will do this without crippling a single humanitarian function and without deducting a single dollar from the state's educational funds.—Friend William Richardson.

If I am elected to this great office, I go in there absolutely unshackled.—Thomas Lee Woolwine and Andrew Gump.

The Temple of Apollo at Delphi was burned in 548 B. C.

#### CONSTANTINOPLE.

Impact of the Turk in the Fifteenth Century Drives Its Scholars and Scholarship Abroad.

#### II.

In last week's *Argonaut* I wrote of the origin and rise of Constantinople, bringing the story down to the times which in Western Europe were the Dark Ages. This week I shall consider certain outstanding circumstances under which the capital of the Eastern Empire assisted the intellectual revival of the Western world, sending back seeds from its transplanted culture. In a future issue I shall consider some of the relations of Constantinople to modern life. The information contained in these articles can not be regarded as a "scoop." But it is derived from scattered sources which the reader may not find readily accessible.

Through the late fall and early winter of 1096 successive waves of a barbarian army from the woods of France and Germany and the swamps of Flanders, dressed in pot-scraper shirts of mail and mounted on starving cart-horses, appeared before the walls of Constantinople and demanded entrance and quarters. Few of these men could write their names, and most of them were innocent of any intentional contact with water since they were born. The emperor of what was left of the classic world looked on them with disdain, but he feared them; and requested them, in effect, please to be on their way. They made threats, demanding entertainment for man and beast. That seemed cheaper than conflict, so, being a discreet man, he supplied fodder, and the army went into cantonments for the winter; raiding hen roosts, stealing shoats, holding up travelers, and raising the deuce with the farmers' wives and daughters. Once it attacked the walls. In the spring the emperor persuaded the barbarians to shift camp to the other side of the Bosphorus, promising to set them over and even to join their expedition. But with Eastern finesse he withdrew his vessels after the ferriage, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that the last of his recent guests was winding over the heights of Scutari in the general direction of Antioch. He could look dry-eyed upon the vanishing rear guard of the First Crusade. This is a skeletonized account of some very complex transactions, but it will serve.

When the Christian warriors reached Jerusalem they demonstrated their peculiar brand of ethics by wading their horses in Moslem blood and burning the Jews alive in their synagogues. In a practical sense, morality is relative, and in judging the Turk it may be rational to consider whether he has ever exceeded in ferocity the example set him by the Soldiers of the Cross.

For long, Constantinople was on the main line of the Crusades, which had to be repeated because the Crusaders could not hold their gains, and which the Eastern emperors regarded with justifiable suspicion. They have even been accused of treasonably arranging to have some of these expeditions slaughtered. One swindled the strangers with debased coin. But if any future Nicetas or Gibbon should describe the destruction of Smyrna by the Kemalists he would have a hard time making it appear more bloody, more ruthless, more wanton and cruel than the sack of Constantinople by the Venetians and the so-called Christian knights of the fourth of these fanatical excursions. They ravaged the rich and beautiful city, the world's headquarters of art and learning, burned a large part of it, violated its women, drove into starving exile as many of its inhabitants as fled from San Francisco during the fire of 1906. Nor can the incompetent Turk be accused of any worse administration than that of the Latin emperors who drunkenly dozed on the throne of the Eastern Caesars for more than fifty years thereafter, and whose misrule probably contributed as much to the weakness and ultimate ruin of the empire as any good half of the Turkish armies could have achieved. There are persons in this country who think we should have some more Crusades. They seem to lack any valid notion of those we did have.

Before the First Crusade the Emperors of the East had begun to appeal to Western Christendom for help against the military migration of the Turks. But there was some difference of opinion between the Eastern Christians and the Western Christians as to whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and the Son or the Father by way of the Son, and as nobody seemed able to come at any statistics that would settle it, and as each side clung to its theory with that stubbornness which has always proved its possessor unfit for good society, no help could be obtained, except in the form of more Crusades. The time came when even those doubtful blessings petered out.

In such gradual developments as the Renaissance and the Revival of Learning it is not possible to select an individual event that will serve as a date for the whole. It is hardly practicable to set definite limits. We know the dates of some battles, of the discovery of America, of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, when Fort Sumter was fired on; could probably find out when the first Ford left the factory—but the dark ages were a long time coming to an end, and some say they are not ended yet, and so, for lack of a date



it can be said to have begun, it is difficult to assign causes for that great release of mental energy which went on during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Crusades helped. But in times of little learning and scanty records even the dates of the great inventions are lost or debatable—gun-powder, the compass, paper and printing. However, one event stands above the rest, and it is connected with the tragedy of Constantinople.

To this great movement the city on the Bosphorus had contributed much in the way of classic learning and the disturbance of dogmatic authority. Her libraries and churches and palaces contained rich collections, a true deposit of literary treasure. The time approached when almost the whole balance was to be withdrawn, and the Turk was its quite unintentional cause.

That wonderful Italian family of wool merchants and bankers and princes, the Medici, which gave a queen to France and a Pope to the Western world, whose shield bears the mysterious six balls, said to represent pills and to relate to a time when some member of the family practiced medicine (the theory of this writer is that they represented samples of wool), was in 1438 in the full tide of its early vigor. It took pride in encouraging art and learning, and everything else that could promise the advancement or add to the glory of Florence. It has been said that the head of the family at that time, Cosimo, would often import in the same ship a cargo of Indian spices and Greek books. Under such encouragement artists whose names shine among the brightest lights of history were at work all over the city: Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Donatello, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, to name a few. Cosimo had a foreign policy that sounds pathetically familiar. He saw the people weighed down with the taxes caused by incessantly recurring wars, and he wanted to bring about universal peace. Our own ideas on the subject can hardly be called new, nor can we find much assurance of security in what has happened since. In furtherance of this little endeavor, Cosimo was bent on making foreign nations recognize Florence as the leading city of Italy, and the Medici as the motive power of Florence. It was a fine idea. That hope of peace is always with us.

Under the Turkish menace the emperors of the East had made some effort to heal the schism between the churches and unite with the Western nations. The theologians had framed a formula for the procession of the Holy Ghost that made a good fusion platform, and relations had taken the aspect expressed on the seal of the great State of Missouri: "United We Stand, Divided—," etc. But whenever things looked safe, the Eastern church would show a bad disposition to secede. In 1438, however, things looked worse than usual on the Bosphorus, and the Emperor John Paleologus with the Patriarch of Constantinople and a large retinue of theologians and bishops made a trip to the Italian city of Ferrara, to solicit help from a council of the Latin church then in session there. This was Cosimo's chance. He went to Ferrara and kidnapped the council, persuading the Pope to transfer it to Florence. Like Robert Newton Lynch, Cosimo was a good manager of the chamber of commerce.

The council that met at Florence in 1439 was one of the most important conferences of that age. There was the Emperor of the East, the Pope of Rome, the Patriarch of Constantinople, great prelates of both organizations, and thus many of the most learned men of the world. The council brought to Florence, not only scholars and rare manuscripts, but the gorgeous costumes and headdresses of the Orient, which you can see reproduced in some of the Gozzoli frescoes in the old Medici palace, and which formed one of the stronger inspirations of painting.

One great scholar was persuaded by Cosimo to settle permanently. Many of the rare manuscripts found their way into Cosimo's library, ultimately to be multiplied by scribes, and after that by printing, which latter art, however, the Medici would not encourage. The unrolling of history and of the literature of the past had begun in earnest. Greek learning and the "humanities," the most liberalizing influence (now being sadly neglected in our universities under the elective system and the country club atmosphere and the demand for courses in millinery and scenario writing), were finding a new and honorable position. Fresh and freshening contacts, inspiring friendships, were being formed, which were to have tremendous results. The city was crowded with these wonderful strangers, its life filled with grand processions and sumptuous functions. Florence was enjoying the social and intellectual stimulus of an international exposition. Out of it grew Cosimo's celebrated Platonic Academy, and an endless propaganda of education. And it never could happen again.

The assistance of Western Christendom was mainly conversational. The emperor and the patriarch and the learned bishops returned to Constantinople with much sympathy and little help. The Crusades, which had made the going hard for the Mohammedans and so had given the empire some breathing spell, were dead and could not be revived. After about two centuries of trying to whip the Turk so he would stay whipped, Europe had had enough of that speculation. And fourteen years after the pleasant conversations at Florence the fort-wrecking cannon of Mohammed II

battered down a section of the wall of Constantinople and the last of the Roman emperors died under the waves of the Mongolian inundation. The Roman Empire was down at last. The Turk had acquired for the capital of Mohammedanism one of the three most important cities in the world, one whose value in history, secular history at least, is exceeded only by that of Athens and of Rome. If we feel the conviction of Poe's verse, "Ah, Psyche, from the regions which are holy land," then Constantinople is a city sacred to two civilizations. And that is a bad position.

Gibbon tells us the loot was worth four million ducats; but as he neglects to give the rate of exchange for ducats we can only assume that there was a good deal of portable property the Crusaders did not get, and perhaps a little that had been accumulated since their day. The same authority tells us that 110,000 manuscripts disappeared, and the bilious-looking soldiers of the Crescent hawked about the streets the complete hand-written works of Aristotle and Homer at ten volumes for a ducat.

In the flight from the city many of the more important of the fugitives bethought them of the hospitality of Florence, where they had been so sumptuously entertained a few years before, and the magnificence of the Medici, who would undoubtedly pay well for Greek books and any portable works of art. In such or some such way the impact of the Turk drove a good part of the remaining store of classic learning over Western Europe when Western Europe was well prepared to receive it and build it into the fabric of modern culture. Even as she fell, Constantinople handed on the torch. And if it at times it seems to burn fitfully and emit more smoke than light, that is not her fault.

MORTON TODD.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Autumn.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn  
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening  
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing  
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,  
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;—  
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright  
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,  
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,  
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,  
Till shade and silence waken up as one,  
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.  
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,  
On panting wings through the inclement skies,  
Lest owls should prey  
Undazzled at noonday,  
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,  
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,  
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest  
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs  
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—  
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three  
On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime  
Trembling;—and one upon the old oak-tree!  
Where is the Dryad's immortality?—  
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,  
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through  
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard,  
The ants have brimm'd their garner with ripe grain,  
And honey bees have stored

The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;  
The swallows all have wing'd across the main;  
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,  
And sighs her tearful spells

Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.  
Alone, alone,

Upon a mossy stone,  
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone  
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,  
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,  
Like a dim picture of the drowned past  
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far away,  
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last  
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

—Thomas Hood.

### To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease.  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Sparest the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mlle. Mathilde François, of the little French village of Montreuil, has been chosen as a model for all her sex in an annual ceremony which was performed for the first time in A. D. 525.

Mme. Gorki, wife of the great Russian author, has been appointed a commissary by the Soviet government and entrusted with the work of disposing abroad of all the art treasures collected by it.

A portrait of Mme. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitch, the only surviving child of Samuel Clemens, has been painted by the New York artist, Julius Rolshoven, which is said to foreshadow a revival of Gainsborough, as Burne-Jones made the Italian masters a nineteenth-century fad. Mme. Gabrilowitch is a frequent writer on musical themes and possesses a well-trained contralto voice.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, conductor, virtuoso, and composer, was born in Novgorod, Russia, in 1873. At the age of nine he entered the Petrograd Conservatory and toured Russia as a pianist in 1892. In 1899 he made his first appearances in London in the three-fold capacity of composer, symphony conductor, and pianist, which he since has repeated many times in many parts of the world.

Dr. Charles F. Thwing, president emeritus of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, was chosen last month as president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Dr. Thwing, who is widely known in the educational world, has recently retired from the presidency of the university at Cleveland after more than thirty years of service. His latest book, now in press, is the result of a visit to Australia and New Zealand.

Judge John Barton Payne, former Secretary of the Interior, is at present in Paris, where he has the duty of presiding over the associated leagues of the Red Cross established anywhere in the world. The conference, which is called in Paris for the present week of October, will convene practically all of the national units of the late war. Possessing a large fortune and being entirely without domestic ties, Judge Payne seems an ideal choice for successor to the late Henry P. Davison, who in 1919 was elected chairman of the governing board of the World League of Red Cross Societies. There is a growing belief, however, that the Red Cross, founded by a woman, and established in this country by Clara Barton, should have a woman director. Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has committed the woman's national party to seek to place the Red Cross directorship in the hands of a woman.

Sophia Hanem, wife of Zaghul Pasha, who has taken her exiled husband's place as leader of the Independent Nationalist movement in Egypt, is the power back of the Zaghulist party today. Men as well as women throughout Egypt look upon her home, popularly called the "House of the Nation," as their mecca. Hundreds of people call upon her daily and she has brushed aside the conventions of centuries to receive and help them. She, a high-born Moslem, receives men and women of all classes with unveiled head, and breaks tradition still further by talking to them. She pours out hope and enthusiasm with a dynamic eloquence that is said often to reduce her audience to tears. Lady Sophia was married in 1896 at the age of twenty to Saad Pasha, and is many years his junior.

Dr. Augusto Cochrane de Alencar, the Brazilian Ambassador to this country, who has been celebrating the centenary of his country's independence of Portuguese rule, is the great-grandson of the Admiral Lord Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, who performed such heroic deeds as commander of the Brazilian navy that he is considered one of the founders of the nation. Lord Thomas was falsely accused of having circulated the report of the death of Napoleon I for speculative purposes. He resigned all his honors and went into exile—to the South American countries that had always engaged his sympathies. He commanded the Chilean navy before taking over the naval end of the Brazilian struggle. Later, cleared of the charge, Lord Cochrane returned to England and entered Parliament. The Brazilian Ambassador is descended from a daughter of the doughty admiral who married a Brazilian in the early days of the war for liberation.

The foremost business woman in the British Empire, Lady Rhondra, who holds that "women should be able to get everything eventually," and who means to fight for her seat in the Lords' until she gets it, is anything but the strident militant of familiar British suffragette tradition. Her competence is unobtrusive and her personality feminine. She dresses simply, though without any masculine affectation, and is said to have a genuine English complexion with waves of color that come and go in youthful fashion. Lady Rhondra is half Scotch, half Welsh, a heritage possibly accounting for her business and political acumen. Altogether she has three offices, one where she controls the huge mining interests of her millionaire father, the late Lord Rhondra, a second where she sits on the board of directors of *Time and Tide*, a weekly paper that has been a great success during its two years of existence, and a third the office of the Six Point Group, one of the most active of the women's political bodies in England.



## MORE CONVERTED CANNIBALS.

Frederick O'Brien Invites to Another Rocking-Chair Voyage in Southern Seas.

The best way to deal with this South Sea, or atoll, fever is to keep right on until we get it out of the blood. That, apparently, is what Frederick O'Brien thought, and inasmuch as keeping right on was lucrative to him, who shall say he was not right? His third book, "Atolls of the Sun," is a fit continuation of his "White Shadows," and the other one, "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," if that is the title, grading fewer ounces to the ton of interesting material, as might be expected where the ore dump is worked over, but showing better command of the method of extraction. For he has drawn strength from success, and there are phases of the making of this book that show more mastery than its predecessors. And it contains some material on subjects of endless interest—another discussion of the mystery of Easter Island, accompanied by an effort to associate its weird sculptors with the architects of Stonehenge; and a version, from a descendant of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, of the sombre tragedy and strange social evolution that took place on lonely Pitcairn.

There seems to be less mere reporting, more philosophy, in this O'Brien book than in the others, although it runs as easily from topic to topic and presents life as vividly. Does it present it with exact truth? Old skippers may point out, as old skippers are always doing, that some of the scenes lack photographic accuracy. Yet that may mean merely that old skippers and working authors rarely see things alike. And it would not be astonishing if they did not, for no two people ever do see the same things alike, any more than a creed ever means the same thing to any two devotees that mumble it. An artist putting on canvas the rose and golden hues of a sunset was interrupted by a rustic who wanted to know: "Mister, how long do you have to do that before you git so you kin take photographs?" These South Sea scenes of O'Brien's may lack the sharpness of photography, but we greatly mistake a lot of things if they are not more imbued with the spirit of man, and come nearer to having a third dimension. He dares to say:

Life is not real. It is an illusion, a screen upon which each one writes the reactions upon himself of his sensory knowledge. The individual is the moving camera, and what he calls life is his projection of the panorama about him—not more actual than the figures and storms upon the cinema screen. In this book I have put the film that passed through my mind in wild places, and among natural people.

It is useless to look to find in the South Seas what I have found. It is there, glowing and true, and yet, as each beholder conjures a different vision of the human spectacle about him, each can see the islands of romance only by the lens life has fitted upon his soul.

Quite good stuff, that.

With O'Brien's book one can voyage in a rocking-chair over a considerable part of the southern ocean, and from its comfortable deck review many things that might on personal contact prove far from elegant. Cannibals, for example, exert in books a wonderful charm, one that does not weaken even by comparison with pirates. To a real rover, all the island peoples seem engaging, and a Melville or a Stevenson can make home-keeping people feel that they indeed have homely wits. And there may be some basis in reality for the admiration travelers often express for the simple savages of the beaches and the coconut groves. O'Brien makes comparison with the personal habits of civilized whites, and not altogether to the credit of the latter. He cites, for example, from the "Lois de la Galanterie," written for the guidance of beaux and dandies in 1648, the injunction that "every day one should take pains to wash one's hands, and one should wash one's face almost as often." To a Tahitian, by contrast, cleanliness was part of daily life. "His brooks were his club, where often he sat or lay in the laughing water, his head crowned with flowers, dreaming of a life of serene idleness." Our author says, moreover:

Environment, purling rivulets under embowering trees, the most enchanting climate between pole and pole, a simple diet but little clothing, made the Tahitian and Marquesan the handsomest and cleanest races in the world. Clothes and cold are an iron barrier to cleanliness, except where wealth affords comfort and privacy. Michelangelo wore a pair of socks many years without removing them. Our grandfathers counted a habit of frequent bathing a sign of weakness. In old New England many baths were thought conducive to immorality, by some line of logic akin to that of my austere aunt, who warned me that oysters led to dancing.

This rocking-chair journey takes us to the Paumotus, among a people more akin to the Maoris than some of the other Polynesians are. The outstanding figure among them was old Mapuhi, the gigantic, a leader among his people, and a trader, too, whose will was about all the law needed in his part of the world. He was a Mormon, for the Mormon missionaries had established their faith quite firmly in the Paumotus, and we get this thoroughly human view of them and their field:

"The Lord has been mighty good to us," said De Kalb, who was in his twenties. "We've got this island hog-tied. If it weren't for the Josephites and some of those Catholic priests, we'd have every last one. Those Josephites are sorest, because they are deserters from Mormonism. Why are they? Why, their so-called prophet was Joseph. I forget his other name. Oh, no, he was not our martyr, Joseph Smith. They

split off from the real church. They don't amount to a hill of beans, but when the Mormons left these islands because the French were hostile, these Josephites sneaked in and got quite a hold by lying about us, before we got on to their game and came back here. They're out for the stuff. The real name of our church here is, *Te Etaretia a Jesu Metia e te fela mo'a i te Mau Muhana Hobeia Nei*."

"Gosh, I'd like to get my hair cut and reached," said Elder Overton. "It was fine, when I left Papete. I just have to let it go," and he stirred his golden shock with the air of a man who has abandoned comfort for an ideal.

"Do the Paumotuans cling to their heathen customs?" I asked.

Overton looked at the floor, but De Kalb, the older, spoke up.

"They will circumcise," he said hesitatingly. We try to stop it, but they say it is right; that it makes them a separate people. They often wait until thirteen years of age before prompted to perform the rite. The kids don't appreciate it."

"And tithes? Your church members give a tenth of their incomes?"

And again De Kalb replied:

"They should," he said. "These Takaroans are just beginning to see the beauty of that divine law. It is hard to make them exact. Perhaps they give a twentieth. It's coconuts, you know, and it is hard to keep account."

That must be a comfortable way to pay one's share of the church mortgage—with coconuts, where they grow.

We have been offered of late many mirrors between covers. Most of these have given reflections of other people, and so have been quite enjoyable. But here is a reflection of ourselves, from the polished calabash surface of Mapuhi's mind; Mapuhi, who, though a good Mormon, had been to San Francisco and in spite of the missionaries would persist in hanging pages of the *Police Gazette* on the walls of his house:

"I had seven nights," said Mapuhi, "in your great house, and seven days in your streets. The people were like the fish in the lagoon of Pukaupuka, where no man seeks them, and where they crowd each other until they kill. I went in a room from the ground to where I slept, a room that moved on a cord; and I rode in other rooms that moved about the roads on iron bands in which people sat who never said a word to one another, and who never spoke to me. As I walked in the roads they were dark as in the coconut-groves, for your houses make caves of the roads, as under the barrier-reef."

"But," Mapuhi, I said, "we are happy in our way."

"You do not laugh much," returned the chief. "Only I heard the laughter from the houses in which you sold rum. I am a good Mormon. I do not now drink your mad waters, but in your city only the mad waters made men happy. I was a gentle myself many years and did not know the truth. I, too, drank the mad waters."

Mapuhi's eyes sought the picture of Brigham Young which was on the wall, but mine went to the figures of the prize-fighters, Jeffries and Johnson. Mapuhi intercepted my glance and immediately became alert.

"Was it possible that I had ever seen *Teferite* or *Tihonitone*?"

This question was put to Elder Overton, who hesitated to interpret. The subject was a scandal throughout the Paumotus. I read that in the preacher's face, but, comprehending the import of the words, I said that I knew *Teferite*; that he lived very near me, and that I saw him often in his store. Once or twice I had bought goods of him. He was getting very fat since *Tihonitone* had whipped him, and most of his time he hunted fish and wild animals. *Tihonitone*, the *neega*, as the Paumotuans call Afro-Americans, I had seen more than once, I said.

"That *neega* knocked down the white *Teferite* and took the hundreds of thousands of francs given the winner," said Mapuhi, with spirit. "They are both great men, but the *neega* is the greatest. Next to the chiefs of the Mormon church, they are the greatest Americans."

"Have you ever heard of Roosevelt, Teddy Roosevelt?" I demanded.

He did not know the man. An acquaintance in Tahiti sent him now and then the pink paper which contained the pictures of fighting men, of fighting dogs, and of women whose bosoms and legs were bare. America must now be full of these fights, and of beautiful women almost naked, he said.

Since Bismarck discovered "the imponderables" as among the prime movers in history, there has been more appreciation of them; and while Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson could hardly be regarded as imponderable, it certainly did not at the time seem important which one whipped the other. In the old Paumotuan's estimate, however, is evidence that even that apparently contemptible event, as well as the defeat of Russia by the Japanese, may have had its effect on the imaginations of dark-faced men, not only in Harlem and the Southern States, but among Hindus in India and newly-converted Mohammedans in Africa—so closely is the world now knit together, and so techy and irritable have its inhabitants become.

There seems in this book a more conscious effort than in its predecessors at colorful description. Here is some pretty work, done, of course, with very good material:

I took the *titea mata* he handed me, the four-sided wooden box with a pane of ordinary glass fixed in it, about fifteen inches square, and notched for the neck of the observer. Putting the glass below the surface and gazing through it, I was in fairyland.

The floor of the lagoon was the superbest garden ever seen by the eye of man. A thousand forms of life, fixed and moving, firm and waving, coral and shells, fish of all the colors of the rainbow, of beauteous, of weird, and of majestic shape and size, decorated and animated this strange reserve man had invaded for food and profit. The giant furbelowed clams, largest of all mollusks, white, or tinged with red and saffron or brown-yellow, a coruscating glare of blue, violet, and yellow from above, reposed like a bed of dream tulips upon the shining parterre.

The coral was of an infinitude of shape: emerald one moment and sapphire the next, shot with colors from the sun and the living and growing things beneath. Springing from the sea-floor were cabbages and roses, cauliflower and lilies, ivory fans and scarlet vases, delicate fluted columns, bushes of pale yellow coral, bouquets of red and green coral, shells of pink and purple, masses of weeds, brown and black sponges. It was a magic maze of submarine sculpture, fret-work, and flowers, and through all the interstices of the coral weaved in and out the brilliant-colored and often miraculously-molded fish and crustaceans. There were great masses of dark or sulphur-hued coral into which at any alarm these creatures

darted and from which they peeped when danger seemed past. Snakes, blue, gold, or green bars on a velvet black-brown, glided in and out of the recesses, or coiled themselves about branches.

For mysterious irrationality and lack of evidence of beneficial result, the subject of *tabus* among the Polynesians is almost fit to rank with that of caste among the Hindus. In fact there are points of resemblance that might suggest to the mind of a highly imaginative ethnologist some remote affinity of origin. There are some 2100 to 2500 different Hindu castes, and it is said no white man ever lived who understood the limits of them all; but it would seem to be impossible to guess how many Polynesian *tabus* there are, because they may be arbitrarily imposed by the priests, in response to no one knows what private or selfish impulse. And no reasons have to be assigned. It is worse than a tariff bill of three thousand schedules. This picture, however, from O'Brien's gallery not only gives us light upon the universality of the feminist movement with its general points of resemblance, but may serve as the basis of a guess at one cause of *tabus*, at least:

The most resented exclusion against women in the Marquesas, and one of the last to be broken, was from canoes. Lying Bill, as the first seaman who sailed their ships here, had met shoals of women swimming out miles to the vessel as it made for port. In his youth they did not dare enter a canoe in Hiva-Oa. They tied their *pareus* on their heads and swam out, clambered aboard the ships miles from land with the *pareus* still dry.

"They'd jump up on the bulwarks," said Lying Bill, "an' make their twilight before touchin' the deck. The men would come out in canoes an' find the women had all the bloomin' plunder."

The sorcerer and I passed the ceremonial pipe, and his words were slow, as becoming age and a severe outlook on life.

"There were wilful women who would destroy the *tapu* against entering canoes?" I asked, to urge his speech.

"E, it was so!" he said.

"*Me innui*? What happened?" I queried further.

"A long time this went on. My grandfather told me of a woman who talked against that *tapu* when he was a boy."

"And she—?"

"She enraged the gods. She corrupted even men. A council was held of the wise old men, and the words went forth from it. She was made to keep within her house, and a *tapu* against her made it forbidden to listen to her wildness. In each period another woman arose to do the same, and more were corrupted. Some women stole canoes and were drowned. The sharks even hated them for their wickedness. We pointed out what fate had befallen them, but other women returned boasting. We slew some of these. But still it went on."

"Did the gods speak out plainly and severely?"

The *taua* looked at me quizzically. Foreigners mock holy things of nature. The bishop here had kicked the graven image of the deity of the coconut-tree.

"*Ea!* Po, the god of night, who rules the hereafter, spoke. The priest, the high priest, received the message. You know that grove by the Dark Cave. He heard the voice from the black recesses. *Tapu haa*, it said. A double *tapu* against any woman even lifting a paddle, or putting one toe, or her heel, or her shadow within a canoe. All the women were not wicked. Many believed their place was in the *huao*, the home. These refused to join the brazen hussies, the deserters of the *popoi* pit. But the dance was dull, and there was strife. The *huono*, the artists, the women who rejoice men when they are merry, the women with three or more husbands, they all seemed to have the madness. They gained some of the younger men to their side, and they built that long house by those breadfruit-trees. They held their palaver there, and they refused to lie under their own *faa*, their roofs of pandanus. They would not dance by the light of the blazing candlenuts the mad *hura-hura*, nor let those braver of the sea share their mats on the *baepae* of the valley. Many husbands fought one another when their wife did not return. The tribe grew apart.

"The gods grew weary. Messages but few came from them. Priests' wives even ceased to cook the breadfruit on the hot stones, and went to live in that accursed *haa ite*."

"We esteem such a long house, and call it a club," I interposed in subconscious defense of my own habits.

"*Oti!* Maybe. Your island forgot wisdom early. You even cook your fish. We will make the fire now."

It was determined to refer the *tabu* to a plebiscite, the old *kahuna* believing he had a safe majority of conservatives. Two troughs were set to receive the candlenut ballots, the Paumotuan equivalents of the Athenian shards and oyster shells:

"At that moment," said the old priest, "a canoe which had been cunningly making its way to the shore, as if by a pre-arranged signal, suddenly took the breakers and came careening upon the sand. Out of it stemmed Taiapi, a woman of that red-headed tribe of Tahuata, arranged her kilt of *tapu*, and advanced. She was like an apparition, but fatal to my count. She was a *moi kanahau*, beautiful and strong, and the first woman who had ever come except as a prisoner from that fierce island. But she was stronger in her desires than any man. She was unbelieving and unafraid of sacred things. A hundred men sprang forward to greet Taiapi. American, she was the red jasmine, as the fire of the oven, odorless and lovely, but hot to the touch and scorching to know. That woman laughed at the men, and, as if word had been sent her, took her place among the women. She seized a candlenut and threw it exactly into the unholy *hoana*."

"O men of Omoa," she cried, 'so you fear that women may paddle faster and better than you! *Hoametau hae!* You are cowards. Look, I have come a night and a day alone, and no shark god has injured me and I am not weary.'

"There followed a shower of candlenuts into the demon trough, as the stones from the slings in battle. We were beaten, as youth ever defeats age when new gods are powerful. Our day and the power of all *tapus* waned and ended soon. Once in the canoes those women made us release the *tapu* against their eating bananas and, later, pig. In a thousand years no Marquesan woman had tasted a banana or eaten pig. They were for the men and there were good reasons known to the gods. But let woman leave ever so little way the narrow path of obedience and of doing without things that are evil for her, and she knows no limits. She is without the *koekoe*, the spirit that is in man. The race has fallen on sorrow."

The reviewer's guess in regard to this particular *tabu* is that the men had to have something to sell to the women in return for their favors, so they kept them out of the canoes in order to sell them fish.

ATOLLS OF THE SUN. By Frederick O'Brien. New York: The Century Company; \$5.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending October 7, 1922, were \$160,600,000; for corresponding week of last year, \$132,900,000; an increase of \$27,700,000.

The bond market during the last thirty days has been affected somewhat by the customary cessation of activity during the late summer and the influence of the vacation season. Transactions in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange from August 16th to September 15th were \$312,000,000 compared with \$305,000,000

funding mortgage 5 per cent. bonds, due January 1, 1947, offered at about 5.72 per cent.; \$6,000,000 St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company equipment trust 5 per cent. bonds, offered on a 5 to 5 1/4 per cent. basis; \$21,000,000 Kansas City Power and Light Company first mortgage thirty-year 5 per cent. gold bonds, yielding 5.47 per cent.; \$50,000,000 Swift & Co. ten-year 5 per cent. sinking fund notes, offered at 97 to yield 5.40 per cent.; \$10,000,000 Eastern Cuba Sugar Corporation—a subsidiary of the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation—fifteen-year 7 1/2 per cent. mortgage sinking fund gold bonds, offered at par, and \$25,000,000 Sinclair Pipe Line Company twenty-year sinking fund 5 per cent. gold bonds offered to yield 5.40 per cent. The results of these offerings indicated that demand is still sufficient to absorb new offerings in considerable amount with more interest in new than in old issues.

The market for high-grade bonds has developed a considerable degree of dullness recently, but there is no tendency toward a reaction accompanying this. Liberty Bonds in particular have been giving a good account of themselves, the 3 1/2s touch a new high on moderate buying. Prices for other gilt-edged issues hold steady around the high levels, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Speculative bonds, especially in the railroad group, have not lost their attractiveness for investors willing to accept a small risk in return for a high yield, and with a few isolated exceptions have advanced in a slow market. The St. Louis-San Francisco adjustment 6s and income 6s are the leaders in this upward movement, the reason being that these two bonds are traded in "flat" and on October 1st sell ex-interest, three points in the former and six points in the latter case. Buying is based on the theory that the losses for deduction of interest will be recovered quickly.

All Chicago & Alton bonds relapsed sharply on announcement of a receivership on August 31st and have not recovered to any extent. It is probable that bondholders will be well protected in any reorganization that is proposed and eventually those who have bought above the present market may be able to get out even. Railroad organizations, however, are usually long-drawn-out affairs, sometimes covering a period of several years, and meanwhile opportunities are available in other quarters where the losses incurred in the Chicago & Alton issues might be recovered by switching.

So far as the outlook for the bond market as a whole is concerned, there is nothing of a disturbing nature apparent. Although the present is a season of heavy credit demands the gain in discounts and note circulation has not been sufficient to cause more than a few points loss in the Federal Reserve ratio of reserves to liabilities and no upturn in interest rates has occurred. Until money costs a higher rate than now prevailing, first-grade bonds will hold steady and speculative bonds will continue to reflect improvement in their issuing companies and gain in the margin of safety by working higher.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas bonds offer attractive possibilities among the speculative rails. There are four new bond issues under the reorganization plan, all of these being sold at this time on a "when issued" basis. The prior lien "A" 5s, 1962, at 88 yield 5.77 per cent.; the "B" 4s, 1962, at 74 yield 5.64 per cent.; the "C" 6s, 1932, at 98 yield 6.27 per cent.; and the cumulative adjustment 5s, 1967, at 65 yield 7.82 per cent. The three series of prior lien bonds are earning their interest requirements about two and three-quarter times and after deduction of this balance available for interest on the adjustment 5s is equivalent to about three times the requirement. The latter bond is the more speculative in that interest is paid only when earned and default is no ground for bankruptcy proceedings.

After the experience of war-time control of the transportation system of the country it became evident that strong, competitive railroads were in the public interest and should

be fostered. Appropriate legislation—known as the Transportation Act of 1920—was placed upon the statute books by Congress to permit this condition be brought about.

"Whenever the commission (the Interstate Commerce Commission) is of the opinion upon application of any carrier . . . that the acquisition by one of such carriers of the control of any other such carrier . . . will be in the public interest, the commission shall have the authority by order to approve and authorize such acquisition" is the unequivocal language of the act. It continues: "The carriers affected by any order under the foregoing provisions . . . are hereby relieved from the operation of the 'anti-trust laws' . . . and of all other restraints or prohibition by law, state or Federal, in so far as may be necessary to enable them to do anything authorized or required by any order made under and pursuant to the foregoing provisions of this section."

The recent court order, based on the anti-trust laws and directing the Southern Pacific Company to divest itself of its Central Pacific lines, if affirmed, must be obeyed, of course. That is not debatable. But after the order is obeyed, the Interstate Commerce Commission holds jurisdiction under the Transportation Act of 1920 to authorize consolidation of railroads where that is in the public interest, irrespective of anti-trust laws. Certainly there is no impropriety on the part of any one seeking the application of new law to the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific case, so that the present unified system may be retained in the interest of economy and for the betterment of service of the traveling and shipping public.

The Equitable Eastern Banking Corporation declared a regular dividend of 2 per cent. on September 29th, payable October 2, 1922. The dividend rate is on the basis of 8 per cent. per annum.

Carstens & Earles, Inc., investment bankers, have recently removed from the Insurance Exchange Building to larger and more conveniently arranged quarters on the ground floor of the California Commercial Union Building.

An offering of \$2,000,000 Southern California Gas Company first and refunding mortgage 5 1/2 per cent., Series "B" of 1952, gold bonds, price 98 1/2 and accrued interest, yielding about 5.60 per cent., is being made by

Blyth, Witter & Co. The first and refunding mortgage bonds are secured by a direct mortgage on all the property of the Southern California Gas Company now owned or hereafter acquired, subject only to the first mortgage bonds due in 1950. The first and refunding mortgage contains a provision that so long as any first mortgage bonds remain in the hands of the trustee uncanceled, first and refunding mortgage bonds may be issued only to the amount of first mortgage bonds deposited with the trustee of the first and refunding mortgage, except that, in order to permit the company to take advantage of a favorable mar-



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ket, bonds may be sold and their proceeds deposited with the trustee. These proceeds thereafter become payable to the company upon deposit of first mortgage bonds with the trustee. The result will be that the first and refunding mortgage will eventually have more than a 54 per cent. interest in the first mortgage. First and refunding mortgage bonds may be issued only in an amount equal at par to 75 per cent. of the cost of additions, extensions, betterments, etc., and then only when for twelve consecutive months out of

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for the preceding period, says *Commerce Monthly*.

The market has been characterized by strength of all classes of good investment issues, partly as a result of the relatively small volume of new offerings and partly because of the continued presence in the market of funds not as yet needed for manufacturing and merchandising operations. With the development of business activity, temporary holdings must at some time come back on the market.

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(October Issue)

The Turk's Come-Back

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3 1/4 per cent. U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness offered on September 11th and due September 15, 1923, totaled \$570,000,000.

There have been no important offerings of foreign bonds and until toward the close of the period few important domestic issues. Among the larger sales were: \$7,000,000 United States Rubber Company first and re-


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the preceding fifteen months' earnings from gas operations shall have equaled at least one and three-quarters times the annual interest charges on all bonds outstanding, including those for which certification is requested.

The 500 Eastern investment bankers who traveled to the Pacific Coast in three special Southern Pacific trains to attend the annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association of America at Del Monte, October 9th to 12th, were met at Truckee by a welcoming committee of prominent business men of which E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company, was chairman.

Elaborate plans were made for the entertainment of the visitors. Special committees



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made every effort to acquaint the Eastern bankers with the wonderful scenic, industrial, and agricultural resources and advantages of the West.

\$275,000 Excelsior Union High School District 5 per cent. bonds were sold October 23 to a syndicate composed of Hunter, Dulin & Co., E. H. Rollins & Sons, the William R. Staats Company, and the First Securities Corporation. Other bidders were California Company, Security Trust and Savings Bank, Mer-

Bank, Mercantile Trust Company, California Company, Citizens' National Bank, M. H. Lewis & Co., Cyrus Peirce & Co., Bank of Italy, Harris Trust and Savings Bank and Bond & Goodwin & Tucker. The premium paid was \$1,797.25.

With everything favoring them, operators for the decline have made a poor showing in their recent attacks. The bear is a poor bluffer, unconsciously doing usually more good than harm, improving the property he aims at destroying. We have to thank him that markets are, speaking generally, well set for a new upward swing.

The outstanding fact is that the conditions that underlie our industrial prosperity are as sound as any one could wish. Substantial business is ahead of us and Wall Street may be trusted to do a little anticipating, says Strassburger & Co.'s Review.

The recent flaring up of oil is not to be regarded as a flash in the pan—more is coming. A steady upward movement in rails, too, from now onward, may be looked for. It is not easy to be pessimistic as to the metals, in view of demand; iron furnaces and steel mills are feverishly increasing the rate of their production in an attempt to satisfy the insistent calls of, among others, railroads and automobile companies. Commodities are in good shape, though hesitancy has been witnessed, owing to conflicting reports. Large purchases of wheat for Europe have not succeeded in giving any appreciable stimulus to prices—spring crop prospects, it may be said, have improved. Estimates of the corn crop have been considerably reduced, and it is a matter for serious consideration that we are getting little more than 60 per cent. of the crop we should from the area under cultivation. Cotton crop prospects are worse, and condition reports have ceased to have much influence, the crop having been made.

Bonds have felt the effect of the many recent depressing conditions, but if comparisons with similar conditions and periods go for anything, the market is at the beginning of a steady climb upwards. Steady, not spectacular. The rises so far experienced were in large measure ahead of their due date (historically regarded).

There have been increases in rates for both call and time money—due to seasonal demands for credits which are being easily met by the banks.

F. J. Lisman, a specialist in railroad bonds, in writing of the future of the railroads in the principal difficulty facing the roads at present is the labor problem. He says the bulk of railroad employees are willing, even anxious, to give their best efforts for good wages. Furthermore, railroad employers and employees meeting in good faith around a table could always adjust their differences—if a third party with selfish interests did not interfere.

Mr. Lisman points out that the national

unions are the disturbing third party. With annual dues in excess of \$25,000,000 flowing into their treasury, it is not to their interest to encourage the worker to keep the industrial peace. If he were ever allowed to become really satisfied with his job, he would no longer feel the need for a national union.

Mr. Lisman would eliminate the national unions entirely, and substitute for them local unions who would know and deal with the employers directly, rather than through officers whose only interest is to promote conflict. Legislation to stop the abuse of unionism would not mean the reduction of wages, but it certainly would mean that more work, and more loyal work, would be given, enabling the railroads to cut down the cost of production and operation in general, and at the same time reduce the costs of distribution and living. It is only when the railroads are given a loyal and full day's work for a full day's pay that they will be able to run more economically, and thus help bring prosperity back to the country. Mr. Lisman proposes four simple remedies for the situation:

Repeal all classes of the present laws which exempt labor from the conspiracy laws.

Compel the publication of all accounts of the labor unions.

Have the Department of Labor supervise all votes at labor union elections; these votes to be secret.

Permit no strike to be declared until the issue on which the men are to strike is clearly defined and until a majority of the members of the union have voted in favor of a strike.

If such legislation were passed, it would serve pretty effectively to take away the overweening power of the national unions.

Mr. L. K. Vickery, Pacific Coast manager of Bennett's Travel Bureau, Inc., has appointed Mr. Royal R. Lord to the position of assistant manager of the European tours department. Mr. Lord, who for many years was connected with the Southern Pacific Company here, has lately returned from Europe, he having visited in a comprehensive manner the chief cities of the Continent and Great Britain. Mr. Lord reports that large and handsome buildings are being erected in most of the principal cities of Germany, and that this country particularly appears to be making a big bid for American tourist travel for 1923.

Electric power is cheaper and more plentiful in California than anywhere else in the world. This fact can be credited to the policy of hydro-electric development by private enterprise under the control of the state railroad commission.

As the growth of California proceeds the state will need more power for its industries and its farms. Private enterprise is willing to take the risks of pioneering and to put private power in whatever counties are necessary.

As the state grows it will also need more

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schools, more highways, more public buildings, and more facilities for the general public convenience. The state, and the state alone, must provide these things; private enterprise can not and will not do it.

In the face of these facts advocates of the so-called Water and Power Act propose to bond the state for \$500,000,000—six times the present indebtedness of California and twice the bonded indebtedness of the State of New

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California's credit is not inexhaustible. It ought to be preserved for the legitimate needs of the state, not visionary schemes that are not only unnecessary, but exceedingly dangerous to the future of the state.

A vote against Amendment No. 19 at the

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election next November is a vote to keep the state's borrowing power for the benefit of the present generation and the generations to come.

The exposure of the villainies of the proposed water and power constitutional "amendment" has thus far been confined mainly to its demerits as a power proposition.

Doubtless from that angle there is more than enough to bury the measure, but it must not be forgotten that it is also a deadly blow to every irrigation district. Nominally the rights of new and old districts are in a measure protected. Practically every district is under the thumb of the five appointed politicians.

Practically no new district can be formed and get water without the consent of the five politicians. No established district can get additional water.

After years and years of effort we have evolved a most satisfactory method of developing irrigation based on the local autonomy of irrigation districts. Under no circumstances should a political super-power be allowed to interfere with these districts in the slightest degree.

Every irrigator should consult his lawyer, for the evils of this act are so cunningly concealed by language that the plain man can not trust himself to detect them. But they are all there.—*Industrial News Bureau.*

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The past few weeks have been remarkable for an outburst of Celtic literature—not a revival of old Gaelic stuff, but a quite spontaneous ebullition of new. It would seem that Irish writers the world over are anxious to remind us of the power and beauty of their race in the present shadow of their eclipse. Lord Dunsany has thus stepped to the front with his first novel, "Don Rodriguez," and Donn Byrne, who wrote the charming Celto-Oriental fantasy, "Messer Marco Polo," a year or two ago. And after all there is one revival of ancient Irish literature in "Battles and Enchantments," by Norreys Jephson O'Connor. Celtic stuff cut to every taste. And the one that will probably suit the most, since it takes an Irishman or an aesthete to savor fully Dunsany and Donn Byrne, is the Scotch novel, "The Judge," by Rebecca West, the infant phenomena of writers and herself a Scotchwoman.

Rebecca West is not yet thirty, and considered in the light of that salient fact "The Judge" (Doran; \$2.50) is an extraordinary book. If it were anonymous, it would still be a novel that borders on greatness, but as the work of a young woman it connotes genius. We are accustomed to pat Jane Austen on the back retrospectively for having stuck to the small matters whereof she knew. Miss West has departed arrogantly from the Austen school and handles men and emotions with largesse. Even the latter she could not be acquainted with at first hand, for they are those of her middle-aged heroine. Regarded from any angle, "The Judge" is a sombre and, yes, a somewhat terrific book. It is determinedly sincere. When Miss West loses some of the high valor and heartlessness of extreme youth her sincerity will be a refreshing draught: at present it is rather medicinal in flavor. We are beating time in this fashion because there is something unpleasant to be said about "The Judge" that must—to match Miss West's sincerity—be said. It is divided into books and because of its unusual merit and interest we read it to the really bitter end. If by good fortune we had reviewed it at the end of the Book One—what would have been Volume One in the good old fashion of our grandfather's double-deckers—we would have raved and hailed its creator as one of the rarest geniuses of the age. She may be and undoubtedly is if she can sustain the tone of that marvelous first volume straight through a novel. As it is, its length would suffice for the modern pattern and its romance is complete, but Miss West commits the folly of every one who writes to prove a theme. A novel should be a comment on life or a reflection of it, not a sermon, and the famous Book One of "The Judge" is a comment and a reflection and an exquisite piece of work. We said, "At last a woman has written a novel as objectively as a man might." We really doubt if it has ever been done before. But it is almost as if Miss West had looked at her masterpiece, decided it wasn't feminine enough, and added the subjective morbidity which she labeled "Book Two." It is a thousand pities for it has no more relation to the first half than has an opus by Wagner to a delicate Chopin sonata. But with easy clairvoyance we read the cause of Miss West's downfall. She had started out to prove that "every mother is a judge who sentences the children for the sins of the father." She is a critic: but with critics it is a case of "physician cure thyself." She did not perceive that the story of Ellen, its pathos and gaiety and its marvelous quality as marked in a painting by Ver Meer of a gay austerity, was better than proving the thesis, which in itself is an epigram and therefore self-sufficient.

Donn Byrne's "The Wind Bloweth" (The Century Company; \$2) lives up to one's expectations of the creator of "Messer Marco Polo." That is sufficient to any who read the former book, which is one of the most perfect things of its kind. But there are, of course, unfortunates who have not read that dreamy medieval illusion that is like an Oriental silk brocade, but that is also like a mirage at sea. There are writers who are credited with imagination; Donn Byrne has it. His airy and inexhaustible fancy could give large handicaps to most of them and easily come out victorious. He has been compared to that other Celtic romancer, James Stephens. The latter has more humor. In fact, for an Irishman—even an Ulster Scot—Donn Byrne is almost humorless. He belongs rather to that rare class with whom beauty, whether of deed or thought or mien, is a passion, and humor is not always lovely. But it is hard to describe or define him. To say he is humorless is unfair, since once one is on his enchanted terrain you lose the commonplace standards and only know so far as criticism dares rear its factitious head that this is genuine art—the real thing.

But if Donn Byrne has devoted himself to an æsthetic appreciation of life, Dunsany, the whilom æsthete, has turned humorist. For more than in any of his previous tales or plays, his maiden attempt at a novel, "Don

Rodriguez," reveals his Celtic bump of humor. A picaresque novel one expected of him, brave adventures and braver phrases. But this revelation of the absurd and the rollicking in the eighteenth Baron Dunsany, where formerly his greatest relaxation was a recognition of the grotesque, is a joyous discovery to those of us who have admired him for his poetic fancy or his perfect technic. "Don Rodriguez," who is a sort of saner and younger Don Quixote, though, we judge, a contemporary, is the sort of picaresque yarn one loves to read aloud to a congenial friend on a winter's night. Its proper accompaniment would be wine and tobacco, and it is pleasant to think that in the noble lord's own country his book can be properly honored. In that respect, and in several others, "Don Rodriguez" is a good companion volume to Donn Byrne's "The Wind Bloweth." For some reason that the anthropologists and archaeologists may one day clear up the Celt has a great sympathy with the Latin and the Oriental. Mr. Byrne is as much at home in medieval China as in present-day Antrim. Lord Dunsany, though he has often shown his familiarity with strange lands, seems to have come home in mediæval Spain. There must be a reason. R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors

The new collected edition of Mr. Galsworthy's work is christened the "Manaton," after the name of the author's country home in Devon.

Mr. Asquith's war memories will deal more with the history of Armageddon, as he knows it, than with himself. Thanks to his war premiership, he can put in their right places many things that have been said in the many war memoirs.

Miss Amy Lowell, who is an ardent Keats' worshipper and collector, has written the poet's life and will shortly publish it. Miss Lowell knows every word Keats has written and almost everything about him. Her "finds" include new letters and portraits, all which will appear in the life.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's story of his Antarctic Expedition in the years 1914 to 1917 is being specially abridged for schools by Mr. Charles Turley, whom Sir James Barrie has called the "Trollope of boyhood." Mr. Turley has taken out all the technical detail, thus leaving a breathless narrative of Shackleton's exploits which have made his name a household word.

The very human story of reconstruction in France told by Warwick Deeping in his forthcoming Macmillan novel, "The House of Adventure," is a stirring romance of the rebuilding of the French village of Beacourt, of how an English soldier helped Mme. Latour repair her ruined inn, and of the love, the hatred, the revenge and the final satisfaction that rewarded him.

Two travel books of the "Eastern Shore" are soon to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. "Seeing the Eastern States with John T. Faris" is the description of a journey from Maine to Delaware replete with scenic interest, story, and legend. Its ninety illustrations even exceed the quota of "Delaware and the Eastern Shore," by Edward Noble Valandigham.

Apropos of Mr. Lloyd George's political breakfast parties the *Morning Post* quotes a passage from Lord Beaconsfield's "Sybil," in which two Tory ladies are discussing a man friend: "Men who breakfast out are generally Liberals. Have you not observed that? I wonder why." 'It shows a restless, revolutionary mind,' said Lady Firebrace, 'that can settle to nothing, but must be running after gossip the moment they are awake.'

John Masefield, who is said to give more time to his books than any other English author, is to bring out a new poem, "The Dream," and a new play this fall, as well as an illustrated Christmas edition of his epic of the race-course, "Right Royal." Mr. Cecil Alden, the leading English sports artist, is illustrating the latter and Miss Judith Masefield, the poet's daughter, herself a distinguished artist, is illustrating "The Dream." But all this, of course, is in England. Will the Macmillan Company bring out current American editions?

On September 8th, Doubleday, Page & Co. added to their Lambkin Library Series five famous books that have grown increasingly popular with time: "Lorna Doone," "Two Years Before the Mast," "Alice in Wonderland," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "The Three Musketeers." This attractive collection, bound in imported English leather, made to sell at 90 cents a volume, now consists of twenty-one volumes and it is the intention of the publishers to add from time to time other famous books that have won a place in every well-ordered library.

"The Van Eycks and Their Followers," by Sir Martin Conway, just published by E. P.

Dutton & Co., is not a handbook of scattered information on the art of this group, but a connected account of the artists of the Low Countries down to Bruegel, interpreting their works in terms of contemporary social movements. The origin of the art of the Van Eycks is traced in the French schools of the fourteenth century, particularly among the painters of miniatures. The book has about one hundred illustrations.

Strangers don't always succeed with Mr. Rudyard Kipling when they ask him for his autograph or a line of original verse, says *John o' London's Weekly*. To his friends, however, he can be very handsome that way, as Dr. Brander Matthews, the American scholar, recently found. He had a copy of "Many Inventions" bound by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who rarely binds contemporary books. He sent it to Mr. Kipling, asking if he would mind autographing it, and he got it back with three original bits of verse on the fly-leaves. One of them was:

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A dividend to depositors of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1922.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## The Unity of Homer.

The University of California is to be congratulated on having so distinguished an American classical scholar as Professor Scott to inaugurate the Sather Classical Lectures. It is peculiarly fitting that the subject of the first series of lectures should be Homer, the fountainhead of all Western literature and literary tradition. No writer has suffered so much from the aberrations of scholarship and criticism, or has so often been the subject of the fantastic and nonsensical theories that are wont to issue from learned but unpoetic brains of ambitious philologists.

From the time of Wolf to the present the destructive critics have reveled in theories based on difference in language in the Iliad and Odyssey, on contradictions real or imaginary, and on supposedly spurious lines or books in the two poems. There is not a line in either poem that has not been declared spurious by some critic or other. Professor Scott in the first five of his lectures deals with these questions with remarkable common sense and keenness of literary appreciation. "The Iliad and the Odyssey," he says, "were never anonymous; they were never quoted as the work of some unknown poet, and they were never assigned to any other poet than to Homer. The theory that the Iliad and the Odyssey are the anonymous creation of a long era, traditional poems produced by many bards in many ages, makes an appreciation of Greek civilization and Greek literature impossible."

In the remaining lectures Professor Scott points out various signs of the unity of authorship that are revealed to us by character portrayal, the individualization of gods and heroes, and various peculiarities seen in every book of both the Iliad and the Odyssey that

can be explained only by the common-sense view that if Homer did not write these poems some one else did who had the same name. "Everything fits into the theory of a single Homer: the civilization, the language, the gods, the outlines, the marks of genius; and all these are supported by the unanimous verdict of the best poets, and the greatest critics of twenty-five hundred years."

"The evidence for the unity of the Iliad and the Odyssey is so strong that we should be compelled to postulate a single Homer even if ancient Greece had believed in many; but antiquity was united in the belief of one divine Homer, and only one."

Such is the conclusion of the author of this interesting series of lectures—lectures which every lover of Homer should read and reread.

THE UNITY OF HOMER. By John A. Scott. Sather Classical Lectures. Volume I. Berkeley, California: University of California Press; \$3.25.

## Three Horses from the Publishers.

Bill Hart has "edited" the story of his pinto pony, "Paint," in an attractive horse biography called "Told Under a White Oak Tree," which horse lovers and movie fans alike will enjoy. If there are any yet remaining who do not know the risks taken and the dangers braved in Wild West pictures, Paint's story will enlighten them. It requires an intrepid horse as well as a daredevil rider. Eight spirited portraits of the pinto by James Montgomery Flagg add to the charm of Paint's memoirs.

A story that gives a vivid picture of horse life in the great Northwest is "Beyond Rope and Fence," by David Grew. This story of the buckskin mare, Queen Dora, is more than an animal adventure story. It is an interpretation of animal life that is not sentimental, but sympathetic. Mr. Grew not only understands the horse mind and personality, but has successfully set down his knowledge here, and has done so in a fascinating story that has the dramatic value of a novel.

A third horse book, "The Trail of the Spanish Horse," is by the writer of Indian tales, James Willard Schultz, himself a Black-foot Indian by adoption, whose thrilling yarns are the result of first-hand experience on the old frontier. Less an animal story than the two just described, "The Trail of the Spanish Horse" is a red-blooded adventure tale in which Is-Spai-U, the Indian pony, prominently figures.

TOLD UNDER A WHITE OAK TREE. By Bill Hart's Pinto Pony. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

BEYOND ROPE AND FENCE. By David Grew. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

THE TRAIL OF THE SPANISH HORSE. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

## The Social Trend.

"After having drunk so deeply of the sweet cup of individual liberty," says Professor Ross, once of Stanford, now of the University of Wisconsin, "the American will not endure the irksome collar of obedience unless he can feel, as does the public schoolteacher or the college professor, that he bows, not to the will of his immediate superior, but to the requirements inherent in all organization." What an enviable lot our educators must have! But this pronouncement, along with another to the effect that "teachers combat, not other teachers, but ignorance," is about all Professor Ross out of his great experience has to contribute in his chapters on educators and education. In his essay on experts he is equally suave and optimistic about these gentlemen. He leaps on the capitalists' necks instead and wallops lawyers and warriors, favors prohibition as a social measure, and pleads for a legal dismissal wage. As for free speech, he is almost British in his belief in it, and his faith in the good sense of democracy. "The tactics for controlling subversive ideas," says he, "is not the application of the gag, but the redress of real grievances."

Professor Ross is not terribly afraid of the divorce evil in America. "The fact is that, if anything, it contributes to make marriages popular." Does he really know that, or just guess it? There is much *a priori* in Professor Ross' mental method. And if our birth rate is lower than in the days of our grandmothers, our death rate is lower still. "Save our ingenuity in devising contrivances for blotting out human life," says he truly, "nothing in our time is so sensational as our success in vanquishing certain diseases." But we can do little more than suggest the interest of this book. Professor Ross is always interesting. There are those that do not think him always sound.

THE SOCIAL TREND. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

## New Books Received.

THE WIND BLOWETH. By Donne Byrne. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

A novel by the author of "Messer Marco Polo."

TWO SHALL BE BORN. By Marie Conway Oelmer. New York: The Century Company; \$1.90.

The love story of a New York traffic policeman.

MIHRIMA. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

A poetic drama and other poems.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF FEDERAL RESERVE POLICY.

By Harold L. Reed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

ATOLLS OF THE SUN. By Frederick O'Brien. New York: The Century Company; \$5.

A third volume by the author of "White Shadows in the South Seas."

KID KARTOONS. By Gene Carr. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

One hundred illustrations.

BILL THE BACHELOR. By Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A novel.

JUST NERVES. By Austen Fox Riggs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 90 cents.

The result of a nerve-expert's practice.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$8.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIGGLEDY DAN. By Edwin P. Norwood. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

Juvenile.

CAROLINE AT COLLEGE. By Lela Horn Richards. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

Juvenile.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA. By Sun Yat-Sen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.50.

With sixteen maps in the text and a folding map in pocket.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BIRD LIFE. By G. Inness Hartley. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

A popular account of its economic significance and conservation.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS. By Alexander Woolcott. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

"Echoes of a Thousand and One First Nights."

THE PROBLEM OF CHINA. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

"The effects upon the Far East of contact between Chinese and Western civilization."

EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

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THE THREEFOLD COMMONWEALTH. By Dr. Rudolph Steiner. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A new solution of social problems. Authorized translation by E. Bowen-Wedgwood.

TALES OF THE JAZZ AGE. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

Short stories by the author of "The Beautiful and the Damned."

THE BLACK PHANTOM. By Leo E. Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60.

A story of the South American jungle.

LIGE MOUNTS. By Frank B. Linderman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

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BROKEN BARRIERS. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

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SOME DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS. By Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

Actual biographies written as fiction.

NIGHTS AND DAYS ON THE GYPSY TRAIL. By Irving Brown. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3.

An account of life among the gypsies.

CALIFORNIA: THE AMERICAN PERIOD. By Robert G. Cleland. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

A hundred and twenty-five years of California history by the author of "California: The Spanish Period."

THE MOTH DECIDES. By Edward Allen Jewell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A novel of the younger generation and a North Michigan summer resort.

FROZEN JUSTICE. By Ejnar Mikkelsen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.75.

Translated from the Danish by A. G. Jayne.

MORE MEMOIRS AND SOME TRAVELS. By G. B. Burgin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

By the author of "Memoirs of a Clubman."

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT. By George Gissing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A reprint of Gissing's quasi autobiography.

SIX YEARS OF BOLIVIA. By A. V. L. Guise. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

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MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS. By Cora Wilson Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A history of the movement for the emancipation of illiterate adults.

BLACK PAWL. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The story of a tramp trading schooner.

CHARLIE AND HIS KITTEN TOSY. By Violet Maxwell and Helen Hill. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Juvenile.

RITA COVENTRY. By Julian Street. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel of musical New York.

GARGOYLES. By Ben Hecht. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

"A devastating novel."

DOUBTING CATTLE. By Eleanor Chipp. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

A novel.

TRAMPING ON LIFE. By Harry Kemp. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.

An autobiographical narrative.

PRELIMINARY MATHEMATICS. By Professor F. E. Austin. Hanover, New Hampshire: Privately printed; \$1.20.

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State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *Argonaut* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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Wm. J. MILLIKEN.

(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1922.

(Seal) JOHN MCCALLAN.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires April 12, 1925.)





## "THE FIRST BORN."

After many years to see "The First Born" again is to realize how essentially dramatic is this short but intense play of Oriental love and revenge.

Time has not changed its drama to melodrama, nor have the alterations in the Americanized Chinese lessened the appeal of a play so strong that its potentialities for an operatic libretto have been recognized and used.

On Monday night, while we sat sniffing the Oriental odors of Chinatown, listening to the twang of the Chinese instruments, and watching the Chinese coolies, with characteristic Chinese tread, scuffling along, flat-footed, to read the announcements of their tongues, we felt the imminence of sinister drama in the air. The Chinese, with Oriental secrecy, muttered brief communications to each other with the long, chanting intonation that we now hear only in Chinatown. So Chinese did these verbal exchanges sound that it was startling when the Orientalized players broke into good plain English.

And yet that, too, is natural, for one of the anomalies of our melting-pot Chinese is the plain, everyday English they speak, as learned in business intercourse and in our Oriental school. For some reason they speak it with a rich, meaty, four-flush Middle West accent, seeming to turn away instinctively from our clipped and elided California r.

Francis Powers, however, gives a touch more than a touch indeed, of poetry to the discourse of his characters, and there is a wistful eloquence to the sad reminiscences of Loey Sing, the slave-girl, as she expresses her longing to return to her kinsfolk in far-off Shantung.

In youthfully mirthful rôles there is apt to be a certain dolorousness in Dorothy Wetmore's accents, but this plaintiveness, together with the pleasing distinctness with which the young actress utters her lines, and the suggestion of youthful femininity in her little rounded features and contours, caused her to fit very pleasingly in her rôle.

From the wistful aspect of Loey Sing, Chan Wang, as played by William S. Rainey, transplants us in one bound into the atmosphere of wrath. The calm of Chan Wang, after his outburst of vengeful grief, becomes deadly, and quietly with Oriental impassivity the murder of the man who has wronged him is accomplished.

And we Westerners look on consentingly, our sympathies for the time being having become Orientalized in this strange, bizarre play in which, from the place of secrecy, drama flashes out like the thrust of a knife.

It required a cast of seventeen to present the comparatively short play, and the illusion throughout was well and consistently maintained.

Ada Beveridge, as we saw in "Nju," and again in "The First Born," has the power of suggesting much in a silent dramatic pose, the actress having made two wordless but effective appearances as the false wife but heart-hungry mother.

Lorimer Johnston was duly dignified and impressive as the learned scholar, and Beatrix Perry, Frederick McNulty, and one or two others did well in the novel Chinese atmosphere, which was so excellently contrived.

"Violet Souls" is a youthfully cynical playlet which shows how vain and pretty American wives of Wall Street kings scorn the hand that makes of them *diamantée* goddesses.

Very pretty and graceful, and suggestive of a gold spoon dipping ambrosia out of a silver bowl did Hilda Denivelle look in the rôle of the die-away beauty who so ill endured the presence of her lavish but unpoetic spouse;

this latter prosaic individual being appropriately impersonated by Lorimer Johnston.

Reginald Travers was clever in the broad travesty of his strokes in the depiction of the Hungarian musician who had discovered what a good thing was the violet-souled wife of the money magnate, and Dorothy Woodward, who has appreciably developed as an actress, played a dainty little French maid with well-conceived Gallic intonations in her French-maid English.

Mr. Rainey, point device, cynical, a cigarette in his fingers, is the sardonic interpreter looking on and making wittily satiric comments.

"Violet Souls" is merely a comedy trifle, a vessel for cynicism, but it has the go to it that causes it to project smartly and amusingly over the footlights. A point in the play is to dress the pretty languisher and her bedroom bower all in shades of violet, and the Players have accomplished the appropriate effect, in the midst of which Hilda Denivelle is like a tall, swaying fleur de lis.

## THE FARRAR CONCERT.

As I entered the Curran Theatre last Sunday afternoon I immediately remarked a hastily improvised blue background on the stage which struck a harsh note of incongruity with the opulent gold splendor of the theatre. For the Curran is now the most beautiful theatre in San Francisco.

"Evidently Geraldine Farrar is going to wear blue," says I to myself, says I. And, evidently to comply with a request for a harmonious background, the scene painter had squirted various shades of blue, green, gray, and intermediate shades on a canvas drop, which made the rest of the beautiful interior tacitly utter the fashionable expletive, "Damn!"

Perhaps Geraldine Farrar uttered it, too, when she saw it; for the diva did wear blue, a beautiful, gleaming brocade, composed of the many blended shades converging to the dominant color that the scene painter had vainly aimed at.

The effect of the drop was cheap, and, anyway, Miss Farrar, instead of having the blue background, had one of clustered humanity; for the stage was half full of people who could not be accommodated in the auditorium.

The result was a cheap effect, and there should be nothing cheap about Geraldine Farrar, a finished product of nineteenth and twentieth-century art.

Before we get down to the pretty talk about the music we might might as well have a cozy chat about other things concerning Geraldine.

Well! Her beautiful robe, whereon "like a shoaling sea, the lovely blue played into green," was set off with one of those fashionable trains. It gleamed with a silvery sheen, and there was a cascade of silver over her back, of which she gave us a fine view oc-

casionaly, when she was showing pretty courtesies to her audience on the stage.

Her throat and neck jewels, while beautifully in tone with her costume, were too large, which gave them the appearance of being stage jewels. Diamonds gleamed in her ears, and on her completely bared arms. Her hair was dressed very high, at what is generally a trying angle, except to a beautiful woman, and fanned out in a loose puff at the crest. I wonder at her daring. But, while the full glow of her once famous beauty is partly missing, she is handsome enough to triumph over such a coiffeur.

I was surprised to see her so small a woman. That, by the way, is another reason why she could carry that leaning tower of hair. The presence of so many on the stage, resulting, perhaps, in pushing the singer a little forward, placed her a little in advance of the radiance of the overhead lights, and only while she passed to and fro in her exits and entrances could we see the extreme beauty of the blue robe; which was a pity.

It was very interesting to many who had only viewed the singer from the magnificent distances of the Exposition Auditorium to see her "close up"; to remark her beauty, the mobility of her attractive countenance, and to respond to her charm.

For she has much charm. Not possessing the spectacular voice of the greater singers, to come to a state accustomed to things on a monumental scale might be a disappointing experience. But Miss Farrar steadily won her audience, not only by her vocalism, but by a very winning personality.

Not a single aria appeared on her programme, which was made up of lieder entirely; her part, at least. She gave three groups, two of English and one of French; and she proved herself past mistress in the delicate and intimate art of this form.

Her voice, so sweet and clear in the lower range, in its upper range is disappointing, and when I noted that, even with palpable effort, it did not pour forth clear, strong, and free, I said to myself,

Fled are the roses dead are the roses,  
The glow and the glory are gone.

But while the full, resplendent roses are gone, beautiful little flowers of vocalism remain; blossoms of an appealing, even touching beauty; the lovely, wistful little richly colored blooms of haunting autumnal charm.

For the singer controls her voice with such persuasive art that its faults of cloudiness and lack of firmness even in the upper notes of the middle register were adroitly minimized. One felt, though, that while she steadily grew in the favor of the audience as the concert progressed, the pleasure she afforded us was partly personal, and we wanted more.

So I said to myself; and then, at the last, the Geraldine Farrar of the operatic stage suddenly came back.

She entered, her form partly covered with

a fringed and embroidered Spanish shawl. Over her smiling, mobile face fell the mask of drama. She had become Carmen; a mocking, challenging, provocative siren, reckless, seductively confident of her charm.

Her voice changed, and gained the rich, Italian color of drama. She had pleased us, charmed us, won us, before, but now she thrilled us to the marrow.

I have seen Calvé as Carmen, but in just the time that it took this inspired artist of the operatic stage to sing the Habanera, she was more truly Carmen to me than any other Carmen I have ever seen. She gave us a few rare moments. For that we shall always, I hope, be grateful, and to many of us those moments constitute one of the unforgettable memories.

Miss Farrar's supporting artists gave much pleasure by the superior quality of their offerings. Carefully though Claude Gotthelf subordinates his piano accompaniments, the listener keenly feels the beauty of tone and sympathetic charm of his playing.

Joseph Malkin gave several violoncello solos which revealed the technique and style of the true artist.

Henry Weldon's numbers, sung in a slightly rigid, but full and ringing basso, gave much pleasure, particularly his final offering, "The Two Grenadiers," which displayed the best qualities of his voice.

No succeeding concert has been announced for Miss Farrar, who immediately started for Portland after she had fulfilled her San Francisco date.

## THE LUND RECITAL.

At present impersonations and character sketches, long ranking among the high lights of vaudeville programmes, have risen considerably in standing, owing to the fine artistry of Ruth Draper, whose recitals have had very great vogue in New York. Mrs. Mila Lund's Monday evening recital at the Fairmont was in the same field, the lady, indeed, giving selections after Ruth Draper herself.

This is Mrs. Lund's first essay as a pro-

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# JUDGE McLAUGHLIN OPPOSED TO THE WRIGHT ACT

OFFICIAL ARGUMENT  
AGAINST THE WRIGHT ACT  
(PROPOSITION No. 2 ON THE NOVEMBER BALLOT)  
By CHARLES E. McLAUGHLIN, of Sacramento.

Wisdom dictates that California electors reject this new departure and unusual law. If this "Wright Act" becomes the law of California, we must either recruit and compensate more peace officers or detach from an already inadequate staff more "purity squads" to seek illicit loves, liquors and stills whilst unprotected homes and business places are looted and burglars, robbers and murderers revel in an extra "wave" of crime. We should do neither. California should not unnecessarily assume national burdens. She has quite enough of her own. Our people are not responsible for the situation.

If this act imposed upon California the enforcement of ALL national penal laws entailing tremendous expense, it would be overwhelmingly defeated. Yet this would be more logical than the selection of ONE such law for enforcement at the expense of California Taxpayers. California should refuse to assume either burden. Our government rests on the principle that functions of State and Nation are distinct. Disregard of this principle is hazardous. Teetotalers, even prohibitionists, opposed the eighteenth amendment as radical departure from our system of government which vested in each State EXCLUSIVE POWER to regulate the conduct of its citizens. Admonished by study and experience that infringement of this power must cause friction and strife, they held integrity of government higher than prohibition or any pretext for such a dangerous precedent.

Zealotry now proposes a further revolutionary change in the surrender by California of the power to make and change its laws in the "adoption" by reference of the national "Volstead Act" and, worse still, all future amendments of and substitutes for that law. "Adoption" is a new, strange, careless method of making laws and when applied to future Congressional productions is as foolish as the adoption of unborn children who may suit and may not. Our State constitution forbids the "adoption" of laws by reference to title, and it is elementary that future Congressional acts cannot amend, repeal or supersede the Volstead Act should it become State law. Prudence should not sanction nor courts approve this novel method of enacting and perpetuating law. If, however, this "adoption" proceeding should carry, fanatical persistency may boast a "glorious victory" and a reversal by California electors of their rejection in 1914, 1916, 1918 and 1920 of "prohibition" laws as promotive of "temperance." The consequences may then be left to chance and courts. Opposition is characterized as hostility to law enforcement. But abuse is never argument and multiplication of laws, officers, expense, accompanied by divided responsibility does not aid law enforcement. Pretense that the nation alone cannot enforce the "Volstead Act" is hypocritical reflection on national integrity and power. Resort to revolutionary change and State intervention has been unnecessary to the enforcement of more important national penal laws than this and mere reform of personal habits and appetites does not justify it.

This tendency to intermingle, confuse and change functions of Nation and State, tinker with and disregard constitutions and resort to unusual methods should be halted ere it results in governmental chaos.

## VOTE "NO" ON PROPOSITION No. 2 ON THE NOVEMBER BALLOT

2

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT ACT. Submitted to electors by referendum. Declares unlawful all acts and omissions prohibited by the 18th Amendment to the Federal Constitution and by the Volstead Act, adopting the penalties therein prescribed; vests state courts with jurisdiction and imposes upon prosecuting officers, grand juries, magistrates and peace officers the duty to enforce said laws; permits local enforcement of ordinances prohibiting the manufacture, sale, transportation or possession of intoxicating liquors; this act to conform, automatically, to changes in said Federal laws.

Yes

No

Mark X Here

X

## VOTE "YES" ON PROPOSITION No. 31 Which the Board of Supervisors is submitting to the voters of the City of San Francisco

31

SHALL CONGRESS BE MEMORIALIZED to so amend the law as to permit the manufacture and use of light wines and beer for beverage purposes?

Yes

No

Mark X Here

X

CALIFORNIA GRAPE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

professional, her work hitherto having been principally given before fashionable private audiences, except for several encouraging experiences before large public assemblages in New York.

Mrs. Lund's qualifications, added to an attractive appearance, an ability to carry costume smartly, and a frank and pleasing address, are good vocal quality and volume, a decided skill in emotional expression, and some as yet imperfectly developed but promising ability in conveying differentiation of varying individualities.

Her impersonations of Elsie Ferguson, Frances Starr, and Mrs. Fisk have probably lost something through distance, a more frequent survey of the stage celebrities impersonated than is possible on this Coast being, probably, necessary to lend vividness to the resemblances. But the observation is there, the emotional expression, and, as more particularly noticeable in her delineations of Yvette Guilbert and Gilda Varesi, the ability partially to submerge the impersonator's own attractive individuality.

There were several humorous sketches, which were greatly enjoyed, Mrs. Lund scoring in her depiction of the chattering inanities of the society bud, and in the success with which she revealed the essential differences of character between the vain and self-absorbed eating-house siren and the head waitress who bravely and capably put aside her own sorrow to minister to the injured.

As yet Mrs. Lund's work in its entirety has not acquired the polish gained by attrition with audiences. But there are manifest evidences, notably in the "Enter Madame" number and in the humorous sketches, that it only requires the steady work that professional experience brings to banish the comparatively insignificant evidences showing a lack of prolonged professional experience.

If there were such a thing as super-refined vaudeville Mrs. Lund's talents would find valued expression in that line, as audiences delight in witnessing the taxing but interesting protean shape taken by the experienced impersonator.

Probably, however, Mrs. Lund's special abilities will recommend themselves to fashionable hostesses who wish to engage some form of unique entertainment to please their guests.

Mrs. Lund drew such an audience, one of considerably more than respectable size, to her recital Monday evening, winning many demonstrations of discriminating approval. She was assisted in her recital by Deniah Hanifin, a young baritone, and by Mrs. Elsie Cook Hughes, a London pianist, whose piano selections showed the poise, beauty of tone, and skill of an artist.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### "Three Wise Fools."

Theatre patrons will be pleased with the announcement that Tom Wise in "Three Wise Fools" is scheduled for a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre starting Monday night. This comedy is one of John Golden's greatest successes and is second only to "Lightnin'" as a record-breaker. In California, season before last, the play made one of the hits of the year, and Mr. Golden in sending it back has given it a cast said to be even better than the original. Mr. Wise plays the stellar rôle of the crotchety financier, and it is a part which fits him to perfection. He has the distinction of having appeared in fifty plays on Broadway, and he is equally well known and well liked on the Coast.

"Three Wise Fools," which is by Austin Strong, a Californian, is a comedy of surprises, wit, and humor, but on a substantial theme, dextrously woven around three strong characters. It is human and sympathetic and has been written with rare skill. Three bachelors, one a business man of the querulous, successful type, a doctor who is an eminent psychologist, and a judge, keep solemn state in their somewhat gloomy home. The doctor diagnosed the trio as among "the unburred dead."

The bachelors years before loved and lost the same girl. Now there comes to them a beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter of their old sweetheart with a request from the dying mother that they care for her. The girl not only brings sunshine, love, and happiness into the household, but trouble also follows her coming, through an escaped convict who seeks the life of the judge. In fact sentiment is finely woven with mystery and the story at all times hold the interest.

#### The Orpheum Circuit Celebration.

Preparations for the Orpheum's Third of a Century Celebration, for the week starting Sunday, October 22d, are fast taking shape. A number of eminent speakers will take part. There is particular interest locally, because the Orpheum is a local institution, and the "Circuit" which now covers a large part of this country and Canada, had its beginning in the first house, started in San Francisco by Morris Meyerfeld and Martin Beck.

Mayor Rolph, upon the occasion of the anniversary, has issued a proclamation reading: "During the week beginning October 22d

the Orpheum Circuit of Theatrebrate its third of a century anniversary every city in which an Orpheum Theatre is established. San Francisco will be particularly interested in this significant theatrical event because the great enterprise of the circuit had its beginning in San Francisco with the opening of the Orpheum's doors in 1889. Our own Orpheum is therefore the parent theatre of the circuit, and the destiny and success of one of the world's largest theatrical institutions have been largely shaped by the policies established here when the founders of the Orpheum determined to give the public the best in vaudeville. I am sure the people of San Francisco have the kindest sentiment of friendship for the Orpheum, and I therefore, as mayor, congratulate the Orpheum upon its third of a century anniversary, and wish it more and more success as the years go on."

#### "Katinka" at the Rivoli

What is said to be the first production in stock of Rudolph Friml's comic opera, "Katinka," will be made by Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff at the Rivoli Opera House starting Monday evening. Theatre-goers will recall the production of "Katinka" made by Arthur Hammerstein at the Cort Theatre several years ago and the haunting melodies, "Allah's Holiday" and "Rackety Coo," which became dancing hits at that time.

Friml is famous as a composer by reason of his feeling for melody. He is the author of Emma Trentini's "Fire Fly" and "High Jinks."

Otto Hauerbach, author of "Mary" and a score of modern musical comedies, is the author of the book, which offers excellent opportunities for comedy and plenty of possibilities for scenic effects. In the sense that it offers chances for every one from the drummer in the orchestra to the scene painter the piece is suited to bring out the strength of a stock organization.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne are coming, and there is no more famous pair in vaudeville. Will Cressy is not only an actor, but as author as well.

Bill Bailey and his wicked banjo, and Lynn Cowan and his fiery piano playing, with Estelle ("Come on Red") Davis, are in the bill.

Few dancers have attained the fame of Ivan Bankoff, from the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Harry Watson will appear with a strong line of comical pantomime.

Bevan and Flint have concocted a turn made up of "nut" comedy. They call it "A Slight Interruption."

Dorothea Sadlier brings a satirical playlet written by William C. De Mille, entitled "1999." She has excellent support.

Simpson and Dean, using the informal atmosphere of a chop suey parlor, have something new in the comedy and song line.

Bessye Clifford is an artist with the fortunate possession of an exceptional figure. Her "Art Impressions" are extraordinary.

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Present the Comic Opera  
"The Wizard of the Nile"  
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First Big Eastern Musical Show of the Year

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"IT'S SOME SHOW"  
Prices—Nights, 50c to \$2.50; Sat. mat., 50c to \$2; Wed. mat., 50c to \$1.50.



## VANITY FAIR.

Being sister-in-law to a king is not the snap it used to be. The earthquake of thrones is too persistent, the foundations of royalty have become too rotten. Here's Constantine jarred off his royal perch by the Turkish upheaval and the consequent ebullition of a hundred thousand or so potential restaurant-keepers suddenly deprived of the prospect of getting any restaurants; and reduced, just as suddenly, to the condition of a mere prince all dressed up with nowhere in particular to go. From being a king he becomes, like taking a rabbit out of a hat, Prince Flukesbourn; which suggests the thought that when the widow of the late tin king, William Leeds, married the brother of another tin king, she may have made a fluke herself. It may be recalled that the promotion of tin-plate manufacture in the United States through the protection of the McKinley tariff enabled the late William Leeds, by frugality and industry, to acquire a grub stake of \$30,000,000, putting himself into the class with the barbed-wire king, the garlic king, the potato king, the asparagus king, the boot and shoe king, the chewing-gum king, and all the other exemplars of American royalty. It was good business—for Mr. Leeds, and also for Mrs. Leeds. If memory serves us, she once paid, on returning from abroad, some \$30,000 duty on a string of pearls that had pleased her fancy. It must have been a lovely thought to every other widow in the country who bought a new dishpan or a new wash-boiler, that she had thereby contributed some small fraction of a pearl to this beautiful strand; like buying a brick in the Y. M. C. A. Building, or the B'nai B'rith building, or the Y. M. I.; a thought only to be exceeded in its satisfying loveliness by the later one that when she bought a new tin dipper she was assisting the tin king's widow to go abroad with the whole \$30,000,000 and become sister to another king, with prospects of actually sitting on a throne and getting into the Statesman's Yearbook—indeed a sweetly solemn thought, uplifting to the heart of every woman who presided over a wash-boiler in this broad and beautiful country, or chased the family flannels up and down the corrugations of a washboard Monday morning. And after the Allies had kicked Constantine off his throne the purchase of a tin sink strainer might be regarded as a slight contribution to helping him crawl back, for it was said that the social recognition of the former wife of the dead tin king by the living tin king was a slight acknowledgment of financial aid, out of the American \$30,000,000. Many of these purchases must, of course, be regarded as *ex post facto* and retroactive in effect, having been made after a severance of interest between the money and the tin. But the anticipation of them is what made the money, and they are too intimately related to make any difference now. And here it is, all upset by those ferocious polygamists; another Turkish atrocity if ever there was one.

"Don't spear me," cried Artemus Ward sixty years ago or so to the woman who was holding forth to him on Woman's Spear or Sphere. Now man feels the fatal lance more than grazing the skin, ready to plunge into his midst, says the New York Times. For man, Tyrant Man, has seen his best days. Inwardly he trembles. The reading of such an article as Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, president of the Woman's Party, writes for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "Women as Dictators," is almost enough to externalize that nervousness. She finds sex discrimination in the church, in business, in labor, in the professions, and in politics. It must be stopped!

"Men must cease to dictate everywhere; in the judiciary, in the Senate, and even in the White House. I do not urge now that a woman be made President of the United States. It does not seem to me to make much difference if a woman is President or not, but if the right woman came forward—some one better fitted to head the government than any available man—I should say: 'Make her President regardless of sex.' I certainly think we have in this country, even now, women more fit to fill the presidency of the United States than the last few men who have filled it. But that is all a question of the future. At the moment it is unimportant. The important thing is to break down the barriers which prevent women from utilizing, for the good of the human race, all their energies, capabilities, and talent."

What is to become of Man, the dictator and monopolist—that was—if Mrs. Belmont can organize a union of women? inquires the *Times*, apprehensively. That is her stern purpose. It will be admitted by politicians in their frank private moments and is visible to clear-sighted women that, so far as politics is concerned, the cheese is for the men while to the women is graciously left the rind. This state of things will change. Women will ask more for themselves; will attain greater power; may come to sit in the secret conciliabulum that run parties and determine policies and candidates. If Mrs. Belmont has her relentless way the Woman's Party "will be strong

enough to impose any measure it may choose"; and what will become of man, poor thing, in that evil day, "not far off"? Of course, the feeble and futile race of civilized men is already dictated to, bossed, led by the nose by the superior sex; but that subjection the poor trousered creature doesn't realize. He deserves no better than to find everywhere a sea of tempestuous petticoats shutting him out of place and power. His only hope to be saved from the designs of Mrs. Belmont is the curious and for him most fortunate peculiarity of the Woman's Party, which, like the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, consists entirely of officers. It is all leaders and no led. Such is the salvation of the sometime Tyrant Man from straight petticoatism.

## Moderate in Moderation.

When a man comes to ninety-six years he is supposed to be getting on, says the New York *Herald*. The life insurance companies have a pleasant way of calling upon customers who have reached that age and laying the full amount of their straight life policies in their hands.

Now Dr. James R. W. Ward, who is ninety-six, has contributed his experience to the lore of longevity. He told the reporters about it when he went into the Federal court here the other day to renounce his British citizenship and embrace ours. The doctor, take it from the observant reporter, is "ruddy, dapper, and straight-backed." Likewise lively as a grig and merry as a cricket.

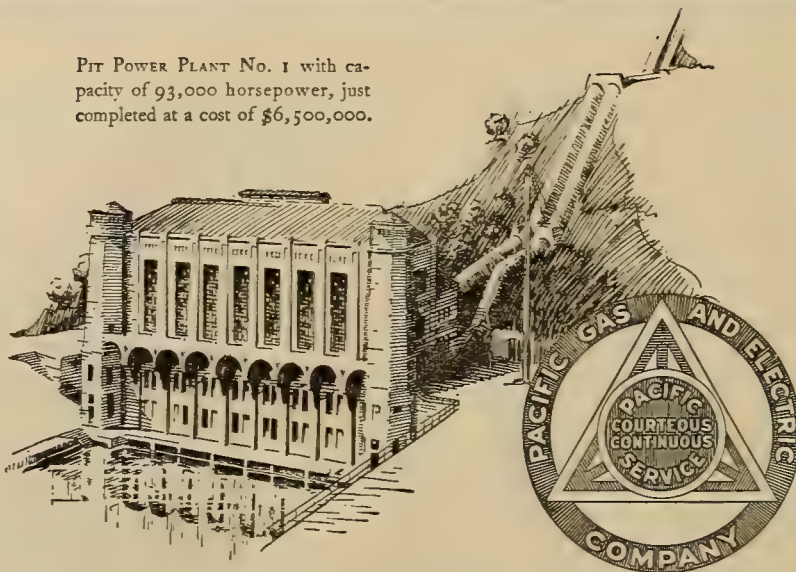
Moderation does it, of course. Dr. Ward

eats but two meals daily. He limits himself to sixty cigarettes a day. Some foolish men at his age might burn five an hour in the waking hours, a total of eighty for the day; but the doctor knows when to stop. He abstains utterly from worry. He goes lightly on coffee. He takes it strong, to be sure, but rarely more than eight cups a day.

Dr. Ward confesses that he drank beer in his youth, but he put this vice aside at the age of ninety-four, when the Eighteenth Amendment appraised him of his fault. No more beer for him—until the genuine article comes back.

No wonder this new citizen of the republic is able to walk from Jersey City to Montclair and back whenever he feels like it. He has learned the rare philosophy of not overdoing.

PIT POWER PLANT No. 1 with capacity of 93,000 horsepower, just completed at a cost of \$6,500,000.



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MR. WISE, the rancher, keeps no more horses than he needs. He knows that too many horses are an expense. So, he keeps enough teams to do his work, with an extra horse or two for emergencies.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is keeping in step with the demand for power in much the same common sense manner.

To develop power *too greatly* in excess of the demand would be like keeping too many idle horses in the stable.

On the other hand, this Company is vested with a *great responsibility*. It must not only supply *existing* demands for power, but also develop a sufficient surplus to care for emergencies. *At the same time, power development must be kept far enough in advance of present requirements to encourage the upbuilding of this section in other directions.*

Owing to the completion of the Pit Power Plant No. 1, with its 93,000 horsepower capacity, and because of other contributing factors, the P G and E is today equipped to serve "Superior" California with *much more power than is being used at the present time.*

The Company will continue to develop the Pit River Project to the end that 600,000 horsepower will eventually be generated in that one district alone. But in the meanwhile more people, more manufacturing, more developments of all kinds *must* be attracted to make *practical* use of power.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Dr. Fourthly," said an old lady, "I do like the days when you preach the sermon. I can always get a seat."

"Malachi," asked Mr. Casey, "can your wife cook as well as your mother did?" "She can not," replied Malachi, "but, me friend, I niver minton it, for she can throw considerable better."

"Bretheren," said the preacher, "let us pray for a five-dollar collection." They prayed. The plates were passed and the contributions counted. "Oh, Lord," said the preacher, "we thank Thee for two dollars and forty-eight cents."

Colored Aunt Sally was making biscuits when little Robbie said: "I can spell what you're rolling out on the board. That's d-o, do." "But," said his mother, "that doesn't spell dough." "Chile," said Aunt Sally, "dey's two kin's o' do: do' what you shuts an' do' what you eats."

A child asked what polygamy was. "It means having more than one wife," said her mother. "And what is polyandry?" "That means having more than one husband." "Then what is marriage?" asked the child. "That," said the mother, "is monotomy."

An American who took an English house for the summer had a schedule of the tips his servants expected printed for the guidance of his guests. He had taken a dislike to the butler who came with the house, and the list, after enumerating the fees for the cook, the housemaids, the chauffeur, and so on, finished with: "The guy with the black whiskers you will meet in the front hall—not a cent."

Down in Florida a colored man went to the clerk's office to get a marriage license. He told the clerk that his bride to be was a divorced woman. The clerk refused to issue the license until the woman should show her divorce papers, knowing that among the colored people divorces are occasionally established outside of courts. The man called again with his lady, who could not show any papers, but who indignantly said, "Cose I'se 'voked! Why I'se had fo' chillen since I lef' my husban'."

Along the border in Texas the killing of a Mexican is not regarded by some of the "Texicans" as an occurrence of much importance—rather treated like the killing of a deer or coyote. Not long ago a former resident of San Angelo met an old townsman in Fort Worth and the friend said, "Hello, Jim, what is the news down in the old town?" To which Jim replied, "Well, there ain't much new except Jack Miller killed a Mexican the other day, and they say he weighed two hundred pounds."

Apropos of the ignorance, illiteracy, and general lack of culture of our newly rich, Attorney Frank Macgowan tells the story of the touring profiteer in Scotland. The parvenu in question was being shown through a collection of Scotch relics of which the proudest were the kilts of John Knox. The tourist, abjured to admire the remains of the great Presbyterian, said: "And who the hell was John Knox?" "Mon, mon!" said the guide, shocked to his very marrow. "Hae ye no' read your Bible?"

A young man in a small Indiana town recently informed the president of the local bank that he wished to start a savings account for his little son. The banker, seeing the self-conscious smile on his fellow-townsmen's face, guessed that it was a new baby and offered his congratulations. The patron smilingly acknowledged them. Several days after the account had been opened the young man again interviewed the president. "I'd like," he said, "to change the name on that account I opened for Arthur a couple of weeks ago. Make it Dorothy."

An actor of some renown, both for his talent and his numerous matrimonial adventures, looked up his physician one day and demanded a thorough physical examination. "I want to know that I am fit for a good many years, doc. You know I am to be married again soon for the fifth time." "H-m-m," muttered the diagnostician as he put the stethoscope to the actor's heart, "of course this lady is the only girl in the world for you, and this is positively your last matrimonial adventure?" he demanded sarcastically. "Oh, I say! doctor," cried the Thespian, "I'm not as bad off as all that, am I?"

A lawyer thus illustrates the language of his craft: "If a man were to give another an orange, he would simply say: 'Have an orange.' But when the transaction is entrusted to a lawyer to be put in writing he adopts this form: 'I hereby give and convey

to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantages of and in said orange, together with all its rind, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instruments or instruments of whatever nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding." And then another lawyer comes along and takes it away from you."

Our police are deep. In the days of oatomotors an Oakland patrolman was writing a report on his unaided discovery of a dead horse in Magnolia Street near Eighth. He had the mathematical rather than the literary cast of mind, and although he could make an 8 he needed help to spell Magnolia. Through devilishness, or a similar inability, the desk sergeant refused assistance. "You're big and ugly enough to spell it yourself," said he. Several members of the force who had urgent business sitting around the squad room refused also, and the worried brother started for the door. "Here! Come back here and finish that report," said the desk sergeant. "Where in hell you goin', anyhow?" "I'm goin' back there," said the victim of modern education, "an' git some citizens to help me drag that damn horse around into Eight Street."

The late Dennis Spencer was sitting at his desk one day when a Chinaman entered. "You Mees Spenceh?" he asked. "Yes, John, what can I do for you?" "You lawyuh?" "Yes."

"Now—a-a-a-h, Mees Spenceh, spozzin' one China boy killum noddah one, how much you cost gittee him off?" It was in the days of the low cost of living, so Spencer said: "Oh, about five hundred dollars for defending a person wrongfully accused of murder." "Fi' hunnet dollah! Chee Chli!" said the astounded Oriental, and went out sadly shaking his head over the white man's avarice. Spencer forgot him until about two months later, when the Chinaman entered and plunking down \$500 on the desk said casually: "All light. I killum."

Polynesia is probably the only place in the world where the marriage feast takes place without the presence of the bridegroom. For some unexplained reason the young man is "sent into the bush" when the bride becomes a member of his family, and he invariably remains there during the subsequent festivities. It is only when the guests have departed and the girl is left alone that messengers are dispatched for him.

Glasgow University, founded in 1450, is the oldest in Scotland, except St. Andrew's.

THE MERRY MUSE.

To a Flapper.

Oh, Flapper of flat heels and shameless knees, Prepared for sports whose names you hardly know, Breathing of daisy fields, and skies that glow With honest blue; I watch your muffer blow Jauntily out, as on a mountain breeze, And wonder, just a little, at the dream That underlies your age-old, city life: Your laugh drowns out the city traffic's strife— Perhaps—I wouldn't want you—for a wife— I must admit you awe me. Yet, you seem To challenge me to tell the bitter truth: I like the brutal frankness of your gaze; I like your swinging walk, and fearless ways; I like the eagerness that crowns your days; I love—your youth! —Theda Kenyon in Judge.

It is said that the only tourist who ever recognized the arms on a famous tomb in the cathedral of Aarhus, in Jutland, as those of Hamlet's family is the present King of Siam.

"No motorist should ever touch drink," says a London police doctor. "Alcohol invariably slows the mental response."

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn McGaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw, and Lieutenant-Commander Ellsworth Van Patten, U. S. N., was solemnized Saturday afternoon, October 7th, at the home of the bride's parents on Green Street. Several hundred guests attended the wedding service, which was read by Rev. Caleb Dutton. Mrs. Bradley Wallace and Miss Constance McGaw were matron of honor and maid of honor for the bride. Miss Helen Head, Miss Helen Deamer, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Alta Nolan, Miss Virginia Chadbourne, and Miss Alysse Allen were the bridesmaids. Mr. Baldwin McGaw acted as best man for Lieutenant Van Patten, brother of the bride. A reception following the wedding was concluded by a wedding supper for immediate relatives and the bridal party.

Miss Gladys Sullivan and Mr. Richard Doyle were married at St. Bridget's Church on Van Ness Avenue on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. Father John Cottle, Rev. Father Walsh, and three assisting priests read the nuptial high mass. Mr. Francis J. Sullivan gave the bride away, and Mrs. Frederick Murphy acted as her sister's maid of honor. Mr. Alfred Doyle was best man for his brother. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle left immediately after the ceremony on their wedding tour, the first part of which they will spend in California. Later in October they will go to Europe for a trip of some months, making Mr. Noel Sullivan's apartment in Paris their headquarters. Mrs. Doyle is the niece of Miss Mary Louise Phelan and Mr. James D. Phelan, a sister of Mrs. Frederick Murphy, and of Rev. Mother Agnes, who was Miss Ada Sullivan before she took the veil as a Carmelite nun some years ago.

The marriage of Miss Mary Roberts Tooker and Mr. Henry Heylmar was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon, October 4th, at the California Street home of the bride. Dean Wilmer Gresham read the service in the presence of a few intimate friends. Dr. Frederick Tooker gave his sister in marriage. Mr. Heylmar makes his home in New York, where he practices law. Mr. and

Mrs. Heylmar will spend October in California, going East early in November to make their home in New York.

The young women of the auxiliary of the Infant Shelter have had splendid success far in advance of the benefit bridge-tea which they will give November 10th at the Fairmont Hotel. More than three hundred tables have been taken for the event, many women entertaining parties. Mrs. William Hoelscher, Mrs. Harold Snodgrass, Mrs. Reed Funsten, Miss Viola Buck, and Miss Barbara Benjamin will be among the afternoon's hostesses. Mrs. Edward Marion Walsh of Piedmont entertained on Thursday afternoon, October 5th, at tea in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Donald Walsh, who was Miss Hope Somerset before her recent marriage. Mrs. Walsh was assisted in receiving by her daughters, Mrs. John Louis Lobse, Mrs. Jack Okell, and Mrs. Maurice Walsh.

Miss Mary Martin, before her departure for the East last Wednesday, with Mrs. Dearborn Clark and Miss Mary Julia Crocker entertained at a dinner-dance at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening. Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lawton Filer, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Edward Maltby, and Mr. William Magee, Jr., were entertained at the informal dinner and dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wilson Dodge entertained at tea at their home on Broadway Sunday afternoon. During the afternoon a hundred or more guests called. Mrs. Dorothy Moffatt Crosby, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dodge from her home in the East, was the complimented guest. Major and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Laveaga, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Mary Emma Flood were among Mr. and Mrs. Dodge's guests.

General and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long entertained Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Salem Camillo Pohlman, Mrs. William de Fremery, Dr. Joseph Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker at dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Soper, who are visitors from the East.

Mrs. Mabel McKinley Baer, niece of America's martyred President McKinley, has entered politics. Mrs. Baer was named by New York independents their candidate for the state assembly. Mrs. Baer, a former opera singer, lives at Mount Vernon, Westchester County, New York.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## A Woman Driving.

With form erect and keen contour  
She passed against the sea.  
And, dipping into the chime's obscure,  
Was seen no more by me. . . .

Some said her silent wheels would roll  
Ruthless on softest loam.  
And even that her steed's footfall  
Sank not upon the foam.

Where drives she now? It may be where  
No mortal horses are.  
But in a chariot of the air  
Towards some radiant star.

—Thomas Hardy in "Late Lyrics and Earlier."

## Fable.

Where the white lane meets with the green,  
The year's first butterflies are seen;  
Here settling upon leaf or stone,  
They spread their colors in the sun.

This is the chosen trysting-place  
Of butterflies' whole painted race:  
Hither the gentle, favoring wind  
Of spring shall bring to each his kind.

See, ever full of hope and love,  
The basker leap to her above  
At the first bursting of her shadow—  
Over the hedge, across the meadow!

But ah, how fortune mocks delight!  
The tortoise-shell pursues the white,  
The yellow brimstone tracks the shade,  
Zigzag, the splendid peacock made.

Swiftly the fair day droops and dies  
Above unmated butterflies:  
Again, again, and yet again,  
Comes the wrong lover down the lane.

Though still deceived they still return  
To wait, to hope, perchance to mourn—  
Alas, poor fools, how must they rue  
Who but a flickering shade pursue!

Happier we and wiser far  
Than these misguided insects are,  
For whom both life and love are lost  
At the first touch of evening frost.

—Sylvia Lynd in *The Nation and the Athenaeum*.

## Shakespeare.

When by the far-away sea your fiery disk appeared  
From behind the unseen, O Poet, O Sun,  
England's horizon felt you near her breast,  
and took you to her own.

She kissed your forehead, caught you in the arms  
of her forest branches, hid you behind her  
mist-mantle and watched you in the green-  
sward where fairies love to play among  
meadow flowers.

A few early birds sang your hymn of praise while  
the rest of the woodland choir were asleep.  
Then, at the silent beckoning of the Eternal, you  
rose higher and higher till you reached the  
mid-sky, making all quarters of heaven your  
town.

Therefore at this moment, after the end of cen-  
turies, the palm groves by the Indian Sea  
raise their tremulous branches to the sky,  
murmuring your praise.  
—Rabindranath Tagore in the *Looker-On*.

## Highwayman's Hollow.

Where the cliff hangs hollow, where the gloom  
falls chill,  
Where you hear a Something follow—follow—  
follow, up the hill,  
Where the horses sweat and lather when the dusk  
begins to gather,  
It is there that I will meet you, and will greet you,  
You, Sir Traveler!

When the leaves lie rotting, when the nights fall  
blind,  
Still you hear a Someone trotting—trotting—  
trotting, down the wind,  
Still you listen all aghast for my ghostly "Stand!  
Deliver!"

Yes, although my bones have whitened, you are  
frightened,  
Yet, Sir Traveler!

'T was a Traveler who slew me where the black  
firs frown,  
'T was his smallsword through me, through me,  
and the blood dripped down,  
In this place where horses lather when the dusk  
begins to gather,  
So, 't is here I trot behind you, to remind you,  
You, Sir Traveler!

—G. V. Yonge in *Westminster Gazette*.

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## The Loring Club.

The programme as announced by the Loring Club for the first concert of its forty-sixth season on the evening of Tuesday, October 17th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, will open with Horatio Parker's setting of Arthur Dettmer's ode, "Spirit of Beauty," and also will include such works as Mendelssohn's "Thou Comest Here to the Land"; Billette's "At Sunset," in which the tenor solo will be sung by W. H. Wilterdink; a solo with chorus from Arthur Sullivan's opera, "Ivanhoe," the soloist in this being L. H. McCoy; William G. Hammond's "Lochinvar"; John Prindle Scott's "Romeo in Georgia"; the folk-song, "My Love's an Arbutus," with solo by Erwin Holton, and some a capella choruses, among which is Arthur Foote's "Farewell to Summer," dedicated to the Loring Club. A group of songs will be sung by George Krull.

In the accompaniments the club will have the assistance of eight strings and Benjamin S. Moore, pianist, the concert being directed by Wallace A. Sabin.

## At the St. Francis.

Scores of luncheon parties from the peninsula gathered in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis last Monday. Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, and Mrs. Walter Martin formed one group. Consul and Mrs. George Romanovsky had a small group with them. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Marion Zeile were one of the distinctive parties in the Fable Room. At another table were Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Gerald L. Rathbone, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson. Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker had a small coterie of friends with her.

Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson's guests included Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen, Mrs. Bartlett Thane, Mrs. Oliver Dibble, Mrs. William Eddy, and Mrs. Frederic Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman had a few friends with them for luncheon in the Garden.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin took luncheon with Mrs. Ritchie Dunn.

The New Jersey Women's Republican Club is establishing schools of oratory in every county of the state to train more than 400 women who are to take part in the political campaign this fall.

The flapper is at last to be the subject of scientific study. For that purpose Colonel George Fabyan, reputed multimillionaire, will install a \$100,000 laboratory on his Fox River estate near Geneva, Illinois.

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These tickets will be good on any of our 7 Daily trains either way, or on the "Daylight Limited" leaving Third-Street Station, San Francisco, Fridays and Saturdays at 7:45 A.M.

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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King are at Pebble Beach for a few weeks.

Mrs. Leslie Miller Moore has sold her Menlo Park home, and will make her home in San Mateo for an indefinite time.

Mrs. Truxton Reale has left for Washington, D. C., where she will pass the winter.

Mr. Noel Sullivan has taken an apartment in Paris for the winter.

Mr. Robert Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. John

Galen Howard, has returned from Europe, where he has spent the past two years studying art. He has with him a number of interesting canvases.

Mr. Henry Howard came from Europe with his brother, but stopped in New York, where he expects to be for a month or so.

Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton sailed during the week for the Orient, where she expects to spend several months.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury and her daughter, Miss Peggy Pillsbury, are in San Francisco again. They have been abroad since May.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., are occupying an apartment on Pacific Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. de Ropp spent the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will leave this week for New York to be away until early winter. Mr. Charles Crocker will join Mrs. Crocker in New York in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick plan to go East on October 16th, returning in time for Thanksgiving to their San Francisco home.

Miss Mary Martin and Miss Mary Julia Crocker left last Wednesday for New York, to be away for several weeks.

Baron and Baroness Alfred de Ropp plan sailing for Honolulu on November 4th for a trip of a few months.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin with her little daughter has decided to remain at her recently completed home near Goleta until the first of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson have returned to their Burlingame home, after a stay at Miramar at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis spent the weekend with Miss Ida Bourn at the Bourn home at St. Helena. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will make their home at the Fairmont Hotel this winter.

Mrs. Homer S. King and her daughters, Miss Hazel King and Miss Genevieve King, are at their Broadway home for the winter.

Mrs. Norris Davis of Santa Barbara is a house guest at the home of Mrs. Homer King.

Mrs. Charles Ackerman and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ackerman have closed their Burlingame home. They have taken apartments in San Francisco for the winter.

Mrs. Lewis Gerstle and her daughter, Mrs. Sophie Lilienthal, have taken Mrs. Bertha Lilienthal's home on California and Gough Streets for the next few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Léon Roos and their little son returned from a four months' trip to Europe on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lowe returned on Thursday, after a summer spent abroad.

Mrs. Frank Suffer of Pasadena is making a short visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Morrison are in the extreme northern part of California on their wedding tour.

Mrs. E. Swift Train has been a visit to her parents. Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, at their Mt. Diablo country home and in town. During the week Mrs. Train returned to her home in Southern California.

Mr. Carl R. Gray arrived recently in San Francisco, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Lindley Johnson, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. B. Robertson, is in San Francisco on a visit to her parents at their Divisadero Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Julien Hart have taken a house at Atherton, where they expect to spend the winter.

Mrs. G. Albert Lansburgh is in New York on a six months' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Roos are occupying their apartment at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt (Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell) sailed on Tuesday for Honolulu on their wedding tour.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hoelscher are in Sonoma County for a few weeks' outing.

Mrs. William Sproule and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, with a house guest, Miss Adrienne Sharp, returned to San Francisco last Wednesday, after several weeks spent in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer took possession of a new apartment on Thursday, which they expect to occupy for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who spent the summer at their Feather River country home, leave during October for Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Jennie Blair expects to leave in a few weeks for Europe, where she will be for a year or more. Miss Blair will make Paris her headquarters.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman will leave early in November for Europe to spend the winter in Italy and the south of France.

Lady Popham Young arrived in San Francisco on Saturday for a short stay, during which she is the house guest of Mrs. R. T. Harding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ellery are leaving this week for New York, to be gone until the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Maryl will return to their home in Washington, D. C., the end of the month.

Miss Marie Duenas has gone to San Salvador to be away several months.

Parrott returned on Thursday of last week to their Parrott returned on Thursday of last week to their San Mateo home from Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hume of Piedmont and their little daughter, Miss Harriett Hume left for New York last Saturday, to sail from there on October 14th on the *Olympic*.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood will move from Menlo Park to their San Francisco home the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris have taken an apartment at Stanford Court for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Fry, who have been in Canada and in New York, have returned to their home in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne and Miss Majorie Dunne and Miss Marian Dunne are home from abroad.

Miss Elvira Mejia and her sister, Miss Ynez Mejia, are on their way home from Europe, where Miss Ynez Mejia has spent the past two years in

a convent school. Miss Elvira Mejia spent the summer traveling in Europe, returning to France to accompany her sister home.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke and Miss Cecile Brooke have passed the summer at Atherton, and recently taken the Houser home on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Doyle (Miss Gladys Sullivan) are on a motor trip in Southern California, planning to go to Europe for several months later in October.

Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman have returned from Woodside, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee left recently for New York, to be away until the middle of November.

Mr. William S. Tevis is at the University of California Hospital, following an operation. He is rapidly improving and will return soon to his Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Miss Betty Hammond, and their daughter, Miss Natalie Hammond, who have been at their Washington, D. C., home and at Atlantic resorts over the summer, have decided to return to Santa Barbara for the winter.

Commander and Mrs. Glennie Tarbox have returned to their home at Franklin and Sacramento Streets, after a summer spent at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Alden Magee and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Magee, left recently for an Eastern trip of two months, to be the guests of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland will arrive in California from New York in a week or so.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lawler, Chicago; Mr. J. L. Hyatt, Omaha; Mr. Frank L. Scott, Los Angeles; Mr. George W. Calder, Grand Rapids; Mr. E. A. Bailey, Mr. John R. Pratt, Boston; Mr. Alfred Stahl, San Diego; Mr. F. A. Leakey, Peking, China; Mr. M. S. Lyons, Salem, North Carolina; Mr. F. C. Brannan, Los Angeles; Mr. John Roza, Sacramento; Lieutenant-Commander E. H. Van Patten, U. S. N.; Mr. Clifford A. Russell, Sacramento; Mr. A. W. Dommer, New York.

## Annual Appeal of Doctors' Daughters.

The Society of the Doctor's Daughters, which plays so important a part in the sphere of intimate charity in San Francisco, makes its annual appeal to the generosity of San Francisco and has named as "Donation Days" October 25th, 26th and 27th. On these days representatives of the society will be at the White House and City of Paris to receive contributions for carrying on their work in the coming year. The Society of the Doctor's Daughters in a unique organization. It came into existence thirty-seven years ago at a time when Dr. Robert Mackenzie was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, taking its name from its inspirer. Through all these years it has maintained an active and beneficial life, doing quietly and delicately a great and important work. Checks may be sent, payable to the Doctor's Daughters, in care of Mrs. F. C. McCreery, 2020 Pacific Avenue.

The membership of the Society of Doctor's Daughters is as follows: Mrs. E. M. Allison, Miss Edith Allyne, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. James A. Black, Mrs. R. J. Bentley, Mrs. John Deahl, Mrs. C. Griffin, Miss Boole, Miss May Colburn, Mrs. Charles J. Deering, Mrs. J. M. Dickey, Miss Elsa Everding, Mrs. W. K. Guthrie, Mrs. Edward F. Haas, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Gustave Knecht, Mrs. John D. McKee, Miss Marie Margo, Mrs. James A. Mackenzie, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. C. M. Richter, Mrs. William Sesnon, Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. Katherine Sperry, Mrs. Frank I. Turner, Mrs. W. B. Weir, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Mrs. I. M. Hibbard, Mrs. George de Latour, Mrs. Campbell McGregor, Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mrs. Maxwell Houser, Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann, Mrs. George S. Forderer, Mrs. Robert C. Bolton, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Jennie McMillan, Mrs. Stewart Rawlings, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. Arthur Foote, Miss Persis Coleman, Mrs. George C. Holberton, Mrs. Leland S. Lathrop, Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. Harold Wright, Mrs. James Reid, Mrs. F. L. Scott.

## At the Paul Elder Gallery

Mary J. Coulter, formerly curator of prints at the Art Institute of Chicago, will give an illustrated lecture on "Etching and Etchers" in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, October 21st, at 2:30 o'clock, in which the development of the art will be traced for almost 500 years. The various methods employed in the making of prints will be described and a history of the great etchers and their best-known work will be sketched.

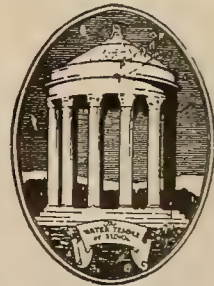
The stereopticon slides to be shown were acquired from the various museums of Europe and America.

Other interesting events scheduled for the Paul Elder Gallery during the coming week are "An Hour with Kathleen Norris," author of the season's most unusual novel, "Certain People of Importance," and a lecture on "Medical Science and Psychology of the Hindus."

by Sukumar Chatterji, editor of *Chodor*. The latter is dated for Tuesday noon, October 17th, at 2:30 o'clock. Kathleen Norris will speak on Thursday afternoon, October 19th, at 2:30 o'clock.

These events are under the direction of Paul Elder.

In some countries frogs are used as barometers. The species employed for this purpose is the green tree frog. They are placed in tall glass bottles with little wooden ladders, to the top of which they always climb in fine weather, descending at the approach of bad.



### To Add 24 Million Gallons Daily to the Water Supply of San Francisco

Calaveras Reservoir in the Alameda County system of the Spring Valley Water Company is being increased in storage capacity, and

A new aqueduct is being constructed to carry Calaveras water to Crystal Springs, the largest reservoir in the San Mateo County system of Spring Valley Water Company.

Spring Valley builds the new aqueduct as far as Irvington, and

The City and County of San Francisco builds it from Irvington to Crystal Springs.

This Irvington-to-Crystal-Springs section of the new aqueduct will be the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit, and will eventually carry Hetch Hetchy water to Crystal Springs.

Besides financing its own part of this project, Spring Valley pays the interest on the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to build this Irvington-to-Crystal-Springs line, relieving all other San Francisco taxpayers of this burden, and will also pay the City for the use of the line.

Work is in progress at both ends of the new aqueduct.

While Spring Valley is raising Calaveras Dam, the City is driving the Pulgas Tunnel to Crystal Springs.

Through this program of co-operation the daily water supply of San Francisco will be increased from 42 to 66 million gallons, and our growing city will have an abundance of water for years to come.

Graphic portrayal of all this work is the feature of the Spring Valley exhibit at the California Industries Exposition at the Civic Auditorium.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Bah! Golf is an old man's game!" "I can't afford it either."—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"Is Jackson a self-made man?" "Oh, no! He was married several years before he became prosperous."—*London Answers*.

"Know the best way to keep a secret?" "Yes. Hire an umpire to shout it through a megaphone."—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"You're a pessimist, Shep, and think the world rotten." "Oh, no; I know it is. And, being an optimist, I don't give a hang."—*Judge*.

*Current Events Teacher*—Who married Princess Mary? *Owner of the Quickest Hand*—Oh, I know that one. Doug!—*American Legion Weekly*.

*Thomas*—Good men are mighty scarce. *Henry*—Yes. And bad ones are apt to make themselves so when they are wanted.—*London Answers*.

*Hotel Guest (to waiter)*—Do you call that a large portion? *Waiter*—Yes, sir; you have no idea how small a large portion can be at present.—*Munich Simplicissimus*.

"That was an awfully good speech Mrs. Blakeley made." "Still, my dear, a woman who so obviously makes her own hats could never convince me of anything."—*Life*.

*Father*—I don't know what is the matter with that child. He won't stay in the same place any length of time. *Mother*—He probably got it from his nurses.—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

*Harriet*—Why do you put your head under the pillow when it storms? *Junior*—I am afraid of lightning. *Harriet*—But if it can't see your head it might spank you.—*Youngstown Telegram*.

"Now is the time to get your life insured, young man. The longer you delay it, the higher your premiums will be." "I know that, but the longer I wait, the fewer premiums I will have to pay."—*Judge*.

*Studious Lodger (to seaside landlady)*—I think the anemones on the beach are wonderful. *Landlady*—I haven't seen those yet, sir, but "The Calico Comics" at the Pavilion, I'm told, are extra good.—*Punch*.

*Lady of the House*—The milk you left this morning was sour, Mr. Jones. *Aggrieved Dairyman*—There you are, mum! If there's any complaint the poor milkman soon hears of it; but you never tell 'im when the milk ain't sour, do yer?—*Punch*.

Tad Lewis says the mosquitoes are terrible up in the St. Joe vicinity this summer. They have formed a trust with the lightning bugs and work in pairs. The lightning bug lights

up the place and the mosquito makes the excavation.—*Kansas Exchange* quoted by the *Boston Transcript*.

*Dilapidated Dodge*—Pardon me, sir, but have you seen a policeman round here? *Polite Pedestrian*—No. I am sorry. *Dilapidated Dodge*—Thank you. Now, will you kindly hand over your watch and purse?—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

*Mr. Worldly-Wealth*—A great big, able-bodied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money. *Grabbing Alf*—I know I ought; but, mister, I'm too kind-hearted to tap you on the head and take it from you.—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

"I can strongly recommend this ham," said the shopkeeper. "You'll find it mild and well cured." "I dare say you know best," said the young wife, "but I think I'd almost rather have a perfectly healthy one that hadn't needed curing."—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

*The Kindly Employer (to youthful employee who has but yesterday reported a near relative at death's door)*—How's your grandmother, Johnny? *Office Boy (gloomily, staring from the office window at rain-washed pavements)*—Aw, she's comin' along all right, Mr. Blivens!—*Life*.

## Conservation in Russia.

No picture of the Bolshevik policy towards the land would be complete without a word about the forests, says Emma Ponafidine in the *Yale Review*. They are not the least pitiful part of dying Russia today. Formerly the majority of the forests belonged to the state and church, about one-third to private individuals, and a smaller amount to the peasant communes. In the general rush for liberty and land, the forests were the chief objective of the peasants, and for a time they profited to the full by the general chaos. The woodland was not divided among them, but they were allowed to cut as much wood as they could. Accordingly, they let their own timber stand and threw themselves wantonly upon those magnificent forests that were the pride and wealth of Russia. Fine mast-pines were cut down for firewood, large trees felled, and the small part that happened to be needed taken while the rest was left to rot. To a lover of woods, a more pitiful sight can not be imagined—in our part of the country there is hardly a spot in the old forests ten yards square where there is not a stump, generally cut very high above the root, while the ground is littered with branches, which make it almost impossible for the grazing herds to pass. The dry bush left strewn about has fed universal fires, and during the last years few days in the autumn have been clear of smoke from them. In many cases the peasants themselves set fire to the woods, as was the case on our estate, and they would not let the state farm manager extinguish the flames. Their idea was that they could then plow this land and raise two or three crops on it without the expense of fertilizer, afterward abandoning it and letting it lie a black, unsightly ruin, where for scores of years no trees will grow.

## A Miraculous Stone.

The marriage of Lady Lockhart and Admiral Sir John de Robeck recalls traditions which, if true, should assure the couple of future happiness, says the *New York Tribune*. Centuries ago, it is related, a Lockhart in the time of the Crusaders went to the Holy Land and captured a powerful emir. The emir's wife hastened to bring a ransom to liberate the prisoner. In Lockhart's camp she lost a certain precious stone which the victor found and set in a medal.

On returning to Scotland Lockhart discovered that the jewel possessed the power of

preserving its proprietor from disease and inclining him to happiness, so the tradition goes.

In Newcastle, under the reign of Charles I, the inhabitants, terrified by pestilence, borrowed the magical medal under a guaranty of 6000 pounds. The plague disappeared immediately, and those who had borrowed the jewel were anxious to own it. The Lockharts rejected their offer, and thus the miraculous stone is in the hands of the wife of Admiral de Robeck.

Walter Scott is said to have utilized this tale in writing his novel, "The Talisman."

## Sharks Should Be Careful.

On board a little trim-built vessel preparing, in a London dock for an expedition to tropical seas, a reader of *Answers* recently saw a huge hook which, he says he was told, was intended to play havoc among the shark tribe.

But these monsters of the deep often meet their death through more novel means than that of a big iron hook.

A greater contrast in the method of killing, indeed, could not be imagined, for the slaughterer of the great savage shark is none other than a little soft fish, known as the didodon.

This harmless-looking, flabby creature has the power of blowing itself out until it becomes almost perfectly round, and when the shark swallows it, the didodon eats through the stomach and sides of the monster and kills it.

Didodons have often been found floating inside sharks when the latter have been killed.

Not only can the didodon inflict a severe bite, but it can squirt out water to a considerable distance.

Another interesting fact connected with this little shark-killer is that when handled it gives off from its skin a beautiful carmine-red matter, which stains ivory and paper in a way that lasts for years.

It is clear that deadly as that big iron hook would be for Master Shark, the little didodon is more deadly still; a terror, in fact, for its size.

Popular speech reveals our sectionalism, not only in matters of pronunciation, idioms, and so on, but also in the mental attitude that underlies the expressions, says Frederick Jackson Turner in the *Yale Review*. When we hear that "no man in the wrong can stand up against the fellow that's in the right and keeps on a comin'," we know that we aren't in New England in spite of the moral flavor, and we suspect that we may be in Texas. When told that "high-class swine are unknown and impossible among a low-class people," that the hog of a certain state "in his sphere typifies the good, the true, and the beautiful . . . like the state that lends him as a solace to humanity," or that still another state produces the "most perfect cow that ever was by sea or land," we have little difficulty in getting our sectional bearings. It is not necessary to examine the Agricultural Atlas, for we recognize a Middle Western spiritual as well as material attitude. When we read, "We don't have to pray for rain out here, we open the irrigation ditch and stop worrying about Providence; we don't have to ask for health, we got it when we bought our railroad ticket," it is not alone the reference to the irrigation ditch that carries our thought to the exila-



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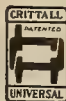
rating high altitudes of the Far West, the land of optimism, determination, and exaggeration. One doesn't weigh words, or cultivate restraint and the niceties when nature is big and rough and lavish.

A tablet is to be placed in one of the wards of a London hospital in honor of the Congo chief, Mandobi, who volunteered, when sleeping sickness appeared among his tribe, to go to England and to submit to all the experiments necessary to determine the cause of this malady and to discover a remedy. For several months he permitted himself to be bled daily in order to supply material for the microscopists. At length the germ of the sleeping sickness was discovered; but almost simultaneously the volunteer subject of these researches paid for that discovery with his life.

Japanese soldiers are said to have increased two inches in height since meat has been added to their diet.

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## Forty-Sixth Year

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### For All the State.

The current live-stock show will have been of benefit to San Francisco and all California if it has revived interest in the proposed exposition building. We have now three annual events that call for better housing in a permanent structure: the live-stock show, the industrial exposition, and the automobile show. The Exposition Auditorium is unsuited for the industrial exposition and the stock show, and while it does quite well for the motor-car exhibition, that, too, will probably grow beyond its accommodation soon. And there is another reason why the Auditorium should not be used for such purposes longer than necessary, and this is that it was not built for them, and every time you divert something from its designed purpose you do so at a sacrifice of efficiency. For example, an important convention, for which the Auditorium was built and for which it should have been used, had to be refused accommodation during early October, because the industrial exposition was in possession. We want the conventions and we want the industrial exposition, and we want the motor-car show and the stock show, and we are not a fully equipped city if we can not accommodate them all in suitable housing without crowding or conflict. As to holding a stock show in inflammable tents, the inconvenience and risks of such an arrangement merely prove how strongly the show itself gravitates to San Francisco

and needs to have this city for its setting. Animal husbandry is one of our most important fields of development. There are said to be 7,000,000 head of stock in California, which is important, but insufficient. There should be more, and they should be better every year in breed and in ability to serve our needs. To supply safe and accessible housing for stock exhibitions would be one of the best ways and perhaps the best way in which San Francisco could help the state. And San Francisco can never be greater than the state, can never be so useful and valuable as when it is serving the state. Stock shows do an immense amount of good, not merely in the opportunities they give for buying stock, but for educating cattlemen in better types of animal. Tremendous gains have been made, in recent years, in the weight, beef quality, and milk capacity of cattle, and in improving the breeds of swine and sheep; and they have been made largely because stock shows have enabled breeders to get together and trade information. They are a peculiar breed themselves, in that they are eager to help one another in the development of valuable droves and flocks and herds. And such developed values are never confined to the men that do the developing; we all share in the improvement and in the added wealth produced. The supervisors are disposed to assist the erection of a suitable exposition building, accessible by rail and water. The local business community could do no better service to the people of California than to back the project with its credit and if necessary with its cash. There is little or no risk involved. If the enterprise is not mismanaged it should pay. A symphony concert is a beautiful thing and adds to the sweetness of life for those that enjoy it. But the finest symphony the human ear can take in is the lowing of a dairy herd. That means bone and sinew and red blood and health and vigor for the human race.

### A Socialistic Ideal.

There have been imperfections and rough spots in the relations between the private hydro-electric interests of California and the public. That is inseparable from all human affairs. But they have been as nothing compared to what the commonwealth would suffer from the erection in this state of such an unchecked tyranny as that contemplated in the Water and Power Amendment. Five men are to be given the power to ruin any industry in this state, or any community in the state. Without regard to general needs or interests, or market demands, they could decree where the next development should occur. They could fatten with such a development any wildcat land speculation their political favorites wished to promote, and do it at the expense of the body of the people, who would have no protection or redress. Hungry politicians with land-boomer affiliations will no doubt welcome it as a chance to make a million. The water and power board could ruin any political favorite's competitor for him and he would have no come-back. It could seize any unit or part of a unit of any hydro-electric establishment now in operation on five days' notice and operate it to suit its own purposes, whatever they might be, without having to declare those purposes in a definite way and without being limited in an effective manner to any publicly beneficial policy.

This amendment is the project of an idealistic reformer who has run out of other reforms to promote, and a local banker whose typical German heredity expresses itself in an inability to understand the American principle of individualism. It is state socialism, the Marxian kind on which the present arrangements of Russia have been based—public ownership of the instruments of production. It is destructive of liberty, it invites vicious political abuses, and it can not even work industrially, which is supposed to be its object. The public, as such, has not the ability to

operate the instruments of production, and has never yet been able to evolve political machinery that could be trusted to do it.

The principal supporters of the visionary reformer and the German-descended banker are certain members of the organization known as the California League of Municipalities, a sort of club of city job-holders interested in jobs. This is the biggest job they ever had before them. The mere distribution of \$500,000,000 of the taxpayers' money would give politicians such a command of California's industrial life as no modern government has had, outside of Russia. That they would exercise that command impartially, effectively, and in a manner beneficial to the state as a whole, is a vision and a dream that could only dazzle very ignorant or very optimistic persons. And nobody will know, when he votes on this amendment, whether the board that is to have this vast machine-building power will be appointed by Friend William Richardson or Thomas Lee Woolwine. It would be the fattest plum a governor of any state ever had to offer.

The tyranny of such a machine, once established, would have no stopping place. It would propagate and multiply itself, as tyranny always has, for its own protection. Once embarked on such a policy of socialism, the state would swallow every private function and reduce the individual to a mere taker of orders from state inspectors and directors and various kinds of policeman. In public affairs we have tendencies to deal with, and this tendency is wrong; it is toward the Russian pit.

Advocacy of the proposed amendment is based on false pretense, and carefully fostered misconception of what conservation means. Water running to the sea is not being conserved; its energy is being wasted. It is conserved only when it is used, when it is going through the turbines of a generating plant, turning up energy in the transmissible form of electric current.

Nowhere in the world have the arts of generating and transmitting electricity been carried to such a stage of development as in California. That is owing to the initiative of a few bold men who hoped to profit by it, and some of whom did profit, but of whom three at least are poor men today for their pains—a risk inseparable from the individualism that has made America great. They were willing to risk it, and that willingness to risk it is the basis of our national power and of about all the equipment of civilization. Men that know nothing of business and suppose it consists merely of collecting dividends or interest, who are without the most rudimentary notions of how dividends and interest have to be produced, are being deluded into a frame of mind to believe that they were somehow being robbed when capitalists were converting the waste energy of the California streams into electricity, for sale to them—who never could have bought it, otherwise. Yet there is hardly a person in California who was not thereby benefited. It is owing to such enterprise that you can press a button and flood your house or your chamber with the most beautiful and convenient light mankind ever enjoyed, although artificial light has been one of his main concerns since he first lived in caves; or start a pump or a circular saw, or a die press. And you did not have to do any of the inventing, the organizing, the discovery and surveying of watersheds and dam sites, the designing of the plant, the planning and building of the power-houses, the marketing of the product, the securing of everybody concerned against accidents and loss. You did not have to raise the money to buy the materials needed, and to feed the labor while it was at work on the physical execution of those plans. You attended to your daily business; and the power companies through great organizations of experts and scientists were preparing light for you, and power for any factory you might wish to start. And if you did not wish to start a factory they were



ing ready to deliver power to some one who would, and who was thereby put in a better position to serve you with the necessities of a comfortable existence; to operate, among other things, electric railways for your convenience and the service of your business.

Nobody was robbed thereby. The water was not stolen from the people. Neither was its energy. As electricity, that water never had any energy until it was developed by the power companies and their experts. In effect those organizations were public agents, and they are today controlled for the public by the state railroad commission. "The people," as ordinarily conceived, never would have done this thing for themselves. They never did. Neither the mass of them, nor their elected representatives, would have had the initiative and ability to carry out such vast and technical projects. Such things are not for politicians nor even for trustees of other people's money. They are for experts in engineering, in finance, in executive management, working under the direction of men whose financial lives are at stake. Progress is made through specialization, not through the scattering and superficial operations of jacks-of-all-trades. And progress in hydro-electric development in California has engaged some of the finest executive talent this nation has ever produced. It has engaged more than that. It has engaged, what may seem fanciful to many but is absolutely real, the idealistic devotion to great achievement of men at least as capable of such devotion as some of those that purpose now to deprive them of their share in the control of the business their brains and character created.

Objection is made to the rate at which power is sold. It is preposterous, and it did not occur to the public until this attack began. It is dragged in now as an appeal to prejudice. Power that is generated for half a cent per kilowatt-hour has still to be transmitted. In California, under private development, transmission efficiency has been multiplied 200 times in twenty years; but there is still great leakage, and expense of upkeep. Farmers today are getting electrical energy below cost. For a political board to sell it cheaper would involve deficits that would have to be concealed in the mazes of a vast accounting system and taken out of the already mortgaged farms and homes in the form of higher direct taxes. That has happened at Los Angeles—\$6,000,000 worth for the power bureau and \$15,000,000 for the water bureau.

The amendment is anti-American, socialistic humbug. But don't leave it to your neighbors to defeat it.

#### Glad They're Back.

San Francisco theatre-goers have been treated recently to two "come-backs" that should engage their interest as citizens, two stage events that recall and reassert the spirit of the former city when that spirit of joy in life was the envy of discriminating visitors from every other part of America—we refer to the revival of "The First Born" at the Players Theatre, and the return of Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff to this side of the Bay after having developed a light opera troupe in Oakland competent to sustain the best of the old Tivoli tradition.

It may have been coincidence, but we like to feel that it involved some relationship of cause and effect, that a more friendly and considerate attitude toward the Chinese in San Francisco dates from about the time of the production of "The First Born" at the old Alcazar. Here was a most human interpretation of the life of San Francisco's Chinatown—not the bestial interpretation of the guides, and the commercialized dens of vice for the horriification of tourists eager to be horrified at a dollar a horror, but one so deeply sympathetic and fraternal that every auditor felt common brotherhood with the characters on the stage, and poignant realization of their tragedy. Powers' dramatic construction was sound, and his lines were excellent, and from his exotic elements he made such a play as Broadway rarely sees and would hardly understand if it did. He had imitators—unsuccessful ones. A short story writer of power, who had in that literary form most successfully depicted the life of the Chinese quarter, could not give it the holding grip of drama. Powers had the watchmaker skill to fit the parts of Chinese life together and make them go, and we were moved and grateful—and that is dramatic success. "The First Born" could have been written nowhere but in San Francisco, by no one but a San Franciscan, and he had to understand the transplanted China that is part of this city; and what, moreover, the process of trans-

planting did to its ancient culture. That he worked so well with his theme is cause for local pride. "The First Born" is a San Francisco possession. The Players would do well to repeat it at intervals.

As to Hartman and Steindorff, little need be said except that they are here and every San Franciscan should be glad. They should have been here for the past fifteen years. They belong here. Nothing was ever more a part of this city's life than the institution they have brought back to us. That, too, grew in San Francisco and fitly represented its Continental delight with living for living's own sake. No sour, repressive atmosphere could have brought forth just this form of entertainment, and the operas the Rivoli is presenting are almost peculiar to Europe and this city. The *Argonaut* is delighted with the welcome Hartman and Steindorff received, and feels confident they will have the support of San Francisco, as they had in the city's cheerful past.

#### Business In Government.

Eighteen months of the Harding administration have had some good business results. The national debt has been reduced from \$24,045,000,000 to \$22,812,000,000, a creditable performance. If it be urged that the war is over and the debt ought to have begun to shrink, it may be urged in rebuttal that this is just what it has done, and, moreover, it has done so concurrently with a reduction of war taxes to the tune of \$800,000,000 through repeal of the nuisance imposts. That was not only a reduction of taxes, it was also a reduction in the general botheration of living and of doing business, and thus worth even more than the money saved. Financial health was effectively promoted by the organization of the budget bureau, through which it is possible to predict and to accomplish a striking reduction of governmental expenditures: from \$5,538,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, to an outgo not exceeding \$3,770,000,000 for the fiscal year that will end June 30, 1923. For the latter year the appropriations have all been made, and it can be told with reasonable certainty what the costs are going to be—unless some way is found to beat the system and swell the bills.

A funding commission has been established to handle the foreign debt, of which the British owe 45 per cent.—and that part of it is good. They are making ready to begin payments, and have no thought of begging off, which they know would hurt them worse than it would hurt anybody else. Liberty bonds have gone to par, appreciating 14 per cent. since March 4, 1921. Truly, in the words of J. P. Morgan, it does not pay to sell the United States short. These things appear in a recent statement of Secretary of Commerce Hoover. They are the result of constant hammering by the press and by commercial and political organizations for a contraction of government spending. It has worked well thus far and it may work farther.

So much for business in the government. As to the government in business, the story is slightly different. The postoffice, so frequently cited by the socialists in support of collectivism, has gone in the hole \$60,000,000 for the year. That is for the first year of the Harding administration. And so far from its being exceptional, it is an improvement over the year preceding to the extent of about \$97,000,000. The deficits were largely chargeable to retroactive increases in the pay of employees, but nevertheless they were made, and the added salaries do not account for such large totals. The Post-office Department was only saved from a tremendous deficit during the war by charging more for postage. That is one way to do it, and the other is to cut down running expenses; but the fact is that running expenses remain, and support the contentions of the opponents of the proposed Water and Power Amendment to the California Constitution, that when the government is in business the public will pay, either in the form of added rates or more taxes.

#### Tribulations of the Dove.

Persons that suppose international affairs can be resolved by a simple compliance with fourteen points or some other formula, and who have been insisting that the Japanese quit Siberia right away, may have an early opportunity to observe some of the effects of their policy; and not with much joy of it, unless they take delight in trouble on a large scale. The Japanese are quitting Siberia, and Tokio says the last of their troops will be out by the end of this month. Already the dogs

of war are snarling over what is to be left behind, and the outlook for a continuance even of the present comparative quiet is not much brighter than it is in Ireland or Mexico.

Among the flotsam of war cast upon the eastern coast of Asia is a pile of munitions at Vladivostok which has cost more than \$25,000,000, may have cost nearer to \$100,000,000, and is worth to certain martial gentlemen in that part of the world whatever expenditure of blood may be necessary to the taking of it, because the one that gets it will be enabled therewith to blast himself out a neat little empire, or perhaps conquer a great one. It is an irony of fate and politics that these potencies of slaughter were purchased with the money of the least belligerent people on the planet; for the United States loaned Kerensky about \$187,000,000 out of the proceeds of Liberty Bond sales, and never saw the color of a red cent of it back. Kerensky bought war material with part of it; and that seems to be the only vestige of the loan now remaining upon the earth. We do not seem to want it; at least have gone away and have filed no lien on it. And the Japanese have been protecting it with their Siberian troops, but do not appear to have been greatly applauded for their efforts, and when they depart it will go to the general that can beat the others to it.

The situation offers a choice and a chance to white Russians, pink Russians, red Russians, and Chinamen. The government of Vladivostok is white Russian, or conservative—some say even Czarist—but the pallor of its complexion would indicate the feebleness of its constitution. The president is a deserving gentleman named Merkulov, and he calls his government the Priamur Republic. It is anti-Bolshevistic and willing to fight for it, and has an army under General Diedrichs, one of Kolchak's old officers. He is accused of Japanese, Chinese, and imperialistic leanings, and of undue familiarity with the aims of the *tuchun* Chang Tso Lin, dictator of Manchuria, who was recently defeated by Wu Pei Fu in a celebrated battle north of Peking, in which the victorious strategy consisted of discharging firecrackers in oil cans simulating, and successfully simulating, the rattle of machine guns. Chang is willing to admit that it worked once, but says they couldn't do it again, and has lately been getting his tail up his back. If he can combine with Diedrichs and get at the munitions dump at Vladivostok, bought with American money, he will not have to use firecrackers.

Out to the west of Vladivostok is the Chita, or Far Eastern, Republic, another sprout from the roots of the late Russian Empire. The Chita Republic looks like the original gerrymander almost strangled to death by a constriction of its middle. It is pink, as might be expected under such circumstances, with a strong inclination to grow darker and darker until it has become as red as Moscow, which has been aiding and abetting it in its encroachments on the Priamur Republic and the munitions dump. Diedrichs has been fighting it off, and is said to have had the assistance of the Japanese, but as they have withdrawn their troops he has been crowded farther and farther back. The Japanese had held a line about 125 miles westward from Vladivostok, but their retirement has left that territory to the troops of the pink republic with the narrow waist, and the white Russians have been fleeing before their advance, because Diedrichs has not been strong enough to hold them. As he retires he waves come-on signals to Chang, but thus far Chang has been busy with a little enterprise of his own—no less than a new revolution, staged at Foo Chow, on the coast between Shanghai and Canton. His combination includes some of the pro-Japanese party in China, with remnants of the crowd that supported the defunct government of Sun Yat Sen in the south. Chang's idea seems to be that Diedrichs should be able to stand off the pinks and the reds until the yellows can clean up on their new revolution, and then, or at least so Moscow and Chita interpret it, Diedrichs and his whites can pick up the munitions dump and join Chang with it in Manchuria, just as the Japanese depart. And—Moscow and Chita profess to believe that if this junction of whites, yellows, and war supplies, under Japanese connivance, can be accomplished, the next move will be to tear away Eastern Siberia from the reds and the pinks and annex it to Manchuria. After that, Chang's long arm would reach southward and his hand might close over Peking itself. The Japanese say such a thing can not be, for the reds are too strong for the whites and yellows. But having received such pointed hints to get out of



Siberia, they are getting out, washing their hands of the entire mess, and leaving the whites and yellows and pinks and reds to fight it out among them.

This, according to the *Argonaut's* advices, is about the situation in Eastern Asia, where self-determination has been having a hard time, and is like to have a harder, and the dove of peace is becoming a discouraged bird. Something of importance is quite likely to arise in that region in the near future, and it should be of especial interest to the people on this Coast.

General Diedrichs, with his Priamur army, has accomplished a retreat to the Russo-Chinese frontier. The red representative at Peking has served notice on the harried Peking government that it will be held responsible by the Moscow powers if any of the munitions fall into the hands of General Chang; something probably beyond the ability of Peking to avert, especially as Chang already has some part of these desirable supplies. At Foo Chow, the governor and the Peking officials have fled, leaving the town in possession of the southern revolutionists. Although the navy holds the river, nobody knows just what side it is on. American, British, and Japanese marines are guarding foreign interests. The stage appears to be set.

### Gaining on Ghosts.

Verily, progress is. If we can hold our gains humanity may some day grow rational. Events help more than once they did, because of better interpretations. This unusual optimism is encouraged to grow and flower by the case of the Antigonish ghost girl.

It may be recalled that some months ago in Nova Scotia there was a ghost, or perhaps a flock of them, or herd—whatever a ghost congregation is. A little girl said so. She said she had seen it or them often, and her testimony was definite, circumstantial, and exact. "Psychologists" and various breeds of occultist and devil dodger went to Antigonish, and received from the child the most conclusive evidences of the visits of a supernatural or spiritual visitant, or visitants, as the case may be. Of course, all evidence is conclusive that supports our theories, and this was first chop. Among the whole cult of the supernatural and mysterious and mystical there was a bobbing of heads and wigwagging of fingers over the new confirmation of the beautiful and comforting faith in spooks. The whole tribe of Sir-Oliver-Lodge-Sir-William-Crooks-Sir-Arthur-Conan-Doyle converts and devotees gushed with emotion about the "discoveries." It was said that scientists on the spot were puzzled, but it was not said how they were known to be scientists—they simply were. Perhaps they admitted it. News dispatches ran full on the "demonstrations" and "manifestations." There was a haunted house or two—very bad for real estate. If memory serves us aright there was some sort of trance business connected with the manifestations, in which the little girl spoke Hebrew, a dead language second only to Egyptian as a vehicle of belief—if second; and so far as known she had never attended a Hebrew Sunday-school, even on Saturday. It was a mystery, and hence it proved a great deal. Exactly what? Why, whatever you wished to have proved.

And now the blow has fallen. The girl was insane, and has been committed to an asylum. So the demonstrations and materializations are over, the Hebrew has turned into gibberish, the ghosts have stopped coming and so have the psychologists and scientists—gone to seek fresh evidence of the supernatural from other forms of insanity. But a mystery remains; and that is, why they should have put the poor little girl into an asylum and left those that believed her outside.

She was not dangerous; they were. Such credulity is more perilous in tendency than crime. Exorcism and witch-burning grow from it, or would grow from it, were it not for such secular influences as modern science and the public press; for be it remembered that the same press that reported the ghosts reported, with impartial appetite for a good story, the explanation of the matter. That is a great service, provided some of the credulous can remember what it was they were "believing in" last month. The worst phase of the situation is that there will always remain a residue of the unexplained, on which to base more queer beliefs. Deprived of the testimony of the insane girl of Nova Scotia, the believers can fall back, for example, on the rock thrower of Chico, who did not speak Hebrew, nor manifest any other symptoms of demoniacal possession,

and who, as far as we are informed, has not yet been reduced to captivity, and so still proves anything.

The insane girl in the asylum will at least be kindly treated, whether she can be cured or not. But in Germany in the Middle Ages a hundred thousand equally harmless victims of insanity and of the credulity that believed the insanity were burned at the stake. Many times that number throughout Europe were tortured by theological devil-drivers. The sane were accused of "possession" by the "possessed" under torture, and then driven insane by the efforts to evict the satanic tenant. It was not only the church of the Middle Ages that harbored this beautiful faith. Luther had it, and John Wesley, and the Mathers, Cotton and Woolen; all great leaders of the people. We had our own witch-burnings at Salem, based on testimony resembling that of the Antigonish witness. That unfortunate child, had she lived and testified two centuries ago, might have caused the death by fire of any innocent old woman in her village. We have great societies to suppress war, but very few persons have tried directly to suppress credulity. It must diminish through methods indirect. It is thought to affect only the credulous. That is an error. It is also thought that such queer beliefs as witchcraft and spooks are something the world got over long ago. That, too, is an error, for the writer has heard a presumably intelligent preacher proclaim to a presumably intelligent congregation his living faith that spirits and devils abound. Yet, as Dr. Munyon says, there is hope. A lunatic here and there will continue to have believers, but most of us are healthily interested in the baseball score and Chick Evans, and how the tariff is going to affect the cost of living. That is a great gain, and a foundation for some slight measure of optimism—but not too much.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### Danger in Union Square Garage.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 12, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Proposed Charter Amendment 45 (to be placed on the ballot for the forthcoming election) is to permit the utilization of the sub-surface of public parks for garage purposes. It should be defeated. It is no part of the business of a municipality to provide individual citizens with place or room wherein to transact their private business affairs. The city can not engage in the garage business; the act would be *ultra vires*.

There will be danger that the city will lose title to some of its parks if the proposed ordinance is adopted and utilized. In particular there is danger, in such event, that it will lose Union Square. And, in reality, Union Square constitutes the whole of the meat of the cocoanut.

Union Square was conveyed to the city by Colonel John W. Geary by deed of gift in 1850, for park purposes exclusively, with proviso that if it should be used for other purposes, the grantor and his heirs might reënter and repossess the same for condition broken. Some time in the late '60s and early '70s the park was partly occupied by the Mechanics Fair building, and again, for a short time after the conflagration of 1906 by a temporary structure of the St. Francis Hotel Company, for hotel purposes. In neither case was any question of user contrary to the terms of the grant raised. Neither use, however, was expected or intended to be permanent. The grantee and his heirs would have entire right to waive the condition under such circumstances. But the user proposed (the sub-park garage) would be in perpetuity, would be for a private and not for a municipal purpose and directly contrary to the terms and spirit of the grant. Wherefore, it may be confidently expected, if the proposed ordinance carries and Union Square is attempted to be used as contemplated by the proposal, that there will be an action brought for reëntry for condition broken. (In such event, if such an action is not brought—and it ought to be—then I will believe, as would the preacher, that my knowledge of my brethren of the bar is vanity and vexation of spirit.)

Really there is no reason, save the cupidity of men, why there should be so many autos parked around Union Square; there are plenty of garages nearby on Post and Sutter Streets. Apart from the reasons hitherto urged, and purely on the grounds of "safety first," the proposed ordinance should be defeated. Nobody would propose constructing a powder magazine under the square: yet an auto sub-surface garage would be likely to prove more dangerous. The square is necessarily a congested spot; on every side the streets are double-tracked and street-cars run both ways all day, some of them all night. It is a hotel region; nearby are large dry goods stores. In the midst of the shopping district the sidewalks are traversed all day by pedestrians—sometimes thronged. What with the passing street-cars and autos it is risky enough and difficult enough for a pedestrian to attempt to cross the streets at the street crossings about Union Square now; what sane person would seriously propose to add to that danger a sub-surface garage, which would inevitably attract autos from all over as flies are attracted to treacle?

EDWARD A. BELCHER.

#### The Campus and the Stadium.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 10, 1922.  
DEAR MR. HOLMAN: Your editorial entitled "The Stadium Blunder" in September 30th issue covers the situation very well; and in the issue October 7th, entitled "The University and the Argonaut," you show that the *Argonaut's* criticisms are constructive in purpose. President Lowell of Harvard voices the same thoughts as follows: "A step which must be taken by the university authorities is the determination of the object of the university and the spiritual meaning which its grounds and buildings seek to express." So you are in good company in your advocacy to place the Stadium (as Yale, Harvard, and Stanford have done) not on the campus.

H. H. SHERWOOD.

Seventy per cent. of all French industrial establishments employing over twenty men each were in the devastated region.

### SAN FRANCISCO AND THE FLEET

Great Pacific Base Is a Naval Necessity and This Bay Is the Place for It.

If one were to ask a naval man where, in his opinion, the fleet would base on the Pacific Coast in time of war, he would unhesitatingly say in San Francisco Bay. It would be dangerous to have parts of it here and there. This is the test as to where the base should be, and since we have no base in San Francisco Bay, no time should be lost in building it. No political activity should be allowed to stop it; no local interest should be allowed to interfere with it. It is a measure clearly up to Congress and coming under that particular heading, "To Provide for the Common Defense."

Of more than passing interest to California is the recent announcement of the Navy Department that a board has been appointed for the purpose "of making an investigation of the shore establishments of the navy with a view to determining what changes, if any, should be recommended to Congress in the interest of efficiency and economy."

It will be remembered that in 1916 a commission was appointed to determine, among other things:

- (1) The necessity, desirability, and advisability of establishing an additional navy yard on the Atlantic coast south of Cape Hatteras, and on the Pacific Coast.
- (2) The necessity, desirability, and advisability of abolishing any existing navy yard or naval station.

As was to be expected at the time, the commission recommended expansions in all the existing yards. It also recommended that an additional yard be established in San Francisco Bay.

Let us analyze the situation and conditions as they appeared at the time. We see that:

- (1) The commission was composed entirely of naval officers who no doubt felt great responsibility in connection with their task, commencing as it did on the eve of our entrance in the war, which task continued throughout the first year of our participation in the conflict. Few men with lifelong training in measures connected with the responsibility for the security of the nation will err in underestimating the requirements.

- (2) The commission had in mind the great expansion as expressed in the 1916 programme, which if carried out would have placed the United States in the front rank of great naval powers.

We had no naval base on the Pacific Coast.

Conditions have materially changed since the commission made its report. We have had the Conference on the Limitation of Armament and the resultant treaty. We have abandoned the 1916 building programme. Let us stop to look at the results of the conference. We shall see that some of them are far-reaching in many respects.

We have:

- (1) Limitation of tonnage and size of capital ships.
- (2) Limitation as to size of other units.
- (3) Limitation as to number of airplane carriers.
- (4) Limitation as to size of guns.
- (5) Limitation as to disposal of combatant ships to other nations.
- (6) The agreement to maintain the fortifications in the insular possessions in the *status quo*.

The last is far-reaching when considered in connection with the responsibility we have assumed in regard to the Philippines. Let us read Article XIX of the treaty: "The United States, the British Empire, and Japan agree that the *status quo* at the time of the signing of the treaty, with regard to fortifications and naval bases, shall be maintained in their respective territories and possessions as specified hereunder."

A reading of the specifications will show that the territories and possessions to which they refer are insular, and that the agreement includes everything that Japan holds or may acquire outside of the islands of Japan proper; it includes our own Aleutian Islands and everything insular, present or future, under our flag west of the Hawaiian Islands; and it includes Hong-kong and present or future holdings of the British Empire east of 110 degrees of longitude, except the Canadian islands, Australia and its territories, and New Zealand.

To the layman, the above is a collection of diplomatic sentences, but to the naval officer it means that, since Manila and Guam were not strongly fortified at the time of the signing of the treaty, we have given up the right to make them impregnable as naval bases during the life of the treaty. The stepping-stones for the fleet that might have been used on its journey across the Pacific, were we to be called upon to protect the Philippines, may no longer be considered in the light of possible naval bases.

It may be argued that the Philippines need no protection, since the treaty was evolved to prevent wars and bring about the experiment of being good neighbors. To the future must pass the historical record as to the success of the great adventure.

It will be noted that no restrictions have been placed on the construction of submarines, destroyers, and auxiliaries, and some competition may be expected in



connection with these classes. It must be realized that there will always be competition in efficiency, in excellence, and in this we must lead the way.

We can not be efficient unless our fleet is operated as a fleet. It takes no military knowledge to understand that, by scattering the component parts, the fleet has no opportunity to develop team play. The individual units may be highly developed, but there can be no fleet training. It is only when a fleet is assembled, drilled, and manœuvred as a unit that it becomes formidable.

How can a fleet be assembled and kept in close association unless it has an adequate operating base? This is manifestly impossible. A great base is, therefore, imperative. Hawaii is now, since the signing of the treaty, the most western outpost we may fortify. Guam, distant 3350 miles from Pearl Harbor, would fall in time of war long before we could reach it and make it sufficiently strong for naval purposes. We must assume also that the Philippines, weakly defended, would be taken, and the task of the United States to retake these islands would become almost insuperable.

If it is our policy to protect our insular possessions, we must not forget that *our policy is no stronger than our fleet*. Whatever is said in connection with national defense, or national policies, we always arrive in the end at considerations having to do with the fleet. Therefore it is sensible to see that it is a fleet.

*There is no authentic case on record where the United States took to heart the lessons of war.* The same mistakes have been made after every war the nation has had. If we attempt to get our neighbor interested in the matter, and tell him to read history for the facts, we shall find that he has no time for this form of exercise; and, should he find time, very likely he would get the wrong history.

It were better for us to fortify ourselves with some historical data and be prepared to tell him a few facts. We might look up Novicow's "Essay on War," and learn that from the year 1496 B. C. to 1861 A. D., a period of 3357 years, there were only 227 years of peace as compared with 3130 years of war, or one year of peace to every thirteen years of war. Or we might consult the history of the past three centuries and learn that there have been 286 wars in Europe. We may go on and learn that, from the year 1500 B. C. to 1861 A. D. more than 8000 treaties of peace meant to last forever were concluded, and that the average life of these was about two years.

These things the commission had in mind when it made the recommendation as to the establishment of a naval base in San Francisco Bay, in addition to those mentioned in connection with the naval expansion to be brought about by the 1916 programme. Indeed, the existing establishments on the Pacific Coast were totally inadequate for the navy exclusive of the expansion. It must be recognized that the Mare Island yard has limitations, and that the cost of maintaining a forty-foot channel from the sea to the yard is prodigious.

The new board, as well as the commission above mentioned, will view the entire Pacific Coast line from Cape Flattery to San Diego and note that San Francisco Bay is the only body of water offering a safe and sheltered anchorage for the entire fleet, a fleet of any size; that San Francisco Bay is practically 300 miles nearer to Hawaii, our now westernmost outpost—125 miles nearer than the mouth of the Columbia River—and 300 miles nearer than Puget Sound Navy Yard. It is the logical place of places for the establishment of the navy's Pacific base; it is the strategic location.

Seldom has the navy had such opportunity to go on record before the whole country to prove its case. The fleet is in the Pacific; to be a fleet it must have a base; there is no base at present on the Pacific Coast; the logical and strategical location is in San Francisco Bay; there is no other bay capable of taking the fleet and supplying it.

J. F. DANIELS,  
Commander, U. S. N. (Ret.).

JAMESTOWN, R. I., October 12, 1922.

Recent changes in the industrial policy of the Bolsheviks have led some foreign observers who have not seen Bolshevism at work, or who have seen it only superficially, to believe that we are now witnessing the first steps toward the regeneration of Russia, says Emma Ponafidine in the *Yale Review*. To one who has actually lived under the Soviet régime since the beginning, not as a favored guest, but as a private citizen, it is clear that all these reforms are half-measures. Any one who has experienced Bolshevism in practice has a right to doubt, not only the capacity of the present government to carry them out, but also their sincerity in desiring to do so. The present artificial stimulation of trade and industry should not blind us to the fact that the Bolsheviks have not conceded the existence of private property rights, nor the rights of man as a citizen, as these are understood in all civilized countries. And until these fundamental bases of civilization are recognized, no real progress can be expected in the reconstruction of Russia. If the Bolsheviks should ever be forced to end the reign of terror and admit the rights of property, they would, of course, cease to be Bolsheviks.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—*Disraeli*.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

H. G. Wells' two sons are both keen and successful science students with the ambition to devote their lives to research work.

Mrs. George Sutherland, wife of the successor to Associate Justice Clark, is, though a native of Utah, a scion of the distinguished family of Lee. Her father, John Percival Lee, formerly of Leesburg, Virginia, was a second cousin of the Confederate leader, General Robert E. Lee.

Dean Inge, the "gloomy dean" as he is sometimes called in England, who played so prominent a rôle in the Gentleman with a Duster's latest revelations, is to lecture this winter in Norway at the invitation of the Anglo-Norse Society. Probably the dean will be better appreciated in the sombre north.

Sidney Dark, who is joint editor of the English literary paper, *John o' London's*, and who was special correspondent for the *Daily Express* during the Paris Peace Conference, began life as a professional singer and later became an actor. He drifted into journalism in 1899 by writing Green Room Gossip in the *Daily Mail*. He has published several books on the subject of the stage.

Representative Joseph Walsh recently resigned from the House to accept a Supreme Court judgeship, leaving his secretary, Miss Lily S. Darcy, without a job in Washington. But Miss Darcy has solved the situation by becoming a candidate for the Republican nomination to succeed Mr. Walsh. She is said to have a strong political following in the South Shore district and her friends are betting on her chances to return the winner.

St. John Ervine is an Ulsterman, as admirers of his Ulster plays, "John Ferguson" "Jane Clegg," and "Mixed Marriage," might guess. He fought in France as a lieutenant of the Dublin Fusiliers and was unlucky enough to lose a leg. Besides holding a distinguished position among living dramatists, he is a noted dramatic critic and a witty lecturer. Mr. Ervine is described as a sturdily built man with a high forehead, a prominent nose, and light curly hair.

Mr. Max Pemberton, who was one of Lord Northcliffe's oldest friends, has written a memoir of the deceased publisher, though the official "life" is to be done by Mr. H. W. Wilson, chief leader writer to the *Daily Mail* since its beginning. Mr. Wilson is the author of a long appreciative sketch of Lord Northcliffe in the new volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. He has, in fact, been engaged on the biography for several years, and Lord Northcliffe himself provided him with a large quantity of private material.

There is nothing eccentric, bizarre, or Bohemian about Hugh Walpole, the British novelist, who is as popular in this country as he is at home. Walpole was born in Auckland, New Zealand, in 1884, where his father, who has since become the Bishop of Edinburgh, was the incumbent of St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral. Mr. Walpole is most accurately described as a perfect gentleman. He is so well-mannered that it is almost a shock, one commentator says, to find that he is also an intellectual. He dislikes being misunderstood and still more being disliked. No man understands better the gentle art of making friends.

Rudolf Besier, the English dramatist and collaborator with H. G. Wells in the dramatic version of "Kipps," is of Dutch extraction and an admittedly lazy disposition. His acknowledged recreation is "anything that takes the mind from work." He is said to have a boy's eagerness, a boy's power of enjoyment, a boy's determination to put off till tomorrow that which should be done today. Before he launched into his successful career as a playwright he worked for several years in various journalistic capacities, especially for the firm of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. He was at one time editor of the *Royal Magazine*. He has also made his mark as a translator.

Mrs. Coombs-Tennant of Cardiff, Wales, is one of the most distinguished public women of her small country. She has recently been nominated for the Forest of Dean seat in Parliament, and as her nomination on the Liberal ticket is counted almost an election, she may be counted on as the third feminine member of the House of Commons. Mrs. Coombs-Tennant comes of a powerful family of the middle shires of England and is related to the historic Tennant family. After her marriage to a Welsh business man she went to Wales, where since his death she has continued his business and political affiliations. Last year she was elected a justice of the peace in the Welsh village of Glamorgan-shire—the first of her sex to serve in this capacity. She is a member of the Welsh national council for prison reform. Her recent visit to this country was primarily for the purpose of inspecting our model prison system.

Maurice Francis Egan, veteran poet, professor, and diplomat, has been described as belonging to that rare class of person that can do really big things and still always have time for the little things of life. A really mellow personality, he is not modern, in his absence of complexes. Dr. Egan is a Philadelphian, a fact that is often lost sight of because he is so much a citizen of the world. Young Egan was intended for the law, but his

journalistic success while in college bent his steps in that direction and for two decades he was novelist, editor, poet, and professor till in 1896 he was called to succeed Charles Warren Stoddard in the chair of English literature in the Catholic University of Washington. His residence in Washington threw him into government circles, and in 1907 President Roosevelt appointed him United States Minister to Denmark. The appointment was renewed through several administrations until ill health compelled Dr. Egan to retire in 1918. His "Ten Years Near the German Frontier" is the literary fruit of his diplomatic career, which was definitely ended by the death of his wife in 1921. Dr. Egan has retired and is devoting himself to lecturing and writing.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate  
Deserts and fields remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate:  
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—  
I answer not, and I return no more.  
—John J. Ingalls.

### Ode to the West Wind.

#### I.

O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being  
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

#### II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

#### III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

#### IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
O! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

#### V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own?  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,  
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth  
The trumpet of prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?  
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.



## THE INFANT R. L. S.

Scotch Logic and Presbyterian Piety Crop Out Early in the Child Mind of Stevenson.

Stevenson loves the world over will observe his birthday this year with even greater interest than usual because of the publication on that day of "Stevenson's Baby Book," a document which is offered the public by Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, and which John Howell of San Francisco is publishing in de luxe form. Any one might imagine that Stevenson must have been a remarkable and a lovable youngster, and this record of his infancy kept by his mother throughout his first seven and a half years of existence corroborates the guess. From the point of view of the psychologist of genius it does more—it foreshadows Stevenson's life. Parents be warned! If your young hopeful does not give signs of greatness in infancy the chances are very much against his acquiring it in later life, as one might acquire golf or a taste for politics. An entry in the diary when "Smout," as he was called throughout his babyhood for some unexplained reason, was less than three indicates his exceptionalness. This was in 1853:

May 20th: Smout at Free Church Bridge of Allan with Cummy and very good. He got a sweetie before he went in and kept it in his hand the whole time. The servant in our lodgings thinks he should be "put in the paper" as something extraordinary.

It might be urged that many a doting nurse thinks likewise. But read "The Baby Book" and count the harbingers of Stevenson's literary facility.

A great French educator has said that as a child is trained up to his seventh year so will he be for the remainder of life. This dictum probably refers more particularly to the normal person, for it seems likely that Stevenson's genius would have bloomed in any case, with nurture or without it. But he was fortunate in having understanding parents, a scientific father and a mother with more than usual interest in child psychology, as her entries in "The Baby Book" show. Perhaps we should give some picture of Smout's infancy from the beginning, before even he could have shown signs of genius. The record of his birth is as follows:

Place of Birth: 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh.  
Time of Birth: Wednesday 13th, November 1850 at 1:30 p. m.  
Color of Eyes: Blue at first turning to hazel.  
Color of Hair: Very fair, almost none at first.  
Nurse's Name: Mrs. Sayers.  
Doctor's Name: Dr. Malcolm.

We will omit the record of teething, a phenomenon that may be of paramount interest to the principals involved, but which we have always thought of as of small significance to any one else. But it is interesting to know that at the age of ten months he stood alone for the first time and began to evince a decided partiality for eggs. Still earlier events are recorded under "Early Incidents," as follows:

First Journey: To Colinton Manse at three months old.  
First Crawl: June 27th backwards, 30th forwards.  
First Walk: October 4th walks three steps alone. 11th fairly off.  
First Word: June 10th, Bab-Bab.

We fail to see how the date was settled on for the last incident. Or does the fond mother mean it was the first time he uttered an audible sound?

An interesting entry is under "Names," for these begin to reflect the personality that was to be R. L. S. Probably no man less than a semi-royalty was ever more benamed than he. For example, the Britannica informs one that he was baptized "Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson," but that he dropped the Lewis Balfour at about the age of eighteen and called himself "Robert Louis Stevenson." The article adds, however, that he was always known to his family and friends as "Louis." And to posterity he belongs to the rare class of persons who are recognized by their initials, so familiar are his three best-known names. Quite a complicated subject, made more so by this entry in "The Baby Book":

Surname: Stevenson.  
Christian Name: Robert Louis Balfour.  
Pet Names: Boulhasker, Smoutie, Baron Broadnose, Signor Sprucki, otherwise, Maister Sprook and many many others, but Smoutie stuck to him till he was about fifteen.

To make this early record complete we should add that he was vaccinated July 18, 1851, when he was eight months old.

So much for statistical facts. With them well in mind one launches into the charming entries that Mrs. Stevenson so eagerly kept, almost, one would think, with a foreknowledge of their future importance. There is an embarrassment of choices, but it is appropriate in reviewing this birthday book to begin with the note made on his first anniversary:

November 13th: Our darling boy a whole year old today. He is running about famously, calls Tom "Mama" and warms his hands at the fire, blows out lights and talks a great deal in an unknown tongue besides numerous other accomplishments of a like nature.

One of the outstanding facts of Stevenson's early history is that he was an exceptionally good boy. That, too, foreshadowed the blameless life he was to lead. Or was the latter perhaps the result of his excellent training in youth? His mother seems to have been a model parent, unceasing in her devotion to Smout. As became

good Scotch Presbyterians, he was given the Bible as soon as he was out of his cradle. And again we query, did this not have a great deal to do with the purity of his literary style? But let the text speak for itself:

September: Smout begins to be fond of stories and sometimes asks to be told about "the big stick," meaning Cain and Abel, and Daniel among the "growlers" are his favorites.

That was before he had reached the two-year mark, and from then on his infancy seems to have been fairly saturated with biblical lore and religious precept. He was very fond of church. The following also refers to a date before his second birthday:

November 7th: Smout in Colinton Church with Cummy. He sat in the front Gallery as grave as a judge the whole time. When asked who preached, he said "Gatty and a man" (the precursor). When he was shown my picture with curls, which I have since given up, he said "Mama brushing her hair to make it all tidy." When he saw his shadow on the wall, he said "The shadow hands all dirty."

And, indeed, if he had not been fated by parental intention for the family profession of civil engineer, he might well have been slated for the pulpit. An entry in 1853 is as follows:

April 17th: Smout at church and behaved very well. Johnnie and Noona are quite surprised because Smout says prayers out of his head. This is because he puts in the name of everybody in the house of his own accord.

And we have already heard how the servant in the lodgings thought he should be "put in the paper" because of his unusual church behavior. But the church as a profession for Smout seems never to have entered any one's head, despite the fact that it was his "favorite occupation":

July 24th: Smout at Pilrig Church with Cummy when he came home he told us "The furthest down minister (the precursor) roared as loud as ever he could."

Smout's favourite occupation is "making a Church." He makes a pulpit with a chair and stool and reads sitting and stands up and sings by turns.

But though this strain is more marked in him than even in the children of other God-fearing houses, it was not the only remarkable feature of Stevenson's childhood. He was a great observer and a great reasoner. We think the following for a five-year-old beyond even the run of bright children's mots:

March 15th: Smout's syllogism "Mama, has a match gas?" "Why do you ask dear?" "Because Papa said flame was gas, now a match has a flame."

He even applied logic to religion, as these several entries will testify, in the years '53, '54, and '56 respectively:

April 3d—When I was telling Smout about the naughty woman pouring the ointment on Christ he said "But Mama why did God make the woman so naughty?"

March 26th: When I read "There is beyond the sky" to Lou he said "but why had God got a hell?" I said "Are we good or bad people?" Smout "I think you and Papa are good." I said "But what kind of hearts have we?" Smout "I think you have a nice one."

March 30th: Smout was distressed to hear that sheep and horses did not know about God and said "I think somebody might read the Bible to them."

January 13th: Smout heard about fearing God, he said "Why should people fear him as if he was going to kill them?"

February 24th: I said something to Smout about Christ having died to save him, he said "Did He die to save me?" "Yes." "Me? Well then, doesn't that look very much as if I was saved already?"

From which we again conclude that piety was the dominant note of the youthful Stevenson's life, though it may be that his religious mother stressed this side of her offspring's character. Reasonable he was in all his reactions. Two entries that show him in the more normal aspect of clever babyhood are from the year 1855:

January 2nd: Smout asked to have his name put on a book. I said "Mr. Smout is on it." He replied "Oh but you must put it's his book or somebody will say 'och, och, och, Mr. Smoutie has been writing his name on his Papa's books.'"

January 8th: Lou "Do the flies make honey?" Ma "No dear." Lou "Then do they make butter like butterflies?" Ma "Butterflies don't make butter." Lou "Then what is the use of them?"

And a later entry from the same year is suggestive of resourcefulness and reason:

July 7th: Smout was asked "What would you do if you were left on a desert island?" S. "I would run away." "But if there was water all round?" S. "I would come away in a ship." "But if there was no ship?" S. "I would send a letter by post." "If there was none?" S. "I would sit down and take a hearty greet" (cry).

It was also in the year 1855 that Stevenson's first poetic effort is recorded. There must have been others, but in their preoccupation that he should be an engineer his parents probably thought them not worth saving:

September 1st:

SMOUT'S POETRY  
"No sun is in the sky  
While night comes on  
Then stars and moon come out  
And then another day  
The sun comes out again."

However, they eagerly noted his engineering proclivities:

February 23d: When Tom told Smout about putting lines of stones for the wheels of carts, he said "that was a very good idea and when we come to that bridge I'll show you the railway and it's just the very same thing. And I'll show you another thing that I want to know the meaning of, and that's why they put soda water bottles on the telegraph."

His scientific interests were no doubt inherited from a line of engineering forebears, but undoubtedly their manifestation was due to Stevenson's keen interest in everything about him, whether it was Bible stories, the

changing seasons, the "elinphault" at the zoo, or his playmates at the seashore. One of his early scientific observations must have been in the back of his mind when he wrote the lines in "The Child's Garden of Verses" that begin "In winter I get up at night and dress by yellow candle-light," for he thus voices his early opposition to daylight saving:

April 18th: Smout cannot understand the days getting longer and says "he would rather go to bed at the 7 o'clock that used to be."

Sadly enough, it is not only the accomplishment and the renown of Stevenson's career that are foreshadowed in his youthful history. The ill health, the inherent weakness that was to conquer him in his early forties, was also with him from the beginning. He was one of those children who are nursed carefully through a precarious childhood. Evidently his first serious illness was in 1853 when he was about two and a half:

March 10th: Dear little Smout very ill with an attack of croup. He had on a mustard plaster on his chest and two leeches on his dear little foot—when he saw the blood he said "Cover it up, cover it up." The bites had to be burned with caustic. He was very patient, dear little man, but accused Cummy of hurting him.

March 17th: Better but pallid.

And again in 1854:

January 24th: Smout seems very tired, he came to me and said "Do you think I'm looking very ill?" It turns out infantile remittent fever.

And later in the same year:

December 2nd: Home from Morningside where we had been for a month on Louis' account. He said he was glad to get home as we had not a nice sideboard at Morningside. It just had a place for setting things on and then another place for setting things on and that was all.

December 8th: Lou said "You can never be good unless you pray" when asked how he knew, he said with great emphasis "Because I've tried it."

December 11th: Lou is improving, but requires to be kept very quiet. When forbidden to run about with one of his cousins, he looked thoughtful for a minute, then threw away a toy he had in his hand, and said with great indignation, "I can't be bothered with such fiddle de dee and nonsense."

And so it goes, the record of one illness after another, not the usual ailments common to all children, but just "illnesses." In 1857 there is this illuminating note:

February 6th: Lou is still so feverish that we are alarmed. Tom gets Christison to see him. He says it is nothing but bronchitis, that he should soon be better, but this house (1 Inverleith Terrace) is bad for him it is so cold from being an end house.

Like all real geniuses, Stevenson had a touch of the mystic about him. We should not have been surprised if like Joan of Arc he had had familiar voices in childhood. As it was he is said to have dreamt that "he heard the noise of pens scratching," and we have seen that he was a firm believer in the potency of prayer and much preoccupied with it. Witness again:

May 9th: Lou was naughty today, and after he went to bed he said to Cummy "I would like to be good, I think I must say my prayers more earnestly, but if I forget, will you do it for me?"

March 21st: When I told Smout about the way the Americans used their slaves, he said "I think God might send them a punishment."

But though illness and a religious mother made his infancy mystical they did not succeed in making him effeminate. His physical bravery—like his mysticism and his poetic tendencies—was with him from the beginning. He was only two at the time of the following entry, and there are many others indicative of the courage and cheer for which his name stands as much as for literary style or imagination:

January 25th: Smout at the Zoological Gardens—highly pleased and very courageous—he went close to the "Elinphault" and even in the tiger house said "My not frightened."

One of the last entries in the "baby book" rings again the ominous knell of future weakness of health. It also sketches, as do so many of these thumb notes of Stevenson's early days, one of the other and brighter phases of his life:

November 13th: Dear Lewie spends his 7th birthday in bed having taken bronchitis but he is much comforted by the companionship of his Skye terrier dog called "Coolin" which arrived safely from the West Coast.

So we can but end as we began—if you are a genius you show it early, which is not much consolation for the rest of us, unless we believe in the law of compensation and, like Browning, value the years after forty.

The "Baby Book" will contain an exact facsimile reproduction of the pages of the original book, accompanied by the printed text of the manuscript to make it more easily read. A baby picture of Stevenson inevitably serves as frontispiece and there is an introduction by Katherine Durham Osbourne, who was entrusted with the little book on Mrs. Stevenson's death and who has now offered it for publication for the first time. Both Mr. Howell, the publisher, and Mr. Nash, the printer, have done a beautiful piece of work worthy of the admiration of Stevensonians for all time.

STEVENSON'S BABY BOOK. Being the record of the sayings and doings of Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson written by his mother, Margaret Isabella Balfour Stevenson. San Francisco: John Howell, Publisher; \$20. (Copyright, 1922, by John Howell.)

Wait not till you are backed by numbers. Wait not until you are sure of an echo from a crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own.—W. E. Channing.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending October 14, 1922 (five days), were \$140,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$127,000,000; an increase of \$13,300,000.

The net operating income of the Class 1 railroads of the United States totaled \$52,579,799 in August, according to reports just filed by the carriers with the Interstate Commerce Commission. This represented a return,

during the first eight months of this year had a net operating income of \$471,183,000, compared with \$306,063,600 during the corresponding period last year. This is at the annual rate of return of 4.07 per cent. on their tentative valuation, compared with 2.64 per cent. during the first eight months in 1921. Operating revenues for the eight months' period totaled \$3,528,502,000, a decrease of 3.2 per cent. compared with the same months last year, while their operating expenses totaled \$2,806,501,600, a decrease of 9.7 per cent. compared with the eight months last year. The railroads during that period this year failed by \$223,135,500 of realizing a 6 per cent. return. During the eight months last year they lacked \$388,255,500 of that return.

Complete reports show that the carriers in the Eastern district had a net operating income in August of \$14,929,990, compared with \$35,402,300 during the same month last year, which would be at the annual rate of return of 1.52 per cent., or \$44,059,000 below a 6 per cent. return. The operating revenues for the carriers in the Eastern district totaled \$227,016,000, a decrease of 4.9 per cent. under those for one year ago, while their operating expenses amounted to \$196,821,900, or an increase of 4.3 per cent. over August, 1921.

The railroads in the Southern district had a net operating income in August of \$4,618,000, compared with \$4,422,000 during the same month last year. Their operating revenues totaled \$54,321,300, or a decrease of 2.4 per cent. under the same month last year, while their operating expenses totaled \$46,083,000, or 4.6 per cent. under those of August last year. The net operating income of those roads was at the annual rate of return of 2.74 per cent., or \$5,477,000 below a 6 per cent. return.

Complete reports show that the carriers in the Western district had a net operating income in August of \$33,031,700, compared with \$50,335,000 in August last year. This was at the annual rate of return of 3.95 per cent. on their tentative valuation, which lacked, however, \$17,121,300 of a 6 per cent. return. The operating revenues for those roads totaled \$192,539,300, a reduction of 8.9 per cent. compared with the same month in 1921, while their operating expenses amounted to \$144,245,000, a reduction of one-half of 1 per cent. under August one year ago.

Forty-nine roads in August had operating deficits. Of this number, twenty-eight were in the Eastern district, eight in the Southern, and thirteen in the Western district. In July forty-seven had operating deficits.

Tabulations as to earnings in August are based on the reports of 197 Class 1 railroads representing a total mileage of 235,096 miles.

Governor Nestos of North Dakota predicts legislation dissolving the Bank of North Dakota. North Dakota farmers have seen the state made bankrupt by Nonpartisan League leaders seeking to make money out of state-supported banks, stores, newspapers, and other enterprises.

"Our big crop this year will give a stimulus, and North Dakota will soon work back to normal." Undoubtedly a bill to abolish the Bank of North Dakota will come before the next legislature and I expect it to pass. The State Bank deposited \$50,000 on the average in each of thirty-six small banks controlled by men in sympathy with the Nonpartisan League, while the 700 banks that did not subscribe to its principles were lucky if they got \$5000. This kind of favoritism disgusted people with political banking. Everything is looking up in the state now that we have got back to political sanity."

Figuring that "another is born every minute," league supporters are trying to put over the \$500,000,000 Water and Power Act in California.

This would make the North Dakota experiment look like a children's party from a financial standpoint.

The political distribution of state funds that would be indulged in in California under the act would make the distribution of \$5000

and \$50,000 deposits in North Dakota banks look like mere pin money.

Of course the North Dakota scheme was to be "self-supporting," just as the Water and Power Act is promised to be.

But the people of North Dakota are now paying the losses.

Would California fare any better?

Railroads are cutting fares to compete with motor vehicles operating on publicly maintained highways.

Indications are that under such competition train service will have to be cut. The railroads face the same problem in carrying freight.

The public will serve itself best if it saves the railroads from unprofitable operation and bankruptcy.

Steel tracks and powerful trains are the real process for handling inland traffic, and if the railroads are starved by lack of traffic, the public service will suffer.

In the situation there is this query: Should the public tax itself to maintain highways on which, for private profit, motor vehicles operate on a free right-of-way, while the railroads operate on an expensive privately built right-of-way and in addition pay heavy taxes on the valuation of such right-of-way?

The right-of-way and its maintenance is one of the heavy costs of railroad operation. It is a cost that motor vehicles competing with the rail lines escape, save for the comparatively light tax now imposed.

Overloaded trucks do more than anything else to destroy the highways, and the highways cost the taxpayer a huge sum. To save the public highways from destruction will cost another huge and constantly growing sum.

The problem is how to balance the relations between the railroads and commercial vehicles carrying traffic on the free highways, and is a very delicate and important question.—Industrial News Bureau.

Within the last two weeks six different Liberty bond issues sold below par, United Kingdom 5½ per cent. bonds dropped to the lowest levels reached since last April, and corporation investments sold off anywhere from substantial fractions to more than three points. What is the matter with the bond market that prices should give way all around in that manner? says *Commerce and Finance*.

Four reasons suggest themselves:

(1) The bond market was a little top-heavy as a result of the uninterrupted upward movement which had lifted the average value of representative issues twelve points above prices of a year ago. Such an extraordinary advance was bound to tempt investors who bought bonds when they were cheap to take profits, particularly as many believe that the upward movement has culminated.

(2) The European war scare has unquestionably had an unfavorable influence on bonds just as it has had on stocks and on foreign exchanges. Not that this country is likely to be forced into active participation in the Turkish affair, but rather because of the enormous financial stake we have in Europe. Before the war Europe was a creditor of the United States through an investment of upwards of \$5,000,000,000 in American securities. Now the shoe is on the other foot. Europe has liquidated those securities, while we have taken on an enormous load of European debt in the form of an \$11,000,000,000 war loan which is unsecured and unfunded, a commercial credit which has been estimated as high as \$6,000,000,000, and an investment of about one and one-half billion dollars in European bonds, good, bad, and indifferent. It is idle for us to assume that we have no vital interest in European politics with an investment abroad of nearly \$20,000,000,000.

(3) The approaching refunding operation of the Treasury Department has perhaps been the principal reason for the unsettlement of bond prices. Both because of the size of the transaction, which it is expected will involve an emission of \$1,000,000,000 of bonds, and because no one excepting perhaps the Secretary of the Treasury himself knows just what the terms of the issue will be, there has been much selling of Liberty bonds. That selling was precautionary, lest the terms of the new



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issue should prejudice the market for outstanding bonds. As Liberty bonds are the pivot around which other investments revolve, a decline in them naturally had the effect of causing values of those other bonds to react also.

Two distinct reports have been heard in Wall Street regarding the treasury's plans. One is that a \$1,000,000,000 long bond bearing a 4 per cent. coupon and carrying tax-exempt features will be offered. The other is that a \$500,000,000 issue of 4½ per cent. long-term partially tax-exempt bonds will be made and that the balance of about \$500,000,000 required to refund the billion dollars of 4½ Victory notes called for December 15th will be financed with a short-term note issue bearing a lower rate of interest. The recent weakness of Liberties was interpreted to mean that the investment banking fraternity expects to see a 4½ per cent. bond offered. A bond bearing the higher rate and running for twenty to thirty years would hurt the market for the outstanding 4½ per cent. Liberties, which mature in a much shorter period. On



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the other hand a 4 per cent. bond would tend to enhance the attractiveness of the outstanding issues.

It is quite probable that Wall Street's nervousness over the forthcoming refunding operation is unwarranted. Hitherto Mr. Mellon has proved himself without a peer as a judge of the money market. He may be depended upon to make no mistake when it comes to the most important piece of financing which his administration has been called on to perform. It is certain that he would not wittingly do anything which would prejudice the market for outstanding Liberties. The writer's guess is that if Mr. Mellon comes to the conclusion that the market would not absorb a 4 per cent. bond, he will put out a short-term note and defer long-term financing until a more favorable time.

(4) Banks which were large buyers of



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on an annual basis, of only 2.65 per cent. of their tentative valuation, the lowest since May, 1921.

In August last year their net operating income totaled \$90,160,200, which was at the annual rate of return of 4.54 per cent., while in July this year it was \$69,239,000, or 4.04 per cent.

The railroads failed by \$66,657,800 to realize a 6 per cent. return on their tentative valuation. They also fell short \$61,689,500 of a return of 5½ per cent., the figure fixed by



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the Interstate Commerce Commission in its decision of a few months ago.

The railroads in August had operating revenues totaling \$473,877,000, a decrease of 6.3 per cent. compared with the same month last year, while their operating expenses amounted to \$387,150,000, an increase of 1.3 per cent. over the same month last year. Factors affecting this decrease in revenues and the increase in expenses were the coal miners' and railroad shopmen's strikes and the decrease of approximately 10 per cent. in freight rates made effective on July 1st.

Complete reports showed that the railroads

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Liberty bonds during the last twelve months to invest funds temporarily idle owing to business depression are converting their bonds into cash and loaning the money for commercial and industrial purposes at a considerably higher rate than they could obtain from Liberties. The transactions referred to have been made wholly without prejudice. They are good banking business.

The feature of the market for new financing last week was the sale of an issue of \$75,000,000 Federal Land Bank bonds at prices to yield 4.30 to 4.15 per cent. They were snapped up in forty-five minutes, largely because they were sold slightly below the actual market for such bonds. So many subscriptions were received for them that the opening and closing of the books was a mere matter of form. Land bank bonds, while not a government security, are issued under the authority of the government, have been pronounced instrumentalities of the government by the Supreme Court and are wholly tax exempt. They are acceptable as security for

and interest. Payment will be made at the Equitable Trust Company of New York. These notes are part of an issue of \$3,000,000 originally offered in July, 1920.

The bond market at its present stage is sensitive to outside influences, and responded to a pessimistic interpretation of the Near East problem by a reaction. Selling has not gone far, however, nor does it appear that it will. In fact, a rally has already occurred which has wiped out the majority of the losses. This only goes to show that fundamental factors after all are the determining ones. So long as credit is easy at home and general business conditions improving, investors have no cause for alarm. If sound American bonds are not safe then nothing offers a safe investment, says *Forbes Magazine*.

The autumn is always a season of heavy credit requirements, but the advent of the Federal Reserve Banks has well eliminated the strain. Formerly higher money rates came regularly with the harvesting of crops, and bankers, borrowers, and investors expected this and acted accordingly. This year the demand has been subnormal because of lower prices, it is true, but nevertheless commercial needs are considerably above those of the spring and summer. The increased demand so far has resulted in no upturn in money rates and only a slight decline in the ratio of reserves to liabilities.

Just what may be expected as to the future course of rates for commercial paper is dependent upon several factors, the principal one being the progress which is made in business recovery. The Federal Reserve system and its rediscount rates do not reflect the demand for banking accommodation for two or three months after it materializes. Local banking institutions are able to take care of the early requirements. It is probable that their resources are being taxed pretty close to capacity at this time and if the demand is sustained or augmented the Federal Reserve system will soon begin to show it by an expansion in the volume of bills rediscounted and a gain in circulation. It is to be hoped that the demand does continue, and if a moderate decline in the Federal Reserve ratio is reported it should be taken to mean that business is of such a proportion to require banking aid and hence on the road to health.

There is a very wide margin of safety which can be traversed before there is any occasion to look for difficulty in obtaining all the credit necessary for legitimate needs. If business reaches the extent held out for it money rates will no doubt advance, but the advance will not be large. The banking resources are now far greater than at any time during the war, while commodity prices are substantially lower and as great a volume of business as that of 1920 could be financed by a much smaller volume of credit than required at that time.

First-grade bonds are selling as high as warranted by current credit conditions. The outlook does not indicate easier credit, but possibly a slight tightening later on and little more marketwise can be expected of these issues. There are, however, no substitutes which are available when all factors are taken into consideration. Speculative bonds are still attractive and should work higher.

E. H. Rollins & Sons and the William R. Staats Company are members of a syndicate offering \$10,000,000 Southern California Edison Company general and refunding mortgage 5 per cent. gold bonds. Price 95 and interest, yielding about 5.40 per cent. These bonds are exempt from personal property tax in California.

The Southern California Edison Company owns or controls and operates properties for the generation, transmission, and distribution of electric light and power. The system includes generating plants with a present total capacity of 376,700 horsepower, of which 249,600 horsepower is hydro-electric, and operates in ten counties in Southern California, the territory served either directly or at whole sale having an area of over 55,000 square miles and a population of about 1,500,000. Among 312 cities and towns served are Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside, Long Beach, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Redlands, and Porterville.

An issue of \$333,000 of Lewiston Orchards Municipal Irrigation District Nez Perce County, Idaho, serial 7 per cent. gold bonds is being offered by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company at prices according to maturities to yield 6 1/4 per cent., income tax exempt. The bonds are dated July 1, 1922, and are due serially from May, 1933, to May, 1942. These bonds are payable from direct taxes ranking ahead of any private liens and first mortgages, including mortgages securing Federal Farm Loan bonds.

Domestic and irrigation water is served the entire district, which is in a high state of cultivation and productivity. The assessed valuation for general taxes is nearly double the entire indebtedness of the district. The value of the lands is appraised at 4.39 times the bonded debt. The lands of the district have been irrigated since 1908. The district is a

community of fine homes, well-kept orchards and productive gardens, with fine streets, and a population of about 700, and immediately adjoins the city of Lewiston, with a population of about 7000.

Analogies do not afford the premises upon which sound investing should be based, but they do serve to emphasize several points of interest and value. Investors have been used to seeing high-grade railroad stocks on a 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. yield basis for so long that they are apt to forget the position which these securities occupied under pre-war conditions which seem likely to recur. To one buying New York Central, for instance, around 80, par, with a yield of but 5 per cent., suggests profit-taking. Yet in the last bull market in rails, that of 1909, New York Central sold to a level of 147, where the yield was 3.40 per cent. And this was following the depression of 1907, when the stock dipped to a low of 89, says *Forbes Magazine*.

If the proportions developed in the railroad market of 1909 were warranted, a much sounder foundation has been laid for a bull market of equal extent at this time. New York Central earned 6.20 per cent. on the outstanding stock in 1907, 5.08 per cent. in 1908, and 7.66 per cent. in 1909. For the first seven months of the current year it earned at the annual rate of 11.72 per cent. In point of earnings there is a much greater expectancy of an increase in the dividend rate now than in the former market. And in 1900 no consolidations of importance were pending as now.

Railroad legislation during the last several years has been highly salutary, the results of which protect the investor against misconception in connection with actual earnings through the appearance monthly of an income statement; funds can no longer be diverted from stockholders in the fashion formerly possible and practiced; nor are death-dealing rate wars permissible at this time under equalized tariffs.

Atlantic Coast Line is reporting earnings at the highest rate for many years. From not earning fixed charges in 1920, this road has recovered to a position where these are being covered more than two and one-half times over and net earnings applicable to the common are equivalent to over 16.50 per cent. Control of the Louisville & Nashville is owned, this road in turn having a half interest in the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville (The Monon), and jointly Atlantic Coast Line and L. & N. lease the Georgia Railroad, giving the company control over 11,784 miles of trunk lines. Annually Atlantic Coast Line receives interest and dividends on its investments aggregating close to \$4,000,000, a figure within less than \$1,000,000 of the combined preferred and common stock dividend requirements. Louisville & Nashville itself is earning at the rate of approximately 18 per cent. on its stock and could increase the present 7 per cent. dividend rate, more than half of the additional disbursement going directly to Atlantic Coast Line.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé owns and operates over 11,500 miles of track between Chicago and the Pacific Coast. The first stretch was opened in 1870, and between then and 1889 expansion was rapid, so rapid, in fact, that it got into financial difficulties and a reorganization was necessary. In the depression of 1893 it again suffered severely and went into bankruptcy. E. P. Ripley was placed at the head of the company's affairs in 1896 and under his guidance Atchison has worked into one of the strongest positions occupied by any American railroad. Dividends have been paid regularly on the common stock since 1901, 6 per cent. being maintained from 1910 to date. Earnings are now running at the annual rate of about 10.50 per cent. on the common against a slightly higher rate earlier in the year, unusual expenditures being made for maintenance during the summer months.

A decision on the part of Chesapeake & Ohio to issue preferred stock can be interpreted as indicating the very high order of this road's credit and earnings outlook. The amount of preferred stock to be sold at this time is not large, approximately \$12,500,000, upon which the dividend requirement is less than \$1,000,000 annually. Proceeds from the sale of new stock are to be used for constructive purposes and should result in additional earnings sufficient, not only to cover the dividend requirements, but also to show a balance applicable to the common stock. Averaging the months of low production of coal against the heavy movement prior to the strike, C. & O. is earning at the rate of about 14 per cent. on the common. Such a rate of income would allow of a 6 per cent. dividend and the probabilities of an increase are augmented by the provisions of the 5 per cent. convertible bond issue, which provide for conversion of \$40,000,000 of bonds at 80 for the stock up to April 1, 1923. As the bonded debt is about 4 to 1, conversion is desirable from the standpoint of sound finances.

Like other roads operating in the same district, Chicago and Northwestern has not yet gotten into its normal earnings stride. For the first six months of 1922 the common

earned at the annual rate of about 7 per cent., but a decided improvement took place in the latter part of this period and it is being maintained. The preferred stock is participating—after 7 per cent. has been paid on both issues, the preferred is entitled to 3 per cent. additional and after 10 per cent. has been paid on both they participate equally.

Almost 75 per cent. of the total traffic of Delaware & Hudson is made up of coal, and the decline in production of both anthracite and bituminous from April to the latter part of August seriously interfered with earnings. So far this year the road has scarcely earned fixed charges, but a great part of the loss will be made up in the autumn. Normally, D. & H. should earn about 14 per cent. on its stock.

Illinois Central is another railroad which has accomplished new financing recently by a preferred stock issue instead of bonds. Dividends on the preferred come ahead of the common, but the earning power of the new capital is more than sufficient to carry itself. Making allowance for preferred dividends, the common is earning at the rate of over 18 per

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cent. The preferred is convertible, share for share, into common stock, and as the common pays a higher rate conversion of the entire issue is likely at an early date.

Norfolk & Western also carries about 75 per cent. coal out of its total loadings, but its was not affected materially by the recent strike, because most of its traffic originates in non-union districts. Earnings are running at the rate of over 16 per cent., which has rarely been exceeded. Dividends have been paid since 1901 at varying rates, 7 per cent. being maintained from 1918 to the present time.

The proposed Water and Power Act is really a constitutional amendment which, if adopted by the voters at the election next November, would automatically increase the bonded indebtedness of California six times. It proposes the issuance of \$500,000,000 of state bonds to put the state into the electrical power business.

Why should California incur this huge debt, or any debt, to go into the power business. Are there no legitimate purposes for which the state can use its credit?

Private capital is ready to take the risks of hydro-electric development, and has done so with such good effect that now California

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government deposits and are legal for savings banks in thirty-six states. But they are not wholly free from objection. They are secured by mortgage on farm lands and everybody knows that value of land is not stable. Great care must be exercised in land loans lest equity become impaired by depreciation in value of the land.

George H. Burr & Co. announce that the S. S. Kresge Company will redeem on January 1, 1923, all the outstanding serial 7 per cent. gold notes, due January 1, 1923 to 1926 inclusive. Notes due January 1, 1923, will be paid at part and interest, while those due January 1, 1924 and 1926, will be paid at 102



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As our population increases we are going to need our credit for schools and highways and bridges and public buildings and for the other facilities that a state is bound to provide for its people. Private capital is not going to build schools and roads for California.

Why should we waste our credit where we do not need it?

Why should California impair its credit, to the detriment of its future legitimate needs, when it has nothing to gain?

Voters having due regard for their own welfare and that of their state will vote No on Amendment No. 19 at the election next November.

Dickens found the name Pickwick on the old Bolt-in-Tun inn. Mr. Landfear Lucas has in his possession an 1838 poster: "Bolt-in-Tun, Royal Mail and Coach Establishment, Fleet-street, London. Day and night coaches to Bath and Bristol, through Marlboro' and Devizes. White Hart Day Coach. Morning, 7. Regulator Night Coach. Evening, 6. Proprietors, Robert Gray and Moses Pickwick and Co."

The brain of the gorilla is only about one-third the weight of a good-sized human brain.

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June 30th, 1922

Assets.....\$76,170,177.18  
Deposits.....72,470,177.18  
Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00  
Reserv. and Contingent Funds.....2,700,000.00  
Employees' Pension Fund.....385,984.61

A dividend to depositors of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1922.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Our present preoccupation with the omniscient and ubiquitous flapper and all the trappings of her day has evidently given Mr. Hergesheimer the idea for a book in which the post-bellum young person is only present as a filip to an earlier and, we agree with Mr. Hergesheimer, more gracious era. There are many ways of writing a novel, and the old ways are generally the best. In "The Bright Shawl," Mr. Hergesheimer has used the device of reminiscences—also, used, we think less successfully, by Miss West in the second book of "The Judge." There are no hard and fast rules for that extraordinary phenomenon, the telling of a story, but certainly a man's reminiscence of his youth is one of the most natural and in the case of "The Bright Shawl," most effective that could be employed. If Mr. Hergesheimer had related this romance of the Cuban revolt in the third person, plunging us back without introduction to the 'nineties and their very foreign problems, nine readers out of ten would have passed up the book as something of not vital interest. Instead, his yarn is spun from the peak of the present and its pattern is invested with a richness and a perspective that it would certainly have lacked otherwise. Not for anything would we mar the reader's enjoyment in that colorful picture of Cuban civilization at the time of the revolt by sketching it ever so slightly here. Suffice it to say that "The Bright Shawl" is a distinguished piece of work and a story of gripping interest—two attributes not easy to combine in one novel.

Learning is certainly becoming popular. Recently a library of classics has come to our attention which sell for the truly nominal sum of 10 cents each. How "Poor Richard," how Lincoln, would have rejoiced at such an exchange of wisdom for a few pence. The "Ten-Cent Pocket Series," as it is called, is published by the Haldeman-Julius Company of Girard, Kansas, and though we have not had the opportunity to inspect the 284 volumes that have so far been issued in this democratic series—and if its price is popular its subject matter is catholic—the "New Library of Thirty" is all that one could hope for. It ranges from Confucius to Oscar Wilde and includes philosophy, poetry, biography, natural history, drama, fiction, and archaeology. A veritable university course. And, though the rather trite classics such as "Ghosts" and De Maupassant are included—doubtless for the benefit of contemporary Poor Richards who might not get them otherwise—many of these little pamphlets will add to any one's store of information. There is, for example, William H. Hudson's "Herbert Spencer: His Life and Works." Hudson as a biographer is not familiar to every one. And then there are the indispensables, Plato, Johnson, Confucius. We recommend the "Ten-Cent Pocket Series" to all kinds and conditions of men. R. G.

#### Letters of Ambrose Bierce.

"Good-by—if you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar stairs. To be a Gringo in Mexico—ah, that is euthanasia!"

Ambrose Bierce, one of the first editors of the *Argonaut*, wrote this paragraph in 1913, a few months before his unexplained disappearance. In his last letter, sent from a small Texas border town, he said that he intended to enter Mexico, and to pass through the country to the south; and it is probable that he lost his life there, with one of the revolutionary factions. Doubtless he did little to avoid death: a year or two before he was sailing every day in a canoe through the rough waters of the lower Potomac and writing to his friends that, after all, "nothing matters." A disappointed and sombre gayety hovered over the last years of his solitude.

The "Letters of Ambrose Bierce," to be published shortly by the Book Club of California, uncover a lonely, proud, and turbulent personality. There are some two hundred of them, written during the latter part of his life, from the early 'nineties to the year of his death; and they form a chain of the most intimate and revealing glimpses into the character of this man who was known to the public primarily as a merciless and deadly writer of satire. Addressed to close friends, many of them to George Sterling, and filled with the ebb and flow of a rich inner life, they tell the story of the period when Bierce was still a journalist in San Francisco, and of the years that followed when he was living in Washington, writing for magazines and newspapers. The man that emerges from the pages is kindly, whimsical, occasionally bitter, always sincere. He is the master writing to younger men and criticizing their work, the friend jealous of his friendship and giving it warily. The figure is not tolerant and humanistic: Bierce was too rigid in his convictions for that, too stiffly Anglo-Saxon, a sort of journalistic Lancelot storming out his hates and loves; but it is the figure of a man who lived passionately and fully, who plowed fearlessly

into life, and reached a certain haughty calm, far beyond the "genteel tradition" that has made pallid so much of our American writing. One feels again and again in reading these letters that Bierce was a great man whose greatness remained cruelly locked away in some hidden corner of his soul.

The introduction to the book, written by Bertha Clark Pope, offers a valuable biographical sketch. We can only wish that we had letters of Bierce dating back to those early days in California, where he came after the civil war, having tossed up a coin to determine his destiny, or a few describing his life as a journalist in London. Mrs. Pope has written with sympathy and insight, and many of her critical estimates are just. In addition to the introduction, a chapter of reminiscences by George Sterling, for twenty years Bierce's intimate friend, contains a number of anecdotes that paint externally the man whose spirit comes to life so warmly in the letters. The book will contain about four hundred pages, and will be a masterpiece of printing from the press of John Henry Nash.

This volume is one of the most important that the Book Club of California has published. A few years ago a collection of Bierce's short stories appeared, and before that the club brought out some tales of Bret Harte, volumes of poetry by George Sterling, Edwin Markham, Clark Ashton Smith, and Ina Coolbrith, and an exhaustive bibliography of the history of California and the Pacific West compiled by Robert Ernest Cowan. In addition to California writers, the club has published Sir Richard Burton's "The Kasidah," "Nationalism," by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and is preparing an edition of "The Song of Songs," translated by the late Morris Jastrow.

The directors of the Book Club of California are: W. R. K. Young, president; Alfred Sutro, vice-president; Albert M. Bender, chairman of the committee on programme and publication; Robert Ernest Cowan, P. A. Drew, John Howell, John Henry Nash.

#### Notes of Books and Authors

Joseph Conrad has a new novel, "The Rover," to be published in the spring.

A well-known Fleet-Street journalist has just finished a book on G. K. Chesterton, whose cousin he is.

A complete limited edition of the writings of H. G. Wells, in thirty volumes, will be published by Scribner's in this country and Cassell's in England.

Compton Mackenzie, whose book, "The Altar Steps," has recently appeared, is at work on another to be called "The Seven Ages of Woman," which is to appear next spring.

The newly-discovered Guy de Maupassant manuscript, about which there have been rumors, has the title "Dr. Heraclius Gloss," and it is being translated for English publication this autumn.

Lady Russell, the brilliant author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is to have a new book out this fall, a novel, called "The Enchanted April." Her husband's autobiography is also to appear this autumn.

Bliss Carman's "Later Poems" (Small, Maynard & Co.) has already gone into a second printing. Another volume of poetry from this same house, "The Norsk Nightingale," is announced as its fourteenth printing.

"The Americanization of Edward Bok" has now reached its twentieth printing, Charles Scribner's Sons announce. There has been, on the average, almost one printing for every month since the book first appeared in September, 1920.

It is said that if Frank Swinnerton were not a best seller he could still earn a good living as a mimic, so marked is his gift in this line. Mr. Swinnerton is reddish fair with a little red beard that is not sufficient to provoke cries of "Beaver." He is an intimate of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells.

Certainly James Russell Lowell never filled his days with longer working hours than does A. Kingsley Porter, who now occupies "Elmwood," the poet's old home in Cambridge. The historic study has early and late been the scene of Mr. Porter's labors since the beginning of the summer. He is busy with a stupendous work on "Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Routes," which the Marshall Jones Company plans to bring out in December. It will contain approximately 1300 illustrations printed on all-rag paper by the gelatine process and published in eleven portfolios, the descriptive text and index to appear as a separate volume.

The poetry and drama portion of Macmillan's fall list includes a number of outstanding names. Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Collected Poems" will appear in a new form in four pocket-size volumes. Pedraic Colum's new collection of verse, "Dramatic Legends and Other Poems," will be published at that time, and Monroe and Henderson's "New Poetry" will be published in a new edition

which includes their selection of poems published during the last five years, thus bringing the anthology up to date. There will be a play by John Masefield, called "Melloney Holtspur"; or, "The Pangs of Love," as well as a new poem of Masefield's, called "The Dream"; a comedy by St. John Ervine, entitled "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," and a new Andreyev play, "The Waltz of the Dogs."

"The Bloom of Life" ("La Vie en Fleur"), Anatole France's latest book, will be published in an English translation by Dodd, Mead & Co. during the spring of 1923. There is no book in French, or in English, at least by Anatole France, known as "The Swallow Under the Roof" (L'Hirondelle Sous le Toit), although such a title was named in some of the press dispatches last summer when an announcement was made of the Vatican's ban on all of Anatole France's works. The French publishers of M. France have advised Dodd, Mead & Co., his American publishers, that "no such book has been written, or is being written."

"Three Asses in Bolivia" is the title of a new travel book which the Houghton Mifflin Company will soon publish. It is written by one of the "Three Asses," a young Englishman, Lionel Portman, who possesses a fresh sense of humor and a keenly observant eye. The book has appeared already in England, where the dignified London *Times* unbent long enough to say some nice things of it: "The most diverting volume of travel which has appeared since Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad' set all America and England laughing. Mr. Portman is that admirable type, the born traveler and explorer, one of the true progeny of Ulysses, and in the most unward accident finds marrow of mirth and laughter."

The Gerhart Hauptmann Festival at Breslau is over, writes a correspondent from Germany to the *Manchester Guardian*. It is probable that no German writer ever had such a tribute. His chief plays were sumptuously staged. Some of the first German actors and actresses took the parts. The tribute was organized by the state, partly from state funds but mainly from private subscription. The entire press has been full of adulation of the poet. Portraits of himself, his wife, and family have been in every illustrated paper. Herr Häisch, the former minister of education, having written numerous laudatory articles about him, has now published a super-laudatory book on his life and work. To some extent the festival has been a piece of republican propaganda. The heads of the German Republic have always been at pains to demonstrate that they, too, appreciate the arts, that they, unlike the old imperial régime (which patronized only the makers of pompous glorifications of Kaiserdom), understand and honor true genius. And then Germany must at all costs have a national poet, while in his attempt to look like Goethe Hauptmann is only trying to emphasize the continuity of German literary tradition.



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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Youth and the Open Door.

Text-books of psychology are usually so technical that the layman derives little pleasure or benefit from reading them, but applied psychology is becoming as popular latterly as applied aesthetics have been for a generation. Witness the furor caused by Emile Coué. Of a less sensational nature, but equally applicable is a book by George Ross Wells, professor of psychology on the Hartford Seminary Foundation. "Youth and the Open Door," as he calls his book, is a study of the relation of habit and character to success. The subject was originally undertaken with the object of making a survey of the psychology of study, but the author realized that this limitation would lessen the usefulness of his work. The scope was accordingly broadened to make it applicable to all young people, whether they were technically students or not. "Youth and the Open Door" is the result, and it is at once sound psychology and good advice. If its precepts concerning habit-forming, memory, reason, and character were followed it is safe to say intelligent youth would be better able to capitalize its equipment than if it had never been guided by this analysis of adolescent psychology.

YOUTH AND THE OPEN DOOR. By George Ross Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

## A Needed Review.

There comes to the *Argonaut* a handsomely printed initial number of an American quarterly review entitled *Foreign Affairs*, with an editorial staff that promises a liberality in policy and a breadth of survey not always present in our general periodical literature. The editor is Archibald Cary Coolidge, Harvard lecturer at the Sorbonne, Harvard exchange professor at the University of Berlin, and author of "The United States as a World Power." The managing editor is Hamilton Fish Armstrong, and there is a good editorial advisory board. The initial number covers a wide field, from an article on "The Tacna-Arica Controversy" to a discussion of further economic consequences of the peace now raging in Europe. Among the contributors are Elihu Root, Charles W. Eliot, André Tardieu, Eduard Benes, and the anonymous political writer known as K. It is the evident intention of *Foreign Affairs* to inform Americans about just that, and the necessity for it is certainly upon us. It is published by the Council on Foreign Relations, Inc. The office of its business manager is at 25 West Forty-Third Street, New York. Single copies are \$1.25, and the subscription price is \$5 yearly.

## Two Wonder Books of Chemistry.

The latest of Jean Henri Fabre's popular books of science to be translated into English is "The Wonder Book of Chemistry," which has been Englished by Florence Con-

stable Bicknell. The great naturalist has followed the device already familiar to his readers of informal conversation between "Uncle Paul" and his two small, fact-absorbing nephews. This human interest motif, to use a much-abused term, makes this simplified scientific research of engrossing interest to children who would not otherwise be held by a discussion of chemical elements and reactions. Uncle Paul's method of teaching is the Socratic one of drawing out the wisdom already acquired by his young pupils. In addition to being an excellent primer of chemistry for both youngsters and grown-ups "The Wonder Book of Chemistry" should furnish many a tip to parents and educators.

Another simplified manual of chemistry, also adapted to beginners of all ages, is "Wonders of Chemistry"—the wonderfulness of this science seems to be more commonly predicated than that of any other—by A. Frederick Collins, author of "The Radio Amateur's Handbook." The latter is more the typical text-book than Fabre's is, and it is rather more concerned with the applied chemistry of commerce. It has the advantage of the latest research, though Fabre's book has been brought up to date by footnotes. The two together would make an excellent chemical library for the young student.

THE WONDER BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. By Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company; \$2.50.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY. By A. Frederick Collins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60.

## Poland Reborn.

"Poland Reborn" is not an impassioned book. Rather it is hopeful, prayerful (in the best sense), and first and last, "factual." It sketches Poland's tragic past, but not tragically; it says little of Paderewski and much of Pilsudski, whom the author does not greatly

admire, and it describes the foundation of the present republic. A chapter is devoted to Pole and Ruthene; another to the three Lithuanians; another to Dantzig, whose importance as a port to Poland is much emphasized. Agrarian reform, relief and reconstruction, upper Silesia, the Jews, the intellectual and artistic life of Poland are other topics.

The best chapter of the book, perhaps, is the last one, "Poland and Europe." Poland, says the author, should be, at least until that far-distant day when Europe shall be the United States of Europe, an armed nation. "In making her a secure and effective bar to the political as well as the economic exploitation of Russia by Germany," says she (the author is a woman), "we should automatically complete the guarantee upon which the safety of France depends." In short, Britain and France notably must stand back of Poland, especially until such time as the Bolshevik menace is removed in Russia—until autocracy, in shape of a Czar or Lenin, has perished. By that time Russia will be smaller than she once was and anti-imperialistic, and Germany will be indisposed to lay her unmailed fists on Poland. In short, with the death of force an economic peace will succeed and Poland will trade both with her neighbors and the Allies. The solution sounds reasonable and even possible. Brilliant, artistic, art-loving Poland may now produce fewer aristocrats, but its divine average will rise and its literature reflect peace, comfort, and food rather than war, terror, and dragon's teeth.

POLAND REBORN. By Roy Devereux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

## New Books Received.

FAIR HARBOR. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

By the author of "Galusha the Magnificent." MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS. Drawn chiefly from

the diaries of Mrs. James T. F. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: The Atlantic Press; \$4.

THE CATHEDRAL. By J. K. Huysmans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Translated from the French by Clara Bell. Edited with a prefatory note by C. Kegan Paul.

DUST OF DESIRE. By Margaret Peterson. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.75.

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MILNE AT THE PLAZA.

They are running the most serious and ambitious of the Milne plays at the Plaza this week, "The Truth About Blayds" being, as no doubt every one knows by this time, the dramatic rehearsal of a long and wonderfully sustained literary imposture, and the way it worked out after the confession and death of the impostor.

The play is notable for its originality, in spite of the frequency with which the theme of literary imposition turns up in fiction. But the feature in this play that particularly surrounds the idea with dramatic significance is the fame attached to the illustrious name of the pretender, who was considered the foremost of Victorian poets; and also the dignity and distinction with which the old man, beginning as a young one, carried the cheat over and through the long, long years.

In the first act the old man, throned in his wheeled chair, is brought in by his attentive daughter-nurse, and to a literary light in the school of younger writers he musically reviews incidents and many meetings with the great in his long and honored life.

And this honor that was paid him has developed in the ancient poet qualities that seemed to make him personally worthy of his fame. His household reveres him, in spite of the amusing flippancy of the younger generation, who writhe under the yoke of his firmly sustained authority.

Life, with him in the household, is arranged something like a ritual. And then, toward the close of the act, we discover two interesting points in the psychology of the impostor: one, that he feels proud of the gallant and dignified bearing with which he has, for seventy years, carried his deception through; and two, that, like many of the secret sinners of earth, he longs for the luxury of confession; a confession that was really a means of selfish relief, and that should never have been made.

This first act is the best and most interesting of the three, although there is a very amusing and illuminating interplay of self-interested human nature when the revelation, following the old man's death, was made in the second act.

For it is made plain that after the first daunting perception comes to the survivors, all but the muddled daughter who can not make her belief in her father's genius, and Isobel, his devoted nurse, who has sacrificed her life to tend the flickering flame of his genius, catch eagerly at the idea of his confession having been founded on a hallucination. For not only is there the destruction of an honored name and fame involved, but there is the loss of money; for not only on the fruits of the genius of the youthful poet who was his friend has Blayds build his fame, but with them also he has won a fortune ample to support his family in solid, middle-class comfort. So here is a problem to face, and Isobel is the only one who cries, "Tell all! Give all!"

As to how the problem is met theatre-goers who take in the play may find out for themselves. They will see the strange situation excellently acted by the Plaza company, Irving Pichel giving a remarkably fine impersonation of the nonagenarian, who looked distinguished even in his decay, and whose demeanor to his little family world had something of the fine and legitimate condescension of royal personages.

Mr. Pichel's make-up alone was admirably done, even a close survey proving it impermeable. But his manner, the tones of his voice, aged, weary, yet strong in character, and the regard of one who for more than half a century had been a personage of note wherever he went, all these details proved the artistic conscience and ability of a fine actor.

Beside old Blayds was ever the figure of his ministering daughter Isobel, who was portrayed by Lois Austin with such a mingling of art and nature as made her seem the very shape and essence of that gentle blend of daughterliness and motherliness.

Harold Minger gave a very clever and amusing impersonation of the self-important son-in-law who is Oliver Blayds' secretary, and purposes to be his biographer; and Minetta Ellen was also well in the family picture as the fussy conscientious elder daughter and obedient Griselda to the secretary.

The two young persons who are the issue of this marriage strike an amusing note of irreverent modernity in the solemn spaces of the lofty Victorian room; very correctly con-

ceived and carried out, by the way, to suggest Victorian restraint, and a cool remoteness from the warm and genial standards of our time in house decoration.

Phyllis Blake and Dan Totheroh acted the rôles of the youthful pair, the players easily suggesting the differing ideas and standards of the present independent and self-assertive generation, and the twentieth-century restlessness under restraint which Isobel, a faintly faded flower of the Victorian era, had not known. For Isobel belonged to the romantic times when young people were not so determined on "living their own lives," but with romantic devotion would sacrifice themselves for a chimera.

Most admirably is the difference of ideas indicated between these two generations, both by the author and the players. True to herself and her era, Isobel would let everything go when the revelation was made. True to themselves, the young saplings of the twentieth century would seize and hold all the earth about them that they might individually flourish and expand.

Royce, the reverential author, also belongs to Isobel's generation, and, as played by Sam Hume, the cool deliberation of his manner, as compared to the jaunty self-sufficiency of Dan Totheroh's young Conway, also indicated the difference in ideas and standards. Mr. Hume playing his rôle with an effect of dryness, in spite of a faint touch of inward satire, that somewhat removed the resurrected romance of Royce's youth from our full and gushing sympathy.

But for that matter the fault of the play is a lack of dramatic tension in the last act, the first one being the best. Even in spite of the faint mortuary flavor, due to the great age of Oliver Blayds suggesting an imminent exit to eternity, is that act the best. And for that matter the faint suggestion remains, after the exit is accomplished, for in the dead man's departure, under the shadow of the painful revelation, does not inhere the speedy resignation and recovered cheerfulness with which the survivors of a nonagenarian face life again.

This faint flavor of mournfulness is unlike the gay fantasy of the Milne we knew. However, the sense of humor survives, more particularly as indicated in the characters of the two grandchildren, but most particularly in that of the son-in-law, a fussy and fatuous personage, very cleverly played by Harold Minger, who stands for that voice of self-interest in our hearts that bids us look out for number one even if we must go through some very lively mental and ethical gymnastics in order to save our face.

There is evidence of excellent stage management, although there were moments when I questioned if the tempo were not a little too deliberate. I am not disposed, however, to press the point, for a reposeful deliberation in acting a play of serious theme is only attainable with intelligent players, and if that were a fault, they couldn't have had a better one, one of the most trying faults of the type being that over-nervous haste which deprives histrionic words and effects of the background supplied by the pause.

### "THREE WISE FOOLS."

This melodramatically sentimental comedy is again going strong at the Columbia. Its strength lies in its mixture of heart and comedy interest. We know perfectly well, as we look on, that it is fairy-tale drama; the kind that heightens human virtues, softens human frailties, and is cheerfully disdainful of the probabilities. But theatre-goers love the brand.

So we look on benevolently while "the three wise fools" cuddle Sidney, the adopted waif, kiss her hand and give her pearls, knowing subconsciously that in real life they would all more than probably be the victims of senile infatuation.

The author, Austin Strong, has a very happy gift for ingratiating comedy, and Tom Wise ably backs him. The audience is kept in a delightful condition of melting-heartedness and exhilarated amusement. Nobody cries but Sidney, in the lachrymose moments, and although Mary Ricard has something of a talent for histrionic weeps and for an anguished countenance that makes an effective accompaniment, Sidney is, on the whole, just agreeably showery.

The company is well selected, Tom Wise and Burke Clarke doing the most effective work of the "three wise fools," and Sidney's nice, earnest, constant young man being most agreeably impersonated by Kenneth Thomson.

Tom Wise's comedy-dimpled countenance supplies enough changes to stock a weather bureau, and the rotund comedian amused the audience so much that indications are for a run as good as if the now familiar piece were a new attraction.

### MUSICAL COMEDY.

Well patronized musical comedy of two acts proves a present light-heartedness on the part of San Franciscans. "Kafinka" at the Rivoli, composed by Friml, ranks higher mu-

sically than "Take It from Me" at the Curran, but both are alight with opportunities for mirth. Lillian Glaser and John Van are already popular vocalists, Ferris Hartman, who seems to have drunk of the fountain of youthful geyety, supplies an exhilarating quantity of fun, and the audience chuckles over the well-tangled plot complications.

They even have a plot and a love interest in "Take It from Me," which is an entertaining specimen of the laughable, well-dressed comedy foam and froth that was born in America. And Young America loves it and is still constant.

A smart, lively, active group of competent young players keeps the Curran ball merrily rolling, the chorus, which is young, pretty, and sartorially trig and gay, playing an influential rôle in the line of general attractiveness. The music matches the pace of the comedy, which never seems to let up, even the occasional sentimental intervals providing a laugh.

And the principals are all good, the women's costumes, fashionable and handsome though they are, not outshining their ability to tackle their acting job.

The dancing is particularly good, that of Robert Hart proving a mine of delight to the audience, for this specialist in double-joint effects dances as he breathes, by instinct, and his comedy is almost as good, and certainly as irrepressible, as his remarkable dancing.

### AT THE ORPHEUM.

Two playlets in one bill add considerably to the interest of the average vaudeville programme, "1999" being a sufficiently amusing satire on the masterful femininity of the day to add quite a filip to the fun at the Orpheum. Dorothea Sadlier amusingly represents the alarming female who uses cave-man methods in persuading, or rather commanding, the love of the meek 1999 male who is her chosen vassal. William de Mille has consummated the fun of his satire by the simple expedient of putting into the mouth of the stay-at-home man who mends the family linen the words usually uttered by a rebellious and domesticity-ridden woman. It works, and both men and women laugh at the predicament of the young husband who complains so bitterly of woman's inhumanity to a conventionally meek and well-bred male.

The other playlet is a Cressy affair. It goes, however, as slowly as creeping molasses. The best of the comicities on this week's bill is Harry Watson, Jr., in his telephone scene. "The Young Kid Battling Dugan" is very, very funny, but the telephone scene, which contains that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, is so uproariously

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amusing that it hurts. It works us up to such an explosive cackination that one's protesting sides almost crack, and the comedy just escapes precipitating us into tragedy.

These are the high lights of the programme, to which should be added the dancing act of Ivan Bankoff and Beth Cannon.

Bailey and Cowan, although their act is rather over-elaborated, furnish such an abundance of physical ebullience with their music that they win, and the rest of the programme is made up of comedy nuts, and the alleged "Art Impressions" furnished by Bessye Clifford, a symmetrical young lady upon whose shapely proportions are thrown photographed costumes whose colors are a series of riots.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

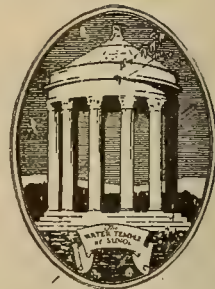
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This Irvington-to-Crystal-Springs section of the new aqueduct will be the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit, and will eventually carry Hetch Hetchy water to Crystal Springs.

Besides financing its own part of this project, Spring Valley pays the interest on the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to build this Irvington-to-Crystal-Springs line, relieving all other San Francisco taxpayers of this burden, and will also pay the City for the use of the line.

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## That's what the proposed additional \$500,000,000 bonded debt would do

ON the ballot at the election November 7th will be a proposed initiative amendment to the State Constitution miscalled the water and power "act". This act provides: (1) For the creation of a new, appointive commission, to be named the water and power board, with authority to issue bonds of the State of California to the amount of half a billion dollars, and to invest the money virtually without restriction in water and power projects, yet unspecified, and in any incidental business. (2) That the board may hire such employees as it desires and fix their pay, without regard to the civil service. (3) That the board may also fix its own rates and, under the loose language of the act, it will be possible for the board to give preferential rates to favored communities. (4) That, in the event that the ventures in which the money is invested prove unprofitable the losses are to be made up out of taxes. Or bonds may be issued to pay expenses of operation or maintenance or interest on prior issues, thus pyramiding the state's debt. This act is an unlimited deficiency bill.

CALIFORNIA now has a bond debt exceeding that of any state except New York and Massachusetts. Should the additional 500 millions be issued the bond debt of California will amount to more than forty per cent. of the aggregate bond debt of all the states of the Union.

In 1921, California paid in national, state and local taxes in excess of a million dollars a day. Her tax bill exceeded by four million dollars the gross value of all her crops, and California is an agricultural state.

### CALIFORNIA CANNOT STAND THE DRAIN.

Our prosperity cannot long stand such a drain. Taxes are a drag on every form of industry. And everybody pays taxes, if not directly, at least in his rent, his grocery bill, his light and water bills.

It is nonsense to say, as promoters of the act do, that there will be no increase in taxes because the ventures in which the money will be invested will pay for themselves. Who guarantees that these speculations will pay for themselves? The act makes ample provision for payment by tax-payers if the ventures result in losses instead of profits.

Nor is there any necessity or demand for such a speculation with the taxpayers' money. We have in California an abundance of power, cheaper than anywhere else in the country, served by private companies whose rates, financing and service are strictly regulated by public officials under the public utilities law. We now have the benefits of public ownership without its liabilities.

Adoption of the act would put all industry and every community in California under the heel of a political board with power to build up an impregnable political machine. It would impede the industrial growth of the State.

### TAKE A LESSON FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

You have not forgotten that in 1917 the Non-Partisan League, a name under which the socialists masquerade, put the state of North Dakota into the wheat and flour business and into incidental banking and merchandising businesses.

Yet in three years the Non-Partisan League experiments with government in business had brought the state to a condition of economic prostration. Taxes trebled. It is a dismal story of incompetence and dishonesty. Then the people of North Dakota recalled the Non-Partisan administration; but the harm had been done.

### TIME TO RING THE ALARM.

*The Non-Partisan League made the same confident promises in North Dakota that promoters of the water and power act are now making in California.*

In January of this year the Non-Partisan League organized a California branch and set out to win political control of California.

The official bulletin of the League published in Berkeley announces that the Water and Power Act is one of the main provisions of the League's working program.

It is time to ring the alarm. It is time for every citizen interested in the welfare of California to take notice. Do not let the Non-Partisan Leaguers and their allied visionaries do to California what was done to North Dakota. People in North Dakota did not believe such a thing could happen, until it did happen. Take warning by their experience.

Vote against amendment number 19 on your ballot and save California.

# Vote NO on Number 19

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## VANITY FAIR.

That overworked phrase, "the eternal feminine," is hard to get away from. It seems so perfectly to express the universality of the female temperament, the female ideal, the female point of view. Our gown designers and fashion shifters would be helpless without it—might even have to do something useful. In a madly whirling world it is some comfort to think that one thing at least will never change, and that is the desire of the female heart for beauty and change itself. Here comes Mme. Tamaki Miura, Japanese nightingale, with a declaration of principles in the controversy with her husband, Dr. Masataro Miura, as to whether she should pursue her operatic career or go home and remain for the rest of her life tied to the strings of his surgical apron. She says he is always sticking around his gloomy den feeding guinea pigs and squirrels and experimenting on them to see what makes them go, and she doesn't care for that sort of life. Who would? She observes in addition:

People say to me we must feel very lonesome while living separately. Indeed, it may be we have no right to call ourselves man and wife, if they must be always arm in arm. But pursuing different professions and although outwardly leading separate lives, our hearts are bound firmly together, as we have unshakable confidence in each other. This, I think, you know as well as I do. Although externally I may appear cold-hearted toward you, I am satisfied that you recognize the duties I am fulfilling as a wife, and I take this opportunity to ask you to continue forever to be a kind husband to me, for I can not help that I

am full of gay spirits which crave for beauty and splendor.

There it is: spirits that crave for beauty and splendor. You can bank on that, for America, Japan, Russia, Kurdistan, Somali Land, Mysore, New Guinea, Oroville, New York. It has almost exterminated the fur seal and the coyotes, and has started skunk and fox farms. If it ever ceases it will cause a lot of sudden unemployment, and release a lot of labor for valuable work.

And yet, what would that labor do? Why, without sex incentive and reward, it would do just as little as possible. Eliminate the women from human affairs, and those affairs would be of little worth. Suppose an Eveless

Eden. Think of poor old Adam all alone; no Eve to listen to his brag, no woman to provide a house for. He would need little and do less. Clothes? For what? Sawmill? Why should he want boards? Brick yard? Nothing to do with the bricks, especially. If society were all men and no women, clubs might come in handy, but not the sort that form a relief from the cloying delights of a good home. Emulation would die. Any craving "for beauty and splendor" would be fought off like a drug addiction, as a thing disturbing to contemplation and repose. Supposing such an unisexual society to begin with civilization's present equipment; it would discard one item after another. Symphonies would cease. Sawmills would shut down for lack of a demand for home-building materials. The steel com-

panies would have to go out of business, for no one would wish any more business blocks or bridges, and all the other uses for steel would gradually be forgotten. We should need no more carpets in the parlor, for there would be no parlor, and no linoleum in the kitchen, for there would be no kitchen. The parlor would fill with trash and dogs until we were pushed onto the front porch, and then off that; the kitchen would fill up with its peculiar materials until entrance was impossible, and the whole structure would ultimately collapse for lack of repair. Man would find he needed less and less, and would end sitting under a banana tree in some warm clime, a witless, propertyless savage. Let's not do it. The "craving for beauty and splendor" does seem to have its uses.

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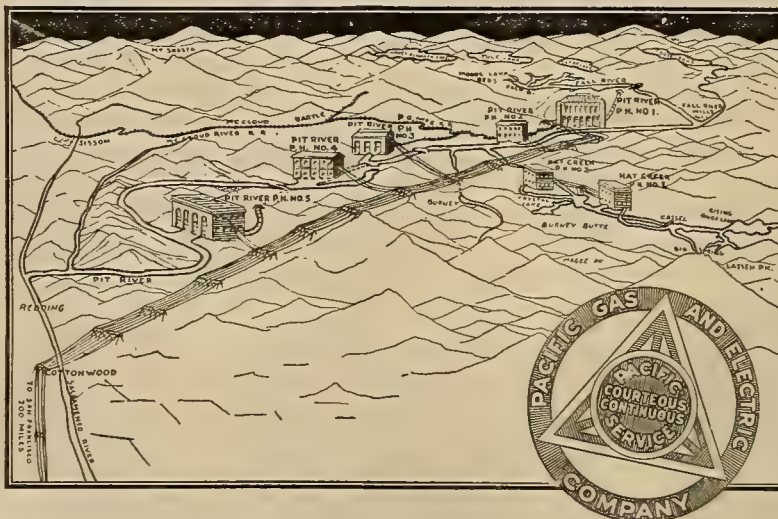
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Where the petulant Pit River and its tributaries shove their fretful way through barren volcanic deposits, only to broaden out and indolently mope in untillable valleys, the P G and E is rapidly developing the most promising hydro-electric power district in California.

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When the District's power is fully developed in conformity with well-made plans, an aggregated installed capacity of 600,000 horsepower will have been saved from Nature's wasteful hands.

Visualize 700 passenger trains of 10 cars each being operated at 45 miles an hour, and you will realize the amount of energy that will be developed in this district alone each day. Imagine a belt a mile wide, running over a pulley at the rate of a mile a minute, and some conception of the driving force procurable in this one region will be had.

The most of this potential power will be in addition to the power already being generated by the P G and E with its 28 hydro-electric and 4 steam-electric power plants.

As there is now a considerable surplus of power in "Superior" California it becomes apparent that attention must be immediately directed to developing uses for more power if the best interests of the community are to be served.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The oculist was examining a patient and had requested him to read the top line of a test card, the letters of which ran H P R T V Z D F H K. When some moments elapsed, the specialist said: "Do you mean to say you can not read letters that size?" "Oh, I can see the letters all right," replied the patient, "but I can't pronounce Russian."

Dr. William Norman Guthrie, whose witty sermons are a New York institution, is frequently involved in religious argument. A skeptic recently said to him: "I've noticed, Dr. Guthrie, that agnostics often lead better lives than believers. How do you account for that?" "It's easily accounted for," Dr. Guthrie answered. "The agnostic dares not sin because if he does he has no God to go to for forgiveness."

The musical evening was in full swing. A lovely girl had just finished singing "My Little Home in Devonshire." The hostess was surprised to see a man in a distant corner of the drawing-room visibly affected. Tears stood in his eyes, and he shook his head reminiscently. "Poor Mr. Smith!" she said sympathetically. "I'm afraid that song recalled sad memories to you. Are you a Devonshire man?" "No. I'm just a musician," was the mournful reply.

An Irishwoman had a quarrel with her husband, and the old village priest heard of it. Always anxious to restore peace whenever possible, the priest called at the woman's

house. He found her alone. The priest shook his head sadly as he looked at her. "Dear, dear," he said, "this is dreadful! Here are you, Mrs. Flannigan, the mother of a family, with your eye blacked, your lip torn, your cheek bruised, and your nose broken. Dreadful, dreadful!" "Ah, sure, yer rivirince," answered the woman somewhat sadly. Then she added: "But wait till ye see Flannigan!"

"Mandy, I've heerd yo' is still lettin' dat no 'count man from Dog Town hang aroun'. Is dat so?" asked a colored swain of his equally colored lady love. "Who dat been sayin' I is?" "Dassal right who bin sayin' yo' is. De p'int is, is yo'?" "I aint sayin' I is." "Well, yo aint sayin yo' aint. Ef yo' aint, yo' is." "Ef I is, I is, an' ef I aint, I aint. 'Tain't none of yo' bizness whether I aint or is!" "Yo' aint sayin' yo' aint. Dat mek it yo' is. Aint yo'?" "Ef I is, I aint gwine say I is, an' ef I aint, I aint gwine say I is or aint. Is dat plain, or aint it?"

A lady from a Southern city, visiting New York, was asked by a friend if she would help her look after a party of children from the tenement districts she was taking on a day's outing, and agreed to do so. The trip was to Bronx Park and included the zoo. The day proved a wearisome one for the Southern visitor, who was not young, and by the time they were all homeward bound on the subway train, she was pretty well exhausted. But she felt compensated for her efforts when she reflected how she had been able to help give these poor shut-in children a glimpse of clear sky and green fields. With this agreeable thought she turned to a little girl sitting

beside her and asked if she had ever been to Bronx Park before. "Oh, yes!" the child answered. "I've been there lots of times. In a automobile. My brother's a chauffeur. And next Sunday I'm going to Coney Island."

There is growing up a distinct Einstein tradition concerning the great mathematician's habits and personality. The following is the latest addition to the collection: Einstein was walking bareheaded across Bavaria Square in Berlin. One of his friends hailed him: "Well, what do you think of Poincaré?" "I think he is a very talented man." "Yes, but what daring!" "The daring of genius." "But what a frenzied fury against his antagonist!" "Oh, no, not at all. You don't know him." "Well, but at least, professor, you won't deny that he is a determined enemy of Germany, and that his megalomania—" "Oh," said Einstein, "you're talking about Raymond Poincaré, the premier. I was thinking of Henri Poincaré, the mathematician."

In Ceylon the natives are fond of boiled bees. The knees are especially fine.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## The First Hundred Nights.

I am a playgoer.  
I see them all, good, bad, and Ziegfeld's.  
I love the nature studies,  
The Bat, The Cat and The Canary, Lightnin'.  
I love the economic problems,  
The Gold Diggers, Peggy Hopkins.  
I love the mystery plays and players,  
Bull Dog Drummond, Raymond Hitchcock—  
Tell me, how do they get away with it?  
And now I want to know,  
Why do they have ten-minute waits between acts?  
If the play is bad, why not hurry and get it over?  
If it is good, and I am all excited,  
Why keep me waiting ten minutes  
To learn what happens next?  
If the play is indifferent  
Could it be more so by simply dropping curtain  
And raising it again,  
Denoting lapse of ten seconds while  
Game audience is counted out?  
Why are intermissions?  
There is no place to go during them  
Though there would be if I wanted  
To mention Prohibition.  
But why mention it?  
Isn't it unspeakable?

—O. B. in Life.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

An engagement recently announced is that of Miss Alice Morse to Mr. Joseph Brant Banning, Jr., of Los Angeles. Miss Alice Morse is the daughter of Mrs. John Frederick Morse and the late Dr. Morse. Dr. Douglas Harold Morse and Mr. John Morse of the Department of Agriculture, both of whom died in the military service, were Miss Morse's brothers. Mr. Banning, Miss Morse's fiancé, is a graduate of Yale. He is the son of Mrs. Joseph Brent Banning and Mrs. Alice Morse. Mrs. Florence Porter Graves is Mr. Banning's sister. Mr. William Phineas Banning is his brother. Mr. Banning's grandfather, a pioneer in California, was General Phineas Banning. The wedding of Miss Morse and Mr. Banning will take place early in November.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding will give a dinner and dance on the evening of October 28th, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. As nearly as possible the guest list will duplicate that of their wedding. Mrs. Baker was Miss Mary Polhemus. The friends who attended Mrs. Baker at her wedding are nearly all in California and will be present at the anniversary party.

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Mrs. Richard T. Harding was hostess at a large bridge party at which she complimented Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw and Lady Popham-Young. Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Charles C. Moore, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mrs. Joseph T. Grace,

Mrs. James H. Bull, Mrs. George Romanovsky, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Jr., Mrs. George Landenberger, and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw were among the guests asked to meet the honored guests, Mrs. William Henshaw has recently returned from Europe, and Lady Popham-Young is a visitor from her Los Angeles home.

Miss Margaret Buckbee was the honored guest on Tuesday, October 10th at a luncheon at which Miss Dolly Madison Payne entertained at her Belvedere home. Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Isabella Viosca, Miss Laura Viosca, Miss Doris Fagan, Miss Kathryn Masten, Miss Olympia Goldaracena, Miss Ethel Lee, Miss Louise Gerstle, Miss Jane Carrigan, Mrs. James Fagan, Jr., and Miss Helen Slater were among Miss Payne's guests.

Mrs. Bertram Flahaven gave a bridge party and tea on Tuesday afternoon, complimenting Mrs. Victor Maxwell, a bride of some weeks, and Miss Lillian Newbauer, a bride-elect. Mrs. Harold Snodgrass, Mrs. Alden Waterhouse, Miss Sally Obea, Miss Nance Obea, Miss Doris Fagan, Miss Agnes Harrison, Mrs. Christopher Trowbridge, Miss Jeannette Sessions and Miss Mary Harrison called to meet the honored guests during the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Funsten were hosts at dinner and bridge on Monday evening at their home. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Schlesinger, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Mrs. Harold Snodgrass, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Selfridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Garton Keyston were Mr. and Mrs. Funsten's guests.

Mr. Homer Curran entertained at a dinner party at the St. Francis Hotel Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., chaperoned the party, which included Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lawton Filer, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. Harry Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Irving Scott complimented Miss Edna Taylor and Miss Eleanor Martin at a luncheon on Sunday afternoon, which they gave at their Burlingame home. The guests were a number of last winter's débutantes, among whom were Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Margaret Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. Charles Martin, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, and Mr. Wendell Kuhn.

A very delightful afternoon was enjoyed at the deanery of Grace Cathedral when Mrs. Gresham and the ladies of the Guild entertained the choir boys and their mothers. Several charming vocal numbers were given by the boys under the direction of Mr. Beckett, and the afternoon closed with a "treat," which all the boys enjoyed.

Austrian prospectors for petroleum near Vienna have found promising traces of both oil and gas in the wells drilled.

Fatal automobile accidents in the United States average more than thirty a day.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## At the Curran.

"Take It from Me," the musical comedy running at the Curran Theatre, is about to enter upon the third and last week of its San Francisco engagement.

"Take It from Me" is one of a series of musical comedies different from the ordinary type. The cast and chorus are above the usual Broadway standard, and possessed of youth, charm, beauty, and a happy sense of humor. There will be a matinee Saturday.

## The Columbia Theatre.

"Six-Cylinder Love," a Sam H. Harris production which gave New York sixty-two weeks of smiles, heart-throbs, and laughter, comes to the Columbia Theatre Monday, October 30th. William Anthony McGuire wrote "Six-Cylinder Love," and in the opinion of numerous Eastern critics has made the closest approach to the real American story of life and the automobile.

The play depicts the tribulations of a newlywed pair who permit a suave salesman to load an expensive auto on their note-too-firm checkbook. With the acquisition of the car, a white elephant which is eating up their bank account, comes a plague of near-society leeches who fill the auto's seats with and without invitation. The newlywed husband is soon bankrupt, and the wife crushed by discontent.

Then the young husband asserts himself, throws out the leeches who have bled his home dry, and the young couple start the journey over, to a happiness such as they knew at first.

"Three Wise Fools" will be seen for a second and final week at the Columbia Theatre commencing with Monday, October 23d. The piece has repeated its hit of last season and the fourteen evenings and four matinees will hardly suffice to meet the demand for seats.

## The Orpheum Next Week.

Marion Morgan is presenting "Helen of Troy." In this massive production in four scenes she has succeeded in telling a tense bit of drama as completely as if it were told by a great writer.

Glenn and Jenkins in "Working for the Railroad" give a travesty on the trials and tribulations of the railroad porter.

Belle Montrose presents impersonations of an amateur making her first bow to a real audience. The idea is made more laughable by her excellent work.

Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne have been for twenty years headliners on the Orpheum Circuit. Their latest skit, "Without a Will There's a Way," is said to be their best.

Bailey and Cowan with pretty Estelle Davis have a strong second edition of "The Little Production."

Harry Faber and Ursa McGowan are mariners navigating a sea of fun in a gale of songs. Their skit is called "The Compass."

Roxy La Rocca is one of the world's renowned virtuosi of the harp and in his hands this beautiful instrument gives colorful interpretations.

The Wilson Aubrey Trio are not only fine examples of physical development, but are superior wrestlers and athletes and garnish their performance with a spice of good comedy.

## "Romeo and Juliet."

A revival of "Romeo and Juliet" is promised by Messrs. Travers and Rainey at the Players Theatre, commencing October 23d. Evelyn Vaughan plays Juliet, William S. Rainey, Romeo, and Emelie Melville the nurse. Music from Gounod's score, a *corps de ballet* directed by Katharine Edson, and some special settings indicate a satisfying and unusual performance.

## At the Paul Elder Gallery

Dr. David P. Barrows, president of the University of California, will deliver a lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, October 28th, at 2:30 o'clock, on the recently published "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." These letters have been widely commended both as literature and history, and being an authoritative report on the inner workings of American diplomacy, they will form an unusually interesting subject for discussion.

An event scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, October 24th, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Paul Elder Gallery, is a lecture on the "Breathing Systems of India," by Sukumar Chatterji.

## At Del Monte.

There was much social activity at Del Monte during the Investment Bankers' Convention. Dinner-dances and teas in the Palm Grill at the Hotel Del Monte and at the Del Monte Lodge were the occasions for large gatherings. Outdoor sports such as tennis, golf, swimming, and fishing came in for much attention, and delightful sunny days added to the pleasure of the Eastern visitors who were entertained by the Californians.

Miss Mary K. Browne, who proved the sen-

sation of the women's golf season by capturing the Del Monte championship from Miss Doreen Kavanagh, the state champion, and who later went East to play Miss Molla Mallory, the national women's champion in the East vs. West tennis matches, has returned to Del Monte, and is now at the Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach. Her friend, Mrs. T. H. Dudley, is with her, and the two have been quite extensively entertained by their many friends on the Monterey Peninsula.

Mrs. George Sykes is at Del Monte to make a visit of four or five days.

Among the San Francisco people now at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Costigan, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cerf, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Hanau, and Mrs. J. D. Harvey.

Piedmont and Oakland society folk at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Blackeller of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wells of Piedmont, and Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Scott of Oakland.

In Tibet it is not unusual for a woman to marry three or four husbands.

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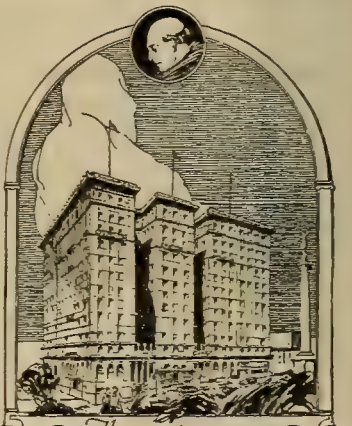
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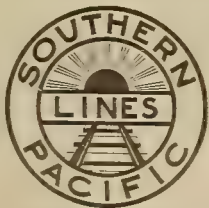
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William Tubbs and Miss Emilie Tubbs have gone to Coronado for two or three weeks.  
Mrs. Warren Smith and her little daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, have returned to their Guatemala home.  
Mrs. William Henry Bliss of Montecito is in San Francisco for a short time, stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.  
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury returned last week from a three weeks' Eastern trip.  
Miss Florence Veach sailed on Tuesday for Colombo, Ceylon, to join her brother, Mr. William Veach, with whom she will tour the Orient.

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Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis and their son, Mr. Kenneth Davis, are established in an apartment in town. They recently closed their San Rafael home.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg and Mr. Milton Esberg, Jr., plan to close their country home at Ross and come to San Francisco for the winter.

Mrs. Harry Webb returned on Saturday to her Santa Barbara home, after a two weeks' visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whitaker will leave shortly for a trip to the Orient, of three months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Merrill are on a motor trip in the Northwest, and plan to spend some weeks in Canada before returning to their Burlingame home.

Mr. Rennie Pierre Schwerin left October 18th for the Orient.

General and Mrs. Charles Morton leave on a motor trip on October 20th. They plan to go to Portland and from there to other points of interest in the Northwest, and to be gone two weeks or so.

General and Mrs. Chase Kennedy plan to leave soon for the East and for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Miss Elena Folger is planning a trip to Central America in November with Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker left for New York last Saturday.

Lady Popham-Young returned to her Los Angeles home Saturday, after a week's visit in town as the guest of Mrs. R. T. Harding.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Miss Hélène de Latour, and Mrs. Richard de Latour moved from their Rutherford ranch to the Scott Street home which they recently purchased. They will be in town for the winter.

Governor C. R. Mabie of Utah and Governor Emmett Boyle of Nevada are in San Francisco for the Victory Highway conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald have returned to their home in Forest Hill, after spending the summer at the San Rafael home of Mrs. Macdonald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery are expected to return to their Burlingame home, from a European trip of several months, for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams and their daughters, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, and Miss Tula Adams, are established in Paris for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark have returned from Europe and are now in New York, visiting Senator Clark.

Mr. T. J. Field and his daughter, Miss Antonia Field, of Montevideo, are in San Francisco for a week or so, stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Lillev and their daughter, Miss Ethel Lillev, will close their San Rafael home November 1st, to come to town for the winter.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin and her little daughter returned to San Francisco the end of the week, after spending the summer at their ranch near Goleta. In the early spring Dr. and Mrs. Franklin will take possession of the community apartment which they purchased recently.

Mrs. Edgar Preston and her granddaughters, Miss Frances Ames and Miss Josephine Brown, have returned, after an absence of almost a year abroad.

Miss Renée Carhart of New York is visiting Miss Tosenhine Grant and Miss Edith Grant at their Burlingame home.

General and Mrs. John B. MacDonald and their daughter, Miss Sue Alston MacDonald, are sailing for Manila the first part of December to visit Mrs. Gordon MacPherson, General and Mrs. MacDonald's elder daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear returned on Friday of last week from Europe, after a long absence.

Mr. Walter Filer returned Friday from an Eastern trip of a few weeks. Mr. Filer joined Mrs. Filer and their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, at the family home at Burlingame.

Miss Charlotte Ziel and Miss Harriet Pomeroy have recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus have closed their Burlingame home for the winter. They will spend the coming months at their Washington home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne are building a new home in Montecito.

Miss Eudora Clover will make her home the year around at her ranch at Cloverdale. Miss Clover recently sold the family home in Washington, which she has not occupied since the death of her parents, Admiral and Mrs. Clover.

Mr. Louis A. Schwabacher left a week or so ago for a visit to Seattle.

Mrs. E. Wengenheim expects to leave shortly for an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Corbett will spend the winter with Mrs. P. C. Hale, Mrs. Corbett's mother.

Mrs. William Klink and her daughter, Miss Betty Klink, are spending a few weeks at Palo Alto, visiting Miss Carol Klink, who is studying at Stanford University.

Mr. Addison Starr Keeler has returned from a year's travel abroad and has joined his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler, at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. Selden Gaines Hooper left recently for Washington, D. C., to enter the Columbian Preparatory School in preparation for his entrance to the Naval Academy, to which he has received an appointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Talbot (Miss Lorna Williamson), who have been abroad since their marriage last October, have decided to return to San Francisco for the Christmas holidays, abandoning their plan of spending the entire winter in London, as they had intended.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick sailed last Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mrs. Almer Newhall left last week with her niece, Miss Jean Bold, for the south, where they will spend a fortnight.

Mrs. Walter Willett will return to San Francisco the first of the week, after an absence of several months in Europe. Miss Barbara Willett

and Miss Audrey Willett have entered school in Brussels, where they will study until the holidays.  
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned to their Burlingame home, after several months' travel abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh and their daughter, Miss Aileen McIntosh, have moved to town from their Woodside home. They have the Keeney house on Buchanan Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. Florence F. Schloss returned on Sunday from a six months' visit to Europe.

Mr. J. W. Byrne, who has spent the summer in Paris and touring on the Continent, has returned to New York, where he will remain for a couple of weeks before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ferguson MacLeod have lease an apartment on Pacific near Presidio Avenue. They will close their Mill Valley bungalow next week. Mrs. MacLeod's sons, Ensign Emil Pohl, has been assigned Asiatic duty.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. W. J. Lawlor, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Aron Chesbrough, Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Grant, Nelson, B. C.; Mrs. H. T. Jones, Seward, Nebraska; Miss Doris Babson, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Babson, Chicago; Miss Beth Bonning, Fort Worth; Mr. R. L. Dean, Los Angeles; Mr. Jules Alexander, Susanville; Mr. E. C. Sterling, Los Angeles; Mr. Thomas J. Proctor, Santa Rosa; Mr. William Barnett, Mr. James Krage, New York.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Groundswell.

With heavy doleful clamour, hour on hour, and day on day,  
The muddy groundswell lifts and breaks and falls and slides away.

The cold and naked wind runs shivering over the sands,  
Salt are its eyes, open its mouth, its brow wet, blue its hands.

It finds naught but a starving gull whose wings trail at its side,  
And the dull battered wreckage, grey jetsam of the tide.

The lifeless chilly slaty sky with no blue hope is lit,  
A rusty waddling steamer plants a smudge of smoke on it.

Stupidly stand the factory chimneys staring over all,  
The grey grows ever denser, and soon the night will fall:

The wind runs sobbing over the beach and touches with its hands  
Straw, chaff, old bottles, broken crates, the litter of the sands.

Sometimes the bloated carcass of a dog or fish is found,  
Sometimes the rumped feathers of a sea-gull shot or drowned.

Last year it was an unknown man who came up from the sea,  
There is his grave hard by the dunes under a stunted tree.

With heavy doleful clamour, hour on hour, and day on day,  
The muddy groundswell lifts and breaks and falls and slides away.

—From "Sand and Spray" in "Preludes and Symphonies," by John Gould Fletcher.

The Curlew and Golden Plover.

The Curlew and Golden Plover  
Nest highest upon the moor,  
Hatching their eggs and dwelling  
The nearest to heaven's door.

There by the lonely summit,  
On the black and heathy earth,  
In the haunt of the clouds and thunder,  
They break from the shell to birth.

With never a tree to screen them,  
And no roof but the skies,  
They neighbor the naked vastness  
That over the cloudland lies.

The sun is their foster-father;  
They bask in him without let;  
The first to welcome his rising,  
The last to watch him set.

The moon is their sweet companion;  
She lends them her lamp for guide  
When they roam to feed by the rivers,  
Or the sea-beach at ebbtide.

With voices tuned to the tempest  
That rocks them as they fly,  
They send up into the vastness  
A lonely challenging cry.

They love the sublime things only;  
They have strength enough for their mood;  
They scorn to crowd on the lowland  
With creatures of tamer blood.

The heart of their joy is freedom;  
The sun, the moon, the heath—  
These have sufficed them living;  
These shall suffice them in death.

Night and day by the summit,  
While round the tempest rolls,  
They purify in the vastness  
Their clean and passionate souls.

—R. C. K. Ensor in the Nation and the Atheneum.

Donations for the Doctor's Daughters.

Donation Days for the Doctor's Daughters have been set for October 25th, 26th, and 27th, when representatives of the society will be at the White House and the City of Paris to receive contributions for next year's work.

This is one of San Francisco's most effective and valued charities. Its object is to give temporary aid to those in distress and to help them to help themselves. Milk, groceries, meat, coal and clothing are sent, and in many cases rent is paid. Doctors are asked to visit those who are ill and hospital care is furnished for operations and severe illness.

This society was organized thirty-seven years ago by Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, at that time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and the members thereafter called themselves "The Doctor's Daughters." The society is non-sectarian in membership and work. There are no overhead expenses. The visiting and the work is done by active members. Immediate response is made to calls of emergency and every case receives careful attention.

The officers of the organization are: President, Miss Jennie M. Blair; first vice-president, Mrs. George B. Somers; second vice-president, Mrs. William B. Weir; recording secretary, Mrs. Robert C. Bolton; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Arthur Sharp; treasurer, Mrs. Charles Suydam.

Miss Blair is chairman of Donation Days. Checks should be made payable to the Doctor's Daughters and sent to Mrs. F. C. McCreary, 2020 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco.

The Symphony in Berkeley.

The autumn season of symphony concerts for Berkeley, to be given by the San Francisco Orchestra in Harmon Gymnasium, will begin on October 26th, and will be followed by concerts on November 9th and 22d and December 7th.

The music committee of the Twentieth Century Club, under the leadership of its chairman, Mrs. Genevieve Wade Hatch, is devoting one meeting a month to the study of the programmes which Mr. Hertz has announced. Not only does this group study the lives of the composers and the circumstances under which each work was written, but it also takes up the compositions in detail. The themes of the various movements of a symphony are played and the works as a whole interpreted and explained. These meetings are open to the public.

At the St. Francis.

The Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis were the Monday luncheon places for several small parties. Mrs. Walter Foster, who has just returned from Europe, was greeted by many friends while at luncheon with her daughter, Miss Helen Foster. Mrs. Ritchie Dunn was with Miss Celia and Miss Maud O'Connor. Mrs. W. S. Porter was one of a group that included Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. Frederick McNear, just back from a trip through Europe which included a visit to Egypt, and Miss Jennie Hooker.

Another group included Mrs. George S. Romanovsky, Mrs. E. F. Hutton, Miss Anne Peters, and José Gimeno, the Spanish consul. Mrs. Sydney Cloman and Mrs. Thomas Eastland were together, and another of the groups had as its members Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

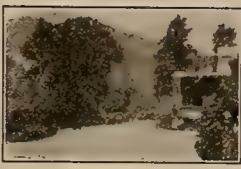
Dinner Dance at the Granada.

The Granada Hotel has inaugurated dinner-dances for the winter season with the Stanford University Orchestra furnishing the music. Among the innovations lately introduced by the Granada is afternoon tea, served informally in the Red Room, between 3 and 4 o'clock—coffee being served in a like manner after the evening repeat.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I hear Enid is going on the stage." "Why, she can't act; she doesn't even know how to behave."—*L'f.*

Overheard at the first tee on a public course in a mid-West city: "Well, where's the first goal?"—*Golfers Magazine.*

"Sistah Smith, I's sorry, but I needs must depaht." "Oh, Mr. Johnsing—needs you must?"—*Nashville Tennessean.*

The Wayfarer—An aeroplane just fell in your clover patch. The Farmer—Fine! That'll bring the aviator good luck.—*Paris Le Rive.*

"What sort of fisherman is he?" "I'll tell you. He's the kind that always wants to try it somewhere else."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Conclusion of a story on the children's page in a magazine says, "And they were married and lived happily even after."—*Kansas City Star.*

Gardener—Yes, mom! I know the place aint lookin' good. It's that daylight savin'—the extra hour o' daylight just burns up the garden.—*Life.*

"Ah! my poor man, I suppose poverty brought you to this?" "On the contrary, guv'nor, I was simply coining money."—*London Passing Show.*

Guide (on sight-seeing charabanc)—Ladies an' gentlemen, we are now passin' one o' the oldest public-'ouses in the country. Startled Passenger—Wot for?—*Punch.*

First Golfer—I'd rather play golf than eat. Second Golfer—What does your wife think of that? First Golfer—She's satisfied; she'd rather play bridge than cook.—*Judge.*

Gentleman of the Road—Wot's the trouble? Genius—Failure—failure! Isn't it always the failures that sit on the Embankment? Gentleman of the Road—'Ere—speak for yerself.—*Punch.*

Small Boy (on arrival at country cottage)—Mummy, where's the bathroom? Mother—There isn't any bathroom, dear. Small Boy—Good! This is going to be a real holiday.—*Punch.*

"In this part," said the movie director, "you have to do a number of funny falls. How are you on falls?" "I rank next to Niagara," the applicant replied confidently.—*Boston Transcript.*

District Visitor—What a well-behaved little boy yours is, Mrs. Blobs. Mrs. Blobs—Yes, just like his father. My husband always gets a few weeks taken off his sentence for good conduct.—*London Ideas.*

All were quiet in the cinema watching the comic man counterfeiting intoxication. The silence was broken by a small boy's shrill voice: "That ain't the way to be drunk, is it, farver?"—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Departing Passenger—This is miserable street-car service. Conductor—Why, what's the matter? Couldn't you get a seat? Passenger—Sure I got a seat. But my wife had to stand up all the way.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Golf is having a refining influence in Sick Horse Creek, Alta., according to the *Saskatoon Daily Star*. It is no longer considered etiquette to draw a gun on Main Street without hollering "Fore."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Two Americans met in a Strand bar. "Why," exclaimed one, "I thought you always reckoned this time of year to be tarpon fishing. What are you doing over here?" "After Bass," was the feeling answer.—*London Morning Post.*

Mae—Jack was over to see me the other night and I kept telling him what a reputation he had for being a devil among the women. Mary (animatedly)—And did he live up to it? Mae—No, he just sat there like a perfect boob and kept denying it.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

"What has come over Blinks? He used to be one of the best-tempered men I ever knew and now he is always yowling and swearing. A regular old grouch," said Brown. "Yes, I noticed the change in him a week after he bought that second-hand car," replied Smith.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Daughter, did I not see you sitting on that young man's lap when I passed the parlor door last evening?" "Yes, and it was very embarrassing. I wish you had not told me to." "Good heavens! I never told you to do anything of the kind!" "You did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."—*Pathfinder.*

A small London boy was looking at an old lady's dog in the street. "Look at the little dawg," he shouted to his friend. "What a funny little dawg." The old lady turned round. "It is not a 'dawg,'" she said. "It's a dog. My little man—dog, d-o-g." "Lumme," said the boy, "it looked to me just like a dawg."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Gladys—I am afraid you aren't as pretty as mamma. Mamma—What makes you think that?

Gladys—We've been walking in the park a whole hour, and not a single policeman has said, "Hullo, baby, how's nurse?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Crawford—You shouldn't say you're beginning to feel your age. Crabshaw—I just can't help feeling it. Just as my eyesight started to fail the girls began wearing short skirts, and now that my hearing is getting bad the radio fad sets in.—*New York Sun.*

## CHANAK, CITY OF POTS.

Chanak, the strategic point on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, which figured in the headlines for weeks after the fall of Smyrna as a sort of threatened British Thermopylae, means "pots"—scullery ware—according to a bulletin dealing with the region issued by the National Geographic Society.

But though it has a hum-drum name, continues the bulletin, Chanak—or Tchanak-Kalessi—and its neighborhood have more than once been the stage for acts which have radically molded the world's history and even the world's literature. Barely twenty miles to the south rose Troy, furnishing inspiration alike to Homer and his myriad of readers. Within a stone's throw of Chanak, Xerxes in 480 B. C. led his thousands of Persians across the Dardanelles on a bridge of boats in the first formidable expedition of Asiatics into Europe which history records. At the same spot a century and a half later Alexander led his smaller but more highly trained army into Asia on his triumphant conquest of the world.

It was from Chanak in 1353 that the Turks crossed to their first foothold in Europe—a crossing that gave Europe a problem that has bred wars and massacres and broken treaties for more than 500 years.

The Sea of Marmora, into which the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus widen, forms a barrier between Asia and Europe. The roads between the two continents lie across the two straits at its ends. Constantinople at the narrowest point of the Bosphorus is the front door; Chanak, where the Dardanelles is most constricted, is at the back door.

Castle after castle, each fortified, comes into view on both the Asiatic and the European sides of the Dardanelles as one steams from the Aegean toward Constantinople. But the narrow opposite Chanak are reserved for the castles of castles: The Castle of Asia on the right, the Castle of Europe on the left. The Chanak fortifications were first constructed in 1470 not long after Constantinople fell to the Turks. Ever since Chanak has been a place of importance. In recent decades it has been the point of administration for all the Dardanelles defenses—the solar plexus of the outer straits. German artillery experts resided there during the world war and modernized the fortifications.

Chanak, too, has been the gateway to Constantinople for shipping. There each of the 12,000 ships that passed through the Dardanelles in pre-war days was held until its papers were found to be satisfactory; and none could pass after nightfall. Nearby was anchored an important unit of the Turkish fleet.

To the Western observer steaming up the Dardanelles the rôles of Asia and Europe seem reversed. All the scenic beauty is on the Asiatic side, where the steep slopes are clad with beautiful forests. The European side is rugged and largely barren.

Of the beauty spots on the Asiatic shore few surpass those about Chanak, where the constricted stream suddenly widens out to form at once the Dardanelles' most striking cape and bay. Barely five miles to the south are the ruins of the ancient city of Dardanus, which gives the strait its name. A few miles farther to the southwest rises Mt. Ida, where gods communed and from whence flowed the famous Scamander to water the plains of Troy.

We cut our forests four times as fast as they grow. If we could do that with our hair the barbers would starve.

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### English Religious Music.

The long-standing reproach that the English are not a musical people seems likely to be in part removed, through the researches of Dr. Terry, the musical director of the great Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, says the *New York Tribune*. According to the *Catholic News*, he has discovered in the museums and libraries of Great Britain rich musical treasures, representative of the national genius, which for centuries had fallen into unjust oblivion. His discoveries comprise many important works of church music, emanating from English composers belonging to the period of the Tudors and the reformation. These works have been copied from the manuscripts in the libraries.

The pieces display all kinds of forms: Masses, anthems, sacred compositions, offertories, proses, liturgical hymns. They show, to the great surprise of experts, that in the Catholic epoch England possessed a school of composers whose works rival those of the most famous musicians of the Continent. After the Anglican Reformation these sacred works must have found a refuge in the dusty archives of the libraries. Several among them are extracted from venerable manuscripts, the finding of which indicates that they were used in the royal chapel when Henry VIII and his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, attended the state masses.

"This discovery," adds the *Catholic News*, "will have considerable effects: It makes the Westminster Cathedral the sanctuary where the national spirit will recognize itself again in some of its richest treasures. Its influence on church music in England will be incalculable; it can only be compared with the results that followed the restoration of plain chant."

It is proposed to slaughter a thousand surplus buffalo bulls in the Canadian government's park at Wainwright, Alberta, says the *Vancouver Daily Province*, and ship the meat to American and Canadian markets. Buffalo meat, especially the hump, was formerly considered a great delicacy by the pioneers. When the last census was taken of the herd it numbered 6146 head, the largest in the world. The nucleus of the herd, numbering 700, was originally obtained from Pablo, a half-breed Indian of Montana, thirteen years ago.

The Biological Survey finds that many of the birds migrating between the United States

and Canada spend their winters in South America. Among these are the barn-swallow, the golden plover, and the pectoral sandpiper. Some travel as far south as the Straits of Magellan. Federal protection of migratory birds has resulted in a marked increase in game birds.

### Submarine Painting.

The Paris literary journal, *L'Opinion*, prints some interesting reminiscences of the first experiments in submarine landscapes—if one may employ the term—begun by the painter Ritchard. The painter made his first descent in 1905, when he was traveling in Tahiti, going overboard in a diver's suit and walking about on the sea bottom until he found a view that suited him. Then his canvas, easel, brushes, and colors were lowered to him through twenty meters of water.

The canvases had previously been prepared with oil, so that they were not affected by sea water, and the colors were so mixed that they, too, could be used at the bottom of the ocean. Working at this depth, the artist-diver could remain for a half-hour only; and on coming to the surface he would leave canvas, easel, and all at the bottom of the sea, returning the next day to find them undisturbed. Only, adds *L'Opinion*, "there were a few big fishes around, playing the part of the curious gamins of the Paris square."

It is estimated that 13,000,000 persons in the United States own their homes.



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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Prussianism in Education.

Under the rule of the "Initiative" there has been placed before the electorate of our neighboring state, Oregon, a proposal for compulsory education that differs from the Prussian system only in the circumstance that it out-Prussias Prussia. By this measure, which is to be voted upon in the coming election, November 7th, it is required that all children between the ages of eight and sixteen shall not only attend school, but that they shall attend a public school. The rule is positive, there being no exceptions excepting where there is mental or physical abnormality; and parents or guardians who may seek to evade the rule either by educating their children at home or by sending them to private schools are subject to penalties as follows:

If any parent, guardian, or other person having control or charge or custody of any child between the age of eight and sixteen years, shall fail to comply with any provision of this section, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be subject to a fine of not less than \$5, nor more than \$100, or to imprisonment in the county jail not less than two nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court. \* \* \* Each day's failure to send such child to a public school shall constitute a separate offense.

This proposal is sponsored openly and actively by the Masonic bodies of Oregon, by the Ku Klux Klan, which has become a large factor in the political life of Oregon, and by numbers of well-meaning enthusiasts who have forgotten the traditions and the fundamental guarantees that lie at the foundation of our system.

The declared motive is to place the children of Oregon from their infancy under influences tending to "Americanization." The theory is that "no private school \* \* \* can equal for the purposes under which it exists the public school which draws unto itself every child without regard to birth, creed, or affiliation." In their "official argument" the proposers say:

The assimilation and education of our foreign-born citizens in the principles of our government, the hopes and inspiration of our people, are best secured by and through attendance of all children in our public schools. \* \* \* Mix the children of the foreign born with the native born, and the rich with the poor. Mix those with prejudices in the public school melting-pot for a few years while their minds are plastic, and finally bring out the finished product—a true American.

It goes without saying that if this measure shall be adopted it will give to the public schools of Oregon absolute monopoly of the education of young children. It will destroy the private school of whatever type; and here very obviously we have the underlying motive of the proposal. It is aimed against church schools, to which many parents—Catholic, Protestant, and other—prefer to send their children to the end that they may be nurtured in the faiths or social practices and standards to which they are attached sentimentally and under motives of conscience. It is a direct blow against religious liberty, which since the landing of the Pilgrims has stood as the cornerstone of American institutions.

Education is primarily a parental duty. The parents of a child are responsible for its preparation for life. It is an essential part of their duty to train their children in such ways and in such form of religious faith as belongs to their judgment and preference. In our American theory the state steps in, not to monopolize education or to cast the children of the country in a common mold, or forcibly to deprive them of all religious training and instruction, but merely to prevent damage to itself. It offers free opportunity of elementary education to every child, and usually much more than that, in tax-supported schools. But it is no business of the state to prevent the freest choice by parents of the teachers and the schools under whose influence they shall submit their children.

It is a not uncommon error to assume that the school is the sole educational instrument and that the school alone is responsible for a child's training. But while the school has its share, and a great share, in the training of the child, education is a coöperative undertaking in which family, school, and church may each bear its appropriate part. Any measure which makes coöperation between these agencies impossible or difficult is a step backward, a violation of American tradition, a step fraught with disaster to sound education.

One of the worst things about a destructive measure of this sort is that nobody knows exactly what it is going to destroy. Progress is not by programme. No one can foresee in what form it may occur. To abolish private schools might well be to prevent the development of some such genius as Herbert Spencer, or Charles Darwin, neither of whom received a standardized, or lock-step, education. Humanity gets on best when it is free. This sort of thing is not consistent with liberty, not consistent with the spirit of America.

We have in the German system of education as practiced previous to the war an instructive illustration of what comes through state monopolization of education. There the system was carried to its logical effects. All forms of education were under the hand of the state; and the result was—the Prussian. If Germany had won the war the proposal now made in Oregon is precisely the kind of rule that it would have enforced in every country under its control. It is a rule contradictory in its relation to American ideals. It is a blow at the fundamental principle of liberty. It strikes directly at the authority and dignity of the family. Its title should be, not as its advocates have styled it, "The American System of Education," but

rather "A Measure to Make Impossible the American System of Education in Oregon." It is fundamentally un-American in its principle, in its purpose and its certain reactions, and it ought to be defeated with an emphasis marking the survival of the spirit of social and religious liberty in this country.

### The Crisis in British Politics.

It is only by approximation that political events in one country may be comprehended in their true significance by the people of another country. This is notably true as related to America and Britain, since there is a special factor of confusion in things essentially different, but that appear similar or go by relatively similar names. There is still deeper confusion when there is search for expert counsels, since no two sources of interpretation are ever by any chance in agreement. The rule works both ways with a single historical exception on either side: It is of record that Alexander Hamilton "divined Europe" and the late Lord Bryce alone of all foreigners comprehended America.

We shall come nearer to the meaning of the latest notable event in British politics—the retirement of Lloyd George—by glancing at the fundamental motives inherent in British conditions and inevitably potent as related to British politics. First, the economics of British life: England, including Scotland, is a relatively small country with a relatively large population. It is possible that under intensive agriculture England might feed herself, but practically she does not do it and is not in the way of doing it. For food England must depend upon importation. She must buy the bulk of what her people consume in foreign markets; and in order to do this she must sell in foreign markets products of her manufacturing industries. She must then have markets that her people may live. And it is to the end of maintaining markets that British policy is directed. It must be so; and any government, be it Conservative, Liberal, Labor, or what not, must pursue the paramount essential purpose. The search for markets for British products has been the dominating motive of Mr. Lloyd George's government since the war, and it will continue as the dominating motive with Mr. Bonar Law and whoever else, under whatever party name, may follow. It is the necessity for markets that prompted the changed attitude of the British government toward Germany, illustrated in the recent confabulations at Genoa, The Hague, and elsewhere. England wants a market for her products in Germany, and concurrently she wants sources of supply for her factories in Germany. This is why resentment and the spirit of revenge have given place to moderation and to cooing advances; and, incidentally, to differences with France. For France, being able to supply her people from her own soil, is less solicitous for markets than for security and for reparations. Britain's search for markets has become terribly serious, for under the new conditions of dearer coal and higher wages her power in the world of general competition has been measurably lessened.

Another fundamental factor in British policy is the exposed position of her great Indian dependencies. India lies far off and is reachable only by water. If Britain is to retain her hold upon India she must maintain actual control of the seas or such relation to them that her ships may not be interfered with. She must hold access to the Mediterranean and she must hold such influences in the countries that border the Suez Canal as to render her transports immune from interference. Neither the Turk, the Egyptian, nor anybody else must attain such measure of power as to deny to Britain a secure route to India. On the land side there is another condition, since India is approachable from the north. This being the situation, there must be, if English policy can prevent it, no development or coördination of unfriendly powers



having direct access to land routes to India. Here is the explanation of Britain's attitude towards Russia—even towards Germany. For it is quite within the possibilities that Germany and Russia may first or last come into an association fatal to England's hold upon India.

So in recent years or months we have seen England, over the protest of France, more or less delicately flirting with Germany and casting amiable eyes on the *de facto* government of Russia. The former must not in the British view be permitted to exploit the latter alone, since combination of the two would be a menace to British domination of India. The situation being what it is, Britain needing the markets of Germany and the food supplies of Russia and being fearful of the co-ordination of these countries as related to India, it is quite within the cards that there shall grow up between the three a species of alliance or at least of sympathetic coöperation looking to their common interests. We may yet see a combination of British capital and German skill in industry working harmoniously in the reconstruction of Russia. Assuredly England can not safely permit Germany to act alone in this great and essential enterprise.

The points of differences between political parties in Britain are related mainly to internal matters. Foreign policy has little to do with them, since whoever may be in authority must pursue the essential aims above defined. It is only in relation to matters of domestic interest that there are positive differences of opinion sufficiently vital to sustain varied party organizations; and these differences are not what they were. The war took a good deal of the starch out of conservatism. It had varied effects upon radicalism. Nobody now can tell just what the Conservative, the Liberal, or the Labor party wants; and nobody knows the measure of their several powers. It has been so long since a general election under normal conditions that the situation from the party standpoint is one of uncertainty. Mr. Lloyd George, a man without a party, has held the premiership for full seven years with a cabinet made up of representatives of all parties. The condition has been anomalous and it has broken down under an accumulation of dissatisfactions in which men of all parties have shared. For the moment the Conservatives are in possession of the government, but under conditions that make their tenure difficult and uncertain—so difficult that their leader upon taking office took immediate measures for "going to the country"—that is, for a general election that will by its results declare the sentiment and will of the country. The position of the new premier, Mr. Bonar Law, is that of a stop-gap. His party, that of the Conservatives, may or may not win in elections dated for mid-November. What is hoped for from these elections is an expression from the electorate that will place the government in hands supported by one or another of the British parties.

Conservatism has a tremendous hold upon the British people. It falls in with their traditions. But there are in its spirit fixed motives and tendencies not in accord with the spirit of the age. Progressivism in one form or another dominates the world today; and it will not be surprising if out of the ruck of the present situation in Britain there may develop a party that is neither conservative nor liberal nor labor, but a party on advanced lines—a party more liberal than conservative. Mr. Lloyd George, though for the moment in the discard, is none the less the foremost figure in the political life of Britain. Plainly it is his intention to "come back" if he can. He is in the prime of individual powers and he enjoys an unmatched prestige as well as an unmatched ability of popular appeal. As a man without a party, but with affiliations in all parties, he is free to outline any policy and to pursue any course calculated to win popular favor. He is essentially a man of the people, essentially a commoner, traditionally a man of radical mind. His parliamentary career preceding his taking office identified him with movements of a kind that we would call progressive. It was Lloyd George who, before the war, led the fight that took away many privileges from the aristocratic order, that imposed new taxes upon the property class, that led to the enfranchisement of large numbers of the lower social orders, that promoted social legislation. Thus, with the record of a reformer, with the prestige of great service in the war period and since, and with the arts, not only of the statesman, but of the demagogue as well, Mr. Lloyd George may still be regarded as the

strongest man in the realm, and with the largest potential following. He is likely to come back, and to come back as a leader of a modernized Britain upon principles and with policies in accord with the spirit of this after-war period.

The Right Honorable David Lloyd George is a Welshman, the son of a Unitarian minister, born in 1863. Upon the foundation of a moderate education he became a lawyer, but soon abandoned his profession for politics, in which he has been a notable figure for twenty-five years. He is a chunky little man with a characteristic Welsh face and a shock of yellow-gray hair, a bulging forehead, and an eye that apparently looks, not only at, but through every person with whom he comes in contact. His temperament is electrically vital and his mind works with the force and precision of a dynamo. No man living has readier command of powers of intellectual assimilation and of expression. In a few hours he is able to master the intricacies of any subject and he has an automatic power of logical arrangement of facts and arguments. He is a heaven-born orator, with the powers of a judicial statesman in logical argument, and upon occasion of tremendous emotional appeal. In style and manner Lloyd George is as far removed as possible from the traditional British statesman. He is as effective with a group of dockers and coal miners as with an assemblage of statesmen. No man in the British realm can match him in his ability to command the understanding, the sympathies, and the emotions. Withal and for all his great career, Mr. Lloyd George remains essentially a plain man—a man of the popular type. We have said he possesses among other arts the art of the demagogue, but he is not quite a demagogue as we understand that term in America. He has all the unction of Mr. Bryan or of Senator Reed, but with all this a solidity of understanding foreign to these gentlemen or their kind. In his political activities he is distinctly an opportunist. He seizes upon whatever may be the sentiment or interest of the moment without reference to whatever may have been his motives or relationships in times past. Thus, in his famous khaki campaign following the armistice he wrought upon the passions and the resentments of the hour. In his lexicon there is no such word as consistency. He is not embarrassed by principles. In a contest he pulls every leg in sight, heedless alike of what he may have said or done in time past or of what he may say or do in time to come; and in this respect he more nearly parallels the character of Theodore Roosevelt than of any other man in either recent British or American public life. There is no guessing what a man so endowed, so versatile and adroit, so rich in the factor of prestige may do or achieve.

#### Tinkering the Laws.

Single taxers, drugless healers, paternalists, direct legislationists, socialists, hang-over populists, anti-vaccinationists, middleman eliminators, spinologists, spookologists, sentimentalists, idealists, Andrew Gumps and dream weavers of every sort are to have a field day on November 7th to trim the Constitution and laws of California to suit their peculiar specifications, if they can. They recall Machinery Day during the Exposition, when there was a great procession of "Nuts, Cranks, and Wheels," with bands and floats.

Most citizens are not interested in this legislative delirium, but inasmuch as the Constitution has been made a free-for-all, to be whittled, tinkered, and patched by any person or group with enough money to put signature collectors into the field at 10 cents a name, substantial citizens must turn out and try to save California from becoming a Bedlam. There are twenty-two amendments to be voted on and eight referred or initiated statutes, and inasmuch as some readers of the *Argonaut* wish to know its convictions in order to vote the other way, and others to confirm their own conclusions, we present our opinion on these measures, in preparation for November 7th:

- No. 1. The Veterans' Validating Act, an initiated amendment to patch up the Veterans' Welfare Act of 1921. Vote YES.
- No. 2. Wright Prohibition Enforcement Act, submitted to the electors by referendum. The Volstead Act should satisfy all reasonable requirements. This imposes on the state the burden of enforcing Federal law which already has its own enforcement machinery. Vote NO.
- No. 3. Provides for a bond issue of \$10,000,000 to assist California war veterans to acquire farms or homes. The money is to be repaid by those assisted. Vote YES.
- No. 4. This act would provide a three-million-dollar bond

issue, to continue the state land settlement policy (the Delhi and Durham projects) without further appropriations from the state treasury. It is said these bonds will be paid by the settlers that buy the land. So it is a land speculation, by the state. Also it is socialism, and wrong in principle. But we are in it a million, and it forms a sort of official model of development. Under direction of Elwood Mead it will probably show in what a good way a bad thing may be done. If you wish to vote for it, don't let us dissuade you. But the *Argonaut* will vote no.

No. 5. State Housing Act, submitted on referendum. It includes the unfortunate "shingle bill" feature, restrictive to some extent of individual choice in roofing materials. Most of the act is good, but it ought to be withdrawn and made less minutely prescriptive. Vote NO.

No. 6. Amendment to regulate the title insurance business in a way already permitted by the law. Hence unnecessary. Vote NO.

No. 7. Amendment exempting from taxation certain classes of veteran not now exempt. Exemption from taxation has become a California disease. Nobody should be exempt from taxation. Vote NO.

No. 8. Amendment to protect cities or towns from being annexed by larger neighbors against the will of the majority of their inhabitants. Fair enough, and necessary. Vote YES.

No. 9. Amendment permitting the creation of municipal boroughs by amending existing charters, as well as by original charters as at present. Very well. Vote YES.

No. 10. Initiated amendment proposing to tax publicly-owned utilities, as privately-owned ones are now taxed. This would do equity between communities owning public utilities and those now additionally taxed to make up for the former's exemptions. Vote YES.

No. 11. Initiated amendment to put publicly-owned utilities under the regulation of the state railroad commission, which could check needless political extensions, and compel uniform accounting systems that would show the public whether the business was being conducted profitably or not. Vote YES.

No. 12. Initiated amendment requiring the governor to submit a budget, empowering him to reduce items of appropriations, and permitting a referendum against items except for usual current expenses. Vote YES.

No. 13. Amendment affecting judges' salaries. Should be passed to equalize compensation between small and large counties. The state's share would be a minimum of \$3000 a year instead of half the salary as at present, and each county could then fix its own share. Vote YES.

No. 14. Amendment to permit the taxation of stocks, bonds, and similar securities on a different basis from that of other property. It would probably bring out a good deal of personal property now hidden and thus increase revenue. Vote YES.

No. 15. Amendment. Puts the King bill in substance into the Constitution, with some additional matters. Arguments against the King bill are against this. Vote NO.

No. 16. Initiated act to create a board of chiropractic examiners. Unnecessary. Both our large universities oppose it as lowering standards of scholarship. Vote NO.

No. 17. Amendment. Would permit the state or a subdivision to participate with the Federal government in the use of a stream outside of the state. Vote YES.

No. 18. Amendment to permit two or more cities to combine and develop any public utility. Too broad in present form. Vote NO.

No. 19. The Water and Power Amendment, an initiative measure empowering an unknown political board to invest one-tenth of the assessed value of California in socialism. If you want socialism, this is it. If not, vote NO.

No. 20. Initiated act to create a board of osteopathic examiners. About like No. 16. Vote NO.

No. 21. Amendment to prohibit special legislation creating irrigation, reclamation, drainage or flood control districts. No necessity for this amendment, and inasmuch as such districts differ there is often great necessity for treating them specially. Vote NO.

No. 22. Amendment authorizing legislation to give absent voters a vote when absent about their occupations, and have the votes shipped home. No necessity for it, and it opens the door to election frauds. Vote NO.

No. 23. Amendment to permit the deposit in banks in this state of moneys such as school funds in the custody of the state or a county or municipality, in addition to their own money as at present; and to other subdivisions than those now having it the privilege of depositing moneys outside the state for meeting bond payments where payable. Vote YES.

No. 24. The Lawyers' Bill, prohibiting banks and trust companies from performing certain legal services for their clients, and confining such services to lawyers. Unnecessary, and monopolistic in tendency. Vote NO.

No. 25. Amendment to require the approval of the superior court for the appointment by litigants of judges *pro tempore* to try causes therein. Seems reasonable. Vote YES.

No. 26. Amendment to permit the formation of school districts and the issuance of bonds of such districts in more than one county. Vote YES.

No. 27. Initiated amendment to require signatures equal to 15 per cent. of last gubernatorial vote, instead of 8 per cent. as at present, for all initiative petitions for laws relating to taxation. Would tend to reduce the biennial affliction of Fels Naptha single-tax campaigns and other nuisances. Vote YES.

No. 28. Initiated act, to prevent vivisection. If this act had existed in France in Pasteur's day every child infected by a mad dog since that time would have had to die an agonizing death, as they did before. As it is, over 99 per cent. can be saved. If it passes in California now, a great deal of valuable research will have to cease in this state. It is mere sentimentalism, of the sort which, without reflection, would sacrifice the lives of human beings to save those of a few guinea



pigs. The charges of cruelty to animals made by some of its advocates against physicians are probably in almost every instance baseless. Both great California universities are against it. Vote NO.

No. 29. Single Tax Amendment. More soviet socialism. Would confiscate land values. Then an army of tax-eaters could devour the thrift of the people. Vote NO.

No. 30. Initiated amendment to give the railroad commission power to grant urban and interurban street and highway transportation franchises—including motor vehicle transportation for compensation—prescribe terms and conditions, and regulate rates. Vote YES.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### The Turk in Constantinople.

PUEBLO, COLORADO, October 12, 1922.

Mr. Alred Holman,  
San Francisco, California—

MY DEAR SIR: Please read Morton Todd's "Constantinople" in the *Argonaut* of October 7th. Why not suggest that he write in similar style reviews of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem? What visions crowd the mind and imagination when we meditate upon the history of these fateful cities. Religion, intellect, art, law, romance, empires find in them their cradle. The cities of David, the Caesars, Pericles, Constantine. In material and political possibilities Constantinople was the favorite of the Creator. He made "Byzas" the crossroads of the nations. I visited Constantinople many years ago, when the old Sultan was ruler. It was filthy, degraded, corrupt. The Sultan refused to let street-cars, electric lights, or any modern enterprise enter the city, but no defilement, no obstacle, no misrule could hide or annul the combination of skies, the land, water, and location that marked it as the natural meeting place of all races—the centre and highway of the world's commerce and trade. What San Francisco is to the Pacific Constantinople is to half the globe.

Given a free world and the enterprise and inventions of modern cities and upon the Bosphorus would arise a metropolis of earth, a city to which even Los Angeles would admit that it was second. Man—the Caesars—made Rome. Deity laid the plans of the city of Constantinople upon the trestle-board of destiny. Shall the Turk be permitted to make this God-designed capital of power and righteous empire the citadel of Turkish iniquity and ruthless barbarism? Humanity and civilization forbid.

Very truly,  
ALVA ADAMS.

### The University and the Argonaut.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
BERKELEY, CAL., October 14, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Dear Mr. Holman: Apropos of the editorial in your issue of 7th October, entitled "The University and the Argonaut," please let me add my support to your contention that you have always been friendly to the university. Permit me further to say that I am in hearty agreement with you respecting your idea of the validity and desirability of public criticism of the university which is intended as constructive advice. No thinking person can cavil at your attitude on these matters, and being one member of the university faculty I think I can say that you are again in the right when you say, "And we are greatly mistaken if the whole faculty does not agree with that conviction."

While being in substantial and even full agreement with you on the foregoing questions, I feel constrained to point out a serious error in your editorial which the latter shares with your earlier editorials respecting the university. You deplore the prominence of excrecences in this university, which, by the way, are found in all the universities in the land; you imply that, as one prominent educator puts it, "the side shows have become more important than the show in the main tent"; you decry the "uncertainty of aim" and "educational drift." All these undesirable things, however, you ascribe in the University of California to the *Academic Senate*. This is absolutely contrary to the fact, as the minutes of the Academic Senate meetings show. It would be a very long story to describe the many battles which the Academic Senate has fought to prevent the incursions into the university of the superfluities which you condemn, to give an account of the constant struggle of the great mass of the faculty for the maintenance of high standards of scholarship, of character, of tolerance. I know of very few cases in fourteen years of intimate contact with university affairs in which the Academic Senate has not fought and stood for the very ideals of a university which you have so well set forth in your earlier editorials. No, you are quite wrong in placing the burden of the university's defects on the shoulders of the Academic Senate. Nearly all the things which you deprecate have been forced into the university in spite of the Academic Senate. It is only fair that your readers should know the facts, and essential that your grave error in regard to the Academic Senate be rectified. There is plenty of proof in support of what I have said above, and I hope you will publish this statement in the interest of justice and fairness.

Very sincerely yours,  
CHARLES B. LIPMAN.

### Water and Power.

SIERRA MADRE, CAL., October 17, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I often thank God for the *Argonaut*. Nothing too strong in my view can be said against that brazenly and colossally impudent Power and Water Act. As for "jokers," it is all joker. And yet there are some going about speaking for it. A little place like this, which has, through blood and tears so to say, preserved its rights to its own water in days past, and many other similar little cities, can surely be relied upon to do its share; but the sense of civic responsibility in this state seems to me so weak that there does seem a chance that the power of light and the water of life may be taken out of the hands of the "dear people" and put into those of the possible and very probable grafters. Do what you can, dear, reliable *Argonaut*, before the 7th of November. Faithfully yours,  
J. G. B.

### The Pleasure Is Mutual.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, October 10, 1922.

Argonaut Publishing Company,  
San Francisco, California—

GENTLEMEN: I enclose herewith my check No. 80 on the City National Bank in payment of annual subscription to the *Argonaut* from date.

It is a pleasure to resume this subscription to a publication conducted on such a broad-minded, fearless, and sensible platform.

Yours very truly,  
J. D. HODSON.

### Manna.

STOCKTON, CAL., October 18, 1922.

THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY—Dear Sirs: Enclosed I hand you my check, value \$5. If you send a renewal notice I did not receive it. I do not want the *Argonaut* discontinued. It is "manna in the wilderness."

Yours very truly,  
E. F. FORTUNE.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

Yesterday and Today in the City of the Eastern Caesars, the Sultans, and the Dogs.

### III.

To go to sleep in the Dardanelles and wake up in the Golden Horn is to experience one of the thrills of a lifetime. Earth has few lovelier scenes. From your steamer's deck you will see the gentle hills of the city of Constantine, mounting up and up from the water's edge, covered with houses, and with their rounded forms accentuated by the billowing domes of the mosques—St. Sophia, Sultan Achmet, Chazahde, Suliemanié, the Mosque of Sultana Valide, the Mosque of Mohammed the Conqueror, where the Sultan recently prayed for victory over the Greeks; and got it. And there are many more, some built by the Turk, but always on Byzantine lines and contours, probably always on the designs of Greek architects.

Their cubic bulk would seem too solid, and this particularly applies to St. Sophia, were it not for the surmounting huge quarter bubbles and half bubbles of stone that look like some petrified part of the sea; the half bubbles sometimes floating on the quarter bubbles, sometimes on windowed drums that give an air of open-work and lightness perfectly suitable to bubbles of whatever material. And in slenderness and grace there probably is no feature of any school of architecture to compare with the minarets that rise from angles of the buildings, and sometimes, through mazes of shrubbery, from the terraces on which they stand. The minarets of Stamboul are like slim girls, dainty, lissome, virginal, ethereal. True, they lack inviting waists; but they are ringed and zoned with the open-work galleries whence the human bells of Islam call to prayer, and there seems to be something in the procedure more intimate and uplifting than we Westerners get from the clangor of our belabored metal castings Sunday morning and Wednesday night.

The Turkish conquerors appear to have treated St. Sophia with considerable respect—at least as much as the Crusaders showed. Its walls were encrusted with wonderful mosaic pictures of Christian saints. These violated the Koran's prohibition of images, and inasmuch as the Mohammedan takes his religion seriously and really obeys its commandments it might have been considered a pious act to destroy them; but they were merely plastered over, as though the Turk recognized his impermanence in Europe and did not care to leave behind him the reputation of the Vandal and the iconoclast. He need not fear it for the present. Perhaps plastering over was easier than erasure. To take the easiest way—that would be Turkish, too.

This, however, is "inside stuff"; you won't see it from the steamer's deck. But you will see, covering the point where Byzas set up his little enterprise, and where Constantine had his palace, the terraced and tree-set gardens of the Seraglio stepping down in verdant loveliness to the ancient sea wall and the water side. They are gardens where anything might happen; where genii might appear, where fairies might dance o' moonlight nights, where the Giaour might tinkle a light guitar at some harem trifle until he found himself sewed in a sack and heard himself go *plunk* into the current of the Bosphorus.

And there is the Seraskeriat tower, the fire-alarm system of the Turks, whence a watchman warns of any fire that may happen to attract his attention, calling the quarter of the city in which it may happen to be. It is a beautiful tower, very tall, and gives a wondrous view over the city and up the Bosphorus. In response to its alarm, Turkish fire companies carrying little engines come trotting to the burning house and bargain with the owner about the fee for putting it out. In addition, whatever they can carry off is theirs.

On the other side of the Golden Horn, well separated from the Turkish part of the city, are Pera, near the water, and Galata, rising on higher land. These are the Christian quarter, with legation buildings and a regular "church of England." Christian churches have always been tolerated in Constantinople.

The most striking object on the Pera-Galata side is the old Genoese tower with the arched top, and a fig tree permitted to grow, according to the will of Allah and the nature of the Turk, from out the stones which its roots are wedging apart—at least, I have no doubt it is still growing there, after many years. It would be the perfect symbol of Turkish administration. The Turk knows it will rend the tower in time, but as long as the time has not yet come, why worry? Besides, it is the will of Allah. Our civilization is largely based on efforts to circumvent in some way, perfectly pious of course, the will of Allah. The Turk makes no such attempt. He lets Allah have His way. He could sympathize utterly with the old deacon who said when solicited for a subscription to put a lightning rod on the church: "That church is God's house, and if He wants to knock it down let Him knock." If Allah wants to disrupt the old Genoese tower by means of a fig tree, let her go. It is not for any good Mussulman to interfere. Why didn't the government do something about it? Well, the conclusion of Turkish political philosophy seems to be that government exists to collect

taxes. The idea is not exclusively Turkish, either.

The Turk is a sort of Mongolian, and throughout his part of the city, in Stamboul, one sees evidences of that curious Mongolian mould which O'Brien observed creeping over the islands of the south seas wherever the Chinaman has established his jerry-built quarter with its freshly ruinous trading huts in oil-can sheathing. Wherever you turn in Stamboul you see the sad signs of ruined nobility, and grandeur in decay. The inner city belies its outward promise of beauty, except in the mosques and court yards, some fountain structures with curious and beautiful level eaves, and a few places of tourist interest for their historic importance, such as the Atmeidan—the Hippodrome. Even here there are evidences of that reversion to nature which takes place so rapidly through neglect.

One of the most exasperating things about the Turk, to a Western mind, is his disposition to let things go. And his indifference to the things Westerners have agreed to regard as vital to their culture. As an administrator, his motto might well be that familiar gag of our vaudeville stage, "Leave it lay." Part of the old sea wall below the Seraglio Point is built of material from ancient palaces, relics which to the Turk are mere blocks of stone. But he will never permit an archaeologist to extract a piece of column or architrave or an inscribed lintel or pedestal, however it might illumine Occidental history. In many parts of his territory there are Greek and Roman remains that would yield treasures to research, but the Turkish officials will have none of it. Any ignorant peasant in the neighborhood that wants a door sill may take a crowbar and pry a stone out of a temple 2000 years old and let the rest of the temple fall to the ground if it is so disposed, but the reverent investigation of Western scholars intent on uncovering the foundations of their civilization are officially repelled. Says the Turk: "What do we care for abroad?"

Indeed, he cares so little for it that he doesn't even care to be understood, or defended. He has no publicity experts to state his case, which is represented to the world by the propaganda of his enemies. This sort of representation, and the calm Mohammedan contempt for Western people and opinions by which it is permitted, does not make him the favorite child of the nations. There is much against the Turk. There may be something to be said for him; he will neither say it nor help any one else to say it. Yet it is not possible to eat lacum in Constantinople and hate the people that make it as bitterly as though you were not eating lacum in Constantinople. I wonder if that old red-fezed chap with the baggy pants still stands at the entrance to the little cable railway running down to Galata and sells that wonderful confection of sugar and nuts and pink mucilage. And speaking of red fezzes, they are contagious. Everybody wears one, soon or late. You feel uncomfortable in a Western hat and you sneak around to the bazaar and buy a fez, and wonder how you will explain it when you meet one of your party, and pretty soon you see some of them coming around a corner, all in red fezzes. Man high, the streets are a weaving sea of red. It is said the fez enables a Turk to knock his head on the ground when he prays, without taking off his hat. The Christian's prayers seldom interfere with his millinery—have never determined the form of it.

In Stamboul one used to see Turkish porters, *hamals*, with triangular pack-saddles on their backs, and atop of these anything from a Saratoga trunk to an upright piano. It was an ancient craft, and probably persisted through some craft-protective regulation, always inimical to progress and not peculiar to Turks. Of late the *hamal* has grown scarce, with much else that is Turkish.

Under the mixed commission and the influx of Russian refugees, Constantinople has lost many of its old-time characteristics. Modern ideas have a chance, and they play the dickens with ancient usage and the picturesque. Costume is disappearing. I am told the gorgeous, scimitared dragomans are gone. Once, you rarely saw women outdoors, and in Stamboul never unless veiled. Now there are many women abroad without veils, and large crews of them sweep the streets. Such changes are not all to be charged to the administration of the Allies. They began with the Young Turk revolution of 1908. Among other things, the dogs disappeared. The Turks became ashamed of them, for a wonder, and determined to be rid of them. But they had no notion of dog-euthanasia or merciful lethal chambers such as we provide in (some of) our public pounds. They did not even take the trouble to shoot them, which would have been comparatively merciful. The Turk idea seemed to be that all would be well if they just got rid of the sight of the dogs, so they gathered them up and deported them to an island in the Sea of Marmora, where the poor creatures are said to have starved until they devoured one another. One believes the story instantly, not merely because we have been trained since childhood to believe everything bad of the Turk, but also because it somehow fits in so well with his lack of civil administrative talent. It is just about what one would expect. The dogs were left to the processes of nature and the pious Turk went back to his prayers, and that is about the way a Turk would behave.

Constantinople is not what it was since they took away the dogs. Not only do those women clean the



streets, which they never had to do before, but one of the most picturesque and diverting of spectacles is gone from a fascinating city. There is not a well-informed man, woman, or child in the world who need be told that in old Constantinople the dogs were the scavengers; and they did quite well at it. There were plenty of them, and they all looked alike. They had in their veins the blood of every breed that infested the Levant, the proudest canine heredity of every country on the Mediterranean Sea, and of every cur that for twenty-five centuries followed the peddlers and caravans and Crusaders from every part of the Eastern Hemisphere. It is bewildering to think of their lineage. Constantinople was the melting-pot of dogs. If you took a thousand samples of paint and poured them into one container, you would get a uniform blend of colors which the addition of one more sample would not much affect. So with dogs. The result of this great canine blend was of a light brown color, about the hue of old-fashioned butcher's paper, a good deal the complexion of a California coyote; and of about the same dimensions over all. But as they never had to chase jackass rabbits for a living they were fat and hearty. Neither did they snarl at you much, as long as you did not disturb them. They were not only the scavengers, they were the garbage incinerators. The "ash" was carefully gathered up and packed in bundles and exported to western Europe, where it was used in the tanning of the more expensive ladies' gloves. Unpleasant? Very.

There was some sort of street-cleaning organization that used to sweep up the dust into heaps, but never hauled it away. The more I think of it, the more I think the street-cleaning departments in most of our American cities must be manned by Turks. These dust heaps were the divans of the dogs, where they slumbered away the hours of daylight, only interrupted from time to time by some near-by house servant who brought the family garbage to the front door, uttered a peculiar *tschuck-tschucking* noise with the tongue and teeth, and so summoned the nearest to their dinner. Dogs a few divans away looked up at such times, yawned wearily, shook their heads as if to say: "Why bother us? That is not our garbage. We must have some room for the product of our own house"; and went to sleep again. In fact, the summons was a softly sibilant one, calculated to disturb as few dogs as possible. All day, with such trifling interruptions, they snoozed peacefully on their dust heaps, storing up energy for the business of the night.

Next to the mosque of St. Sophia the greatest thing in the Constantinople of a few years ago was a dog battle—not a dog fight, such as we have in this country, with from two to a dozen participants, but a battle, involving squads, platoons, companies, battalions, regiments and army corps of dogs, officered by dog field marshals, dog generals, dog colonels, dog majors, dog captains, and so on down to corporals, and then more dog privates than all these dog-on officers together could handle. It might break out at any time; you never could tell, and nobody knew how to start it. You might stall around Constantinople all summer waiting to witness this wonderful thing, and go away disappointed. And then again you might hear several. I knew a man that had heard four, but he was so proud and swelled about it he could hardly talk to a common person, or even one that had only experienced one or two. He felt his distinction keenly and thought it should be marked by medals. He was singularly blessed.

Imagine, if you can, all the water in the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls suddenly turned into dogs and boiling through a city street, barking, yelping, howling, gnashing teeth and tearing flesh right and left and under and over, every dog with the throttle open and fifteen coyote-power in lungs and throat suddenly turned on. You leap from bed and throw open the window and risk your life on the windy balcony if the room has one. You are looking down upon one of the great cataclysms of nature, something stupendous and terrible, like an eruption of Kilauea. You hear a million howling ululations proceeding from all parts of the mass, with echoes from dogs blocks away pleading not to be left out, begging their brothers not to finish it too soon, but to wait and give them just one chance. You hear bodies thumping against house walls and imagine the rending of hide and muscles, the maddened cries of the vanquished, the savage exultation of the victors. The whole world is filled with sound, sound that is solid and reaches to the reverberating sky. Down the side streets come the reinforcements, and without waiting to inquire like the Irishman if it is a private fight or if anybody can get in, these reinforcements leap on top and collide with reinforcements from the other side, and lock teeth in throats, and yowl and strangle and fang their way into the original heap, and it all goes raging down the street and seems to go over a cliff somewhere and drop into hell, and an iron silence clamps down on you like the embrace of the Iron Maiden of Nuremberg or wherever it was they had an Iron Maiden, and leaves you gasping and quivering in the backlash of one of the few great moments of all time, and weakened with the released tension of your overstretched and flabby nerves. You fall into bed gasping "My God! Did you ever hear such a row?" In the morning you awaken tired and wan and dissipated, but happy with a sort of quiet, contented ecstasy, and go down to view the corpses. And there are none.

Every dog is dozing on his dust heap, just where you left him yesterday, scratched up a little and somewhat bothered by flies, but apparently unaware that he had been participating in the wildest riot that ever split the firmament.

After that battle there was little excitement to be derived from the Plaza de Toros at Madrid or Barcelona. They only kill half a dozen bulls there or a dozen or so old hack horses, and it is all cut and dried—nothing either spontaneous or primordial in it, nothing on a really cosmic scale.

Turkey is going back to Constantinople. But without those dogs it will never be the same. With unveiled women sweeping the streets, and perhaps with fire departments that respond to electric alarms and actually put out fires without bargaining with owners or bidding against each other when more than one arrives, the city will be too Western and modern—sunk to a mere dead level of the commonplace, the trite, the ordinary. They are having "progress." Probably there will be a garbage contract, and the Seraskierate tower may become the chimney of an incinerator. The world is growing stale.

MORTON TODD.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes McGrath, the famous British woman explorer, has recently returned from her journey to Kufra, the secret city of the Senussi. She is also a discoverer of a new trade route to Egypt.

Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, former American Minister to China, has recently accepted a post as financial adviser to that country. Dr. Reinsch is the author of several distinguished books, notably "Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East."

Dr. Adolph Lorenz, Austria's famous bloodless surgeon, has returned to New York to work more orthopedic wonders. Dr. Lorenz is accompanied by his two sons, Albert and Conrad. The former is to assist his father in his operations and the latter to enter Columbia to study plastic surgery.

The Hungarian novelist, Miss Cecile Tormay, is an aristocrat of a very ancient Hungarian family. During the revolution which began in November, 1918, Miss Tormay was in Buda Pest, where she took an active part in the movement that brought about a counter revolution. She was proscribed by the Bolsheviks, and upon the outbreak of the Red Terror she was forced into hiding and narrowly escaped hanging at their hands.

Sheila Kaye-Smith, the English novelist, is described as "a slim woman of average height with mobile features and eyes at once suggestive of profound observation and a little weary, as eyes should be that observed the pain and disappointment of 'Green Apple Harvest' and 'Joanna Godden.'" Miss Kaye-Smith is a Sussex woman, a fact that accounts for her intimate knowledge of the life of the Rother, the river that runs south through the borderland of Sussex and Kent.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Moritz Mond, British minister of health, and one of the chief hopes for the Lloyd George campaign, is one of the wealthiest men in England. Sir Alfred, whose title was created in 1910 and whose political career dates from 1906, is an Edinburgh University man, a barrister of the Inner Temple, a member of the Royal Institution, and vice-president of the Infants' Hospital, as well as an ardent sportsman. He is the author of a number of scientific, economic, and political treatises.

Lord Rothermere, brother of Lord Northcliffe and his successor in the *Times* and *Daily Mail* interests, is one of the ancient enemies of Lloyd George who is now urging and predicting the Welsh statesman's return to office. Lord Rothermere, who was three years younger than his more famous brother, was British air minister during the crucial years 1917-18, when Northcliffe was director of the civil aerial transport committee and of propaganda in enemy countries. The success of the Union Jack Club is said to be largely due to Rothermere's support. His present backing of the ex-premier both financially and with the immense resources of publicity that he can command may swing the coming election. Harold Sydney Harmsworth was created first Viscount Rothermere in 1919.

The Rt. Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, the British premier pro tem, and leader of the Unionist party from 1911 till he resigned in 1921, is a native of America, having been born in New Brunswick. He was formerly chairman of the Glasgow Iron Trade Association and a member of two firms of iron merchants, William Kidston & Sons and William Jacks & Co. Mr. Law's political career began in 1900 as Unionist member for the Blackfriars Division of Glasgow. Since then he has almost steadily sat in the lower house, and from 1911 to 1915 was leader of the opposition. He was secretary of state for the colonies, 1915-16; chancellor of the exchequer, 1916-18; lord privy seal, 1919-1921, when he resigned; plenipotentiary, Peace Conference; leader of the House of Commons, 1916-21, when he resigned; and a member of the war cabinet, 1916-19. Mr. Law's position as veteran British statesman and recent leader of the House of Commons and Unionist party make him a logical choice for present acting prime minister.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Chorus from Atalanta in Calydon.

Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Time, with the gift of tears;  
Grief, with a glass that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for heaven;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
And madness risen from hell;  
Strength without hands to smite;  
Love that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light,  
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the laboring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south  
They gathered as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
They filled his body with life;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
For the veils of the soul therein,  
A time for labor and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is a burning fire;  
With his lips he travaileth;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
Sows, and he shall not reap;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

### Phoebus Apollo.

Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, who are shorn of contempt and pride,  
Humbled and crushed in a world gone wrong since the smoke  
on thine altars died;  
Hear us, Lord of the morning, King of the Eastern Flame,  
Dawn on our doubts and darkness and the night of our later  
shame!  
There are strange gods come among us, of passion, and scorn,  
and greed;  
They are throned in our stately cities, our sons at their altars  
bleed;  
The smoke of their thousand battles hath blinded thy children's  
eyes,  
And our hearts are sick for a ruler that answers us not with  
lies,  
Sick for thy light unblemished, great fruit of Latona's pain—  
Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

Our eyes of earth grown weary, through the backward ages  
peer,  
Till, wooed by our eager craving, the scene of thy birth grows  
clear,  
And across the calm Ægean, gray-green in the early morn,  
We hear the cry of the circling swans that salute the god new-  
born—  
The challenge of mighty Python, the songs of thy shafts  
that go  
Straight to the heart of the monster, sped from the loosened  
bow.  
Again through the vale of Tempe a magical music rings  
The songs of the marching muses, the ripple of fingered  
strings!  
But this is our dreaming only: we wait for a stronger strain:  
Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

There are some among us, Diviner, who know not thy way or  
will,  
Some of thy rebel children who bow to the strange gods still;  
Some that dream of oppression, and many that dream of gold,  
Whose ears are deaf to the music that gladdened the world of  
old.  
But we, the few and the faithful, we are weary of wars unjust,  
There is left no god of our thousand gods that we love, believe,  
or trust;  
In our courts is justice scoffed at, in our senates gold has  
sway,  
And the deeds of our priests and preachers make mock of the  
words they say!  
Cardinals, kings, and captains, there is none left fit to reign:  
Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

We have hearkened to creeds unnumbered, we have given  
them trial and test,  
And the creed of thy Delphic temple is still of them all the  
best:  
Thy clean-limbed, lithe disciples, slender, and strong, and  
young,  
The swing of their long processions, the lilt of the songs they  
sung,  
Thine own majestic presence, pursuing the nymph of dawn,  
In thy chariot eastward blazing, by the swans and griffons  
drawn:  
The spell of thy liquid music, once heard in the speeding year:  
These are the things, Great Archer, that we yearn to see and  
hear.

For beside thy creed untarnished all others are stale and vain!  
Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!  
Monarch of light and laughter, honor, and trust, and truth,  
God of all inspiration, king of eternal youth,  
Whose words are fitted to music as jewels are set in gold,  
There is need of thy splendid worship in a world grown grim  
and old!  
We have drunk the wine of ages, we are come to the dregs  
and lees,  
And the shrines are all unworthy where we bend reluctant  
knees:  
The brand of the beast is on us, we grovel, and grope, and err,  
Wake, Great god of the Morning, the moment has come to stir!  
The stars of our night of evil on a wan horizon wane:  
Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!  
—Guy Wetmore Carryl in "The Garden of Years."



## WOMAN AND REVOLUTION.

Female Contributions to the Social Upheaval in France a Century and a Quarter Ago.

How much did female sentimentality have to do with fomenting the French Revolution? Women were not treated especially well by it in the outcome, but in its complex development they contributed heavily to results. But how about the inception, the originating labors? How much does it owe to the fact that women feel first and think afterwards—if that is a fact? After the long train of powder was laid in the wrongs and grievances of the people, was the match that fired it glowing with female emotion which was ill grounded in actuality? We do not pretend to know what no one now will ever know, but in "Women of the French Revolution," by Winifred Stephens, there is at least one revealing glimpse into a vortex of sentiment and a miasma of myth that would indicate to an impartial mind the symptoms of plain hysteria working toward the upset of the social order; at the same time irresistibly suggesting some of the material of the "Tale of Two Cities." Here is a picture, of great clarity, standing against the dark tradition of the Bastille, and sampling to us after a century and a quarter some of the main dangers of the passions that agitate our counsels today:

It was a mere accident that aroused Mme. Legros' interest in the Bastille. Walking one day down the street, called les Fossés (the dykes) of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, her eye fell on a piece of paper lying on the ground. She picked it up, and saw it was covered with writing. This she read and found to be the complaint of a prisoner, one Henri Maser, Marquis de Latude, who for thirty-five years, so said the paper, had suffered unjust imprisonment in the Bastille and other dungeons.

Mme. Legros, seized with pity, took the paper home, showed it to her husband, and together they resolved not to rest until the prisoner was set free. They got into communication with Latude, and, with amazing courage and enterprise, started an agitation for his release. Mme. Legros, we are told, had, like Sterne's lady in the glove-shop, been in the habit of talking pleasantly on all manner of subjects to her husband's customers. To them and to others she now began to talk about Latude. For the purpose of expatiating on his misery she made acquaintances wherever she could, especially with servants in the houses of the great. Thus, at length, she gained access to influential people. One of these was the Cardinal de Rohan. This Prince of the Church was induced to take an interest in the prisoner. He spoke of Latude to his friends. In that sentimental, tearful age, the wave of compassion quickly rose and spread. It spread from house to house, as Mme. Legros, in her shabby clothes, told the prisoner's tale and distributed in the most influential quarters the particulars of his sufferings described by himself. She was immensely aided by her protégé's eloquence. Latude was an adept at painting his woes in lurid colors. Indeed, he had spent the greater part of his life in doing nothing else. His story, as he told it, was irresistible. Great ladies, Mme. de Luxembourg, Mme. de Mouches, dissolved in tears as they read it. The wife of the Comptroller General, Mme. Necker, and her brilliant daughter, Mme. de Staël, became the prisoner's advocates. The French Academy took up his case. Its perpetual secretary, D'Alembert, the great philosopher, waxed indignant as he meditated on Latude's sufferings. Not Paris alone, but the provinces, joined in Mme. Legros' campaign of mercy. Finally, the queen, Marie Antoinette herself, was touched. She pleaded for Latude with the king.

But here Mme. Legros experienced her first rebuff. She and her friends had heard of le Marquis de Latude's marvelous escapes from the Bastille and Vincennes. They knew about the ingenious ladder, one hundred and eighty feet long, which he and his fellow-prisoner had made out of pieces of wood and shreds of their own clothing. But Louis, when he came to read Latude's dossier, knew much more than this. He knew that the so-called Marquis de Latude was in reality a penniless army barber, Dany by name, a wild impostor, who, as the result of an absurd stratagem designed to bring him to the notice of Mme. de Pompadour, had found himself lodged in the Bastille, where he had been kept in great comfort at the crown's expense. Louis knew more still; for he read that more than once the pseudo Latude had lost the chance of release by haggling over the sum to be paid him in compensation for his alleged sufferings. Louis, moreover, was, from his personal knowledge, aware that Latude had actually been set free in 1777, but that he had made such a bad use of his liberty, extorting money from helpless females by threats, and making false charges against Louis' ministers, that it had been necessary to rearrest him. In face of these facts, Louis decided that Latude had best remain where he was. This was a terrible blow. All the agitators were discouraged, except one: that was Mme. Legros.

The story of Latude is well known, we imagine, and Americans that have visited Paris may recall him done in wax, lying on the floor of his cell in the model of the Bastille, where he was supposed to have lain for thirty-five years with his hands chained behind him—in which position, as a cold-blooded English observer remarked, he made the ladder 180 feet long by which he escaped.

Women certainly helped demolish the Bastille. As a symbol it was a success, and its fall is a tradition to celebrate. But as a Bastille, the Bastille is perhaps overrated. When the knitting sisterhood helped pull it down they must have been disappointed with its contents: four forgers, two madmen, a self-destroyed wreck; but seven in all—not one prisoner of state, no Man with the Iron Mask, not one "friend of the people," no martyrs of liberty, not one victim of a tyrant's malice; in fact, a very good jail as jails went at the time, before our sentimentalists had made them summer resorts for tired burglars, and rather a loss to its faubourg. Pulling it down was a physical relief, like wiping your boots on the flag of the enemy, and it showed the knitters meant business. Not to believe in the importance of the Bastille now would be to deny Liberty, or throw cold water on her arsonous torch.

Only a few old Gradgrinds care for facts, anyhow—among whom was not Carlyle. He shows us "Demoiselle Théroigne, brown-locked Théroigne, seated on a cannon," leading the famous Women's Procession to Versailles. This may be "essential verity" or "Truth" in quotes, or something of the sort. It needs some such grandiloquent apology, for fact it was not. As to the real Théroigne, she is worth attention even when she leaves her cannon home, and here is her picture:

These governess days of Théroigne are full of mystery. From Liège she would appear to have gone to Antwerp, and thence to England, how, why, and with whom is doubtful. But it is thought that in England she became the mistress of a wealthy English youth, who promised to marry her. Other stories of her life in England, that she became the mistress of the Prince of Wales and was introduced by him to the Duke of Orleans seem to be doubtful. These rumors have been recently used to bolster up the theory that Théroigne was involved in the so-called Orleanist Plot to replace Louis XVI by his Orleanist cousin. Théroigne, when arrested for taking part in that October procession, which some consider to have been part of this plot, of course took care to deny any acquaintance with the Duke. Her denial may or may not have been true. Théroigne gave her own version of the English episode in her story. This she told to her people at Marcourt after she had left England and returned home with a considerable fortune. She said she had married in England a rich Englishman, of whom she was then the widow. Relying on her relatives' ignorance of English, the crafty Théroigne appears to have produced certain documents signed "Théroigne Spinster," and to have told her family that "Spinster" was the name of her late husband. French biographers, as ignorant of our language as the Terwagnes, have conducted endless researches with the object of identifying this English "Spinster," whom they suppose to have been the father of the child alleged by Théroigne to have been born to her in England, and said to have died in infancy.

Evidently Carlyle, like the Chicago reporter, "could write a better story when he wasn't hampered by the facts." So could we all. Anyway, as a philosopher once said, you can't invent anything as strange as fact; so let's go on. As revolutionaries turned on revolutionaries, the revolution matching the appetite of Chronos and "devouring its children," so women turned on women, and toward the end of her life poor Théroigne had this to suffer for some manifestation of unfeminine conservatism:

In the quarrel between the Jacobins and the Girondins, which reached its climax in the May of this year (1793), the former had not hesitated to employ against their political enemies, *les tricoteuses*, *les poissardes* and the lowest women of the streets. The most disreputable of these women roughs, said to be in the pay of the Jacobins, used to surge in angry mobs on the Feuillants Terrace and round the doors of the Assembly. There they refused to allow any to enter who were not of their own particular brand of political opinion. It had long been the custom of these fearsome menads publicly to flog in the most humiliating manner any of their number whose views or whose conduct displeased them. The prints of the period represent many such scenes, which even our Gillray might hesitate to depict. Théroigne had protested against these indecent floggings, and had threatened to make the whippers lick the dust. They took their revenge. On the 15th of May, when at 9 o'clock in the morning Théroigne was crossing the Feuillants Terrace on her way to the Assembly, the women set upon her and flogged her with such vigor that she might have died had not the guard rescued her from their hands. According to one account Marat was her deliverer. For Marat, as we have seen, was something of a Feminist.

Perhaps such reactions fortified the opinions of Napoleon on women. At any rate:

Napoleon married a typical Directory woman, Joséphine Beauharnais, whom he had met in a typical Directory salon, that of Thérèse Cabarrus, then Mme. Tallien. Faced with Joséphine's debts, harassed by her *amours*, Napoleon became convinced of the utter irresponsibility of woman. He had no doubt that if social order were to be secured, every woman must be as much the property of some man as "a gooseberry bush is the property of the gardener." Consequently Article 312 of le Code Napoléon decrees that a wife shall obey her husband. At Fontainebleau, or some other museum, there is, or was, I hear the leather armchair in which Napoleon used to sit when discussing the draft Code with his counsellors. The leather cushions are terribly torn and slashed. Each rent represents a gash inflicted by this Anti-feminist in his fury at his counsellors' attempts to persuade him to alter the draft of the articles in woman's favor. The articles remained as Napoleon had planned them. The Code, which deprived Frenchmen of many political rights acquired during the Revolution, compensated them by making them tyrants in their own homes.

And yellow journalism—only its name is new. Can you think of any great American journalist who behaves through his numerous newspapers, about as here depicted?

Julie was giving one of her most brilliant fêtes in honor of General Dumouriez, who was spending his four days' leave in Paris. The Talmas had invited artists, musicians, and members of the Convention—Brissot, Vergniaud, Santerre—to meet him. Mlle. Candeille was playing the piano when suddenly there burst into the salon three uninvited guests, ferocious Jacobins. One of them was Marat, in camargole, with a dirty red scarf round his head, from which escaped locks of greasy hair, and round his neck a handkerchief loosely knotted. He and his comrades came to accuse the General of having unjustly punished two volunteers in his army. The guest of the evening had never seen Marat before. Having been informed of his identity, Dumouriez, with all the hauteur of the Frenchman of the world, scornfully looked him up and down, and then said: "Ah, so you are Marat! I have nothing to say to you." And with those frigid words the General turned his back on the intruder. Marat was furious. "This house is a hot-bed of counter-Revolutionaries," he howled as he went out, followed by one of the guests, bearing a red-hot shovel on which were sprinkled drops of perfume intended to purify the air infected by the Jacobins' pestilential presence.

The noise of the incident, this fête offered by "the daughter of Thalia to the son of Mars," was soon bruited abroad. The next morning newspaper boys were crying in the street: "Great conspiracy discovered by Marat. Great assembly of Girondins and counter-Revolutionaries at Talma's in honor of the traitor Dumouriez. Names of the conspirators who intended to assassinate the People's Friend."

As agitators many of the women of Paris and France were effective, but perhaps other women were more so

as *salonnières*. The salon is a flower of the French temperament. It grows well on that stalk, but no better on an Anglo-Saxon one than roses on a cabbage plant; because:

Sociability is the most characteristic quality of the French nation; and the salon, the incarnation of sociability, is the most typical of French institutions. From the salon, through four centuries, have radiated wit, grace, and gallantry; in a word, the indefinable *esprit français*. The French Renaissance of the sixteenth century owed a debt to the salon which is not usually recognized. In the following century, as we all know, *polite society* in the French sense of the term was cradled in Mme. de Rambouillet's Blue Room. Fifty years later, Louis XIV was framing his policy in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments. Fifty years later still, the social philosophy, which was to transform France during the Revolution, was evolving in Mme. de Tencin's salon out of the conversation of Montesquieu and the Encyclopædists.

In some of these salons we are shown such figures as Mme. Helvétius, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Roland, Mme. de Condorcet, formulating or helping formulate dynamic ideas. The atmosphere must have been, to say the least for it, liberal, the conversation good. After all, what is better than good talk, and how can it be both good and constrained? Here are some bits:

Some of the guests of Mme. Helvétius, however, were shocked by the frankness which prevailed, and Fontenelle implored his fellow-guests not to speak of the Devil, who might well be God's business man: *Messieurs, ne disons pas de mal du diable; c'est peut-être l'homme d'affaires du bon Dieu*. Mme. Helvétius herself, when the conversation grew too profound or too profane, would draw her special friends apart, leaving her husband to continue with the rest, what she called "his hunt for ideas."

Mme. de Staël, one of the most brilliant talkers that ever lived—"If I were Queen," said one who knew her, "I would command Mme. de Staël to talk to me all day"—was not an ideal *salonnière*. She was too restless, too impulsive, too loquacious. The business of a salon lady is not so much to talk herself as to make her guests talk, to draw them out and set them at their ease. This Sophie de Condorcet achieved to perfection. Mme. de Staël never succeeded in mastering her friend Mme. Récamier's art of listening "with seduction." Neither did she possess that other quality, so indispensable in every good hostess—the quality of tact. Herein her Helvetian ancestry revealed itself. Her tactlessness was sometimes mistaken for malice, as when at a large dinner-party, addressing Garat, who years before had had a scandalous love affair, she asked loudly: "By the way, Garat, did you ever marry that girl?"

Nor was it all talk the women did, either in the salon or from the soap-box. They were dynamic in ways other than those marked by sentimental inflation. Here is one number of a practical household programme:

When, in 1792, as the result of profiteering, Lyons was on the verge of starvation, the Women's Club took matters into their own hands. Having failed to obtain satisfaction from the Town Council, they placarded a notice all over the city, fixing the price of no less than sixty necessities, including bread, wine, oil, fresh and dry vegetables, cheese, fruit, candles, etc. Then a well-organized body of women took possession of shops and markets, and for three days, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of September, until such time as the Municipal Council decided to fix prices, the Women's Club practically ruled the city.

And then, after all that Bastille business of Mme. Legros, woman was made the living symbol of Reason. Don't smile—they did it thus:

By the summer of 1793, when Marat was assassinated, the apostles of the new *civisme* were finding it necessary to make some concession to those anthropomorphic obsessions which, from the earliest animism down to the present day, have ever tinged the religious conceptions of mankind. Parisians of the eighteenth century, like Galileans of old, looked for a sign. And the founders of the new religion did not withhold it. Hébert and Chaumette, so soon to share the fate of other founders of religions, not satisfied with erecting on the ruins of the Bastille a colossal female statue of Liberty, resolved to give their adherents a living symbol. *Pas une statue morte*, said Hébert, *mais une image vivante de cette divinité. Un chef d'œuvre de la nature*, said Chaumette.

So Chaumette, that arch Anti-Feminist he it noticed, took woman from the domestic hearth, the place to which on other occasions he was always relegating her, and brought her out into the churches, now called "the Temples of Reason." There he put her on a pedestal, exhibited her as the Goddess of Reason and exposed her to such insults that one Goddess of Reason in a Norman town is said to have worn inscribed on her Phrygian cap the words *ne me tournez pas en licence*.

And here is a picture of a suffragette of a century and a quarter ago:

There was a woman, however, who, though she changed her mind from time to time as to some articles of her political creed, remained from first to last, and was, even before the Revolution, a stalwart and loyal suffragist: this woman was Olympe de Gouges. Michelet calls her "the high priestess of Feminism." She was the first of the Revolution women to organize an orderly Feminist manifestation. Hardly had the National Assembly taken up its quarters at Paris, in the Riding School of the Rue St. Honoré, when on the 28th of October, 1789, Olympe, at the head of a deputation of women, laid before the deputies a programme of Feminist reform, such as—with one exception—might well be urged today by Maria Vérone or any other leader of the women's party in France. It included complete sex equality before the law; the admission of women to all occupations for which they were fitted; the suppression of what was called the dowry system; and then came that touch of eccentricity, or shall we call it utopianism, that rendered so many of Olympe's proposals impracticable. If the dowry system must remain, said she, then let the State provide husbands for girls who were without dowries. In conclusion, Olympe, with the usual flourish, asked "why women, who from the scentre to the crook are born to scatter flowers over men's lives, should receive from them in return nothing but chains, torment, and injustice."

This book makes but modest claims on the ground of original research, but it is competently, almost masterfully written, and abounds in such clear illustration of the nature of revolutionary phenomena and woman's relation to it as we have cited. It is well worth any one's leisurely perusal, if only to enable one to meet again such spirits of flame as Lucile Desmoulins and Charlotte Corday.

WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$5.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending October 21, 1922, were \$175,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$141,100,000; an increase of \$34,400,000.

Power cost in Ontario, California, is 28 per cent. less than in Ontario, Canada, according to George A. Hughes, president of the Hot Point Company, manufacturer of electrical appliances.

"We have a factory in Stratford, Ontario, and one in Ontario, California," declared Mr.

pected here if the Water and Power Act is adopted."

Business is better, and there is a growing undertone of confidence which approaches optimism. Physical evidence is loadings of revenue freight now near their record levels. While part of this is due to gains in loadings of coal, loadings of merchandise and miscellaneous freight are in excess of loadings for the corresponding weeks both of last year and of 1920. There have been considerable increases in the rates of production in most lines of manufacture. Some industries are handicapped by car shortage and others, notably the automobile manufacturers and makers of tires and automobile accessories, are experiencing the usual seasonal slackening of demand, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

Considering the country as a whole, retail and wholesale trade probably are better than a year ago, but conditions vary a good deal in the different localities. In the cotton states, where the crop is moving rapidly, notable improvement has taken place. Trade is also showing marked activity in the industrial towns and cities of the East and the upper Mississippi Valley, as a result of full employment at rising wages, but there is much doubt as to how good demand will be in those regions where trade is primarily dependent on conditions in the grain-growing and livestock industries.

Thus far, business expansion has been on sound lines. Manufacturers and merchants have placed forward orders cautiously and only after the most careful consideration of probable future demands. There has been no material change during recent months in the ratio between deposits and loans and investments of member banks, and commercial loans show only a very moderate expansion. The same is true of the volume of Federal Reserve notes in circulation, and even though recent increases in discounts of member banks with the Federal Reserve system seem great when measured by the low levels, their total volume on October 4th was only one-fifth of their amount at the nearest corresponding date of 1921.

The critical stage of the recovery from the depression of 1920-21 has now been reached, however, and some tendencies of a disturbing character are beginning to appear, chief among which are the rapid upward movement of prices and of wages. During the ten years from 1903 to 1913, comparative peace prevailed throughout the world, and while temporary depressions were experienced, it is probable that the general level of comfort was higher than at any preceding period. During those ten years the rise in the general price level of the United States as measured by the wholesale price index of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics was 18 per cent. Despite the general prosperity, and the fact that price increases were fairly uniform for the main groups of commodities, this rise in prices was regarded as so disturbing as to give rise to numerous investigations of the causes of the high cost of living and its resultant unrest.

The same wholesale price index shows an increase of 12 per cent. in the eight months from January, 1922, to August, 1922. Wages are also rising. As individual employers and groups of industries bid against each other, wage increases are certain to be felt in stimulated retail and wholesale trade. There is danger that as a result of this and some other factors, the price of consumers' goods will rise so rapidly as to present a mirage of approaching prosperity.

The hysterical pseudo-prosperity of 1919-20 ran a long course because it was part of a world-wide movement. It is useless to harbor illusions about any similar movement which might develop now as a result of the present psychology of rising prices and wages. World-wide conditions are not favorable to any such development. The present upward movement of prices and wages in the United States is not and can not be uniform, for the fundamental reason that prices of all those commodities and classes of goods the surplus of which must be sold on the international mar-

kets, are determined by conditions in these markets. It is obvious that the farmer's purchases of implements, fertilizer, automobiles, dry goods, and all classes of commodities are necessarily limited when the wages of a city laborer for one six-day week at \$5 per day are equivalent to the gross selling price of two good hogs or twenty-five bushels of wheat.

It is now to be demonstrated as to whether the combined judgment of the business community of the United States is wise enough and far-seeing enough to prevent developments which could only too easily nullify all the progress made thus far toward real prosperity. The situation calls for careful discrimination between expansion of demand which is evidence of the slow and normal recovery from business depression and demand which reflects purely temporary conditions; courage to resist the tendency to bid for labor and materials at rapidly rising wages and prices; and far-sightedness enough to be willing to forego the temptation of immediate profits which might be made on a rapidly rising market for the sake of permanent prosperity and the avoidance of disaster.

While the bond market has been less active during the last thirty days and prices have receded moderately, there continues to be a strong underlying demand for good investment issues. The decline in the general level of bond prices is not primarily the result of hesitation on the part of permanent investors or a symptom of saturation of the market. It is rather a reflection of the gradual elimination of speculative and temporary influences. Throughout the period of cheap money and rapidly rising prices, there was a heavy absorption of securities for the purpose of making immediate profits. Anticipation of an increased need for money for the financing of manufacturing and merchandising operations and the decreasing attractiveness of investments in bonds, except from the longer viewpoint, has resulted in a considerable selling of securities by temporary holders. Declines that have taken place are a wholesome indication of a gradual return to normal conditions in the bond market and its domination by demand from investors.

Announcement of the long-awaited government refunding bond issue answers a question which the investment world has been asking ever since it became known that Secretary Mellon had such financing in mind. The offering will consist of \$500,000,000 of twenty-five to thirty-year 4½ per cent. bonds. The new offering looks attractive and should go very well. The bonds will constitute far the longest term offering of the war series. They will bear the same rate of interest as the shorter term bonds, and they appear to have the same tax exemption as the outstanding Liberties. In view of those features it would not be at all astonishing should the new issue quickly go to a premium, says Commerce and Finance.

Undoubtedly there will be some switching from the outstanding 4½s into the new bonds, especially by that numerous class of investors who desire long-term securities. Whether that switching will be sufficiently large to depress the Liberties remains to be seen. Many holders of Liberties who bought them at much lower prices will hesitate to sell because they will not wish to pay taxes on their large profits. In fixing the interest rate at 4½ per cent., Secretary Mellon indicates that he does not look for a further decline in the basis of bonds.

Pressure to sell relaxed in the bond market last week and prices rallied as the outcome of the passing of European war clouds and the easier tone of money. However, the volume of new financing decreased, with the result that there was a perceptible lull in the investment field which contrasted rather sharply with recent activity. It is probable that the absence from the city of bankers attending the annual convention of the Investment Bankers in Del Monte accounted for the dullness of the market for new capital issues, now that the most urgent requirements of corporations and of municipalities have been provided for. Another factor tending to restrict the volume of new emissions was the knowledge that an early announcement from Washington on the much-discussed govern-

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ment refunding plan was forthcoming. It was gratifying to note that of the \$70,579,000 of new issues sold in the past week, only \$6,602,000 were municipal bonds and that \$13,500,000 were industrials, while \$35,477,000 were public utility. The decrease in municipal offerings was timely, as state and municipal debts have lately been piling up at an alarming rate. Issues of that description last month aggregated \$111,434,248, bringing the grand total for nine months up to \$1,039,938,541. Rates for state and municipal bonds have been stabilized, with an average return to the investor of a fraction more than 4 per cent., which it is calculated by the *Bond Buyer*, is actually the equivalent of 9 per cent. on a taxable bond to an investors with an annual income of \$100,000. It is that high tax differential which has so enormously stimulated the emission of tax-exempt municipals this year and tempted many county and municipal governments to assume a dangerous load of debt.

Despite the competition of tax-exempt issues a large volume of corporate financing

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was accomplished last month, the total reaching \$282,351,680, according to reliable compilations. Total of all domestic issues for nine months was \$2,542,091,150, exclusive of government and municipal bonds.

Nearly \$547,500,000 of that financing, or about 21 per cent., was for railroads, a striking proof of the improvement in railroad credit compared with recent years when it was impossible to sell any railroad emissions. The foundation has been laid for stock financing in substantial amounts, which probably will be a feature of the investment market later on.

So much was said at the recent convention of the American Bankers' Association on the subject of cancellation of foreign war debts, and the proposition has such an intimate bearing on our own problem of reducing

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Hughes, "and in Southern California, under private ownership, we pay 28 per cent. less for light and power than we do in Canada under public ownership. As our company is the largest manufacturer of electrical appliances in the world and depends upon low rates for electrical current, if the proponents of the Water and Power Act could convince me that it would mean lower rates, I would be for it. My fear is that the rates would be higher instead of lower.

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North Dakota and know what happened there when the state went into business. The people set up and ran flour mills and grain elevators, went into the home-building business and other enterprises, and established a state bank to finance them. Taxes rose 300 per cent., many banks failed, the state bank became badly involved, and state bonds could not be sold at any price. A repetition of North Dakota's disaster on a larger scale is to be ex-

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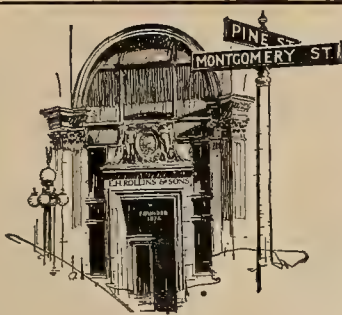
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taxes, that it may be worth while considering briefly what debt cancellation would mean. Sifted down to fundamentals, the proposition would be that the United States should pay the German indemnity instead of the Germans themselves. It is doubtful if this country ever would consent to such altruism until it should be proved conclusively that the Germans had made a sincere effort to pay for the devasta-

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tion they wrought and had failed. Germany's insincerity in handling her reparations problem was demonstrated by her failure to prohibit expatriation of private capital after the war as Great Britain did, by her refusal to tax her citizens to the limit of their ability to pay as England and France did, and further, by her failure to float a series of large internal loans. Instead of adopting such sound financial methods the Germans deliberately depreciated their currency by printing hundreds of billions of paper marks and selling them in foreign markets for what they would

bring. On the other hand, the United States could well afford to be more liberal with its European debtors than it has been. Let this government fix a nominal rate of interest on war loans instead of the 4¼ per cent. minimum provided by the War Debt Funding Act, which imposes an almost impossible burden on debtor governments. A per cent. interest rate would lighten their load, while at the same time it would be a source of revenue to this country which would enable the government gradually to reduce taxation.

The proposed Argentine loan in this country for approximately \$200,000,000 is definitely off, through expiration of the time limit set on the offer of the American bankers.

The shift of funds from commercial uses to investment purposes during the last year has been an important factor in the rise of the bond market, or to put it differently, in the decline of the interest return upon securities. What that decline amounts to is indicated by such refunding operations as the recent issue of 5 per cent. by Swift & Co., to take up 7 per cents. put out in August, 1921. The 7s were sold at 97½ and the 5s at 97, showing a drop of nearly a clear 2 per cent. in one year, says the National City Bank of New York.

Rates upon real estate mortgage loans have been declining along with those upon listed bonds, and are now commonly ranging at 5½ to 6 per cent., both upon city property and farms. Insurance companies, who have been large buyers of bonds ever since the war, are increasing their activities in the farm mortgage field.

Interest rates are not back to the pre-war level, and are not likely to be for some years to come. The world is too far behind with construction work for that. But before the war 4½ per cent. was a common rate on general refunding mortgage bonds of good railroads.

With the present business outlook, it is reasonable to conclude that the absorption of securities by banks is about at an end, and if there should be much of an increase in the demand for bank loans the bonds held by the banks will begin to come back on the market. That is a factor to be reckoned with, and the recent weakness in Liberty issues, which have been favorites with bankers, indicates that the movement already has commenced.

The treasury has a considerable amount of refinancing to do in the next six months, and is likely to bring most of it along soon, but as it will release as much credit as it calls for it will have but temporary influence upon the market.

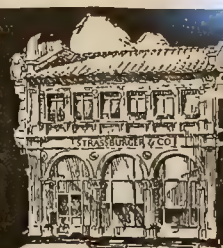
The preliminary estimate of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics for the wheat crop of Canada is 388,773,000 bushels, an average of 17.25 bushels per acre, as against final returns for 1921 of 300,858,000 bushels, or an average of 13 bushels per acre. This is equivalent to an increase of 29 per cent. over the volume of wheat harvested last year, and when it is remembered that this return comes within 5,000,000 bushels of the record harvest of 1915, there is good reason for thankfulness, says the Canadian Bank of Commerce in its monthly financial letter. The general level of the grain market, however, continued to be low until the latter part of September, when uncertainty as to the outcome of the crisis in the Near East gave a considerable stimulus to wheat. Although the farmer has been handicapped by the continued high cost of harvesting and, in some sections at least, by a scarcity of farm labor, and although market prices are still a severe disappointment to him, he is on the whole in a much better position than at this time last year. The element of uncertainty which always enters into the market favored, at that time, a further decline in agricultural prices; today the probability is that they will show greater firmness. The deciding factor is, of course, the demand from abroad and the ability of would-be purchasers to pay, and at present nearly every element in the situation appears to favor an increased and steady demand for Canadian wheat. The world production of wheat is reported to be about 40,000,000 bushels below that of last year. The United States Department of Agriculture estimates the year's crop, exclusive of Russia and Mexico, at 3,019,526,000 bushels. It is thought that the Russian crop will meet all the requirements of that country this winter, but in any event this factor is not likely to affect the market; its chief importance will probably lie in its giving Russia the ability to take an active part in Balkan affairs. The Indian and Japanese crops are larger than last year, and it is reported that the Argentine will be able to put on the market in 1923 a larger amount of wheat than she did this spring. The decrease in the European wheat harvest, however amounts to 139,000,000 bushels from last year, and 174,000,000 bushels from the pre-war average. Europe should, therefore, require considerably more wheat from Canada this year than last, and the general improvement in sterling and the continental exchanges, together with the lower price of wheat, should enable her to increase her purchases. There has recently been a marked acceleration in orders for Canadian wheat.

The facilities for the chief Canadian ports are being taxed to their utmost, and already, in the early part of September, Montreal is reported to have made a world record by loading 1,569,393 bushels of wheat for sea in a single day. Farmers are marketing their grain freely, and the crop movement from Western Canada is proceeding at a satisfactory rate.

The live stock market is still suffering depression, but it is believed that this is due not so much to the general low level of agricultural markets as to the largest amount of unfinished cattle being placed at the present time upon the Western markets. The demand for prime beef cattle still continues to vary from fair to good, and the supply of first-class dairy cattle is reported to be far short of Western requirements. In fact the provincial government of Saskatchewan has announced its intention of supplementing the local herds by bringing in dairy stock from Eastern Canada. Early in the season some fear was expressed that there would not be enough green feed on the prairies to carry the cattle over the winter, but the late rains have considerably heartened the farmers and it is probable that they will hold a large percentage of their cattle until the spring.

Reports that business is showing marked improvement are becoming more and more frequent from all parts of the country. There is still, of course, an unevenness in industrial conditions, and certain industries which depend primarily upon large supplies of coal, iron, and steel have, in a number of cases, been obliged to close their plants. But this is obviously the result of an artificial curtailment of supply rather than of a decreased demand. On the other hand, an increasing number of factories are running at full capacity, with many working overtime, the building trades continue to be extremely active, and there has been a marked revival of highway and railway construction work. Unemployment on a large scale is almost a thing of the past, and there appears to be in some industries a real scarcity of skilled labor. On the whole there is little complaint from the industrial world, and in the case of the wholesale and retail trades the sobering experience of the last two years has modified to a large extent the general opinion as to what constitutes an autumn revival of business. Orders, though moderate in volume, have become steadier, collections have improved, and there appears to be a disposition on the part of customers to be satisfied with a much shorter term of credit. It is true that the number of commercial failures continues to be higher than at this time last year, but the amounts involved show a substantial decline. This may be taken to mean that, although the natural process of weeding out continues, there are no longer large accumulations of unsaleable commodities to act as a drag on the market.

The laws of economics involve many compensations, and not the least among these is that resulting from a high tariff and an adverse exchange. Within the last few years a great many manufacturing firms in the United States have built branch factories in Canada, thereby increasing the aggregate production of this country and swelling the local demand for labor and other services and, to a large extent, for Canadian materials and supplies.



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Although adverse exchange conditions no longer exist, American enterprises continue to establish themselves in Canada, and this in itself is a striking testimony to the soundness of economic conditions in this country.

While new industries, both Canadian and American, are being established in this country at a satisfactory rate, the same can not be said of new settlers. The total number of immigrants arriving in Canada during the four months ending last July is 32,849, as against 49,926 for the corresponding period last year; this decrease of 34 per cent. is ac-

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counted for chiefly by the decline in the number of arrivals from Great Britain and Europe. Now that steps are being taken to make the immigration policy of Canada less restrictive in effect, the favorable position of the Dominion should attract a large number of settlers from Great Britain and other countries.

When the Water and Power Act was first proposed in California in July, 1921, the Man-



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ufacturer analyzed the measure and immediately said that the big question involved was not the attempt to break up the so-called monopoly on California water power resources, but it was a straight unadulterated attempt at establishing a socialistic form of government in the State of California.

There can be no private monopoly of California's water power resources when 85 per cent. of the water power of the United States is under Federal control and when in California virtually all undeveloped water power and much now developed is under Federal control.

The arguments pro and con on this measure during the past year have demonstrated the truth of the first analysis sent out by the *Manufacturer*. After all has been said and done the California Water and Power Act is the biggest piece of socialistic legislation ever attempted in the United States.

As from the first, the *Manufacturer* still maintains that the interests of the private power companies in the effect of the Water and Power Act is infinitesimal compared to the interest of California citizens who by the adoption of such a measure would launch their state on the sea of socialism and deprive themselves as individuals of the rights of free citizens in developing legitimate lines of industry within their own state.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

November 12th to 18th is Children's Book Week, an event that is being observed, not only by all publishers and libraries, but also by civic authorities and educators everywhere. The Main Public Library of this city is to house classified exhibits by the book-sellers, and the Palace of Fine Arts is displaying a collection of unusually fine books of a juvenile character. In addition the board of education, the congress of mothers, the parent-teacher associations, and the state Sunday-school superintendent are all getting together to boost better books for youngsters. And meanwhile the publishers are not inactive. E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a little pamphlet which they will send any one upon request, a list of books for children, which is fairly representative of their juvenile publications and which is a dependable guide for parents. The Macmillan Company has issued in time for the dedicated week "Rainbow Gold" (\$2), an anthology by Sara Teasdale of new and old poems designed particularly for boys and girls from ten to twelve, but every one, older or younger, must succumb to the lovely line drawings of the plates and decorations by Dugald Walker. The text is selected anywhere from Jonson and Shakespeare to Yeats and de la Mare, choice being made, of course, from the gayest and most vivid of their poems. Scribner's have published "Poems of American Patriotism" (\$3.50), chosen by Brander Matthews, in a handsome color-plated edition. A very much needed juvenile which also bears the Scribner imprint is "The Children's Bible" (\$3.50), arranged by Henry A. Sherman and Charles Foster Kent. This extremely attractive book is the best possible introduction to the Bible for young children. Mother Goose and her friends make their bow to the latest generation in "Tales Told by the Gander" and interpreted by Maud Radford Warren and Eve Davenport (Doran; \$2.50). And the J. B. Lippincott Company has brought out a grand gift edition of Miss Muloch's classics, "The Adventures of a Brownie and Other Stories" (\$3.50), the latter being the even more popular "Little Lane Prince" and "Poor Prin." "Through the Cloud Mountain," by Florence Scott Bernard (Lippincott; \$2.50), is a highly imaginative hodge podge in which all the famous characters from Robinson Crusoe to Alice in Wonderland are found at the heart of a magic mountain. Both these books, as well as the Doran Mother Goose and the Scribner's Bible, are vividly illustrated. An efficient and modern history of our nation is "The True Story of the United States of America," by Elbridge S. Brooks (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; \$2). And finally, the Atlantic Monthly Press is responsible for a quaint, odd-sized volume by Ralph Bergengren, called "David the Dreamer." The text is quite juvenile, but will be enjoyed by all imaginative children, as will the whimsical dreamy drawings by a young Roumanian artist who illustrates the text. Tom Freud's work has been highly rated in Europe. The present volume serves as his American introduction.

For one of the inexplicable reasons that govern the rises and falls of popular fancy, George Gissing is enjoying a posthumous revival. He meets one on every side. Mr. C. Lewis Hind's "More Authors and I" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) includes a revealing chapter on the mysterious personality of the author of "By the Ionian Sea," though that fact in itself would not connote a Gissing fad, since Mr. Hind snapshots exactly fifty of his con-

temporaries and ex-contemporaries with his usual knack of catching them in an informal attitude and with their natural mien. However, the Gissing sketch there is noteworthy because of other Gissing expositions. Mr. Hind has revealed the secret quixotic act that caused him to become a hermit for life and which undoubtedly was the root of the "complex" that alone explains his personal idiosyncrasies. It is well for George Gissing that he did not live many years more—he died in 1903. For "The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft" (Dutton; \$2.50), whose recent reprinting also emphasizes the trend of the Gissing curve, and which is considered by many as his best book and his second best by many more, reveals a temperament that could ill have stood the clamor and the bloodshed of the late war. Even poor Gissing—somehow he is one of the most pathetic of figures—could hardly have done as his autobiographical character, Henry Rycroft, said he would do in the improbable event of a European war. He was wrought up over some one, probably Kipling, having sounded a warning of the coming conflict. "Let the fools go to it!" says Gissing, alias Henry Rycroft. "... Let them blast the cornfield and the orchard, fire the home. For all that, there will yet be found some silent few, who go their way amid the still meadows, who bend to the flower and watch the sunset; and these alone are worth a thought." Poor George Gissing! R. G.

#### Notes of Books and Authors

Among the sequestered German property marked for disposal in France is Goethe's manuscript of "Faust."

Dr. Emile Coué, the famous founder of the Nancy School of Autosuggestion, is planning to visit the United States next January for a series of lectures.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for early publication a critical biography of William Dean Howells by Delmar Gross Cooke, which is said by those who have read the manuscript to be an exceptionally fine piece of work that will have lasting value.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has gone to Venice and Florence for a few weeks. Mr. Lucas has experimented successfully in almost every department of letters. Now he has written a play which is to be produced before the end of the year.

France's war premier, Viviani, in his book, "The Mistakes of the Kaiser," will reply to Wilhelm's Memoirs. M. Viviani has already started work on his book, and later will drop all business and private affairs and go to Algeria to complete it.

Mr. C. B. Cochran, the well-known theatre manager, has promised to write his autobiography. Mr. Cochran was at school with Aubrey Beardsley, and has known an enormous number of distinguished people in the social, literary, theatrical, and sporting world.

The Houghton Mifflin Company published on the 20th of October the "Letters of Franklin K. Lane"; "The History of Medicine," by Walter Libby; "The Development of the British Empire," by Howard Robinson; Maurice Baring's novel, "Overlooked"; Frances Jenkins Olcott's "Good Stories for Great Birthdays," and "The Soul of Dorset," by E. J. Darton.

The famous Swedish economist, Gustav Cassel, in a new Macmillan book called "Money

and Foreign Exchange After 1914," gives an account of the fortunes of the world's monetary system from the outbreak of the war up to the present time. He discusses such subjects as the abolition of the gold standard, the rise in prices, the influence of inflation on gold, the discount policy, the exchange rates, reform programmes, and the problem of stabilization.

The late Sir Frank Crisp was an authority on mediæval gardens. He had a fine one himself at his country home and he was engaged in writing a book on gardens in the middle ages at the time of his death. To that end, says *John o' London's*, he had made an exhaustive collection of mediæval prints and paintings illustrating the subject. His book will be published by John Lane this autumn.

Owen Wister's long-looked-for volume of experiences and impressions in France during and since the war needs only to be announced. "Neighbors Henceforth" is the title of the book, and it aptly expresses Mr. Wister's attitude and motive. He says: "The plight of France, the deed of Germany, and the international destiny of the United States are the main themes of this volume, which closes a series of three, begun with 'The Pentecost of Calamity,' followed by 'A Straight Deal.'"

The two photographers kept busy by the Harvard University Athletic Association during every football game on the fall schedule have furnished forty of the best of the photographs that have been obtained for public view in "Football and How to Watch It," by Percy D. Haughton, scheduled for late September publication by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston. They are printed the full size of the page in order that every possible bit of detail may be preserved. A full-page description faces each.

A forthcoming Scribner publication is the "Papers and Correspondence of John Addington Symonds," whom Walt Whitman called "some ways the most indicative, penetrating, and significant man of our time." The letters and papers cover the period from 1865 to 1893, the year of Symonds' death. They touch upon many topics of interest during the last phase of the Victorian period, and include interesting recollections of noted literary figures of the time. Horatio F. Brown has edited the volume.

Edwin Balmer, whose new novel, "The Breath of Scandal," deals with social conditions in a big and growing American city—Chicago, to be specific—may congratulate himself upon his choice of parents. His mother, though brought up in the conservative atmosphere of the South, in St. Louis, Missouri, determined to enter Vassar College at a time, early in the '70s, when the idea of higher education for women was just beginning to be entertained, even in the North. Shortly after her marriage she began literary work, and in the '90s was a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines. In the same year that her son Edwin received his A. B. at Northwestern University, Chicago, she took her M. A. in the post-graduate department of that university. His father, who came to Virginia soon after the civil war, was at first an exporter of tobacco there, but became interested in advertising, and made his real reputation in that business. He has been given credit for the first effective campaign to clean out fake and quack advertising from the columns of reputable publications. Edwin Balmer says that it is only recently that he has ceased to be known as the son of Tom Balmer.



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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Some Birds of the Country Side.

H. J. Massingham, whose tribute to the art of William H. Hudson appeared in the *Nation* and the *Athenaeum* shortly after the great naturalist's death, is himself the author of books that are strongly Hudsonian in flavor, both in their loyalty to the minutiae of nature and in their finished literary form. The Duttons have recently published "Some Birds of the Countryside, or the Art of Nature," a volume that will delight all naturalists. Mr. Massingham is an English journalist and a "lover and student of the wild life of the English countryside," as one paper describes him. He has here recorded his experiences in bird observation in the more characteristic bird haunts of England and Wales, the south coast of the latter, and Dorset, Hampshire, Selborne, and London of the former. There is a charming essay on Gilbert White, the father of modern scientific naturalists, and his countryside, Selborne. And that other early ornithologist, Charles Waterton—a Yorkshire squire who owned a large estate near Wakefield, where he had a bird sanctuary stocked with many a rara avis—is also given his just dues here. Now that Hudson is dead, Mr. Massingham is probably the most distinguished of his disciples, of his and Waterton's and Gilbert White's—men all of whom believed in the union of art and science in strong distinction to "our absurd departmentalizing of truth," as Mr. Massingham calls it so aptly that we can only quote.

SOME BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. By H. J. Massingham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

## Max Beerbohm on Cosmetics.

A new edition of a quarter-century-old essay of the inimitable Max has just been published, doubtless because of its perennial message. In fact, so modern is "A Defense of Cosmetics" that without a curious glance at the copyright the uninitiate would naturally assume it was the latest symptom of acute flapperitis. Every age considers its own follies both the nicest and the naughtiest, and it is obvious from a perusal of Mr. Beerbohm's semi-satiric, semi-panegyric fantasy that the ladies of '94 considered their make-up the last word in dissipated rakishness. Says Max in that year, "And now that the use of pigments is becoming general, and most women are not so young as they are painted, it may be asked curiously how the prejudice ever came into being." We offer this for solace to the souls of such flappers as have not discarded them.

A DEFENSE OF COSMETICS. By Max Beerbohm. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

## Two Garden Books.

Those who collect books on gardening have been able to add two unusually beautiful horticultural books to their libraries in the last few weeks. "The Shakespeare Garden," by Esther Singleton, the literary devotee of old houses and gardens, is a book with a triple interest. Primarily for gardeners, amateur or professional, it also appeals to Shakespeare enthusiasts and to the reader with a thirst for unusual information. For though gardening was a highly cultivated art in Shakespeare's day and a more popular hobby than it is at present, comparatively little has been written or published on the subject. Shakespeare himself supplies some of our information. But there were a few garden authors, chief among whom was Didymus Mountain, whose real name was the analogous Thomas Hill, and Gervase Markham, whose "The Country Farm," translated from an earlier

French book, "La Maison Rustique," was one of the most popular of early panegyrics on the joys of horticulture. John Parkinson, apothecary to James I, was an ardent horticulturist and one of the great authorities of his day. His book, "Paradisi in Sole; Paradisus Terrestris," appeared in London in 1629, the most complete botanical treatise in England before Ray. The boom in Elizabethan gardening was largely due to Nicholas Leate, a London merchant who about 1590 became a member of the Levant Company. Being an enthusiastic gardener and a wealthy man, he was able to import many new flowers from the East to London, including tulips, certain lilies, irises, and many new anemones. Leate also was the first to import the yellow sops-in-wine, a famous carnation from Poland, which had not been previously known in England, and an unusual yellow double rose from Constantinople. He employed collectors to hunt for specimens in Turkey and Syria. Mathis de Lobel, a distinguished Dutch physician and botanist who became botanist to James I, was another great influence on early English garden cultivation. Miss Singleton has traced the history of her subject from the small enclosed castle garden of the middle ages, which was merely an outdoor living room, through the early sixteenth-century herbal garden for practical and medicinal purposes to the height of its glory as a cultivated art in Elizabeth's and Shakespeare's time.

Our second garden book is even more lovely to the eye, but its text is strictly technical and is therefore more limited to the specialist. "Garden Color" is a sumptuously illustrated and bound treatise on this phase of landscape gardening by four experts on horticultural color. Forty-eight water-color sketches of gardens at all seasons of the year, by Margaret Waterfield, are masterpieces of tone in themselves.

THE SHAKESPEARE GARDEN. By Esther Singleton. New York: The Century Company; \$3.  
GARDEN COLOR. Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle; Summer, by E. V. B.; Autumn, by Rose Kingsley; Winter, by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

## Moby Dick.

The recent and belated popularity of Herman Melville's books makes this holiday illustrated edition of "Moby Dick" particularly timely. In fact Dodd, Mead & Co. are to be commended for bringing out our newly-discovered American classic, which Masefield calls one of "the world's great works of art," in adequate de luxe form. For people who may have withstood the temptation of reading an unknown and much-boomed epic of the sea in the Everyman's Series can scarcely be excused for overlooking "Moby Dick" or passing up Ishmael's gusty narrative now that Mead Schaeffer has contributed twelve paintings and a noble title page that reek of the salt tang of the sea fully as much as the text they illustrate.

MOBY DICK. By Herman Melville. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.50.

## A Maxwell Novel.

According to the printed list of W. B. Maxwell's novels "Spinster of This Parish" is the sixteenth. Mr. Maxwell has inherited from his mother, M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," a talent for storytelling. It is noticeable in nearly all of his novels. That is to say, he can clutch and hold the reader's absorbed attention throughout the tale.

"Spinster of This Parish" is no exception. It is a recital of the love story of an old maid, who has lived, and loved, and anguished, forsworn peace of mind, and periled comfort and safety for love's sake; and who has held for a quarter of a century the love of a famous English explorer. For this love she renounced home, family, friends, reputation, because her lover was bound fast, according to the stupid English law, by his marriage to a maniac.

In "For Better for Worse" Mr. Maxwell drove a shining lance straight at the imbecilities of the British laws governing mar-

riage and divorce. But, while the author paints with loving strokes the long, selfless and heroic devotion of a mild, sweet gentlewoman who, if she and her lover had been Americans, would have had a lifetime of happy, legitimate union with the man of her heart, he manages to do his propaganda very unobtrusively but effectively against the British law. Evidently he recognizes that that is the only way to influence dogged British opinion.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle places W. B. Maxwell somewhere near the head of living British novelists; an estimate showing that, as a literary critic, Sir Arthur has more enthusiasm than balance. The Maxwell novels are very interesting and absorbing, but none of them are great, and this latest one has the good qualities of his best ones; but also their limitations.

SPINSTER OF THIS PARISH. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

## The Ambush.

Arthur Richman, whose comedy, "The Awful Truth," was presented in San Francisco during the recent season of the Henry Miller company, soared to the heights of seriousness in "The Ambush." It is, in common with many of the plays of the day that dare to depict life as it is, a realistic view of family life at close range. And for the leading feminine rôle it presents a young woman of the day, with all her intolerance for the humdrum of daily life, and the adventurous spirit springing from it.

The complication is the restraining influence of a father whose native dignity and worth, as well as his faith in the integrity of his daughter, cause that daughter to make her adventurous sorties with secrecy and circumspection.

It is a queer situation of feminine intrigue against the peace of a good man, for the mother, who backs up the daughter, is subconsciously aware that there is something fishy in the situation, and she endures it in order to hold the daughter.

"Ambush" is thoroughly modern drama; the kind held in disesteem by the average play-goer because it unshrinkingly depicts situations founded on life.

The pathos in the situation lies in the effort finally made by the father to compromise with his principles in order to retain the affection of his daughter. The outcome outrages the rosy-spectacled sentimentalist, but the character of Margaret, the daughter, is a truthful representation of the advanced young female egoist of the present day whose principles have not been able to bear up against the license that she draws from her twentieth-century freedom. Characters, situation, dialogue, plot, all are logical; too logical, indeed, for the play, when it was produced in New York, was only a *succes d'estime*.

THE AMBUSH. By Arthur Richman. New York: Duffield & Co.

## New Books Received.

FIELDING SARGENT. By Elsa Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A novel of psycho-analysis.

ARGONAUTS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC. By Bronislaw Malinowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

An account of native enterprise and adventure in the archipelagoes of Melanesia. New Guinea.

THREE ASSSES IN BOLIVIA. By Lionel L. Portman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

Travel.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

A biography.

VANDERDECK. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

A light-hearted venture story.

THE GREEN OVERCOAT. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.75.

A new edition with illustrations by G. K. Chesterton.

MORE AUTHORS AND I. By G. Lewis Hind. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A new book of intimate pen pictures of writers by the author of "Authors and I."

THE TALE OF TRIONA. By William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

A romance.

SAND. By Olive Wadsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A romance of the desert.

WHAT I SAW IN AMERICA. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.

Chesterton's American observations.

THE TOCIN IN REVOLT. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

And other essays.

THE CAVE WOMAN. By Norval Richardson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

A novel.

PLAYING WITH SOULS. By Countess de Chamberlain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75.

A novel.

AMERICANS BY CHOICE. By John Palmer Gavit. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.

Americanization studies.

SELLING THE EASTERN STATES. By John T. Faris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5.

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THE A B C'S OF BUSINESS. By Henry S. McKee. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

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"ROMEO AND JULIET."

This week Evelyn Vaughan is realizing the ambition of all actresses who love their profession by appearing as Juliet. With her is William S. Rainey as Romeo, although since this young actor has quite a number of Shakespearean rôles to his credit and is now making his first appearance as Romeo, we may perhaps assume that he had chosen by preference the other rôles first. The two players gave so interesting, romantically pictorial, and, in Miss Vaughan's case, so moving a portrayal of the great love tragedy that it seems as if the pair, with Emelie Melville along for her traditionally correct conception of the nurse, ought to go on tour and boldly storm the Eastern citadels.

For against the space-restricted but gracefully artistic background provided by the scenic artists at the Players Theatre we saw the ancient tragedy played out to its woeful conclusion with unusual elements to lend it distinctiveness and grace.

Evelyn Vaughan made Juliet a thing of beauty. She costumed her in the sweeping, graceful robes that we now so rarely see. Her tall figure gained æsthetic perfection in those ivory-pale costumes. She and Mr. Rainey give perhaps a more intellectual coloring to their interpretation of the emotions undergone by the two lovers. But in Miss Vaughan's case there is, even so, an extremely fine and carefully detailed presentment of all Juliet's phases—her young expectancy in the first act, her instinctive recognition of the flavor of woe in the "sudden bud of love," the later full flowering of that bud, the woman's suffering, and the desperate courage with which she nerves herself to her fearful ordeal in the potion scene.

As for Mr. Rainey, he presented that rare stage figure, a young, handsome, slender and graceful Romeo, and gave the Shakespearean lines with music and poetic feeling. What was particularly lacking was complete submergence in the nature and emotions of the fiery lover; a fault that repetition will doubtless correct; or partly, at any rate.

Miss Vaughan's always searching study of all her rôles and her invaluable sophistication in her profession enables her to give all the detail necessary to make herself into the outward presentment of Juliet. And her reading is admirable; that of an actress who never slights the meaning of a word or a phrase.

This was particularly noticeable in the potion scene, one of the most taxing scenes in all Shakespeare, in which the actress gave every utterance its full emotional significance, leading up to a finely graded climax that was worthy of an actress of great reputation.

Emelie Melville's nurse was worthy of Miss Vaughan's Juliet, the two playing those charming lighter scenes which, like a sunlit lull before a storm, prelude the great cloudburst in the traditional spirit. In them, however, while Miss Vaughan's technic was impeccable, the imagination within her was scarcely fused to the white heat that sufficiently conveys the youthful emotions of a young Italian maiden.

It is scarcely to be expected that so long a cast could be adequately supplied in a semi-amateur company. But in the fencing and street brawling scenes the inexperienced support provided the necessary youth and excitement, and they went off very well, while in the more obvious essentials the performance was carefully looked after and showed intelligent and painstaking direction.

Romeo made a gallant figure; a little too much titivated, perhaps, in the earlier scenes, but that was probably to indicate the frivolous gallantry that preceded his great love. I am of the opinion that a wig would deprive Mr. Rainey of some of the modernism of his face, although it can not but be a temptation for a young Romeo with a head of hair to show it. Few indeed are the Romeos of my recollection who dared show themselves without a wig.

As with the fencing scenes, those at the Capulet festivity which showed the guests dancing were well contrived, and full of an agreeably youthful atmosphere.

And so, thinking it all over on the morning after, setting aside the business consideration, which is a ticklish proposition these times, and merely viewing the question on its merits, I believe that Evelyn Vaughan and William Rainey might win considerable pro-

fessional prestige if the Travers-Rainey combination stormed the Eastern circuit with "Romeo and Juliet."

## THE MACBETH CONCERT.

Florence Macbeth is a most engaging little figure on the concert platform with her pretty face, her blonde coloring, her petite figure, and the dainty costume with its piquant blend of modern smartness and Watteau coquettishness, with which she so provocatively enhanced her native graces.

Miss Macbeth proved a notable attraction at the opening of the third season of Alice Seckel's "Matinées Musicales," the large gathering of music lovers present in the Hotel St. Francis ballroom on that occasion giving many warm demonstrations of the pleasure afforded them by the petite singer.

Miss Macbeth's voice matches her person, as it is light, gay, delicately finished, and very charming. It is a voice that ought to soar, larklike, to considerable altitudes. But there is its limitation, the spectacular upper notes becoming thin and squeezed; a temporary fault, probably, through fatigue; certainly a cause for surprise, so fresh, pure, and almost juvenile in its airy purity is the quality of her voice in the less lofty altitudes. And, besides, her technic is so reliable; that of a vocalist who has apparently added to a naturally good method the study of a joyously enthusiastic student.

So well developed is this technic that the singer gives all the gay embroideries of a Shadow Song from "Dinorah"—the aria in which Galli-Gurci made her first New York killing—with the joyous spontaneity of a bird. Her voice has remarkable flexibility, and the spontaneity with which it tosses off trills, cadenzas, and all the ornaments of the coloratura in which she excels amazes and delights her listeners.

Besides several specimens of this highly ornate vocalism, which included an unfamiliar aria from Mozart's "Il Seraglio," Rossini's "Tarantella," and the familiar "Ah, fors è lui," the singer gave seven or eight numbers characterized by lyric delicacy, in which her youthful tonal beauties and the charm of her diction were pleasingly conveyed.

The Verdi aria, however, showed some limitation of sorrowful emotional expression, for, save in the passages in which Violetta runs over the gamut of joy, the singer was away from her natural song. Joy is her specialty, as a songster, and whether she sings through the vocal intricacies of the "Shadow Song" or warbles with the spontaneous glee of a happy child of "Hayfields and Butterflies," the dainty little singer is at her best in ministering to the human delight in its beautifully artistic expression.

## MODERN TENDENCIES.

In an extremely interesting interview granted to a press representative by George Middleton, the well-known American playwright who wrote "Circles," "Polly with a Past," and "The Light of the World," a very enlightened and intelligent survey of the French and German stage is presented. Mr. Middleton's deductions after his close and comprehensive study are enlightening. He finds that the French drama is more nationalistic than the German, which is hospitable to foreign importations. This is due to the centralization of Paris in all art matters, which still further limits the nature of the drama in Paris. All good Frenchmen go to the theatre when they go to Paris, and as the provincial wishes no reflection of his duller life on the stage, and the Parisian takes no interest in life except as it is lived in Paris, it follows that the French stage is restricted in its expression to a reflection of Parisian life.

In Germany it is different. There the tendency is to break away from tradition. The hope of Germany rests in the youth of the working classes, who are non-militaristic, unconservative, and progressive.

The competition in the different sections of Germany has always had a healthy effect on the dramatic output, and theatrical men in Germany have always been readier in experimentation than those of France.

The stage in both countries is suffering from hard times, many people in the professional classes being utterly without the means of affording theatrical amusement. And the German theatres have, many of them, lost their stage subsidies, while those in France have to struggle against heavy taxes.

But there is so much vitality in the theatre that in spite of these heavy handicaps it still, to a certain extent, holds its own in both countries.

And even in conservative and, at present, poverty-stricken France there are to be staged in its capital this winter a number of American plays. They will be seen at the Odéon, a subsidized theatre, at which will be given Mr. Middleton's "The Light of the World," O'Neill's "Anna Christie" and "The Hairy Ape," Moody's "The Great Divide"—chosen, perhaps, for its essentially Western atmosphere—"Kindling," by Charles Kenyon, and "The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell. The activity in picture plays in Germany

has reacted heavily on the stage, many of the prominent stage favorites having been attracted to the screen plays by the greater monetary reward.

And in France, while the legitimate acting profession stays on the job, spoken drama also has lost through the picture plays, the producers of which cannily recognize the growing taste for various forms of pugilism, Georges Carpentier and Eugene Criqui having been lured to show their physical prowess on the screen. But the spoken drama has rallied against this body-blow by having commandeered short plays containing scenes in which popular champions can be seen in exhibitions of boxing proficiency.

A curious feature of the German theatre is the prevalence of French farces in Berlin, which are much affected by the mental light-weights. Another tendency, newly developed, is toward the scenic play. Thus while on the whole France remains conservative, Germany, animated by the progressivism of the newly-risen generation, veers toward change.

## OLD DALY DAYS.

In a recent interview in New York John Drew said that the happiest days of his professional life were those when he was in the Augustin Daly company, playing opposite Ada Rehan. Many of the old-timers in San Francisco would back him up to the extent of declaring that those were their happiest theatre-going days. For those were before the era of the long runs. That meant that there were stock companies of exceptional merit. And so, when the carefully selected Daly company came to San Francisco, instead of seeing that interesting group of players in one play only, local theatre-goers, always hungry for good plays, saw them during a prolonged season in which they would appear in a number of plays.

There seem, nowadays, to be many hints of a revival of the high-class stock company institution, players themselves having made a start, as shown by the Equity Theatre venture. Should the institution revive, it will be a godsend to the profession, for there is nothing so deadening to the art of the player as confining him to one rôle for the space of a year or two.

John Drew is right in saying that the difference in the old way and the new is caused by differing conditions. But the main difference has been caused by shrewd business men controlling the theatrical business today in-

stead of the old-style men of artistic sympathies who ran it in the past.

The actors taking a hand, as in the stock company of the Equity Theatre, New York, is a process that is probably viewed with alarm, or, at any rate, with disapprobation, by the kingpins in stageland who have had so much say heretofore. Perhaps the players won't make it go. But many of the lights of the stage feel a great sympathy for the new venture, some of them—Jane Cowl, for instance—having relinquished the importance and the profits of stardom to embark in it, and then the twentieth century has developed a new type: men who combine artistic and business ability; so perhaps we may look for big results.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

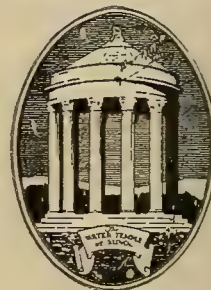
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Besides financing its own part of this project, Spring Valley pays the interest on the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to build this Irvington-to-Crystal-Springs line, relieving all other San Francisco taxpayers of this burden, and will also pay the City for the use of the line.

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## *from Enormous Debt*

State Controller Ray L. Riley in his 1921 report, recently published, says:

"During the past decade the total bonded indebtedness for all forms of government in California has increased from \$93,906,423 to \$321,616,238.66, or 242 per cent, while the wealth of the State has increased about 60 per cent. This tremendous increase that aggregates more than 3 per cent of the total wealth of the State should have the attention of all tax-levying bodies. California's credit must not be jeopardized by over-financing and the same ratio of increase during the next ten years would impose confiscating tax burdens upon the people."

"During the past year the total amount expended for interest and redemption of debt was \$27,559,297. To produce this amount it would require a tax rate of 56 cents on every \$100 of assessed valuation."

## *from Destructive Taxes*

In face of that warning, a proposed constitutional amendment has been put on your ballot to be voted on November 7th which creates a powerful new commission, called the Water and Power Board, and authorizes it, *without further reference to the people or the legislature*, to issue state bonds to the enormous amount of half a billion dollars. That bond issue will multiply the state's debt more than six times. The board is authorized to invest the money in water and power speculations and "to do any and all things necessary or convenient for the conservation, development, storage and distribution of water, and the generation, transmission and distribution of electric energy." It is authorized also "to purchase, acquire, produce, manufacture or otherwise provide facilities, materials and supplies, raw or finished, and any property or thing necessary or convenient to the accomplishment of the purposes of this article."

The board is authorized to fix its own rates, which need not be uniform, so that particular localities or industries could be favored. The proposed amendment makes an appointive board, sitting at Sacramento, the arbitrary masters of the credit and the industry of the State of California. The amendment even authorizes the board to appoint and fix the compensation of such employees as it may require and *exempts the board from the state civil service*.

This is bureaucracy in its completest form. We have had sufficient experience with government by bureaus to know that we don't want any more. California, prosperous as it is, cannot stand the proposed addition to the state debt and the proposed arbitrary control of industry by a board of politicians. Give a political board unrestricted authority to hire employees and fix their compensation, and give them 500 million dollars of taxpayers' money to play with, and in a year you will see the biggest political machine and the biggest tax bills that any state has ever had.

Vote NO on number 19 on your ballot November 7th

**CALIFORNIA REAL ESTATE ASSOCIATION**

*By C. C. C. TATUM, President*



## VANITY FAIR.

New York has been enjoying an auction of the household effects and even some of the clothing of Geraldine Farrar, the principal patrons (or matrons) of which were women—although it is said the few men attending spent more real money in proportion to conversation. Rugs, carpets, paintings, china and glass from the Farrar home at 20 West Twenty-Fourth Street have been going at lively rates. One day's efforts of the come-on artist grossed some \$22,480 for the star of the Metropolitan. It was rather difficult to sell her slippers, as they had been made to order and did not carry a size mark, and so the ladies that might have been proud to wear them, even "as was," were uncertain and failed to bid very heatedly. Captain John Emery got a 150-piece dinner service for \$400 and felt lucky to have it. There have been few real souvenir hunters, which goes to show that female sentimentality automatically checks at the pocket-book. Some of the personal belongings of Miss Farrar sold were a squirrel coat, \$185; a broadtail suit, edged with Japanese sable, \$220; a green velvet kolinsky-trimmed opera cloak, \$95; a black velvet wrap, trimmed with monkey fur, \$70; Hudson seal coat, \$230; black wrap with lynx collar and rose velvet lining, \$135; flame-color changeable taffeta evening wrap, \$45; a black lace evening gown, \$70; Hudson seal hat, \$15; hat of green duvetyne, trimmed with ostrich feathers, \$13; Japanese sable muff,

\$25; brocade evening slippers, \$6; patent-leather slippers, \$9; coral neck charm, \$35; gold, ruby-set smelling salts bottle, \$100; gold checkbook case, \$30; vanity case, set with diamonds and sapphires, \$410; cigarette case of jade, set with diamonds and rubies, \$230; gold handkerchief holder, \$20; shell-cameo brooch, carved with a figure representing music, \$35; lipstick holder of gold, \$17.50, and a gold band bracelet, set with pearls, \$50. An onyx desk set of seven pieces said to have been used by Miss Farrar for her private correspondence went for \$62.50. A mahogany desk brought \$110. That *sine qua non* of every New York apartment or flat that pretends to amount to anything, a gate-legged table, brought \$10—but they do say they are going out. A California redwood manuscript box brought \$3 more.

Geraldine did pretty well on pictures. She seemed to run to Venuses. A "Venus Rising from the Sea" (highly original idea) by Boucher brought \$260. "Juno and Venus" sold for \$180, which seems reasonable for so pulchritudinous a pair. This was by Francesco Albini, 1660. Introducing Mars in place of Juno cost Geraldine \$20 two and a half centuries later, for an Albini "Mars and Venus" brought but \$160. The mistress of Henry II of France did better—"Diane de Poitiers" by Laneville selling for \$200. These items were followed by costumes grouped according to operas, and the star's famous collections of fans, and her autographed "favorite songs." The costumes were those in which she actually sang in "Carmen," "La Tosca," "Manon," "Zaza," "Sans-Gêne," "La Reine Fiamette," "Thais," "Faust,"

"Madame Butterfly," "Romeo and Juliet," and "La Bohème."

Little has been said as to why Geraldine is auctioning off her goods and chattels in this common, mortal manner. We suspect, however, that it is because she would rather have the money.

A woman who was playing a bugle in the Boulevard Montmartre the other day and collecting money was recognized, just as the police were taking her to the station, as the Princess Poltcouchhof, who, a former lady-in-waiting to the Czarina, had been reduced to this to buy food for herself. A compatriot recognized her and obtained her release.

An attachment has been invented that enables stockings to be darned on a sewing machine.

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THIS "public partnership" arrangement is a source of pride with the officials of this Company. That the millions of dollars invested in this huge enterprise are only the accumulated small sums of individuals from nearly every city, town and hamlet in the state, is a fact worthy of special emphasis.

THINK OF IT! Fifty thousand people furnish the money to carry on the job—over 8000

people do the work, and 1,700,000 people are served thereby. Here is community co-operation with a vengeance.

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IN VIEW of the fact that this section now has a surplus of power, and that this Company is rapidly developing even more power, it only remains for the people to co-operate in devising ways to make greater use of power in order to hasten a greater prosperity.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The cyclist's hat blew off and a passing countryman restored it to him, thus saving him the trouble of getting off his machine. "I weally must get some stwing to keep this bally hat on," muttered the cyclist as he wheeled off without a word of thanks. The countryman had a better suggestion. "Get a nail, guv'nor!" he shouted.

The elderly charwoman was holding forth vituperatively concerning her mistress' laziness. As her indignation cranked itself along her self pity grew apace. "Not a 'and will she turn, mum," she fumed. "Not a 'and! On'y fancy, mum, yesterday she called me to take a black beetle off'n her own shoulder. And 'er supposed to be so fond of animals!"

Many examples of babu English are published from time to time, but an advertisement that appeared in the columns of an Indian paper must be among the best. Here it is, word for word: "Mahomed Osman, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterwards. A trial solicited."

Bill was telling a war story. "So we started out from Wipers," he said. "Ypres," said the old lady, very correctly. "Well, as I was saying, we went from Wipers—" "Ypres," said the old lady. "We set out, as I say, and after four days up in the line we was back again in Wipers." "Ypres," said the old lady.

The soldier stopped and looking at her pityingly. "You ain't 'alf got 'iccupps," he said.

Conan Doyle describes the experiences of two little girls who discovered real fairies in the woods. Very different is the attitude of the four-year-old son of a certain scientific man, who has lived in the country most of his short life. A visitor who took him on his knee asked, "And are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?" "No," replied the child promptly, "but there are lots of edible fungi."

Three men named Jones, all in the same line of business, opened shops next door to each other. The one on the right had the name Jones painted in large letters over the door. The one on the left immediately did the same thing. The signwriter then approached the centre Mr. Jones, asking him if he would like his name painted also. "No," said the wily one. "I want you to paint the word 'entrance' over my door."

Sambo had had the misfortune to pick out an unusually belligerent helpmeet. After three days of "moneymoon" he returned to his job looking slightly wilted and very woe-begone. His employer was facetious. "Sam, you look as if you had been in a battle." "Yo, jes' bet Ah has, boss," was Sam's mournful rejoinder. "An' what's more, it done appear that I've gone and married myself to the whole world war."

After Mr. Smith had raked his yard he took the accumulated rubbish into the road to burn. A number of neighbors' children came flocking about the bonfire, among them a little girl

whom Mr. Smith did not remember having seen before. Wishing, with his usual kindness, to make the stranger feel at ease, he beamed upon her and said, heartily: "Hello! Isn't this a new face?" A deep red suffused her freckles. "No," she stammered, "it ain't new. It's just been washed."

From Ballynea to Ballyfar the railroad is a single track. The stationmaster at Ballynea once started the train without consulting any one. While he was watching it disappear in the distance the signalman stuck his head out of his box and said, "Did ye shtart her?" "I did," replied the other. "An' me just callin' the wan from Ballyfar!" cried the signalman. The other rubbed his hands, saying, "Be gor, she'll meet her match!"

Among many amusing stories that Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson tells is one concerning two neighbors. One of them, a retired army officer, bred bull terriers, the other, a famous novelist, specialized in Persian pussies; and there was as little love lost between the soldier and the author as there was between their dogs and their cats. Presently the sol-

dier died, and the novelist, an essentially kind-hearted man, attended the funeral. The presiding parson, rather foolishly, went up to him and said: "I can not but express my surprise at your being here." "And why the dickens shouldn't I come to the old boy's funeral?" snapped back the other. "He would have been precious glad to have come to mine."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Dear Little Hand.

Dear little hand, I hold you tight  
Against my breast, while keen delight  
Takes full possession of a soul  
Lost to despair until you stole  
So softly into mine tonight.

And now my fear is banished quite  
With you my rivals I will smite,  
With you past losses are made whole,  
Dear little hand.

To you sweet verses I'll indite,  
And make them neat like this I write,  
What can't one do when such a goal  
Is to be gained? See this fat roll?  
Three acres full put this in sight—  
Dear little hand!

—P. A. Connolly in Punch.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Two engagements of interest have been announced during the week. The first, that of Miss Olive Edgington of New York to Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury, Jr., was made known on Sunday, October 15th. Miss Edgington is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Edgington of New York. Mr. Pillsbury is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury of San Francisco and grandson of the late Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury and of the late General and Mrs. Charles Taylor of Boston. Mrs. Alfred de Kopp (Miss Olivia Pillsbury) was hostess at luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Tuesday afternoon, at which the formal announcement of the engagement was made. Among the guests asked to meet Miss Edgington were Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Renée Carhart, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Agnes Shreve, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Clara Van Ness and Miss Mary Emma Flood. Miss Edgington came to California with Mrs. Pillsbury upon the latter's return from an European trip two weeks ago, and is a house guest at the Pillsbury home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have made the announcement of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, to Mr. Eugene Kelly, son of Mrs. Robert Kelly and the late Mr. Robert Kelly of Huntington, Long Island. Mr. Kelly is a grandson of the late Mr. Eugene Kelly, a pioneer Californian. Miss Baldwin is the granddaughter of Mrs. Veronica Baird and the late Captain John H. Baird. The wedding date has been set for January 6th at St. Mary's Cathedral. Miss Baldwin has spent most of the year in the East, passing part of the time as a house guest at the Kelly home at Huntington.

On Saturday afternoon, October 14th, Miss Lorraine Brown became the bride of Mr. Robert Anderson at the Laguna-Street home of her uncle, Mr. John A. Hooper. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Thorp of Palo Alto at 4 o'clock. Miss Jessie Carter of Pasadena attended the bride as maid of honor, Miss Veronica Price and Miss Ruth Westcott as bridesmaids. Little Frank Hooper was the ring-bearer. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are on a motor trip in the southern part of the state. On their return they will make their home in Piedmont.

Miss Renée Carhart of New York, who is the house guest of Miss Josephine Grant and Miss Edith Grant at their Burlingame home, was the complimented guest at two affairs on Saturday. In the afternoon Miss Mary Emma Flood entertained at luncheon in Miss Carhart's honor, asking Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Ruth Ho-

bart, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Jane Carrigan and Miss Lawton Filer. In the evening Miss Josephine Grant and Miss Edith Grant made Miss Carhart the incentive for a dinner party which they gave at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., chaperoned the party, which included Miss Carhart, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Lawton Filer, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery and Mr. Alfred Hendrickson.

Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames, who returned recently from a year's travel abroad, were entertained on Tuesday at a luncheon given by Miss Adrienne Sharp at her Pacific Avenue home. Besides Miss Drown and Miss Ames, Miss Sharp entertained Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Lawton Filer and Miss Lillian Hopkins. Miss Drown and Miss Ames will be among the first of the winter's debutantes, while Miss Sharp will be formally presented at a ball to be given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharp, in December.

Miss Marjorie Wright, the daughter of General and Mrs. William Mason Wright, who arrived recently from Manila with her parents, was the honored guest at a dinner and dance which Miss Eleanor Martin gave on Tuesday evening at her Burlingame home. Miss Martin's guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Renée Carhart, Miss Ruth Hobart, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Jerome Kuhn and Mr. Alfred Hendrickson.

Miss Helen Hammersmith, complimenting Miss Frances Lent and Miss Margaret Buckbee, two brides-elect entertained at luncheon on Tuesday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Miss Hammersmith's other guests were Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Gladys Quarre, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Julia Van Fleet and Miss Geraldine Grace.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope entertained Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy at dinner Wednesday evening in the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles G. Morton has set the third Wednesday in every month aside as receiving day at the home of the commanding general at Fort Mason. The first of these receptions took place on October 25th. Miss Elizabeth Huff, Mrs. Morton's daughter, will be in California for the second of the receptions, when she will assist Mrs. Morton in receiving.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave a reception and luncheon in honor of Mrs. David Preston Barrows of the University of California in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel, Thursday, October 26th. In

the receiving line were Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Melville Tenney, Mrs. Frank K. Mott and Mrs. Andrew M. Lawrence. The following ladies assisted in receiving: Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Martial Davoust, Miss Barrows, Miss E. S. Heller, Mrs. W. J. Gray, Mrs. Jewett W. Adam, Mrs. George H. Cabaniss, Mrs. W. W. Wymore, Mrs. Margaret Bruce Beaumont and Mrs. M. A. Wallin.

Mrs. Chase Kennedy, who will leave for the East in the near future, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Tuesday by Mrs. J. K. Nuttall at her home in Jackson Street.

Mrs. James H. Bull entertained at a luncheon party on Wednesday afternoon, complimentary to Mrs. William Dougherty, widow of Colonel Dougherty, who is in California visiting Mrs. Henry Wetherbee at Fruitvale.

On Tuesday afternoon the Misses Morrison of San Jose asked a number of intimate friends to tea at the Palace Hotel to greet Mrs. Dougherty.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## At the Columbia.

Planting a segment of homely American life upon the stage was the hope of William Anthony McGuire, dramatist, and in this he succeeded countless critics say, as evidenced by his comedy, "Six Cylinder Love," a Sam H. Harris production with a record of more than five hundred performances in New York before its westward tour was undertaken. "Six Cylinder Love" comes to the Columbia Theatre Monday night, October 30th.

John Galsworthy's interesting tragi-comedy, "The Skin Game," with a special cast, will be presented at the Columbia Theatre, November 12th. William A. Brady, in association with Reandean, Ltd., London, has brought over a company of players rehearsed in London by Basil Dean and Galsworthy himself.

## "Piety and Pie."

One of the plays to be given its initial performance at the Sequoia Little Theatre, 1725 Washington Street, which is to open its second season of one-act plays on November 4th, is an American novelty called "Piety and Pie," by Blanche Cumming, a San Francisco girl.

The play attracted the attention of the director, Ruth Brenner, at one of the regular meetings of the Playcrafters in their Little Theatre Studio, 1725 California Street, and was chosen as the American comedy on the all-comedy bill to be presented this season. The beginnings of suffrage and mince-pie, with other early colonial discoveries, are involved in the plot. There are two scenes, the witch-ridden Salem Wood and the cottage of Dame Anne. The name Anne suggests the first American woman who asserted herself for reform, Anne Hutchinson. Blanche Cumming's play shows an easy way of accomplishing the reform, without suffering the inconvenience of banishment, as Anne Hutchinson did. That is where the "Pie" comes in.

Miss Cumming's is the third local play to be given an opening in the Sequoia Little Theatre, and several others will be given later.

## The Franklin K. Lane Letters.

Dr. W. K. Guthrie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will deliver a lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, November 4th, on the "Letters of Franklin K. Lane." He will speak with the advantage of having known Mr. Lane personally and will therefore the more accurately give his interpretation of this work of current interest.

Franklin K. Lane was the finest type of American public man, and his idealistic life will be an inspiration to generations of Americans. He was a born writer, capable of pouring out his rich and diversified personality in his letters, which have a literary distinction

as marked as their historical importance. This lecture is under the direction of Paul Elder.

## Up On Pirates.

Since American readers have shown their interest in Howard Pyle by buying out several editions of "Pyle's Book of Pirates," recently published by the Harpers, it is interesting to note what his sister, Miss Katharine Pyle, has to say about the distinguished Quaker artist and his school at Wilmington: "It was after he had taught at Drexel Institute in Philadelphia that he became intensely interested in the boys and girls that he came in contact with. He felt they showed so much promise that he wanted to carry along the work he had started. First, he had a summer school at Chadd's Ford, in the old house that was Washington's headquarters. And it was really queer to see the figures in costume scattered over the meadows. There would be, perhaps, a model in the brilliant uniform of a Colonial soldier, in a field carefully selected for the absence of cattle, who would hold a rushing, hasty attitude in a motionless pose for hours. Many of these drawings were sold, for my brother liked his pupils to do practical work from the start. Later on, he built studios next to his own in Wilmington, and gathered around him a large group of men and women, who have since become very well known. Maxfield Parrish attended his lectures. Violet Oakley and Jessie Wilcox Smith studied with him. There were Sarah Stillwell, Anna Wheeler Betts, Frank Schoonover, and others."

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Josephine Tynan has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore and their family, who have passed the summer at their country home at Santa Cruz, have returned to San Francisco for the winter.

Mrs. Harry Hill, who for the past several months has traveled in Europe, has arrived in New York. Mrs. Hill will remain in New York for a month or more before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Perkins, who have made their home at the Fairmont Hotel, have taken an apartment in Sacramento Street for the winter.

### PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

33rd Consecutive Quarterly Dividend  
on First Preferred Stock

THE regular dividend for the three months ending October 31st, 1922, of \$1.50 per share, upon the full-paid First Preferred Capital Stock of the Company will be paid on November 15th, 1922, to shareholders of record at the end of the quarterly period. Checks will be mailed in time to reach stockholders on the date they are payable.

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winter. They were the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, at her Scott Street home before taking possession.

Miss Helen Holman, who has spent the past half-year in Europe, returned to her home in Stanford Court on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Quinn have closed their town house, and will make their home at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Miss Marian Dunne and Miss Marjorie Dunne recently returned to San Francisco, after several months spent in Europe.

Mrs. Ellsworth Van Patten (Miss Evelyn McGaw) arrived at the end of the week from San Pedro to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw. Commander Van Patten is to be with the U. S. S. *Arizona* in San Francisco harbor for a week, and Mrs. Van Patten will be here during that time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller are established at their home in Pacific Avenue, after an extended absence abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear are among the group of San Francisco people who have recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Denby are among the passengers on the *President Cleveland*, which sailed last Wednesday for Japan. Mr. Denby is a brother of the Secretary of the Navy.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali is expected back the first of the week. Mrs. Avenali has been in Italy for several weeks, collecting antique furniture and tapestries.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have returned to town for the winter, after spending the entire summer at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne are also in San Francisco again, having closed their home in the Woodside hills for the winter.

Mrs. Francisco de Ojeda, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Henning, returning during the week to their home in Chicago. They have been visiting another daughter, Mrs. Bliss Hermann, in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King have closed their Menlo Park summer home and returned to town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham returned to town last week from Menlo Park. They leave the first of the week for the East, to spend a month or so, returning in time for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jefferson of Santa Barbara are in San Francisco for a short time. They are returning to their home from a nine months' cruise on their yacht to the West Indies, Cuba, and through the Panama Canal.

Mrs. William McPherson Fitzhugh and her daughter, Miss Marian Fitzhugh, left the latter part of the week for a motor trip to the south.

General Charles G. Morton left last Friday for a three weeks' inspection tour of the Northwest. General Morton was accompanied by Mrs. Morton. They will motor the greater part of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis and their son, Mr. Donald Lewis, arrived on Wednesday from their Los Angeles home for a visit of some length in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ella Lee is established at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter, after a summer spent with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Seller, at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Roos are installed in their apartment in the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Charles Butters has recently returned from Europe.

Mrs. Chase Kennedy plans to leave shortly for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Léon Ross have returned from their European trip of some months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Morrison (Miss Carroll Cambon) have returned from their wedding tour, and have taken possession of their home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Harrison Dibblee and her daughter, Miss Betsy Dibblee, of San Rafael, have postponed their trip to Europe until the spring. They had planned going abroad this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller are expected to return home from abroad during the week.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin is back from Santa Barbara, where she passed the summer. Dr. and Mrs. Franklin are with Mrs. Franklin's mother, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, at her home in Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. John Tallant and Miss Laura E. Bosqui are spending several weeks in Southern California.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard and Miss Elise Houghton, who have been abroad for the past two years traveling in Europe and in Algiers and Morocco, are returning, having sailed on the Transatlantic liner *Paris* from Havre October 21st. With them is Mrs. Edward T. Houghton, who recently made a hurried trip to London on learning of Mrs. Dutard's illness there.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. G. T. Tait, Spokane; Dr. B. Robbins, Hanford; Mr. George Houck, Marysville; Dr. W. C. Wilcox, Modesto; Mr. Charles H. Bredin, Detroit; Dr. R. C. Merryman, Pasadena; Mr. H. W. Childs, Yellowstone; Dr. G. W. Pierce, Palo Alto; Mr. W. H. Hook, Los Angeles; Mr. Law T. Freitas, Stockton; Lieutenant J. H. Carson, U. S. N.; Mr. G. F. Pendergraft, Turlock; Mr. Louis Newman, Newman.

Inspired by the New York *Herald's* defense of Booth Tarkington's verbal coinage, "waspen," used to describe the slenderness of a lady's waist, a writer in the *Indianapolis News* calls attention to the word "Indianian." Why that obtrusive "i"? Mr. Tarkington does not write "waspian." He does not, as some of his fellow-townsmen do, say "portentious," "mountainous," and "stupendous"—even "stupenjuss." The true word is Indianan. The insertion of that extra "i," says Jacob P. Dunn, "is a palpable Hoosierism—using that term in its broad sense and not as restricted to Indiana."

The largest and by far the strongest of warm-blooded creatures is the whale. A specimen of the estimated weight of sixty tons has been known to tow for a whole day a steamer of 120 horsepower, with the full force of the engines working against it.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Anticipations.

I love preliminary things,  
The tuning-up of flutes and strings;  
The little scales musicians play  
In varying keys to feel their way;  
The hum—the hush in which it dies;  
But most to see the curtain rise.

I love preliminary things,  
The little box the postman brings;  
To cut the twine, to break the seals,  
And wonder what the lid reveals;  
To lift the folds in which it lies  
And watch the gift materialize.

The snowdrop and the daffodil,  
The catkins hanging straight and still,  
The blossom on the orchard trees.  
Do you know greater joys than these?  
Each represents the hope that springs  
In all preliminary things.

—J. R. J. in *Sunday Times*.

#### Toy Ships.

Oh, who would voyage on a pond  
Of lucent deeps, and mirrored blue?  
In elfin boat with samite sail,  
Of lustrous hue.

She has a mast of beaten gold,  
A keel of silver, chiseled fine;  
She is a pinnacle rarely framed,  
Of gallant line.

And who will be her crew today,  
To ride with her the rippled wave?  
Ye must be true, of honest heart,  
And spirit brave.

And, for she is a faery ship,  
Ye who would sail in her must be  
Skillful in visions, and in dreams  
Of faery phantasy.

For she is bound to distant shores,  
Where cruel snags may drag her down,  
Or where the inaccessible banks  
Rise slippery and brown.

But if ye go adventuring,  
Fair islands ye perchance may see,  
Where silken stuffs are treasured up,  
And fragrant spicery.

And from the boughs of yonder oak,  
Stanting across the water clear,  
The fluting song of myriad birds  
May charm your ear.

And yonder is a leaf-strewn beach,  
Roofed over by green holly trees,  
Where ye, sea-worm, may rest awhile,  
And take your ease.

And ye for cargo may bring home  
Gold celandine and daffodil,  
And purple violets that lurk  
Ablossom still.

Then, as she dances down the wind,  
White sails reflected in the blue,  
Sing cheerily for the faery ship,  
And jocund crew.

—Viola G. Garvin in *Westminster Gazette*.

#### The Haunted Field.

Of the long field, by the wood-end,  
There's no legend told;

Just a quiet place, and a strange place,  
From times midlittin' old.

In my raw years and my ripe years  
I've come and gone there,

And have seen naught and have heard naught  
Of ghosts, foul or fair.

In the long field, in the owl-light,  
The young lovers stray;

By the wood-end, in the sunlight,  
The small children play.

When their love's made, or their game's played,  
Mouse-quiet, home they'll steal.

They've seen naught, and they've heard naught;  
But, maybe, they feel!

In the long field, in the old days,  
'T would seem, deeds were done

That can't rest in the earth's breast,  
Nor yet face the sun.

There's no shape and there's no voice  
That some ghosts dare show—

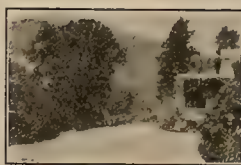
We see naught, and we hear naught,  
But, deep-down, we know.

—G. M. Hort in *Westminster Gazette*.

#### Travesty.

A monkey in a little feathered hat  
And scarlet breeches, dangled on a string,  
Climbing for some one else's penny—that  
Changes the comic to a tragic thing.  
Halfman, from whose unflattering eyes may, peep  
A secret sorrow—does he wonder how  
The world was lost, how it would be to leap,  
Careless of coppers, free, from bough to bough?  
The organ whines, the cord goes taut or slack;  
Street after street; the same old tricks again.  
Who puts us down to beg, who jerks us back  
To many a dreary, oft-repeated strain? . . .  
The stars give silver. . . . Hark! Across the  
years  
Murmurs the mighty music of the spherest  
—Leslie Nelson Jennings in the *Nation*.

The film based on Byron's life is said to have given a distinct stimulus to the sale of the poet's works.



### The Katharine Branson School, Inc.

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### COLLEGE ACTORS.

A little theatre movement, inaugurated three years ago among the students of dramatic art in Washington Square College of New York University, says the *Washington Star*, has achieved such preliminary success that it has enlisted the active support of men and women of the professional stage, who see in such innovations in colleges and universities the promise of higher standards for the American theatre.

This little theatre enterprise, organized as the Washington Square College Players of New York University, is, as a consequence, to have the benefit of the coaching and counsel of an advisory committee from the professional stage composed of men of international prominence in stage decoration, acting and producing.

The chairmanship of the committee, it has been announced, has been accepted by Louis Calvert, veteran English and American actor and producer and author of numerous works on the theatre, among them "Problems of the Actor." Mr. Calvert is now appearing in "He Who Gets Slapped," one of the Broadway successes of the last year. Other members of the committee are Dudley Digges, whose work as Jimmy Caesar in "John Ferguson," Clegg in "Jane Clegg," and in "Mr. Pim" has placed him among America's leading actors; and Sheldon K. Viele, last season technical director of the Theatre Guild, now engaged in designing sets for several productions to be seen on Broadway this winter.

Mr. Calvert, in addition to being a member of the committee, has consented to give a course of lectures in the dramatic art department of New York University on "Shakespeare on the Stage," offering an intensive study of the plays, with special attention to the interpretation of characters and to the history of the plays on the English and American stage.

Practical experience in play production, directing, and costume designing, as well as in acting, is exacted of the New York University students, who are said to be giving to the stage the same serious study that is accorded the arts, sciences, and professions. Much of this laboratory work is obtained through the work of the Washington Square College Players, under the direction of Randolph Somerville, head of the department of dramatic art in Washington Square College of the university, who formed the organization among the students. Each student is required to stage and direct at least one play as a part of his classroom work and college credit is given for these performances.

The courses given include "History of the Theatre," "Dramatic Interpretation," "Contemporary Dramatic Art," "Principles of Playwriting," and Mr. Calvert's newly installed course in "Shakespeare on the Stage."

The players this season will present three short plays written by New York University students. They have also a repertoire of twenty-five short plays, selected from the works of Lady Gregory, Barrie, Lord Dunsany, Maurice Baring, Malcolm LaPrade, Stuart Walker, Harold Brighouse, Harold Chapin, Clare Kummer, Louis N. Parker, and J. M. Synge. They will open their third season in October in a little theatre of their own built for them in the Washington Square centre of New York University. Their first public offering will be Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate." They will also be seen in A. A. Milne's "Make-Believe," Molière's "Tartuffe," in recognition of the Molière tercentenary, and six short plays not heretofore produced on any stage.

It has been pointed out that when Bobbie Burns lived and sang there were 100,000,000 persons who spoke the English language. Today there are more than 150,000,000 English-speaking persons throughout the world.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—I'm simply wild about a yacht. He—Er, how do you act on a motor boat?—*Brown Jug.*

"Our canary died a natural death the other day." "So?" "Yes, the cat ate it."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Man has always worshiped images: at first, graven; later, as he became more civilized, reflected.—*New York Sun.*

Waiter—Will you have something with your dinner, sir? Banker—Yes, that little blonde over in the corner.—*Judge.*

Proud Winner of Last Two Holes—How do we stand now? Loser of Ditto—You're two flukes up.—*London Passing Show.*

"Up to the eighth stein I am a Republican, but after that I can't keep from saying what I think."—*Munich Simplicissimus.*

Dulciverton (at the piano recital)—What is that charming thing he is playing? Cleverly—A piano, you fool.—*London Answers.*

"Yes, he's one of our best amateurs—been fencing for ten years." "What? Fencing for ten years and still an amateur!"—*Life.*

Holiday-Maker (unpacking)—Didn't you pack my liniment? The Wife—No; it was labeled "Not to be taken!"—*London Opinion.*

"Extra!" shouted a newsboy in Hollywood. And in a moment he was the centre of a seething mob of supers.—*American Legion Weekly.*

"Ah! Back from your vacation, Mr. Gloom?" "Physically, thank you," replied J. Fuller Gloom, "but not financially."—*Kansas City Star.*

Irate Professor—Young man, do you know anything about this course? Young Man—A little, sir. What would you like to know?—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Mrs. Suburbs (hysterically)—John, you thought I didn't see you, but I did. You kissed the maid. Mr. Suburbs (reproachfully)—But, my dear, you asked me to try to persuade her to stay another week. Mrs.

Suburbs (eagerly)—Tell me quick, John dear, did she promise?—*Sidney Bulletin.*

Scientists say that sleeping outdoors makes one beautiful. At last! Now we know how to account for the hobo's charming appearance.—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

"My husband is a deceitful wretch." "What makes you think that?" "Last night he pretended to believe me when he knew I was lying to him."—*Boston Transcript.*

Jack—I spent last evening in the company of the one I love best in all the world. His Sister—Indeed! And didn't you get tired of being alone?—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

"I hear you're writing plays at college, Gerald. You're getting to be a regular Shakespeare, aren't you?" "Well, yes. But you know, Shakespeare didn't go to college."—*Life.*

"Did you see a lady on a runaway horse?" "Yeah. The boss started buckin' right here." "Good heavens! Which way did she go then?" "Didn't notice. 'Wuz watchin' the boss."—*Judge.*

First Angler—This paper reports another case of a bather being bitten by a fish. Second Angler (after a blank day)—Ah, well—it would be safe enough bathing here.—*London Opinion.*

Father—Why can't you do something? If I should die, you'd have to beg for money. Son—Well, I ought to be able to do that. I've had practice enough around here.—*Boston Beanpot.*

Gillie (at the stalker's fourth miss)—No up to yere usual form the day. Stalker—No. Only just back from Africa. Elephants, you know. Can't see these beastly little things.—*Punch.*

Scotsman (offering his foreign acquaintance a drink)—What'll ye hae? Foreigner—I will take a drop of contradiction. Scotsman—What's that? Foreigner—Well, you put in de visky to make it strong, de vater to make it weak, de lemons to make it sour, and de sugar to make it sweet. Den you say, "Here's to you!" and you drink it yourself.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*



If you had \$50,000 or \$5000 worth of deeds, stocks, bonds, etc., and your business future depended on your ability to lay hands on them tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, would you dare trust such precious documents to your office safe?

We think not. Fire tonight might leave you helpless, for no office safe can withstand a hot fire.

BUT—a safe deposit box in the vaults of the Crocker Bank is proof against any fire. These vaults went through the great San Francisco fire without even scorching a single sheet of paper. For \$4 a year you can secure a box there—and you're SAFE.

## Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults

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## Today in the Bret Harte Land.

Leaving Chinese Camp, an old haunt of Harte's in Tuolumne County, and following the Big Oak Flat road toward Yosemite Valley, the tourist passes through another district made famous by the short-story master, says the *Boston Evening Transcript*. West of Moccasin Peak, which looms up to the right of the long Priest Hill grade, is Red Mountain. Upon the western slopes of this latter elevation Harte located the mythical town of Smith's Pocket in his tale entitled "M'liss." While the episode of the "pocket" was patterned after an actual one in Six-Bit Gulch, it is probable that much of the atmosphere of Smith's Pocket was taken from Red Mountain Bar or Dom Pedro Bar, two large mining towns once located on this part of Tuolumne gorge. Dom Pedro bar had 1500 voters at the time of Lincoln's first election, but it, as well as Red Mountain Bar, has entirely disappeared and soon their sites will be covered by the waters of the great Dom Pedro reservoir.

Beyond Big Oak Flat, once a big mining camp whose numerous cabins are deserted, and Groveland, now the base of activity for the Hetch Hetchy water project, is Second Garrote. Here is a famous cabin. It was once the home of J. A. Chaffee and J. P. Chamberlain, two old bachelors whose devo-

tion to each other was the inspiration for Harte's story of "Tennessee's Bartner." These venerable men have long since been called beyond, but the domicile where they lived and the ancient apple orchard they planted is still an object of interest to passing travelers. Across the road from their cabin is the great tree known throughout the section as the "Hangman's Oak." Seven Mexicans were strung up there in the days of Judge Lynch for robbing sluice-boxes, according to the tradition of the neighborhood.

In the lower Sierra on the edge of a region of weird volcanic rock is Knight's Ferry, once the county seat of Stanislaus, and a familiar haunt of Harte's. In another section of the same county is La Grange, also featured by the story teller. In the early days the country about La Grange was torn by the placer and hydraulic mining and of late years the gold diggers have dug their way through the river bottoms.

The vast tule lands of the central valley of California, the coast redwoods, and the coast hills also figured in Harte's writings, but it was the mining scenes of his earlier tales that brought him recognition and fame. And in the eyes of the world the locale of these first stories represents the Bret Harte country.

Caillou-qui-Bique, the house in which the poet Verhaeren lived, is being restored by the Belgian commune of Roisin in memory of the great Belgian.

## An Important Industry in Danger

## What the Anti-Shingle Joker of the State Housing Act Means to California

THE Burnett Bill, passed at the last session of the legislature, and known as the State Housing Act, is up for referendum in the November elections.

The bill has been accurately described as "a wood-pile wrapped around a Nigger." If it becomes law, it will be illegal for you or anybody else to build a home with a shingle roof on it—bungalow, shack or mansion—in any city, town, or incorporated community in the state of California. The anti-shingle joker would benefit hugely the manufacturers of substitute roofings, at the expense of the average taxpayer and prospective home builder of moderate means.

And it would practically destroy an industry in which millions of Californian capital are invested and which gives employment, directly and indirectly, to many thousands of people.

California is the fourth largest producer and the third largest user of shingles in the United States. Situated up and down the state from the Oregon line to Santa Cruz, there are twenty-six different mills devoted wholly or in part to the manufacture of shingles.

The State Housing Act has been publicly repudiated by the State Immigration and Housing Commission. It is unscientific, destructive to an important industry of the state, and patently against the public interest.

But it will become a law and you will have to obey it, no matter how much it costs you in money and comfort, unless you and your friends go to the polls November 7th and

**VOTE NO ON THE STATE HOUSING ACT**  
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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Vital Issue in the Governorship.

The interest that has been aroused in Mr. Woolwine's candidacy by his expression of personal views on prohibition illustrates the degree to which presumption and sentiment may override fact and logic. For, as a matter of fact, Mr. Woolwine's personal views, even in the improbable event of his election to the governorship, would have nothing to do with the case. Prohibition in the form that it now exists is a national as distinct from a state matter. The private opinion of the governor of California can not have the slightest effect upon the enforcement of the prohibitory laws. The effort to bring support to Woolwine because he is an anti-prohibitionist is no more logical than the same attempt would be on the score that he was an anti-vaccinationist. The issues in the gubernatorial campaign are vital and practical—and prohibition is not among them. They relate mainly to the costly "reforms" and practices of extravagance under which there has been engrafted upon our system a prodigious increase of expense with a vast enlargement of officialism. The two-score-and-more commissions set up under the Johnson régime have added enormously to the burden of the taxpayers. At last there has come a revolt and it has made Mr. Richardson its champion. Here is the real issue of the campaign. Shall we continue to support

a burdensome system in our state affairs, or shall we lay the knife to the root of the trouble and cut out the commissions, cut down the roster of place-holders and reduce taxation? This is the vital issue of the campaign. A vote for Woolwine on the score of his personal views on prohibition—under the slogan "red wine, white wine, Woolwine and beer"—is a sentimental expression. A vote for Richardson is a vote for economy in state affairs.

### The Living Wage.

There are some things to be thankful for, and among others is the fact that a majority of the Railroad Labor Board understands and is not afraid to say that the fallacy of the living wage "if carried to its legitimate conclusion would wreck every railroad in the United States, and if extended to other industries would carry them into economic ruin." That is courage and sense in a sentimental world, and the pennywise idealism of Edsel Ford shall not prevail against it. What is a living wage? Who shall determine it? Money fluctuates, values change with the individual need, life is never uniform, the luxuries of today are the necessities of tomorrow, the very term "necessity" has lost all meaning, different men need different things and different ways of life, progress of the race depends on such variety, and a "living wage" would never mean the same thing two months in succession nor to any two men. Especially it would never mean the same thing to any two women. In the view of our amiable sentimentalists, the guaranty of a living wage would release the human soul for higher flights. In actuality, it would do no such thing, for with a living guaranteed, the majority of men would become unconscionable slackers, industry would be wrecked, production would fall to the minimum, the nation, through scarcity, would have to go on short rations, and no soul can fly high on an empty stomach. Production is the result of work, on everybody's part, capitalist and manager and laborer included. Work is the result of some personal ambition, a little pride, a microscopic modicum of altruism which is too small to count and always will be, and about 98 per cent. anxiety and fear. It is sad, but it is so. Tenure of employment, old age guaranties, minimum wage, sure pay enough for "reasonable comfort," or a "home with a garden," are all visionary. The Labor Board is right.

### President Harding's "Whipping Boy."

There is a sordid inside to the attack made by the American Legion at its recent convention in New Orleans on General Sawyer of the Army Medical Corps. Sawyer, who is a close friend of President Harding, was commissioned by the latter to straighten out differences that have existed during the past year between the Public Health Service of the Treasury Department, the Veterans' Bureau, and the Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Homes. Between these three—or at least between the first two—there has been friction due to the fact that the government's programme for hospitalization of men disabled in the late war has not been definite. Responsibility has been divided mainly between the Public Health Service and the Veterans' Bureau. Sawyer's job was to generally coördinate the service.

The Legion, seconded by other similar organizations, demanded a large building programme—hospitals, big hospitals, more hospitals, bigger hospitals; and their demand was complicated by appeals from various parts of the country, each for the establishment of a hospital at some particular place. Members of Congress, representative of different localities, were brought to support of local demands and there followed, naturally, a carnival of log-rolling with the prospect that out of it there would come a colossal and extravagant hospital building project. General Sawyer and the commission of which he is the head undertook to put

the whole matter upon a business basis, truly a difficult job under the circumstances.

Upon study of the conditions Sawyer became convinced that the building project was a rank extravagance. He observed that the government maintains soldiers' homes at Santa Monica, California; Johnson City, Tennessee; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Hampton Roads, Virginia, and at other places. At all these points large buildings were created for the housing of homeless, aged, and decrepit veterans of previous wars. As the old soldiers pass away these homes are becoming depopulated and, as a matter of fact, all are very much larger than they need be. It occurred to Sawyer that there would be economy in taking over these old plants and using their vacant spaces for hospitals. He tried to bring about such an adjustment, but the result was a loud protest from the Legion with the charge that he was delaying the building of needed hospitals. He further found that the old soldiers' homes are managed by a national board the membership of which is largely made up of veterans of the civil war. This board proved unfriendly to the idea of a merger of the homes into hospitals under the Veterans' Bureau.

Some months back a compromise was reached, largely through modification of Sawyer's original purpose. All was going peacefully until the New Orleans convention. This convention, it will be remembered, came upon the heels of the President's veto of the bonus bill, and there were many among its members angry and resentful. On the part of an active element there was a wish to strike at Mr. Harding. To do this openly was out of the question, but there was his friend Sawyer singularly well placed to serve vicariously as a species of "whipping boy." Here is the secret of the resolution against Sawyer. To pillory him was a roundabout way of striking at the President.

No doubt President Harding understands perfectly the motive behind the demand that General Sawyer be suspended or dismissed from the service. This is made evident by the fact that he has treated the demand with the contempt it merits.

### The War Debts.

It is easy to understand why Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Otto Kahn, and other American bankers doing an international business are anxious that the United States should cancel the debts of our allies and of certain smaller nations owing to us. They have made very considerable loans to various governments and to various interests in Europe and the value of the securities resting upon these advances would naturally be enhanced if the war debts were out of the way. After the habit of bankers, Morgan, Kahn, *et al.* think in terms of money, and no doubt they have convinced themselves that the banking interest and the public interest lie in the same path. But however inspired, the views of the gentlemen named and of others similarly related to international finance have been propagated diligently in this country and there are abundant indications that they have made a profound impression in the financial centres of the country and even at Washington. It is especially notable that certain leading newspapers which very recently were preaching against cancellation are swinging around to a policy of generosity on the part of our government toward the debtor nations.

Under the standards and practices of the banking business a debt is a debt and it is either good or bad. If not collectable it has no value and may well be relegated by the writing-off process to the limbo of things forgotten. But obligations as between the nations have another character. A government acting as a banker for the government of another nation, for reasons of international politics, may not write off even uncollectable debts. Sound policy requires that a creditor nation may legitimately hold whatever actual or potential power there may be incident to the fact that it stands creditor



to other nations. It is not necessary that demand for immediate payment shall be made, but it is both legitimate and important that an obligation fairly created be kept alive. It is mere sentimentalism to insist that because a debtor country may not for the moment be able to pay its debts the sponge shall be applied to them.

This bankers' talk of cancellation comes at an unfortunate time because it tends to embarrass the work of the funding commission which has in hand the matter of adjusting our foreign credits. This commission, made up of Secretaries Hughes, Mellon, and Hoover, Senator Smoot and Representative Burton—a most excellent commission, by the way—is soon to go to Congress to ask a change in the terms of the act by which it was created. The act provides that the funding with the debtor nations must be made on the basis of complete payment within twenty-five years, and this all agree to be practically impossible. There must be provision for a longer period in which the debts may be permitted to stand, and it is for Congress to extend the time by altering the funding act. This is made practically difficult by the bankers' propaganda, which tends to create in the congressional mind suspicion of selfish motives. An appeal for extension of the period in which the debts may run is apt to be identified with the idea that there is a "nigger in the woodpile"—and this, in fact, is not very far from the truth, for it is a fact that the demand for cancellation comes from sources interested upon selfish motives in creating artificially a condition tending to increase the value of other and private obligations against European countries and interests.

It was high time that there should be an intelligent setting forth of the facts related to the war debts, and this was given by Secretary Hoover in an address at Toledo, Ohio, last week—a circumstance, by the way, scantily dealt with by the daily press which, however it may skimp serious matters, unfailingly finds space for murders, seductions, and other scandalous incidents. Mr. Hoover not only presented an authoritative analysis of the conditions, illustrated by facts and figures, but reflected the views of the commission of which he is a member and of President Harding. He places the loans due to us from twenty nations, great and small, as amounting now in principal and accrued interest to \$11,500,000,000. He points out that these debts, while commonly spoken of as due to our government, are in fact owing to the taxpayers of the country. They were made at the urgent request of the powers and under their solemn assurances of payment. He said, and with pointed significance, that the American taxpayer did not participate in reparations, acquired no territory or any other benefits under the treaty of Versailles, as did our debtors. There is no question as to the moral or contractual obligation. The repudiation of these loans, in his judgment, would undermine the whole fabric of international good faith. Summing up, he said: "I do not believe any public official, either of the United States or any other country, could or should approve their cancellation. Certainly I do not."

Proposals for further postponement of interest payments arise from the belief that certain countries can not make these payments without undue strain, and that postponement of interest would contribute to general economic stability and the more rapid recovery of the debtor countries in which every one would benefit. The British ask for no favors and are arranging their payments covering some \$4,750,000,000 of the total debt. The proposition, therefore, narrows itself to debtors on the Continent whose annual payments for interest and amortization would amount to a total of \$350,000,000. Omitting a possible percentage of hopeless debts, estimated by Mr. Hoover at 5 per cent. of the whole, the annual payments due to us from the various countries vary in their burden upon them from 2 to 12 per cent. of their governmental income. That such payments would grievously affect the debtor countries Mr. Hoover does not believe, and than that of Mr. Hoover there is no higher authority in connection with this whole matter.

Mr. Hoover rejects the theory that payments on account of interest and amortization to the extent of \$350,000,000 per year can only be made in forms that would seriously affect general economic stability. The factor of economic stability as related to the debtor countries and Europe generally requires such political and economic adjustments between the states of Europe as may yield an atmosphere of peace in replacement of an atmosphere of war. It may not be brought about

by cancellation of debts due to us or to anybody else, but must come (1) through such rearrangement of economic boundaries as will give the hope of economic survival; (2) through a reduction of armaments, not only as a guaranty of peace, but as a contribution to the balance of budgets and the cessation of inflation; (3) through creation of good-will and of a peaceful working together among the independent nations. These are the things essential to the recovery of Europe; and they will not be brought about, but may rather be delayed, by the sponging out of obligations. These obligations, Mr. Hoover declares, are trivial in comparison with the waste and destruction which should be eliminated by economic process.

It is not necessary, Mr. Hoover points out, that payments on account of interest and amortization should be made in forms or terms calculated to disturb values and thus create business distress in this country. America, now as always, is pouring into Europe enormous sums of money. The sources of this movement are the expenditure of American tourists in Europe, the remittances of immigrants in the United States to their relatives abroad, the growing volume of investment made by our people in foreign countries, interest upon investments in the United States of private citizens of our debtor countries, and other items of invisible exchange. All these combine to furnish a large supply of our money to Europe, with which they in turn can make payments for interest on debts, or for the purchase of goods from us. He estimates the total of these sums in the last fiscal year to be about \$1,500,000,000 and adds the prophecy that with peace in the world the outflow from the United States to Europe will grow constantly over the future.

Looking at the situation as illustrated in international balances during the last fiscal year it is discovered that the world shipped us \$2,600,000,000 worth of goods. This, added to the other forms of invisible exchange, gave the world a paying power to us of about \$4,100,000,000. In addition the world shipped us approximately \$450,000,000 in gold and silver. During the year we exported \$3,800,000,000 in goods. From these figures Mr. Hoover deduces the fact that in the past fiscal year the world had a paying power to us in excess of goods bought from us of about \$750,000,000.

We should, Mr. Hoover argues, have more observation and experience of the movements of the great economic forces before we jump to the conclusion that necessity exists or that any constructive results will be obtained by placing irretrievable burdens upon the American taxpayer. It would be a misfortune to the world if by such action we make the continuation of armaments as a political disturbance that much easier. Concluding, Mr. Hoover declared:

No one can be impressed more than myself with the dangers and losses to American trade and commerce from the present instability in Europe, the lowered standards of living in many areas, the reduction of the great middle class from whom the intelligence and leadership must come, the diminished purchasing power for our products, the very practical questions of fluctuating exchange in its creation of a speculative element in all international business—all of them affect our own welfare directly. Beyond all this, we are affected morally and intellectually with any of the failures of civilization. Yet, as I have said, the retrospect of the last three years is not one of discouragement over Europe's progress, and any knowledge of her productive powers belies all discouragement except war. America earnestly wishes to be helpful to Europe, but economic matters require a degree of realism that will do justice to the American people as well as be helpful to peoples abroad.

#### Questioning Mental Tests.

It has been noted in these columns that under the mental tests applied to men drafted for service in the war a large percentage fell into a class not far above the moron standard. Something only a little short of half of the whole number were reported to be in their mental condition "about fourteen years of age." This finding has been widely accepted as marking a deterioration in American life and as sounding a warning of serious import. But now comes Mr. William C. Bailey of Westport, Connecticut, with a presentment that tends to discredit the system of tests as they were applied to recruits and to question their results. He points out that the scheme of examination was based on acquirements rather than upon native powers. The first test was facility in reading. Many involved arithmetical computations. Others demanded the kind of information that school studies supply and the kinds of "practical judgment" in which the schools give systematic practice. Thus the effect of the tests was to illustrate differences in educational opportunities. All

this, Mr. Bailey contends, is related to schooling rather than to native quality of mind. Concluding, he says:

If the American people are discouraged by the alleged proofs of their "inferior" average mentality they should know that the nation-wide appraisal which the army tests provided in no way warrants the conclusion that the inferiority is either a congenital or an incurable national trait.

#### On Information and Belief.

The *Argonaut's* recommendations to voters on the proposed popular alterations of the Constitution, the San Francisco charter, and the laws follow. They do not represent infallible wisdom, but are based on information and belief. If any reader is still uncertain, he will probably do the lesser harm with his vote by voting "No" right down the list, and thus discouraging to the extent of his individual power the vice of incessantly tinkering and tampering with one of the fundamental conditions of life.

##### Constitution and statutes:

1. Veterans' Act—Vote Yes.
2. Wright Act—Vote No.
3. Veterans' bonds—Yes.
4. State land settlement—No.
5. Housing Act—No.
6. Regulating title insurance—No.
7. Tax-exempting veterans—No.
8. Protecting cities from annexation—Yes.
9. Permitting boroughs by amending charters—Yes.
10. Taxing publicly-owned utilities—Yes.
11. Putting them under Railroad Commission—Yes.
12. State budget—Yes.
13. Judges' salaries—Yes.
14. Taxation of securities—Yes.
15. King Bill in Constitution—No.
16. Chiropractic examiners—No.
17. Use of streams—Yes.
18. Combining cities for utilities—No.
19. Water and power in politics—No.
20. Osteopathic examiners—No.
21. Prohibiting special water laws—No.
22. Absentee voting—No.
23. Deposit of public moneys—Yes.
24. Lawyers' bill—No.
25. Judges *pro tempore*—Yes.
26. Inter-county school districts—Yes.
27. Raising initiative requirements—Yes.
28. Prohibiting vivisection—No.
29. Single tax—No.
30. Franchises by Railroad Commission—Yes.

##### San Francisco charter amendments and questions:

31. An impertinent futility—No.
32. Making county offices appointive—No.
33. Good sort of "private bill"—Yes.
34. Similar—Yes.
35. Governmental publicity—Yes.
36. Increasing detectives—Yes.
37. Fire and police disability decisions—Yes.
38. Compensation for registering voters—Yes.
39. Regulating voting machines, if used—Yes.
40. Foreign trade zone—Yes.
41. Highways beyond the city—Yes.
42. Official advertising—No.
43. Exempts more bonds from limit—No.
44. Leasing park concessions for five years—Yes.
45. Leasing under parks—No.
46. Raising police judges' salaries—Yes.
47. Paying back illegal taxes—Yes.
48. Selling city lands—Yes.
49. For a public service commission—Yes.
50. More pay for certain officials—Yes.
51. For a bureau of supplies—Yes.
52. Tuberculosis hospital—Yes.
53. Market Street Railway purchase—No.

#### The Community Chest.

The Community Chest movement comes none too soon. It comes as a necessity, first, in relation to community obligations, and second, as a relief from the intolerable nuisance of numberless overlapping and conflicting "drives." In San Francisco there are ninety-two "endorsed" charities—that is, charitable organizations that have been investigated by the Chamber of Commerce and hall-marked worthy. There are other agencies like the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. that disclaim classification as charities, but none the less are dependent upon popular support. Then there are the churches and multitudinous agencies of public welfare. Each of these makes an annual or semi-annual or a continuous "drive," with the consequence that the relatively limited number of habitual charitable donors are pestered beyond the limit of toleration.

The Community Chest plan seeks to apply a scientific and equitable method of dealing with community problems and obligations. It establishes a single agency for the reception and apportionment of charity funds. It cuts down multiplied forms of overhead cost. By its assured responsibility it commands the confidence of charitable givers and by its insistence upon the budget



system it prevents wastes, duplications, and the inequities inherent in the system of competitive solicitation and of unregulated expenditure.

There is in the Community Chest plan, as proved by experience elsewhere, a large and moral advantage in that it tends to broaden the charitable resources of the community by increasing the number of givers. Many withhold gifts to any because they can not give to all; many avoid putting their names on charity lists as a means of self-protection; many ignore the general appeal of charity through lack of confidence in this, that, or the other agency. The Community Chest, by the very magnitude of its organization, by the enthusiasm inspired by its largeness of purpose, by its strictly business methods, by its low percentage of overhead cost, makes wide moral appeal and unfailingly enlists the interest of great numbers of persons. Under this plan, as always, the bulk of charitable funds comes from large and generous givers, but a great moral result is attained when the appeal to the community is spread so broadly as to include thousands instead of hundreds. In San Francisco last year 58.3 per cent. of a total of \$1,100,000 given in public charity came from 1654 persons—this in a population of upwards of 600,000. It is not fair that the burden of community obligations should thus be centered upon relatively few; it is not morally wholesome when the great bulk of the population stands absolutely apart and aside from coöperation in relation to community obligations.

Under the independent and competitive system it is impossible to avoid duplications, wastes, and neglects. Where no single agency takes a comprehensive view of community obligations, and where there is no co-operation, there is enormous loss on the one hand and certain neglect on the other. These are avoided under the Community Chest plan, by which the various forms of charitable obligation are duly appraised and systematically arranged for. In Cleveland, Cincinnati, and elsewhere where the Community Chest has been long established and is in full working operation the number of donors has been increased amazingly. Formerly in Cleveland there were less than 10,000 registered charitable donors. Today there are 164,000 regular donors, with an additional 134,000 whose gifts are less than one dollar. Thus the sense of obligation has been immeasurably widened with moral reactions that have lifted the community into a distinctly better moral atmosphere.

The Community Chest plan does not prevent any donor from applying his gift to a particular purpose which for some reason commands his personal sympathies. It thus preserves the identity of donations where they may be desired. Gifts specifically made are specifically applied, and so accounted for under the budget system as to become in effect a contribution to the community fund. Where special gifts are made, as, for example, of memorial or other structures, there is scrupulous care that the application shall be in obedience to the wishes of the donor and apart from the general scheme of charitable distribution.

As it works out practically there is a material effect of the Community Chest plan that may legitimately be considered. Industry is helped and investment of capital is promoted where there is assurance that community problems and obligations are scientifically appraised and definitely sustained. For example, Cleveland has grown industrially under the assurance that the community attends to its obligations comprehensively and practically in ways calculated to promote the common welfare. It is a matter of calculation on the part of locators of manufacturing plants to establish their works in localities and under conditions where their employees may have the benefits of a systematic agency in counsel, guardianship, and relief in cases of necessity. The Community Chest plan as related to this particular interest has the endorsement of business men and large employers in every city where it has been established.

The Community Chest plan is in effect team-play in the business of charity. It substitutes intelligent co-operation for haphazard. It broadens the basis of giving; it cuts out duplications and wastes. Both to him that gives and him that receives it applies the principle of equity.

The word tariff, meaning a schedule of duties on merchandise, imported or exported, is said to come from Tarifa, a town in Southern Spain, on the Mediterranean Sea, where duties were once levied by the Moors on all ships passing in or out of the Straits of Gibraltar.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### Impounding Speeders' Cars.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 30, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Whenever a man is convicted of speeding or cutting corners, and I am inclined to limit this remedy to those particular offenses, the car which he is driving should be impounded for a period of time commensurate with the seriousness of the offense. This remedy should be employed regardless of the ownership of the car, with the one proviso that it is not a stolen car. In other words, if the head of a family permits his car to be driven by any member of his family or even by a guest and the car is driven at a great speed, the car should be impounded. Each city and town should have an impounding area and any car impounded pay storage, 25 cents a day, which should be a lien upon the car. Of course the taking away of the particular driver's license should be concurrent with impounding of the car, but in practice it would be found that the impounding of the car would be the most effective remedy yet devised.

Any one can inquire amongst our car owners to determine this fact for himself. The paying of a fine simply adds to the cost of operation of a car, and I know several business men who run cars and consider the payment of fines a part of the operation, just like the cost of gasoline and oil. You can imagine what it would mean to these men if their cars were taken away from them and impounded for three months or six months. You can also imagine what would happen when cars being sold upon sale contracts by car dealers would be impounded. You can also imagine what would happen if the family car were impounded for six months because of fast driving on the part of one of the children. I have talked with many car owners since I saw this remedy suggested and can say with absolute conviction that while they would simply joke about paying a fine they would cease smiling if their cars were impounded.

This remedy was suggested by the action now being taken to enforce prohibition. I contend that the same kind of remedy will eliminate car speeding or bring it down to the vanishing point very rapidly. I was not at all surprised the other day when a young lady went to jail for a short term rather than have her license taken away for a long period. This is a demonstration, in a small way, of the effectiveness of the remedy which I have suggested.

Very truly,  
ALBERT H. ELLIOT.

### From a Negative-Minded Subscriber.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1922.

THE ARGONAUT—Dear Editor: Whenever I see in your paper condemnation or recommendation of amendments I note the number and vote the opposite, on the principle that such a rabidly capitalistic paper is not fair.

Also I think that is weak stuff, your fling about the "German descended banker." It's out of date.

I take your paper because of its high literary tone.  
DORIS D. BENTON,  
757 Forty-Seventh Avenue.

### The Speed Maniac.

OLEMA, CAL., October 10, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Let me congratulate you on the article in your last paper in reference to automobile speeding. Your description is tragic beyond words to a sympathetic and sensitive mind. The article should be in the hands of every autoist or engraved in his car. We all love the well-disciplined, unselfish, courteous young man or woman, but when they take upon themselves the nature of the smart Aleck they become, not only detestable, but dangerous. But the speeder says, "Old Fogey, we must get there." Where? In the garage, the jail, the hospital, or the morgue?

Faithfully yours,  
DR. J. C. SHAFTER.

### Sincerity and Sentimentality

F. M. Hayes, associate professor of veterinary science at the University of California Farm at Davis, states that anti-vivisectionists are misrepresenting statements in certain bulletins published by the State University. In regard to these statements Professor Hayes says:

"Rosamonde Rae Wright, author of the argument against vivisection in the pamphlet issued by the secretary of state, entitled 'Amendments to Constitution and Proposed Statutes with Arguments Respecting the Same,' makes the following misstatement of fact in referring to Bulletin No. 229 issued by the College of Agriculture, University of California: 'Bulletin No. 229, issued by the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of California, tells us that hog cholera is caused by improper feeding, etc. A law abolishing vivisection would tend to drive the raisers of hogs to depend upon preventive measures. Sanitation, not vaccination, prevents human and animal diseases.'

"The deliberate attempt to deceive the public by the above statements is apparent upon reference to pages 2 and 3 of the bulletin mentioned, wherein the cause of hog cholera is discussed. Concerning the cause of hog cholera the following exact words are extracted from the bulletin: 'The specific cause of hog cholera is a germ so small that it can not be seen by use of a microscope. The organisms pass through the finest filters and can not be artificially grown in the laboratory. The blood and excretions, especially the urine and feces of a hog sick with cholera, are capable of producing the disease in a susceptible hog. The virus (blood of a sick hog) is highly infectious. The accessory causes of hog cholera are numerous and include all conditions that weaken the constitution and natural resistance to disease. . . .'

"The word accessory and the related statements in reference to the cause of hog cholera have evidently been overlooked or misunderstood by the author of the argument against vivisection. Any one familiar with the diseases of man and animals knows that there are accessory, contributing or predisposing factors that lower the natural resistance to certain diseases. Such causes are not responsible, however, for the morbid picture we see in the hog suffering from hog cholera. No amount of sanitation, correct feeding, etc., will prevent the unimmunized hog from contracting this disease, following proper and sufficient contact with the specific virus. Anti-hog cholera serum is the only agent that can be depended upon to safeguard the hog against this infection.

"Vivisection, within the meaning of the proposed law, made possible the discovery of a method of protecting the hog against cholera by the use of anti-hog cholera serum. Furthermore, vivisection within the meaning of the proposed law, now makes possible the preparation of this serum for the benefit of the hog industry. Thousands of hogs are protected from the tortures of the disease, the hazard of swine raising is materially reduced and the wealth of the state considerably increased by the sanitation and vaccination, rather than by sanitation alone as the proponent of this initiative would have us believe."

To teach a child to read, and not teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hand.—Charles Dudley Warner.

## THE WHITE REVOLUTION IN ITALY.

Bolsheviks Meet Their Match in the Fascisti, and Conservatism Defends Itself.

A languid young mother in a hammock was annoyed by the clamors of her little boy. "What does he want?" she asked the nurse sleepily. "He wants a bee, mum." "Let him have it," the mother said. Presently she was aroused by terrific outcries. "What's the matter with him now?" she demanded. "He's got it, mum," said the nurse.

For years the more radical socialists have longed for class war. In Italy they have it. That is the significance of the Fascisti movement. Radicalism has been having its class war, and has derived little pleasure from it. It is feeling the sharp, hot business end of the bee.

It is not a good bee—more like a yellow-jacket, and part of its ought to be in stripes. But it is the sort of bee radicalism has stirred up. That is a great accomplishment on radicalism's part, though unintentional; for the Fascisti movement is the first reactionary revolution in history. It means that in Italy the worm has turned and that society will no longer take the attack of the reds "lying down," as the English put it. In its latest phase it also means that the politicians who purpose to take it lying down because they are afraid to offend the radical vote have been kicked out of office. In Italy, conservatism has the drop on the reds.

The methods of the Fascisti can not be approved, any more than those of the Ku Klux Klan or any other body that purposes to set itself above the law. The movement has been attended by innumerable outrages—committed, let us say, by "sympathizers," to borrow an euphemism from our journalistic apologists for labor crimes in this country. Hundreds of strike headquarters and Chambers of Labor have been burned, sacked, or otherwise damaged or destroyed. Hundreds of radicals and bolshevist agitators have been killed. The number of wounded runs into the thousands. The Fascisti have stopped and searched railway trains, interfered with communications, burned socialist newspaper plants, made illegal arrests, forced elections by intimidation—sardonically compelling socialists to vote their way—and even expelled one communist, Misiano, from the Chamber of Deputies. They seem to have concluded that it is useless to reason with radicals. And they ought to know; their leader was a radical.

But while we can not approve their methods, we can approve their main economic purpose; that is, production. Whatever interferes with production (strikes, sabotage, slacking, socialistic propaganda, revolutionary plots, and the sort of government that adds to the misery of Italy by paltering with these things instead of suppressing them), Fascism seeks to destroy. It has put the bourgeoisie back into its place and set it to the discharge of its capitalistic function after it was partly dislodged and despoiled. It has taken over the government by violence, or threat and menace, and will try to conduct it. But that is a totally different story. It may not succeed. If it does succeed, and if it should accomplish a restoration of industry and welfare in commercially prostrate Italy, its sins will be forgiven, for that is a minor privilege of success, and Italy will be in a position to help the other nations of Central Europe to get to their feet. If it fails, the reds will probably come back stronger than ever.

Italy is a land governed by clamant minorities. Its politicians have spines more flexible than any spinologist or chiropractor ever thumped. They have little to learn from Tammany, and when an Italian goes into politics in New York he feels right at home. The art of governing consists in finding out which minority is making the most noise and showing the greatest force at the time; to know "which way the wind blows," they say. The politician breed seems pretty much the same the world over. The retiring premier, Luigi Facta, was accused of promising a pound of soap from a friendly factory to every supporter in case he was returned at the head of the list. He was not the first candidate to use soap.

For the first two years after the war the wind blew from Moscow, and the Italian bolsheviks were the minority that made the most noise and put up the greatest show of power. Socialism in Italy grew luxuriantly during the war, and after it. There was discontent among the returned soldiers as there is after every war, and the cost of living multiplied eight times, causing much misery. Extravagant wages and war taxes crippled industry, foreign competition had to be met. Labor organizations got into the hands of bolsheviks. Strikes multiplied and production fell to a minimum. Riots raged, with murder. Complaisant politicians in office during the metal trades strike permitted shop committees of workmen, Russian model, to take possession of such private property as cotton mills and motor factories and rubber works, on the socialistic principle that the instruments of production should be owned by the community. This included land, which was extensively turned over to the peasants. The General Confederation of Labor allied itself with the socialist party. When factory proprietors attempted to shut down their works because of unprofitable production there was a "lock-in"; a recent invention, the reverse of a strike, in which the workers persisted in working, but not very much; just as, when



there is plenty of work, they often refuse to do it—anything the great enemy, Capital, does not want at the time. The expropriation of the middle class was going forward almost gayly. Two years ago the radicals had Italy all set for the red revolt.

Then they made a mistake. They sent a commission to Russia to learn from real artists in revolution how to start it. The commission found disorganization, industrial chaos, famine, despair, a vast empire turned into a soup kitchen and fed by charity—not the seventh heaven of socialistic vision where poverty had been abolished and men toiled in love for others with no thought of self, but a land of "hunger, pestilence, and the gallows." The commission returned to Italy and made an honest report. They should be honored for it. Men don't like to reverse themselves. In this case, while they might reverse themselves, reversing the perverted opinions of the people was a far harder thing. That took the Fascisti.

Russian propaganda was active in Italy, but labor had gained a great deal, as it had in all countries during the war, and it could not see itself sawing off the limb on which it sat in order to bring to the ground a few apples of doubtful soundness out at the farther end. After the return of the commission from Russia, few people in Italy wanted revolution, and Lenin was powerless to revive their interest in its prospective delights. The great movement for the salvation of the world divided into socialism and communism, and labor went with the socialists. But it began to foresee hard times and deflation, and seems to have resolved that it must get a continuance of its advantages through the confiscatory taxation of the middle class—to extort from the taxpayers enough, in some form of subsidy, to keep the factories going on about the old scale; to provide, let us say, for "reasonable comfort." Against such spoliation the Fascisti raises its now formidable rods and axe.

In ancient Rome the lictor was the functionary that preceded the magistrate when he went through the streets, bearing a bundle of rods and an axe, to enforce respect for the official and punish offenders. When little Johnny says he "licked" the other boy, perhaps his philology is better than that of the young mother that tries to correct him; perhaps the lictor was the fellow that licked 'em. On this point the dictionary emits only darkness, but in philology one guess is as good as another. The lictor's bundle of rods with the axe sticking out of it was called the *fascis* and it was the symbol of the unity and power and dignity of the state. There is a good representation of *fascis* on the American dime of recent coinage. In Italy the term got into modern usage to designate a band, or group, many bound together like the lictor's rods, the *fascio*; the members of which are termed the Fascisti. They are not all pure and holy, and their associations are not always above reproach. In southern Italy, for example, they seem to be assimilated to the old Mafia. They have spread a reign of terror, and aside from their main object their collateral purposes, such as imperialism, military dictatorship, and the like, are of not much greater merit than the methods by which they have worked and battled themselves into a position of power. But a power they have become, and are likely to remain for a time.

It is a weakness of socialism that, fastening its attention on inequalities of distribution, it proposes to correct them by measures that would leave nothing to distribute. The leader of Fascism was a socialist, and a red of reds. Sometimes it seems as though Benito Mussolini had seen the light. How can the people eat when there is nothing to eat? The main object of Fascism is to promote a condition of security in which production can take place; which is capitalism, and this is the meaning of its efforts to suppress strikes and bolshevism, and humble the labor unions. It is at the same time violently nationalistic, and purposes to extend the limits of Italy if it can. Part of its policy is said to be the annexation of Austria. Italy has already made Austria a generous loan, and sees the advisability of some commercial and industrial approach between the two countries. Its sympathies are also with the Fiume adventure, and it hungers for the Dalmatian coast, for which Italy has always hungered, desiring the harbors on the eastern shore, especially the Albanian harbor of Avlona, or Valona, which in hostile hands would become the naval padlock on the Adriatic Sea. It is also protectionistic, on behalf of the Italian industries, which have a hard time getting along, especially manufactures, in a country destitute of coal and iron. Fascism has gathered Gabriel D'Annunzio into its personnel, and that stormy character, who must have excitement if he has to enter a monastery to get it, will bring to the movement even less of calm and deliberation than it had before. But D'Annunzio is the personal symbol of nationalism, and he naturally belongs.

The problem now before Italy and Europe is, can a party of this sort govern? Its main point of policy, that of production, is economically sound. Its leader, instead of fomenting a revolution and then evading service, accepts the responsibility of office. But criticism is one thing, government another.

The situation is altogether new. No such element as fascism has appeared in Europe to attempt the straightening out of the tangle left by the war. No party seems to have had the object of producing goods for the destitute peoples. It was said that the Fascisti move-

ment would summon to power Salandra, a cool-headed and steady old southern conservative, but his name does not even appear in the cabinet. Most of those that do are unfamiliar. The organization has shown excellent discipline of a military sort for its operations in the field, but will that avail when it enters the mazes of politics? Above all, will it stick to its principles, or step into the fatal snare of compromise which is the general curse of office? There is much difference between the task of the shipbuilder and that of the pilot. Perhaps Mussolini is qualified for both, and if he is he has his chance to show us. MORTON TODD.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children—  
But their subtle suggestion is fairer;  
Rare is the roseburst of dawn—  
But the secret that clasps it is rarer;  
Sweet the exultance of song—  
But the strain that precedes it is sweeter;  
And never was poem yet writ—  
But the meaning out-mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows—  
But a mystery guideth the growing;  
Never a river that flows—  
But a majesty sceptres the flowing;  
Never a Shakespeare that soared—  
But a stronger than he did enfold him;  
Nor ever a prophet foretells—  
But a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs,  
The painter is hinted and hidden;  
Into the statue that breathes,  
The soul of the sculptor is bidden;  
Under the joy that is felt,  
Lie the infinite issues of feeling;  
Crowning the glory revealed,  
Is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being—  
But that which is symbolized is greater;  
Vast the create and behold—  
But vaster the inward creator;  
Back of the sound broods the silence,  
Back of the gift stands the giving;  
Back of the hand that receives,  
Thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit—  
The deed is, outdone by the doing.  
The heart of the wooer is warm—  
But warmer the heart of the wooing.  
And up from the pits where these shiver,  
And up from the pits where these shine,  
Twin voices and shadows swim starward,  
And the essence of life is divine.

—Richard Realf.

### Coming Home.

(By a homeward-bound Californian.)  
Tell me something, you who know,  
Have you ever felt the thrill—  
Homeward speeding through the snow—  
Truckee—westward, down the hill?  
Do you know that hammer stroke  
Somewhere underneath the vest,  
When the ties begin to smoke  
As she plunges to the west?

Far aback the deserts lie—  
Splintered rock and cañon brink—  
Dreary wastes of alkali,  
Sage and sand and Humboldt Sink.  
All have vanished; home draws near;  
We have crossed the great divide:  
We are speeding with a cheer  
Down the home-stretch to the tide.

O, the wildness of the way!  
O, the call of bird and stream!  
O, the lights and shades that play  
Where the winding rivers gleam!  
Throw her open! Donner lake!  
Slumbers in the cup below;  
All the pine-trees are awake  
Shouting to us as we go.

Don't you see the fern-tips there  
Where the bank is lush and green?  
Can't you see the ponies flare  
Through the manzanita screen?  
Throw her open! From the wall  
Nod the lilies as we pass,  
And a thousand wild things call  
From the shadows in the grass.

Whoop! She shivers on the rail;  
How the cañons laugh and roar  
When she hits the curving trail  
Tipping downward to the shore!  
Far below the valley sleeps,  
Warm and tender: I can see  
Where the Sacramento creeps  
Willow-bordered to the sea.

O I know that sunny land;  
I can hear the med-larks call;  
I can see the oak trees stand  
Where the wheat grows rank and tall.  
Give her headway! When a son  
Rushes to his mother's heart—  
All his toil and wandering done  
And her loving arms apart,

Nothing matters. Give her steam!  
Sun and wind and skies conspire.  
Love to him is not a dream  
Who has touched the heart's desire.  
Love to him new meaning brings  
Who has felt his bosom thrill  
When across the line she swings,  
Truckee—westward, down the hill.

—D. S. Richardson.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Brigadier-General William D. Connor, General Staff, U. S. A., has been ordered to China to take command of all the American posts at Tienstin. General Connor was in command of the services of supply in the A. E. F.

Lord John Carbery, tenth Baron of Freke and Bandon, and Lady Carbery are among those whom continuous civil war in Ireland have driven to this country, the Carberys having recently bought an estate on the coast between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Lord Carbery's ancient castle at Freke has been burned and his farmland and stock demolished. Though entitled to a seat in the Lords he has been more engrossed in agriculture than politics and was among the young nobles who upheld Sir Horace Plunkett in framing the land laws. His object in coming to California is to take up orchard farming and sheep raising.

The Tennants, whether by heredity or marriage, have a way of keeping in the limelight. Mrs. Coombe Tennant, sister-in-law of Lady Stanley and Mrs. Asquith, has recently been appointed as a British delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations. This appointment with her candidacy for the House of Commons from the Forest of Dean promise her political prominence not surpassed by any of her countrywomen. She is not, however, the first woman to serve as a delegate to the League of Nations. Miss Helen Vacarascu has been the representative of Roumania for the past year, serving in that capacity at the Geneva meeting of the league.

Stanley Baldwin, who is described by the London *Times* as the outstanding personality in the movement which overthrew the Lloyd George government and also as a business man with strong leanings to art and letters, may be made the new chancellor of the exchequer, according to the latest reports from London. Last year Mr. Baldwin left the post of financial secretary of the treasury, which he had held since 1917, to become president of the Board of Trade, the portfolio vacated by Sir Robert Horne. The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, who is a member of the big steel manufacturing family of Baldwin, has represented the Bewdly Division of Worcestershire since 1908—a date that evidently marks his political début, although he was more than forty years of age. It was Mr. Bonar Law who was the first of the politicians to discover his qualities, Mr. Baldwin becoming Mr. Law's private secretary in 1916. The Baldwin interests control plants in Canada and South Wales.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Stevenson Horne, who has been British chancellor of the exchequer since 1921 and representative of the Hillhead Division of Glasgow since 1918, has been recently appointed chairman of the funding commission about to visit this country. Sir Robert is the most intimate friend of Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador at Washington. Thirty years ago they were fellow-students at Watson College in Edinburgh and their friendship has only strengthened with age. Sir Robert received his entire education as an honor student; or through scholarships, to use our native term. He selected the law, while his chum the present ambassador followed his father's footsteps as a physician. Both were teachers while waiting developments in their chosen careers. In 1910 Sir Robert was knighted, after gaining admission to the Scotch, Welsh, and English bars and forging to the front of his profession. The war gave him his great opportunity. He took service under Admiral Sir Eric Geddes and handled the transportation so successfully that the armistice found him third lord of the admiralty. He then entered politics and became a member of the lower house from Glasgow. He joined the Labor party and became the minister of that division of cabinet duties, later being promoted to the exchequer. Sir Robert is fifty-one years of age and a bachelor.

One of the figures which rise clearly from the chaos in the Near East is that of Halideh Edib Hanoum, Turkey's Joan of Arc, also called the most romantic figure in recent history. The father of Halideh Hanoum was treasurer to Sultan Abdul Hamid, and one of the most progressive men of his race. He gave his daughter a Western education, which was the foundation of her political career. She is credited with being the greatest influence next to Mustapha Kemal himself in the present Turkish imbroglio. She is described by one correspondent much in the words of the Gascon Cyrano in introducing himself as "poet, author, educator, and soldier." Halideh Hanoum's private career has been almost as colorful as her public. She has been married several times, having divorced her first husband because of the introduction of a second wife into his household. It was at this juncture that Halideh became the leader of a new generation, which rebelled against harem life. During the time of the Armenian massacres she was, according to one authority, the sole close associate of the triumvirate of dictators, Enver, Taltat, and Jemal. She lived in the harem of Jemal Pasha for two years at this time, when she had charge of the vast numbers of Armenian orphans who were subjected to Halideh's proselyting system of education. Later she was exiled to the Island of Malta, whence she escaped to Angora. She is at present riding high on the Turkish political wave, carrying on with new associates new methods of waging war against the Christians of Asia Minor.



## ROME, RUSSIA, AND SOCIALISM.

When Individualism Has Been Devoured by the Paternalistic State, Civilization Gives It Up.

If you are a Christian you feel that the decline and fall of Rome were caused by pagan vices. If an agnostic you may feel that Christianity was the villain. If you are a militarist you know what did it was race suicide; if a Malthusian it was over-population; if a protectionist it was free trade. If you believe Kenneth L. Roberts, it was too much immigration. Leigh Irvine would say it was too much law, David Starr Jordan too much war, Anthony Comstock too much women, Mr. Volstead too much wine. If you call up the board of health they will say it was malaria; if you ask the United States Public Health Service you will be told it was healthy fleas on sick rats. And although the Roman Empire was addicted to all these debilitating diversions, this reviewer is disposed to greet with three rousing cheers the testimony that its fall came about largely through the paralysis induced by socialistic laws. The thing is quite plain. Socialistic laws will paralyze society, and a paralyzed society will die. And Rome did not so much fall, as it just naturally and tragically died. With it died civilization, at least in Western Europe, and humanity in that region plunged into the long night sagaciously designated the Dark Ages. If a lot of sentimentalists and idealists in this country and Europe can have their way, humanity will make the same high dive again. And one thing to be noticed about high divers is that they fall faster than they climb back.

The thesis that it was socialism is to be found in "Rome and the World Today," a refreshingly new and critical book by Herbert S. Hadley, professor of law in the University of Colorado. Now a professor, when real, is likely to have a good point of view, whether he possesses experience of actualities to support his conclusions or not. But Professor Hadley has larger qualifications than the average faculty member. He was once attorney-general and after that governor of the great state of Missouri. If wisdom be the flower of affliction he ought to look like a bed of pansies. Any man that has had to govern three and a half million Missourians should know what he is talking about when he talks about government.

The book is well conceived, on the theory that the lessons of history might be practical. The effort to enforce the author's views are energetic and direct. It is necessary to begin somewhere, so he begins with a survey of the growth of Roman legal institutions, and points out certain essential differences from our manner of administering justice. The Twelve Tables of the Law are gone, no one knows where, like the pair of tombstones on which Moses brought the Ten Commandments down from Sinai, but something is known of what they must have contained. The evolution of adjective law, or procedure, is traced and the slow improvement in the conception of human rights. Law was the glory of Rome that refused to die, and today more people obey the principles of Roman law than obeyed them in the time of Justinian. Roman law is the law of the greater part of mankind.

By the time of Augustus Caesar the Roman state had weakened critically, and according to Professor Hadley it would probably have fallen into ruins then, had it not been for Augustus. Augustus is his hero, as a constructive statesman who brought order into the public life of an empire; and unlike Gibbon, who brands him as a crafty tyrant, Professor Hadley claims for him high character and that essential of statesmanship, practicality. He says:

The glorification of Julius Caesar by subsequent historians and writers is the more remarkable in that he does not figure largely in the literature of the Augustan age or in the writings of the historians of the first and second centuries. Augustus was, in the judgment of contemporaries and successors, the founder of the empire. He was the second, as Romulus was the first founder of Rome. It was Augustus and not Julius who made the name "Caesar" a synonym of authority. The Caesar of Horace and Virgil's poems is Augustus and not Julius, and the Caesarea of biblical history and the other Caesareas throughout the empire were named for Augustus.

Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon have been regarded as the great empire builders and conquerors of history. While they were all great generals, it is to be remembered that Alexander's empire died with him and Napoleon's empire ended with his defeat. Julius Caesar conquered Gaul with an army of only forty thousand men and any capable general could doubtless have accomplished the same result with less sacrifice of human lives. It should also be remembered that Augustus brought a larger extent of territory, more people and more wealth under Roman rule than did Julius or any other leader in Roman history. And yet his claim to greatness is in his work as a statesman rather than as a conqueror or a general. In this field the magnitude and duration of his services make comparisons difficult.

In his youthful rise to power and in his ability to adhere, undeterred by difficulties and defeat, to a definite plan and purpose he resembles the younger Pitt. In the character and leadership that he gave to the empire that he founded and in the impress that he left upon its life and purposes and ideals, he belongs in a class with George Washington. The work of modern empire builders like Cavour and Bismarck seems inconsequential in comparison. Augustus once in discussing with a friend the career of Alexander, whom, strange to say, he greatly admired, remarked that he could not understand why Alexander, at the age of thirty-two, should have wept for more worlds to conquer and that he "was surprised that Alexander did not regard the right ordering of the empire a heavier task than the winning of it."

Augustus is credited with vital services in the develop-

ment of Roman jurisprudence and we are given these glimpses of his constructive work and his personality:

But more important was another reform that Augustus effected. By designating certain juriconsults as entitled to advise a *Judex* as to the decision of a case and requiring that the *Judex* follow their opinion, he brought into the administration of Roman law, for the first time, a public official corresponding in authority and position to the judges in England and America. Henceforth Roman law was to develop along scientific lines, based on human needs and experience. The official responses or decision of the officially designated juriconsults must also have greatly influenced, if they did not, as a matter of practice, control the edicts of the praetors. And with both the praetors and the referees, who decided the cases, directed by those learned in the law, its harmonious and logical growth was assured.

Augustus also had a sense of humor, the real test of which is to be found in one's ability to enjoy a joke upon one's self. Of him is told the story of many a monarch since, of meeting a young man who bore to him a striking resemblance. When Augustus asked him if his mother had ever been in Rome, the young man replied in the negative, but assured Augustus that his father had often been there. Augustus accepted the answer in good grace. When an old soldier asked him to appear for him in court, Augustus offered to have one of his friends represent the soldier. The latter said, "When you were in danger at Actium, Caesar, I did not get a substitute, I fought for you myself." Augustus consented to appear.

A professor of economics once said, "If you wish to learn the value of a thing, try doing without it." The value of Rome appeared when Roman authority had decayed:

The suggestion that the development of the civilization and culture of the different provinces, particularly in western Europe, naturally tended to produce separation and division is not to be taken as an expression of opinion that the breakdown of the Western Empire was a desired or beneficial result. It was one of the greatest misfortunes and calamities that ever befell mankind. The calamity was not so much in the fall of the imperial government as in the breakdown of civilization that accompanied it. No one can read the story of the Middle Ages with its ignorance and superstition, its oppressions and outrages, its lack of progress or apparent hope of progress, without appreciating how the world suffered during those dark and dreary centuries. It has hardly recovered from the effects of those years even in the enlightened civilization of the twentieth century.

Slavery, immigration, and the encroachments of barbarians introduced new ethnic elements, with no machinery for Romanization—we had almost said Americanization. Confronted with new problems arising in this way, the Romans yielded to the law-passing mania, and began to multiply bureaus and commissions and Water and Power boards in antique forms. The devotion is thus indicated:

Rome had no general system of public education to instill into these new citizens the principles and ideals of Roman civilization and when dangers and evils caused by the infusion of alien populations manifested themselves, efforts were made to correct them by the enactment of laws. In the codification of Theodosius, one can almost see these Barbarian tribes coming in vast numbers into the empire, both as invaders and immigrants. Every new condition thus produced required a new law and every new law required a new official or bureau to enforce it. Finally the machinery of government became so cumbersome and so complicated that in the increasing incapacity and disorganization of the times it almost ceased to function at all.

This is one of the dangers that confront the American people today. The practice of creating a new bureau or commission to deal with every new problem of government or to correct every real or imagined evil is likely to give us a vast and burdensome bureaucracy that will prove to be more of an evil than those which it was created to correct. We should leave the solution of some of our problems to the people without the aid of official direction.

The meddlers grew adept at meddling, and the more they were permitted to meddle the more they found to meddle with; and we get this picture of theatrical censorship, and the flapper, in the ancient world:

Boys were prohibited as a part of the new regulations from indulging in the license and dissipations of the Lupercalia; women were required to occupy the least desirable, because the most distant, seats at the gladiatorial shows and prohibited from attending the athletic contests. Why they should be conceded a long-distance view of men trying to kill each other, but denied the right to see a foot race or a wrestling match is difficult to understand.

As a part of the same effort at reform, the theatre was made a subject of regulation. Indecent displays and what might be termed "local gags" and political allusions were prohibited. An actor named Stephanio was, as a public warning to others, beaten with rods in three theatres for bringing on the stage a Roman matron with her hair cut so as to make her look like a boy. This is one of the earliest examples of an official effort to prevent "bobbed hair." To speculate on how the Roman world of this period would have regarded one of our modern "girl shows" would place too heavy a strain on the imagination.

In Rome the impetus of reform regulation, unchecked by historic experience, soon began to enslave the individual to society and condemn all his goods to public use. Not Lenin and Trotzky could have been more thorough:

Many of these efforts to legislate virtue and industry into the people, and prosperity into trade and commerce, are of interest and importance, but only one series of laws can be considered here. The existence of the collegia or guilds formed by those in various trades, occupations, and employments has already been referred to. Under Augustus and his successors during the first and second centuries they were tolerated with a mildly repressive policy. But in 230 A. D. Alexander Severus gave them a distinctly legal status, something in the nature of our public utilities, by requiring all to become incorporated. In connection with this legal recognition, they were given a monopoly of their respective trades or businesses and required to perform certain public services free of charge. Thus the importers of grain, organized as a collegium or guild, were given the sole right to import grain, and required to do what the government had theretofore done—furnish grain to the poor free of charge. The compensation for this free distribution was secured by an increased charge against the general public. Each member of the collegium was proportionately bound to the performance of this public duty on the basis of his capital and business transacted.

No Thomas Jefferson arose to remark that that government is best which governs least. Their idea was

that that government is best which does the most meddling. It is an easy idea to entertain, and especially fascinating to those who lack the imagination to understand that progress goes on automatically, as the sum of individual endeavor, if you will just let it, and the more liberty the faster.

Rome had "no mother to guide her," so she went the whole distance:

When men, finding this law burdensome, sought to withdraw from the guild, a law was enacted prohibiting the withdrawal of capital once invested in the business and of profits arising therefrom. When men abandoned their property to escape its burdens, the responsibility was transferred to the remaining members of the organization and to any one who should purchase the property of a member. And when these measures seemed likely to fail, the enrolling of men of means in such organizations, with their property liable for the duties imposed, was made compulsory. In 270 Aurelian made membership in the collegia compulsory for life and increased the number engaged in public service by providing for free distribution of wine, pork, oil and salt, and bread in place of wheat.

In the next century every member, all his sons and all his property, were inalienably attached to the collegia and by an act of 369 all of a man's property, however acquired, was declared to be the property of the organization of which he was a member. When members sought to escape the burdens thus imposed by flight, by joining the army or a minor collegium, or even by selling themselves into slavery, acts were passed requiring that not only one's sons, but one's sons-in-law, should become members of the collegium of their father or their wife's father and all their property become liable for the performance of its official duties. And thus was the right of private ownership of property practically brought to an end, thus did "the empire become an immense gaol where all worked, not according to tastes, but by force."

Dill, one of the ablest commentators on conditions during the later empire, says:

"Not only has an Oriental monarchy taken the place of the principate of Augustus, but an almost Oriental caste has made every social grade and occupation practically hereditary, from senator to water man on the Tiber or the sentinel at the frontier post; and human nature is having its revenge in wholesale flight from a cruel servitude."

The butcher, the baker, the freighter, the sailor, the importer, the wine dealer, all who touched in any way the service of the public were bound to their calling from generation to generation. Further, the members of the municipal senates, the *Curiales*, were organized by law into collegia and made responsible with all their property for the performance of public duties, including the collection and return to the imperial government of all taxes.

To complete the economic and industrial straitjacket, Diocletian issued in 301 the famous edict of prices which, engraved on stone, was set up in every market place throughout the empire. A maximum price was fixed for every commodity of trade and maximum wages for every service whether by a common laborer, an experienced lawyer or physician. There was but one penalty for a violation by a charge in excess of the official price list and that was death, both for the one who asked it and the one who paid it. Trade was thus forbidden to fluctuate and no allowances were made for differences of conditions of production or transportation. This and other untoward influences practically ruined the commerce of the empire. The depreciation of the currency strongly contributed to bring about a return to a system of barter and men no longer bought and sold on credit or with the aid of money.

The picture of the ruin of the world's greatest empire by paternalistic legislation is thus completed:

These laws establishing a system of caste, destroying the right of private ownership of property, denying to a man of talent and ability the right to advancement or extra reward for his services, brought upon the Roman world a social, industrial, and economic breakdown that was the natural result of these efforts to run counter to the inflexible rules of human nature and the inexorable laws of supply and demand. Then, as always in the history of the world, have such efforts not only failed, but produced a melancholy train of misery and misfortune. Hope and ambition were banished from the hearts and minds of men.

So the "fall of Rome" was not a fall at all. It was the result of a social, political, and economic breakdown such as we have witnessed in our own time in Russia. And it is an interesting coincidence that as socialism caused or largely helped to cause the breakdown of civilization in the largest empire of modern times, so socialism largely contributed to the breakdown of civilization in the greatest empire of the ancient world. The "fall of Rome" was not such a "fall" as that incident to the Norman conquest in England or that of the Manchus in China. It came as the result of social disorganization and decay produced by infusion of alien populations, a disregard of moral and economic laws and the failure to provide proper methods for restoring the natural wear and tear of a highly organized government and society.

Among those that find diversion in discovering the real cause of the fall of Rome, Professor Hadley is conspicuous for breadth of view, in that he is willing to concede that there may have been something after all which his explanation does not explain. But he has certainly presented a graphic parallel between Rome and Russia, which all civilization at this juncture would do well to consider. And he is optimistic enough to say:

There is no reason why society and government should not continue from century to century if we will learn the lessons of history and direct our efforts and activities in harmony with natural laws. The forces and influences that make for conservation and growth must be maintained in the ascendancy over those that make for deterioration and decay. It is depressing to feel that all efforts to establish and maintain enduring social systems must fail, as it is inspiring to think that through representative government, social and industrial justice, education along proper lines, and the mastery of forces of nature through applied science, our civilization can continue unaffected by the periods of old age and decay which limit the lives of its members.

It is to be hoped this is not mere optimism. "If we learn the lessons of history"; that would be encouraging, if we learned them. The *Argonaut* recently published an article by Commander Daniels, retired, in which he said: "There is no authentic case on record where the United States took to heart the lessons of war." Are we any more likely to take to heart the lessons of peace? Professor Hadley seems to hope we may. At least, he has done what a professor and a patriot should.

ROME AND THE WORLD TODAY. By Herbert S. Hadley. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending October 28, 1922, were \$165,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$127,300,000; an increase of \$29,200,000.

Overshadowing all other developments in the investment field recently was the tremendous success of the first long-term refunding operation of the Treasury Department. It was of course inconceivable that, under existing conditions in the credit market, a 4 1/4 per cent. government bond running

Treasury could not have done better than have fixed a rate of 4 1/4 per cent. on a long-term government bond in peace times. Undoubtedly he could have sold a 4 per cent. bond issue of \$500,000,000. On the other hand his problem is a bigger one than that of raising half a billion dollars. It contemplates refunding a total of \$1,800,000,000 Victory 4 1/4 per cent. notes. The present operation is designed to take care of \$870,000,000 notes called for redemption December 15th. Next May an additional \$930,000,000 will mature. It is at least open to question whether a 4 per cent. bond would have proved sufficiently attractive to have absorbed such a large sum. In offering a rate which was certain to prove attractive to the public Mr. Mellon made sure of success where failure would have been disastrous.

Another point to be borne in mind is that it was desirable to make the rate sufficiently attractive to invite conversion of Victory 4 1/4 per cent. notes into the new bonds. Finally the Secretary of the Treasury had to contend with the competition of tax-free state and municipal bonds with which the investment market has been flooded this year. Having been so fortunate in his first long-term refunding operation, it is entirely possible that Mr. Mellon will attempt a 4 per cent. bond when he brings out his next offering, which is expected within a few months.

It was inevitable that the emission of \$500,000,000 long-term 4 1/4 per cent. government partially tax-exempt bonds should cause some price readjustments in the investment market. However, those readjustments were attended by a minimum disturbance of values. The chief reflection was found in the old-line, low interest rate bonds of corporations. The prices of those issues declined from fractions to more than a point. That was because it was self-evident that if the government established a 4 1/4 per cent. rate on partially tax-exempt long-term bonds there was small excuse for entirely taxable bonds of private corporations to sell on a basis to yield investors only 4 1/4 per cent. or thereabouts. Liberty issues had already discounted the new bonds. There was some selling with the purpose of switching. However, the Liberties held well around par while the new 4 1/4s, as expected, commanded a slight premium selling on the Curb Exchange on a "when issued" basis.

A fact overlooked by many investors is that Liberties have a slight advantage over the new bonds in regard to taxation. Some confusion existed at first on that point, but it now is definitely known that the refunding 4 1/4 per cent. bonds are tax exempt only up to a principal sum of \$5000. Liberties, on the other hand, are exempt up to \$130,000 if consisting of all 4 1/4 per cent. bonds and up to \$160,000 if the holder includes \$30,000 converted 3 1/2 per cents. That exemption obtains until July 2, 1923. Thereafter they will be tax exempt up to a principal sum of \$55,000 until July, 1926. Not until the last-named date will tax exemption be restricted to \$5000 Liberties.

Private financing last week was light, although a few offerings were made after bankers learned the government loan would be heavily oversubscribed.

In the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific merger order the people of the Pacific Coast are not as much concerned with who possesses the Central Pacific as they are with what effect on transportation service will follow from separation of the two roads.

It is generally urged by the shipping public that the present arrangement is satisfactory and the consensus of opinion that no good, but probably a great deal of harm, can follow from tearing the Southern Pacific to pieces.

Shippers express the fear, and there seems to be good reason for it, that the numerous additional interchange points, necessary to deal with two railroads instead of one in ordering cars, affecting settlement of damage claims and kindred transactions—vexatious to shippers under the best conditions—that would result from separation of the Central from the Southern is bound to impair the service if not ultimately result in rate increases.

Separating the Central Pacific and Southern

Pacific would theoretically create two roads, but it would not build a new mile of track nor open up a new foot of country nor give the competition of two railroad systems.

No one knows who would get the Central Pacific if it was sold. Neither can any one know what character of service or rates could be furnished by the Central Pacific operating alone or in conjunction with some other road.

When the question is disposed of before the Interstate Commerce Commission it will be settled for a long time, so now is the time to consider it and act wisely. How it is settled may be of the gravest concern to the Pacific Coast. We know what we have now, but we do not know nor can we well foresee what we shall have if the present Southern Pacific system is broken up.

In the absence of any popular demand for state development of hydro-electric resources, it is certainly up to the little group of self-appointed guardians of the public welfare who gave the birth to show substantial reasons why the people should stand great risks involved in their \$500,000,000 water and power scheme.

So far advocates of the proposed amendment have confined themselves to rosy promises of "power at cost" and "no taxes" and so on that are not supported by the act itself. They have made vague charges that California's development has been backward because of improper use of our hydro-electric resources, but these charges are nullified by the incontrovertible fact that nowhere is power so cheap nor so plentiful as in California.

Half a billion dollars is a huge sum, and the idea of mortgaging all the property in the state to support a bond issue of that amount is repugnant unless some very real benefits can be absolutely assured. To entrust the uncontrolled right to spend \$500,000,000 of the people's money to five men whom the people can not elect involves a risk too great to be taken unless a fair chance for some benefit is shown. So far the propagandists for the Water and Power Act have proved neither a demand for it nor a possibility of any great return from it. The reason they have not done so is obvious—the people of California have absolutely nothing to gain from the proposed amendment and everything to lose.

The risk of heavy losses and increased taxes that it entails is enough to defeat the Water and Power Act overwhelmingly. Even if this risk were minimized the folly of handing so huge a sum as \$500,000,000 to an autocratic board of five men empowered to spend it as they see fit and authorized to create a political machine that would be more powerful than the people themselves is apparent enough to condemn the measure utterly.

The fourth anniversary of the ending of the war approaches under circumstances—so far as regards return to a normal political and economic position—whose influence on the public mind appears to be alternately that of creating extreme perplexity and of causing profound discouragement. Nearly as long a time has now elapsed since the armistice as was occupied by the period of warfare itself, yet the disorganization caused by the great conflict presents itself to the minds of many observers as having reached a stage of greater confusion than at any time since Germany laid down her arms, says Alexander Dana Noyes in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Possibly the events of the past few months have not produced the same sense of disappointed hopes as was caused by the situation of a year ago. The world had then hardly emerged from the period of mistaken inferences and premature hopefulness which had marked the first year of returning peace, when removal of earlier apprehensions of a general collapse of existing institutions had been followed by a twelvemonth's illusive commercial prosperity, due to over-expanded credit and to necessary purchase of goods to replenish exhausted stocks. Today the more prevalent attitude may perhaps be described as one of cynicism over the prospect of any return to political or financial equilibrium.

To this feeling the series of futile conferences by European governments, the increasing financial anarchy of Central Europe, and the attitude of entire aloofness of the Ameri-



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can foreign office towards the affairs of Europe, have been the main contributing influences. The fourth year of peace ends with all European paper currencies, excepting those of neutral Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Holland, at a discount from normal parity ranging from nearly 10 per cent. in England to more than 99 per cent. in Germany, Austria, and Poland.

In England it finds unemployed labor, although much reduced from the percentage of nearly one-quarter of the trade-union membership which it reached in the middle of 1921, nevertheless running as high as 15 per cent., as against an unemployed percentage of barely 1 per cent. in the first half of 1920 and an average of less than 2 per cent. in 1913. The economic condition of Central Europe, where governments have resorted, with complete disregard of consequences, to meeting the public deficit by printing of new and increasingly depreciated paper money, has



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reached a stage so utterly unfamiliar to the present generation that the inference has been drawn, even in many financial circles, that there can be no end of the resultant wild confusion, except economic collapse, political disintegration, or both.

While this was happening, the conflicting ideas and policies of the French and British governments regarding Germany seemed at times to be straining the Anglo-French Entente. The United States, though remote from these immediate complications, had been confronted with a labor dispute so formidable that at one time even government officials talked privately of a possible stoppage of all manufacturing industry and of a "social revolution." The absence of clear ideas of the economic situation and of our own country's relation to it had been shown, first by enactment of the highest tariff schedules in our history, at the moment when we were pressing European governments to pay to our treasury the war debt, which could not be paid except with the help of shipments of mer-

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from twenty-five to thirty years would not be fully subscribed, says *Commerce and Finance*. On the other hand it is doubtful whether even the most optimistic bankers foresaw that such a bond would be oversubscribed three times. It might have been supposed that, coming on the heels of the tremendous new financing this year which had reached several billions of dollars, an emission of half a billion of government securities would have tested the absorptive capacity of the country even though the terms of the issue were un-

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expectedly favorable. That the offering should have resulted in such a veritable scramble for the new bonds is striking proof that the capacity of the investment market is yet far from exhausted. Equally impressive was the demand for the new bonds from small investors.

In view of the instantaneous success of a 4 1/4 per cent. government bond, the question has been asked whether the Secretary of the

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chandise such as the tariff bill was endeavoring to prohibit, and next by a vote in Congress (fortunately blocked by the presidential veto) for distributing some billions of dollars to the soldiers of the European war, at a moment when one of the most difficult debt-refunding operations in our history lay immediately before the treasury.

I have purposely emphasized these discouraging aspects of the economic situation, in order that the offsetting considerations—if there are any—may be fairly balanced against them. In such a discussion it is always necessary first to keep carefully in mind the lapse of time which all past experience has proved indispensable to recovery from a great economic strain. Even after one of those familiar financial and industrial crises, which recur in ordinary times at intervals of twenty

unexampled strain on public and private credit; diversion during four years from their normal channels of productive industry and international trade; and, along with this, such recourse to burdensome taxation and to paper money expedients as is quite without parallel in the history of the world.

When, therefore, both political and economic unsettlement is seen today to be continuing—when the fourth year after the armistice and the second after the breakdown of the machinery of over-inflated credit have elapsed without evidence of return to normal activities in trade, finance, and industry—it may at least be said that we are only repeating history. If recovery from the reaction following what we call the recurrent financial crises in time of peace has thus been delayed, it would hardly be reasonable to look for an earlier recovery when we have not only to retrace the steps taken in a period of overdone speculation and promotion, but to rebuild the structure of capital and credit torn down in the economic recklessness of a great war.

Four years after return of peace is a short space of time for that achievement. It was in 1869, almost exactly four years after the ending of the civil war, that the utter disorganization of our paper currency received its most powerful demonstration in the long-remembered "Black Friday" panic, when the gold value of the American paper dollar fluctuated wildly in a single day between 75 and 60 cents, and when mercantile business came temporarily to a standstill. The president of the United States, in a formal message to Congress, had officially declared it to be "just and equitable" that interest payments on our war debt should be stopped and the amount previously devoted to that purpose be applied to reduction of the principal. In the same year the House of Representatives, by a large majority, had resolved that, notwithstanding the heavy depreciation of the outstanding paper currency, "the business interests of the country require an increase."

Financial and economic conditions in Europe during 1819, four years after the ending of the long French war, were in many respects more confused and chaotic than at any time since Waterloo. England tried to resume gold payments on her currency during that year, and failed; the achievement did not become possible until three years later. France had borrowed in the London market the funds to pay the war indemnity assessed against her; as a consequence, the value of all other French securities had collapsed. Continental Europe was confronted with grinding poverty; in particular, a decline of more than 75 per cent. in the price of wheat had brought international commerce to a halt. For commercial England it was a year of bankruptcies; for industrial England a season of angry labor disputes with resultant paralysis of production; for political Europe a period of uprisings against established governments, which were believed at the time to threaten the stability of existing institutions.

Now comparisons of this sort prove little except the fact that, in the world's experience of the longer past, recovery from the economic consequences of a great war has occupied a considerably longer time than the four years which have elapsed since 1918, but that, notwithstanding such disappointment of financial hopes (for there were people then, as now, who would have had the economic status quo restored in a year or two), the process of recuperation was none the less going on steadily. In those two periods of recuperation after war, the reader of history will probably allot fifteen or twenty years before financial, commercial, and industrial conditions as they existed at return of peace had been readjusted to a normal footing. But the

essential fact is that they were thus readjusted, and that the signs of returning prosperity invariably came into sight at a moment when there appeared to be the least hope for them. Whether that necessary interval of recuperation ought to be shorter now than in those earlier years, because of the greater power and facilities of accumulated capital, or longer because of the vastly more complicated machinery of production and credit which was deranged or shattered in the war, is another matter. It does not affect the question how far the world at large has already actually proceeded during the four years since 1918 on the road to economic recovery.

When we look for tangible evidence on this question, we are confronted at once by some curious anomalies. If by economic recovery we mean resumption of production and trade on the pre-war scale, great activity in finance and industry, full employment for labor, then Germany is the one European country which has made and is making the most rapid forward strides. England, France, and Italy, not to mention the so-called European neutrals and the United States, are admittedly in the grip of trade reaction. Even Great Britain's foreign trade stands far below the physical volume, not only of 1913 and 1912, but of 1919 and 1920.

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years or so, and which result from over-expanded credit and production during times of peace, complete recuperation from the resultant industrial paralysis usually occupies at least half a dozen years. It was not until 1880 that the traces of the panic of 1873 had wholly disappeared. The wreckage of the panic of 1893 was not fully cleared away until 1900. When the great European war began in 1914 neither home nor foreign markets had entirely regained the ground lost in the economic reaction after 1907.

Yet these periods of forced readjustment were merely incidents of normal financial and industrial history. The lost ground which the economic world is nowadays laboring to recover was sacrificed under far more destructive influences. What we now have to make good again is the most prodigious waste of capital, between July, 1914, and November, 1918, which the world has ever seen; a wholly

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He will know how to distinguish between the rant of the demagogue, and the constructive criticism of the clear thinker, which every utility welcomes. He will learn that the purpose of the utility is to serve and he will permit nothing to interfere with that service.

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The record number of words sent in one minute by the Morse code is forty-nine.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Books about the East multiply on all sides. The epidemic, in fact, is almost as contagious as that of South Sea literature a year ago. In addition to Mr. Somerset Maugham's purely artistic, impressionistic treatment of the Celestial country, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, we have received, in the last week or two, three other books concerned with various phases of the newly-discovered, oldest continent. "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom," by James Reid Marsh (Little, Brown & Co.; \$3), is a handsome volume of the gift variety that seems to our uninitiate eyes to give a representative if perhaps too attractive picture of the Far East. Judging from the photographs of temple roofs and battlements, of marble boats and porcelain pavilions, and Oriental farms and gardens, one would suppose the Middle Kingdom the most paradisaical spot to be found in the three dimensions of a mundane existence. Unfortunately for the too easy attainment of such undeserved bliss one remembers the first-hand reports of other travelers less enamored with the romantic and aesthetic quality of the oldest extant civilization. But, after all, most of us do not go to China and we should be grateful to Mr. Marsh for supplying us with such an innocuous substitute.

Two other books deal with the political and economic aspects of modern China. "The Problem of China," by Bertrand Russell (The Century Company; \$2), "sometime professor of philosophy in the Government University of Peking," is primarily a study of the effects of Western influence on Eastern civilization. Mr. Russell traces the interactions of these modern political currents and—as his brief is plainly for China—emphasizes the dangers of foreign aggression there while developing the importance of China's contribution to the West.

The third of our China books has the interest of being the work of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, ex-president of the Republic of Southern China—though one hardly dares speak even of that institution in the present tense in view of China's frequent political *volte-faces*. As a first-hand account of Sun Yat-sen's activities—and his original significance was as the leader of the revolution when the idea of a republic was first agitated under the dowager empress, from whom, in fact, Sun fled with a price on his neck—"The International Development of China" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.50) has the value of an historical source book. A feature of the book is a large folding pocket map—most delightful adjunct of any volume.

But the devotees of Far Eastern interpretations do not limit themselves to the mainland of Asia. Literature on Japan is also rife. E. P. Dutton, notably, having lately published two books of Japanese origins, one of which, "Subjects Portrayed in Japanese Color Prints," by Basil Stewart, is not only the most complete treatise on the subject in English, but is one of the most intrinsically valuable books of art published in recent years. The other, "In Lotus-Land Japan," is far more of an exposition of national psychology than the average travel book is or

can ever hope to be. It has been frequently said that casual travelers are beyond their rights in printing their impressions of a country, often based on faulty observation and almost always the result of lacking opportunity. Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, author of "In Lotus-Land Japan" (Dutton; \$6), is a vehement protester against travelers of this ilk. Undoubtedly, "to understand all is to love all"; and though few have the opportunities of Mr. Ponting in cultivating this benevolent art, many of us may profit by his efforts. Still, with all the good will in the world to all the races therein, we can not help feeling that people who live long with this or that race always earnestly endeavoring to understand, to forgive, and to love, may end by sometimes conferring the benefit of the doubt too generously. The criticism does not apply particularly to Mr. Ponting's patiently sincere interpretation of the Japanese people. We simply throw it out as a precaution towards keeping the balance in all well-meant attempts to see eye-to-eye with other races.

R. G.

## Notes of Books and Authors

Two posthumous books by Lord Bryce are to be published in the near future. One is the promised volume, "Memories of Travel."

The late Mr. William H. Hudson and the late Mr. Edward Thomas were great personal friends and their work had great points of resemblance. The later years of Hudson were spent in Cornwall, a county which he liked. When Thomas went away to the war, never to come back again, he had a house in Hampshire. It was a grief to Hudson when he heard of Thomas' death, and he helped to make his books better known than they were. A volume of posthumous essays by Thomas is appearing soon, and on the night he died Hudson was writing a preface which, though unfinished, will appear in it.

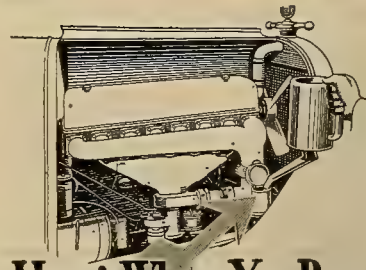
A new and beautifully illustrated edition of the works of Jane Austen issued recently by the Duttons is another proof of her continuing vitality. This new edition is complete in six volumes, which are sold both separately and in the set, and it has sixteen lovely illustrations in color by C. E. Brock, an English artist known as an illustrator of many eighteenth and early nineteenth-century books.

The ten best plays during the past season as selected by Burns Mantle in his third annual of the American stage, "The Best Plays of 1921-1922" (Small, Maynard & Co.), are: "Anna Christie," by Eugene O'Neill; "A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane; "Dulcy," by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly; "He Who Gets Slapped," by Leonid Andreyev; "Six-Cylinder Love," by William Anthony McGuire; "The Hero," by Gilbert Emery; "The Dover Road," by A. A. Milne; "Ambush," by Arthur Richman; "The Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham; "The Nest," by Paul Gerald.

A small sheaf of letters from John G. Whittier to Elizabeth Lloyd of Philadelphia will shortly be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It is one of the most interesting

literary "finds" of the year. Whittier's friendship with the young Quakeress was known to his biographer, Pinckard, but apparently he did not know that Whittier had twice proposed marriage to her. The letters are marked throughout by a shyness and reserve, a Quaker quality that gives them both individuality and charm.

Ion Luca Caragiale, the representative man of letters of Roumania, was the son of an actor and a peasant woman whose personality is said to reflect the spirit of his country. In three years he rose from an inefficient proof-reader to a successful author—even as did our own Sinclair Lewis. Despite the fact that he was a radical in politics he was a friend of the late liberal leader, Take Jonescu. He was a passionate advocate of freedom of the press, an epicurean, a humorist, and a mystic. He had flashes of genius, but never properly capitalized them. Four comedies, one drama, and about a hundred sketches are all that he ever wrote.



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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Bill the Bachelor.

Danish Mackail has all the desirable attributes of a writer of light fiction. He has just enough humor, pathos, romanticism, and whatever the other traits are to suit all readers of that indispensable class of literature, whether they be habitués or merely tired people looking for a mental vacation. Mr. Mackail supplies it, with not a little zest thrown in. "Romance to the Rescue" was very good in this line, but as his publishers justly assert, "Bill the Bachelor" is better. The latter, Mr. Mackail's third and latest novel, preserves the balance in the elements of popular fiction enumerated above so adroitly that one is apt to lose sight of the essentially light, humorous quality of Mr. Mackail's work—the acid test of true comedy. "Bill the Bachelor" is in fact a thoroughly satisfactory employment for a leisure evening, a few hours' train travel, or a period of the blues.

BILL THE BACHELOR. By Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

The Importance of Bird Life.

Studies in natural history are very much to the fore nowadays. Perhaps the belated popularity of William H. Hudson's book has something to do with this particular kink in the book curve, but at least books on birds and beasts in general and the fauna and flora of certain regions in particular are prevalent. It may be merely one of the many reactions of the war. A late contribution to avian studies is "The Importance of Bird Life," by G. Inness Hartley, a writer who merits a word of introduction on his own quite aside from this capable book. He is a grandson of George Inness, our preëminent national landscape painter, and has quite evidently inherited his illustrious ancestor's close relationship with nature. "The Importance of Bird Life," however, is not so much on the Fabre style of research into minor forms of life as an economic and evolutionary survey of the significance of bird preservation. The average lay reader will acquire a foundation of bird lore that will rationalize his ideas on many things from domesticated fowls to feather factories.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BIRD LIFE. By G. Inness Hartley. New York: The Century Company; \$2.

On a Chinese Screen.

Mr. Somerset Maugham has been traveling in the Orient—perhaps he is there still and there may be yet other literary results of the sojourn—with "On a Chinese Screen" to show as the fruit of his travels. This daintily-named volume is a collection of an immense number of Chinese thumbnail sketches, concerning which Mr. Maugham writes:

"I wrote these sketches while I was resting in my chair on the road in China, or going down one river or another in native craft. They were merely potted down as material for future work, rather than with any thought of publication; from day to day, as an odd character came across my path, or as a scene or an incident impressed me; and on re-reading them, I reflected that the reader might just as well make short stories, novels, and plays, and save me a great deal of trouble."

The results are more than raw material for stories and plays, Mr. Maugham to the contrary. They are finished products, but of the pastel or hasty etching type, and we suspect, are far more interesting presented in this extempore fashion than they would be if worked for all they are worth. The ensemble incidentally is a vivid if rather kaleidoscopic picture of present-day China.

ON A CHINESE SCREEN. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

The Greek Lyric.

Lovers of Greek poetry will welcome this first of the three volumes of the Greek lyric, which Mr. Edwards is preparing for the Loeb Classical Library. In the forty years since the fourth edition of Bergk's "Poetæ Lyrici

Græci" appeared, our slender store of these precious fragments, thanks to the discoveries made by the Egyptian Exploration Fund and similar societies, has grown to such an extent that a new edition has been long overdue. Mr. Edmond's three volumes when completed will go far toward supplying this want. They will contain all the fragments, except those of a merely paleogeographical importance, from Eumelus to Timotheus.

Volume I includes the Greek texts and translations of Terpander, Alcman, Sappho and Alcaeus, together with the ancient accounts of such early poets as Olympos and Thaletas, of whom we have no surviving fragments, and "the chief passages in ancient literature which throw light on the life and personality of the poets and their literary reputations in antiquity." The Greek text is equipped with an apparatus criticus, and the English translation is accompanied by brief explanatory and illustrative notes. The volume has complete indices of authors and subjects and a table of cross references to older editions of the fragments.

The English translation is readable and fairly literal where it is prose, and abominable where it is verse. It is hard to understand why scholars who translate poetry persist in turning it into doggerel when ordinary prose would be better.

LYRA GRÆCA. Volume I. The Loeb Classical Library. Edited and translated by J. M. Edmonds. London: William Heinemann; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

New Books Received.

A WORLD WORTH WHILE. By W. A. Rogers. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3.

A record of "Auld Acquaintance" with an introduction by Booth Tarkington.

BATTLES AND ENCHANTMENTS RETOLD FROM ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE. By Norreys Jephson O'Connor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. Irish folklore.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1921-1922. By Burns Mantle. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2. And the Year Book of the Drama in America.

THE JUST STEWARD. By Richard Dehan. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

"A story of the lure, the mystery, the occult power of the East."

LAUGHTER LIMITED. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75. By the author of "West Broadway," etc.

ANN AND HER MOTHER. By O. Douglas. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.75. The story of a Scotch parish.

THE SUN CHASER. By Jeannette Marks. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company; \$1.75. A play in four acts.

CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1921. Edited by Frank Shay. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$3.75. A companion volume to "Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays."

APPRAISEMENTS AND ASPERITIES. By Felix E. Schelling. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2. Contemporary comment.

RED ROBIN. By Jane Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75. Juvenile.

PETER COTTERELL'S TREASURE. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75. An adventure story for boys.

THROUGH THE CLOUD MOUNTAIN. By Florence Scott Bernard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50. With eight color illustrations by Gertrude Kay.

ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE. By Miss Mulock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3. Gift edition.

SUBJECTS PORTRAYED IN JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS. By Basil Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$40. A collector's guide with list of artists, reproductions of artists' signatures, publishers' seals, and actors' crests; bibliography and index.

THE GLAND STEALERS. By Bertram Gayton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75. A comedy of today.

THE NEXT TO NOTHING HOUSE. By Alice Van Leer Carrick. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$2.50. With sixty interior views of the house.

DAVID THE DREAMER. By Ralph Bergengren. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$2.50. Juvenile.

WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5. A picturesque history of the feminist movement during the French Revolution.

THE GENOA CONFERENCE. By J. Saxon Mills. With a foreword by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE. By Augustus Thomas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$4. The story of a playwright who began his career working on a railroad.

LETTERS OF JAMES GIBBON HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50. Collected and edited by Josephine Huneker.

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2. Literary studies.

THE LOVE LEGEND. By Woodward Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75. A novel.

DICK AND LARRY, FRESHMEN. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60. A novel for boys.

POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM. Chosen by Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.50. An extended and revised edition illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.

WHAT YOUR HAND REVEALS. By Henri Rem. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5. Translated from the French.

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. A new novel by the author of "The Broad Highway."

THE CHARM OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM. By James Reid Marsh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3. "Intimate glimpses of the East."

THE FUN OF BEING A FAT MAN. By William Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents. By the retuned editor of the New York World.

THE BRIGHT SHAWL. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2. A novel.

KING ARTHUR'S SOCKS. By Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. And other village plays.

GLIMPSES OF AUTHORS. By Caroline Ticknor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50. Episodes of literary life.

DAVID IVES. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75. A story of St. Timothy's, a boys' boarding school.

ARIEL. By José Enrique Rodó. Translated with introductory essay by F. J. Stinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75. An essay by one of the foremost philosophers of South America.

THE WAY OF POETRY. An anthology for young readers by John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY. By A. Frederick Collins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.60. Popular chemistry.

LOYALTIES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1. A drama in three acts.

THE PENITENT. By Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. The first of a trilogy of novels that will picture the crumbling of Russian civilization beginning in



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"SIX CYLINDER LOVE."

This jolly little comedy was written to the taste of the average American citizen, which means the man who buys an automobile. It is wholesome, salutary, yet breezy, and full of American humor; a brand which tickles the ribs of our quieter Anglo-Saxon cousins as well as our own.

We have some cause, indeed, to plume ourselves on a form of humor which can sugar pills of propaganda, gild the inculcation of domestic morality and business ethics, and make people laugh delightedly even while they are learning something.

Perhaps people are not really learning, in "Six-Cylinder Love," so much as clinching what they already know. For the play, in the pleasantest, breeziest, and most amusing way, points out to the average citizen that if he buys an automobile before he is financially ready for it he is going to stagger under a load as heavy as that borne by Atlas. Yes, and very much like it, for to own an automobile without being sufficiently heeled means to buy with it a very large package of worldly cares.

In "Six-Cylinder Love" we find ourselves in the society of those American families of moderate means who own small country bungalows with infinitesimal backyards; something about the same size as their bank account.

An automobile is a peregrinating edifice, and so, when a bungalow owner with a bank account that requires a magnifying glass to be seen buys an automobile he has two establishments with all their financial responsibilities. So we find, in "Six-Cylinder Love," which shows the cheerful, whisky-swizzling, cigar-abstracting, dinner-snatching brigands who prey upon the car-owner who knows not how to snub cheerful effrontery, drives his car for him, flirts with his wife, and runs up bills to his account at roadside restaurants.

I confess to not knowing the brand, but one recognizes the vaimsemblance and realizes that the comedy has grim truthfulness behind its cheerful, amusing front. For it is written in humorous vein, the dialogue is brisk, and witty, and one is tickled by the types: the newly-weds, with the innocent bride who instinctively vamps her new possession, the innocent husband who adores being vamped, the born salesman who sells automatically and by instinct, the cheerful but slightly soured old paterfamilias whose sin has been his too great indulgence to his greedy womankind, and the flock of "cushion lizards," who live in their friends' automobiles, board at their expense, and get their exercise by dancing at road houses. Of course this picture of life as she is lived during this age of a terrestrial paradise stuffed with automobiles, telephones, and ready credit is touched up to hues somewhat higher than those of life; but there is enough truth in it to make it grip more deeply into your amused and interested response.

And an excellent company and clever stage direction makes the action, as well as the dialogue, skid gayly over well-oiled rollers.

There are several old acquaintances in the company, William Friend giving a genial representation of the jolly old family man whose humor has acquired an edge since he has acquired an automobile. Clem Bevins as William Douroy, the automobile salesman, is a sort of commercial Uncle Sam, his depiction of Douroy's business talents and instinctive shrewdness, his dry yet penetrating humor, and the indication of a lurking heart under the business-toughness hide delighting by its truth to life.

Miss Nellie Burt, with her pretty, chattering voice of spring-like freshness, and the artless artfulness with which she makes the young newly-wed beguile common sense and hard-earned dollars out of her husband's pockets, is a delectable figure in the comedy. And Kingsley Benedict, who plays the husband, not only enters with spirit and humor into the comedy of the situations, but when life's rainstorms blow down the walls of his little paradise the young actor revealed himself as a player of dramatic force and sincerity; one who could touch hearts and win sympathy.

Mr. John H. Elliott, another familiar presence, gave the necessary element of shrewd kindheartedness to the old business man who knew how to administer a needed lesson, and six or eight other players rounded out competently an excellent cast, among them being Maureen Olson, the pretty actress who so

cleverly played the purring, scratching cat in "Nice People."

A full auditorium testified to the local appreciation of a well-heralded play. And the audience reaped a fine harvest, not only of laughter, but of the enjoyment of seeing common-sensical ideas attractively, humorously, and gayly presented.

A good company is always enjoyable if you give them a play. And there are an unusual number of pleasant personalities in the company. Even that attractive pair, the smiling janitor and his equally smiling wife, won our pleased regard.

As for the very wealthy, they will be amused to see how nearly modest prosperity shaves poverty, and business men will chuckle over the sudden deals that spring up. In fact "Six-Cylinder Love" is an amusing comedy reflex of life as she is lived, even daring to show its more serious possibilities, and the reflection is that of the life of today.

### "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK."

The world moves on, but melodrama stays by us. The public likes it, especially sentimental melodrama, to which class belongs Goodman's "The Man Who Came Back."

Speaking as a jaded critic I find the first act is the best, because it is realistic and is lightened with real humor. And the idea of the wrong that is done the child of wealth by feeding him on limitless streams of gold appeals to one's reasonable convictions.

The cabaret scene brings in sentimentality and melodrama, which stay on the job until the end. I think the audiences are delightfully thrilled by the scene in the opium joint; but to my taste dimly lighted, opium-flavored degeneracies should not be too long drawn out. There is a suggestion in this act of the old-fashioned Eden Musée chamber of horrors, of which a little, to a fastidious taste, will go a long way.

The pinery, with the two sinners clothed and in their right mind, offers the virtue of contrast. Fresh air, outdoors, an agricultural occupation, and energy and industry certainly provide a welcome change. But the playwright shows both sinners threatened with a relapse. Certainly we have no right to think that people who have wallowed in Oriental slums are going to find it any too easy to "get back."

Of course they do get back eventually, to the vast delight and sympathy of everybody all round. And son downs the old man by his moral victory, and there is a surprise at the end, which always sends an audience off blissfully happy.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Armstrong were both very good as, respectively, the father and son, Robert Armstrong contriving, through all the winding ways of sin, to invest Harry Potter with qualities that attracted likeableness and sympathy.

Peggy Allenby is a little crude in her acting, but she is young, and has plenty of time in which to develop. She did quite well, and she has some pretty graces of girlhood. Edyna Davies gives some snap to Olive, Allen Atwell cleverly differentiates his two separate rôles of the "Chink" and the Jap, and Norman Cope was effective in the rôle of the dissolute Englishman.

Although "The Man Who Came Back" is a revival, the theme seems to appeal to the average theatre-goer. There is a certain minor tone in the sentiment of the play similar to that in "The Bird of Paradise" which wins a response, and quite a large audience at the Curran on the opening night—and large audiences are scarce these times—was abandoning itself to the enjoyment of melodramatic thrills, of sentimental sympathy, and of a due proportion of laughter.

### "CHIMES OF NORMANDY."

This tuneful little opera is excellent material for revivals. It will, apparently, never enter on the long rest destined for so many of the operas bouffes of its period. That was a fruitful time for pieces of this type when "The Chimes of Normandy" was born, and something in the story, some essence of drama, together with the appealing tunefulness of the music, gives it perennial vitality.

Its attractive quality is shown by the fact that about two years ago its unfading qualities attracted the attention of the directors of both the French and the Players Theatres, who, to their dismay, found themselves reviving it simultaneously. It has been a wise choice for the Rivoli this week, as it is comic, dramatic, and deliciously melodious.

I was not surprised to find that Ferris Hartman did not clown the part of the old miser. Ferris Hartman is a competent actor, and is not cast in a mold. As a result he gave a dramatic and forceful portrayal of the ancient madman, refraining from the inartistic overemphasis that the otherwise bouffe atmosphere of the piece might have caused in an actor of less judgment and experience, and giving the weird scene of midnight madness its due atmosphere.

Lillian Glaser and John Van gave excellent dramatic and vocal interpretations to their rôles of Germaine and Grenichaux, and La-

vinia Winn's somewhat self-conscious comeliness was well placed in the rôle of Serpolette, whose rural conception of the airs and graces of a puffed and powdered marquise was given with spirit and humor.

Rafael Brunetto's baritone was employed with agreeable effect in the picturesque rôle of the Marquis, and that reliable pair of singers, Nona Campbell and Robert Carlson, although not cast in the opera, figured as a sort of musical gift to the audience, in that they sang a duet which was introduced, and in which the two singers appeared to advantage.

The choral numbers were much enjoyed, their fluent tunefulness sending the audience forth humming many echoes of them.

### "ENTER MADAME."

This play, by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne, which had a spectacularly long and successful run in New York and was the means of putting Gilda Varesi, who played the rôle of the temperamental heroine, at one bound into the limelight of the New York stage, is now being presented at the Plaza by the Stage Guild. And since history has a trick of repeating itself, the play has done the same good service to Medea Radzina in San Francisco that it did to Gilda Varesi in New York.

Medea Radzina is an actress who has been living in domestic retirement since her marriage, after considerable experience, following her training in the Art Theatre of Moscow, as a player in that theatre, and as a successful actress in the European picture-play world.

The Stage Guild was very fortunate in securing her for the rôle of Lisa Della Robbia, the volatile and emotional opera singer who has married an Anglo-Saxon, and whose wide divergence from the type of average women of his knowledge has caused her husband's affections to undergo a slump.

The idea of the play is to exhibit the fascinating, unreasoning, absorbing and trying being whom Gerald Fitzgerald has married in all her delightful volatility and variety; to show how vain it is for Gerald to try to break his chains when Madame elects to enter the lists and contest for his affections with the lady who wishes to supplant her.

Gilda Varesi, I should judge, got some suggestion of her idea from "The Great Lover," revived here within a few months by Leo Ditrichstein, in which an operatic tenor is similarly exploited as a fascinating, irresponsible, and lovable child of impulse.

"Enter Madame" is a play of theatrical effect rather than of psychological subtlety. It gives a diverting picture of an opera singer at home, in the atmosphere of domesticity, in which she is about as adaptable as a brilliant butterfly. It shows her household, and the artless democracy of her servants, who adore their mistress and live in her smile; revealing, at the same time, the essential and ineradicable differences between her nature and that of her son and husband. "Enter Madame" is a better play than "The Great Lover," which has too much bustle, too many characters, and is altogether too theatrically arranged for effect. "Enter Madame," which frankly belongs to the same class, is, however, more in the line of simple humanity, and the attention is not diverted, as in "The Great Lover," from the main group of characters by a lot of people who do not have any particular bearing on the plot.

A very careful selection of players has been made beginning with Medea Radzina, who has many qualifications to lend her figure the brilliance due to Madame Della Robbia. Medea's Radzina's Russianness, her strong

accent in English speech, her foreign appearance, and her ebullient temperament all join to make her almost if not quite an ideal Madame. It has been said of her that she outshines Gilda Varesi, who underplayed the part. As a contrast to this criticism on Gilda Varesi it might almost be said of Medea Radzina that she overplays it. At any rate there is something of redundancy of gesture and inflexion that induces a slight sense of fatigue. Mme. Radzina is almost too strenuous in some of her scenes, and yet, as Madame sat at her supper-table, facing her cold-blooded rival, whose character supplied an excellent contrast to that of her own, the Russian actress was very effective in her silent acting. That is one of the points that

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she learned at the Art Theatre of Moscow, where they have always laid great stress on the art of dramatic pantomime.

In respect to appearance she has good features, a markedly foreign physiognomy, and is very good looking, but not beautiful. The word "pretty" doesn't come in. Her features and character expression do not blend with the word "pretty." Mme. Radzina is rather petite, light, and quick in her movements, and lights up beautifully in evening dress. She has beautiful hands with exquisitely tapering fingers, whose grace and variety of gesture express the vivacity and histrionic urge of an invaluable temperament.

In respect to personality the actress is richly gifted; also vocally, her voice having a rich, luscious quality that suits her rather dazzling personality. Which reminds me of another vulnerable point. When Madame was supposed to be suddenly excited, pleasurable or otherwise, the actress' voice lost its delightful quality and rose to a note of shriekiness, which invariably caused her utterances to become partly or altogether unintelligible.

In all other respects, however, she was quite a brilliant, compelling figure in the rôle; so much so, indeed, that it is evident that in securing her for the rôle of Madame the Plaza people made a big catch that has come nearer to filling their theatre than either of the two plays previously presented.

"Enter Madame" has the usual good support, Mary Morris and Irving Pichel subordinating themselves in small rôles, Sam Hume somewhat mellowing a rather dry and inexpressive personality in the rôle of Gerald, while Mildred Martin, formerly of the Players Theatre, came out quite strong in the rôle of the pretty but coldly malicious rival. Two excellently played rôles were those of Madame's maid and chef, played by Virginia Sciaroni and Lloyd Corrigan, and Irene McSwain, Dan Totheroh, and Kichino Nishino did good service, the latter winning a glad hand from the audience by his graphic representation of the wrath of an outrivaled cook.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

"The Man Who Came Back," which has been holding forth at the Curran Theatre, will enter upon the second and final week of its local engagement with the performance Sunday night. There will be a matinee Saturday.

This drama has renewed its success of three years ago in San Francisco, and is continuing to draw large audiences. The production is up to the standard set by William A. Brady. The company is headed by Robert Armstrong and Peggy Allenby, assisted by others, including Allen Atwell, J. K. Hutchinson, Edyna Davies, Maxwell Driscoll, H. M. Switzer and Cora Calkins.

At the Columbia.

J. J. Gottlob of the Columbia Theatre, who is in New York completing bookings for the next several months, announces that the list will prove the finest offered by any theatre in the West.

Following "Six-Cylinder Love" will be seen the notable international success, John Galsworthy's "The Skin Game." Then comes Mitzi in "Lady Billy," to be followed by David Belasco's production of "The Gold Diggers," Charles Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones," the revival of "The Merry Widow," May Robson in her new play, William Gillette in "Dulcy."

Judging from the applause and comments of Columbia Theatre audiences, "Six-Cylinder Love," the current attraction, a comedy by William Anthony McGuire presented by Sam H. Harris, has made a distinct impression on local theatre-goers. The story of the play especially interests those who own automobiles, those who wish they did, and those who might own one some day. There are but few serious moments in the play, but these are filled with eloquent drama.

Kingsley Benedict, Nellie Burt, Clem Bevin, William Friend and John H. Elliott come in for large shares of the applause which is nightly bestowed at the Columbia Theatre.

Departing from custom, the Columbia Theatre offers a special performance of "Six-Cylinder Love" Sunday evening. The usual matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

John Galsworthy's play, "The Skin Game," will come to the Columbia Theatre, November 13th, under the management of William A. Brady, in association with Readean, Ltd., of London.

The Orpheum Next Week.

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre are a popular vaudeville team. Their latest production, "Honeysuckle," serves to introduce their daughter, Leila Hyams, and an excellent supporting company.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin are remembered for their work in musical comedy and for their vaudeville act, "1970." Their new act is a satire on mind reading.

V. and E. Stanton, "The English Boys from America," as this famous pair call themselves, have some comedy that is refreshing and new. Their eccentric "stepping" is in keeping with their characters.

Jack Norton is one of the country's foremost comedians, and was last seen here in "Bubbles." He and his company present Hugh Herbert's latest musical comedy, "Recreation," which is good fun enlivened by snappy songs and dances.

Crisp stories, odd little songs, skill at the piano and striking individuality are the trump cards of Mr. Leo Beers, who returns from a trip around the world with a mass of new material.

Monsieur Adolphus comes from the Opéra Comique in Paris, and brings with him Grace Eastman, an American danseuse, in a really artistic production entitled "Bohemian Life."

Jack George is an old-time blackface comedian who does some fine characters in burnt cork. He is assisted by a pretty little French girl.

The Snowden Sisters are two dainty misses with looks and talent. They present "Vaudeville à la Carte."

Municipal Pop Concert.

The first popular concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, to be given under the auspices of the municipality at the Exposition Auditorium next Wednesday evening, November 8th, promises to fill the hall. This is the first time in the musical history of America that a city has ever sponsored such a praiseworthy undertaking, and that the public appreciates the opportunity of hearing the best of music at a reasonable price is demonstrated by the sale of season tickets, which is just concluding, at Serman, Clay & Co.'s.

Louis Persinger, concertmaster of the orchestra, will play the violin solo incidental to Saint-Saëns' "The Deluge," and Uda Waldrop will occupy the console of the great municipal organ in the concluding march, "Pomp and Circumstance."

The orchestra will be augmented to one hundred men. The concert will begin at 8:20 sharp, and the programme is as follows:

Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner  
Symphony in B Minor, "Unfinished".....Schubert  
Carnival in Paris.....Svendsen

Prelude to "The Deluge".....Saint-Saëns  
Violin Solo, Louis Persinger  
Two Hungarian Dances.....Brahms  
Liebesleid.....Kreiser  
Liebesfreud.....Kreiser  
March, "Pomp and Circumstance".....Elgar  
Uda Waldrop at the Organ

There will be 2000 reserved seats at 25 cents and 6000 at 50 cents.

The St. Francis Recitals.

An exponent of the all too seldom heard art of the chanteuse is Mona Gondre, the petite French singer who will offer her droll folk songs and ballads at the second of the Alice Seckels' matinee musicales, to be held November 13th. Her repertoire consists of folk songs in French and English, some of the former being very old.

Gondre is accompanied by Elise Sorelle, who in addition to the piano plays the harp with rare charm, and will contribute several solo numbers. With the semi-informal setting of the Colonial Room of the Hotel St. Francis, where their matinee will be given artists should prove a musical treat.

cis, where their matinee will be given artists should prove a musical treat.

Sherman, Clay & Co. are selling single tickets for the Gondre-Sorelle performance, as well as subscription books for the balance of the Alice Seckels series.

Sponsored by a group of society women, an interesting recital is arranged for the Italian Room of the Hotel St. Francis on the evening of November 16th, when Henry Schlee will give a Kipling dramatic recital.

Schlee, who is an Englishman, but has spent the greater part of his life in the Far East, is a devoted student of the poetry of Rudyard Kipling, and his recitals—he has been giving several privately at the University of California, Mills College, and some of the leading schools—have met with a response whose enthusiasm has prompted the arrangements for this public recital.

Tickets for the recital, which is under the direction of Alice Seckels, have been placed on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.



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## VANITY FAIR.

No use talking, New York society does enjoy its charity work. It appears to include some of the most altruistic people on earth. One recent day a lot of them assembled on the estate of Mrs. William A. Reed, near Purchase, Westchester County, to help the poor. It was a noble illustration of devotion and sacrifice, and not one complaint of the heavy burden of the day was heard. The loving service of humanity was given definite direction by William Muldoon, who has reconditioned some of the greatest business men of the country, and saved many a poor, near-paralytic millionaire from a timely grave. Mr. Muldoon had transported to the estate a stage with some dressing-rooms and a sixteen-foot ring. This ring was not for the philanthropists, but for some twenty-eight prize-fighters of national reputation as widely extended as New Jersey to batter each other in, while the philanthropists sat in comfortable seats and applauded with daintily gloved hands the bruising and rending tactics of the three-round principals. Among the debutantes thus favorably brought to the notice of society were Joe Gans, Johnny Dundee, Pancho Villa, Harry Greb and Kid Norfolk, all doing their blushing best in charity's sweet name, all willing to bleed, but more willing to make the other fellow bleed, for the sake of the poor and needy. The bouts were to have gone four rounds, the regular ham-and-eggs limit, but there were so many of these he-

maidens to be presented that it was necessary to reduce the time. For three rounds, then, they slammed each other in the slats, banged each other on the bezer, beamed each other, broke each other's beaks, and helped the poor wonderfully. Only one real *faux pas* was made, although that was repeated. The referee at intervals yelled "Break! Break!" He should, of course, have said "Gentlemen, please, I request you to separate." His use of so vulgar a word in such refined surroundings had a curious result. One society lady summoned Mr. Muldoon and asked him to "Stop that brute. He's ordering those young men to break each other's arms and legs." Mr. Muldoon quieted the dowager with the assurance that "break" was a mere brutality of the ring, and they would, unfortunately, get over it. The soiree was conducted by the

Westchester County Children's Association, on behalf of sick and crippled children. The sick and crippled children were wonderfully assisted. Society was edified. The ham-and-eggs got their ham and eggs. Everybody happy.

The Barber Supply Dealers' Association has been having a convention at Chicago, and evolving some aids to the ancient and helpful craft of barbering. Sad to say, these aids seem to take the direction of making it less helpful and therefore less honorable. One of the new devices is the come-back hair-cut—a hair-cut guaranteed not to last more than a week or ten days. It is accomplished by a slight trimming, and a smoothing of what is left with a sort of salve that reduces the bulk and makes it appear like a sure-enough cut.

With the hardware shops of the world flooded with cheap German clippers, with which a not too particular man can have his hair well cut by his wife, one would suppose the barbers would exercise a little sense in order to keep a little trade; and perhaps some will. Not all mulcting of the public is profitable. And it developed at the convention that the old-fashioned individual shaving mug is coming back, the kind that used to stand in solid ranks with gilded rims and pink roses, and some of the chastest mottoes ever heard of, perhaps to cleanse the atmosphere. It gave an intimate, personal touch to things, made it feel homelike, to know that your own mug was being lathered out of your own mug. It seemed more sanitary. The tips of the barber's fingers, however, with which he rubbed in the soap, belonged to him alone.

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To industry it means that every time 25 horsepower is harnessed in the mountains, an average of a factory and a half is started involving a capital investment of almost \$150,000, providing work for about 34 more people who can produce over \$200,000 in new commodities.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two dark-complexioned sports meeting on the principal residence street of the colored section of a certain Southern town observed a conspicuously dressed and very buxom negro woman queening it down the opposite side of the street. "Jake, who is dat pouter pigeon woman yonder carrying herself so protuberant?" asked Sam. "Why dat's Miss Sary Johnson down here on a visit from Charleston," said Jake. "Lawdy," said Sam, "she shore do present herself, don't she?"

No more independent folk are to be found anywhere than the Yorkshire moorland dwellers. And drunkenness and fighting are considered excusable sins among them. A man brought before a local justice of the peace charged with drunkenness and assault was given the following sentence by the magistrate: "Noo thens, for t' assault we'll fine you a shilling and costs. As for t' drunkenness, we'll say nowt about it, as we get drunk oorsels."

The newsboy was telling about the fire. "A guy on de eight floor come to de winder an' looked down. De crowd hollered 'G'wan, jump, yuh won't git hoit. De blanket'll ketch yuh!' But de guy dasn't. He went back in an' de fire got hotter 'n' hotter an' he come to de winder again. An' de crowd yelled 'Come on, de firemen's got de blanket, yuh won't git hoit!' But it looked too far down. Finally he comes to de winder again, an' de

crowd yells, 'G'wan, jump it. De blanket 'll ketch yuh!' An' de guy jumped, an' de blanket wasn't dere, an' I had to laugh."

While on his recent visit to this country Marshal Foch made a witty reply to a man who, when one of the guests at a dinner party in Denver, given by a party of Americans, took exception to French politeness. "There is nothing in it but wind," he said with questionable taste. "Neither is there anything but wind in a pneumatic tire," retorted the gallant marshal, "yet it eases the jolts along life's highway wonderfully."

A newspaper that was not making expenses decided to economize, and accordingly two reporters and a special writer were dismissed. The other employees became nervous with the exception of one man who showed no symptoms of uneasiness. He worked in what was known as the art department, for the journal published a great many pictures. Asked if he had had no qualms as to the stability of his job, he said: "Oh, no. They can't fire me." "Why not? They are cutting all along the line." "Waal, I figure that the paper can't afford to make a cut in its art department. You see we have so many subscribers who do not read."

A British tar, home on leave and celebrating the occasion, had got himself into a dilemma. He had hired a taxi, only to discover when approaching his destination that he was penniless. He had dined and wine, not wisely, but too well. But the British navy is a training school of resourcefulness. He caught up the speaking tube, shouted "Stop!"

and jumped out. "I just want to pop into this tobacconist's and get some matches," he explained to the driver. "I've dropped a pound note somewhere in the cab and can't find it in the dark." He entered the tobacconist's, and as he did so the cab and its driver vanished into the night, as he had anticipated.

Lord Jellicoe, at a meeting of the New Zealand Yacht Squadron, prefaced a very witty speech by saying that if it were not for the fact that he was wearing pearl studs he would have any number of good stories to tell. "Scientific people in Paris," he continued, "have discovered that if you wear pearls you can't remember things, and that's why I can't remember the stories I had prepared for tonight. I am rather deaf, I have been suffering all day from a buzzing in my ears; and it reminds me of the lady who went to the doctor and told him that her husband was suffering from buzzing in the ears, and asked him what she should do for it. He replied, 'Take him to the seaside.' She said, 'He won't go.' So the doctor said, 'Go yourself; that will do as well.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Sonnet of Strange Similes.

My love is like a stick of spearmint gum—  
The flavor lasts—my love is like the tune  
My neighbor plays each morning until noon  
(That is, it haunts me always); mute and dumb  
My love is, like a punctured kettledrum.  
'Tis brightest after sunset, like the moon,  
And, like the onion, strongest during June;  
My love is ardent as forbidden rum.  
Sometimes my love is diffident and shy,  
Like a Ford car seeking a place to park,  
Or like a husband in a corset shop;  
Sometimes it struts and holds its head up high,  
Like a Knight Templar or a meadow lark,  
Or a dress-suited freshman at a hop.  
—S. K. in Life.

The manufacture of paper was an important industry in Japan as far back as the time of the Emperor Suiko, A. D. 592-629, the art having been introduced from China.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Miss Mary Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Chauncey Boardman, announced her engagement to Mr. Oze Van Wyck at a luncheon party at her home on Wednesday. Mr. Oze Van Wyck is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oze Broyel Van Wyck of Anderson, South Carolina. Guests at the announcement luncheon were Mrs. Ernest Gunther, Mrs. Chester Cramer, Mrs. Stanley Morrison, Mrs. John Straughan, Mrs. Wilson Meyer, Miss Agnes Harrison, Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Mary Adams, Miss Margaret Monroe and Miss Helen Lynch. Miss Boardman announced that the date for the wedding had been set for the early part of January.

Announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Martha Ruddy Leet to Mr. Archibald Johnson, son of Senator and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, was made on Friday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club at which Mrs. George Bowles was the hostess. No date for the wedding was announced.

Miss Marian Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Black, was married on Tuesday evening, October 24th, to Mr. Carroll Wagner of Los Angeles. The ceremony was performed at the Black home by Dean J. Wilmer Gresham, relatives and friends of the two families attending. Mrs. William Kew, a sister of Miss Black, attended her as matron of honor, Miss Katherine Stone as maid of honor. Mrs. Frederick Boole and Miss Eliza-

beth Wagner were bridesmaids. Mr. Walter Church was best man for Mr. Wagner, Mr. Harold Black, Mr. Joseph Hamilton, Mr. Charles Knox and Mr. Lewis Martin acting as ushers. Following their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Wagner will make their home in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Howard were hosts on Friday evening at the first ball of the season, at which they presented their daughter, Miss Jean Howard. The ball was held in the Borgia Room of the Hotel St. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Miss Jean Howard receiving their guests in the entrance hall, converted into a reception room and massed with dawn chrysanthemums. The guest list included some of the younger married couples, the debutantes of the last season and those who will be presented this winter. Preceding the ball many dinner parties were given, the largest that at which Mrs. John J. Spieker entertained in honor of Miss Howard. Miss Spieker's guests included, besides Miss Howard, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Virginia Hanna, Mr. Leon Walker, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Benjamin Cory, Mr. Bliss Rucker and Mr. Orel Goldaracena. Other dinner hosts preceding the ball were Miss Edith and Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Hélène de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison and Miss Doris Schmiedell. Lieutenant-Commander Ellsworth Van Patten

and Mrs. Van Patten (Miss Evelyn McGaw) entertained on Wednesday afternoon at an informal tea on board Commander Van Patten's ship, the U. S. S. *Arizona*, for the officers of the ship and some of Mrs. Van Patten's intimate friends. Mrs. Orville Baldwin, Mrs. John McGaw, Miss Helen Head, Miss Cornelia Gwynn, Miss Helen Deamer, Miss Virginia Dwight, Miss Alysse Allen and Miss Virginia Chadbourne were among Commander and Mrs. Van Patten's guests.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris had Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Frances Ames and Miss Adrienne Sharp as her luncheon guests at the Francisca Club on Monday afternoon, taking her guests to the first of the matinee musicales at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury gave a tea in honor of Miss Olive Edgington of New York, fiancée of Mrs. Pillsbury's son, Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury, Jr. Miss Edgington returns to her home in New York shortly.

Mrs. Andrew Davis of Berkeley entertained at luncheon on Monday afternoon at the Women's Athletic Club for Miss Fernanda Pratt, who plans returning to New York in the near future. Among Mrs. Davis' guests were Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. Dennis Arnold, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mrs. T. A. Rickard and Mrs. George Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller were hosts at a dinner party on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Olive Edgington of New York, whose engagement to Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury, Jr., was recently announced. Mr. and Mrs. John Knox, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Ruth Langdon, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, and Mr. John Boyden were Mr. and Mrs. Miller's other guests.

Preceding the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott and Mrs. Preston Drown will give for their daughters, Miss Frances Ames and Miss Josephine Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Miss Lawton Filer and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin will entertain groups of friends at dinner parties.

The Club Royal announces the opening of its initial season Saturday evening, December 9th, at the Club Royal Terrace of the Fairmont Hotel. The Club Royal, which is founded on the principle of the Pall Mall Club of New York City, is a dancing cotillon which will meet every Saturday evening. Reservations must be made in advance through the Club Royal, Fairmont Hotel. Patrons and patronesses are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Walton N. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Amelia M. McWilliams.

The Community Chest Organization.

Organization of the budget and finance committees and the speakers' bureau of the Community Chest was effected during the past week at the headquarters in the Sharon Building, and an impetus given to the city-wide movement to raise funds for all charitable and welfare work in the city. M. C. Sloss, former justice of the state supreme court, has been chosen chairman of the budget committee. The speakers' bureau was formed Thursday at a luncheon at the Commercial Club. The finance committee held a meeting Tuesday afternoon and also made permanent organization. The members of the finance committee are W. W. Crocker, Charles W. Fay, Mark Gerstle, Andrew Griffin, Reuben B. Hale, F. L. Lipman, C. F. Michaels. On the budget committee are Chairman M. C. Sloss, James A. Bacigalupi, F. W. Bradley, R. W. Costello, Fred Dohrmann, Jr., Alfred I. Esbreg, Morgan A. Gunst, Frederick J. Koster, Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Charles K. McIntosh, Charles C. Moore, Walton N. Moore, William Sproule, Frank I. Turner, and Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur.

The Dondo Marionettes.

The Salon Français always keeps a look-out for French speakers who come our way, and who have something to tell that is worth the telling. At their last meeting Professor Mathurin Dondo was introduced, and gave a most interesting discourse on marionettes.

Several of these were exhibited by the lecturer, who has become a familiar figure in

many of the prominent colleges of the East on account of his taking his marionette plant with him and unlocking to the students that world of fairyland and fantasy, of religious and historical drama, in which the grotesque little automatons of the middle ages played so prominent a part.

The per capita consumption of lumber in this country has dropped from 500 board feet in 1906 to 316 board feet in 1920, according to the United States Forest Service.

By the state of the hair it is possible to judge the general health of a person, say some doctors.

CHAPERON.

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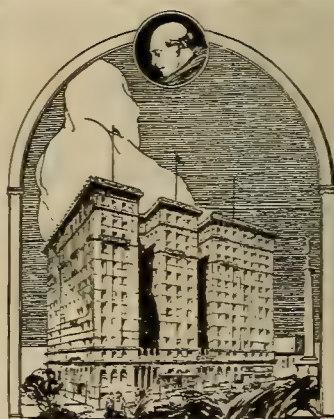
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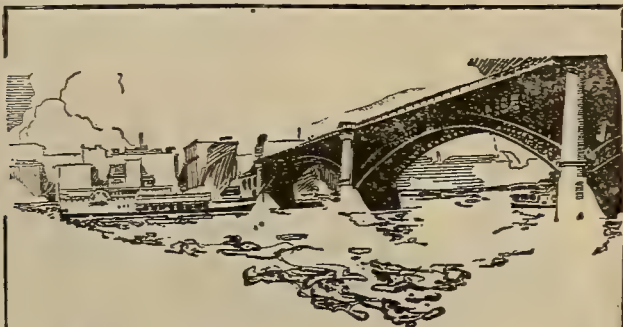
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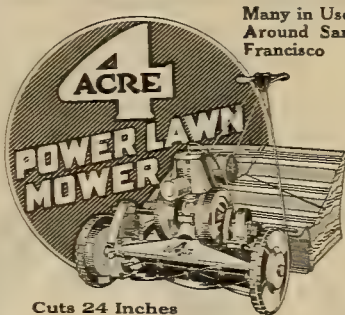
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus left on Thursday for their home in Washington, D. C., closing their Burlingame home for the winter.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace and their daughter, Miss Geraldine Grace, are in town for a few days. Later in the season they will move to town for a few months.  
Mr. James L. Flood, Mr. James Flood, Jr., Mr. Frederick Moody, Mr. Perry Eyre and Mr. M. Boule formed a party who motored to Santa Barbara for the week-end at El Mirasol.  
Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst has returned to her apartment in the Fairmont Hotel, after a

visit of more than two months to her mother, Mrs. John T. Porter, at her ranch near Watsonville.  
Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown has taken an apartment at the Burlingame Country Club, where she will pass the winter months.  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Torchiana sailed last Wednesday for Honolulu for a month's visit.  
Mrs. Peter F. Dunne and her daughters, Miss Marjorie Dunne and Miss Marian Dunne, plan to return soon to Europe for an indefinite stay.  
Mrs. Daniel Gardner (Miss Lois Crosby) is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Charles Butters, at her Piedmont home.  
Mrs. William Summers, who has been for several weeks at San Julian ranch as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Dibblée, has returned to her Green Street home.  
Mr. Henry Foster Dutton has returned to San Francisco. Mrs. Dutton who went East with Mr. Dutton, decided to remain until just before the Christmas holidays.  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland have returned from their Eastern trip, and are established at their home in Burlingame for the winter.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby and their daughter, Miss Leonore Armsby, are expecting soon to close their New York home and come to California for the winter.  
Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and Mr. Léon Walker left for the East several days ago. Mrs. Walker will remain in the East until before the Christmas holidays, Mr. Walker and his son returning in a week or so.  
Commander and Mrs. Ellsworth Van Patten are visiting Mrs. Van Patten's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw, during the time while Commander Van Patten's ship is in San Francisco harbor.  
Miss Ruth Hobart is with her father, Mr. Walter Hobart, at their San Mateo home. Mrs. Walter Hobart is at her ranch in Nevada, and will not return to San Mateo for a few weeks.  
Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin is established in an apartment in Paris for the winter.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark will return to California in a week or so. Their daughters have entered the Spence School in New York.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, who recently returned from a trip abroad, will return to Europe in January, where they will join Mrs. McNear's son, Mr. John Breeden, who is studying in France.  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent will return to California early in November to spend the winter in Burlingame.  
Mrs. Ashton Potter has returned to San Francisco from the East, after nearly a year's absence. Miss Potter has entered school in New York.  
Mrs. Thomas Cromell of Montclair, New Jersey (Miss Pauline Whittlesey) and her small son are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Whittlesey in Berkeley.  
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles have taken an apartment at Stanford Court where they will spend the winter.  
Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Joseph L. Jayne are established for the winter in Washington, D. C., where Miss Alma Jayne has entered school.  
Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock and her son, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, who is at present in Honolulu, will spend the winter in San Francisco.  
Miss Frances Lent is visiting her sister, Mrs. Paul Fagan, during the absence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, in the East.  
Mrs. George F. Neal has returned to San Francisco, after a long absence. Commander Neal, U. S. N., will have his headquarters in the Bay region.  
Mrs. John Kirkpatrick is spending a fortnight in San Francisco as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacDonald.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlusser have arrived in New York, after a summer abroad. They will reach California the end of the week.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering and their daughter, Miss Francesca Deering, arrived in San Francisco on Sunday. They have been abroad since the early part of the year.  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard left during the week for Portland, Oregon, where they will visit their niece, Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck Peters. From Portland Mr. and Mrs. Oxnard will take the Canadian route to New York, to sail for Europe, where they will spend the entire winter.  
Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye are closing their Burlingame home this week, moving to town for the winter months.  
Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne is closing her Pebble Beach home November 1st, and is returning to her San Mateo home.  
Mrs. Henry Percival Dodge is visiting at the Daniel T. Murphy home in Burlingame. Mrs. Dodge expects to leave about the middle of November for Belgravia, where she will join her husband.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Doud have returned from their European tour, and have taken a house on Russian Hill for the winter.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Berendsen returned last week to their Broadway home after the summer spent abroad.  
Sir Gilbert Parker has arrived from the East and London and is at the Fairmont Hotel.  
Mrs. Edward De Laveaga is visiting in Milwaukee and in the East.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne and their children have returned to San Francisco from Atherton, where they have had the Atherton Macdonay house for two years.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have returned from a five months' trip through France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and are again occupying their apartment at the Hotel St. Francis. The entire trip was made by motor, except the passage of the English Channel, which they did by aeroplane from Paris to London.

A New Baritone.

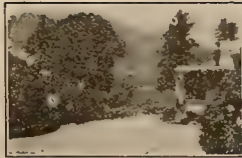
John Charles Thomas, a young American baritone who is creating a most favorable impression as a concert singer, appeared on October 15th at Aeolian Hall, New York, and so favorable were the reports telegraphed to Manager Frank W. Healy that he immediately began negotiations for the appearance of Thomas in San Francisco.  
It is anticipated by Mr. Healy that he will be able to present Thomas here in a concert

late in November. The New York Morning Telegraph said of Thomas' concert:  
"John Charles Thomas, American baritone, returned to the New York concert stage yesterday afternoon, after a prolonged tour of Europe. Mr. Thomas is best known to the New York public as a foremost singer in musical comedy and comic opera, one of his most notable popular successes having been in 'Apple Blossoms,' wherein he had opportunity to intone some of the lovely music written for that production by Kreisler and the late lamented Jacoby.  
"At yesterday's matinee recital Mr. Thomas unfolded all of the splendid qualities of the essentially lyric tendencies of his voice, a baritone instrument of such plastic and expressive beauty that his big audience went quite 'dotty' over his singing. Unlike his programme of two years ago, when he essayed a recital in Aeolian Hall, his list yesterday was chosen with admirable and exact knowledge of his special powers and limitations. He sang better than at any of his earlier appearances

here, whether in recital or musical play; displayed a discretion and reticence in use of his voice that delighted the experts as well as the wholly friendly crowd.  
"His two songs without accompaniment, 'Ships That Pass' and 'A Song of Soldiers,' were a forthright and unpretentious display of beautiful singing by a voice that comprises every quality essential to supreme balladry. In his French group Mr. Thomas was even more successful and his delivery of Pessard's 'Requiem de Cœur' will linger long in the memory of his hearers as one of the loveliest and most sincere incidents of the local concert stage."

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Lilian J. Martin will lecture on "Mind in the Making" in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, November 11th, at 2:30 o'clock. This lecture is the closing event in the Paul Elder Gallery for the fall season. The series of lectures will be resumed after the Christmas holidays.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Palmist*—Tell your fortune? *Passerby*—No, thanks. I know how much it is.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"Are you certain you love him?" "My dear, you don't suppose I've been engaged three times without knowing the symptoms."—*Life*.

Professor Carmichael says that the man who smokes is a fool. Professor Carmichael talks like a man who smokes.—*Boston Transcript*.

"She is very clever, but terribly malicious." "Oh, well, there are a lot of malicious people who aren't the least bit clever."—*Paris L'Illustration*.

*Aiken*—I was just reading about a dog that wears a wrist watch. *Payne*—Ah, but the real curiosity is the dog's owner.—*Youngstown Telegram*.

*Ma (to Willie)*—Willie, what did you study in school today? *Willie*—We had two films of history and one reel of geographies.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

*Movie Lamp*—Haven't you a tighter gown than this? *Tired Wardrobe Manager*—No, madam, I am a costumer, not a taxidermist.—*London Passing Show*.

"Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion skin?" "Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."—*Washington Dirge*.

"Say, young feller, d'ye know how clost ye come to shootin' my prize Holstein? Ye knocked the hat off the hired man when he wuz a-milkin' of 'er."—*Judge*.

*Small Boy*—Mother, will you ask the hotel man if I can have some other bedroom? *Mother*—But isn't yours a nice room? *Small Boy*—Quite; but it's on fire.—*Punch*.

*Servant*—There's a man to see you, sir. *Master*—Tell him to take a chair. *Servant*—He has, sir. He's taken them all, and they're moving out the piano now. He's from the furniture store.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*.

*Professor*—The only cure for yellow fever is whisky and glycerine. *Pre-Medic*—Where

can you get it? *Professor*—What, whisky? *Pre-Medic*—No, yellow fever.—*Syracuse Orange Peel*.

*Proud Father*—That is a sunset my daughter painted. You know she studied painting abroad. *Student*—Ah! That explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.—*Boston Beanpot*.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?" "Not I." "I can't understand how you can have faith in such a silly superstition." "No superstition about it. Saturday's my pay day."—*Pathfinder*.

*The Lady*—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big able-bodied man like you asking for money. *The Tramp*—Well, wot's a feller to do? I've just done six months for takin' it wivout askin'.—*Punch*.

*Housewife*—I want a servant. She must be honest, industrious, clean, and reliable. *Employment Agent*—You had better take four, ma'am. You will possibly find those virtues among them.—*Christiania Hvepsen*.

*Mother (trying to draw her sullen son away from a music shop)*—What is it you want now? *Boy*—Buy me that harp in the window, mum. *Mother*—What do you want a harp for? *Boy*—To make a wireless set with, of course.—*London Daily News*.

*Gentleman (consulting city directory)*—Bookbinders — bookkeepers — booksellers — bootmakers — *Drug Store Clerk*—Maybe I can help you find what you're looking for. *Gentleman*—No use—I guess bootleggers aren't listed yet.—*New York World*.

"Now, Mr. Smith," said the law professor, "will you please tell the class what weight you would give to circumstantial evidence?" "I will, sir," said the student, "if you will tell me whether I am supposed to be prosecuting attorney or counsel for the defendant."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

The dean was exceedingly angry. "So you confess that this unfortunate young man was carried to the pond and drenched? Now, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?" "The right leg, sir," answered the sophomore meekly.—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*.



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## The Grandeur of Confucius.

Confucianism, instead of teaching that there is a finality in the utterances of the servants of God, tells us that after all the essence of a worthy life is to be found in ourselves, writes Chang Hsin-Lai in the *North American Review*. Confucius says, in a characteristic way, that about the utterances of the divine there is no absolute certainty. We must continue to disagree as to what exactly the divine utterances are. He acknowledges a divinity, but the divine is what each one must find for himself. It is therefore only wise that we should pursue the divine in a purely positivistic way. We must in other words begin from the human, from our own nature. "If we do not know the human, how are we to know the divine?" There is no gulf between the human and the divine. The divine is realized in the ultimate realization of the human. And each one must realize the human through himself. There is thus no need for the establishment of a distinct class of people who are supposed to possess the power of ministering to the divine. Confucianism has no priesthood: the moral and religious life is the personal problem of the individual himself. . . . It says that each person must be his own savior, and to save himself he must cultivate the inner life. The inner life is in continual process of cultivation: the individual must continue to realize in him the highest

and noblest ideals of human life. The ultimate product is therefore the man of absolute moral perfection.

## A Napoleon In the Legion.

M. Lempereur, who also calls himself Napoleon—there are coincidences!—has been named a Knight of the Legion of Honor, which he well deserves, says the *New York Tribune*. For his nomination is adorned with this noble citation: "He has consecrated himself with unremitting devotion to the professional reeducation of the war victims." But this goes to show that after the lapse of a century Lempereur does the very opposite of what was done by l'Empereur Napoleon. But this reminds *La Victoire* of an adventure that happened to the late Felix Fauré, on his visit to Russia, and which had as its starting point a joke on the part of the imperial court, where they were perhaps wanting subjects of entertainment. At his arrival in Cronstadt the French President was decorating the officers of the regiment which served as his escort. By chance this regiment was commanded by a Frenchman, who, at the moment when Fauré was about to place upon his tunic the badge of Knight of the Legion of Honor, bent toward him and whispered in his ear: "Pardon me, Mr. President, I am Grand-Cross by birth."

It was, in fact, an authentic Napoleon in service of Russia.

## Do You Want Shingle Roofs Outlawed in California?

THEN VOTE NO on the State Housing Act, which is up for referendum in the November election.

This amazing act virtually outlaws the shingle roofed house—not merely in the congested districts of cities, but in every town or incorporated community of California. If this State Housing Act becomes a law it will be illegal for you to shingle the roof of a house of any kind, whether bungalow, shack or mansion, within the corporate limits of city or town. You will find yourself paying involuntary tribute to the substitute roofing manufacturers—forced by law to buy a roof which costs twice as much to build and lasts half as long!

Who wants this act?

Not the State Immigration and Housing Commission, which has publicly repudiated the act as unscientific and against the public interest.

Not the workers in the building trades, because the immediate effect of the act, if passed, would be to handicap building operations seriously and reduce employment.

Not the ordinary householder and prospective home-builder of moderate means, who would find himself victimized by higher rents and higher building costs.

Nobody wants the act except the special interests which, with incredible effrontery, lobbied it through the last legislature.

The State Housing Act has been accurately described as "a woodpile wrapped around a Nigger."

Unfortunately the joke is on you, or will be, unless you and your friends and your neighbors—the average citizen whose pockets are threatened by this extraordinary piece of legislative buccaneering—go to the polls November 7th in overwhelming numbers and

**VOTE NO ON THE STATE HOUSING ACT**  
No. 5 on the ballot

Write this office for a supply of pamphlets exposing the act, for distribution among your friends and neighbors.

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**  
**CALIFORNIA LUMBERMEN**

ROOM 310 ST. CLAIRE BUILDING

16 CALIFORNIA STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

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Three Cakes a Day



### The Catacombs of Cypress Lawn

Comparable with the luxurious tombs of ancient Egyptian kings, yet within the means of people of moderate circumstances.

A stone edifice, highly artistic in appearance, containing a magnificent chapel. Eleven Tomb Rooms, 425 Crypts.

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Paepe Douglas 4772

995 Market St.



# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The League.

Every little while the world is solemnly assured that the "League of Nations is functioning." And no doubt it is in the sense that it holds periodical formal sessions, that it has a highly organized secretariat, that its presses are kept busy printing reports, etc. But is the league functioning in respect of its fundamental and essential purpose, namely, that of maintaining peace between the nations?

Assuredly the league was not functioning when Poland, one of its members, invaded Russia without submitting its boundary contention to the league. It did not function when Armenia appealed to the league to protect her from the Turks; and it took no action when Armenia was wiped off the map. The league did not function when Persia made appeal to it for protection. The league did not function in respect to a similar request on the part of Georgia. The league attempted to function in 1920 when there was a mix-up between Poland and Lithuania and it demanded and secured a promise of truce from both sides; but this did not prevent renewal of the fight a month later and it did not prevent the Turks from taking Vilna or retaining it. Again the league did not function when the Greeks started upon their Asiatic campaign—a movement which has been succeeded by a thousand horrors and stands today a menace to the peace of Europe.

The plain truth is that the league, after the manner of mutual admiration societies, is busy about incon-

sequential matters, including the care of its own machinery and the collection of its revenues. It has now been in existence well over three years and its membership includes pretty much all the nations, great and small, excepting the United States, Germany, and Russia. But it does nothing and seems incapable of doing anything in the way of promoting the vital and essential purpose for which it was created.

It seems impossible to get it out of the European mind that by one means or another America may be brought into the league. So late as last week so intelligent a statesman as Mr. Lloyd George spoke hopefully of the prospect of drawing America into the league. And this is only one of many expressions from various sources to the same effect. It is a vain dream. America will not become a member of the league or of anything even measurably like it. We have gone too long and too successfully on our own, so to speak, to yoke up with the chronically warring countries of Europe.

### The Election.

Despite certain dramatic surprises Tuesday's election may fairly be interpreted as sustaining the national administration. Apparently (we write upon the basis of partial returns) it leaves both Senate and House of Representatives in the hands of the Republican party; and the condition is none the less wholesome because the majority in the House is cut down to a narrow margin. This was expected and even desired, since a too-great majority tends to heedlessness of party obligations and to a fatal slackness of party discipline.

It is to be noted that while the Senate as revised by this election remains nominally in the hands of Mr. Harding's party, it is by no means certain that there is implied in that fact assured support of the President and his policies. Several newcomers who are nominally Republicans, very notably Brookhart of Iowa and Howell of Nebraska, are radicals of a type somewhat between La Follette and Borah—Republicans in name rather than in dependability. Time and events will define their status, but it is to be suspected that their affiliation in the Senate will be with the group of which Borah of Idaho is the leader and our own Hiram a shining light.

Viewing the situation broadly and in the light of experience in the period of Mr. Harding's incumbency of the presidential office, change in the attitude of the executive toward the legislative branch seems necessary. With party loyalty in the Senate uncertain and with the party margin in the House reduced, there is a condition in which the President needs to stiffen his grip upon the Big Stick. The country expects, and has a right to expect, carrying out of the pledges of the Chicago platform of 1920. Experience has shown that this may only be achieved by a firm course on the part of the President. Congress, left to its own courses, will not act promptly or effectively. The President must lead—in a sense he must drive. This was Roosevelt's method, and as political life and character has shaped itself in recent years there is no other way to get things done.

The overwhelming vote given to Mr. Richardson may be taken as a measure of the revolt of the taxpayers of California against the riot of extravagance that began in the period of Mr. Johnson's governorship and that has been continued and augmented by his successor. Expenditure on state account has become intolerable. Mr. Richardson promises to cut down the roster of tax-eaters and to cut down waste in many forms. His great vote was based upon public confidence in his sincerity and in his ability.

Particularly gratifying in its proof of public sanity is the overwhelming defeat of the five-hundred-million-dollar hydro-electric proposal. This was a project conceived in reckless disregard of principles fundamental

in our system and of every standard of political and financial discretion. If it had succeeded it would have launched California upon a programme similar to that which has bankrupted North Dakota and not unlike the régime of bolshevism in Russia. It has been properly and emphatically rebuked.

### The Hand of Esau.

With the tearing apart of our California railroad system now decreed finally by the Supreme Court there has come an open effort—we came near saying a piratical raid—on the part of the Union Pacific to possess itself of the several links of the Southern Pacific system that bear the name Central Pacific. The motive is in view. The Union Pacific now reaches westward from Omaha—through its connections, practically from Chicago—on the south to Los Angeles and on the north to Portland and Seattle. It seeks now to extend itself by the most direct and shortest line to the Pacific Coast, terminating at San Francisco—this by the easy process of "taking over" the property of another company.

But the decree of the Supreme Court is not a finality, since there abides in the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the Esch-Cummins law, authority to group the railroad lines of the country under adjustments calculated to promote efficiency and economy. Thus the Interstate Commerce Commission, despite the decree of the Supreme Court, may in its discretion assign the Central Pacific properties to the Southern Pacific, or it may turn them over to the Union Pacific, or it may make any other assignment that in its determination may make for convenience and advantage.

There is no doubt about the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission in this matter. Its mandate is clear. Yet we read in the news reports that on Friday of last week agents of the Union Pacific appeared before the Interstate Commission and in the face of the plain mandate of the Esch-Cummins law protested that the commission is without jurisdiction. A more audacious or a more selfish assault upon the principle of private property could hardly be conceived. It may fall a little short of an actual attempt at piracy, but in morals it is not far removed from just that.

In the circumstances and conditions of the case as it now stands there is the basis of a contest in relation to which California is far from being a disinterested spectator. The Southern Pacific Railroad system, with its Central Pacific properties, is a creation of our own. It was conceived and built by Californians to serve California. It has grown with the growth of the country, expanding in understanding of its needs. Its centre of gravity is here and has always been here. It is essentially Californian, associated with California's history, imbued with California's spirit, responsive to Californian conditions. If at times we have resented its courses and have administered corrective chastisement, we none the less regard it with affection and pride. As Mr. John Stubbs once remarked, "The Southern Pacific is California's baby." Under the threat of its destruction or impairment through disintegration California with one voice cries out in protest. Surely this raid upon an agency so fixed and identified in its relation to the community, this gross injustice and injury, may not be done. Assuredly it may not be done if the will of California, whose interest is direct and positive, shall be considered and respected.

### The Turkish Tangle.

Some sinister possibilities in the Near East are suggested in European dispatches. The Turks refuse to abide by the terms of the Mudania armistice, they demand salutes, they say no vessels can pass through the Dardanelles without their permission, they have ordered the Allies out of Constantinople and seem determined to have military as well as civil possession of it, they have deposed the Sultan, they want, not merely Eastern Thrace to the Mauritza River, but Western Thrace as



well, their nervous sensibilities have been greatly irritated by the discovery that the Greeks drove the work animals out of Eastern Thrace when they evacuated it, and they have ordered fifteen thousand men in Constantinople to stand by for a call to the colors. Moreover, they are believed to be working under a secret agreement with the Bolshevists. What it might mean if Russians and Turks should block the Bosphorus against future exports of Russian grain is indicated in Mr. Morton Todd's article on Constantinople in this issue of the *Argonaut*. With a dubious Italian foreign policy and the Balkans inflammable as ever, it looks as though, as old Omar would have put it, "the bird of peace has but a little way to flutter, and that bird is on the wing."

#### The Drift Toward Political Chaos.

Those who assert, and they are many, that there has come a breakdown in political organization—in other words, a breakdown of parties—are not far out of line with the facts of the case. To agree with William Allen White that the real governing force at Washington is found in the various "soviets" representative of geographical sections or group interests that maintain headquarters there would be going too far. But it is true that these several "bloc" organizations exert a more positive influence over legislation than either the Republican or the Democratic national party organizations. In the campaign just ended all have been busy. Congressional candidates have been deluged with questionnaires in attempts to pledge them in advance, and in many cases—perhaps in most—the plan has worked out successfully. Similar pledges caused Congress to pass the soldiers' bonus bill last session over its own sounder and better judgment. In the recent campaign the advocates of the bonus have been urging their questionnaires, and many congressmen, against their own judgment, have put their heads into the trap, now being pledged in advance to support the demand for a bonus when it shall again be presented. The agency at Washington representing farmers' organizations has been busy with questionnaires and it succeeded in securing from many timid candidates promise to vote for repeal of the Esch-Cummins transportation law, which they want wiped off the statute books. Organized labor has put its questionnaires up to congressional candidates and has pledged a very considerable number to vote against all attempts to regulate labor, to protest attempts to secure injunction legislation, and to weaken the Federal judicial system. The pacifists, the feminists, the wets, the dries and all the rest of the gang have interviewed candidates, and there is little doubt that the effects of this campaign will appear during the next two years. All this clearly implies breakdown of party authority in government. If what Mr. White with characteristic exaggeration styles the "soviets," representing various groups and interests, are seeking and gaining control of legislation, then where do party principles and party authority come in?

The breakdown of the old system is by no means confessed, but it is becoming fairly well defined in illustrative circumstances. We have seen the President of the United States openly call upon the Republicans of Texas to coöperate with conservative Democrats in an attempt to keep a representative of the Ku Klux Klan out of the Senate. In Wisconsin we have seen large numbers both of Republicans and Democrats refraining from voting for a senator in protest against La Follette, whose support is made up of socialists and radicals of many shades. In Iowa conservative Republicans, led by three former governors, in the recent campaign supported the Democratic candidate for the senatorship in protest against the Populist Brookhart, who under the direct primary system gained the Republican nomination by a minority vote. In Nebraska many Republicans voted for Hitchcock, the Democratic nominee, because they did not trust the assertions of Howells, the Republican nominee, that he had reformed and was no longer a radical. In Missouri party lines were lost in a fight that degenerated into a personal vendetta between Jim Reed's friends and his enemies. Here in California the issues of the campaign just ended have been mainly personal; and it has hardly been better in the more socially stable states on the Atlantic seaboard. In New York, notably, the issues of the campaign have been of that nature.

In view of the situation as it thus presents itself the suggestions recently made by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York for a new political alignment on

the basis of conservatism on one hand and radicalism on the other is not untimely. In truth, it may be declared to be a necessity of the times if we are to preserve the two-party system as against the innumerable "blobs" organized and organizing and tending by conflicting demands and coercive methods to create a condition of political chaos.

We see in Italy the organization of conservative elements of society with the purpose of rescuing the country from dangers imminent at the hands of a socialistic radicalism. Has not the time come here when there must be, if our system is to be maintained on its traditional lines, a movement somewhat similar in purpose? The question is a serious one. Government as we have had it this century and a half is in danger of destruction at the hands of groups none the less piratical because of high moral and social pretensions.

#### Germany's Fiscal Policy.

In the course of several notable addresses in the New York campaign just ended Secretary Hughes brought to bear his fine powers of analysis and clarification upon the conditions and situation of Europe. He gave emphasis to the fact that the United States can not be helpful in relation to European conditions until the European nations more nearly reconcile their own differences. For us to attempt to assist adjudication of their quarrels now would result inevitably in our becoming a partisan of one or another of the European factions. That we have been generous at the point of monetary aid to Europe has repeatedly been set forth in the statistics of money that our financiers have wittingly—or otherwise—advanced to European countries.

Mr. Hughes' statements in this connection find interesting confirmation at the hands of Mr. W. J. Wohlman, a well-known financial writer. Mr. Wohlman declares that Germany's fiscal policy since the armistice has been indefensible unless it has been dictated by the purpose of making her former enemies foot her bills. Regarded as normal fiscal administration, it has been both unsound and absurd; but viewed as a bit of national trickery, it has not been void of art combined with skill, and it has been singularly successful. Thus far Germany has effected her reparations payments and paid the expenses of her government and the cost of maintaining the armies of occupation practically through one means only—the sale of marks. German financial experts put the losses of foreign buyers of marks as high as \$9,000,000,000. The losses of American purchasers, as shown by an authoritative statement by the Reich Bank, are approximately \$960,000,000. A well-informed German newspaper places the total foreign losses since July, 1921, alone at £750,000,000, or \$3,800,000,000. These figures are truly amazing, all the more so when one considers their source. They indicate that certain neutral countries have not only paid the equivalent of German reparations payments to date, but a considerable sum in addition.

Still further of interest is the view of a writer in *Die Bank*, who asserts the fear on the part of the Germans that success in stabilizing the mark would provoke renewed demands on the part of the entente nations for reparations payments. He points out that pursuance of the fiscal policy of stabilizing the mark would do more damage to Germany than any burden that could be placed upon her by her old foes.

Very obviously there has been shrewd calculation in a policy which, observed from without, has the appearance of financial collapse in Germany. The low value of the mark has had several practical effects that have been to the advantage, not indeed to the German middle and wage classes, but to the country as a whole. It has in effect exploited the working classes by holding them to low wage standards, but concurrently it has enabled Germany to compete in foreign markets with the products of their own industry. German factories are busy, and their products are sold in England and elsewhere, even in the United States, at prices that enable them to take certain leading markets as against home products. Sheffield buys German cutlery and Detroit buys German automobile parts—all at prices that are profitable to the German producers, but fatal to foreign competitors. There has been shrewd calculation in a policy that has put German industry to the fore as compared with the industries of the entente countries and that has, as Mr. Wohlman points out, made Germany's enemies, not only support her govern-

ment, but pay the cost of maintaining the Allied armies camped on her soil and of covering her reparations payments.

#### State Participation in Education.

Projects to put over upon the state the business of education, both elementary and advanced, are general throughout the country. Our neighboring state Oregon has just voted (returns not yet reported) upon a proposal to require all children between the ages of eight and sixteen to attend a public school. This proposal marks the most advanced stage of a movement which the conservative mind at least can not view without profound concern. Education of the young is primarily a parental function, and every step tending to shift this duty to the state is a movement against the law of nature and, we profoundly believe, contrary to the interest both of the individual and the community. A system that seeks to mold the youth of a country into one common and universal type surely is not inspired by consideration of differences that are fundamental in human life and that in times past have been found to be wholesome. It is further to be borne in mind that under systems of education supported and controlled by the state the tendency is toward a kind of narrowness fatal to the development of individual character. Germany has given us a striking illustration—and a warning—in the temper, spirit, and mood of the German people as exhibited for several years prior to and during the late war.

The National Bureau of Education makes an interesting exhibit of the progress of state support and control of education in the United States. As the system now stands, regarding the country as a whole, the states provide 16.8 per cent. of the support of our public schools, the counties provide 11.4 per cent., and the local districts 71.8 per cent., respectively. Advocates of a larger participation by the state urge that the states' contribution of 16.8 per cent. should be increased to one-third the total, and there are many who declare that it should be 50 per cent. or more. The respective percentages of school revenues contributed by the several states, as reported in the 1920 census, are as follows:

|                         |      |                          |      |
|-------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Alabama . . . . .       | 51.3 | Nebraska . . . . .       | 6.6  |
| Arizona . . . . .       | 18.7 | Nevada . . . . .         | 26.6 |
| Arkansas . . . . .      | 23.7 | New Hampshire . . . . .  | 8.7  |
| California . . . . .    | 20.4 | New Jersey . . . . .     | 35.6 |
| Colorado . . . . .      | 9.0  | New Mexico . . . . .     | 17.6 |
| Connecticut . . . . .   | 12.3 | New York . . . . .       | 12.1 |
| Delaware . . . . .      | 35.3 | North Carolina . . . . . | 30.1 |
| Florida . . . . .       | 7.2  | North Dakota . . . . .   | 12.1 |
| Georgia . . . . .       | 43.5 | Ohio . . . . .           | 7.3  |
| Idaho . . . . .         | 9.7  | Oklahoma . . . . .       | 7.5  |
| Illinois . . . . .      | 8.7  | Oregon . . . . .         | 4.8  |
| Indiana . . . . .       | 10.6 | Pennsylvania . . . . .   | 15.9 |
| Iowa . . . . .          | 1.5  | Rhode Island . . . . .   | 5.2  |
| Kansas . . . . .        | 2.3  | South Carolina . . . . . | 15.8 |
| Kentucky . . . . .      | 37.1 | South Dakota . . . . .   | 16.6 |
| Louisiana . . . . .     | 24.5 | Tennessee . . . . .      | 17.8 |
| Maine . . . . .         | 35.6 | Texas . . . . .          | 54.0 |
| Maryland . . . . .      | 41.6 | Utah . . . . .           | 31.5 |
| Massachusetts . . . . . | 12.3 | Vermont . . . . .        | 33.1 |
| Michigan . . . . .      | 17.1 | Virginia . . . . .       | 36.7 |
| Minnesota . . . . .     | 19.5 | Washington . . . . .     | 18.1 |
| Mississippi . . . . .   | 52.1 | West Virginia . . . . .  | 6.4  |
| Missouri . . . . .      | 11.9 | Wisconsin . . . . .      | 15.6 |
| Montana . . . . .       | 9.9  | Wyoming . . . . .        | 24.3 |

California, under an initiative act that has very recently come into effect, has added \$30 per capita of average attendance to its distributive school fund and in various other states, notably Arizona, Delaware, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Virginia and Washington, the movement is toward similarly increasing the participation of the state in elementary as well as collegiate education.

#### Editorial Notes.

The disaster that befell the dirigible C-2, the third great dirigible catastrophe within the year, points to an unscientific attitude on the part of those in charge of these army balloons—whether they be those of our own government or of another. Why hydrogen should still be used to inflate dirigibles is a mystery to puzzle future ages. Hydrogen is inflammable. A concussion is apt to explode it, for the reason that it is not an inert gas and must explode if violently disturbed. If there were no other gas to use, or if all gases were inflammable, we could understand the continuing use of this one in the face of its marked inaptness for the use to which it is put. But when helium exists, and in large quantities, it is beyond comprehension that hydrogen should be used at all, let alone by obvious preference. Helium does not assure a balloon against accidents,



but at least no accident will be so horrible in a helium balloon as when accompanied by the inevitable explosion and burning that attends hydrogen in any concussion. Helium is scarcer than hydrogen. But it is well known that natural gases from the wells in various parts of this country contain large quantities of helium, and according to recent figures by experts, it is escaping from them into the air at the rate of a million and a quarter cubic feet a day—or enough to inflate four dirigibles a week. Helium is easily obtained from natural gases by liquefying them—the helium remaining in the gaseous form because it is inert. It is high time that helium or a mixture of helium (a proportion of one-fourth with hydrogen is said to be safe) was used exclusively for balloon inflation. In ordinary engineering a maximum of safety and a minimum of risk is legally obligatory. It is the height of absurdity to throw caution to the wind because a more dangerous feat is being accomplished.

Mr. Lloyd George is clearly in the way of losing his campaign for reinstatement at the head of the British government. The tide has turned against him. But while likely to be defeated in his major purpose, he will be returned to Parliament, where in the character of opponent and critic of the government he will be heard from. Those who seek to apply the psychology of one country to that of another usually miss the mark, and it would be a bold American who should assume to instruct Mr. Lloyd George in the game of practical politics in his own country. But we venture so far as to say that from the American point of view Mr. Lloyd George would have done better to bide-a-wee in the matter of "coming back." Time, with the inevitable mistakes of his successor in the premiership, would surely have worked to his advantage. Furthermore, to come back as the result of a fight is one thing, and to come back upon invitation is quite another thing. Mr. Lloyd George is still a young man, relatively speaking, and he could have afforded to wait. Others, notably Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, played that game successfully—even to the point of reducing it to a species of hide-and-seek. That in course of time Lloyd George will return to power is almost an assurance. In politics as in war prestige is a large factor; and when prestige is associated with talents like those possessed by Mr. Lloyd George, and where tradition and precedent play the large part they do in British life, eventualities are in rather plain view.

An incident tending to illustrate one phase of life in the greatest of our American cities is afforded by the competitive congressional candidacy in the Twentieth New York District between Fiorello H. La Guardia, Republican, and Henry Frank, Democrat. This is a typical New York Jewish constituency now represented in Congress by Isaac Siegel, who was not a candidate for reelection. Frank, a Jew, made his campaign largely on racial lines, declaring that La Guardia, an Italian, former member of Congress, also former major in our army aviation service overseas, was no friend of the Jews, whereupon La Guardia challenged Frank to join him in conducting the last weeks of their oratorical competition in Yiddish.

#### IN MEMORY OF SIDNEY CORYN.

(Died November 14, 1921.)

Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will  
Always to strive for wisdom; opened hand  
And governed appetites; and piety  
And love of lonely study; humbleness,  
Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,  
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind  
That lightly letteth go what others prize;  
And equanimity, and charity  
Which speth no man's faults; and tenderness  
Towards all that suffer; a contented heart,  
Fluttered by no desires; a bearing mild,  
Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed  
With patience, fortitude, and purity;  
An unrevengful spirit, never given  
To rate itself too high;—such be the signs,  
O Indian Prince! of him whose feet are set  
On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth!

—Translated from the Bhagavad-Gita by Edwin Arnold.

Capital widely diffused under private ownership is the true American principle, says the *Review of Reviews*. It tends to obliterate class distinctions, and to protect society against plutocracy on the one hand and proletarianism on the other. Government under such conditions may well act as umpire, and see that the economic world, whether from the standpoint of capital, or from that of labor, does not conduct itself in disregard of the common welfare.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### An Educator's View on the Stadium Question.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., October 15, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Among the many enrichments of life which last winter's sojourn at the University of California gave me I owe you acknowledgment for my acquaintance with the *Argonaut*, whose sturdy good sense and sound judgment on a great variety of subjects appeal to me as among the best things in American journalism.

I am moved to make this belated acknowledgment at this time by your vigorous and illuminating editorial in the issue of September 30th entitled "The Stadium Blunder." Let us hope, as you intimate, that it is not beyond retrieving, and that others of your readers who have the interests of the university and the state, as well as of sound sports, at heart will make themselves heard on this question.

It is not often that a great university—theoretically the home of the good, the true, and the beautiful—can realize its mission in a location so magnificent as that of the University of California, backed against splendid hills and with its focus, the graceful Sather campanile, squarely in line with the Pacific portal. But the view seaward is only one element of this superb topography. Behind the tower there winds into the abrupt hills a deep valley or cañon of rare charm and beauty, which alone would suffice to give distinction to the campus even without its western outlook.

When you say that it is proposed to block completely the entrance to this extraordinary gift of nature by a huge colosseum-like structure, you say something which must seem incredible to any one who can visualize what destruction this would mean. If a city is without natural features which it may adapt or convert into park areas it will spend thousands of dollars, and perhaps millions, to make natural beauty for the refreshment of its people. It will in a small way build hills, dig valleys, and plant meadows (as Chicago has done on the sand of the old lake bottom), and consider its money well spent. To be sure, real estate enterprises, railroads, mining and lumber industries do destroy natural beauties, and sometimes ruthlessly, but they plead the necessities of the community for their products and their service, nor do they profess to be working in the cause of the true and the beautiful. With what face could California ask the government and the people for aid in protecting her magnificent redwoods if the enlightened directors of university policy insist on destroying one of the great natural beauties of the Berkeley campus? And for what? A stadium. Grant that in the development of university life a stadium is a necessity, like railroads, coal, or lumber. But why here? Because it is available, I suppose. Yes, so is the meadow and other open spaces of Central Park available for many purposes and buildings which crowded New York would find useful. And it must be said with regret that from an early time the architects and commissioners of Central Park (supported happily by a small but intelligent public sentiment) have had to fight to keep speedways, museums, public monuments, and even stadiums from these open tracts of unused land.

The late Calvert Vaux, designer of Central Park, in the course of many years' struggle to save his creation from such encroachments used to say bitterly that the American people would not be civilized until it learned that the unused ground of a park was not wasted, but was being put to the highest use. And the same could be said of Strawberry Cañon on the Berkeley campus. If it were not there the architects of that campus might well sigh that nature had reared the hills so abrupt and that a pleasant valley winding into them could not be built. But in fact nature has builded more abundantly than architects could dream, and time has filled the valley with noble oaks which it would be a desecration to touch.

On the practical and educational sides of the question your observations are admirable. The Yale bowl, placed on level ground with open spaces on all sides and with thirty-five wide exits at the exterior level is none too safe when a throng of 75,000 people pours out in the autumn twilight rushing eagerly for street-cars and automobiles. It is also true that no one at Yale would wish the Yale field and the bowl a foot nearer the campus than they are (something more than a mile). We believe in athletic sports and in the largest possible participation of students in them, but we are glad that they are separated geographically from the academic life of the colleges and the university.

The University of California needs for its athletic life a large tract of land, such as I imagine could be secured in West Berkeley, for the development of all forms of athletic sport—baseball, tennis, track, etc., as well as football. To bring these all together with clubhouse, baths, etc., in one place would result, as it does here at Yale, in making a common meeting ground for all students, irrespective of their differing academic pursuits, and it would become one of the largest educational factors in democracy and good fellowship. From our standpoint it certainly seems a colossal blunder to spend a huge sum upon the realization of a single element in this programme without contributing to the eventual solution of the whole.

G. L. HENDERICKSON,  
Lampson Professor of Latin and Greek Literature, Yale University.

##### A Kind Word.

WALLA WALLA, WASH., October 24, 1922.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMAN: In renewing my annual subscription allow me to state how welcome the *Argonaut* is each week to Mrs. Anderson and myself. Of all the magazines, reviews, and papers that come to our home, none are appreciated more than the *Argonaut* and the *Literary Review* of New York. These two stand in a class high above all others.

With best wishes,

LOUIS F. ANDERSON.

##### A Fortuitous Circumstance!

3343 JACKSON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, November 7, 1922.

Alfred Holman, Esq.,  
Editor, The Argonaut—

SIR: Within the last twenty minutes I have performed the now abnormal functions of a citizen of California and San Francisco at the polls. The physical operation of stamping the ballot consumed seventeen minutes by a stop watch.

If it had not been for the *Argonaut* and a fortuitous circumstance, casting my ballot must have taken me most of the morning and left me so prostrated that further effort in the day's work would have been futile.

I had clipped the *Argonaut's* recommendations concerning the endless tinkering with the Constitution and the San Francisco charter, and had left the clipping on the breakfast-table for the edification and guidance of my better half.

As I reached the top of the hill at Presidio Avenue and Jackson Street a fraction of familiar paper and type caught my eye. I picked it up, heaved a grateful sigh to Providence and the *Argonaut*, and once more was braced for the perils of the polling place. After voting, it was my obvious duty to drop the clipping at the same spot.

"Ibam forte via sacra."

H. C.

The United States has diplomatic representatives in fifty foreign countries.

#### CONSTANTINOPLE.

Its Imperial Position Makes it the Nerve Ganglion of Much European and Asiatic Commerce.

##### IV.

If you look at a flat map of southeastern Europe and Asia Minor you will see how the land-masses pinch the sea traffic in to the Bosphorus, and the seas pinch the land traffic in to the same point. For hundreds of miles there is no alternative, and not even the Anatolian and Balkan railroads have altered this condition. With the possible exception of Panama there is no such example of traffic concentration anywhere, and as yet Panama can not be compared in importance to the natural canal between the Mediterranean and Black seas. But looking at the ordinary flat map is one of the best ways of deceiving yourself about geography, and the history and politics that may be based upon it. A flat map, for example, tells you Greenland is five times the size of India, whereas it is about the same size; and in population, and therefore in possibilities of trouble, it is infinitely smaller. It will be a long time before there is an uprising of Mohammedan Eskimo. To understand the relative areas of real estate it would be much better to consult a globe, or B. J. S. Cahill's "butterfly" map. Even then you will miss a few points about values. Neither is adequate to depict the importance of Constantinople's position, neither tells what the Black Sea may mean.

In a military sense, Constantinople comes perilously near being the key to India. It can be made impregnable—is impregnable held by an armed nation. From the stronghold beyond the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora a vigorous sea power might cut England's line to the East through Suez, and make the military support of her Indian government impossible. Such points as Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus help police the road for the P. & O. steamers, but even these might not prove adequate with Constantinople in the possession of a powerful enemy. England had a bad enough time with the Boer war twenty-one years ago. India would be twice as difficult. If a resuscitated Russia had Constantinople she would probably soon have India. That would tend to the Russianization of the world, and make it necessary, under the operation of what some strategist has defined as the "law of mutual aid," for the other nations to combine and plunge into another world war in order to prevent it; for the world would not consent to being Russianized any more than it would to being Germanized—or even Americanized, much as we might deplore its taste in that particular. Yet in her need, during the German war, England was willing to promise Russia that she might retain Constantinople if she could take it; an arrangement under which there is not a chance in a thousand that the British public would ever have been content.

So it appears that in the wrong hands Constantinople would become the powder house of the Eastern Hemisphere. To any one nation, the wrong hands for Constantinople to be in are the hands of some other nation, especially if the other nation is strong. That is why the mixed commission has been occupying the city; neither the Italian, the Frenchman, nor the Britisher would trust the other two—wouldn't even trust one, and they all went in to watch one another. Such operations are not sentimental, but they are humanitarian in the highest sense because they are practical—we don't want another world war, in this generation at least. So it appears, again, that the Constantinople question is a little larger and a little more critical than any academic discussion as to whether the Turk is or is not a deserving person, or even what it is he deserves. Lloyd George has said that he must never be permitted to hold the gate again, but Lloyd George is out of office, and since the British municipal elections of the second of this month with their considerable laborite defeats it does not seem so certain that he will come back; at least he will not come back in time to have much influence on the coming conference at Lausanne, if the Turks agree to attend it, which they seem reluctant to do. If such a conference were held it might decide that the world would be safer if the Turk, with all his disgusting attributes of incompetence and cruelty, were left in possession, not for his own sake, but to keep the wrong party out of possession. That would be disappointing to all humane hope of getting him out of Europe; but at least he makes a passable dog in the manger. His weakness has heretofore been his recommendation to the jealous powers.

There is an even larger aspect of the position of Constantinople than the merely military one, in fact one of the main underlying reasons for its having a military aspect, and that is its relation to the commerce of the Black Sea and Central Europe. Before the war between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 bushels of wheat went out through the Bosphorus annually, and shiploads of barley, oats, and rye—breadstuffs, and beer-stuff, for 50,000,000 people. This movement might be regarded as the agricultural drainage of the Black Sea basin, if it were not the agricultural drainage of so much more; for here again the flat map deceives us. The area involved is vast. It covers all the drainage of the Volga, as well as of the Don, the Dnieper,



the Dneister; wonderful wheat regions, among the richest in the world, like those of the Dakotas, Alberta, and the Argentine, stretching beyond the Caspian Sea to the Ural Mountains and the Arctic Ocean; for the Baltic turns to iron in the Russian winter. The streams are natural canals, the Volga is joined to the Don by a short railroad, and when these regions were productive they poured all these currents of foodstuffs into the Black Sea on their way to the Bosphorus, as though by inevitable gravity. It was down hill all the way, and out by Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

It is true that the city itself did little about it in the way of financing and brokerage. Mainly it sat on the shore, Turk fashion, and watched the business go by. But it saw a great parade. A dweller on the banks of the Bosphorus could sometimes see fifteen vessels in transit, and the smoke of others coming around the bend. Twelve thousand ship a year went through. It seemed an endless procession, one of those elemental things nothing can stop, involving in any stoppage an immeasurable calamity and therefore something too tragic to contemplate. The grain had been moving through with only temporary interruptions, if any, for twenty-five centuries. One of the main concerns of humanity was to keep it moving. It was a bread-and-butter problem of stupendous magnitude.

Part of this drainage area, again, lies in the other direction. The flat map will not show us the effect of the mountains of Carniola. From the map it would appear that old Austria-Hungary's best approach to open water would naturally be through the port of Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic. But mountain ranges intervene, and although railroads cross them, European rates are very much higher than the rates in this country, and the mountains are an insuperable barrier to canalization. Only high-grade merchandise can pay its way over these grades from Hungary and a good part of old Austria to the Adriatic, and when in the Adriatic it is still at the mercy of Italy or of Serbia, or of Albania, or whatever country may control Albania with its key harbor of Avlona. But there is the Danube, not blue as in the old waltz, nor yet by half so frivolous, but slow, muddy, sober and serviceable, a great natural canal winding a long way past the northern border of Bulgaria to the Black Sea. It takes the low-grade freights. And to the Black Sea also goes a good part, if not all, of the exports of Thrace, and Roumania, and Bulgaria, making it one vast hopper, discharging past the Golden Horn and the old Seraglio Point. Even goods from the Caspian region go up the Volga and down the Don to the Black Sea. Even part of Persia contributes its output, finding it cheaper than the Persian Gulf route. It has been calculated by H. H. Powers in his significant work, "The Things Men Fight For," that the area which uses, or before the war used, the outlet of the Dardanelles, is as large as the United States, and three times the area tributary to the port of New York. And from the Caspian Sea a Russian railway stretches eastward, to meet before long a Chinese railway reaching westward from Peking. Some day all the country threaded by it will be under modern cultivation and development, and will pour a good percentage of its business down the Bosphorus. What city on the globe means so much to the world as Constantinople might some day come to mean? What position is so tempting a bait to the militaristic parties of ambitious nations? Napoleon thought the possession of Constantinople meant the dominance of the world. Of course, Napoleon had not seen New York. But perhaps he would not have changed his opinion if he had. For, although the city has little share in this tremendous tide of commerce, a strong power in possession would be able to throttle that trade, or hold it up for tolls.

When Turkey made the sad mistake of deserting her former European friends, England and France, and joined Germany in her onslaught on the Atlantic nations, this commerce ceased. Things looked very blue to people that depended on Black Sea wheat and oats and rye. Roughly speaking, the wheat exports through the Dardanelles were equal to about three-quarters of the wheat exports of this country. And the spout ceased to pour. During the first two years of the war there were bumper crops in the United States and Canada, and the shortages were partly made up. India helped, and so did the Argentine. But the years following were lean years, and Europe had to be supplied, and we got Mr. Hoover on the job, and he made us Hooverize, and eat everything on the plate and no fooling, and Europe got through by a gnat's hair. But it was too close. Because Constantinople had been in treacherous hands we had to grow potatoes on vacant lots in San Francisco. Does that indicate, perhaps, some trifling interest in European affairs? Or can we intelligently continue to say, "What do we care for abroad?"

With the destruction of the old Russian order, the Dardanelles lost their importance as a channel for the supply of grain to the world. Expropriating the princely Russian land owners, dividing the land into small farms and distributing it among the peasants, might have seemed, to some theorists, an execution of poetic justice and social reform, and to promise an ideal condition for humanity. But it doesn't produce the wheat. What it has really done has been to disorganize the methods and operations of Russian agriculture, once carried out on a baronial scale on vast

acres, employing the organization and control of the great landed proprietor, with all that makes possible in the way of economical operation and skilled central management; and substitute for it the retail processes of the small farmer, who, however much he may love the land, has not yet evolved methods of production equal to the old. In the commercial and industrial chaos prevailing in that particular socialist heaven it has been difficult to get seed and machinery and replace worn-out implements. It is a strange reversal of the current of twenty-five centuries that since the socialization of Russia the wheat has had to flow the other way—some 40,000,000 bushels of it a year to keep the Russians alive. That is real revolution.

The day will certainly come, however, when the Russians are through fooling with socialism and get down to work, and the Austro-Hungarian countries resume production on their old scale, and Anatolia and Persia and the little new countries of the Black Sea area and the Caspian area come into the field of industry on a modern basis, and when the Chinese railroad across the Pamirs and Central Asia reaches a connection with Tashkend, that Constantinople will take its old place, and even a higher place of commercial importance than it had before. Who then will hold that matchless position? Will it be Turk, or Greek, or Bulgarian, or Russian, or mixed commission under an agreement for a neutralized strait? The Turks, strong with recent victory and still well organized, have ordered the Allies to get out, and the Allies have decided to decline the invitation. Europe and the world are facing one of the most ticklish problems of adjustment of all those left us by the war.

MORTON TODD.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Eternity.

Boundless Eternity! the winged sands  
That mark the silent lapse of flitting time  
Are not for thee; thine awful empire stands  
From age to age, unchangeable, sublime:  
Thy domes are spread where thought can never climb,  
In cloud and darkness, where vast pillars rest.  
I may not fathom thee: 'twould seem a crime  
Thy being of its mystery to divest.  
Or boldly lift thine awful veil with hands unblest.

Thy ruins are wrecks of systems; suns  
Blaze a brief space of ages, and are not;  
Worlds crumble and decay, creation runs  
To waste—then perishes and is forgot;  
Yet thou, all changeless, heedest not the blot.  
Heaven speaks once more in thunder; empty space  
Trembles and wakes; new worlds in ether flit,  
Teeming with new creative life, and trace  
Their mighty circles, such as others shall displace.

Thine age is youth, thy youth is hoary age,  
Ever beginning, never ending, thou  
Bearest inscribed upon thy ample page,  
Yesterday, forever, but as now  
Thou art, thou hast been, thou shalt be: though  
I feel myself immortal, when on thee  
I muse, I shrink to nothingness, and bow  
Myself before thee, dread Eternity,  
With God co-eval, co-existing, still to be.

I go with thee till Time shall be no more.  
I stand with thee on Time's remotest verge,  
Ten thousand years, ten thousand times told o'er;  
Still, still with thee my onward course I urge;  
And now no longer hear the endless surge  
Of Time's light billows breaking on the shore  
Of distant earth; no more the solemn dirge—  
Requiem of worlds, when such are numbered o'er—  
Steals by: still thou art moving on forevermore.

From that dim distance would I turn to gaze  
With fondly searching glance, upon the spot  
Of brief existence, where I met the blaze  
Of morning, bursting on my humble cot,  
And gladness whispered of my happy lot:  
And now 'tis dwindled to a point—a speck—  
And now 'tis nothing, and my eye may not  
Longer distinguish it amid the wreck  
Of worlds in ruins, crushed at the Almighty's beck.

Time—what is Time to thee? a passing thought  
To twice ten thousand ages—a faint spark  
To twice ten thousand suns; a fibre wrought  
Into the web of infinite—a cork  
Balanced against a world: we hardly mark  
Its being—even its name hath ceased to be;  
Thy wave hath swept it from us, and thy dark  
Mantle of years, in dim obscurity  
Hath shrouded it around: Time—what is Time to thee!  
John Greenleaf Whittier.

### The E'en Brings a Hame

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,  
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,  
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold  
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled and the rocks,  
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox  
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks:  
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorn pricks us and our tender feet  
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat  
Their pitiful complaint: Oh, rest is sweet  
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts;  
Our eyes are heavy and our hearts  
Search for Thy coming. When the light departs  
But evening brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star  
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far—  
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are:  
But evening brings us home.

The clouds are round us and the snowdrifts thicken.  
O, Thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken  
In the waste night. Our tardy footsteps quicken;  
But evening brings us home.

—Fraser's Magazine, January, 1865.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mlle. Yvonne Nevajan, a Belgian educator, who has been appointed director of public schools in that country, is traveling in the United States to study American educational methods.

Dr. A. C. D. Van De Graeff, Netherlands Minister to Tokio, has been recently appointed Minister to the United States. He will succeed Dr. J. C. A. Everwijn, whose resignation as minister to Washington was announced in July.

Lieutenant R. L. Maughan of the United States Army, who won the Pulitzer air race at Detroit in a Curtiss biplane, thus setting the world's speed record of four miles a minute, carries a white rabbit's left hind foot as "insurance."

Italy's "dictator," Benito Mussolini, present leader of the Fascisti, was formerly a socialist editor. He renounced his political platform to organize the powerful group of young Italians whose sworn purpose is to oppose socialism and every form of bolshevism in Italy.

Lady Wentworth, great-granddaughter of the poet Byron and daughter of another poet, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, is a breeder of Arabian horses and mountain ponies. She is also an authority on toy dogs, a subject on which she has written extensively. The Baroness Wentworth was at one time world woman's tennis champion.

The Countess Janina Mieczkowska, the sole survivor of an old Polish house, is Europe's latest screen hit. When on the point of entering a convent, Janina was discovered by a movie expert, who hailed her face as the perfect photogenic one. The countess is said to be an excellent example of the fact that beauty is not the key to screen success, for though she is of course "good-looking," her manager says every city of Europe is full of handsomer women.

Arthur Bliss, perhaps the most interesting of the younger English musical composers, was born in London on August 2, 1891. He was educated at Rugby and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, taking his B. A. and Mus. B. in 1913. In 1915 he served in France with the Thirteenth Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers; he was wounded on the Somme in 1916, and mentioned in dispatches for gallantry. In 1918 he further served in France with the First Battalion Grenadier Guards, and was gassed near Cambrai.

Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton, physicist, and for more than twenty years director of the National Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C., has resigned that post to become president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Stratton is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, Cambridge, and Yale, is in his early sixties and is unmarried. He is a member of the International Commission on Weights and Measures, of the American Institution of Electrical Engineers, and of the National Academy of Sciences. He served as a lieutenant in the United States Navy during the Spanish-American war and is a member of the Army and Navy Club.

To leap into the limelight in Ireland it is apparently first necessary to be a schoolteacher—a tradition perhaps from the middle ages, when Ireland was the most learned of the nations. To enumerate: James Joyce and Daniel Corkery, two of Erin's most generally recognized men of letters, were both schoolteachers. Three leaders of the Easter Week rebellion of 1916, Padraic Pearse, headmaster of a boys' school; Thomas McDonough, who was executed with Pearse and who had been a teacher in his school, and Joseph Plunkett were all of the same profession. De Valera was a professor at Dublin University, as is Professor McNeill, the Speaker of the Dail. Miss Mary McSwiney, sister of the hunger-striking lord mayor of Cork, is also an educator. To return to the author of "The Portrait of the Author as a Young Man" and the proscribed "Ulysses," James Joyce taught languages in various schools in France, Italy, and Switzerland, while he was at work on his Italian novels.

John L. Lewis, the "Man with the Iron Jaw," as he is known among his men, is the ninth of the list of leaders who have served as president of the United Mine Workers, and probably the strongest of them all. Lewis, who is still in his forties and who carries as great responsibility as any labor man, has the intimate viewpoint of the miner. He stripped soft coal as a boy in the bituminous fields of Iowa and Illinois. It will be remembered that at the conference of the mine workers during the 1919 strike, after the double-barreled order from the Federal courts enjoining the miners from striking and compelling their leaders to cancel the strike order, Lewis quelled the stormy eighteen-hour session and emerged victorious from the debate with the report, "We will obey the mandate of the court. We are Americans and will not fight our government." Lewis is the son of Welsh parentage, born in Lucas, Iowa, a small mining town, on Lincoln's birthday, in 1880. Both his father and grandfather had been coal miners in Wales. Early in life he made a name for himself as an organizer in the American Federation of Labor. He served as a member of the Coal Production Committee of the National Council of Defense and during the war cooperated with the United States Fuel Administration to maintain the maximum production of coal.



## JOHN DREW AND HIS WORLD.

Sparkling Reminiscences of a Leading Figure of the Contemporary American Stage.

There has been no high degree of social development without a great stage, and of the American stage for two generations John Drew has been one of the mainstays. As America's most refined comedian, he has interpreted life, manners, social customs, all the myriad practices men and women have developed in getting on with one another and taking the rough edges off life. He has been very much the mold of form, to say nothing of the glass of fashion, to his country and his times, and perhaps he has enjoyed not a little being the observed of all observers. It would take a bold person to deny that he had excited some male emulation at times, and that he had also fluttered many female hearts. And those that saw him lately in "The Circle," that diabolical exposition of the ceaselessly whirling squirrel cage of love, when he had become a testy old ruin scolding at his mistress the way no man should scold any women except his wife, could hardly have escaped the feeling that "this person has lived." He saw the world across the footlights, but he also saw it face to face in a hundred real and vital ways. Had he not, he never could have been its interpreter, even with the best assistance of the dramatist. If one studies his art, for example in its latest expression, one is puzzled to decide which has been the more creative, Somerset Maugham with his plot and lines and fundamental understanding of the human heart, or John Drew with his aristocratic manner, his noble nose, his gouty temper, and his fundamental understanding of the human head, when the heart is gone and nothing remains but patent leather, broadcloth, and just a little for the barber to trim. Of Drew this can always be said: that he has been a sincere and conscientious artist, giving us always his best. And he has been a gentleman. And he now gives us his observations of life in a modest volume, well illustrated, entitled "My Years on the Stage." That mimic world which Augustin Daly created, a world of actors of both sexes bound together by an admirable *esprit*, is brightly reflected in the Drew book, and many of the reflections will prove sources of delight to the theatre-goers of mature years. What old haunter of the foyer, for instance, will fail to thrill at these familiar portraits of Ada Rehan?

Ada Rehan had a fault, if such it may be termed, which might have been a deterrent and a hindrance to her success on the stage, and that was her utter inability to keep from laughing if anything seemed at all funny. I remember that in one of the first plays in which we first appeared together, "Kitty O'Shiel," I was acting a red-coated British officer of the Third Georgian period, and, of course, I wore a white wig. We did not have dress rehearsals and when I came up to her on the stage at the performance, she burst out laughing and I under my breath tried to control her.

When we came off stage I demanded to know what was the matter.

She said: "I couldn't help it; but you looked like a sheep." Ada Rehan never quite got over this upsetting tendency and liking for the ridiculous at serious times.

Years afterward we were rehearsing at Daly's Theatre "The Foresters," by Tennyson. In one scene Maid Marian had to say to Robin Hood: "Your horn is known and feared through the forest."

Each time she would say this I covered my nose up, and it set her laughing.

Daly, who was out in front, was always annoyed when rehearsals were interrupted. The next time we reached this same line, Maid Marian burst into uncontrollable laughter, and it was some minutes before she regained her equilibrium. This time Daly demanded to know what was funny about this line and, when told that horn and nose were sometimes synonymous, he very emphatically told Ada to cut the line out of her part if she could not give it without laughing.

By that time the amusement that it caused was over, and it was given in the play. It scarcely seems a "funnymen" now; but Ada Rehan was so much a healthy, good-natured girl, even in 1892, that one was apt to laugh with her.

From this second season of the new Daly's Ada Rehan was an assured success. E. A. Dithmar at a somewhat later date wrote: "Miss Ada Rehan has no lack of appreciation and she is growing in her art. Her record belongs to the future; but it has been interesting and profitable to watch her artistic work from the days of 'Needles and Pins,' in which Miss Rehan as a kittenish girl acted as a mediator in the mature romance of a bald and bashful bachelor and a gushing yet timid spinster, portrayed by Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert."

The plot of "Needles and Pins" was complicated and sentimental, and it was not a play that could live any number of years in any theatre, but the comedy scenes were genuine good fun. I suppose that its most conspicuous merit was that it was unlike anything to be seen elsewhere in New York at that time. It belonged to the group of plays that Daly adapted from the German. Some were better than others, but the standard did not change much. They were always very pleasing, light and clean.

Hardly any actor of Drew's generation could have failed to be charmed by the life and atmosphere of the old San Francisco, the San Francisco of the days before the earthquake and fire, and long before that, the city of sparkle and gayety and abundance and brilliance, before the last departures of the generous souls of the Comstock era. They loved the drama, perhaps because their own lives were so dramatic, perhaps because it was the one vital and portable form of art that never failed to appeal to big and simple natures. There was a day when San Francisco would have pressed New York hard as the leading theatrical city of America. Such times Drew gratefully recalls, as on

the occasion of his first visit, and he gives us this account of his experiences:

San Francisco in 1875 was a live town. We stayed at the Occidental, and on July 12th we opened with "London Assurance" in Platt's Hall. According to the playbill of that night, this play was to be "As represented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to crowded and laughter-convulsed audiences." Also from the playbill: "The new scenery to be unfolded this evening will be found in Act 2—The park, and in Act 3—Oak Hall, Gloucestershire." It turned out that there was little room for all this scenery and after two nights we moved to Emerson's Minstrel Hall.

"The Big Bonanza" was not a success here, for Crane and James O'Neill had already played another version of the same play. We visited Chinatown and saw some of the interminable plays in the Chinese Theatre, at least we were told that one of the plays that we saw still had some days to go. Outwardly Chinatown was a very different place from the place I saw on numerous later trips.

In San Francisco I met John McCullough, who was running the California Theatre on regular stock lines, playing the usual plays that were popular at the time. On this first trip I met John Mackay, the father of Clarence Mackay, and James Fair, of the celebrated mining outfit, Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien. They owned the Consolidated Virginia mine in Virginia City, Nevada.

We visited the mine, and there is a picture of Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Davenport, Miss Jeffries Lewis, James Lewis, Augustin Daly and myself at the entrance to the mine, all made-up in workmen's clothes. We went down to a depth of some two thousand feet, and then to some lower level on a very small lift. It was very warm in this big silver mine, and Mr. Fair had a man following us with iced champagne and we stopped to partake now and then.

In Salt Lake City he came upon one solution of the problem of the eternal triangle, or even occasional quadrangle, that must have amused him. Of a stop in the Mormon capital he says:

Curiously enough, the play selected for our opening bill in Salt Lake City was Bronson Howard's "Saratoga." Elsewhere the complications resulting from the pursuit of the hero, Bob Sackett, by three infatuated women had been considered excruciatingly funny, but the Mormons, as Brigham Young himself pointed out to us, would have solved a problem like Sackett's so easily that there would have been no play.

The day after we opened, Miss Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert, Jim Lewis and Mrs. Lewis, Daly and I went to call upon Brigham Young, who gave us a sort of audience at his official residence. He seemed a familiar figure and looked very much like his pictures, except that he was older and somewhat feeble, and he had a growth or goiter that was said to have been caused by drinking snow water from the mountains. Of course this must have been false, for the water was perfectly pellucid.

He expressed a great deal of interest in our work and particularly in the play, "Saratoga." "But why," he asked, turning to Lewis, who played the part of Bob Sackett, the pursued hero, "should the author have made such a complication out of the efforts of your character to get away from the three women who are in love with him?"

Jim Lewis was somewhat puzzled by the question. "What else," he asked, "could Sackett do but try to escape?" "Marry them all," was Brigham Young's answer.

He said this so seriously that none of us knew whether he meant his solution as a wheeze or not, and we talked of other things.

In the middle 'eighties first nights at Daly's in New York had become very much the thing, and the audiences included persons of national fame. There one might see General Sherman, General Horace Porter, Mark Twain, H. C. Bunner of "Short Sixes" fame, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, Frank R. Stockton, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edwin A. Abbey—all interested in the miniature world of the stage that for an hour or so can be made to seem so much more worth while than the real one. Mark Twain once wrote for a first-night reservation, saying: "I have written wonderful books, which have revolutionized politics and religion in the world; and you might think this is why my children hold my person to be sacred; but it isn't so; it is because I know Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew personally." Drew might well feel proud of that; at any rate he has put it in his book. It is almost as good as being the uncle of the Barrymores, "Lionel, Ethel, and John." But Clemens wished to do still more; he wished to write a play. The ambition had this disappointing outcome:

The company and the performances were beginning to attract attention and it was somewhere around this time that Mark Twain and other people prominent in literature and art began to come to the theatre. I remember that Mark Twain told me in those early days that he had thought of writing a play for the Daly company. It was a grand, brilliant, and original idea. At least so he thought when he began to work upon it. The play was a dream play, and in the end it all came out right and the disasters that happened in the play were mere distortions of the imagination. Before submitting the play to Daly he thought he would take it to some friend who knew something about dramatic construction; so he submitted the manuscript to Sinclair McKelway of the Brooklyn Eagle.

All this Twain told me with that characteristic drawl which, had any one perfected it and imitated it on the stage, would have been labeled at once as downright impossible.

When Twain got his play back from his friend there was no comment, just a list of the hundreds of different plays from 400 B. C. to the time he was writing which had had this same original idea of violent happenings that turn out to be merely dreams.

In London many adventures awaited the "Daly's." Drew met Tennyson and Browning, and Irving, and Whistler, and many another celebrity, and was made one himself. And he cites this example of hospitable tact, of a sort:

Now and then we were lured to some outside gathering, where the intent to make a circus out of the Daly company was all too clear. We were invited to a reception at the house of a woman who must be called by the name that Dickens found for all women like her, Mrs. Leo Hunter.

With Mrs. Hunter it was a matter of pride that no one came to her house who was not famous for something. At this reception Mrs. Hunter was very much afraid that I was not meeting everybody, and she introduced me to a very pleasant young man who was standing near us. She told him all about the Daly company and the parts that I played in the various plays. Then thinking that I might get the impression that he was not known for anything in particular and

so that I might definitely place him, she said to me: "You may remember his favorite uncle was so frightfully mangled in the underground last year."

The book is very much of a portrait gallery, and in it these old, familiar faces come back to us:

My early impression of Maude Adams, before it was finally decided that she was to be my leading woman in my first play as a star under the management of Charles Frohman, was that she looked too frail. I had been accustomed to play with Ada Rehan, who was so much bigger and stronger. Stronger she was, as was evidenced by the blow on the jaw that as Katherine she gave me in "The Taming of the Shrew." In the scene, in the acting version, where Petruchio says:

Were it the forefoot of an angry bear,  
I'd shake it off; but, as it's Kate's, I kiss it.

Katherine gives him a sound, ringing blow. There was a time when it was not considered good art actually to hit a person on the stage instead of making as if to hit; but there was no make-believe about this stage blow. It was indeed real; in fact, it seems to me now as I look back that the blow that Katherine used to give Petruchio might have given the redoubtable Dempsey a jolt.

Small wonder then that Maude Adams in her girlish slightness seemed to me too fragile for a leading woman. As a matter of fact she was never ill and never away from rehearsals in the years she played with me.

It was Mrs. Drew, my wife, who first suggested that Maude Adams become my leading woman. Maude Adams had been on the stage almost from childhood. Her mother was a leading woman in the stock company at the Salt Lake Theatre. The family name was Kiskadee. Maude, herself, had appeared when quite young in Hoyt's play, "A Midnight Bell." After that she left the stage to go to school.

A familiar figure round the New York theatres in those days of the middle 'nineties was Charles Hoyt, the writer of many successful farces. The titles of these invariably began with the article "A"—"A Temperance Town," "A Midnight Bell," "A Contented Woman," "A Stranger in New York." Hoyt was a most amusing person. He came from New Hampshire, and he had an uncompromising Yankee accent. When he died he gave his place in New Hampshire to the Lambs Club in perpetuity, so that actors who had no place else to go might go there and stay.

One of the often-told stories about him was that on the first night that Goodwin was going to play Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," Hoyt had tickets for it, and there landed in on him some friend from New Hampshire. He had to entertain the man in some fashion, and he said he had two tickets for the theatre. "What is it?"

Hoyt told him: "It is the opening of the new play, 'Nathan Hale,' with Nat Goodwin."

The New Hampshire friend said: "I don't want to see Goodwin. I don't like him."

"You don't?" said Hoyt.

"No, I don't. I don't like him. I don't like him as a man; I don't like him as an actor. I don't like him."

"But," Hoyt said, "you will like him in this play."

The other fellow said: "I won't like him."

Hoyt said: "Yes, you will; they hang him in the last act."

Nat Goodwin, whose personality was perhaps not genial to every one, was one of the finest of American comedians. He was a great mimic and his imitations of Jefferson and J. H. Stoddard were most extraordinary. He even looked like Jefferson and Stoddard.

Goodwin got his start as the hind legs of the heifer in the famous production of "Evangeline" in Boston, where his father had been a gambler. Some years afterward Nat came back to Boston—he had made considerable of an impression as an actor and an imitator in the meantime—and a dinner was given him by some club.

In reply to a toast he said he was so glad to receive this kindness from the citizens of the town "where he had dwelt and his father had dealt so long."

It was Nat's idea of humor without any restriction; he could not help saying that, and he would not conceal the fact that his father had been a gambler.

Which somehow reminds your reviewer of another good old Goodwin story. The irrepressible Nat was discussing in a vein of tender reminiscence the personal characteristics of his (successive) wives, when he reached in the series the case of the stately Maxine Elliott, whose classic and somewhat glacial beauty was one of the bright particular ornaments of the American stage. "My second wife," said he, "was a Roman senator."

Something of Drew's world ramblings are noted, and among other incidents is this, having its beginning in Prague, Bohemia, or as it has the poor taste to prefer to be known, Czecho-Slovakia:

I bought a local paper. It was the most awful-looking thing. It was worse than Magyar. It looked as if a drunken compositor had just taken the type and hurled it at the sheet. Arthur Byron, who was in my company in so many plays, was playing in Chicago at that time. I decided since I could not read the paper to send it to him. I marked a certain portion of it and sent it on with a notation on the side that it was a good notice of me.

Byron told me afterwards that he received the paper just as he was coming out of the theatre after long hours of rehearsing. He had been much annoyed by an actor in the company who had been extremely nervous during the rehearsal, as a result of unwisely celebrating the night before. "What's that?" the nervous actor asked.

"You know Drew?" said Byron.

The actor agreed that he did, and Byron handed him the paper, saying: "There's a notice of Drew. He's in Germany now. It's splendid."

The nervous actor took the paper, looked at the mess of meaningless type and with a cry, fled madly.

Altogether, the Drew book is a good thing. Like Drew himself, it is well mannered, debonaire, and not at all solemn. It is well for life that there are such men as John Drew, and for literature that once in a way one of them gives us his impressions of his world.

MY YEARS ON THE STAGE. By John Drew. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

The famous Rembrandt mill in Hagerswoude on the Rhine, in which Rembrandt was born, is about to be torn down. The prospective destruction caused a flurry of protest in Dutch artistic and historical circles, members of which have launched an appeal for the purchase of the mill by the government as a historical monument, to be preserved for future generations in its original state, just as the Rembrandt house in Joedenbreestraat in Amsterdam is maintained as a national treasure.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending November 4, 1922, were \$165,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$147,700,000; an increase of \$17,300,000.

A mortgage company of many years' experience in loaning on real estate in the New York district, which guarantees the mortgages that it sells, recently published a public warning regarding the large number of companies that have recently come to New York and are exploiting the mortgage field upon what it

sales of excessive issues of real estate mortgage bonds, bearing high rates of interest. These old-fashioned lenders have done business with caution and success over a long term of years and their experience has taught them that 100 per cent. mortgage loans at high rates of interest spell loss to the investors who purchase them."

There is no question but that lower interest rate mortgages guaranteed by a company of large resources are safer investments than the high interest rate bonds that are making such a strong appeal to investors throughout the country. But there is something that can be said in favor of these high interest rate mortgage bonds when issued by the most conservative houses in that field. In the first place when issued by such houses they are not 100 per cent. mortgages. Furthermore, they carry an amortization feature which provides that a certain part of the mortgage shall be paid off each year out of the earnings from the property. And there are houses in this field that have had experience running back through panics and depressions and yet the holders of their real estate mortgage bonds have never suffered loss.

One of these houses in a recent educational advertisement said: "We believe that a loan of \$1,200,000 on a property worth \$1,600,000 or a 75 per cent. loan, where the earnings of the buildings assure funds sufficient to pay fixed charges, meet the interest and amortize the principal of the mortgage, is better than a loan of \$1,200,000 on a property worth \$2,000,000 or a 60 per cent. loan where there are not sufficient earnings and the property must be liquidated to repay the indebtedness. We would not loan \$100,000 on property worth \$500,000, or a 20 per cent. loan, if the earnings were not sufficient to make the loan self-liquidating."

This gives the two sides of the question as presented by interested parties. For the investor who wants the greatest assurance as to the safety of his investment in the real estate mortgage field, it would undoubtedly be well to heed the warning of this "old-fashioned" mortgage company and stick to guaranteed mortgages. For the investor who desires a higher return on his money and who can afford to take some risk there seem to be houses in this other field whose record entitles their offerings to his consideration. But because of the increased demand for these securities, many new and inexperienced houses have entered the field and it is timely that a warning be issued against them. It is probably too much to expect one of the "old-fashioned mortgage lenders," as this company terms itself, to discriminate among houses operating on this "new basis," but it seems that such discrimination might be exercised by investors.

An investor, however, should not place too much confidence in the statements made by these houses as to the length of their successful operation in the field. That has become one of their pet advertising phrases that does not always mean much. For instance, I recently checked over the loans of a large house in this field which makes considerable point of its record and found that more than half of the real estate mortgage bonds that it has sold was made up of sixteen of its latest and largest issues on not one of which had there yet been any serial maturities to meet, and about one-third of these were on theatres or properties related to the moving-picture industry. It will take a few more years and a period of depression to give the bonds of that house a thorough test. The head of the house, however, is a man well versed in real estate values and of long experience in the real estate field. If the investor is willing to take some of the speculative risks that he has been in the habit of taking in his real estate operations, it may work out satisfactorily, and meanwhile the investor will get a high return on his money.

Just now there is an uncertain factor in regard to real estate mortgage loans because of the high cost of building. If the properties against which the loans are made must come into competition with pre-war built properties of the same class, the time will surely come

when their earnings will be reduced. And if real estate values fall from the present high levels, which seems most likely, the equity behind real estate mortgage bonds will suffer and the security for many of them may be inadequate. The real estate mortgage man of experience, of course, realizes all this and should protect his issues against it, provided he wishes to continue in businesses with a good name.

An investor should only buy such bonds from houses that enjoy a good name and have long experience and high reputation in this field. Then the investor should investigate individual issues as to the favorable location of the property, its conservative valuation and earning possibility in relation to the size of the loan and the payments due on it, and should determine whether enough of the loan is to be amortized by these payments to make it safe under any conceivable changes of conditions.

Because this present inflation of real estate values makes the situation regarding these high interest bearing bonds more uncertain than it has been in the past, it would also be well for the investor in selecting bonds of this character to choose from among the earlier maturities. Bonds due within the next two or three years seem much less likely to be affected by changes in real estate values. By dealing only with the best houses and by choosing the earlier maturities the investor reduces his risk and still secures a high rate of interest.

At a time when money rates are high, such as was the case in 1919 and early 1920, the investor should consider long-term bonds only, unless, of course, the funds are to be employed for but a few months and the risk of a fluctuation in values can not be assumed. Conversely, when interest rates are low, short-term bonds and notes should be purchased, says *Forbes Magazine*. This general rule must be modified to meet certain exceptions, but in the main it can be followed closely by bond buyers.

The underlying principle is that bond prices are governed by the prevailing rates for time loans, account being taken of the trend of the rates. Because capital is mobile it flows to and fro between the investment and commercial loan markets, and bond yields are consequently adjusted automatically to money rates, with allowance for safety and marketability.

Throughout the war period all branches of industry were abnormally active and the demand for capital intense. Credit, being limited, is subject to the law of supply and demand, and its cost increased as the demand grew. Commodity prices are a prime factor also in determining the cost of credit. In-

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calls a "new basis," says John K. Barnes in the *Century Magazine*. The warning is a general one against those houses offering real estate mortgage bonds bearing high rates of interest and not having the resources of the houses pledged as a guarantee back of them. It is a timely warning; yet the many years of successful experience of some of the mortgage houses operating on this "new basis" would seem to justify for their offerings a little better treatment than they received in this wholesale condemnation.

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panics, crises and depressions, failures of business houses, unemployment, severe drops in rent and scaling down of real estate values," says this public warning, and "it is during these periods that holders of excessive real estate bond issues will face loss." The conclusion of this warning was in these words: "To sum up—the old-fashioned mortgage lenders view with apprehension the large

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dustrial activity is based on a demand for commodities and the reason for the unusual activity during the war period was the unusual demand for commodities of all kinds. As the demand for commodities increased their values increased and a constantly expanding volume of credit was needed to finance their production and turnover. Briefly, this was the condition which obtained two and a half years ago and enabled investors to place their funds in high-grade bonds at a return of about 7 per cent.

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declined, prices were deflated and industry slowed down. The result was a sharp contraction in the volume of credit required to carry on business, and interest rates eased correspondingly. Accompanying the decline in rates was a decline in bond yields until now a return of 5 per cent. for a high-grade issue is rare.

The low point in both production and com-

modity prices has been passed and it seems probable that no further decline in interest rates can be looked for. Of course, the potential supply of credit expanded enormously during and since the war and is still expanding so that business would have to reach boom proportions and commodity prices become considerably inflated before any actual scarcity was seen.

Those who made their bond commitments on a high-yield basis have no cause for alarm and will continue to receive their large return on the original investment until maturity. Others less fortunate having nothing in particular to gain in buying long-term bonds at present prices and, as a matter of fact, would do well to consider short-term bonds. If an unexpected strain in the money market should develop, bonds of an early maturity would not reflect it materially and a switch to advantage could then be made to the issues having a longer time to run. A group of short-term bonds is suggested here, the individual issues being well diversified and of varying grades.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has established such a dependable earning power that it can now do a large part of its new financing through the sale of capital stock instead of by the sale of bonds and notes. The company has just recently sold \$115,000,000 of new stock to shareholders and retired \$35,000,000 of notes out of the proceeds, using the remainder for development purposes. The new capital acquired in this manner is put to work earning, the funded debt having first claim to the income which it develops. The result is a gradually increasing margin of safety for the bonds. The company has never failed to earn its full interest charges by less than three and three-fourths times over in any one year for a decade or longer.

The American Tobacco Company has a comparatively small funded debt and interest charges consequently are not onerous. The company borrowed \$10,000,000 in 1918 which it must pay on November 1, 1923. In 1921 fixed charges were earned 11.33 times and earnings for last year equaled twice the entire funded debt. Net working capital at the close of last year amounted to almost nine times the total amount of bonds outstanding.

Anaconda Copper has been doing little more than mark time for over a year and in 1921 reported an operating deficit. This was simply the result of temporary conditions obtaining in the copper industry and in no wise jeopardizes the senior obligations of the company. Net current assets are sufficient to cover the entire funded indebtedness, to say nothing of fixed assets which are equivalent to about five times the outstanding amount of bonds. Under normal conditions interest is protected by a wide margin of safety.

Baltimore & Ohio during 1922 has shown a remarkable recovery in earning power, and the investment rating of its bonds is rapidly improving. Bonded debt is heavy, but well covered by property valuation. There will be a great deal of refunding to do in 1925 and the company will make every effort to improve its financial condition meanwhile. In order for B. & O. bonds to retain their rating as legal investment in New York State the common stock must pay a dividend by March, 1923, but the company is working into a position where earning power will permit this.

The financial structure of Canadian Pacific Railway is well balanced, the capitalization

being almost equally divided between bonds and stock. For a number of years this road has earned its fixed charges more than four times over annually, and as the railroad situation in Canada is improving as well as in the United States, even better results should be obtained in the future.

National Cloak & Suit Company was caught with a high-priced inventory on hand at the time deflation set in, and the losses incurred necessitated borrowing \$5,000,000, in September, 1920, for a period of ten years. The new financing gave the company the largest amount of working capital it ever had and placed it in a sound condition. Normally, fixed charges should be earned from three to five times over annually. Net current assets at the close of 1921 exceeded the funded debt.

Sears, Roebuck & Co. since its president came to its rescue has scored a remarkable recovery. The company borrowed \$50,000,000 in 1920, and subsequently reduced its inventory account about \$50,000,000. All but \$17,000,000 of the funds borrowed have been repaid. Buying power has been recovered by its customers and the normal margin of profit is now possible on sales.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering \$57,000 Florence, Arizona, 6 per cent. municipal gold bonds, due August 1, 1952, and free from Federal taxes.


Florence, the county seat of Pinal County, is one of the oldest towns in Arizona. It is situated in a healthful location, and lies in a valley with mountains in the distance in every direction. Because of its altitude Florence is not subject to the excessive heat that prevails in some parts of Arizona. Lying to the southwest of Florence extends a large fertile agricultural valley, containing thousands of acres of level, rich soil which produces large crops of grain and semi-tropical products. A source of water is the Gila River, which flows past Florence. The United States Reclamation Service constructed a diversion dam in the Gila River about eight miles above Florence, diverting the water for irrigation of the whole valley. This diversion dam is the first step toward the permanent irrigation system to be installed by the government.

According to figures compiled by the American Electric Railway Association, net earnings of the electric railway industry for 1921 were not only greater than in any previous year, but they exceeded fixed charges by a greater percentage than in any other year with the exception of 1922.

Operating ratio of eighty-one companies was 69.5 per cent. for April, 1922, a decline of 13.5 per cent. of the July, 1920, figure, which was 79.6 per cent. The annual average operating ratio of the industry rose to a peak of 74.8 per cent. for 1920 and then declined to 72.2 per cent. for 1921.

A continuously lessening proportion of the gross earnings is being absorbed by operating expenses and the net earnings remaining are increasing more rapidly than are the fixed charges. Increase in gross earnings, due to the gradual revival of business activity, should add materially to the margin of safety of net earnings over fixed charges.

Other fundamental reasons for the improving conditions of street railways include reduction of material costs, reduction of labor costs, marked economy of operation and im-



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provement in public relations. These improving conditions impart particular interest to the following discussion of the reorganization of San Francisco-Oakland Terminal Railways, the estimated earning power of the New Operating Company and ultimate potential value of old and new securities, based on authoritative figures.

Reorganization will scale down capitalization from \$48,332,000 to \$28,239,785, reducing

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funded debt from \$20,157,000 to \$14,361,385. Behind the \$28,239,785 of securities, including bonds, notes, preferred and common stock, there is actual physical value of \$37,938,000, or more than two and a half times the par value of the funded debt and indicating an unusually large equity for all three classes of stock.—William Cavalier & Co., Investment Securities.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Most of us have an inborn feeling that to be materialistic is to be ignoble: most of us are materialists. Meanwhile, the novelists, who are the most theoretic and idyllic of us all, and yet strangely enough represent the dead level of humanity pretty well, from H. B. Wright to H. G. Wells, have an innate idea that fiction should, nay, must be constructive and "uplifting." Of course one can paint life in its horrid and most lurid colors, and one frequently does, but the moral must always be there—such a moral, for example, as the one refuted by "The Room," that having made one's bed one must lie on it. Or any of the other thousand and one platitudes that have become almost meaningless till some poor devil of a storyteller, trailing through the dictionary of platitudes, lights on one rather than another and hurls it at us with greater or less force according to his powers or his own conviction. That is, whether one likes it or not, the formula for most novels. It is as intrepid purveyor of fiction indeed who dares fly in the face of the familiar morality of the golden rule or its corollary that if one does right one is rewarded, and most surely if the opposite is one's perverse course one is punished surely and adequately before the last chapter. True, the Russians and some

other continentals have gotten away from the great white man's tradition of platitude. As we are the most sentimental of all races, we are also the most self-gullible. But those continentals are generally labeled decadent, and though the application of the label varies with one's viewpoint, there is no denying that most of them are despondent and many are morbid, according to any one's moral slant. What is really needed is a truth-telling scribe who does not mind admitting that even nice people of the admirable type one associates with heroes and heroines are selfish materialists, more concerned with creature comforts than with politics or ethics. Of course Shaw and James have done it, but the virus is spreading very, very slowly to the popular novelist, the writer every one reads instead of him of the eclectic clique. One of the first, and she should be given all the honors awarded any pioneer in dangerous territory is G. B. Stern, whose "The Room" has just been published by Mr. Knopf. "The Room" suffers, but in a very attenuated degree, from a malady rife among modern novels, of starting better than it ends. This is so common a failing it is hardly worth mentioning except that one expected "The Room" to go on being as different from most fiction and as like life to the bitter end. But Miss Stern was not quite proof against the idealism that besets all writers fatally—an ideal that they must wind up symbolically, or at any rate aesthetically, at all costs. It would never do to finish in the homely forthright fashion in which they started. One gets bitten by "form" and "composition" long before the end and forces one's material out of reality into the formula. But that prevalent weakness aside, and in fairness one must say the case of "The Room" is not so virulent as most. Miss Stern's latest novel is remarkable for its sincerity, virility, and what is most notable of all in a woman's novel, its nonchalance. It has a hardy indifference to the interests of the sex and to the sex in general. We would not affront Miss Stern by saying it might have been the work of a man, for no male could have given us Ursula. But "The Room" indubitably represents the great new phenomenon, the artistic product of a normal woman, neither a masculine George Eliot, a spinster Jane Austen, nor the violent suffragist of today.

## Notes of Books and Authors

Miss Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement" has been produced in a Czech version at Prague.

In the introduction to his new book of cartoons Mr. Max Beerbohm describes Byron, Disraeli, and Rossetti as the three most interesting men of the nineteenth century.

Paul H. De Kruif, whose book, "Our Medicine Men," is just out and is said to be a terrific lashing of the medical profession for the pretensions, the mystification, the heartless exploiting of human ignorance that he sees in many phases of it, has another book already on the way still further excoriating the professional hides of the M. D.s. It, too, will be published by the Century Company.

An American edition of J. K. Huysmans' "The Cathedral" is being published by E. P. Dutton & Co., following their edition of his "En Route," which they brought out a few years ago. In "The Cathedral" Durtal, the hero of "En Route," continues his way towards righteousness in the shelter of the Catholic church and, turning his thoughts toward mysticism and the cloister, takes up his abode at Chartres, where he studies and endeavors to understand the great cathedral and the significance of its architecture, statuary, and stained glass as exponents of mediæval theology.

"Jurgen," James Branch Cabell's famous and ill-fated romance, is soon to become accessible to readers of French and German. A French translation by Raoul de Roussy de Sales has just been completed and will shortly appear in France as one of the Editions de la Sirene. It will be followed by a French translation of Mr. Cabell's volume of essays, "Beyond Life," and eventually by a complete set of his novels and tales. The German translation, which will appear in the spring of 1923 under the imprint of Georg Müller Verlag, is the work of Dr. Franz Blei, who is also undertaking the German translation of Mr. Cabell's novel, "The Cream of the Jest," for the same publishers.

One of the mysteries, in a small way, of modern literature is what became of that powerful American writer, Ambrose Bierce, remarks John O'London's Weekly. He wrote a great deal in America, and, although he never became a popular author, his work was highly admired. He came to England, lived here for some time, and also wrote here, mostly under the nom de guerre of "Dod Grile," which, indeed, is a name covering many of his writings. Where he went in later years the records do not seem to tell us, but perhaps we shall have light, for a new collected edition of his works is being talked about, and it is to be hoped

that it will come along. He has much of the force and freshness of Kipling, perhaps without Kipling's elegance, and a new issue of his writings will be sure to find a much wider welcome in England today than he himself when he was here in the flesh and active with his pen.

The educational department of Doubleday, Page & Co. announces that *Le Petit Journal* will be issued twice each month during the calendar year. Previously the paper has appeared twice a month from October through May only. *Le Petit Journal* was published originally to supply school and college classes with example of current newspaper and magazine French; but it has developed so decidedly into a digest of French affairs that there has been a regular demand for it from readers who desire, not only to keep up their knowledge of French, but who, at the same time, are anxious to keep in touch with current French life.

The Harpers have received a large order from Selfridge's in London for the new Frank Schoonover edition in color of "Ivanhoe." This is significant because London is the home of the elaborately-made colored book and America has been importing this type of book. Selfridge's order turns the tables. "Ivanhoe" is the beginning of a new series to be illustrated by Frank Schoonover, because of the great popularity of his work with the Louis Rhead edition of juveniles. There are ten full illustrations in color, besides the other illustrations and decorations. Mr. Schoonover

was perhaps the most gifted pupil of Howard Pyle, who so loved the Middle Ages.

It is a good many years since an Englishwoman who hid her identity under the pen-name of Michael Fairless published "The Road Mender," a little volume that has ever since been a source of deep enjoyment to book lovers wherever the English language is read. It is now twenty years since she died and E. P. Dutton & Co., in recognition of the anniversary, announce the publication shortly of a new and beautiful edition of a book that is beloved by hundreds of thousands of readers. It will have as illustrations a score of mounted photographs, many of them picturing the localities mentioned in the book.

The recent death of Enos A. Mills will come as a great loss to countless readers of his outdoor books. He was born in Kansas City in 1870, but went to the Rocky Mountains early in life and established himself in a cabin at the foot of Long's Peak. From there he explored the mountains alone, on foot and without firearms. Last winter he lectured through the country against the government's granting exclusive contracts to transportation companies. It was he who did more to forward the creation of Rocky Mountain Park than any other one person, and he wrote extensively for the protection and development of national parks. Among his books, "Your National Parks," "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," "Wild Life of the Rockies," "The Spell of the Rockies" are but a few of the best known.

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## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

## Clair de Lune.

Studies of the artistic temperament abound in legions, and for the most part in superfluous ones. So that, though one hails as a rare avis the book that deals with untalented normal humanity, the phenomenon of a fresh treatment of a muse-inflicted personality, which does not lean at all on its numerous colleagues for its traditions of the over-worked artistic genius, is even more of a find. Such a book is Anthony Pryde's "Clair de Lune." One wishes there was a synonym for the trite term that is the subject of this review and of Mr. Pryde's book, though to do the latter justice, this study of a musician's psychology is innocent of the term. Still, since there is no alternative—the hackneyed temperament is usually interpreted as amorous. Anthony Pryde paints it otherwise, and hence the fresh attraction of his book.

But it would be unfair both to Mr. Pryde and the possible readers of "Clair de Lune" to represent it as a psychological study, *per se*, however novel. Readers of Anthony Pryde's previous work know that he always has a rattling, dramatic story in addition to a message, however subtle. That is the secret of his popularity. He who runs may read, but there is lots to afford the runner pause and food for pondering. In addition, Mr. Pryde always writes well, and his delineation—

though his characters have the family resemblance of well-bred English good form—is delicately and surely done. On the whole, "Clair de Lune" marks an advance in the serious quality of his work.

CLAIR DE LUNE. By Anthony Pryde. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

## The Crock of Gold.

The Macmillans have just issued a new edition of James Stephens' classic, "The Crock of Gold," with appropriate cartoons in green and orange by Wilfred Jones. It is a relief to see Celtic fancy humorously instead of mystically illustrated, just for a change. Any one so unfortunate as to be unacquainted with Mr. Stephens' indefatigable though poetic nonsense, and of this volume of it in particular, should seize the present opportunity to meet the two philosophers of the pine wood, called Coilla Doraca, the Grey Woman of Dun Gortin, the Thin Woman of Inis Magrath, and their numerous respective clients—not to mention all the fairy clans of Erin and the great god, Pan himself.

THE CROCK OF GOLD. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

## Modern English Essays.

An ideal students' library of essays has just been brought out by Messrs. Dutton & Co. under the title, "Modern English Essays: 1870-1922," in five neat pocket-size volumes. Ernest Rhys, expert among anthology editors, is

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MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS. Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

## The Divine Right of Democracy.

"The Divine Right of Democracy" or "The People's Right to Rule," a study in citizenship, to give it the benefit of its two subtitles, is a little book by Clarence True Wilson, written chiefly to prove the thesis that our Constitution and government are founded on the Mosaic rule of Israel rather than a study of the early democratic tendencies of Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome, as most authorities rightly or wrongly claim. These latter, as Mr. Wilson truly contends, were not democracies at all. However, his statement that the founders of our country knew little of those ancient germs of government does scanty justice to the immense legal scholarship of Alexander Hamilton. For the author of "The Federalist" had not a little to do with the structure and interpretation of our Constitution.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF DEMOCRACY. By Clarence True Wilson. New York: The Abingdon Press.

## The Comedies of Menander.

What with Professor Capp's edition of several of the plays and Professor Allinson's translation in the justly-famed Loeb series, Menander has fared well in America. Praised by the ancients, Menander, though still in pieces, is now for all of us at least a partly open book. Being a Greek, he "wrote well"—with urbanity and ease that is at once apparent whether in Greek or in English. His is "an amenity that is like Elysian speech, equable and ever gracious." True, many have found his plots lacking in originality, his characters monotonous—the types of his imitator and translator, Terence—rather than creations comparable, say, to his mighty forerunner, Aristophanes, who often took his characters from life.

Menander wrote new comedy as opposed to Aristophanes' old: a comedy of manners as contrasted with a comedy of personal and political satire. This new comedy, says Professor Allinson, "no longer offers the lyric beauty, the rapier wit—or, as we know it in Menander at least—the naked licenes and the daring personal or political satire of Aristophanes. It does not, indeed, always nor only seek to provoke laughter, but is the scenic representation of human life: the pathetic, the serious, the gay, the amusing, the commonplace."

"Even this little peep into a scene of the Menander comedy helps me to conceive his method of unfolding and run of the dialogue," wrote George Meredith, greatest of moderns for his theory and practice of comedy, to a friend who had sent him an English text of the Papyrus Menander. Through Mr. Allinson's translation, by far the most complete in English, Meredith's pleasure can be extended to all lovers of comedy.

Fragments of Menander were known prior to 1905, but in that year the Cairo Papyrus discovery afforded the modern world portions of five comedies and some minor fragments.

MENANDER. Translated for the Loeb Library by Francis G. Allinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

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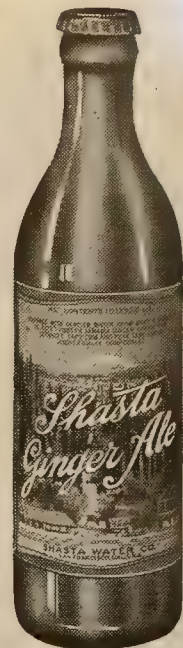
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# THE SEQUOIA LITTLE THEATRE.

This modest but apparently healthy young effort in the line of drama has just begun its winter season. Under the directorship of Miss Ruth Brenner the Sequoia Little Theatre has continued to work along the lines originally initiated, the opening programme on the evening of November 4th being indicative of the selected policy. One-act plays by famous playwrights, and an occasional try-out of plays by local people are part of this policy, the rest of it including the extending of en-

couragement and an opportunity to act in public to talented amateurs.

Miss Brenner gave a British flavor to the opening programme by giving three plays of British authorship, the first, by Lord Dunsany, being "The Glittering Gate," which Arthur Maitland presented during his first year in San Francisco.

It has been said of Lord Dunsany that he created his own mythology. Indeed in "The Gods of Pegana" this assertion is most strangely, strikingly, weirdly verified. He is a poet whose muse sees the walls of life stretching far away to the infinite; so far that there is a certain impersonality to his human figures, which are generally tiny atoms wrestling with cosmic forces.

So it is in "The Glittering Gate," one of the least comprehensible of Dunsany's plays because we can flounder between several interpretations. One, however, is quite clear; and that is that sentimental criminals recalling memories of their mother and sweetheart can not reach heaven by jimmying their way into it, as was attempted by the guilelessly criminal Bill. Whether or not Dunsany would allow us to vision a heaven beyond for better men we do not gather. But in "The Glittering Gate," while he creates a certain sympathy for the two child-like burglars with their simple, natural belief in their rights to heaven compared with other men, he gives us the surprise that is invariable in his brief plays. Slowly, solemnly, the gates slide apart, after the dramatic suspense attending the event.

And heaven is a void. Dramatically it is something of an anti-climax; and yet the element of poetic beauty, of awe, of a vast, invisible fate—one of Dunsany's created gods—attending the pigny efforts of humans to escape annihilation is powerfully indicated in "The Glittering Gate."

The two actors, Jack Miles Lusher and Albert Vince, did well with their rôles of the trusting burglar who had been shot and the cynical one who had been hanged, their character differentiation being notably good. Probably of the three plays on the programme this was the least enjoyed, and yet the one that will leave the deepest impression. There could not but be a groping attitude, the beer bottles, with their indication of materialistic appetite, and the jimmy typifying a forcing of one's way into an undeserved paradise, being puzzling in their symbolism. But the idea of a lonely half-way house between earth and heaven somewhere in the starlit void about us is conveyed with the attendant elements of the mystery and vastness of the infinite, while the malignant laughter suggests the cruelty of an invisible, relentless force that creates and destroys. For one recognizes in this piece the workings and the creation of an unusual intellect; one that can, in a prosaic age, invoke a sense of the terror of the unknown.

"The Sun," by John Galsworthy, was also presented to San Francisco audiences by Arthur Maitland. It is a brief sketch of a soldier returned from the war to find his sweetheart untrue to him. But so determined is he to rejoice in the sun of peace, and joy, and the soothing calm of the usual that he refuses to abate the laughter and cheer with which he faces restored life. Edna Oliver, Harold Myers, and Ronald Ogilvie represented the three characters with due heed to their prevailing characteristics. Mr. Ogilvie, however, being more at ease in his representation, and giving it more than a touch of the finish of the professional.

The third piece, which is by George Bernard Shaw, is "Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress." It begins well, showing the assertiveness of the military aristocrat whose self-importance is kept alive by the kissing of royal hands. General Strammfest, in a long tirade—as the French put it—voices the feelings of the class that is at present rather on the down grade in Europe, the class that was given to placing its varnished boots on submissively unresisting necks, while kowtowing to imperial personages.

Max Newman, both in appearance and acting, carried out the author's conception, Mark Selig playing a good second as the lieutenant, while Irene Jules-Tipp assumed the snappy rôle of Annajanska, daughter of the General's Grand Panjandrum.

The lady was brisk and vigorous in indicating the royal high temper, twentieth-century independence, and a delight in daring and doing of the fair sprig of royalty whose defection from the ranks of the most high gave the reactionary general such a severe pain in his royalistic sympathies. Miss Jules-Tipp was rather lacking in vocal power for her rôle, but otherwise rendered it with credit.

The piece shows some falling off in the Shavian wit, but Shaw is constitutionally unable to write a humorless piece. So there is humor in it, and, of course, the voice of Shaw, as ever, is heard through the lips of his characters, giving utterance to the always racy opinions of G. B. S.

An almost capacity house in the fair-sized auditorium of the Sequoia Theatre proved a growing interest in the plans and purposes of the organization. The audience was markedly cordial, not only in its reception of the dramatic performance, but also of the musical

numbers, which had been selected to accord with the British flavor suggested by the authorship of the pieces.

Miss Brenner promises to put on in the near future a play by Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, a lady widely known in San Francisco both socially and for her numerous welfare activities, who has written a timely play called "the Jolt," dealing with prohibition. Also Miss Blanche Cumming, a local playwright who inclines towards comedy, will have a one-act piece called "Piety and Pie" staged on the same occasion, which will be some time after the New Year, when Miss Brenner promises a programme composed entirely of the work of local playwrights.

## AT THE ORPHEUM.

Music, dancing, joking, and larking make up a lively week's bill at the Orpheum. Jack George Duo gives good blackface comedy, and imitates a polysyllabic black preacher with the regular pulpit drone done to the life.

Following him comes Carl Gantvoort, his fine baritone giving great pleasure in "Duna," "Dannie Deever," and "Sally Roses." The singer has an agreeable stage presence; his voice, though not truly great, is a big, well-trained organ, and he sings with a sense of the dramatic value of his song, as evidenced more particularly in "Dannie Deever," to which popular old ballad he gave the freshness of a new creation.

"Recuperation" is an amusing sketch in which Jack Norton, a double-jointed humorist, falls all over the place, joking with his leg and his lip muscles simultaneously. The comedian does his work well, except for being somewhat obsessed by a desire to win sniggers from appreciators of cheap vulgarity; an easy process, scarcely worth the doing, which generally lessens the likeableness of a comedian.

The same reproach might be aimed at Percy Bronson, who, however, employs demure suggestion instead of the ear-hammering methods employed by Mr. Norton. Percy Bronson has been long at the game, so perhaps he increases his popularity by a slight flavor of the risqué occasionally. But I notice that the two English Stantons, who made the liveliest hit of the afternoon, had not a grain of vulgarity in their act. They are both artists in the conveyance of laughing nonsense of as gossamer a texture as dandelion fluff. They tossed verbal absurdities back and forth with occasionally a wave of music, a flicker of ventriloquism, a dash of dancing; and this agile-witted pair did not have to dwell on or repeat their comedy, because they had plenty to draw from. It was all just amusing nonsense, but cleanly, airily, even gracefully done.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin give a handsome setting to their act, and the black-haired Winnie has rich costumes stiff with gold embroideries, and experience tells in every syllable she utters. Something, however, of the delightful spontaneity of their earlier days has evaporated. But they can always do capital fooling, and Winnie's pretty figure is always dainty and knee-dimpled, as shown in her bewitching dancing costumes.

Mr. Leo Beers enters to the tintintabulation of the piano in the orchestra, and then proceeds to extract melodies from his own with the neat perfection characteristic of a player piano.

"Honeysuckle" exhibits the deft comedy work of John Hyams and the rather fetching imitation of a baby-voiced kitten of a Southern girl by Leila McIntyre, the piece being further brightened by the presence of Leila Hyams, a pretty young chick of pleasing decorative effect in the group of players.

The prettiest feature of the bill was the exquisite dancing of that dainty bit of pink and white girlhood, Grace Eastman. This was in the act entitled "Bohemian Life," presented by Mons. Adolphus, who has a taste for gathering artists around him. For Eunice Prosser plays the violin like an artist, and Mons. Adolphus and Grace Eastman dance like a pair of sprites, while Anna Velde makes herself into a human wheel and rotates all round the stage.

A really beautiful exhibition was given by the pair of dancers of that kind of dancing which makes the fullest demand on the body's power of balancing, the two executing their difficult feats with the ease, grace, and perfect finish which one always remarks in dancers trained in the best Russian school.

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## VANITY FAIR.

New York society has been enjoying one of its characteristic little flutters recently over the secret marriage of Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, divorced wife of Mr. Ogden L. Mills, and daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, to Sir Paul Dukes, British observer in Russia during the early days of the soviet reign. Sir Paul is probably the original of the man who was said to be an expert on Russia because he got out alive. At any rate, like Gilbert K. Chesterton, John Cowper Powys, Lawrence George, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and other thrifty Britishers, he came to America and made a nice thing lecturing. But while they were content to carry back mere American lucre, Sir Paul walks off with an heiress. We may be lucky that he didn't take the Statue of Liberty. Such a man is dangerous. He not only got out of Russia; he got out of Nyack. Nyack is a sort of inland seaport up the Hudson from Manhattan, where there flourished a club, or colony, of the choicest brand of occultist under one prize occultist known modestly as Oom the Omnipotent, a Dr. Pierre Bernard in private life, if the life of Omnipotence can ever be private; the same being assisted apparently by one Loving Guru of the "Tantriks," who, down to about five years ago, operated some sort of mystical spook joint in New York until the climate became too warm for him. Among its other activities this institution conducts an annual society circus,

presumably for the deserving poor, and probably its managers consider themselves deserving. They usually do. Mrs. Mills and her sister, Mrs. Barbara Hatch, are said to have been adepts of the cult (or about to be adepts after a few more lessons), and stellar attractions of the aforesaid society circus. In this sultry and overcharged atmosphere they met Sir Paul, who had used his Russian experiences with such effect on American audiences, and he was as occult as the seventh veil of Isis. It is said to have been Montague Glass, creator of the spirituelle characters, Potash and Perlmutter, that arranged the wedding, and it was he that admitted it, after the newspapers had made a long hunt involving the records of Greenwich, Connecticut. What New York society feels about the episode is that Sir Paul is too clever by far. A man that can not only get out of Russia with a whole skin, but clean up in America, get married in Nyack instead of Greenwich, which everybody knows is the only place for a secret wedding, take passage for Europe on the *Olympic* and then switch to the *Berengaria* to throw the yellow press off the scent is altogether too foxy to be trusted entirely as a husband. How are such a resourceful person's movements to be followed?

Dr. de Saussure of Switzerland finds that we in this country are much given to fads and the support of various sorts of imposture. Surest thing the doctor knows. Europe sends them over, and a lot of our silly women run

after them and occupy what they are pleased to consider their minds with the most extravagant vagaries of the occult and the exotic and the esoteric. Almost any sort of miracle-monger can get a hearing and find a sale for his peculiar sort of merchandise. And the women are not alone here, either. "Psychology" is the great word. Some of the business men have helped spread its fame by trying to adapt it, or what they thought was it, to the art of advertising, and to the other arts of selling things. They have humbugged themselves into the belief that it can be used to bamboozle a customer into buying something he does not want and would not buy if he were in a normal frame of mind. The whole conception has been grossly overworked by persons that never took a college course in psychology, have no knowledge of authentic texts on the subject, and are totally ignorant of its peculiar field and the limits of knowledge within that field. They "believe in" certain things; vague, indefinable, but stupendous in power to effect the will and judgment of others. A good deal of the "psychology" peddled to business men as well as to susceptible women is the trashiest kind of humbug, based on nothing in particular and leading nowhere except to a condition of mind which will make it easy to collect fees for "advice." It is the present-day equivalent of the spiritualistic mining "tips" of a bygone generation. Common sense ought to warn people against delusions of the sort, but when a wonder-seeker begins to "investigate psychology" or some other ology he leaves common sense behind. Then there is always astrology. In the old days, when Market Street was rougher than it is now, or than it was just before the earthquake, a crowd assembled before a bulletin board to learn who won a certain prize-fight. An astrologer had an office near-by, but the crowd interfered with his

view of the bulletins. "Who won the fight?" he asked a hoodlum on the edge of the congregation. "Can't you tell?" asked the hoodlum. "I'll throw a fit an' find out." A good many of these "psychologists" who teach psychological salesmanship are good salesmen at that—they can sell psychology.

## A Puritan Maid's Wild Passion.

In an article describing early days in York, Maine, in *Harper's Magazine*, Agnes Repplier quotes the following letter from a young lady of the period to her fiancé:

"Mr. Barrell: I sincerely condole with you under your indisposition, and thought I said enough to your Brother to convince him I felt the most tender solicitude on that account. My being abroad [it is surmised she was in Boston] I imagined a sufficient apology for not writing you. Your assertions are certainly very unkind; and pardon me if I suggest your disorder has made you peevish. But I hope you will soon have a recruit of health and good humor, and in person congratulate me on my recovery from the toothache, which this day prevented my attendance on public worship. An hour's indisposition convinces me more of the vanity of this world than a thousand lectures from the Desk. I fear your expectations from terrestrial things are too sanguine, and that you have not yet credited the melancholy truth that all below the sun is vanity. May this short indisposition put you on the pursuit of lasting and superior joys more suited to the dignity of our rational and immortal nature, and you will have no reason to regret it. Romantick as you insinuate my conduct to you has been, I shall never require any proofs of your affection inconsistent with the Christian and the Gentleman. Pray be so great a novelty as a Rational Lover for the future, and let no Chimera of your pregnant invention wreck your quiet—I am yours, Delia."

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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George Ade, the humorous philosopher, was discussing the modern girl at the Chicago Athletic Club. "She is an athlete, certainly," he said; "a hale, hearty, open-air creature—and yet you can't kiss her without running the risk of painter's colic."

The head of a coal firm, irritated beyond endurance at the driver's blunders, told the man to go to the office and get his pay and not come back. "You are so confounded thick-headed you can't learn anything!" he shouted. "Well," answered the driver, "I have learned one thing since I've been with you." "What's that?" snapped the other. "That 1700 pounds make a ton."

Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, while abroad took a furnished flat in London, where he entertained the Bohemians of the city lavishly. At one of his supper parties a young art student said to him: "Well, do you like prohibition or not, Mr. Lewis?" "How can I tell you?" the novelist answered. "You see," he added, "we're not so dry yet that we have to pin on our postage stamps."

A regiment of untried negro troops was stationed in the front-line trenches in France and 6000 seasoned white soldiers were stationed immediately behind. One of the negroes, addressing his buddy, said: "Mose, what do you all suppose the papers gwine to say about us tomorrow?" And Mose answered, "If the rest of you niggers feels as I does dose head-

lines will say, 'Six Thousand White Troops Tromped to Death.'"

This happened at a conference of negro preachers. A visiting bishop was looking at the various examination papers, and came upon one marked 101 per cent. "See here, Brother Jones," he asked of the worthy who was conducting the test, "what does yo' base yo' answers on?" "One hundred per cent." advised the minister. "But how does this man come to be marked 101 per cent.?" "Oh, yo' see, suh," answered the dandy, "he answered one question we didn't ask him."

Patience was the subject of the teacher's discourse, and to illustrate her point she drew on the blackboard a picture of a small boy sitting on the bank of a stream, fishing. "You see this lad, children," she said beaming on her pupils. "He's fishing. Well, even the pleasure of fishing requires patience. He must be prepared to sit and wait." And she dilated on the importance of being patient. "Now, then, can any of you boys tell me what we need most when we go fishing," she invited. Like one voice came a chorus from the class: "Bait!"

Two venerable theologians, an Episcopal rector about eighty years old and a minister of the Presbyterian church who was somewhat younger, were very friendly despite their differences in faith. The high-churchman had always liked to be addressed as "Father." In course of time a new rector succeeded the "Father," and the Presbyterian by force of habit continued the high church title. But the new rector did not like it. "See here Doctor Smith," said the irate rector, one day, "for

some time I have been asking you to stop calling me 'father.' If you do it again I shall call you 'mother,' and if, after that, you do it again I shall call you 'grandmother.'"

Senator Lodge at a Boston dinner party said apropos of an autograph collector who had bought a fake autograph of Marlowe, the Elizabethan dramatist: "That reminds me. There was once a New York man who collected books with autograph dedications. Most of these dedications were to himself. Open his Longfellow's, his Kiplings, his Bernard Shaws, or his Maupassant, and there would be his name in a flattering autograph dedication from Rudyard or Guy, from Henry or George. Now, this man's friends had noticed, or thought they had noticed, a certain similarity about the handwriting of all these dedications. Probably they were wrong, but, anyhow, after he had shown a fine folio volume of Marlowe to a festive gathering one evening, he found inscribed in the ancient book the next morning the following words: 'To Bill'—his name was William—'From his faithful old friend and schoolmate, Kit Marlowe.'"

## THE MERRY MOUSE.

The Magic Melody.

We've all heard tales of how girls fall  
For men who dance and sing,  
And how they rave about the boys  
Who make the ivories ring.

A tune is apt to win a girl,  
But make it all secure  
And learn to blow an auto horn;  
You'll get her then for sure.

—Pennysylvania Punch Bowl.

A Post-World-Sunset.

The World is too much with us: late and soon  
Somebody's always quoting Heywood Brown:  
Little we say of humor that is ours,  
Culling from Bowling Greens and Conning Towers;  
This Dial, that bears the story of Fitzurse,—  
The fellow has become a household curse!  
Our sharpest quips are those we get by rote,  
We talk along and never once unquote;  
It gains us naught. Ye gods! I would be shunned,  
Un-Worldly, badly-Posted, and un-Sunned  
So might I, though the effort be forlorn,  
Try something that had not been read that morn;  
Surely I might say one thing with a sting  
That had its birth outside the charmed ring.

—J. J. F. in Life.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mrs. James Cunningham has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Sara Morrison Cunningham, to Mr. Cornelius Van Hemert Engert of the diplomatic service at Washington, D. C. Miss Cunningham is at present in New York, visiting her sisters, Mrs. Murray Sargent and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham. Miss Cunningham expects to return to California the latter part of the month, when she will complete her plans for a January wedding. Mr. Engert is a former Californian. Recently he was appointed assistant chief of the Near East division of the diplomatic corps at Washington. Mr. Engert expects to come to California early in January.

Miss Doris Wirtner and Mr. Howard McCandless are to be married on November 15th. Miss Wirtner will be attended by her sister, Miss Harriet Wirtner, as maid of honor, Mrs. Reed Funsten and Mrs. Donald Bradford as bridesmaids. Mr. Philip Finnell will act as best man for Mr. McCandless.

Miss Lawton Filer entertained at dinner for Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames on Saturday evening, preceding the ball at the Burlingame Country Club at which Miss Drown and Miss Ames were presented. Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Jane

Carrigan, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Leonora Armsby, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Hélène de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. William Shuman, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Leroy Nickel and Mr. Homer Curran were Miss Filer's guests.

Miss Adrienne Sharp, who is to make her début later in the season, was the hostess at a theatre party on Monday evening, followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant Knox chaperoned the party. Among the guests were Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Geraldine Grace, Mr. John Boyden and Mr. Hugh Porter.

Miss Mary Bernice Moore, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore, is to make her début later in the season, bringing the number of this year's debutantes to nine. Miss Jean Howard, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Leonora Armsby, Miss Virginia Hanna, Miss Frances Deering and Miss Genevieve Tallant are the other debutantes.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels were hosts at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club, complimenting Mrs. Spencer Eddy, who is visiting in California with her father, Mr. Claus Spreckels. Mrs. Eddy makes her home in France. Forty guests were seated at the luncheon table, among them Colonel and Mrs.

Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Miss Mary Emma Flood complimented Miss Rosamonde Johnson at a dinner party which she gave on Monday evening. Miss Johnson is in San Francisco for a short time, on her way home to Boston from the Orient. Miss Flood's guests on Monday evening included Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger, Miss Roslyn Morey, Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. Elliott McAllister and Mr. Barroll McNear.

For the Little Children's Aid a benefit dinner-dance will be given on November 15th at the Fairmont Hotel. The proceeds from the dance are to be used in the establishment of a convalescent home at Menlo Park. Among the patronesses who will attend the dance with guests are Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and Mrs. John Baumgartner. A large number of reservations have already been made for the occasion.

The proceeds from the annual rummage sale for the benefit of the Girls' Recreation and Home Club will this year be given to liquidate the indebtedness on the club. Large amounts of clothes have been accumulated for the sale, to be sold for just a fraction of their original cost. Promoting the enterprise are Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. George Cameron and Miss Louise Boyd. The sale takes place on Thursday, November 9th, at the Civic Auditorium.

## Polo in the Park.

The Pacific Coast sub-committee of the American Polo Association has made formal application to play polo in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, which is the city playground. Herbert Fleishacker, chairman of the San Francisco Park Commission, has viewed the application with favor and there is a possibility that a stand will be outlined so that this exciting sport on horseback can be put on for the entertainment of the public.

S. F. B. Morse of Del Monte, a member of the committee, made the original proposal. He set forth the advantage of showing the public what a wonderful pastime polo is. It would have the effect of popularizing the game and furnishing another out-of-door pleasure for California.

The championship Midwick team, headed by Carleton Burke, is again going to be intact and the other California clubs are already starting to line up their players and ponies. Hugh Drury is to have a number of young players to represent Del Monte, and San Mateo may also introduce some new faces, beside having the former stars back in the saddle.

The Monterey Presidio, which is located at Del Monte, is the army polo centre on the Coast, and it will have one and possibly two teams on the field.

## Schlee at the St. Francis.

Henry Schlee is to give a recital of Kipling's poems, interspersed with comments on the author's life, character, and purpose, on November 16th in the Italian Room of the Hotel St. Francis, under the direction of Alice Seckels. This recital is the result of the widespread interest occasioned by his private lectures of like character at Mills College and the University of California, and is sponsored by a group of well-known men and women who have heard him and feel that his personality and interpretation combine to offer an unusually attractive evening's entertainment.

In his recital on the 16th Schlee will illustrate Kipling by excerpts from "Natural Theology" and "Gods of the Copy-Book Maxims," and will also give a number of the Indian verses, war poems, and a group of Kipling's latest and less familiar efforts.

The Schlee recital will be something of a

social event, but its sponsors are issuing tickets to the public, which can be secured from Sherman, Clay & Co.

## Education in the Symphony.

The People's Symphony Association of San Francisco, composed of a number of men interested in the development of an appreciation of symphony music, has organized for the purpose of giving a series of educational concerts during the coming season at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Alexander Saslavsky, eminent violinist and conductor, who was for many years concertmaster and assistant conductor of the Walter Damrosch New York Symphony Orchestra, has been engaged, and in addition to conducting the orchestra, will give talks adequately explaining the music themes and the instruments.

Twelve concerts will be given. Season tickets for the best seats will be \$10, and there will be seats as low in price as \$7.50 and \$5 for the series.

The board of directors consists of R. C. Newell, president; O. K. Cushing, vice-president; F. A. Denicke, secretary; D. L. McKay, treasurer; J. B. Farish, A. M. Newhall and Charles H. Kendrick.

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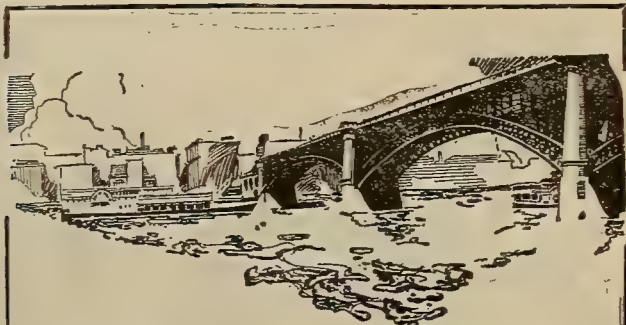
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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. George Pope has gone to New York to meet her daughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor, who is returning from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Miller left during the week for an extended motor trip in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell have closed their Ross Valley home for the winter. They are established in their apartment in Post Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harwood are completing a house in Washington Street, which they expect to occupy later in the month.

Miss Fernanda Pratt and her mother, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, left the latter part of the week for Santa Barbara.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Lieut.

tenant-Commander Ralph Risler, U. S. N.; Mr. L. D. Manouel, Fresno; Mr. J. I. Geer, Reno; Mr. S. A. Lines, Fresno; Mr. H. Fraley, Reno; Mr. Lucien Hass, Los Angeles; Mr. J. C. Wadell, Chicago; Mr. Adolph Fleschman, Los Angeles.

Mr. Eugene Kelly of Huntington, Long Island, is expected in San Francisco early in December.

Mr. C. A. Spreckels and his daughter, Mrs. Spencer Eddy, are in San Francisco at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Louise Boyd of San Rafael has taken the Loring Pickering house in Washington Street for the winter.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon left on Tuesday for New York, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, their daughter, Miss Natalie Hammond, and Mr. Hammond's sister have delayed their arrival in Santa Barbara until later in the year. Mrs. Hammond and her daughter will arrive in December, Mr. Hammond joining them in January.

Mrs. Jessie Berry expects to leave early in December for Valparaiso, Chile, where she will spend the winter with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley and their daughter, Miss Ethel Lilley of San Rafael, have rented an apartment in California Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye closed their summer home at Burlingame, and are occupying apartments at the Fairmont Hotel. Later they will go to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh have closed their Marina County summer home and taken a house in Buchanan Street for the winter.

Mr. Andrew Welch is on his way home from Europe. Mrs. Welch and their two daughters, Miss Marie Welch and Miss Florence Welch, are established in Paris.

Mr. Charles T. Crocker left the early part of the week for New York to meet Mrs. Crocker. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker will return to California late in November.

Mrs. Charles C. Moore returned to her country home in Santa Cruz for a few days. Mrs. Moore will close the house for the winter.

Mrs. Mary Judge Fatjo and her daughter, Miss Paula Marie Fatjo, have taken one of the cottages at Pebble Beach for a year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding has returned from Fresno, where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Carleton Gildersleeve, for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant of San Diego are in town for a few days on their way home from Europe.

Mr. Haig Patigian will leave here November 12th for New York and Europe.

Mrs. Henry Payot returned recently from Southern California and has taken an apartment at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Allen H. Daugherty sailed for Southampton recently on the *Majestic*.

Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy left on Thursday for New York, with Miss Mary Taylor.

Mrs. Frank Deering and her daughter, Miss Francesca Deering, who have been abroad for the past year, have returned to their home on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Wallace sailed on the *Majestic* October 28th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt returned during the week from Honolulu, and are established in their new home in Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn have closed their Monterey home and have come to San Francisco for a few months.

Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry McAfee, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond will close their country home at Woodside early in December. They will spend the winter at their Scott Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford have taken possession of their new home at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. F. Morse will divide their time this winter between their home in town and their peninsula house.

Mrs. Harry Hill is expected in San Francisco the middle of the month. Mrs. Hill has spent the past six months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Holt left during the week on a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling are established at the St. Regis in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are at the Plaza Hotel in New York. They expect to be in the East for some months.

Mrs. Charles W. Wetmore (Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore) arrived during the week from the Orient. Mrs. Wetmore is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Bentley and their daughter, Miss Katherine Bentley, have been in the East for several weeks and expect to return to California the middle of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster will occupy their new home in San Francisco early in January.

Mrs. Robert Elliott, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Edgar de Pue, left on Saturday for her home in Southern California.

Mrs. Ellsworth Harper Van Patten returned last week to Long Beach, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Van Patten, assigned to the U. S. S. *Arizona*.

Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Baily at the British Embassy in Washington, D. C.

#### Herbert Fleishhacker Honored

Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker was the honored guest at a dinner party in the palm grill at the Hotel Del Monte last Friday evening. The occasion was the birthday anniversary of Mr. Fleishhacker. A number of his friends in San Francisco came to Del Monte for the affair and he was the recipient of many presents and messages of congratulation. Among those in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Greenebaum, Miss Marjorie Fleishhacker, and Mr. William F. Humphrey.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

#### The Columbia Theatre.

An event of unusual interest to play-goers will be the presentation by William A. Brady, in association with Reandean Company, London, of "The Skin Game," the Galsworthy play which comes to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, opening Monday night, November 13th, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. There is a distinguished cast, selected by Galsworthy and Basil Dean, whose American production is a duplicate of the original at St. Martin's, London.

#### "Spring Maid" at the Rivoli.

"The Spring Maid," containing one of the most melodious musical scores to come out of Vienna, will be given its first stock production on the Pacific Coast Monday evening, when Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff will offer the piece at the Rivoli Opera House. Musically, the piece is known to thousands by reason of such songs as "Two Little Love Bees," "Day Dreams," "The Three Trees," and "The Mountain Fay."

"The Spring Maid" will call for all of the musical and dramatic resources of the Hartman-Steindorff organization. Among the favorites who will be seen in the cast are George Kunkel, Paul Hartman, John Van, Rafael Brunetto, Robert Carlson, Lillian Glaser, Lavinia Winn, Hazel Van Haultren, Nona Campbell and Edna Malone. Matinees will be given on Saturday and Sunday.

#### Knighthood at the Curran.

The next attraction at the Curran Theatre, beginning Sunday night, will be the Cosmopolitan production of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," with Marion Davies as Princess Mary Tudor. Assisting Miss Davies are Ernest Glendinning, Lyn Harding, William Norris, Theresa Maxwell Conover, Ruth Shepley, Forrest Stanley, Pedro de Cordoba and many others—fifty-five principals and hundreds of minor players. After the initial opening on Sunday night matinees will be given daily during the limited engagement.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus are what might be termed the best-known "nuts" in the country. Mr. Williams is an expert in this form of comedy.

Paul Morton and Naomi Glass, a youth who sings, dances, and chats agreeably and a "miss" who is attractive and capable, have a new skit this season entitled "April," written by Paul Girard Smith.

Every one who knows vaudeville knows Bill Robinson, "The Dark Cloud of Joy." His humor and his eccentric stepping have made him one of the favorites among local theatre-goers.

Val and Ernie Stanton, the "English Boys from America," have proved as popular comedians as ever played the Orpheum.

McDevitt, Kelly and Quinn, "The Piano Movers and the Actress," have an informal bit of comedy entertainment which is different.

Foley and Leture present "Musical Comedy Divertissements." They sing, dance, and talk in an exceptional manner.

Galletti and Koken are a new combination of performers which promises to bring one of the greatest surprises seen here in many a day.

The Three Bruntons with their "Droll Doings" present some clever comedy and entertaining feats.

#### Gadski and Hughes.

Mme. Johanna Gadski, who will be heard in concert at the Civic Auditorium on Friday

evening, November 24th, will have as her accompanist Margo Hughes, the distinguished California pianist. Margo Hughes has won recognition throughout the East and her many friends will welcome her.

#### Mona Gondre.

When Mona Gondre, the French chanteuse, appears as the artist of the next Alice Seckels' matinee musicale in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis next Monday afternoon, November 13th, at 3 o'clock, many of the French colony will be present, and one box draped with the French flag will be reserved for the French consul, Mr. J. Neltner, and his guests. There will also be one for Professor Michaud, the exchange professor from France now associated with the university. Mme. Gondre was a favorite of the trenches during the war, and won honors from the French government.

#### The Organist of Notre Dame.

Marcel Dupre, the organist of Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, will make a single appearance in this city at the Exposition Auditorium, Tuesday evening, November 28th. He is making his first transcontinental tour.

No organist of this generation, it is said, has won so many honors as Dupre. At twenty-eight he won the highest prize offered by the French government, the coveted Grand Prix de Rome, with a cantata for mixed voices and orchestra, entitled "Psyche." At thirty he became organist at Notre Dame Cathedral, the most desirable post of the kind in Europe. At thirty-four he played the complete organ works of Bach perfectly and from memory in ten recitals at the French Conservatory. This is probably the greatest feat accomplished by a virtuoso since the organ was developed.



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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Jack looks as if he had lost his best friend." "He has; he married her."—*Life*.

Young Doctor (introducing his only patient to a friend)—Mr. Brandel—my practice.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Your son spends all his time at golf." "Yes, I am giving him a thorough business training."—*Judge*.

Tourist—Is this a quiet place? Fisherman—Well, it were, sir, until folks began coming here to be quiet.—*Punch*.

Wealthy Uncle—What would you do if I should give you a hundred dollars. Young Nephew—Count it.—*Williams Purple Cow*.

Him—This tunnel cost millions of dollars. Her—An entire waste of money as far as you're concerned, isn't it?—*Penn State Froth*.

Teacher—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed? Willie (after three minutes of silence)—At the bottom.—*Pitt Panther*.

"Pardon me. Did you drop your handkerchief during the toddle?" "Oh! I'm so embarrassed! That's my dress."—*Carolina Tar Baby*.

"But, my dear girl, you shouldn't say things like that about yourself." "Oh, I tell everything. I'm so afraid of being found out."—*Life*.

Student—Beg pardon, sir, but what is this that you have written on my theme? Professor—I told you to write more legibly.—*Iowa Fricol*.

First Old Woman—Well, Mrs. 'iggins, I wish you all you wishes me. Second Old Woman—An' 'oo's sayin' nasty things now?—*Boston Transcript*.

Constable—I warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you. Have you anything to say? Prisoner—I did

it. Constable—Perhaps you won't mind if I write "I done it." That is the usual expression.—*Punch*.

Yacht Owner—How delightful, how idyllic! I absolutely worship the waves! Lady Guest—I'm so awfully glad you like them. I had them done permanently just before I came away.—*London Passing Show*.

Danny—Mama, are you going to get that fur coat from papa for your birthday? Mama—No, darling. Danny—Have you tried throwing yourself on the floor and kicking with your feet like I do?—*New York Mail*.

Professor—Look, Martha, at the young man running in haste toward his classroom. The boy must be eager for knowledge. The Wife—But you forget that it is raining. Thomas.—*Washington and Jefferson Wag Jag*.

"Come over here and meet Mr. Smith," said a friend, "the great Russian expert." "What is a Russian expert?" we asked. "Well, he went to Russia and came back alive," explained the friend.—*Kansas City Star*.

Woman (to tramp)—This is the fourth time the last two weeks you have been begging at my door. Are you always out of work? Tony—No, madam. But I have been particularly fortunate the last few weeks.—*California Pelican*.

Dear Mrs. McGowan across the hall was speaking of the trouble she's been having with her car. "But everybody has trouble lately," she said; "and it's nothing in the world but them using these raw materials at the factories."—*Motor Life*.

"Here's a book, madam," said the book agent, "which tells you how to keep your husband. It's a wonderful little book." "I've been keeping my husband for the last fifteen years," replied the woman. "What I want is a book that would tell me how to make him go to work and keep me, for a change."—*Judge*.



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## Words Without Thought.

The real perils of the English language today, in my judgment, lie not in expansion or in contraction of vocabulary; but much more in a certain noisy carelessness or sloppy indifference; a failure to recognize that thought is desirable, not only before speech, but also in speech; an apparent numbness to the finer sense of words, writes Henry Van Dyke in the October *Yale Review*. The effects of this creeping paralysis may be observed constantly in streets and shops and ballrooms, and frequently in books and newspapers. For example, a distinguished historian writes that he proposes to "assess" a certain character, when he has no intention of taxing it, but simply means to estimate its worth. A popular novelist makes his hero leave a room "precipitously," yet without throwing him down the stairs or letting him leap from a window. An ardent advertiser proclaims the "slogan" of his ready-made clothing, although his purposes are all pacific. Even a philosopher, a Platonist, writes that certain plays "intrigue" him, when evidently he means, not that they perplex him, but merely that they interest him.

Mme. Curie owns uranium mines in Cornwall, which are at present the chief potential radium supply in the world.

The British troops in Constantinople number more than 7000 men, and cost the British taxpayer £44,000 a week.

## High Cost of Polygamy.

The high cost of living is having the effect of discouraging polygamy in Zululand. Such is the report of the Danish author, Olaf Linck, who has sojourned a year in that country. A good wife costs at present eight oxen, and the market is so firm that many fathers sell their daughters on installments. The man pays one ox when the woman arrives, and one weekly. When the purchaser does not pay the installment punctually the father takes his daughter back. The husbands find this on the whole to their advantage. If a man is dissatisfied with his wife after a week or two of wedlock he simply declines to pay.



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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Mood of the Hour.

In many respects Iowa is the representative American state. It is in the middle of the great corn belt. Its population is almost wholly of American breeding. Its industries are of the traditionally American sort. It is the only state in which there still exists an indigenous and independent local press. If at many points the Iowan is narrow, and reflective of what our book men style "economic illiteracy," the fact does not differentiate him from the great mass of American folk. In Iowa, more nearly than elsewhere, we have the "average" American.

Politically Iowa has long stood in the Republican column; and it still stands there nominally despite the fact that it has just sent to the United States Senate in the person of one Brookhart a Republican who, after the pattern of our own Hiram, is no Republican at all. Brookhart is Iowa, in its immediate mood, in the flesh. He is half-farmer and half-lawyer, with a big and lank frame which in the matter of costume is accoutred to match. He speaks with dramatic fervor the mood of the hour in Iowa—and in several other states. He reflects the prejudices and discontents of many who, whether rightly or wrongly, are resentful of conditions as they exist and who are none too critical of anything proposed in the name of reform. Brookhart, as to many issues, stands with La Follette of Wisconsin; but with louder tongue and more violent gesticulation. His pledge to the Iowan constituency is to reform things radically. Just how and after what

manner he will go about it remains to be developed by time and circumstance.

The spirit of Iowa as reflected in Brookhart and illustrated in his success is, in large measure, the spirit of the whole Middle West, and, in some degree, of the whole country. It is this spirit that rejected Beveridge in Indiana, elected Frazier in North Dakota, reelected La Follette in Wisconsin, and that gave Lodge a close call in Massachusetts. It is easy to denounce it as radical and dangerous, as in truth it is. But it is wiser to regard it as a symptom of the times and as a state of the popular mind that must be heeded in relation to our future politics. Whether for good or for ill, the popular mind governs the country. And just now the Brookharts, the La Follettes, and the Johnsons—in brief the radical demagogues—are the exponents and the instruments of the popular mind.

We have in the result in Iowa the lesson of last week's election in concrete form. It will be the part of wisdom to heed it.

### The Lock-Step in Education.

By a popular majority of approximately 14,000 the Oregon electorate last week adopted a measure recently designated in these columns as "Prussianism in Education." In truth this characterization is inadequate, since Prussianism in education only makes education compulsory. Oregon goes further in decreeing that all children shall be educated in *public schools*. The rule is positive under penalties. Any parent, guardian, or other person having control of any child between the ages of eight and sixteen failing to comply with the law shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$100, or to imprisonment in a county jail not less than two nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court. Each day's failure to comply with the law shall constitute a separate offense.

The aim of this law is to reduce the education of the youth of Oregon to a dead level. It is more directly aimed at church schools—schools maintained by Catholics in particular—but its effect is to prohibit all other than public schools to the end that "the principles of our government, the hopes and inspiration of our people, are best served by and through attendance of all children in our public schools." From the official affirmative argument we excerpt this grandiloquent admonition: "Mix the children of the foreign born with the native born, and the rich with the poor. Mix those with prejudices in the public school melting pot for a few years while their minds are plastic, and finally bring out the finished product—a true American."

While the main purpose of this law is to strike at church schools, another and accompanying motive is found in the jealousy and resentment of certain classes against other classes. The fundamental idea is that what is good enough for the poor or the moderately well-to-do is good enough for anybody. Thus those whose conditions enable them to provide for their children special associations and a more elaborate or definite culture shall not have license to do it because there are others who may not be able to do it. Boiled down it is the old case of the dog in the manger—if Jones may not give his children special cultural facilities, then Smith shall not have the privilege of giving such advantages to his children.

Carried into execution this law would close the doors of every private school in Oregon and would prevent parents of a particular religious faith from bringing up their children under influences tending to sustain that faith. In effect it takes the training of children, in so far as it is dependent upon schooling, from out the hands of parents and bestows it upon those who direct the policies of the public schools.

The initiative proposal under which this issue was put before the Oregon electorate came from one of the interior and less advanced counties where the Ku Klux

Klan has established itself in immediate local influence. But, surprisingly, the cause was taken up by the Masonic organizations of the state, who conducted an open affirmative campaign. The theory was as above defined, but it is to be suspected that the traditional prejudice of the Masonic order against the Catholic church was a powerful if not, in truth, the main inspiration in the matter.

The rule having been decreed, it now becomes the law of Oregon. But happily it does not go into effect until September 1, 1926, and in this period there will be time to bring the matter before the courts and to determine what rights, if any, parents or guardians have in relation to the education of children under their control. The Argonaut will not undertake to define the rule of the National Constitution as it relates to the case, but it does know that what the Oregon electorate has decreed is in gross violation of a fundamental right in domestic affairs and of a fundamental principle of our American system. What becomes of the liberty of which we boast if among our prohibitions there shall be that which strikes directly at the right of the parent to prescribe influences under which his children shall be brought up—and as directly at the authority and dignity of the home?

Immediately involved in this matter is the very principle that inspired the adventure of the Pilgrim Fathers and of the multitude that followed them to the new world of America. The ideal of the founders of our country—the ideal that made them brave the terrors of the ocean and the terrors of a wilderness—is that of the right to worship God each upon the basis of his own faith and after his own views and standards. What becomes of religious liberty when a parent—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish or what not—may not have his children bred in the faith of their fathers? The decree of the Oregon electorate is plainly a denial of the religious liberty under which there was established as upon its cornerstone a fundamental rule in American life.

### Charity and Bolshevism.

The reds have been having a family party at Moscow, attended by the red representatives of forty-five nations, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the revolution. One feature of the festivities was a grand review of the well-nourished, well-uniformed, and well-equipped revolutionary army; not the rag, tag, and bobtail crew of two years ago, effective as that army was, but a sort of brand new and fitly furnished weapon for the emancipation of humanity from the clutches of capitalism and prosperity—and, by all accounts, one of the most formidable forces now mobilized in Europe. Of course, such an army is hungry for a fight, and recent Russian policy appears to have selected Poland for its next meal. There are threats and warnings that the treaty of Riga, which has lately defined the peace between Poland and Russia, will be abrogated on the Russian side, because the Polish foreign minister or secretary of state, or whatever it is they have in Poland corresponding to that officer, found it convenient to be out of town the other day when the Russian bolshevist ambassador called. Russia, being now more sensitive than a poor relation, interprets this as an insult and a repudiation of the treaty of Riga on Poland's part, and threatens to walk right over General Pilsudski and clear across Poland, reducing it to irredeemable bolshevism, and slaughtering the last millionaire. The sabre rattling promises to out-rattle that of William Hohenzollern at his best, demonstrating the hatred of the Internationale for every form of war.

Meanwhile the Russian crop situation shows but slight signs of improvement, and the outlook for famine and cannibalism is about as terrible as it was last winter. It is said that 8,000,000 Russian children will need the relief and support of kind-hearted persons in those backward countries where a surplus of food and clothing is still supplied by the diabolical system



capitalism, and the immoral peoples still subsist in comparative comfort on that form of robbery which Proudhon identified with property. So it seems that Russia can fight, but her people can not eat. Her army is well equipped, but her children have no shoes. To kill her supposed enemies her own people must starve to death—or else be fed by the hated bourgeoisie of other nations.

More than this is evident in the situation. It is evident that Russia is counting, and not without warrant, on the charity of that hated bourgeoisie class in all prosperous countries, which is to say the United States, to support her people while she gets ready to butcher the bourgeoisie of Poland. And it is also becoming evident that the bolshevist system is not likely to give place to anything better as long as the charity of this country indirectly supports it. It is terrible to think of 8,000,000 children naked and hungry. Probably America will not let this thing be. But the tragedy of the situation is that feeding these children, and the other people in want in that hapless region, only releases food and materials for the bolshevik armies. It would be heartless to let the Russians starve, and if they are not again helped from without their tyrants will probably not help them, being more dependent on the army for the time being to bolster up their power than they are on the despoiled peasants and the little hungry children. But it seems plain that when American charity supplies Russian need, and when Russian resources, scanty as they are, go for the maintenance of the most formidable army in Europe, then this country is indirectly supporting that army. Nothing will end Russia's woes as long as those woes are in any degree supportable. Until they are permitted to become insupportable, Russia will have bolshevism, with well-fed armies and starving people. The Russian experiment can never demonstrate the desirability of socialism unless socialism is complete, and can never be complete while it draws subsistence from individualistic America.

#### Blind Guides.

In this country, when an election is over, thank Heaven, it is over. Americans do not believe in kicking the corpse. As a people we try to be generous to a defeated enemy, and we always admire the man that can take defeat with good grace. But in the case of a bad principle we are too careless. No people can afford to be tolerant of a vicious economic idea, or to repose confidence, in public affairs, in its proponents. And it is our too easy habit to forget the dangers that have threatened as soon as a majority of us thinks it has voted them away.

Socialism in California is down—temporarily. The single tax proposal has been beaten again, the Water and Power Amendment is at rest, even the socialistic development scheme exemplified at Delhi and Durham failed to receive its needed financial support. Californians have exhibited symptoms of sanity, and of the wholesome skepticism with which they view grandiose and impossible promises. But they are not yet through with the self-appointed uplifters. It is in no spirit of vengefulness, vendetta, or proscription that the *Argonaut* reminds its readers that the proponents of the attempted Water and Power Amendment still constitute an active element of the electorate. Had they been candidates for office their campaign transactions would have classified them clearly in the public mind, and had office-seeking been their sole purpose they might have been amenable to the salutary influence of a good licking at the polls; a process through which politicians are sometimes chastened into serviceability. But they espoused and promoted a cause that would have been the ruin of California, and there is no reason to believe that they knew it or that they will ever know it, for the reason that a well-warned people gave them no chance to try out their expensive fantasy.

As it was, they succeeded in misleading some 200,000 persons in this state about fundamental principles of public economics, and of business, which is private economics; and about the teachings of history and the significance of contemporary events. To do it they allied themselves more or less closely with the California chapter of the Non-Partisan League, which nearly bankrupted North Dakota, and with many a socialistic humbug and peddler of political quack medicine in the state (with certain personal reservations). We grant their sincerity. And the fact that they were sincere is the worst thing about them. Mere selfish

crookedness could hardly accomplish the ruin that could be achieved by industrious reformers whose hearts are in the right place, but whose heads grow hot with dreams and visions. They have been outvoted two to one; but had they succeeded they would have put California into the ditch, whether they meant to or not. They would then have deceived themselves into the belief that the troubles they caused had some other cause, or that all their scheme needed to succeed was the socialization of the rest of the state; just as the socialists in Russia think that what is needed to make socialism succeed is the socialization of the rest of the world.

The attempted Water and Power Amendment was socialism, and nothing else. It does not follow, and we do not contend, that its promoters and supporters were all socialists. Many of them did not understand the proposed measure to be socialism. Many of them thought it some abracadabra for getting electric energy for nothing, just as some taxpayers think they travel over the state highways for nothing. But if the Water and Power Amendment promoters are not socialists, they at least have in their mental composition an element of the fallacious and a susceptibility to eccentric ideas. They do not seem to understand the foundation principles of our national development. They do not seem to know that the nation, and the West in particular (because it is closest and should be understood best), were developed and made strong by individual effort and not by paternalistic interferences and restraints and state monopolies, however well that system may appear to have worked in Germany. They belong to the category of those who have not yet perceived that genuine progress is of the people, not of the politicians; that it comes from liberty, not legislation.

And being so in error about the processes of progress and the requirements of the general welfare, they can be trusted to return to their reformatory efforts with some fresh nostrum, some new sort of Pawnee Indian medicine to purge and convulse an organism which is getting on very well without it. As doctors they are clever but fanciful. As guides they can never be trusted to lead us into the fat pastures of prosperity where the dividend buttercups grow, but only into some dismal swamp of suffocated effort and general weariness. It may not seem gracious now to say these things, and it certainly would be less than gracious to publish the names of some of those who, we assume, may prefer to step out of the spotlight of publicity for a little while. But the people of California should understand that no safely constructive or progressive proposals are likely to emanate from the agitators for the Water and Power Amendment, and that whatever they seek to promote in the future should be very carefully analyzed, with reference to the fantastic ideas of its authors, before being taken into the system.

#### Washington.

The stage is set for a busy winter at Washington, and by way of getting a running start with the season's work, President Harding has summoned Congress in special session for the 20th instant. The idea is to achieve a clean-up of legislation during the life of the present Congress, which ends March 3d, and so avoid the necessity for a special session in the summer of next year. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Congress has now been in almost continuous session for several years, and it will be a relief to the country, to the Administration, and to Congress itself if the meeting of the Congress which comes in March 4th can be put over until next fall. That this may be done is doubtful, but it is worth while to make an effort to that end.

A matter very much in the mind of the President is the ship subsidy proposal, which he is convinced is a necessity both for the maintenance and the extension of our foreign trade. In his judgment this is the most important piece of constructive work on hand, and it is to be expected that he will employ every resource at his command to impress his views upon Congress. The importance of maintaining and extending our foreign trade after a fashion only to be achieved by the development of our merchant marine is universally conceded. And there would not be, we suspect, serious difficulty in enlisting the support of Congress if we had not by one imposition or another created a difficult situation. We do not permit American shipping men to buy ships where they may be had cheapest, but require that they shall be of American construction. That adds

largely to capital investment. Then under the dictation of labor unionism and of sentimentalism we have enacted a code of restrictive laws under which the operation of American ships costs much more than of foreign ships with which our ships must compete. More recently we have set up a sumptuary law enforcing prohibition aboard American ships which will inevitably play into the hands of rival boats. These inhibitions, prohibitions, and restrictions, taken together, create a condition resented by many who believe that the best way to create an American merchant marine is not so much to provide it with subsidies as to release it from the fetters of arbitrary restriction. But when all is said and done the fact remains that the only practical way to put our flag upon the seas is that proposed by the President, namely, to provide subsidies sufficiently generous to nullify the handicap of our restrictive rules and so enable American ships to compete at least upon equal terms with foreign rivals.

Incidental to the special session, now soon to convene, and in advance of the usual time, the figures of the budget will be made public. There are to be drastic cuts. The President has required his Cabinet to cooperate with the Budget Bureau, and the result is understood to be a wholesale programme of curtailments and postponements. Of course there will be protest piled upon protest. The air will be vocal with the shrieks of the shorn and the afflicted. But Mr. Harding is understood to have his jaw hard set. It is well that this should be so, since for all the demands for economy, an executive can acquire more and more virulent enemies by enforcing economy in expenditures than by any other course. Every close observer of political and governmental life knows this; and every executive of experience has had it burnt into the core of his soul. This is why executives in state and national government long have compromised and permitted the growth of extravagances that have now culminated in the back-breaking tax load the country is carrying.

In casting up treasury statistics recently it was discovered that the estimated revenues of this fiscal year promise to fall \$692,000,000 short of the estimated receipts, thus leaving a prospective deficit of that amount at the end of the fiscal year. Explanation is clear. The earning capacity of the taxpayers, individual and corporate, was seriously reduced in the calendar year 1921. Thus tax payments coming into the treasury this calendar year of 1922, based on the earnings of 1921, have fallen off heavily. In estimating the prospective deficit it naturally is assumed that this reduction in revenue from taxation will continue to the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1923. Thus the figure of a prospective deficit of \$692,000,000 is reached; and the budget is being prepared with a view to preventing a repetition of this condition. That is sound policy. There is no greater folly than to over-appraise your expectations. But as conditions are now shaping themselves it is probable that because of present economies and, further, because of improving business throughout the country there will be no deficit at the close of the fiscal year next June.

It is true that national taxes were somewhat reduced last year and that they will be on a lower level this year (in payments to be made next year) and that the lower rates will not yield as much as was expected in current tax payments. But we find 1922 business much improved over 1921; and the significance of this fact is that the revenue from taxation to be collected in the first half of 1923 promises to be much larger than the amount collected in the first half of the present calendar year. Since the budget is based on the low yield of business in the year 1921, a pleasant surprise for the government appears to be in prospect.

Other factors are to be taken into consideration, among them the tariff bill. Imports measured both in value and by units are increasing, with consequent increase in customs receipts. Originally it was estimated that the Fordney-McCumber bill would bring in about \$350,000,000 a year. Present indications are that it will bring in anywhere from \$450,000,000 to \$550,000,000. Improved business conditions are, when submitted to analysis, exhibiting startling results.

Congress in the coming session will concern itself chiefly with the appropriation bills and with the ship subsidy proposal. There has been a good deal of loose talk by newspapers and even by some government officials of a prospective revision upwards of the revenue laws because of the impending deficit. But with



the financial affairs of the government in the condition above outlined there is little prospect of disturbing the revenue laws at this session, and probably no attempt will be made in that direction. The Administration is definitely opposed to it.

In the coming months interest is more likely to centre in the executive departments of the government than in Congress. The President has to fill a large number of official posts now vacant or in the way of being vacated, many appointments having been held back for the result of the elections. There is to be named an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Justice Day. Mr. Harding, it is understood, is inclined as a matter of political equity to appoint a Democrat and it is known that he thinks favorably of Senator Shields of Tennessee, a very capable man of judicial experience. But ex-Ambassador John W. Davis is being urged, and from many points of view this would be a better as assuredly it would be a more popular appointment. We have not heard that the Pacific Coast has a candidate for appointment in succession to Day, but there are reasons why the President might cast his eye in this direction, especially as we have in Mr. Garret McEnerney a man of outstanding qualification for high judicial office. We have no reason to believe that Mr. McEnerney is a candidate, but his appointment to the Supreme Bench would be eminently appropriate for a variety of reasons, and it would go far to strengthen a court that has, in respect to the advanced age of certain of its members, gone a bit to seed. Besides the immediate vacancy in the Supreme Court there is to be named by the President a number of Federal judges under the new law increasing the judicial organization throughout the country—one for the northern and one for the southern district of our own state. Other vacancies are two in the Federal Reserve Board, not to mention other posts of greater or less importance.

The President and Secretary Hughes will be called upon to give serious attention during the winter to our foreign relations. We may expect something very soon in regard to American participation in the Permanent Court of International Justice. Negotiations are now in progress looking to our participation in that court so soon as arrangements shall be made by which we may have a voice in selecting justices for that bench. Certain newspapers that ought to be better informed assume that to enter the Court of International Justice this government will have in a manner to associate itself with the League of Nations. There is error here. Article Fourteen of the Covenant contains all that there is in that instrument regarding the court, and that is merely an authorization to the council of the league to provide for such a court. The council delegated to a committee of justices, including Mr. Elihu Root, the task of providing a plan for the court. The committee recommended a tribunal such as has been constituted, its report including also the method of nominating members of the bench. The league adopted the report as a species of statute to which various nations announced their adherence. For the purpose of permitting the United States to nominate for future vacancies on the bench an amendment to that statute is all that is necessary, and this should not be difficult of accomplishment. The fact should not be overlooked that when the league sent out invitations for submission of nominations it specifically addressed invitations to each national group in the panel of The Hague tribunal. Thus one of these invitations came to the American group, consisting of Root, Moore, Gray and Strauss. They declined to submit American nominations on the ground that they had no authority from their government to do so, they being merely commissioned to sit on The Hague tribunal. But American right to nominate members of the court is not in immediate issue because the present bench has been elected for terms of nine years which began only last year; and barring death or resignations there will be no vacancies. The court is made up of eleven judges and four deputy judges. Both Mr. Elihu Root and Mr. John Bassett Moore were nominated by other national groups and Mr. Moore was elected, Mr. Root declining on the ground of advanced age. Moore, who is as well qualified as any man we could select, is now on the bench, thus giving American representation.

There is a possibility that some time within the winter the Administration may move in the direction of a

world economic conference at Washington. Such an invitation would need to be accompanied by a proviso that the agenda shall be so drawn up as to exclude consideration of questions affecting the debts owed to the United States by European countries. How far the Administration is prepared to go is not known, perhaps not even to itself, but there is no doubt that something of the sort is very much in the minds of President Harding and Secretary Hughes.

#### The Naturalist of La Plata.

Since William H. Hudson's death a few weeks ago his fame has already spread thrice as far as in any year of his lifetime; he has become, in fact, almost a legendary figure. Given a generation or two and the petrifying process of legend will be complete. For the detailed facts of the great naturalist's life are not known. Hudson was born about eighty years ago somewhere on the South American pampas and his youth was spent there on the great ranches of the country absorbing nature in stretches of solitude. Probably he did not write much in youth, which accounts in part for his belated "success" in the worldly sense. Most of his books bear fairly recent dates. "The Naturalist in La Plata" was published in London by Dent in 1903. Incidentally, it has been republished by the American firm of Dutton this year and the latter house has also issued since Hudson's death "The Book of a Naturalist." Though there is no certainty about his private life, it was assumed that he had never been married. Not that Hudson cloaked his past in mystery. Broad outlines such as he has allowed his readers to discern for themselves from books it would be an exaggeration to call autobiographical, exist. We know much of the general tenor of his life on the South American pampas and of his birding pursuits in the British Isles, but of such material is legend the natural growth. The facts are very scarce indeed. He was a silent man, not a hermit, since he mingled even in the literary life of London, but he was a recluse by nature or by early training on the pampas. Hudson's extreme reticence about his affairs is interesting in the light of his confession that he had a De Quinceyish yearning to know everything about the people he met from birth to death. But that was merely an extension of his abnormal instinct to study life, whether high or low. Even the date of his birth was unknown probably by any one, as we may infer from the fact that the indefatigable Library of Congress admits defeat and leaves his date line blank. Practically every one knew of his existence and practically no one knew him intimately.

Recognition came to Hudson rather late in life as it has more recently to another recluse, Arthur Machen. But that it seems to come ultimately to those who deserve it makes one wonder whether publicity is worth the blight it has put on modern life. If complete lack of advertising can not down a man like Hudson, its chief use would seem to be that of pushing ahead of him for more immediate consideration some one less worthy of it. Publicity then runs counter to the law that the fittest survive, but the latter is potent in the end.

Contributory to the Hudson legend which we foresee are the facts that his name is far from unique and that he wrote two very different kinds of book. The student a hundred years hence who looks up the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata" and "Birds and Man" may, unless the student of the future is very much more accurate than his ancestor of today, easily conclude that his man is William Hudson, English botanist, apothecary, and naturalist, born about 1730, or roughly about a century before our Hudson was. Or, if our imaginary seeker after biographic fact in the year 2020 has been reading "The Crystal Age" or any of Hudson's other fictitious and in our opinion inferior works, may he not naturally infer they were the literary output of the other William Henry Hudson, author and professor of English literature, still alive?

It would seem almost impossible to insure the future identity of one of the greatest literary luminaries of our age. For Hudson, despite his bad novels, was all of that in addition to being one of the greatest naturalists the world has ever known. Small wonder that he had no leisure for personal pursuits when one considers his incessant devotion to the study of animal life and plant life and in the light of his immense achievement in these researches. He was a living example of the maxim that you must devote yourself whole-heartedly to the pursuit in which you would succeed—that no man can serve two masters.

#### PRESENT DAY SENTIMENT IN JAPAN.

Hostile Feeling Appears to Have Been Dispelled by the Washington Conference.

The editor of the *Argonaut* has asked me to set down some of my impressions of Japan, which I recently visited for a short time during a sojourn in the Orient.

Whatever else it may be, the Orient is always interesting, and one can not enter it through a more inviting gateway than that of Japan. The last twenty years, since her victorious contest of arms with Russia, Japan has been more or less continuously in the public's field of view. This nation has gone through many changes within this period, and perhaps none have been more marked than those which have come to fulfillment since the Washington Conference. The success of the Conference on Limitation of Armament at Washington marks the beginning of a new era in Japan. The people had already moved forward to the most advanced line marked by the Washington Conference, but they were not all fully aware of their own progress and the world at large was quite unaware of it. What I have in mind is illustrated in a concrete way in the case of Siberia. The average American thinks the Japanese army was withdrawn from Siberia solely by reason of the suggestions and urge of the Washington Conference. This, however, is not the case. The people had, in fact, made up their minds to have done with the Siberian enterprise before the Washington Conference was called. The Conference by its action, however, made it easier for them to give effect to their opinions and to express their desires through governmental agencies. The sentiment of Japan has been for a long time overwhelmingly in favor of withdrawing the troops from Siberia.

Not only has Japan withdrawn her military forces from Siberia, but she has taken out, at government expense, all the civilians with their families who were living there and who did not care to remain after the end of the Japanese occupation, for the reason that they foresaw that there would probably be a season of disorder and anarchy following the departure of the Japanese troops.

In Shantung the Japanese are fulfilling promptly and scrupulously all their obligations and responsibilities which grew out of the Washington Conference. As a matter of fact, none of the participating nations in the Washington Conference has carried out its treaty obligations with greater fidelity. Indeed Japan has gone further than any of them, with the possible exception of the United States, in this direction.

The Washington Conference has had the same salutary effect in Japan that it has had in the United States respecting the relations between the two countries. The sense of constraint, of tension, and of irritation which prevailed has disappeared and all the jingo talk about the ultimate inevitability of war between the two countries has vanished as mist beneath the rays of the sun. There never was adequate justification for such talk, and any one who visits Japan and studies conditions there could not believe that there was any desire or serious expectation on the part of the Japanese government to engage in hostilities with the United States. The Japanese people and the Japanese statesmen are highly intelligent and they have as little liking for war as any people in the world. They know the cost in men and money of modern warfare thoroughly well, and they know that they could not engage in a more unpleasant adventure than war with the United States or any other great power. What is more, they should be given credit, not only for intelligence in wishing to avoid hostilities for economic and political reasons, but they should be given credit for a fundamental and traditional kindly feeling for the United States which makes the thought of war with this country particularly abhorrent to them. I am now speaking of the governing class.

Business and financial conditions in the Orient are not reassuring for the moment. China is in a state of governmental confusion and financial disorder. Japan of course is well governed, highly organized, and a thoroughly disciplined country. Her difficulties are those which we ourselves have confronted since the world war, only with this difference—that the United States recognized changed conditions and acted upon them with greater promptness and thoroughness. Japan has not undertaken the process of deflation. War prices still rule in the Island Empire. I had opportunity to talk with many of the leading bankers, financiers, and captains of industry, and I find that they have no illusions and that they see clearly and wisely conditions as they actually exist. They know, too, what is before them and agree that Japan must face a year or two of unpleasant readjustment. Already steps are being taken to bring about deflation in certain directions, and I think we may confidently expect that Japan will work through her post-war financial difficulties with a good deal more wisdom than many of her European contemporaries.

There are a great many readjustments going on in Japan and, as I have indicated, perhaps the most significant and serious one is that which has to do with the change in public sentiment in respect to military and imperialistic activities. So far as the outside observer can see and ascertain, Japan has come to the



parting of the ways and has decided that it is not worth while to attempt further commercial advance through the acquisition of foreign territory. The so-called military party, which was responsible for the Siberian enterprise and some similar activities, apparently is out of favor and an era of economic retrenchment in military expenditures and of intense development of home industries is beginning. This does not mean, of course, that Japan is going to give up what she has lawfully acquired in Manchuria or other places where she has been established for years. But it means, as I see it, that she has no present desire for further territorial conquests, but expects to consolidate what she has, to develop to a high point her manufacturing and the skill of her mechanics, and do all that she can properly do to supply the Orient with manufactured products.

I found the people in Japan, as I met them on the streets, in tramways, and on railroad trains, polite and apparently cherishing kindly feeling toward the American traveler or tourist. On the steamship returning I encountered a large number of Americans who had been traveling through the country and they reported to me that they had, without exception, encountered only courteous and fair treatment. Occasional stories that have reached this country about the unfriendly attitude of Japanese toward Americans seem to be merely isolated cases where Americans themselves often have been at fault and have themselves occasioned hostility. I think it safe to say that any well-behaved American in Japan would receive just as pleasant and courteous treatment on the streets of Tokyo or any other Japanese city as a Japanese citizen would who strolled about the streets of Washington or Philadelphia.

Contrary to the opinion of many Americans, the Japanese are not at all excited or deeply interested in the question of emigration. I had occasion in the course of some remarks before a large and representative gathering in Japan to point to the fact that the United States is thoroughly aroused to the dangers of indiscriminate immigration; that our law now limits immigration to 3 per cent. of the people of any nationality already domiciled in this country, and that in all probability a new law will be enacted which, among other things, will most certainly prohibit the entrance of Oriental labor. This law, while it will apply to the Japanese, will not be discriminatory, and for that reason will not be objected to. I find that a good many of the so-called problems and issues between the two countries are not so big nor so menacing nor so difficult when one comes face to face with important Japanese and talks, as it were, across the table with the leaders of our intelligent and enlightened neighbors across the Pacific. One outstanding fact was most clearly established in my mind in my recent visit to the Orient and to Japan, and that is that we are not, in all probability, likely to have war with Japan in the life of any man now living.

One would fail to give a true account of the new forces at work in Japan if one passed over the growing participation of Japanese women in the activities of life. For the first time, I believe, in the history of that country, one may see Japanese girls of the upper classes mingling with other dancers at the balls given at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. This in the eyes of the Japanese is a prodigious advance step on the part of the women and is looked upon with strange apprehension and concern by some of the older and more conservative people. The Japanese women are taking an active part as leaders in educational work. They are beginning to manifest an interest in politics and I noticed were attending public meetings. I encountered them actively engaged in journalism and noticed a very large number of young women employed in the offices of professional men and in the large banking and business houses. There is a very definite feminist movement, and I rather think that within a reasonable length of time women will win recognition and the political status which they enjoy in this country and Great Britain.

A good deal is being said these days about the attitude of foreigners in respect to Americans and about agencies for the creating of good feeling abroad. I will record one observation on this subject. On shipboard bound for the Orient were representatives of the Rockefeller Institute, a dignified, quietly working humanitarian organization which is carrying in a practical way the gospel of hygiene, correct living, and physical well-being to all parts of the globe, and which is employing the finest medical, scientific, and organizing talent that can possibly be secured. In distant and little known localities you will find these agents of the Rockefeller Institute working among the humblest natives and bringing health and bodily strength and happiness to thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings. Not only are they relieving present physical ills, curing the sick, but they are carrying on research work of the utmost value to the race. It has been my experience when I have encountered a representative of the Rockefeller Institute that I have found myself in contact with a person of high character and competency, and I have seen them at work in many parts of the world. I know of no other influence, private or official, emanating from this country which does so much solid and enduring work abroad in the way of creating genuine good-will for America and Americans as the Rockefeller Institute.

FRANCIS B. LOOMIS.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Thanksgiving.

*The Superintendent of an Almshouse. A Pauper.*

#### SUPERINTENDENT:

So you're unthankful—you'll not eat the bird?  
You sit about the place all day and gird.  
I understand you'll not attend the ball  
That's to be given tonight in Pauper Hall.

#### PAUPER:

Why, that is true, precisely as you've heard:  
I have no teeth and I will eat no bird.

#### SUPERINTENDENT:

Ah! see how good is Providence. Because  
Of teeth He has denuded both your jaws  
The fowl's made tender; you can overcome it  
By suction; or at least—well, you can gum it,  
Attesting thus the dictum of the preachers  
That Providence is good to all His creatures—  
Turkeys excepted. Come, ungrateful friend,  
If our Thanksgiving dinner you'll attend  
You shall say grace—ask God to bless at least  
The soft and liquid portions of the feast.

#### PAUPER:

Without those teeth my speech is rather thick—  
He'll hardly understand Gum Arabic.  
No, I'll not dine today. As to the ball,  
'T is known to you that I've no legs at all.  
I had the gout—hereditary; so,  
As it could not be cornered in my toe  
They cut my legs off in the fond belief  
That shortening me would make my anguish brief.  
Lacking my legs I could not prosecute  
With any good advantage a pursuit;  
And so, because my father chose to court  
Heaven's favor with his ortolans and Port  
(Thanksgiving every day!) the Lord supplied  
Saws for my legs, an almshouse for my pride  
And, once a year, a bird for my inside.  
No, I'll not dance—my light fantastic toe  
Took to its heels some twenty years ago.  
Some small repairs would be required for putting  
My feelings on a saltatory footing.

#### (Sings)

O the legless man's an unhappy chap—  
Tum-hi, tum-hi, tum-he o'haddy  
The favors o' fortune fall not in his lap  
Tum-hi, tum-heede-do hum.  
The plums of office avoid his plate  
No matter how much he may stump the state—  
Tum-hi, ho-heeee.  
The grass grows never beneath his feet,  
But he can not hope to make both ends meet—  
Tum-hi.  
With a gleecless eye and a sombre heart,  
He plays the rôle of his mortal part:  
Wholly himself he can never be,  
O, a soleless corporation is he!  
Tum.

#### SUPERINTENDENT:

The chapel bell is calling, thankless friend.  
Balls you may not, but church you *shall* attend.  
Some recognition can not be denied  
To the great mercy that has turned aside  
The sword of death from us and let it fall  
Upon the people's necks in Montreal;  
That spared our city, steeple, roof and dome,  
And drowned the Texans out of house and home;  
Blessed all our continent with peace, to flood  
The Balkans with a cataclysm of blood.  
Compared with blessings of so high degree,  
Your private woes look mighty small—to me.  
—Ambrose Bierce.

### The Pine Trees.

Oh, the dark pines and the dim pines in the misty winter  
weather,  
Wreath'd with filmy lace of cobwebs, hung with raindrops  
tinkling low!  
Oh, the green pines and the grey pines where the shadows  
crowd together;  
Pines in splendor on the hillsides, heedless tho' the storm-  
winds blow.  
Oh, the frost chains, oh, the snow stars in the tossing  
branches gleaming!  
Oh, the wonder of the pine trees when the world lies  
sheeted white!  
Like a row of lovely ladies in the realm of fairy dreaming,  
How the pine trees sweep their curtseys, holding skirts  
aglow with light.  
Oh, the green pines, oh, the grey pines, when the other trees  
are sighing,  
And the bare boughs sway and shudder in the wild wind  
as with fear;  
Oh, the green pines and the grey pines, when the winter's  
slowly dying,  
And the spring comes in and hails them bravest children of  
the year.  
—Fall Mall Gazette, 1908.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Galsworthy is said to look more like a family lawyer than a successful novelist. He is clean shaven, precise in his dress, low-voiced, and not effusive. Neatness is his chief characteristic.

Smith W. Brookhart, elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge W. S. Kenyon of Iowa, is one of the crack rifle shots of the country and one of the men who had much to do with training raw recruits in close rifle work during the war.

Lady Sykes, wife of Sir Frederick Sykes, and elder daughter of Mr. Bonar Law, will probably officiate as hostess at No. 10 Downing Street, as the new premier has been a widower since 1909. Lady Sykes was married in 1920, when her husband was controller-general of civil aviation. She is described as a tall and very dignified blonde.

It was sight-seeing and not singing that first brought Amelita Galli-Curci to America. She landed in New York with three thousand dollars and a determination

to see our country. A chance encounter resulted in two appearances at five hundred dollars each reluctantly granted by Campanini to the then totally unknown prima donna. Taking out citizenship papers early in her stay here, Galli-Curci has become doubly an American by her recent marriage to her accompanist, Homer Samuels.

If Herbert Hoover should display his degrees after his name, the average writing paper would scarcely be wide enough to carry them on one line. Few officials now active in the work of the government have been the recipients of as many honors. The Secretary of Commerce has received more than a half-dozen gold medals and is an honorary citizen of almost as many countries. The colleges and universities which have conferred degrees upon him include Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, George Washington, Dartmouth, Boston, Rutgers, Alabama, Oberlin, Liège, Brussels, Warsaw, Cracow, Oxford, Rensselaer, Tufts, Swarthmore, Williams, Manchester, and California.

Hiram Warren Johnson, who has just redemonstrated his popular majority in California, was born in Sacramento, 1866, the son of Grove Lawrence Johnson, in whose Sacramento office the younger Johnson began the study of shorthand, law, and politics. He was admitted to the California bar in 1888, practiced awhile in his native city, and removed to San Francisco in 1902. He was a member of the staff of prosecuting attorneys in the so-called "graft cases" in this city, in 1906-07. Senator Johnson was governor of California from 1911 to 1915, and was reelected for the term 1915-19, but resigned in '17. He was a founder of the Progressive party in 1912, and the same year was nominee for Vice-President on the new party ticket. He has been United States senator from California since 1917.

Alfred Emanuel Smith, governor-elect of the Empire State and familiarly known as "Al" to all East Side New York, is a democrat at heart as well as in politics. A "plain man of the people," he prides himself on having started public life as a newsboy. Always a favorite with his home district, his positive personality combined with a genial disposition would insure his success. Smith's political course may be said to have started in 1903, when at the age of thirty he was elected to the New York Assembly, where he became the Democratic leader in 1911 and Speaker of the Assembly in 1913. After defeating Governor Whitman in 1918 and serving as governor till 1920 Smith was defeated in that year owing to the landslide for Harding for President, in New York as elsewhere. Incidentally, Governor Smith was considered a possibility for presidential candidacy on the Democratic ticket in 1920. He was actually proposed at the Democratic convention here in that year and received a complimentary delegation vote. Mr. Smith is a Roman Catholic.

The new Prime Minister of England, Mr. Bonar Law, has recently been rather neatly sketched by Herbert Sidebotham in his "Political Profiles from British Public Life." "When he comes into the House," says Mr. Sidebotham of Mr. Law, "he looks the plain, kind-hearted, decent man, dressed as though for kirk. The eyes are wide open and shy; the manner, when his critics are talking, is the blend of deference and resignation with which people listen to a sermon. But when he rises to reply one becomes conscious of ability of a rare and curious kind. He can not create an atmosphere, he has no saliences of phrase, his gestures are undistinguished, and his voice is thin and dull, and before his resignation it was somewhat indistinct and low. But if you regard argument as the weaving of an intricate pattern, there is no one in the House to approach him for skill. You feel when he rises that he can never get under your rhetorical guard, and then suddenly the net is round you, and you are caught in meshes of argumentation so fine that you hardly know they are there until you feel yourself powerless."

Henri Franklin-Bouillon, the present man of the hour in France and in the Near East situation, is half English by birth and education. Through the greater part of his political life he has worked behind others and has therefore remained practically unknown till the recent crisis. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1913, he supported Joseph Caillaux throughout and won some political favor. In 1917, when for a brief period Painlevé was premier, Franklin-Bouillon was credited in informed circles with controlling the government. However, during this period he incurred the enmity of Poincaré, which doubtless slowed up his political ascent. During the war he was in Washington as a member of the French parliamentary commission. While Briand was premier and the Allied governments were first discussing Near Eastern Affairs Franklin-Bouillon went to Angora and negotiated the now famous treaty with Mustapha Kemal, which was so bitterly censured in England, particularly when it became known that the French government had actually O. K'd the self-appointed diplomat's works in Angora. In France the newly risen politician is known as a man whom expediency rules. The extension of French influence in the Slavic area of Europe is frequently said to be the result of Franklin-Bouillon's work among Slavic interests during the war and immediately after the conference. So enthusiastic is his party in France over his achievements that he said to be slated for the French portfolio to Washington. He has been characterized as a person with a genius for friendship.



## A CALIFORNIAN AND A KING.

How David Lubin, the Sacramento Merchant, Founded the International Institute of Agriculture.

The International Institute of Agriculture at Rome is a strange development. It is a product of the peculiar genius of the Hebrew people, supported morally by the patronage of Victor Emanuel III, an idealistic king. It may seem of such stuff as dreams are made on, and yet with purposes and methods as utilitarian as bricks and mortar. It is one more altruistic effort, but also a practical one, to solve the endless bread-and-butter problem of the world—which problem is also the main cultural problem of civilization, for there is no culture, and no civilization, without a solid substratum of material welfare. The purposes of the institute are large, general, and perhaps a bit obscure, and the mere layman wonders why so much was expected by so many experienced minds from so apparently simple a device. But the thing of main interest about it is the welcome combination of idealism and utilitarianism; and the thing of present and local interest is that a minor Hebrew prophet arose in California, which may be regarded as a combination of Palestine and Italy, and that he got the ear of a Roman king, after trial of his pet project on seventeen other rulers. Beyond that, is the further interest that the International Institute of Agriculture is a reality, that it functions, and that all the while the war was going on and the peace was being made, it contained within it the prototype of the League of Nations, which might better have been built upon it.

The title of a new book detailing this particular prophet's life-work, "David Lubin, a Study in Practical Idealism," by Mrs. Olivia Rossetti Agresti, is enough to engage the attention of any Californian. Here is a man of humanitarian impulses, a pioneer of merchandising, and a real lover of humanity. His portrait presents a physiognomy of Lincolnian beauty. Nor did the idealism that was in him take the form of attacks on the essentials of the industrial order. He had no use for Marxian socialism, nor the carefully formulated vagaries of the Lenin and Trotzky school. What he conceived as a possible great service of mankind was based on what mankind already possessed. His life was a groping toward justice, and he grew toward it in such familiar mundane places as San Francisco and Sacramento. For that purpose who shall say they are not just as good places as Jerusalem and Nazareth? And here is a picture, reported in his own words, of a bit of the growth process as it began on the rough old waterfront of San Francisco, where Lubin had gone into business:

It was the custom to ask tremendous sums and then sell for what you could get—eighty-five dollars for a suit of clothes, say, and then sell it for four. No change under "two bits" was spoken of, and a "bit" was 12½ cents. Coppers were not taken; to offer them was looked upon as an insult. Trade was done in those days by standing at the door of your store and inviting in customers—sailors and miners formed a goodly percentage of the motley population—and then you would "soak" them for all they were worth. It was the old-world, old-time system of barter, handed down from an immemorial past. It was a matter of bargaining and haggling over prices between salesman and customer, in which the latter was very generally worsted. To me it was hateful. I could not square it up with my notions of right and wrong, and I made a poor hand at the business. I was hardly worth my salt.

I remember that I was alone one day in the store when a sailor came in. I had been doing practically nothing for weeks past, and was dissatisfied and restless. I thought I would try my hand and see what I could do as a salesman, and I did quite a stroke of business as things were with us, for I took thirty dollars from the man, handing him only 10 cents change. But when the transaction was over I had made up my mind. It was wrong. I would have nothing more to do with it, and I determined that I would start for myself on the basis of fixed prices on all goods, marked in plain figures so that all could read.

I set out to find a place to start in, but nothing suitable offered in San Francisco, so I resolved to go up the river to Sacramento and see what chances there were in the state capital.

I went by boat, landing in Sacramento with my share of the stock, and pretty poor stuff it was, too. After looking around I found a place I thought would do, on a corner of K Street, above a basement saloon. It was about 10 feet wide by twelve feet deep, separated by a thin partition from a Chinese laundry. I occupied one-half. Under me was the saloon; and under the saloon was a pool of stagnant water. On the other corner there was another saloon, and yet another on the third corner.

Well, I settled in and made shelves and painted them, set up a counter made of dry-goods boxes covered with oilcloth, and hung out a sign "D. Lubin, ONE PRICE." ["Probably the first 'one price' sign hung out in America west of the Mississippi," comments Mr. Jacob Rubel in an article written after Mr. Lubin's death.] I used to get my meals for "two bits" on the floor above me where there was a boarding place, and a sloppy place it was, too. I rigged up a bunk in the store, under the counter, and slept there. It took "some" strength to take it apart later on; it was fastened together with spikes and would have stood the weight of an ox, let alone a man. I had a straw mattress and turned in one of the nights.

That was the genesis of Weinstock, Lubin & Co., an institution in the mercantile life of the state. There is much in Mrs. Agresti's book about the management of that store, in its relations with the human material employed in it, which portrays Lubin's character as the frontispiece does his face. It was not merely a one-price mercantile institution—it was a school wherein the employees learned service and duty. Service was the key to Lubin's character, the foundation of his institute. He felt that service was the mission of Israel,

and a statement to that effect once drew him into a sharp controversy with Max Nordau—Nordau, who wrote a thick book a generation or so ago to prove the degeneracy of France—a folly gloriously refuted in the flames of Verdun. And there is another institution Sacramento owes Lubin, though changing tastes and styles have perhaps lessened appreciation of it in late years. He knew little about art, but he felt that it might make life better, so he promoted an art loan exhibit in the gallery of Mrs. Margaret Crocker's mansion, and a permanent organization to carry on the work. Here are some of the difficulties arising out of the peculiar social conditions he was trying to improve, as defined in his opening address:

In canvassing for life members the committee had certain experiences not laid down in the programme and which, for the time being, produced an effect that almost neutralized their ambitious zeal. "What do you want a museum for?" said one; "can't you see all the old stuff you want in a junk shop?"

Another said, "Museum? Nonsense! Hideous idols, Indian clubs, scalp, old Patent Office reports, cranky models of impossible inventions, old mummies that have a suspicious smell about them, plaster-of-Paris men and women with no clothes on them, bottles with nasty worms so carefully preserved as to save them intact for the day of resurrection, and to add to this insult to common sense, long-winded names that would puzzle the very Chief of Hades to get into plain solid English. Trash and nonsense! No museum for me!"

A third said, "Museum, indeed! Who goes to a museum? Lank and lean young men who wear their hair long and parted in the middle, whose mysterious appearance is heightened by their eyeglass string, significantly looped over the left ear; or the old codger who mopes around musty books, who delights in antediluvian remains, whose burden of lamentations consists in groaning after the missing link. No, sir! I don't want a museum! When I want progress, I'll send my boy to the most progressive machine shop or business house."

And so it comes to pass that when a man lives by bread alone his mind becomes desynaptic. Shop and nothing but shop soon converts a man into a boot, an overall, a barrel of sugar, a banknote, or a mortgage squeezer. Practical? Come, oh, practical stomach, let us write the biography of one such as you. Don't be impatient. We won't detain you long. Birth, Feed-money, Death. No sooner dead, when your hard-earned gold vanishes like a puff of smoke into hands other than you wished or dreamt of. . . . How unlike "the image of God" such men are, allied by instinct and capacity to the brute. These are the men above all who have need of a museum. . . .

The exhibit was a success, and Lubin pressed his luck:

As the date drew near for closing the exhibition, Lubin became obsessed by the idea that the Crocker Art Gallery should belong to Sacramento, that it should be the worthy nucleus of the museum of his dreams. Mrs. Crocker's children were all settled elsewhere, and his mind's eye saw the palatial residence with its treasured contents dispersed by indifferent heirs; the empty halls falling from their high estate, used perhaps as warehouses or storerooms.

On the day before the exhibition was to close, Lubin came to his office looking as if he had passed a sleepless night. He confided to Mr. Weinstock the thoughts which had kept him awake, and as he talked them over he worked himself up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he grabbed his hat and bolted out of the door, saying, "I am going to Mrs. Crocker right now to persuade her to give the gallery to the city."

Lubin was too practical a man to be led far by the fantasies of socialism. Mrs. Agresti says of him:

Of the socialist state as advocated by the followers of Karl Marx he had the most profound distrust. He conceived it as essentially a vast, centralized bureaucracy; an eater and not a producer of wealth; an instrument for the protection of mediocrity; crushing all initiative and enterprise; by nature, parasitic. He believed that the perpetual struggle of forces in the economic world is the only means of progress, but for that struggle to be fruitful knowledge must replace ignorance; chaos must give way to order; anarchy to the higher synthesis of forces. He was a strong believer in cooperation as a check on excessive individualism, and above all and before all he believed in democracy, which he derived as a direct consequence of the religious ideals which were his.

In industry he believed agriculture was basic, and he acquired a farm largely to learn what was the matter with farming. He felt that the exchange of the farmer's products for his necessities needed to be on a basis of justice instead of the unstable foundation of ignorance, and inasmuch as farm prices were made in world markets, he outgrew Sacramento and became international in his outlook. He conceived of an organization that would enable farmers all over the world to know the conditions of their industry and the prices they ought to receive for their labors. And with the zealot's fervor and the successful business man's tenacity and skill he proceeded to make such an institution his life-work. He needed the patronage of government, and he began a canvass of the rulers of Europe to find a government that would take this new institution under its wing. Diplomatic experience might have deterred him, but no rebuffs of bureau heads and chancelleries had any effect. He finally met the King of Italy, and he talked to him exactly as a Hebrew prophet might have talked to any king. Says his biographer:

As we drove away, he gave me some account of this strange conference. He had told the king that as the success of a merchant is reckoned at the end of a year by the amount of dollars he has been able to accumulate, so the success of a ruler is determined by the work of historic importance he has been able to perform. "I bring you the opportunity to perform a work of historic importance, which will entitle you to more enduring fame than the Caesars; they earned fame by wars, you could earn it by working for peace, the peace of righteousness. You are of course a very important person here, but remember, you are a small potato in the world, the monarch of a third-rate country. Take up this work in earnest and at one leap Italy can lead the nations in the great fight of our day—the fight for justice in economic relations."

The associations of concentrated capital and energy resulting in trust, merger, and combine, were to be countered by organizing the agricultural interests through the influences exerted directly and indirectly by an International Chamber of Agriculture. This chamber was to be semi-official, the initia-

tive for its foundation being taken by the governments on the invitation of the King of Italy. In effect, it would be an economic parliament with advisory and consultative powers, through which the farmers of the world could express their needs and wishes. Its primary function would be to gather and disseminate, on a world-wide scale, dynamic, price-forming information on the condition and prospects of the growing crops and on the world demand for them. Such information, gathered by each nation and assembled, summarized and published telegraphically by the central chamber, would place the farmers in possession of that inside information on crop conditions and stocks, on transport facilities and market needs which had hitherto been gathered by private interests and used as the stock in trade of the astute speculator and price manipulator.

At the time Lubin was talking thus in Rome, Washington was ringing with stirring denunciations of the trusts, culminating in the Sherman and Clayton laws. Time and experience have shown which side was the exponent of the truest statesmanship in this matter, and if the organization which Lubin advocated has never yet been given a fair chance to show all it could do in this direction, the other policy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

In all this Lubin was far from advocating state intrusion in the domain of trade; he always looked upon such experiments with suspicion. The developments he foresaw as likely to arise from the activities of the chamber were to be the result of free association, initiative, development; they were to be no parasitic growth dependent on government subsidies. A small percentage on the business done by produce exchanges operating under the auspices of the International Chamber, or the sale of "seats" therein, would provide the means of meeting any expense, however considerable, which the formation and working of the International Chamber might entail. Government was only to set the ball rolling.

The author was a participant in Lubin's work in a secretarial relation, and gives us this intimate glimpse:

Those days were not without their humors. I remember one very stiff and starchy representative of an ultra-Tory and extremely select London paper coming to seek for information. To Lubin its name stood for nothing, and he suspected "yellow" journalism everywhere. "I am quite willing to explain the proposition; but I'm not going to tell you when I first sat up in a high chair or when I ate my first pap."

"If you knew the standing of my paper you would realize that it would accept no such trash," was the frosty reply intended to crush the ignorant Yankee.

"That's all very well," Lubin went on serenely, "but this is a question of economics. Now, I explain it to you, and that's all right; but you send in your 'copy' to your paper, and how am I know what sort of a story will be given out? Perhaps the editor will want to cut it down, and he calls in Jones. Now, Jones is the man who writes up the dog-fights, and you can imagine what sort of economics will be the result," and, utterly unconscious of the sacrifice he had committed, Lubin talked on to a listener well-nigh speechless with indignation, who afterwards remarked in an English drawing-room that he didn't think any the better of the King of Italy for taking up with that fellow Lubin!

Probably nothing is ever done just exactly as its author conceives it, and the institute underwent modification as it evolved from idea to reality. Ultimately it took this form:

The representatives of all the adhering governments were brought together in a permanent, deliberative body, in direct touch with the governments from which they emanated; while the Assembly provided the means of keeping this Permanent Committee in contact with, and under the control of the living agricultural forces of a country, provided the farmers woke up to the importance of the Institute and brought the necessary pressure to bear on their home governments.

Moreover, the Institute was to act, not only as an international crop-reporting bureau, but it was recognized as the legitimate organ through which the agricultural interests in each country could voice their wishes in the international sphere, and it was empowered to formulate them as draft conventions and to submit them to the several governments for approval.

In fact, we have here the first attempt in history to create an international parliamentary body. The protocol signed by the plenipotentiaries of the forty governments represented at the conference on the seventh of June one thousand nine hundred and five may properly claim to be a historic document, for it created the first League of Nations, a League of Nations for economic betterment.

The institute was to be an instrument of justice. But justice is a mystery, as much as truth, and perhaps this realistic-mystic saw it before he died. Here, in his own words, is one of his conclusions:

When I was in Austria in 1905 to bring the matter of the proposed Institute of Agriculture before the leading agricultural bodies in that country, I saw amongst others Count Hohenblum. We had to talk through an interpreter, as I do not speak enough German to converse with him freely. After the main outline had been set forth, and Hohenblum gathered that governments were likely to play a prominent part in the proposed Institute, that it was, in fact, proposed to make it a state institution, he began swearing and using such unparliamentary language that even my scanty German sufficed to gather that storms were raging. "What is he doing?" I asked of the interpreter. "Is he swearing at me?" "Oh, no," came the reply, "not at you; it is the bureaucracy, and do not ask me to translate; his language is awful."

Well, I thought, the old gentleman evidently has some grievance; I expect he is something of a crank. Since the Institute has been at work, I have learned much. I have learned that Hohenblum was not such a crank after all, that even the calmest might be betrayed into strong language if they had much to do with the animal known as bureaucracy. Bureaucracy is the biggest eater and the biggest loafer that ever oppressed the sons of man, and the socialists might well pause and learn from Hohenblum before they advocate that all the complicated machinery of modern life be controlled by an enlarged and inflated bureaucracy. The experience of the Institute has been enough to settle my opinion on the value of bureaucracies.

We can not follow the institution into all the details of its functioning, but at least David Lubin started something. As E. H. Harriman remarked after the San Francisco fire, it does not so much matter what you begin, as it does that you begin something. And in his motive, few finer characters have been revealed to us in these days than that of the Sacramento merchant.

DAVID LUBIN: A STUDY IN PRACTICAL IDEALISM. By Olivia Rossetti Agresti. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending Friday, November 10, 1922 (four days), were \$116,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year ending Saturday, November 12, 1921 (five days), \$108,200,000; a gain of \$8,600,000.

While the bond market has been less active during the last thirty days and prices have receded moderately, there continues to be a strong underlying demand for good investment issues. The decline in the general level of

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bond prices is not primarily the result of hesitation on the part of permanent investors or a symptom of saturation of the market. It is rather a reflection of the gradual elimination of speculative and temporary influences. Throughout the period of cheap money and rapidly rising prices there was a heavy absorption of securities for the purpose of making immediate profits, says *Commerce Monthly*. Anticipation of an increased need for money for the financing of manufacturing and merchandising operations and the decrease

October 15th was the offer for subscription by Secretary Mellon on October 9th of \$500,000,000 United States bonds bearing 4 1/2 per cent. interest, due in 1952 and callable in 1947. The Secretary of the Treasury reserved the right to make additional allotments to the extent that 4 1/2 per cent. Victory notes or Treasury certificates maturing December 15th might be tendered in payment.

This is the first long-term bond issue by the government since the war and marks the first step in a reduction of the short-term debt. From October 17, 1922, to January 1, 1923, inclusive, a total of \$1,915,000,000 maturing United States government obligations must be paid or refunded. Of this amount \$870,000,000 are Victory notes, \$420,000,000 are United States certificates of indebtedness, and \$625,000,000 are war savings certificates. Maturing obligations from now until January 1, 1929, amount to about \$10,000,000,000, exclusive of the Second Liberty Loan bonds callable in 1927, but not due until 1942.

The results of the offer were therefore watched with the keenest interest as an indication of the absorptive power of the market for long-term United States government bonds under peace conditions with the security offered on a business basis and free from the patriotic impulse as a selling factor. It is notable that subscriptions were three times the offering, exclusive of additional bonds which may be allotted in exchange for Victory notes. Cash subscriptions amounted to \$1,400,000,000, the remainder being Victory notes and Treasury certificates maturing December 15th.

Sales by holders of Liberty bonds in order to provide funds for investment in the new issue have caused substantial declines in prices of the old issues, bringing the yields on them to increasingly attractive levels.

In addition to the United States government bonds numerous industrial and public utility issues were offered in the period from September 16th to October 15th and there were a few fairly large offerings. A number of industrial corporations have taken advantage of lower rates to refund outstanding loans made at high rates at the most difficult period of the business depression. Among the more important issues during the period were: \$15,000,000 Cudahy Packing Company sinking funds 5 1/2%, due October 1, 1937, offered at par; \$75,000,000 Federal Land Banks 4 1/2 per cent. bonds, due May 1, 1942, offered at 101 1/2 to yield over 4.30 per cent.; \$10,000,000 Brier Hill Steel Company first mortgage 5 1/2%, due in 1942, offered at par; \$12,500,000 Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company refunding and first mortgage 5s, due in 1961, offered at 92 1/4 to yield about 5.50 per cent.; and \$20,000,000 Province of Ontario twenty-year 5s, offered on a basis of about 5.06 per cent.

The security markets have been subject to a number of influences, mostly of a bullish character, and the result has been largely increased speculative activity with greater public participation and a new high level reached for the average of fifty representative stocks. This latter is proof that the general trend is still strongly upward and, while considerable distributive selling may be going on in some issues, many other stocks may be expected to sell much higher.

It is greatly to be hoped that the Allies, now that the Turkish situation is simmering down, will turn their attention to an intelligent consideration of the question of German reparations. We have made it clear that any participation by us in the matter is contingent upon Europe's checking her wild and wasteful expenditures for armament.

The almost immediate oversubscription of the government's new bond issue is excellent evidence of the sound financial condition of the country. But this financing, together with the prospect of some \$3,500,000,000 more within the next year, has served to check the advancing tendency in the investment market temporarily at least. This condition has been augmented by the reviving industries' increasing demand for money and also the seasonal requirements for moving the crops.

Meanwhile, stocks and other speculative se-

curities of industrial companies and railroads reporting large earnings and even better prospects may be expected to reflect these conditions by higher market prices. Consequently it is becoming increasingly important to exercise careful discrimination in selecting securities either for investment or speculation.

The declaration of large stock dividends by the Standard Oil and other companies has resulted in an orgy of speculation in their shares and has fired Wall Street's imagination regarding similar possibilities elsewhere in the list. There are many companies, such as United States Steel, the equipments and certain of the rails and public utilities, which have wisely conserved war-time and other earnings and are therefore in a position to cut very juicy melons.

The steel industry recovery since the settlement of the strikes has exceeded expectations and operations are now not very far from the peak of last June. This month's unfilled tonnage statement of United States Steel is the largest in nineteen months, and further heavy inquiries and orders by the railroads are being reported. Equally surprising has been the success with which the railroads are meeting the large demands upon them for the moving of coal, steel, the crops and general merchandise. Car loadings in the week ending October 30th were the largest of any single week of this year. This is a pretty good indication of satisfactory conditions in industry throughout the country. Also this heavy traffic should result in excellent net earnings for the railroads during the fall months.—*The Room Trader*.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has been appointed transfer agent of the new common stock of the American-Foreign Oil Corporation.

Nothing else that has happened in the investment market this fall has caused so much comment in banking circles as the break in the new government 4 1/2 per cent. refunding bonds below par within the last few days, says *Commerce and Finance*. It is the big surprise of the year. Less than two weeks ago, immediately after they were issued, the new 4 1/2s commanded a handsome premium. Today they are selling at a substantial discount, while other government issues are proportionately lower. The natural query of investors is, Why should a bond which was oversubscribed three times decline so quickly below the subscription price?

It is easier to ask that question than to answer it. However, on the face of things it would appear that the oversubscription was very largely a paper one. That is to say, a large number of subscribers applied for a much larger number of bonds than they intended to take up. They did so because they expected the issue to be oversubscribed and wished to be sure to get some bonds. The consequence was that, although the total issue of the bonds to cash subscribers was only \$511,390,000, or not much more than one-third of the total subscription, many of the subscribers received a larger allotment than they had expected or were prepared to take up. Accordingly when their bonds were delivered to them they were forced to liquidate a portion of them.

Another class of sellers were banks and other large investors who switched from the refunding bonds into Liberties because of the large discount at which the latter sold. Finally, so-called "sharpshooters" sold the refunding 4 1/2s short when they learned that a liquidating movement was on, with the idea of buying the bonds back at lower prices and thereby scalping a profit.

The foregoing is what may be called the superficial reasons for the break in the price of the new government bonds. One must probe deeper to ascertain the underlying cause of the decline, not only in the refunding 4 1/2s, but in Liberties as well. In the writer's opinion two causes are operating to weaken the market for government bonds. One is dear money. The other is the expectation of another large government refunding emission either late this year or early next year.

The current weakness of all government issues started in the Liberty bonds. The break in the new refunding 4 1/2s was merely a sym-



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pathetic one. Liberties have been declining primarily because money rates have been going up. Advancing money and a rising bond market are incompatible. As heretofore observed in this column, business corporations which had surplus funds while business was slack—and most of the larger ones had—invested them in securities. Banks did the same. But when industrial and trade demands for money expanded this fall both corporations liquidated investments because it was cheaper to do so than to borrow money in the open market. Banks also liquidated in order to lend the money to commercial borrowers at higher rates of interest than Liberty bonds return. It does not appear that liquidation so far as banks are concerned has been as heavy in the East as it has been in the West, where the demand for funds to move the crops has been very large.

The question how long the liquidating movement will last is also a hard one to answer. It is likely to continue as long as the seasonal demand for money persists. On the



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other hand that demand probably is at its peak now. Already the reserve position of banks is strengthening and money rates are showing indications of receding. It is not likely that money will go much if any higher. Assuming that money has reached its seasonal peak, the conclusion is justified that government bonds will not go much lower than they are. Liberty bonds in particular are beginning to look cheap. Offerings are being absorbed by investors who realize that 4 1/2 per cent. government bonds selling at discounts from one and a half to two points are cheap. The writer would rather buy Liberties at present levels than sell them. Downward readjustment of prices of railroad bonds also has brought market values down to attractive levels where good investment buying by savings banks, insurance companies, and large private individuals is making its appearance.



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There is no reason why investors who have held their corporation bonds through this readjustment period should sell them now.

New bond offerings again were on a moderate scale last week, as was to be expected in view of the unsettled condition of the general bond market. They totaled only \$46,139,000. Utility issues and tax-exempt state and municipal offerings were the largest. The latter were in particularly good demand because with the near approach of winter and the necessary cessation of road-building, the volume of new emissions of that class shows signs of slackening. Price bases of bonds in the tax-exempt group ranged from 3.90 per cent. for gilt-edged securities to 6 per cent. for the less desirable descriptions, with the average basis around 4 per cent. Several issues of railroad equipment trusts were offered and were well taken. An issue of \$1,800,000 Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis

Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company and the balance with the Lorain Steel Company.

Approximately 50,000 tons of the rails, or two-thirds of the amount ordered, will be used on the Pacific system of the Southern Pacific.

This will provide a total of 330 miles of rails for use in the West, of which 217 miles is to be of 110-pound rails and 113 miles of ninety-pound rails. The 110-pound rails are the heaviest ever used in railroad construction work west of the Rocky Mountains.

Increasing traffic in the West and the use of new and heavier locomotives in hauling trains is responsible to a large extent for the huge rail order placed by the Southern Pacific.

The new rails are for use in construction work during the year 1924.

The demand for money is moderate, and rates are a little firmer than a month ago. Time money is 4 3/4 to 5 per cent., commercial paper, 4 1/2 to 4 3/4. Call money touched 6 per cent. in the last week of the month, but this was occasioned by temporary needs and the rate brought a flood of offerings. The going rate is about 4 to 4 1/2 per cent. Acceptances, 4 per cent.

The demands upon the Federal Reserve banks have increased but slightly, their discounted bills going up from \$434,000,000 to \$457,000,000 during October; with most of the increase in the Eastern banks. Apparently liquidation in the Western banks is taking care of new demands, says the National City Bank of New York.

The bond market has been reactionary, with the government refunding loan seemingly the disturbing factor. The loan was greatly oversubscribed, giving the impression of a sharply competitive investment market, but the fact that the bonds have since sold below par. indicates that dealers overreached themselves in their bidding. There are duplicate orders in the bond business as in merchandising, and evidently some people in this instance got more bonds than they really wanted.

Although the new government issue is part of a refunding operation, it appeals to a different class of investors than the outstanding issues, for the reason that the latter are of short maturities, while the new bonds run longer than any other obligations of the national government. Hence it was inevitable that the new issue would cause some disturbance in the markets. The entire bond list has been off several points from the top, and the reaction in bonds has been influential in the stock market as well.

It must be borne in mind that not only have banking institutions been free buyers of investment securities during the past year, but business houses have bought important amounts as well, actuated by the same motive, i. e., to keep idle funds temporarily employed.

These are the purchases which will be first dislodged by reviving business activity, and although there is no pronounced movement of this kind such selling may have been a factor in the weakness which has recently developed.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has been appointed registrar of the stock of the Niagara Lockport and Ontario Power Company. The Equitable has also been appointed agent to disburse the stock dividend payable December 30th to common stockholders of the American Steel Foundries.

Advocates of government or municipal ownership are constantly agitating the people to expend public funds in development of industrial undertakings, says the *Manufacturer*.

In spite of most costly experiences the people seem to be periodically carried away with arguments or prejudices advanced for carrying out such schemes.

Detroit, Michigan, is now furnishing an object lesson. The street railway was made the goat in that city and politicians succeeded in influencing the people to purchase the private system, thus loading the city with heavy financial obligations.

Promises were made that the line would be self-supporting and that the taxpayer would not be further obligated.

What is the result? Six short months after election the voters are asked to relieve the street railway lines from paving between street-car tracks and load this expense onto the general taxpayer. The private company formerly paid for this paving.

Also the voters are asked to authorize a new \$5,000,000 bond issue to cover cost of extensions and to help pay for 200 new street-cars which the campaign argument said would be paid for out of earnings of the system.

The people of Detroit are "stung," just as the people of Seattle have been "stung"; just as the people of numberless towns have been "stung," and just as the people of the United States were "stung" by political management and operation of public utilities and transportation systems.

President Harding thinks this country ought to put an end to tax-exempt securities and it is understood that the Administration will favor the passage of a bill designed to this end.

A great financial menace to this country today is the growth of tax-exempt issues, especially those issued by states and municipalities.

The result of issuing these securities cuts two ways—tax burdens are heavily increased as the result of accumulating public debt, but worst of all, every dollar of tax-exempt securities issued relieves the holder of these securities from paying any taxes on the income derived therefrom.

Thus the public pays taxes to cover the mortgage it has placed against its property

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**"The Review"**  
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and it also must make up the taxes lost through exempting holders of tax-exempt securities from paying their just share of the cost of government.

The latest figures given at the recent convention of the Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association of America show an outstanding amount of tax-exempt securities estimated at nearly \$30,000,000,000.

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4 1/2 per cent. equipment bonds sold at prices to yield 4.90 per cent. The coupon rate set a new low mark for equipment trusts in the New York market.

Not much is doing in foreign bonds. No European offerings are in the air at present, but a \$5,000,000 Colombia loan was brought out Monday. Chile may issue \$10,000,000 new bonds here.

The Southern Pacific Company has placed an order with steel plants in the East for 75,000 gross tons of rails for delivery in 1923, according to announcement made by William Sproule, president of the company. The value of the order is between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000.

Of the amount of rails ordered, substantially 73,400 tons were placed with the

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"The downward swing of bond prices," says a Hutton dispatch, "has proceeded to a point where many investment authorities anticipate a moderate volume of tax selling. The depreciation from the 1922 peak of several foreign issues has been more than ten points, while losses running from four to eight points have been common in both the gilt-edged and more speculative investments. As usual, a great many people have neglected to recognize signs of a change in the trend until it became so strong as to really hurt their pocket-books."

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

## The Cathedral.

To Mr. Walpole, pride of place, egoism, and self-satisfaction are evidently the deadliest crimes in the calendar, whether ethical or social. For though few can rise to high position unattended by these doubtless disagreeable mannerisms, he seizes on the person of such a one in Archdeacon Brandon to mete out the most direly tragic of fates—more dire, in fact, than those bestowed on less honorable characters of "The Cathedral." Whether Mr. Walpole intended it or not, it is impossible to read that ecclesiastical novel without becoming thoroughly in sympathy with the trials and tribulations of its great central character—rather than with his erring wife or weak political enemies. All the world admires strength, and Archdeacon Brandon was a monument of the admirable commodity until

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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,700,000.00  
Employees' Pension Fund.....385,984.61

A di-ident to depositors of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4 1/4) per cent. per annum was declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1922.

fate and the author marked him for their prey. We suspect Mr. Walpole of having started with the blithe, if platitudinous, determination to illustrate the lack of beauty in an egotistic temperament and of having found the archdeacon so much more interesting in the processes of his creation and damnation than any of the mediocrities which round out the remaining *dramatis personae*, that almost against his will the author became a sympathetic ally. At any rate the moral of "The Cathedral" is rather the inherent nobility of a strong, unyielding character than the wages of sin which are death. Granted that the archdeacon died in the prime of life as a direct result of his self-absorbed career, and Mr. Walpole leaves no doubt on that score—the fatal continuity of events is complete—still, we are not convinced that he deserved to die. So though, alas, too few of us get our deserts in this world, whether for good or ill, the lesson of "The Cathedral" is rendered a little impotent.

As a picture of provincial ecclesiastical life "The Cathedral" will rank with Trollope's classics. It is as dry in spots and as rich in verisimilitude. R. G.

THE CATHEDRAL. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

#### Greek Poets of the Alexandrian Age.

When the study of Greek literature was more dominated by the romantic attitude than it is today scholars were accustomed to tell us that the fine flower of Greek literary genius withered when Athens fell and that what followed was only the uninspired work of Alexandrian pedants. Today, fortunately, a few have applied a more sensible type of criticism to that much maligned literary epoch. Those whose conception of the Alexandrian age is as antiquated as that of H. G. Wells in his "Outline of History" should read these excellent translations of three poets who, if we except Apollonius and Theocritus, are the most worthy representatives of what the Alexandrians accomplished in verse.

We have in this volume the Greek text of the "Phenomena" of Aratus, of the "Alexandria" of Lycophron, and of the hymns, epigrams, and fragments of Callimachus. The translations of Messrs. Mair are readable and scholarly. The accounts of the lives, works, manuscripts, and editions of the poets are adequate to the needs of the general reader.

CALLIMACHUS AND LYCOPHRON. With an English translation by A. W. Mair. ARATUS. With an English translation by G. R. Mair. Loeb Classical Library. London: William Heinemann; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.25.

#### Chasing and Racing.

It is said of Sir Robert Walpole, England's first official prime minister and one of her most successful state pilots, that his gamekeeper's letter was the first he opened every morning. Many another man before and since, great and small, has been preëminently interested in sport, and such a one is Harding Cox, who has recently given us his sporting memoirs in "Chasing and Racing," the record of a long lifetime of recreation. One must go to Who's Who to learn that Major Cox really had any other existence at all, though in the latter sanctum of biographic candor and reticence we find that "Cockie," as he was known to sporting life, had a military, professional, and social career, not to mention his position as artistic dilettante. He was a painter, composer, and journalist, having had his finger in most of the sporting newspaper pies of the day. But he was also dramatic critic of *Vanity Fair*. And though hunting and racing were among his most persistent avocations, he confesses himself not primarily a horseman, but rather a breeder of terriers. But all this is about Major Cox himself, whose vital and versatile personality decidedly dominates his chronicle. The latter is a record of the author as gentleman jockey, hunter, and master of the Old Berkeley Fox Hounds.

CHASING AND RACING. By Harding Cox. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

#### Three O'Neill Plays.

If G. B. Shaw had written "The Hairy Ape," "Anna Christie," and "The First Man" he would have, with the usual Shaw candor, added them to his list of unpleasant plays. Shaw, however, compared to Eugene O'Neill, is like a brilliant antic undergraduate beside a stern ascetic, so coldly, so solemnly, and with such reprobation does O'Neill view life and humanity.

He spares us nothing; nothing, that is, that is permissible in literature. But the popularity of his plays—and that is one of the insoluble puzzles, considering the tastes of the theatre-going public—shows that the public doesn't think he goes too far.

But he gives us stern and discomfiting truths. And, being a master in dramatic construction, and in the forceful presentation of his theme, the volatile public derives the needed "kick" from his plays.

Who would have thought that the patronage of the consolidated multitude whose united favor spells success could have been attracted to "The Hairy Ape"? But the sombre O'Neill was informed by his infallible instinct that the

contrast between Yank and Mildred would make an unforgettable situation. Thus, when the white-robed Mildred advances, in order to gratify her idle curiosity, into the stoker's hole she hears, "I'll show yuh! I'll crash yer skull in! I'll drive yer teet' down yer troat! I'll cut yer guts out for a nickel, yuh lousy boob, yuh dirty, crummy, muck-eatin' son of a ———." I may add that the dash is not filled, O'Neill, while supplying unlimited quantities of rough, water-front invective, carefully avoiding the use of prohibited expressions.

I feel sure that the daughters of the rich who have seen the play got quite a thrill out of this situation, in which the nonchalant Mildred, overhearing the unconscious Yank's billingsgate, faints in a sudden paralysis of horror.

The idea of the play is of man's inhumanity to man in condemning his brethren in a common humanity to live and toil under such brutalizing conditions.

"Anna Christie," which attained great success in New York, is a naturalistic play which involves the destinies of toilers of the sea and a reformed prostitute. The woman hates men, but finally learns to love an honest one. And to the amazement of everybody, the play has a so-called happy ending.

O'Neill, however, considers it no ending, but "life flowing on; of the past which is never the past—but always the birth of the future—of a problem solved for the moment, but by the very nature of its solution involving new problems."

However the author may have been misjudged or misunderstood in this play, its truthfulness allied to a touch of mystic symbolism fascinated theatre-goers, and although its plain inference that life is a rotten institution is not always acceptable to what makes up the mass of theatre-goers, still the larger percentage of them in New York attended.

In the third play, "The First Man," the author ruthlessly puts us through a hearing of the moanings and screamings of a woman in the pangs and perils of childbirth.

And besides the play of raw cosmic forces attendant on this solemn function he throws out in savage relief the small-town spite of the dying woman's relatives; or relatives by marriage, who besmirch her reputation, even to the very portals of eternity.

The husband is the type of man that hates the unconscious child who is instrumental in causing the mother's death; a dramatic enhancement, as seen through his creator's temperament, of the feeble creature such a thing is in life.

The play is decidedly inferior to the other two, and is plainly not destined for success on the boards.

THE HAIRY APE, ANNA CHRISTIE (Pulitzer Prize winner, 1922), THE FIRST MAN. By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.

#### Frances Charles.

In 1904 there came from the press of Little, Brown & Co. the first novel of Frances Charles, a San Francisco High School graduate, entitled "In the Country God Forgot." It was an Arizona story of a year of drouth and water famine. The *Nation* said: "The sky, cacti, and drouth of Arizona are stamped in on the brain as one reads. The characters loom forcibly out of the arid air." Of "The Siege of Youth" the *Argonaut* critic wrote: "Frances Charles has once more read her title clear to the possession of uncommon power."

The place of her book is among the notably good ones of the year. "The Awakening of a Duchess" and other stories followed. Then owing to uncertain health, the busy pen and active brain were compelled to quietude for a period. On September 26, 1922, Frances Charles died at her home in San Francisco. There is said to be a book manuscript in her desk waiting the finishing touches. It is to be hoped a capable hand may give it to print.

#### Notes of Books and Authors

Two Macmillan books whose announcement has been received with special interest are the new history of H. G. Wells, which is to be called "A Short History of the World," and the new novel of May Sinclair, entitled "Anne Severn and the Fieldings."

Margot has a rival it seems in candor if one may judge from the publishers' announcement of the "Indiscretions of Lady Susan" (Appleton), memoirs of Lady Susan Townley, in which the distinguished reminiscer chronicles her impressions of three continents. She has evidently not been deterred by Margot's fate.

In November, 1859, Charles Darwin's "The Origin of Species" was first given to the world, Appleton being the original publishers of the American edition. D. Appleton & Co. were the publishers of not only Darwin's works, but also those of Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and the other pioneers of modern scientific thought.

Booksellers and publishers and librarians get used to strange mangling of titles; but a prize should certainly go to an English bookseller's assistant who got muddled between the title of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's latest novel, "Spinster of This Parish," and another "best

seller" which need not be named, and sent to Mr. Maxwell's publisher for a copy of "If the Spinster Comes."

"The Man Who Knew Too Much," by Gilbert K. Chesterton, will be published by Harper & Brothers this month. The book is a collection of detective stories of crimes in diplomatic and criminal circles which must be handled with delicacy, as The Man Who Knew Too Much demonstrates. These are detective stories that are "different."

Those who are beginning to learn to ride will welcome "Elementary Equitation," to be published soon by the Duttons. Its author, J. Barretto de Souza, is an internationally known riding master who has prepared his book to fit the needs of beginners, since there are already many books for fairly expert riders. "Elementary Equitation" is superbly illustrated by Victor Nikoll, the horse painter.

Several books in special illustrated editions have been brought out by Macmillan. Pargrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" is illustrated with reproductions of many of the masterpieces of art, Masfield's "Right Royal" has both color-plates and line drawings by Cecil Aldin, the English artist whose "Fallowfield Hunt" and "Old Inns of England" are so popular; a third old favorite in new guise is Stephens' "Crock of Gold," with decorations in color by Wilfred Jones.

"Climates of the Continents," by W. G. Kendrew, will be published immediately by the Oxford University Press American Branch. The author presents the main features of the climate of each region considered especially in relation to the greater units of the globe, and the text contains 149 figures. A general knowledge of meteorology is assumed. Hitherto there has been no adequate description of the actual climates of the countries of the earth, considered regionally, available in English.

Perhaps Washington never told a lie, but some of his biographers have been telling them about him ever since the days of the cherry tree. One of the two things that we all know about Washington is that he exhorted his people to beware of "entangling alliances." William Roscoe Thayer now tells us in his "George Washington" (Houghton Mifflin Company) that the phrase is not Washington's and, in fact, did not appear on the political horizon until it was first used by Thomas Jefferson in his inaugural address, 1801, sixteen months after Washington was dead and buried.

William Lyon Phelps gives the following information in regard to his new book, "Human Nature in the Bible," which was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in October: "The stories of the Old Testament are interpreted from the literary point of view, the personages judged by modern standards of character, and the Bible regarded as a continuous revelation of man, more profound in its insight and more truthful in its presentation of human nature and exhibiting more literary art than any other book in the world. The object of the book is partly to inspire renewed reading and study of the Bible, as the most interesting collection of masterpieces ever written."

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BRIEFER REVIEWS.

An understanding of democratic ideals, and those of our own government particularly, is essential to intelligent citizenship—and more so since the war and its aftermath of bolshevism than ever before. Shailer Mathews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, has planned a guide for the present generation in "The Validity of American Ideals" (The Abingdon Press; \$1.75), a book that is the result of his lectures on the Bennett Foundation at Wesleyan University.

The reader who enjoys exploring odd corners of the earth vicariously will like "Last Days in New Guinea" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which is Captain Monckton's sequel to "Taming New Guinea," a history broken off by the war. In his second book the resident magistrate of this section of the Papuan world takes up his government of the Northern Di-

vision of New Guinea, one in which all his predecessors had either met with death or disgrace. Captain Monckton's story of his successful administration over the Binandere tribe, "a people who, though fierce, warlike cannibals, were also honest, truthful, and moral to the last degree," is one of the most interesting and important travel books of the year. A profusion of photographs and two maps enhance the value of this chronicle of an, as yet, unexploited territory.

Forrestine C. Hooker has produced another charming animal story in "Star, the Story of an Indian Pony" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75), which though it purports to be the biography of a pony is also a chapter in the all but vanished Indian life of the West. Mrs. Hooker is the wife of an officer in the United States army and they have been stationed many years in Indian country, so that the author of "Star" is as familiar with the red-skin as she is with horses. The book has an introduction by Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, who organized a command at Fort Dodge to move against the hostile Southwest Indians in 1874, when the latter had assembled to drive out the buffalo hunters.

A book that represents an immense amount of scholarly research, which happens incidentally to be easily assimilated as general information, is Dr. Walter Libby's "The History of Medicine in Its Salient Features" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3). Dr. Libby is not an M. D., but a doctor of philosophy and the author of "An Introduction to the History of Science." The book, which traces the history of its subject from the priest-physicians of Egypt and Babylonia (who had already guessed at the phenomenon of the blood's circulation which was to revolutionize medical science in the seventeenth century) to the latest surgery developed by the European war, is the result of a series of lectures delivered before third-year students in one of the American schools of medicine. An observation one must make in following the history of medical science is that it owes much of its progress to war. For example, in Germany, where the universities were particularly late in providing instruction in medicine, the first celebrated German surgeons acquired their skill on the battlefield in the numerous campaigns of the fifteenth century.

Alice Day Pratt writes with gusto of her adventures as a homesteader in Oregon in "A Homesteader's Portfolio" (Macmillan; \$2). Miss Pratt, who boldly describes herself as a teacher and a spinster, came West, took a holding, pitched a tent on it and raised white Leghorns. Such were her courageous and humble beginnings, to be attended as such should be by marked success. For any one contemplating a plunge into agrarian life "A Homesteader's Portfolio" can not fail to be interesting, but the book has undoubted merit also as an accurate picture of one of the most primitive existing countrysides. A vivid description of the famous Pendleton round-up is a suitable introduction to life in Oregon.

An adventure story with a new locale is "The White Desert," by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75). For the desert is not one of sands and arroya, but of the green-white iced stretches across the Continental Divide in Colorado. The plot bristles with crime, circumstantial evidence, bad lumber men, a good priest, a maligned hero and the inevitable little girl of the hills. Mr. Cooper places his characters in a country where romance and adventure abound on all sides.

Chamois leather is not taken from the chamois, but from the flesh side of sheepskin.

New Books Received.

ESCAPE. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.  
A novel.

THE BOY MAGICIAN. By Raymond Dixie. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.  
Simplified magic.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2.  
Juvenile.

THE STORY OF OUR CONSTITUTION. By Eva March Tappan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. By Oliver Herford. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.  
"A mirror of frivolity."

ON A CHINESE SCREEN. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.  
Travel sketches of China.

THE KING'S ARROW. By H. A. Cody. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.  
An adventure story by the author of "The Frontiersman."

TALES TOLD BY THE GANDER. By Maud Radford Warren and Eve Davenport. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

Mother Goose and her friends, illustrated by Charles A. Federer.

FOOL'S HILL. By Leona Dalrymple. New York: Robert W. McBride & Co.; \$1.75.  
A novel.

THE ROMANTIC WORLD OF MUSIC. By William Armstrong. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.  
Story, anecdote, and personal recollections of the leading operatic singers known to America in recent years.

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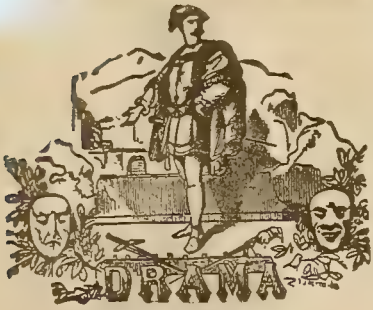
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"THE SKIN GAME."

We were in the new England, gazing, absorbed, through an open door, and witnessing a detail of the present-day social upheaval in that land. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," Galsworthy, as ever calm, judicial, detached, shows us a phase of the present struggle between the old county families and the war-made rich.

Each must be true to himself, the patricians clinging to the old ways, the old authority, the old kindly attitude of sovereign dispenser of grace to the peasantry; or at least that was the attitude of the best of them. The new men, with commercial blood, and the energy of a genius for business, see only the business possibilities in the beautiful countryside, and thirst to turn the smiling vales surrounding the stately homes of England into a hideous turmoil of factories and mines.

In spite of his belonging to the upper classes, Galsworthy has always had a profound pity for the down dog. His cool, dispassionate tone baffles many readers who attempt him, his lack of sentimentality and heated partisanship preventing them from recognizing that he is a great humanitarian. He can interpret to us with marvelous insight the soul of the humblest charwoman; even one lowlier and more toil-worn and poverty-stricken than Mrs. Jones in "The Silver Box." What wonder, then, that this clear-sighted reader of men's souls can make us see into the mental and emotional processes of a parvenu Hornblower, as well as into those of men of his own class?

Galsworthy is so innately reasonable that all his refinement, his intellectuality, his culture can not prevent him from feeling sympathy for those base-born climbers who, in this new, war-changed England, ask for social recognition from the coldly withdrawing aristocrats whose lands and granges and castles they are buying. Conflict, in fact, useless hostilities, the cruelties practiced by human beings on each other, whether industrial, social, or physical, are hateful to Galsworthy. He considers this sort of thing horribly debasing to the human family. The conflict he shows us in "The Skin Game" is founded on a motive of lesser importance than those treated of in many of Galsworthy's plays; in "The Silver Box," for instance, in "Justice," and "The Strike." But it shows, set forth in the strong yet simple manner in which the Galsworthian drama is expressed, a timely phase of the eternal human conflict.

The two families, the aristocratic Hillcrists and the rich plebeians, that might have gravitated toward friendly social relations because the youth of the day is progressive, democratic, and perceptive, are made bitter enemies by the uncompromising social conservatism of the senior Hillcrists.

With that remarkable skill in stagecraft which enables him to present in cumulative progression just the scenes and events which make the question present itself, the story tell itself, strongly, directly, and dramatically, we finally see the ethical point unfold. Can even as knightly a soul as Squire Hillcrist's enter into such a fight and remain unsmirched?

Promises are broken on both sides, and though victory has apparently perched on the Hillcrist banners, the battle has left fearful devastation in its wake: lifelong, unseparable enmities, a family tragedy, sundered lives, and young hearts embittered toward each other whose dawning sentiments if permitted to flower into love might have been the means of welding the two families into a part of that social union between the high and the lowly born that is bound to come yet in this new England that is still in the throes of its painful birth.

"The Skin Game" is acted with almost if not quite perfect realism by the English company that is interpreting it. The performance impresses by its naturalistic treatment of a theme founded on human ethics.

The result is an absorbing, even impressive performance. Mr. Galsworthy classifies his play as a tragedy-comedy; an excellent classification, for we perceive the high comedy of human nature in play, the dramatic urge of the conflict, and the tragedy that is caused, not only by a breaking heart, but by the flavor of an unworthily won victory to a soul attuned to an unassuming but unswerving nobility.

The personnel of the company is very interesting, partly on account of its marked

English flavor, which, it seems to me, is very necessary. American players can give a very good, but not perfect, imitation of British characters, but they are not in the atmosphere, as are this group that William Brady has sent us.

Audrey Cameron, in the part of Jill Hillcrist, is a fascinating little figure, with her boyish air, her tranquil poise, her serene up-to-dateness—as she expresses Jill—and a most attractive individualistic charm that she owns, but does not exert. A very sane young actress, who expresses completely yet without emphasis the kind of being Jill is: well-balanced, reasonable, finely perceptive, affectionate, and tolerant; yet with an underlying stratum of class feeling that for all her twentieth-century flavor causes her to cling to her own when the social war breaks out.

A remarkably good presentation by Matthew Boulton of Hornblower, the energetic upstart, won cordial recognition from a deeply interested and profoundly appreciative audience. Almost too fine and dignified looking for the character, Mr. Boulton's art is such that it enables him with but a minimum of make-up to make over his physiognomy to express the plebeian origin and the commercial hardness underlying the superficial bonhomie of a man who is naturally a driving wedge. Kate Wingfield's portrayal of Mrs. Hillcrist lacks the aristocratic exterior. But have we not seen pictures of queens that look like cooks? Miss Wingfield represented a woman of patrician origin with a base-born soul, and did it authoritatively except for a voice that at times was rather too strident. Her expression, her pose, and even the less startling tones of her voice were in keeping. Herbert Bunston's Hillcrist conveyed with a most pleasurable effect of sincerity the idea of the finer kind of the landed gentry; the sort of men we have met in some of Galsworthy's novels who feel a sense of high responsibility toward the humbler tenants of their land. And Arthur Bowyer presented another type made familiar to us in English fiction: the land-owner's agent, who is indispensable in the management of the estate and develops a sort of callousness in his dealings with the tenant that his thinner-skinned employer may not always attain.

Ann Delafield gave a romantically moving impersonation of the lovely Chloe who was the means of bringing home to the squire's saddened perceptions that even the fighter who fastidiously tries to keep the women out of the fight may, when he enters "the skin game," be the unconscious, unintentional means of hounding a woman to death. Messrs. Fortescue and McEwen filled their small rôles satisfactorily. Eugene Wellesley gave a very cleverly faithful depiction of the dapper auctioneer rallying his cohorts to the charge, and Ine Cameron and Frank Sherlock were true to life both in their get-up and their acting as the two evicted peasants, Ine Cameron, if I am not mistaken, doubling in the rôle of the spying maid with her sneering smile; an extremely well done bit.

"The Skin Game" provides another instance of Galsworthy's impartiality in presenting a case. He shows the faults and virtues on both sides, and leaves it to you to make the decision. Being logical, non-partisan, and never sentimental, he is not and never will be a great favorite with the masses, who want you to knock them on the head and say, "Thus must you think." But he is one of the leading figures in the literature and drama of the day. He is a modernist, and, aside from rather too warm-blooded a tendency in dealing with sex questions, according to Anglo-Saxon taste, his thought is always worth following.

#### "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

All the young things are rushing, bright-eyed and expectant, to the Curran this week, where they will see a magnificent fashion show of the sixteenth-century period. The picture, a romantic comedy upon which a fortune has been lavished, is made from a best-seller widely read more than a decade ago, and now rescued from oblivion because of its great possibilities for camera exploitation.

The story lends itself well to photographic depiction, its historical background being a decided asset.

There is no particular novelty in the treatment, for in "The Three Guardsmen" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" we have also seen kings in their magnificent courts surrounded by gorgeous sycophants, lovely princesses shrined in romance, and troops of intrepid horsemen galloping away and away, through mysterious, arched gateways, over bridged highways, and pursued through storm-beaten forests by mounted cavaliers of equal courage and tenacity.

Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, is depicted as a demure madcap with a fine, well-grown Tudor will of her own with which she dared to oppose that of the burly Henry VIII.

The characters, kings, courtiers, churchmen, a jester, ladies in waiting, ambassadors, and so forth, are represented by players who are well selected because of some appropriate line of feature, as in the cases of Cardinal Wolsey, Duke of Buckingham, and Duc de

Longueville, or for some special grace in the wearing of the court costumes.

Sad to say there is no great beauty among the women. The part of Mary Tudor is taken by Marion Davies, who doesn't know how to act; or at least she knows mighty little about the art.

She has three ways of expressing emotion by her features: a frown, a smile, and opening her mouth. However, she has a pretty figure, and no doubt many who failed to remark her lack of the native distinction due to a princess of the blood accepted her as a beauty, more particularly as she wore a different costume in every scene and a perfectly thrilling series of veiled and laced and embroidered and jeweled headdresses.

Muscularly Miss Davies is a very active actress, and she certainly came out strong in the scene at the inn, where, garbed as a boy page, she was as lively as popcorn as she danced about her teasing assailant and slapped him energetically with her sword.

It struck me, however, that in the demeanor of the princess there was little to convey a suggestion of the clipped, pruned, tamed, trained and repressed demeanor of a royal maiden whose every gracious motion and gesture should express that she is a human court ornament.

Mary Tudor giggled, and fluttered, and chattered, and almost nudged her lady-in-waiting; and out in open court the princess and Brandon held hands with that absence of a perception of the conventional fitness of things that one often perceives in the pictured results of a movie producer's efforts at suggesting drawing-room elegance and class tone.

Forrest Stanley is quite a handsome and romantic figure in the rôle of Brandon, and carries himself gallantly in doublet and hose. There is a lot of pretty sword-play in the piece, plenty of action, and those exciting climaxes which thrill young blood and the indications are that the Curran is going to draw well during a prolonged run.

#### AT THE PLAZA.

Different American and French standards have clashed in the attempted adaptation of "S. S. Tenacity" to the tastes of English-speaking audiences. The French would enjoy the long monologues of Hidoux—provided the rôle were played in first-class style—while the Americans would become restless and impatient during their protracted delivery; and did so in spite of the genuine merit of Irving Dillon's representation.

The theme of the play is scarcely strong enough to please the seeker for tense drama, and requires the most delicate and careful treatment. A girl—the pretty waitress at a respectable inn at a French port—is swayed between the youthful homage of a clean-minded, romantic adolescent and the more materialistic admiration of a maturer man. She veers toward the youth; but Bastien, half in sportive mood, half in calculation, induces her to drink champagne—a beverage for which she betrays an entirely innocent partiality—with him. In the scene which follows we see how the scruples of a naturally decent-minded girl break down under the influence of the heady liquor.

Once his, Bastien has got her, or his kind has, for good. There is no saving Thérèse now. She is on the downward path.

There is a character symbolism in the title, applicable to the two men who wooed Thérèse. The story moves rather slowly, the dialogue tends to run toward monologue, and the whole portrayal of an opening life swaying perilously between the good and the evil choice misses dramatic intensity.

Only the kind of acting that is polished to the greatest finesse could put us in that mood, almost tragic in its regret, with which we would witness bright, tender girlhood losing its buckler and shield.

The company played the piece well, and yet not well enough. There was an amateurish quality detectable in their acting, due, I should judge, to the lack of sufficient give and take in the dialogue and to the requirement of super-delicate of treatment in the crucial scene. Phyllis Blake's bright face is very expressive; Lloyd Corrigan's depiction of a good-natured materialist allowing his better self to be drowned in a flood of predatory lustfulness had its merits; yet both fell short.

"The Drums of Oude" is a study in atmosphere. Located in India, land of mystery, we

partly behind the scenes, see the silent treachery of the Hindu servants, and witness the method by which the chain of seditious communication between the natives rallying to the mutiny—the famous one of 1857—was maintained.

It is a fine piece of work that Austin Strong did in building up that atmosphere of mute, gestureless dread. The piece does not call so much for individual acting as for fine stage direction accompanied by collective intensity. We get the required emotion: the suggestion of masked, invisible peril all about; terrible peril menacing the military post, temporarily unguarded save by the British, bulldog courage of a small group, typical of the men who built up the British Empire.

Slowly yet inevitably the action develops, reaching a strong culmination when the siege by the mutinous Sepoys begins, and the fuse to the magazine is lighted, and ending in a note of joyful relief at the sound of the bagpipes of the returning regiment.

Mr. Sam Hume's somewhat impassive style

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is well adapted to the rôle of the major who is faithful unto death. Mary Morris and Dan Totheroh fill the two other principal rôles, Mr. Totheroh without distinction, but the young playwright is gaining the valuable stage technique almost indispensable to a modern writer of plays.

Mary Morris adjusts herself to the old-fashioned romance of the love scene, and the Hindus have been carefully tutored to be pussy-footed and silent-fingered.

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**Austria's Musical Stamps.**

At least something new has come out of the distress of Austria, in the form of postage stamps bearing the portraits, not of sovereigns, according to custom, but of famous musicians, says the New York Tribune. Japan, it will be remembered, adorns her exquisite stamps with a chrysanthemum flower, Great Britain with the portrait of the sovereign, but Austria alone selects men whose fame is in the world of art.

Thus the two-kronen stamp bears the portrait of Francis Haydn, the immortal composer of "The Creation," "The Seasons," "Armida," and a wealth of sacred and secular music, not forgetting the national hymn of Austria. The five-kronen stamp shows the handsome face of Mozart, the inspired melodist of "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute," and other masterpieces. On the seven-and-a-half-kronen stamp appears the mighty and incomparable Beethoven. And on the ten-kronen stamp is the likeness of Franz Schubert, worthy companion of the other great masters.

Musicians and philatelists alike will rejoice in these stamps, which are excellent examples of the engraver's art. But connoisseurs will wonder at the judgment which placed on the highest-priced stamp of all, the fifty-kronen, the portrait of the composer of "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Wine, Woman and Song," "Thousand and One Nights" and other fashionable dances of a generation or two ago. Is it to be believed that the Viennese really rank Johann Strauss above Haydn, Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven?

**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.**

**The Columbia Theatre.**

The second and final week of Galsworthy's play, "The Skin Game," opens Sunday night. Theatre-goers are making the most of this engagement.

Henry W. Savage will offer America's prima donna comedienne, Mitzi, in her musical success, "Lady Billy," by Zelda Sears and Harold Levey, at the Columbia on the night of Monday, November 27th. Every three years Mitzi makes a tour to the Coast, and this city has been included in the few places in which the company will play. A famed Savage singing ensemble, a metropolitan cast, and a spectacular scenic production will support Mitzi.

**At the Curran.**

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" is shown twice daily, duplicating the experience in New York, Chicago, and London. It is a massive production, but much of its success is owing to the screen art of Marion Davies as Princess Mary Tudor. She heads a large company.

**"Spring Maid" at the Rivoli.**

With Monday's performance "The Spring Maid," the Hartman-Steindorff attraction at the Rivoli Opera House, will begin its second and last week. There will be matinées Saturday and Sunday. The production has attracted wide attention because of its melodious music, the comedy of Hartman as a tragedian, the singing of Lillian Glaser, John Van, Robert Carlson, Lavinia Winn, Nona Campbell and Hazel Van Hatten, the dancing of Paul Hartman and Edna Malone, the scenery of the Tylers and the musical interpretations given the numbers by Paul Steindorff and his orchestra.

Because of the limited capacity of the theatre the management requests those planning to see the production to take advantage of the matinées or the performances early in the week.

"The Bohemian Girl" is announced as the next production.

**The Orpheum Next Week.**

Henry Santrey, former baritone at the old Tivoli Opera, has a good voice, and he and his band present a popular programme which is a hit.

Harry and Anna Seymour are a likable, youthful pair, who present bits of mirth and melody.

D. D. H. is a mystery, even to the management. Williams and Wolfus are said to be clever humorists.

"The Letter Writer" is a humorous sketch by Edwin S. Burke and S. Jay Kaufman. The cast is composed of extraordinary talent. Meehan's Canines accomplish feats which to the general public might seem impossible.

Vincent O'Donnell, "The Miniature McCormack," as this protégé of Gus Edwards is called, has youth and the art of an experienced showman.

The Royal Gascoignes begin where most jugglers end. Their performance is a series of feats beginning with the most difficult and ending with the seemingly impossible.

**Fine Arts Ensemble Concerts.**

The second of the series of four concerts being given at the Palace of Fine Arts by the San Francisco Museum Ensemble will take place on Friday afternoon, November 22d, when the eminent harpist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Kajetan Attl, will appear as soloist. The programme will be of Bohemian music, and Attl will play a group of Bohemian folk songs, some of which have not been heard before in this city. He will also play a harp fantasy on Smetana's "Bartered Bride," arranged by Hans Trnecel.

**Song Recital**

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professor of the harp at the Prague Conservatory.

The ensemble, composed of the well-known artist, Miss Ada Clement, who is one of the finest ensemble players in this state; Alexander Saslavsky, the eminent violinist and conductor, who will be first violin and director; R. Mendelevitch, second violin; Emile Hahl, viola, and Otto King, violoncello, will render Smetana's trio and Dvorak's quintet.

The recitals are being given under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary of the San Francisco Museum of Art, of which Mrs. Joseph Fife is the chairman.

**The New Baritone.**

Frank W. Healy, under whose direction John Charles Thomas, the new American baritone, will give a song recital Sunday afternoon, November 26th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, is in receipt of the following telegram from R. E. Johnston, New York manager of the singer: "Thomas' second recital is an even greater success than the first. The Herald says he has an unusually beautiful voice and delighted his audience with his skillful style and musical feeling. The Tribune says he revealed traits that will make him a favorite with our public. The Globe says his voice recalls Caruso's."

**Marcel Dupre.**

Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, will make his first and only appearance in San Francisco on Tuesday evening, November 28th, at the Exposition Auditorium. The auditorium committee of the board of supervisors, under whose direction Dupre will appear, feels very fortunate in securing him for San Francisco and has placed the price of reserved seats at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1, with admission at 25 cents. Reservations may now be made at Sherman,

**The Salmagundian Thumbboxes.**

The Salmagundi exhibition of thumbbox sketches begins this year on November 24th with the usual stag, and thereafter will be open to the public from 12 to 6, Sundays 2 to 6, until the 21st of December. The walls of the gallery will be hung with something like five or six hundred tiny paintings, all of them practically of the same size.

**CURRENT VERSE.**

**The Lonely Maidens.**

Young Meg is married:  
She who was the glory of our woodland dances,  
She who shone the whitest when the slow moon-glances

Played upon our bodies at the midnight pool;  
For a little gold ring she gave her maiden laughter,

The maiden hours, the merry hours, with no thought after,  
And the secrets of her eyes so crystal cool:

Oh, it's ring, cruel ring, is the dirge maids sing,  
When the queen of all their revels goes amarrying.

Young Meg is married:

Come and let us find where alone she lingers,—  
Dark hair tumbled by the soft wind's fingers,—

Pegging out her linen by the lichen'd wall;  
There's a song on her lips and a smile just sleeping,

But not for us her singing or the wild blood leaping,  
Or the smile that slumbers till she hears him call—

Singing, ring, pretty ring, the happy maidens sing,  
When the lover of their dream comes amarrying.

No, come away, away, to tread our dances.  
Loneliness is better than her stranger-glances

(Ah! she was our beauty and our love so long!)—  
Dance until the moon outshine her eyes so tender,

Till larches in the moonlight dim her white bride's splendor,  
And the music of our voices drown her song:

Singing, ring, cruel ring, the lonely maidens sing,  
When the darling of their heart goes amarrying.

—P. H. B. Lyon in Westminster Gazette.

**Stucco and Stone.**

By summer seas that lull your flight,  
By drowsy shores serenely old,  
In gleaming towns of rose and white,  
You will find bodies burnt to gold—

There where the waves are brought to heel,  
There where the Alps, no longer free,  
Come down like elephants to kneel  
Beside the glazed and azure sea;

Or—parched for yellow, rose, and red—  
Where madder, rose, and yellow rot,  
Gay drooping palaces that wade  
Green waters odorous and hot.

—Edmund Wilson, Jr., in the Double Dealer.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The Supreme Court of the United States has a great deal to do in order to protect the rights of minorities from the tyranny of majorities and stop the perversion of the Constitution by zealots; and so perhaps our professional cavillers should not cavil too much if in the recent decision on pearl buttons it failed to state definitively whether the mussel from whose indurated overcoat the buttons are cut is or is not a wild animal. One party to the litigation contended that it was, the other that it failed to exhibit the necessary mobility and ferocity. In rendering the decision Justice Holmes inclined toward the contention that the mussel is tame; at least he declared that it should not be classed with birds and fishes, which have the power of moving about; each, of course, in its respective perspective element—whereas the mussel neither swims nor sings. He found that, like the farmer, it is attached to the land, and whether tame or wild, is the property of the owner of the estate through which runs the stream the mussel regards as its home—provided said stream is not navigable. If the stream be navigable, the fact introduces another uncertainty with which the Supreme Court did not feel well enough that day to deal. The decision is confined, of course, to the button-bearing mussel of the streams tributary to the Mississippi River, and has no power to bind or loose in the case of the edible mussel of tidal waters. Whether that be tame or wild is another question, even when the navigability of such waters is conceded under due stipulation. We should say that particular question would depend on how such mussels are served. Simply steamed or stewed, they are not very wild, at least until they reach the human stomach. They are incapable of pursuing a victim or committing acts of depredation or devastation of sufficient severity to occupy the time of the court. To them would apply the doctrine of *nil nisi bonum*, or *caveat emptor*, or *ultra vires*, or something of the sort, or that other one whose Latin formula we forget, but whose clear meaning is, why worry, let the tail go with the hide. But mussels *bordelaise* are different. They are wilder than the lupin, the eschscholtzia, the baby-blue-eye or any other wild flower. Even after death and ingestion they have power over men, power of projection, power of locomotion they never had before, power to devastate, to desolate, to pursue and ruin. The Supreme Court, should the question ever come before it, need have no hesitancy in deciding that mussels *bordelaise* are the wildest thing on the menu. We have known Chinamen in a crowded car to change their seats when approached by an order of mussels *bordelaise* that had been eaten an hour before, and when a Chinaman leaves his seat in a car it is only under the most grievous compulsion. We have known an American citizen of African descent to flee in similar circumstances from a fellow-citizen of Anglo-Saxon descent. We have known mussels *bordelaise* to start an incipient panic on a ferryboat—and this long after they were dead. There can be no question of it; the mussel *bordelaise* is *ferox natura*, or whatever it is called, and it is *ferox* with a ferocity that only time can tame. It is to be hoped that this will help the Supreme Court next time it is in difficulty with buttons.

The London clubs are in distress, and from a curious reason associated with what some persons have been thinking of as the degeneracy of the times. Women appear to have made themselves too attractive. Time was, and not so far back, that the mid-Victorian type of woman drove men to the clubs. The clubs were cities of refuge, and they did a good business at it. When home was a place presided over by a Victorian virago whom the male appendage of the house had married in some hour of optimism the club became a sacred place where man was safe. Today women have added to their charms a certain latitudinarianism of behavior and a certain breadth of view about personal relations that seem astonishingly to have made them less formidable and more desirable. Among their other charms, for example, some of them now smoke pipes. This imparts the delicate perfume of a navy, but the male who exhales the same perfume does not detect it. Moreover, and this may be the stronger factor, the female house smoker is estopped from vinegar criticism of male house habits. Woman appears to have descended until she is almost on a level with man. And while man may not look up to her as he did, he seems more willing to be with her. We do not know the exact moral of this situation, and suspect it has none, or if any, then one with reverse English on it. But at any rate it has been sad for the clubs. They resisted by rupturing every tradition of English club life and inviting women into the once sacred precincts, but it did no good. Times had changed, and the dancing men simply took the women away from the clubs to the hotel dance floors, leaving the aforesaid sacred precincts to hardshell bachelors and softshell youths. It is said that the fashionable Guards, having moved from Pall Mall into larger quarters in Brook Street to accommodate the new mode, finds itself in

such distress that it looks to Lord Lascelles, the wealthy husband of Princess Mary, to keep it afloat. The Royal Air Force is almost deserted. The betting clubs still prosper; and the political clubs, such as the National Liberal, the Reform, and the Constitution, have their regular supporters, while those supplying bathing and athletic and sleeping accommodations manage to get along. But the old-fashioned drinking hideout, once typical of Piccadilly and Pall Mall, is doomed. Men are drinking less and hiding less; and since skirts were shortened they have been seeing much more of the women.

Many notable persons are hoping these days that Sir Thomas Lipton will behave. They know him for a good old sport and on that they can to some extent rely. But as you never can tell what a person intends doing until he has done it, there is ground for anxiety, keen and carling. Sir Thomas has recently been bitten with the bug that makes the most unexpected characters write impetuous memoirs, in the Margot mode; the pesky little itch-mite that should be classified scientifically as the *Bacillus Asquithiensis*, or something of that sort, number and gender agreeing, and whose literary ravages invariably shock a puritanical world all waiting to be shocked and hoping, like the lady in the beleaguered city, that the shocks will soon begin. Because of his sporting blood there is ground to fear the best, and because of it there is also ground to hope for the worst, according as you may be the reader or the read about. For a sport is a sort of artist, one that believes in doing things with the best effect, and being a sport, how can Tommy avoid making good stories? And as he has had almost everybody that is anybody aboard his yacht, the *Erin*, and almost everybody's wife, and as the *Erin* has so often cruised a long way from land, law, and mother church, there is going to be a lot of hard guessing and many a headache over what he may disclose. Of course, he might give fictitious names to his guests. In fact, no memoirist that was a host could do less. But that will not disguise the characters. Everybody will know just who is meant. Tommy has a tenacious, clear-cut memory, and a keen Irish sense of humor, and would make the worst possible witness in any scandal. What Irishman can help telling a good story? If Sir Thomas can not lift the America cup, he can certainly lift a lot of eyebrows, and probably he will, in spite of himself. There can be no question of the saleability of his memoirs. It would not be surprising if some former guest of the *Erin* bought the whole edition.

## THE LAST ECCENTRIC.

One of the most entertaining chapters in Henry Adams' autobiography deals with the religion of eccentricity in England sixty years ago, says the *New York Tribune*. "The commonest phrase overheard at an English club or dinner-table was that So-and-So was quite mad. It was no offense to So-and-So; eccentricity was so general as to become hereditary distinction." English sympathy for the Southern Confederacy was due to the fact that "its combined attributes—foreign rebellion of English blood—came nearer ideal eccentricity than could be reached by Poles, Hungarians, Italians or Frenchmen." In that somewhat chaotic period, when a man "wandered in and out of London society like a maggot in cheese," everybody was eccentric as a matter of duty and style, and individuals of specially pronounced paranoia were hardly noticed.

Those great days are gone. With the passing of splendid isolation the English had to learn something about Europe, and to accommodate themselves, if in ever so slight a degree, to Europe's ideas. In the middle of the nineteenth century the whole Continent was familiar with the "crazy Englishman," who, in effect, was any Englishman who got so far away from home as the Continent. In more modern times the Continentals have merely thought their insular neighbors crazy like the fox. Minor eccentrics of our day would have been lost in the universal lunacy of the '60s. This degeneration into comparative rationality ought to be discussed by some philosophic historian of London society, perhaps under the title "From Maggot to Margot."

Wilfrid Swane Blunt, who died recently, was one of the last survivors of this glorious age of professional mania. Unlike the mass of Englishmen, who, according to Adams, were deeply sympathetic with rebellion provided it was foreign, Blunt gave most of his efforts to the aid of rebellion against British rule. But he differed from the modern adherents of the doctrine that one's own country is always wrong in that he had no new idol to set up in place of the overthrown image of the fatherland. He admired Egyptians, and Mohammedans in general, in so far as they made themselves obnoxious to Englishmen, and Irishmen to the same extent. He would have agreed with John Bright: "We English are a nation of brutes, and ought to be exterminated to the last man." But he would perhaps have doubted whether any other nation had a much better right to survive. At any rate, he had a share of the abounding vitality of his race in

the middle nineteenth century; it could not be said of him, as of most modern dissidents, that his hostility to the favorite doctrines of the time seemed to have no higher origin than mere cantankerousness. The moderns rebel sourly as a matter of duty, but Blunt got pleasure out of it.

## POIRET TWILL.

Orders for Poiret twills for the spring, 1923, season have been exceptionally heavy, and, from present indications, this fabric will lead all others in the ready-to-wear field, says the *New York Times*. From the demand both for the present fall and the coming spring woolen authorities believe that its popularity is destined to parallel that of Canton crepe, which is said to have been the greatest success ever achieved in the history of fabric merchandising.

"For the tailored dress, the conservative tailor and the practical outer wrap for spring and early fall wear, the demand for this twill not only continues unabated," according to a leading dress goods factor, "but all efforts to supplant it with 'newer' or 'more interesting' textures have, so far, proved unavailing."

"If the style of a garment shown in another texture proved desirable, in many instances it was ordered in Poiret twill, the effort to promote a supplanting fabric proving fruitless. Specialists in the mannish tailored dress uphold the draping qualities and the rare 'bloom' of the fabric as a basis of their support. In addition, the cloth readily lends itself to keeping the long lines of the tailor, the sweeping coat, or straight line coat. These virtues combined have induced in the fabric buyer that rare state of mind known as absolute confidence in consumer demand."

"Added to these characteristics of the cloth is the insistence that an inferior grade of Poiret twill will hold its own against the

superior qualities of almost any other accepted navy fabric in point of exposure to the elements, hard wear, and frequent trips to the tailor.

"Further indication of the sustained vogue of Poiret twills is afforded by the sales to home dressmakers. The yardage sale of this fabric to these consumers has been tremendous, because the clumsiest effort of the beginner with the first pattern can not wholly result in a bad appearing finished product owing to the fundamental quality of the cloth."

## Real Pin Money.

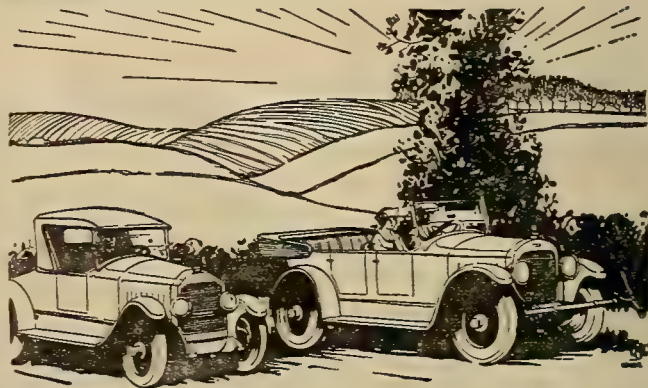
Pin-money, though used commonly as a general term for the occasional extras that a husband chooses to give his wife, has as well a perfectly definite legal meaning.

The expression originated as long ago as the fourteenth century, when metal pins as a novelty in England were not only extremely costly, but were only allowed to be sold on certain days of the year.

Amongst rich people, therefore, these luxuries were looked upon as of great importance, and lawyers, in drawing up a marriage settlement, would specially refer to the sum that the lady was to be allowed yearly for dress and pin-money, as opposed to what she might be given to spend on her husband's household.

Pins are now cheap, but the term is still used in English law, where "pin-money," if properly secured by settlement, is not liable to seizure for a husband's debts. A wife, moreover, may legally save her pin-money, whereas she may not save her housekeeping allowance. The one is given her for a definite purpose; the other for whatever she chooses to do with it.

"Briar-wood" pipes are made from the wood of the lobelia tree.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A class of boys was undergoing an examination in Scripture. The subject was the Good Samaritan. "And why do you think the Pharisee, after looking at him, passed by on the other side?" "Because he saw he had been robbed already," was the answer given.

It was the terminal examination, and a budding philosopher concluded his essay on Mother Earth with this startling statement: "The earth revolves on its own axis 365 times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire; this is called dew."

A Chinaman was much worried by a vicious-looking dog which barked at him in an angry manner. "Don't be afraid of him," said a friend. "You know the old proverb: 'A barking dog never bites.'" "Yes," said the Chinaman, "you know proverb, I know proverb, but does damn dog know proverb?"

"Mother," said little Eva, on the way from church, "babies aren't so good as they used to be, are they?" "Whatever makes you think that?" replied her mother. "Well, little Willie can't talk yet, and he's nearly two, but Job could talk when he was a baby." "Where does it tell you that, dear?" asked mother. "Don't you remember the lesson this morning, mother? It said that Job cursed the day he was born."

A story of a Tudor judge is told of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who in the time of Elizabeth was importuned by a criminal to spare his life on account of kinship. "How so?" demanded the judge. "Because my name is Hog and yours is Bacon; and hog and bacon are so near akin that they can not be separated." "Aye," responded the judge, dryly, "but you and I can not yet be kindred, for the hog is not bacon until it be well hanged."

Novelist Upton Sinclair at a Coronado tea condemned snobbishness. "An English lord," he said, "took up his residence in Los Angeles last year to study the novel art. Of course all the Los Angeles snobs tried to make his acquaintance. He was exclusive, though. But one day a young fellow went home and reported that the lord had spoken to him. 'Oh, good,' said his mother. 'What did his lordship say to you, Jim?' 'He told me,' said Jim, 'to quit throwing cigarette butts on his lawn.'"

Being a politician has both its pleasures and its penalties, and in politics as well as in other walks of life the "infant terrible" rushes in like an angel where even fools fear to tread. Take, for example, a recent experience attributed to a certain Western senator, attending a non-partisan tea in Washington. According to the story, the little daughter of the hostess ran up to the great man and asked to be taken on his knees, explaining: "I want to see if I can see that word." "Word, what word?" demanded the puzzled senator. To which the child replied: "Well, I heard mama say that if any man had the word 'idiot' written all over his face, it was you."

Speaking of his recent London visit, Patrick Francis Murphy, the after-dinner speaker, mentioned a New Yorker in the English metropolis who was decidedly the worse for liquor. The following morning Mr. Murphy took him to task sternly. The culprit beamed as if he had been congratulated. "Thanks, old man, I was stewed, wasn't I?" he said. "And do you know what it cost me? Why, only \$5.50." Then he beamed again and added, "A good, satisfactory stew of that kind in New York would have set me back at least \$100, plus a week in hospital with acute wood alcohol poisoning."

The Monroe Doctrine was under discussion at a recent dinner in Washington and some one asked that dean of all solons, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, what he thought about it, in view of present-day politics. "Well," replied Uncle Joe, "if we had stuck to the Monroe Doctrine we wouldn't have been dragged into the world war, but since we did go into it, I guess that from now on the Monroe Doctrine is a back number. In world politics today Uncle Sam is in much the same fix as was Cactus Joe at the bridge party: 'Do you like bridge?' Joe was asked. 'No,' he answered. 'It looks to me like one of them games where they put in a lot of arithmetic so's to take a regular card player's mind off'n the run of the deck.'"

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made a graceful little speech at the opening of the Grace Dodge Hotel in Washington. This hotel, which Mrs. Rockefeller helped to found, is exclusively for women. It has many novel features, among them elaborately equipped rooms where women guests may launder their own linen. "Comfortable, even luxurious, as our hotel is," said Mrs. Rockefeller, "there are some women who will hesitate to patronize

it out of pride. Pride! Such pride reminds me of a story. 'Father, what is a swell?' a little boy once asked. 'A swell, son,' the father answered, 'is a lazy loafer whose sole claim to importance lies in the fact that he once had an ancestor who devoted his life to hard and honest work.'"

Professor Johnson, the antiquary, returning meditatively from a learned discourse, came upon the recumbent body of a man in front of a house. Being a Samaritan, he proffered his services, and discovered that the man lived on the first floor. Thither he piloted him, and opening a door pushed him gently in. Reaching again the ground floor another human being confronted him, and he also needed help to the first floor. But when our professor found yet another fellow-creature in distress his curiosity was aroused, and he said: "It is strange that there should be three men needing help to the first floor of the same house." "Not so strange, mister," replied the prone figure, "seeing as 'ow you've dropped me down the lift 'ole twice."

W. C. Laidlaw of the Kansas Farmers' Union said during the agricultural conference in Washington: "When people try to tell me that the middleman helps the farmer, I tell them in return the story of the fat actor. A fat actor had to jump from a twelve-foot cliff to a piece of ground that was hidden behind the scenes, so he gave a brawny super a quarter to be there to catch him as he landed. Well, the time came for the fat actor to leap, and, looking and seeing that the super was on the spot, he sprang carelessly into the void, as if twelve feet were no more to him than twelve inches. Down he sailed swiftly

through the air and—crash! he struck the hard floor with terrible impact. For the super, stepping back, had failed him. 'Why didn't you catch me?' he moaned, when he could speak at last. 'I wanted to,' said the super, 'but you didn't bounce.'"

"George Harvey turning Anglophile? Not on your life!" said a New York editor who had worked as a reporter with the ambassador-journalist in the old days. "George," he went on, "at a fashionable dinner at the embassy while I was visiting him poked fun at English names. He said that one of the aristocratic Cave-Brown-Caves went over to New York and made there the acquaintance of a man named Home. Home, as he talked to his new friend, kept calling him Mr. Cave. The Englishman winced every time this happened, but Home didn't notice anything amiss, so finally he said: 'I say, call me Cave-Brown-Cave, there's a good chap, won't you?' Home accepted the correction humbly. But he was biding his time. After a while the Englishman called him Mr. Home, and he said: 'I'll ask you to call me Home-Sweet-Home if you don't mind.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Diurnal Amelioration.

(The formula of the Coue method of auto-suggestion is: Day by day in every way I am getting better and better. I think this might prove more effective if put into verse, and I submit the following.)

I have eighty separate ailments by the newest diagnosis,  
Ranging all the way from fever to arterio-sclerosis;  
There are pains around my kidneys more severe than tongue can utter;  
My digestion simply isn't and my heart has quite a flutter;  
There is something bent or missing in the strongest of my vitals,  
And the finest organ in me's off the key in its recitals;  
Yet my mind is all unconquered and acknowledges no fetter,  
For in spite of all my aches and pains, I know I'm getting better.  
Oh! I'm really getting better, better, better, better, better,  
Yes, I'm really getting better, better, better, better, better,  
Yea, I'm really getting better, nay, I'm really getting better;  
So I'm really getting better, better, better, better, better.  
—Tapestry in the New York World.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tinning of Martinez have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Winifred Tinning, to Dr. James Goodman Noyes, the son of Mrs. J. C. Noyes of Napa and Berkeley. The announcement was made on November 11th at a luncheon which Miss Tinning gave at the Mt. Diablo Country Club, complimenting Miss Marion Fitzhugh and Miss Helen Holman, both of whom have recently returned from abroad.

An engagement of interest was announced last Wednesday, when Miss Helen Dorothy Foster daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Foster, told of her betrothal to Mr. Eugene Andrew Tracey of Orange, New Jersey. The marriage will take place early in the spring.

Mrs. Martha Leet and Mr. Archibald Johnson will be married on November 23d at Mrs. Leet's home at Stanford Court. They will tour Europe on their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Maxwell Sharp will give a ball at the Hotel St. Francis on December 22d to introduce their daughter, Miss Adrienne Sharp. Miss Sharp returned recently from Europe and New York, where she visited her aunt, Mrs. Colgate Hoyt. Miss Sharp was graduated from Miss Spence's school in the spring. She was the complimented guest at an informal tea which Mrs. Harry H. Scott gave at her Divisadero Street home on Wednesday of last week. Among Mrs. Scott's guests, asked to meet the guest of honor, were Mrs. James Moffitt, Mrs. George Nickel, Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mrs. Corbett Moody, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Leonore Armsby, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Eleanor Martin, Miss Geraldine King and Miss Mary Bernice Moore.

On Friday, December 8th, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna will formally introduce their daughter, Miss Virginia Hanna, at a ball in the Borgia Room of the Hotel St. Francis at which they will be hosts. The date of the ball at which Miss Leonora Armsby will make her debut is November 18th. Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby will entertain at the Burlingame Country Club.

A large ball complimenting the season's debutantes will be given on December 16th, when Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and their daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood, will entertain at their home in Broadway.

Miss Mary Bernice Moore, who is to make her debut in January, entertained at luncheon at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor

of Miss Francesca Deering, who will be a debutante of next season. Miss Deering has recently returned from a year's stay abroad with her mother, Mrs. Frank P. Deering. Miss Moore's guests were Mrs. Dean Dillman, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Isabelle Bishop and Miss Kathryn Chace.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries of the Hotel St. Francis have invited 150 guests to a dinner-dance and bridge early in December.

## A Pioneer of the Pacific.

The passing of Mrs. James Otis, who died in San Francisco on November 3, 1922, at the age of ninety years, diminishes the small remaining group of pioneer women who made history for this city in its infancy.

Mrs. Otis, nee Lucy Hamilton Macondray, was born in 1832 in Macao, China, where her father, Captain Frederick Macondray, had taken his bride after his wedding in Boston about one hundred years ago. This was before Hongkong was founded, and while the tea ships still loaded their cargoes in Macao harbor at the mouth of the Pearl River. The Macondray sailing vessels—one of which was commanded by Captain Macondray at the age of twenty-two years—plied regularly between Boston and Canton. In the early 'forties the family returned to their old home near Boston, whence Captain Macondray came to San Francisco in 1849, and established his business house, bringing with him two young men, James Otis and Mr. Cary, as office managers.

Captain Macondray again returned to Boston, and closing the old New England home brought his family with him, landing in San Francisco via Panama in March, 1852. A few years later the eldest daughter, Lucy, became the bride of James Otis, who had become a partner in the firm of Macondray & Co.

In 1867 Mr. and Mrs. Otis, with their children, sailed for China in the Pacific Mail side-wheeler *Colorado*, the first steamer to cross the Pacific. A nephew, Edward Hale Greenleaf, now an old gentleman residing in London, wrote a journal of the voyage.

In the early 'seventies James Otis was elected mayor of San Francisco and the hospitable Otis home became a centre for the

leading gayeties of the season, both at South Park and afterward at the residence on Sutter Street near Jones, where, in 1875, King Kalakaua of Hawaii was entertained on his first visit to the United States.

Mrs. Otis is survived by her sister, Miss Martha Macondray, by her children, James Otis of the shipping firm of Otis, McAllister & Co., Charles L. Otis, Mrs. Hall McAllister and Mrs. Frederick B. Lake, and by many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

## Death of Father Vaughan.

A London dispatch of November 4th reports the death of Father Bernard Vaughan, a famous priest of the Catholic church and a member of one of the oldest and most notably vital and brilliant of the Catholic families of England. Of Father Vaughan's immediate family he was one of six out of eight brothers who became priests, the roster including a cardinal and two bishops. Five of Father Vaughan's sisters became nuns.

For many years Father Vaughan was a commanding figure in the English Catholic church. His eloquence kept audiences spell-bound, while his utterances gave the newspapers unlimited copy. He entered the Jesuit Order in 1866, his ability coming under the notice of Pope Leo XIII, and he was transferred to London in 1901. He first worked among the lower classes and soon became known throughout the kingdom as an "aristocrat servant of the poor." In 1906 he assumed charge of a fashionable church in Berkeley Square, where he delivered his famous sermons on "The Sins of Society," which created the widest comment.

These sermons denounced modern dress tendencies, Father Vaughan declaring that "women used to dress for dinner, now they undress." He attacked birth control, asserting: "The nation is traveling toward the cemetery," and "there are more pedagogues in London than children." And "a woman tells me she expects to meet her pet dog in the next world; she didn't say where."

Among incidents illustrating his wittiness is one when he was visiting a slums school. The teacher asked a pupil to explain the sacrament of marriage. The pupil answered: "Matrimony is a period of suffering and torment man has to go through in order to prepare for the higher life."

The teacher remarked: "That is purgatory, not matrimony." Father Vaughan interrupted, saying: "You never can tell; the boy may be right, after all."

Father Vaughan visited San Francisco shortly before the war, spending several weeks here in lecturing and in social visitation. He will be remembered as a most engaging pulpit orator and as an unusually interesting social guest. His quips and witticisms from the pulpit and at dinner-tables literally filled the atmosphere with merriment. "What do you think of Father Vaughan?" asked one of a sprightly Catholic woman of San Francisco. "Why," she replied, "I think he is even better than Harry Lauder."

## Caillaux Again?

Caillaux again Premier Ministre! It is not at all impossible, says J. A. M. de Sanchez in the new American quarterly review, *Foreign Affairs*. A very few years and it may be probable. Caillaux, with all his faults, has one of the best minds in Europe. He is practical, he understands the Germans. He is the hope of the radicaux and the radicaux-socialistes. He appears to realize that no economic settlement in Europe is possible without a political settlement first. He understands the futility of seeking to reestablish the Central Europe of 1914, though he condemns the succession states as constituted by

the Versailles treaty. He sees a way out of the impasse which exists: a Franco-German entente. He sees the difficulties in the way of its realization, but believes that he can surmount them. His faith in himself is robust. It is a pity that he no more than hints at the necessary conditions of such an entente. They are many and complex, and can only be briefly and incompletely stated. From the French viewpoint they are: the firm establishment of republican sentiment throughout Germany; some real show of willingness on Germany's part to make good, in as great a measure as possible, the material damage she did; a more cordial acceptance by Germany of Poland and certain of the Little Entente powers as political entities, which the French believe are destined to endure, economists notwithstanding.

One of the strangest features of life in Australia is due to the fact of interstate jealousy, which has resulted in a different railway gauge for every state. At state lines all passengers must change cars and all freight must be reshipped.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Judge and Mrs. James A. Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper have returned from Santa Barbara, where they spent several months. They will make their home at the Hotel St. Francis during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde will close their Woodside home December 1st. They have taken an apartment in Green Street for three or four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and their daughters, Miss Margaret Lee and Miss Rosamonde Lee, have gone to Monterey, where they will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery will occupy the town house of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have closed their country home at Menlo Park and are established for the winter at their home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have taken an apartment in Paris for the winter.

Mrs. Frank W. Fuller and her daughter, Miss Margaret Fuller, have returned to San Francisco,

after having spent several months abroad. Mr. Fuller remained in the East, but will join Mrs. Fuller and their daughter within a fortnight.

Mrs. E. Swift Train is in San Francisco on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear.

Commander James A. Bull arrived on Saturday from Peru on a visit to his parents, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull, at their Clay Street home.

Governor Lewis F. Hart of Washington and Mrs. Hart are in San Francisco for a short time, stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Bishop William Moreland of Sacramento is stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Bosqui left on Thursday for New York and Europe. They will sail November 21st on the *Berengaria*.

Mrs. James Taylor, who has been in Berkeley on a visit to her parents, Admiral and Mrs. William H. Whiting, has returned to Coronado to join her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Heimann left last week for a fortnight's stay at Palm Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller left hurriedly for the East on Thursday of last week. They were called by wire on account of the illness of their son, who is away at school.

Miss Margaret Buckbee is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Currey, at their Dixon ranch. Miss Buckbee will be out of town a week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Nidl Tucker have closed their Burlingame home. They will spend the winter in town.

Mr. Rennie Pierre Schwerin is in Shanghai, where he will remain until December.

Miss Elizabeth Huff, the daughter of Mrs. Charles G. Morton, arrived on Monday from the East. Miss Marie Lewis of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, accompanied Miss Huff and will be her house guest for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester N. Weaver and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd F. Weaver sailed for the Orient on Friday, and will make an extended tour.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Tenny arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu on the last steamer.

Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., has closed her San Leandro home, in which she spent the summer, and with her family will stay at the Fairmont Hotel a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Fox Bishop of Honolulu arrived during the week on the *Mau* and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker will return from New York the middle of December.

Dr. H. Edward Castle, after attending the French Congress of Surgeons in Paris, has returned to San Francisco. Dr. Castle makes his home at the Fairmont hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Alexander returned last Thursday from an extended Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have closed their Piedmont home and are established at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Lunt are spending their honeymoon in the south, and upon their return to San Francisco will reside at 1276 Eighth Avenue. Mrs. Lunt was Miss Marion Smith.

She is a granddaughter of the late George T. Bromley, one of the old guard of the Bohemian Club, and a niece of Henry Lincoln Smith, for many years secretary of the San Francisco Board of Trade.

Miss Corinne Dillman of Sacramento arrived in San Francisco during the week and has taken an apartment for the winter. Miss Dillman passed the summer at Pebble Beach.

Miss Mary Martin, who has been in the East for several months, will return the end of November and join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, at their Burlingame home.

Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling is expected from New York on Saturday. Mr. Jackling is on a hunting trip in Mexico and will not return until a fortnight later.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn left for the East on Wednesday to be gone two or three months.

General and Mrs. Charles G. Morton returned last Saturday from a two weeks' inspection tour of the Northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlessinger have returned from a several months' European trip and have taken an apartment in San Francisco.

Recent arrival at the St. Francis are Captain John C. Glithers, U. S. A.; Major J. C. Brackley, London, England; Mr. George R. McCray, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. E. T. Durlam, Chicago; Mr. U. Y. Foley, Fresno; Mr. A. B. Strickler, Boston; Mr. Edward M. Speer, New York; Mr. F. E. Dunne, Stockton; Mr. B. Lipton, New York; Mr. K. M. Walker, Seattle; Mr. Norman Macbeth, Los Angeles; Mr. T. Seidel, New York.

#### How Belgium Makes Them Vote.

In an article advocating compulsory voting in the November *Harper's Magazine*, Samuel Spring writes:

"The practical experiment in other countries to increase the attendance at the polls casts a little light upon the problems. Belgium has had compulsory voting since 1892. A voter who fails to go to the polls in the absence of a satisfactory excuse is punished for his first offense by a reprimand or by a fine of from one to three francs; for a second offense within six years by a fine of from three to twenty francs; for a third offense his name is posted in a public place; after his fourth offense his name is removed from the voting list for ten years, he is fined, and he is held ineligible to hold any public office. Professor Léon Duprez, formerly of the University of Louvain, who has made a thorough study of

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this problem in Belgium, has concluded that this system has been evidenced there. During the last twenty years only 6 per cent. and at times even as low as 1 per cent. of the voters have failed to go to the polls. When it is remembered that many electors die or move or suffer from some other disability between the time that the election lists are made up and the day of election, the conclusion seems reasonable that from only 2 to 3 per cent. of the voters in Belgium failed to vote."



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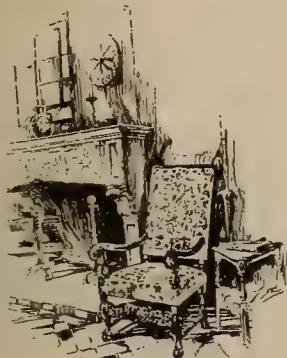
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What's the difference between a dancer and a danseuse?" "Oh, just about twelve pounds of wardrobe, I s'pose."—*New York Sun*.

"Close the bar and cork all bottles," shouted the captain as the ship crossed the three-mile limit. "We are now going into dry dock."—*Judge*.

*Slim Smith Girl*—I understand you stopped associating with that Princeton guard. *Stout Smith Girl*—Yes—he couldn't hold me.—*Yale Record*.

*Conductor*—Change for Marietta! Change for Marietta! *Hick Passenger*—Don't know who the girl is, but I'll chip in a dime.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

*Teacher*—Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago? *Tommy*—Me.—*Los Angeles Times*.

"Mornin', Hank! Whatcher doin' up thar?" "Waal! The old woman is figgerin' on drivin' th' Ford an' I'm a-makin' the garage door five foot wider."—*Life*.

*Librarian*—"Captains Courageous," by Rudyard Kipling. How would you like that? *Customer*—Oh, no; I'm fed up with books about the war.—*Punch*.

"Pardon me, didn't you come from Squeak Centre, Missouri?" "That's where I come from, mister, and if I ever go back I'll come from there again."—*Life*.

"By the way, Hank, there's a little bill o' 90 cents agin you on my books." "By gum! Abner, you're the durndest feller to start an argument I ever seen."—*Life*.

"I believe in absolute candor." "I don't," declared Miss Cayenne. "My knees incline to knock and my calves are thin. I prefer to wear my skirts longer."—*Washington Star*.

"Has education improved you, Josh?" "Some," replied Farnie Cornosset. "His letters strikes me as more an' more grammatical when he writes home fur money."—*Washington Star*.

*Yankee Visitor*—Yes, siree, in Amurrica our hotels have elevators to carry us straight up to our bedrooms. *Sandy*—But you'll no need these contraptions noo, wi' prohibition.—*London Passing Show*.

*Small Spectator* (breaking the silence after a lengthy period)—I don't know 'ow you can stick it. I should never make a fisherman. *Unsuccessful Sportsman*—No; and you'll never make a mascot neither.—*Punch*.

"Do you think a man shows wisdom in changing his mind?" "Undoubtedly," replied Senator Sorghum. "I'm liable to change my mind every time a new delegation from my state calls on me."—*Washington Star*.

*Love-Sick Girl* (to photograph)—You darling, you just wonderful, perfect boy, how I'd love to—! *Her Pal*—Not so loud, Tess! If the maid hears you she'll be leaving shaving water outside this door in the morning.—*Judge*.

"Jim, I see that your mule has U. S. branded on his right hind leg. I suppose he was an army mule and belonged to Uncle Sam?" "No, suh—dat U. S. don't mean nothin' 'bout no Uncle Samuel. Dat's jess a warnin'." *Dat U. S.'n jess stand fo' Un Safe*—'at's all.—*Judge*.

"Uncle Pete, how old are you?" "I'm close to a hundred, son," said Chiggersville's oldest inhabitant. "Been using tobacco all your life, haven't you?" "No, son. Up to the time I was ten years old I'd never had a chew in my mouth."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Pedestrian*—That's an awfully poor looking horse you have there. *Cabby*—Yeh, you see it's this way, sir. Every morning I toss him to see whether he gets his hay or I get my

beer, and would you believe it, that unlucky horse has lost for six mornings straight.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

*The Flapper*—Yes, I made him take me to dinner at the Florentine. Then we did a theatre, with flowers and a huge box of choocs, and wound up with champagne and oysters at the Valhalla and a taxi home. We had a lovely time! *The Skeptic*—What, both of you?—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Jones," said the hostess. "So good of you to come. But where is your brother?" "He was unable to come. You see, we are so busy just now that it was impossible for both of us to get away, and so we tossed up to see which of us should come." "How nice! And you won?" "No," replied the young man, absently, "I lost!"—*National Republican*.

## WHAT WAS COLUMBUS?

With the Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, Jews and Armenians all claiming Columbus, the controversy about the discoverer of America is keener today, 430 years later, than it has been in any of the intervening years, says the *New York Times*.

The purposes of the voyage of Columbus are also burning subjects of controversy. Columbus was seeking only islands a short distance from the Cape Verde Island and had no notion of finding a new continent, or the coast of Asia, according to the American diplomat, Henry Vignaud, one of the foremost Columbian students, who shortly before his death published the final results of more than sixty years of research on the subject. After discovering America, Columbus invented the theory that he had always intended to discover it, according to Vignaud, and also adopted the theory that the world was round.

Vignaud held that the Italian birth of Columbus was clearly proved by the court records of Savona, a small town near Genoa. He belonged to a family of weavers, according to this, which is now the prevailing opinion among scholars. Columbus is accused of concealing his real parentage and claiming kinship with admirals and noblemen, but the truth is asserted to be that he was descended from weavers and was a weaver himself up to the time that he took ship.

His alleged reasons for misrepresenting his family are interpreted differently by those who hold the theory that he was born in Spain. The claims put forward by the Spaniards and by the Jews are identical—that Columbus was a Spanish Jew and that he concealed his birthplace and race because it was a period when Jews were being persecuted and burned.

The Portuguese and Armenian claims were both put in this year. The Portuguese theory was put forward by Ribeiro, a member of the Portuguese Academy of Sciences, and seems to be based on some ancient document referring to Lusitania as the birthplace of Columbus. This reference is interpreted by the

Spaniards to mean Lusitania as it existed in Roman days, when it included part of what is now Spain. The Armenian claim, which is considered somewhat thin, is based on a tradition that the explorer's real name was Kholumbian and that his family were recent emigrants from Armenia to Spain.

Among other evidences in their favor, the Spanish point to the fact that all authentic documents in the writing of Columbus are in the Spanish language, but this, the Italians say, is due to the fact that he left Genoa at the age of fourteen years and almost constantly thereafter lived among Spaniards.

One reason why there are so many unsettled questions about Columbus today, according to A. P. Newton, an English historian, is that little attention was given to Columbus in his lifetime, and essential information was missing before people took an interest in him. Writing under the head of "Historical Revisions," an article on Columbus in the recent number of the *Journal of the British Historical Association*, Newton says:

"The traditional story of Columbus' origin and of his life has mainly come down to us from two authors—Ferdinand Columbus, his younger son, and Bartolome de Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapas, who knew him personally and many years after his death was entrusted with the family papers.

"The admiral's glory is entirely posthumous; his contemporaries found him a difficult and impracticable person who made himself a nuisance by his incessant complaints and his extravagant pretensions. After his death his name sunk almost to oblivion, but long after Ferdinand set himself to preserve the full story of his father's achievements and to rescue his memory from the slurs that had been cast upon it. The original Spanish version of his book was written about 1539 and was never published and has completely disappeared. It is known to us only in an Italian version.

"The story of the search for the Indies," says Newton, "was invented after the new islands were discovered and the scientific reasoning employed to support the practicability of the western route to Asia and the Spice Islands was only put together in 1493 or 1494, and then not upon the basis of wide learning, but solely upon such facts as could be culled from one or two works of cosmography that had been published in the earlier years of the fifteenth century. Such is the case for the prosecution, and it is supported by an almost embarrassing amount of evidence."



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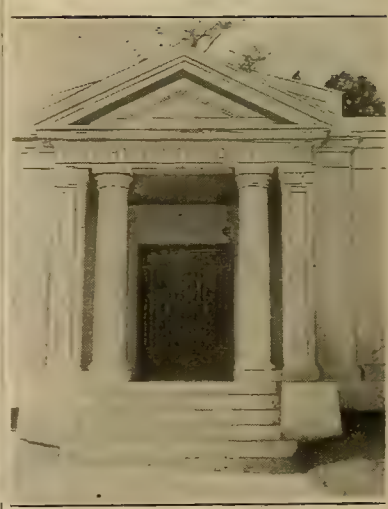
## The Paradise of Long Life.

That which Ponce de Léon vainly sought seems to exist at Horchies, in Hainaut, four miles from Mons, in the midst of the coal and metallurgic region of Belgium, says the *New York Tribune*. It is a village of 3000 inhabitants, where almost everybody reaches the age of the patriarchs.

They have just been celebrating, one after another, two diamond weddings (sixty, sometimes seventy-five, years of married life); five golden weddings (fifty years of married life), and the 101st birthday anniversary of a man, François Colin. But even this centenarian does not constitute a phenomenon in this privileged community, for there was born, in the last year of the eighteenth century, a woman who saw the end of the nineteenth century and who died only at the end of the first lustrum of the twentieth century.

It is noteworthy that the Methuselahs of Horchies are all former working men and working women, who knew neither the benefits of the eight-hour day nor those of the anti-liquor laws. Will Horchies, under the new régime of the least effort and of the uttermost abstinence, remain the paradise of long life? Some doubt it. In some fifteen or twenty lustrums we shall know if they are right.

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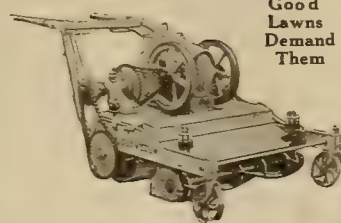
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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Our Newest Municipal Mortgage.

By a popular vote in which only a fraction of the electors of San Francisco were represented and in which—it is to be suspected—a majority of the affirmative ballots were cast by non-taxpayers, there was clapped upon San Francisco on Tuesday a mortgage of fourteen million dollars. Two million dollars of this sum will go to provide new quarters for indigents and twelve millions will be spent in a wholesale construction of new schoolhouses. Now the *Argonaut* does not wish that the indigent wards of the municipality shall live in danger or discomfort; still less does it wish that the school children of the city should be housed in unsanitary or insufficient buildings. But here is what will happen: Immediate and wholesale construction of buildings on municipal account, added to the current activity of general building, will artificially stimulate the labor market and the building supplies market. It will make a period of over-stimulated flush times—a brief period. Then, with the end of construction on municipal account, there will come reaction in the form of a slump with its inevitable accompaniments of non-employment, of contentions about wage rates and, of course, a series of strikes. It is safe to say that the bonds provided for in Tuesday's election can not be sold at par under the restricted rate of interest which they are to carry. This difficulty will be overcome by paying the building contractors, etc., in bonds; and in order to compensate the difference between the face value and the market value of these securities the various contractors will add anywhere from 10 to 25 per cent. to what should be the normal

figures of their bids. Thus we shall have the familiar spectacle of the same old devil whipped around the traditional stump. The mischiefs above defined will define the price we pay for going about a right thing in a wrong way. Far better it would be if the needed structures were built in detail—one or two at a time—under close supervision, especially at the point of cost. And it would be still better if, instead of mortgaging the city to provide for wholesale and unbusinesslike methods of augmenting facilities, there should have been policies of enforced prudence and economy under which the cost of the new structures could have been borne as items of current expense without a specific enlargement of the municipal debt. We note that a few hours after the election Tuesday groups of workmen were busy tearing down and carrying away the many hundreds of election booths scattered throughout the city. This of course has the merit of making work and increasing expense at the cost of the taxpayers. But in all seriousness it would be better to allow these structures to stand permanently, since every few weeks they will be needed in order that new mortgages in the form of bond issues shall be voted upon the long-suffering taxpayers of our good old but long-suffering town.

### The President's Appeal to Congress.

In his address to Congress President Harding makes it plain that there is a double purpose in his urgency of the ship subsidy bill. He seeks (1) to stop the ruinous outflow from the treasury on account of the Shipping Board; he wishes (2) to augment and sustain an America merchant marine. The one proposal is a positive necessity; the other is in every way desirable. The ways and means embodied in the shipping bill represents the best expert judgment the country affords. Possibly at some points the bill may be bettered; but at the point of its essential purpose, as defined by the President, there would seem to be no ground for criticism or question. As to the message itself as delivered by the President in person on Tuesday, a more constructive or a more logically conclusive argument was never made by any President to any Congress. Further, there was in it the fervor of personal conviction and a fine note of appeal. In this matter we can see no logical line of partisan or geographical division. Surely the proposal to stop a colossal treasury leak should appeal to men of all parties and all sections; and as surely the project to augment and sustain a merchant marine relates directly to the interest of all citizens of all sections. Yet we are told that there will be arrayed against this measure the organized force of the Democrats in Congress and the scarcely less formidable force of the agricultural bloc in the Senate. That the bill will pass the House of Representatives is probable; that it will find favor in the Senate is doubtful. But the President has done his part and done it with an emphasis worthy of his purpose, worthy of his great office. He has put the matter up to Congress, and if the outcome shall be failure the fault will not lie at his door.

### High Time to Clean House.

The revolt of the taxpayers of California, illustrated first by the nomination of Mr. Richardson against long odds and now made emphatic by his election by a great majority, comes none too soon. The bonded indebtedness of the state, its counties, its cities and its districts, reaches the prodigious total of \$522,149,144. In the year 1921 alone the taxpayers of California paid a total of \$27,559,299 for interest and redemption of state, county, and city bonds—well above two million dollars per month. In ten years the population of the state has increased 45 per cent. In the same period the public debt has increased 242 per cent. and taxes 231 per cent. Our growth in population and wealth, substantial as it has been, has thus been far surpassed by the growth in our indebtedness. We have too many commissions

whose salaries and expenses are paid by the taxpayers. We have too many state-owned automobiles bought and operated at the expense of the taxpayers. There is too much waste, and we pay too much in sheer support of political machinery. Mr. Richardson promises to eliminate extravagance, to save the taxpayers' money. Accompanying this promise is the statement that there shall be no expenditure for political machinery, since he is indifferent as to his own political fortunes. It now remains for him to make good on these assurances. The *Argonaut* will hopefully wait upon events.

### Matters Political.

The propensity of American editors, politicians, and other lay-statesmen to futile speculation is freshly illustrated in the ten thousand post-mortems now holding over the late election. By their multitude no less than by varying verdicts they bear witness that the upheaval is due to no one particular cause beyond the general spirit of dissatisfaction and unrest. Different sections of the country interpret this spirit in different ways, no one of which supplies a comprehensive and satisfactory conclusion. But broadly it may be said that our elections betoken less the positive desire of a great majority of our people than the inertia of the great mass. In this last election as in others in recent years it was the stay-at-home voters that determined the result.

The extent of the stay-at-home vote is an interesting study. According to the census of 1920 the total number of citizens twenty-one years of age and over was 54,421,832, made up of 27,661,880 men and 26,759,952 women. The citizenship thus enumerated comprised all native and all naturalized foreign-born persons. In the same year (1920) there was cast for President the largest poll in the history of the country, running to a total of 26,786,758. Now if we set this figure of 26,786,758 votes cast against the total number of citizens of voting age male and female, of 54,421,882, we find that less than half the number of persons entitled to vote actually exercised that right in a year of exceptional political interest and of exceptional voting. If we deduct liberally to cover the criminals, the insane, and persons in the public service whose duties prevented them from going to the polls, we find that little if any more than half of those who possessed the qualifications of voters actually voted. The exact figures of the late election are not yet at hand, but we know that they are materially short of the record of 1920, despite the fact that in two years there has been a considerable natural increase in the number of potential voters.

The record for 1920 exhibits the fact that the voters of California were derelict in about the same proportion as the voters of the country at large. In that year California had a total of 1,928,247 citizens twenty-one years of age and over, of whom 998,095 were men and 930,152 women. In the presidential election of that year California cast 943,344 votes, or 48.9 per cent. of the available. Figures of the recent election are not yet compiled, but the record will fall very considerably short of 48.9 per cent. of the year 1920.

From comparison of opinions as they are reflected by the press and in the statements of students of politics it is evident that the people generally are uneasy, restless, and more or less resentful of the fact that taxes are high, that the cost of living is high, that economic normality has not been restored. But above all they are angered over the trifling opportunism that has characterized the conduct of Congress and our political leaders. Persistent truckling to the prohibition vote, to the labor vote, to the soldier vote, has produced a feeling of disgust with politics and politicians; and this is an emotion that tends to keep voters home on election day. The result is that there has been commissioned to the Congress which comes into office next



March an amazing aggregation of opportunists and panderers to class demands. Thus, instead of curing the condition with reference to which there is universal resentment, the actual voters with the stay-at-homes have managed to intensify it. One need not be imbued with the spirit of prophecy to foretell that by 1924 the people generally will be even more disgruntled than they are now. And the meaning of this is that the next presidential election is likely to be close.

President Harding has discreetly avoided any statement implying interpretation of the late election. Yet it is precisely at this point that there appears the most interesting field for political speculation. If Mr. Harding shall assume that the people have spoken and in so doing have repudiated his policies and his acts, God help us all. Interpretation of the result of the election to this effect by the President would mean letting down the bars to the blocs and classes, the enactment of a soldiers' bonus bill, the parent of many direful raids on the treasury, of unscientific and unsound revision of the tax laws with the right of government interference in business, finance, and transportation. If on the other hand Mr. Harding shall conceive the result, as many of us do, as a rebuke to opportunism in politics, and particularly to opportunism in Congress, he will be forced into a position of national leadership in antagonism to Congress. Such an attitude, masterfully sustained, will either destroy him completely or make him a national hero. His announced policy of endeavoring to restore "normalcy" is precisely in accord with the actual desire of a great body of our people. What can the government do to restore normalcy? In time past Mr. Harding believed that it could best serve the purpose by restoring normality to the government itself; by cutting out useless expenditures; by living within its income; by reducing the burden of taxation and debt. This is or was his programme, simple and understandable, containing nothing spectacular, nothing to stir the emotions. It is the programme of a practical man who looks at the job of running the government in common-sense fashion.

But arrayed against this prescription are the prescriptions put forward by a multitude of quacks and malpractitioners, who insist that the country shall turn to nostrums of spelling enlarged and increased cost in affairs of the government. Look over the platforms and the campaign utterances of our new senators, Brookhart, Frazier, Shepstead, Howell, Wheeler, Dill and the rest. Note that not one of them offers a suggestion that is not an appeal to the selfishness and cupidity of some group or interest. Not one of them suggests anything helpful in the direction of reducing taxation or the cost of government. These men—demagogues all—have attained election to the Senate through demagogic appeals and on the basis of demagogic promises. They have told the Western farmers that the Esch-Cummins transportation law will be repealed and that thereby, in some magic fashion, the car shortage now prevalent, with other embarrassments of a record-breaking year of agricultural production, will be prevented. They have promised to revise the financial system of the country so that any man who calls himself a farmer may borrow government money to his heart's desire. They have told the people that the government is to blame for all the material ills that afflict the world, although these ills are less direful here than elsewhere. They promise to repeal the enactments of nature and of economic law. In brief, they promise the millennium overnight.

Of immediate consequence is the session of Congress that began on Monday of this week, the last of the old Congress whose mandate runs out in March. The Harding programme contains as its major items the appropriation bills, the proposals embodied in the shipping bill, and a bill reorganizing the executive and administrative branches of the government on a scientific plan designed to eliminate waste and excessive costs. It is easy to foresee what will happen. The shipping bill and the reorganization bill offer exceptional opportunity for debate and resistance. Democratic leaders in both houses have determined upon a policy of filibustering, hoping thereby to prevent enactment of any legislation, and hoping further to prevent the passage of some of the appropriation bills—this to the end of compelling the President against his announced desire to call the new Congress in special session next summer. The Democratic leaders assume, not without reason, that the new Congress bearing the Republican label, though far from

Republican in fact, will so disgust the country that it will be easy in the election of 1924 to sweep the Republican party into oblivion.

Yet the matters before this session are not proper subjects for political division. The appropriation bills are a necessity of current government. The shipping bill is in the nature of a desperate compromise. What Mr. Harding is trying to do is to wipe out the expensive machinery of the Shipping Board, which is now running a deficit of about half a million dollars per day and must continue at this ruinous rate of loss under existing laws. The subsidy, which will cost much less than the present order of things, is offered because it is obvious that if we are to maintain a merchant fleet we must furnish a direct subsidy as proposed or a more expensive subsidy such as we are now paying, or some other form of indirect subsidy as was proposed in the Jones Act of 1920, which was found impracticable. With our existing navigation laws, including the mischievous La Follette Seamen's Act, we can not otherwise maintain our flag on the seas. The reorganization bill is a general and long-needed reform, opposed only by bureaucrats animated by selfish motives, but able, none the less, to maintain a far-reaching opposing propaganda.

The fight is coming on. The strategy and tactics on each side are being formulated. Presently, it seems inevitable, we shall see President Harding arrayed against Congress, and unless all the omens fail he will stand in this attitude until the end of his term. For we must not be blind to the fact that the Republican party has lost control of both houses of Congress. There will be a nominal Republican majority of ten in the Senate and there are perhaps twice as many in the House of Representatives. But these majorities are only nominal, since they are made up of men who are not Republicans, though they appealed to the voters under the Republican name and were elected upon Republican tickets. It is a time for real Republicans to get behind the President; and in truth it is a time for all men of constructive and conservative mind, Republicans and Democrats alike, to compel the radicals in both parties to come out in the open and flock by themselves.

In what is written above there has been no attempt to gloss over the fact that the Republican party is in a bad way. It is afflicted from without by a pest of radical demagogues who have taken its name and assumed its garb without devotion to its principles or acceptance of its discipline. From within it has suffered through the rise of blocs formed in geographical, industrial, or special interest and holding over those who adhere to them an authority superior to that of the party itself. That it has ceased to be a coherent and vital force was illustrated many times in the recent session of Congress, and that painful record is in the way of being duplicated in the session now sitting at Washington.

There is in the situation a call to the President to take a positive stand as the leader of his party. And it is not going too far to say that the life of the party depends upon the part he shall play during the months immediately oncoming. As the head of the Republican party his first duty is to discover, among senators and representatives who go under the party name, who are and who are not Republicans. This can be determined only by party conferences—by caucuses—and they should be called. Those who shall decline participation are not Republicans and may not be counted as such. We say the life of the party depends upon the President because only the President is in position to enforce determinations by which the status of the party may be defined. He and he alone can take action that will either hold men claiming the party name to party allegiance or drive them, as pretenders and traitors, from the party fold. It is a time for positive courses—it is a time for elimination of uncertainties, a time to separate the sheep from the goats. The party can not survive—it will not deserve to survive—if there be not within it power to rid itself of those who hang upon its skirts even while denying its principles and repudiating its authority.

#### A Tip for Mr. Richardson.

Buried in the mass of written and pictured puerilities, inanities, vulgarities and putridities that went into the make-up of the *Chronicle's* last "Sunday sup" there was one careful study in matters serious and worthy; so serious and worthy as to merit a better environment. This study was embodied in a report of an interview

with Hon. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, reviewing the achievements of his governorship, particularly as related to his reorganization of the Illinois executive system with the cutting down of the cost of the state government. It is a great record, worthy of its fame. And it is just now of timely interest in California, where a newly-chosen governor-to-be has promised to duplicate the job. Governor Lowden points out that while in recent time the management of business has grown vastly in complexity there has been scant progress in the business of government. Because revenues have largely been derived from indirect and concealed sources it is only recently that the public has become conscious of the weight of the tax burden. But as the cost of living has grown and as its causes have been looked into there has come realization that advancing costs of government have been a tremendous factor in the case.

The commission system, of which we have plenteous illustration here in California, has had a notable part in increasing the cost of government and in augmenting the tax rate. Governor Lowden points out that the activities of government have multiplied rapidly during recent years—"more rapidly than warranted"—and when the state has decided to take on some new function, instead of fitting it into some agency of government already established, it usually has created an entirely new arm, sometimes an official, more frequently a board or a commission. From the standpoint of practical politics the commission was a happy invention. It provides good places for political workers, and since only a few commissioners have anything serious to do, there is time both for political activity and for private business. A commission once created is almost impossible to abolish, since, as Governor Lowden says, "there is nothing more difficult in government than to get rid of a lucrative office once established." We quote:

When I became governor of Illinois in January, 1917, there were something over one hundred and twenty-five independent and unrelated agencies of the state government. So confused was the situation that no two agreed upon just exactly how many independent activities the state was conducting. Necessarily, this resulted in much overlapping of work. In purchases there was competition between the different agencies of the government, and there was, of course, needless expense. Above all, there was greatly reduced efficiency. In theory, these various offices were supervised by the governor, but in fact it was absolutely impossible for him to exercise any adequate supervision over them. For all practical purposes the state government was without an actual head. Energetic and competent administration was impossible.

As a result of the delinquencies and the confusion growing out of the commission system, enforcement of the law of Illinois had become lax—so lax that it was widely regarded as a joke. The problem was to gather up the scattered agencies and to reorganize them into departments of government. The legislature happily was in the mood to cooperate. More than one hundred and twenty-five boards, commissions, and independent offices were abolished and nine new departments were created to take over their functions. These departments were:

- Department of Finance.
- Department of Agriculture.
- Department of Labor.
- Department of Mines and Minerals.
- Department of Public Works and Buildings.
- Department of Public Welfare.
- Department of Public Health.
- Department of Trade and Commerce.
- Department of Registration and Education.

Governor Lowden holds to the theory that when something important is to be done it can best be done by an individual rather than by a group. Where quasi-judicial or quasi-legislative powers are required there is work for a group or commission. But where duties are largely ministerial it is a man, and not a body of men, that gets results. "Where," says Governor Lowden, "responsibility is upon the individual he can not shirk it. Where it is placed in a body of men the individual can find shelter behind that body when called upon to account for the manner in which he has exercised his power." Then there is what Governor Lowden characterizes as "deadly inertia" in a board or commission which is not so likely to be found in an individual, for it is everlastingly true that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Responsibility should be fixed; and under this principle there was placed at the head of each of the nine departments above enumerated an individual called a Director. In this connection it happened that there were many situations in which an official director could find counsel



and help from able and experienced men. Therefore there was provided a series of advisory committees whose members served without pay. By this means there was brought to the service of the state many able men glad to lend their aid in public affairs, but who could not have been induced to take salaried positions.

Democracy, says Governor Lowden, too frequently has been so afraid of itself and of its own chosen officials that it has hedged them about with restrictions fatal to efficiency. In recognition of this fact the revolutionary movement in Illinois cut out a vast deal of red tape. Under this reform there has been maintained in the public service "something of the efficiency that goes with private service, and it has resulted in great savings to the people." The war, of course, brought on increased cost of government in many forms, but comparison of total appropriations in the war period for state purposes of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Massachusetts, New York and Michigan—the only other states whose compiled figures were available to Governor Lowden—shows an increase for the period of 48 per cent. to 108 per cent., or an average increase for the seven states of 78 per cent. The increase in Illinois during the four-year period was less than the decrease in the purchasing value of the dollar. In addition, the indirect revenues of the state, because of increased efficiency of administration, increased considerably.

#### A New Note in Senatorial Service.

Among the reversals of the late election is the substitution of Royal S. Copeland (Democrat) for William M. Calder (Republican) in the United States Senate from the State of New York. Copeland is a physician who for a long time has held the office of health commissioner of New York City and his knowledge and his enthusiasms relate to the humanities rather than to politics. As health commissioner his work has in large part been that of keeping diseased and other undesirable immigrants from entering the United States; and upon one subject—that of immigration—he will be better informed and more definitely interested than any other member of the Senate. "What do you know about political affairs?" was asked of Dr. Copeland, following his election. "Nothing," he replied; "I don't care for politics; I have no wish to be a politician, and have not the slightest interest in politics, as popularly regarded. \* \* \* In the Senate I am going to try to stimulate interest in human beings in contradistinction to interest in business. The Senate needs some one in it who can think in terms of humanity."

Proceeding, Dr. Copeland declared himself as entirely out of sympathy with present methods of examining immigrants upon their arrival in America. His idea is that examination of persons proposing to enter the country should be made at points of departure, thus eliminating in many cases expense, disappointment, and humiliation—not to mention the tendency to lax administration of restrictive laws in cases appealing to humanitarian sympathies. Examination, he said, as to qualifications for reception in America should take stock of mental, physical, moral and industrial considerations. Further, immigrants should be directed to different points and not all dumped as now in New York. It is, he declared, folly to send thousands of agricultural workers to a place not ready to provide them with occupation or even to give them information. Distribution of immigrants should be made, not for the convenience and profit of the shipping companies, but should look to the welfare of the newcomer and the interests of the country.

In these suggestions Dr. Copeland is offering nothing new excepting as to their application to American policy. Canada has long maintained at ports of departure inspectors to whom all applicants for admission to the country must apply for passports. Thus while Canada is receiving steadily a large inflow of new population, there is being kept out of the country multitudes of undesirables—persons who would bring to the new land only their incapacities and infirmities with liability of becoming a charge upon the public rather than an aid to the common welfare.

It is a commonplace observation that in large measure the amazing growth of the United States in man power and wealth has largely been due to immigration; and now that the tide running this way has been stopped the movement finds vent in other directions. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are getting in crowded shiploads the man power of industry that in past times has come to us. What all this will mean for

these countries it is easy to foretell, for we have concrete illustration in our own history. It is an easy prophecy that our putting up of the bars will in its direct results lead to an immense increment of population and of vigorous life in the newer countries still largely vacant and now gladly receiving those who will bring to them the man power needed for their development. We may look within the next few years to a growth in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa comparable to that already recorded in our own history.

#### The Prime Minister of Britain.

Theoretically the prime minister of England is the first lord of the treasury, and not the prime minister at all: actually, he is or may be—it depends largely on the man—the ruler of the empire. Since this significant office has loomed so large of late in the public horizon, it is not amiss to review something of the history of an institution whose prestige is comparatively modern.

The function of the prime minister may be mathematically expressed as a variable, since the office originated non-constitutionally with Sir Robert Walpole's appointment in 1721 as first lord of the treasury and his gradual interpretation of functions of that post as that of chief executive of the realm. Prior to Walpole's régime in the treasury the lord of that department was just that and little more, though it is true his authority had gradually grown through the centuries. But Walpole's power was largely the result of a fluke. A combination of circumstances—the accession of the German Elector of Hanover as George I, his ignorance of the English language, his dependence on Walpole, who happened to be the leader of the House of Commons, and the latter's appointment as first lord of the treasury were the circumstances that created the non-constitutional office of the prime minister, a term which, by the way, is even more recent than the office it describes. In November, 1841, Lord Melbourne, whose political career was then behind him, wrote on that subject to his sovereign: "Prime minister is a term belonging to the last century. Lord Melbourne doubts its being to be found in English parliamentary language previously. Sir Robert Walpole was always accused of having introduced and arrogated to himself an office previously unknown to the law and constitution."

However, Walpole's arrogance was not without logical basis. He was first lord of the treasury, an office that is theoretically the third highest lay position in the kingdom, for by strict interpretation of the constitution the highest lay subject is the high steward and the next highest is the chancellor, practically extinct offices today whose functions have devolved on the third officer of the realm, the high treasurer. So much for constitutional intention. Money speaks, and the man who handled the seals and keys of the treasury outpaced his two superior confrères so that when Walpole was presented by his Hanoverian monarch with the white staff of the treasury it became the most powerful office in the land and Walpole was opportunist enough to use a weak foreign king to make it more powerful. It is curious that the office intended for the premiership, the high steward, should never have had satisfactory scope. Held chiefly by ecclesiastics in the middle ages, its power, which was all but regal, was too great, and was quickly curtailed by the inherent democracy of the British people. By the rise of Parliament in the thirteenth century, the prime officer of state had ceased to exist. The chancellor, the second officer, tended throughout the centuries to become more and more the first officer of the law and of its highest court.

But though the term prime minister has become stereotyped by two centuries of usage its attributes are still almost as vague as when Walpole created the anomalous office. A premier of indifferent statesmanship, though such a one is not likely to be appointed—and it is a significant fact that practically all of the thirty-five men who have held the post since Walpole have been individually strong—could revert to the nominal post of president of the cabinet, though he would still have to be leader of the house of Parliament in which he sat—another precedent established by Walpole. In practice the prime minister has come to be the leader of the government, of the house of legislation in which he sits, and of one of the political parties—an onerous job. Small wonder that it calls for the most competent men in the government and that its conflicting claims are not conducive to longevity in any one administration.

#### THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE.

Its Task Will Be to Find Some Ground of Accommodation With a Rejuvenated Turkey.

The old order changeth, and if the Lausanne conference fails to recognize that fact it is going to wade in trouble. It is Europe's present hope of promoting peace in the Near East, and since Turkey refuses to get out of Europe, and Turkish rejuvenation has been the only result of the efforts of Greece to destroy it in Asia, it is Western civilization's one chance of reestablishing relations with the Turk on a basis that will make him tolerable as a neighbor. A very useful citizen of the European order, in any positive and constructive sense, he probably can not be. But the conference is the hope of the world that he can be rendered harmless to humanity's major interests. And that involves considerations of policy and strategy, of economics and diplomacy, far transcending any sentimental slants of the sort that express themselves in the form of religious antipathies, or the futile desire to see people of foreign nature and nationality "assimilated" to the forms and formulas some of us happen to think holy. Turkey does not have to be assimilated. It does have to be educated, or it would better be educated, if the cause of the peace of Europe is to be served. But it will never be educated by foreign zealots that despise its religion and condemn its social order, and are at the same time unable to show that their own social order is even reasonably free from corruption, or that their religion saves all their peoples from degradation. Missionaries have not accomplished much in the way of the conversion of the Turk, and even the efforts at educating him have been disappointing. He still exhibits the vices and the cruelties of the ignorant man everywhere. Granting for argument's sake that he is cruel and ferocious, is he much more so than the "gouging and gilling" Americans of the early days of this country, or the Southwestern gentlemen that used to work their way to the vitals of their enemies with the Bowie knife?

Your cruel man is your ignorant man, whether he be the unschooled Turk, or the German peasant schooled only in what his military bureaucrats and subsidized professors wanted him to believe.

It is enlightenment that makes men just, and in justice there is no room for needless cruelties. And it is enlightenment that the Turk has lacked. It does not enlighten him to tell him that his father was immoral to be a polygamist like a Hebrew patriarch, or that his mother was not really a wife, or that he is a fool to wear a red hat without a brim and turn himself toward Mecca when he prays. It only makes him angry. It would make us angry, too. It may be true that no effort such as has been made at the Western education of Turks could persist over a long period without having some effect; but the effect has not been to bring Turkey into line with Western ideas. Yet it should still be possible to get along with him, provided some things he thinks essential to his newly aroused nationalism be recognized.

Not even his victory over the Greeks attests more clearly the ability and intelligence of Mustapha Kemal than his demand for the annulment of the so-called Capitulations. The Capitulations are an element of international law first set up in Turkey and later applied to China and Japan, expressing the principle of extraterritoriality where the rights of foreigners are concerned. In the Turkish empire they were a source of irresponsibility on the part of denizens, and hence a factor of national weakness and disintegration. Foreigners had a right under treaties to be tried under the laws of their own countries, and by courts of those countries, sitting in Turkey. Instead of being amenable to Turkish law, or even to a law common to all of them, each was amenable to his own law, as administered by his own judge. This has made it possible in the past for a foreign group to become a centre of sedition and anti-nationalist propaganda. Wherever the interests of foreigners were concerned, the Capitulations robbed the state of its proper central authority and enfeebled the administration of justice. Great organizer and passionate nationalist, Mustapha Kemal has seen that such a condition was bad organization and a menace to nationalism.

Strange to say, this arrangement, which no Western nation would tolerate, was not imposed on Turkey from without, but is a vestige of the days when she was one of the most powerful nations of Europe; and it represents the inherent weakness of all things Turkish and many things English and American as well—the inclination to rub along in the easiest way, to follow the line of least resistance, no matter where it leads. That is Turkish, and it is, in the Turkish degree, probably part of the Turk's Mongolian character and habit. The Chinese have it in superlative measure, in a measure that makes it almost impossible to eradicate an evil, because before eradication is complete the thing becomes tolerable, and when it is tolerable it is tolerated and you can get no more attention upon it. Shrewd observers say the whole polity of China is shot through and through with the rotting roots of immemorial abuses, awaiting only some favorable sort of political



weather to put up shoots and flourish again in their ancient places.

That easy way of dealing with wrongs is, of course, not peculiar to Mongolians, Chinese or Turkish. We have plenty of persons among what our Afro-American brother called "us Angry-Saxons" who like to drift along on that malarious current. But we also have others who get real mad and won't be placated by anything less than cure, and who persist until they become even less tolerable than the wrongs the rest of us are willing to tolerate, and they are often great nuisances, but they keep us off the rocks of actual depravity. Such an element, however, seems lacking in the economy of the Turkish empire, and so, to enable the officials to get along as easily as possible with the foreigners and persons claiming to be foreigners in Turkish territory, they were willing to play that part of Turkish territory was Italian territory, or French territory, or Austrian territory, and save the Moham-medan *Cadis* the trouble of trying the "pestilent fellows" when they fell out with other pestilent fellows. It was a mere Turkish way of dodging trouble; but when you dodge trouble you don't really kill it, you just give it exercise, and it comes on you from behind. So here. Responsibility was nowhere, and the Turkish population had ever before its eyes the bad example of irresponsibility. Administration, for which the Turk never had any genius, became more or less farcical, the state was filled with little separate entities, secular and religious, absolved by treaty from loyalty to Turkish authority, and there slipped from the weakening grasp of this exotic empire one holding after another.

The last of it in Europe, down to the armistice, was secured to Turkey, not because she was strong, but because she had grown weak. Today Europe can not look without apprehension on the fact that Turkey refuses to remain weak, but is determined to be strong, and as one of the first of her athletic exercises she purposes to kick out the Capitulations and do her own internal governing. It is not too much to say that there is consternation among the Western European powers, similar to that which led Austria, after the Young Turk rising in 1908, to seize Bosnia and Herzegovina. Only this time there is no Western disposition to seize anything. The Turk is the one that is getting ready to do the seizing. He makes three demands that worry the Allies: a plebiscite in western Thrace, this side the Maritza River, which, no matter how conducted, would probably result in a pro-Turkish vote in that region and its return to the Turkish empire; a rectification of the frontier of Syria, probably to undo part of the mandate to France; and the abolition of those Capitulations which, to the political insight of Kemal, have been the cause of so much weakness in his nation. To this last demand Great Britain is opposed, with a positiveness which indicates a desire to have that weakness remain. But Ismet Pasha, head of the Turkish delegation to Lausanne, declares his adhesion to the demand for the abolition of the Capitulations—and there you are. It looks as though the conference might deadlock on that.

In respect to all this tribulation the United States is trying to remain aloof yet present, involved but clear, a participant though not participating. It is true that American interests are more sentimental than substantial. And yet, the world has grown so small that no one can start the conflagration of another war without our being involved soon or late, provided the conflict is at all protracted. We have a real interest in humanity, and we also have some interest in what are called the Chester concessions in Asia Minor, leading by intendment of projected railroads lines to fat petroleum fields in northern Mesopotamia. So we appoint observers, who can sit at the conference if the real conferees have no objections, and note and report what goes on, and what seems to threaten, in order to safeguard American interests and facilitate exchanges of views; and to be ready to indicate this government's desires in any little matters that may come up. To this service have been assigned Minister Joseph C. Grew, from Switzerland, inasmuch as Switzerland seems to be at peace, and Ambassador Richard Washburn Child from Italy, which seems partly pacified. Mr. Grew was secretary to Colonel House during the pre-armistice negotiations at Versailles. He has passed most of his life thus far in the diplomatic service which the United States has been wisely opening of late to young men ambitious for a life career in this field. He is an Episcopalian, and so will probably look just as good to a Turk as though he were a hardshell Baptist. Mr. Child is the former editor of *Collier's Weekly* and will be remembered as the author of a number of interesting short stories in a popular American weekly magazine. He will probably get a fresh lot of fiction material at the conference.

And the United States is also for the repeal of those Capitulations; which repeal, in the words of our State Department, "may be necessary to the safeguarding of non-Moslem interests." Our other objects are: "The protection, under proper guaranties, of philanthropic, educational, and religious institutions; appropriate undertakings in regard to the freedom of opportunity, without discrimination or special privilege, of commercial enterprise; indemnity for losses suffered by Americans in Turkey as a result of arbitrary and illegal acts; suitable provisions for the protection of minorities; assurances touching the freedom of the straits; and reasonable opportunity for archaeological research and study."

Great Britain, France, and Italy have been apprised

of these modest desires, which coincide at many points with their own requirements.

The dangerous element in the situation is the sharp conflict with a strong Turkey, which is a new power; for there has been no strong Turkey for two centuries; and the possibility that to the strength of Turkey may be added at any time the strength of the red Russian army. The latter element, however, is apt to be overrated, for no army can be strong in a modern sense with a weakened, starving, and demoralized people behind it. Meanwhile the Sultan has escaped from Constantinople to British protection at Malta; much like a zoo garden bear that passes from one cage into another. He says he has not abdicated; but over a month ago the Angora government, as in the case of the Afro-American preacher, "done sent him his resignation." The British have him, and may be able, as our sporting writers would put it, to "build him up" into a respectable Caliph again, and use him at least as a pawn in the game. Not that he would be recognized by Kemal, who refused to recognize him while he was in Constantinople on the perfectly logical ground that he was a prisoner, and a prisoner could not govern an empire because he could not even govern himself; but he might be made to pass for a Caliph with the Indian Mussulmans. That, however, is another matter. They never believed much in the Sultan as Caliph, anyhow. Altogether it is a mean little mess.

MORTON TOWN.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Selkirk Grace.

(Allan Cunningham records that this very characteristic "Grace before meat" was uttered (by Burns) at the table of the Earl of Selkirk, while on his tour through Galloway with his friend Syme in July, 1793.)

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
And sae the Lord be thanket.—Robert Burns.

### In Bohemia.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;  
For only there are the values true,  
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.  
The prizes of traffic and state are won  
By shrewdness of force or by deeds undone;  
But fame is sweeter without the feud,  
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.  
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime  
From every class and clime and time,  
Aspiring only to be enrolled  
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;  
And each one bears in mind or hand  
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.  
The scholar first, with his book—a youth  
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;  
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,  
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;  
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,  
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord—  
And the player is king when the door is past.  
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last!  
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;  
No gold or hope for the brainless heir;  
No gilded dullard native born  
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn:  
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;  
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;  
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,  
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.  
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast  
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;  
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know  
The moistureless froth of the social show;  
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast  
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;  
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,  
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;  
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,  
When a friend in need is a friend in want;  
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,  
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.  
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp  
Of a friendly hand.  
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

### Canadian Boat Song.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father  
Sing long ago the song of other shores—  
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather  
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

From the lone shieling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland.  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,  
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,  
No seer foretold the children would be banished,  
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

Come foreign rage, let discord burst in slaughter!  
O! then, for clansmen true, and stern claymore—  
The hearts that would have given their blood like water  
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*  
—From the Gaelic.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sarah Bernhardt, who is now in her seventy-eighth year, has just published a novel in Paris and is at work on a volume of advice to actors to be called "Conseils aux Comédiens." Her principal advice is: "Be sincere."

Mr. Ernest H. Wilson, assistant director of the Arnold Arboretum, Boston, has recently returned from a twenty-seven months' tour through a large part of the Southern Hemisphere and equatorial regions in the interests of the institution he represents. Mr. Wilson, whose previous tours of botanical exploration in Japan, Formosa, Western China and other parts of the Orient have resulted in the discovery of more new plants than any other botanical researcher has to his record, did much on his latest journey to cement good will between the various parts of the British Empire and the United States. Mr. Wilson is known as the man who in his Asiatic explorations added 1193 species and varieties of woody plants to the knowledge of science, introducing hundreds of trees and shrubs that have since been disseminated throughout the temperate zone. The Arnold Arboretum in Boston possesses the richest collections of woods and shrubs in the world.

Cherry Kearton, one of the most notable of big game hunters, has recently returned to England, where he reports that he has been repeating something resembling the adventure of Tarzan. Mr. Kearton has been lost in the jungle for three years, and in fact was given up for dead. His fate, however, was not so tragic—he was simply the guest and not the victim of the jungle, where he has been entertained by a tribe of enormous chimpanzees with whom he has lived for the past two years. He has brought one of his friends with him, Toto, who understands French, Spanish, and English, according to his host. Toto shakes hands, brushes the carpet, makes tea, and every morning brushes his teeth.

Major-General Leonard Wood heads the list of petitioners to the Massachusetts legislature seeking the passage of a special act providing for the organization of a corporation to be known as the "General Society of Mayflower Descendants." The list includes former President William H. Taft, United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Miles Standish of Boston and a number of other "descendants" bearing historic names.

Our American equivalent of Sir Arthur Pearson, the late British benefactor of the blind, is a woman, Miss Winifred Holt. Miss Holt, who is a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur and one of the three women to whom the Italian government has given the gold medal for national sanitation, is the founder of Lighthouse No. 1 in New York, an institute for the blind. She has founded eight other beacons for the blind in other countries, Poland, France, and Italy, notably, each of which is now under government supervision.

Korfanty, the Polish leader who was recently defeated by Pilsudski for the premiership of Poland, declares that he is not a party man. He claims to be a consistent champion of the working people whose dream it is one day to unite the Germans, Poles, and Frenchmen in common economic activity. He is himself a working man's son who spent his holidays as a student gathering experience in the mines and factories of Upper Silesia. So far from causing a military revolt to overthrow Pilsudski, Korfanty says: "We need, above all, peace at home and peace abroad."

Although he returned from the Far East only a few months ago, Isaac F. Marcossion is off again, this time to put the probe into troubled Germany. He will also visit France and England. Upon his return Mr. Marcossion will go on an extended lecture tour. It is doubtful if any other living writer has covered as much ground during the past eight years as this "king of interviewers."

Hiram Bingham, recently elected lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, is one of the best known of American explorers. The son of missionaries, he was born in Honolulu in 1875, educated at Yale, the University of California, and Harvard, and has taught at Princeton and Yale. Mr. Bingham explored Bolivar's route across Venezuela and Colombia, 1906-07; the Spanish trade route, Buenos Aires to Lima, 1908-09; the ruins of Machu Picchu; and directed the Yale Peruvian expedition in 1911 and the Peruvian expeditions of 1912, '14, and '15 under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographical Society. Professor Bingham also located Vitcos, the last Inca capital, and made the first ascent of Mount Coropuna, a 21,703-foot climb. Needless to say, he is the author of many volumes on the results of his travels. Mr. Bingham was in the air service during the war, where he held various posts, including chief of the Air Personnel Division and commanding officer of the Aviation Instruction Centre, Issoudun, France, which was the Allies' largest flying school. Professor Bingham's discovery of Machu Picchu, the great stone city of the Incas, has been called "the greatest archaeological discovery of the age." Buried beneath the jungle, its site inhabited by only three families of wandering Indians, Machu Picchu was found in a state of good preservation, temples, homes, streets and burial caves bearing witness to an extinct order of high civilization.



## SOME CHESTERTONIAN APPRAISALS.

How That Well-Known Institution, the United States, Looks to the Touring English Lecturer.

In Gilbert K. Chesterton's "What I Saw in America" we have to do with what at times appears to be a vanishing species, that of the conscious stylist, the writer who redeems his text from dryness in those spots which would otherwise inevitably be dry by resort to certain quirks, graces, and, if you please, tricks of composition and verbal prestidigitation, or prestiverbation, such as tease the mind and quicken the perceptions to meanings which may not always be whole, may not always be sound, may not always in fact be there at all, but which when they are there do have some real value in the way and form of verbal beauty. Mr. Chesterton prestiverbitates (that word is all ours and we mean to make the most of it) or, every page, almost to prestiverbosity. He gives us all he has. We are never conscious that he is merely filling space. And while he may be infuriating, he never is tiresome, at least until one wearies of quite so much verbal antithesis, phrase balance, and shocking paradox. And when that time arrives we still can wonder at his cleverness, as we do at the cleverness of the tight-rope walker; even after we have detected that it is really the pole that balances the circus gentleman, and not the circus gentleman the pole. Nor can we entertain the opinion that G. K. C. is merely a holiday figure in tights and spangles. Far from it. He has his uses, and they are good ones. Had he been present when those two knights met on the road and one proclaimed that the shield hanging from the oak was white and the other that it was black, they would not have fought about it, for Gilbert K. would have mounted acrobatically on some convenient stump or barrel, turned the shield about, and shown each that the other was at least half right. He can not show both sides of the shield at once—no one can. But at showing one side he is an adept. And it is usually the side that was not meant to be presented, and at which most of us have conventionally agreed not to look. We imagine that as a little boy G. K. C. was a fat little boy, and that when they took him to the Christmas pantomime he escaped from his parents and ran behind the scenes, and then came forward and shrilled to the consternation of the actors: "What you think you see isn't there at all; you only see what you think." For he deals in reversals, as Shaw deals in inversions. Some of them are quite startling; and when they are too much so and invite that silent back talk from the reader which every writer dreads, he brings to their support some astonishing spiritual interpretations which tend to humble the most savage critic. As, for example:

I have never managed to lose my old conviction that travel narrows the mind. At least a man must make a double effort of moral humility and imaginative energy to prevent it from narrowing his mind. Indeed there is something touching and even tragic about the thought of the thoughtless tourist, who might have stayed at home loving Laplanders, embracing Chinamen, and clasping Patagonians to his heart in Hampstead or Surbiton, but for his blind and suicidal impulse to go and see what they looked like. This is not meant for nonsense; still less is it meant for the silliest sort of nonsense, which is cynicism. The human bond that he feels at home is not an illusion. On the contrary, it is rather an inner reality. Man is inside all men. In a real sense any man may be inside any men. But to travel is to leave the inside and draw dangerously near the outside. So long as he thought of men in the abstract, like naked toiling figures in some classic frieze, merely as those who labor and love their children and die, he was thinking of the fundamental truth about them. By going to look at their unfamiliar manners and customs he is inviting them to disguise themselves in fantastic masks and costumes. Many modern internationalists talk as if men of different nationalities had only to meet and mix and understand each other. In reality that is the moment of supreme danger—the moment when they meet. We might shiver, as at the old euphemism by which a meeting meant a duel.

Nevertheless, Chesterton was willing to risk having his mind narrowed by coming to America and lecturing, for compensation. This is dangerously like narrowing the mind for hire, and is not new. But some attorneys find it lucrative, so why not a writer? And perhaps as the mind narrows it sharpens. At any rate the views of us that he gives are well worth attention. If our author's rotund front could be silvered and glazed it would make a remarkable mirror, and it would give necessarily distorted images, but they would be worth looking at for the mere enlargements and contractions of things we would not otherwise consider at all. Nor would these distortions always be grotesque. Here, for example, is one of beauty and strong high lights:

We are perpetually boring the world and each other with talk about the bonds that bind us to America. We are perpetually crying aloud that England and America are very much alike, especially England. We are always insisting that the two are identical in all the things in which they most obviously differ. We are always saying that both stand for democracy, when we should not consent to stand for their democracy for half a day. We are always saying that at least we are all Anglo-Saxons, when we are descended from Romans and Normans and Britons and Danes, and they are descended from Irishmen and Italians and Slavs and Germans. We tell a people whose very existence is a revolt against the British crown that they are passionately devoted to the British constitution. We tell a nation whose whole policy has been isolation and independence that with us she can bear safely the White Man's Burden of the universal empire. We tell a continent crowded with Irishmen to thank God that the

Saxon can always rule the Celt. We tell a populace whose very virtues are lawless that together we uphold the Reign of Law. We recognize our own law-abiding character in people who make laws that neither they nor anybody else can abide. We congratulate them on clinging to all they have cast away, and on imitating everything which they came into existence to insult. And when we have established all these nonsensical analogies with a non-existent nation, we wait until there is a crisis in which we really are at one with America, and then we falter and threaten to fail her. In a battle where we really are of one blood, the blood of the great white race throughout the world, when we really have one language, the fundamental alphabet of Cadmus and the script of Rome, when we really do represent the same reign of law, the common conscience of Christendom and the morals of men baptized, when we really have an implicit faith and honor and type of freedom to summon up our souls as with trumpets—then many of us begin to weaken and waver and wonder whether there is not something very nice about little yellow men, whose heroic legends revolved round polygamy and suicide, and whose heroes wore two swords and worshipped the ancestors of the Mikado.

Right or wrong, that's good stuff, and beautiful. And here is another bit of beauty in words and ideas, evoked by a meeting with some children in a Philadelphia park; and as delicately lovely as some best parts of "They":

I felt a profound and radiant peace in the thought that they at any rate were not going to my lecture. It made me happy that in that talk neither they nor I had any names. I was full of that indescribable waking vision of the strangeness of life, and especially of the strangeness of locality; of how we find places and lose them; and see faces for a moment in a far-off land, and it is equally mysterious if we remember and mysterious if we forget.

Mr. Chesterton is a socialist, and an individualist may be pardoned some unholy joys at discovering in his text such an obvious indictment of paternalism and endorsement of individual enterprise as the following, even though the clear meaning of it may be lost in one of those favorite prestiverbitations:

The telephone in New York works miracles all day long. Replies from remote places come as promptly as in a private talk; nobody cuts anybody off; nobody says, "Sorry you've been troubled." But then the postal service of New York does not work at all. At least I could never discover it working. Letters lingered in it for days and days, as in some wild village of the Pyrenees. When I asked a taxi-driver to drive me to a postoffice, a look of far-off vision and adventure came into his eyes, and he said he had once heard of a postoffice somewhere near West Ninety-Seventh Street. Men are not efficient in everything, but only in the fashionable thing. This may be a mark of the march of science; it does certainly in one sense deserve the description of youth. We can imagine a very young person forgetting the old toy in the excitement of a new one.

And who could put the case for the American dollar better than this?

The fact without the truth is futile; indeed the fact without the truth is false. I have already noted that this is especially true touching our observations of a strange country; and it is certainly true touching one small fact which has swelled into a large fable. I mean the fable about America commonly summed up in the phrase about the Almighty Dollar. I do not think that the dollar is almighty in America; I fancy many things are mightier, including many ideals and some rather insane ideals. But I think it might be maintained that the dollar has another of the attributes of deity. If it is not omnipotent it is in a sense omnipresent. Whatever Americans think about dollars, it is, I think relatively true that they talk about dollars. If a mere mechanical record could be taken by the modern machinery of dictaphones and stenography, I do not think it probable that the mere word "dollars" would occur more often in any given number of American conversations than the mere word "pounds" or "shillings" in a similar number of English conversations.

I fancy that the American, quite apart from any love of money, has a great love of measurement. He will mention the exact size or weight of things in a way which appears to us as irrelevant. It is as if we were to say that a man came to see us carrying three feet of walking stick and four inches of cigar. It is so in cases that have no possible connection with any avarice or greed for gain. An American will praise the prodigious generosity of some other man in giving up his own estate for the good of the poor. But he will generally say that the philanthropist gave them a 200-acre park, where an Englishman would think it quite sufficient to say that he gave them a park. There is something about this precision which seems suitable to the American atmosphere; to the hard sunlight, and the cloudless skies, and the glittering detail of the architecture and the landscape; just as the vaguer English version is consonant to our mistier and more impressionist scenery. It is also connected perhaps with something more boyish about the younger civilization; and corresponds to the passionate particularity with which a boy will distinguish the uniform of regiments, the rigs of ships, or even the colors of tram tickets. It is a certain godlike appetite for things, as distinct from thoughts.

Few could fail to be interested in what Chesterton has to say about our predominant subject of thought. It has become our national intellectual atmosphere, and he could not avoid it. So he says:

I went to America with some notion of not discussing prohibition. But I soon found that well-to-do Americans were only too delighted to discuss it over the nuts and wine. They were even willing, if necessary to dispense with the nuts. I am far from sneering at this; having a general philosophy which need not here be expounded, but which may be symbolized by saying that monkeys can enjoy nuts but only men can enjoy wine. But if I am to deal with prohibition, there is no doubt of the first thing to be said about it. The first thing to be said about it is that it does not exist. It is to some extent enforced among the poor; at any rate it was intended to be enforced among the poor; though even among them I fancy that it is much evaded. It is certainly not enforced among the rich; and I doubt whether it was intended to be. I suspect that this has always happened whenever this negative notion has taken hold of some particular province or tribe. Prohibition never prohibits. It never has in history; not even in Moslem history; and it never will. Mahomet at least had the argument of a climate and not the interest of a class. But if a test is needed, consider what part of Moslem culture has passed permanently into our own modern culture. You will find the one Moslem poem that has really pierced is a Moslem poem in praise of wine. The crown of all the victories of the Crescent is that nobody reads the Koran and everybody reads the Rubaiyat.

The phenomenon puzzles him, and he attributes it to a willingness on our part to shed our beer as well as

our blood in defense of our liberties. But now that war is over, the thing takes on this aspect to him:

Only, if war is the exception, why should prohibition be the rule? If the surrender of beer is worthy to be compared to the shedding of blood, why then blood ought to be flowing forever like a fountain in the public squares of Philadelphia and New York. If my critic wants to complete his parallel, he must draw up rather a remarkable programme for the daily life of the ordinary citizens. He must suppose that, through all their lives, they are paraded every day at lunch time and prodded with bayonets to show that they will shed their blood for their country. He must suppose that every evening, after a light repast of poison gas and shrapnel, they are made to go to sleep in a trench under a permanent drizzle of shell-fire. It is surely obvious that if this were the normal life of the citizen, the citizen would have no normal life. The common sense of the thing is that sacrifices of this sort are admirable but abnormal. It is not normal for the state to be perpetually regulating our days with the discipline of a fighting regiment; and it is not normal for the state to be perpetually regulating our diet with the discipline of a famine. To say that every citizen must be subject to control in such bodily things is like the saying that every Christian ought to tear himself with red-hot pincers because the Christian martyrs did their duty in time of persecution. A man has a right to control his body, though in a time of martyrdom he may give his body to be burned; and a man has a right to control his bodily health, though in a state of siege he may give his body to be starved. Thus, though the patriotic defense was a sincere defense, it is a defense that comes back on the defenders like a boomerang. For it proves only that prohibition ought to be ephemeral, unless war ought to be eternal.

And having his reflections on wine, one naturally wants to know what he thought about women. He says:

Interviewers in the United States perpetually asked me what I thought of American women, and I confessed a distaste for such generalizations which I have not managed to lose. The Americans, who are the most chivalrous people in the world, may perhaps understand me; but I can never help feeling that there is something polygamous about talking of women in the plural at all; something unworthy of any American except a Mormon. Nevertheless, I think the exaggeration I suggest does extend in a less degree to American women, fascinating as they are. I think they, too, tend too much to this cult of impersonal personality. It is a description easy to exaggerate even by the faintest emphasis; for all these things are subtle and subject to striking individual exceptions. To complain of people for being brave and bright and kind and intelligent may not unreasonably appear unreasonable. And yet there is something in the background that can only be expressed by a symbol, something that is not shallowness, but a neglect of the subconsciousness and the vaguer and slower impulses; something that can be missed amid all that laughter and light, under those starry candelabra of the ideals of the happy virtues. Sometimes it came over me, in a wordless wave, that I should like to see a sulky woman. How she would walk in beauty like the night, and reveal more silent spaces full of older stars! These things can not be conveyed in their delicate proportion even in the most large and allusive terms. But the same thing was in the mind of the white-bearded old man I met in New York, an Irish exile and a wonderful talker, who stared up at the tower of gilded galleries of the great hotel, and said with that spontaneous movement of style which is hardly heard except from Irish talkers: "And I have been in a village in the mountains where the people could hardly read or write; but all the men were like soldiers, and all the women had pride."

It sounds like a poem about an earthly paradise to say that in this land the old women can be more beautiful than the young. Indeed, I think Walt Whitman, the national poet, has a line somewhere almost precisely to that effect. It sounds like a parody upon Utopia, and the image of the lion lying down with the lamb, to say it is a place where a man might almost fall in love with his mother-in-law. But there is nothing in which the finer side of American gravity and good feeling does more honorably exhibit itself than in a certain atmosphere around the older women. It is not a cant phrase to say that they grow old gracefully; for they do really grow old. In this the national optimism really has in it the national courage. The old women do not dress like young women; they only dress better. There is another side to this feminine dignity in the old, sometimes a little lost in the young, with which I shall deal presently. The point for the moment is that even Whitman's truly poetic vision of the beautiful old women suffers a little from that bewildering multiplicity and recurrence that is indeed the whole theme of Whitman. It is like the green eternity of Leaves of Grass. When I think of the eccentric spinsters and incorrigible grandmothers of my own country, I can not imagine that any one of them could possibly be mistaken for another, even at a glance; and in comparison I feel as if I had been traveling in an earthly paradise of more decorative harmonies.

There is another cause of this strange servile disease in American democracy. It is to be found in American feminism, and feminist America is an entirely different thing from feminine America. I should say that the overwhelming majority of American girls laugh at their female politicians at least as much as the majority of American men despise their male politicians. But though aggressive feminists are a minority, they are in this atmosphere which I have tried to analyze; the atmosphere in which there is a sort of sanctity about the minority. And it is this superstition of seriousness that constitutes the most solid obstacle and exception to the general and almost conventional pressure of public opinion. When a fad is frankly felt to be anti-national, as was abolitionism before the civil war, or pro-Germanism in the great war, or the suggestion of radical admixture in the South at all times, then the fad meets far less mercy than anywhere else in the world; it is snowed under and swept away. But when it does not thus directly challenge patriotism or popular ideas, a curious halo of hopeful solemnity surrounds it, merely because it is a fad, but above all if it is a feminine fad. The earnest lady-reformer who really utters a warning against the social evil of beer or buttons is seen to be walking clothed in light, like a prophetess. Perhaps it is something of the holy aureole which the East sees shining around an idiot.

This is a diverting and even a stimulating book, and a consolation to those that enjoy beauty in letters and feel that conscious English style is dying. And if some captious person should suggest that all this mechanism, this dragged-in antithesis and balance and inversion, is really decadent, why the answer to that is that style in decay is better than no style at all. We need a return to it—to the upbuilding of beauty in words and phrases and sentences. It is more luscious fruit than any hard kernels of fact enveloped in hickory shell.

WHAT I SAW IN AMERICA. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending November 18, 1922, were \$183,900,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$152,200,000; an increase of \$31,700,000.

Public utilities occupy a position closely parallel to that of the railroads in that they furnish public service and are subject to rate and other regulations. Income in most cases is somewhat fixed and the fluctuation in the margin of profit is the result of changing operating costs. All public service corporations, whether railroads, gas companies, electric light and power, or tractions, suffered

many states railroad bonds are the only corporate instruments which are legally authorized for savings bank investment, a restriction which has greatly improved the theoretical investment value of railroad bonds to the disparagement of other classes of securities. As a matter of fact, public utility corporations are as stable earners as the railroads and the security of the bonds as high. Certain states have recognized this and legalized public utility bonds for savings bank and trust funds. Such action is very likely to become more and more common and justifiably so.

The present trend in public utility financing and regulation is resulting in increased safety for the investor in utility bonds. Almost every indenture securing a new public utility offering restricts the amount borrowed to 75 per cent. of the valuation of the property securing the loan. Normally a public utility property increases in value as the community grows, and, moreover, the equity of the bondholder increases year by year through the operation of a sinking fund. Public service is the pivotal point upon which growth in any community is centered and the general admission of this in late years has much changed the attitude of regulatory commissions. A fair return of the capital invested is now usually allowed. Another influence which has done much to establish the public utilities in popular favor has been the customers' ownership campaign. Customers now fight the battles of their corporation instead of assuming an antagonizing attitude which was at one time popular.

A selected list of public utility bonds is suggested here for investment. The group contains long and short-term securities and bonds of various ratings, to meet the needs of the individual investor.

The Columbia Gas & Electric Company, which operates principally in Cincinnati, has worked into a strong earning position. The \$14,196,500 of first 5s, 1927, are secured by a first mortgage on property and securities carried at over \$65,000,000. Interest charges have been earned by a substantial margin, even during the period of highest costs. Earnings are now running at the highest rate ever reported, income available for fixed charges and depreciation amounting to \$5,547,700 for the first seven months of 1922 against \$4,345,680 in the corresponding period of last year. Fixed charges for 1922 should be earned more than twice over.

The Commonwealth Power Company operates in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and at the present time has electric generating stations of 306,867 horsepower, of which 101,500 horsepower are hydro-electric. The gas plants have a capacity of approximately 30,000,000 cubic feet a day. Undeveloped water power resources aggregate about 200,000 horsepower. The \$12,431,000 of 6 per cent. bonds, 1947, are secured by a pledge of \$33,394,400 of stock representing control of five important subsidiary companies. The net earnings available for depreciation and dividends on the securities pledged amounted to \$4,678,407 for the twelve months ended August 31, 1922. Annual interest requirements together with a sinking fund of \$250,000 per year amount to \$995,860 annually. The equity of the bonds outstanding increases year by year as a sinking fund operates.

The Consumers Power Company serves with gas and electricity a section of lower Michigan, having an estimated population of 775,000. The electric business has increased 168 per cent. within the last seven years and the gas business has increased 166 per cent. in the same period. About 84 per cent. of the net earnings are derived from the sale of electric current, over 66 per cent. of which is hydro-electric. For the twelve months ended September 30, 1922, net earnings available for interest charges on the bonded debt amounted to 3.15 times the requirement.

The Detroit Edison 1st ref. 5s, 1940, outstanding to the amount of \$16,665,000, are secured jointly with \$18,319,000 by a first lien on a new generating station at Detroit and by a lien on all other property subject to \$10,000,000 of first 5s, 1933. Securities are deposited also as additional security. The plant investment is carried at over \$86,000,

000. For the first nine months of 1922 a new high record of earnings applicable to bond interest and depreciation was established, amounting to \$4,968,400 against \$4,217,900 in the corresponding period of 1921. Interest charges are being earned about twice over.

The Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company operates a dual system of tubes connecting New York City with Jersey City and Hoboken. The company is showing a consistent expansion in earning power, interest on the funded debt being covered about twice over at present. The \$37,521,234 1st ref. 5s, 1957, are secured by mortgage on the entire property subject to \$5,000,000 of prior lien bonds.

Laclede Gas Light ref. 5s, 1934, are outstanding to the amount of \$10,000,000 and secured by first mortgage on all property and franchises which are carried at more than \$40,000,000. This company has showed a remarkable recovery in earning power recently, earning its bond interest about one and three-fourths times over during the first six months of 1922, against only 88 per cent. of the requirement in 1921. Dividends were recently resumed on the common stock.

The Niagara Falls Power Cons. 6s, 1950, are outstanding to the amount of \$10,000,000 and secured by mortgage on the entire operating company. Interest on the funded debt has been earned from two to two and one-half times over each year for several years.

The growth of Pacific Gas & Electric is substantial and consistent. As fast as it has grown the company has not been able to supply the demand. Interest charges were earned twice over in 1921 and about two and one-half times over in the first six months of this year. A large unit was recently put into operation which means a further gain in income.

The Philadelphia Company \$20,000,000 of 1st ref. 6s, 1914, are secured by a first mortgage on properties and securities valued at \$56,000,000 and further secured by liens on \$41,000,000 additional property which is subject to \$16,622,000 of underlying bonds. Interest on the funded debt has been earned from two and one-half times to four times over each year for the last ten years.

During the past three weeks, although the news has been generally favorable, the stock market has had a severe decline, with numerous issues suffering sharp breaks. This reaction has since been followed by a very good rally. However, if we analyze the situation, the market's behavior is not surprising. For about fourteen months security prices had steadily advanced with two minor interruptions, one in June and one in September, when recessions of about five points each occurred in the averages. Therefore, it is not necessary to look beyond the market itself for reasons for the present reaction.

Price movements, whether in stocks or commodities and whether upward or downward, never proceed uninterruptedly. Usually a bull market may be divided into two or more phases, separated by major reactions, each phase itself being punctuated by minor setbacks. The present decline in the averages has extended about eight and a half points and, if it proves to be the separating reaction between two periods of the bull market it may even go a bit farther. In view of the extended rise of the past year, a setback of, say, ten points more or less in the averages would be altogether normal and reasonable. This does not mean that all stocks will decline, for there are many issues whether either the advance has been moderate or there has been no distributive selling, and in such instances we may expect little or no recession or possibly a continuance of the rise, while the overbilled speculative leaders are dropping to a point where reaccumulation will take place.

The outlook for the bond and investment market has undergone a very real change. Price movements here are largely determined by the trend in interest rates; that is, as long as the latter declines bond prices rise and vice versa. Now, as the result of the enormous flotation of new securities during the past year and the steadily increasing demands of expanding industry for funds, the supply of money no longer exceeds the demand. It does not follow, though, that there shall immediately succeed a period of rising money rates



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severely during the war period because gross income could not be expanded to cover the increase in operating costs, but the situation has been reversed and now wages and materials have declined and in almost every case the increase in rates, or at least a large part of it, has been retained. This means a gain in income and a decline in outgo with the result that the margin of safety on senior obligations has become wide, says *Forbes Magazine*.

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declining interest rates sound railroad and public utility bonds have advanced considerably, but in the case of the latter the advance generally has not discounted present conditions and many sound public utility bonds may be purchased to yield much higher than railroad bonds of a corresponding grade. The reason for this is that investors have not had their attention called as repeatedly to public utility bonds as to railroad bonds. In a great

and falling bond prices. What is likely is that for many months we may see stabilization around the current levels.

The approach of another crisis in the German reparations question has resulted in a sharp decline in French and Belgian francs and bonds. Of course German marks also have descended to new depths, but for some time they have been so close to the zero point as to be scarcely entitled to the designation of money. However, there are signs that at



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last the Allies are beginning to realize that definite and concerted action must be taken, else Germany will reach the condition of Austria, from whom hopes of an indemnity have long since been abandoned.

Operations in the steel trade continue at about 70 per cent. capacity, which, although not sufficient to fully supply the demand, is most satisfactory in view of conditions as regards coal and cars. Last week's coal output was the largest since the termination of the strike, and there now seems little likelihood

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of scarcity during the coming winter, provided the railroads are able to distribute it.

Car loadings continue to show increase, and general industrial and commercial conditions and prospects throughout the country are very encouraging.—*The Trader.*

In no civilized country have recent events in England caused less excitement than in England. To outsiders, however, it came as a shock that the man who had rendered so great services to his country at a critical period in her history, who had furthermore

would puzzle them would be that any one should have thought otherwise.

On the face of it, it surely seemed that the people of England had grown tired of Mr. Lloyd George. What they were really tired of were the consequences of the position he occupied. Subconsciously, they felt that he was being hampered in the work he was doing, and was being prevented from doing other and—to their minds—more important work by his associates. Illogical, as they have ever been, they attacked the man instead of the sources of his weakness.

English political parties, so far as principles go, may be compared to the dummies that dress the window of a storekeeper whose enterprise is ahead of his capital. The wrappings and labels represent nothing. The Conservative party owes it to the late Lord Beaconsfield that it is not conservative; the old Liberal (Whig) party died with the Duke of Devonshire of Gladstone's days, its place being taken by a motley crowd of political jugglers, styled Liberal or Radical as you please. The Labor party, at one time a serious competitor for office, is now a patchwork quilt, stained and frayed. The "Wizard of Wales" is responsible for its condition, a fact that explains labor's distrust of him. Its only hope is that he may decide to restore it, under his own guidance. At present it is divided into at least three camps, the trades unions, the "Free Labor" indeterminates, and the Socialists—the last a house divided against itself, comprising the Intellectuals, the Social Democrats, and the British Socialist party (a bunch of dreamers, hard drinkers, and Weary Willies).

The foreign policy of England will remain what it has been for centuries. Two things are of its essence today, the development of foreign trade and the maintenance of a hold on the East. The road through Asia Minor will be kept open, Constantinople will be balanced against Mesopotamia. The Turk will be kept strong enough to render futile any Russian designs, imperialist or bolshevist, but he will be watched. Both German and Russian friendship will be cultivated—for trade purposes. France will not be antagonized, if

it can be prevented, but this is a risk that will be taken.

The general trade situation has developed in an orderly manner during the past month, without any exciting or disturbing features, says the National City Bank. The weak spot to which we alluded a month ago, to-wit: the relatively low prices of most agricultural products, has been strengthened by advances in grain, dairy products, and cotton, which sentimentally and practically are of great benefit. The railroads have been handling a volume of traffic closely approaching that of October, 1920, and above that of any other month on record. For the week ended October 14th the number of cars loaded with freight was 983,470, against 910,529 in the corresponding week of 1921, and 1,018,539 in the corresponding week of 1920. Undoubtedly car-loadings would be running above the 1920 figures if the railroads were able to handle the business offered. The movement of grain has been seriously hampered by lack of cars or motive power, with the result that spot grain in New York and Chicago has commanded a premium over the normal parity with country markets and over the future deliveries, a situation which has not existed since the fall of 1920. Country elevators are full, and unable to take farmers' deliveries. At the twelve leading Western primary markets receipts of all grains since July 1st have been less than last year, but more than in the corresponding period of 1920.

The production of coal has been below the capacity of the mines, partly from lack of cars and partly because of an indisposition of purchasers to accumulate stock on a falling market. The coal situation, however, is working easier, and consumers are so far getting what they need as fast as they require it.


The industries are generally active, with employment practically full and wages continuing to come into line on the higher level established last month. Retail trade in the industrial centres has improved, and is now running well over last year's figures. The iron and steel industry is operating at about 70 per cent. of capacity, and the congestion of orders is diminishing. The premiums for

early deliveries are disappearing; the supply of pig iron is gaining on the demand, and the price is falling.

More construction work of an industrial character is being planned, particularly with a view to economical production. Orders for railroad cars and locomotives continue to be large, but sales of fabricated structural steel for September were the lowest for the building season, which is usually the case. The outlook for building operations next year is good.

Newport is the summer home of a large population, coming from Orange, Riverside, and San Bernardino counties, and also from Los Angeles. It has a permanent resident population of 1500, and the local fisheries are an industry of importance. It is on a branch line of the Southern Pacific from Santa Ana, and on the Pacific Electric Railway, which operates frequent trains. East Newport and Balboa are both embraced in the city limits of Newport Beach. Newport Beach has two banks and two public schools, with grammar and high school grades.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

## The Green Overcoat.

Like Mr. Shaw, Mr. Belloc is really at his best and most entertaining when riding on the easy snaffle of romance. And just as, when G. B. S. casts themes, socialism, Shavianism, and circus stunts generally to the four winds and swings into the light-hearted canter of "Cashel Byron's Profession," his performance is the more brilliant and instructive, so Mr. Belloc in his lighter romancing moments sometimes goes farther than in his most deliberate and constructive work. "The Green Overcoat" was obviously written in a mood of relaxation, but the play of a mind like Mr. Belloc's is apt to be better work than most writers are capable of in moods of lyric inspiration. So "The Green Overcoat" contains a deal of wisdom and more human nature than

one meets with in nine so-called psychological novels out of ten.

The chief beauty of Hillaire Belloc, as indeed of his not dissimilar colleague, Bernard Shaw, is a total absence of sentimentality. Having shown the ancient pedagogue's conduct as it certainly would have been in the grilling circumstances of his kidnapping and enforced forgery, he does not moralize in the superior fashion of many writers we know who, judged from the vigor with which they mete punishment to the erring, are lined up on the side of the fence occupied by the ex-Kaiser and God: neither does he lecture on the fallibility of the human will. He states his facts and they tell their own story, which, as every one who has read "The Green Overcoat" knows, is one to keep the reader taut to the very jolly finish.

One more word about the particular quality of Mr. Belloc's type of novel as distinguished say from Mr. Bennett's or Mr. Wells', to name two who are of the top notch. Would that the latter two and their numerous following could as easily find a theme outside of their terrible preoccupation, sex! "The Green Overcoat" shows it can be done—perhaps not by every one, but conversely we are sure that any one could write a novel about sex. Nothing is easier than nothing stupider. But it takes sheer genius to reveal the plain, ordinary "cussedness" of humanity as Hillaire Belloc and Bernard Shaw indubitably can. We should like to see the outcome of a contest in which all the leading English-writing novelists participated, each to write on some such theme as that of "The Green Overcoat," sex treatment thereof barred. Mr. Belloc, who has a fertile mind, could probably spare one for the good of the cause. Conrad and Walpole would come in with flying colors, but, oh, we wonder where some of the chief luminaries would land. Or would they even struggle through at all? R. G.

THE GREEN OVERCOAT. By Hillaire Belloc. New York: Robert McBride & Co.

## When Winter Comes to Main Street.

A book that frankly confesses itself an advertisement and maintains that it is none the worse for that is "When Winter Comes to Main Street," a title to lead one to suppose he has before him yet another parody, the fad for which has become almost as satiating as the thing parodied. But Mr. Grant Overton's book with the dubious title, which, by the way, he is rather proud of—why is it that American humor calls everything odd or grotesque funny, whether it means anything or not?—is, as he admits, an advertisement; not, as we supposed, a parody. The book is a collection of short chatty sketches, half biography, half gossip of Doran authors, and truly it is amazing to discover how many of the great and near great are on the Doran roster. It is almost like the Victor organization and the opera stars. But of course that is an impression, and if the other publishers follow Mr. Doran and Mr. Overton's example in composing local Who's Whos, the result, we are sure, will be just as impressive. Mr. Overton, by the way, is the author of "The Women Who Make Our Novels," and was therefore in good training to deal with the corollary of the women who make the Doran novels. Though in strict accuracy it must be said that this score or so of Doranites are mostly masculine.

WHEN WINTER COMES TO MAIN STREET. By Grant Overton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

## Lilian.

The recipe for selling a bad book is to write first a number of good ones. Some such doctrine seems to be the motive power back of Mr. Bennett's latest, "Lilian." "The Pretty Lady" was weak and so was "The Roll Call" with its cheap factitious use of the war, but "Lilian" is worse. If Eleanor Glyn had written it it would be called scandalous, and if any one else had perpetrated its horrors the chances are they never would have seen the light of print—or at least not on our simon-pure native shores. But, of course, the author of the "Hilda" trilogy and even of the "Old Wives' Tale" should be allowed some privileges. Potboiling is a custom hallowed by its antiquity and traditions. Still, there must be some rules to even the ancient game of potboiling, or it would not have stood the test of time, and in our opinion "Lilian" must break all of them.

Usually we are averse to "telling the story" of a book, for the excellent reason that a reviewer has no right to steal the thunder of the author (or the publisher) of the book reviewed. But that nice observation connotes a plot, and "Lilian" is guiltless of either plot or dynamite, though it frequently has the effect of ipecac on the hapless reader. It is, briefly, the story of a stenographer who "goes wrong" according to American standards, but evidently not Mr. Bennett's or that of the public he is counting on, and is made an "honest woman" by a deathbed marriage. Truly an original theme. Did Mr. Bennett write it on a bet or has he been rereading "Pamela" and does he think to palm off its ancient theme on a new generation unversed in eighteenth-century or Victorian fiction? We thought at first that our author had sworn

allegiance to the continental novel and was going to convince the British public once for all that the liaison does exist and that he, Arnold Bennett, was out with a brief for it. But the staid Britisher was too much for the anarchist. Mr. Bennett fell in love with his lovely but rather glib heroine and made the charming roué marry her. Very simple. Since the author holds the strings and very immaterial that the roué would not have felt bound to act according to the Richardson school of fiction.

But on the whole we are inclined to think that "Lilian" was written on a bet. If by any chance the bet includes the proviso that its existence must not be guessed at, then we insist that Mr. Bennett loses. And we do not care how much either, after having waded through miles of such rot as this: "He had impregnated her with new ideas; he had reassured her; he had justified her enjoyment; he was amazing; he was mad about her, in his restrained style; and now he would surprisingly dance with her." The amazing, surprising, marvelous creature, a Bennett-made man!

LILIAN. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

## Overlooked.

Maurice Baring is both a charming and an original writer, and deserving of a description less trite than that one. Unfortunately one applies the words so carelessly that when they are particularly suitable they mean nothing. "Overlooked" is a novel that is a literary heir of many of Henry James—a fact that seems to contradict the claim we have made for Mr. Baring's originality. But of course there is nothing really new under the sun. James himself confesses to have borrowed—or inherited—freely from the French, even from Ouida. But the theme of "Overlooked" is novel and its treatment is so fresh that it actually reminds one of no one. Mr. Baring has used the dodge of a non-literary man keeping notes on a little drama that was unfolding at a certain watering place while his friend, a novelist, dished the same thing up in regulation literary form—a lush field for satire.

As for the theme, you may have your choice between the drama as "seen" by Anthony Kay, the elderly blind man, who kept his notes from his keen flair for attitudes or the story told by James Rudd, the novelist, who prided himself on his talent for nuances. It is not every writer who could present his figures and his tale from two such angles of parallax and keep any uniform effect at all. But Maurice Baring succeeds, not only in giving a double edge to his story, but in wielding the blade thus fashioned with a wicked thrust at prosperous "genius" and in the ways of novelists in particular.

OVERLOOKED. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

## Notes of Books and Authors

Mary Roberts Rinehart confesses that her greatest handicap is a growing self-criticism which slows down and sometimes temporarily stops her writing. "The Breaking Point" (Doran) was written twice completely and portions of it oftener still.

A new Leonard Merrick book is in order for early publication by the Duttons, its title to be "To Tell You the Truth." It will contain a number of short stories of which none has been published heretofore in book form.

The colored frontispieces of the four-volume "History of the Great War," by John Buchan, are portraits of Lloyd George, Sims, Pershing, and Foch. The inscription under the portrait of Foch has caused some comment because he is given the title of Field Marshal. The reason for this is that when Sir William Orpen painted this portrait in 1919 Foch had been given the honorary title of Field Marshal in the British army. Therefore we presume this eminent military English painter preferred to give him the benefit of his English honors.

Stephen Graham is back in New Mexico, this time in company with Wilfrid Ewart, the author of that novel "Way of Revelation" which has aroused so much comment. Mr. Ewart has bought a horse and its trappings and plans to fare forth with Mr. Graham to the Grand Cañon this fall. It is not known whether this means that the Graham "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies" will be followed by "Riding with a Novelist in the Cañons." An interesting contrast between the two men and their literary methods can be obtained by reading Graham's account of his Rocky Mountain tramp with Vachel Lindsay and Ewart's new "A Journey in Ireland." The free and easy dash of the one is as striking as the realistic, photograph-like manner of the other.

A recent marriage in England is of interest to all who have received pleasure from the writings of those skillful romancers, the late Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle. Their only child, Marie Louise, was married to Count Antoine de Meus at Brompton recently. All the way from the days of "The Pride of Jennico" to their last work, "Pamela Pounce," published just after Mr. Castle's death last year, the Castles wrote with undiminished and always delightful zest of gallant romance.

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BRIEFER REVIEWS.

M. Coue Again.

M. Coue's visit to America, which has doubled and trebled the public interest in his famous formula, gives point to a very compact little book by Hugh Macnaghton, the vice-provost of Eton College, who, beginning a skeptic, has become one of the most industrious disciples of the man from Nancy. The book, which in size is little more than a bound pamphlet, entitled "Emile Coue, the Man and His Work" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a recapitulation of the method of autosuggestion and of some of M. Coue's remarkable work.

The Outline of Science.

The fourth volume of Professor Thompson's "Outline of Science" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has now appeared, thus completing one of the most intrinsically valuable books that

has ever been put before the public. The publication of some of the pioneer works of science have doubtless been more significant in their ultimate effect on their particular field, but we doubt if any single book has gone further to illuminate the mind of the layman, commonly known as the man in the street or the general reader, than has this remarkably edited, inclusive outline of science. The subject treated in the fourth volume are bacteria, physiography, oceanography, animal electricity, the lower vertebrates, the Einstein theory, the biology of the seasons, the essence of mind, ethnology, the story of domesticated animals, hygiene, and last, but not least, an interesting analysis of the nature and aim of science written by the editor.

The Winter's Tale.

The Duttons have issued an unusually beautiful edition of "The Winter's Tale," whose feature is the unique illustrations or rather stage settings by Maxwell Armfield. This master of the wing and back drop was recently commissioned to produce a Shakespearean play and chose "The Winter's Tale" because of its Greek tradition and the fact that he was then interested in developing the significance of gesture and posture as known to the Greeks. The pictures illustrating the present text are a further development of the experiment. Mr. Armfield imbues the pageantry of the Middle Ages, which has been apt to savor of gingerbread in most of our Elizabethan revivals, with the dignity and economy of Greek gesture. The result is to preserve the archaic note of the sixteenth century, but to give it new strength and significance.

New Books Received.

THE THREE FIRES. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. A story of Ceylon.

THE CATHEDRAL. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2. A novel by the author of "Fortitude."

TWO PERSONS. By Edward W. Bok. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents. An incident and an epilogue.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By Frank K. Sanders. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

THE BLACK WOLF PACK. By Dan Beard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.65. Juvenile.

THE TRAMPING METHODIST. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. The first novel of the author of "Janna Godden."

KNUT HAMSUN. By Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.50. A study of the Scandinavian writer by the editor of the *American-Scandinavian Review*.

LILY. By Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2. By the author of "Jade" and "Lady Luck."

THE QUEST. By Pio Baroja. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. Translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg.

THE ROOM. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. A novel.

PIPPIN. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2. A novel.

THE KINGMAKERS. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.90. A political mystery story.

THE POISONED PARADISE. By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2. A romance of Monte Carlo.

RAINBOW GOLD: POEMS OLD AND NEW. Selected for boys and girls by Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. With illustrations by Dugald Walker.

THE REAL LINCOLN. By Jesse W. Weik. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4. By the collaborator with Lincoln's law partner,

Mr. Herndon, in writing the official life of Lincoln. The present volume deals with the personal side of Lincoln's life.

LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

The inner history of the war cabinet.

INCA LAND. By Hiram Bingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

Explorations in the highlands of Peru.

ONCE ON A TIME. By A. A. Milne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A fairy tale for grown-ups.

THE BOY ADVENTURERS IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75.

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HALF PAST SEVEN STORIES. By Robert Gordon Anderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

For young children.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF DEMOCRACY. By Clarence True Wilson. San Francisco: The Abingdon Press.

The people's right to rule.

THE VALIDITY OF AMERICAN IDEALS. By Shailer Mathews. San Francisco: The Abingdon Press. Lectures on the Bennett Foundation, Wesleyan University.

THE SECRETS OF SVENGALI. By J. H. Duval. New York: James T. White & Co.; \$2.

On singing, singers, teachers and critics.

STEEL. By Charles Rumford Walker. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.75.

The diary of a furnace worker.

IMPROMPTU MAGIC WITH PATTERN. By George De Lawrence. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co.

GYPSTING THROUGH CENTRAL AMERICA. By Eugene Cunningham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

The record of a horseback journey through the Central American countries.

MY YEARS ON THE STAGE. By John Drew. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

With a foreword by Booth Tarkington.

THE SHAKESPEARE GARDEN. By Esther Singleton. New York: The Century Company; \$3.

On the horticulture of Shakespeare's day.

OUR MEDICINE MEN. By Paul H. De Kruif. New York: The Century Company; \$1.75.

An analysis of the practice of medicine.

MY LIFE. By Emma Calvé. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4.

Autobiography.

FIRE CASTLES. By Maurine Hathaway. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.50.

Verse.

ALONE. By George Wesley Davis. Los Angeles: Times Mirror Press.

A romance of California.

THE DUST FLOWER. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel.

RACKHOUSE. By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.90.

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WHY WARS COME. By Rear-Admiral A. P.

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LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton, F. R. G. S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Being further experiences of a New Guinea resident magistrate.

SAINT JEANNE D'ARC. By Minna Caroline Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

The mystical story of a girl of the people.  
IN LOTUS-LAND JAPAN. By Herbert G. Ponting. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.  
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PETER WESTON.

The reorganization of the Alcazar Theatre has been the means of evolving a well-balanced company capable of doing most creditable work. It may be that Frank Keenan's identification with the present enterprise—giving a local première to a play that Mr. Thomas Wilkes means to produce on Broadway—has stiffened up the company to extra effort. Mr. Keenan is a very fine actor and his personal direction of the company must have had a magnetic effect. And Mary Newcomb is distinctly an asset that counts. Then there is Netta Sunderland: a handsome young actress with metropolitan ease and finish to her acting.

"Peter Weston," therefore, is having a chance; for every one in the company does creditable work. Even the actress in the rôle of the little maid, Hope Drown by name, played so well the mad terror and desperate cry for help of the maid when she witnessed the murder that the fact that she was acting did not obtrude; was, indeed, almost forgotten.

"Peter Weston" is in the same line of plays as Githa Sowerby's "Rutherford & Son"; plays of family life in which the clash of character is precipitated by paternal tyranny. To this class belongs quite a group of famous plays: "The Voyage Inheritances," "Milestones," and "Hindle Wakes," and, to add a now well-seasoned play of Continental birth, "Magda."

Such plays make a much more intimate appeal than the old historical fustian or those in which the action was confined exclusively to the elegant artificialities of the drawing-room. Therefore "Peter Weston" was listened to with deep interest on its first night, even those artless primitives who express every emotion by childlike laughter being occasionally silenced by the emotions raging in the Weston family.

Peter, the founder of the iron works that made him a multimillionaire, belongs to that class of domestic tyrant whose presence ties tongues and whose absence sets them loose to relieve by contumely the mental repression caused by the habitual boastings of a strong-willed meglomaniac.

To dominate every one around him is an obsession with Peter. Thus we see all the native talents and natural impulses of his children repressed; a situation that always appeals strongly to the sympathies of an audience.

For it is very common for a certain kind of parent to believe that his children are his subjects, and to attempt, even after the younger generation has achieved the independence of self-support, to continue to exercise absolute sway.

That kind of parenthood has probably helped to develop the twentieth-century kind of filial attitude, which insists on its right to independence of action before youth has gained the right by adulthood and self-support.

The play, therefore, may be said to be a little behind the times. For shortly there will, no doubt, be a line of plays in which the younger generation will be wrestling to grasp the reins of family dominance from older hands, instead of yielding to parental authority, as in the past.

The exercise of will, however, is one of the most interesting features of human nature, as also the ease with which a masterful, determined will can dominate weaker ones.

Frank Dazey's theme—I understand that he is the theme-maker of the play and Leighton Osmun the dialoguist—is to show how a man can wreck his own life by his oblivion of the rights of other lives. It is the same that is used in "Rutherford & Son," but differently treated. For Peter Weston has affections, and therefore he is not invincible.

Of this strong, able, energetic egotist Frank Keenan presented a finely detailed impersonation. His sledgehammer methods, the resistless strength with which he rode over opposition, is splendidly conveyed by an actor endowed with the forceful personality and the histrionic strength that enables him to convey it.

There is almost sunshine in the presence of the successful tyrant until one discovers that the light emanating from him is more like an electric glare, illuminating nearly every hidden corner in which revolt smoulders.

Mary Newcomb's rôle is a marked contrast to that in "Nice People." In this one she is a gentle, yielding girl, slow to revolt, and only able to hold her own by cutting herself

loose from the tyrant. Miss Newcomb was particularly moving in her depiction of the mental and physical prostration of a girl whose happiness is suddenly blasted, and in the sudden up-leaping of self-assertion with which the girl announced her tragical secret.

Netta Sunderland was excellent in conveying the bright, hard, cynical defiance of an emancipated and fearless daughter-in-law to the family despot, the young lady's technique being worthy of Broadway.

Jerome Sheldon and Emmet Vogan also conveyed most successfully the different individualities of the two sons, and George Webster, H. L. Willits, and Norman Feusier, and one or two others in lesser rôles, contributed a most commendable share toward a general performance in which tone, technique, and finish were much nearer to a high standard than we are accustomed to at the Alcazar. Also, there was a suitable and attractive setting, and if Mr. Thomas Wilkes can keep things up at this standard—not counting, of course, on having in the ordinary course of things a star in the cast—San Franciscans may rely on seeing a certain line of Eastern attractions adequately and attractively presented.

It might be added, as a final word, that the play is in such good shape that very little cutting will be necessary. The dialogue is direct and forceful, and there is considerable humor in those lines which betray character. One or two scenes run a little over-long, but that will be easily remedied.

#### "THE SPRING MAID."

This jolly little operetta was first made known to us by jolly little Mitzi Hajos. She was, if not new to us then, still comparatively a novelty on the American stage, with her pretty, foreign face and her piquant foreign accent, and the piece was very successful.

It is a good idea to revive it at the Rivoli with another pretty woman, Lillian Glaser of the crystalline soprano, in the rôle. Miss Glaser's sapling-like slenderness is set off by the pagodaed skirts of her costume, and her flying blonde curls frame her face prettily.

Lavinia Winn attracts the pleased regard with her dainty figure of faultless symmetry, and, as the cup-bearer at the fountain-coquets with demure propriety.

John Van, dressed to kill in a white Hungarian uniform, contributed his robustly effective tenor to the highly decorative rôle of a princess-shy prince, and Ferris Hartman has so successfully reestablished his old friendly entente with his audience that there are mingled streams of personal regard and pleasure over his success as an amuser, heading steadily, all through the programme, toward the popular comedian.

Ferris Hartman, indeed, has been so bathed in bliss over the success of the Rivoli that his friends are hoping that it will help him to bear up against the financial blow of the recent expensive hold-up at that place. And perhaps the police may be able to repair damages.

"The Spring Maid" is a very melodious composition, and the tunelessly inclined audience demanded so many encores that the opera almost ended in being a music lesson. The sprightly young chorus, being vocally well endowed, and also carefully trained by Paul Steindorff, who is thoroughly seasoned in work of this kind, give the exhilarating choral numbers with youthful gusto.

In fact, a general atmosphere of happiness at the Rivoli finds a pleased reflection in the bosoms of the spectators.

A long cast of fifteen players and singers, including Nona Campbell, who has her opportunity in "The Song of the Nightingale," and Rafael Brunetto, who seems to have lighted on his feet in the congenial atmosphere of musical comedy, contributes an abundance of action and variety, and Edna Malone, with Paul Hartman coming out strong as an assistant dancer, gave a clever imitation of the magically moving cut-out that tickle the ribs in every Orpheum programme.

Altogether, if one wants to be in a sort of lively love feast between performers and public, go to the Rivoli, where you will find fun and fancy, pretty girls, and tuneful melodies sung by young and pretty voices.

#### THE EUROPEAN INVASION.

It has been the custom for America to go to Europe, but since the war a European invasion of all classes has been heading our way. True, the new immigration laws act as a deterrent to the working classes, but princes, noblemen, generals and statesmen from Europe have become so common in America that they have almost ceased to be a show.

And now a later form of the incoming tide has taken on an artistic complexion. For not only will the company from the Art Theatre in Moscow be in New York this winter, but already the tide of English plays and players has shown a tendency almost to submerge American production. For American producers, avid for profit during these hard times, are looking Europe over for novelties. Even Germany has had the once over. Pola Negri and other motion-picture stars have thrown the handkerchief, and German musicians are

coming over by the score to America. The Russian "Sauve-Souris" has grown to be an old story in New York, and is being imitated in English. There will be German plays spoken in German on Broadway, it is said, and France contributes plays and special cabaret attractions.

Almost it seems as if the confusion of tongues born on the Tower of Babel is descended upon us, and it begins to look as if America, melting-pot of the races, and next to the British the worst linguists in the world, will have to look to itself and master a few languages besides its own.

However, the translator has been busy, and Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd" and the brothers Quintero's "Malvaloca" are among foreign-born pieces on which New York has been passing judgment, Ethel Barrymore starring in the German piece and Jane Cowl in the Spanish one, neither of the plays being very much liked.

Still another translated piece, entitled "R. U. R.," has created quite a sensation in New York. It suggests H. G. Wells' boom-food story, although more horrific, for it tells a story in which human beings, in order to be relieved from toil, are replaced by "robots," creatures made by a scientific formula, who lack affections, resentments, and emotions generally, for like the bee-workers, they lack a perception of sex.

It sounds good to the selfish, comfort-craving mind. Haven't we housewives longed at times for a specially constructed aluminum maid-of-all-work who doesn't require to have her irritably sensitive feelings carefully walked around or an irritably sudden temper dodged or placated? What a soothing thought it seems, recalling how the pearl of a maid, after several years' service, when she has become indispensable and knows it, thinks she owns us, and begins to run her angles against ours!

But in "R. U. R."—which means "Rossum's (the manufacturer's) Universal Robots"—the robots got gay and began to rise against the human race with its dwindling birth rate. Somebody in the group of robot-makers, being cursed with scientific curiosity, tampered with the formula, and the emotionally-inarticulate robots began to feel. From feeling came to doing, and then to rebelling, which made drama; a rather ghastly form of drama, from all accounts, the play having had its conception in the scientific Teutonic mind.

However, some ingenious burlesquer on Broadway will surely take hold of the idea and make a travesty of it, in which will, no doubt, be seen hopeful housekeepers reveling in the perfect piece of mechanism that relieved them from distasteful drudgery, until the dream of lifelong comfort is suddenly changed to bereavement, and the perfect robot developed a Swedish accent and a temper.

I shouldn't be surprised if the original idea of the robot had its concept from the Singapore armies of the war (in "R. U. R." they have armies of absolutely submissive robots). Those black soldiers, with their readiness to fight for a return of food, lodging, and clothes, and with their emotional detachment from the real causes of the war, and, in the majority of cases, ignorance as to what it was all about, must have seemed to the observant mind like useful and well-machined automatons.

#### PICTURED BIOGRAPHY.

An Eastern motion-picture organization, headed by Arthur Zinkin, an intellectualist who has specialized in educational work, is planning a novelty that should please those devotees of motion pictures that long to get away from photographed drivel. The purpose is to produce photo-plays which are biographies of famous musicians; the biographies, however, to be given over entirely to the romantic phases in their lives. Some of the musicians whose fame and the texture of whose lives have led to their selection are Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Haydn, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Berlioz, Grieg, Schubert and McDowell.

The pictures are to be accompanied by appropriate selections from the works of the subjects of the biographies, and continuous scores will be arranged by Clarence Adler, a pianist well known in New York.

For some time Mr. Zinkin has been collecting material for this work. The idea is excellent, provided it is done from an artist's and not from a mere investor's standpoint, and it suggests the possibility of enlarging on the idea, drawing the sensationalized youth of the

country away from pictured melodrama and sentimentality to a contemplation of the fascination of truth as far as it can be revived and pictured in the lives of famous writers, painters, soldiers and scientists.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

One of the three new operas by contemporary composers to be given at the Munich Festival this year was Pfitzner's "Palestrina," based on the life of the greatest of Italian choral masters. In this connection the publication of a book on Palestrina, by Zoe Kendrick Pyne, which Dodd, Mead & Co. have just issued, is both interesting and timely. The volume not only covers the life and work of the noted composer (who was born in 1526), but presents a comprehensive history of sixteenth-century music.

Chaliapin and Maxim Gorky have collaborated in writing a "huge Russian scenario" which an American syndicate is to produce next year with the great Russian singer in the leading rôle.

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What has been heralded as "the greatest playground in the world" is being constructed by the Park Commission for the children of San Francisco.

The site is at the northwestern corner of the Lake Merced Rancho at the junction of the Great Highway, Sloat Boulevard and the new Skyline Boulevard.

Sixty acres are being transformed into a "Kiddies Paradise" that will include a clubhouse, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, and a huge swimming pool.

This swimming pool of salt water, within sound of the booming Pacific surf, will be a thousand feet long, a hundred feet wide, and will contain four and one-half million gallons of water. It will accommodate 10,000 swimmers at one time.

Work on this magnificent addition to the outdoor recreation facilities of San Francisco is now proceeding under the supervision of John McLaren.

The city of San Francisco has leased the acreage for this wonderful playground from the Spring Valley Water Company.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Mitzi, the elfish musical-comedy star, comes to the Columbia Theatre, Monday night, November 27th, in the first New York musical comedy of the season at that house. Her vehicle is called "Lady Billy" and was written by Zella Sears, remembered as an actress of note, and by Harold Levey, a protégé of Victor Herbert. Henry W. Savage sponsors the production.

The large company is practically the same that appeared during the long runs of the play at the Liberty Theatre, New York, and at the Illinois Theatre in Chicago. Among the principals are Boyd Marshall, Fan Bourke, Mark Smith, Vira Riel, Ethel Allis, Edward Ciannelli, Vera Kingston and Charles Gay.

The company's opera orchestra will augment the local orchestra. Mitzi will sing seven new songs and appear in various rôles, from that of a gardener's boys in overalls to countess in gold brocades.

At the Curran.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" will enter upon its third week at the Curran Theatre Sunday, with a special matinee at 5 o'clock. It will be given twice daily, once in the afternoon and once in the evening, during the coming week. The music score that was written especially for "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is being interpreted with exceptional skill by Petro Marino and his selected orchestra.

The New Baritone.

John Charles Thomas, a new concert baritone who is creating a stir in the concert world, will give a song recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, November 26th, at 2:30 o'clock sharp, under the management of Frank W. Healy. Mr. Thomas will have the assistance of William Janashek, a most capable accompanist. Tickets for the Thomas Sunday afternoon concert are on sale now at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Ballade to Our Lady of Czestochowa.

Splendor and Queen and Mystery manifold -  
And very Regent of the untroubled sky,  
Whom in a dream St. Hilda did behold  
And heard a woodland music passing by:  
You shall receive me when the clouds are high  
With evening and the sheep attain the fold.  
This is the faith that I have held and hold,  
And this is that wherein I mean to die.

Steep are the seas and savaging and cold  
In broken waters terrible to try;  
And vast against the winter night the world,  
And harborless for any sail to lie.  
Yet have you heard above the waves a cry.  
And hanged above the hills a cusp of gold.  
This is the faith that I have held and hold,  
And this is that in which I mean to die.

Help of the half-defeated, Helm of old,  
Shrine of the Sword, and Tower of Ivory;  
Standing apart, supreme and aureoled,  
The Battler's vision and the World's reply.  
You shall restore me, O my last Ally,  
To vengeance and the glories of the bold.  
This is the faith that I have held and hold,  
And this is that in which I mean to die.

Envoy.

Prince of the degradations, bought and sold,  
These verses, written in your crumbling sty,  
Proclaim the faith that I have held and hold,  
And publish that in which I mean to die.  
—Hilaire Belloc in the New Statesman.

The Human Altitude

When I catch myself agape  
Grinning at a Barbary ape,  
Or assuming hatred lies  
In the hungry tiger's eyes;  
When I call the vulture "vile,"  
Or "devilish" the crocodile;  
Tigers "cruel," camels' humps  
"Ugly," or the roseate rumps  
Which baboons so proudly show  
As they swing from bough to bough;  
When I call the boar "malicious,"  
Kite "revolting," grizzly "vicious,"  
"Quaint" the lithe prehensile nose  
The elephant so blithely blows;  
When I say of birds: "The he-male  
Warbles to attract the she-male,"  
Or "Brute beasts are soulless," I  
Do not merely simply lie—  
I commit a sheer enormity  
Like one jeering at deformity—  
I curse the day and bless the night;  
In short, I sin against the light.  
When I reluctantly arise,  
Breakfast, after exercise,  
With dispassionate disdain,  
And breathlessly approach my train,  
With my bowler on and spats;  
Do the sparrows, dogs, and cats  
Mock me in amused delight?  
No, they don't, but well they might.  
Animals have no pretense  
Veiling their indifference.  
They don't overeat nor whine,  
Label all things "yours" and "mine."  
Never vulgar, avaricious,  
Sentimental, superstitious;  
Never snobbish, vengeful, vain,  
Pleasures they accept, and pain,  
Vice is unknown, filth abhorred.  
They do good without reward.  
When their lives on earth are done,  
Happily, I think, they run  
Over death's dividing dark,  
Where those saints who ran the Ark—  
Noah and Japheth, Ham and Shem—  
Probably look after them.

—Geoffrey Dearmer in the Nation and the Athenaeum.

The Inkberry.

The windflower swings in the woodland shade,  
A tethered star on an emerald glade;  
The violet sleeps on the leaf-riched mould,  
A fragment of sky on a sea of gold;

The marigold sways by the moonlit spring,  
A glimmer of fire like a censor's swing—

But the inkberry stands on the windy lands,  
An outlaw king with blood on his hands!  
—Arthur L. Phelps in Canadian Magazine.

The collection of German marks as a hobby is another form of Zero worship.—Punch.

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THE THEATRE GUILD.

The Theatre Guild is a hydra-headed producer of dramatic works which started out a little more than three years ago with a \$500 loan in the bank (subsequently returned with thanks, and possibly with interest) and a measly \$750 subscribed by prospective patrons, says Alexander Woolcott in the New York Times. In the brief interval since then it has made seventeen public productions and several private ones and has become the most important, the most interesting, and, to the watchers overseas, the most celebrated theatre in what is still quaintly called the Anglo-Saxon world. It will start its new season in October with nine plays selected from the literatures of the world, with about \$30,000 for accumulated profits in the roomy Guild stocking and with something like \$35,000 in the box-office, paid in there by the foresighted theatre-goers who will want tickets to all the pieces the Guild is to stage between now and June.

With this comforting if not completely comfortable security against losses, foreseen and unforeseen, it is now launched on a programme of production bolder, more ambitious, and more promising of interest to the adult play-goer than that shouldered for this year by any other English-speaking (laughter) producer, with the possible exception of Arthur Hopkins. That this wonder should have been worked at the once forlorn Garrick, in West Thirty-Fifth Street, shows with what pathetically scanty equipment—a few dollars, a little devotion, considerable æsthetic discernment, a bit of luck and a modicum of experience—our theatre can be transformed from what it cravenly and sluggishly is to what it so easily might be.

Since the Guild calls for subscriptions—asking, that is, for a few thousand Mæcenases instead of one—it takes on the color of a quasi-public institution, like the Metropolitan Opera House and the Boston Symphony. Therefore, its books should lie open to the public. The books are open because of the nature of the appeal the Guild frankly makes. The books are interesting because the Guild is an experiment which others are about to follow and which seems quite likely to impress its form and character on the American theatre of the next twenty-five years. A passing glance is given at them here, in order to set at rest two lively and mutually hostile legends about the Guild which have been adrift in our town these many months. One legend is that the Guild has been running at a heavy loss, nobly and silently borne by some Otto Kahn or other. The other legend is that the Guild is already foul with wealth, that it has made tremendous profits, which are being di-

vided by the directors and by them, riotously and in relays, squandered in the beer gardens on the Kurfürstendamm. A third, or rather a variant of the second, would have it that the vast loot of the Guild is being stowed away, with the idea of building a theatre in the rosy future, when the five-year lease of the Garrick has slipped unnoticed by.

Now, as it happens, none of these legends is true. There is, and has been, no mysterious backer. (Indeed, the man who did more than any single person to make the Guild a self-supporting success is a young, personable, remote fellow from Belfast who did his part before the Guild was ever thought of. All he did was to write "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg.") And all the wealth in the Guild's possession is that aforesaid \$30,000, an unmatched store of good-will, and a motley assortment of new and costly but valuable wisdom in the ways of the theatre.

Here, then, for the benefit of those who, in this and other cities, are of half a mind to follow in the path the Guild has blazed are a few bare facts. The Guild, sprung after the armistice from the ashes of the Washington Square Players, is directed by a board which consists of one banker, one lawyer, two playwrights of sorts, one fair-to-middling actress, and one first-rate artist. Without counting its several private performances of plays intended for subscribers only, it has proffered in its brief time some seventeen productions. Of these nine were profitable. They were "John Ferguson," "The Powers of Darkness," "Jane Clegg," "Heartbreak House," "Mr. Pim Passes By," "Liliom," "Ambush" (by the skin of its teeth if at all), "He Who Gets Slapped," and "From Morn to Midnight." Losses of varying dimensions were suffered in producing "Bonds of Interest," "The Treasure," "The Faithful," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "The Wife with a Smile" (and "Boubouroche"), "John Hawthorne," "Back to Methuselah," and "What the Public Wants."

Of the first group, the one that has thus far made the handsomest profit is "Liliom," the Hungarian fantasy which was first rejected by all the commercial (renewed laughter and catcalls) managers in town. Of the second group, the one that achieved the heaviest loss was, to no one's surprise, "Back to Methuselah." In an almost vertiginous access of respect for Mr. Shaw's well-known susceptibilities, the Guild stubbornly declines to tell just how many dollars it cost them to go back to Eden with Mr. Shaw. A good guess would be \$20,000. Not less, certainly.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It might be argued that if there were one good reason for withholding the suffrage from women it would not be necessary to invent so many; and it must be admitted that a great many have been put forward, here and in England, none of which seems to have stemmed the tide of feminism now threatening to drown the world in a perfumed flood. But the palm for ingenuity will have to be awarded to certain members of the French Senate when this pandemic question swept over it the other day. The reason they assigned was that French women do not need to vote because they are so much better treated by French men than English and American women are by English and American men. A French senator must by law be over forty years of age, and few are under sixty. By the time a Frenchman is sixty he knows a great deal about women. He knows them in the abstract and in the concrete, in the general and the particular, as an institution and as an amusement, as a solace and as a folly; when they are "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," as the poet so vividly put it, and when they are on the warpath and know just what they want and exactly how they are going to get it. What memories may not the thought of women raise in the mind of a French senator sixty years old, one of those old fellows with a black Assyrian beard, just beginning to show the basting thread through the dye, and a top hat and a long vista of rosy nights stretching behind him? And so when women want the parliamentary suffrage in France he may be presumed to know what he is talking about. Senator Labrousse declared that the Latin women were more honored by their men, and did not have to escape the "brutal yoke" placed on their wives by the men of the north, where feminism was a product of male excesses. Senator Hugues le Roux declared that in France women were the daughters of their fathers; a discovery fit to rank with all that is embodied in that great American feminist phrase, "mothers of men." We are as loathe to believe in daughters without fathers as in sons without mothers, and in either case we fail to see just what it proves. But it is argument, and of a kind leading inevitably to the conclusion that woman's place is in the home—to which the French Senate, after so much ingenuity and originality, actually did descend. So things seem to be taking the same course there as here. There is a woman in the American Senate. There will be women in the French Senate. And what is France that she should escape it?

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt continues to write brightly and optimistically on the ever-green subject of woman suffrage, and to enliven thereby the pages until recently directed by that thrifty Dutch-American journalist, Edward Bok. She has seen women's rights grow from small beginnings until she fears

the thing is going too far, and in her latest effusion seeks to set bounds. She gets away to a flying start by declaring: "One of those little incidents which cause thrones to totter and battles to stop occurred during the days when the pioneer women drew up that first Bill of Rights in the town of Seneca Falls, New York, in the year 1848." And as she specifies no other incident, she leaves us to infer that it was this Bill of Rights and what developed from it that caused the tottering of those thrones and the stoppage of those battles. Now, this is rather a flight, for a starter. We had supposed that the recent insecurity of thrones was caused in some way by the progress of some battles. But if the suffrage Bill of Rights caused the battles to stop, the tottering of thrones must have had some other cause. And if thrones tottered because of the Bill of Rights, what was it that sent Constantine back to Greece? To what degree is Europe aware that its thrones have been undermined and rudely shaken by the incident that occurred at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848? And how many and just what battles were stopped thereby? We feel that Mrs. Catt would have enlightened us on these points had she not been so busy trying to define where women's rights begin and where they cease, or in her own words differentiating real rights from sham; but it is a pity, because it is one of the things about which curiosity once aroused becomes acute and then painful. The incident at Seneca Falls occurred before the civil war. With what great battles of that conflict did it interfere? Not to say stop? The Wilderness, Shiloh, Antietam? And then there were wars in Europe, wherein the action of the brave little band at Seneca Falls must have had some deterrent effect. And there was the Spanish war and San Juan Hill and the Rough Riders. Were they aware of what had been done to stop battles? And the German war, which considerably shook up the thrones of the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs and the Hapsburgs and a few more. If those battles had been stopped those thrones would still be stable. Yet it was long since the peace of Seneca Falls. In this matter we fear that Mrs. Catt has been talking through her bonnet. No battles have yet been stopped by woman suffrage, nor is any likely to be. However, this is merely by way of introduction. Let us pass to those rights, real and sham.

Mrs. Catt says "real rights give a human being liberty, happiness, and privilege, up to the point where those rights begin to curtail the liberty, happiness, and privilege of some one else." Well, men have long had all the rights women have the hardihood to claim, less the privileges they additionally desire, but they have not thereby been made altogether happy, nor altogether free; and as to privilege, that means literally "private law," and we don't recognize it in these United States, or we try not to, and raise a howl about it if we do and consider that the republic

is in danger. Mrs. Catt's definition is too inclusive. It means more than even she can mean in her hours of calmness. But it does help her establish a sort of rough measurement for the delimitation of women's rights, and so we are not disposed to quarrel with it, for Heaven knows those rights need delimiting. And she points, as well and properly she may, to the rights of children, which may be curtailed by some of the "rights" some women still appear to seek. She speaks of women that want a right to their own names, of some that want marriage without motherhood, and others that want motherhood without marriage. And she lectures them for it, pointing out that children need names, and that to deprive them of their fathers' names would be to introduce confusion into records and social relations of value to them. And that seems real sensible, and worthy of her undoubtedly mature age, which we do not know and can not find out from Who's Who, for she forgot to tell the editor of that gossip periodical the year of her birth—only the place where it happened. She even cites the case of an Oregon co-ed who soulfully yearned to be a mother, but no wife, and went away and did so, but found that she didn't like the results, and then it was too late to change back, and there she was with a child that had no father, to speak of, and no name in particular, and did not fit any existing social arrangements. That co-ed had treated herself to some sham rights, in her anxiety not to be done out of her real rights by the tyrant man. And if we get Mrs. Catt, this throne-shaking, battle-ending business has gone about far enough. We have all somehow come into the condition of George Ade's nigger, who had just as much rights as anybody only he "didn't dast to use 'em." Otherwise, the suffrage movement is marching on. And the armies are ready to. And as ever, the heroes of coming battles will be rewarded by the women.

The New York horse show this year has been of unusual interest, especially to Californians. In the first place, the show has moved up town from Madison Square Garden to Squadron A Armory at Park Avenue and Ninety-Fourth Street. Secondly, one of the main features of the opening night was the contest in the five-gaited saddle horse class, wherein the prize was taken by a California-bred chestnut gelding, Sinbad, belonging to F. W. Matthiesen, over the Kentucky-bred gelding Eastern Star, belonging to H. N. Greis. There were twelve entries. Notwithstanding the competition of the opera, the opening was well attended by New York society folk. One end of the ring was closed off by a copy of the farm house at Mt. Vernon, serving as a tea room and the enclosure for the members of the National Horse Association. Over the balcony at the east end was a reproduction of the North Lane, with the dairy, the school, and Washington's old pre-Volsteadian brew house. The tea room was conducted for the benefit of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and tea was served by girls of the younger society set acting as waitresses. Among them were seen Miss Kate Prentice, Miss Dorothy Schi, Miss Dolores Carillo, Miss Cecile Sisco, Miss Priscilla Baldwin, Miss Sally Sayre and Miss Katherine Adams. Among those that took boxes for the week were Stuyvesant Peabody, Mrs. Frederick E. Lewis, Jr., John P. Crozer, Dinwiddie Lampton, Robert Law, Jr., Mrs. J. D. Hertz, E. L. Crawford, O. W. Lehman, William M. Lybrand, Byford Ryan, J. Macy Willets, Miss Helen T. Murray, Mortimer B. Fuller, Jessie Metcalf, Percy Stewart, William Du Pont, Robert A. Fairbairn, Isaac H. Clothier, Jr., William H. Wanamaker, Jr., Mrs. Ambrose Monell, Alfred B. Macley, Miss

Clara S. Peck, William H. Moore, H. P. Dunn, Lewis L. Clarke, Miss K. L. Wilks, J. A. Spoor, Walter J. Salmon, Price McKinney, Francis P. Garvan, Sanford F. Harris, Mrs. T. Shaw Hall, Mrs. George C. Sherman, W. W. Willock, H. N. Greis, Harry D. Holloway, Charles D. Lanier, George Crouch, Mrs. Lewis G. Kaufman, Juan S. Ceballos, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Cornell, Richard J. Goodman, Mrs. Thomas J. Regan and John Edwards. This is the thirty-seventh annual exhibition of the Horse Show Association.

## The Fatal Third Puff.

"Never light three cigarettes with the same match," cries the third smoker, who immediately blows out the flame which you hold before his nose. For he does not care to die in the course of the year, according to the New York Tribune.

This superstition now generally established in the public's minds is said to have had this origin:

In the war which Spain carried on against Morocco in 1911-1912, and which was principally an ambuscade war, the Spanish officers, who are great smokers, puffed cigarettes in order to kill time in the trenches. Sometimes it happened that three of them lighted their cigarettes with the same match. Now, in the course of time they noticed that at the first puff of smoke escaping from the cigarette the Moroccan across the lines opened his eyes; at the second cloud he noted the place; at the third he fired. And often the smoker fell with a bullet in his forehead. This third smoker, made prudent, therefore took to blowing out the match. This quickly became a superstition, which continued after the end of the war and later was passed from Spain to France.

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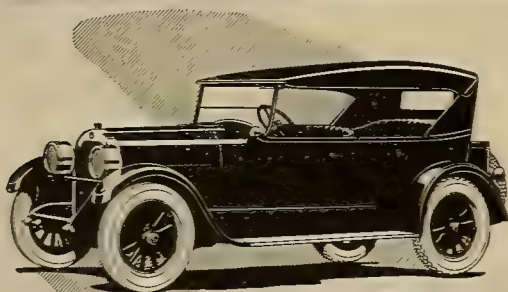
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During an art exhibition one of the artists was receiving the benefit of a friend's criticism. "This canvas," said the friend, indicating a violent bit of impressionism. "Do you not think, after all, the atmosphere is too warm?" "No," said the artist, "not for a pot-boiler."

Teacher was endeavoring to make clear to the youngsters the grammatical tenses. "My father had money," she pointed out, "is in the past tense. Now, Grace, what tense would you be employing if you should say, 'My father has money?'" "That would be pretense," said Grace, very soberly.

Gridley Adams is always on the lookout for journalistic gems for *Everybody's Magazine*. The other day he dug up this one, from the columns of the *Atchison Globe*: "Roup has broken out among the Atchison chickens. Chicken dinner at Union Hotel tomorrow, 50 cents. The new lunch at the old Eglinger stand. Chicken dinner, 50 cents."

Apropos of Ford's gilt-edged democracy some one told the story of the hard-boiled captain of industry to whom a friend applied for a job for his son, just out of college. "He's a bright, honest, modest young man," said the proud father, "if I do say so myself." "Modest?" snorted the industrial captain. "What in hell has he ever done to be modest about?"

Sir Harry Lauder said at one of his numerous farewell banquets in New York: "We Scotch are a much maligned people. A Londoner said to me one night: 'A conundrum for you, Sir Harry. What's the difference between a Scotchman and a cocoanut?' 'Give it up,' I said, after a bit of hard thinking. 'You can get a drink out of a cocoanut,' said he."

The old farmer had been to market, had got good prices for his cattle, and feeling flush, bought several yards of cloth, intending to have the wife make him a suit of clothes. Unfortunately, on the way home he lost his purchase. Much annoyed at his expensive carelessness, his helpmeet told the vicar. A week or so later the vicar met the good man and hailed him with the query, "By the way, Mr. Green, have you heard anything about your cloth?" "Morning, noon, and night," said Farmer Green.

An English celebrity who is noted for his quickwittedness, his high temper, and his scarcity of cash, was breakfasting alone at his club one noon when a collector broke in on him and presented his bill. The celebrity exploded. "Don't you know any more of the usages of decent society," he demanded, "than to break in on a man while he is breakfasting? Don't you even know the rule of any club? Go outside and send your card in!" The collector, humbly and abashed, withdrew. Following directions, he sent in his card, which the celebrity inspected through a monocle. "Tell him," he told the club servant, "that I'm not in."

The dear old Scotchwoman tramped miles over the hills to get a bottle of medicine for a small boy who was ill in her remote village. When she had described the symptoms, the doctor set about preparing the mixture, one ingredient of which was a poison which could be administered only in the smallest quantities. She watched him pouring it out with the utmost care into the measuring glass. He poured a little from the bottle, held the glass up to the light, and then put in a few more drops. "Ah doctor," she said reproachfully, "you needna be sae stingy. Remember, it's for a puir wee orphan laddie."

A schoolteacher in a Western town, wishing to extend her rather scanty knowledge of the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, inquired at the delivery desk of the rural library for "The Gold Bug," adding, "I can't seem to find it in the catalogue, but I am sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week." The librarian glanced at the card-catalogue drawer over which the teacher had been poring, and smiled a superior smile. "No wonder, Miss Smith," she explained with patient gentleness. "You're looking under 'Fiction.' Turn to 'Entomology' and you won't have any trouble."

In Scotland there is told a story of one Sandy McIntosh, who started to build a small outhouse of brick. He worked from the inside, and as he had the material close beside him, the walls were rising fast when noon arrived, and with it his son, John, who brought his father's dinner. With honest pride in his eye, Sandy looked at John over the wall on which he was engaged, and asked: "How do ye think I'm gettin' on?" "Fine, father; but how dae ye get oot? You've forgot the door?" One glance around him showed Sandy that his son was right; but, looking at him kindly, he said: "Oh, but

ye've got a grand heid on ye, John! Ye'll be an architect yet, as sure's yer feyther's a builder!"

Writing about that celebrated wit, Charles Brookfield, a British dispenser of reminiscences gives an example of one of his tilts at Sir Charles Wyndham: "The actor-knight was then playing in his evergreen version of 'David Garrick,' and when in the club was very fond of sitting immediately underneath a portrait of the 'Great Little David' that hung in the smoking-room. One afternoon Brookfield entered the room, and seeing him in his customary chair, stared hard at the canvas above his head. 'Upon my word,' he murmured, 'it's really extraordinary. I think you grow more like Garrick every afternoon.' 'Do you, my dear fellow?' returned Wyndham in his rumbling voice, and as pleased as Punch at the unusual compliment. 'Very good of you to say so, I'm sure. So you really think I grow more like Garrick every afternoon?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and less like him every evening.'"

Lord Riddell, who made many American friends at the Washington Conference, speaking at a recent luncheon at the Crickieth Golf Club, related: "The greatest hero in golf history was a Scotsman, who in the year 1710 used to start playing at dawn and end by putting at the last green by candle light. Matters reached such a stage that his wife, an innkeeper, applied for a separation order. This enabled the man to make one of the most pathetic declarations in history. 'Let her have the business,' he said, 'provided she gives me sufficient to clothe and feed myself and provide myself with golf balls.' The magistrate must have thought it a very proper disposition

of the marital property, because they decreed accordingly, and the gentleman lived to be ninety-five and continued his avocation."

Mr. George Robey, the English actor and raconteur, tells the story of a gilded youth of effeminate tendencies who by some fluke of luck found himself stony broke. Deciding that his best bet was America, he tried for a job on one of the boats crossing the Atlantic. After being turned down by ship after ship he almost despaired of ever getting out of England. Finally, his luck changed. He struck a boat on the point of sailing and found that a stoker had failed to show up. Joyfully, he signed on, went aboard, and was directed below by the captain. Then he disappeared. Nothing was seen or heard of him for three days. But on the fourth day the skipper suddenly came upon a resplendent figure in full yachting kit, glasses slung over his shoulder, promenading. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded. "I thought I told you to go below." The regilded youth gazed at the irate officer, tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and pleasantly inquired, "Oh, haven't you heard? *I've left.*"

## THE MERRY MUSE.

To Lucrecia.

(On being detained at the office.)  
Tell me not, sweet, I am a brute,  
That far from the domain  
Of thy chaste breast and mind astute  
Late at work I remain.

A brighter mistress now I chase,  
A far, far blonder wren;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
An ink-pot and a pen.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As thou, too, shalt adore:  
I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not money more.  
—Cyril B. Egan in Judge.

According to Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, there has been too much of this business of not letting the left guard know what the right guard doeth in the matter of paying his college expense.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A twelve-year-old London boy has made a gramophone all by himself. We are glad to hear that his kind father has freely forgiven the erring lad.—*London Ideas.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

At a luncheon which Miss Elizabeth Barrows gave for Miss Gertrude Seaver, whose engagement to Mr. Carl Bachelder, Jr., was announced some time ago, the news of her engagement to Mr. Frank Gibson Adams, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams of Long Beach, was told. Both Miss Barrows and her fiancé are juniors at the university, and the marriage will not take place until after Mr. Adams' graduation. Miss Barrows will spend a year in Europe with her parents, President and Mrs. David Preston Barrows, who are planning to make the trip in the spring.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Head, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, was married to Mr. Gray Hanson on Monday, November 20th, at the Regent Street home of her parents. The wedding was a very simple affair, with only the immediate members of the two families present, and no attendants. Following their wedding tour in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson will make their home in Oakland. Mrs. Hanson is the sister of Mrs. Henry White of New York. Mrs. Walter MacLeod of Montana, Mrs. Matt Savage Walton of Kentucky, and of Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr. Mr. Hanson is the son of Mrs. Hiram Edgar Hanson of Berkeley, and the brother of Miss Helen Hanson and of Mr. Arthur Hanson.

Mrs. Irene Rowlands Murison of Piedmont and Mr. Griffith Henshaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw, were married on Tuesday, November 14th. Mrs. Henshaw is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Francis Rowlands, and until her marriage Tuesday made her home with them in Piedmont. On the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw will reside at the Stanford Court apartments, where Mrs. Henshaw's parents also live.

Elizabeth Ida Short and Dr. Monroe Sutter were married Sunday, November 29th, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. William Short of San Francisco. The bride was attended by Miss Edith Harrison, the bridegroom by Mr. Herbert Stockton. The couple departed for Los Angeles, but after the honeymoon will reside in San Francisco.

The marriage of Miss Sara Cunningham and Mr. Cornelius Van Hemert Engert will take place Saturday, December 16th, the ceremony to be performed at St. Luke's Church, with a reception at the Fairmont Hotel following the wedding. Two sisters of the bride, Mrs. Murray Sargent and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, will be the attendants. Miss Cunningham and Mrs. Sargent will arrive from New York during the week and join their mother and sister, Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, at their

Menlo Park home. Mr. Engert is a Californian, although he makes his home in Washington, D. C., where he is assistant to the chief of the Near East division of the Department of State.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby gave a ball at the Burlingame Country Club on Saturday evening for the debut of their daughter, Miss Leonore Armsby, at which there were several hundred guests. Preceding the ball Miss Armsby was the guest of honor at a dinner party at which Miss Eleanor Martin entertained at her home in Burlingame. Another dinner party was that of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury, who took their guests to the Armsby ball afterward. Miss Armsby's debut was truly an introduction, as she has been away for many years, returning only recently from abroad.

Miss Josephine Drown was the incentive for a dinner-dance at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at which her father, Mr. Willard Drown, was the host. The guests invited to meet Miss Drown were Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Leonore Armsby, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Jean Howard, Mr. William Magee, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Frank Kennedy, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Bliss Rucker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Lieutenant Trammell and Mr. Richard Carlson.

Invitations for another debutante ball have been issued. It will be the debut of Miss Virginia Hanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna, and will take place at the Hotel St. Francis on December 8th. At present the Hanna family is in New York, but will return to San Francisco December 2d.

Miss Adrienne Sharp entertained at a supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis for a little group of debutantes, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., chaperoning the party, which included Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Virginia Hanna, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, Miss Leonore Armsby, Miss Jean Howard, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Peter Jackson, and Mr. Homer Curran.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp was hostess on Thursday afternoon at a luncheon which she gave at the Town and Country Club, complimenting Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames. The guests bidden to meet them were Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Leonore Armsby, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Camilla Loyall, Miss Aileen McIntosh and Miss Alice Requa.

Mrs. Charles G. Morton observed her afternoon

at home on Thursday, when she was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huff and her house guest, Miss Mary Lewis of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., issued cards this week for an informal tea which she will give at her new apartments in San Francisco on the afternoon of November 27th. The affair will be in the nature of a housewarming, and will include the intimate friends of Mrs. Hendrickson and of her mother, Mrs. Seward B. McNear.

On Thursday Mrs. Hubert Law entertained at a bridge-luncheon at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Included in Mrs. Law's hospitality were Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mrs. Otto Grau, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Dean Dillman, Mrs. Robert Roos, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Sally Fox and Miss Margaret Kingston.

In honor of Miss Dorothy Dukes and her fiancé, Mr. Stanley Dimm, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Simonds gave a large party at the tea-dance at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday afternoon. Miss Harriet Campbell, Miss Eleanor Campbell, Miss Janice Kergan, Miss Helen Dunbar, Miss Merodine Keeler, Miss Jean Howard, Mr. Frank Tucker, William Blair, Mr. George Cabanis, Jr., Mr. Elliott Davis, Mr. Frederick de Lopez were among the guests asked by Mr. and Mrs. Simonds.

General and Mrs. Charles Morton entertained at dinner at their home at Fort Mason on Monday evening, when their guests included General and Mrs. Carroll Devol, Colonel and Mrs. John B. McDonald, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Rowan, Dr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Denman, Captain Harry Brickley and Lieutenant Leander Trammell.

One of the most important events for the benefit of charity was the dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday evening for the Little Children's Aid. A great many additional reservations were made in the last few days before the affair, and large parties given by the women interested in the undertaking. One of the largest parties was that at which Miss Hélène de Latour complimented Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames, two of the winter's debutantes.

On account of the funeral of Mrs. Walter K. Wright, wife of Colonel Wright, whose passing was the cause of great sorrow to her many friends, Mrs. Charles G. Morton postponed her afternoon at home from Wednesday afternoon to Thursday.

The crowns of the former imperial family of Russia, valued at £70,000,000, are to be sold by the Soviet government, it is said.

A monument to Don Quixote is to be raised at Esquivias, Spain. It will not be the first statue raised to a character in fiction, as Barrie's Peter Pan is thus "immortalized" in Kensington Gardens. San Francisco already

has its group of the Don and Sancho Panza, kneeling to their creator, Cervantes.

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| 4:00 P. M. Tehachapi (Ferry Station)              | 9:40 A. M.         |
| 5:00 P. M. Sunset Limited (Third St. Station)     | 7:45 A. M.         |
| 8:00 P. M. Owl (Ferry Station)                    | 8:50 P. M.         |
| 8:00 P. M. Lark (Third St. Station)               | 9:30 A. M.         |
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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William H. Langdon and her sister, Mrs. George Nelson, together with her children, are due to arrive in New York December 1st, returning six months sooner than they had expected.

Miss Maxine Marshall has closed her studio here, and gone to New York to continue her studies.

Mrs. Macondray Moore, who has been in the East for several months, returned to her home on Saturday.

Colonel Frank Elbridge Webb has gone East to bring Mrs. Webb to San Francisco next month. Colonel and Mrs. Webb plan to make their permanent home here.

Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Maxwell are at present in Venice, after a pleasant stay in Switzerland.

Miss Camilla Loyall has returned recently from France, after a long absence.

Miss Elizabeth Barrette arrived from Honolulu on Saturday to visit Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne and their daughter, Miss Betsy Payne. Miss Barrette is the daughter of General John D. Barrette.

Mrs. James C. Drake of Los Angeles is in San Francisco for a short time at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who has spent several

months in New York, has joined Mr. Hoover in Chicago. They will travel in the West for several weeks.

Mrs. Jean St. Cyr, who passed the summer at her Burlingame home, is established for the winter in New York.

Mrs. Anne Whitney Sperry of San Francisco sailed recently for France on the liner *Honoric*.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler have returned, after a month's stay in New York, and are at their home in Broadway.

Mrs. Charles Peabody Huff left on Thursday for New York and Europe.

Mr. Henry Dearborn, president of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, New York, is in San Francisco on a business trip.

Miss Gail Hamilton, who has been in France for the past four years, will come to California shortly. On her return she will visit her sister, Mrs. Robert Tucker, in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, who have been in New York for the past several months, are expected home the latter part of the month.

Mr. Joseph Catherwood sails this week for home, expecting to come to San Francisco in time for the holidays. Mr. Catherwood has been in Europe since early spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, who have passed the summer abroad, will return this month.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her daughters, Miss Margaret Lee and Miss Rosamonde Lee, left last Wednesday for Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brown have been in the East for months. They are expected to return to San Francisco in time for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Tweeddale returned during the week from their wedding tour, and have taken possession of their Divisadero Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt are established in their new apartments in Webster Street.

Mrs. William Tubbs and her daughter, Miss Emilie Tubbs, have returned from Coronado, where they spent the past two months.

Mr. Raymond Armsby returned last week from New York and Paris, where he has been for several months with his sister, Miss Cornelia Armsby.

Mr. Augustus Spreckels and his daughter, Mrs. Spencer Eddy, left on Tuesday for New York and Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. William Ford Blake arrived in San Francisco on the China Mail steamer *Nanking*. They have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton T. Bean sailed on Wednesday on the *Wilhelmina* for Honolulu, where they will remain until after the Christmas holidays.

Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara is at present in the East. She will return for the Christmas holidays to Santa Barbara.

Major Lawrence Redington has arrived in Santa Barbara and has joined his wife and little son. They will come to Mrs. Redington's parent's home in Burlingame for the holidays. Mrs. Redington was Miss Josephine Parrott before her marriage.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond and her daughter, Mrs. Frank King, will leave this week for a month's stay in the East.

Mrs. William Magee and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Magee, returned this week from a sev-

eral weeks' trip in the East. They are at their country home in Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duval returned to town last month from their country home, Wildwood. They have returned to pass the coming two weeks there.

Countess André de Limur and her little daughter left last week for their home in Paris.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis include Miss J. A. Pridham, Antofagasta, Chile; Mrs. C. T. Dozey, Mrs. Thomas Harding, Quincy, Illinois; Mrs. Lillian Lange, Santa Rosa; Mr. S. S. Sanders, New York; Mrs. Irene Orwig, Pittsburg; Mr. P. A. McCarron, Reno; Mr. Ralph H. Cake, Portland; Mr. R. S. Talbot, Seattle; Mr. Joseph Hirsch, New York; Mr. C. E. Donley, Modesto; Mr. C. M. Hill, Portland.

### Thanksgiving at Del Monte.

Del Monte, which has long been popular with society folk for the celebration of holidays, will be interesting this year with a feature golf tournament and social events over Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving Day falls on Thursday and a number of visitors are coming to spend the rest of the week at Del Monte. The golf tournament will hold sway for the four days and it will be separate for men and women.

The old-fashioned Xmas tree celebration and golf competitions and the dinner-dance and golf tournament on New Year's will also attract attention.

### Astronomical Society Lectures.

The Astronomical Society of the Pacific announces the following series of three popular lectures to be given by eminent astronomers at Native Sons' Hall in the near future: On Thursday evening, December 7th, "The Solar System and What We Know of Its Origin," by Robert G. Aitken, astronomer in the Lick Observatory; on Friday evening, January 19th, "The Total Eclipse of the Sun on September 20, 1922," by William Wallace Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory; on Friday evening, March 16th, "Recent Additions to Our Knowledge of How the Stars Are Moving," by Walter S. Adams, assistant director of the Mount Wilson Observatory. The lectures will be given in non-technical language, will be illustrated with lantern slides, and will be open to the public.

### A Steam Storage Motor.

A devastating epidemic among horses prevailed in this country fifty years ago, a sort of distemper, which, while rarely fatal, caused the disablement of a great number of animals, says the *Washington Star*. The horse-car lines of the cities were hard hit. This condition stimulated the search for urban motor

power. In the *Star* of October 20, the following:

"The New York street-car companies are making an effort to procure dummy engines to take the place of the horses stricken down with the prevalent disease. The epidemic will doubtless stimulate the efforts of inventors to substitute some safe motive power for street railway cars other than horses or mules. Dr. Emile Lanno of New Orleans claims to have solved the problem. His invention has been tested on one of the roads in the Crescent City and found to work successfully, saving 33 per cent. of the cost of running cars by mule power. The driving engine is of ordinary character. It has a reservoir large enough to contain 300 gallons of water, with steam room above it. The motive power is obtained by means of a compression of steam in water, the steam being conducted from a stationary boiler at the end of the track, which dispenses with firing up while under way. The steam with which the engine is charged is sufficient to perform a trip of from ten to fifteen miles."

### A Mattress for a River's Bed.

In an article in the November *Harper's Magazine* on modern methods of flood protection on the Mississippi, Charles Pierce Burton writes:

"Most people understand the soothing effects of a good bed and a woven-wire mattress. The Mississippi River is tamed by the astonishing method of laying a woven-willow mattress on its bed at the point attacked by the current. The river does not go to sleep exactly, but it quits doing damage at that particular spot. The process is known as revetting. This mattress is 1000 or more feet long, from 200 to 300 wide and a foot and a half thick. The huge mat is made on a great barge constructed for the purpose. As the mattress lengthens, the barge drops down stream, leaving it when completed spread over the surface of the water like a great carpet. It then is covered with stone uniformly until it sinks to the bed of the stream, where it closely fits the sloping banks near the shore. In this way the point attacked is given a flexible facing, constantly reinforced by silt from the stream, which prevents further washing. The demand for brush for revetment purposes has nearly denuded the delta district of willow."

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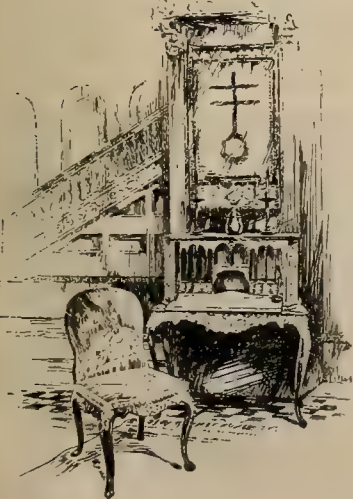
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How long will it take you to complete your trousseau, dearest?" "The rest of my life, I hope, darling."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"What does your wife say when you are out so late at night?" "I am not married." "Then why do you stay out so late?"—*Stockholm Kasper.*

Rumb—At the "Follies" the other night my eyes felt like little birds. Dumb—How come? Rumb—Flitting from limb to limb, m-deah boy.—*Chicago Phoenix.*

"I heard a delicious bit of gossip about Alice at the reception." "I thought she was there in the room." "Oh, yes, but we asked her to sing."—*Boston Transcript.*

Wife—You used to say that you would rather be with me in purgatory than without me in paradise. Hub—Yes, and I was more of a prophet than I realized.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

"Remember," said the serious friend, "your country is calling you." "I know that," replied Senator Sorghum; "but different parts of the country are calling me different things."—*Washington Star.*

Beggar—Do you 'appen to 'ave lost yer purse, me lord? His Lordship (hurriedly feeling in pockets)—Ah—no. Beggar—Then per'aps you can let me 'ave a little assistance, me lord.—*London Passing Show.*

Tom—I say, introduce me to Miss Van Coyne, will you? I'd like to marry that girl; she's a perfect bank in herself. Jack—Sorry, old man, but she has just gone into the hands of a receiver.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Mistress—Above all things you must be frank. New Cook—What's that? Mistress—Why, to let people know just what you really think. New Cook—Sure, mom, that is how I lose all me jobs.—*New Bedford Evening Standard.*

Mother—Is your new friend Margery what I would call a nice girl, a dignified girl? Fair Undergrad—Oh, yes. Why, when we have plays we always give her the maid's part because nobody else has good enough manners.—*Columbia State.*

Squire—What are those bells ringing for? Rustic—Aven't you 'eard, sir? Bill Clegg the blacksmith is being married today. Squire—But why the muffled peal? Rustic—Bill thought it would be a bit more seemly like, 'e being a widower and she not a chicken.—*Punch.*

Old Lady (to Major Trotter-Blount, O.B.E., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., who has kindly consented to give a little talk in the Episcopal Church on "Village Life in Thibet")—Ain't it funny, major, with all your travel an' knockin' about, that this is the first time you've ever been in Riverville!—*Life.*

"Your money or your life," demanded the footpad. "Are you going to take that?" asked the little man plaintively. "It's my week's wages." "I want it," said the footpad briefly. "Then shoot a hole through my hat." "What for?" "I want to submit it as evidence to the missus. The last time I told her I was robbed it started an argument that kept me up till 3 in the morning."—*London Answers.*

"Where were you yesterday, Jackie Jones?" asked the teacher. "Please, miss, I had a toothache," answered Jackie. "Has it stopped?" asked the teacher sympathetically. "I don't know," said Tommy. "What do you mean, boy?" remarked the teacher, her suspicions at once aroused. "You don't know if

your tooth has stopped aching?" "No, miss; the dentist kept it."—*London Answers.*

"Billy," said the teacher, "what does c-a-t spell?" "Don't know, sir," said Billy. "What does your mother keep to catch mice?" "Trap, sir." "No, no. What animal is very fond of milk?" "The baby, sir." "You stupid! What was it that scratched your sister's face?" "My nails, sir." "I am out of patience. There, do you see that animal on the fence?" "Then tell me what does c-a-t spell?" "Kitten, sir."—*Los Angeles Times.*

"I'll show you an old, old tintype of the family," said she coyly, leading me into the livingroom. "Ah," thought I, "a sweet, old-fashioned maid! Lovely echo from the romantic past. Hers should be a background of hollyhocks, sweet Williams, and lilacs, with sweet music of the minuet sounding faintly in the distance." She led me to the window. "There's the damn wreck," and she pointed to a flivver at the curb.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

A Woman of India.

A woman of varied accomplishments, sterling character, and public usefulness of a high order recently died in India, the Maji Sahiba, mother of Bahadur Jung, ruler of Bharatpur, says the *New York Times*. If she had been a member of a European royal family, or an American woman prominently engaged in philanthropic and educational work, she would have had an international fame for her services. The Maji Sahiba had a wisdom unusual in either men or women, and possessed remarkable executive ability. She had no spare time except for good works. She was a severe self-disciplinarian, but tolerant of the frailties of others. Left widowed, with an infant son, she undertook his education as future ruler of Bharatpur. But she looked beyond him to his subjects. She wrote books on the care of the young and on the treatment of women. Holding fast to the best traditions of her race, she wished to perpetuate them by an anthology of folksongs which she edited. The games of the past that were worth treasuring she revived. Every year she wrote a book about her son's reign. She proposed and carried through many reforms, but she kept "the old things, too," when their influence was wholesome. This tribute has been paid to the Dowager Princess of Bharatpur: "Her best memorial is the Bharatpur that some of us have the joy of knowing—a state in which you are living, so to speak, in the pages of the most beautifully illuminated picture book, at the time of the Festival of the



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Horse, or of other great festivals; and yet a state in which you can find all that the present age has to teach of thought for the welfare of the subject."

When the Maji Sahiba attended the Conference of Princes at Delhi she gave little attention to the pageantry of the occasion. Her concern was the welfare of the independent states: she distributed a circular letter asking the opinion of the conference on "the best way to educate our sons." There was nothing too modern for this Indian lady to interest herself in. Visiting England, she took her son to the industrial cities and walked the factories with him. Before returning to India he passed an examination for a motor mechanic's certificate. Years afterward she had her grandson instructed in the science of aviation. In this many-sided woman the quality of mercy found expression in active sympathy for the unfortunate. The story is told of her intervention in the case of a girl charged with homicide. The princess went to see the girl, learned that she was ill and that an operation would restore her health. "How could we make a sick person suffer punishment?" said the Maharaja's mother. "I begged her from my son, that we might heal her first. Whatever awaits her, she will have had some good days of care and loving kindness."

New York State mills and factories employ more than 300,000 women.

Taxis That Saved Paris.

The taxicabs of the Marne, which are credited with having saved Paris by transporting three divisions of troops from the capital to the front on the critical date of September 7, 1914, are to be commemorated by representation in the Hotel des Invalides. These machines, which have been in constant service in the streets of Paris since the memorable date, have gradually been replaced till only a score are left. These are scheduled for retirement before the first of next year. In view of their disappearance a Paris paper suggested that before it is too late one be placed in France's museum of war memorials. The suggestion was immediately accepted, and a car will be selected to fill a place next to the sleeping car in which the armistice was signed.

This taxicab will be a dilapidated two-cylinder affair, but the tablet affixed to it will testify that on September 7, 1914, it carried five soldiers from Gagny to Manteuil. The tablet will also bear the famous response of a chauffeur to General Gallieni: "One must do as one's comrades do: one must go where it is necessary."

A large dog attended a motion picture theatre at Ann Arbor the other night, and lay on the floor watching the show quietly and intelligently, not once reading a caption aloud.—*Detroit News.*

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The office of THE ARGONAUT in all its departments has been re-established in the Alto Building, 381 Bush Street—southeast corner of Bush and Kearny.

### "Toward Higher Ground."

In another column we reprint from the New York Herald a summary of Dr. Butler's argument in support of his solemn declaration that "the time has come to move toward higher ground." Dr. Butler sees what all observant and thoughtful men see, that our present political divisions are illogical and that they tend to chaos. The traditional parties are breaking up and there is coming in their place a medley of blocs and other groups, founded in geographical, sentimental, or other special interests. Government under the conceptions of the founders of the republic, and as we have had it thus far, can not be maintained under conditions so narrowly conceived, so selfish in inspiration and intent, and so confused. Truly, it is time that men who think alike with regard to essential things should put to one side minor and trivial considerations and move toward higher ground. Dr. Butler, as the Herald points out, is no transcendental theorist, no dreamer of dreams,

but a practical man who along with many other kinds of knowledge knows his book of politics. He sees clearly that if our system is to be maintained and if our government is not first to degenerate into trivial and selfish groups and finally drift through chaos into autocracy, men of conservative mind, men of vital knowledge, must put aside all but essentials and "move to higher ground." We commend to careful attention Dr. Butler's argument as summarized elsewhere. It points, we profoundly believe, a way towards a re-organization that is absolutely necessary unless we are to drift upon a sea of troubles and end up—God knows where!

### Clemenceau.

For a man who has observed men and things for the better part of a century—and who has been married twice—Monsieur Clemenceau is a poor psychologist. He ought to know that the surest way not to revivify love is to chide love's delinquencies. American affection for France is an abiding tradition; it found concrete and emphatic expression from the first gun of the war to the last. Nor did it cease with the passing of the war, for even today America sustains many and continuing forms of providence and charity in France. But affection for France on the part of America does not imply American approval of everything said and done in the name of France by the emotionalists and temperamentalists who hold so large a part in forming French opinion and in directing her policies of government. M. Clemenceau comes to us with doubled-up fists arraiging us for not supporting France at points where her course appears to us—as it does to the world in general—as conceived in narrow and selfish spirit and calculated by its tendencies, not only to impoverish France, but to promote chaos of European finance and industry. Americans are not convinced, much less won, by invective. We are not pleased to be told that we are derelict in respect of our obligations. We think we understand what our obligations are quite as well as or better than M. Clemenceau or any European.

Despite the fact that half a century ago M. Clemenceau spent a few years in America, he remains a man of narrow vision. At the peace conference he was interested in whatever related directly to France; to all else he was indifferent. Doubtless he knows his France, but apparently he has little knowledge of the rest of the world, and assuredly he has only a slight grasp upon the tendencies of human nature. Now we are told that having by his early utterances created antagonisms he will tone down his future addresses. Well he may, though we suspect that already the purpose of his mission is irrevocably lost. So long as he shall stay with us he will be accorded the hospitality due to a distinguished visitor, to a man of high and notable career. But he will not induce the United States to change its policy in regard to Europe nor will he augment the sense of good-will on the part of this country toward France.

M. Clemenceau might well have taken counsel from Mr. Wilson's experience upon his return from Europe, in the early months of 1919. It will be remembered that the then President landed at Boston, where he hoped to begin a glorious and triumphal progress to the national capital. He opened the ball by a speech at Boston in which he challenged his critics, berated them as men of pigmy minds and proclaimed himself a man of fighting blood. That was the beginning of the end. If Mr. Wilson, instead of coming home in the verisimilitude of Ajax defying the lightning in angry and imperious mood, had used the soft pedal, he would probably have put over his precious league. He lost through assumption and assertion and through vituperative arraignment a good-will that might have been his support. The country, we think, is to be congratulated upon his indiscretion, for as things have turned out we

should now have been involved in a sad mess if we had assumed the obligations Mr. Wilson wished to put upon us.

But the psychological lesson is none the less definite and impressive. It finds new illustration in the failure of M. Clemenceau to win America's favor. He blew in too furiously; and now the attitude of the American public towards him is merely that of tolerance of a famous and worthy but garrulous old gentleman whose departure for home will duplicate the pleasure that attended his coming. If at another time France shall wish to conciliate America and win her coöperation, she will do well to keep her Tiger at home and send instead a kindlier and more ingratiating agent.

Out of the Clemenceau incident there ought to come to Europe a quite definite consciousness that America will not now or at any other time involve herself with the League of Nations as now framed and organized. Not yet does Europe appear to understand that definitely and permanently we decline to entangle our country in an alliance that would place any part of American sovereignty in hands other than American. Even Mr. Lloyd George, so late as a month ago, expressed the belief that America must ultimately "come in." Verily, America will not come in. She will coöperate in all ways that accord with her obligations as she comprehends them. But she will not put into alien hands the formulation of her policies or the direction of her forces, military, financial, or other. She will lend a hand precisely as she has been doing these past eight years, but the direction of her hand will be from the government at Washington, and not from the headquarters of the league at Geneva.

That's flat and it may well be taken as final.

### Washington.

Grouch and ill-humor rule the hour at Washington. Among the returned senators and representatives—those Republicans who were defeated and those who were reelected as well—there is disposition to blame the slump upon the Administration. The members of Congress seem not to understand that the public resentment which has all but revolutionized the political character of the next Congress (the Sixty-Eighth) is aimed, not at the President, but against Congress itself for its trifling opportunism, for its persistent truckling to the prohibition vote, to the labor vote, to the soldier vote, to the farmer vote and to other special and local groups. Yet in their hearts every mother's son of them knows that the President has with the country a standing far above and beyond his own. The fact, for it surely is a fact, that while Congress is in disfavor the President still remains in high popular regard gives him, if he shall choose to take it, a new mastery of Congress. It is not the sort of mastery he hoped for. The situation is far from ideal as related to his conception of things and to his intentions. It is a mastery forced by circumstances, since somebody must lead, and if the President will not then where else is leadership to be found?

In what he has done in the matter of the subsidy bill we have what appears to be the spectacle of Mr. Harding with the bit in his mouth. His definite championship of the subsidy bill was against the wishes and advice of foremost men in both houses. His determination to proceed in defiance of congressional counsels marks a distinct development in what may be styled his administrative character. But while Mr. Harding has spoken in positive terms for the principle of subsidy, there is reason to believe that he is not keen as to the particular form shipping legislation shall take. What he most seriously wants is to end an intolerable situation. The Shipping Board and its fleet is costing the country an unconscionable sum annually. It is a sum difficult to determine because the proceeds of ship sales go into the maintenance account and the organization is to that extent subsisting on its capital. Mr.



Harding believes that a subsidy will be less expensive than the present system. He is primarily intent, however, on getting a substitute, any substitute that promises to lessen the expense and at the same time give us something of a merchant marine.

As a result of the late election the radicals in the Senate hold the balance of power. Their votes combined in a solid block could advance or defeat any measure. But any approach to solidarity is not in accord with the character of radicalism. Always in such groups—and the immediate situation again demonstrates the principle—there are too many programmes and too few harmonizers, too many generals and too few privates. Senator La Follette got back to Washington flushed and swollen with his success in Wisconsin. He promptly called the press correspondents about him to issue to the world his programme for assuming national leadership of all the forces of unrest and discontent that expressed themselves at the polls on November 7th. With characteristic modesty he spoke for all—for the farm bloc, the farmer-labor group, the government railroad ownership partisans and the rest. He let it be known that he personally would call a series of conferences of the radicals in and out of Congress to sit from time to time in advance of and during the sessions of the Congress that comes in next March. In setting forth what the radical elements wanted he made no constructive presentments, demanding only destructive measures. This in its final summing up and boiling down implied defeat of all the Harding proposals.

Concurrently upon Mr. La Follette's assumption, upon his individual initiative, of the headship and mastership of the radical forces, Senator Capper, chairman of the farm bloc, announced a programme for that organization. It is affirmative rather than negative, save for the ship subsidy, to which he announced his personal opposition, although knowing that some of his bloc associates were committed to it on a trading basis. Capper wants the Muscle Shoals project put through, rural credits, other rural financial legislation, the cooperative marketing bill and various other bills of that sort. Further, he wants repeal of certain vital parts of the Esch-Cummins Transportation Act. His programme touches the La Follette programme at few points, being notably reticent in regard to the old La Follette proposals for nationalization of railroads and abolition of the Supreme Court.

Senator Borah had gotten in a blow or two before even La Follette or Capper. He presented no specific programme, but gloomily declared that the Republican party must reform itself and cease opposition to the direct primary law or the goblins of radicalism would get it. Now both Capper and Borah, while suspicious of each other, are united in wrath against La Follette for getting the spotlight on himself and attempting to impress the country that the lunatic fringe is the main body of this assumed revival of Progressivism. Briefly stated, the situation is that all these stars in the Progressive firmament are moving, each in his own orbit, and getting further and further away from anything like harmonious organization. Indications are that in time there will be collision and that there will be reenacted on the Senate floor a delightful imitation of the famous Donnybrook Fair. When radicals fall out—and radicals always fall out—the destruction of the republic has been moved forward into the future indefinitely.

Much of the trouble arises from the fact that La Follette and Capper are self-chosen candidates for the Republican presidential nomination in 1924, and each is fearful that some other radical may beat him to it. Our own Hiram has not at this writing yet returned to Washington, but when he gets there there will be another addition to the presidential would-bes. It is intimated by friends of Mr. Johnson that he appraises the situation as ideal for himself. Other candidates, he thinks, will kill themselves off and make it easier for him as a candidate on whom all of the radicals and a considerable body of conservatives may be brought to combine. What the mind of Senator Borah may be with reference to the presidential nomination is not known. He likes to play a lone hand. He is never happier than when placed as he is now in a detached attitude. He is positively opposed to making a personal campaign for the nomination on the ground that he has not the means to do so and will not permit others to provide for campaign expenses. Probably he is not individually hopeful, but he is in a position to

spoil a lot of other presidential candidacies and is likely to do it—Mr. La Follette's first of all.

Precedent lends little favor to senatorial candidates for the presidency. Mr. Harding, to be sure, went straight from the Capitol to the White House. But this is the single instance of its kind in the history of the republic. Usually by the time a man has served in the Senate he has created antagonisms enough, great and small, to set him back in the roster of non-availables. We suspect that this is now the position of La Follette, Borah, Johnson and other senators who may cherish hopes of riding in on a radical wave in 1924. Among radicals not now members of the Senate there are two men with presidential aspirations—ex-Senator William S. Kenyon of Iowa and Henry Ford of Michigan. Kenyon was long the champion of farmer legislation and he was the founder of the farm bloc in the Senate. He is a fairly strong man, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Western farmer class. He has political experience, is an effective spellbinder, and as a candidate would have the support of farmers' organizations throughout the West. Of Henry Ford it is hardly necessary to speak. His is perhaps the most widely advertised personality in the country excepting only President Harding. He has money to burn—and to spend—and he does not mind spending it. His platform, as defined in his weekly newspaper which is distributed gratis to users of Ford machines and tractors, is of the ultra-radical sort. Ford, of course, has no fitness for the presidency, since he has no experience in political life, no background of economic or historical knowledge, no restraints of any kind upon emotionalism or whimsicality. But he would no doubt make a formidable presidential candidate just as he made a formidable though unsuccessful senatorial candidate in Michigan. As between Kenyon and Ford the former is far and away the better man, and all considered, he is the most likely man in the radical group for the presidential nomination in 1924.

#### Independence in Education.

There are multiplied indications of a tendency general throughout the country to put over the business of education upon government—state and national. In California the state supports a great university and pays directly from the state treasury 48 per cent. of the cost of maintaining the public school system. In other states, more notably in the West, this situation is practically duplicated. Everywhere there is urgency for expansion of state-supported universities and for increase of the percentage of state support for public schools. In Oregon an initiative law has just been decreed by popular vote practically abolishing private schools for children under the age of sixteen; and similar proposals are quietly being urged in California and elsewhere.

The movement towards making the support of primary and elementary schools a state as distinct from a local charge proceeds naturally enough from a disposition on the part of local communities to avoid direct taxation. Where support comes from the state treasury it does not touch directly and consciously the local community, which is thus befooled with the idea that it is getting something for nothing. Of course it must pay in the form of increased state taxation, but that is not felt because it is not seen. As related to colleges and universities there is another factor in the case. It is one of the many effects of the high cost of living. The endowed colleges find their fixed incomes inadequate to increased charges growing out of increased cost of everything that enters into their maintenance. Salaries of professors, prices of apparatus and books, care and maintenance of grounds and buildings—all these items run to larger figures than previously; and while the annual budget of each institution is necessarily larger than formerly the income from endowments or other fixed sources is relatively less. So the endowed or independent schools are now appealing to the public either for enlarged endowments or for support from the state treasury—more frequently the latter. Concurrently, the state universities are all launching campaigns for increased appropriations. All these things taken together comprise a movement to put over the whole business of education upon the state, and it is none the less a vital movement because it is in large degree unconscious as related to the ultimate effect.

Schools, large or small, supported by the state quickly fall into alliance with politics. We see this in

our state university; we see it again in the hundred-and-one efforts to popularize education and thus to make appeal for votes favorable to state support. Verily it is a dangerous tendency, for education supported by the state inevitably adapts itself to the aims and pursues the projects of whatever political interest is in control of government. State-supported schools must please the politicians who hold the door of the treasury. How the system of state support and control of education works out has been exhibited on a large scale in Germany. The German schools have been subordinated to the policies of the state. An entire generation has been brought up—schooled and drilled—in the theories of the powers dominant in the state. Thus the mind and the character of the German people—to their ruin and shame—have been bent and dwarfed to an immoral accord with the ideas and the policies of the Hohenzollern. No more striking illustration of the flexibility of the human mind, of its capacity for acceptance of wrong ideals and principles even to the degree of moral disaster, has ever been afforded.

These considerations should be in every thoughtful mind, and they ought to be effective in inspiring policies tending to maintain the independent school. Schools, for example, like Stanford University and Mills College are enabled by their independence of state support to stand above state control. They may be described as bulwarks against a tide that tends, not to independence of mind, not to freedom of mind, but to enslavement of mind. If we would preserve the spirit of independence in education, the spirit of freedom in teaching and in thought, we must not allow the independent school to go by the board. It is pertinent to add that while this writing is not intended as a special plea, none the less it may well be interpreted as such in relation to efforts now making to bring up the endowments of Stanford University and Mills College. These institutions merit support not more for what they are doing for general culture in California than for the fact that as independent schools they are sustaining the cause here of intellectual and moral independence in education.

#### Canada's Book Week.

Special publicity weeks are not a monopoly of our own country. Or perhaps they are contagious. Canada has recently celebrated a book week which was either primarily or incidentally for the purpose of refuting the gross German libel that our northern neighbor is an uncultured desert. The point is that the book week had that satisfactory result, for since the typical Teutonic accusation was made in 1913 we conclude that the Dominion of Canada did not take the taunt seriously. The alternative, of course, is that it was taken very seriously, indeed, to the point of deliberation and nine years' carefully nurtured culture. We incline to the interpretation that the book week's mustering of native talent is but throwing off a nonchalant denial to the ex-German government. After all, it takes more than nine years to grow even an indifferent author and we notice no Daisy Ashfords among this northern constellation.

A pamphlet published by the department of education of Ontario for the Canadian minister of education presents a fair summary of current Canadian books—notable ones only being included. And we venture to say that a similar epitome of any other nation's contribution to the phenomenon of culture would be no more imposing. And, with relative census figures considered, we would hesitate to match a similar investigation of our national output in the past year or two. We can boast more best sellers, but it must be remembered that one of the most remarkable of those phenomena was the Canadian "Maria Chapdelaine," a book that achieved the distinction of becoming a classic and a best seller immediately on publication. And it is surprising how many old friends reveal themselves as Canucks in this bulletin of the Ontario department of education. We wonder how many people know that Bliss Carman hails from New Brunswick or that Harvey O'Higgins, though he resides in New Jersey, is from Ontario. Lord Beaverbrook, as every one ought to know, is also from New Brunswick, and Sir Gilbert Parker, as every American novel reader does know, is a Canadian. In fact when one thinks of Canadian literature he thinks of Sir Gilbert. There are doubtless many well-informed people who think of him as the sole representative of Canadian letters. But he is only one of several dozen distinguished novelists listed by the department of education in its efforts to give the



lie, albeit belatedly, to Germany's kultur map in which "Canada shared with Africa the distinction of being black, that is, of 'having no assignable culture.'" Robert Service and Vilhjalmur Stefansson are two more noted Canadians, the intrepid explorer having first seen light in Arnes, Manitoba, the poet being a Canadian and a Vancouverite by adoption.

The low temperature, which is doubtless conducive to clear thinking, seems to produce an unusual proportion of rather solid books by comparison with our publishers' output, which is so largely fiction. Fiction occupies less space in the book week bulletin than do the serious classes of education, agriculture, government, history, sociology, etc. Nor is Our Lady of the Snows without her representative women writers. We are pleased to note that two of the most charming books that came our way during the past year are listed to Canada, namely, Elizabeth Montizambert's "Unnoticed London" and Mazo De La Roche's delectably funny "Explorers of the Dawn." But of course humor is not an unknown Canadian quality, as witness Stephen Leacock of international funny repute. We have not previously mentioned Professor Leacock, as it would be blatantly trite to advertise him as a Canadian. He has managed that on his own. Although there are scores more that challenge comment we must content ourselves with the foregoing high lights and the fact that the book week fulfilled its purpose. Canada might further retaliate by a culture map of her own in which Germany should be painted, not black, nor even red and black, but red.

#### Editorial Notes.

In the muchness of his saying Brother Gordon now and again says a wise thing. But sometimes his foot slips, as in classifying Senator Borah with Mr. Bryan. The two men are alike in the simple facts that both are fat and both eloquent. But there the resemblance ends. Bryan is a blatherskite who talks with his mouth, which long ago lost any connection with his brain. Nobody has better defined his processes than the late Representative Cushman of Washington State. "My mother," said Cushman, "had three sad-irons, but only one handle. She worked with one till it cooled down, then she released the handle and grabbed an iron fresh from the kitchen stove. So with Brother Bryan. He has many irons, but only one handle. He works with one until it cools down. Then he puts that aside and claps his handle upon whatever looks like hot stuff and slams away again." Mr. Borah, on the other hand, is a man of mind, a man of knowledge, a man of courage, a man of intellectual and moral force. If he is oftentimes wrong, he is frequently right. It remains to his everlasting credit that he led a movement that saved this country from an incalculable responsibility in relation to the muddled and muddling affairs of Europe. Mr. Borah, despite his many excesses, must not be confounded with that sounding brass and tinkling cymbal that goes by the name of William Jennings Bryan.

The governors of eleven Western states, in conference at San Francisco within the week, recommended a tax of 2 cents per gallon upon gasoline consumed by automobiles, the sum so collected to be used in maintaining the highways. This may or may not be the best way to make the users of the highways contribute to their support. But assuredly either this or some other means ought to be devised to make the dancers pay for the fiddling. Our highways have been created at prodigious cost. They are being used—in a measure they are being destroyed—both by legitimate and illegitimate users. We are in debt for our California highways in the tidy sum of \$73,000,000. Only a minority use the roads, but all of us contribute to pay interest on the debt. It is only fair that those who find their advantage or their pleasure in running over these roads should make special contribution for their upkeep.

In view of the fact that the most successful development of the coöperative marketing principle for food-stuffs is found among the citrus food producers of California, it is difficult to understand why there should be such effort at Washington to put over a new coöperative marketing act. Since the laws as they stand are good enough for the organizations in California, why should they be further muddled with for anybody else? However this may be, the coöperative marketing bill has the endorsement of the farmer organizations throughout the country and is being promoted by the farm bloc—or rather, we should say, it is being promoted by the promoters of the farm bloc. But while

thus favored the pending bill is opposed by students of economics, who pronounce it vicious because its purpose is to produce a monopoly and a monopolistic control of food production. It is a scheme, so its critics declare, leading up to centralization of control of food products, well safe-guarded from anti-trust laws. It is significant that Barney Baruch is acting as financial adviser to the leaders in this coöperative project.

As the census bulletins relating to prisons and penal institutions, statistics of the insane asylums, etc., come out they are affording a vast deal of comfort both to the wets and to the dries. This because anybody can take the figures and make them show anything that may be desired. Under one interpretation prohibition is a failure; under another it is a howling success. Of striking importance is the fact that the number of prisoners in Federal penitentiaries increased from 3018 on July 1, 1917, to 5440 on July 1, 1922. In the same period the number of inmates in state prisons increased from 41,871 to 44,283; the number of persons confined in municipal and police stations decreased from 25,855 to 21,635. Now the wets find comfort in the statistics of Federal and state prisons, while the dries are made happy by the decrease in the inmates of city prisons and police stations because this manifestly points to a decrease in the number of drunk and disorderly cases. Increase in the figures of Federal prisons is due to circumstances easily explained. The prohibition laws have compelled the Federal judiciary to take on the functions of police courts to such an extent that Congress has had to add more than twenty new judges to the United States District Court bench. If the prohibition laws have largely increased the population of Federal penitentiaries by sending to them a large number of persons convicted of bootlegging and allied offenses, it is not reasonable to deduce therefrom that the prohibition laws are a failure. Aside from this, there is to be considered that a great war in which this country participated has been fought and finished in the period covered by the current reports. Following a great war criminality invariably increases. Again, increase in the number of inmates in state prisons and county jails is at a percentage rate fairly normal compared with the normal rate in increase of population. On the whole then it seems unreasonable to assume—however they may be regarded—that the prohibitory laws have produced and are solely responsible for an excessive increase in criminality.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Eminently Worthy.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Why not offer Justice Shaw to Washington for President Harding's consideration as one of California's sons worthy of filling one of the judgeships soon to be named? He is a lifelong Republican—a kindly man—whose legal ability no one questions. H. S. MOORE.

##### Side Light on the Oregon Education Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 20, 1922.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: In re your "Lock-Step" editorial, please read the enclosed dispatch, which casts a sidelight on the situation in Oregon:

PORTLAND, ORE., November 11.—The majority in favor of the compulsory school attendance bill, passed by the voters of Oregon in the election of last Tuesday, will approximate 16,000. This became evident today, when 90 per cent. of the vote had been tabulated. Advocates of the measure themselves had not anticipated so large a majority although they had expected to win.

Opponents of the bill already have announced that they will contest it in the courts on the ground of alleged unconstitutionality. Whether they will seek to enjoin Governor O'Leary from certifying the bill, in the hope of preventing it from being declared law, or wait until it becomes effective four years hence and then bring proceedings designed to prevent its enforcement, they have not decided. If the former course is decided on the attack will be made early in January. Joseph A. Hill, head of a private school for boys here and director of one of the organizations which opposed the bill, said decision as to the course to be followed would be made soon.

The victory for the bill was won notwithstanding the fact that newspaper publicity was preponderantly on the side of the opponents. Two of the most influential Portland newspapers actively opposed it. None openly favored it. Opponents carried their advertising campaign all over the state and into papers small and large everywhere. Proponents confined their advertising campaign to a comparatively few advertisements. Paid speakers and volunteer speakers who made public addresses also were largely on the side of the opponents. Advocates said comparatively little, but results showed they were not to be swayed from their determination.

One of the facts brought out during the campaign was that in five public school districts of Oregon, wherein the schools are supported by taxation of the whole district, all the teachers are Roman Catholic nuns who appear in school in their religious garb. This fact was used as an offset to the arguments being made by the Roman Catholics that the rights of minorities would be infringed by the proposed bill. In the districts referred to the Protestant minorities had been outvoted by Roman Catholics, who thus turned the public schools over to their own organizations.

The bill just adopted will become effective in September, 1926. Thereafter, by its provisions, all children between the ages of eight and sixteen, inclusive, must attend the public schools five days a week during the school year.

##### These Many Years—and Again!

NEW YORK, November 21, 1922.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—Dear Sir: You have in the past received from the undersigned a donation in behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, when it put its best foot forward, to make as many families as possible happy on Thanksgiving.

Will you kindly do so again this year, with the enclosed fifty dollars, and oblige. M. R.-M. F.  
[With enclosure of \$50.]

#### A NEW NATIONAL ALIGNMENT.

A Proposal That Republicans and Democrats of Conservative Mind Shall Co-operate in Politics.

(New York Herald.)

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, statesman, philosopher, has come to recognize the fact that our two dominant political parties have ceased to be efficient instruments for carrying on our public business of today.

Dr. Butler is no political theorist. He is a hard-headed, clear-thinking, practical man in his politics as he is in his educational and administrative work. Dr. Butler has been a Republican all his life, a stalwart Republican at that. For many years he has been one of the great figures in state and national conventions and one of the great figures in guiding and shaping the policies of the party.

In 1912 on the death of James S. Sherman, candidate for Vice-President on Mr. Taft's ticket, Dr. Butler was put on the ticket by the Republican National Committee to fill the vacancy. With such a setting it is obvious that Dr. Butler is no political renegade. So when he comes out clearly and strongly for a new political alignment, as he did in his important address recently before the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University, his utterances carry unusual weight and have marked significance.

Referring to our political situation, Dr. Butler says: "In our approach to the study and discussion of public problems, we are misguided and blinded by the shibboleths of a party division which no longer represents the facts. Today the division of office-holders, office-seekers, and the voting public into Republicans and Democrats means little or nothing except struggle for public place and public authority. In the Congress at Washington and in many of the states, these party names have only the reminiscent significance of the label on an empty bottle of champagne."

"The time has come to move toward higher ground. The overwhelming majority of Republicans and the overwhelming majority of Democrats who are insubstantial agreement on all fundamentals, should speedily find ways to take such steps as may be necessary to form a Democrat-Republican party (to revive a name that was in use in this country a century ago), which would represent the predominant liberalism of our people. Over against such a progressive liberal party there would naturally be organized a distinctly radical party, to which should go all those who now call themselves Democrats or Republicans, but who are in reality neither."

"We should then have an honest and sincere division of political forces in this country, and the voters, young and old, would be able to choose, without being misled by false symbols and meaningless traditions, whether they preferred to throw their influence with the progressive liberal group or with the radical group."

"Under such a reorganization of political forces, our constructive liberals would be brought face to face with our destructive radicals, and the question whether the American Federal form of government established by the Constitution should be preserved and extended to meet new needs and to solve new problems, or whether it should be wholly or in part overturned and discarded, would be sharply presented to the American people. Under such circumstances American political education would proceed apace."

"It is my frequently expressed judgment that free institutions can be effectively maintained over any considerable period of time only by the two-party system. The two parties must, however, be really two, and not merely two shades or aspects of one. The appeal to differ must be an honest and sincere appeal, and when a party wins or loses in submitting its programme to the electorate, we must know distinctly what it is that has been won or lost. Otherwise, our political battles are sham battles, our political slogans are meaningless and we are acting in a fashion unworthy alike of our obligations and of our opportunities."

"The overwhelming majority of Americans believe in their Constitution, their Federal form of government, their guarantees of civil and political liberty and their independent judiciary. But this overwhelming majority, by maintaining a purely artificial division among themselves, play directly and daily into the hands of the enemies of America as we know it. The struggle for place and for public authority is so keen that a relatively small minority can by threatening party success or party pride gain marked concessions for its own peculiar views against the will and the principles of the great majority of those who bear the same party name."

"The radical and the destructionist is entitled to his opinions, and to do what he properly can to secure their approval by steadily increasing numbers of his fellow-citizens. But he is not entitled to do all this under false pretenses and while wearing a false uniform. So long as present party conditions continue destructive radicalism will gain increasing influence in this country and will do increasing damage, just because it is in position shrewdly to use one reluctant party organization and then the other, and to play them off against each other, to the great entertainment, you may be sure, of Beelzebub and all his admirers."

Dr. Butler's vision was never more clear than it is in respect of our present unsound political situation.

The conviction has long been in the hearts of the American people that something was wrong with us politically. The sense that our two political parties were not playing straight with us, that the issues between them were manufactured issues, that they were insincere issues, that they were ephemeral issues without bottom and substance, gripped the conscience of the nation.

And it is because of this groping in the darkness that a deadly apathy has possessed the nation in respect of its politics. We say deadly apathy because without keen, individual, vital interest in the politics of a democracy on the part of its citizens no democracy can progress along right lines, no democracy can last.

No expression better fits conditions of today than that wise expression of Abraham Lincoln, "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time."

And fooling the people, making fools of the people, is what these two old political parties are doing and have been doing for a quarter of a century—doing because there are no longer any genuine, basic issues between them.

The fault isn't so much with the men who dominate these parties today, with the men who live off these parties, with the men who make politics their business, as it is with the American people, who have permitted themselves to become the tools of crooked politics.

The men manning our political parties today are no worse than the men who have manned our political parties in other times. But in these other times the citizens of the country took a vital interest in their government and the machinery that operated their government.

There is no power among men which, unchecked and uncontrolled by a superior power that imposes on it balance and poise, will not gradually become dishonest, overbearing, autocratic, impossible.

The response of the public to Mr. Munsey's address delivered at the American Bankers' Association recently held in this city in which he set forth the dangers of our present political situation and pointed the remedy makes it clear that



he gave definite expression to sentiments deep rooted in the hearts of the American people, but as yet indefinite in phrase and name.

And now Dr. Butler, with his keen intellect and power of position, comes forward, eloquently urging the menace of citizenship apathy and of citizenship drifting in our politics. He urges what Mr. Munsey urges, that we must have a realignment in our politics, a realignment true to the sentiments of the American people, true to the belief, the conviction of the American people.

## VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

### CONGRESS AND THE ELECTIONS.

(Washington Star.)

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, announcing his programme of progressivism, which includes a determined opposition to certain pending legislative proposals, assails the practice which keeps in Congress for three months after the national election men who have been defeated at the polls. This raises an old question, often discussed, and as often laid aside as involving great difficulties in correction. The Federal election schedule was established at the outset on the basis of existing conditions. Communications were difficult and slow. A complete poll of the balloting could not possibly be had at the time of the organization of the government within one or possibly two months. It was contemplated that the retiring Congress should finish its work while the personnel of its successor was being determined.

As communications have been improved and made more speedy the system has developed differently from the expectation of the founders. The newly-elected Congress is known to a man before the next regular sessions begins. Ever since the telegraph was established, therefore, there has been the possibility of a repudiated Congress continuing for three months or more at work after the verdict of the people has been rendered and become generally known.

To correct this condition it will be necessary to shift the whole political calendar. The Constitution contemplates that the retiring Congress shall be the judge of the election of the President and Vice-President. It therefore must sit after the presidential election. This requirement is based upon a logical principle that the new Congress, chosen at the same time as the President, may itself be subject to the question of legality. Moreover, the vote-canvassing or retiring Congress must be in session before the inauguration of the President in order to certify to his election.

These questions have arisen heretofore in connection with the proposal to change the date of the inauguration. Whenever the more clement date of the last Thursday in April—the time historically appropriate owing to it having been the date of George Washington's induction into office—is proposed objection is raised that this would prolong the term of the retiring and possibly repudiated Congress, and a counter plan is usually advanced to curtail that term and have the new Congress to assemble and the President inaugurated early in January. But this would require the old Congress to assemble at some time subsequent to the election and canvass the vote, unless the system were fundamentally changed and the newly-elected Congress were made the canvassing body. If the newly-elected Congress were charged with this duty it would have to go in session before the inauguration of the President, sufficiently in advance to provide against a hiatus in the presidential office.

Taken altogether, the issue raised by Senator La Follette does not lend itself to easy solution, even if a change in practice were desirable. There are certain advantages in the retention of the old Congress in being after an election just as there are undoubtedly, at least in theory, advantages in immediately putting the popular will into effect through a prompt assemblage of the national legislature.

### THE SAN FRANCISCO "ARGONAUT."

(Theodore Price in Commerce and Finance, New York.)

The *Argonaut*, now in its forty-sixth year, is as vigorous as ever under the editorship of Alfred Holman, who, like his paper, is known throughout the world of journalism and letters. It is to be doubted whether there is another weekly publication anywhere that has a more distinguished body of readers than the *Argonaut* or wields as much influence in proportion to its circulation.

From the first issue it has been unique in its literary quality, its independence, and its courage.

As a newspaper it has always been conspicuous for its personality and the dynasty of talent by which it has been edited through its now long life. Here is to its continued success and power. It is often ultra conservative, and I frequently differ from it, but my disagreement with its able expositions does not diminish my pleasure in reading them. The *Argonaut* is a national institution of which San Francisco is and may well be proud.

### MEXICO'S MANŒUVRE.

(New York Times.)

The Mexican government seems to think that it has very cleverly scored off the American State Department. It announced in its own Congress, and sent word to all the South and Central American republics, that the United States had been detected in an intolerable attempt to dictate Mexican domestic legislation. If the intention of the Obregon government by this move was to provoke a great outburst of patriotic resentment and to insure an enthusiastic rallying of the Deputies to its support, the success achieved was instantaneous. But in any far-sighted view of the really important questions pending with the United States this adroit diplomatic stroke, as it might be thought by the Mexican government, must be considered highly ill-judged.

Secretary Hughes, restraining his indignation at what he might have denounced as a breach of confidence, gives a plain tale of the actual occurrences. In line with the conciliatory attitude of our government toward Mexico, an alternative to the original demand that a treaty be signed securing American property rights in Mexico had been proposed. It was argued that the end desired could be reached by an act of the Mexican Congress. The suggestion was that by legislation the apparent menace to American interests contained in the famous Article XXVII of the Mexican Constitution could be removed. Thereupon a draft of the bill was shown to our chargé d'affaires at Mexico City and by him sent on to the State Department. Secretary Hughes declares that he supposed his opinion was sought in this way by the Mexican government itself, and that it would not be unwelcome. In deciding that some parts of the measure as drafted were not satisfactory to our government he thought that he was doing only what the Mexican government desired him to do, and that he was merely contributing to the agreed settlement for which both sides were hoping. Far from any idea of intervening or dictating in a matter of internal lawmaking in Mexico, he believed that he was working acceptably for the restoration of better diplomatic relations between the two countries and for the recognition, as soon as might be, of the Obregon government by the United States. But now the Mexican government has made its flamboyant "gesture," and the far is in the fire.

It would be extreme to say, in the light of what we now know, that the Mexicans laid a trap for Mr. Hughes. It might have been more prudent for him not to pronounce

upon the bill in the Mexican Congress until it had been given its final form and enacted. But his motives were unquestionably friendly, and he was conscious only of giving the advice and help which he supposed to be requested. The result is unfortunate, for now Mexican pride has been successfully inflamed by President Obregon and the entire negotiation with our State Department given a most unhappy turn. Explanations may follow which will relieve the new tension, but for the present it can not be denied that the whole Mexican negotiation has fallen into a good deal of a mess.

### KANSAS AND THE INDUSTRIAL COURT.

(Boston Transcript.)

There seems to be a prevalent impression hereabout that Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas was defeated for reelection last week. Governor Allen himself was not a candidate for reelection. It is, however, true that the voters of Kansas apparently repudiated his policies in the election by choosing, instead of the candidate whom he favored, a Democrat who is flatly opposed to the industrial court law. But it has been made clear by the *Transcript's* correspondent at Topeka that this proceeding does not mean the repeal of the law or the abolition of the court, since the Republicans are in an overwhelming majority in the new legislature, and the industrial court is approved by the Republican party in the state. The election of Davis is a feature of the general protest of Republican voters against the management of the party, but there has been no overturn in Kansas, as is clearly evidenced by the election of seven Republican congressmen out of eight.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### My Lost Youth.

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon its hill;  
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
I robs in my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thunder'd o'er the tide!  
And the dead sea-captains, as they lay  
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's woods;  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that can not die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The island of Jersey in the British Channel has had no income tax, and as a result it has been invaded to such an extent from London as to cause a serious housing shortage. California is in no such danger.

### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian" and other novels of American life, is a great-grandson of Charles Kemble, the famous Shakespearean actor.

Professor Ernest L. Bogart of the University of Illinois has recently sailed for Persia to serve for a year as advisor to the Persian government on banking and currency.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, and Chaliapin, the newest great discovery in the operatic world, were brought up in the same poorer-class street in Kazan, the capital of an eastern province of Russia.

Mrs. Grafton Minot, the brilliant granddaughter of Henry Cabot Lodge, is manifesting her heredity of five generations of political pedigree. Two years ago she took a course in public speaking in the interests of her frequent addresses before the voters of the Bay state, and she has recently matriculated in a school of political economy and civil government. She is rarely absent from either Senate or House gallery when a notable speech is announced and is a devoted reader of the *Congressional Record*.

Clemenceau's appearance is being described copiously in every paper in the country, but whatever his personal idiosyncrasies, according to a New York "film editor" who has edited miles of war film, the "Tiger" is only infallibly recognized by his extraordinary soft hat which he wore in every picture taken of him during the war, and which is described by the film expert as follows: "It looked as if the famous statesman had carefully sat upon it and then rolled it up in his pocket for a time before donning it."

E. Scrymgeour, prohibitionist and political dark horse of the recent British elections, who defeated Winston Churchill at Dundee, is said to be quite as picturesque a figure as the former secretary for the colonies—though in a different fashion. Scrymgeour, who is noted as the soap-box orator of Dundee, is described by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "a man of fanatical convictions, with a raucous voice and a violent style of oratory." Now that a few years have elapsed since the war and a few memoirs have been published about it, the inevitable reaction has set in against the men who ran the war. Hence the rise of the Scrymgeour type of politician.

Robert Low Bacon, who was elected to the lower house of Congress from the first district of New York State, thus succeeding Frederick C. Hicks, is the son of Robert Bacon, Secretary of State under Roosevelt, and afterward ambassador to France. Mr. Bacon's youth was spent in Washington, D. C. He was graduated from Harvard in 1907, and has been quietly training for a political career ever since. During the world war he was a major of artillery in the New York division under General Cornelius Vanderbilt. Mr. Bacon was married in 1913 to Miss Virginia Murray and has since resided in Westbury, where he has an extensive estate.

Dr. Carl Joseph Wilhelm Cuno, director of the Hamburg-American steamship line, who succeeds Joseph Wirth as premier of the German Republic, is popular with the majority of Socialists as well as with the Central, Industrial, and Democratic parties. Dr. Cuno had resigned from the service of the German government in 1917, where he had rendered valuable assistance in the unraveling of the intricate valuable assistances that resulted from the world war. In 1918, on the death of Albert Ballin, Cuno became director-general of the Hamburg-American line. In 1919 and 1920 he was called upon by his government to participate as one of the German experts in the armistice negotiations at Treves and Brussels and later in the peace negotiations at Versailles and the reparations conference at Brussels. Dr. Cuno was born in Suhl, Thuringia, Germany, July 2, 1876. His father was a privy councillor in the German ministry. Cuno, who is interested in a number of German shipping concerns, has many friends in shipping circles in the United States.

Prince Gelasio Caetani, a member of the Italian royal family and one-time a "mucker" in the California Grass Valley mines, has been appointed Italian Ambassador to Washington. The prince has been the mayor of Rome for the past year or two. Caetani was an architect by profession, but was bitten with the idea of frontier life upon meeting Cecil Rhodes in Paris some where around 1900. Rhodes discouraged South Africa, but introduced the young Italian to Henning Jennings, a Californian. Jennings gave the prince letters to John Hays Hammond and Fred W. Bradley, and in 1902 Caetani came to America. In one year he had graduated from Columbia University and then he wired Bradley for a job. He came West and for three years worked as a regular miner in the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines in Idaho. Later he worked underground in Mexico, Alaska, and Grass Valley. In 1910 he opened an office as a mining engineer in San Francisco, and in 1912 went into partnership with Albert Burch of this city, where he remained until the outbreak of the war. During the war Caetani saw real service and was decorated by his government, and in December, 1920, he was elected mayor of Rome, having been active in Italian politics. The prince is a son of the late Duke of Sermoneta. He was a member of the Pacific Union, Bohemian, and Engineers' clubs while a resident of San Francisco.



## THE VOICE THAT BOUGHT A CASTLE.

Autobiography of Emma Calvé Depicts the Career of a Great Stage Artist.

Suppose a poor child in France said to her playmates: "Some day I shall buy me that castle." And suppose "some day" came, and she bought the castle. Would that be Romance, with a large, upper-case R? It would—unbelievable Romance, which as Dunsany would say is the very best sort, and in fact the only thing that is Romance: the realization of the impossible. That happened.

Suppose you were half a honeymoon couple, either half you are qualified to be, and you and the other half were floating in a gondola on the Grand Canal, floating amid palaces, under a silver moon, in a city of unearthly beauty. That would be Romance, too; and, one would think, quite enough at one time, and more than one really deserved. But suppose in addition there came floating across the dreaming waters, from another gondola, a wondrous, velvet voice, one of the great voices of the world, pouring out golden arias from the world's greatest composers, melodies that welled from the heart of a hurt nightingale, rendered with the truest art of a matchless singer; songs after song until the sorrow that impelled them was exhausted. That happened, too. It must have been earth's highest hour of art. It could happen once, but every chance and probability are against its ever happening again. Not a box-holder in the Diamond Horseshoe of the Metropolitan could buy that magic hour, or bring its poignant beauty back to earth.

Emma Calvé was the poor little French child, and the singer of the Grand Canal. In "My Life" she tells us of both these incidents. Her song that wondrous night was forced from her by some one of those sorrows that persist in invading the lives of the most envied women, against which not even the ballot seems able altogether to protect them. She does not tell us just what grieved her, but gives us this account of its extraordinary result:

Ah! To sing! To sing once more before I died! To cry my anguish to the night before the eternal silence should engulf me!

Like one distraught, I threw my cloak about me and went out into the night. A barque lay at the foot of the stone stairway outside my door. I found myself seated in it, floating along the still canal, between the dark water and the darker sky. I began to sing, madly, passionately, all the songs I had ever known. Gay or sad, tender or tragic, they poured from my lips in a turbulent flood. I sang as though I would never sing again, spending my strength, my grief, my life; giving to the unresponding shadows all that I had of beauty and of art.

Only when my voice died in my throat, and my parched lips could make no further sound, did I realize my strange situation. As one who painfully returns to reality from the uncharted seas of fever and delirium, I looked about. I saw where I was, and became conscious of what I had been doing.

All around me a moving mass of small boats pushed and jostled. They had gathered from every side like spectre ships filled with whispering, wondering people. In a barque that almost touched my own, I could see a young couple, closely embraced, watching me with a startled, ardent gaze. How long had my voice been leading this phantom procession through the night?

I shrank back under the hood of my gondola, my one desire to hide from these people I had so strangely evoked! I gave my gondolier the address of a friend whom I knew to be absent and in whose empty palazzo I could take sanctuary. Many hours later, when I thought the way was open, I left my place of refuge. As I stepped into the waiting gondola, a black shadow slipped out from the protection of the building opposite and followed me to my hotel. The lovers on the lagoon had not given up the vigil, and had waited to discover my real abiding place!

The next morning a bouquet of flowers was brought to me with this message:

"From Paul and Jeanne, who love each other greatly and to whom you have given an unforgettable night! May the blessing of God be upon you, you who are the bearer of the Fire Divine."

No matter in what part of the world the singer may be, the anniversary of that night brings a message of love and gratitude from the mysterious Paul and Jeanne. To sweeten life in such fashion is given to very few. It is poetic justice that one who can so sweeten it should own a castle.

Mme. Calvé has written a good piece of autobiography, one that shows a reliable sense of values. About such a person there are certain things one naturally wishes to know, and she tells them, simply and directly, and with no effect of egotism, pardonable though it might have been. True, the book contains much about Calvé. But there is nothing here that modesty should have concealed. We naturally like to learn of the early manifestations of such abilities, and she gives us this among other incidents of her childhood in a remote district of southern France:

Once back at the convent, it was my turn to make my comrades tremble. I told them the tales I had heard, with additions and amplifications of my own. I finally discovered a way of singing them in a weird minor key, a sort of melodious chant, which I improvised as I went along, and which added greatly to the effect.

I remember hearing a colloquy between one of the sisters of the convent and a small comrade of mine.

"What is the matter with you, my child?" the sister asked.

"Why are you crying?"

"Oh, *ma sœur!*" the child answered, all in tears. "What fun we are having! Emma Calvé is making us cry with her songs!"

The great "Carmen" was born in the Department of Aveyron, "on a wild and rocky upland of the Cevennes

Mountains, where my forbears had lived for countless generations." One of her earliest recollections is of a bit of play acting under critical circumstances. Her parents moved into Spain, and there she had to serve, at the early age of five years, as a blind for a wounded young Carlist her mother had hidden in the child's bed. It was a "sleeping part." She felt a great responsibility, and played it well, and the wounded Carlist got away in safety from the Spanish soldiers. Soon after she strayed into a gipsy camp, and from that adventure she learned the wandering people and their ways. Later it served her in good stead when she came to costume and interpret "Carmen." But there was a long novitiate. She was taken from the convent to Paris by her mother, who had determined that her daughter's voice should be cultivated. But she had to use credit, a promise to pay when the pupil should earn the money. Calvé says:

She was most fortunate in finding a well-known singing teacher, Jules Puget, a retired tenor of the opera, who was willing to accept these conditions. The lessons which he gave me were excellent. He taught the principles of the Italian *bel canto*, with which he was thoroughly familiar. He was a talented artist and had created several important rôles during his long career.

At the end of three years of study, he advised me to obtain some concert engagements in order to accustom myself, little by little, to singing in public. My very first appearance was therefore on the concert stage in the tiny hall of the Théâtre de la Tour d'Auvergne. The building has long since disappeared, but at that time it was a favorite place for young singers to make their debuts. I was given fifty francs for my songs. With what pride, with what triumph, I carried my earnings back to my mother!

Like all singers, I have been asked repeatedly at what age I began to sing. It seems to me I have always sung! In my earliest childhood I used to hum all day long, imitating everything I heard around me. My mother had a very beautiful natural voice. Although not a musician, she sang charmingly all the old songs of France, folksongs in the dialects of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, shepherds' songs from our own country of Aveyron. She had an enormous repertory. One day we tried to count and classify them. We found that, between us, we knew about two hundred!

In Paris we lived, my mother, my brothers and I, very modestly indeed, in a little apartment on Montmartre. I left home before 8 every morning, walking halfway across Paris to my lessons, through rain or snow, in soaking shoes. I grew rapidly and was very thin.

Next door to us was a market run by a burly butcher and his wife. They greatly enjoyed listening to my singing when, during the hot summer days, I practiced with my windows open. One day my mother stopped at the shop to do her marketing.

"Your daughter has a pretty voice," the butcher remarked, as he prepared the order. "My wife and I think she is a wonder!"

"It's very kind of you to say so," my mother answered.

"She works very hard, and I hope some day—"

"Yes, she's a fine singer," he interrupted, "but she's too thin. Much too thin! She ought to eat lots of beefsteaks and cutlets!"

My mother was taken by surprise at what appeared to be a rather crude way of increasing trade. Before she could answer, however, the astonished man continued:

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "To prove to you how much confidence I have in your daughter's future, I'll open an account for you at this shop. You can pay me when she makes her debut!"

I have never forgotten these good people. When I was singing at the Opéra Comique, we always sent tickets to the musical butcher and his family. I have no doubt he sat there, telling any one who would listen to him:

"Do you see that wonderful singer? It is entirely due to me that she is in such fine form!"

Then came the Brussels début, and her early stage experiences. Here is one of them:

I remember that I made a great hit at my first performance of Cherubin. Such an absurd incident! I laugh to this day when I think of it.

I was, as I have said, very slender at this time, and the appearance of my thin legs, spider's legs as my mother called them, gave me the gravest concern. I hit upon a brilliant plan of overcoming this defect; and when I appeared on the stage the first night of the "Noces de Figaro," enormous calves of cotton swelled the dimensions of my silken tights! The old gentlemen in the front row trained their opera glasses on these superb affairs. I was conscious of their attention and proud of my success until I left the stage at the end of my first scene. In the wings the infuriated director was waiting for me.

"Ah, ça!" he shouted, pointing at my unfortunate legs. "What are those hideous lumps, I'd like to know! I am tempted to stick pins into them! Stupid child! Don't you know that every one is laughing at you? Do you expect any one to believe that those fat excrescences belong to you? Take them off instantly!"

And so it was that for the second act I had to make my entrance with my poor beanstalk legs all unadorned! My mortification was intense. I tried to cover my legs with my cloak, but it was impossible. The audience saw the change instantly, and was highly amused. I was applauded and cheered uproariously, and indeed I doubt if I ever created quite so much excitement at the Monnaie as I did on that night of painful memory!

To the successful, "old home week" is like to be as trying an experience as the first venture out of the old nest into the unfeeling world. "I knew him when" has become a proverb, and the old environment is seldom comfortable, often disappointing. Not even our divine Calvé escaped that old-home chill. This is how they received her who was to become a star of the Metropolitan:

The most curious thing of all, however, happened the day that I visited the little village from which our family came. The mayor ordered the tocsin rung to call the peasants in from the fields. They came running from all sides, just as they were, carrying their pitchforks, their rakes and scythes, expecting at the very least to find the town hall in flames! The mayor leaned out of the window and addressed the crowd in the square below.

"I have made you come here," he proclaimed in stentorian tones, "to listen to a little nightingale of these parts. It will sing to you from this very window. Listen well, and I am sure you will acclaim our accomplished compatriot, Mademoiselle Emma!"

Standing at the window, my eyes raised to the beautiful mountains, I sang with all my strength, with all my heart, gay songs and sad songs—everything I knew. I did my best,

wishing to show all my skill to these men and women who had known me since my birth.

Finally I stopped. A dead silence greeted my efforts. Astonished, a little hurt, I went down among my listeners, addressing myself to my old friend the shepherd.

"Blaise," I said, "what is the matter? Why don't you applaud me? Did I sing as badly as all that?"

The old man was hardly able to hide his emotion.

"Poor child! Poor little girl!" he stammered, his voice breaking with tears. "How you scream! How it must hurt you! You are wearing out your life! You are wearing it out! Such waste of strength! It is dreadful."

So was the news that filled my mother and myself with joy and pride received by our people! Every one was heartbroken, even to my cousin, the canon, who, that I might enter into paradise, said his mass every morning for twenty years for the salvation of my soul!

But Russia! Ah, Russia was different. We can perhaps understand a little more about bolshevism when and we learn that the Russian temperament expressed itself in an attempt to eat her. They sent her water lilies for Ophelia's mad scene, and she twined them in her long, black hair. She says:

The effect was apparently excellent, for I was recalled twenty times after the curtain went down. The Russian public is very artistic, very sensitive, and, above all, very enthusiastic. The last time I came out, I found the cadets climbing up on to the stage! They had chased the musicians from their places, swarmed into the orchestra pit, and were clambering over the footlights to get at me. The first thing I knew, I was surrounded by the young madcaps, who kissed my hands, my scarf, the sleeves of my dress, overwhelming me with compliments and exclamations of delight. I could not get away from them. Finally, in an excess of an enthusiasm, one of them bit my arm!

"Fiends! Savages!" I cried. "Are you going to devour me? Let me pass!" And with a heroic effort I succeeded in reaching my dressing-room and shutting myself behind locks and bars!

There are many nuggets of stage experience and anecdote in the book, some of them most diverting. Mme. Laborde, one of Calvé's teachers, knew her world and what had happened in it, and retailed this incident:

She had known the mother of Patti, apparently a most disagreeable woman. One evening this fiery lady was singing with a companion who had false eyebrows. At that time it was the custom to shave the natural eyebrows and glue on false ones at a more dramatic angle. Patti's mother, jealous and furious at the success of her comrade, began to stare at her fixedly.

"What is the matter?" the other whispered under her breath.

"Your right eyebrow has fallen off!" came the answer, *sotto voce*.

The poor victim, horrified, tore off her left eyebrow, and remained for the rest of the act with only her right one!

And here is a typical bit of European humor, the sort of old-worldly playfulness that surprises us at times with the proof that they are human, after all:

Apropos of Lablache, I recall a most diverting incident. He was staying at one time in the same hotel in which General Tom Thumb, the dwarf, had an apartment. Tom Thumb was very popular and had many visitors. One day a lady, seeking the General, entered Lablache's apartment by mistake. She found herself face to face with the enormous singer, who, beside being very tall, was corpulent as well.

"I was calling on General Tom Thumb!" the astonished visitor stammered.

"I am he," answered the giant gravely.

The lady, thoroughly bewildered, protested in surprise. "But, monsieur, I was told that Tom Thumb was the smallest man in the world!"

"Ah, yes," Lablache answered. "That is true, in public. But when I am at home, I make myself comfortable!"

There is even a Turkish feature, and since Turks are much in the public eye just now, this will have its interest, especially as it affected Calvé's own technique:

During my sojourn in the Holy City I often went to hear the choir of the Sistine Chapel, which was at that time under the direction of the last of the eunuchs, Mustapha, a Turk, like all his companions. He had an exquisite high tenor voice, truly angelic, neither masculine nor yet feminine in type—deep, subtle, poignant in its vibrant intensity. He sang the classic church music admirably, especially Palestrina. He had certain curious notes which he called his fourth voice—strange, sexless tones, superhuman, uncanny!

I was so much impressed by his talent that I decided to take some lessons from him. The first question I asked was how I might learn to sing those heavenly tones.

"It's quite easy," he answered. "You have only to practice with your mouth tight shut for two hours a day. At the end of ten years you may possibly be able to do something with them."

That was hardly encouraging.

"A thousand thanks!" I exclaimed. "At that rate, I will never learn! It takes too much patience!"

Nevertheless, with the tenacity which is a fundamental part of my character, I set to work. My first efforts were pitiful. My mother assured me that they sounded like the miauling of a sick cat! At the end of two years, however, I began to make use of my newly acquired skill; but it was not until my third year of study that I obtained a complete mastery of the difficult art.

These special notes, which I have used since then with great success, are rarely found in the ordinary run of voices. I have tried repeatedly to develop them in my pupils; but, in spite of hard work and close application, I have never found one pupil who has been able to imitate them.

What a far cry it is from the Paris opera to a little town in California! Here a postal clerk refused to give Calvé her mail. He had seen her the night before, and she was much prettier. So she must identify herself. Luckily she had the means to do it, and in a convincing manner. She stood there in the little postoffice and sang him the "Habañera." And if we were that clerk we should go on refusing strange ladies their mail until Dr. Work fired us, just on the chance that it might happen again. Probably the Victor Company would have paid her ten thousand for what the postal clerk had for refusing her a letter.

It is not often so great an artist gives such an intimate glimpse of her aims, her efforts, her work, her joys and sorrows, her life. The narrative is well composed, the book as a whole very enjoyable.

My LIFE. By Emma Calvé. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4.



BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending November 25, 1922, were \$149,600,000, as compared with \$120,500,000 for the corresponding week of five days last year; an increase of \$29,100,000.

Will the maelstrom of inflation move westward over Europe? That is the question that is disturbing financial observers.

With the continued decline of the mark fostering unsettlement in all other exchanges, with the fall of the coalition government in

move the first cause of rising prices. Although the decline in coal movements up to October 1st was about 950,000 cars, half of which must be made up before the end of this year, and the car shortage has recently been reported at fully 140,000 cars, it has been estimated that the traffic can all be moved. If the railroads accomplish what they have set out to accomplish, the final three months of this year will witness the heaviest movement of freight in the history of American railways, with a total of 11,450,000 car-load shipments. Such a movement does not seem to be so difficult of accomplishment when comparison is made with the 11,329,907 cars moved in the last three months of 1920, and the 10,174,297 in 1921.

The labor outlook is not so promising. In regard to the shortage of common labor, President Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation recently declared that "it was becoming a very serious matter in the steel industry, causing in many instances curtailment in operations and delay in construction work." As a remedy Mr. Grace favored "a selective system of immigration, safely protecting the United States against the importation of undesirable, but a system which would admit desirable workmen, particularly from Central European countries." There can be no doubt that such a remedy would be effective, but at best it will be a long time coming and may be expected to receive unintelligent handling at Washington. The labor shortage, therefore, is likely to become the most serious of our domestic problems and may exert a pernicious influence on our entire price structure. If such should be the case we may run once more through the circle in which high wages bring about higher living costs, which are in turn used to boost wages again. It is more logical, however, to believe that a let-down in the urgent demand for goods, once stocks are brought back to normal, will ease the labor demand and allow a gradual readjustment of the situation.

Continued strength in the cotton and grain markets is one of the most encouraging developments. Wheat has advanced fully 16 cents a bushel since September, and cotton is up more than \$20 a bale. So far the rise has not been sufficient to overcome the discrepancy between the prices the farmer receives for what he has to sell and the prices he pays for what he has to buy; but it has been a movement in the right direction. And it must be remembered that we are dealing with the third largest output of farm products in the history of the country. The latest estimates of the world's wheat crop indicate that there will be a shortage of about 230,000,000 bushels in Europe, which in a measure accounts for the resumption of export buying here which did not cease with the passing of the Near East war scare. If the price of wheat holds or continues to rise it will be one of the most favorable auguries that we could have for the future of general business, for the farmer's purchases make up about 30 per cent. of our total domestic trade.

The general business outlook continues excellent. The Federal Reserve agent at New York reports that sales of sixty-four department stores in this district "were larger than in September, 1919, 1920, or 1921," and that "the gain over September last year was 16.1 per cent., the largest increase over the corresponding month in the previous year since July, 1920, when an increase in prices was a factor in the advance." The September volume of wholesale trade in the New York district was larger than in any month since September, 1920. It is particularly interesting to note that the machine tool trade, which was hardest hit by the depression of 1920-21, is now reporting the largest increase in sales.

The stock market, after a sharp rally, quickly traversed a second period of general reaction. This tends to bear out the assumption that the upward swing has reached a temporary halting place and that reactions may be expected to become more frequent and more serious. Whether or not there will be protracted reaction still remains to be seen. It must be admitted, however, that the market slows up perceptibly on the declines and that there has yet been nothing to indicate any-

thing more serious than a temporarily overbought condition.

Since the railroads will move a record volume of freight in the last three months of this year, it follows that their profits will gain substantially. If the market develops no more weakness than has yet been seen, it will be logical to anticipate that the railroads will, within the next few weeks, turn the general list upward again. Such rails as New York Central, Chesapeake & Ohio, Reading, Atchafalpa and St. Louis & Southwestern preferred, which is likely to go on a 5 per cent. dividend basis next January, and Southern Railway preferred, which recently resumed payments, look particularly attractive. Until the general market situation clears it would be wise to restrict new commitments to such good rails as these.

In simple unmistakable language decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that separation of Central Pacific from Southern Pacific lines would result in higher freight rates.

The proposed separation of the interwoven lines would make necessary two-line hauls where freight is now handled direct by a one-line haul. The principle that two-line hauls necessitate higher freight rates is clearly set forth in the Piedra Rock Company case, Decision No. 10,619 of the California Railroad Commission, Case No. 645, decided June 23, 1922, wherein the commission cites a number of decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In this decision the California Railroad Commission said:

"Railroad commissions generally, as well as the Interstate Commerce Commission, have recognized the principle that a two-line haul is entitled to a proportionately higher rate than a one-line haul.

"In 33, I. C. C. 163, in the case of Meridian Fertilizer Factory vs. A. and S. Railway Company, an arbitrary rate of 2 cents per 100 pounds for a two-line haul over a one-line haul was established. In that opinion it was stated the commission on various occasions recognized it is just and reasonable for two or more independent lines, not part of the same management or making up a through route, to charge a somewhat higher rate for a two-line haul than would be deemed reasonable for a single-line haul of equal distance.

"In 28, I. C. C. 264, being a rehearing in the matter of Sheridan vs. C. B. & Q. Railroad in the above entitled proceeding, the commission confirmed its previous conclusion allowing a higher rate for a two-line haul than for a one-line haul for distances within 500 miles.

"In 39, I. C. C. 124, the commission says: 'It is a well-established principle of rate-making that ton-mile earnings properly may decrease as the length of the haul increases, and that ordinarily rates for a one-line haul may be lower than for a movement over two or more lines.' The commodity involved in that proceeding was brick.

"In 43, I. C. C. 632, the commission says: 'Other things being equal, the rate for a two-line haul may properly be higher than the rate for a single-line haul.'

"In 44, I. C. C. 669, the commission says: 'Ordinarily the rate for a one-line haul should be lower than the rate over a three-line route. . . .'

"Furthermore, a two-line haul rate that is less than a combination of locals is obviously less remunerative to either participating company than a haul local to one line. The revenue must be divided and in all cases when such two-line haul revenue is split, one or the other or both of the lines must shrink their locals."

Exports from the United States to our neighbors in South America show remarkable gains in the new fiscal year which began with the month of July. This is more remarkable because of the fact that the fiscal year ending with June had shown a reduction of more than 60 per cent. in our exports to that continent. Every month since the opening of the new fiscal year, according to the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York has shown big increases in the value of exports to South America despite the fact that most of the merchandise leaving the country is going at lower prices than a year ago. In

fact, the value of the exports sent from the United States to South America in the three months of July, August, and September, 1922, totals 36 per cent. more than in that same period of last year, while the total value of the exports to North America in the same period show a decline of 11 per cent.; to Europe a reduction of 19 per cent.; and to Asia and Oceania no change when compared with the same months of last year. The South American market therefore is the one in which our exports show big gains in the new fiscal year 1922-3.

This increase in our sales to our South American neighbors is especially interesting in view of the fact that manufactures form the bulk of the materials which they buy from us. And it is in the exportation of manufactures that we are most concerned in considering the future of our export trade. All the world comes clamoring to our doors for our foodstuffs and raw materials, especially bread and meats and cotton, of which our surplus is constantly growing less with our increase in population, but it is in manufactures that we must make our fight in world markets. On the other hand, we clamor at the doors of other countries producing tropical foods and manufacturing materials such as coffee, cacao, india rubber, wool, nitrates and other of the natural products of South Amer-

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England and the rise of the Fascisti in Italy, the bear speculators in foreign exchange have everything their own way, says *Forbes Magazine*. And on the Stock Exchange the renewed decline in European rates—especially as the causes have remained obscure—has inspired vague misgivings, with the result that, although alarm over the Near East has rapidly subsided, stock market operators are still closely watching Europe.

While further inflation in Europe is not reassuring, progress toward the old war-time level of prices appears to be welcomed at home—at least from the stock market viewpoint. But, thanks to our far-sighted banking policy, what little inflation we may be in for appears to be something which may not rightfully be called inflation. Price advances here

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have not been caused by a debased currency nor by redundancy of our circulating medium.

There have been two main causes, and, as these causes are temporary, we may hope that whatever sharp price advances may result will also be temporary. One cause has been railroad congestion, which has made it difficult to get commodities from one part of the country where they are not needed to other parts where they are needed—even the advance in the grain market has gathered no little of its force from slow deliveries. Another cause has been the growing scarcity of labor, which has resulted in wage advances all along the line, from the common laborers of the United States Steel Corporation, receiving less than \$5 a day, to building trades workers, who are now getting as much as \$20 a day.

The railroads are striving manfully to re-

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ica, and as it happens that our South American neighbors have not yet become manufacturers in any large degree the interchange between the two continents is a perfectly natural one, for we of the United States are now the largest manufacturing country in the world.

So it is interesting to see that the quantity of cotton cloths sent to South America in August, the latest month for which details are available, was 50 per cent. more than in the same month of last year; newsprint and book paper more than doubled that of the same month last year; galvanized iron sheets over 4,000,000 pounds against one-half million in August, 1921; tin plate three times as much in value as a year ago; wire over 13,000,000 pounds against less than 1,000,000 in August, 1921; and of automobiles sent to South America the value in August, 1922, was ten times as much as in August, 1921. And these are merely examples of the increasing popularity of American manufacturers with our South American neighbors.

We are reciprocating, too, their generosity by taking increased quantities of their merchandise, for in July of the current year our

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imports from that continent showed an increase of over \$10,000,000 when compared with the same month of the preceding year, August a gain of \$5,000,000 and September a gain of \$10,000,000 over the same month of 1921, these increases in our purchases of their products including coffee, cacao, wool, hides and skins, india rubber, nitrates and many other articles of tropical and sub-tropical growth for which we are dependent and must always be dependent upon other countries. And the increase in the exchange of the products of our factories for those of the fields and forests of our nearest neighbor, South America, is an encouraging feature of our after-the-war trade.

After a trip of seven weeks' duration, in which all the large cities of the South and East were visited, F. A. Freeman of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, investment bankers, has returned to Portland. Mr. Freeman visited California, spent several days in Arizona and Texas, and made the trip from New Orleans to New York by boat. He spent most of his time to get an insight into financial conditions as they actually exist and now he declares that the nation is in for a protracted period of easy money conditions and that with the enormous banking reserves on hand a sharp and sustained advance of money rates is highly improbable.

"There is a tremendously greater amount of

cent. for bringing out of default their four quarterly unpaid dividends and are declaring their regular 1 1/4 per cent. falling due. This improved condition is particularly pertinent as it evidences the fact that the buying power of the agriculturist is again becoming a strong factor in the business conditions of the country.

"Profitable employment of our surplus capital at what is deemed reasonable rates of interest in consideration of our tax situation is a coming problem. Europe and South America need our support badly. If we will permit ourselves to be scared by the propaganda of professional traders running down fifteen to twenty points the market value of the dollar bonds of the nations of the world with hitherto unsullied reputation and perfect records of performance those nations are not going to be able to trade with us. The defects of our recent tariff are already showing up and merchants and bankers are strong in their criticism of the new tariff.

"New York has the only real stock and bond market in the country and now the bond trading, which a few years ago was of comparatively small consequence, has with the great increase in banking capital of the country assumed very great proportions. That accumulation of investment capital devoted to fixed income securities as contrasted with stock speculation has created opportunity for a new game—'shaking down the investor.' The public mind being occupied with our general election gave the bear trader a great opportunity. He filled the public press with alarm regarding Europe and South America, taking advantage of every available straw. It was the time of customary seasonal increased demand on account of crop movement. There had been heavy speculation in stocks. A huge volume of stock dividends were being declared (to defeat the announced policy of the government to levy a surtax on surplus earnings not required in the business) creating a readjustment in the market value of the stocks, often creating an assumption of great depreciation, France and England were indulging in their usual sparring match for position and the organs of each political party were holding out to the people prospects of the nation going to the bow-wows commercially and financially if their respective candidates were not elected. Otherwise level-headed and conservative investors swallowed whole predictions of world-wide calamity and the dollar bonds of many of the nations were hammered down to prices yielding 8 1/2 to 9 per cent. and better. The advantages that were taken of the gullibility of the public is almost unbelievable. There was a long 'special' published in the New York Times predicting revolution and bloodshed in Brazil upon the inauguration of the new president November 15th. November 15th Brazil bonds that had already been going down took another violent fall running down totals of fifteen to seventeen points from the high price of the year. Immediately following the peace-

able inauguration of the new president accompanied by statements in the press lauding his character and past record, Brazil bonds rose ten points in a single day. Somebody made a great deal of money.

"It must not be overlooked that there is a commission paid both by the seller and the purchaser on all securities traded in on the New York Exchange. When an investor is scared into selling the broker gets his commission. When the investor gets tired of having his money lie idle or, after reasoning out his mistake, comes back into the market and buys through a brokerage house, he pays another commission. It is good business for the broker, going and coming."

On small volume of transactions bond prices moved lower, reversing their movement of the past two weeks. The recession has amounted to a little over two and a half points from the high registered in September and is very small when the advance during the past year and a half is considered, say McDonnell & Co.

The greatest recession was in the foreign government group, which has reflected the economic conditions in Europe and the unsatisfactory news from the Near East.

Particular groups have responded, more or less, to local conditions, but in general the utility bonds have shown the greatest stability, industrials second and rails third.

Irregularity may continue for several weeks, but there are many bargains for the investor, and those with available funds would do well to consider the opportunities of the present moment, since indications point to an advance in bond prices after the turn of the year.

One of the new first mortgage bonds which has many attractive features is the Camaguey Sugar Company first mortgage 7s, due 1942. These bonds are secured by a direct first lien on all the mortgageable property of the company, which comprises about 26,000 acres of land, three mills, railroads and necessary equipment.

The capacity of the three mills owned by the company will amount to about 600,000 bags during a normal season when improvements contemplated and provided for by this financing are completed. They are capable of producing raw sugar at an operating cost as low as the average of the best fifty mills on the island. Much of the company's land ranks with the best sugar lands in Cuba, and the cane planted and available is more than sufficient to supply of the company's mills at the rated capacity.

For the past nine years operation of the Camaguey mill shows an average income available for depreciation, interest and income taxes of \$4.28 for each bag of sugar produced. Income of the company from current crop available for these charges is estimated at \$3.57 a bag, which is equivalent to

more than four and a half times the annual interest requirements on these bonds.

This issue is very attractive, not only from the earning capacity of the company, but from the large assets behind the issue. At current quotations it yields about 7 1/4 per cent.

A bond which offers not only a short-term privilege, but may also be classed among long-term investments, is the Southwestern Bell Telephone 7 per cent. convertible gold notes, due 1925. This concern was incorporated in Missouri in 1882 and is one of the largest constituent companies making up the Bell Telephone System in the United States.

The territory which it serves is one of the most rapidly growing sections of the United States and covers half a million square miles. The earning power has been exceptionally steady, and during the past few years has increase very satisfactorily.

This bond is convertible at par into the company's 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock with adjustment to interest and dividends. Should the notes be called for redemption the convertible clause remains in force to the date of such redemption.

No prior lien can be placed on the property, and due to the large equities behind this issue and to the good earning power of the company a high rating is accorded these notes.

Of interest to investors are the seven major provisions of the Montana irrigation laws under the act of 1909, which have been tabulated by Mr. George H. McKaig, manager of G. E. Miller & Co., San Francisco, and published in

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money in America than there is any utility for," says Mr. Freeman. "The reserves of the commercial banks and the Federal Reserve Bank will make this perfectly evident to any one who takes the trouble to look. Liquidations of merchandise stocks and of bank loans has taken place with unforeseen rapidity and as the result banking reserves have accumulated enormously in excess of reasonable requirements. The peak of seasonal demand for crop movements has been reached. Business has been retarded by car shortages, but the railroads are handling traffic now of an aggregate amount as great as at any time in the history of the nation. "Many of the great corporations, by economizing and exercising great energies in sales, have gotten out of the precarious condition in which they found themselves and as the result are moving forward by leaps and bounds. An illustration of this is Montgomery, Ward & Co., the big mail-order house. A few years ago they discontinued dividends on their 7 per cent. preferred stock. Just recently they declared a dividend of 7 per



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connection with the final release of the remaining Toole County Irrigation District bonds.

The laws as applying to this and other similar districts in Montana are as follows:

- (1) That these districts are municipal corporations with full taxing powers.
- (2) That the tax for the payment of interest and principal of bonded debt be levied against the irrigable lands, but that this tax shall become a lien against the entire lands of the district of which such irrigable area forms a part.
- (3) That the county treasurer collect and be custodian of the tax funds.
- (4) That any interested party may start mandamus proceedings to compel the making of the levy and collection of the taxes.
- (5) That delinquent sales shall be made in the same manner as for state and county taxes.
- (6) That no land shall be discharged from the lien of these bonds until the entire indebtedness has been paid.
- (7) That these bonds shall be exempt from Federal income tax and Montana personal property tax.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

## Balloons.

It is evident that the Princess Bibesco has profited by the criticism, especially the harsher criticism, that her former book called forth. For "Balloons," her second aerial flight of fancy, is notably lacking in the more garish hues of its predecessor of the self-accusatory title. Needless to say, the score or less of pointed episodes—they are more like sky-rockets than balloons in their precision and vehemence—that Margot's sprightly daughter has here loosed for our delectation are fully as piquant as the more experimental collection of "I Have Only Myself to Blame." The two books are similar enough to cause confusion in even an accurate memory, the differentiation being that "Balloons" has been culled of the grosser features of its twin. It is a wise author who remedies his faults so speedily.

Despite their flippant ephemeral nature and their—we grieve to admit it—flagrantly decadent tone, the princess' stories have one or two real merits. It is not even fair to call them decadent because they are sincere, whereas true decadents are poseurs and fanatics. The princess is eminently sane: she calls things by definitive names, but she never applies sophistry—that earmark of de-

cadency. For instance, she recognizes virtue not as a stage prop or a comedy lay figure, as is the custom with books claiming Mayfair as their natural habitat. We stress the sincerity rather than the superlative, the almost diabolical, cleverness of Elizabeth Bibesco because cleverness, when it is made a cult, sometimes defeats its own ambition and becomes wearisome rather than stimulating. Besides, every other review in the English-speaking press can be depended on to acclaim or exorcise the Asquithian brand of cleverness.

However, the real claim to distinction that "Balloons" and its predecessor have is one that we wholeheartedly endorse for writers of short stories—that is the absolute elimination of trite explanatory material that is better imagined than rendered into prose. We would willingly back the Princess Bibesco to rewrite any full-sized novel in one-fourth the space, keeping all relevant material and thereby making the synthesized product just four times as readable. In fact much of this author's effect of scintillating cleverness is owing to her omission of everything but the cleverness. We commend the method to the school of American short story writers who describe the inside of offices, probably for the benefit of future archaeologists. R. G.

BALLOONS. By Elizabeth Bibesco. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

## Four and Twenty Minds

If one is satiated with the genteel mediocrity of Brander Matthews, the emasculated academicism of Mr. Canby, and the Puritanical superficiality of Paul Elmer More, he will look in vain for criticism so stimulating and original as that of Giovanni Papini in "Four and Twenty Minds." Truly, here is "God's plenty." If one is interested in philosophy he should read what Papini has to say about Berkeley, Hegel, Spencer, Nietzsche, and Croce. If one's interests are literary, he should read the essays on Dante, Swift, Calderon, Maeterlinck, Henry de Gourmont, and Walt Whitman. He may find his favorite idol knocked into a cocked hat, or perhaps his pet aversion lauded to the skies. No matter. He should read the last essay in the book—the author's caricature of himself. He can then no longer take himself seriously; he can merely thank Professor Wilkins for giving him this excellent translation of Italy's foremost living essayist.

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. By Giovanni Papini. Translated from the Italian by Ernest H. Wilkins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50.

## The Optimist.

It is said that every dog has his day, an aphorism that we are inelegantly reminded of in the outcropping of a school of followers of Trollope and his ecclesiastical novels. Fiction is given to fashions and the present one is a cathedral background. There was Compton Mackenzie's "The Altar Steps" and Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral" and now Miss Delafield's "The Optimist" makes a triangulation sufficiently firm to support the verdict that the church is the thing, literarily and momentarily speaking. Perhaps the novelists have only come to it as a last resort, having exhausted all other quarries.

"The Optimist," which is by the observing and dispassionate young woman who wrote "Humbug," a study in parental preference, has leant rather heavily on the recognized fact that a parson's children, for whatever reaction, are apt to be unorthodox in mental and moral tone. The psychological thesis thus baldly stated is rather thin, but Miss Delafield's adroit handling of variegated personalities justifies her choice. Any one may write

a good book if he has a good story; it is the greater triumph to find interest where the vein is not promisingly abundant. We particularly like Miss Delafield's restraint. For instance, she has humor, but she does not capitalize it. There is nowhere in either her comedy or pathos a forced note—she is more inclined to dim her high lights than to polish them. But though she may lose a few customers by this reversal of the modern spirit of publicity, her work is undoubtedly the fresher for the rest of us—that is to say, the discerning.

THE OPTIMIST. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

## Notes of Books and Authors

Edward Simmons, the famous mural painter, whose memoirs have just been published by the Harpers under the title of "From Seven to Seventy," confesses that breaking into print at his age has its inconveniences. "In fact," he says, "it is a bad thing to tell all you know in one book. A friend looking over my book the other day, stopped and said in a frightened tone, 'But, Simmy, this is terrible. You have put in all your pet stories. Don't you know that you will never be able to talk again?' Never be able to talk again! What an awful thing to contemplate! Half my life gone, as it were, with one swoop of my pen."

Alan Odle, an artist who is beginning to attract attention in London, where he is compared sometimes to Audrey Beardsley, sometimes to Hogarth, has illustrated Voltaire's "Candide" with nine full-page plates and many decorations. He is a great and subtle satirist.

Among the many interesting people with whom ex-Ambassador Straus was associated in his long diplomatic career was the beautiful Queen of Roumania, who is known so widely under her pen name of Carmen Sylva. The woods always appealed to her, so when she began to publish her work at the age of thirty-five she decided to take the Latin name for "woods." That gave her "Sylva." To associate with the woods she wanted the word for "bird," but "Avis" did not suit her, so she took "Carmen," or "song," instead.

"Almost all good workers live long," says G. Stanley Hall in that remarkable work on "Senescence: The Last Half of Life," recently published by the Appletons. "The blind Dandolo, elected Doge at eighty-four, storming Constantinople at ninety-four, and afterward recalled, again victorious, was elected at the age of ninety-six to the throne of the empire, which he declined, and died Doge at ninety-seven. Newton made important discoveries for every one of his eighty-five years. Washington, the perfect citizen; Wellington, the perfect soldier; Goethe, the all-knowing poet; Humboldt, the encyclopaedia of science—all were old. John Quincy Adams fought the House of Representatives at eighty-three; Josiah Quincy attacked the Know Nothings at eighty-five—said the bats were leading the eagles. He broke his hip at ninety-two, and when Dr. Ellis called he was so charmed that he forgot to ask him how he was and went back to do so. Quincy said, 'Damn the leg.' Gladstone at eighty-three faced a hostile government, House of Lords, press, aristocracy, university, and, perhaps, a hostile queen, and said: 'I represent the youth and hope of England.'" Dr. Hall himself rounded out his three-quarters of a century when he wrote this remarkable work, "Senescence."

Dr. Henry S. Canby, editor of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*, in addition to his other duties, is to become literary advisor to Harper & Brothers, with refer-

ence to their choice of manuscripts for publication. Dr. Canby is a lecturer in English at Yale University, American editor of the Kings Treasures Series for E. P. Dutton & Co., and author of "Definitions," a volume of critical essays recently published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

In a widely published interview during her recent visit to America, Mrs. Asquith remarked that she did not like American women because they asked such intimate questions—which gives interest to the following excerpt from Mrs. Patrick Campbell's memoirs, "My Life and Some Letters" (Dodd, Mead & Co.): "The first time I met Mrs. Margot Asquith I was very young. I went to tea with her shortly after Pat's return from Africa. She pulled me down on a couch by her side, and said: 'Tell me, dear, tell me, I am to be trusted, are you happy with your husband?' For some reason or other for quite a long time I thought this the funniest thing that had ever happened to me. I always felt sure Margot Asquith, did I know her well, would peel my skins off one by one quickly and put a well-made crust of her own upon me. Life is too short for peeling off crusts and rearranging one's skins!"

Judge Simpson's opinion in the recent trial involving the morality of three publications of Thomas Selzert is probably unique in the history of literary inquisitorial. For the first time in the history of such trials the deciding magistrate was not content, as in the final trial liberating Flaubert, with delivering a merely negative opinion. Of the three books in question—"Casanova's Homecoming," by Arthur Schnitzler; "Women in Love," by D. H. Lawrence, and "The Diary of a Young Girl," by an anonymous writer, Judge Simpson said: "I have read the books with sedulous care. I find each is a distinct contribution to the literature of the day. Each of the books deals with one or another of the phases of present thought." It is a remarkable instance of judicial clairvoyance. But what will become of subsidized vice commissions if judges can not be relied upon to be devoid of any sense of literary values? Judge Simpson, by his opinion in this case, has likely won for himself the sort of immortality that would have accrued to the French judge in Flaubert's trial if he had said: "No, gentlemen; I do not agree with you. I think 'Emma Bovary' is a pretty good book."

Five girls from Ohio State University—Misses Katherine Bowler, Florence Ames, Elizabeth Marshall, Mary Wiendt, and Charlotte Schuster—bought a brand new flivver, toggled themselves out in knickers, and set out for a tour of the Eastern states. At Washington they got the "thrill of their lives" when Mrs. Harding took a personal interest in them. They also had an interview with the President.

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## BRIEFER REVIEWS.

## Meade's Headquarters.

The continuous interest of Americans in our civil war guarantees a reception for "Meade's Headquarters, 1863-1865" (The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$4), which are the letters of Colonel Theodore Lyman from the Wilderness to Appomattox. This volume, which is issued on behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society and which is edited by George R. Agassiz, consists of letters of a young American scientist, a Harvard classmate of Alexander Agassiz, and a friend of General George Gordon Meade. Theodore Lyman, who was fortunately an admirable letter writer as well as a successful geologist and zoologist, had a post of great advantage for seeing the war from the outbreak to the conclusion of hostilities. These letters of Colonel Lyman, which constitute an unbroken

record of the war, were written to his wife, who was a sister of Mrs. Alexander Agassiz. They are now selected and edited by Mr. George Agassiz, the son of the great Swiss-American geologist.

## Two Juveniles.

Two attractive Dutton juveniles are "The Pinafore Pocket Story Book" (\$2.50), by Miriam Clark Potter, and "The Bird-Nest Boarding House" (\$2.50), by Verbena Reed. The latter is dramatized natural history for the youngsters, with fantastic illustrations in color and black and white by Oliver Herford. "The Pinafore Story Book" is also delightfully illustrated as all children's books should be, and is a collection of story and verse suitable for rather young children of the age who still demand entertainment before going to bed.

## The Bookman Anthology of Verse.

A gorgeously tinted cover is the first notable thing about "The Bookman Anthology of Verse, 1922" (George H. Doran Company), which is edited by John Farrar. If you can detach your attention from the purple and scarlet irises on a Chinese yellow background long enough to open the book, you will find a representative assortment of the poetic celebrities, all the way from the three Benets to our own Witter Bynner. Others are Florence Ayscough, collaborator with Amy Lowell on "Fir Flower Tablets," Amy, herself, Zona Gale, John Dos Passos of "Three Soldier" fame, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Joyce Kilmer.

## Ice Ages.

One of the sciences to have longest withstood the era of scientific popularization is physiography, a fact the more remarkable because of the dramatic interest inherent in the subject. Joseph McCabe, who has given the public popular histories of evolution and civilization, has now published "Ice Ages" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), which is a brief and highly commendable history of the earth, with particular emphasis on the four great ice ages and their significance in the earth's evolution. Mr. McCabe, whose twenty years of lecturing has trained him in transmuting technical language into idiomatic English, states that his primers of science are meant primarily for workers who have no time to unravel technical language or masses of detail.

## Ancient Man.

Boni & Liveright's Modern Library supplies many a long-felt want for the truly nominal sum of 95 cents each. The latest is Hendrik Van Loon's "Ancient Man," a classic that bid fair to follow the traditional course of classics on dusty library shelves till Dr. Van Loon sprung into fame, like Byron, overnight with his best-selling "Story of Mankind." Since then the public has discovered "Ancient Man," which was first published in 1920, and which is the same sort of thing, only more so. That is to say, Dr. Van Loon is here concerned with man from our prehistoric ancestor to the rise of modern races. "Ancient Man," like the author's more recent book, is copiously illustrated with the funny little diagrammatic sketches upon which some of the critics poured contumely. They are really indispensable to the informal and very clarifying quality of Dr. Van Loon's work.

## Old Testament History.

A valuable epitome of "Old Testament History" has been recently published by the Scribners in their Life and Religion Series, which is edited by Frank K. Sanders and Henry A. Sherman. All of the handbooks in this series are concise and complete, but the present one is even more than usually interesting to the general reader. A knowledge of biblical history is indispensable to the educated person, yet the habit of Bible reading is waning and the busy layman can not but be grateful for a summary of the subject in 150 well edited pages. An appendix, a chapter on Old Testament history by its natural periods and a bibliography.

## New Books Received.

OLD CROW. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.  
A story of New England.

NEIGHBORS HENCEFORTH. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.  
The doughboys in France.

MARY IN CALIFORNIA. By Constance Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.  
For girls from ten to twelve.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. MARINES. By Francis

Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.  
Juvenile.

1492. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50.

A novel dealing with Columbus and his achievements.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. By Delmar Gross Cooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.  
A critical study.

MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS, 1870-1920. Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 5 volumes, \$6.

THE BOOK OF A NATURALIST. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.  
By the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata."

ACROSS AMERICA BY MOTOR CYCLE. By C. K. Shepherd. New York: Longman's Green & Co.; \$4.

The record of a three months' motor bike journey from New York to San Francisco.

GLINT OF WINGS. By Cleveland Moffett and Virginia Hall. New York: The James A. McCann Company; \$1.75.

The story of a modern girl who wanted her liberty.

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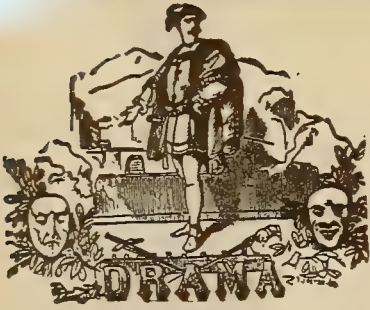
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A CRITICAL  
FABLE

Who Wrote It?





MITZI AND "LADY BILLY."

Mitzi is as fetching as ever. She seems to have settled down into being a boy, as in "Lady Billy" she is garbed as a boy during nearly the whole performance, cultivating a boy's attitude and walk while retaining many bewitching little femininities.

Mitzi's rôle depicts her as a poverty-stricken Roumanian countess who has only two servants, a cook and a paternal English secretary. The cook giving warning, Mitzi, who does the gardening, and appears in the first act as a quick-witted overalder garden boy, fools everybody—the usual tribe of American tourists that swarm all over the place in musical comedy—and when she sings an ancient legend the prophecy on the part of the nice young multimillionaire civil engineer who is destined to be Lady Billy's fate that she can earn lots of money on this side transports the young patrician to New York.

Here we see knowing little Billy as the successful boy soprano, kissing chorus girls, and very much at home among worldly New Yorkers.

The plot plays around Lady Billy's state of in-loveness with Multimillionaire Smith, who, of course, will promptly reciprocate as soon as he discovers Billy is a girl; and in the meantime he remains constant to the memory of the lucrative Roumanian ghost in Billy's castle, impersonated by the enterprising young countess in order to keep the pot a-boiling. The story is so amusingly touched up with Billy's adventures, the alarms and excursions of the paternal secretary—played in the best spirit of genuine comedy by that sterling actor Mark Smith—and so attractively set off with pretty girls, tuneful love lyrics, and quantities of genuine humor that the large first-night audience came forth in the best of spirits laughing reminiscently over Mitzi's roguish ways and humming the tunes.

"Lady Billy" is well named a musical romance, as it has a very romantic coloring. But the wit and humor of Zelda Sears—who wrote the book and lyrics—never fails, at the most romantic moments. We are spared the usual comedy squash and Billy has a roguish comment on each situation.

Zelda Sears, in fact, refuses to be stereotyped in the musical-comedy style. Billy is recognized—sometimes, anyway—even though she is a girl dressed as a boy. And instead of Lady Billy languishing with feminine timidity in alarming situations the boyish daring of the little countess carries her through with wit and dash.

The music of "Lady Billy" is very tuneful and easily caught; partly because it is not wholly original. But the lyrics are sweet and dreamy, attuning themselves to the romantic sentiment, and there is plenty of lively dance music for the quartet of lively dancers, with whom Mitzi occasionally throws out a series of easy and agile kicks. Mitzi, in fact, is a very clever little woman. Her pretty voice has diminished in volume from steady service before an approving public, but it is sweet and clear, and she sings always with charming sentiment. She is an expert dancer, her face is as roguishly expressive as they make them, and whatever she sets out to do she does well.

She was surrounded by a lot of smartly-gowned, pretty girls—among whom Vera Kingston shone supreme—but Mitzi holds every eye.

As the boy soprano she had her hair marvelously well arranged to look boyishly short, and then—presto!—with a deft gesture and two or three hairpins out she had it in a golden flood down her back; and the boy Billy had become that deliciously taking little siren Lady Billy, combing her really growing hair with a Lorelei's magical comb. Clever Mitzi!

A very good burlesque of the society mother clucking over her marriageable debutante was done by Vira Rial.

The only unsatisfactory representation was that of the ex-cook become a New York courtière. It seemed as if an understudy must have been utilized, for Mme. Kosianowsky surely should have been either a screaming burlesque, or a very smart, ultra-fashionable figure, whereas she was presented as a nondescript.

Edward Ciannelli, a very personable young actor, gave an excellent and vigorously depicted burlesque impersonation of the jealous Spaniard, and Boyd Marshall, though rather a throaty singer, was most agreeable in person and manner as Lady Billy's swain-to-be;

easy, likable, and with more than a touch of the necessary romantic charm.

"Lady Billy" is a Henry W. Savage production, which means that the singing, the orchestra, all the accessories and the general finish of the performance are irreproachable.

### "HEARTBREAK HOUSE."

After seeing this play, and hearing of the several installments of "Back to Methuselah," the New York production of which by the Theatre Guild scooped a large, hefty gob out of that organization's saved-up profits, one rather gives Shaw up. I can imagine him saying, "Well, I'm Shaw, aint I? G. B. Shaw. Everybody's heard of me. Almost the entire world sits up and takes notice when I speak or write. When I address a public meeting crowds come to hear me. When I dip my pen in playwrighting ink the theatre managers push forward, jostling each other, to snatch at the result.

"Well, then! Since I am It, I'll be blanketty dashed if I am going to be tied down to wise saws and modern instances, when I write a play.

"Away with your set technique, your ruled and regulated action, your family resemblances in the hierarchy of dramas! I'll have none of it! Henceforth I will write what I jolly well please, and I will make it as long, as obscure, and as uncabined, uncribbed, and unconfined as I jolly well please. I'll make these fat wits that hate to think begin to prick their brains with a divining rod, and say, 'What does the sage mean?' For I'm Shaw, G. B. Shaw, the free lance, and don't you forget it!"

Hence "Back to Methuselah" and "Heartbreak House."

What does "Heartbreak House" mean? No body knows. Does it entertain? It does. Why, then, nobody knows what it means? Nobody knows that either.

Well, what's it all about? People, of course, and, strange to say, Shaw doesn't put himself into the play. The people are odd, interesting, individualistic and epigrammatic, and let me see, no, I don't remember one of them speaking with the unmistakable voice of Shaw.

The characters engage in such unending discussion that you might call the play a prolonged conversation.

Ellie, the principal character, whom heartbreak over a snapped-off love affair with a philanderer transforms from an idealistic and trusting girl to a hard, resigned, mercenary husband-hunter, discourses from that point of view. Hesione, the sunny siren, speaks as an amused and indulgent contemplator of life. Boss Mangan shows us the soul of the business magnate: that of a confirmed and instinctive grabber. The burglar cheerfully reveals the trade psychology of his species, and Captain Shotover, who seems to be own brother to Galsworthy's Sylvanus Stone, professor of natural sciences, in "Fraternity," utters, like that venerable and apparently slightly cracked philosopher, many luminous comments on life and its conduct, both of the famous authors remaining reticent in regard to the cold, plain truth that he who utters true and illuminating comments on life and human conduct is generally regarded by composite Man as being somewhat fissured in his cerebral dome.

Shaw himself said of "Heartbreak House" that "it is cultured, leisured Europe before the war." And all the time, in listening to the play, we are irritatingly conscious of an underlying symbolism. Now, symbolism in the drama is a nuisance, for it won't let you rest. It challenges, teases, sends exasperating half flashes of its meaning, and, unless it is kindergarten symbolism, it leaves you unsatisfied.

When they put "Heartbreak House" on in New York everybody puzzled as to what it was all about. Those of us who have seen it here are in a similar state of mind, even while we enjoyed the racy wit of the dialogue.

At times, more particularly in the last act,

it seemed as if "Heartbreak House" typified the ship of state. But beware of rash conclusions.

The Plaza company made a very good appearance in the play, Mary Morris doing her usual conscientious and intelligent best as Ellie. Florence Locke played, with professional ease and considerable charm, the rôle of Hesione, giving that delightful lady all the good looks due her. Hilda Denivelle was appropriately aristocratic as the didactic Lady Uterword.

Lloyd Corrigan was excellent in his depiction of the hide-bound city magnate, Harold Minger was a thought too fatuous as Ellie's father, and Everett Glass only approximately grasped the appropriate conception, though not the appearance—at least in Hector's ordinary habiliments—of Hushabye, the philanthropist. Irving Pichel has the voice and personality appropriately to convey both the impressive individuality and sometimes cryptic, sometimes interpretative sayings of Captain Shotover; and two or three others completed the cast of ten.

"And do you advise me to take in the play?" you ask. Not on your life I don't. You will have to deduce from this and other similarly be-fuddled reviews whether you want to go or not. The dialogue is brilliant, but the play is all dialogue except for a Zeppelin bombardment; and even that is more dialogue than bombardment. And, by the way, why did Shaw make the cautious business man and the gun-shy burglar go out in the open and get killed? For during the war profiteers like Mangan were very keen at getting out of fighting, and very voluble in pointing out to the other fellow that it was his plain duty to fight. So there you are. I give up all the conundrums in "Heartbreak House," but as Shaw brought an interesting group together and made them say interesting things, you can't wave him off the map; a place to which Shaw has a marked talent for adhering.

### THE THOMAS CONCERT.

People who stick to San Francisco have been saying, "Who is John Charles Thomas?" (The baritone, I mean, who, under the Frank

Healy management, gave a song recital last Sunday afternoon.) It turns out that Mr. Thomas was a prominent and popular musical-comedy star, and that, his voice being almost too good for that line of vocalism—that is, according to popular standards—he decided to equip himself to become a legitimate concert vocalist. He has now turned entirely to recital work, and the indications are that the singer is going to be a great concert favorite.

Mr. Thomas has a fine appearance and an agreeable personality. Sunday afternoon he won his audience with his very first number, Handel's beautiful and impressive "Care Selve." Following this number all of the four Italian selections were characterized by the same solemn and exalted sentiment, the young baritone having, apparently, a taste for songs expressive of deep and sustained emotion.

He further gave a French group and two in English, and was lavish with the encores demanded by a notably responsive audience, who not only manifested the liveliest delight over his more serious numbers, but were equally approbative of the popular ballads and the famous Pagliacci "Prologue."

Mr. Thomas has a fine, ample, ringing organ of beautiful tone, more particularly in its upper reaches and is well acquainted with the art of dramatically setting free its fullest reserves at the appropriate moment. His ambition, it is evident, is to walk in the footsteps of such as David Bispham, judging from the particularity of his diction and his choice of popular and varied concert numbers. Not yet can he be regarded as a peer of Bispham in respect to his diction, but he is well on the way, and in dramatic expression, as shown in his "Dannie Deever," "Mother o' Mine," and the "Pagliacci" Prologue, he is able to stir up the receptivities of his auditors to enthusiastic expression.

The singer phrases with taste and judgment, and has his voice under such good control that he can always color the fullest flood of its finely virile and sonorous tones with warm dramatic hues. But in the piano and pianissimo passages his voice has not yet acquired the velvet smoothness necessary to convey with appropriate delicacy the sentiment of



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such numbers as Duparc's "Lamento," Goosen's "Melancholy," Bonner's "Phantom" and D'Erlanger's "L'Abesse"; all very interesting selections, by the way, and sung with notably refined feeling.

As yet Mr. Thomas as a recitalist does not move in well-oiled grooves. But that seemed to recommend him all the more to his audience, who took him so completely into its favor that one felt sure the pleased singer was saying to himself, "Well, I didn't attract a very large audience, but by the holy smoke I've got 'em!" And he certainly had.

#### AT THE ORPHEUM.

They have more than the usual variety at the Orpheum this week, Thompson "the Egyptian" giving a queer hodgepodge of health talk and nonsense. Claiming to be seventy years of age, the self-styled health sage gives, in a mellow voice, a lot of easy trifling acts, such as pressing finger ends together and the like, which, he promises, will accomplish wonders by "nerve pressure." One true word he said: that everybody would try them. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and he gave an easy finger formula for curing falling hair and baldness that the baldheads will hopefully try.

Henry Santrey presented a good jazz act very much touched up by the pervasive presence of the dapper Mr. Santrey, whose trousers are superbly creased and who lights

a cigar with special grace. His musically commented story is amusing, and "my boys," as he calls his group of jazz experts, have lots of snap.

Evidently somebody has told Anna Seymour that she resembles Fannie Brice. But the resemblance wholly ceased when she tackled "My Man," during which song, instead of appearing in homely guise, she was in bare-backed, aggressively evening dress. Nor did she introduce that note of pathos with which the lively Fannie surprised and captured New York. Who wants to take a bet that Anna never heard Fannie sing this song?

Besides the jazz orchestra—which, by the way, played very well quite a lot of real music; "Chanson Hindoue," for instance—the best acts of the week are Dooley and Sales in "Will Yer, Jim?" and the "Jewel Box," a beauty and costume revue, in which pretty girls, gorgeously costumed in a bewildering series of toweringly head-dressed affairs, peacock prettily before us, glowing with color, and glimmering with silver, gold, and radium lights.

Dooley and Sales radiate nonsense, and if they didn't occasionally have recourse to vulgarity—always a cheap device—one would approve the cleverness, the quickness, and the lightness of the pair. Both have humor and personality, and the ability to catch and hold the favor of their audience, Corinne Sales having the sex lure very markedly, and doing that light French touch at the beginning so cleverly that it was difficult for the few moments it lasted to realize that she is—presumably—an American. It certainly is odd that clever people who can amuse an audience by legitimate means would feel it necessary to fall back on purely vulgar suggestion, however cleverly it is suggested.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

"Bohemian Girl" at the Rivoli.

Notable both musically and scenically is the Hartman-Steindorff production of "The Bohemian Girl," which will go into its second week at the Rivoli Opera House starting Monday. The piece offers both Steindorff as a musician and Hartman as an actor splendid possibilities, and the old songs through which its score achieved popularity a generation ago are today as appealing as they ever were.

Among the old melodies which are arousing the audiences to enthusiasm and which are compelling encore after encore are "The Heart Bowed Down," "When Other Lips," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" and "A Soldier's Life."

Lillian Glaser, John Van, Robert Carlson, Lavinia Winn, Nona Campbell and Rafael Brunetto score heavily in the various solos and duets which fall to them, and Paul Hartman and Edna Malone lend a touch of modernity to the piece with their eccentric dance numbers.

There will be a regular matinee performance on Saturday and Sunday and seats will go on sale for "Robin Hood," the next production, on Thursday.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

George McKay and Ottie Ardine have a collection of fun entitled "The Night Watchman." They are both excellent singers and dancers.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," a farce produced by A. H. Woods, has been rewritten and boiled down with the funny situations intact and following each other in fast succession. The cast is an excellent one, consisting of seven players headed by Miss Helen Goodhue.

James P. Conlin and Myrtle Glass have a new vehicle, a miniature musical comedy entitled "The Four Seasons and the Four Reasons."

Dooley and Sales are a successful comedy duo.

Neal Abel with his personality, his stories about "cullud pussons," and his mobility of

countenance, brings an exceptional single turn.

Count Perronne and Trix Oliver are a baritone and soprano of exceptional voices.

The Juggling Nelsons have a highly trained, carefully educated, and thoroughly submissive set of hoops. Their work is astonishing.

#### The Columbia Theatre.

David Belasco's production of Avery Hopwood's comedy, "The Gold Diggers," will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre. Also coming to this theatre is the great colored star, Charles Gilpin, in the sensational success, "The Emperor Jones." May Robson in her new play and William Gillette are among the stars booked for this playhouse.

#### Second Pop Concert.

A musical treat is in store for the patrons of the second popular concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, to be given under the direction of the auditorium committee of the board of supervisors at the Exposition Auditorium on Saturday evening, December 9th.

It will be a Tchaikowsky-Wagner night and an added feature will be the farewell San Francisco appearance this season of the prima donna soprano, Mme. Johanna Gadski, who will be heard with the magnificent orchestra of 100 picked musicians. Mme. Gadski created a furor when she sang in recital here last week and her appearance with the orchestra will be of peculiar interest, from the fact that Conductor Hertz directed the orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, when she sang the Wagnerian rôles in which she excels.

There will be no increase in prices for this occasion and seats at most reasonable rates may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

#### Second People's Symphony.

Tickets are now on sale at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. for the second educational concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, Alexander Saslavsky conductor, which will be given next Tuesday night, December 5th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Alice Mayer, professionally known as Alice Frisca, San Franciscan by birth, will be the soloist on this occasion. Following her ap-

pearance in Paris Miss Frisca went to London, where she made a success as soloist with the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Sir Henry Wood.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Efforts to invest with the halo of romance the second marriage of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, erstwhile Emperor of Germany and still claimant to the throne of Prussia, are meeting with chill receptions which the attitude of the once imperial family has done little to thaw out. It is difficult, almost impossible under the circumstances, to divest the affair of the kraut-and-sausage quality of a commonplace German wedding. There has been some attempt to present the ex-Kaiser, not as a middle-aged man taking his warmed-over affections to the most convenient market, but as an impetuous lover with the spontaneous arts and graces and poesy of Romeo. But it goes hard, especially when one learns that instead of engaging in lover-like pursuit of a fleeing object of volcanic passion, he summoned the lady to the house by the woodpile, and there charmed her Teutonic soul by explaining his reasons for seeking her hand; about as romantic a transaction as asking your banker for the privilege of renewing your over-matured paper. It is said that he also laid before the lady the objections of his family, or several members thereof, and that they weighed as nothing beside the honor he did her in informing her he would marry her, and the prospects of his recovering his throne and his place at Potsdam by grace of the Ludendorff and other monarchist conspiracies. Well, that makes it fifty-fifty, and what could be fairer? But romantic it is not, any more than a weiner wurst. It is said that the reason why the several members of the ex-Kaiser's family developed sprained ankles, sprung knees, felons on fingers, styes, and the like afflictions painful and disabling so they could not get over to Doorn was that they had picked out a candidate and the ex-Kaiser had rejected her. That, at least, shows some preference. The old court crowd is said to be disgusted, but it takes a great deal to disgust an imperial German entourage, so that rumor may be exaggerated; but they do say the new princess is having her troubles. One correspondent declares that certain men and women formerly high in court circles have refused to speak to her. The crown princess is especially grouchy. If the princess becomes Kaiserin of a new German Empire, however, they will get over it.

The discovery of the French Senate that French women do not need the vote because they are so much better treated than English women or American woman has been followed by the discovery of a noted London correspondent that English men are imitating American men and spoiling their women with too much kindness. People are asking what is the matter with English women, and getting no satisfaction out of the guesses. An "expert" has explained it as above—too much leisure, too much care, too much consideration on the part of husbands, and especially

on the part of fathers, who once were stern to the fairer sex, but seem lately to have come under some enfeebling spell that causes them to loosen all the bonds of masculine control. This particular expert appears to rank as a psychologist, and he says women are petted too much, and that they soon tire of being petted. Perhaps that is true. Far be it from us to differ from a psychologist, especially in the matter of that uncertain element female psychology. But on the other hand, it may be that they only weary of being petted by the same man and in the same old way. The introduction of ingenious variants might do some good, and the psychologist might render himself more serviceable by inventing a few. Our limited observation is that properly and variously petted they do not tire. Of course, as some men administer the treatment, it is a good deal as though you sat down to a banquet and the waiter brought you soup, and when you were ready for the salad he brought you soup, and for the fish he brought you soup, and then cleared away and for the entrée brought more soup—you would soon advise him that he could omit the desert and keep the nuts and black coffee. But that would not be imitating Americans. They have been petting their children, their sweethearts, and their wives so long that they have made an art of it, and it is an art no Englishman can hope to acquire under seven generations. On the other hand, why should he wish to? He and his women were getting along very well on the other basis. English women did not expect much, and what you don't expect you don't miss. They are getting into Parliament on a basis of give and take, and in politics that is the best foundation. Perhaps it is because they are getting into Parliament that English men are cultivating them.

Paris is beginning to rebuke sin. It no longer desires to be known as a sinful city. The *Petit Parisien* voices the urban ambition to be known for virtue instead of vice, and that has made a sensation in every café along the Boulevard des Italiens. Ah! Virtuous Paris, moral Paris? A new idea. Let us try it. Says this bold and startling journal:

"When people tell us that we are imperialistic we protest with energy. This legend is so grotesque, so false, that we can not support it—we get angry. But we smile, we hum a pretty air when a Spaniard, an Englishman, or any other foreigner informs us, with a wink of the eye, about Montmartre. 'Ah! Montmartre! The Folies Bergere! The petites mademoiselles! Ah! France is the country of the world where there exists such a levity of morals! Oh! Oh! Paris! Babylon! Ah! Ah! The petites mademoiselles! Montmartre! The revues! The theatres!' And so they go on and on. When one speaks to us of the French debauchery we do not get angry. We do not put our foot on this infamous legend. We feed it thereby and so the legend grows. 'Poor France!' they say.

'It is the country of vice and license!' France has her champagne and her petites mademoiselles—that is all. Pious dames make the signs of the cross in hearing the name of Paris pronounced—modern Babylon. Men with enormous eyeglasses brand the frightful morals of the women. And we do not protest. We smile. This legend makes enemies for us everywhere—and friends. We are wrong not to protest. We are wrong not to be angered when foreigners tell us that we are a lost people because of our vices. We are wrong not to respond: 'And you? Do you really believe that you are less debauched than we?' There are certain spectacles in Paris which are frivolous, very frivolous. But these were made, above all, for you. Of course there is such a place as Montmartre, but how many French people go there?' We are wrong not to kill the legend. When one has traveled in Spain, Germany, the Orient, the Occident, when one has seen certain spectacles at Seville, Salonica, Berlin, Amsterdam or Naples, one knows that France is the most decent country and the most proper country in the world. We must say so." And so it seems that wonders will never cease, and innovation is always with us. A moral Paris—that might come to be known as the San Francisco of Europe.

It is said that in Italy the only escape from matrimony would be suicide if Fiume were not just across the Adriatic; for the civil law is one shade worse than the ecclesiastical, and the ecclesiastical never did encourage divorce. American women that have married Italians have found that unmarrying them was another and far harder matter—in fact just about impossible. But as for almost every intolerable condition there comes a cure if you don't die first, the storied Adriatic has developed a Reno, and Fiume is it. It may be that D'Annunzio began it by proclaiming himself king and then granting himself a divorce, but however that may be, the situation exists today in even more convenient form than in Nevada. Divorce is now Fiume's chief export, and that in a literal sense, for they have so arranged it that you don't have to go there to get it. Before the war Fiume was part of Hungary, and Italians used to go there and become naturalized Hungarians, get a decree in about nine months, return to Italy, resume their citizenship, and all was well. But independent Fiume has abolished such a tedious and obstructive process. If Pietro Parente is tired of Mrs. Pietro, and Mrs. Pietro reciprocates his distaste, Pietro writes about it to a lawyer in Fiume, who has him naturalized, and then writes to Mrs. Pietro sending her a legal summons to join her husband at his new address. She fails to join. Who wouldn't? Maladetto! Well! Well! She has deserted him! One divorce, sunny side up! It is prepared and mailed to the new citizen. Could anything be more convenient? It is said there are now more citizens of Fiume in Italy than there are in Fiume. If Fiume is annexed it will, of course, break up the divorce business, for Italians are afraid of a general divorce law. They say it would tend to break up the Italian home. With Fiume just across the narrow sea, that is an Italian joke, but the Italian takes it seriously. What a tip this is for Reno!

Yesterday the mayor of New York and the aldermen to the number of twenty-five or thirty conducted us with great ceremony to all the prisons or houses of charity in the city, says a French visitor of the early nineteenth century in a letter now printed in the *Yale Review*. After this they invited us to an immense dinner, the first of the sort that we have attended. I should very much like to describe it for you, but it is difficult to do so. Imagine a long table like a refectory table at the upper end of which the mayor, flanked by your two servants, was seated; after which came the other guests, all personages grave enough to make one weep, for they laugh very little on this side of the Atlantic.

As to the dinner itself, it was in the infancy of the art, vegetables and fish before meat, oysters at dessert—in a word, completely barbarous. The first glance I cast at the table relieved me of a great weight. I did not see wine, but only, as is the custom, water and brandy. I sat down with the proper gravity at the right of monsieur the mayor and awaited the course of events. Unfortunately when the soup was carried away they brought wine. The mayor drank to our health in the English fashion, which consists in filling a small glass, raising it, looking at the person the while, and drinking it—the whole procedure accompanied with great solemnity. The one to whom this politeness is addressed must respond to it by doing exactly the same thing. Therefore each of us drank his glass to the mayor, and with suitable dignity. Up to that point all went well. But we began to tremble when we saw that all the guests felt it their duty to do us the same honor. We had exactly the air of hares with a pack of hounds at their heels, and the fact is that they would soon have broken us if we had allowed them to do so. But at the third glass I adopted the plan of taking only a swallow, and I thus got through very

happily what we call in France the end of the dinner, but here is only the first act. Most of the dishes then being taken away, they brought lighted candles and served very properly on a napkin a certain number of cigars. Every one took one and, the company enveloping itself in a cloud of smoke, the toasts began. Every one's muscles relaxed a tiny bit, and they delivered themselves up to the heaviest gaiety in the world.

One of the features of the historical exhibition which will form part of the second International Silk Exposition to be held at the Grand Central Palace next February, says the *New York Times*, will be a group of dolls portraying interesting periods in the story of silk. The dolls will be twenty-four inches high and will depict silk costumes from the time of the mythical Chinese empress who is credited with the discovery of silk to the latest vogue in evening gowns. Mme. Bennati, a leading costume designer, will dress the dolls from sketches provided by the committee in charge of the historical side of the exposition.

Included in the other historical exhibits, which will occupy five of the window spaces on the mezzanine floor of the Grand Central Palace, will be coronation robes from Japan, embroidered cloaks from Bokhara, a bathrobe made of native silk in Guatemala, and the costume worn by a Chinese actor who took the part of the Chinese emperor several centuries ago. A new map made of silk will be shown in the central window, bordered by two curtains, one with a design of old Peking and the other with a silhouette of modern New York. It is expected that the exhibit will be sent to some of the leading retail stores here to be used as a window display after the exposition.

According to the Treasury Department a dollar note only lasts two and three-hundredths years. We have had some that didn't last that many minutes.

It was an ancient notion that the touch of a sovereign would cure scrofula. Nobody ever supposed it would cure insolvency.

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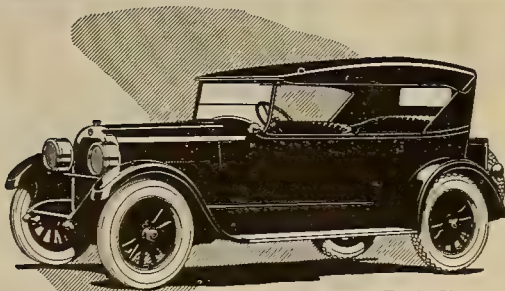
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## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Derby said that Gladstone's jokes were no laughing matter. "On one occasion, when being entertained by the head of a great condiment-making firm, he did, however, sum up the situation very neatly. A long string of Colmans having been led up to be introduced to him, the Grand Old Man, as he sat down to dinner, said: 'I see we are all "mustard here."'"

A tourist in Scotland came upon a farm in a remote Highland glen. "How delightful to live in this solitary spot," he remarked to the farmer. "I'm na sae sure about that, sir," replied the farmer. "Hoe wad ye like to hae to ga fifteen miles for a glass of whisky?" "Oh," said the tourist, "but you could keep a bottle." The farmer shook his head mournfully. "Ah, mon," he said seriously, "whisky'll na keep."

Senator Simmons was talking about the tariff war between Spain and France. "These two nations are hurting each other so ingeniously through their tariffs," he said, "that it reminds me of little Willie. Little Willie pointed at his sister's sweetheart, Mr. Jones. 'Mr. Jones kicked me yesterday,' he snarled, 'but I got even with him, you bet your life. I mixed up quinine with my sister's face powder.'"

Brown, a newly-wedded suburbanite, had promised to be home from town at 6 o'clock. At midnight his wife frantically sent six telegrams to as many of his friends living in town, asking each if her husband was stopping with them over night. Toward morning hubby and his broken-down auto were approaching the house when a messenger boy rushed up with six telegrams. All of them read: "Yes, John is spending the night with me."

Crawford M. McCullough, the Rotarians' international president, said at a dinner in Washington: "Rotarians are optimists, of course, but theirs is not the blind, foolish optimism that prevails in certain stand-pat quarters. One of these stand-pat optimists slapped a merchant on the shoulder and said: 'How's business?' 'On its back,' said the merchant gloomily. 'Aha! Looking up, eh?' said the optimist, and he walked off with a laugh of delight."

"It was a woman from Boston," says a member of the bar of Denver, "who, when she received a legal summons to appear in court at a certain period was much agitated thereby. She explained the matter to her dearest friend thus: 'Certainly, I have received the citation, but I shall just as certainly not appear. In fact, I could not. Not only am I socially unacquainted with Judge Smith, but the whole tone of his communication is so impossible that I absolutely decline to know him.'"

A bishop who was crossing the Atlantic on a big liner delivered a sermon and took for the subject of his discourse the exhortation, "Trust in Providence." The captain, who was present, was greatly impressed. That night a very bad storm arose, and all the other passengers asked the cleric to find out for them if the danger was great. The bishop asked the captain, who replied, "I've done all I can. You must trust in Providence." "Good heavens!" said the bishop, "is it as bad as that?"

Ralph Nevill, an English raconteur of international fame, has a pet grudge against the new rich. "The second generation," writes Mr. Nevill in his new book, "Yesterday and Today," "which often shows little trace of any foreign origin, is apt to consider itself superior to the founder of the family. An instance of this was the host who, when giving a great party, upon being asked, 'Is your father here?' replied: 'Well, no; hang it all, you know one must draw the line somewhere.'"

A youth who had accomplished a good deal in football, but little in his studies, was dropped from one preparatory school and immediately invited to enter another. He had been there but a few days when he met a member of the faculty. "Well," said the professor, "how do you find it here?" "Pretty fair," said the boy. "That's good. Find it smooth going, eh?" The boy reflected. "Well, I shouldn't like to say that exactly," he remarked. "The field's sort of rough yet in places, sir."

A Highlander who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the pipes perched himself on the side of one of his native hills one Sunday morning and commenced blowing for all he was worth. Presently the minister came along and, going up to MacDougall with the intention of severely reprimanding him, asked in a very harsh voice: "MacDougall, do you know the Ten Commandments?" MacDougall scratched his chin for a moment, and

then, in an equally harsh voice, said: "De think you've beat me? Just whistle the first three or four bars, and I'll hae a try at it."

A parish church was being beautified with a stained-glass window. The old sexton was watching the work. The rector, seeing him thus intent, remarked: "Well, John, and what is your opinion of the window?" "Weel," was the reply, "in ma opeenion they micht hae been content wi' the glass as Gad made it."

Will H. Hays, the new movie king, was talking about America's export trade. "No wonder we succeed as exporters," he said. "Our methods are very large and generous in comparison with European methods. The European, beside the American exporter, is like the young heckler who went into a shop and bought a pair of ear-tabs. He planked down a dollar and got the change, and then he counted this change, and then he counted this change over and over again, and all the time his face kept getting blacker and blacker. The storekeeper got a little impatient at last. 'Well, Reuben,' he said briskly, 'is your change all right?' 'Yes,' said Reuben, 'but only just.' And he walked out frowning and shaking his head."

In the old days of amity between the British and the German empires a number of Teutonic princelings were trained as midshipmen in the royal Navy, Prince von Leiningen of Prussia among others. The King of Prussia, wishing to communicate with his young relative, instructed his ambassador, who was visiting Portsmouth, to call on the prince. The ambassador accordingly donned his court regalia and was pulled off to the ship. Arriving on board the ambassador introduced himself to the midshipman at the gangway and announced that he desired an audience with His Serene Highness, Ernest Leopold Victor Charles Auguste Joseph Emich, Prince von Leiningen. The midshipman was momentarily dazed by this bombardment, but coming to, understanding dawned upon him, and going over to the open gunroom skylight he called out, "Hi, Sausage, you great fat slug! Here's a bloke in a gold waistcoat wants to see you."

It was the second lieutenant's unlucky day. Crossing the parade ground, he happened to meet the colonel, who snapped at him, "Is that the proper way to salute?" and left the lowest commissioned officer in the midst of his apology. A little further he met the major, who addressed him as follows: "Lieutenant, your uniform is a disgrace to the regiment. Don't appear in that condition again!" Shortly after his path crossed his captain's. "Brace up!" shouted the latter. "Try to look like a soldier!" Even the first lieutenant, encountered later in the day, took it out on his inferior officer. "Next time you pull a boner like you did this morning," said the first lieutenant, who was unofficially a pal of our hero's, "I'll take it up with the colonel."

Crushed and humiliated, the second lieutenant stood with downcast eyes. Then a snappy little Boston terrier, the property of an enlisted man, ran at him and growled. "How-thahel did you know I was a second lieutenant?" he muttered.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

Ship Ahoy!

I'd like to own a barge of booze  
And anchor three miles out,  
I'd make more coin than I would lose  
With it just three miles out,  
Because my friends and neighbors all  
Would climb in rowboat, punt and yawl,  
Would swim, fly, paddle, row or crawl  
To me, just three miles out.

The tinkling glasses on the bar  
Would jangle three miles out,  
I'd sell liquor just at par  
Or strangle three miles out.  
Believe me if I took the notion  
I'd line the whole Pacific Ocean  
With barges filled with k. o. lotion  
Anchored three miles out.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

At a luncheon at which Miss Margaret Breedlove and Miss Lillie Sherman entertained jointly the engagement of Miss Marjorie Scott, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Scott of Berkeley, was announced. Miss Scott is the fiancée of Mr. Alfred Ried Matthews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Matthews of Berkeley. The guests at the luncheon at which the news of the engagement was told were Mrs. Lloyd Wayne Stewart, Mrs. Philip Gier, Miss Jean Scott, Miss Phoebe Matthews, Miss Ella Barrows, Miss Ruth Le Hane, Miss Ruth Valentine and Miss Eleanor Barnard.

The engagement of Miss Margery Lovegrove and Dr. Dohrman Kasper Pischel was announced during the week at a tea given by Miss Lovegrove at her home on Washington Street. Miss Lovegrove is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lovegrove, and with her parents recently returned from several months spent in Europe. Dr. Pischel is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel, and the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann. Dr. Pischel is now an intern at the Stanford Hospital. The wedding will take place in the early summer.

The marriage of Miss Minerva Lovell and Mr. Gordon Angus Nicholson was solemnized on Friday evening, November 24th, at St. Luke's Church, Bishop Parsons and the Rev. Webster Jennings officiating. Miss Mabel Hathaway was the only attendant to the bride, and Mr. Nicholson was supported by Mr. Lawrence as best man. Following the ceremony the immediate relatives of the two families were entertained at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, in Pacific Avenue. On the completion of their wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson will reside in Berkeley.

At a tea given by Miss Cornelia Gwynn at the Jackson Street home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Gwynn, the news of the engagement of Miss Helen Hawkins, the daughter of Mrs. James Hawkins, to Mr. Thornton High, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. High, was told. Assisting Miss Gwynn in receiving were Mrs. A. Z. High, Mrs. A. Z. High, Jr., Mrs. James Lee Schlesinger, Mrs. Frances Lent, Miss Helen Head and Miss Dolly Madison Payne.

Complimenting Miss Leonore Armsby, who recently made her debut at a large ball given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby, at the Burlingame Country Club, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum entertained at luncheon on Sunday afternoon at the Burlingame Club. The debutantes of the past and the present season were included in the guest list with an equal number of young

men—Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Edith Grant, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Eleanor Martin, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Charles Martin, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Wendell Kuhn and Mr. Jerd Sullivan were included in Mr. and Mrs. Drum's guest list.

Mr. Gordon Armsby and Mr. Raymond Armsby, uncles of Miss Leonore Armsby, have issued invitations for a ball at which they will entertain in her honor on Thursday evening, December 14th, at the Hotel St. Francis. Soon after the affair Miss Armsby with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby, will leave for the East to spend the remainder of the winter at their New York home.

Mrs. Charles Gould Morton was the guest of honor at a luncheon party at which Mrs. Robert H. Noble entertained in her honor. Bidden to meet Mrs. Morton were Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury, Mrs. Willard O. Wayman, Mrs. Silas Palmer and Mrs. Alexander Keyes.

Mrs. Preston Drown and her daughter, Miss Josephine Drown, will entertain at dinner on December 22d, honoring Miss Adrienne Sharp, who will make her debut on that evening at a ball to be given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Sharp, at the Hotel St. Francis. All of the season's debutantes will be at the dinner party.

For the benefit of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies Home the board of directors arranged a charity bazaar, which took place on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, at which bridge and mah-jongg were popular features. Several attractive booths offered Christmas wares for sale, and tea was served on both afternoons. The card tables were in charge of Mrs. John B. Wright, and Mrs. Seward McNear took charge of the tea service, with a group of young girls to assist her in serving. Mrs. Jerome Politzer had the boudoir booth, some of the debutantes of this winter acting as models. The Antoine Borel home was used for the occasion. Splendid success was reported from all activities by the women in charge of them. Among the women who entertained on the two afternoons were Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mrs. Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., and Mrs. William H. Taylor.

Miss Margaret Buckbee was the honored guest at a luncheon given by her cousin, Miss Laura Currey, on Thursday afternoon. Miss Currey entertained among her guests Mrs. Donald Lamont, Mrs. Henry Jackson, Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli, Mrs.

Harry Magee, Mrs. Albert Coogan, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Helen Perkins, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Corinne Dillman, Miss Geraldine Grace.

Miss Maye Colburn entertained at tea on Wednesday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Anne Waters Stimson of Los Angeles, who is being extensively entertained during her stay in San Francisco. Invited to meet Mrs. Stimson were Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. James Steel, Mrs. Jerome Politzer, Mrs. James Ried, Mrs. George Robbins and Mrs. Frank Shaw. Another recent hostess in Mrs. Stimson's honor was Mrs. George Romanovsky.

Tables for the supper-dances at the Hotel St. Francis on the evenings of December 11th and 12th, following the Junior League performances, are proving very popular. Miss Jane Carrigan is heading the committee for table reservations, while the supper-dance committee is composed of Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Frances Ames and Miss Lawton Filer. The patronesses for the affair are Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. Henry Crocker.

## At the St. Francis.

Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott was hostess at a luncheon party last Monday in the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis, which included her mother, Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, and Miss Frances Ames. Miss Ames is the debutante daughter of Mrs. Scott. Mrs. Charles Virden and her daughter, Miss Ernestine, entertained a small party of friends in the Garden at luncheon. Mrs. Charles Josselyn had a family gathering at luncheon on Monday, which included her two daughters, Mrs. Ettore Avenali and Mrs. Gerald Rathburn. Mrs. George Cameron and Miss Marjorie Josselyn dined informally in the Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis on Monday. Mrs. John McNear entertained at lunch on Monday in the Fable Room with her son and Mr. Howard Spreckels. Another party at luncheon in the Fable Room included Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Her-

bert Allen, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. D. C. Jackling. Another group consisted of Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Edna Taylor, and Miss E. McIntosh.



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| 5:00 P. M. Sunset Limited (Third St. Station)     | 7:45 A. M.         |
| 8:00 P. M. Owl (Ferry Station)                    | 8:50 A. M.         |
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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Dixon have recently returned from their wedding trip and are established for the winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn and Mrs. James Murray are in New York for several weeks, not expecting to return to California until after the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Arthur Redington returned to her home in San Mateo, after several weeks spent in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rosenblatt returned during the week to their home in Pacific Avenue, after a trip of several months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gardener of Los Altos are spending the winter in Florida. Before returning to California they will visit in New York for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Goldsmith sailed on Thursday for the Atlantic coast by way of the Panama Canal. Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith have sold their San Mateo home, and in the future will make their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin arrived from New York and Europe last Friday and are at their home in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker are

in New York, and will return to California the first part of December.

Mrs. Harry Hill is expected in California during the week, after a six months' absence in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, will remain at their Burlingame home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron are planning to spend the winter at their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles have returned from their month's trip to New York. They will spend a few weeks in town, planning to return in the early spring to their Piedmont home.

Mrs. William J. Younger is established in Paris for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch will return from Europe this week.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle recently returned to San Francisco from Paris to pass the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent will return to San Francisco December 4th.

Judge and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw will leave in February for Europe with a party of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewis Coleman sailed on Wednesday for the Hawaiian Islands, where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brown are again occupying their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after a two months' Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby and their daughter, Miss Leonore Armsby, will leave the middle of December for New York, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. John B. McDonald and their daughter, Miss Sue McDonald, will sail in December for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark recently returned from Europe, and are at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. James Schlesinger and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Schlesinger spent a few days at Del Monte last week.

Captain Fredrick Randall has bought an adobe house in Monterey and is remodeling it for a residence.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. W. H. McDonough, New York; Mr. E. J. Hardiback, Los Angeles; Dr. F. J. De Borta, Reno; Dr. W. W. Beattie, Sacramento; Mr. William Murray, Mr. D. P. Harris, Mr. John Rose, New York; Mr. Dwight Whiting, Los Angeles; Mr. R. A. Fletcher, McCloud; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. O'Brien, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. William Young, Jr., Brooklyn.

### At the Palace.

Mr. Eggert Helwigh, Danish minister of foreign affairs, entertained informally at dinner in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel Tuesday evening, having as guests Mr. and Mrs. Milo Robins, Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Catherine Wheeler and Mr. Harold Carl. Mrs. John H. Baxter, who is passing the winter at the Palace Hotel, was hostess Monday at a luncheon given in the Rose Room. The party included, Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith,

Mrs. Warren S. Quinn, Mrs. George Bancroft, Mrs. George Dyer, Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mrs. Henry Ohlandt, Mrs. M. Badger, Mrs. L. D. Jacks, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. Barton Bean, Mrs. Madeline Sisson. Mr. and Mrs. Anson Herrick presided at an attractive dinner in the Palm Court Tuesday evening, entertaining their guests at a performance of Gorcham's Follies. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Dempsey and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Worden. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Henry Brown of Tonopah are guests at the Palace. Their two young sons, who are attending the Montezuma School, joined them for the Thanksgiving holidays. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. John D. McGilvary, Jr., entertained informally at dinner, having as guests Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Claus Hueter and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hueter. Miss Alice Morse and Mr. Joseph Brent Banning, Jr., were the complimented guests at a beautifully appointed dinner given in the Palm Court Monday evening by Captain William Banning, uncle of the groom-to-be. The table was artistically decorated with a centre basket of gold chrysanthemus and shallow baskets of pom-pom chrysanthemums in the same shades. Enjoying the hospitality of the occasion were Mrs. John Frederick Morse, Mrs. Joseph Brent Banning, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Francis Porter Graves, Mr. and Mrs. William Banning, Mrs. George S. Patton, Miss M. A. Crowley, Miss Annie Wilson, Miss May Banning, Miss Anita W. Patton and Mr. Joseph Brent Banning, Jr.

### Monterey's Anniversary.

City officials and residents of the Monterey Peninsula are preparing to celebrate the 320th anniversary of the discovery of the peninsula and the subsequent development of Monterey, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Carmel and Pebble Beach. The celebration is to take the form of a "postcard week" to tell the world of the picturesque romance, climate, and scenery of old Monterey.

On December 10, 1602, eighteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and eight years before Jamestown was founded, Don Sebastian Viscaino entered Monterey Bay, and landing with two priests and a body of soldiers took possession of the soil in the name of his king. The mouth of the little cañon was his landing spot; and under an oak nearby stands the cross where Father Junipero Serra landed on June 3, 1770.

The old custom house in Monterey is perhaps one of the most historic buildings in the far West. As near as can be determined, building was begun in 1814 while this country

was under Spanish rule. Somewhere around 1822 the building was completed. In 1846 additions were made, bringing the structure to its present picturesque proportions.

### Aitken on the Solar System.

The first lecture of the present popular series under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific will be given on Thursday evening, December 7th, at Native Sons' Hall, by Dr. Robert G. Aitken, astronomer in the Lick Observatory. He will speak on "The Solar System and What We Know of Its Origin."

Dr. Aitken, in addition to his preëminent work on the double stars, of which he has discovered more than 3000, has given much attention to the observation of comets, satellites, and other bodies in the solar system. In lecturing to popular audiences he has been successful in avoiding technical terms and in making his subjects clear and interesting. The present lecture will be illustrated with lantern slides, and will be free to the public.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Fifty*—Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine? *Twenty*—Yes, all of it.—*California Pelican*.

*Jones* (to college senior)—When do you expect to graduate? *College Senior*—Every year.—*Judge*.

*Teacher* (to class in natural history)—What kind of birds are frequently kept in captivity? *Tommy*—Jail birds.—*Christian Sun*.

"My dear, she is one of the smartest women in town. She is being sued by three dress-makers and two milliners."—*Life*.

"Jack isn't the same to me any more." "Did you see him with another?" "No, he saw me with another."—*Paris Sans-Gêne*.

*Irate Farmer*—Say! Do you think you own this road? *Cool Auto Driver*—Why, no. There are other motorists.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Art Editor*—But this drawing is absurd. Gentlemen don't walk across the road in dressing-gowns. *Artist*—Yes, they do. I do.—*Punch*.

"A beggar at the door, ma'am. He has a sign, 'Deaf and Dumb.'" "Tell him it's impossible for me to listen to him."—*New York American*.

"That guy's a blamed hypocrite." "What makes you say that, Jim?" "See him go into that math. class with a grin on his face."—*Brown Jug*.

"Phyllis looked a perfect fright when she returned from that hunting trip." "Yes, there was six weeks' growth of eyebrow on her face."—*Life*.

"It seems terrible, doesn't it, for a young girl of eighteen to marry a man of seventy." "Still, it might be worse—he might be only sixty-nine."—*Life*.

*Victorian Customer*—I want a dainty scarf for a lady, in some pretty color. *Assistant*—Certainly. We have them in mud, rust, clay and old brick.—*Punch*.

*He*—Hey, there's no swimming allowed here. *She*—Why didn't you tell me before I got undressed? *He*—Well, there's no law against that.—*New York Medley*.

*O'Smith*—Do you think the women of today are good housekeepers? *Bumpers*—Yes, indeed—once they get the house in their name.—*New Bedford Evening Standard*.

*Buck*—Can you give a definition of an orator? *Private*—Sure. He's a fellow that's always ready to lay down his life for his country.—*American Legion Weekly*.

*Hubby* (driving the car)—I wish you would sit up here in front with me. *Wife* (seated in tonneau)—Are you ashamed for people to know we are married?—*New York Sun*.

*Vergor* (to visitor)—That wasn't our parson preachin' this morning. He be up in Lunnon. They've sort of exchanged dooties for a

month. *Visitor*—A nice change for each of them. *Vergor*—They've both got their missuses with 'em.—*Punch*.

*Mrs. A*—I see you have a new cook. Is she experienced? *Mrs. B*—I believe so. She started the first day by coming late and then asking the afternoon off.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Peggy*—Had a wonderful time at the fraternity dance the other night. *Polly*—So I heard. How was the music? *Peggy*—Oh, did they have music?—*George Washington University Ghost*.

The minister was speaking to the small daughter of the house: "You say your sister Helen is the oldest. And who comes after her?" "Oh, a different fellow most every night."—*Judge*.

*First Feline*—Mrs. Bargayne-Hunter married a shopwalker at Gimbel's. *Second Feline*—So I heard. *First Feline*—And now she thinks she could have done better at Macy's.—*London Mail*.

"Do you think motion pictures are educational?" "Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes; "although I won't say they have gotten so far along as to teach people how to act."—*Washington Star*.

"Pa, where was Babe Ruth born?" "Couldn't tell you, son." "Where was Jack Dempsey born?" "Don't know that either." "Pa, will you buy me a history of the United States?"—*Denver Post*.

*Customer*—I want to get a diamond ring—platinum, if you please. *Salesman*—Certainly, sir. Let me show you our combination sets of three pieces, engagement, wedding, and teething rings at 10 per cent. discount.—*Judge*.

*Daughter of the House* (introducing dancing partner)—This is Tibby, mother. *Mother*—Any friend of my daughter is welcome, Mr.—er—Mr.—*Daughter*—Speak up, Tibby, you ass! I suppose you've got some sort of other name?—*Punch*.

*Mr. Toppitt*—Sorry I did not give you a better game. The fact is, I had rather a bad headache. *Mr. Plus-Play*—I have never yet beat a man who was in perfect health.—*Life*.

## Women as Citizens.

The last of legal distinctions between men and women which possess more than ephemeral significance is obliterated by the Cable bill, which the President has signed and which is now the law, says the *Portland Oregonian*. It provides that a woman shall not lose her American citizenship by marrying an alien and as a logical corollary that separate measures must be taken by husbands and wives in obtaining naturalization. The husband is no longer sponsor for the fitness of the wife for the high privileges to which he may aspire, citizenship becomes a matter of individual capacity and responsibility, there may indeed be instances in which the wife can qualify though the husband can not. But the old lord of the manor, if he has a shred of pride remaining, can be trusted, we think, to see to it that his spouse does not outdistance him in the race.

Perhaps the number of instances in which individuals will be relieved from actual hardship is smaller than the advocates of a separate citizenship law have represented it to be, and so also the obstacles created by conflict with the citizenship laws of other nations have been exaggerated. These are but matters of detail and of no consequence by comparison with the principle invoked. This is that men and women now stand side by side in their relation to the government, that the latter are recognized as having rights derived from their own qualifications and not solely from their capacity as wives. The voting privilege, which is an important part of citizenship, but not all there is of it, having been extended to equal terms to both sexes, the Cable bill eradicates the last line of political demarcation.

It is bromidic to suggest that the right thus



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bestowed entails corresponding responsibilities. Nor are we inclined to write a preachment on the subject, in view of the circumstance that the nineteenth amendment has by this time wholly justified itself. No man has been able to put a finger on the political chart and say that here is a point where women have taken the voting privilege less seriously than men have done. They are altogether likely to be as discriminating in choosing the flag they wish to follow, and in the cases of the newly naturalized will value citizenship obtained in the new way more highly than the old.

## Canada's Minister.

As a representative of a dominion of the British Empire, a Canadian minister in Washington would be rather like an ambassador extraordinary from the State of Texas to the Court of St. James, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. As the minister of a Canada that is a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, such an envoy will seem natural enough.

Ambassador Geddes having withdrawn his objections and those of Downing Street having trailed off into the silence, Canada is about to open her own diplomatic establishment in Washington. She now has a high commissioner in Paris as well as London; but the Canadians hardly will be satisfied with anything less than a minister in the American capital.

This will establish a precedent. Yet it is in line with the trend of the newer British conception of the old empire as a group of nations, free peoples, masters of their own destinies, but bound by common kinship, traditions, and their long hopes for the future to the English throne. It is another nail in the coffin of the old eighteen-carat British imperialism.

Canada ceased long ago to be no more than a colony, or dominion, or group of provinces. It is a nation and feels, acts, and has its being as a nation. Soon it will be a great nation. Its interests are not always the interests of Great Britain or of its sister commonwealths. Canada is an empire within itself, with its furs, its cattle, its metals, oil, timber and its wheat lands. Canada feels it more and more awkward to deal with the United States, its nearest and great neighbor, by way of London. Canada is growing up.

Other peoples in the British commonwealth will watch the experiment. South Africa's Union, the Australians, the New Zealanders and the Irish Free State will mark the move.

If it works well, the Canadian example will be followed. There will be work then for that Council of Empire that met last year in London. If there is not a general, guiding, and policy-shaping body, something like chaps in the diplomatic affairs of the British Empire may come to pass.

Beethoven was the great master of jazz, according to Armand Vescey, writing for the *Daily Express* of London. Mr. Vescey is a Hungarian musician, now a naturalized American, who began as a violinist in a restaurant orchestra, and is now reputed to be a millionaire. He says that present conditions in the musical world would have been favorable for the great masters. "Beethoven was in the last analysis a master of jazz. We took up Brahms, Grieg, Mozart, Beethoven and other classical masters, accelerated the tempo of their works, accentuated more the motives, and the result was that the American public now has not only the best dance music, but also is getting interested in the classical composers and is learning to know their work. No, no, we do not let music decay, we enable it."

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The office of THE ARGONAUT in all its departments has been re-established in the Alto Building, 381 Bush Street—southeast corner of Bush and Kearny.

### Senator Johnson's Opportunity.

In the roll-call of that bright and hopeful band of patriots led by a Republican whose course the socialists of Wisconsin once refused to endorse because it was too radical, the so-called "Progressive" bloc that has declared war on the Harding administration in many of its more important conservative and constructive courses, we do not find the name of Senator Johnson. We know not if this be due to jealousy on the part of Senator La Follette for a rival Giant Killer, or whether Senator Johnson was invited to foregather with the Progressive Band of Hopefuls and refused, or whether the invitation went astray in the mail, or whether they just forgot to invite him; but his absence from their council table leaves him "wearing no man's collar," and in position to prove to the Republicans of California who voted for him that he is a Republican, too; a proof which, the Argonaut feels and has long felt, is needed, and one which will depend, in the language of Theodore Roosevelt, on deeds, not words. Opposition to Senator Johnson's reelection was based on the con-

viction that he was not a Republican and could not be trusted to support a Republican President in Republican policies where they conflicted with Hearst and Hearst policies. He was reelected by a large majority of Republican votes, the votes of those that still had confidence that he was a Republican and would support the President. Here is his chance to show his colors, to justify the faith of his friends and "confound the knavish tricks" of his enemies. The issue has been sharply drawn against some of the outstanding policies of the Republican party. The new bloc, composed of such prophets of the dawn and Childe Rolands of high endeavor as La Follette, who opposed the war, Frazier and Ladd of the Non-Partisan wrecking crew of North Dakota, France of Maryland, Shipstead, the Farmer-Laborite from Minnesota, and several Democrats, stands for recognition of the Soviet government of Russia, the inflation of agrarian loans, the impeachment of the Attorney-General for protecting the country against a transportation chaos and a coal shortage this winter, the defeat of the merchant marine plans of the Administration, tinkering of the Constitution for the useless objects of abolishing the poor old Electoral College and having the new Congress meet as soon as elected, extending the blessings of the direct primary to the election of the President so that everybody with the price can be a candidate, and some more remedies of the sort for whatever ails the country, whether the patient's stomach is strong enough to receive them or not; all accompanied by the regular stock-in-trade denunciation of special privileges and "the interests." In other words, it is war on the Harding administration, masking itself as patriotism, and probably believed by its promoters to be patriotism. But it is not useful and well-considered patriotism, and it is not Republicanism. And here is Senator Johnson's opportunity. If he is a Republican, he will uphold the President when the issues on these and similar questions are joined in Congress. He will justify his supporters by showing that he deserved their votes and did not obtain them by proclaiming himself a Republican when he was not.

### The Stadium Controversy—a Symptom.

The precise location of the Berkeley stadium has diminished in public importance to the vanishing point in comparison with the methods employed and the spirit revealed by some of those determined to force it onto the campus. Measures have been taken in that interest that are fully confirmatory of what the Argonaut has previously pointed out about the threatened impairment of scholarly standards within the student body. And their impairment on the part of any members of the student body is indicative in this case of sinister influences proceeding from stations of authority.

After the virtual disapproval of the proposed site in Strawberry Cañon by the chiefs of the Berkeley police and fire departments, because of the threatened dangerous congestion of traffic and contraction of the streets by parked automobiles at the games, it appeared necessary to the projectors of the plan to obtain the approval of the Berkeley town council. Such approval would be and is wholly unnecessary in a legal sense, because the proposed site is for such a purpose within the jurisdiction of the university. But the approval of the council would at least remove an argument of the opposition. So some unimportant modification of the hypothetical parking rules was made, the plan indicated on paper, some guarded questions were asked of the fire and and police chiefs which they necessarily answered in the affirmative, and on that basis the proponents of the cañon site went before the town board and obtained a favorable vote of three in five.

The decision is perhaps not publicly important. The means employed to obtain it are. The student body, young, ardent, its interests largely immersed in football, properly impressionable because the impressionable age is the proper one for education, but also dangerously

impressionable under influences at all perverse, was canvassed for the names of "voters" on a petition. The plain purpose of such a selection was minatory, the petition a political threat against the members of the council. The lesson conveyed to the boys was the evil one that you can have your way, regardless of protestants and their rights, if you can marshal sufficient strength. The episode was preceded by rumors that any official of the college city that opposed the placing of the stadium in the cañon would be "broken"; and so the whole transaction takes on the hue of Tammany politics in its most detrimental and socially dangerous form. Ethical considerations were eliminated. No one representing the university appeared at the hearing to suggest that the persons whose homes it was proposed to damage and whose property values would be diminished had any rights to be respected. On the contrary, when they protested they were treated like nuisances themselves. The feeling seemed to be that it was perfectly safe to injure them because they had no redress.

Now if that was the feeling, it does not reflect much credit on the example by which young men are taught to feel that way. If a scholar is useful to the state that has educated him, it is because he is a person of lofty morality equipped with superior powers of making himself felt in the life of the community. The ideal student can only be the ideal citizen, above suspicion and reproach, bringing into public affairs higher standards of conduct and of the relations of man to man than he would have had if he had not been educated. Such an influence became dynamic in the public life of this country, for example, when Harvard turned out Theodore Roosevelt to back up the great fight of George William Curtis for the reform of the civil service and the purification of American politics. We can not conceive of anything more repugnant to those good fighting men than some of the tactics employed in this small but now embittered controversy. And the importance of the matter infinitely transcends the material interests involved. It even transcends the highly important problem of the relation of athletics to scholarship and the right apportionment of these conflicting interests in the minds of undergraduates and the life of the campus. It is not merely that all proper proportion in these matters has been upset by the proposed expenditure of a million dollars subscribed for a football arena on land needed for dormitories—construction and sacrifice of campus location that may aggregate values approaching three millions before the project in its present form is executed, whereas it would be possible and in some respects more desirable to do the whole job elsewhere for something in the neighborhood of \$400,000. That, in these times of general financial uncertainty, would alone be and is sufficiently provocative of criticism. But the thing goes farther. It goes to the question of the character of the citizen the university is to turn out. And when the methods employed to jam the scheme through are considered in relation to the most obvious standards of political and social ethics, the picture presented is far from reassuring. Grave moral responsibility rests on the official influence that marshaled those student "voters." To use political power for the oppression of minorities merely because the immediate object seems good is to act upon principles of conduct it should be the first duty of a university to fight, and to fight relentlessly. That is more important than Greek verbs or the breeding of prize cattle, important as both those things are. Football can not be substituted for good citizenship. And if the university is not to produce effective good citizenship, but only successful men, its value to society can be quite properly called in question. We do not say it has ceased to turn out good citizenship. But if the methods employed to win the stadium controversy are to become the general practice it may soon do so. In these matters the university authorities have a higher



duty than the locating of the stadium; it is to correct these downward tendencies before they have gone too far.

#### Family Linen.

Secretary of the Navy Denby has done himself no credit and his country no good by making an official scandal of the alcoholic indiscretion of some members of the Naval Academy at the army and navy football game in Philadelphia. Instead of smearing the whole academy in an official proclamation of wrong doing, he should have recalled the principle laid down by a certain great American who said "guilt is always personal." The Secretary of the Navy does not save himself by his attempted limitation of the charges to a minority. The damage is done, the dignity of his department is impaired, the good name of the Naval Academy is smirched to no purpose.

He says "enough failed of their duty to their uniform and their country to bring shame upon all." Rubbish. The thing that has brought shame upon all is the Secretary's own statement, which did not have to be made, and which will serve no worthy object. He says the whole regiment was in Philadelphia, that a small minority attended the game, and of this minority but a minority committed any excess. But, ignoring the interests and good name of the majority, the Secretary spreads the shame with lavish hand over the entire student body, regardless of the dignity of his station, of the academy, and of the individual innocent cadets. He makes a public scandal of what has occurred again and again at and after football games the country over, something a football game between colleges is almost sure to precipitate to some extent, and which might well have been permitted to pass into the realm of things forgotten after the punishment by suitable disciplinary measures of the students actually guilty. We doubt if the public is going to like such management of the affair, and whether it does or not, we have no doubt that it ought not to like it. The thing savors too much of fanaticism to suit what ought to be the public temper. It is too like the methods of a parent with so little self-control that he goes into a rage and punishes his children in public. If the Secretary can not discipline the Naval Academy in a manner more befitting the dignity of the navy itself he raises doubts as to where the discipline is needed most. He should have taken a leaf from the book of the Secretary of War, who is keeping beautifully still about the business, or of Rear-Admiral Wilson, who was in command of the cadets until recalled to Annapolis by the illness of his wife, and who declines to make any statement. It is said that a searching investigation impends. It is to be hoped it will not result in any more of this washing of the family linen in public.

#### "Lightnin' Bill" is Gone.

There died at Chicago recently the man that took the Sierra to New York, in a play that showed Broadway in the Sierra. Frank Bacon was not a great actor, and his play, "Lightnin'," was not a great play, but by his portrayal of a simple, homely, and rather winsome character from the great book of human nature, he gave a real delight to people whose environment is artificial and whose lives are a bit over-strained; and Broadway "ate it up."

If you saw a great crowd, about theatre time, blocking the sidewalk near Forty-Third Street, that was part of Bacon's public for the evening, in addition to many that were going to be disappointed about getting in. New York always knows what it wants, and it wanted to see a certain type of American that seems to be passing with the generation that fought the civil war: like the old boys up at Yountville, for example. Here was something totally unlike the usual Broadway show. It had a show girl, but she was a travesty which the public enjoyed. It had a young lawyer, but he was also a logger. It had a poor, faded woman that kept a boarding-house, and there are enough of them in Gotham, but this one kept a boarding-house on top of a real mountain chain in the breezy freshness of the West. And it was not the West of Iowa, nor of Kansas, nor yet of the motion pictures, but of California and Nevada, the common boundary of which ran through the parlor of the boarding-house; with an office on one side for California visitors, and on the other for Eastern people who wished to establish residence in Nevada so that they could cut the bonds of matrimony they had once promised to observe for life. Among the characters Eastern and Western gathered there, moved the

perfect type of lazy, good-for-nothing, lovable American, so worthless commercially and industrially as to possess value only as a human being, and gifted with the divine insolence of the man whom nothing can hurt because he has nothing in particular to lose. That was "Lightnin' Bill" Jones, who told the official villain of the piece, the sheriff working for the real stage villain, that he knew all about bees, because he had driven a swarm across the plains in '49 "and never lost a bee."

Bacon did not have to act it. He lived it. The part fit him so exactly it is hard to imagine any one taking the place he has left. Yet he merely portrayed some hundreds of old fellows still to be found in the California mountains, living easily on good terms with life because they ask little of it, and more independent than kings because they have neither crowns nor thrones to be taken away. Bacon, however, had the art to live such a life on the stage. That is not easy.

For laughing purposes, the trial scene was better than the one in which Portia made her legal reputation. Here "Lightnin'" had to try his own case because it was discovered that his attorney had not yet been admitted to the bar. Good comedy was made of his coaching by the embryo lawyer; and every question and motion the practicing client was told to put he prefaced with the remark, "I was jest a goin' to." To the success-mad New Yorker such a figure was rest, relief, refreshment. Downtown merchants and out-of-town buyers had to see "Lightnin'," perhaps to wonder a little at, and doubtless a little regret, the strange, vanishing type. They blocked the sidewalk. They sent seats to a premium. The show ran for a good deal over 300 nights, the longest unbroken run of any play in the country. And finally when John Golden grew ashamed to take any more money with it in that place and decided to let Chicago see it, our fellow-Californian and old "towney" of Napa and Marysville was escorted to the railway station by a brass band and a procession headed by the mayor of New York.

They wished him success and a safe return. Success he had, but he will never go back. Broadway will miss him. And many a care-worn city man whose load was lightened for an evening by the strange "hokum" of the show and the refreshing naturalness of its star will feel that he has lost a friend.

#### A Greek Blunder.

It is many years since any Central or South American state has exhibited in any revolution the savagery that characterized the execution of the Greek war ministry. It more nearly resembles official assassination than legal execution, although invested with the forms of legality and the ceremonies of a regularly constituted tribunal. The British minister has shown a proper disapproval by leaving Athens, and in that act expresses the condemnatory judgment of the English-speaking peoples. Nothing has happened in the whole course of the war, nor in the subsequent efforts to settle the affairs of Europe, that so sharply indicates the great gulf fixed between Western ideals and those of the Balkans and the Levant—or that so confirms the wisdom of our own leaders in keeping us out of the moral mire of European politics.

The Gounaris ministry was not a good ministry. It seemed thoroughly imbued with the mania for conquest we have generally agreed in stigmatizing as militarism. It engineered the revolution that resulted in the "restoration" of the Germanophile king. It was Kaiser-minded for what there was in it and for what it could get. It may have been guilty, as the military man with Venizelos at Lausanne says it was, of concealing the gravity of the Anatolian situation from the Greek people. But the Greek people were willing to go ahead with the adventure as long as they thought it would succeed. And these men were not shot for treason or for concealment of conditions; they were shot because they failed.

No chivalrous nation will add penalties to the already heavy punishment of mere failure. That they failed was their heavy loss. Had they succeeded, "for them bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for them the shores a'crowding." They would have been acclaimed the creators of Greater Greece. Venizelos and his astonishing achievements for Greek nationality would have been forgotten. And under victorious banners they would have marshaled a people intoxicated with their triumph to fresh conquests or adventures, probably in the Balkans, perhaps against Serbia, Roumania, and Bulgaria, establishing an empire with the great key city of Constantinople as its capital, domi-

nating the Dardanelles, and cultivating an imperialism as dangerous to liberty as Germany's, and not a bit easier to deal with than the present tendencies of the Turks.

Civilization has been saved from that by the breakdown in Anatolia. And that should have been enough. The misguided men that failed were probably as patriotic in their own perverted way as the politicians that led the latest revolution and had them shot. Chivalry to the fallen should have somewhat cloaked their blunders and protected at least their lives. But chivalry is a peculiar mental institution arising out of a long series of historic happenings and developments in Western Europe. It is historical, and so is largely geographical. We doubt if it has ever to any great extent penetrated the East. Its presence in the Occident and its absence from the Orient are the fundamental difference between the two, in feeling, in calculation, in judgment of human values—"and never the twain shall meet." We simply are not of their ethical persuasion, and we are warranted in being perfectly Pharisaical about it and thanking God that we are not.

One that has watched the course of recent events in the Balkans and the eastern basin of the Mediterranean must incline to absolve Venizelos from any guilty participation. He at least has exhibited the character of a patriot, and the foresight and insight of a statesman. He appears to be a person of humane culture. It seems hardly possible that his serene intelligence could have approved this useless act of blood. Such a man does not willingly stain his record. And there could have been no conceivable great cause of state served by taking some desperate adventurers whose unsuccessful adventure had all the marks of popular support and whose failure involved the deprivation of any dangerous public confidence thereafter, and shooting them like a gang of captured bandits. That act will cost Greece dear in the peace conference, and Venizelos probably realizes it. The Cretan lawyer knows Western sentiment better than his countrymen. We could easily imagine him inwardly cursing the rabid zealots that have made his task at Lausanne more trying by lowering the moral level of his country.

#### Reducing Feeble-mindedness.

Professor A. L. Kroeber of the Department of Anthropology at the University of California is quoted in the daily press as being opposed to the regulation of marriages by prohibiting the unions of all but desirable parties. If he is correctly quoted, he feels it would be useless, since such a trait as feeble-mindedness may be concealed for several generations and then appear, so that it would not eliminate it to prevent the marriage of feeble-minded persons. An application of intelligence tests might show that both parties to the proposed union were normal, yet they might bring forth feeble-minded children. If Professor Kroeber said that, we shall not question it as a statement of fact; and we can even agree with him part way, on practical grounds. But we must dissent from some of his apparent conclusions.

There are persons so constituted that they can not tolerate the thought of governmental interference with the God-given right of the feeble-minded to procreate idiots. Yet the procreation of mental deficiency is a national menace; to the gravity of which the public attention has been directed of late by the reports and analyses of the intelligence tests imposed on nearly two million officers and enlisted men of the drafted army; reports and analyses which show much to our public discredit, for we appear to have done better with cattle and horses and Airedales and Persian cats than we have with human beings.

The subject is certain to come under more and more discussion, and the discussion is certain to be confused by the intentional obscurantism of those that believe the Creator would never make imperfect beings. This is a state of mind corresponding to the theological opinions of the Middle Ages rather than the scientific leadings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; a state of mind that might be partly cured in some cases (and in others not at all) by a visit to the freak sideshow of Ringling's Circus next time it comes to town, or by consideration of those unfortunate beings known as Siamese twins. Farther in this direction it is neither necessary nor useful to go. The plain fact is that nature offers any number of examples of imperfection and arrested development, human and animal, physical and mental. And we have as much moral right to determine that her mistakes shall not become further en-



The Germans now have capped the climax with an insolent note voicing their gratification that the Allies are about to withdraw all military control over Germany. Coming, as it does, after the long series of insults to the Allied military officials in Germany and the flat ignoring of the many protests, it finds Allied patience exhausted.

In the sharpest note received in Berlin in many months, Germany is informed that fullest satisfaction must be given for the many insults, the arms sections of the treaty must



be met in spirit and in letter and that the instruction of the Military Commission must be obeyed in full.

The German of 1922 is a strange blend of humility and arrogance. He claims the sympathy due the beaten and at the same time walks with the old Prussian swagger. He hopes to escape both the payment of reparations and complete disarmament.

These hopes are not so reasonable as they were a few weeks ago. Poincaré of France is in a better position than he was during the summer. The Italians under Mussolini and the Britons under Bonar Law may be very different propositions than were the Italians under Facta or Nitti and the English under Lloyd George. If the Germans wanted to feel out the quality of the new British cabinet and acted accordingly, they have had their answer. There appears to be a new unity among the Allies, and with this Berlin and the new chancellor, Dr. Cuno, must reckon in the future.

#### PITY THE POOR SENATORS!

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

It was Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan who informed us in verse and music that the policeman's lot is not a happy one. Now comes Senator Pepper and tells in plain prose that a policeman has nothing on a United States senator when it comes to lots. Thus day by day in every way does the condition of public information on vital matters become better and better.

There will be universal surprise at Mr. Pepper's picture of the life of the average senator. "You either have to hit the line and keep on hitting it until you wear out under the strain," he told a dinnerful of Princeton alumni the other night, "or else you do what many a man has done: give it all up as hopeless and take to drink, rum, and amusement."

Who would have thought it? The picture the senator paints is not the one the average citizen hitherto fondly has held in his imagination as the real thing. But, of course, it must be true to life, because Mr. Pepper is a senator and he must know. It behooves us, therefore, to revise our impressions. In the light he has shed we get a new understanding of the men who compose the upper chamber of the Congress at Washington.

There must be two classes of them: those who are still struggling to "serve when bone and sinew have given out and there is nothing left but the will" and those who have given up the unequal battle as hopeless and taken to "drink, rum, and amusement." Partisan adherence, factional alignment, and bloc identification fall before this new system of classification, the falling and the fallen.

One wonders, in the light of this revelation, how any one can be got to accept membership in this official chamber of horrors. What can be the force strong enough to actuate a man like Senator Lodge, for instance, to keep coming back term after term? Think how La Follette must suffer and suffer and suffer and still seem to like it. Martyrs all, and gluttons for punishment!

If the senators themselves will do nothing else to end their being sacrificed ruthlessly on the altar of public service, we, the people, ought in common decency undertake the task. The remedy is simple: we should forthwith cease to elect senators. The Constitution when it forbids the imposition of cruel and unusual punishment points the way. All those in favor please say "Aye!"

#### TALES OF THE TIGER.

(Washington Post.)

During a visit to the British front in 1918, one evening after dinner, Georges Clemenceau had occasion to leave headquarters for a few minutes, and in the pitch darkness of the night lost his way.

"Halt! Who goes there?" the sentinel's cry suddenly was heard. Clemenceau did not have the countersign and the sentry stubbornly refused to let him pass.

"You don't suppose I'm a German?" the "Tiger" finally asked.

"I don't suppose anything about it," replied Tommy. "I simply don't know." Then after a moment's thought the sentry said:

"All right; just pronounce the word 'squirrel'."

Clemenceau's pronunciation passed the muster of the critical sentry and the premier was permitted to proceed.

When Clemenceau took charge of the ministry of the interior in 1906 he made great slashes in the pay-roll, dismissed more than sixty functionaries whom he considered useless, and, after six months' tenure of office, announced to his chief clerk:

"I've got rid of all the dead wood; those who remain here now should find enough work to do."

Passing through the general offices a few days later, Clemenceau reached a desk in front of which sat an employee, his head on his elbow, sleeping soundly and snoring sonorously. "Don't wake him up," he said; "he might go away."

The sale of tobacco in France is a government monopoly, and the right to keep tobacco stores is granted by the ministry of the interior at the request of deputies, who often desire thus to reward some of their constituents.

Clemenceau was being annoyed by a deputy who persistently claimed one of the largest tobacco stores in Paris, the manager of which belonged to the opposition.

The third visit of the deputy to the ministry of the interior found the "Tiger" in a sarcastic mood. "I can't decide about the tobacco store just yet," Clemenceau said as he escorted him to the door, "but take this; it is a start, at any rate."

And he handed the deputy a very small cigar.

To Clemenceau's numerous accomplishments, writer, orator, journalist, politician, statesman and duelist, must be added that of occasional pickpocket.

French deputies, by paying a yearly compulsory contribution, are entitled to free drinks and sandwiches from the bar of the chamber. An old radical deputy, elected in 1886, was wont to avail himself of the bar privileges without the slightest reserve. Standing in front of the bar one day, after he had absorbed drinks and partaken of sandwiches to the limit of his capacity, the hungry member of Parliament proceeded to fill the spacious pockets of his swallow-tail coat. Clemenceau, standing just behind him, was extracting each sandwich from the pocket of the deputy as fast as they were stowed away. Michou—that was the deputy's name—finally became aware of the "theft" as the sixth sandwich failed to show any perceptible increase in the weight of his coat. Turning around, he beheld Clemenceau in the centre of a group passing sandwiches about amid great mirth. Michou vowed there and then he would avenge himself. In 1888 Clemenceau was a candidate for the position of president of the chamber, with M. Meline as his opponent. Michou, although a political friend of Clemenceau and belonging to the same party, the radical, voted against the "Tiger." Meline and Clemenceau obtained exactly 212 votes each.

According to French parliamentary law, the office went to Meline as being senior to Clemenceau in years of service.

Some years ago Clemenceau accompanied the venerable M. Fallières, then president of the French Republic, on a voyage to the Pyrenees district, during the course of which they reached a small village perched high upon a mountainside.

The statesmen attended the inauguration of a new fountain. The mayor, in welcoming the distinguished visitors from Paris, lauded the republican régime, bestowed great compliments upon the virtues, civic and others, of the president and premier, and spoke at great length. Clemenceau listened with sibilant impatience to the oration until the mayor remarked

that the village had been built originally upon a mountainside to protect it against the attacks of the Moors and Saracens.

"You've succeeded remarkably well," Clemenceau cut in, "for since our arrival here we haven't met a single one of them."

The end of the mayor's speech was lost in the storm of laughter that followed.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### Alnwick Castle.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,  
Home of their beautiful and brave,  
Alike their birth and burial place,  
Their cradle and their grave!  
Still sternly o'er the castle gate  
Their house's Lion stands in state,  
As in his proud departed hours;  
And warriors frown in stone on high,  
And feudal banners "flout the sky"  
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,  
Lovely in England's fadeless green,  
To meet the quiet stream which winds  
Through this romantic scene  
As silently and sweetly still  
As when, at evening, on that hill,  
While summer's wind blew soft and low,  
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,  
His Katherine was a happy bride,  
A thousand years ago.

I wandered through the lofty halls  
Trod by the Percys of old fame,  
And traced upon the chapel walls  
Each high, heroic name,  
From him who once his standard set  
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,  
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,  
To him who, when a younger son,  
Fought for King George at Lexington,  
A major of dragoons.

That last half-stanza,—it has dashed  
From my warm lip the sparkling cup;  
The light that o'er my eyeball flashed,  
The power that bore my spirit up  
Above this bank-note world, is gone;  
And Alnwick's but a market town,  
And this, alas! its market day,  
And beasts and borderers throng the way;  
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,  
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,  
Men in the coal and cattle line;  
From Teviot's bard and hero land,  
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,  
From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexham, and  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times  
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,  
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;  
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,  
Of knights, but not of the round table,  
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy;  
'T is what "Our President," Monroe,  
Has called "the era of good feeling";  
The Highlander, the bitterest foe  
To modern laws, has felt their blow,  
Consented to be taxed, and vote,  
And put on pantaloons and coat,  
And leave off cattle-stealing;  
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas in red herrings;  
And noble name and cultured land,  
Palace, and park, and vassal band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,  
Has come: today the turbaned Turk  
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!)  
Sleep on, nor from your ceremonies start)  
Is England's friend and fast ally;  
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,  
And on the Cross and altar-stone,  
And Christendom looks tamely on,  
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,  
And sees the Christian father die;  
And not a sabre-blow is given  
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,  
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives  
In the armed pomp of feudal state.  
The present representatives  
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"  
Are some half-dozen serving-men  
In the drab coat of William Penn;  
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,  
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,  
Spoke nature's aristocracy;  
And one, half groom, half seneschal,  
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,  
From donjon keep to turret wall,  
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

##### Italy.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!  
Yet I could weep,—for thou art lying, alas!  
Low in the dust; and they who come admire thee  
As we admire the beautiful in death.  
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of beauty.  
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,  
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!  
But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already,  
Twice shone among the nations of the world,  
As the sun shines among the lesser lights  
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,  
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,  
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,  
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again  
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess  
Their wisdom folly.

—Samuel Rogers.

The principal lakes in the Tahoe basin are Fallen Leaf, Watson's, Cascade, Heather, Susie, Rock Bound, Dick, Eagle, Gilmore, Half Moon, Lily, Grass, Angora, Lucille, Medley, Echo, Crystal, Cliff, Le Conte, Devil's, Bryant and Frog. Besides these there are dozens of smaller lakes in Desolation Valley. None of these lakes except Tahoe and Fallen Leaf contained trout until artificially stocked.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. William Wallace Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory for the past twenty-two years, who is mentioned as the probable successor of Dr. David P. Barrows as president of the University of California, is a noted scientist. He was born in Ohio, and educated at the universities of Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. Dr. Campbell, who has an international reputation as an astronomer, was in charge of several Lick Observatory expeditions before his appointment as director in January, 1901. He was elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 1914 and is a member of many European academies of science. He is the author of "The Elements of Practical Astronomy" and "Stellar Motions."

The new governor of Nebraska, Charles W. Bryan, is a younger brother of the doughty William J. Bryan, who has for the past quarter of a century practically eclipsed his brother and business partner. Those who know the younger man hold him in high esteem for both his ability and loyalty. Unlike his oratorical brother, he has no gifts of eloquence—a fact that may account for his comparative lack of fame. Also, unlike his brother, he is a careful investigator, who goes into problems thoroughly. Nebraskans think that a successful term as governor of their state might land him in the Senate or the Cabinet if a Democrat should succeed Mr. Harding in office.

Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, K. C. B., the new head of the British fleet in North Atlantic and West Indian waters, who succeeds Vice-Admiral Sir Willoughby Pakenham, comes of a fighting family. He is the fourth baronet of his line and the head of a family which has supplied a succession of officers to the royal navy without a single break since the reign of Henry VIII. A Seymour served as vice-admiral against the Spanish Armada under Queen Elizabeth. In fact, the name of Seymour has figured on the navy list without any interruption whatsoever since the time of the discovery of this continent by Columbus, and no other name has been "mentioned" so often for distinguished service. Besides commanding the battleship *Centurion* at the battle of Jutland, Culme-Seymour saw active service during the war as second in command of the Mediterranean fleet and also as admiral commanding the British forces in the Black Sea.

James Robert Mann, noted Republican congressman and minority leader of the House of Representatives during the Wilson administration, died as the result of an attack of pleurisy on the last day of November, aged sixty-six. Representative Mann, who had been a member of the House for the past twenty-five years, first represented the First Illinois District and since 1903 the Second. He was born near Bloomington, Illinois, was a graduate of the University of Illinois and of the Union College of Law, Chicago. He was admitted to the bar in 1881 and has practiced since then in Chicago. A resident and an attorney of the village of Hyde Park, on its annexation to Chicago he became alderman for the Thirty-Second Ward, 1893-96. He was elected to the House of Representatives for the Fifty-Fifth Congress and has remained in Congress ever since, being minority leader of the Sixty-Second to the Sixty-Fifth. His failure to become Speaker of the House in 1918 when the Republicans gained control of the lower house was attributed to his unpopularity with party leaders outside Congress. Nevertheless Mann remained a power in the House, on which he did not lose his hold during even his last week of life.

John Wanamaker, genius of organized commerce and promoter of that modern institution, the department store, is critically ill at his home in Philadelphia. Mr. Wanamaker began life as an errand boy in a book shop at fourteen, and like the heroes of boys' books, rose to political and financial eminence. The veteran merchant was born in Philadelphia, in 1838, educated in the public schools there, and married Mary Brown. At the age of eighteen he was a retail clothing salesman, and at twenty-three he established with Nathan Brown the clothing house of Wanamaker & Brown in his home city. In 1876 he established in Philadelphia his first department store, which was followed twenty years later by a similar business in New York. Mr. Wanamaker was an organizer and director of the Merchants' Bank and for several years was director of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. As a Republican of independent proclivities he became active in politics and was a great opponent of the political "machine." But he was evidently not politically ambitious, as he declined the Republican nomination to the Forty-Eighth Congress and the independent candidacy for mayor of Philadelphia in 1886. In 1888 he was a presidential elector, and from 1889 to 1893 was Postmaster-General of the United States, serving in the Cabinet of President Harrison. Among other distinctions, Mr. Wanamaker was the first salaried secretary of the Y. M. C. A., back in 1858; and from 1870 to 1883 he was president of the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia. He has always been an active religious and social service worker. He helped found the Presbyterian Hospital, of which he was a trustee, and with Mrs. Wanamaker built the children's ward. Mr. Wanamaker has erected Y. M. C. A. and college buildings in India, China, Japan and Korea, as well as numerous churches and other institutions. His contribution to war service was to send two relief ships to Belgium in 1914. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor by the French government in 1912.



## AS OUR AMBASSADOR SAW IT.

Letters of Walter H. Page Reveal the Peculiar Conditions Preceding America's Entry Into the War.

The publication of the letters of the American Ambassador to England supplies one of the rare exceptions to the rule that the epistolary form is tiresome. Possibly in the case of Walter H. Page some of the credit for making an intensely interesting book is due to Mr. Burton Hendrick, who has selected the letters and arranged them in such a way as to present a coherent story of the life and public services of a typical American.

Page was born in North Carolina and was old enough to remember incidents of the war that devastated the South. His youth and early manhood were spent in the South, and the story relates his endeavors to revive the energies of his native state in the dark days of the reconstruction period. The field was limited, however, and in 1885 he went to New York. Work on the *Evening Post*, eight years as editor of the *Forum*, three years with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* for nearly two years, and then a member of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Co., makes the record of his labors up to the time of Wilson's election. The new firm started the *World's Work* and Page was its editor until he left for England. His interest in the South never ceased and he is found active in education, in agriculture, and in fighting disease—the hookworm—interesting Mr. Rockefeller in the last-named undertaking.

It is, however, to his work as ambassador to England that chief interest attaches. A supporter of President Wilson, it was at first supposed that he would be given a Cabinet post. Colonel House showed Page the list of names and solemnly asked him what he thought of them. The first name that attracted Page's attention was that of Josephus Daniels for Secretary of the Navy. Page at once expressed his energetic dissent.

"Why, don't you think he is Cabinet timber?" asked Colonel House.

"Timber!" Page shouted. "He isn't a splinter."

He tried to have the appointment changed, but failed; and Daniels stuck for eight long years, occupying the place that might have been taken by an executive capable of the critical work of Secretary of the Navy.

Page went to England in 1913, and his early letters home were full of judicious appraisals of that land and its people. Of the English he writes:

I can't see that the race is breaking down or giving out. Consider how their political morals have been pulled up since the days of the rotten boroughs; consider how their court life is now high and decent, and think what it once was. British trade is larger this year than it ever was, Englishmen are richer than they ever were and more of them are rich. They write and speak and play cricket, and govern, and fight as well as they have ever done—excepting, of course, the writing of Shakespeare.

England never had a finer lot of folk than these. And you see them everywhere. The art of living sanely they have developed to as high a level, I think, as you will find at any time in any land.

Of Sir Edward Grey, foreign minister, with whom Page came much in contact, he formed a very high opinion:

But I've little hope for a fight of the right kind with Sir Edward Grey. He is the very reverse of insolent—fair, frank, sympathetic, and he has so clear an understanding of our real character that he'd yield anything that his party and Parliament would permit. He'd make a good American with the use of very little sandpaper.

Sir Edward Grey is in the main responsible for the ease with which it is done. He is a frank and fair and truthful man. You will find him the day after tomorrow precisely where you left him the day before yesterday. We get along very well indeed. I think we should get along if we had harder tasks one with the other. And the English people are even more friendly than the government. You have no idea of their respect for the American nation.

The Mexican trouble was one of the first governmental tangles that came to Page's attention. Huerta was then in the saddle and Wilson was trying to unseat him. English oil interests were active in Mexico, and Sir Lionel Carden was the British representative at Mexico City. Writing to House, Page said:

By gradual approaches I'm going to prove that Carden can do—and in a degree has already done—as much harm as Bryce did good—and all about a paltry few hundreds of million dollars' worth of oil. What the devil does the oil or the commerce of Mexico or the investments there amount to in comparison with the close friendship of the two nations? Carden can't be good long: he'll break out again presently.

In the end Carden was transferred, Huerta was forced out, and we had a small war with Mexico; which Page deplored.

Nothing our ambassador found in England prevented the formation of a good understanding more than the Panama Canal tolls affair. President Wilson, early in his administration, took this subject in hand, with the result that the tolls were made uniform and one discreditable episode in American foreign relations was cleared up. Page wrote to House:

DEAR HOUSE: . . . The English government and the English people without regard to party—I hear it and feel it everywhere—are of one mind about this: they think we have acted dishonorably. They really think so—it isn't any political or diplomatic pretense. We made a bargain, they say, and we have repudiated it. If it were a mere bluff, or game, or party contention—that would be one thing. We could "bull" it through or live it down. But they look upon it as we look upon the repudiation of a debt by a state. Whatever the arguments by which the state may excuse itself we never feel the same toward it—never quite so safe about it.

They say, too, "See, you've preached arbitration and you

propose peace agreements, and yet you will not arbitrate this: you know you are wrong, and this attitude proves it." Whatever Mr. Hay might or could have done, he made a bargain. The Senate ratified it. We accepted it. Whether it was a good bargain or a bad one, we ought to keep it.

The American ambassador had occasion frequently to complain of the conduct of the State Department under Bryan; and his correspondence with the President and with Colonel House contains many allusions to the confusion that prevailed. He said:

DEAR HOUSE: *Couldn't the business with Great Britain be put into Moore's hands?* [John Bassett Moore, then counselor of the State Department.] It is surely important enough at times to warrant separate attention—or (I might say) attention. You know after eight or nine months of this sort of thing the feeling grows on us all here that perhaps many of our telegrams and letters may not be read by anybody at all. You begin to feel that they may not be deciphered or even opened. Then comes the feeling (for a moment) why send any more? Why do anything but answer such questions as come now and then? Corresponding with Nobody—can you imagine how that feels? What the devil do you suppose does become of the letters and telegrams that I send, from which and about which I never hear a word? As a mere matter of curiosity I should like to know who receives them and what he does with them.

Now the State Department seems (as it touches us) to be utterly chaotic—silent when it ought to respond, loquacious when it ought to be silent. There are questions that I have put to it at this government's request to which I can get no answer.

While we are thus at work the only two communications from the department today are two letters from two of the secretaries about—presenting "Democratic" ladies from Texas and Oklahoma at court! And Bryan is now lecturing in Kansas.

Since I began to write this letter Lord Cowdray came to the house and stayed two and a half hours, talking about possible joint intervention in Mexico. Possibly he came from the foreign office. I don't know whether to dare sending a dispatch to the State Department, telling what he told me, for fear they'd leak. And to leak this—Good Lord! Two of the secretaries were here to dinner, and I asked them if I should send such a dispatch. They both answered instantly: "No, sir, don't dare: write it to the President." I said: "No, I have no right to bother the President with regular business nor with frequent letters." To that they agreed; but the interesting and somewhat appalling thing is, they're actually afraid to have a confidential dispatch go to the State Department.

The American people never will know what good fortune attended them when on three occasions Bryan was defeated for the presidency. He did enough mischief while Secretary of State, and in the end relieved every one by resigning.

One of the things that mystified the country when the Panama tolls question was up was the statement by the President:

"I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure."

The matter is explained by the visit of House to Germany, France, and England in June, 1914, in an endeavor to bring these countries to an understanding and avert war. House wrote to Page:

DEAR PAGE: I have had a long talk with Mr. Laughlin. At first he thought I would not have more than one chance in a million to do anything with the Kaiser, but after talking with him further he concluded that I would have a fairly good sporting chance. I have about concluded to take it.

Colonel House left Berlin not particularly hopeful; the Kaiser impressed him as a man of unstable nervous organization—as one who was just hovering on the borderland of insanity. Certainly this was no man to be entrusted with such powers as the American had just witnessed at Potsdam. Dangerous as the Kaiser was, however, he did not seem to think Colonel House to be as great a menace to mankind as were his military advisers. The American came away from Berlin with the conviction that the most powerful force in Germany was the militaristic clique, and second, the Hohenzollern dynasty.

House thought that if he had had more time he might have accomplished his ends, but Page wrote him:

No, no, no—no power on earth could have prevented it. The German militarism, which is the crime of the last fifty years, has been working for this for twenty-five years. It is the logical result of their spirit and enterprise and doctrine. It had to come. But, of course, they chose the wrong time and the wrong issue. Militarism has no judgment. Don't let your conscience be worried. You did all that any mortal man could do. But nobody could have done anything effective.

Confusion in politics in France and England discouraged House:

"I feel as though I had been living near a mighty electric dynamo," Colonel House told his friends. "The whole of Germany is charged with electricity. Everybody's nerves are tense. It needs only a spark to set the whole thing off."

The "spark" came two weeks afterward with the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand.

It did not take our ambassador long to see clearly the object of the war. On September 22, 1914, he wrote House:

MY DEAR HOUSE: When the day of settlement comes the settlement must make sure that the day of militarism is done and can come no more. If sheer brute force is to rule the world, it will not be worth living in. If German bureaucratic brute force could conquer Europe, presently it would try to conquer the United States; and we should all go back to the era of war as man's chief industry and back to the domination of kings by divine right. It seems to me, therefore, that the Hohenzollern idea must perish—be utterly strangled in the making of peace.

The whole world is bound to be changed as a result of this war. If Germany should win our Monroe Doctrine would at once be shot in two, and we should have to get "out of the sun." The military party is a party of conquest—absolutely.

Differences soon developed between the President and the ambassador. The divergence of views began with the neutrality proclamation. Page wrote:

When a war comes, a government must go into it or stay out of it. It must make a declaration to the world of its

attitude. That's all that neutrality is. A government can be neutral, but no man can be.

"The President and the government," Page afterward wrote, "in their insistence upon the moral quality of neutrality, missed the larger meaning of the war. It is at bottom nothing but the effort of the absolute Berlin monarch and his group to impose their will upon as large a part of the world as they can overrun."

Page knew that we should some day become involved, and, writing to House after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, he said:

But looking at the thing in a long range way, we're bound to get into the war. For the Germans will blow up more American travelers without notice. And by dallying with them we do not change the ultimate result, but we take away from ourselves the spunk and credit of getting in instead of being kicked and cursed in. We've got to get in: they won't play the game in any other way. I have news direct from a high German source in Berlin that confirms this. . . . It's a curious thing to say. But the only solution that I see is another *Lusitania* outrage, which would force war.

As weeks and months went by and the President did nothing but write notes, the disgust and humiliation felt by most Americans was felt more keenly by Page, near to the seat of war. He expressed this feeling in letters to House and to the President and explained to the latter the sentiment in England. As the President seldom tolerated a difference of opinion he ignored his ambassador. The crowning humiliation of the Americans came when the President, in a note to the powers proposing peace negotiations, said "the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated to their own people and to the world." In a previous speech he had said "the United States was not concerned with the causes and objects of the war."

Writing to House, the ambassador gave his opinion. "It is quite apparent that nobody in Washington understands the war. Come over and find out."

Of the President he wrote:

He does his own thinking, untouched by other men's ideas. He receives nothing from the outside. The influence of this lone-hand way of playing the game extends very far. The members of the Cabinet do not seem to have the habit of frankness with each other.

I can see it in no other way than this: the President suppressed free thought and free speech when he insisted upon personal neutrality.

That wasn't leadership in a democracy. Right here is the President's vast failure. From it there is now no escape unless the Germans commit more submarine crimes. They have kept the United States for their own exploiting after the war.

There is a great lesson in this lamentable failure of the President really to lead the nation. The United States stands for democracy and free opinion as it stands for nothing else and as no other nation stands for it. Now when democracy and free opinion are at stake as they have not before been, we take a "neutral" stand—we throw away our very birthright.

"The President," Page wrote to Mr. Laughlin, "dominates the whole show in a most extraordinary way. The men about him (and he sees them only on business) are very nearly all very, very small fry, or worse—the narrowest two-penny lot I've ever come across. He has no real companions. Nobody talks to him freely and frankly. I've never known quite such a condition in American life!"

So it went, through the weary period while Germany outraged our rights at will and finally dragged the President backwards into the war. Disgusted with the wretched preliminaries, Page attempted to resign, but the President would not permit him to come home. So he continued in office, gratified when we finally entered the war and doing his best to get the reluctant pacifists, including the President, in executive posts at Washington to do something.

Our ambassador never lost his faith in his native land. In a letter to his partner he says:

The idea that we were brought up on, therefore, that Europe is the home of civilization in general—nonsense! It's a periodical slaughter-pen, with all the vices that this implies. I'd as lief live in the Chicago stockyards. There they kill beeves and pigs. Here they kill men and (incidentally) women and children.

Our form of government and our scheme of society—God knows they need improving—are yet so immeasurably superior, as systems, to anything on this side the world that no comparison need be made. My first strong impression, then, is not that Europe is effete—that isn't it. It is medieval—far back toward the Dark Ages, much of it yet uncivilized, held back by inertia when not held back by worse things. The caste system is a constant burden almost as heavy as war itself and often quite as cruel.

Page remained at his post until late in 1918, when failing health compelled his resignation. Wilson accepted it in a curt, cold note; but the men in England, from the king down, rendered tribute to his work. Like many another exile in that world, he was ever looking back to his homeland and dreaming of the time when he would return to the sand hills of North Carolina for rest. He reached his home only to die, as truly a sacrifice to the war as his nephew who met his death in Belleau Wood.

These letters of our ambassador should be read by all who desire a view of the realities of our international relations and our war administration during the most critical period of our history. In the Dismal Swamp of the Wilson régime, Page stands out as one of the few officials that saw the real significance of developments and of the issues arising out of them; doing what he could to bring the nation to its proper course while the President floundered about and wrote notes. And one reading the letters arrives at a higher appraisal of Colonel House, the silent citizen who clung to the President until he, too, incurred the jealousy and displeasure that were the reward of almost all who served him.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE. By Burton J. Hendrick. In two volumes, illustrated. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$10.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 2, 1922 (five days), were \$134,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$146,100,000; a decrease of \$11,800,000.

At the annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, in Del Monte, California, in October, the following resolution presented by the committee on

to keep the investment banking business on the high ethical plane where it should be maintained. To urge investors to exchange United States government bonds for any other kind of security is to influence people to lower the degree of safety of their investments. The best type of investment banker would not be inclined to urge such a change. When the investor himself expresses the inclination to make the change it is a different matter. Then the investment banker can properly advise with him as to what is best to buy. In individual cases he might even suggest it, but not generally, says *World's Work*.

During October two printed circulars came to the desk of the investment editor issued by two of the rapidly expanding real estate mortgage bond houses and designed to influence people to exchange Liberty bonds and other securities for the 7 and 7½ per cent. real estate mortgage bonds offered by these houses. There are several points in connection with these circulars that investors should take into consideration before they are tempted to act upon such advice.

Leaving out of consideration the ethical nature of the proposal itself, against which the Investment Bankers' Association has now gone on record, there were certain methods used in making this proposal that seem open to criticism. For instance, one of the circulars has this to say regarding the safety of the investment:

"An easing of the government money market and a bettering of the government's cash position has resulted in many of these government bonds touching par. Thus without any or with practically no loss of principal Liberties and Victories bearing 3½ per cent.-4¾ per cent. can be exchanged for real estate gold bonds bearing 7 per cent.-7½ per cent. and with safety of principal assuredly maintained."

The inference which the uninformed reader would naturally draw from this last clause is that these real estate bonds are as safe as United States government bonds. This inference would not be correct, and when one realizes the number of uninformed investors who own Liberty bonds, the possibility of many people being misled by it can be appreciated.

Following this statement the house presented a table showing a "profit of from \$225 to \$525" in ten to fifteen years on the exchange of various issues of Liberty and Victory bonds for 7 per cent. real estate bonds. In justice to this house it should be said that this circular has not been used in general mailings since the Investment Bankers' Association, of which it is a member, took action in the matter. The other house included in its circular "An Actual Example" showing the "gain" derived from an exchange of \$5000 Second Liberty Loan 4¼s, \$6000 United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland 5½s, and \$2000 American Telephone and Telegraph 6s for \$9000 of one of its 7 per cent. issues and \$5000 of one of its 7½ per cent. issues.

This brings up the most important point of this whole matter from the investor's standpoint. As long as one holds United States government bonds he needs no diversification of his investments. He has the diversification of the entire natural wealth of this country and of all of the activities of its hundred and five million people back of his bonds. If they are not good, then what other investment in the country is good? But when he starts down from this highest type of investment to get a higher return on his money, he should at once begin to apply the theory of diversification and distribute the risk in order to maintain as high an average degree of safety as possible consistent with the higher rate of return he desires.

Take the case of this "actual example." Here was an investor who possibly made his first investment in Liberty Loan bonds. Then he added some of the British government external loan 5½s brought out in this country, and later some American Telephone and Telegraph Company 6 per cent. notes. He was getting a higher return each time, but he was diversifying his investment by going

into different fields and he chose from among the best of the foreign government bonds and American public utility issues. If he had been seeking a still higher return, he would have needed a still greater diversification of his investment to help compensate for the greater risk.

Now what does the "Exchange Bureau" of this real estate mortgage house suggest to this man? That he give up his well diversified list of the finest investments in exchange for two issues of its bonds, one secured on hotel property, which depreciates rapidly and depends largely on the character of its management for success, and the other on an apartment house property in the same city. It is true the past record of the house and of its issues speaks well for its bonds, but what of the principle of diversification that should be applied more completely when one seeks a higher rate of return on his money such as these bonds offer? To add a few of them to the already well diversified list might be sound investing, but to convert this list entirely into such bonds would be far from conservative. To believe that an exchange of Liberty bonds for such issues would leave one "with safety of principal assuredly maintained," as the other house said, would be to deceive oneself.

This magazine is still receiving so many inquiries regarding real estate mortgage bonds that it seems well to repeat some of the words of caution regarding them that were published on this page a few months ago. In the first place it should be said that there are houses of excellent reputation that have operated successfully in this field for many years and whose issues have won a high place for themselves in the confidence of investors who do not need readily marketable securities. On the other hand many new houses have recently entered the field and are taking advantage of the growing demand for such bonds to bring out issues that are not based on the same amount of experience.

This development has coincided with the advance in building costs and the inflation in real estate values. In other words, many houses have entered the field at the crest and it remains to be seen how they will come through the lower ground that is undoubtedly ahead. It seems likely that there will be failures among them which may result in losses to investors.

And this factor of inflation and high costs creates an uncertain element throughout the entire field. For if properties against which loans are now being made come into competition with pre-war constructed buildings the time will very likely come when their earnings will be reduced. And if real estate values fall from their present levels, the equities behind many real estate bonds will suffer. The real estate man of experience, of course, realizes all this and his issues should be protected against it. But he has to compete with these other houses in making his loans as well as selling them, and the borrower frequently wants to get as large a loan as he can. For the investors, therefore, it seems that it might be well, for the time being at least, to confine his purchases in this field to bonds of the earliest maturities, which are less likely to be affected by any change in real estate values, and to houses of the longest experience and best reputation in the field. And he should never forsake the principle of diversification.

During the last thirty days commercial and industrial activity has reflected the usual stimulation of fall and winter demand. Retail trade in the larger cities is more active than at the corresponding period of last year, and seasonal acceleration is evident throughout the country, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York. Uncertainty as to the volume of purchases by the farmers of the grain and livestock states has not been dispelled, however. Wholesale trade has been good throughout the current period. Stocks of many kinds of goods in the hands both of wholesale and retail dealers are light, but neither this fact nor threats of higher prices have been sufficient to induce buyers to make substantial forward purchases. The conservatism shown justifies the belief that the catastrophe of 1920 has not been forgotten.

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tically at the record levels established in 1920. Despite car shortage, especially for coal and for the movement of farm products, the railroads are handling freight remarkably well. Coal has been rapidly moved to the lake ports for shipment to the Northwest before the close of navigation. Receipts of wheat at primary markets to date, while somewhat less than for the corresponding period of 1921, are well above receipts for 1920. The livestock movement is satisfactory. Cotton is moving more rapidly than in 1921. Some industrial consumers are beginning to accumulate coal reserves, and the disappearance of premiums



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The manufacturing industries as a whole are operating at not far below normal. Steel output is at 75 per cent. of capacity. There has been a notable expansion of pig-iron production, which for October exceeded any month since December, 1920. Railroad orders continue heavy. Demand from the automobile and building industries is good, due account being taken of seasonal declines. Buying by agricultural implement makers is still light. The indications seem to be that demand for steel may slacken somewhat during the remainder of the year, but that recovery



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will be made early in 1923. Demand for machine tools is fair.

The woolen and worsted industry is at between 80 and 85 per cent. of capacity. Boot and shoe manufacturers range from 80 per cent. in New England to capacity at St. Louis. Cotton consumption in October was 533,950 bales, compared with 494,745 and 401,325 bales in October, 1921 and 1920 respectively. October output of automobiles made a new high record for that month. Building is ex-

numerous proposals which have been made to expand the scope of their operations, and points out that their reserve and investment policies are being developed to secure the greatest elasticity and stabilization of financial movements.

"Profit making is not the reason for the existence of the Federal Reserve system," he says. "Its primary functions are rather to secure through partial centralization an effective control of reserves against a day of need, and to afford an elastic system of currency and credit. Earnings are incidental to the exercise of these functions, although they are essential to the continued existence of a system whose ownership is private rather than governmental. Expenses of operation and the statutory dividend should be earned. The sources of these earnings are determined by the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act. They fall into two main classes: the purchase or discount of commercial paper of specified types, and investment in certain government securities.

"In the autumn of 1920 security investments of Federal Reserve banks ranged between 8 and 13 per cent. of total earning assets; since the middle of February, 1922, they have ranged between 30 per cent. and 54 per cent. of the total, and have averaged 44 per cent. The great bulk of these investments has properly consisted of short-term certificates of indebtedness, which are peculiarly suited to the open market operations of Federal Reserve banks. The change in the relative amount of investments has accompanied the reduced activity of business and the progressive liquidation of member bank indebtedness at reserve banks.

"Although reviving business activity will no doubt result in increased borrowing by member banks, by and large the rediscounting facilities of the reserve banks may be expected to be availed of freely only in periods of emergency or of seasonal strain. In any event, not until business has grown far beyond its present proportions will rediscounting under normal conditions give employment to any such volume of funds as was so used during 1920.

"There is little reason for thinking that purchases of bills in the open market, as authorized by Section 14 of the Federal Reserve Act, will afford adequate employment for surplus funds. Such bills do not as a rule originate in large volume in periods of slack demand for banking accommodation. Moreover, experience indicates that reserve bank purchases are in the main confined to bankers' acceptances issued in foreign trade, out of which, indeed, possibly three-fourths of all American bank acceptances arise. The great decline in the dollar value of our foreign trade has therefore restricted the volume of bills available for purchase, while the widening of the market for bankers' bills among banks and savings institutions has further tended to limit purchases by reserve banks.

"There have been numerous proposals to alter the legal structure of the reserve system by a broader definition of eligible paper and by extension of the scope of open market operations. Among the changes frequently suggested is the proposal that stock exchange loans should be made eligible for rediscount or purchase by Federal Reserve banks. When one considers the extent to which undesirable security speculation might proceed if the present enormous idle assets of reserve banks were directly available for financing stock market operations, the desirability of such an extension of the rules of eligibility is overwhelmingly negated.

"There remains for consideration the possibility of desirable expansion in the security dealings of Federal Reserve banks, at present restricted to United States obligations and short-term revenue warrants of municipal governments. The only apparent reason for turning to corporate bonds for investment would be to enlarge the earnings of reserve banks. Until such time as there is a wider gap between the return on corporate and that on Federal obligations, and until reserve banks are pressed for income with which to meet their dividends there is no necessarily compelling motive to expand earnings.

"As a matter of fact all banks turn more or less to security investment in periods of inactive demand for commercial loans. This temporary shift of commercial funds to the investment market is, within limits, a natural and desirable development, appropriate for reserve banks and private banks alike. But the limit of security investment for reserve banks is by their very nature relatively much narrower than for other banks. It is their duty in periods of inactivity to accumulate large reserves, and to be content even when earning assets are the smaller part of their total resources. In this way too rapid expansion can be guarded against and the reserves kept for time of need. Such a policy, however, may do much to stabilize the rates for bank loans over a period of years.

"We may conclude that while the adequate employment of reserve bank assets presents problems of grave importance, there is at present no solid reason for expanding the scope of ineligible investment. Some of the extensions which have from time to time been suggested are sacrilegiously suited to the nature of

a reserve system of commercial banking nor do they seem essential to the maintenance of a proper balance among the several divisions of the American money market. The present period of reserve banking is in a sense experimental, but the administration of the banks suggests that the fundamental functions of reserve banks are in no danger of being lost sight of and that, in particular, the reserve and investment policies of the banks are being developed with a view to securing the desired elasticity and stabilization of banking movements."

The Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company report through Hunter, Dulin & Co. that the earnings statement for the twelve months ended October 31, 1922, shows: Gross earnings, \$674,053.11; operating expenses and taxes and depreciation, \$503,210.95; net income from operations, \$170,842.16; interest on funded debt, \$86,970.68; available for dividends on preferred stock, \$83,871.48; 6 per cent. preferred stock outstanding, \$438,600; annual dividend requirements, \$26,316. Earnings for the twelve-month period available for preferred stock dividends are 3.2 times dividend requirements on preferred stock now outstanding.

After Henry Ford's road had made an auspicious record during the first half of this year, when total net operating income reached \$705,528, surpassing 1921 figures of \$190,083 by \$515,445, deficits growing larger every month practically wiped out early results by the end of September.

The September deficit of \$383,097 was the largest since August, 1920. It compared with a deficit of \$300,404 in August, one of \$16,367 in July and another of \$91,761 in September last year.

Gross was an improvement over same month in 1921, total of \$66,139 representing increase of \$44,892, or 7.08 per cent. However, compared with monthly gross this year, it was the smallest since February, and was 7.93 per cent. lower than August, which was not a good month. In fact, since June gross revenues have decreased steadily, comparison between that month and September show aggregate loss of 35.73 per cent. This falling off can be laid partly to July 1st rate cut. Traffic should not have fallen off to any great extent, except as to coal. Automobile movement has been good, and as the Ford shops were closed only four days in September, reduction can not be traced to this source.

A new offering of \$50,000 Yuba City, California, 5 per cent. municipal improvement bonds, due serially 1925 to 1947, is made by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company. These bonds are tax exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income taxes.

Yuba City, the county seat of Sutter County, is situated in the Sacramento Valley about forty miles north of Sacramento on the Southern Pacific and Sacramento Northern railroads. The tributary country is a rich and productive farming and fruit-raising section, its principal crops being alfalfa, grain, peaches, prunes, pears, almonds and grapes. Dairying is also an important industry.


Yuba City is a thoroughly up-to-date community with beautiful homes, well-paved streets, electric light and gas systems and an excellent municipally-owned high-pressure water system. It is connected with Marysville, which lies across the river, by a fifteen-minute electric service. It contains a national and savings bank, a modern hotel, fine school buildings, several churches, a creamery and the usual stores found in a prosperous community. Two large fruit canneries, two dried fruit packing plants, and a large flour mill are also located here.

Wheat advanced week before last to a new high price for the move, and since then has reacted somewhat. While there may not be any spectacular rise, the trend this winter will be gradually to higher levels. Doubtless there is plenty of wheat to meet all demands, but the price is out of line with other commodities. The outlook for corn is very bullish. This grain is used primarily as an animal food, and we have this year a very short crop and a demand considerably in excess of normal.

Everything points to a stringency in cotton later in the season such as is likely to result in quite high prices. About all we can look for in the way of reactions are those that occur from time to time for purely technical reasons. The crop is so undeniably short that even with the estimated carry-over of 2,828,000 bales, this year's supply will be not much over 13,000,000 bales against an expected consumption and export demand of over 12,000,000 bales.

With average operations around 80 per cent. of capacity, steel production is considerably in excess of anything attained before the war. The trade rather expects some curtailment of output during the winter by the independents, owing to coal and car shortage, but so far nothing of the sort has occurred.

The rubber industry, one of the worst sufferers during last year's period of deflation, is showing signs of having definitely turned the corner. It has been one of the last trades



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to respond to the general industrial revival. The leather industry, which has been another laggard, is picking up, and the various companies are reporting much improved earnings. The situation regarding copper, lead, and zinc continues decidedly bullish. Copper holds around 14 cents, and lead is selling at a new high price for the year. Unless production is very greatly and quickly increased, there is likely to be an actual shortage of zinc and a scarcely adequate supply of lead.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the New York "play broker," is said to have disposed of more plays for dramatic authors than any other person in America. She has served as

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Ariel.

Like a soothing powder for our fevered brains, hypped on utilitarianism, comes a little classic from South America, "Ariel," by José Enrique Rodó, called the greatest of American idealists by his translator, Mr. F. J. Stimson, late United States Ambassador to Argentina. We of the Northern Hemisphere who are accustomed to associate South America with the tango, a popular movie star, coffee plantations, cattle ranches, and gambling dens are apt to be doubly jolted by "Ariel"—those of us, of course, who are not philosophers or students of Spanish literature, the majority in short. It is something of a shock to the uninitiate to discover in "Ariel" evidence of a finished school of neo-Latin philosophy and the inference that every other school as well as the idealistic may be represented in our adjacent continent.

In addition, Mr. Stimson tells us in his preface that poets are more abundant in the countries of Latin America than elsewhere and that many of the leading scholars of international law live there—facts that are not incongruous when one bears in mind that South America is the greatest heir of the greatest civilizations of the past. "Ariel,"

which is said to be Rodó's masterpiece, and which "lay in piles of popular editions in every bookstore in Buenos Aires and other South American cities" when it was published some years ago, is an argument for the refining or civilizing influences of life against the material and utilitarian, of Ariel against Caliban, to use Rodó's graceful allegory. It is a book to soothe a harried, routine-driven, North American mind.

R. G.

ARIEL. By José Enrique Rodó. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

## Dear Brutus.

As usual J. M. Barrie, in "Dear Brutus," has hit on an idea that is original, fantastic, supernatural, and yet strangely and even touchingly reflective of life and human character. In this play the Puck that we know best in "Midsummer Night's Dream" has grown old and tired, but is still tricky. Only Lob—as he is known in the play, in which he appears as a very old English gentleman of social affiliations—wants his wholly human friends to venture forth themselves, while he lingers by the fireside.

But on Midsummer's Eve he uses his ancient arts to construct a magical wood at the doors of his country mansion, and in this wood he contrives to send forth the house-party guests he has gathered around him.

Here we perceive the Puck-like art of Barrie himself; ancient magic exercised on a group of such modern people as we might meet in English novels.

For one by one they go forth in the magical forest, and have a "second chance" in their destiny. And one or two there are that profit by the later wisdom dimly felt. But the philanderer philanders again, the thief is still at his old job, and the procrastinator fails to write the *magnum opus* that eludes him in his first rounded-out destiny.

The idea is most enchantingly worked out. There is the fairy magic of Merrie England haunting the dark corners of the wood, and there is something of a seer's compassionate wisdom tenderly dominating the strange scenes. For Barrie is ever Barrie; mellow, tolerant, benignant, inimitable.

DEAR BRUTUS. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.

## East of Suez.

With the bitterly clear and unshrinking vision of the deeply-dyed cynic, W. Somerset

Maugham portrays in "East of Suez" the mingling of Eastern and Western vices in the character of the beautiful, unhappy Eurasian, Daisy, loved of men and scorned of women.

The Oriental half of Daisy is Chinese, but she seems to have inherited none of the virtues of that race, her character being compounded of dissimulation, voluptuousness, and, unluckily for her, constancy in love.

Mr. Maugham's cosmopolitanism has made him quite at home in the Orient, whose rich colorings, subtle deceptions, and underground system of communication he is well able to depict.

The play has made very much of an impression both in London and New York, for it is a slice of life; the life as it is lived in the Orient by the resident whites, and therefore novel to the mass of theatre-goers.

It is safe to say, however, that the undeniable fascination that the play exerts on the imagination is somewhat morbid in tone; for there is nothing beautiful in Daisy's human relationships; not even the affection existing between her and the evil, money-loving hag who passes for her amah, but whom, in secret, she acknowledges as her mother.

EAST OF SUEZ. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

## Notes of Books and Authors

President Cleveland, according to ex-Ambassador Straus, whose "Under Four Administrations" was recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, had a strong leaning towards acting. One night after the theatre, Mr. Straus says, "We had a supper of delicatessen and beer at home, which I knew he would like, and he amused us with several funny stories and mimicry. My wife remarked that he might have made a success on the stage, and he replied that his friend Joe Jefferson had often deplored his having missed that profession."

It is a hundred years ago, this year, since an Englishman, Archibald Leighton, invented cloth binding for books. The evolution of our book world would have been different if binding in cloth had not been invented. It meant that books became more durable, as it means today that books keep clean in our often dirty climate when, if they were only bound in paper, they would not keep clean at all.

The prize offered by the Houghton Mifflin Company for the best essay by a student of journalism on Samuel Hopkins Adams' newspaper novel, "Success," has been won by Hugh J. Morlan of the University of Iowa. The

judges—A. Hamilton Gibbs, Will Irwin, Mr. Adams and a representative of the publishers—included in their report of the contest the interesting information that over half the papers submitted were by women students. It is also interesting to observe in this connection that Catherine Filene in her "Careers for Women" lists no fewer than nine positions on a newspaper which are particularly suitable for women.

Whiting Williams, whose new book of observations as a laborer in France and Germany will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons late in October, found during his stay in Essen that the Krupps had started something absolutely new. "A group of their workers," he says, "had complained that the gold fillings and especially the gold crowns of their teeth did not stand the gritting they had to go through when the men lifted the heavy weights of hot or cold steel. So the plant dentist—with the help of the alloy research department—started to pioneer a new line. As the result, 1500 Krupp workmen are today wearing steel-crowned teeth." Mr. Williams' forthcoming book, "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," is the third of his labor series. The first, "What's on the Worker's Mind," gave his observations as an American workman, while the second, "Full Up and Fed Up," represented actual experience in all the principal British industries.

John Drinkwater, the author of "Lincoln," etc., is at work on a new play.

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## BRIEFER REVIEWS.

## A Catholic Poet.

Charles L. O'Donnell, professor of English literature at the University of Notre Dame, and a Roman Catholic priest, is evidently a minor poet of merit, judged from "Cloister and Other Poems" (Macmillan; \$1), a collection of some sixty or so very brief efforts, of a marked simplicity and sincerity. Father O'Donnell has a nice mastery of meter and a very natural sense of rhythm, his verses often having the singing simplicity of Burns—though they are nowise suggestive of the Scottish bard otherwise. The nature of "Cloister and Other Poems" is delicately austere, but by no means ascetic.

## Mississippi Valley Beginnings.

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P. O. Box 894 Little Rock, Ark.

but also to all lovers of American history, is "Mississippi Valley Beginnings" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.50), by Henry E. Chambers, a chronicler of many phases of Southern history. Mr. Chambers calls his book "an outline of the early history of the Earlier West," which is an accurate definition of this record of pioneers, of French settlements, of Scotch Irish conquest, and, in short, of what the author terms an early American melting pot. Illustrations from old prints, lithographs, and photographs, and a half-dozen maps, enhance the value of an intrinsically valuable book.

## Hearn's Japanese Lectures.

Mr. John Erskine has rendered readers of critical literature, and admirers of Lafcadio Hearn particularly, a favor in editing "Pre-Raphaelite and Other Poets" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which comprises Hearn lectures formerly included in "Interpretations of Literature," "Appreciations of Poetry," and "Life in Literature," thus bringing together in one book Lafcadio Hearn's papers on Rossetti, Swinburne, Browning, Morris, Meredith, Robert Buchanan and Robert Bridges. Chapters on Rossetti's prose and on "The Shaving of Shagpat" are included to supplement Hearn's criticism of their authors' verse. The remarkable thing about the precision and great critical acumen of these lectures is that Hearn delivered them before Japanese students in Tokyo with no thought to their preservation and knowing well that much of their fineness must be wasted on an audience who could only grasp the broad outlines of his subject. Owing to his slow delivery in consideration for his foreign audience, several of his students were able to take down his words verbatim. Mr. Ervine, who edited the volumes in which these lectures first appeared, made no addition and almost no alteration in the text. Only those manuscripts were used which were clear and in which no passages were garbled. The compilation from the earlier series of lectures is highly commendable.

## The Old Country.

Of the gift books that are rife among the seasonal output of the publishers, we heartily recommend "The Old Country" (E. P. Dutton) for any one with national or sentimental interest in the British Isles and for being an unusual bargain among books of its kind. Mr. Ernest Rhys, who is probably foremost among anthologists, has edited this assortment of papers and poems, all of which are redolent with praise of England. That is to say, its literary merit is high and a glance at the contents suggests that every representative English writer has written something at some time or other in praise of his native land. But as a de luxe edition, the first requisite of a gift book, "The Old Country" excels, for it belongs to the genus of book that decorates library tables. Its handsome color plates and line drawing are profuse and it sells for the nominal sum—for gift books—of two dollars.

## New Books Received.

VALLEY WATERS. By Charles D. Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A novel by the author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith."

A BOOK OF GIANTS. By Henry Wysham Lanier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Tales of very tall men of myth, legend, history and science.

HENNY AND PENNY. By Bertha Parker Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Juvenile.

THE WINTER'S TALE. By William Shakespeare. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

Gift edition with twelve colored plates by Maxwell Armfield.

ICE AGES. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

The story of the earth's revolutions.

GRAVITATION VERSUS RELATIVITY. By Charles Lane Poor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

Fundamental principles of gravitational astronomy.

THE OPTIMIST. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

By the author of "Humbly."

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE. Edited by John Farrar. New York: George H. Doran Company.

EAST OF SUEZ. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25.

A play in seven scenes.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. By E. T. Raymond. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.

THE OLD COUNTRY. Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

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ROBINSON CRUSOE, SOCIAL ENGINEER. By Henry E. Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

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THE CAVEMAN WITHIN US. By William H. Fielding. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

His peculiarities and powers.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.90.

Short stories.

FROM BERLIN TO BAGDAD AND BABYLON. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$5.

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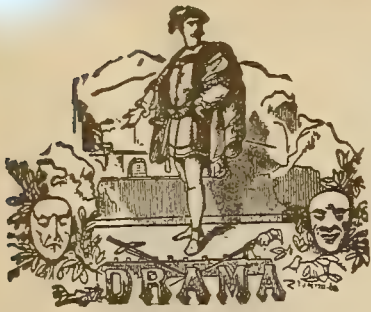
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## "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

At the Rivoli they are continuing their enjoyable rendition of Balfe's still popular opera, which dramatically is a musty, fusty absurdity, but which is not permanently retired because of an old-fashioned sweetness and tuncfulness in its garland of romantic melodies.

Romantic indeed they are, for romance is the keynote of the thing. People retain an astonishing ability to enjoy grown-up fairy tales, even in this era of adolescent cynicism.

The Rivoli company does well by the ancient relic, Lillian Glaser singing the rôle of the gypsy girl very sweetly and charmingly, while John Van found that the music of her sweetheart lay within the most pleasing notes of his strong and dependable tenor. Rafael Brunetto has scarcely a sufficient flood of swelling sorrow to express the count's inconsolable woe. But his singing of the rôle shows commendable qualities, and he deserved the encores that he got.

Nona Campbell, always satisfactory in her work, no doubt enjoyed the opportunity for being young and effectively costumed as the dark-browed gypsy queen, and Lavinia Winn, in a dashing white and scarlet uniform, took the male rôle of Arline's cousin-wooner; and a dapper little Osip-like figure she made in it, although singing is not Miss Winn's high card.

Ferris Hartman, of course, was Devilshoof, the comedian playing the rôle in lively comedy spirit. No doubt it is all true that Ferris Hartman was playing here almost thirty years ago, but sometimes his light-footedness and the perennial boyhood of his spirit makes us doubt it. He is from toe to crown the emotional Thespian—jolly, warm-hearted, and firmly believing in the existence of similar qualities in his public.

Next week we shall see Mr. Hartman as the Sheriff of Nottingham; since "Robin Hood," an orchestral sample of the most popular melodies of which was given between the acts, is to be the bill.

The Rivoli continues to draw well, and the friends of the enterprise are in a pleased and soothed state of mind.

## DARKEST PESSIMISM.

These Capek dramas—"R. U. R." and "The World We Live In"—do not stimulate faith in humanity and the joy of living, but judging from the New York reviews, they give the theatre-goer that bristling feeling down his spine which makes up to him for any lack of sweetness and light.

For all is dark, in both of these players. The Brothers Capek are young in years, but not in spirit. Like many other young soldiers, they discovered, during the great military cataclysm, man's inhumanity to man.

As a result their cynical unfaith in humanity is black, deep, and bitter. Young manhood acquired a blighting weapon, during the war; the weapon of complete distrust and hostility to the leaders of men. Nevertheless, while the three present living generations do the world's work, will the old pretty fables by which men were tricked into sacrifices because of their exalted faiths, be believed. That is what the Capek drama seems to shadow forth.

"The World We Live In," with its population of rapacious and wrangling insects living out their brief lives in hideous, hungry conflict, is typical of us humans. The ant-hill act is an allegorical presentation of the vast family of human toilers. And while they blindly, endlessly, soullessly toil, the Leader directs their movements, unaffected by their sufferings.

Such, say the Brothers Capek, with savage, searching irony, "such is the world we live in."

People have gone to see these plays through curiosity, and because of their strange, sinister power. But they will not live. Even "Chantecler" has run its course as an acted play, and it will be remembered that in "Chantecler" the Cock stood for the idealist, whose faith in the finer things of the spirit leavened the selfishness and treachery of the mass.

And there is no leaven of hope or faith in either "R. U. R." or "The World We Live In." All is black, unrelieved despair, and the best we can get out of it is a sinister warning to the family of diplomats that run the world; which is something, but not enough.

## LET US GIVE THANKS.

Theatre-goers who consistently stick to seeing—and sometimes trying vainly to hear—the spoken drama have something to thank the picture plays for. The modern tendency of players, in their efforts to be realistic, to turn their backs and mumble, has driven many a former fervent adherent of the spoken drama to the movies. There they may relax the stiff tension of the auditory nerves and concentrate on seeing. And when they occasionally return to witnessing the spoken—or, too frequently, murmured—drama, they are apt to become rebellious.

One does not like to seem to hound a player, and I hate to mention Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton again in connection with this subject. But they will have to point the moral, as well as adorn the tale. I never shall get over the amazement I felt when a rebel in the audience called out "Louder!" during the last Miller engagement here, because both Miller and Miss Chatterton are so very popular. But it showed that even a cordial regard and admiration for players can not persuade spectators that they are enjoying a play that they can not hear. Since then, precisely the same thing has happened to them in New York, with—for that occasion—rather disastrous consequences.

It will be recalled that during Ethel Barrymore's engagement here with "Déclassée," while no one heckled her in public, there were curses, not loud, but deep, in private from people who had vainly attempted to follow the murmured subtleties of that rather subtle piece.

History repeats itself, and now there is printed complaint in the New York press of Ethel Barrymore and her support for their unintelligibility in "Rose Bernd"; for players are always apt to imitate the virtues as well as the vices of the star.

There is one of our American players, however, who deserves a shower of bouquets for having perceived her own deficiencies and corrected them. There were at one time people who almost foamed at the mouth whenever Mrs. Fiske was mentioned to them in terms of approval, after having heard her just once. I remember one unforgettable night when she was playing "Hedda Gabler." It was during a time when the actress was patently in a run-down physical condition. All her odd, characteristic mannerisms were exaggerated, and when the first curtain descended, leaving an exasperating impression of a torrent of gabble, the audience, almost as one man, rent its garments and lifted up its voice in woe. It was mourning its lost dollars.

When the curtain rose again there were a number of empty seats. All husband-rebels who object to Ibsen and who had been led to the play by the ear had quietly but resolutely vamooseed.

I think the numerous complaints that got into print admonished Mrs. Fiske of her fault. At any rate, in a later article by her, or an interview, I've forgotten which, she has told how the realization came to her; of her dismay and self-flagellation; of her conviction that it was amazing that the public had stood her so long.

With characteristic energy she started lessons on voice culture and articulation. She gave an hour daily to her task until she felt that she had made herself a mistress of clear, distinct speech. And I noted the gratifying result when she was here in "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans."

Perhaps auditors of "The Skin Game" noticed that the English company did not indulge in any realism in the shape of unintelligible mumblings. A few people were somewhat bothered by their marked English inflections, but judging from their general performance the British play-going public exacts speech sufficiently loud and distinct to be easily understood.

One can not but respect the courage of those sturdy souls who stand up for their rights by calling "Louder!" in the auditorium

of a theatre. Certainly it is more complimentary than leaving the place, swearing never to return.

Which, by the way, is what the gallery boys have done. Never more do we hear their piercing whistle from the realms aloft. Since naturalism in its inaudible form reached the stage they have adjourned to the movies.

## FRENCH DRAMA IN NEW YORK.

The French, ever since the world war, have departed from their custom of national isolation; toward America, at any rate. Georges Clemenceau is only one of a number of great Frenchmen that have come out to view this curious, hobbledehoy, incredibly prosperous, but still warm-hearted America. Many French scholars have visited our shores, and it may be remembered that during the war a number of officers in the French army, who came out on various missions, made public addresses, when they could speak English, and when they couldn't addressed Franco-Americans, or gatherings of those Americans whose liking for French literature and the French is so great that they had acquired a knowledge of the French tongue.

And now France has given another proof of her regard by sending, through the instrumentality of her minister of fine arts, Cécile Sorel, best liked of the leading ladies at the Comédie Française; Albert Lambert, also a favorite at the Comédie Française, and her most frequent playing partner there, and a general company of adequate if not distinguished ability, to give New York a short season of French drama.

The French have a great reverence for their classics, and are perhaps aware that the general theatre-going public here is more up in them than in their strictly modern pieces.

At any rate Cécile Sorel has been appearing

as the heroine of old, well-seasoned, almost retired pieces such as "La Dame aux Camélias" and Molière's "Le Misanthrope." It is true that Molière is never wholly withdrawn from the French stage; one can always see in Paris plays by the hierarchy of the great French playwrights: Molière, Racine, Angier, Sandeau, De Banville, and the like.

There has been some disappointment expressed by the younger generation that this rather notable engagement of the sacrosanct Comédie Française players, who generally remain in Paris enshrined in their niches, should not have offered the opportunity for Americans to see in their own metropolis the kind of drama acted by the kind of player that the France of the immediate present most esteems.

But this was a rare opportunity. It suggests another departure, and perhaps antedates a future engagement in New York of such French companies as Paris sends to London, and playing the best pieces that represent French twentieth-century taste.

For the world war has made changes, and

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among the lesser ones is the decision that France must pry herself loose from the French hearthstone, and come out to America to see the folks.

"BABBITT."

Have you read "Babbitt," Sinclair Lewis' latest? Mr. Lewis has won, with this novel of up-to-date American life, a warm encomium from H. G. Wells, who says right out that he wishes he could write it; although many would be of the opinion that his "Secret Places of the Heart" is a finer work. But then his leading character is much more fascinating than Babbitt.

And truly Mr. Lewis has accomplished a feat well worth the doing. Babbitt—George F. Babbitt—is a typical American man of business. He is standardized. So are his wife, his children, his house, his social customs. All his peers have entirely comfortable and commendably tasteful homes and interiors. But they are all alike. No individualism of taste differentiates these modestly luxurious dwellings because all the good wives have enlisted the advice of art decorators.

I expect to see G. F. Babbitt on the stage some day, although the dramatization of "Main Street" was not a success. But the irritation that "Main Street" inspired in some quarters will probably not be caused by "Babbitt." For this genial, well-meaning, thoroughly moral, self-deceiving, valuable citizen is typical of millions of business men in our various cities. The author has depicted him as being at the dangerous age; which frequently happens when the children have grown into normally selfish adolescents whose parents are merely good providers.

Babbitt—like many, many Babbitts, including the married females of the species, and not excluding the married ones—has a secret dream; an ideal, that Sinclair Lewis calls "the fairy child, a dream more romantic than scarlet pagodas by a silver sea."

Joseph Hergesheimer also had his man of leisure in "Cythera" dream of an ideal woman, but hard-working Babbitt's dream is a more innocent one. It is the dream that begins at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, temporarily retires during the early years of marriage, and reappears when the wife loses her freshness and her coquetry, and appears before her husband—whom she doesn't dream to be a secret idealist—in curl-papers and her third best underwear.

And all the while she is cherishing in her fading bosom a romantic conception of an idealized mate: a loving, admiring, constant and poetically protective being who adores perpetually and is never grouchy.

Strange anomaly! This wistful seeking for what can not be, this perpetual turning away from the prosaic things that are to the beautiful possibilities that might be, but are not.

So G. F. Babbitt begins to feel a yeasty fermentation within his being, and gets into mischief; not very terrible mischief—it is all due to a restless desire to embark upon a "quest for the Golden Girl," as Richard Le Gallienne has put it.

And Mrs. Babbitt, who is the unimaginative, maternal type of wife, gives him his head for awhile; just because she is his mother as well as his wife.

It seems to me that here is an opportunity for—not *the*, but *a*—great American play. G. F. Babbitt talks Americanese, the argot in which every third phrase is expressed in slang. He is intrinsically respectable, and if each of his business deals is not irreproachable, the off-white color is just a pale gray.

He is the type that we all recognize and like. He could not be transported to the stage in his entirety, but his essential typicalness, his likeableness, his faults and virtues and

foibles, and that queer, shy seeking, seeking for something unattainable—these are things we all recognize.

It is to be hoped that this man who is the essence of the everyday commonplace may receive the right dramatic treatment. There is plenty of opportunity for comedy—pure comedy—in the novel, but back of the comedy a wise, sympathetic, deeply observant dramatist would indicate that yearning for beauty and fineness and even the faintly but clearly felt desire for poetry in the prose of every day that lifts the man—the many men—who feel these things a little way above the dust and ruck of life.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Orpheum Next Week.

By special arrangement the management has secured Adèle Rowland (Mrs. Conway Tearle), New York's popular musical-comedy star, for an engagement of one week.

"Flirtation" is a comedy incident in the lives of a small group of co-eds. A particularly capable company is headed by Jack Debell and Jean Waters, as well as Richard Oswald, and they with three others succeed in making the piece a load of laughter.

Claude and Fannie Usher have a new act. "The Bide-a-Wee Home" the sketch is called. The story is not ordinary and it will never fail to please any audience.

Signor Friscoe is a xylophonist, and the first artist to play four-part harmony on this instrument.

"Bohemia" is the land of art and artists; that is according to the popular theory; and that is the "Bohemia" Alma Neilson attempts to depict in her dance skit of that title. Miss Neilson is a toe dancer.

"Little Billy" is known as "vaudeville's tiniest headliner," and in musical and straight comedy he has done as well as any artist three times his size. Recently he scored an emphatic hit in the Harvard prize play, "Mamma's Affair." He also starred in "Linger Longer Letty."

Les Gellis are Parisian entertainers. Their work consists principally of gymnastics and includes practically every form of athletics. Count Perrone and Trix Oliver, baritone and soprano, with a new programme of selections, remain for a second week.

"The Gold Diggers" Coming.

At the Columbia Theatre, starting Monday evening, December 18th, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, David Belasco will present one of the most successful plays that he has given to the public during his long career as a producing manager. The play is "The Gold Diggers," by Avery Hopwood, which, during its two years' run in New York, was frequently alluded to by the dramatic critics as "the best entertainment of the season." The company, which is headed by Gertrude Vanderbilt, is now on its first transcontinental tour, having appeared, up to the present season, only in New York, Chicago, and Eastern cities.

Mitzi begins her third and final week on next Sunday night. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday. She will not play in Oakland. The second week of "Lady Billy" is drawing persons from many neighboring cities with mail orders for tickets coming from as far away as Bakersfield. As the little star is not playing any other California city the out-of-town visitor who comes here to do his shopping is also making a holiday of the visit by seeing Mitzi.

At the Rivoli.

"Robin Hood" will be the new production of Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff at the

Rivoli Opera House, starting Monday evening. The piece, by Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith, is regarded as a classic of comic opera composition. Nona Campbell will have the solo "Oh Promise Me" in the rôle made famous by Jessie Bartlett Davis of the Bostonians. Ferris Hartman has the part of the scheming and vainglorious sheriff. John Van's rich tenor will have many opportunities, while Robert Carlson will be heard in "The Armorer's Song." George Kunckel will be Friar Tuck.

Features in the production will be the scenery provided by the Tylers, and especially designed costumes, new lighting effects, and the chorus numbers.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is difficult to keep anything sacred from the touch of business. Time was when the money-changers thrived in the temple; when, we may suppose, deals were made in Galilee wheat, and charter parties entered into for camel transport through Transjordan. The precincts of certain exclusive clubs today can not be kept exclusively social. This is particularly true of clubs in the Orient where the social life of white men centres, and where convenience dictates that the white man's burden of making all he can out of the yellow or the brown man shall be passed around among all those "on the inside." In Shanghai, or Hongkong, or a dozen other cities of the Far East, in order to meet any particular member of the Caucasian colony it is necessary to go to the club, about noon, or, say, at the gurgle of the early cocktail, just before luncheon. Such places tend to become stock exchanges, as the old Bank Exchange down at Montgomery and Washington served early San Francisco. But if there was one place on earth that might have been considered secure against the encroachments of profit-hoping transactions and the endless pursuit of private advantage, it was the row of parterre boxes of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; that sacred loop known the world over as the Diamond Horseshoe, from its glittering resemblance to the ornament so often seen modestly nestled in the scarf of the successful plunger. But not even the Diamond Horseshoe is altogether devoted to the great art of Galli Curci, Gatti Casazza, Chaliapin and Joseph Urban. With deep distress we hear that while a matron of social eminence was entertaining a party in her parterre box her husband and another woman's husband, presumably, were closing a partnership in the manufacture of tires. The culprits were detected and severely reprimanded by the hostess. Another case of æsthetic delinquency involved a deal in Mexican Pete, or some similar commodity. Stated thus baldly, one sees the sacrilege in all its heinousness. Hardly less reprehensible are some of the agreements and arrangements for winter diversion. In the brocade ante rooms of the loges many a socially ambitious man has been given his chance to ante for the new country club toboggan slides or the new yacht club's float.

In fact, the parterre row has become, not merely a place of display for the sparkling carbon of Kimberly or Brazil, but even more particularly a place of social negotiation and arrangement of diversions, which, this winter especially, are the subject of an interest to New York society transcending that of Tristan or the most ravishing airs of La Tosca. It may be discouraging to the high-priced song birds that warble from behind the footlights, but the parterre boxes tend more and more to take on the character of a business men's

club. It is whispered that even directors' meetings have been held there; to such an extent has the shrine of the most delicate and fleeting of the arts been desecrated by the cloven hoof of the money demon. The question has even arisen whether or not the sacred row is not being Babbitted into a typical Main Street condition. That is something, of course, which time alone can decide. But the point has its interest for those who love to speculate on the power of America to develop a cultural atmosphere such as that supposed to prevail in some of the capitals of Europe. If there is such an atmosphere in the Metropolitan it would seem to be of such extreme rarity as to have mounted like hydrogen to the upper levels of the four-dollar seats, where the common people are carefully fenced off from the lower part of the house, and physically prevented from contaminating the Brahminical occupants of the Horseshoe. The aforesaid occupants are just now devoting themselves with eight-cylinder concentration to those winter diversions of which we spoke above, and the conversation runs on the conditioning of yachts for southern waters and of people for the rigors of winter amid the ice and snow of the North. New York society just now finds it the most important thing to do.

Southern winter yachting grows in favor with the Gotham smart set, and this season it promises to be especially popular. There will be sixty yachts in Florida waters this winter, according to the season's pioneer craft in that region will be Mr. Payne Whitney's *Captiva*, a newly-designed power houseboat, 130 feet 6 inches long. It has all the room of a houseboat with spacious, well-lighted and well-ventilated rooms, well adapted to warm weather. In place of the round ports of the conventional yacht are square windows, and the rooms are well above the water line. Power yachts of this new design have a cruising speed of about twelve miles an hour. Life on board them is the last word in comfort. They are usually anchored in a harbor until the owner and his guests exhaust the local scene and then move on. Several yachts of this type will be found in Southern waters this midwinter. The *Captiva* was anchored in Manhasset Bay all last summer except when Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and their guests were making short cruises along the north Atlantic coast. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, who last winter cruised around the world on board their bark-rigged auxiliary yacht *Aloha*, will open their house in Cocanut Grove, Florida. They must have a yacht near at hand wherever they are and will use their houseboat, *Lanai*. The *Lanai* will be one of the roomiest yachts in Florida waters. She is 75 feet long. Mr. William J. Matheson, who was a member of Mr. and Mrs. James' party on last winter's world cruise, also will join the Cocanut Grove colony, where he has a

house. He will have in commission his houseboat, *Calabash*, very similar to the *Lanai*, but a few feet shorter.

Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer has made her plans to join the colony in Miami and has chartered for the season the new 100-foot power houseboat *Ambassadors*, already in commission at Miami. Mr. and Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren will start for their Southern home in Miami at the end of the year. They will have their 107-foot power yacht *Hibiscus* in commission. They used the yacht in Long Island Sound last summer. Like her late father, John D. Archbold, Mrs. Van Beuren is devoted to yachting. Mr. Horatio Seymour Shonnard will cruise in the South this winter on board his schooner yacht *Sonnica*. Mr. Louis Gordon Hamersley will have his power yacht *Sindbad*, Mr. Harry Payne Bingham the *Quetta*. The society of yachting is as broad as the country that supports the sport and much like the social fellowship of the Florida resorts made up of the society of a hundred cities. Thus cities other than New York will help swell the fleet of privately-owned craft in Southern waters as soon as the frost of the North makes the June-like comfort of the American Riviera the more alluring.

Southern yachting will not absorb all the social energies of New York, however. According to the *Herald*, Tuxedo and the Berkshires are planning to extend their winter sports, thus keeping up in a more pronounced manner than in the past the sequence of attractions at those all-year-around resorts. From Pittsfield comes the word that the house committee of the Lenox Club, composed of Messrs. Giraud Foster, George E. Turnure, David T. Dana and Frederick S. Delafield, have decided to open the clubhouse during the holidays. Among those who will have house parties will be Mr. and Mrs. William B. Osgood Field, Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Turnure, Mr. and Mrs. W. Roscoe Bonsal and Mrs. George Winthrop Folsom. Pittsfield, which has an elevation of 1037 feet and an officially recorded snowfall in 1916 of twelve feet, is raising a fund of \$50,000 through its Chamber of Commerce to promote winter sports. The park commission has given over the use of the Common and Clapp playground for skating rinks, coasting, and a toboggan slide. Wide areas on Onota and Pontoozuc lakes also are to be kept clear of snow for skating. The county commissioners have bought three snow removal tractors to keep the main highways open to automobile traffic this winter for the first time, so that Pittsfield will be only five hours from New York by limousine in midwinter. Mr. Cortlandt Field Bishop is having an automobile sent over from Paris that will plow through ten-foot snowdrifts and he is planning to make his annual trip to Greylock Summit by automobile on the last day of the year. In prospect is an ice palace in January.

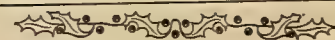
## Sanity in Australia.

The Department of Commerce is informed from New South Wales, says the *New York Times*, that the government's programme is the repeal of old laws which have worked badly. First on the list is the ending of the board of trade's wage-fixing functions, and reducing wages which have been fixed above the capacity of the industry to pay. Next to go is the fair-rents court, which really raised rents. The housing board is to quit, because the houses which it provided can not be let at the rents which the cost of construction makes necessary. For the profiteering law there will be substituted a statute aimed in particular at price-fixing agreements. Finally, the new government proposes to sell the state industries established by the preceding labor government,

except only those working for the supply of governmental needs.

"History is bunk," we are told on high industrial authority. More elegantly expressed the idea is that from history we learn that we learn nothing from history. That is particularly true regarding the making of laws. Each era must learn for itself the folly of hasty enactments. One generation has to repeal the laws of its successor.

A Dutch scientist has discovered the existence in the heavens of a body twenty thousand million times larger than the sun. We understand that it is to be allowed to remain there for the time being.—*London Passing Show.*



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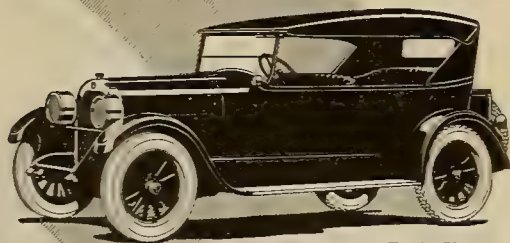
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The mistress was interviewing the new charwoman. "Have you been married Susan?" she inquired. "Twicet, mum," Susan told her. "Have you any children?" "Yes, mum. I've three. One by th' third wife uv me second husband, an' two by th' second wife uv me first."

The young wife was complaining to a friend. "My husband is so Puritanical. He doesn't go in for any pleasures, dancing, cards, the theatre—" "Remember, my dear," said her confidant, "you took him for better or for worse." "That's just it," was the reply. "It would be so much better if he were worse."

At the ending of the lesson dwelling on the rôles played by carbohydrates, proteids, and fats in the building up and maintenance of the human body the teacher asked the usual questions. "Can any one tell me the three kinds of food required for a nutritious balance of diet?" "Yes, teacher," piped a confidant one, "yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time grew impatient at the slow progress she was making and complained to her doctor. "Madam," said the physician, "I can never cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a rest." "But, doctor," objected his patient, "I'm very careful what I say. I never use harsh language, or anything of that kind."

The newly-engaged Scottish laborer was left to his breakfast and told to help himself to a cheese on the table. Time passed and the farmer impatiently went to the kitchen in search of his new hand. "Sandy," he exclaimed, "you take a long time to breakfast, don't you?" "A weel," replied Sandy, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

Miss Yvonne, a clever English actress, tells a story of an actress friend of hers whose little four-year-old daughter one day inquired of her: "Why do you go to the theatre, mummy?" "Oh, to get bread and butter," she was told. Next day she had tea with the landlady. "So you've been to the theatre, have you?" she inquired in her knowing little way. "No. Why?" asked the woman. "Then how did you get this bread and butter?"

The approach of Christmas brought the usual problem to an Alameda man. What should he give his wife? She had everything he could think of, and there seemed nothing more to bestow. "My dear," he said, "I wish to give you a present to cost about twenty dollars, but I can't think what. Can you?" The lady pondered it seriously, and said: "I am thinking of my roses. I wish you would give me twenty dollars' worth of manure."

When Mike Flannigan, the contractor, got up in the world, his wife and daughters surrounded themselves with many comforts and household conveniences. One Sunday afternoon an old friend visited them and while he was there the maid wheeled into the room a vehicle containing light refreshments. "Phwat's that thing, Mike?" asked the caller. "Why, that's a tay-wagon," replied Flannigan. "A tay-wagon, is it?" rejoined the other. "Sure, I'd call it a pushcart that's broke into sassiety."

Willie had a new puppy and a great opportunity to get home early seemed to present itself when his teacher announced that as soon as the language pupils could hand in their papers showing how they had used the list of words she would write upon the board they might be dismissed. In a remarkably short time Willie was on his way rejoicing and his surprised teacher was reading: "The camel, leopard, elephant, tiger, actor, lady, vicar, teacher, zebra, parrot, soldier, sailor, king and queen all died."

In 1824, after our second affair with the mother country had been settled, Lafayette was here as the guest of the nation. Captain George Hannah, himself a soldier, having commanded a troop of cavalry in that second affair, the war of 1812, often told an amusing incident at one of the public receptions tendered to Lafayette. For every man introduced the marquis had one question: "A married man, sir?" If the reply was in the affirmative, he responded, "Lucky dog, lucky dog." If in the negative, "Happy dog, happy dog." Showing that this Big Brother of America knew how to dispense honors with even-handed justice, as well as wield a trenchant sword.

A lecturer once told a story of an engagement he had made to deliver a discourse in one of the towns of the West on the subject of the "Beacon Lights of Civilization." "I reached the place," he said, "a little behind time and went directly to the hall. A large audience had assembled. I was introduced by the president of the literary society under

whose auspices I was to appear, and laying my manuscript on the desk before me I opened it and waited a moment for the applause to subside. Imagine my horror when I found that I had brought along the wrong lecture—one on the "Wonders of Modern Electrical Science." "What did you do?" asked one of the group. "I went right ahead," he replied. "The audience didn't know the difference."

Colonel Langtry, who succeeded Colonel Olin as secretary of state of Massachusetts, was fond of the following explanatory story. A Northerner met a colonel from a Southern state and interestedly asked him if he had served in the war between the states. "No, suh," was the Southron's laconic reply. "Oh, the Spanish war?" "No, suh." "Not the world war, surely?" "No, suh." The Northerner drew breath and cast about. "The National Guard?" "No, suh." "Perhaps you were on the governor's staff?" hopefully suggested the Northerner. "No, suh," was the inevitable response. "I see," said the man from the North. "They call you Colonel because you come from Kentucky." But even this ingenious conjecture was contradicted by the suave habitual reply of the "Colonel." "Then, would you mind telling me the answer?" the interrogator persisted. "Well, suh, I reckon I just inherited that title, so to speak, from my wife's first husband."

When the party of three, which included two college professors, entered the hunting camp in the Maine woods, their attention was attracted to the unusual position of the stove. It was set on posts about four feet high. One of the professors began to comment upon the knowledge woodsmen gain by observation.

"Now," said he, "this man has discovered that the heat radiating from the stove strikes the roof, and the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required if the stove were in its regular place on the floor." The other professor was of the opinion that the stove was elevated to be above the window in order that cool and pure air could be had at night. The host, being of practical turn, thought that the stove was set high in order that a good supply of green wood could be placed beneath it to dry. After considerable argument they called the guide and asked why the stove was in such a position. "Well," said he, "when I brought the stove up the river I lost most of the stovepipe overboard, and we had to set the stove up there so as to have the pipe reach through the roof."

A weather-wise old gentleman quoted by the *London Morning Post* says: "In my hallstand the two chief things are a cherry-wood stick and an umbrella. Every morning when leaving home I put my hand on the cherry stick. If it's dry I take it with me. If it's cold and damp I take the umbrella." And the test is always reliable.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Musical Tragedy.

An oboe met a tall bassoon  
In some band-concert opportune.  
Her mood was merry and elate,  
While he was solemn and sedate.  
She frolicked near the higher C  
But he was pitched in lower key.  
So while she trilled "Tra la la lu"  
He mumbled deeply—"VERY TRUE."

The oboe and the tall bassoon  
Strolled side by side beneath the moon,  
And all her airy thoughts found vent  
To his profound accompaniment.  
Yet with a tribute in her eyes  
She waited for his deep replies:—  
How very much a man must know  
Who only says, "AHEM—QUITE SO."

She little knew, beneath the moon,  
The state of mind of this bassoon—  
In what a yearning, groping way  
He sought for something else to say.  
For in his soul he wished that he  
Could sing "Tra la" and "Tu ra le."  
Yet still he growled, the evening through,  
"QUITE SO." "INDEED," and "VERY TRUE."  
—B. J. in Life.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel King, daughter of Mrs. Homer S. King, to Mr. John Bakewell, Jr., son of the Rev. John Bakewell of Oakland.

The marriage of Miss Alice Morse, daughter of Mrs. John Frederick Morse, and Mr. Joseph Brent Banning of Los Angeles took place on Tuesday, November 28th. The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. Mrs. Francis Porter Graves attended Miss Morse as matron of honor and Miss William Regensberger as maid of honor. Mr. William Phineas Banning attended his brother as best man. Dean Wilmer Gresham officiated at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Banning are in the ceremony on their wedding tour. On their return Honolulu will make their home in Los Angeles.

The marriage of Miss Viola Buck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Buck, and Mr. Harry Earl Wright was solemnized last Tuesday evening, November 28th, at the family home in Gough Street. The Rev. Weis officiated at the ceremony. Mrs. Otto Jungblut, matron of honor, Miss Barbara Payne, maid of honor, Miss Kathleen Costello, Miss Marie Costello, Miss Virginia Powell and Miss Margaret Kelly, bridesmaids, attended Miss Buck. Mr. William Wright supported his brother as best man. Mr. Walter McGowan, Mr. Otto Jungblut, Mr. Benjamin Blue, Mr. Ralph Anderson, Dr. Clayton Wheeler and Dr. Timothy Shea were the ushers. Following the ceremony there was a reception attended by about a hundred guests. On their return from their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Wright will make their home in San Francisco.

Miss Lillian Neubauer and Mr. Robert Steinberger were married on Sunday evening at the Palace Hotel, Rabbi Meyer reading the service in the presence of three hundred relatives and friends. Mr. J. H. Neubauer gave his daughter in marriage. Mrs. Max Lillenthal was the matron of honor for Miss Neubauer, Miss Helen Neubauer, Miss Claire Stringer, Miss Edith Fullerton and Miss Emily Greenbaum acting as bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Steinberger have gone to New York to sail for Paris, where they will spend several months.

A large wedding on Wednesday at St. Mary's Cathedral was that of Miss Josephine Tynan and Mr. James Tattersall of Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Hanna and Father Charles Cantwell. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Joseph Tynan and the late Mrs. Tynan, and was given in marriage by her father. Miss Margot Tynan served as maid of honor for

her sister, while Mrs. James Talbot, Mrs. James Schlesinger, Miss Helen Hammersmith, Miss Doris Peshon and Miss Marjory Costello attended the bride. Mr. Byron Haveside acted as best man, Mr. Henry Howard Shields, Mr. Joseph Tynan, Jr., Mr. Edward Sowers, Mr. Merrill Morshead and Mr. Richard Eisert ushering. At the close of the service more than two hundred guests greeted Mr. and Mrs. Tattersall at the Tynan home, the bridal couple leaving later in the evening on a motor trip to Southern California.

The marriage of Miss Camille Loyall Ashe and Senator Walter E. Edge of New Jersey takes place on December 9th at the home of Miss Ashe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall of Bath, Maine. The marriage is of interest in San Francisco, as Miss Ashe is a niece of Miss Elizabeth Ashe and of Mrs. Norman McLaren, and a cousin of Miss Camille Loyall. Miss Camille Ashe made her debut in Washington last winter, and as the wife of Senator Edge will be the youngest senatorial hostess in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brent Banning were the complimented guests at a dinner party given by Captain William Banning, uncle of Mr. Banning. The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Banning (Miss Alice Morse) was an event of the preceding day and the guests bidden by Captain Banning to meet there were visitors from Southern California, relatives or connections of the Banning family. They included Mrs. John Frederick Morse, mother of Mrs. Banning, Mrs. Joseph Brent Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Porter Graves, Mr. and Mrs. William Banning, Mrs. George S. Patton, Miss May Banning, Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Anne Patton and Mr. Joseph Brent Banning.

Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., entertained at tea at her home on Russian Hill on Monday afternoon of last week, the affair being the first large affair since her recent marriage. Assisting Mrs. Hendrickson in receiving her guests were her mother, Mrs. Seward B. McNear, Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Mrs. James Moffitt, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Mary Emma Flood and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Miss Anne Pentz was hostess at her San Rafael home last Saturday evening in honor of her two nieces, Miss Deborah Pentz and Miss Edith Pentz, entertaining their friends at dinner. Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Miss Barbara Beardsley, Miss Helen Sturdivant, Mr. Dudley Gunn, Mr. Addison Keeler, Mr. Bert Innes and Mr. Harold Williams were Miss Pentz' guests.

For Miss Elizabeth Huff and her house guest, Miss Mary Lewis, General and Mrs. Charles G. Morton gave a dance at their Fort Mason home on Wednesday evening. The guest list included the debutantes of the season, a number of the younger married set from town as well as army people—in all about one hundred and fifty guests.

Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw has sent out cards for a bridge-luncheon on the afternoon of December 14th at the Hotel Oakland. The affair is to include a large number of guests from San Francisco and the east side of the Bay.

Complimenting Miss Agnes Harrison, whose engagement to Mr. Harold Vander Leck of Los Angeles, was announced some time ago, Miss Ruth Davis entertained during the week at a bridge-tea.

Included in Miss Davis' hospitality were Miss Mary Boardman, Mrs. Stanley Morrison, Mrs. Wilson Meyer, Miss Marjorie Lovegrove, Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Marie Louise Meyer, Miss Frances Johnson, Miss Mary McCone and Mrs. Bertram Flahaven.

Miss Jennie Blair recently entertained at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Frances Lent and her fiancé, Mr. Hugh Porter. Asked to meet her guests of honor were Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Eleanor MacGowan of Los Angeles, Mr. Gerald Hermann, Mr. Pierre Omart, Mr. Edward Pond, Mr. Louis Garat and Mr. George Hotaling.

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle entertained at luncheon in honor of the debutantes of the winter at her home on Pacific Avenue last Tuesday. Accepting Mrs. Monteagle's hospitality were Miss Frances Ames, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Isabella Sherman, Miss Camille Loyall, Miss Elizabeth Huff, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Jean Howard and Miss Mary Edie.

## At Del Monte.

An added feature at Del Monte for the Christmas holidays will be an exhibition golf match on Sunday, December 24th, with Walter Hagen, British open champion, and Joe Kirkwood, an Australian star, playing Mortie Dutra and Peter Hay, the Del Monte professionals. This match will take place with a morning round at the Pebble Beach course and an afternoon round at Del Monte. In addition there will be the usual old-fashioned Christmas ceremonies with the appearance of Santa Claus on Christmas morning and with the singing of Christmas carols.

Thanksgiving proved gay and interesting at Del Monte. A number of dinner parties were staged, and delightful, sunny weather added to the pleasure of the out-of-door diversions. The principal attraction was two polo matches, in which the Del Monte Juniors, composed of Harry Hunt, Dick Schwerin, Eric Pedley and Willie Crocker played against a picked team, composed of Major C. P. Chandler, Captain C. A. Wilkinson, Hugh Drury and S. F. B. Morse. The appearance of Willie Hunter, former amateur champion of Great Britain, and John F. Neville, California amateur champion, on the links also occasioned much interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse gave a dinner at the Del Monte Lodge, having as

their guests Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Mrs. Felton Elkins, Tiley L. Ford, Sr., and Tiley L. Ford, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rittenhouse entertained Sunday evening at their beautiful Pebble Beach home on the world-famous Seventeen Mile Drive. Among the guests were Sir Frank and Lady Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. Felton Elkins, Mrs. L. A. Nares, Mrs. Alejandra Kaime and Eric Pedley.

Mr. William W. Crocker entertained as house guests at his Pebble Beach villa Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory Parrott, Miss Ruth Hobart and Richard Schwerin, giving several interesting parties over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery are being congratulated on the arrival of a son, born to them December 1st. The newcomer is the second child, the first being a little girl. Mrs. McCreery was Miss Arabella Schwerin before her marriage in 1920.

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| 5:00 P. M. Sunset Limited (Thrd St. Station)     | 7:45 A. M.         |
| 6:00 P. M. Owl (Ferry Station)                   | 8:50 A. M.         |
| 8:00 P. M. Lark (Thrd St. Station)               | 9:30 A. M.         |
| 9:15 P. M. Sunset Express (Thrd St. Station)     | 12:10 P. M.        |

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wigmore of Los Angeles and their daughter, Miss Katherine Wigmore, are in San Francisco for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Brown returned on Thursday from an extended Eastern trip, and are established in their apartment at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond and her daughter, Mrs. Frank B. King, have gone to New York to be away for a few weeks.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker returned home on Wednesday from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. Conrad Paters left for New York on Wednesday en route to her home in Paris.

Mr. William Cluff has gone to Sulphur Springs, Virginia, to pass several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tattersall are on their way to New York to be away a month or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tynan (Miss Ruth Williams) have gone to New York to be away for several weeks during the midwinter.

Miss Sara Cunningham and her sister, Mrs. Murray Sargent, arrived in California during the week and are at the Cunningham home in Menlo Park.

Miss Jane Vail of Santa Barbara is spending

a few days with Mrs. Edward Pringle and her daughter, Miss Frances Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill and their two children will spend the winter with Mrs. Hill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, at their Green Street home.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett sailed on Saturday for Honolulu to be away a month or so.

Miss Eleanor Worthington of Los Angeles is visiting in San Francisco, and is the guest of Miss Edith Dohrmann at her Jackson Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bird of London and Mrs. Stanley Stillman left during the week for a fortnight's motor trip to the Yosemite.

Miss Margaret Scheld, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Scheld of Sacramento, is passing a fortnight in town as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen.

Senator and Mrs. Hiram Johnson left on Saturday for Washington, D. C., after several weeks spent at their home on Russian Hill.

Miss Maria Anderson of Los Angeles is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Klink.

Mrs. Elyse Schultz Hopkins, her small son, and her mother, Mrs. G. A. Schultz, left for New York on Friday. They expect to be in New York for several weeks, planning to go to Palm Beach in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer are spending a few days in the south.

General and Mrs. Charles G. Morton, their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huff, and her house guest, Miss Mary Lewis of Pittsburg, left last Friday for Carmel to spend several days at the Highlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Carolan are established for the winter in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover are home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald have closed their Sonoma County country home and have taken an apartment in San Francisco for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard are spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Robert L. Coleman, his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., sailed on Thursday for Honolulu to be away a month or six weeks.

Mrs. Charmian London expects to leave soon for an extended trip to Europe, with London as her objective.

Mrs. James Leonard is passing a few days in San Francisco, on her way to her home in Virginia City. She is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Alexander Lilley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace and their daughter, Miss Geraldine Grace, are planning a trip to the Orient and will leave soon after the holidays.

Mrs. Anne Waters Stimson of Los Angeles, who has been visiting in San Francisco for some time, left the end of the week for her home in the south.

Miss Marion Fitzhugh left last Friday for New York to attend the first annual meeting of the Anne Morgan workers.

Mrs. Miller Graham of Santa Barbara has leased her home to former Senator William Clark of New York and Butte, Montana, who will take possession of it in the spring.

At the Palace.

Dr. David Bergstrom and Mme. Bergstrom arrived at the Palace Hotel early in the week, en route from the Orient to their home in Stockholm, Sweden. Dr. Bergstrom is the Swedish Ambassador to China. Other Palace guests include Prince Sasha of Thurn and Taxis, registering from Czechoslovakia; Mr. and Mrs. William Van Dyke and daughter, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Bourne, Manila; Dr. Galen D. Litchfield, Hankow, China; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shackleford, returning from China to their home in New York City, and Mr. S. Lea Smith, London.

At the St. Francis.

The Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis were gay with many small parties on Monday. Mrs. George Cameron was there with her sister, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, who has just returned from Europe. One of the groups included Miss Frances Ames, Miss Josephine Drown, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Miss Helen Garrett, Mrs. Nion Tucker, and Mrs. Stewart S. Lowery were at one of the tables. Mrs. William Sproule and Mrs. Arthur Sharp were with a small group. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, who have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter, had Mrs. Frederick McNear with them. Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Preston Drown were together, and other small parties included Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Miss Jennie Hooker and Mrs. Harry H. Scott.

Mr. Henry T. Scott was host at a luncheon in the Hotel St. Francis on Monday, honoring Mr. J. Sloat Fassett of Elmira, New York, former United States congressman. The guests included Mr. John Drum, Mr. Joseph Redding, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. F. B. Anderson, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. R. B. Hale, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. R. W. Hopkins and Judge William C. Van Fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab entertained at a dinner party in the St. Francis on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tynan, who were married a few days ago. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tynan, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Christy, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kirchen, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Foster, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Green, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Ward and Mr. R. B. Hill.

Wool Crepes.

Steady rise of consumer interest in wool crepes is reported here by both exclusive dressmaking supply houses and dress goods buyers of department stores, says the New

York Times. With the former there is a marked tendency to place a fine grade of wool canton at the top of the list of the draping woollens that are in demand for fall and winter frocks. These fabrics are shown in several weights, the heaviest having elaborate embellishments of wool embroidery. Executed by hand, these decorations are in two or three shades of one color in the "tone on tone" effect now in vogue.

A firm, close weave of greater weight than has heretofore been favored in this country is sent over by Rodier as one of his Balkan stripe Crepelia features. This follows the Moroccan movement in the weave, with broken stripes of fine scarlet, peacock green, and gold paralleling each other on a black ground at intervals of two inches. This novelty, being of heavier weight than crepes of domestic production, is said to suggest possibilities for spring wraps and suits.

The dress goods buyer of a leading department store, who has for some time regarded wool crepe both in its Canton and Moroccan versions as affording possibilities for fall, said yesterday that a certain firm quality of wool crepe, thirty-eight inches in width and sold at \$2 a yard, was among the best selling fabrics of his department during September, following extremely good sales in August. The colors in the strongest demand in their order are beige, cocoa, seal brown, rust, burgundy, jade, and navy.

According to the Department of Agriculture, flock masters have found that heavy feeding of ewes increases the tendency to twin lambing.

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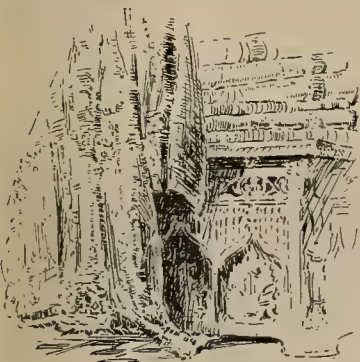
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Colored Officer—Eyes right! Black Private—You am, like hell.—*Penn State Froth.*

Teacher—Where were you born? Little Girl—I wasn't born at all; have a stepmother.—*Life.*

"Did you break this dish, Norah?" "No, mum, I only dropped it."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Every man is his own ancestor and his own heir; he devises his own future and inherits his own past.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Salesman—I'm selling quite a lot of these ties this year, sir. Brummel—Really! Dashed clever of you, I'm sure!—*London Opinion.*

Small Winifred (seeing the row of tellers and cashiers behind their barred windows)—An' what do they feed' em, mother?—*Judge.*

"What makes you think his love is waning?" "After he'd said good-night for the last time, he didn't come back to kiss me."—*Cornell Widow.*

"October," says a press humorist, "is summer's colored supplement." Then November must be its Congressional Record.—*Boston Transcript.*

Army Dentist—My man, you don't have to pay for work in the army. Buck—Aw, I aint gonna pay; I'm just countin' my money before I take gas.—*Judge.*

"A motor truck smashed the baby carriage to smithereens, mum." "Horrors! Was the baby hurt?" "You're mighty lucky, mum. He was kidnapped only five minutes before."—*Life.*

"I know something I won't tell," sang a little girl, as little girls do. "Never mind, child," said the old bachelor. "You'll get over that when you're a little older."—*Topeka Capital.*

"How do you like your new chief, Mollie?" "Not so bad, only he's so bigoted." "How d'you mean, bigoted?" "He seems to think that words can only be spelled his way."—*London Opinion.*

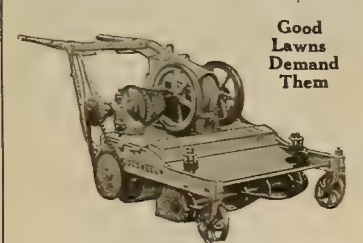
Doctor—Yes, I think she will be all right now with these glasses. Mother—I should hope so. They cost me 17 shillings, and she's the only one in the family as can see through 'em.—*Punch.*

Bannon—So you bought an expensive and complicated radio outfit? Audio-frequency amplification, super-regeneration, and all that sort of thing. Shannon—Yes; and then I saw those pictures of schoolboy amateurs in the radio magazines, and now I feel as if I had stolen a baby's rattle.—*Judge.*

The Student—Say, Myrtle, this Honor System is sure some stunt. Yesterday the Prof. calls my roommate up to the desk an' says, "Look here, Mr. Dummer, what authority was you quoting? Almost every sentence in your paper is enclosed in quotation marks." An'

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Bill says back: "Between you an' me, Prof, I was quotin' the fellow next to me."—*Yale Record.*

Mrs. McTavish—What's "Metapheesics," guid man? Mr. McTavish—Weel, when the pairty wha listens disna ken what the pairty wha's speakin' means, an' when the pairty wha's speakin' disna ken what he's blethering about himself, that's metapheesics.—*Punch.*

## THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

That the rose is the national flower of England and was accepted as such at the conclusion of the war of the roses, when the red rose of Lancaster and the white rose of York were united by the marriage of the representatives of the two warring houses, most readers of history know, says the *Washington Sunday Star*. How this flower came to be the badge of either house, not many people even guess. The few students who suppose they know its history say that the white rose came to the house of York through the family of Clifford, whose device it had long been and beyond whom it can not be traced. The red rose, it is supposed, dates back to Eleanor of Provence, queen of Henry III, and was her personal device, assumed for love of the beautiful Provence roses of her native duchy and transmitted to her descendants of Lancaster.

But of late years devoted students of historic traditions have brought to light a new and picturesque origin of the national flower of England. The story was obtained in a chateau of the little town of Provins, France. According to it, the red rose of England was never a Provence rose, but instead was a rose of Provins.

Now, the chateau of Provins belonged centuries ago to the counts of Champagne, and in the time of the fourth crusade one of these counts, called Thibaut the Troubadour, became a crusader and visited the Holy Land.

On his return he brought to his wife a rose bush with a splendid crimson flower—the rose of Sharon—and this was planted in the castle garden, where it grew and flourished.

Soon it spread to the neighboring gardens and the town became famous for roses. Wreaths for the great church festivals were made from these roses from the Holy Land; they were used to grace all gala occasions, and the good French housewives even turned them to more practical account. They made such an appetizing delicacy from rose leaves put up with sugar or syrup that its fame spread far beyond the immediate neighborhood, and it commanded a ready sale throughout the entire region under the name of conserves de roses de Provins.

A generation later the prosperity of the town received a sad shock and the preserving industry no doubt suffered with the other industries of the citizens.

Provins had a mayor of such oppressive views on the labor question that he ventured to ring the great curfew bell, which ended the working day, an hour later than had been customary.

This the work people would not endure. They mobbed the unpopular magistrate and killed him in his own house. They did not stop to consider the possible consequences of such an act. The line of the counts of Champagne had become extinct, but Blanche, the widow of the last one, had married Edmund Crouchback, first Earl of Lancaster, who promptly undertook to punish the unruly inhabitants.

He made such a havoc that the town never recovered from it, and had even to submit to having a new bell made and named Guillette, in honor of the murdered mayor,

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Guillaume. This bell, after six centuries, still rings the curfew in Provins every night. When Edmund went back to England, leaving misery, poverty, and terrified quiet behind him, he carried home two relics. One was the yard measure, which for many years was in France peculiar to Provins; the other was the crimson rose, which through him became the rose of Lancaster.

The heraldic rose of England is still of blended red and white, significant of the union of the two great houses; but as Lancaster was victorious in battle, so also is the red rose the victor in popular favor, and it is of that, not of the stiff parti-colored rosette of the British coat-of-arms, that one thinks as the emblem and flower of that nation.

The old French crusader's holy rose—the rose of Sharon, the rose of Provins—became the rose of England.

## Lincolniads.

In examining more than 14,000 books and documents about Abraham Lincoln the researchers for the Rockett-Lincoln Film Company have amassed almost countless odds and ends of facts—little things—that go to make up the sum total of Lincolniads, says the *Washington Star*. Do you know these?

He had a good singing voice and loved to sing as he drove through the country—a habit of the pioneers.

He loved animals and birds, but did not care particularly for flowers. He said he had had no time to study them.

The first and only steamboat that ever navigated the Sangamon River was piloted by Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was of Quaker stock and proud of it.

During his residence in Indiana he borrowed and read every book within a radius of fifty miles of his home.

He stood 6 feet 4 with his boots and could lift a thousand pounds.

His chief recreation after he became President was to read the books of American humorists and Shakespeare. These were his safety valves.

The boy Lincoln's first job was to tote corn to Hodgen's mill, near his boyhood home in Kentucky. Later he was a mill hand in Cameron & Offut's mill at New Salem, Illinois.

At fifty-two he became President.

At twenty-six young Lincoln was saddled with a debt of \$1100 that he did not really owe and was not morally bound to pay, but he did pay in full with high interest after a

struggle of many years. He told Leonard Swett that this debt was the greatest obstacle of his life.

As a boy, youth, and man, Lincoln was a favorite with women. They all liked him—old and young. He had three "love affairs," and there was never a tenderer lover, more devoted husband, nor a more patient and loving daddy.

As war President he had an uncanny insight into military affairs and would doubtless have been as great a commander as statesman.

A car has been designed for distributing stone dust in coal mines to prevent explosions, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Much coal dust lodges on the "ribs" of coal-mine tunnels and in crannies of the rough-hewn walls. Currents of air created by trains of coal-cars passing through, or by other means, constantly blow it about. When the coal dust is mixed with air it becomes a dangerous explosive. Accordingly, resort is had to the expedient of blowing stone-dust over the walls and ribs of the tunnels. The same air-currents that scatter the coal dust distribute with it the stone dust, which, mixed with the coal dust, renders the latter non-inflammable. A conical receptacle is filled with stone dust, which is discharged through a hose, a gasoline engine actuating an air-blast that drives it out in a dense and powerful stream.



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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Bridging the Bay.

San Francisco is enjoying a revival of interest in bridge projects, and as a diversion of the early winter season it is probably as good as indoor golf. Our winters are not severe, and bridging offers opportunity to committees and commissions to get a good deal of fresh air examining sites. It even looks as though some of this activity might have tangible effect in the form of the Dumbarton Bridge, which may prove a possibility and a feasibility. If so, it will be some gain, although not so much as the projectors of the bridge scheme hoped at first. It is about a year now since the "bridge the bay" fever culminated. We were bridging the bay in any direction, at any place, regardless of length of span, depth of water, or character of bottom. Some of our enthusiasts made it to Goat Island in "two

jumps." The interval was spanned with speeches, the roadway was paved with business men's lunches, and the structure supplied with a ballast deck ballasted with press agents' epigrams—slogans, they are called. Enthusiasm welled from depths below the limit of caisson work; and the spacious gestures of post-prandial eloquence easily wafted the steel and stone into place. And where is that beauteous fabric of a dream today? They have moved it to the Golden Gate, where it is higher, broader, more beautiful than before, and even less substantial. They speak of a suspension span beyond anything heretofore deemed possible. They talk of steel towers higher than the one Eiffel built at Paris—and they would need to be. They talk of the vast traffic to roll over it and give financial support to its seventeen-and-a-half-million capital; an endless procession of automobiles from Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Sebastopol and Guerneville, with occupants coming into town to the movies. They talk of its tremendous advertising value, and the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner dulls to gray agate beside the fires of enthusiasm ignited by the thought. And there is the main trouble with it: advertising. Is it better to be advertised by the things we talk about, or by the things we do? Enthusiasm over such a large project may inflame the soul awhile, but in the end it burns down to ashes, and leaves the hard-headed business man we should like to attract rather chilly for the contrast. There is one bridge project that is possible, and that is the one for Carquinez Straits. But let us not build too many of these long-span rainbows across the bay. They tend to make optimism a cheap commodity. If you want to advertise a city to those that really count in its commercial and industrial development, the best bait you can use is a low tax rate. But it isn't enough just to talk about it—you have to prove it.

### An Impending Mine Disaster.

After three months the special committee appointed to investigate the Argonaut mine fire finds that the cause of that piteous tragedy is still unknown. And now that the affair has had time to give place as a public sensation to the escape of the hammer murderer, the liberation of Madelyne Obenchain, the election of some radicals to Congress, the remarriage of Professor Tiernan and the latest bootleg scandal, the California mineral industry ought to feel secure against hysterical efforts to make mining as safe by law as though no mining were done. But though the first impression of the disaster has passed from the public mind, and people in general would now be disposed to view the matter calmly, it is, unfortunately, possible for politicians to make political hay by reviving the distressing emotions it first awoke and getting their names on some bill or other which will appear to cure another capitalistic evil. We are always cursed with demagogues willing to destroy the public welfare for their individual gain.

At present the industrial accident commission and the California Metal and Mineral Producers' Association are working to improve laboring conditions and safety regulations in California mines. They know what they are doing, and are, together, the proper agency for elaborating methods that will be truly helpful, if any are needed. It is not likely that new legislation would prove at all so. It is still less likely that either gold mining or fly fishing or mumbly peg can ever be made perfectly safe for those engaged in them. As a matter of fact, gold mining as at present conducted and as it has been conducted since gold was found in California, would appear to be one of the safest of occupations, at least as far as the fire risk is involved. Death by fire is horrible, but every once in a while it occurs, in spite of all humanity can do, to dozens, or hundreds, in a theatre, or a hotel, or to some individual trapped under an automobile. Only sixty-four men have died by fire in mines in this state since 1849—sixty-four more than one

wishes had died that way, but when one considers the numbers that have been engaged in mining gold in California, it would appear from such statistics, if statistics ever show anything, that a man in a mine is at least as safe as a man in an automobile. Both should be made safer than they are, if possible. But no road regulations human intelligence can formulate will wholly prevent defective driving or defectives from driving; and no laws the legislature can pass will ever put brains and pluck and presence of mind into a mine superintendent that lacks those qualities and has been rattled by an emergency.

The subject is too complex for legislation, which must be as general as possible to meet the requirements of constitutionality; for no two mines are alike. Blanket laws are impracticable, and rules must be made for one mine that would be dangerous, or impossible, or prohibitive of operation, in another. It is claimed, and in the confusion of legislation on every subject under the sun we do not doubt it, that there are enough laws on the statute books now, and sufficient regulatory power in the industrial accident commission, to establish any corrective measures that really promise correction. We do not need confiscatory statutes whose real object will be, not the safety of the miners, but the promotion of the political fortunes of some member of the legislature. We can imagine legislative impositions valuable for rabble-raising purposes, such as steel "timbering" and bulkheading, that would make gold mining cost more than gold is worth, as it is now in many abandoned mines, and thus drive the miners out into the world to run the hazards of sleeping in hotels, sitting in theatres, and crossing streets where automobiles are traveling twenty-five miles an hour. We can not get entire safety, either on the earth, or in the bowels of it, or in the air. Once on a time a sailor in this port fell from the main truck through an open hatch, struck some soft cargo, and got up and went about his work. That night he fell out of his bunk, two feet from the floor, and broke his neck. No legislation could have saved him, except a law to have everybody tied in his bed, and we hardly think paternalism is going that far, although we are not sure—if Senator La Follette reads this he may introduce a bill to provide sailors with cradles.

Much has been done, and more may be, to make industry less hazardous; but the politician that promises to make any industry safe by legislation is a humbug, because life itself can not be made safe. We have, however, plenty of humbugs. Already there are rumblings of legislation threatening the mining industry. But the special commission that investigated the Argonaut mine tragedy says existing laws are adequate and it is unnecessary to adopt more. The committee consists of A. B. C. Dohrmann, W. J. Loring, and J. C. Williams.

### Into the Black Sea.

If we are to have a merchant marine (which is not a bright prospect just now) the seas of the world should be open to it. That is not jingoism, or chauvinism. If we are to send our keels and our property abroad upon the waters, we must have the right to protect them wherever they go, practically speaking. If our merchantmen are to be invited into the bear trap of the Black Sea, our warships as well must have access to it because an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and the presence of force, exhibited to peoples that seem to understand little else as yet, may prevent, and probably would prevent, aggressions and provocations that without it might precipitate another war.

If these propositions are true they are ample ground for the stand our "observer," Richard Washburn Child, has taken at the Lausanne conference. It looks as though a sort of "deal" had been made, and an excellent one for both parties. Lord Curzon wanted armed vessels admitted to the Black Sea. The Soviet representative, acting on the socialist principle that England



was a capitalist country and anything it wanted was nefarious, opposed Curzon on the ostensible ground that if England got her warships into the Black Sea they would be used to extend British imperialism and British capitalism in that region. Hardly anything could be imagined more beneficial to the aforesaid region, but that is a consideration that would hardly appeal to a socialist. However, it is unfortunately probable that the Soviet fears are vain. The stupendous fabric of the British Empire has grown too tenuous for safety, as it is. It is not reasonable to suppose British statesmanship would seek a still further extension when it has recently given signs of a tendency toward contraction. But the Soviets might well fear one thing: that if British warships are to be given the right to go into the Black Sea it will be extremely difficult to get them out. And that would not be a bad arrangement, either.

The United States representative has put in a claim for the "open door" in Turkey, as one of those legitimate interests of his country he was sent to guard, if he could. Curzon, who really is not much of a diplomat when you consider his past performances in India, is quite amiable about it and ready in acquiescence, and with England and the United States joined on a point of policy there is little for the other conferees to do except agree—including Turkey, which is willing, hoping for American help. And when it comes to the admission of warships through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, there is a singleness of opinion again between the British official and the American unofficial representatives. It appears to be more than coincidence; it looks like a trade, and if it is a trade, it is one of the best trades made in the turbulent market of European peace. Turkey will lose nothing by it, the Russians have nothing substantial to fear from it, and the Black Sea peoples have a great deal to gain, because without naval policing of their ports and shores trade with the West will not go on to any great extent, but only in a small, extortionate, and not very beneficial way.

The Black Sea reaches far into Asia, and its basin offers the best and cheapest sort of transportation service to and from a vast and almost virgin area. From Batum, at its eastern end, cargoes of goods from Persia, Turkestan, and China itself could be shipped to New York (or even San Francisco) without breaking bulk. Return cargoes of tools and farm machinery and rails and locomotives could be distributed to all Central Asia, as well as to the greater part of European Russia. The imagination wearies and tends to falter before the future possibilities of such traffic. And its present is not so bad, either.

The condition of the Black Sea peoples is peculiar. Inhabiting one of the richest parts of the earth for ages, they have made little of their opportunities. They need Western commerce and Western commercialism to set their feet in the paths of progress. They lack so much; and the United States can supply it, or could, if our merchants are awake, if we have a merchant marine, and if we are given a sufficient navy for protection with the right to go where the protection is needed. Stupendous opportunities will open, as always in a region of great but undeveloped resources. There will be railways to construct, mines to work, streams to hitch up electrically, in time factory plants to build and equip—all calling for vast supplies of material and small armies of our driving young technicians. There are peoples to be supplied, equipped, and taught, to be worked over in the labors of peace from the condition of scanty fighting tribes into that of comfortable, stodgy burghers and agriculturalists, detestable to the socialists, but comfortable and helpful to themselves. In fact, the socialists and "progressives" may be trusted to foam at the mouth about it, and do much talking about "exploitation," but such is the way of the development of human happiness, and we doubt if there can ever be any other that is worth while. Oh, yes; and there will have to be banks, in all the sinfulness they represent to the socialistic and non-partisan imagination. But probably the English will attend to those. They have a way of starting banks abroad that are quite helpful to dividends at home.

To such rich opportunities America should have as ready access as any other country, and to the extent to which American citizens care to avail themselves of it. That is a national interest which seems to have been very well looked after at Lausanne. Our "observer" seems competent to observe, and under instructions from our capable State Department he also seems com-

petent to get what we require. And the English are evidently disposed to meet us half way and take an even chance with us in Black Sea trade and development. They should be. They have been at the game much longer than our people have, and will have no trouble holding their own. We shall have to hustle; but the game is worth while.

#### Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

And now not only can it be told, but it is being told. The world may owe that to the political retirement of Lloyd George. He feels free to make answer to Clemenceau, and it draws quick fire from Premier Poincaré. No one ever accused Lloyd George of a lack of sagacity, but he would have lacked it utterly if he had thought Poincaré would stand mute under charges that France is wedded to militarism, and rejected British guaranties of protection in order to have an excuse to start a war of conquest on Germany.

To such charges Poincaré has two retorts, either of which seems to be, at this writing, a good defense. First, he says there is no party in France that seeks to promote a war of aggression. We believe that. France does not want German territory if she can obtain her dues without taking it. Nor is it likely that she wants the troublesome German population on the left bank of the Rhine. But she is trying to wrench from a welching nation the damages to which she is entitled and the damages she must have to save her from bankruptcy and general ruin, and in that effort the British have not thus far been conspicuously helpful. After four years of peace the monstrous injustice

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still stands of a ravaged France, and a Germany whose mines, workshops, and farms are intact and capable of producing the wealth to repair what Germany ruined. The per capita tax is about \$13 in Germany and about \$45 in France. No conferences, no diplomatic subtleties, no books of involuntarily retired statesmen; can wipe out that iniquity. The thing stinks to Heaven. The only way to relieve the world of it, and of its corrupting encouragement to militarism, is for Germany to be in some way compelled to pay the bill.

Poincaré's second line of defense is as good as his first. He says in effect that the offer made by the trading Welshman had a string to it, and the guaranty in it was not reliable. There was no alliance of equals offered, and the arrangement had a time limit which might be reached just when the guaranty was needed most. It is easy to see that the French dreaded a sort of feudal dependence on a protector who should have the deciding voice in certain foreign relations. France did not care to be reduced to the position of a protectorate, or to give Great Britain a mandate over her as though she were a helpless and semi-civilized country. And nobody can justly blame her for that, or consider her thereby estopped from all effective efforts to collect what she should have. Moreover, while French territory might have appeared safe under the terms offered, there was no defense against indirect attack—attack, for example, on Poland, whose strength, now that Russia has eliminated herself from the old alliance, is a part of French security.

Nothing effective was offered to offset the German desire for revenge, and the growing German power, through a rising birth rate of fresh cannon fodder, to seek and perhaps to obtain that revenge. This matter of revenge is one of the most critical elements of continental politics. Under conditions at present prevailing populations are growing up with their minds and intentions fixed on "getting back" at other populations. It is a morbid sentiment that takes the place of healthy patriotism. It obscures morality and perverts religion and stifles business. Every political relation is corrupted by it. The most popular leaders of thought, apparently, are going to be the demagogues that preach the most hate. Reason, consideration, confidence, general prosperity growing out of natural commercial relations, are being sacrificed to this ugly and venomous little god. It will be fortunate if civilization escapes being part of the sacrifice. And little is being done

toward the promotion of more amiable sentiments. The peoples live too near one another to be really friendly. Amateur sociologists that think it would be beautiful for everybody to be mixed up in the affairs of his next-door neighbor ought to see in the present European situation that mixing too much with your next-door neighbor is not promotive of the best neighborly relations. Some of our best neighbors are those that live across town.

Finally, France did not reject the guaranty, according to Poincaré—merely asked that it be cleared of its obscurities and obfuscations and general diplomatic fog, and be made to mean something definitive and particular, especially in that military sense which just now is tragically seen to be the really necessary sense in European affairs. It must not be a unilateral arrangement tending toward a position of vassalage, but a convention of equals, with teeth in it. That does not seem unreasonable, and France can not rightly be blamed, nor accused of militarism and imperialism and schemes of conquest, merely because she sought to introduce such stipulations.

Meantime, there does not appear to be any perceptible weakening of the French determination to collect. As has been remarked before, the French are good collectors. They say that if there is to be a German moratorium, France will demand the occupation of the Ruhr Valley as a guaranty—a real one. And that, too, seems not unreasonable, considering the credit of the debtor.

#### Our Best-Paid Profession.

The mess of criminality and fanaticism revealed in this city by the Wilmot trial is but a small local symptom of a national corruption, growing, as might have been expected, out of the effort to repress the natural propensities of the people toward something not in itself criminal, but only made so by statute. The Cabinet meeting held late in November on the subject of Volstead violations, and the President's statement following, indicate how seriously the situation is being taken at Washington. It was no mere concern over drink or drinking, or minor and sporadic breaches of law, that called forth that statement. The head of the nation is alarmed by a condition of affairs that threatens the national life more seriously than drink, more seriously than it was ever threatened by the liquor interests when those interests had a legal status.

The truth is that bootlegging has got into our politics by way of, first, the Volstead Act, and second, the general enactment of state enforcement measures such as the Wright Act of California imitates—statutes under which half the police force of Chicago, for example, declared itself in on the bootleg graft. There never was such an opportunity for unscrupulous men to get rich; and for many that have not heretofore been unscrupulous and do not today consider themselves crooks for having broken an oppressive law. Burglary isn't in it with this. Selling worthless stock to widows in hotel lobbies is more cruel and less lucrative. Bootlegging is a second Klondike, and the interest in it is becoming about as widespread. And the thing has got itself into commerce and entrenched itself in high finance in the most sinister and threatening ways.

In many states the subterranean and real issue in the recent elections was not political, but the mere question which group of politicians should have the bootlegging privilege. That was more important to them than any considerations of national welfare or anything that might be enacted by Congress. There was, naturally, a tremendous amount of treachery and double crossing which has laid the foundations for vendettas for years to come, vendettas in which the real interests of the country will receive about as much consideration from some of the men entrusted with the management of our politics as they would from warring tongs in Chinatown. Many respectable banks in the East are loaded up with bootleg paper—notes out of which bootleggers buy motor boats and cars and hire crews, and generally capitalize rum running. It is said the national bank examiners have found dangerous amounts of these "securities" among bank assets; and when they once get into the banks in any considerable volume, prosperity demands that they shall be made really secure. The comptroller of the currency has been doing his best to get the banks to disgorge this sort of paper gradually, recognizing that the thing has gone so far that any sudden shut-down on it might start wide trouble. He has had to be lenient, and so has the Treasury Department in general; for innocent depositors and stockholders are involved. For example,



one small bank had half a million dollars' worth of the notes of a rum runner importing Spanish wines. When the enforcement agents at New York seized a good part of his cargo this paper became relatively worthless, and it was evident to the officials that unless its value could be restored the bank would smash, and perhaps pull down others. So the Department of Justice was consulted, some convenient excuse found, and the wine released. But it is a poor way to govern the country.

In Montana there were two Democratic senators, and as a Democrat has no business with patronage in a Republican year, the Republican national committee-man farmed the jobs. That of prohibition director he took for his very own. It is reported that business was so good with him that last summer he was suspended from office, and later he was indicted, but the indictment was not returned until after the election.

There are bootlegging organizations of big money and big business and daring operatives, that are national in scope and have international branches. Their influence on the national life, character, and policies must be as terrible as it is wide. They enjoy protection in high places and envy in low. Honest labor no longer yields rewards comparable to those of men that have quit it and gone into law-breaking as a business. And in the next generation society in many an American city, large and small, is going to be dominated by the heiresses of the great bootlegging fortunes of these years.

The thing is generally demoralizing, and it points straight to moral and political catastrophe. It is said by keen observers at Washington, our central point of political observation, that bootlegging is causing more corruption in state and municipal administration—particularly in state administration—than anything in American history; the mere scramble for office, and for the graft from prostitution and gambling, is nothing to it. It is hard for a chief of police to resist inducements to keep his men from interfering with a trade which many of our heaviest taxpayers and heretofore good citizens support at great expense and obviously wish to go on. And that is corruption of the worst type thus far appearing in American life. It is no wonder the President expresses concern; the situation is said to be even graver than he represented.

It is reported from Washington that the Administration is assembling evidence from the different departments of the government affected, with a view of attempting remedies. The President has said that a measure of dependence is to be placed on an appeal to the "conscience-driven" citizens. This may mean that the Administration will present the facts of which it has cognizance, but about which it has talked but little, with a plea to the better instincts of citizenship, and will follow that up by a drive at the higher-ups in the boot-legging trade. "Pinching" a few retailers and bootlegging druggists has merely served to make extortion easy.

### An American Institution.

The adage of the oak and the acorn comes to mind in contemplating the development of that venerable firm of publishers, Harper & Brothers, as they challenge us to do on the present occasion of their removal from the building on Franklin Square, where they have been for the last seventy years of the century and more of their existence. The acorn is represented by the humble beginning in 1817 of two farmer boys turned printer and establishing themselves as the firm of J. & J. Harper in a dingy, one-room shop on Dover Street. The oak is not hard to find in our puzzle picture. But the remarkable thing about the venture launched in 1817 is not so much the flourishing house of today, as the fact that any one other than a dilettante millionaire should have braved the unpromising future of a publishing concern in the United States in 1817.

And yet Harper & Brothers were not even the first—that distinction for existing houses seems to go to Little, Brown & Co., who were established in 1784 in Boston; and there were a half-dozen others in the dozen or so years that followed, including the house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., established in Philadelphia in 1798. Harper & Brothers were the third of the present great houses, D. Appleton & Co. following them in 1825. And still one wonders how they had the courage to venture on the business of publishing in America, for though many of the colonial booksellers printed and published the political and religious tracts which were the chief literary output of the time and place—

Franklin notable among these—literature in any sense of the word had not dawned in this country at the time even of the Harpers' beginning, still less that of their two predecessors. Washington Irving, the father of American letters, was born in 1783, Cooper in 1789, Bryant in 1794, Hawthorne in 1804, Whittier and Longfellow in 1807. The extent of their literary production by 1817 could not have been great.

New York was then an unprogressive, provincial, albeit thrifty, town of 60,000 inhabitants: about the size of Berkeley. The public school system, which was to create a demand for books and printing, was to come into existence later. Its prototype was the charity school founded and supported by the Friends, which existed under the society's charter up to 1853, when its property was put under the control of the board of education. Three banks and three insurance houses were sufficient to transact all the commercial business of the town, and the postoffice was conducted up to 1827 in the private house of the postmaster. The Dutch Reformed was the dominant religious denomination; and when it is remembered that it was with great reluctance that the city fathers consented to the substitution of English for Dutch in their church services it will be conceded that New York at that time was a conservative city.

And yet the intrepid young publishing houses flourished and grew mighty—naturally the superhuman efforts of the Harpers and probably of the others ought to have sufficed to promote the most improbable ambition. An example of their industry is quoted with reference to the American issue of the Waverly novels, which they were among the first to publish. The edition of "Peveril of the Peak" was published in twenty-one hours as a result of putting every compositor on the job and disregarding the shifts, meal hours, and bedtime. That was before the days of unions and in the days of lusty expansion.

The Harpers are moving to a new six-story building adjacent to the Vanderbilt Hotel, where we trust the veteran house of publishers will prosper for at least another century.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### The Japanese In Hawaii.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 30, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has been writing for the Hearst press a series of articles on Far Eastern problems, tending in general to the conclusion that no matter what we do we are in for a war with Japan, and that no matter how nobly Japan seems to act, her actions of good faith in keeping treaties are only clever disguises of villainy. Affairs in Hawaii were the young man's last subject and, as usual, Japan was the villain. I am compelled to the conclusion that none of his many sweeping statements, purporting to reveal secrets of great magnitude in connection with Far Eastern affairs, are worthy of any attention, for happening to be familiar with Hawaiian affairs, I find him making the wildest misstatements in support of his thesis. For example: "The 'Gentlemen's Agreement' does not operate in Hawaii. In consequence Japan is at liberty to send into that island territory as many of her people as she will give passports to." The Gentlemen's Agreement has applied to Hawaii just the same as to the mainland, and has caused a great shortage of labor in Hawaii. Mr. Vanderbilt makes the reckless and palpably untrue assertion that it failed "utterly" to check "the flow of Orientals into the United States." In fact it was better enforced as to Hawaii than as to the mainland, for the only way to enter Hawaii is by steamers easily guarded. But it was at least a "check" here.

"The Japanese women still enter the island in great droves as 'picture brides.'" The regulations as to picture brides are the same at Hawaii as they are at San Francisco.

"Tied by the immigration laws," says this young authority on international affairs, "the hands of the government are unable to check the mad rush of alien unassimilable blood to the Hawaiian Islands and its incorporation into the body politic." The rush is pure fiction.

Here are perhaps the most amazing misstatements of all: "So great is their (the Japanese) voting strength already that they defeated a bill before the territorial legislature in June, 1921, which would have forced teachers in Japanese and other foreign language schools to know enough of the English language and American civics and history to teach the young American citizens some of their duties and obligations." The Japanese voting strength is nil—and the bill passed!

"Today the intelligent white . . . elements are asking Congress to pass the Rehabilitation Act and an immigration measure, the acknowledged purposes of which are to protect Hawaii from ultimate political and racial control by the Japanese." The Rehabilitation Act was passed a couple of years ago, by Congress. It is an act for the benefit of the dying Hawaiian race, giving persons of Hawaiian blood special privileges in settling upon lands. Under its provisions a number of Hawaiian families have already settled as homesteaders on the island of Molokai. The "immigrant" measure to which Mr. Vanderbilt refers is an act, favorably reported by a Senate committee, to allow importation of a number of Chinese laborers, to remain only for a stated period, to fill the shortage of plantation labor.

Hawaii presents an intensely interesting phase of American-Japanese relations, as well as economic and sociological experiment, in connection with some of the points I have only mentioned, and not discussed. I am merely calling attention to some strange distortions of fact in order to bolster a war scare.

Even more strabismic is Mr. Vanderbilt's reasoning, as where he mentions the fact that the Japanese consul at Honolulu advised his countrymen at Honolulu to agree with the American view regarding language school regulations (this is actually under the provisions of the very act which Mr. Vanderbilt says did not pass), and then darkly declares that a Honolulu Japanese newspaper's opposition to the consul shows how independent these boggy Japanese have become. H.

### CLARK ASHTON SMITH'S NEW VOLUME.

"Ebony and Crystal" Marks Another Stage in the Development of a California Genius.

On a piece of ranch land above Auburn there dwells at peace with life one of the authentic poets of today; a self-educated man, who, under the blue school law of Oregon, would probably have been packed in a mental cannery and turned out a standardized mind with a state label. But because, like Herbert Spencer, he could not attend school, he was driven by the force of an unusual intellect to what is called in olden phrase omnivorous reading. And being ridden with the soul of a poet he has woven into exquisite verse the winnowings of years and of libraries, with more of his own creations, until he ranges into one sweep some of the power of Kipling, the imagery of Poe and Milton and Coleridge, the delicacy of Shelley, the verbal beauty of Keats. I do not think of claiming for him that he is any of these. On the contrary, he falls short of any of them. He may never develop the stark force of Kipling, he may never penetrate so deeply into things as to learn to lift the soul with beauty like Coleridge, or haunt it eternally with the enchantments of Poe. And yet, no one knows. Give him time, and he may stir us with something more musical than "Ulalume," more poignant in its love-and-death tragedy than "Annabel Lee," or the stanzas "To Annie." At present he seems to be delving from the surface of things into certain dark pits of sorcery too remote from our common emotional experience to get a real hold on us except through our perceptions of beauty and our admiration of his gorgeous, flaming visions. But that is much; in fact tremendous. And so when George Sterling, who is his mentor and who mothers his growing genius, came into the office with a new volume of Clark Ashton Smith's verses, the book was hailed as an event in the literary history of California, and one worthily upholding the traditions of the state.

Smith's latest book is entitled "Ebony and Crystal." In verse after verse, one stanza after another, it exerts that peculiar charm he finds in the beauty of things. If he made a catalogue of his nouns it would alone be enticing. He seems to have culled from all the objects in the world those that are beautiful, to weave the names of them into lines as delicate as bedewed gossamer. It is the "beauty of the visible"—yet not altogether satisfying, so he sets us this:

#### A PRECEPT.

With words of ivory,  
Of bronze, of ebony,  
Of alabaster, marble, steel, and gold,  
The beauty of the visible is told.

But how with these express  
The unseen Loveliness—  
Splendor and light, and harmony, and sound,  
The heart hath felt, the sense hath never found?

No shining words of stone—  
Shadow and cloud alone—  
These shall the poet seek eternally,  
Whose lines would carve the mask of Mystery.

It seems to be required of a poet that he shall have a "philosophy," and perhaps Smith's is expounded in this crystal splinter:

#### TRANSCENDENCE.

To look on love with disenchanted eyes;  
To see with gaze relentless, rendered clear  
Of hope or hatred, of desire and fear,  
The insuperable nullity that lies  
Behind the veils of various disguise  
Which life or death may haply weave; to hear  
Forevermore in flute and harp the mere  
And all-resolving silence; recognize  
The gules of autumn in the greening leaf,  
And in the poppy-pod the poppy-flow'r—  
This is to be the lord of love and grief,  
O'er Time's illusion and thyself supreme,  
As, half-aroused in some nocturnal hour,  
The dreamer knows and dominates his dream.

It is not, however, in any philosophy that we find the best of this poet, but in the veritable poetic spell, conveyed in the vehicle of great Keats himself: that of the beauty of thoughts, strengthened by that compelling philtre, the beauty of things. This example is probably as good as any, although the whole volume is pervaded with these qualities:

#### FLAMINGOES.

On skies of tropic evening, broad and beryl-green,  
Above a tranquil sea of molten malachite,  
With flare of scarlet wings, in long and level flight,  
The soundless, fleet flamingoes pass to isles unseen.

They pass and disappear, where darkening palms indent  
The horizon, underneath some high and tawny star—  
Lost in the sunset gulfs of glowing cinnabar,  
Where sinks the painted moon, with brows of orpiment.

There can be no question of workmanlike method and technique. This poet shirks nothing. He has not, in the latest fad, adopted free verse or other formlessness to save himself the proper poetic travail of rhyming and of metering. And there are no forced rhymes, but such as fall so naturally as to be a delight to the ear and the understanding at once. That calls not only for skill, but for craftsmanlike devotion, for soul-searching and self-discipline, and for conscience in execution, the lack of any trace of which in the submitted work of most amateurs is one of the things that make editors go mad.

His titles show the attraction of many of the subtleties of life. And then there is the possible loss of



identity in death, an idea that has laid its chill hand on the fancy of Bierce and many another. In these exquisite stanzas Smith deals with that frosty theme:

## A FRAGMENT.

Autumn far-off in memory.  
That saw the crisping myrtles fade!\*\*\*\*  
Aeons ago, my tomb was made.  
Beside the moon-constrained sea.

Ah, wonderful its portals were!  
With carved doors of chrysolite.  
And wall of sombre syenite,  
They wrought mine olden sepulchre!

About the griffin-guarded plinth,  
White blossoms crowned the scarlet vine;  
And burning orchids opaline  
Illumed the palm and terebinth.

On friezes of mine ancient fame,  
The cypress wrought its withered shade;  
And through the boughs the ocean made  
Moresques of blue and fretted flame.

Poet or prince, I may not know  
My perished name, nor bring to mind  
Years that are one with dust and wind,  
Nor songless love, and tongueless woe—:

Only the tomb they made for me,  
With carved doors of chrysolite,  
And walls of sombre syenite,  
Beside the moon-constrained sea.

Returning to the mundane, here is a song of camel trains in their endless processions, processions that have been part of the life of Asia for untold ages:

## BEYOND THE GREAT WALL.

Beyond the far Cathayan wall,  
A thousand leagues athwart the sky,  
The scarlet stars and mornings die,  
The gilded moons and sunsets fall.

Across the sulphur-colored sands  
With bales of silk the camels fare,  
Harnessed with vermillion and with vair,  
Into the blue and burning lands.

And, ah, the song the drivers sing,  
To while the desert leagues away—  
A song they sang in old Cathay,  
Ere youth had left the eldest king—

Ere love and beauty both grew old,  
And wonder and romance were flown  
On fiery wings to worlds unknown,  
To stars of undiscovered gold.

And I their alien words would know,  
And follow past the lonely Wall,  
Where gilded moons and sunsets fall,  
As in a song of long ago.

We find in these verses much diction of the rare, the precious, the obsolete, of terms of heraldry and ancient arts. Their strangeness does not greatly help, but if you have acquired such a vocabulary there is an undoubted temptation to use it. And artistically used it does help some—gives a note of gems in embroidery, that is rich and Oriental. There are such words as queach, irrisation, lote, wyvers, flaffing, eidolon, prore, terebinth, fulvous, levins, fulgor, vair, nenuphar. Of course, Intelligent Reader, you know all those; down to nenuphar. But do you know what a nenuphar is? Now, as Ingersoll used to plead with his audiences, be honest. Do you? When I first read of one in Smith's verses I thought it would be fine to have a little tame nenuphar running about the yard to welcome me when I came home, but when I consulted the dictionary to see what sort of dog-house to build for it I found it was a water lily. I never did have any luck with pets.

Clark Ashton Smith is already one of the best working poets between the two oceans. It is not too much to put him in a class with Bliss Carman and William Rose Benét, both of whom he excels in the quality of imaginative splendor, although his contacts with life are less, and he has not yet arrived at much realism in subject matter. Call him rather a master of abstract verse, or pure poetry, in the sense that it is that alone. And perhaps that is rather complimentary than criticism, and I hope it is. One of the most exquisite poems in the language (Bierce thought the most nearly perfect) is "Kubla Khan," which isn't "about" anything in particular that any one ever experienced—yet the damsel with a dulcimer, singing of Mount Abora, which probably has no existence, and certainly the damsel never did, haunts the mind like a vision of that Paradise with which the fragment ends. And there is the wizard spell of Keats, a spell which, if it once seizes you, can never be shaken off, those "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." If you could hold Keats up about it and demand to know "What de yeh mean by it?" he would probably say he meant nothing at all except to create one of those things of beauty which are a joy forever; wherein he certainly succeeded, and so does Clark Ashton Smith. And yet that Keats line is totally irrelevant and immaterial and without legal force or effect. No, pure poetry does not have to be related to sociology, or investment banking, or glandotherapy, or the labor movement, or the petroleum output, or anything like that, and therein is its pricelessness. The spirit must be fed on the bread of beauty, or it dies. So let us thank Clark Ashton Smith for so fealty purveying it.

The volume includes "The Hashish Eater, or The Apocalypse of Evil," a *tour de force* of visualization and blazing imagery, running for several pages apace with that remarkable poem, "A Wine of Wizardry," by his friend, Sterling. With its "marble apes," and its "war of pygmies, met by night, with pitter of their drums of parrot's hide," it is supremely well done—if you like that sort of thing: the sort of thing which, in

prose, made Vathek, and some part of the Arabian Nights. It is as splendid and as colorful as any Oriental weave. But to most of us earth-bound peoples it is a bit too far removed from any real experience to get a fast grip. It is a splendid gem, but it has in it neither sorrow nor joy nor dread nor pity—and still it is compelling for the brilliance of its fantasies.

These are the workings of a soul still somewhat apart; without the grasp of Edgar Lee Masters on the village scandals which by so many young philosophers are held to reveal "life." And Heaven be praised for it! Yet Clark Ashton Smith should, and I believe in time will, come into closer touch with real things, to move us even more deeply. It is his job. When he does it he may stand with Poe, and if he does that we shall owe him more, for of Poe there is too little, whereas Smith is industrious. Already he has to his credit "The Star Treader," including "Nero," which alone would be a good grist for so young a miller. He has several years between him and thirty.

"Ebony and Crystal" was printed by the Auburn Journal. It is limited to 500 copies and can be obtained, at present, for \$2. If you love poetry, this is it.

MORTON TODD.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Keith of Ravelston.

The murmur of the mourning ghost  
That keeps the shadowy kine,  
"Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The merry path that leads  
Down the golden morning hill,  
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The stile beneath the tree,  
The maid that kept her mother's kine,  
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,  
She sat beneath the thorn,  
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston  
Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,  
His belted jewels shine!  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston  
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,  
Comes evening down the glade,  
And still there sits a moonshine ghost  
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,  
She keeps the shadowy kine;  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,  
The stile is lone and cold;  
The burnie that goes babbling by  
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—  
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?  
The ancient stile is not alone,  
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

—Sydney Thompson Dobell.

## Coliseum By Moonlight.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness  
I learned the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.  
The trees which grew along the broken arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
More near, from out the Caesars' palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels and fitful song  
Began and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
Within a bowshot,—where the Caesars dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
A grove which springs through leveled battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—  
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,  
While Caesar's chambers and the Augustan halls  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries,  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the place  
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old!  
The dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.

—Lord Byron.

In a year the Pennsylvania Railroad carried 152,000,000 without killing one. During the same year 12,500 persons in the United States were killed by automobiles. There seems to be no limit to human progress.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles L. Richards, congressman from Nevada, is the first native Nevadan to go to Washington as the state's representative.

Edgar Allen Poe, 3d, grandson of the famous author whose name he bears, is an ardent poloist and a leading player of the Coronado Country Club at Coronado Beach.

George Kratina of Brooklyn is a twelve-year-old sculptor of animals whose work has astounded the critics. He has been taught by his father, who studied under Rodin.

Iliodore, the "mad monk of Russia," adventurer and arch agitator, is in New York, and has announced his intention to adopt the rôle of a Baptist preacher at the Russian Baptist Church in that city.

Gustaf Adolf, the heir to the throne of Sweden, is a crown prince of the modern type who does not idly nor riotously wait for his accession. Prince Gustaf, who recently celebrated his fortieth birthday, is a noted archæologist and is at present personally conducting a Swedish expedition to Greece in the interests of science, not of Mars.

Thomas F. Bayard, newly-elected Democratic senator from Delaware, is the sixth of his family to sit in the United States Senate, and the fifth Senator Bayard of Delaware. Tom Bayard, as he is known in politics in his home state, is not a politician, though he has lived in politics all his life; he is a lawyer, having followed the traditions of his family professionally as well as politically.

Mrs. Marjorie Howarth, wife of a New York business man, is the first white woman to cross the third range of the Andes Mountains, 14,600 feet above sea level, and then to descend over the difficult trail leading to Iquitos, Peru, on the upper reaches of the Amazon. The interesting fact about Mrs. Howarth's expedition is that it was undertaken as a pleasure trip, not as a tour of discovery.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is physically a large man who was something of an athlete in his youth; a cricketer, in particular. He was born in Edinburgh sixty-three years ago. He began professional life as a physician at Southsea, which may or may not have anything to do with his late spiritualistic developments. He has traveled in the Arctic and West Africa and it is his distinction to be the creator of the most familiar of all modern literary figures, that of Sherlock Holmes.

Joseph Baermann Strauss, the Chicago bridge engineer who has just submitted estimates for the long-discussed Golden Gate project, is the inventor of the Strauss trunnion bascule bridge and the Strauss direct lift bridge, in general use. Two of his most ingenious inventions were the aeroscope at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, and the portable searchlight outfits used by the United States and Russian governments during the world war. The Strauss yielding barrier is another of his contributions to mechanical progress.

Paul Verdier, president of the City of Paris Company of San Francisco, and noted local polo player, has been cited by the French government as an officer of the Legion of Honor, for "marked service" at the front. Mr. Verdier, despite his numerous business interests in this country, was among the first to enlist under the tricolor. He entered the French army as a private and was successively promoted till he became a captain. Verdier served for four years as a member of the famous One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth French Infantry, receiving the Croix de Guerre.

Another eligible for the newsboys' hall of fame has recently returned to this country, after several years of European wanderings—John Cournos, the Russian author, who claims Philadelphia as his home. Mr. Cournos, whose trilogy, "The Mask," "The Wall," and "Babel" has placed him in the front rank of living novelists, began his newspaper career as a newsie thirty years ago, a score of which have been passed on the Philadelphia Record. When he left that paper a decade ago to go to London he was assistant Sunday editor—a fact that is more resounding when one remembers Mr. Cournos' humble origin. He was in London at the outbreak of the war, and in Russia at the beginning of the revolution, where he had been sent on the Anglo-Russian commission by the British government. Mr. Cournos was born in Kieff, Russia, in 1881 and is unmarried.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who has been awarded this year's Nobel Peace Prize for services performed in relieving starving persons in Asia Minor and Russia, is known primarily as an Arctic explorer, but is also a professor of oceanography—in Kristiania University—and has figured in Scandinavian history as statesman and diplomat. He took an active part in the separation of Norway and Sweden in 1905, and from 1906 to 1908 was minister for Norway at the Court of St. James. Dr. Nansen was born near Kristiania in 1861, the son of a well-known Norwegian advocate. His first arctic expedition was to Greenland Sea in 1882, followed by a trip across Greenland in 1888-89. His North Pole expedition, in which he reached the highest northern latitude then attained, was conducted from 1893 to '96. He is the author of a number of studies of northern life and conditions.



## AS IT LOOKED TO LUDENDORFF.

in His Own Story the Strong Man of Germany Tells of the Collapse of an Empire.

The German war had hardly closed before the Germans started writing books about it. Hindenburg, Falkenhayn, Kluck, Tirpitz, Bernstorff, the Crown Prince, the Austrian Count Czernin and others had their story to tell, and they told it. Much of the material offered had two obvious ends to serve. One was to explain away mistakes and blunders; the other was to build up for future Germans the tradition of a war forced on Germany by a ring of enemies. The Kaiser has recently issued his memoirs, and he sings the same song. Most of the stuff varies from trash to bald falsehood, but some will believe it because they want to. As material for history, there is not much to be found in these works.

When one reads, however, the memoirs of General Erich von Ludendorff the impression gained is, on the whole, different. After eliminating the old story of the war forced on Germany and other standing matter of that sort, the reader will find evidence of a strong man who in the later years of conflict guided the German armies nearly to the end. His work bears the impress of sincerity and truth, as far as he desired to permit the truth to be known.

A regimental commander at the beginning, and out of favor at Berlin, he was the first to enter Liège. In three weeks he was made chief of staff under Hindenburg on the eastern front and served there for two years. The Verdun failure caused the retirement of Falkenhayn, and Hindenburg and Ludendorff were placed in full charge of the war in August, 1916, while the battle of the Somme was raging. As quartermaster-general he was the brains of the German army until retired late in October, 1918, when the whole structure of Germany was falling.

A myriad of events is referred to in the two volumes. One can mention only a few comments here and there to indicate the nature of the work. Ludendorff deals with army movements, but he also surveys the political field—in fact, he brings under review all the various factors that entered into the great war. Passing over the important campaigns in the East, one gets this brilliant bit of characterization of the battle of Verdun:

The German attack at Verdun led to no decisive result. By May it bore the stamp of the first great battle of attrition, in which the struggle for victory meant feeding a stationary fighting line with a continuous mass of men and materials.

Verdun had exacted a very great price in blood. The position of our attacking groups grew more and more unfavorable. The more ground they gained the deeper they plunged into the wilderness of shellholes, and apart from actual losses in action they suffered heavy wastage merely through having to stay in such a spot.

Our attacks dragged on, sapping our strength. The very men who had fought so heroically at Verdun were terrified at this shell-ravaged region. The command had not its heart in its work.

His majesty the emperor was induced to give the momentous order for the cessation of the offensive at Verdun. That offensive should have been broken off immediately it assumed the character of a battle of attrition. The gain no longer justified the losses.

The breaking off of the attack on Verdun made it easier to satisfy their wishes, but even there we had to reckon in the future with considerable wastage, if only on account of the local conditions. It was possible that the French would themselves make an attack from the fortress. Verdun remained an open, wasting sore.

On December 14th, 15th, and 16th, however, there was again very hard fighting around Verdun. The French attacked so as to limit still further, before the end of the year, the German gains of 1916 before this fortress. They achieved their object. The blow they dealt us was particularly heavy. We not only suffered heavy casualties, but also lost important positions.

Summing up the situation after more than two years of war, he describes the conditions then existing and indirectly gives the truth regarding the campaign of 1914:

The order to retreat from the Marne was issued, whether on good grounds or not I have never been able to ascertain. After the failure of the first great blow against France in 1914 there had been no change in the situation, and Field Marshal von Moltke's prophetic words of May 14, 1890, had become a fact.

In any case, the result of the war was not to be decided on the Italian front. It could be fought out only in the west, in France. And we should be strong enough for a decision on that front only when the Russians had been defeated.

The German general had some very definite opinions regarding the Austrians and their army, which may be appreciated from the following extracts:

Austria-Hungary, as always, looked after her own interests in a measure which was not justified by her military achievements.

Yet as early as the days of the capture of Lodz and the battle of Limanova the Austrian troops were retiring from Serbia defeated. They were no longer a vigorous fighting instrument. At first they had underestimated their opponents, now they went to the other extreme and overestimated them. The enemy's numbers alone terrified them.

Had the dual monarchies and the Austro-Hungarian army accomplished even half of what could properly have been expected of them, German troops need not have been brought in such masses to reinforce their fronts.

In any case it was fatal for us that we were allied with decaying states like Austria-Hungary and Turkey. A Jew in Radom once said to one of my officers that he could not understand why so strong and vital a body as Germany should ally itself with a corpse. He was right.

Ludendorff is a true German, apparently taking for granted a measure of gullibility on the part of other

peoples hardly justified by results. Time and again, whether through carelessness or contempt, he makes one statement calculated to produce a certain effect, and, later on, directly contradicts it. Here is an example:

The Triple Alliance was only a political union, while the Franco-Russian alliance was of a definitely military character, and this constituted a great advantage to our enemies.

According to former military agreements with Italy, three Italian army corps and two cavalry divisions were to help [us] in Alsace, while the main body of the army, minus the coast-defense forces, were to be assembled on the Franco-Italian frontier. Simultaneously, the fleet was to endeavor to cut France off from her colonies in North Africa.

These two statements are only two paragraphs apart. The reader may well inquire as to the nature of the "political alliance" that provided for the military operations mentioned in the second quotation.

Here is another example, from his comments on the German people:

The great mass of the people, especially the middle class, including officials and officers with fixed salaries, suffered real hardship. A few, no doubt, succumbed to temptation in the difficult times, and helped themselves, but the majority were literally starved. This came as an additional burden over and above all the other difficulties suffered by the middle classes. And yet this class, oppressed in every direction and suffering silently, did its duty to the very end.

The workmen were better looked after. They adjusted their demands for increased wages, which they supported by striking, to the illicit trading prices.

The broad mass of the "bourgeoisie," a confused mob, always knowing better than any one else and lacking all discipline, went its own way and stood isolated in its mental arrogance, its reluctance to act, its lack of character. It, too, had no sense of its responsibility to the country. It never thought of what infinite damage it was bringing on the country and on itself.

Another example is in his contradictory statements regarding General Foch's surprise attack on his right flank on July 18, 1918, when the offensive passed from the Germans, not to return:

In the attack on Rheims we reckoned on an enemy counter-offensive between the Aisne and on the Marne, with Soissons as its principal objective, and we organized the Ninth Army and the right wing of the Seventh accordingly.

I inquired into the reasons for our failure of the 18th. The men no longer believed in the possibility of an attack. A divisional commander with whom I was acquainted told me that he had been to the front lines on the 17th, and had seen not the slightest sign of activity on the part of the enemy. As a matter of fact, the French troops received the order to attack only a few hours before they came up. Information which was coming through to our lines until immediately before the battle began, no longer reached us. The rapid movement of the numerous fast tanks in the high corn increased the effect of the surprise.

All these things helped to heighten the effect of the enemy surprise.

The result of the surprise had been an over-hasty throwing in of reserves.

Of the Kaiser, Ludendorff has little to say. He is a true royalist, but at times the strong, capable man must speak his mind, even indirectly, about the incompetent whom the accident of birth had placed on the throne:

Our war chancellors never gathered the people together and led them like the great dictators Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson. The mind of the German people remained rudderless and uncaptured, the prey of every influence that came.

I greatly missed the assistance of a strong imperial executive.

Personally, I considered the barrier which the imperial chancellor had erected between the emperor and the people to be deplorable. The emperor could not become sufficiently acquainted with men.

The submarine war was ordered by Hindenburg and Ludendorff, and was at their command:

The field marshal and myself, in our view of the whole situation and in our only too correct doubt as to the success of the peace proposals, had already had under consideration, as part of our military problems, the possibility of carrying on the submarine campaign in an intensified form. Unrestricted submarine warfare was now the only means left to secure in any reasonable time a victorious end to the war. If submarine warfare on this scale could have a decisive effect—and the navy held that it could—then in the existing situation it was our plain military duty to the German nation to embark on this form of warfare.

Chancellor von Bethmann stated this quite clearly at the time, and added that thenceforth the decision to carry on the submarine warfare in the form of "blockaded area" fighting would depend on the declaration of the field marshal—that is to say, unrestricted submarine warfare was to start when the field marshal wished it to start.

Six months of the submarine campaign had gone by. It had accomplished much; according to mere numbers, more, but in its final result less, than had been anticipated. I still hoped that the expectations of the navy would be realized in the near future. But I began to wonder whether as many U-boats as possible were really being built.

No doubt our precarious military position and, later, the want of success achieved in the submarine war, of which some people had, unfortunately, been too confident, made it more difficult to rouse our energy.

Of America and the Americans and the ability of our country to get into the fight, the general speaks occasionally:

In discussing the possibility of transferring the American army to France we put forward the naval opinion that it could be considered feasible only to a limited extent.

How many Americans had got across by April we did not know. In the middle of the month, between St-Mihiel and the Moselle, the first more important engagements took place against United States troops, who had already been a long time in France. The individual American fought well, but our success had, nevertheless, been easy.

From our previous experience of the submarine war, I expected strong forces of Americans to come. But the rapidity with which they actually did arrive proved surprising.

At Château-Thierry, Americans who had been a long time in France had bravely attacked our thinly held fronts, but they were unskillfully led, attacked in dense masses, and failed. Here, too, our men felt themselves superior.

But the fact that these new American reinforcements could release English and French divisions on quiet sectors weighed heavily in the balance against us. This was of the greatest importance and helps to explain the influence exerted by the

American contingent on the issue of the conflict. It was for this reason that America became the deciding factor in the war.

Between the Argonne and the Meuse the Americans had broken into our positions. They had assembled a powerful army in this region, and their part in the campaign became more and more important. We held their push, however, the 27th being the main day of success for us, while on the 28th, too, we held our lines, apart from certain modifications of our front which were carried out in accordance with our plans.

This latter statement reads like his old war bulletins. Actually, the Americans took the Hindenburg Line on a front of twenty-one miles and a depth of five to seven miles, following it later by the advance to Sedan.

In the end night closed in on the German army and the plans of conquest of the world went down in utter defeat. Of the closing hours after he had resigned Ludendorff writes dramatically:

I went back alone. I did not see his majesty again. After my return to the general staff office I said in bitterest grief to my officers there, among whom was Colonel von Haeften, that in a fortnight there would be no longer an emperor in Germany. They held clearly the same view. On November 9th Germany and Prussia were republics.

On November 9th Germany, lacking any firm hand, bereft of all will, robbed of her princes, collapsed like a house of cards. All that we had lived for, all that we had bled four long years to maintain, was gone. We no longer had a native land of which we might be proud. Order in state and society vanished. All authority disappeared. Chaos, bolshevism, terror, un-German in name and nature, made their entry into the German Fatherland.

Men who had fought magnificently against the enemy lost their nerve and abandoned the army and the country, thinking of nothing but themselves.

The proud German army, after resisting victoriously its superior enemies for four years, achieving feats of unprecedented greatness, and keeping our enemies clear away from our frontiers, disappeared in a moment. Our victorious fleet was handed over to the enemy.

Some of the general's comments are illuminating as the opinion of a high German authority on military and war-time conditions. The high command had its critics, and he retorts:

Words fail to describe the demands that are made of a soldier in battle. To go "over the top" under enemy fire is, indeed, a heroic act, but it is by no means the most difficult. How much resolution and readiness to shoulder responsibility is required of a man who either has to lead or send others to certain death. Those are acts the appalling nature of which no one can imagine who has not himself had to perform them.

All those who criticize the dispositions of a general ought first to study military history, unless they have themselves taken part in a war in a position of command. I should like to see such people compelled to conduct a battle themselves. They would be overwhelmed by the greatness of their task, and when they realized the obscurity of the situation, and the exacting nature of the enormous demands made upon them, they would doubtless be more modest.

Profiteering was the deadliest sin, and our inability to eradicate it was a matter of the greatest regret to me from the point of view of morale at home and in the field. Many times I made an effort to get to the bottom of it. The war profiteer is a loathsome phenomenon, and he and the corruption of his influence have done us incalculable harm.

August 8th was the black day of the German army in the history of this war. This was the worst experience that I had to go through, except for the events that, from September 15th onward, took place on the Bulgarian front and sealed the fate of the Quadruple Alliance.

Early on August 8th, in a dense fog, rendered still thicker by artificial means, the English, mainly with Australian and Canadian divisions, and the French, attacked between Albert and Moreuil with strong squadrons of tanks, but otherwise in no great superiority. Between the Somme and the Luce they penetrated deep into our positions. The divisions in line at that point allowed themselves to be completely overwhelmed. Divisional staffs were surprised in their headquarters by enemy tanks. The breach very soon extended across the Luce stream; the troops that were still gallantly resisting at Moreuil were rolled up.

One looks in vain to find some description of his final campaign of 1918, when he was free to use the whole force of the German army in the west. Why did he attack the British and produce the Amiens and Arras salients in March and April, and then turn south with his attacks to produce the Marne salient? There did not seem to be any plan in his operations, unless in the last attack where he tried to encircle Rheims, when if he had been successful he might have gone farther east to encircle Verdun and thus restore the rapidly waning prestige of the Crown Prince. Perhaps he had no plan except to strike hammer blows anywhere to weaken the enemy.

On July 18th he was caught by surprise on the right flank, and when Foch had gained the heights of Soissons, the American artillery fire broke the only railway lines into the Marne salient. The truth seems to be that this supreme German commander was a general of the second class, and was outwitted and outgeneraled by the French commander, one of the great military men of history.

Ludendorff was the best man Germany produced. He was more than a soldier, as he essayed with some success to direct the civil administration and to rouse the morale at home. He saw the collapse coming and advised peace. Dismissed by the Kaiser, he went home, and into exile after the revolution. He wrote his memoirs in the bitterness of defeat and disgrace. They give a clear statement of the German side of the war told, in general, with apparent truth and candor. The work he undertook was beyond his strength, but one must respect his sincerity, even while disagreeing with his objects.

If we may judge from occasional press dispatches and the addresses of Clemenceau in this country, Ludendorff is not yet through. And if he starts again, there will be added interest in his character and his methods of thought and action as revealed in this very interesting book.

LUDENDORFF'S OWN STORY. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$7.50.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 9, 1922, were \$159,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$138,600,000; an increase of \$20,700,000.

The bond market is passing through a readjustment phase. Investments which had perhaps been unduly inflated are reacting. Others which had been unjustifiably depressed are recovering, says *Commerce and Finance*. Movements are apparently inconsistent, but not on that account illogical. Certain rail-

assuring to owners of the French external bonds sold in this country.

It would assuredly have been more than strange had not French bonds rallied strongly after such a strong endorsement. Their recovery was one of the features of the investment market.

Much comment and not a little misapprehension was caused by a Supreme Court opinion rendered early in the week affirming the right of the State of Oklahoma to tax Liberty bonds owned by national banks. The first impression created by that decision was that the court referred to income derived from Liberty bonds. Predictions were heard that the ruling would precipitate liquidation of such investments by banks holding upwards of \$2,400,000,000 of Federal securities. However, nothing suggesting such liquidation has occurred. After an examination of the decision bankers have reached the opinion that the Supreme Court referred to the capital invested in Liberty bonds, and not to the income derived from them, as being taxable. In the State of New York such a tax has been levied and has never been questioned by banks. Other states also have levied a similar tax without challenge. It is generally conceded that banks are not entitled to deduction in taxes on capital invested in Liberty bonds. The theory that banks would switch from Liberties to other tax-exempt securities is scouted because the Supreme Court ruling in question specifies "Liberty bonds or other forms of tax-exempt securities." In other words the court does not discriminate against government bonds.

The market for government issues is waiting for news on the new treasury financing which should be forthcoming very soon. Current quotations for Liberties and U. S. refunding bonds preclude another offering of long-term bonds. The treasury is restricted by law to a maximum coupon rate of 4 1/2 per cent. It could not sell a long-term bond bearing so low a rate with outstanding long-term 4 1/2 per cent. bonds quoted below par. The sole alternative appears to be an issue of short-term notes. Wall Street expects an offering of notes to run from three to five years in an amount of approximately \$500,000,000. Such an issue should find a ready market and solve the government's problem.

Besides refunding approximately \$1,000,000,000 Victory notes the government in January will redeem about \$625,000,000 in principal and interest of U. S. war savings certificates of 1918 either in cash or in new certificates of the 1923 series. A strong effort is to be made to prevent the dissipation of that large sum by holders of the certificates who are largely of the wage-earning class. Banking institutions, particularly those with savings institutions, have been authorized to receive certificates for deposit and will render their services gratuitously just as they did when the certificates were sold.

New emissions last week were small, reaching only \$20,265,000. The decline in offerings was due to various reasons, one being the fact that investment banking firms still have a good many undigested new bonds on their hands which they are trying to dispose of. The syndicate which floated the Jugo-Slavian issue last summer will be dissolved this week. It has remaining on its hands \$9,750,000, but the Jugo-Slav government will take back any surplus.

A feature of the new financing last week was the small volume of municipals offered. It totaled only \$1,265,000. The market for municipal bonds is oversold and prices are easier with demand light. Bankers were somewhat surprised to learn that most of the state bonus bills referred to voters for approval on election day were approved. New authorizations total \$116,500,000. Dealers point to the possibility that the market for state obligations will be flooded.

A decline of 25 per cent. in iron and steel production in September, a heavy falling off in railroad earnings, and a general halt to the industrial recovery all on account of the strike by coal miners emphasizes just what an important rôle fuel plays in the everyday life

of the country. Obviously a solution must be found to a problem where the cessation of operations by one group of labor can so seriously interfere with the earning power of the entire nation. Moreover, the supply of coal is not inexhaustible, and while there is not yet any occasion to be alarmed over failing resources it is not too soon to begin conserving for industries in which this natural product is absolutely essential. The more important consideration is the substitution of a dependable and cheaper source of energy. This is found in water power.

Developed water power in the United States is given by the United States Geological Survey at slightly under 8,000,000 horsepower, the compilation including plants of 100 horsepower or higher. Of this figure about 85 per cent. is represented by the public utility industry. Estimates of undeveloped water power place the total at 50,000,000 horsepower, but by making provision for storage the resources can be increased to 100,000,000 or 200,000,000 horsepower. This power converted into electrical energy is capable of turning every industrial wheel and illuminating every street and building in the United States. Development of the 50,000,000 readily available horsepower would be equivalent to saving about 275,000,000 tons of coal per annum. In addition to the actual saving of coal, there would be a tremendous saving in labor and railroad freight car capacity. Our annual consumption of coal requires the labor of 1,500,000 men and the use of over 1,000,000 freight cars and 40,000 locomotives. Electrification of the steam railroads would save approximately 20 per cent. of the present coal consumption.

Another factor which is certain to be of prime importance in bringing about hydro-electric development is the impartial distribution of the resources. Regions distant from the source of coal are well supplied with water power. New England, the Southwest, and the Pacific slope embrace about one-half the water power resources of the country and are all virtually without coal. The reason for the slow water power development is the high initial cost together with the fact that, until the present, coal and oil have been easily available.

A few of the more important hydro-electric power corporations are considered here. Several of these are not exclusively hydro-electric, but the preponderance of electric generation is hydro-electric. The securities of these companies have futures which are worthy of attention. The next few years are certain to see marked development in this field with the hydro-electric industry working into one of the most important in the country. Pacific Gas & Electric is a large unit which is not included in this list, but which was recently discussed here.

The Great Western Power Company of California, which controls the California Electric Generating Company, operates two principal hydro-electric plants, the Big Bend station having an installed capacity of 87,000 horsepower, and the Caribou station 64,000 horsepower. The ultimate capacity of the latter station is 192,000 horsepower, which may be obtained by duplicating the water supply tunnels. The main point is that the water resources are considerably in excess of present requirements, and the work of constructing a dam and impounding the water is completed. 165,000-volt lines transmit the power 200 miles to San Francisco. The preferred dividend requirement has been earned about three



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road issues of the speculative class had been marked up too high. They have been reacting. Liberty bonds have held up well. Foreign bonds have been strong.

One of the most interesting incidents of the last week was the endorsement of French bonds by Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank. Mr. Mitchell is essentially an investment banker. He made his reputation as head of the National City Com-

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pany, which is the securities subsidiary of the National City Bank. His promotion to the head of the biggest national bank in the country was the sequel to his great record as head of the largest investment company in the United States. He has just returned from a trip to Europe, where he made a study of economic conditions. When a banker of his experience and standing declares that "French bonds held by American investors are a safe and sound investment," his words mean something. Mr. Mitchell said last week that French bonds represent a ridiculously low credit rating, and backed up his statement with facts and figures which should prove re-

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**"The Review"**CONTENTS:  
(December Issue)

France at Bay

Immigration Problems

Italy's  
Surprise PacketMeddling  
With Railroads

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Company, Atlas Portland Cement Company, and others. The present generating capacity of the fifteen units is 150,000 horsepower and the sub-structure is completed for doubling the capacity. A striking example of the economy of hydro-electric generation is found here. It is estimated that last year's output by steam power would have required 3500 men for mining and transportation of the necessary coal and for plant operation, against 225 actually employed.

The Niagara Falls Power Company owns two plants on the American side and one on the Canadian side of the Niagara River. The aggregate generating installation amounts to about 500,000 horsepower, but owing to present restriction on the use of water the output is limited to about 425,000 horsepower. However, by a special Federal license, 200,000 additional horsepower will be developed, construction work at a cost of over \$11,000,000 now being under way.

The Shawinigan Water & Power Company has a developed generating capacity of 333,700 horsepower and has a total ultimate capacity of 643,700 horsepower. The water power sites are on the St. Maurice River about equidistant from Montreal and Quebec. Practically all of the large cities in the Province of Quebec are served. The company has interest in a number of concerns including Montreal Lighting & Power, Continental Heat & Light Company, the Canadian Carbide, Three Rivers Traction Company, etc. For the last six years earnings applicable to the capital stock have ranged from a low of 8.63 per cent. to a high of 9.05 per cent.

The Southern California Edison Company has developed a generating capacity of 376,700 horsepower, but this is comparatively insignificant when viewed in the light of future possibilities. The company is contemplating developing the water power resources of the Colorado River, the potential energy of which is estimated at approximately 4,350,000 horsepower. The project will cost close to \$800,000,000, or twice that of the Panama Canal, and will, of course, take many years to accomplish. Meanwhile other work is being carried out, the construction budget for 1922 being \$22,534,000. The fact that large sums are tied up which are not yet productive narrows the margin of safety for the common dividend. The present rate is being covered at this time, however, and because new capital will be needed from time to time it is likely that payments will be maintained.—*Forbes Magazine.*

Impressive figures testifying to the character of the Southern Pacific's transportation service, and comparing it with that of the Union Pacific, were presented by J. Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors, Southern Pacific Company, at the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing now in progress on the application of the Southern Pacific to lease the Central Pacific. This testimony, given on cross-examination, referred to the statement by Union Pacific "propagandists" that the separation "would make every railroad coming into San Francisco stand on its toes as to business efficiency."

Regarding this statement Mr. Kruttschnitt said:

"In 1921 the following data established the relative 'business efficiencies' of Southern Pacific and Union Pacific. Remember that the Union Pacific's main line is substantially all double-tracked with curvature and grade rates much lighter than on the Southern Pacific, whose long, steep grades, combined with sharp curves, over the Sierra Nevada, Siskiyou, and Tehachapi mountains probably present the most difficult operating problems in the world on heavy traffic lines. Notwithstanding the handicaps we have mentioned, Southern Pacific freight locomotives made 8.82 per cent. more mileage daily than did those of Union Pacific.

"Southern Pacific passenger locomotives ran 9 1/4 per cent. more miles daily than did those on Union Pacific, with 30 per cent. more passengers per train, suburban passengers excluded.

"Notwithstanding lighter grades, Union Pacific consumed 10 1/4 per cent. more fuel to move the same number of ton miles.

"Notwithstanding lighter grades, Union Pacific burned 17 per cent. more fuel to move the same number of passenger car miles. Southern Pacific's equation of oil to coal such

as Union Pacific uses gives the coal 4 per cent. advantage over oil.

"Proceeding a step further, the regularity of movement of traffic, passenger and freight, through Ogden shows the superiority of service rendered the public by Southern Pacific over Union Pacific.

"Percentage of on-time deliveries of trains at Ogden:

| PASSENGER TRAINS.   |       | 1921.     | 1922               |
|---------------------|-------|-----------|--------------------|
| By Southern Pacific | ..... | 93.9 pct. | (6 mos.) 96.1 pct. |
| By Union Pacific    | ..... | 73.2 pct. | 80.3 pct.          |

| MANIFEST FREIGHT TRAINS. |       | 1921.     | 1922               |
|--------------------------|-------|-----------|--------------------|
| By Southern Pacific      | ..... | 92.1 pct. | (6 mos.) 96.1 pct. |
| By Union Pacific         | ..... | 79.2 pct. | 88.0 pct.          |

"Perishable freight trains between Roseville, California, and Council Bluffs, Iowa, made schedule time over Southern Pacific-Union Pacific thus:

|                     |       | 1921.   | 1922             |
|---------------------|-------|---------|------------------|
| By Southern Pacific | ..... | 90 pct. | (6 mos.) 94 pct. |
| By Union Pacific    | ..... | 60 pct. | 50 pct.          |

"The movements over Southern Pacific being on single track and on Union Pacific on double track with sharp curves and rates of grade very much against Southern Pacific.

"During the shopen's strike Southern Pacific placed embargoes on livestock and perishables for but two periods of twenty-three and forty-four hours respectively and annulled no passenger trains. Union Pacific embargoed livestock and perishables at all California junctions for six days and were unable to move passenger trains for four days, on which Southern Pacific assisted them by handling their passengers to destination. For several days during the strike the Southern Pacific lines afforded the public the only means to move freight and passengers by rail out of California. In face of these tests of efficient organization and management much superior to those of its covetous traducer, not only it would not benefit, but it would inflict great and unjustifiable injury on the public to lower the excellence of its service by turning any part of the Southern Pacific system over to the Union Pacific."

The first Arizona irrigation district bond offering to be certified as a legal investment for savings banks of that state will be offered to local investors within the next few weeks. The purchase of this unusual offering has just been consummated by Bradford, Kimball & Co. of San Francisco and Drake, Riley & Thomas and Stevens, Page & Sterling of Los Angeles.

Mr. Sherman Kimball of Bradford, Kimball & Co., who has just returned from an extended trip through Arizona, comments most favorably on the rigid requirements of the Arizona bond commission, compliance with which serves to give this issue, in his opinion, an unusually high degree of safety. The additional fact that it is the only one of its kind yet offered that has met with the

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strict requirements of the commission should make it of especial interest to investors.

Mr. Kimball and other members of the party report Arizona in a gradually increasing condition of prosperity. Banking conditions and the cattle industry particularly have shown marked improvement throughout the country. Farmers generally are again making money. Much construction is under way

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throughout the state, particularly in Tucson and Phoenix, and business conditions may be termed brisk and satisfactory.

Most of the nitrate factories in Chili are now in British hands. Before the war Germany took 40 per cent. of the exports for use in her beet fields.

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horsepower. The yield on the common stock is low at present, which indicates possibilities of a dividend increase. Resumption of operations in the mining industry will result in a tremendous increase in the demand for power. Such resumption as has already taken place has resulted in an increase of 80 per cent. in earnings applicable to the common stock for the first nine months of 1922 over the corresponding period of 1921.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

## Alexander's Bridge.

Miss Cather has criticized so well her first novel, "Alexander's Bridge," in the preface to the new edition that it is almost superfluous and impertinent to add anything to her own critique. But we claim the great national right to express our opinion as a "reaction"—to quote the substance of Mr. Nevinson's analysis of American character. According to that eminent London editor, our countrymen are entitled to abstract reactions, if not chemical ones.

Miss Cather's adverse criticism of "Alexander's Bridge" is that, since it was a first novel, the author was more concerned with technic than subject matter, and also, for the same reason, she was objective in her treatment. Our adverse criticism is that because the author was very young and knew life only through doubtfully dependable lenses of imagination and intuition, she has done the inevitable and generalized about her characters and their actions. "Alexander's Bridge," as is almost always the case with young novels, is thematic. The youthful thinker has a number of ideas and one rather than another is selected for novelization—a fairly safe cue for a beginner's novel, as all he need do is keep the theme well in mind and shape his

dramatis personæ accordingly. But the generalization thus affected does not synthesize life. It is an exercise in theory and in both the writing and reading is a pleasant pastime, but not great art. "Alexander's Bridge" has the lifelikeness of a well-posed camera "character" study: in other words it is idealistic.

Needless to say, Miss Cather's first book was very superior to most beginner's luck. It is even intrinsically worth reading. But its greatest interest lies in its contrast with the later and very different work of its author and in the exposition thus afforded between a well done literary exercise and such works of art as "My Antonia" and "One of Ours." As a lesson in critical analysis it is invaluable.

R. G.

ALEXANDER'S BRIDGE. By Willa S. Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

## To Tell You the Truth.

Leonard Merrick's fancy seems unimproved by his generous donations of it in the past and "To Tell You the Truth" is as good as, better perhaps than, any of his former work. Long ago Barrie pronounced Merrick the prince among contemporary story-tellers in a phrase that escapes our memory, but it was in the superlative degree. And Merrick has somehow always lived up to that high encomium. Like Chesterton, who has a formula for cleverness, Merrick has a magic recipe for a good story, but unlike G. K. C., his magic is concealed. No sedulous imitating will reproduce the Merrick twist, which is often so slight and rapid as to suggest sleight-of-hand—though that phrase is awkwardly suggestive of charlatanism, and nothing could be further from Merrick's honesty of purpose. For example, in "A Portrait of a Coward" he pours into a typically brief yarn—for Merrick is a veritable "short" story writer—all the wavering and indecision that in another direction has warranted a volume of exposition on the part of Mark Sabre's character.

However, "A Portrait of a Coward" is un-Merrickesque and the presence in this same volume of others of—for the effervescent Leonard—unwonted seriousness imply that the days of Tricotin, Pitou, and their ilk are over. Though no one should overlook the fact that Merrick's treatment of that most betinted and camouflaged of worlds, the "Quartier," with both reality and humor is his particular contribution to English fiction. By common consent, unanimous but for Merrick, the Quartier Latin and our own Greenwich Village should be rendered either sordidly or farcically. Merrick, even more than the author of "La Vie de Bohème," is the historian of the former. Still it must be confessed the Bohemian stories in the present volume are not so good as the others—"The Statue," for instance, is obviously worked, whereas the English stories of "The Celebrity at Home" and the "Portrait of a Coward" are among the best. "La Vie de Bohème" has evidently palled on even its loving historian. Merrick has tapped a new vein of pathos and human futility. Formerly he might have made novels of them. Nowadays he does not dilute the cream of his fancy with superfluous words.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.90.

## Right Royal.

Holiday editions are the order of the season, and while some of them are very, very good, others, while not exactly horrid, are at least dispensable. One of the best is

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the new illustrated edition of Masfield's great racing poem, "Right Royal," which was published sans color plates and line drawings two years ago and now appears fully supplied with those assets. These decorations, which are by the horse and sporting painter, Cecil Alden, serve the double purpose of further endearing the book to its old train of admirers and of recruiting fresh cohorts. The latter should be the most thankful of all, as any who have not read "Right Royal" have missed, we maintain, one of the greatest vicarious thrills in literature. To follow the perilous chase of Charles Cothill "In the English 'Chasers' Cup on Compton Course," through Masfield's stirring, cantering rhymes, which we like not a whit the less because they are sometimes singsongy jingles that merely serve to carry the story forward, is more exciting than to watch a pretty stiff race in the flesh. That is where art goes nature one better. Human observation helped out by field glasses would not suffice to get all the glamour of danger, the risk and terror that Mr. Masfield serves us in an hour's loll in an armchair. "Right Royal" is the right real thing. Having read it, one wonders why the less inspired scribe dares manipulate a universal keyboard. It is enough to make him give up in despair.

RIGHT ROYAL. By John Masfield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

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Holiday Bulletin



# SAN FRANCISCO BANKS STRONG.

Bank Clearings Larger than Last Year During Each Month.

By H. H. MACDONALD

San Francisco commercial banks have remained in a particularly favorable situation, in comparison with the rest of the country generally, throughout all the changes in financial conditions that have attended the course of American business since the armistice. They shared the effects of the boom and then the drastic reaction that followed, but they met successfully all the requirements of a situation marked by falling prices, business depression, and the frozen credits bestowed by the inflation. They shared the economic doubts and questionings of the periods of decline and readjustment, but easily absorbed some necessary losses, sustained fundamentally sound business enterprises in temporary trouble, unitedly maintained confidence and felt the strain less severely than Eastern financial centres. As the tide turned they were in a very strong position and emerged into the brighter days of 1922 sound and safe and able to meet all legitimate demands of the business world.

California has been blessed with a high degree of prosperity this year, with excellent crops, a great volume of building, and widely revived industrial activity. The consequent large exchange of commodities has rapidly increased the turnover of business credits in the banks during recent months, providing renewed expansion of profitable operations. The season crop financing is passing without strain and the situation of the banks has become so easy that rediscounts at the Federal Reserve Bank have fallen to a minimum.

The scale of the banking business in San Francisco is indicated at a glance by the following figures from the reports of national and state banks on September 15th, the latest report as this is written:

| Loans.                    | Deposits.     | Resources.    |
|---------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| National... \$190,622,000 | \$290,754,000 | \$382,065,000 |
| State.... 394,866,000     | 634,487,000   | 726,423,000   |

In the twelve months from September 6, 1921, the resources of the national banks increased over \$30,000,000. Demand deposits, representing the direct financing of commercial business, increased \$27,000,000, the increase occurring mainly in recent months. Gross deposits grew by \$63,000,000. The volume of loans receded a little during the year.

While the state banks are steadily expanding their commercial operations, much the greatest portion of their business in San Francisco, as in the state as a whole, belongs to the savings phase of banking, and the remarkable record of the city and state in savings deposits keeps rapidly growing. The savings deposits of the state banks of the city reached \$450,262,730 September 15th. The greater part of this huge amount, brought together in small sums by the thrifty, is loaned on mortgages for building purposes or helps provide home capital for our great public utilities through investment in their high-grade bonds. A good deal is also invested in municipal bonds. The gross savings deposits of all California state banks amount to over \$1,000,000,000. Real estate loans of San Francisco savings banks reach about \$242,000,000. There is \$66,000,000 invested in United States bonds and \$106,000,000 in other securities.

The accompanying table, summarizing the condition of the state banks of the city, shows that the gross deposits in all three departments were \$634,407,000 in September, an increase of nearly ten million dollars from the previous June. May 5th last the total was \$605,000,000.

Bank clearings have been larger than last year during nearly every month, increasing during the heavy crop-moving season. The record for the ten months to October 31st was about \$5,980,000,000, indicating a yearly total of somewhat less than \$8,000,000,000, compared with \$6,629,000,000 in 1921, \$8,122,000,000 in 1920, and \$7,286,300,000 in 1919. The following is the record for the current year to November, in round numbers: January, \$581,517,000; February, \$494,851,000; March, \$592,269,000; April, \$577,206,000; May, \$601,170,000; June, \$593,339,000; July \$588,785,000; August, \$623,066,000; September, \$639,915,000; October, \$687,867,000.

An important move to assist in financing our foreign trade with the Orient is being made by some of the large banks of San Francisco and other Coast centres. There has been organized the Federal Pacific Banking Corporation, in which foreign banking capital is reported to be participating, and a preliminary authorization has been issued by the Federal Reserve Board. This institution is being organized under the Edge Act, which allows national banks to subscribe to the capital stock of the special banking corporations provided for by the act, for the purpose of financing long-term commercial credits in the foreign trade field. The plan is to open branches in Japan, China, and the Philippines and also to establish agencies in the Far East. This will be the first Edge Act corporation to enter the Far Eastern field and the first to establish foreign branches. The high hopes attached to the Edge Act when it passed

have not been realized to any considerable extent, progress having been nipped at the start by the slump and confusion following the foreign trade boom of 1919 and 1920. It will be interesting to bankers and exporters to watch the operation of the new institution. Headquarters are temporarily in Washington, but will be in San Francisco when ready for operation.

The tendency toward bank mergers is still strong throughout the country, and of such consolidations of competing or complementary institutions San Francisco is having its full share from year to year, creating fewer but stronger banks, able to give larger and more efficient and varied service. For months there has been a sustained public interest in the contested effort to effect a merger of the Crocker and the First National banks, and the issue will likely be decided at the annual meetings in January. These are old and strong institutions which seem particularly fitted for union.

The coming year promises to see another important transformation in the banking field with the expected carrying out of plans to amalgamate the Merchants National with the Sacramento-San Joaquin Bank of Sacramento, the latter being the result of absorptions of established banks in Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, Modesto and Oakdale. The result will be a very strong institution operating from several of the largest business centres of Central California and it might be expected to plant itself in still wider territory.

A remarkable development of the year in San Francisco banking has been the rapid multiplication of branches by leading San Francisco state banks, the number doubling in about a year and reaching eighty-two in September, with a good many more coming. There are two phases to this plan of extending operations. One is the establishing of branch offices in the home city, fully equipped for banking service and located both in the

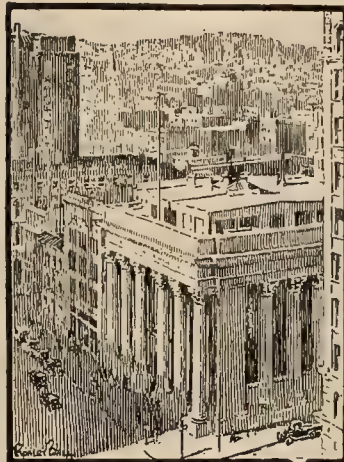
## COMPARATIVE SUMMARY OF CONDITION OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE BANKS

| Commercial Departments—                 | June 30, 1922. | Sept. 15, 1922. |
|---|----------------|-----------------|
| Assets .....                            | \$222,431,811  | \$241,265,736   |
| Loans .....                             | 124,583,766    | 130,947,261     |
| Bonds .....                             | 26,875,096     | 35,891,996      |
| Cash & Sight Exchange .....             | 49,475,774     | 51,810,082      |
| Bills Payable and Re-discounts .....    | 2,830,867      | 7,109,682       |
| Capital and Surplus .....               | 27,792,739     | 31,663,833      |
| Gross Deposits .....                    | 177,032,996    | 184,224,473     |
| Savings Departments—                    |                |                 |
| Assets .....                            | 471,220,198    | 482,068,854     |
| Loans .....                             | 256,097,479    | 263,918,899     |
| Bonds .....                             | 170,868,891    | 172,247,965     |
| Cash & Sight Exchange .....             | 32,968,346     | 31,890,889      |
| Bills Payable and Re-discounts .....    | .....          | 287,500         |
| Capital and Surplus .....               | 20,240,864     | 23,799,365      |
| Gross Deposits .....                    | 447,560,689    | 450,262,730     |
| Commercial, Savings and Trust Combined— |                |                 |
| Assets .....                            | 696,734,528    | 726,422,771     |
| Loans .....                             | 380,681,245    | 394,866,160     |
| Bonds .....                             | 199,459,668    | 209,830,359     |
| Cash & Sight Exchange .....             | 82,593,115     | 83,888,647      |
| Bills Payable and Re-discounts .....    | 2,830,867      | 7,397,182       |
| Capital and Surplus .....               | 50,843,603     | 58,273,198      |
| Gross Deposits .....                    | 624,593,685    | 634,487,204     |

main business district and in the populous residence and local business sections. The other phase is the absorption by purchase of established banks in interior towns and incorporating them with the main institution as branches. Both sorts are legally the same. San Francisco and Los Angeles are the main centres of this development, but many other banks of larger size in interior cities are following the plan.

This is a comparatively recent tendency on the part of American banks that has become widespread in the large cities of the country. There have always been some branches of larger banks, as well as chains of banks, separate in organization but under the same control, but the extent of the recent movement makes it a striking and rather revolutionary one. National banks are not permitted to establish branches in other towns, but state banks having such branches may enter the national system and retain them, as the Bank of California did—in Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma. The comptroller of the currency favors allowing national banks to have branch offices in their own home cities and thinks that they may do so without further legislation, but a bill to that end is now pending in Congress. It is argued that national banks should be enabled to compete with state banks in this way, but there is much opposition, and interior bankers are particularly opposed to any possible invasion by great metropolitan banks which might develop a concentration of American banking in a comparatively few hands, somewhat in the way banking is organized in Canada, Great Britain, and other European countries, a few great institutions covering the country with hundreds of branches each. At the recent New York convention of the American Bankers' Association this was the one warm practical issue, and the interior bankers carried a resolution condemning the practice and principles. A com-

## A LOGICAL CHOICE IN MATTERS OF TRUST



IN the past it was the custom to saddle a personal friend with the burden of acting as executor and trustee of one's estate. Experience has proved that the competent individual is already too heavily encumbered with his own business to handle, with the fullest measure of success, the affairs of another.

Therefore it is logical for you to select this bank to act for you in such matters. It is an old California institution, as much a part of the State as her mountains and forests. It is here to protect her people and extend to them the benefit of its integrity, strength and experience.

## The BANK of CALIFORNIA

COMPLETE  
BANKING SERVICE  
COMMERCIAL  
TRUST  
4% TIME  
ACCOUNTS

National Association

(A NATIONAL BANK)

San Francisco

SEATTLE  
PORTLAND  
TACOMA

"Associated for three generations with the best progress of the West"

## The Crocker National Bank of San Francisco

Assets

\$49,686,329.92

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits

\$8,597,667.55

Deposits

\$34,806,893.05

### OFFICERS

|                       |                                  |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| WM. H. CROCKER.....   | President                        |
| JAS. J. FAGAN.....    | Vice-President                   |
| W. GREGG.....         | Vice-President                   |
| J. B. McCARGAR.....   | Vice-President                   |
| WM. W. CROCKER.....   | Vice-President                   |
| F. G. WILLIS.....     | Cashier                          |
| G. W. EBNER.....      | Assistant Cashier                |
| H. C. SIMPSON.....    | Manager Foreign Department       |
| H. H. HAIGHT.....     | Asst. Manager Foreign Department |
| G. FERIS BALDWIN..... | Auditor                          |
| B. D. DEAN.....       | Assistant Cashier                |
| J. M. MASTEN.....     | Assistant Cashier                |
| D. J. MURPHY.....     | Assistant Cashier                |
| A. C. READ.....       | Assistant Cashier                |
| W. D. LUX.....        | Assistant Cashier                |
| J. A. ROUNDS.....     | Assistant Cashier                |

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

|                  |                 |                |
|------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| WM. H. CROCKER   | GEORGE W. SCOTT | J. B. McCARGAR |
| CHAS. T. CROCKER | CHAS. E. GREEN  | S. F. B. MORSE |
| JAS. J. FAGAN    | W. GREGG        | WM. W. CROCKER |
| R. S. MOORE      | A. G. GRIFFIN   |                |



mutual of California bankers is studying the subject.

Without noting any of the considerations for or against the branch banking system, it may be noted that the great new acceleration of the practice imparts special interest to the advance here in the past year. This is one of twenty states permitting branches of state banks, and in this California is making another record, after a slow increase until last year. In June, 1919, there were 425 state banks with 146 branches. A year later the numbers were 423 and 193. Then the rush came, and from June of last year to September last 120 new branches were established by taking over old banks or organizing new ones as branches. The number of state banking corporations has been reduced to 421, but the banking institutions have increased by 163 in two years.

Between June of last year and September 15th of this year the branches of San Francisco state banks jumped from forty-six to eighty-two, and others have been added since with more to come. In the same time the banks of Los Angeles have increased their branches from forty-five to 122. In most cases established banks have been taken over. The outstanding record has been made by the Bank of Italy, which has fifty-seven branches all over the state and has taken over quite a number of going interior banks during the year. Its conventions of branch officers are big affairs. This is, in the main, the reason of the bank's phenomenal increase each year in its volume of business and resources.

The Mercantile Trust Company has this year got fairly started on a new programme of expanded operations on different lines and the wider extension of its service through branches is one of its plans. It very recently obtained permission to establish sixteen branches in San Francisco and during the year it has been reaching out for live established banks about the Bay region. It has taken over the Garden City Bank and Trust Company in San Jose, with branches in four neighboring towns, it has acquired two banks in Emeryville, two in Richmond, and branches were recently authorized in Albany and El Cerrito. The Anglo-California Trust Company has several branches in the city, increasing the number during the year. The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society has long had city branches.

The more outside branches the big banks of the city acquire the less are the totals of that city's banks a true measure of the actual banking business of that city. When a bank acquires an outside institution the deposits, loans, resources, etc., become those of the central institution and are credited to its city

and lost to the banking record of the place where the bank is located.

Several San Francisco banks have engaged in expanding their quarters during the year. The outstanding feature is the new and monumental nine-story steel and granite home of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, occupying half a block on Sacramento Street,

#### SAN FRANCISCO NATIONAL BANK REPORT

| Resources—                    | Sept. 15, 1922.      | Sept. 6, 1921.       |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Loans and Discounts.....      | \$190,623,000        | \$193,488,000        |
| Overdrafts.....               | 186,000              | 360,000              |
| U. S. Bonds.....              | 40,103,000           | 33,679,000           |
| Other Securities.....         | 26,559,000           | 27,219,000           |
| Banking House, etc.....       | 10,782,000           | 9,365,000            |
| Other Real Estate.....        | 204,000              | 496,000              |
| Cash and Exchange.....        | 91,699,000           | 67,355,000           |
| Acceptances.....              | 9,341,000            | 6,451,000            |
| Other Resources.....          | 12,563,000           | 13,534,000           |
| <b>Total Resources.....</b>   | <b>\$382,063,000</b> | <b>\$351,967,000</b> |
| Liabilities—                  |                      |                      |
| Capital.....                  | \$27,300,000         | \$27,300,000         |
| Surplus.....                  | 18,700,000           | 18,700,000           |
| Profits and Reserve.....      | 9,349,000            | 9,693,000            |
| Due to Banks.....             | 88,596,000           | 72,174,000           |
| Deposits—U. S.....            | 6,065,000            | 1,784,000            |
| Deposits—Demand.....          | 168,352,000          | 141,168,000          |
| Deposits—Time.....            | 27,741,000           | 13,023,000           |
| Securities Borrowed.....      | 429,000              |                      |
| Rediscounts—Res. Bank.....    | 3,816,000            | 27,231,000           |
| Bills Payable.....            |                      | 13,660,000           |
| Circulation.....              | 17,603,000           | 17,033,000           |
| Letters of Credit.....        | 247,000              | 218,000              |
| Acceptances.....              | 9,848,000            | 7,269,000            |
| Acceptances—Sold.....         | 1,414,000            |                      |
| Other Liabilities.....        | 2,603,000            | 2,714,000            |
| <b>Total Liabilities.....</b> | <b>\$382,063,000</b> | <b>\$351,967,000</b> |

and which will be occupied during the coming year. Next to it in cost and as an architectural adornment of the city is the big extension of the home of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, with a further extension into the ground floor of the new Standard Oil skyscraper on Sansome Street. The American National has taken over the old quarters next to it of the Security Bank and Trust Company, which has moved to the new Commercial Union Building across Montgomery Street. The Mercantile Trust Company has bought the adjoining building at the corner of California and Lidesdorff Streets, long the home of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and the Wells Fargo Nevada National is completing a four-story annex.

The American National recently became the first local institution to receive a renewal of its charter for ninety-nine years, under an amendment of the National Bank Act extending the period from the twenty years heretofore provided.

That influenza breaks out in Britain at regular intervals of thirty-three weeks is a theory favored by some doctors.

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DEPOSITS

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BONDS

SHORT TERM NOTES

ACCEPTANCES



## STATE BANKING IN CALIFORNIA.

### Service Rendered the People Through the Commercial, Savings and Trust Functions.

By JONATHAN S. DODGE  
Superintendent of Banks.

A discussion of state banking in California naturally resolves itself into three several parts, respectively relating to the three great divisions of California banking—commercial, savings, and trust. While to many persons a bank is merely a convenient depository where money may be placed in order that it may be more easily and more safe disbursed, and while this function of a bank is most readily and widely understood, and important of course to the facilitation of ordinary commercial transactions, it is relatively one of the least of the services rendered.

State banks are divided into three classes: commercial, savings, and trust. Any two of these activities, or all of them, may be indulged by a single corporation, providing it is so qualified under the statute governing its operation. Commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks finance the trade of and furnish the credit for the businesses of the state. Crop production and crop distribution are primarily dependent on having at disposal great sums to meet the demands of seasonal periods. Through the form of credits furnished by commercial banks these sums are provided. The producer, farmer, manufacturer, miner, and shipper must have liquid capital available for the actual marketing of goods. Commercial banks issue credits to them, and seasonal rushes are carried through. The liquidation of these credits is made when the farmer and producer receive their actual pay, and the money is again ready to be turned over to the financing, moving, and expanding of some other productive features of the state.

The function of savings banks is by no means less important than that of the commercial banks. The world of market and production commands the service of the latter, but the former is indispensable to the American home. It has been said that the commercial bank moves what the savings bank produces. Investments by savings banks of the funds intrusted to their care must, under the laws of this state, present the greatest possible degree of safety. Projects intimately connected with the public good thus command the investment of the funds of depositors placed in savings banks. Irrigation systems, real estate developments, and the advancement of transportation projects and of the great hydro-electric industry of the state are primarily dependent upon the cooperation of the savings banks of the state. As an illustration of the interlocking of the commercial and savings activities, as regards their actual results, it might be said that an irrigation project is financed by reason of the investment by savings banks in its bonds. Through the irrigation greater crops are produced. Commercial credits move these crops and the market is found.

From the subjective standpoint, to those persons who practice thrift the savings banks are highly important. The service of the savings bank is equally available to the man who earns a small surplus, and to the corporation earning an immense profit. Great industrial projects are advanced and small homes are bought or built alike from the consistent thrift of hundreds of thousands of small depositors, regularly and habitually setting aside that small or large increment representative of the difference between earning a little more and spending a little less.

Trust companies and trust departments bear a close relationship to personal and corporate investments. They are not banks of deposit and can not actually indulge in what is commonly accepted as banking functions, but they are of the greatest service in faithfully discharging all manner of court and private trusts. The fiduciary feature of their activities is one which demands that their investments be of the most restricted character.

Since the relationship between the banks and the business of the state is so close, a fair indication of the growth in prosperity of the people of California engaged in agriculture, horticulture, manufacture, and other varied enterprises that go to make progress in wealth may be gained from the formal statements compiled to make up our banking statistics. There were in California five years ago five hundred and seventy-four banks in the state system, but at the end of the fiscal year of June 30, 1922, the total number of banks and branches had increased one hundred and eighty. This, of course, is an excellent indication of the growth in banking power available to serve the people of the state. The growth in assets and resources of these banking institutions is remarkable and encouraging. In June of 1917 the total assets of state banks was something over \$929,000,000, but on June 30, 1922, this item amounted to over a billion and a half, or an increase of over 78 per cent. In considering this re-

sult it should be remembered that during the period under discussion abnormal conditions prevailed. California was fortunate in being one of the few states in the Union not materially suffering from war conditions. While this unnatural status of affairs existed, this state nevertheless progressed to new wealth, and at the close of the war found itself substantially and permanently richer in sound investments than before.

The fact that California products are practically indispensable to the world at large is a surety of the continuing advance and soundness of banking in California. This has been proved in times past by a consideration that although a marked deflation in general prices occurred, an increase in production has nevertheless been maintained, contemporaneous economic features which may be reconciled only by concluding that the practical demands of wholesome progress have nullified academic and theoretical economies.

California, in yielding place to but three other states in agricultural products, proves that she presents most diverse productive fields. This consideration indicates how closely related to our banking functions are the status and volume of the products from our farms, orchards, mines, and forests. We are not dependent upon or circumscribed by the universal successive production of a limited number of commodities, for, should one line of activity suffer, there are yet a dozen fields of endeavor which may unite to maintain a high and common economic average for the state at large.

The great increase in total assets for the period noted is the comment of every financial centre in every other state in the Union, especially in states where banks are now finding difficulty in collecting their loans, and where deposits are withdrawn with greater

frequency than made, and where situations are critical. The members of the Federal Reserve Board on a recent visit to San Francisco remarked on many occasions that California was the one bright spot in the Union which appeared not to have suffered materially from war conditions.

Another indication of the progress, prosperity, and industry of the people of the state may be found by glancing at the figures compiled with reference to savings deposits. There are at this moment over a billion dollars on deposit in the savings banks of our state, contributed by over a million depositors. The fact that the average deposit is almost one thousand dollars is a matter for the deepest gratification.

Commercial banks and commercial departments of our state banks carry on the roll of their depositors a half-million people, with accounts aggregating over \$250,000,000. This, of course, is exclusive of the depositors who

patronize our national banks. In this connection it might be stated that California stands first in school savings deposits, and fifth in banking power of all the states of the Union. This is perhaps directly traceable to the fact that the people of the state of California have always been willing to invest in the securities of the United States and other states, and particularly in securities that have for their objective the development of California resources. A desire to make investments of this nature is necessarily an incentive toward saving.

The service of banking corporations to the state as a whole may be shown by the way in which bond investments are made. Our banks have great investments in bonds of counties, municipalities, school and road districts, to a total almost beyond what might be expected of those engaged in the development of even such a state as ours. Almost a billion dollars is now invested by our savings banks in gov-

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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Sir Edmund Walker, C. V. O., L. L. D., D. C. L., President  
Sir John Aird, Vice-President and General Manager  
H. V. F. Jones, Assistant General Manager

Capital paid up - - - \$15,000,000  
Surplus - - - - - \$15,000,000

NEW YORK AGENCY: 16 Exchange Place  
LONDON, ENGLAND: 2 Lombard St., E. C.

Branches in every province of Canada and in Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash., Mexico City, Havana, Cuba, Kingston, Jamaica, Bridgetown, Barbadoes, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro.

This Bank transacts every description of Banking Business, including the issue of Letters of Credit, Travelers' Cheques and Drafts on Foreign Countries, and will negotiate or receive for collection Bills on any place where there is a Bank or Banker.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH  
450 CALIFORNIA STREET  
BRUCE HEATHCOTE, Manager



### Reinvestment Time is Near

THIS TIME of the year always brings with it the problem of reinvestment. For this we are particularly well equipped with a widely diversified list of securities that we can fully recommend. *Safety is our first consideration in recommending bonds.*

Our offerings include State, Municipal, Irrigation, Railroad, and Industrial bonds. You may choose your investment and make reservations now for the very day on which your funds are available.



### Anglo London Paris Company

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ernmental securities, public utilities bonds, real estate bonds and irrigation district bonds.

Bond investments of savings banks alone increased by over half a million dollars during the first two-thirds of this current year. This fact has a most important meaning, since bonds in which savings banks may invest are for the most part those issued to finance agricultural and irrigational projects of the state and its great hydro-electric potentialities. Perhaps no other illustration could demonstrate so clearly that the savings depositors in the state, in the last analysis, are themselves the power behind lasting development of latent resources.

These constant and appreciable increases may be construed only in one way—namely, that the general prosperity of the people of the state is materially increasing, and that communities, commerce, agriculture, and industry of all kinds are being served and financed by banks operating on a sound and liquid basis. The increase in the deposits in commercial banks means that the business of the state, the exploitation of our industries, and the movement of our crops are being financed by the people with increasing faith. Commerce in all its lines is especially invigorated by the increase of available funds to furnish the necessary credit.

The increase in savings deposits gives rise to two undeniable conclusions—first, that the people of the state, by a recognition of the advantages of economy and thrift at home and in business, are placing themselves on a sound individual financial basis, and secondly, that the great problem of the development of the latent natural resources of the state, financed to a great degree by savings banks through bond investments, is being solved. From these increases no other inference may be drawn save that the state is facing an era of sound finance and maintained prosperity.

#### Effect of Over Supply Shows Oil Competition.

The highly competitive character of the oil industry is nowhere better illustrated, according to R. L. Welch, secretary of the American Petroleum Institute, than in the recent declines in prices of crude petroleum and its products, which have been due solely to the fact that more oil was being produced and imported than this country was consuming and exporting.

"It has been largely due to the fundamental uncertainties of the business, to the fluctuations of demand and supply," Mr. Welch said, "that people unacquainted with the industry have been led to attribute the frequent and rapid price movements to causes other than

the violence of the changes in the situation itself.

"In other words, the public is accustomed to think of the oil industry in the light of conditions prevailing in 1906; that is, in terms of large interests and bygone days.

"Since 1906, however, the tremendous increase in the demand for oil caused by the development of the internal combustion engine has entirely changed the character of the industry and its remarkable growth has engendered the keenest kind of competition. Oil production has been diffused into thousands of hands and even the largest interests have had to share in the ups and downs of production and prices.

"Neither the oil itself nor the rate at which it shall be brought forth can be in the control of any single interest or group of interests."

#### Oil Output Shows Big Gain in Short Period.

During the two and a half years from January, 1920, to June, 1922, the United States and Mexico produced 1,600,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum. This was only 2.4 per cent. less than the total quantity produced in this country during the forty-seven years inter-

vening between the drilling of the first oil well in 1859 and 1906, the year in which the consumption of petroleum and its products began to show a marked increase.

In 1906 the domestic production of crude oil was only 127,000,000 barrels. The industry existed to fill the demands for a few million barrels of kerosene and lubricating oil. Gasoline was a by-product. Only about 8,000,000 barrels of it were produced.

Today the refineries of the United States could refine in sixty days the entire 1906 domestic production of crude oil. Gasoline, which is now the chief commercial product of crude, is being produced at the rate of 140,000,000 barrels a year.

#### Independent Output Gains.

The total production of crude petroleum in the United States and Mexico last year was 659,000,000 barrels, of which independent interests produced about 80 per cent. The production of crude in the United States alone last year was 469,000,000 barrels, of which 76 per cent. was produced by independent interests.

#### First Oil Well Was Drilled 63 Years Ago.

The first oil well in this country was brought in sixty-three years ago by Colonel

Edwin L. Drake, near Titusville, Pennsylvania. It was only sixty-nine feet deep, but it marked the beginning of an epoch, the importance of which has only begun to be realized.

The demand for oil created by the development of the internal combustion engine has so stimulated the growth of the industry that there are today, according to estimates by the American Petroleum Institute, about 275,000 producing wells in this country.

Production has increased from the negligible quantity obtained in 1859 from Colonel Drake's little well to an output last year of 469,639,000 barrels in this country alone.

On January 1st the oil refineries east of the Rocky Mountains could handle 1,789,440 barrels of crude oil per day. Of these, the refineries in the Mid-Continent field, in Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, and Louisiana, had a total daily capacity of 956,060 barrels, or 53.4 per cent. of the total.

The quantity of gasoline available in refinery storage on June 1st was eighty-two gallons for each of the 10,448,632 automobiles registered on January 1st, as against an average of eighty-seven gallons for each automobile registered on January 1st of the four previous years.

## Complete Banking Service

- 1- Commercial
- 2- Savings
- 3- Trust

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**Central Savings Bank**  
14th & Broadway

Savings Branch: 49th & Telegraph  
OAKLAND, CAL.

## G. W. McNEAR

INCORPORATED

Insurance Exchange Building

433 CALIFORNIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

## General Shipping Merchants

Importers and Exporters

ALL KINDS OF

## MERCHANDISE

BARLEY AND WHEAT  
A SPECIALTY

## Rounding out 20 years

of corporate life, the American National Bank presents the evidence that it has rendered an appreciated banking service:

#### DEPOSITS

September 15, 1902, - \$ 1,374,000  
September 15, 1922, - 17,952,000

Those who seek the aid and counsel of a bank that hews to the line of prudent banking service find here a helpful—and a considerate—performance of that function.

Commercial Foreign Exchange  
Time Deposit  
Safe Deposit Investment

**American National Bank**  
of San Francisco

California and Montgomery Streets

## THE SUMITOMO BANK, LTD.

Head Office: Osaka, Japan

**BARON K. SUMITOMO, President**

|                            |   |                |
|----------------------------|---|----------------|
| Capital Paid up.....       |  | yen 50,000,000 |
| Reserve Fund.....          |   | " 22,000,000   |
| Deposits (June, 1922)..... |   | " 340,000,000  |

#### SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH

315-325 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

M. KAWAKATSU, Manager

#### HOME OFFICES

Osaka Tokyo Yokohama Nagoya Kyoto Kobe  
Hiroshima Shimonoseki Moji Hakata Kureme

FOREIGN BRANCHES: New York, London, Shanghai, Hankow, Bombay

This Bank buys, sells and receives for collection drafts and telegraphic transfers; issues Commercial and Travelers' Letters of Credit available in all important parts of the world.



## INSURANCE THE BASIS OF CREDIT.

**San Francisco is the Recognized Insurance Centre of the Pacific Coast States.**

By WAYLAND DUNHAM  
Of Henley & Scott.

Because the philosophy of, and reason for, the co-insurance clause is so many times misunderstood the following is given with the hope of making this important feature of the insurance business a little more clear.

A risk in which a fire may occur and not occasion a total loss should be eligible to co-insurance, and where a chance of total loss is small, the highest credits should be given; but where there is a large possibility of a total loss, should a fire occur, no co-insurance credits are warranted.

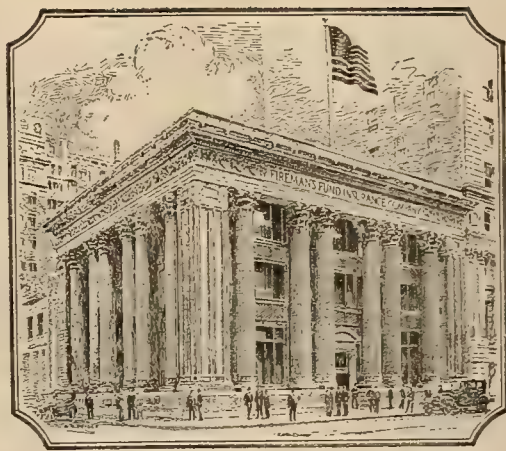
Fireproof buildings are less liable to total loss than brick buildings; consequently the credit is higher, and, as brick buildings are less liable to total loss than frame buildings, so the credits are larger. Buildings in a town having water works protection are less liable to sustain a total loss than buildings in an unprotected town; therefore the resulting credit.

It is quite perceptible that buildings are less damageable than stocks of goods and are less liable to be a total loss in case of fire, so the credits are higher for buildings than for contents; for example, a large number of fires occurring in brick buildings in protected towns are extinguished with a loss ranging from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. on buildings and from 30 per cent. to 70 per cent. on contents. If a company should write a policy on a brick building, covering 40 per cent. of the value they would most likely pay a large, or the full amount if a fire occurred; but if they wrote a policy for the same building but covered 80 per cent. of the value they would receive twice the amount of premium, with considerable less probability of sustaining a total loss; thus making it possible for a company to carry a large per cent. of value at a lower rate. Without the co-insurance credits, the rates would be much cheaper in proportion to the indemnity assumed when a policy covered but 40 per cent. of the value than it would if 80 per cent. were covered.

The published rate is not the real rate of the building, but reflects the possibility of either large or small loss, and must be sufficient to cover a small policy on a large value risk in which any fire would be almost sure to create damage to the extent of the policy.

The chance of a fire starting in a protected town is nearly as great as it is in an unprotected town, but when a town is equipped with good fire protection the chance of heavy loss is materially reduced and there should be considerable reduction in the rate when applied to large percentage values. The difference is covered by co-insurance credits. The real rate of any risk is the result obtained after the largest co-insurance credit applicable is deducted: for example, a fireproof building occupied as a dry goods store was valued at \$100,000. The rate was established without co-insurance and the owner wrote insurance covering \$10,000, or 10 per cent. of the value of the building. A fire started in the drapery department and in a short time the inflammable stock on that floor was on fire, but on account of the construction of the building and the proper kind of fire protection, the fire was confined to one floor, and while there was a large smoke and water damage to the stock of goods on the other floors, the damage to the building was confined to the floor on which the fire started, and amounted to approximately \$7000. When a new policy was written it covered \$90,000 and a 90 per cent. clause attached, at a considerably reduced rate. At this rate the companies would rather carry the large value policy than they would the small value policy at the higher rate. Thus we see that the higher rate is not the real rate of the building, the real rate being the result after the 90 per cent. co-insurance credit has been deducted.

In consideration of the acceptance by the assured of the reduced rate average clause, the various credits are allowed in accordance with the building construction. But often this acceptance is made with a vague idea in the mind of the assured as to the real requirements and workings of the clause. In an attempt to clarify this matter may we take as a specific example a building valued at \$10,000. The 90 per cent. reduced rate average clause is attached and the assured lives strictly up to his contract and carries \$2000 insurance. A \$9000 loss occurs and of course he is reimbursed the full amount. Were the loss over \$9000 he would not be able to realize more than the face value of



### *Why the Fireman's Fund for San Franciscans*

The Fireman's Fund has achieved a record of stability unsurpassed by any insurance company.

Furthermore, there is no company that offers better insurance facilities for San Francisco property owners, merchants, shippers and automobile owners than the Fireman's Fund.

Finally, the Fireman's Fund is a San Franciscan, born and bred.

*Ask your broker to place  
your insurance in the  
Fireman's Fund*

*Fire • Automobile and Marine Insurance*

**FIREMAN'S FUND**  
INSURANCE COMPANY



The Company's New Building, San Francisco

**PACIFIC COAST BRANCH**  
**California-Commercial Union Building**  
**San Francisco**

C. J. HOLMAN, Manager

R. C. MEDCRAFT, Asst. Manager

**COMMERCIAL UNION**  
**ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited**  
of London

Assets . \$14,284,938.66

**PALATINE**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited**  
of London

Assets . . \$5,240,131.94

**UNION**  
**ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Limited**  
of London

Assets . . \$2,959,136.70

**COMMERCIAL UNION**  
**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
of New York

Assets . . \$2,041,214.23

Hand in Hand Underwriters of the  
**COMMERCIAL UNION**  
**ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited**  
of London

Assets . \$14,284,938.66



his policy. In other words the reduced rate average clause has no effect whatever when insurance is carried to the amount of or exceeding 90 per cent. of the value of the risk; that is, insurance pays the entire loss not exceeding the amount of the policy.

The clause has no effect whatever when the loss equals or exceeds 90 per cent. of value, no matter what the insurance is. In this case, also, insurance pays entire loss not exceeding amount of policy. For example, the building valued at \$10,000 having the 90 per cent. R. R. A. C. attached is insured for only \$6000; a fire follows with a \$9000 loss; insurance pays \$6000, being the face value.

When both insurance and the loss fall below 90 per cent. of the value the assured becomes a contributor (that is, stands as an insurance company) to the amount of the difference between 90 per cent. of the value and the actual insurance in force at the time of the fire. For example, a policy for \$7000 is written with a 90 per cent. clause on a \$10,000 risk. The loss from fire is \$5000. Ninety per cent. of the value is \$9000; insurance being \$2000 less than this sum, the

owner is the contributor to that amount and contributes to the loss in such proportion. In other words, the insurance pays only seven-ninths of loss (\$5000) or \$3889, while the owner contributes two-ninths of the loss, or \$1111; which is his penalty for not abiding by his contract.

It has been estimated that of the thirty million fire insurance policies issued annually in America probably less than 1 per cent. have been carefully read and checked by the assured. People who spend hours going over the phrasing of their deeds and leases, business men who scrutinize even the punctuation of their other contracts, throw all far-sightedness aside and accept with blind faith their insurance policies.

During the year of 1921 records shows that a fire insurance claim was paid on the average of every ninety seconds. These policy contracts were put into operation without a moment's warning and they operated on terms and conditions stated in their text. Doubtless in many instances the assured awakened to the fact that there were items in his contract which he did not know existed, certain

## Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company

OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



The Springfield is not only the largest Fire Insurance Company chartered by the State of Massachusetts, but stands among the ten largest and strongest American Fire Insurance Companies. Losses paid since organization, \$92,012,665.56—including \$1,639,-063.39 paid on account of the San Francisco conflagration in 1906.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT  
225 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

GEO. W. DORNIN, Manager

JOHN C. DORNIN, Assistant Manager

## Atlas Assurance Co., Ltd.

OF LONDON

Established 1808

STATEMENT JAN. 1, 1922

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Total Security for Policy-Holders..... | \$39,736,390.32 |
| Total U. S. Assets.....                | 5,440,809.02    |
| Total U. S. Surplus.....               | 1,434,751.54    |

Policies are issued against the following hazards:

FIRE - AUTOMOBILE - RIOT and CIVIL COMMOTION  
EXPLOSION - TORNADO - RENTS - EARTHQUAKE  
USE and OCCUPANCY PROFITS

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH  
100 Sansome Street, San Francisco

FRANK J. DEVLIN, Manager

T. H. PALACHE, Asst. Manager



## THE AFFILIATED AETNA COMPANIES

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
AETNA CASUALTY & SURETY COMPANY  
AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY  
of Hartford, Conn.

Combined Assets : : : \$219,147,414

## THE LARGEST INSURANCE ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

Writing Life, Accident, Health, Liability,  
Compensation, Fire, Marine and Automobile  
Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds.

J. R. MOLONY

Manager Western Branch Office  
333 Pine Street :: San Francisco

H. H. SCOTT

BARCLAY HENLEY, Jr.

## HENLEY & SCOTT

Pacific Coast Managers

Western Assurance Company.  
British America Assurance Company.  
British General Insurance Co., Ltd., of London, England.  
The Tokio Marine and Fire Insurance Co.  
Empire State Underwriters of the Agricultural Ins. Co.

Phones: Sutter 261 : Sutter 262

201 Sansome Street :: :: San Francisco, Cal.

J. H. VREELAND

U. S. Manager

## Scottish Union & National Insurance Company

ESTABLISHED 1824

ENTERED UNITED STATES 1880

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Net Losses Paid in United States.....       | \$41,011,605.95 |
| Total Admitted Assets in United States..... | 8,443,500.69    |
| Total Liabilities in United States.....     | 4,534,119.91    |
| Surplus to United States Policyholders..... | 3,909,380.78    |

SAN FRANCISCO DEPARTMENT  
201 SANSOME STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO

H. W. FORES, General Agent



obligations that he automatically assumed on accepting his policy; important points of which he had no knowledge because he neglected to read and understand his policy. In many instances he has even discovered that he has been paying for protection that did not exist because unwittingly he has destroyed it. The sad part of the matter is that such awakenings seldom occur until after the fire.

Many people hide behind the alibi that fire insurance policies are prescribed by law. It is true that neither the agent nor his company is responsible for the 200 lines of technical language in the policy's provisions or for the phrasing of the contract proper and additional clauses. They are firmly fixed; their phraseology has come down to us as a result of prolonged legislation; but the fact remains that there is responsibility assumed by both sides, the carrying out of which may be of vital importance in the payment of any loss.

A fire insurance policy is divided into two distinct sections; first, the contract, and second, stipulations and conditions. The contract is quite clear, and if the blanks are properly filled in should cause no trouble, as it merely defines the amount of liability assumed under definite limitations. On the reverse side of the policy are itemized stipulations and conditions under which the policy operates. Lines 32 to 35 define property which is not covered by the policy, such as accounts, bills, currency, etc. Lines 36 to 43, the hazards not included in the coverage, as: invasion, insurrection, civil war, riot, etc.; or the further depreciation of property at or after a fire as a result of negligence by the assured. Matters voiding the policy are

itemized in Lines 44 to 52, which include: concealment or misrepresentation, fraud or false swearing, and unless otherwise provided by an agreement endorsed on the policy, if there is additional insurance, if the interest is other than unconditional, if the building is on leased ground, if foreclosure proceedings be started or if the policy be assigned before a loss. Lines 53 to 67 outline various features which would suspend insurance unless otherwise provided for by an agreement endorsed on the policy. These include: increase in hazard, or if a manufacturing establishment operates overtime, vacancy or shutdown, extraordinary alterations and repairs, generation of illuminating gas, storage of explosives or extra hazardous articles, or the change of ownership other than by death. Additional contract stipulations in Lines 68 to 73 defines the relation of a chattel mortgage to insurance, states that if any material part of a building fall the insurance shall immediately cease, and even after the fire there are duties for the individual to perform. He must give written notice to the company without unnecessary delay, he must protect his property from further damage and within sixty days after the commencement of the fire file with the company proofs of loss signed and sworn by himself.

Is it any wonder that the people of New York State, who have just completed a "Read Your Policy Week" are so astonished in the revelation of their ignorance that they are appealing to all the country to inaugurate a concentrated drive of enlightenment? It would certainly eliminate many grievances that daily arise between the company and the assured.

Garfield 3900  
**Rathbone, Dana & Seeley, Inc.**

Successors, Insurance Department  
**MACONDRAY & COMPANY**

|                        |                       |                        |
|------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| <b>332 Pine Street</b> | <b>General Agents</b> | <b>San Francisco</b>   |
| <b>FIRE</b>            | <b>MARINE</b>         | <b>AUTOMOBILE</b>      |
| CENTURY INS. CO., LTD. | SEA INS. CO., LTD.    | FEDERAL INS. CO., LTD. |
|                        | MARINE INS. CO., LTD. |                        |
|                        | FEDERAL INS. CO.      |                        |

**The OCEAN** Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited

Pacific Coast Branch, San Francisco, California

WILLIAM J. GARDNER, Manager



|                               |                        |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| <b>Workman's Compensation</b> | <b>Fidelity Bonds</b>  |
| <b>Public Liability</b>       | <b>Plate Glass</b>     |
| <b>Automobile</b>             | <b>Burglary</b>        |
| <b>Accident—Health</b>        | <b>Elevator</b>        |
| <b>Boiler—Fly Wheel</b>       | <b>Engine Breakage</b> |

OFFERS EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES TO LIVE AGENTS

|   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <b>E. H. Porter</b><br>Resident Manager<br>Los Angeles Office<br>724 So. Spring St. | <b>M. R. Johnson</b><br>Resident Manager<br>San Francisco Office<br>315 Montgomery St. | <b>Herbert N. Neale</b><br>General Agent<br>Spreckels Bldg.<br>San Diego |
|---|--|--|

|   |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|---|
| <b>Gerlinger-Richards &amp; Co.</b><br>General Agents<br>Northwestern Bank<br>Bldg., Portland | <b>Smith &amp; Clise, Inc.</b><br>General Agents<br>701 White Bldg.<br>Seattle | <b>McCrea &amp; Merryweather</b><br>General Agents<br>N. 3 Howard St.<br>Spokane | <b>F. H. Sweetland &amp; Co.</b><br>General Agents<br>Perkins Bldg.<br>Tacoma |
|---|--|--|---|

**REPUBLIC UNDERWRITERS**

POLICIES UNDERWRITTEN BY THE

**Republic (Fire) Insurance Co.**

OF DALLAS : TEXAS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT—JANUARY 1, 1922

ASSETS.

|  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| First Mortgage Loans.....                      | \$3,195,805.06        |
| Stocks and Bonds.....                          | 56,544.78             |
| Collateral Loans.....                          | 2,450.00              |
| Cash in Banks and in Office.....               | 272,535.55            |
| Cash in Agents' Hands and Agency Balances..... | 265,078.12            |
| Due from Other Companies.....                  | 47,537.07             |
| Interest Accrued.....                          | 84,216.26             |
| Other Assets.....                              | 2,228.67              |
| Home Office Building and Grounds.....          | 24,000.00             |
|  | <b>\$3,950,395.51</b> |

LIABILITIES.

|                                       |                       |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Cash Capital.....                     | \$1,000,000.00        |
| Premium Reserve Fund.....             | 1,403,555.83          |
| Reserve for Losses Incurred.....      | 229,156.73            |
| Reserve for Reinsurance Balances..... | 49,917.88             |
| Reserve for Contingencies.....        | 250,000.00            |
| Net Surplus.....                      | 1,017,765.07          |
|                                       | <b>\$3,950,395.51</b> |

CHAS. R. WATSON, State Agent, 369 Pine Street. Telephone Sutter 851.  
CHAS. M. HACKMEIER, Manager City Department, San Francisco, Calif.

Fire  
Marine  
Earthquake  
Tornado  
Rents  
Sprinkler Leakage  
Explosion

Profits  
Leasehold Interest  
Automobile  
Automobile Liability  
Floaters  
Use and Occupancy  
Strike and Riot

**EDWARD BROWN & SONS**

GENERAL AGENTS

150-154 Sansome Street San Francisco, Cal.  
TELEPHONE SUTTER 7120

Agricultural Insurance Co.  
of Watertown, N. Y.

Hudson Ins. Co.  
of New York, N. Y.

Globe & Rutgers Fire Ins. Co.  
of New York, N. Y.

United States Lloyds, Inc.  
of New York, N. Y.

Svea Insurance Co.  
of Gothenburg, Sweden

Sea Insurance Co., Ltd.  
of Liverpool, Eng.

Globe Underwriters Agency  
of New York

Preferred Accident Ins. Co.  
of New York

ASSETS REPRESENTED: OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS

ESTABLISHED IN 1875

|                                  |            |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Fire                             | Automobile |
| Earthquake                       | Fire       |
| Rents                            | Theft      |
| Postal                           | Collision  |
| Use and Occupancy                | Liability  |
| Strike, Riot and Civil Commotion |            |

THE **LIVERPOOL**  
AND **LONDON**  
AND **GLOBE**  
Insurance Company Limited

Wherever modern civilization has exerted its influence, the LIVERPOOL AND LONDON & GLOBE has been a leader, and today is acknowledged to be a world-wide stabilizing force.

Pacific Department  
**444 CALIFORNIA STREET**



## BONDS—THEIR PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The Future of the Bond Business is Definite and Certain.

By J. L. LILIENTHAL  
Vice-President Freeman, Smith & Camp Company.

The war made it necessary to revise all existing text-books on bonds and bond investment. The time to rewrite them is not yet. The war chapter on finance is still unfinished, and the conclusion will not be reached until the numerous war debts have either become recognized as solvent obligations or have been definitely repudiated.

Much of the civilized world is wallowing in a mire of inflated fiat currency devoid of intrinsic value. Another fraction, with its currency depreciated far below its normal value, is suffering only in less degree. Of the great nations, only the United States and England are measurably balancing their budgets with their income and maintaining the value of their currency.

The bond business in the modern sense has no extensive past. In fact, the modern state, with its wide distribution of wealth, is a product of the last century. In olden times war was made by kings, who borrowed the wherewithal from their wealthy subjects, principally the bankers. If it pleased the sovereign to forget the debt he did so promptly, and if wise the creditor did not complain too loudly. Here is another parallel between the absolutism of tyrants and the dictatorship of the proletariat, as exemplified in Russia. Russia has definitely repudiated its public debt.

The past of the bond business as we know it is encompassed almost completely by the period starting with the American war of the rebellion. Government loans were raised in the North by popular subscription, and following the war came our greatest era of national expansion, with the development of railroads and the winning of the West. All these developments created a need for long-time loans. Most of this capital came from England and Continental Europe, but not a small volume of bond underwriting and syndication was developed in the United States. Followed the expansion of civic needs for public betterments, arranged for by the voting and issuance of bonds, and the gradual creation of standard forms of municipal bonds. The subject of municipal finance in itself is a separate branch of the bond business, and its literature is very extensive. Municipal bonds attract a special class of investors enjoying large incomes, because the government does not have power under the Constitution to tax the income from municipal bonds.

The present of the bond business may be said to date from the date of the beginning of our participation in the late war. Previously Americans in the mass did not know what bonds were. "Stocks and Bonds"—"Stocks and Bonds"—were invariably grouped in the public mind, and few had the knowledge to distinguish between them. The number of individual bond investors in the United States at the beginning of the war has been estimated by authorities at between 200,000 and 400,000. The latter figure is held by all to be very liberal. As a result of the educational campaigns carried on during the war there were sold Liberty and Victory bonds to more than ten million individuals. It was this leaven of knowledge that took bonds out of the category of the unknowable and demoniacal and made the bond business what it is today.

"Out of the progress of civilization, the expansion of industry, the increasing diversity, complication, and intimacy of human relationships, the necessity, and hence the reason for existence of our profession, have grown," said John A. Prescott, president of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, at the convention at Del Monte, upon assuming his office. "Through our activities the widely distributed savings of the people, valueless if left idle, of little force in uncoordinated units, are gathered into effective volume and brought to the place of greatest need or most beneficial use. The services we perform are as vital and valuable to modern civilization and progress as the functioning of any other essential agency of commerce. Ours is a useful, essential, and honorable profession."

This is about as terse and accurate a statement of the place in society of the investment banker as it would be possible to make. The important part that investment banking plays in our economic structure is scarcely realized unless one stops to think. Practically all our essential utilities depend, directly or indirectly, for their existence on the sale of bonds. The irrigation of lands, by means of which our food is produced, is made possible by sale of irrigation bonds. The water we drink reaches us through reservoirs and mains and distributing pipes constructed by means of bond issues. The gas that cooks our food, the electricity that lights our table, come to us because it was possible to sell bonds to pay for the generating plants. If we look to our business on a street-car a fraction of the nickel we pay goes for bond in-

terest. If we drive our own motor chances are it was produced in a factory erected from proceeds of bonds. The streets and bridges over which we drive were built from bonds, and probably the building in which we have our office. We send our children to schools built with money raised from bonds. This idea might be pursued indefinitely.

While industry and business owe much to bonds, many inimical laws are in effect. California taxes its citizens the full property rate on securities they own, if such securities originated in other states. The effect of this is to cause hundreds of wealthy persons actually residing in California to maintain the legal fiction of residence in another state. This will be changed some time, but such changes come slowly.

The prime investment security of the world is United States Liberty Bonds. This is due to the overwhelming superiority of the credit of the United States. Liberty bonds are so "prime" that many investors can not afford to own them, as it is possible to obtain a much higher yield with safety. The question is often asked, What is the future of Liberty bonds? This can best be answered by comparison of prices of past issues of United States bonds. Due allowance should be made for term and special privileges of tax exemption or bank circulation.

United States 5s due in 1885 sold at 127 in 1865.

United States 6s due in 1881 sold at 123½ in 1873.

United States 4s due in 1907 sold at 130 in 1889.

United States 4s due in 1925 sold at 139½ in 1901.

A 3 per cent. basis for the fourth 4½s, figuring to the optional date of October 15, 1933, would be about 111½; on a 2½ per cent. basis about five points more. The premium would decrease about one point per annum on a 3 per cent. basis, as the bonds approached the optional period.

Soon after the beginning of the Spanish-American war in 1898 our government offered for sale \$200,000,000 3 per cent. bonds, which were oversubscribed seven and one-half times. This was equivalent to a subscription total of about \$1,400,000,000. The market price of bonds went to about 106 in three months, and later sold as high as 110¾.

In October, 1922, our government offered for subscription an issue of \$500,000,000 4½ per cent. bonds to refund maturing Victory bonds. Total subscriptions of \$1,500,000,000 were received. The price was not advanced on the market, due to the issue having been floated at a time of some unsettlement. There was some slight advance when the bonds first came out, but they quickly lapsed and accompanied the various issues of Liberty bonds in their slide below par. The question of what has caused Liberty bonds to decline has been the subject of much speculative inquiry, and the reasons given are various. Most important, perhaps, is the realization by large holders that the date of removal of income tax exemption from Liberty bonds is at hand. Therefore persons with large incomes are selling their Liberty bonds and presumably putting the proceeds into tax exempts. To help along the situation the big banks are selling, too.

Liberties are the bond barometer. When they go down the whole list accompanies them, and when Liberties advance other bonds go up, too. The banks have been trying to force up interest rates in the face of a small demand for money and largely increased deposits. There has been some advance, but it is not important. It is customary at this season for demands for loans to be heavy to finance crop movements, and it is usual for interest rates to advance. The people expect it and they pay the higher rates. This is another influence in the direction of lower bond prices.

At present the investment market trend is downward, as usual at this season of the year. Such things as a few hundred millions of money to be loosened up between now and February 1st are ignored. There is a very large sum of money to be available when the Victory bonds are called in December 15th. Only a comparatively small portion of Victory holdings were converted into the new loan. A very great aggregate sum of corporation bonds has been called for payment along through the early winter. They are being refunded for the most part with lower coupon rate bonds which have already been paid for, taking the money temporarily out of commercial channels to be held by trustee banks, to be released on the call dates of the bonds being redeemed. A few examples of this situation, making an aggregate of \$137,367,000, are Swift's \$40,000,000, Cudahy's \$12,000,000, Kansas City Power's \$17,000,000, Louisville Electric's \$14,000,000, Gulf Oil \$35,000,000, Consumers' Gas \$11,545,000, Mil-

## A Constructive Service Which a Natural Demand Has Built Up

*Of interest to Banking,  
Credit, General Business  
Institutions and the Public*

Our business is to build business bigger, and bigger business earns more profits and more prosperity distributed throughout the Country. We supply Manufacturers, Wholesalers and Dealers with active working capital through the purchase for cash of their Active Open Accounts, Notes, Acceptances, Instalment Sales and other forms of Credits Receivable—without disturbing their Customers or their business organizations, as we let them collect the Accounts.

Banks are not equipped to purchase and safeguard Accounts Receivable, because of the intangible nature of Open Accounts, and it would cost them probably more than it does us to do so, as we specialize in that line. Instalment a bankable asset. Banks can employ their funds sales also, because of their long terms, are hardly safer by buying our Collateral Trust Notes which carry the obligations of the original Debtor, the article as collateral or the guarantee of the Seller, and of our Company with an added reserve margin—practically four-name paper.

The major portion, therefore, of the Credits Receivable we purchase are of an unbankable nature and are burdensome for business concerns to carry with their own capital—notwithstanding the fact that many of our Customers are rated in excess of A MILLION DOLLARS.

The demand for our services has resulted in increases of our Capital from \$300,000, ten years ago, to over \$7,250,000 now—nearly *twenty-five times over*. Last year our combined volume was \$79,347,241.16, with no obligation on the part of our Customers to do business with us for a single day. If they can make more profit on our money than it costs them, why not sell Credits as well as merchandise and make two profits instead of one?

## Commercial Credit Co.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$11,100,000

BALTIMORE

SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: 433 California Street

Affiliated With

Commercial Acceptance Trust, Chicago; Commercial Credit Co., Inc., New Orleans; Continental Guaranty Corporation, New York-Toronto.

Represented in the Principal Cities

## Open Hearth Steel Castings

From one pound to 70,000 pounds each

**CARBON—MANGANESE—ALLOY**  
To Meet Any Recognized Specifications.

The Largest Steel Casting Manufacturers West  
of the Rockies

## COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY

Rolled Steel Bars—plain, round and square  
Round and Square Deformed for Concrete Reinforcing.

PLANTS AT

PITTSBURG,  
California

PORTLAND,  
Oregon

SALES OFFICE:

351 California Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF



waukee's \$7,822,000. There are numerous others of similar nature that will make up a very big total.

Between now and the first of January the government requires \$1,000,000,000 of new financing, and within six months \$3,300,000,000, which overshadows the market situation, but simply means a readjustment of the credits where they are now held. Big government financing is always temporarily disturbing, but with constantly easing credit conditions, government financing becomes less and less a disturbing factor.

Foreign bonds naturally declined first and most appreciably, and have been hammered down to prices comparative with those of 1917 for the low coupon rate bonds of that period, bringing yields up on the bonds of various of the great nations, to a return of close to 8½ per cent. to 9 per cent.

How long will it be possible for the reasoning investor, who took profits in our own Liberty bonds of seventeen to twenty points and as much or more in foreign issues, to withstand these investment opportunities in the bonds of great nations with hitherto unsullied financial reputation and with a record of perfect performance? The wise investor is taking advantage of the opportunity and his present number will become largely augmented as the ease of the money market becomes better known.

Whether or not money is easy is readily determinable by reference to the Federal Reserve Bank statements, which show that the necessity grows constantly greater for the Federal Reserve Bank to go into the open market to buy paper in order to make a living.

The Federal Reserve Bank is hard put to maintain a strong earnings basis. On October 19, 1921, its reserves reached the point of 17.3 per cent. and have since never fallen below that figure. On August 9, 1922, the Federal Reserve Bank reserve was 80.4 per cent., and on November 1, 1922, stood at 76 per cent. This is a remarkable contrast with the reserve ratio of 42.7 per cent. existing on October 15, 1920. These figures show whether or not the business of the country is in a boom stage and whether or not the banks are undergoing an expansion strain warranting an uprise in interest rates and a depreciating investment market.

Just how quickly the investing public will get over its mental trouble and come into the market is problematical; whether it will be before or after the turn of the year is not for me to say. There is every reason why it should be soon.

I have been writing about the present aspects of bonds. The future of the bond business is definite and certain. It is true, perhaps, that the multitude still visualizes material wealth as gold and silver and paper money, but it is also true that every year a greater number is coming to regard wealth in terms of income—its true status. This is what makes the bond business.

F. A. Vanderlip was credited with the remark a few years ago that Americans are economic illiterates. This is a clever generalization with some foundation; but even since Vanderlip said it there has been an advance in the average information of the public on economic subjects. Blue sky laws have, however, been almost a complete failure as a protection to the general public from investment in worthless securities. More discussion is needed to reach uninformed and misinformed public opinion. Competent authorities have estimated that losses to the American public last year on account of the purchase of worthless securities were about \$1,000,000,000.

Newspapers and magazines gradually are giving more space to economics. Almost every newspaper of any pretensions publishes a daily financial page, and the best papers three or four. There are many columns of advertisements devoted to discussions of securities, and these are informative in themselves.

Bond dealers as a rule are merchants who buy for their own account and sell to investors and the public. They are not brokers, in that they do not buy or sell on commission. They deal in bonds and not in stocks.

It is hard to conceive of an organized business world without investment bankers. Large business enterprise leans on them very heavily. Some political statesmen suggested recently that railroads should sell their securities directly to the public instead of underwriting them with investment bankers. It can't be done. Investors do not buy securities voluntarily, except in rare instances. They would not buy them from the railroads. The investment banker performs a definite function, standing between the borrower and the final lender. Much of the character given to specific securities is a reflection of the character of the house that underwrites them. How would an investor know the particulars of the security behind a given issue of bonds unless he could have the word of a reputable house of investment bankers, after investigation, that this and that were so?

Cities, counties, and states have often tried to sell their own bonds. Invariably they have failed. These attempts are due, as a rule, to the circumstance that bids tendered for bonds are considered too low by the public officers

charged with selling them. So the bids are rejected and the officers announce that they will sell the bonds to investors over the counter, at par. Sometimes six or a dozen bonds are sold in the course of a week or two, and then after a time the public officials decide they will sell the bonds to bond dealers, as they should have done in the first place.

The future of the bond business, in volume and in importance, is certain. It affords a career for young men equal to that of any of the professions. As a rule it does not promise large fortune. Few have become very wealthy in the bond business, but it does promise a close relation to the real matters of moment in America, which are inextricably associated with business. No other business, not even commercial banking, is so close to the energy that makes the wheels go round. The bond business does not promise any immunity from work—quite the reverse—but those who devote their lives to it find a great satisfaction in their close association with progress and development of whatever nature. No one can charge an investment banker with being a non-producer. No other profession makes so many blades of grass grow where only one grew before!

The tendency in every direction is to place added safeguards to insure the security of bonds. There is also a widespread tendency to expand the uses of bond financing. Here in California we have seen investment bankers remove irrigation bonds from a list of discredited securities and make them the most popular and marketable in the land. Bonds are issued for drainage and diking of lands, for building of highways and bridges—for every conceivable purpose that connotes material human progress.

With the widening of intelligence and information and the growth of wealth of the country the future of the bond business seems a very certain and tangible thing.

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## CALIFORNIA'S MINERAL INDUSTRY.

It Adds New Products Yearly to Its Supremacy in Platinum, Mercury and Gold.

By FLETCHER HAMILTON  
State Mineralogist.

The first recognition by the government of the great industry of mining for precious metals on the public domain of the United States was the Act of Congress of February 27, 1865. By that time mining had been carried on in California for a period of seventeen years with a yield of \$770,000,000 in virgin gold. Since the enactment of the mining law referred to almost one billion dollars has been added to the above figure, bringing the total gold production of the state from 1848 to 1921 inclusive to \$1,735,922,923.

California's mining interests are state-wide in physical extent; in their diversity of character and variety they are world-wide. Every county contributes to some extent toward the state's output, and over fifty different minerals, not including the many varieties of gem material or miscellaneous stone, are commercially produced.

The annual production figures for individual items, both metallic and non-metallic, vary considerably from year to year. Antimony, cadmium, tin, and tungsten are minerals the value of which ran into thousands for the first three and into the millions of dollars for the last that are not at present on the active list; on the other hand almost every year records the commercial production of one or more mineral products not heretofore mined. Iceland spar, used for optical purposes, was first mined here in 1920, and it is believed the deposit in Modoc County from which it came is the only one in the United States producing calcite of optical quality. In 1921 calcium chloride was placed on the production list for the first time.

Through these vicissitudes California has long maintained its lead as the premier gold producer of the country.

This state is the sole producer of borax, and it remained for many years the only domestic source of chromite and magnesite.

It leads all other states in the output of quicksilver, platinum, and petroleum.

The figures representing the annual production of all minerals in the state, except for minor decreases at rare intervals, have consistently increased for several decades. In 1921 the new wealth thus produced reached the enormous total of \$268,157,472. A net increase of \$26,057,805 over that of 1920. This total represents the value of the crude minerals or raw products, no refined derivatives being included.

The annual output of mineral products in California is exceeded in value only by that of three or four of the states, usually the great coal and iron producers east of the Mississippi.

In 1921 increases were recorded for petroleum, gold, silver, cement, crushed rock and natural gas. Minerals showing a decrease were copper, quicksilver, lead, several items in the industrial materials group and all of the products of the saline group, with one exception.

It is difficult to discuss briefly and intelligently an industry so important and at the same time so diversified. The mining industry lacks the well-organized "group" force that the agricultural industry enjoys, and the lay public is prone to overlook the part mining plays in the development of our daily life. Yet it is second only to agriculture in importance. Indeed agriculture would find itself in sorry plight without the aid of the products of the mine and quarries. The tractor and gang plow would become a crooked stick, transportation by rail and truck would be unknown, and concrete highways would revert to muddy trails. In fact, civilization as we know it today would be lost in darkness, literally and figuratively.

For reasons such as these the development of the state's mineral resources should be of as deep concern to the banker, lawyer, merchant and artisan as it is to those directly engaged in the industry, for it means the creation of new taxable wealth and a better and richer civilization.

Roughly classified, the commercial minerals of the state may be grouped as fuels, metals, structural materials, industrial materials, and salines. Each group will be briefly mentioned.

### FUELS.

The fuels, including coal, natural gas, and petroleum, are by far the state's most valuable mineral products, as measured by the dollar. Together they formed in 1921 nearly 78 per cent. of the state's entire mineral output.

Coal is known to exist in forty-three counties of the state. Many deposits with extensive surface showings have never had a pick driven into them. From their first discovery small commercial importance was attached to a majority of these deposits because the coal is usually low grade, of lignite or sub-bituminous variety, and better fuel has been readily available.

The earliest recorded discovery of coal in this state was in 1847, near the town of San Luis Obispo.

The date of the original discovery of coal in Alameda County is not known, but it was some time previous to 1857, as during that year a shaft one hundred feet deep existed at a point near the present town of Tesla, where a coal bed forty inches thick was exposed.

Coal production was a factor in the mineral industry of California from about 1860 to the early years of the present century, when competition with crude oil almost forced it off the market. As mentioned above, however, it will probably not be long before serious attention will again be given to the coal deposits, both developed and undeveloped.

The amount of coal remaining unmined is of course not absolutely known, but the United States Geological Survey has estimated that the total workable area in California is about 500 square miles and the original contents of all fields 1,000,000,000 short tons.

Total coal production to the end of 1921 has been 5,177,125 tons, equivalent to an exhaustion of approximately 7,000,000 tons, or 7 per cent. of the original supply.

The principal developed coal mines have been those north of Mt. Diablo, Contra Costa County; Corral Hollow, which lies on both sides of the divide between the Livermore Valley and the San Joaquin Valley, mostly in Alameda County; Ione field in the Sierra Nevada foothills, Amador County; Stone Cañon, Monterey County; and near Elnorino, at the eastern base of the Sierra de Santa Ana, Riverside County.

The first economic use of natural gas in California was made from the famous Court House well at Stockton, bored in 1854-1858.

The largest field of commercial importance thus far developed in California is in Western Kern County, followed by Orange, Los Angeles, Ventura and Santa Barbara. One hundred million cubic feet of gas is daily run into commercial gathering lines in Kern County alone. The new oil fields at Long Beach and Santa Fé Springs, in Los Angeles County, are showing up new gas resources. At present one company is selling from a single well eight million cubic feet per day under a casing pressure of 650 pounds per square inch and a tubing pressure of 450 pounds. This well is capable of producing twenty-five million feet per day, open flow. Another well of the same company is yielding five million cubic feet per day. Several counties produce gas not accompanied by oil, particularly Sacramento, San Joaquin, and the Tulare Lake district in Kings and Tulare counties.

Natural gases now being utilized range in heat value from 850 to 1200 B.T.U., which is considerably higher than that of manufactured gas. Over fifty plants are in operation in the state manufacturing gasoline from the gas accompanying the petroleum in the oil fields and during the past year 53,699,797 gallons of gasoline were obtained in this way. The usual recoveries are about one gallon of gasoline per 1000 cubic feet of gas.

The production of natural gas in 1921 was 67,043,797 thousand cubic feet, valued at \$4,704,678.

Petroleum, the largest single item on the list of California's mineral products, needs little comment. In spite of the fact that California is known, from its enormous production of the yellow metal, as the Golden State, for the past fifteen years the value of petroleum annually produced has exceeded that of the gold. In 1910 it was double, and by 1920 it was more than twelve times as great. Crude oil production in 1921 amounted to 112,599,860 barrels, valued at \$203,138,225. The leading counties contributing to this total are Kern, Orange, Los Angeles, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Ventura. The total value of petroleum produced from the inception of the industry to the end of 1921, though well over one billion dollars, does not as yet exceed the total gold production. Proved oil lands of the state now total 109,214 acres.

### METALS.

Thirty-one of the fifty-eight counties of the state were on the gold-producing list the last year. Yuba, Nevada, Amador, Sacramento, Calaveras, Sierra, Butte, Trinity, Mariposa, Shasta and San Bernardino were the leading counties in the order named.

The 1921 production of \$15,704,822, though less than that of every year, with one exception, since 1900, was more than twice that of any other state in the Union, including Alaska.

The output is about equally divided between the placer mines and the deep or lode mines. In 1921, due largely to dredge operations, the production of gold from the placer

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mines exceeded for the first time since hydraulic mining has been restricted that of the quartz mines. Thirty-five dredges were in operation the past year. Incidentally dredge operations have led to the erection of large rock-crushing plants.

Following gold, the most important metals are copper, silver, quicksilver, platinum, lead, zinc, manganese ore and iron ore. Other metals that have been produced commercially include antimony, cadmium, molybdenum, tin and tungsten. Deposits of nickel and vanadium are known, but to date these metals have not been produced.

Copper has long been second to gold; the principal copper districts being the Shasta County belt, the Coast Range deposits, the Sierra Nevada belt, extending from Plumas County on the north to Kern on the south; the eastern belt in Mono and Inyo counties, and the southern belt in San Bernardino, Riverside, and San Diego counties. Over 98 per cent. of the state's 1921 production of 12,088,053 pounds came from Plumas County.

Silver has usually been found in California associated with gold, copper, lead and zinc ores, but in the Randsburg district, San Bernardino County, a distinct silver camp has been developed in the last two years with a production record that placed the value of silver produced in 1921 ahead of that of copper.

This district has the unique distinction of having been first a gold producer, later during the war the principal tungsten mining district of the state, and more recently of being a phenomenal silver camp. The production of silver from San Bernardino County alone amounted to 3,210,706 ounces in 1921, valued at approximately \$1 per ounce.

Quicksilver was one of the first metals mined in California, operations at the New Almaden mine in Santa Clara County dating back to 1824. Total production from 1850 to 1921 inclusive has amounted to 2,188,984 flasks, valued at \$106,841,606, and represents approximately 75 per cent. of the nation's output.

Iron ores are known in Shasta, Madera, Placer, Riverside, San Bernardino and a number of other counties, but no cheap coke has been available in the state, and economic conditions have not been favorable for the development of an iron-smelting industry. Production has been nominal. This is not due to any lack of ore, and the development of a steel industry on this Coast in the near future is within the range of possibilities.

**STRUCTURAL MATERIALS.**  
The mineral substances in this group are those more or less directly used in building or structural work. The total value of the products of this branch of the industry in 1921 was \$33,477,100. Fifty-five counties contribute to the structural materials list. The largest single item is cement, which amounted to 7,404,221 barrels in 1921, valued at \$18,072,120. Other minerals in this group are asphalt and bituminous rock, brick and tile, chromite, granite, lime, magnesite, marble, onyx and travertine, sandstone, serpentine, slate and miscellaneous stone, including paving blocks, grinding-mill pebbles, sand and gravel, and crushed rock. California is independent as far as these minerals are concerned.

**INDUSTRIAL MATERIALS.**  
The mining of the industrial materials, like that of the structural group, is carried on without the romantic background associated with precious metal mining. They are as yet produced on a comparatively small scale, and in the majority of instances for local markets only. The demand for many of these products is growing rapidly, however, and there are many possibilities of development in the industrial materials branch of the industry.

The minerals considered under this heading are largely mineral earths and substances used in various chemical industries and manufacturing processes, not clearly belonging to the other four subdivisions. It includes asbestos, barytes, pottery clay, dolomite, feldspar, Fuller's earth, gems, graphite, gypsum, infusorial and diatomaceous earths, limestone, lithia, mineral water, pumice and volcanic ash, pyrites, silica, soapstone and talc.

Without going into details, a realization of the wide use made of these materials may be formed by glancing at the following list of industries into which a few of them enter.

Asbestos is used in making steam packing, furnace linings, asbestos brick, wall plasters, paints, tiling, asbestos board, shingles, insulating materials, stuccos, and in the manufacture of fireproof cloth, brake linings, rope, etc.

Barytes is used in the manufacture of lithopone, in tanning leather, in making lineoum, paper and rope, and in sugar refining.

Besides its use in pottery ware, clay enters into the manufacture of paper, cotton goods, and various chemicals. Some clays are used extensively in soap manufacture.

Dolomite is used as a refractory lining for steel furnaces and for its carbonic acid gas and magnesia; as a flux in smelting and in the making of paper.

Vegetable and mineral oils are filtered and clarified by the use of Fuller's earth.

Infusorial and diatomaceous earths enter into the manufacture of scouring soaps and

polishing powders. They are used in making refractory brick for insulating against both heat and cold. They are used for making phonograph records, and in various pigments, also as a paper filler and in making sealing wax, fireworks, hard-rubber objects, matches, tooth pastes, papier maché, and in the chemical industry.

A complete list of all the industries dependent upon the industrial minerals would be a very large one.

Of one item alone, pottery clay, thirty-six counties made some production in 1921. The leading minerals of this group thus far exploited are limestone, mineral water, pyrite, pottery clays, diatomaceous earth and dolomite. Industrial minerals mined in 1921 were valued at \$2,675,438.

**SALINES.**  
Salines produced in California include borax, common salt, soda, potash and other alkaline salts.

Imperial, Inyo, Kern, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Luis Obispo counties comprise the area containing the principal saline resources.

Most of the common salt produced is obtained by the evaporation of sea water at plants located in San Francisco Bay, San Diego Bay, and at Long Beach. Borax and salt have been produced since the early 'sixties; soda since 1894; and more recently potash, magnesium chloride and sulphate, and calcium chloride. With the exception of the last, all the minerals of the saline group showed a decrease in 1921 in the value of output, especially borax, potash, and soda, the total production for the past year totaling \$2,887,354, compared to over six and a half million for 1920.

As a side light on the mineral industry of the state and an index of its permanency and importance a glance at the geographical classification of the professional directory of engineers, which appears in the leading mining journal of the country, is illuminating.

New York alone exceeds California in the number of professional men listed, and the number in California exceeds those in Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon and Utah combined.

According to the Industrial Accident Commission there were employed in the mines, dredgers, quarries, cement and brick plants approximately 13,000 men during 1921, and about 25,000 men in the oil fields, exclusive of refineries, making a total of 38,000 men employed in the mineral industries of California last year.

These authentic figures and records furnish a background from which no other than an optimistic view of the future of the mining industry can be drawn, and it is evident that with proper development the mineral resources of the state are capable of contributing, almost indefinitely and in ever-growing variety and amount, to the comfort and enjoyment, wealth and prosperity of the state and nation.

The oil refining industry always accumulates a stock of gasoline in the winter and early spring in order to take care of the heavy summer demand. During the first five months of this year the unsold accumulation amounted to 11.8 per cent. of the total production for that period.

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CALIFORNIA OIL IN 1923.

Big Production, Foreign Shipments, and Increased Reserves Are New Factors Upsetting Calculations.

By M. E. LOMBARDI.

The fascination of the oil business, especially that part which deals with the production and sale of crude oil, lies in the fact that it is essentially uncertain. Its uncertainties were never more clearly demonstrated than during the year now drawing to a close. The general course of the business during 1921 might have been very accurately predicted at the end of 1920, but its course during 1922, especially in California, could not have been predicted in 1921. The year just past has been surprising and disconcerting to the would-be prophet. In a year of generally maintained or slightly rising wholesale commodity prices we have had two cuts in the price of crude oil and one in gasoline (I refer now to California only). In a year of increasing consumption, occasioned by the general revival of industry, we have had a large addition to oil placed in storage. In a year during which it was expected that the older proven fields would have to produce their utmost to supply the demand, we have seen the older fields slow up in development work and shut down hundreds of producing wells. And most surprising of all we have seen California oil shipped away from the Pacific Coast, its usual market, to the Eastern seaboard and even to Europe, via the Canal, sailing past the hitherto very prolific fields of Mexico.

All these surprising things were occasioned, of course, by a surplus of oil. This surplus was occasioned by the rapid development of three remarkably rich areas in Southern California—Huntington Beach, Long Beach, and Santa Fé Springs. All of these areas were proved to be oil-bearing previous to 1922, and Huntington Beach development was well under way a year ago. But the big increase in production came during the past year and the end of this movement is not yet in sight.

Statistics reflecting the trend of production, consumption, refining and other information which can be reduced to figures are given, with comments, at the end of this article, and the reader is invited to peruse them and perhaps draw some conclusions for himself. First, however, I will endeavor to point out some of the high lights of the business.

Broadly the oil industry is of two parts:

first, the production of crude oil, and, second, its refining and distribution to the public. There are many more producers of oil than there are refiners and distributors, though many of the large companies carry on both functions. The basis of the industry is the production of the crude; therein lies enormous and quickly convertible wealth, and therein also lie the uncertainties of the industry and the chance to conserve or squander the material wealth of the state. Refining is akin to manufacturing. It can go on forever as long as the raw material can be bought. If sufficient crude oil is not produced within the state it can be brought in. But the business of producing oil stops with the exhaustion of the state's oil resources—a large but unknown quantity—and it is therefore with mixed feelings that some producers view the present overproduction of oil in California.

At the beginning of this year field operations were just recovering from the effects of the so-called oil workers' strike of the fall of 1921. Most of the wells were on production again and although the supply was somewhat greater than the demand it was anticipated that business would be good in 1922. The price of oil in January was on a basis of \$1.10 per barrel for crude at the well of 17.9° gravity or less. Costs of production and development were on a satisfactory basis. Wholesale commodity prices showed a tendency to rise and, assuming that the experienced operators would not overdevelop their holdings, there was no reason to expect radical reductions in the price of crude oil. In January production was 316,000 barrels per day.

About this time, however, two factors tending to increase drilling began to be felt. The first was the decision of the government to lease and require development of its holdings in the Elk Hills and Buena Vista Hills in Kern County (Naval Reserves Nos. 1 and 2). This move caused the production of at least 25,000 barrels per day which would otherwise have remained in the ground. It is but fair to say that, later, when the overproduction from the new southern fields became apparent, the government wisely allowed its lessees to

reduce their drilling and shut in some wells.

The second factor tending to force production was the opening of Long Beach, Santa Fé Springs, and the deeper sands at Huntington Beach. These fields are essentially different from the older San Joaquin Valley fields in the following respect. In the valley the land overlying the oil measures was desert land. That part which was owned by citizens was in large blocks, but most of it was unappropriated government land or railroad grant land in blocks of one square mile each. The result was that the surface was acquired by oil men for oil purposes and in comparatively large lots—say forty acres or more.

In the case of the new southern fields, however, the surface of the land was divided into small holdings, small farms and even town lots. Sometimes these small holdings were consolidated by the large companies, who were first in the field, into leases of normal size, but too often each lot was converted into an

generally the case in California while the bulk of production came from the valley and the old coast fields.

But the picture is not without its darker side also. The availability of small holdings of rich oil land attracted to our midst the well-trained stock company promoter from the Mid-Continent and Texas fields, who later developed into the "Unit Seller." These gentlemen scatter broadcast the opportunity to invest small amounts of money in oil. The probable profit on an acre is divided into infinitesimal parts and these parts sold for substantial sums. The buyer loses, unless a near miracle occurs, but the promoter is enabled to pay enormous prices for the land or the lease; thus preventing conservative operators from securing land at legitimate prices. Cases are known where land was leased at 50 per cent. royalty besides a princely bonus of several thousand dollars per acre.

By May of this year the state's production

| PRODUCTION BY FIELDS—CALIFORNIA. |             |                        |                                  |
|----------------------------------|-------------|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Field.                           | 1921.       | 1922.                  | 1922 (est.)                      |
| Kern River                       | 7,456,515   | 6,715,680              | 7,402,937                        |
| McKittrick                       | 2,607,240   | 2,056,101              | 2,442,659                        |
| Midway-Sunset                    | 37,917,010  | 46,871,740             | 30,228,981                       |
| *Elk Hills                       |             |                        | 11,785,069                       |
| Lost Hills-Belridge              | 4,139,767   | 3,261,281              | 2,845,124                        |
| Coalinga                         | 15,464,198  | 12,340,637             | 9,325,946                        |
| Santa Maria                      | 5,928,060   | 5,563,324              | 3,889,551                        |
| Ventura-Newhall                  | 2,122,449   | 2,375,479              | 3,052,419                        |
| Los Angeles-Salt Lake            | 1,311,264   | 1,344,926              | 1,324,385                        |
| Whittier                         | 28,694,163  | 31,681,417             | 915,527                          |
| *Fullerton                       |             |                        | 6,142,571                        |
| *Coyote                          |             |                        | 7,187,911                        |
| *Santa Fé Springs                |             |                        | 9,383,616                        |
| *Montebello                      |             |                        | 6,911,617                        |
| *Richfield                       |             |                        | 8,413,092                        |
| Huntington-Newport               |             | 2,561,149              | 10,284,167                       |
| Long Beach                       |             |                        | 16,565,421                       |
| *Relondo                         |             |                        | 136,310                          |
| Summerland                       | 54,910      | 54,155                 | 54,461                           |
| Watsonville                      | 25,610      | 24,035                 | 23,127                           |
| Totals                           | 105,721,186 | 114,849,924            | 138,314,885                      |
| *Included in Sunset-Midway.      |             | †Included in Whittier. | ‡Included in Huntington-Newport. |

oil lease and the race for the precious and migratory fluid beneath was on. The inevitable result was overdrilling of the productive area, tremendous new production, great expenditure of capital with large profits and considerable losses.

An interesting and very satisfactory corollary, however, appears at this point. This great increase in wealth is largely staying at home. Californians right on the ground are sharing this wealth with the stockholders of the large oil companies. The population nearby is getting its share, through royalties, of the money made in oil. This has been the case in other states—notably Texas, where the wealth created through discovery and production of oil has been promptly reflected in the near-by communities. But it had not been

had risen to 357,000 barrels per day. Indicated consumption was at that time 287,000 barrels per day, or about 70,000 barrels per day was going into storage. At that time production for the three new southern fields was as follows:

|                          | Bbls. per day. |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| Huntington Beach-Newport | 23,500         |
| Long Beach               | 25,700         |
| Santa Fé Springs         | 9,300          |

Total.....57,500  
So that they were producing about 16 per cent. of the state's total.

New oil companies were being organized every day and several hundred new wells were being drilled. There was now no longer any doubt that the production of these fields would greatly increase during the summer

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and that the buying companies would be hard put to take care of the oil.

In October production of the state was 432,885 barrels per day, of which about 42,000 barrels per day was going into storage, the rest being consumed in the state or shipped outside of the state. The probabilities are that at that time some thousands of barrels per day were being shipped away from California's normal markets.

Of this October production the three new fields were supplying oil as follows:

|                          |        |
|--------------------------|--------|
|                          | Bbls.  |
| Huntington Beach-Newport | 41,000 |
| Long Beach               | 90,000 |
| Santa Fé Springs         | 59,000 |

Total.....190,000

So that they were supplying about 44 per cent. of the state's production. At this time some 70,000 barrels per day of old production was held "shut in," mostly in the valley and old coastal fields.

The latest figures available indicate that November production for the state will be about 460,000 barrels per day, and for these three fields:

|                          |         |                       |
|--------------------------|---------|-----------------------|
|                          | Bbls.   | No. of per day wells. |
| Huntington Beach-Newport | 64,000  | 190                   |
| Long Beach               | 111,000 | 125                   |
| Santa Fé Springs         | 89,000  | 62                    |

Total.....264,000 377

These fields, therefore, are supplying nearly 60 per cent. of the state's production at the present time.

The result was that during the summer of 1922 it became evident that a condition was developing which was quite similar to the one brought about by the Lakeview No. 1 gusher in 1910, i. e., a new production approximating 50 per cent. of the normal production was being dumped on the market without giving the marketing companies time to prepare for it and with no regard for demand. The inevitable reaction was a lowering of the price of crude oil. The base price at the well was reduced on July 15, 1922, from \$1.10 per barrel to 85 cents per barrel, and on July 25th to 60 cents per barrel where it now stands.

It was no doubt hoped that this 50-cent reduction would accomplish two things, i. e., slow up the new drilling and increase consumption. It entirely failed to slow up drilling in the new fields above mentioned, though it did slow it up in the older fields, except where the government insisted on drilling by its lessees, and it shut down a large number of the older pumping wells. Eventually the price cut also increased shipments, since California oil is now going to markets hitherto supplied largely by Mexican oil.

In this connection it is interesting to note

that competent engineers and geologists working under the direction of the American Petroleum Institute and the United States Geological Survey estimated the California oil situation as of July, 1921, as follows: Past

| PROVEN OIL LANDS—CALIFORNIA.<br>(Source—California State Mining Bureau Reports.) |        |        |        |
|--|--------|--------|--------|
| County.  | 1920.  | 1921.  | 1922.  |
| Fresno   | 12,924 | 14,232 | 14,356 |
| Kern   | 58,371 | 59,757 | 68,557 |
| Los Angeles  | 2,931  | 2,959  | 4,524  |
| Orange   | 3,879  | 4,666  | 7,163  |
| Ventura  | 2,172  | 2,878  | 3,940  |
| Santa Barbara  | 9,663  | 9,223  | 9,343  |
| San Luis Obispo  | 772    | 772    | 772    |
| Santa Clara  | 80     | 80     | 80     |

Totals.....91,792 94,567 108,735

Note—Kern County, where the Elk Hills field is located, shows the largest gain in proven lands. Next in order comes Orange County (Huntington Beach) and Los Angeles County (Santa Fé Springs and Long Beach). It is notable that the great increase in production has come from a comparatively small increase in proven land.

NUMBER OF PRODUCING WELLS AND AVERAGE DAILY PRODUCTION AS OF AUGUST—CALIFORNIA.

|                  | 1918. | 1919. | 1920. | 1921. | 1922.  |
|------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| Producing wells  | 8,340 | 8,948 | 9,434 | 9,972 | 10,424 |
| Average per well |       |       |       |       |        |
| per days, bbls.  | 34    | 31    | 31    | 32    | 33     |

Note—The figure for producing wells, August, 1922, indicates the number of wells capable of production. As a matter of fact only 9006 wells were actually producing owing to the number shut down on account of overproduction. The average production per well on this latter basis was 38.6 bbls. per day, showing an apparent gain over 1921, due to the uniformly large wells in the new southern fields.

| CRUDE OIL PRICES—CALIFORNIA.<br>(Source—Standard Oil Bulletins.) |        |       |      |      |       |      |          |          |      |
|--|--------|-------|------|------|-------|------|----------|----------|------|
| 1920.  |        |       |      |      | 1921. |      |          |          |      |
| Jan.   | March. | July. | Jan. | May. | Aug.  | Jan. | Jul. 15. | Jul. 25. |      |
| 14° to 17.9° Inc.  | 1.23   | 1.48  | 1.60 | 1.60 | 1.35  | 1.10 | 1.10     | .85      | .60  |
| 18° to 18.9° "   | 1.24   | 1.49  | 1.61 | 1.61 | 1.36  | 1.11 | 1.11     | .85      | .60  |
| 19° to 19.9° "   | 1.26   | 1.51  | 1.63 | 1.63 | 1.38  | 1.13 | 1.13     | .85      | .60  |
| 20° to 20.9° "   | 1.29   | 1.54  | 1.66 | 1.66 | 1.41  | 1.16 | 1.16     | .88      | .63  |
| 21° to 21.9° "   | 1.33   | 1.58  | 1.70 | 1.70 | 1.45  | 1.20 | 1.20     | .92      | .67  |
| 22° to 22.9° "   | 1.38   | 1.65  | 1.75 | 1.75 | 1.50  | 1.25 | 1.25     | .98      | .73  |
| 23° to 23.9° "   | 1.44   | 1.69  | 1.81 | 1.81 | 1.56  | 1.31 | 1.31     | 1.05     | .80  |
| 24° to 24.9° "   | 1.51   | 1.76  | 1.88 | 1.88 | 1.63  | 1.38 | 1.38     | 1.13     | .88  |
| 25° to 25.9° "   | 1.59   | 1.84  | 1.96 | 1.96 | 1.71  | 1.46 | 1.46     | 1.21     | .96  |
| 26° to 26.9° "   | 1.68   | 1.93  | 2.05 | 2.05 | 1.80  | 1.55 | 1.55     | 1.30     | 1.05 |
| For each increase in gravity for one full degree above           |        |       |      |      |       |      |          |          |      |
| 26° to 34.9° Inc. per bbl.                                       |        |       |      |      |       |      |          |          |      |
| additional   | .10    | .10   | .10  | .10  | .10   | .10  | .10      | .10      | .10  |
| 35° and above  | 2.58   | 2.83  | 2.95 | 2.95 | 2.70  | 2.45 | 2.45     | 2.20     | 1.95 |

production, 1,415,000,000 barrels; future production, 1,680,000,000 barrels; ultimate production, 3,095,000,000 barrels.

The belief was, at that time, that we had some ten to fifteen years' supply still to take out, assuming a reasonable rate of increase in consumption, and that in considerably less than ten years the daily rate at which oil

could be produced would not be sufficient to supply the state's daily requirements.

So often, however, have the pessimists been proven wrong in their prediction of a shortage

| AVERAGE PRODUCTION PER WELL PER DAY (SIX FIELDS) |       |
|--|-------|
| Old Fields.                                      | Bbls. |
| Coalinga   | 29    |
| Kern River                                       | 9     |
| Sunset-Midway                                    | 60    |
| New Fields.                                      |       |
| Santa Fé Springs                                 | 1200  |
| Huntington Beach                                 | 260   |
| Signal Hill                                      | 1000  |

The above comparison shows why a great many wells in the older fields have been shut down and illustrates the richness of the three new fields. On the other hand, costs of drilling in the new fields are very high, especially at Santa Fé Springs, where wells costing \$130,000 to \$150,000 are not unusual.

WELLS DRILLED DURING FIRST NINE MONTHS. (Source—Standard Oil Bulletins.)

| Field.                              | 1920. | 1921. | 1922. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| Kern River                          | 67    | 70    | 24    |
| McKittrick                          | 8     | 3     | 4     |
| Midway-Sunset (inc. Elk Hills)      | 223   | 223   | 204   |
| Lost Hills-Beiridge                 | 23    | 15    | 4     |
| Coalinga                            | 47    | 49    | 11    |
| Lompoc and Santa Maria              | 25    | 16    | 3     |
| Ventura County and Newhall          | 18    | 40    | 25    |
| Los Angeles and Salt Lake           | 7     | 5     |       |
| Whittier-Fullerton (inc. Richfield) | 96    | 126   | 68    |
| Huntington Beach                    | 40    | 270   |       |

Unfortunately Santa Fé Springs and Long Beach are not segregated in the above tabulation. Note that the bulk of the drilling in the first nine months of 1922 was in the Midway-Sunset-Elk Hills field (government leases) and in the new southern fields.

in former producing areas, and in function of the more prolific fields to supply these shortages.

The world war left us with a greatly augmented fleet of large and efficient tankers, so that the question of transportation for long distances by sea, as well as by pipe line and overland, is being rapidly solved. Therefore, it is uneconomical to contend that local deposits should be used locally only. It is the best thing for the oil business and for the wealth of the world to use our deposits as they are found and transport the oil from the places where it is plentiful to those places that need it. No better example of this can be found than the movement of oil through the canal in 1922. Previous to this year tremendously prolific wells in Mexico had led

DAILY AVERAGE PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF CRUDE OIL IN CALIFORNIA IN BARRELS.

| Month.    | Production. | Shipments. | Storage. |
|-----------|-------------|------------|----------|
| January   | 315,755     | 273,499    | 42,256   |
| February  | 324,267     | 303,977    | 20,290   |
| March     | 333,737     | 284,945    | 48,792   |
| April     | 341,077     | 271,487    | 69,590   |
| May       | 357,376     | 287,447    | 69,929   |
| June      | 355,274     | 306,186    | 49,088   |
| July      | 373,695     | 318,167    | 55,528   |
| August    | 382,221     | 299,000    | 83,221   |
| September | 406,838     | 340,600    | 66,238   |
| October   | 432,885     | 390,610    | 42,275   |
| November  | 460,000     | 415,275    | 44,725   |

Assuming that the figures for December will approximate those for November, the totals for the year 1922 will be: Production, 138,314,885; consumption and shipments, 118,882,029; put in storage, 19,432,856. This is a new high record in production. Total storage on November 1st was about \$7,500,000 bbls., which is not as great as the peak storage in May, 1915, when it was about 59,600,000 bbls. However, the 1915 storage was accumulated during the few years previous and consisted mostly of fuel oil below 20° B. gravity. The present storage consists of fuel oil in reservoirs, but also very largely of refinable crude in expensive steel tankage and also of a large quantity of tops, so that its value is much greater than the 1915 storage. This is because of the change in the quality of oil being produced in the state as illustrated by the next table.

CHANGE IN GRAVITY OF OIL PRODUCED IN CALIFORNIA, 1909-1922.

|      | Pct. under 20° B. | Pct. 20° B. and over. |
|------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1909 | 85                | 15                    |
| 1910 | 71                | 29                    |
| 1911 | 69                | 31                    |
| 1912 | 69                | 31                    |
| 1913 | 56                | 44                    |
| 1914 | 47                | 53                    |
| 1915 | 35                | 65                    |
| 1916 | 26                | 74                    |
| 1922 | 26                | 74                    |

producers to develop a very large fuel oil market in the industrial centres of the East. With this market developed, the Mexican supply began to fail during the past year, a temporary failure we hope, but at the same time the new fields in Southern California

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came into production and it was easy, with our improved tanker service, to take up the burden where Mexico left off, and keep the wheels of industry turning in the East; and this is as it should be.

During this year of intense and successful activity in producing oil the other division of the industry, refining and distributing, made noble efforts also. It was necessary to build new storage facilities of some twelve to fifteen million barrels capacity costing from 25 cents to 50 cents per barrel besides miles of pipe line gathering systems, all installed in record time. Besides additions to the older established refineries new companies are now being formed to go into the business, though it is to be hoped that expansion of refinery capacity will not be overdue as it was in some parts of the Texas and Mid-Continent fields during flush production times. The established refineries are giving us plenty of gasoline and improving their products. During the year it has been demonstrated that a California refinery can produce the peer of the world's best lubricants from our native oil, a notable scientific achievement right here at home.

The large buying companies were confronted with a difficult problem in handling the flood of oil offered from the new fields.

| NUMBER AND CAPACITIES OF REFINERIES IN CALIFORNIA. |             |                   |             |
|--|-------------|-------------------|-------------|
|  | 1920.       | January 1st 1921. | *1922.      |
| Number . . . . .                                   | 41          | 41                | 50          |
| Capacities (bbls.) . . . .                         | 320,000     | 313,000           | 335,000     |
| *To December 1st.                                  |             |                   |             |
| CRUDE OIL REFINED.                                 |             |                   |             |
|  | 1920.       | 1921.             | 1922 (est.) |
| Barrels . . . . .                                  | 76,000,000  | 85,800,000        | 96,000,000  |
| GASOLINE MANUFACTURED.                             |             |                   |             |
|  | 1920.       | 1921.             | 1922 (est.) |
| Gallons . . . . .                                  | 496,000,000 | 520,000,000       | 645,000,000 |
| Imports . . . . .                                  | 90,000,000  | 120,000,000       | 100,000,000 |
|  | 586,000,000 | 640,000,000       | 745,000,000 |

They did not hesitate to invest millions in handling facilities. Some of them even shut in their own wells in other fields to make room for oil offered by small producers. They took care of the flush production promptly and efficiently with a minimum loss to all concerned.

Briefly the outstanding feature of the oil industry in California in 1922 has been the quick development of the three very rich areas in Southern California. The most important effects of the resultant overproduction have been as follows:

A drop in the base price of crude oil at the well of 50 cents per barrel.

Shipping of California oil into new markets which are far beyond markets hitherto served.

The investment of large amounts of capital in new facilities, while capital already invested in similar facilities in the older fields is lying idle because of the forced "shut down" of wells.

Greatly increasing the number of beneficiaries of the petroleum wealth of the state, but also increasing the number of small investors in unsound ventures with little chance of anything except loss.

The record for 1922 has been spectacular, and a justification of the optimist's view that our supply of oil bids fair to be continually augmented by future discoveries based on skillful and scientific prospecting.

## CALIFORNIA SECURITIES IN THE EAST.

### General Developments of the Year, and the Investment Bankers' Visit, Have Advanced them to High Position.

Substantial advance has been made by the great corporations of California during the year 1922. At no time in the history of the state have they occupied the position of esteem among investors that they now hold. They are now so well known in the Eastern markets, and the magnitude of their operations is so well recognized, that their securities occupy first rank and are among the leaders in their respective classes. The securities of the West no longer need an introduction to Eastern investors. On the stock exchanges, in the broader investment markets, at home as well as abroad, they have achieved preeminence. The world looks to California for much that it must have—that it can not do without—and the system of organization of the state's great corporations, their conservative yet withal enterprising management, their financial solidity, and the absence of "get rich quick" methods, have won for them the respect of the world of finance and business.

Yet much has happened during the year to still further strengthen them and advance them in the regard of investors. Although California and the Western states are able to assist the nation in great projects, and as well to do much of the financing of their own particular money needs, yet to such magnitude have these projects attained that always the help of the financial markets is needed. Anything that tends to advance the standing of the California corporations in these markets is a distinct gain to the state generally.

In this respect the holding of the Investment Bankers' Association at Del Monte during the year was one of the greatest of the world's financial events so far as the State of California was concerned. These bankers, men who are engaged now in underwriting and finding money for the great enterprises of the world, came to California and saw at first hand what they had been reading about and what had been proved to them by statistics, which do not always tell the whole story. They were shown the wonders of California's wealth, above the ground and below it, in the plains and in the mountains, and went away, not only impressed, but amazed. It was not only the princely entertainment, because these princes of finance were not of the sort to allow mere physical entertainment to overshadow more practical things, but the actual workings of the great corporations, their policies and management, and the great results that had been and would be accomplished. The hydro-electric projects now under way, some of them well toward completion, the work going on of furnishing a great part of the world's food supply, the vastness of the oil operations, a matter in which the nation is so keenly interested, and the general industrial development, were laid before them in a manner which they could not forget.

Their attitude is well expressed by one of the leaders of the association in a remark to the writer. "Why you have an empire!" he said. "It is almost unbelievable."

"This attitude they carried back with them,

and the effect is bound to be noted when California needs capital for the successful completion of her great undertakings—indeed it is noted now when the standing of the California corporations during the recent slight market depressions is compared with those of other sections.

California does much of her own financing and there is scarcely an underwriting of importance in which her investment firms are not participants. Eastern money kings have learned that there is an investment market this side of the Rockies of which they have need. Here it is as well known that the need for their support exists as well. The amount of financing now going on in California is marvelous and is scarcely understood. When one is told that during the nine months ending with September the railroad commission, a conservative body, authorized the issuance of \$152,896,312.10 par value of stocks, bonds and notes, every cent of which is to be spent in the state, and most of it on construction work by the corporations alone, and irrespective of what may be spent by private capital, or by corporations not under the jurisdiction of the railroad commission, in fact chiefly by the public utilities of the state, the magnitude of the amount is stupendous. This amount is \$44,895,393.60 greater than the authorizations of the commission for the corresponding nine months of 1921, when the total was \$108,918,050. The figures are exact and were furnished by W. C. Fankhauser, the commission's able stock and bond expert.

Very extensive construction work has been undertaken by all the public utility corporations and many of these projects are well advanced. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company during the year placed in operation the first important unit of its great Pit River power plant, which, when completed, will harness natural forces to the extent of 600,000 horsepower and will cost at least \$100,000,000. It is probably the second greatest hydro-electric proposition in the world and second only to Niagara.

Pacific Gas and Electric Company was authorized during the first part of the year to issue \$10,000,000 par value of its preferred stock and has been highly successful in the marketing of this. It was permitted as well to issue \$679,976 of its common stock and \$10,000,000 of its first and refunding bonds, the latter largely for the purpose of redeeming its outstanding 7 per cent. notes. It had already in the latter part of 1921 issued \$10,000,000 in bonds for construction purposes. With the Pit River power plant placed in operation in September the 1922 construction expenditures of the company are estimated at \$18,349,000.

It must be understood that the financing of these various corporations laps over from year to year and that actual issuance of securities does not always follow upon the heels of authorizations.

Great Western Power Company, which is also carrying forward to completion its remarkable Caribou project, has spent millions during the year. It received authorization to

issue \$3,232,000 of its preferred stock, and \$3,000,000 of its bonds to complete its hydro-electric development, construct its new Golden Gate station, and for general additions and betterments to its system. It had also financed heavily during the previous year, much of the expenditure of the money raised having been carried into this year's operations.

Both Northern and Southern California utilities are carrying on the work of development of the hydro-electric possibilities of the state and the southern corporations have accomplished much and have extensive programmes. Southern California Edison Corporation will probably by the end of the year have spent more in this work than any of the other corporations of the state. Its 1922 expenditures are estimated at \$22,500,000. The ultimate work of this company will run into several hundred millions of dollars and will include the harnessing of the Colorado River and the development of hundreds of thousands of horsepower for industrial activity on the Coast. Southern California Edison applied for and received authorization for much

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financing in 1921. During 1922 the company was permitted to issue \$5,000,000 of common stock, \$9,500,000 of preferred stock, and \$2,775,000 of bonds. During October the company sold \$10,000,000 of bonds for construction purposes. It further obtained funds by selling to the City of Los Angeles for approximately \$11,800,000 net its distributing system located within the city limits. The proceeds of the sale of these properties are being used for construction purposes. Investment of the proceeds made it unnecessary for the company to entirely finance its expenditures for this year through the issuance of stocks and bonds.

Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation is another southern company which has a broad programme of development and enlargement of its present system of gas production and distribution system. Its estimated expenditures for the present year amount to, for construction, a total of \$10,750,000. To meet this it has been authorized to issue \$4,000,000 of preferred stock and \$7,000,000 in bonds.

Western States Gas and Electric Company is constructing a new hydro-electric plant to further meet the needs of its customers in Northern California, and for its extensive work was authorized to issue \$131,000 of preferred stock and \$5,195,000 of bonds, of which \$5,000,000 was for hydro-electric development. During October the company was authorized to issue another \$5,000,000 to refund outstanding notes, and to pay for the construction of important extensions and betterments to its present system.

San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation will spend this year a total (estimated) amount of \$7,374,000, all for construction purposes in the carrying out of its hydro-electric and irrigation projects, which like the other great corporations are on an ambitious scale. This company has been allowed to issue \$5,000,000 of preferred stock and \$6,125,000 of bonds to finance 1921 and 1922 construction expenditures, the previous year's financing and construction having been on a heavy scale.

San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Company is spending more than \$2,000,000 this year in construction work and spent a great deal of money for similar work in the previous year. It received permission to issue a total of \$1,687,000 of common and preferred stock and \$1,500,000 of bonds during the year.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company took advantage of declining interest rates during the year and permanently financed, through the issue of \$25,000,000 of 6 per cent. preferred stock and \$25,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds, its construction expenditures

from 1914 to the end of 1922. This company estimates its expenditures for the present year, including those of its subsidiaries, as in excess of \$25,000,000.

Here alone for public utility corporations of California are expenditures for 1922 of approximately \$120,000,000, the greater part of which is spent in the state and much of it for labor and materials produced here.

This estimate will probably be increased, for the latter three months of the year sees the corporations without the dread of ruinous legislation such as the Water and Power Act, which, hanging over the heads of the companies during the summer and fall, must have been a deterrent, although the figures do not appear to show it. Killed by the people of California themselves, there is not the probability of any near future attempts and the companies are in a position to go ahead with the greater development work they have planned.

The figures given are only of the great corporations. There are hundreds of smaller projects, all being pushed ahead with the usual California grit and enterprise, nor are

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the figures of Hetch Hetchy development, which were very large, perhaps greater than they would have been under private enterprise, included.

California is leading the United States in hydro-electric development, and the figures just given are an indication that the lead will be increased.

Prosperity among the great corporations of the state is manifested by recent developments, chief perhaps of which is the action of Standard Oil of California in its stock dividend of 100 per cent., an achievement not yet equaled by any other corporation of the state, and only in amounts beaten by the declarations of sister Standard corporations. That a California corporation, deriving its revenues from production in the state, was able to show this indication of prosperity argues well for the industry and gave the lie to reports of declining profits from petroleum.

Union Oil Company of California is about to follow in the lead of Standard Oil; and others, such as General Petroleum Corporation, have under way heavy financing operations.

Productive activity increased greatly generally in California and wonders were accomplished by the oil corporations. The opening of the new Santa Fé Springs field greatly increased production, perhaps too greatly, for there was for some months an overproduction. In the petroleum fields during September the record figures was reached of 406,838 barrels a day and stored stocks on October 1st totaled 56,259,301 barrels, the largest amount held in storage since January, 1916.

There have been few failures in California among the manufacturing corporations or even individuals. Even during the times of depression the California companies were able to hold their heads above water, and every month brings reports of increasing earnings

to almost every company. There has been little unemployment of labor, reports to the Federal Reserve Bank showing that in this respect the state has been a leader. Industrial activity was not halted by the matters which have affected other sections of the Union.

#### STOCK EXCHANGE SCORES RECORD YEAR.

Stock exchanges are business barometers as well as for assisting in business development. That the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange had a record year in the total of securities handled is in itself an indication of prosperity for the corporations whose securities were traded in. It is noteworthy as well that high prices of the securities of California corporations prevailed during the year and that the conditions which led to material declines in prices in Wall Street were followed here by comparatively slight recessions.

During the fiscal year ended with September the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, which has become one of the most important mediums for the interchange of securities in the country and has some peculiarly distinctive features of its own, recorded the largest total value of transactions as well as the highest volume of business of any year in its history, the aggregate market value of the business being \$132,462,445. Of this \$64,025,266 represented transactions in bonds and \$68,442,278 bond sales. The total of transactions for the previous year was but \$97,913,644, thus showing a gain for the year of \$34,553,900, or more than 35 per cent.

All the leading California stocks were well represented in the trading, with prices on the upward trend for most of the year. Public utility stocks were among the leaders, water stocks of the market value of \$5,041,485

changing hands, sales of gas and electric shares amounting to \$10,728,451, and railroad shares of \$339,889. Other classes were insurance stocks, \$834,978; bank stocks, \$1,599,303; sugar stocks, \$2,427,465; oil stocks, the leaders in activity, \$37,318,527, and miscellaneous issues, \$10,153,077. General Petroleum common was a strong leader, total exchanges of this stock amounting to 96,049 shares of a value of \$10,576,082. Standard Oil of California was second with sales of 77,612 shares of a value of \$7,839,205. Pacific Gas and Electric common was most active in its class, with sales of 74,616 shares, valued at \$5,094,637, while the first preferred stock of the same company sold to the number of 50,809 shares, valued at \$4,329,988. California Packing common, always a strong favorite at good prices, figured prominently in the trading with sales of 85,132 shares of a value of \$6,571,970. The total number of shares of all stocks sold was 2,863,850.

That the bond business of the exchange reached the high figures of \$64,025,266 reflects the growing importance of the exchange as a medium of assisting the flotation of bond issues and the financing of corporations. Liberty issues were naturally in the lead, the demand for United States government issues never having ceased for a moment. The aggregate trading in these was \$36,481,156, and of this total \$10,558,781 was in Liberty Loan Fourth 4 1/4 per cents., with Victory Loan Fifth 4 3/4 per cents second with total sales of \$9,824,294. Liberty Third 4 1/4 also sold heavily, the total of exchanges being \$7,023,474, while Liberty Second 4 1/4 changed hands to the amount of \$5,914,411. The total par value of the Liberty bond transactions was \$37,229,500, accounted for by the fact that the greater part of the trading in these issues was in the first part of the year before government bonds had reached par.

Trading in the various miscellaneous California bonded obligations was heavy and well distributed among the securities of seventy-two corporations. There is always a market for certain local issues, and while the volume is never heavy of these seasoned local bonds, they are always in good demand, with prices generally a fraction higher than for the same issue in the Eastern markets, which are supposed to furnish the guiding quotations. The total of sales of these bonds was \$27,544,199, which represented a par value of \$29,782,500. The heaviest trading was in the 7 per cent. issue of Miller & Lux with a total of \$2,406,723 and with Spring Valley Company's 4 per cents next, the total of the latter being \$2,383,220. Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company first mortgage 5 per cents sold to the extent of \$1,956,983 and the general mortgage 5 per cents of Pacific Gas & Electric were traded in to a total of \$1,837,785. Standard Oil of California 7 per cents were popular market features, reaching a total of sales of \$1,683,128. East Bay Water Company first mortgage 5 1/2 per cent. bonds sold to the extent of \$1,779,939, while sales of California Gas and Electric unifying and refunding mortgage 5 per cents amounted to \$1,386,420. The 7 per cent. issue of General Petroleum Corporation was represented in the market to the extent of \$1,157,076 and sales were recorded of Western Pacific 5 per cent. bonds amounted to a total of \$1,256,610.

The counter market for bonds of all descriptions in San Francisco and in the West generally was heavier during the year than ever before, participations in almost every issue brought out in the East having been the rule, while the heavy financing of local corporations, a large part of which has been noted above, made demands upon the local investment market. The number of investment banking houses has more than doubled during the year and many of these have branches in various parts of the Pacific Coast territory.

During the latter part of the year a very considerable number of investment banking concerns, and some of the stock houses, affiliated with the San Francisco Stock Exchange, which has hitherto devoted its activities to trading in mining stocks. Lists of industrial and oil stock were added to the trading lists and bond trading is becoming general, with a distinct department devoted to that purpose. This exchange is erecting a new building and announces its intention to enlarge and broaden its scope in every direction. Already the effect of the new trading is being reflected in financial circles and the volume of bond business is being felt in the market.

## Are Japanese Farmers Monopolizing California's Agricultural Industry?

By T. TAKIMOTO.

General Secretary of the Japanese Association of America.

Are Japanese farmers monopolizing California's agricultural industry, and are they strong and dangerous competitors of American farmers in California? No, absolutely no. A glance at the following table will indicate the truth of this statement. The value of products produced yearly by Japanese farmers in California averages \$60,000,000. This is distributed as follows:

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| To American landowners.....   | \$20,000,000 |
| To American and Japanese labor.....   | 22,000,000   |
| To interest, taxes, insurance, merchandise (including seeds, etc.), freight, ware house expense, etc..... | 9,000,000    |
| To Japanese farmers.....  | 9,000,000    |
|   | \$60,000,000 |

A careful investigation of the distribution of the proceeds of crops produced by the Japanese will clearly show whether or not Japanese farmers are monopolizing the California agricultural industry. In this connection it should not be overlooked that Japanese farmers have very poor knowledge of proper marketing, business methods, and other elements of scientific management. This has worked to their great disadvantage as farmers in California.

If the art or skill of merely PRODUCING crops was the essence of a farmer's success, we should have many potato, onion, bean and rice "kings" besides Mr. Shima, the potato "king." In the face of admitted facts, it is ridiculous to contend that Japanese farmers are monopolizing the agricultural industry of California or are even dangerous or strong competitors of the American farmers.

Have the Japanese farmers superior skill and greater efficiency? Do they work longer hours and maintain a lower standard of living than the European immigrant farmer in California? There has not been sufficient scientific research on this subject to support such an argument. As far as I am able to learn, the anti-Japanese leaders never have made a personal investigation of the Japanese farmer. They merely state that they have been told "so and so," and on that basis make their charges against the Japanese farmers. It may be true that Japanese farmers do work harder than others and possess superior skill at intensive farming—the latter because of their experience in Japan—but they are greatly inferior to the average American in extensive farming. On the average, I do not believe that the Japanese farmer or farm laborer works longer hours than the European immigrant farmer or laborer. The fact that ambitious and industrious white laborers tend to choose other occupations than agriculture has created a natural scarcity of farm labor. Japanese farm laborers are nearly all highly skilled. These circumstances combined have caused a constantly increasing demand for the Japanese and have enabled them to secure better hours, wages, and general working conditions.

The standard of living of the Japanese farmers in California, as indicated by housing and mode of living, has improved greatly during the past five or six years. Any one who has read the report of the State Immigration Commission (1921) concerning the Japanese farm camps in the Delta District will agree with me in this respect.

Six years ago the Japanese Association of America recommended the following budget for living expenses as a minimum standard for a family (in rural districts) consisting of husband and wife, and receiving not more than \$800 per year:

|                            |          |
|----------------------------|----------|
| Provisions.....            | \$240.00 |
| Heat and light.....        | 30.00    |
| Clothing.....              | 80.00    |
| Medical expense.....       | 10.00    |
| Taxes, dues, etc.....      | 18.00    |
| Social expenses.....       | 24.00    |
| Reading material.....      | 20.00    |
| Furniture and repairs..... | 28.00    |
| Sundries.....              | 20.00    |
| Incidentals.....           | 50.00    |
| Insurance.....             | 50.00    |
| Savings.....               | 250.00   |

\$800.00

This budget applies only to rural districts, hence no items covering such things as eggs, milk, butter, vegetables, etc., are given, as these articles would naturally be supplied by each family from its own place. However, it may be said in passing that this schedule has had to be changed during the last few years on account of the increased cost of living. It is merely submitted as an illustration.

In any event, the standard of living among the Japanese farmers, whether lower than that of other races or not, will not be determined or affected by anti-Japanese agitation. In the long run it will be determined by the true facts alone. To ascertain the truth, we must not request a group of persons holding biased or even hostile views with respect to the Japanese problem to make an investigation. To be just and worth while, such an investigation should be made by a group of persons of high education and social standing and with no racial prejudices whatsoever.—Adv.

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## BRIEFER REVIEWS.

## A Menage a Trois.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Popham Young, who has seen distinguished service in the British army in India, and who married Mrs. Marcus of San Francisco, is the author of a small volume of clever verse, "A Menage a Trois Across the Styx" (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1), which is of a semi-burlesque nature, but it strongly tinged with Sir Frank's philosophic and optimistic beliefs. The author has a facility for the telling phrase such as "the circled world," a "crippled wound," and there are several fine verses that sum up the universe as follows:

Rapine, surrender, sacrifice, low greed, and lofty feasts  
Of knightly chivalry, all inextricably bound and tied  
Into the very fabric of the lives  
Of men and mice and metals, hunter and hunted,  
prelates and butchers, doves, cormorants, cretaceans, prostitutes and wives.

## Church Street.

Two books published by the Westminster Press of Philadelphia testify to the satisfactory format of that publishing concern. "Church Street," by Jean Carter Cochran, consists of short sketches of New Jersey village life—a very different exposition of the American small town from that of the Main Street school, but we think its quiet Down Eastern respectability a soothing and salutary antidote. The other book is a juvenile publication, "Verses for Children," by Cecil Trout Blancké, with illustrations by the author, done with the proper ratio for youthful interest—the text being subversive to the picture.

## Good Neighbors.

The latest book in the able series edited by William F. Russell, Lippincott's School Text Series, is "Good Neighbors," a study in vocational and community hygiene, by Mary S. Haviland. Miss Haviland, who is research secretary of the National Child Welfare Association, has written a book whose advice

adults as well as school children would do well to ponder. Too many of us confuse a sane regard for health principles with worrying about health, and hypochondriaism generally. Most of us abhor being fussy. "Good Neighbors" indicates the difference between foolish recklessness, or ignorance of the care of the body, and undue fussiness. The material is presented clearly enough for young children and vividly enough to hold any one's interest.

## Heraldry in Decorations.

A useful manual for the decorator or student of graphic art is "Heraldry and Floral Forms as Used in Decorations" (Dutton; \$4), by Herbert Cole, with profuse drawings by the author. The principles of the "picture writing" of heraldic designs are made clear by the concise text and the numerous illustrations. The latter will prove a reservoir of suggestion to every draughtsman, be he an interior decorator or a publicity artist. And incidentally the general reader with a taste for the decorative arts will find Mr. Cole's history and interpretation of the ancient art of heraldry interesting and informative reading.

## Steel and Men.

Charles Rumford Walker is an enthusiastic student of social conditions who like William Whiting has put his principles to the test of practice. Like Mr. Whiting, who wrote "What's on the Worker's Mind," Mr. Walker went to work as a workman among the "Hunky" and "Dago" laborers of one of the great Eastern manufacturing centres. Mr. Walker chose Pittsburgh as a good place to learn the steel business, where he went to work on an open hearth furnace in order to study the economic condition at close range. His book, "Steel, the Diary of a Furnace Worker" (The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.75), is the result of his life among the Pennsylvania steel workers, and his observation of their attitude and economic conditions.

## The Book of Athletics.

We don't know how much athletes are given to reading books, even those of subjects germane to their profession, but those that do will be interested in a sort of cyclopedia of athletics, edited by Paul Withington, who appears to have participated in every sporting activity on the Harvard campus, and revised by Lothrop Withington, a relative of similar proclivities. The first "Book of Athletics,"

the editors tell us, was issued in 1895, but became obsolete in the course of years and these gentlemen issued a volume in 1914 to bring the matter up to date. This again in turn has become outdated, so rapidly and radically does the technic of sport and games change, and the present "Book of Athletics" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; \$2) takes its place. Papers on the various athletics, football, soccer, baseball, basketball, tennis, golf, lacrosse, boxing, wrestling, rowing, swimming, and track and field athletics, are contributed by professional stars and are the latest authoritative information on the subjects covered.

## New Books Received.

STAR: THE STORY OF AN INDIAN PONY. By Forrestine C. Hooker. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

With an introduction by Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.

A TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR WOMEN. Edited by Frank K. Shay. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.

A selection of plays that can be staged and acted entirely by women.

THE THINGS WE ARE. By John Middleton Murry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A novel.

NIGGER. By Clement Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A story of the Southern negro.

ROLAND WHATELY. By Alec Waugh. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A novel of adolescence.

A HOMESTEADER'S PORTFOLIO. By Alice Day Pratt. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

The experiences of a homesteader in Oregon.

QUEST. By Helen Hull. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE PINAFORE POCKET STORY BOOK. By Miriam Clark Potter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A collection of bed-time stories, illustrated by Sophia Balcolm.

AN INDISCREET CHRONICLE FROM THE PACIFIC. By Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.

By the author of "The Truth About China and Japan."

TIMOTHY TUBBY'S JOURNAL. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50.

"The American Diary of the Famous British Novelist."

CLOISTER AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles L. O'Donnell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

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tion. By Herbert Cole. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

With drawings by the author.

JACK AND I IN LOTUS LAND. By Frances Little. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.40.

By the Lady of the Decorations.

JOAN OF ARC OF THE NORTH WOODS. By Holman Day. Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A novel.

OVERLOOKED. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

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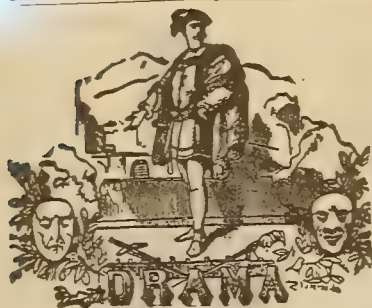
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Yet the old play holds its own. The theme, the admirable construction, the concise dialogue, even if you almost know it by heart, unite to weave their magic: the magic of the illusion of the theatre.

Mme. Medea Radzina's interpretation of the principal rôle was well conceived, and in respect to mood and gradation of expression was carried out as Ibsen would have wished; her great fault being a lack of high polish in her technique.

It is a puzzling fault, for the actress has talent and temperament. And she was trained in the Art School of Moscow, considered by authorities to be the best preparatory school for players in the world. Yet in both rôles, that of Madame in "Enter, Madame," and of Nora, Mme. Radzina entered the stage Medea Radzina playing a part, instead of entering it as the character she was impersonating. And it was quite a time before she submerged her own individuality and became the character represented.

And the same fault of incomplete control was noticeable in Mme. Radzina's Nora as in her Madame. She is, to be sure, partly handicapped by a strong accent, in which one remarks the Russian gutturals. But her instinct for acting is sure, and she is happy while she is engaged in the art. And how she must have delighted in a character of such contrasts as Nora's; a rôle which she had, no doubt, enviously seen played many times by the best of their actresses at the Moscow Theatre.

I judge that Mme. Radzina's fault is an insufficiently controlled excitement when she is on the stage. For in both her rôles as the play progressed the sense of fatigue in the spectator caused by a superfluity of high spirits on the part of the fair protagonist which caused over-acting gradually relaxed, and finally faded away.

Of course it is well to remember that in all her liveliness Nora was to some extent playing a part. For she had a secret burden on her mind, and besides, she was living up to Torvald's conception of his "little squirrel." But still, that was Medea Radzina playing with an excess of vivacity the rôle of Nora, instead of Nora herself; her movements, too, being characterized by the same lack of control as her voice.

Yet, to repeat what was said on a former occasion, Mme. Radzina has talent, an invaluable temperament, individuality, and the stage is her *métier*. As the play proceeded, and the shadows of destiny were darkening around Nora's slight figure, we noted the change in the young wife that so puzzled the fatuously uxorious Torvald. Playtime was over, and Nora's spirits no longer bubbled. Fear had entered her heart, and looked out of her eyes. By this time we had begun to forget Medea Radzina, and concentrate on Nora; and when the wife and husband had their final talk together the actress made her most poignant appeal to our sympathies.

For she showed us a new Nora; a woman who, deliberately depriving herself of the shelter promised her, prepared to face the world's cold blast alone. And we felt that the child-wife had entered upon her woman's heritage. Somewhere in the world there was a place for her, where this new, mysterious strength that we heard in her voice and saw in her eyes would carry her in safety.

And this Nora spoke with deliberate, quiet utterance, and voice and look expressed immutable resolve.

Thus, at the close, we found we had walked step by step with Nora along her gradually shadowed pathway.

I should like to see Mme. Radzina in a rôle in which she is not called upon to express a Latin-like temperament, so much better did she act out the sombre realization which afflicts Nora at the end and nerves her up to her great resolve.

It is a resolve I don't believe that Nora could ever have carried out. Only a stiff-necked old crank of a bachelor such as Ibsen was, who during his long life never sought the

society of women or children, could have planned such a dénouement. I didn't believe, the first time I saw the play, that Nora, loving her children so tenderly, could thus have deserted them, nor do I believe it now. A solicitous mother preparing herself to be a righteous rearer of her children could have no better opportunity to learn how than to practice on them. And as for the sop that Ibsen throws us about Anna, the faithful old nurse, that's all guff, as every woman knows. No ancient nurse could take the place of a youthful, merry, adoring, comprehending mother. Yet what a powerful close it makes to the play! And why, since—as, I repeat, I firmly believe—Nora would never have done it?

Simply for the reason that the spectator is fiercely indignant with Torvald, the fair-weather Torvald, who, selfish egotist that he is, turns and rends his little songbird until the danger is removed. And Torvald gets his come-uppance when the door slams and Nora has vanquished the ranch.

Lloyd Corrigan gave an excellent Torvald, Mary Morris was simple and natural as Mrs. Linden, and Irving Pichel, while there was much merit in his impersonation of Krogstad, put too much sinister impressment in the Krogstadian manner; and similarly Harold Minger was quite too deathly during Dr. Rank's final call.

The three tots—gleams of sunshine in the play—who represented Nora's children were so spontaneous in their games that, although Everett Glass put the play on, I feel as if Mme. Radzina herself must have given extra time and pains in the rehearsals to convey to the children the idea of play, and to carry it out with them. For only the woman who figured so prominently with them in their scenes could have won such delighted, child-like response. Or so it seemed to me.

They run—intentionally—to a very slow tempo in the Guild plays. And a slow tempo is always better than an over-quick one. But it is a mistake to let a play spill over to reach the 11:45 p. m. point, which is probably caused by a too devout reluctance to shorten a few scenes.

#### THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE.

Last Saturday morning, taking alarm for fear the Children's Theatre might wing its flight to Berkeley, where they appreciate such earnest and persevering enterprise in the field of dramatic achievement as has been demonstrated at the Plaza, I visited that playhouse with an ecstatic little girl under my arm. I have been to children's theatres, heard the harsh phonographic tones of ill-trained child players, seen displays of children's vanity and self-assertiveness passing for acting, and disapproved of the inculcation of ideas in the play which, eagerly assimilated, would make the average child need to be soundly spanked.

Nothing of this kind was to be found in the play "Li Chen," a delightful little child comedy located in China, of which Mrs. John J. Cuddy is the author; and which tells a story which leaves everybody, including the miraculously reformed grandmother, in high good humor.

Mrs. Cuddy, as I understand, does all the training of the children, her selection of whom

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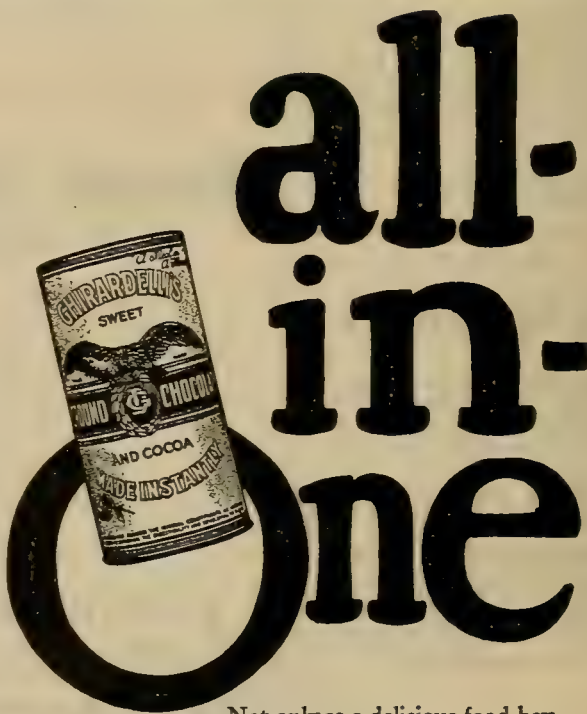
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to acquire it, that is indispensable in order to forestall the criticism induced by a fastidious ear; and, I might add, to establish standards.

The first thing I noticed when the curtain rolled up and I resigned myself to an hour and a half of boredom—boredom which never came—was the tasteful stage setting and the cleverly designed costumes. And the next was the agreeable voices and speech of the children. And then I discovered that they had been trained so intelligently that they had lost all evidence of self-consciousness.

And, indeed, he or she would have been a dolt indeed to have clung to that fatuous self-assertion which stamps the hopelessly unsuccessful player. For the children were provided with such a lot of stage business that they were obliged to forget their hands and their feet and themselves willy-nilly. They moved with the instinctive grace of childhood, only it was properly regulated and controlled. They danced with pleasing abandon, and when they sang their young voices had not a note of that bleating and blating to which singing children, from pure love of noise as noise, inevitably tend when they are left to howl on their native heath, without control or direction.

And the youngsters knew their lines almost better than grown-ups do. For the play was charming in its irresistible appeal to child tastes.

Little orphaned Li Chen, who with his sister, Tai Chen, is under the thumb of a harsh grandmother, is to be exiled from his beautiful home because of his unregulated sense of humor. Prayers are made by little Li and Tai to the titular goddess of the household; who was shown in a beautiful shrine, which was really a jewel of beauty, with its cold yet rich, mysterious green rays lighting the marble white sculptured image with its great gold headdress; an image which looked at first almost like a flat picture, until it came to life, and in token of gracious acceptance of the children's prayers gave a sort of Egyptian-angular dance with its white hands; and then relapsed into beautiful immobility during the rest of the play.

There have been some very successful sets during the Stage Guild season just ending: the Victorian room in "The Truth About Blayds," both sets in "Heartbreak House," the inn in "S. S. Tenacity," and the "Doll's House" living-room, the only wholly unsatisfactory one being in "Enter Madame."

I thought, however, that the setting of this child play "Li Chen," next to the garden scene—or in partnership with it—in "Heartbreak House" was as deserving of appreciation and praise as anything they have done in that line during the twelve weeks' season; or perhaps I should give praise where praise is due, and specifically mention Mr. Rudolph Schaeffer as the designer of costumes and setting, a whole staff of young men under him working out his designs.

The birds' costumes, and more especially the headdresses which expressed their species, were both clever and pretty. They and the plumage were mostly made of paper, and when the beasts filed in—for the birds and beasts hold a conference to champion Li Chen's cause, and the stage becomes an enchanting menagerie—we saw that the yellow lion, the striped tiger, the brown monkeys, the wolves, and the bears, and the green alligator writhing along the floor were costumed in necessarily stronger muslin, which was put under a heavy strain to stand their antics, dances, and gyrations.

And mysterious, wisely softened music came from one instrument as they marched, capered, or writhed along; music which shadowed forth the insoluble mysteries of the jungle.

Oh, how delightful it all was! The birds and beasts chattered, discussed, and as the conferences assembled or broke up they would utter their characteristic squeals, chattering, whistles and calls. So that when the curtain went down we heard from the several hundred little folks in the auditorium an ecstatic echo of these various cries; the ever-intelligent author and director, whose judgment, taste, and understanding of childhood seemed to be absolutely infallible, having seen to it that these various whistles and cries were carefully suppressed to a pleasing note, which the child spectators unconsciously imitated.

One point that stood out in my mind as being particularly soothing in the production was the maximum effect with the minimum of expense. It is beginning to be recognized now pretty generally that talent and good taste, even if the owner of these qualities is not yet famous, can accomplish much more pleasing effects than the ostentatious expenditure of the hundreds of thousands of dollars with which the money kings of the theatres used to be so lavish.

I am sorry that I have come dragging along

with this delighted appreciation so long after the children plays have begun. But cheer up, youngsters, you'll have more chances during the Christmas holidays, when, as it appears from the programme, they will put on "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

##### "The Gold Diggers."

David Belasco's production of Avery Hopwood's comedy, "The Gold Diggers," starts at the Columbia Monday evening, December 18th. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. This play ran for two years in New York and a year in Chicago. The company, headed by Gertrude Vanderbilt, is made up of players of the first rank. The organization includes Charles Hammond, David Glassford, Thomas M. Reynolds, Day Manson, Harry Alexander, Lorraine Lally, Winifred Barry, Cora Williams, Daisy Rudd and Sally Bergman.

##### "Robin Hood."

The Peter Pan of American comic opera, "Robin Hood," will continue for its second week at the Rivoli Opera House, starting Monday evening.

Music lovers and amusement seekers have received the Hartman-Steindorff presentation of the opera with marked enthusiasm, due to the all-around excellence of the production of the piece. The Tylers have equipped the production with particularly attractive scenery.

##### The Orpheum Next Week.

Bobby Folsom, Jack Denny, and Dugan and Raymond headline the Orpheum show starting Sunday afternoon, December 17th. Bobby Folsom with her smart jazz and character renditions and Jack Denny and the unusual Metropolitan Orchestra as a background offer one of the best attractions of the season.

Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond will be recalled for their previous hits.

Billy Wayne and Ruth Warren present "The Last Car," one of Paul Gerard Smith's comedies.

Lovers of music will be glad to know of the engagement of Eric Zardo, eminent concert pianist.

Fred Bernard and Sid Garry are a pair of young chaps from the South, who bring some comic interpretations of Southern syncopation.

Virgil and Blanche Florenis are European poseurs and equilibrists.

Little Billy, "Vaudeville's Tiniest Headliner," brings a new act for his second week. Hanchil and Maple offer a fantastic novelty.

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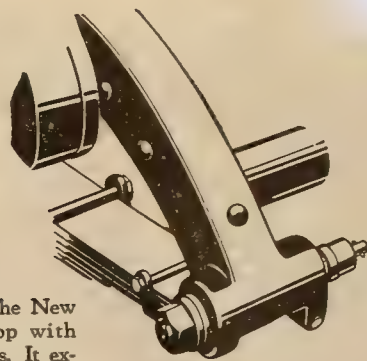
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## VANITY FAIR.

Having consumed its summer with radio, polo, pogo, cigarettes, bootleg and golf, the smart set of New York screens its yawns with dainty finger-tips and decides it will go in for Couéism and music. Psychoanalysis on the Freudian plan was all used up last year, and telepathy is stale, and parlor magic has had nothing new in it for some time, and winter is coming, and there must be some indoor sport to fill each shining hour and keep it from becoming a dull and sooty one; and hence the recrudescence of an interest in music, with Coué running up. *Intimes musicales* are being arranged, and while many must feel that it is going to be an awful bore, there is really little else to do to keep out of mischief. Of course, there are drama readings and all that for those that feel too languid to read to themselves, but reading, after all, calls for a lot of painful attention and efforts at understanding, whereas music hardly interrupts the conversation, should any conversation start. So there is the salon, at least in plan, with these *intimes musicales* to fill the gaps and cover the holes. You don't have to talk if you don't feel like it, and if you can't think of anything to say you can pretend to be listening to the musicians. They are hired and paid, and are not in a position to complain whether you listen or not. So music, art divine, is coming into belated recognition in the chamber form, or the orchestration for gatherings in small halls, and the smart set is dividing into numberless smaller smart sets to make such diversions convenient. Recently a number of New York men and women have received engraved circulars notifying them of *intimes musicales* for December, January, and February and bearing the blessed assurance that the distinguishing features would be "delightful informality" and "no set programmes." In other words you don't have to know what is coming or what has just been rendered—don't have to know a thing about it. Subscribers are permitted to express preferences if any they have for this or that little thing, but the undertakers assume no obligations to deliver. A wild winter, we'll say.

The soirée musicales are to take place mainly at the Biltmore, for December, and at the Plaza for January and February. At first there was much curiosity as to the originators, whose names had been omitted from the prospectuses. People could not tell whether the music was going to be good or not. True,

the names of the conductors were given, among them those of Leopold Stakowski, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Georges Enesco, Walter Damrosch and Willem Mengelberg; but who were they? Society continued to hesitate until it leaked out somehow that the original sponsors included Mrs. Newbold Le Roy Edgar, Mrs. William B. Dinsmore, Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss Anne Stillman, Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer, Mrs. Paul D. Cravath and a number of others equally eminent. Then it went. Subscriptions poured in plentifully enough to assure several ventures in music preferred. Other lists are to be opened, but selectively filled. But not too selectively. There is such a thing as being narrow-minded in these matters, and that is not truly cultural. So invitations have been sent out to 100 women of various sets of society, who may perhaps be saved from mixing by some watertight compartment plan of little musicales at suitable distances. The great thing is to make music go this winter, to put it over. The fiddles will not begin to squeak until quarter past 9, which is bedtime for Gopher Prairie, but only late afternoon for Fifth Avenue and Sutton Place. It gives time to eat dinner and help with the dishes if the scullion has struck. Then the yawning can really begin. Music has even invaded the home, in the form of lecture musicales by the Schola Cantorum of New York. It has been bolstered, however, with some Oriental dancing of promising character, calculated to make the head of the house sit up and take particular notice. At one fashionable house during the week there has been a discussion, properly illustrated and demonstrated of course, of "Oriental Music and Dancing" by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswami, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The doctor does not do his own dancing, but has it done for him by a danseuse who has mastered the intricacies of the dance as danced in Java. This is calculated to make Pa stay home nights.

George V is said to be nearly as fond of walking as of riding, but unfortunately has little opportunity for the former. He has to content himself with outdoor books, which are his favorite literary diet, particularly those dealing with agriculture and old English country life. Another hobby is his stamp collection. He has personally compiled one of the finest in existence and much of his spare time is occupied with it. The queen does a vast amount of sewing. A housekeeper at a house where the queen occasionally stays reports that Queen Mary does more sewing in a day than the average housewife in a week. Her majesty also shares the king's fondness for musical evenings and she herself is an accomplished pianist.

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In front of a Broadway restaurant a ragged urchin was observed by a kindly disposed and prosperous individual who thought the youngster looked wistfully at the batter cakes being baked by the girl in the window. "Hungry, kid?" he asked. "Naw!" came the scornful reply. "Can't a fellow look at a swell dame without drawin' a crowd?"

An applicant for a part once asked the late Sir Beerbohm Tree to engage him solely on a newspaper report. "I enclose you a newspaper cutting about myself," he wrote, "to show that I have aptitude for the stage." The cutting ran as follows: "The prisoner, who denied the assault, conducted his own case, and defended himself in a somewhat dramatic manner."

Sir Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, said at his eleventh farewell dinner in New York: "Scotchmen succeed because they watch the pennies. 'Bang went saxeence.' That sort of thing, ye ken. 'So yer auld frin' Angus's marrit again,' I said to Donald Dhu one day. 'Oh, ay,' said Donald sadly. 'Losh, he's been a dear frin' tae me, has Angus. He's cost me three weddin' presents and two wreaths o' immortelles.'"

An old farmer visiting the city handed the clerk a telegram to be sent, consisting of the address and eight vertical strokes. "But surely you are not going to send this," said the clerk. "Now, that's all right, miss," said the old fellow. "If them strokes come out the same at t'other end my missus'll know as I shall be home at 8 o'clock. Her can't read or write, but her can count, so just see as you put the proper strokes in."

At a school in the mill district of a certain manufacturing town in the East a teacher received first-hand impression of how the other half of the world lives. A little Russian was painfully progressing through his reading lesson till he was finally stumped on the word "plate." To help him the schoolma'am kindly inquired, "What is it mother brings in the bread on?" The little chap's eyes lit up with the light of understanding. "The newspaper," he said.

Senator Hale of Maine was making a tour of the battlefields of the civil war and at one place found an old lady sitting in front of a modest home with a large front and back yard. Politely doffing his hat, he said: "Aunt, did they do any fighting near your home during the civil war?" "Well, sir, I should say they did," she warmly replied. "They fit all over my front yard and they fit all up and down my back yard, and they completely ruined a brand new ash hopper for me. War sure is horrible, aint it?"

E. E. Fournier D'Albe is the inventor of the 'optophone,' a machine which, by transforming print into light rays and thence into musical sounds, permits the blind to read. Professor D'Albe said modestly in an interview in New York: "Yes, my optophone is rather ingenious. It is almost as ingenious as your American business man who used for the combination of his safe the queer words, 'Oh, hell.' A lady asked him why he used such a queer combination as that. He answered: 'I have a very poor memory, and so, you see, ma'am, whenever I forget the combination it comes to me.'"

Robert Henri, the artist, told at a dinner in Rittenhouse Square—he had been lecturing in Philadelphia—a story about a rich Philadelphia painter. "Dodds," he said, "showed his uncle through his studio one day. 'And what do you do with all these—er—works?' his uncle asked. 'Sell 'em,' said Dodds. 'Do you mean to tell me that you sell 'em, honest?' 'Sure I sell 'em,' said Dodds, a bit huffed. 'Then,' said his uncle, 'you're thrown away in this miserable art business. Come and take over the management of my distribution department, and I'll start you in with a five-figure salary.'"

A negro company was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia, for training during the late war. One afternoon during drill, announcement was made that the next morning the company would be trained in attacking a fortification. After the troops were dismissed a big, awkward-looking private approached the dapper young corporal in charge of his squad and said: "Corprul, what is a fortification, anyhow?" And in a tone of utter contempt for such ignorance the corporal replied: "Don' you know no 'rithmetic a tall? Anybody ought ter know dat two twentifications makes a fortification."

During the flue epidemic at Camp Bowie base hospital many of the doctors worked twenty hours a day, according to the *American Legion Weekly*. One rookie medico had a seventy-five-bed ward thrust upon him the first day of his army career. He struggled valiantly with his professional work, but failed to realize that he was now a soldier. He for-

got the sacred morning reports. He forgot to make out the sacred mess regulations. He exasperated everybody. Finally the colonel haled him to the carpet and demanded: "Why in the blankety-blank-blank don't you read your army regulations?" The young doctor looked at him in sleepy-eyed surprise. "Army regulations?" he ejaculated. "Good Lord, colonel, I haven't even had time to read the newspapers!"

A Sunday-school teacher tells the following: "I had just been chosen as teacher for the smallest tots in our Sunday-school. The first lesson was about the verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' My listeners had been so attentive and repeated the verse so loudly in unison that I was sure I had made a deep impression. The superintendent dropped in to see how the new teacher was conducting the class and I confidently asked one bright-eyed little lad to tell Mr. Brown about the lesson we had learned that day. And then I received a shock. 'The man said it's time to eat,' piped the shrill little voice. 'What?' cried the bewildered superintendent. 'Yes, that's it. He said, "Supper, little children. Come to me.'"

Whimsical Walker the famous clown, has followed the prevailing fashion and written his recollections, which naturally abound with theatrical shop talk. Among his reminiscences of Drury Lane—the street, not the theatre—is the following: "I was on speaking terms with an undertaker there and he once invited me into his shop and brought out a bottle of whisky. I sat myself down on something covered with black cloth and we hobnobbed together in friendly fashion. The undertaker

was an enthusiastic theatre-goer. He knew a host of 'stars' by sight and had acquaintance with a few of the lesser lights. We talked theatrical 'shop,' and I happened to ask the undertaker if he knew what had become of a certain actor whom I mentioned by name. 'Yes,' said the man, composedly, 'you're a-sitting on him now!'"

Miss Susan Brandeis, the brilliant young lawyer, said at a dinner in New York: "When you see a pretty girl with her throat bare on a cold day it doesn't mean that she is courting pneumonia—it means that she has hardened herself into a pneumonia-proof condition. I approve of this hardening process. I am almost like the Maine man who, to harden his son, used to take him camping in the depths of winter. The Maine man, one bitter night, noticed that his son had made himself a huge snowball for a pillow. He at once kicked the snowball from under his son's head. 'No effeminacy, boy,' he said."

The game of baseball is growing in popularity daily in Japan.

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Christmas Warning.

When to a child you wish to give a toy  
And eventually you've found the proper thing,  
'Twill add a lot to everybody's joy  
If you take time to test your offering.

So blow it, squeeze it, see if it will wink  
Or wind it up—whichever it may be;  
You must be sure, you must not merely think  
'Twill work for you before the presentee.

Should it consist of things which must be built,  
Make sure that you can build them—every one;  
That you won't feel a horrid sense of guilt  
If later you are asked how they are done.

No greater disappointment is on earth  
Than toys which do not function when they  
should;  
And many a hope's been blighted at its birth  
And many a giver's been misunderstood.

If you can't fly the airship, or explain  
The proper way to build a pyramid,  
You'll be a sight that always causes pain:  
A great big Grown-up shame! before a kid.  
—G. K. D. in *Life*.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Hanna gave a ball at the Hotel St. Francis last Friday night, introducing to society their daughter, Miss Virginia Hanna. A number of dinners preceded the ball; among those who entertained were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Maxwell Sharp with their daughter, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Margaret Buckbee, and Miss Lawton Filer.

Miss Frances Lent, whose engagement to Mr. Hugh Porter has been announced, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Stanwood Murphy at the Palace Hotel. The wedding of Miss Lent to Mr. Hugh Porter will take place on January 10th at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby have been the recipients of much hospitality during their stay in Burlingame, and have been the honored guests at a number of farewell dinners in Burlingame and San Francisco, given before their departure for the East. Among their hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Irving Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike.

Major and Mrs. E. C. Huber entertained on Friday last at a bridge party followed by supper. Miss Eleanor McGowan of Los Angeles, who has been staying at the Hotel St. Francis with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Granville McGowan, has been the guest of honor at several affairs given by her friends in San Francisco.

Miss Lisa Stillman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, who has recently graduated from Vassar, was a guest at a tea given in her honor by Mrs. Walter Baldwin.

Mrs. Marshall Dill entertained a number of her friends at the first of a series of afternoon teas given at her residence on Divisadero Street.

The revue, "Flapper Fads and Fancies," given for the benefit of the Junior League on Monday and Tuesday nights, was successful socially and financially. Mrs. Howard Park was both author and director of the revue, and Miss Elizabeth Magee, who has recently returned from the East, took a leading part. Among those who contributed largely to the success of the performance were Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. James Moffitt, Miss Jean Carrigan, Miss Alice Moffitt and several of the season's debutantes. A number of table reservations were made at the St. Francis on Monday night for supper-dances after the revue.

Mrs. Clinton La Montagne gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Frances Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were hosts at

a recent dinner, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton and Miss Marjorie Joselyn.

Mr. George de Long, who has been staying at the Palace Hotel, has been entertained by Dr. Harry Tevis at his country place in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Elise Houghton made her debut on Tuesday at a reception given at her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. John Studebaker Johnson gave a luncheon at the Francesca Club last week in honor of Mrs. Bromfield of Santa Barbara and Mrs. Nelson Riley of Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a dinner-dance last week in honor of Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Frances Ames, and Miss Leonora Armsby.

Miss Hazel King, whose engagement to Mr. John Bakewell of Oakland has just been announced, will be married next month at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Homer S. King.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth C. Kingsbury entertained a number of their friends at a dinner-dance in their new home on Pacific Avenue.

Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Pearce were hosts at a supper-dance at the Hotel St. Francis last week, given in honor of Miss Sue Alston McDonald, who sailed for the Philippines on Tuesday.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury entertained her friends at a luncheon given at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, who has recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker gave a dinner last week in their home on Buchanan Street. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood are giving an Italian costume dance at their home on Broadway on Friday, December 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Weatherwax are giving a Pierrot and Pierrette costume dance at the Burlingame Country Club on December 23d.

Mr. Raymond Armsby and Mr. Gordon Armsby gave a dance on Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of their debutante niece, Miss Leonora Wyman Armsby. The guests included the winter's debutantes and others of the younger set, only a few of the older members of society being present.

There will be two subscription dances given at the Burlingame Country Club, on December 16th and on January 19th. The patronesses are Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mrs. William Duncan, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Cyril Tobin and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

A series of plays have been given recently at the High School in San Mateo, with Mrs. John Drum, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Walter Martin acting as patronesses. The two plays already given are "Enter Madame" and "The Truth About Blayds."

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur were hosts at a luncheon given in Palo Alto at the home of the president in honor of Senator Albert Le Jeune, member of the Belgian Parliament. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover,

Mr. Jules Simon, Belgian consul in San Francisco, and Mme. Simon, Mr. Frank Deering, member of the Stanford board of trustees, Dr. David Barrows, president of the University of California, and Mrs. Barrows, and Mr. Egerton Shore, representative of Governor Stephens, and Mrs. Shore.

Mrs. Clifford Erskine-Bolst, who was Mrs. Fletcher Ryer of San Francisco, has had the pleasure of assisting in the campaign of her husband, Captain Clifford Erskine-Bolst, who was recently returned to Parliament.

Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw gave a bridge-luncheon on Thursday at the Hotel Oakland. Among her guests were a number of friends from San Francisco.

Mr. Henry T. Scott was host at a luncheon given at the St. Francis in honor of Mr. J. Sloat Fassett of Elmira, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Maxwell Sharp have issued invitations to a dance to be given at the Hotel St. Francis on December 22d, introducing to society their daughter, Miss Adrienne Sharp.

Mrs. Charles J. Deering gave a luncheon on December 13th in honor of Mrs. Frank W. Fuller.

Mrs. Jonathan Kittle gave a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club to twelve of her friends.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster gave a bridge party last week.

Miss Kathleen Farrell recently gave a large bridge-tea at the residence of her mother, Mrs. James Farrell, on Broadway and Octavia.

The Countess Annesley, now in Vancouver, will arrive in San Francisco shortly before Christmas and will be the guest of her cousins, Mr. and

Mrs. Algernon Crofton. She will be joined by her son, Viscount Glerawly, who has been in Santa Barbara for the past six months.

Miss Louise Boyd of San Rafael has taken the Loring Pickering house on Washington Street. Mr. and Mrs. Pickering are spending a few months in Paris, returning to California next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson are leaving for New York, from where they will sail on the *Adriatic* to Egypt, and will spend the winter there.

Mrs. Charles Mohun recently gave a tea at her residence on Maple Street in honor of Mrs. Seagrave Daly of London.

The first supper-dance of the Club Royal this season was given at the Fairmont Hotel last Saturday evening. Mrs. Frederick McNear was hostess at a large dinner given in the Gray Room at the Fairmont on the night of the dance.

Mrs. B. F. Vintner.

Beatrice F. Vintner, wife of James H. Vintner, daughter of Henry Corner and sister of Alice May Botting and Henry R. Corner, died in this city on December 7th. She was a native of England.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby, who with their debutante daughter, Miss Leonora Armsby, have been spending the early winter in Burlingame, will leave for their home in New York on December 18th. Miss Armsby will remain in California with her uncle, Mr. Raymond Armsby, until the middle of January.

Miss Mary Martin returned last week from New York. Miss Martin has been visiting friends in the East for the past two months.

Miss Elizabeth Magee has recently returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent returned last week from New York, where they visited their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Leonard Underhill.

Mr. George de Long of New York, who is visiting San Francisco, is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark returned last week from New York, where they have been for the past two months.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark on the journey from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann, accompanied by Miss Elena Folger, returned on the S. S. Venezuela

from Central America, where they have been for the past six weeks.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs, who has been in New York for several months, has returned home by way of the Panama Canal, arriving on the S. S. Venezuela. Mr. Tubbs joined Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann's party at Guatemala and made the rest of the trip with them.

Mrs. Gordon Bromfield of Santa Barbara is making a brief stay in San Francisco.

Mrs. Hyppolite Dutard returned recently from abroad, accompanied by her niece, Miss Elise Houghton, of Berkeley.

Lieutenant-Commander Alfred Montgomery, U. S. N., and Mrs. Montgomery left last week for their home in Coronado, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. Edgar Walker, the sculptor, has returned from a year's sojourn in Italy, and is established at the Fairmont for the winter.

General John B. McDonald and Mrs. McDonald with their daughter, Miss Sue Alston McDonald, sailed on the transport Thomas last Tuesday for Manila. They will visit their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McPherson.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali has recently returned to San Francisco from Europe.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., of Arizona, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering of San Francisco, is visiting her family and former home.

Mrs. Norris Davis of Santa Barbara has gone East to spend the Christmas holidays with her two daughters, Nancy and Marjorie. They are planning a trip to Bermuda.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall has left for Europe and expects to be away for about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer with their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, have taken Mrs. Elyse Hopkins' apartment at the Brownlee Apartments on California Street for the winter season. Mrs. Hopkins has recently gone East.

Mr. Daniel C. Jackling with his guests, Mr. Charles Black and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, has returned from a hunting trip in New Mexico. Mrs. Daniel Jackling, accompanied by her sisters, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Herbert Allen, met Mr. Jackling in Los Angeles and returned to San Francisco with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin and their two little daughters have returned from Europe, after a visit there of nine months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron are spending a month in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour Miss Hélène de Latour, and Mr. Richard de Latour have gone south on a motor trip. They expect to go as far as Coronado, and will return just before Christmas.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane and her little daughter sailed for their home in Honolulu last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have returned from the East, where they have been for the past month. They will spend the winter at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond have closed their country house in Woodside and are settled in their home on Scott Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch will return to California on December 23d and will live at the

Burlingame Country Club until February 1st, as their own home has been rented until then.

Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, who has been traveling in Europe, is expected to arrive in California very shortly. Mrs. Murphy will occupy her town house on Van Ness Avenue for the winter.

Mrs. George Pope, who has been at the Plaza Hotel in New York, passed the Thanksgiving holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston, who has lately returned from Europe. Mr. and Mrs. George Pope will occupy their town house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Milo Potter and her daughter, Mrs. Desider Vecsei, who have been at the Hotel St. Francis for a short visit, have returned to Montecito.

Mr. J. Sloat Fassett of Elmira, New York, and his son, Mr. Newton Crocker Fassett, after making a short stay in San Francisco, sailed for the Orient last Thursday, and expect to be there for several months. Mr. Newton Fassett is a grandson of the late Judge and Mrs. E. B. Crocker of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier have returned to San Francisco from Europe and are settled at the Fairmont for the winter.

Colonel Sir Frank and Lady Popham Young, who have lived in India for many years, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Arthur Bixby in Montecito. A book of poems by Sir Frank is now being published in San Francisco.

Senator Albert Le Jeune, member of the Belgian Parliament, has been a recent visitor to San Francisco. Last week Senator Le June unveiled at Stanford University the statue presented by the Belgian government to the university in recognition of the relief and reconstruction work carried out by Mr. Herbert Hoover and his associates.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover with their son, Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr., have left Palo Alto for Washington. Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr., will return for the beginning of the winter quarter at Stanford.

Colonel William Bannister, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bannister are leaving the Presidio very shortly for Milwaukee, as Colonel Bannister is retiring from active service.

Mrs. Seagrave Daly of London with her daughter, Miss Marie Daly, and her son, Mr. Arthur Daly, is in San Francisco for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan arrived on the President Cleveland on December 14th. They have been traveling in Japan and the Hawaiian Islands.

#### Polo at Del Monte.

The strong feature of a programme of winter sports at Del Monte will be the Pacific Coast polo championship. The Pacific Coast sub-committee of the American Polo Association has announced that the title tournament will come to Del Monte, but the dates have not as yet been determined. There will be three weeks of play with a start probably the third week in March. Polo is going to be conducted on a new schedule in California this winter, with the clubs playing a round robin at fields of each club and finishing with one big tournament where all clubs will have play. This tournament, which takes the title of the Pacific Coast Championship, will alternate yearly between the north and south, Del Monte being favored with the award of the first tournament.

The polo season will open at Del Monte shortly after the first of the year and will continue right on through until the fall.

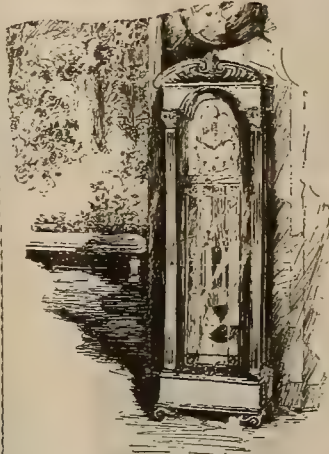
Golf, as usual, will figure prominently. The Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses are both standard and championship in character and the scene every year of more tournaments and competitions than any other course in the country. California championships are held there and thousands of visiting golfers get an opportunity of coming in contact with California players.

#### At the St. Francis.

The rains have not dampened the spirits of the fashionable folk for their usual Monday luncheon parties in the Garden and Fable Room of the St. Francis. Mrs. Walter Filer was hostess in the Garden to Mrs. Gerald Rathbone and Mrs. George Newhall. Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker was with Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Another group included Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, and Mrs. George Cameron. Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., Mrs. Lavina Hotaling, Mrs. Ritchie Dunn and Miss Jennie Blair were together. Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Jr., had a group with her including Mrs. Ellsworth Wylie, Mrs. George S. Romanovsky, and Miss Anne Peters.

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"From all appearances, I should say she was practically thoughtless."—*Penn State Froth.*

*Office Boy*—Say, boss, what is free verse?  
*Country Editor*—Poetry clipped from the exchanges, William.—*Judge.*

"Do you think the end of the world is near?" "Well, it's nearer than ever before."  
—*Stevens Tech. Stone Mill.*

*Professor*—Why should we read all the best of the present-day literature? *B. S.*—So we can appreciate the parodies.—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

"What time do you want me to be back tonight?" "Any time at all, my dear, provided you are here to the minute."—*Paris Sans-Gêne.*

*Mother (alarmed)*—Why do you keep Jack in suspense? Why don't you say "yes"?  
*Daughter coolly*—I'm just getting even with him.—*Judge.*

*Mrs. X (as very fat lady passes)*—What would you do, sweetie, if I were to get as fat as that? *Mr. X*—Oh, I should write once in a while.—*Life.*

*Parent*—Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny? *Johnny*—I dunno. *Parent*—I should think you would know. When all the other children are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it that sits idly

in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself? *Johnny*—Teacher.—*Los Angeles Times.*

*Doorman at Concert*—My dear young lady, you're too late. The singer has just started and if I opened the door half the audience might rush out.—*Stockholm Kasper.*

*Tutor*—Now then, Smith, have you proved that proposition in Euclid? *Student*—Well, sir, "proved" a strong word, but I can say I've rendered it highly probable!—*London Humorist.*

"How does young Johnson stand at college?" "Not very well. He's all right in his studies, but he is more than suspected of cutting football games."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

*She (with newspaper)*—Here's another musical-comedy girl married a young fellow who was just left a fortune. *He*—I suppose those singers naturally find it easy to pick up an heir.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

*Interviewer*—And what made you take up weight-lifting as a profession? *Professor*—Well, I've always had a weakness for that sort of thing.—*London Windsor Magazine.*

*Director of \$200,000-a-Year Child Star*—Now, lissen, Jimmy. Ya gotta use your im-



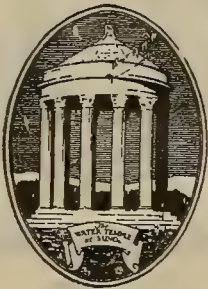
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The site chosen is the Lake Merced Rancho, known as "the golfer's stamping ground."

On the Lake Merced Rancho there are already the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, the California Club, the Lake Merced Golf Club, and the Lakeside Club of the Olympians to which they are now adding thirty-six holes.

So the new municipal course will be in good golfing company.

For this Lake Merced course the city, through the Park Commission, has leased 170 acres from the Spring Valley Water Company.

Like the Lincoln Park course the new one will be "sporty" and will have a magnificent scenic setting. Play will commence there next summer.

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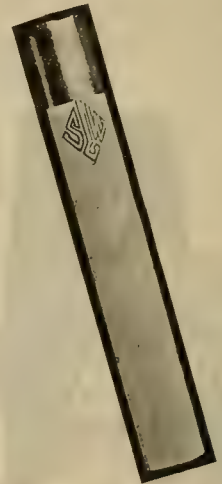


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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Sane Christmas.

If you are going to play Santa Claus this Christmas, don't put off the preparation of your costume and make-up till the last minute, go up in the attic and make your whiskers of cotton, or flax, and then drag them across a candle flame, reaching for little Willie's tin locomotive high on the tree. True, it is often done, but it is not often repeated by the same person; it has been found that Christmas cheer can not be materially augmented that way. If you are going to set up a Christmas tree, do it properly. Make a job of it. Brace it. If you don't understand what a brace is, look it up in the dictionary, and if you don't see its application, use a heavy box, or get a carpenter. It is better to go to a little trouble with a Christmas tree than a great deal of it with a burning house or a mutilated child. And having set up the tree, don't bedeck it with various kinds of fancy kindling; put the kindling in the fireplace, and ornament the tree with things that will not ignite. You can get plenty of flake asbestos, metal tinsel, and mica, and it makes good frost and snow. And don't use candles. They are beautiful, but difficult to attach securely, and are never safe even when well attached. One open flame in a living room is bad enough—thirty or forty on a tree hung with presents that love is eager to distribute and for which little hearts are expectantly waiting, is foolishness. A line of small electric lights of different colors may be almost as beautiful, and it is much cheaper than a line of trained nurses trying to save a life, or a young face from disfigurement. Don't make snow of cotton. When it catches fire it does not in the least resemble snow.

Don't buy cheap electrical toys, with poor connections that may spark dangerously in operation. They have caused many fires. Look out for home motion pictures—most reels are inflammable, almost explosive. Do not jeopardize young life with gifts involving the use of gasoline, alcohol, or kerosene. There are plenty of toys that work some other way. You will enjoy a home dinner a great deal more if you haven't burned down the home. You will enjoy it more if the family is all there, and safe. You will enjoy it more in your home, with your family safe, than at your neighbor's who has taken you into his house because you burned yours. When Christmas is over, get rid of the tree before it dries to a torch. In England it is said that Christmas trees standing after New Year's bring bad luck. Probably the superstition embodies a lesson of experience, as many superstitions and folkways do. "Never walk under a ladder" is good advice—it may fall on you. Never let a Christmas tree stand after New Year's; or until New Year's—it may take fire and set your family on the street. These warnings are suggested by the National Board of Underwriters, whose business it is to understand the causes of fires and reduce their number; wherein again we see that great social dynamo, the hope of private profit, working for the general benefit. Observe these little admonitions, and if your life is reasonably clear of sin and debt, and you are on good terms with your relations and your banker, you will probably enjoy a Merry Christmas.

### Subsidies for All.

The reformation of the United States has begun. It is to be accomplished by the application of subsidies. Senator Brookhart, the newly-chosen radical messiah from Iowa, brings in an amendment to the shipping bill to pay subsidies to "producers, industrial and agricultural." These are to be in addition to the protection already granted them by our latest tariff monstrosity, and in addition to the subsidies to be granted shipping, if any there shall be. The proposal in the Iowa senator's scheme is to base the aids to production on the fact of export in a subsidized American bottom. We can not tell, because we are not in his confidence, whether his purpose is to make the shipping bill palatable to the farmers, or unpalatable to the rest of the country, but it seems more likely that it is in sincere and serious pursuit of the radical ideal of making everything dependent on the government in order to reach the Russian millennium in which everything is done socially instead of individually—a position so advanced that the Russians began their retreat from it eighteen months ago in order to escape starvation.

The Brookhart proposal was bound to come. It is in accord with the principle of governmental assistance. But if it is to be consistently advocated by the reformationists it ought to be trued up and made consistent with conditions. In the first place, there should be some better understanding of the term production than that with which the social millenniumists appear to be equipped. And in the second place, no class of producer should be discriminated against.

The production in which society is interested is the production of values, rather than the production of things. Value is a term over which endless disputes have raged, and will. But it may properly be conceived, without strain on the intellect, as a contribution to welfare. And it is a matter altogether subjective, altogether of relationship; relativity, perhaps. It depends, not on the thing itself, but on the relation between the thing and the condition of the user or consumer. Dinner to a hungry man is valuable, but another dinner, just after he has eaten one, has no value to him at all. It is, in that place and at that time, overproduction. And therefore value is largely a matter of timeliness and of geographical position, and of possession by the persons having use for the object evaluated:

requirements commonly studied out and met by sinful capitalists, whose financial lives depend on finding the right answers. Karl Marx thought value was labor cost. And, practically speaking, socialism with its condemnation of the capitalistic and individualistic system as a despoiler of labor is based on that idea.

Now, if we are to subsidize producers, we should subsidize producers not of things merely, but of values, for such producers really serve society and deserve its rewards. And if any, then all. And if all, then each in proportion to the values he produces. Senator Brookhart should not, for example, overlook the transportation men, who do not produce things, but who do produce values, by getting the things others produce from the places where they are made to the places where they are wanted—for things are never produced, in commercial volume, at the point where they are consumed. And so we should subsidize the butcher boy that used to bring the porterhouse and now brings the hamburger, and the bakery wagon driver that used to bring the bread and cake and now brings the bread. We should subsidize all the street-car conductors, who transport our nickels from us to the corporations that need them, and we should subsidize the motormen that transport us from where we are to where we wish we were; or from our homes, where we have little value to society, to the shop or office where the optimist that hires us hopes we may have more. We should subsidize the man that has a valuable thought, for of all valuable things thoughts are likely to have the largest values. A small commission of about a hundred thousand omniscient philosophers should be able readily to distinguish the valuable thoughts from the worthless ones.

Under any consistent scheme of subsidization we should subsidize mothers, for they are producers, but we should only subsidize mothers of valuable men. Of course, this involves waiting until the men are dead, and then appraising them. There is no use subsidizing the mother of a criminal—she has done nothing to deserve it; she has not produced value, but destruction. The appraisal of the valuable men, in order to subsidize the mothers, if still living, in proportion to the values they have produced, should be an easy task for another omniscient millennial commission. And then there are the fathers. And the dentists and the doctors and the actors, good and bad. There would be plenty of work for commissions. There could be one for evaluating works of art; as, for example, paintings. The academicians, and the impressionists, and the Barbizonians, and the post-impressionists, and the pre-Raphaelites and the cubists and the futurists and the neo-futurists could all be represented, and we could give them six-ounce gloves, get the four-round limit raised, and let them go to it. Then there is music. How valuable is that? An aria sung by Calvé is valuable to those that like it, but how about the same sung by Gadski? Ask the American Legion at Los Angeles, which did not wish to hear her at all. If Calvé were to be subsidized, should Gadski be? Of course, an omniscient millennial commission should be able to decide a little thing like that off-hand, and satisfy everybody the first time. And then there are the poets. We can think of some who, on the basis of subsidizing producers according to the values they have produced, might be entitled to subsidies, but they are almost all dead. And to go from the sublime to the merely useful and valuable, there is the garbage man. Now, he does not produce any material thing. Neither does he take things produced by others from the point of production to the point of use and consumption. His processes are the reverse of that. He takes things from the place where they have been used to some other place, and we none of us care where, just so he gets them out of the back yard. Isn't he to be subsidized, if all the rests of us are? And we will all admit being valuable and therefore all entitled to subsidies. If mothers, then fathers. If mu-



sicians and painters, then editors and car washers. There is no logical limit.

And have the subsidizers duly considered whence the subsidies are to be derived? If all the people are to be subsidized there is but one source of the necessary revenue, and that is all the people. Under any logical development of the subsidy system of bringing on the millennial dawn and guaranteeing human happiness, all the people should pay subsidies to one another. They would then approximate the fortunate condition of the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles, who, it will be recalled, prosper greatly by taking in one another's washing. They have learned the real secret of national happiness. Senator Brookhart and other uplifters of his type should go there and see their theories in operation in their logical completeness. That is what the Italian socialists did in the case of Russian communism: they went, or sent, there and looked at it. And Fascisma followed. We should not expect any similar result from a study of the industrial system of the Scilly Isles on the part of Senator Brookhart and his disciples. But we should like to know where those indefatigable laundrymen and laundresses get the money to buy the soap.

#### Schools and Economy.

California appears to be about to "take profits" on the adoption of the budget amendment to the Constitution, and the election of Friend William Richardson to the governorship. The governor-elect announces that he will submit, during the first three weeks of the coming legislative session, a budget for the next biennial period aggregating \$79,000,000, or about \$12,000,000 less than the appropriations made in 1921 for the present biennial period. This is a very good start, creditable to the disposition and abilities of the governor-elect, and encouraging to the hope that even greater cuts may be made. Our state government has taken on too many functions, set up too many bureaus to do for the individual what the individual should be doing for himself, and would be doing for himself if professional law-makers did not see personal profit in the multiplication of laws and commissions and jobs. It is not the will of the majority that our political institutions should develop this way; still less is it that of the conscious taxpayer. If there is a demand for such institutions from other than political sources it comes from small and noisy minorities of idealists and sentimentalists, usually persons who pay no taxes directly and suppose they have nothing to lose, and who burn with the desire to reform the world through paternalistic inventions, often German in origin, and always distinctively socialistic in spirit, tending toward that heaven where life will be equalized by taking the money from those that earned it and giving it to those that did not. It is no wonder Bernard Shaw has said that the idealists are ruining the world.

This artfully accelerated drift toward paternalism is most apparent in the expansion of the activities of the schools. It is an expansion no one seems to have had the courage to oppose, because a sacred quality has attached to the whole subject of education in this country, and what is imbued by the popular imagination with the quality of sanctity can never afterward receive rational analysis except by the most irreverent. Democracy is supposed to rest on education, and to a large extent it does, and so, to suggest any restriction of educational development, no matter how useless such development might be, no matter how far out of line with the real spirit of democracy, almost takes on the aspect of treason. Many of the school men themselves, eager to expand their industry and inflate their professional importance, have lent themselves to the promotion of every fad that came along and was supposed or claimed to be for the benefit of the children and the school system. At any rate, if any influential school man has stood up and fought to defend the public and the schools themselves from the undue and irrational expansion of school activities we do not now recall his name—and if any there be we should like to be reminded of him. We have been egregiously "sold" on all sorts of fads that were not essential and not even helpful to the development of American character—which is what schools are for. We have gone to seed in the matter of kindergartens, cookery, athletics, millinery, and household economics, once taught in the household by the mother, who understood about it because she had to practice it instead of drawing materials from the school department at the expense of the taxpayers.

A state law now requires that twenty minutes out of

the school day be devoted to athletics, and this is done under the instruction of high-salaried athletic directors; whereas a few minutes of classroom calisthenics, morning and afternoon, led by the regular grade teacher, once sufficed to promote circulation, and aeration of the lungs, and keep the pupils in health as far as such exercises could do it—but it was not sufficiently expensive to suit the faddists. Twenty minutes a day may not seem much to devote athletics; but a rather significant fact in relation to it is that no law devotes twenty minutes a day to spelling. And then there is story telling. Of course there must be specialists to teach that—drawing more salaries. The fads and frills cost like sin, and are no part of such education as the public ought to be taxed to supply. And they all involve, for their coordination and control, heavy additions to the "overhead" in the form of swollen office forces. These things are no part of the "rights of childhood." Childhood, in the American conception and habit, has a right to a little freedom for its own spontaneous development. If the faddists extend their system much farther, American childhood will be reduced to the sort of regimented state slavery that causes so many child suicides in Germany.

Our school buildings now involve the most expensive construction and the most intricate architecture. They must have assembly halls and kitchens and gymnasiums and laboratories, even in the grade schools—all very well if the funds available were limitless, but they are not, and when those we are able to devote to the schools are eaten up providing for things that do not properly come into the picture of education, but are mere expensive socialistic appendages to it, calling for more and more housing and professional staffing, there is less and less to apply to providing every child with rudimentary instruction in fundamental and disciplinary subjects, in suitable buildings, and we find ourselves forced into heavier and heavier bond issues and more taxes to meet interest and sinking funds, while the system presents the distressing spectacle of part-time classes for lack of accommodation; and all this in spite of the fact that in most of our cities the population to share the tax burden is increasing and should by that increase be able to carry the legitimate costs of keeping plant and staff up to requirements.

It is for such reasons, in general, that the state treasury, which pays about 48 per cent. of the costs of maintaining our schools, besides providing for the university, is called upon to increase its disbursements for this object by \$7,000,000 for the next two years. It is altogether too much. No one could reasonably question the demand if only the essentials of education were being supplied, with due provision for upkeep and replacement of plant when necessary. But when it is evident that a large percentage of what the taxpayers contribute to education is squandered on frills and foibles, on cooking and folk dancing and bonnet designing and higher athletic direction, and a lot of fads of that sort, to the neglect of scholarship, we recognize the stigmata of perversion and the waste of political work-making. Here is a field in which Governor-elect Richardson can force retrenchment, in the further execution of his pre-election pledges. He should go at it with an axe and an easy conscience. Those that understand will not criticize, and those that pay will not condemn. There will be a howl, of course, from some of the self-seeking professional specialists. But in such a juncture it is well to remember Carlyle's admonition—"Get it done and let them howl."

#### How Federal Disbursements Grow.

Led by the organized pacifists of the country, many of our newspapers and public men seem to imagine that militarism is the great tax-eater. The statistics make an impressive showing because the calculators pack into them the pensions, Veterans' Bureau expenditures and the non-military activities of the army, including the rivers and harbors work, the Panama Canal, and like subjects. The new budget shows that the operations of the army for the national defense are to cost \$256,552,887 and those of the navy for the national defense \$289,880,993; a total of \$546,433,880, or about two-thirds of the combined Veterans' Bureau and Pension Bureau disbursements. Actually the total sum is only a little greater than the Veterans' Bureau alone will disburse.

Any one that will study the President's budget message and the accompanying budget presented to Congress early this month must be impressed by the vivid manner in which the country's fiscal condition is

pictured. But the student must be alarmed when he examines the restrained phrases of our chief executive and analyzes the charges that are imposed upon the treasury.

The sources of our revenue, and the purposes for which it is expended, have been revolutionized since 1917. We are getting the bulk of our income from sources then untouched, and we expend most of it for purposes new in the category of government obligations. The graphic charts presented by the Budget Bureau show that the average dollar of revenue flowing into the treasury is made of 72.1 cents of internal revenue receipts, 12.7 cents of customs receipts, and 15.2 cents of miscellaneous receipts. From income and profits taxes alone come 44.6 cents, and from miscellaneous internal revenue taxes 27.5 cents. The income and profits taxes are relatively new, and they are the largest source of revenue. The 15.2 cents of miscellaneous revenues includes 6.9 cents from interest, premium, and discount, and 8.3 cents from "other receipts," including royalties on coal and oil lands, sales of public lands and similar subjects.

Then we find that the average dollar to be expended by the government during the fiscal year beginning July 1st next is to be divided among the services as follows: General functions, 2.8 cents; military functions, 32.7 cents; civil functions, 27.3 cents; non-functional operations, including interest on the public debt and debt retirements as the chief items, 37.2 cents.

But even this showing is not quite accurate, for the figure of 32.7 cents for military functions includes 19.2 cents for military pensions, retirement pay, annuities, world war allowances and life insurance claims, leaving only 13.5 cents for actual national defense. This analysis will be a sad blow to some of our working pacifists that have been raising statistical hobgoblins on the subject. Of the 27.3 cents to be expended for civil functions, 1.4 cents goes for promotion, regulation, and operation of marine transportation; 15.5 cents for postal service; 4.4 cents for public works, and but 6 cents for other civil functions. The largest single classification in the list is 37.2 cents for what are called non-functional operations. Public debt retirements will take 9.2 cents of this and interest on the public debt 25.2 cents, or a total of 34.4 cents for public debt charges; and 1.8 cents represents the handling of trust moneys, including the Indian funds.

The departments and independent boards, bureaus, and commissions that will expend the money, and the amounts they will expend, follow: The Veterans' Bureau will require 12.2 cents of every Federal dollar; Department of Agriculture, 4.1 cents; Department of Commerce, 0.5 cents; Department of the Interior, 8.5 cents (largely due to civil war pension payments); Department of Justice, 0.5 cents; Department of Labor, 0.2 cents; Navy Department, 8.5 cents; War Department, 8.4 cents; Postoffice Department, 15.5 cents; State Department, 0.4 cents; Treasury Department, 39.3 cents; District of Columbia, 0.6 cents, and legislative branch and independent establishments, 1.3 cents.

Glancing over the functional totals, one observes that almost half the budget is composed of three classes of expenditure, all created since 1917. The largest of these is \$950,000,000 for interest on the public debt; next comes approximately half a billion dollars for the Veterans' Bureau; and third, one hundred million dollars for public roads.

"Can there be any reasonable expectation of further reduction in governmental expenditures in the near future?" asks the President. He points out that "approximately two-thirds of the taxes collected go to pay certain fixed charges over the expenditures of which there can be exercised little or no administrative control. The interest on the public debt, the chief of the fixed charges, must be paid. This will be \$950,000,000 for the fiscal year 1924, constituting nearly one-third of the total expenditure of the government. Among these are also certain permanent and indefinite appropriations for various purposes and certain large annual appropriations sanctioned by law and public opinion."

Obviously the President was referring to pensions and that form of pension and gratuity expended by the Veterans' Bureau. This bureau will disburse considerably more than half a billion dollars during the coming fiscal year. The budget asks \$253,000,000 for pensions, chiefly civil war, for the year, a slight advance over the current year, but not quite so much as during the fiscal year ending June 30th last.

Put another way, we are now giving gratuities as a



result of previous wars to veterans and their dependents aggregating three-quarters of a billion dollars a year, or just about three-fourths of the total cost of administering this government prior to 1917. Public attention has been concentrated largely in the past two or three years on payments to the disabled of the great war through the Veterans' Bureau. But while public attention has been so diverted the civil war and Spanish war pension advocates have been progressively piling new pension charges on us. Back in 1883, when we were paying \$66,000,000 a year for pensions, it was estimated that the peak of this charge had been reached. When the pension charge had increased to more than \$160,000,000 a year we were told that that was the end. It has been going forward steadily since then and the figure for the fiscal year 1921 was \$260,000,000.

And immediately after the reading of the President's message containing these words of warning the House, on motion of Representative Fuller, suspended the rules and passed without debate a bill which had passed the Senate making a revolutionary increase in civil war pensions.

This bill raises to \$72 a month the pensions of civil war veterans of ninety days' service and Mexican war veterans of sixty days' service. The basis is ninety days' service and sixty days' service, and not the disability required in the pension laws up to 1907, when the first so-called service pension was put through. When some five or six years ago the service pension was raised to a basis of \$1 a day or \$30 a month the country thought we had gone pretty far.

But this isn't the only revolutionary thing in the bill. Section 2 advances to June 27, 1915, what is known as the "widow's date." In earlier pension legislation Congress tried to break up the practice of young girls marrying decrepit veterans in the hope of getting a widow's pension at an early date thereafter. Earlier legislation had fixed the "widow's date" in the 'seventies. A few years ago it was raised to 1907. Now it has advanced to 1915, with the further extraordinary provision that a widow who married a veteran after June 27, 1915, and who "after said date shall have lived and cohabited with the soldier, sailor, or marine for at least two years and continuing until his death," shall likewise be pensioned, precisely as if the marriage had been prior to the date, at the new established widow's rate of \$50 a month.

The recent annual report of the Pension Bureau shows that there were on the roll at the end of the fiscal year June 30th last 547,016 pensioners, classified as follows: Civil war veterans, 193,881; widows, minor children, and dependents of civil war veterans, 272,194; war of 1812 widows, 49; Mexican war soldiers, 73; Mexican war widows, 1878; Indian war soldiers, 3867; Indian war widows, 2748; Spanish war soldiers, 44,965; Spanish war widows, minor children, and dependents, 9198. The total soldiers pensioned and living are 256,828, but there are 282,965 widows, 2106 minor children, 927 helpless children, 4100 dependents, and 90 nurses. But the President manifestly has given up hope of making any savings in expenditures of this character.

In 1909 the expenditures of the Department of Agriculture were about \$13,000,000 a year. By 1912 they had risen to something just short of \$20,000,000. This year \$154,000,000 is asked for that department, but of this \$100,000,000 is for public roads expenditures. Thus the comparable figures are the \$20,000,000 of 1912 against the \$54,000,000 for the fiscal year 1924.

Has the farmer or has the country received a compensating benefit for this tremendous percentage increase?

The President plainly has in mind also good road expenditures. This was not the subject of Federal appropriations to any considerable degree until the fiscal year 1918, when the first appropriations under the new Federal cooperative road law entailed the expenditure of \$843,474. The expenditures for the ensuing years follow: 1919, \$3,665,694; 1920, \$24,555,180; 1921, \$62,498,203; this year it is \$75,000,000 approximately, and now \$100,000,000 is asked for the ensuing fiscal year 1924.

Go through the detailed appropriations proposed by the budget for practically all the departments and you will find large increases, but they are more notable in the Department of Agriculture than anywhere else, save in the treasury, where the increase is accounted for by the necessary enlargement of the personnel connected with the administration of the new internal revenue

laws. The national defense must be absolved from charges of tax-gouging. The trouble is in the other departments. But it is a grave trouble, which manifests no decline with the years.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is an imperfect world and one in which the good need be as wise as serpents. It may be necessary to use a man like Burns in order to protect the country from a man like Gompers.

In enforcing the Wright Act it is to be hoped Chief O'Brien will remember that its advocates loudly declared before election it would call for no increase of the police force. Let us see if it does.

If there is any such thing as a popular associate justice of the Supreme Court, Pierce Butler is likely to be one. Most of the United States, until it forgets all about him, is going to "love him for the enemies he has made."

A Japanese official is quoted by David Starr Jordan to the effect that the \$400,000,000 spent on the Siberian forces of occupation would have rebuilt Tokio as a modern city. If that is what they would have done with the money it is a good thing they wasted it in Siberia.

The dispute between Russia, Poland, Esthonia, Latvia and Finland about reduction of armaments, and the difficulties they are having to determine just how large Poland's army is, would indicate that the self-determined new nations are carrying concealed weapons just like the old ones.

Keep your eye on Ismet Pasha. He says he will not consent to have the League of Nations administer the affairs of the minority populations in Turkey, for it would encourage those minorities to appeal to an outside agency, and enable the foreign powers to continue their interference in Turkish affairs. It would, he says, "result in the exploitation of minorities for political ends under the lying cloak of humanitarianism." He says the Turks have always been able to get along with other nationals when those nationals keep out of politics and are not stirred up by outside influences. That may not be a welcome statement to the sentimentalists, but it does seem to have a measure of sense in it, and some rough correspondence with the truth.

One might well infer that Mr. Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the Railroad Labor Board, is a hard man to hoodwink. Speaking before the Western Railway Club at Chicago, he said:

There is today an element of men who call themselves progressives, but who might be more aptly denominated "crawfish progressives." They imagine they are going forward, but as a matter of fact they are traveling backward. The so-called progressive convention at Cleveland last week was dominated by certain leaders of labor organizations, associated with prominent representatives of the Socialist party. This convention adopted a platform which, boiled down, meant: "Every man who has anything to sell shall have higher prices for it and every man who has to buy anything shall get it at lower prices."

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### Encore!

YUMA, ARIZONA, December 7, 1922.

The Argonaut, San Francisco, Cal.—

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find check for \$5 in payment for subscription renewal to the Argonaut. This is a Christmas treat to myself. San Francisco is my old home town, and I am proud to know it is the home of the finest weekly published anywhere. Best wishes and Merry Christmas.

Sincerely yours,

F. J. MARTIN.

##### Real Reciprocity.

SEATTLE, December 4, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Dear Sir: Enclosed please find \$5 to renew my subscription to your valued paper for another year. For the past twenty-five years I have been a constant reader of the Argonaut. No periodicals come into my home that gives myself and family greater pleasure.

Wishing you continued success, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

W. A. IRWIN.

##### A Reader's Judgment.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 11, 1922.

The Argonaut, San Francisco—

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find my check for \$5 and kindly renew my subscription to the Argonaut. And do not forget that we still have the curse of prohibition with us. Your remarks in the past have been most enlightening and to the point on this question.

Yours very truly,  
H. G. BADGER, JR.

Sweden today counts 40,000 automobiles, according to recent statistics, double the number in use two years ago. Stockholm alone has 5000 cars. Swedish farmers, formerly hostile to the invasion, have become reconciled and are buying cars. Much of the gasoline and an overwhelming majority of the cars come from the United States.

#### VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

##### NORTH AMERICA AND LIQUOR.

(Manchester Guardian.)

The North American continent is clearly in sad difficulties. Unabashed smuggling of liquor from Canada to her nominally "bone dry" neighbor goes on with the connivance, or at least the apathy, of Canadian authorities. The Toronto correspondent of the Times writes that cargoes of liquor are being openly loaded at Canadian ports for transport to the States. A new sort of desperado, with a swift and capacious motor launch, makes a fortune that Flint or Silver might have envied in the rather mean adventure of transporting drink across the Great Lakes. The root of the trouble lies in the fact that in this matter Canada is divided; and unless, where smuggling will pay, it is possible to get a common policy over all the area concerned, the effect of local restrictions is apt to be a multiplication of law-breakers. On the North American continent Quebec and British Columbia remain incorrigible anti-prohibitionists. The one has an essentially English, the other a purely French, tradition of a humane use of beer, wine, and even of spirits. As a result, when the young, ardent, reforming heart of Canada, in the prairie provinces and Ontario, follows the American prohibitionist's example and goes "all out" to abolish the "saloon," these awkward conservatives, with memories of rafted inns and of historic cafés, where great men have warmed to gaiety, wit, and enterprise, simply refuse to toe the line. It makes a difference in one's view of the "public-house" if it recalls Shakespeare at the Mermaid, Burns at Poosie Nancy's, or even poor Villon screwing another imperishable ballad out of himself with a final flagon, rather than just Tammany bemusing, in the interests of "graft," the electorate of New York. The upshot of this difference of outlook is to make chaos of the liquor laws in North America. The United States and the major part of Canada have embarked on a legislative experiment in teetotalism which, whatever its result, will be historic. The unregenerate corners of the continent will have to disown and subdue attempts to destroy that experiment by piracy. If they have the right of the matter on their side it will in time prevail, but not by these means.

##### LET THE CONSTITUTION ALONE.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The so-called progressives, in and out of Congress, plan a series of constitutional amendments. No less than five are advocated by them, or some of them, and two are already under consideration in the Senate. One of these would fix the time of the regular meeting of Congress following an election in the ensuing January and the inauguration of the President at the same time. The other would abolish the Electoral College and provide for the certification of the vote to Congress by the state authorities. Of those to be proposed later on, perhaps in this session, one would apply to child labor, another would provide for the direct nomination of presidential candidates by the people, and still another would embody La Follette's scheme to make Congress superior to the Constitution.

There is nothing objectionable *per se* in the first proposal mentioned. The Globe-Democrat has often favored the change of the meeting dates for Congress and the inauguration of the President to the first of the year. There is no good reason for postponing the meeting of a newly-elected Congress until sixteen months have elapsed. There is no constitutional prohibition against earlier regular meeting, and no such delay as has become customary was ever contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. The Constitution prescribes that at least one session shall be held each year, and that "such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day." Congress therefore has the power to "appoint a different day." The Constitution does not say when a President's term of office shall begin, nor does it fix the date of presidential or congressional elections. The first Congress met as soon as its members could get together after their election, and the first President was inaugurated just as soon after his election as he could be notified and reach New York. Washington was declared elected on April 6th and inaugurated on April 30th. This shows that the founders of our country had no thought of delayed action. Congress would have the power to make any or all of the changes proposed but for the fact that the Constitution fixes the terms of office of the President and members of Congress, and these changes can not be made without cutting two months from the term of one President and from the terms of all the members of the Congress affected by the change.

As to the abolition of the Electoral College, it would do no harm in itself, nor can we see that it would do any good. It would not make the slightest difference in our present election system, except to remove a mere formality that has long ceased to have any value, and to put all the cumbersome machinery of constitutional amendment into operation for such a purpose seems to us to be bad precedent. Really, the Constitution ought not to be tampered with unless great public necessity demands it.

##### WALLOONS AND FLEMINGS.

(Washington Post.)

One of the legacies of disunion and bitterness left by the world war is the conflict in Belgium between the Walloons, or French-speaking Belgians, and the Flemish-speaking element. This conflict, it is true, does not date from yesterday, but has existed for decades. The Flemish tongue is recognized as an official language in Belgium, its use, on an equality with French, being permitted in the law courts and in the Parliament, while all laws and decrees are promulgated in the two languages.

The ever-increasing use of French aroused, however, a strong spirit of resistance among the partisans of the Flemish tongue, who naturally turned for moral support to their brothers-in-race in the Netherlands and in a lesser degree to the Germanic race, to whose language their tongue is allied. The fact that the Flemish language boasts of a literature of considerable importance and has played a leading rôle in the history of the Low Countries increased the enthusiasm of the Flemings for the use of their language.

Before 1914 there was a considerable diminution in the bitterness of the conflict between Walloons and Flemings, and something like a *modus vivendi* was found which allowed of French and Flemish existing side by side without too much bickering. There was, however, one place in which the cessation of the conflict was viewed with disfavor, and that was in Berlin. Harboring the designs on Belgium which she did, Germany encouraged the Flemings in their resistance to the French tongue. The Germans reckoned on creating such a breach between Walloons and Flemings that the latter would hail the Germans as their allies and protectors and would regard everything French with hostility.

During the German occupation of Belgium no stone was left unturned to conciliate the Flemings and widen the breach between them and the Walloons. The Germans, however, did not succeed, as they had hoped to do, in creating among the Flemish population a movement in favor of the union of Belgium with Germany, though they did succeed, to a certain extent, in reviving the bitterness of their conflict. This has continued to a certain degree even after the peace. The Flemish element demands that the French university of Ghent shall be transformed into a Flemish one. This has naturally



aroused the resistance of the Walloons, who insist on its maintenance as French. At the same time they have no objection to the Flemings also having their own university. In defense of the French point of view a demonstration of the Walloon element of western Flanders, attended by more than 20,000 people, was recently organized at Ghent. To this the Flemish element organized a strong opposition, with the result that a clash took place in the streets of that city, which was only suppressed with difficulty by the intervention of strong forces of gendarmerie, both mounted and on foot.

#### ASTOR AND ASTORIA.

(New York Herald.)

The ill fortune that befell Astoria, Oregon, recently, when a great fire swept away its business section, causing property loss estimated at \$15,000,000, brought into the news a city whose name figures very infrequently in the dispatches. Astoria was intended for great things. It was a city founded on a vision. The vision faded, and the town that grew up on pilings driven into the flats of the Columbia River eight miles from its mouth plodded on to a soberer and less magnificent destiny.

John Jacob Astor, its founder and the founder of the Astor family in America, dreamed of making Astoria the commercial centre of a vast trade with the Far East. The fortunes of the war of 1812 and British domination of the fur trade in the Northwest blocked his plan and diverted his ambition into other channels. Astoria grew up, not to become a powerful commercial centre and the nucleus of a new and separate American civilization on the Pacific Coast, as Astor and President Jefferson expected, but a busy little fishing and manufacturing city with a modest future before it.

Here in New York Astor planned the enterprise which was to make Astoria the clearing house and the feeder of an even vaster fortune than the one he founded. In his shop on Water Street, where he cured with his own hands the skins he obtained on trading expeditions among the Indians of the Adirondacks and Canada, he began to turn over in his mind the reports brought back by the expedition of Lewis and Clark. He pictured a string of trading posts across the Western country extending to the fort built by Lewis and Clark, near where Astoria now stands.

He established his post at Astoria in 1811, but the enterprise did not thrive. The British trading companies were too strongly entrenched. In the war of 1812 his trading post was seized by the enemy, who held it for several years. Astor tried for a time to pursue his project and then shifted his operations to the Middle West, making his two most important posts at Mackinac and St. Louis.

President Jefferson, who warmly approved Astor's project, wrote of the enterprise that he looked forward "with great satisfaction to the time when the descendants of Astoria shall spread themselves over the whole coast, covering it with free and independent Americans, unconnected with us but by the ties of blood and interest, and enjoying, like us, the rights of self-government."

But it was not Astoria's portion to be the colonizing centre of the Oregon country. Portland, much further inland, near the junction of the Columbia River and the Willamette River, became the chief port of the first successful American colony on the Pacific Coast.

Never the city it was intended to be, Astoria had to struggle to become the city it is. For years the barrier of silt and sand piled up by the tides at the mouth of the Columbia endangered shipping seeking its wharves. Millions of dollars have been spent by the government in dredging a forty-foot channel off Cape Disappointment and Baker Bay.

But if Astoria has not made itself the centre of a China trade it has made itself the centre of the salmon industry on the Columbia, and its population of 14,000 persons find employment also in lumbering and other industries. Astoria has lived through a great deal, and there is no doubt that it will build stronger and better on the ruins of its fire.

#### AN IMPERSONAL BENEFACTOR.

(Los Angeles Times.)

Nations as a whole are generally supposed to act very much as the individuals composing that nation would act under similar circumstances. Neither nations nor mobs in reality act as any single person. The mob swings to one extreme, the nation to the other—the single persons of which both are made up would again do something quite different.

One can see this illustrated in the way Uncle Sam has acted since the war toward the nations of Europe—and is still acting—after the treatment he has received from all the contestants without exception.

America's post-war actions have been bitterly criticized everywhere in the European press. Her motives have been impugned. Her largesse has been first accepted and then laughed at. Her relief work has been belittled. Every effort to inject a touch of humanity into diplomatic readjustments has been scorned. Her aims have been misrepresented and her motives maligned. A simple request for plain business honesty in international relations has brought shrieking across the ocean a gusty storm of hysterical abuse.

A mob, under this provocation, regardless of consequences, would have been at the throat of its detractors. An individual would have washed his hands of them and their troubles and put up the "not-at-home" sign on his office door.

Uncle Sam has not acted as one mob to another mob nor as one man to another single man. But as one-half of a world that nothing but a divine convulsion can split into two disconnected hemispheres, Uncle Sam remains unwearied in well-doing, slacks nothing in his relief work, offers sympathy, assistance, and advice to all who ask for it, gives them the services of his best-trained accountants to straighten their muddled finances and treats with kindly indulgence their petty trickeries and temperamental vapors.

This is solely due to the advantage of being a well-knit nation. It avoids both the passion of the mob and the egotism of the individual.

#### GOVERNOR-GENERAL HEALY.

(New York Times.)

The appointment of Timothy Healy as governor-general of the Irish Free State is something like a stroke of political genius. Doubtless the choice was made by the British government in consultation with the Irish provisional government, but from whatever source the suggestion of Mr. Healy came, it was most sagacious. Looking strictly to the terms of the Anglo-Irish treaty, which promised Ireland treatment, in her relations with the crown, like that of the Dominion of Canada, it might have been expected that a duke or viscount or at least a lord would have been chosen to uphold the dignity of the first governor-general of Ireland. But the distinction is given to an Irishman and a commoner—though "Tim" Healy is a man very much out of the common. The reputation which he made as a member of the British Parliament has outlived his retirement from politics. He had an abundant share of Irish wit; had a sharp tongue; was independent to the point of never being able to agree long even with his fellow-Irishmen and his own party; and withal possessed industry, marked legal ability, and a great mastery of the public business. Gladstone is said to have remarked that no one understood his first Home Rule bill except himself and Mr. Healy.

As governor-general and direct representative of the king Mr. Healy will have a heavy responsibility. He

may be called upon to give advice to the nascent Free State, and to make decisions which ought to have weight with his fellow-countrymen, coming from one of themselves. He will probably find it easy to resist the temptation to assume the pomp of power. If he is installed in Dublin Castle he may, indeed, need to maintain a guard against those bedeviled Irishmen who will probably think it their first duty to murder him if they can, but will put away all the regalia and flourishes of high office in dealing with the Irish authorities and the people who really want peace and an orderly government. It may be that his native good-fellowship, his jovial give-and-take in humorous exchanges, and his ability to coin the pungent and apposite phrase for a given political situation, will stand him in better stead than all the flummery and military force with which the Irish viceroys have been accustomed to surround themselves.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### Christmas in the Olden Time.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
But, let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer:  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;  
Caroused in seas of sable beer;  
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone;  
Or listened all, in grim delight,  
While scalds yelled out the joy of fight.  
Then forth in frenzy would they hie,  
While wildly loose their red locks fly;  
And, dancing round the blazing pile,  
They make such barbarous mirth the while,  
As best might to the mind recall  
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had rolled  
And brought blithe Christmas back again  
With all its hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honor to the holy night:  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
That only night, in all the year,  
Saw the stole priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dressed with holly green;  
Forth to the wood did the merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doffed her pride.  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose;  
The lord, underrating, share  
The vulgar game of "nought and pair."  
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,  
And general voice, the happy night  
That to the cottage, as to the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man;  
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell  
How, when, and where the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,  
Garnished with ribbons, brightly trowls.  
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,  
At such high-tide, her savory goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roared with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery;  
White skirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
But, O, what maskers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'T was Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'T was Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through all the year.

—Sir Walter Scott.

##### A Birthday.

My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple-tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a walyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves, and silver fleur-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

Every great reform which has been effected has consisted, not in doing something new, but in undoing something old. The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of previous legislation; and the best laws which have been passed have been those by which some former laws have been repealed.—Henry Thomas Buckle.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Abercorn, who has been appointed governor of Northern Ireland by King George, has been lord-lieutenant of Tyrone since 1917 and is a major of the North Irish Horse. The new ruler of Ulster was one-time treasurer of his majesty's household. He is keenly interested in zoology.

Mrs. Wanda Helbig, the daughter of a Polish nobleman, is the first of her sex to receive a mate's license on an American ship. Mrs. Helbig's life is said to be suitable material for a Conrad novel. She claims to have discovered the monkey-tailed men of Palawan, she has been kidnapped by a Moro suitor, rescued by her husband from an Eastern harem, and has visited every country of the globe. In addition to her nautical accomplishments, she is a polyglot equally at home in seven languages.

Gabriel Narutowicz, late Polish minister of foreign affairs, and newly-elected and assassinated president of Poland, was a relative of General Pilsudski, retiring president. Narutowicz was a member of the various Polish cabinets since 1920, when he was appointed minister of public works under Premier Grabski—a position to which he was reappointed by Premier Poniowski. As foreign minister he was one of the signatories of the military covenant framed by the premiers of Poland and the Little Entente powers at the secret conference held at Marienbad in August. He was also Polish delegate to the Baltic disarmament conference. President Narutowicz was a radical, his assassination following the great opposition aroused by his appointment among the moderates of the Diet.

Timothy Michael Healy, the first governor-general of the Irish Free State, and famous advocate who has figured in every *cause célèbre*, political and criminal, heard in Ireland for the past twenty years, shares with Clemenceau the nickname "Tiger." Tim Healy, as he is known everywhere in his native land, says his first aim will be to establish friendly relations between England and Ireland and to promote a better spirit between the North and the South. Healy was born in 1855, called to the Irish bar in 1884 and the English bar in 1903, became king's counsel in 1910, and has been a member of Parliament since 1880. He is one of the wittiest fighters of a nation of wits and fighters. He is reported to have said once in the Commons, "Mr. Speaker, there are two united parties in this house; I'm one of them." Since he quit his Cork seat in 1918 in favor of a Sinn Féin, Healy has not taken an active part on the surface of Irish politics, but he has been an invisible power and the chief counselor of inexperienced members of the provisional government, among whom his nephew, Kevin O'Higgins, is prominent.

Georges Clemenceau is described by his biographer, M. Georges Lecomte, as believing in the strenuous life. Says M. Lecomte: "It is true that he gets up regularly at 3 o'clock every morning, and sometimes earlier. Not having need of a long sleep, he is not far from believing that sleep is a prejudice. In order to furnish him with the latest news of the evening the secretary has it sent by messenger to his home. It is slipped under the doormat, where Clemenceau knows he will find it. But often in his haste to know of events and get to work, thinking that he has slept too long, the impetuous old man comes to lift up the mat before the messenger has brought the dispatches. This famous old statesman comes every night to look under the doormat for the news of some event which he can interpret in the light of his knowledge of life and men for the instruction of his contemporaries. Then, when the precious envelope has appeared, for three or four hours he enjoys the delight of a hard battle, in solitude, until the illuminating idea springs forth and hits upon his stirring phrases. After that he indulges in a half-hour's gymnastic exercise, which keeps up the vigorous suppleness of his muscles and insures, through a perfect circulation, the calm lucidity of his mind."

The first woman to sit in a court of general jurisdiction, legal and equitable, civil and criminal, and the first woman in the world to preside in first degree murder cases is Judge Florence E. Allen, who has been elected to the Supreme Court of Ohio as an independent candidate, after serving as judge of the court of common pleas, Cleveland. Judge Allen, who is still a young woman—she was born in 1884—has had a varied and brilliant career. Entering college at thirteen, she studied music at home and abroad and for two years wrote criticism for the *Musical Courier*. Drifting into journalism via music, she was from 1906 to 1908 on the editorial staff of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. During that period she taught, and completed working for her master's degree from Western Reserve University. Following a year at the Chicago University Law School, she served as legal investigator for the New York League for the Protection of Immigrants. Later she entered the New York University Law School, from which she was graduated in 1913. In 1914 she returned to Ohio and was admitted to the bar. Born in Utah and brought up in the Middle West, where her ancestors were pioneers, Judge Allen is the athletic type of woman. She rises every morning at 5, does her own housework, and walks five and a half miles to court. The men and women who have just elected her were of both parties, and it is interesting that she took no active part in her own campaign.



## REVELATIONS OF A CABINET MEMBER.

Franklin K. Lane Reveals in His Letters the Observations and Anxieties of a Patriot.

Of the books that have appeared this year from which future historians will draw materials for the story of our time "The Letters of Franklin K. Lane" is one of the most important. As a member of President Wilson's Cabinet preceding and during the war Lane had an opportunity to observe closely the passage of events in which he took a not inconsiderable part. He was a conscientious correspondent, and since his death in May, 1921, Mrs. Lane has collected some of his important letters and, with Louise Wall, has issued them in a volume of unusual significance.

Letters, of themselves, do not form a connected story, and it is possible that in arranging them the editor may unconsciously select those that go to prove some special point. On the other hand, letters do record the impressions of the time and have therefore a greater interest than some later work would have, in which the writer has the thoughts of his period overlaid and modified by considerations of later events.

Franklin K. Lane was born on Prince Edward Island, Canada, and was brought to California when seven years of age. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, worked on newspapers, tried owning one, married, and finally got into politics by being elected city attorney of San Francisco under a charter he had helped frame. He served in this position three terms and then ran for governor, being defeated by Dr. Pardee. In 1903 he was defeated for mayor of San Francisco by Schmitz, who is still with us, though not as mayor. The defeat of Lane by Schmitz has led some exasperated persons to question the validity of the old saw that says "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

As the people of San Francisco did not want Lane for mayor and the United States needed him, President Roosevelt made him Interstate Commerce Commissioner and President Taft reappointed him. He served on the commission and then President Wilson made him a member of the Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. Like every one else who worked with Mr. Wilson, he gradually became estranged, and, after the war and when the President had recovered from his breakdown, Lane resigned, largely to make some money for his old age. His health had given way also, and the year after leaving the Cabinet was a struggle for life which ended in defeat.

Passing over the letters of his early life to the time when he was Secretary of the Interior, he writes regarding the policy of conservation that tied up all development in the West:

It is none of my business, but I have just seen an article coming out over your name respecting Pinchot, the wisdom of which I doubt. I have never found any good to come by blurring an issue by personal contest or antagonisms. I am deeply interested in water power development and something may result this session. If those who are in favor of water power development get to fighting each other, nothing will result.

For five long weary years I have been agitating for the use of the water powers of the United States. We estimate the unused power in tens and tens of millions of horsepower. Right in New York you have in the Erie Canal 150,000 horsepower, and on the Niagara River you probably have a million unused. If you had a great dam across the river below the rapids we should have water power in chains, like fire hoses in their stalls, that could be brought out at the time of need. But we are thinking in large figures these days, and while we used to be afraid to ask for a few hundred thousand dollars we now talk in millions, and some day we may realize that to put the cost of a week's war into power plants in the United States would be money well invested.

We have no law under which private capital feels justified in investing a dollar in a water power plant where public lands are involved, because the permit granted is revocable at the pleasure of the Secretary of the Interior, and capital does not enjoy the prospect of making its future returns dependent upon the good digestion of the Secretary. But if we get this bill, which I enclose, through, we will be able to handle the power on all streams on the public lands and forests and on all navigable waters, and give assurance to capital that it will be well taken care of if it makes the investment.

It is an outrage that we should have a total of nearly six million acres of land withdrawn for oil, three million for phosphates, and one million for water power sites, potash, etc., and allow session after session of Congress without producing any legislation that will sensibly open these reserves to development. The extreme conservationists, who are really for holding the lands indefinitely in the Federal government and unopened, and the extreme anti-conservationists, who are for turning all the public lands over to the states, have stood for years against any rational system of national development.

Largely through Lane's efforts, some modification of the extreme restrictions on the use of water powers was made, but the hand of the national government is still heavy against any scheme of development of the resources of the West, except by some form of state socialism sponsored and directed from Washington.

The chief interest in Lane's letters is found, however, in his record of the doings of the Cabinet prior to and during the war. Like many others, Lane was favorable to the President at the beginning of his term and only changed as time went by:

What you say regarding the President-to-be is extremely interesting. That he is headstrong, arbitrary, and positive, his friends admit. These are real virtues in this day of slackness and sloppiness. I have just returned from New York, where I talked with McAdoo and House, who are extremely close to him, and advising him regarding his Cabinet, and they tell me he is a most satisfactory man to deal with. He listens quite patiently and makes up his mind, and then "stays put." His Cabinet will be his advisers, but no one will control him.

How much advice the Cabinet was able to give the

President is shown in the following extracts regarding the work of that body after the war started. Lane's opinion of the other departments is also apparent, together with his impatience with Wilson's vacillations and notes to Germany:

I am going to write you in confidence some of the talks we have at the Cabinet and you may keep these letters in case I ever wish to remind myself of what transpired. A week ago yesterday (February 1st) the word came that Germany was to turn "mad dog" again, and sink all ships going within her war zone. This was the question, of course, taken up at the meeting of the Cabinet on February 2d. The President opened by saying that this notice was an "astounding surprise." He had received no intimation of such a reversal of policy. Indeed, Zimmermann, the German minister of foreign affairs, had within ten days told Girard that such a thing was an "impossibility." At this point Lansing said that he had good reason to believe that Bernstorff had the note for fully ten days before delivering it, and had held it off because of the President's Peace Message to Congress, which had made it seem inadvisable to deliver it then. In answer to a question as to which side he wished to see win, the President said that he didn't wish to see either win—for both had been equally indifferent to the rights of neutrals—though Germany had been brutal in taking life, and England only in taking property. . . .

The St. Louis, of the American Line, wanted to go out with mail, but asked the right to arm and the use of guns and gunners. After a long discussion, the decision of the President was that we should not convoy because that made a double hazard—this being the report of the navy—but that ships should be told that they might arm, but that without new power from Congress they should not be furnished with guns and gunners.

The President said that he was "passionately" determined not to overstep the slightest punctilio of honor in dealing with Germany, or interned Germans, or the property of Germans.

At our dinner to the President last night he said he was not in sympathy with any great preparedness—that Europe would be man and money poor by the end of the war. I think he is dead wrong in this, and as I am a member of the National Council of Defense, I am pushing for everything possible. . . .

The army and navy are so set and stereotyped and standpat that I am almost hopeless as to moving them to do the wise, large, wholesale job. They are governed by red tape—worse than any union.

The chief of staff fell asleep at our meeting today—Mars and Morpheus in one!

Today's meeting has resulted in nothing, though in Mexico, Cuba, Costa Rica and Europe we have trouble. The country is growing tired of delay, and without positive leadership is losing its keenness of conscience and becoming inured to insult. Our ambassador in Berlin is held as a hostage for days—our consuls' wives are stripped naked at the border, our ships are sunk, our people killed—and yet we wait and wait! What for I do not know. Germany is winning by her bluff, for she has our ships interned in our own harbors.

Another Cabinet meeting and no light yet on what our policy will be as to Germany. We evidently are waiting for the "overt act," which I think Germany will not commit. We are all, with the exception of one or two pro-Germans, feeling humiliated by the situation, but nothing can be done. . . .

On Friday we had one of the most animated sessions of the Cabinet that I suppose has ever been held under this or any other President. It all arose out of a very innocent question of mine as to whether it was true that the wives of American consuls on leaving Germany had been stripped naked, given an acid bath to detect writing on their flesh, and subjected to other indignities. Lansing answered that it was true. Then I asked Houston about the bread riots in New York, as to whether there was shortage of food because of car shortage due to vessels not going out with exports. This led to a discussion of the great problem which we all had been afraid to raise—Why shouldn't we send our ships with guns or convoys? Daniels said we must not convoy—that would be dangerous. (Think of a Secretary of the Navy talking of danger!) The President said that the country was not willing that we should take any risks of war. I said that I got no such sentiment out of the country, but if the country knew that our consuls' wives had been treated so outrageously that there would be no question as to the sentiment. This the President took as a suggestion that we should work up a propaganda of hatred against Germany. Of course, I said I had no such idea, but that I felt that in a democracy the people were entitled to know the facts. McAdoo, Houston, and Redfield joined me. The President turned on them bitterly, especially on McAdoo, and reproached all of us with appealing to the spirit of the "Code Duello." We couldn't get the idea out of his head that we were bent on pushing the country into war. Houston talked of resigning after the meeting. McAdoo will—within a year, I believe. I tried to smooth them down by recalling our past experiences with the President. We have had to push, and push, and push to get him to take any forward step—the trade commission, the tariff commission. He comes out right, but he is slower than a glacier—and things are mighty disagreeable, whenever anything has to be done.

I don't know whether the President is an internationalist or a pacifist, he seems to be very mildly national—his patriotism is covered over with a film of philosophic humanitarianism that certainly doesn't make for "punch" at such a time as this. . . .

I took your letter and your proposed wire as to our going into war and sent them to the President as suggestions for his proposed message, which in a couple of days will come out—what it is to be I don't know—excepting in spirit. He is to be for recognizing war and taking hold of the situation in such a fashion as will eventually lead to an Allies' victory over Germany. But he goes unwillingly. The Cabinet is at last a unit. We can stand Germany's insolence and murderous policy no longer. Burleson, Gregory, Daniels and Wilson were the last to come over.

The meetings of the Cabinet lately have been nothing less than councils of war. The die is cast—and yet no one has seen the message. The President hasn't shown us a line. . . . Politics, politics, curse of the country! It has gotten into the whole war programme. Hoover and McAdoo are at swords drawn. Hoover had a cable signed by the three premiers, George, Clemenceau, and Orlando, crying for wheat and charging us with not keeping our word—and starvation threatening all three countries—in fact, almost sure, because we have not been able to get the wheat to the ships; and with starvation will come revolution, if it gets bad enough. . . . I asked Hoover about this on Sunday night, . . . and he said that a list of eight hundred cars had been on McAdoo's desk for a week. . . .

Yesterday, at Cabinet meeting, we had the first real talk on the war in weeks, yes in months! Burleson brought up the matter of Russia. . . . would we support Japan in taking Siberia, or even Vladivostok? Should we join Japan actively—in force?

The President said "No," for the very practical reason that we had no ships. We had difficulty in providing for our men

in France and for our Allies (the President never uses this word, saying that we are not "allies"). . . .

Nothing talked of at Cabinet that would interest a nation—a family, or a child. No talk of the war. No talk of Russia or Japan. Talk by McAdoo about some bills in Congress, by the President about giving the veterans of the Spanish war leave, with pay, to attend their annual encampment. And he treated this seriously as if it were a matter of first importance! No word from Baker nor mention of his mission or his doings. . . .

Yesterday we had a Cabinet meeting. All were present. The President was manifestly disturbed. For some weeks we have spent our time at Cabinet meetings largely in telling stories. Even at the meeting of a week ago, the day on which the President sent his reply to Germany—his second note of the peace series—we were given no view of the note, which was already in Lansing's hands and was emitted at 4 o'clock; and had no talk upon it, other than some outline given off-hand by the President to one of the Cabinet who referred to it before the meeting; and for three-quarters of an hour told stories on the war, and took up small departmental affairs.

Then others took a hand. Wilson said the Allies should be consulted. Houston thought there was no real reform inside Germany. McAdoo made a long talk favoring an armistice on terms fixed by the military authorities. Strangely enough, Burleson, who had voted against all our stiff action over the Lusitania and has pleaded for the Germans steadily, was most belligerent in his talk. He was ferocious—so much so that I thought he was trying to make the President react against any stiff note—for he knows the President well, and knows that any kind of strong blood-thirsty talk drives him into the cellar of pacifism. . . .

The inability of the President to get on with people or to listen to any advice constitutes one of the tragedies of our war period. It explains the confusion in Washington and the facts brought out in General Pershing's report that in nearly two years of war, and with unlimited means, practically no airplanes, guns, rifles, ammunition or other army material reached the army in France, the lack being supplied by the Allies. When Lane finally decided to quit he wrote to his brother:

Do not be surprised if you hear that I am out of the Cabinet soon, for I have been offered two fifty-thousand-a-year places, and another even more. I don't want to leave if it will embarrass the President, but I do not want something with a little money in it for awhile. . . .

I have served him (the President) long and faithfully under very adverse circumstances. It is hard for him to get on with any one who has any will or independent judgment. Yet I am not given to forsaking those to whom I have any duty. However, we shall see. I write you this, that you may not be misled by the thought that there has been or is any friction. Of course you won't speak of it to any one.

The impression must not be gained from the above extracts that the letters relate only to government and war activities. There are many that deal with other questions, such as present themselves to men as they go through life. On the subject of Americanism, Lane had some very definite opinions, and his regard for his country was more than a sentiment. Many will recall his stirring speeches before, during, and after the war. Here is a letter that summarizes his thoughts:

But to be infallibly right is to be hopelessly smart. Thus it is with all who take a paper system and apply it to that strange thing called Life.

This is the defect of the Intellectuals, the "parlor" Bolsheviks. (Better by far be an outdoor Bolshevik, a Red Guard, if you please, one who is in and of the fighting, who acts, who lives on theory!) They do not think in terms of human nature, of natural progress, of real facts. They say, "all men are born free and equal," and at once conclude that the stable boy can step from the stable door to the management of a factory or into the legislature. Now experience teaches that this is a most dangerous experiment, both for stable boy and society. The true philosophy of democracy teaches that the stable boy shall have, through school and the step-ladder of free institutions, the chance to rise to the management of industry or the leadership of the Senate. That is why the foundation of democracy is political. For out of political freedom will come social and economic freedom.

In many of his letters Lane dwells on his religion, the subject evidently being one that entered his thoughts many times. A broad humanitarianism runs through all:

My conviction is that we can find no solution for the problems of social, political, economic, or spiritual unrest. "The man's man" philosophy has taken hold of the world. We have lost all traditional moorings. We have no religion. We have no philosophy. Our age is greater than any other that the world has seen. We have been lifted clear off our feet and taken up into a high place where we have been shown the universe. The result has been a tremendous and exaggerated growth of the ego, and we have regarded ourselves as masters of everything, and subject to nothing. Agnosticism led to sensualism, and sensualism had its foundation in hopelessness. We are materialists because we have no faith. This thing, however, is being changed. We are coming to recognize spiritual forces, and I put my hope for the future, not in a reduction in the high cost of living, nor in any scheme of government, but in a recognition by the people that after all there is a God in the world. Mind you, I have no religion, I attend no church, and I deal all day long with hard questions of economics, so that I am nothing of a preacher; but I know that there never will come anything like peace or serenity by a mere redistribution of wealth, although that redistribution is necessary and must come.

The letters reveal an earnest, hard-working American who desired to serve his country and did so during one of its most troubled periods. The impression left after reading them is that of a very kindly nature, sympathetic, friendly, and at the same time earnest and capable. Californians of the present generation will read the book with interest because many of the letters are written to men of affairs of the present: Phelan, Dr. Wheeler, Adolph Miller, James Moffitt and Charles K. Field; and to Roosevelt, Walter Page, and Colonel House, as well as to Lane's immediate family. Where praise is due he awards it without stint, as in the constant references to Herbert Hoover and his work. It was a pity that in his devotion to duty he ruined his health and died at the relatively early age of fifty-seven when at the height of his powers.

THE LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 16, 1922, were \$163,400,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$151,000,000; an increase of \$12,400,000.

The strangulation of the productive powers of the country by the starvation of its transportation facilities is a matter hardly less serious than the hampering effects of the friction between employers and employed. Given entire freedom from strikes, the railroads would be unable to handle the traffic, owing

to inherent deficiencies in equipment, trackage, and terminal facilities. It is, in fact, only during periods of industrial strikes and commercial depression that the car shortage condition is not noticeably acute, says Strassburger & Co.'s Review.

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While there have been other factors, the fundamental explanation of the situation is to be found, as the Secretary of Commerce points out in the advance summary of his forthcoming annual report, in "the cumulation of experiments in public relations to the railroads, both national and state." Regulation is to some extent necessary, but its application must cease to be a matter of guesswork, and

finished by earnings in excess of the 6 per cent.) administered by the Interstate Commerce Commission to provide loans to carriers or for the purchase of transportation equipment and other facilities, has not materialized, for the simple reason that there have been no resources to create it. If there had been, they would have been provided by the excess earnings of the stronger or better situated railways, and these alone—needing the assistance less—would have obtained the benefits of the fund. The stronger railways can get, however, financing from public investors. Consolidation, if voluntary, might ease the situation, but it is useless to talk of future possibilities when faced with a need for immediate action.

The urgent needs are drastic adjustment in rates, such as to enable the railways to earn enough to provide for expansion; and contact between the public bodies that deal with rates and wages. We have now what amounts to governmental fixing of wages and conditions of labor, with no regard to the rates that are imposed on the companies.

There is needed, too, more courage in the fixing of rates and less yielding to popular clamor.

During the last thirty days commercial and industrial activity has reflected the usual stimulation of fall and winter demand. Retail trade in the larger cities is more active than at the corresponding period of last year, and seasonal acceleration is evident throughout the country, says *Commerce Monthly*. Uncertainty as to the volume of purchases by the farmers has not been dispelled, however. Wholesale trade has been good throughout the current period. Stocks of many kinds of goods in the hands both of wholesale and retail dealers are light, but neither this fact nor threats of higher prices have been sufficient to induce buyers to make substantial forward purchases. The conservatism shown justifies the belief that the catastrophe of 1920 has not been forgotten.

Total car loadings, and combined loadings of miscellaneous freight and of less than carload lots are practically at record levels. Despite car shortage, especially for coal and for the movement of farm products, the railroads are handling freight remarkably well. Coal has been rapidly moved to the lake ports for shipment to the Northwest before the close of navigation. Receipts of wheat at primary markets to date, while somewhat less than for the corresponding period of 1921, are well above receipts for 1920. The live stock movement is satisfactory. Cotton is moving more rapidly than in 1921. Some industrial consumers are beginning to accumulate coal reserves, and the disappearance of premiums for immediate delivery is evidence of improved transportation for steel.

The manufacturing industries as a whole are operating at not far below normal. Steel output is at 75 per cent. of capacity. There has been a notable expansion of pig-iron production, which for October exceeded any month since December, 1920. Railroad orders continue heavy. Demand from the automobile and building industries is good, due account being taken of seasonal declines. Buying by agricultural implement makers is still light. The indications seem to be that demand for steel may slacken somewhat during the remainder of the year, but that recovery will be made early in 1923. Demand for machine tools is fair.

The woolen and worsted industry is at between 80 and 85 per cent. of capacity. Boot and shoe manufactures range from 80 per cent. in New England to capacity at St. Louis. Cotton consumption in October was 533,950 bales, compared with 494,745 and 401,325 bales in October, 1921 and 1920, respectively. October output of automobiles made a new high record for that month. Building is exceptionally active for the season, this condition being reflected in the various industries producing building materials.

Mr. Summerfield McCartney, formerly first lieutenant in the economic section of the military intelligence service during the world war, and who served two years overseas, has re-

cently been appointed advertising and publicity manager for William Cavalier & Co., investment bankers, with offices in the Insurance Exchange Building.

The recent reaction of the stock market in many cases has wiped out within two or three weeks the accumulated profits of a year and a half. The bull market is not at an end, but breaks from time to time must be expected and those who can not afford to assume a heavy risk have been sharply reminded of the fact. It is possible to combine speculation with investment, however, and it is for those who desire neither prime investment securities nor highly speculative issues that the accompanying list is offered.

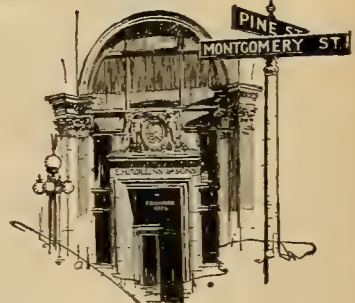
The preferred stocks suggested here form what might be termed a business man's list. Dividends are relatively safe in each instance, and at present prices the yields are high. On the other hand, as business improves the investment position of these stocks will strengthen, and as the market rights itself this should be reflected by higher prices. The dividend requirements are being well covered or indications are that they will be well covered; but it is suggested that instead of concentrating on one or two of the stocks mentioned, the investor apportion his commitment over the entire list in order to distribute the risks. In this way if one stock does not come up to expectations, it may be offset by unusual improvement in another.

The Allis-Chalmers Company manufactures a diversified group of machinery, among which is that used upon farms, in building construction, roadway construction, and electrical equipment. The outlook for these branches is particularly good at this time. It is reasonable to expect that the company will operate at a high rate over the next year or two at least. In the first nine months of 1922 sales amounted to \$14,930,000, while unfilled orders at the close were \$8,289,000. During this period net profits were \$6.22 a share on the preferred stock, and if the same profit is realized in the last three months as averaged in the earlier part of the year the preferred should earn at least \$9 a share for the calendar year. As a matter of fact, earnings have increased consistently during each of the three quarters, and actual earnings for the entire year may exceed this estimate. The company began 1922 with the largest amount of net working capital ever reported—approximately \$24,000,000. Inventories were down to the level of 1917.

Within the last seven years the American Ice Company has doubled the value of its sales, and, by increasing the efficiency of production, operating profits during this period have tripled. Indicated earnings on the preferred stock have increased about four and one-half times. The year 1921 proved to be the best, the preferred earning 15.70 per cent. No statement of earnings has appeared for 1922, but it is understood that the volume of sales for the year to date compares favorably with last year, while production expenses have been further reduced. It is expected that the preferred dividend requirement will be earned at least twice over this year and possibly at a higher rate. The common is paying 7 per cent., the dividend on this issue being a junior claim to that of the preferred stock.

Associated Dry Goods for 1921 earned 20.52 per cent. on the first preferred; for 1920, 13.87 per cent.; for 1919, 23.86 per cent.; for 1918, 11.60 per cent., and for 1917, 11.08 per cent. The full 6 per cent. on the first preferred has been paid since December, 1917. The retail merchandising business has recovered remarkably and it is believed that earnings for 1922 will equal, if not exceed, the showing made last year. In June, Lord & Taylor paid 12 per cent. on account of accumulated dividends on its first preferred, of which Associated Dry Goods owns \$2,061,900 out of a total of \$2,500,000. There remains an accumulation from December 1, 1918, and it is believed that Lord & Taylor will soon pay off a substantial amount of the arrears. Lord & Taylor's earnings are reported to be considerably larger than a year ago.

Baltimore & Ohio, which made an exceptionally favorable showing during the earlier months of the year, suffered a setback in September. This was due to a special cause, however, and is temporary. About two-thirds



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of this road's traffic is composed of coal and early in September the movement was considerably below normal. There has been a steady gain in coal shipments subsequently, the total for all railroads now being about 33 per cent. larger than in the first week of September. Inasmuch as such a high percentage of the B. & O. traffic is represented by coal, October earnings should show a substantial improvement. The preferred has paid its full 4 per cent. dividends regularly



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since the company was reorganized in 1899. There is no reason to question the stability of the preferred dividends at this time, and, in fact, the common may not be far from a resumption of dividends. The company closed 1921 with the largest amount of net working capital ever reported.

As a result of the acquisition of the Lackawanna Steel Company, Bethlehem Steel has been recapitalized, new 7 per cent. preferred

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being given for the present 8 per cent. and 7 per cent preferred stocks. When the re-financing is completed there will be approximately \$77,000,000 of new 7 per cent. preferred outstanding, upon which dividend requirements will be \$5,390,000 annually. The respective funded debts of the two companies will not be altered and fixed charges will remain unchanged. The combined companies will have to meet fixed charges and preferred dividends of approximately \$16,000,000 annually. In 1921, which was an unsatisfactory

year, there were available approximately \$17,500,000, or slightly more than the requirement. Under normal conditions the dividend requirements on the new 7 per cent. preferred should be earned by a comfortable margin, probably in the neighborhood of twice over.

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The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, which showed earnings equivalent to about \$3 a share on the common up to July, was hard hit by the shopmen's strike and has been handicapped by its inability to have cars returned from the Eastern lines. The company also has been setting aside liberal allowances for deferred maintenance. Income for the first nine months does not show the dividend requirements on the two classes of preferred stock quite covered, but about 30 per cent. of the operating income accrues in the last three months of the year, and, judging from October and November car loadings, decided improvement is to be expected. Income available for preferred dividends for the entire year will likely be well covered.

General Motors, for the first six months of 1922, earned \$28.86 a share on the 6 per cent. debenture stock. A preliminary estimate for the entire year places the dividend being earned about eight times over. The company has made remarkable progress this year, liquidating about \$45,000,000 of liabilities, and it is stated that it now owes nothing to its banks. As compared with September 30, 1920, liabilities have been reduced to \$110,000,000. Production is running at about 45,000 cars per month.

Mack Truck is one of the leaders in its field, and the investment position of its first

preferred stock does not appear to be appreciated. In the first nine months of 1922 earnings available for dividends on the first preferred amounted to \$25.41 a share. The requirement for the entire year was thus earned three and one-half times over within nine months. On September 30th the company owed only \$2,157,000 and had current assets of \$22,063,000, of which \$3,519,000 was cash.

The Philadelphia Company 6 per cent. preferred (par value \$50) has not only paid the full dividend regularly since it was created in 1913, but the company has proved such a consistent earner that dividends have been paid on the common since 1886, with the exception of 1897. The preferred dividend has been earned four to twelve times over each year during the last nine years, with the exception of 1921, an extremely poor year, when it was earned two and one-half times over. Net earnings for the first nine months of 1922 were approximately 50 per cent. in excess of those during the corresponding period of 1921. The coal scarcity and the revival in the iron and steel industry have both proved to be boons to the Philadelphia Company.

Announcement by Secretary Mellon of the Treasury Department's December refunding operations as the feature of an otherwise uneventful week in the investment market, says *Commerce and Finance*. In its general outlines Mr. Mellon's plan follows rather closely the forecasts of bankers whose analysis of investment market conditions had indicated a reversion from long term to short term financing. That had been expected because obviously the government could not have sold another 4 1/4 per cent. long-term bond at par under existing circumstances.

Three distinct series are offered: first, three months' treasury bills; second, one-year notes, and third, two-and-one-half-year notes. The three months' bills will bear 3 1/2 per cent. The one-year notes will carry a 4 per cent. coupon, and the notes of more distant maturities will yield 4 1/4 per cent. a year. The first two classes will together amount to \$400,000,000, while the longer-term notes will total \$300,000,000 with the right reserved to allot additional two-and-a-half-year notes to the extent that outstanding Victory 4 1/4 per cent. notes are offered in exchange.

The same success is indicated for these latest treasury offerings as has characterized all of Secretary Mellon's previous refunding operations. As usual, he has gauged investment market conditions correctly and has arranged an offering which appeals because of the variety of maturities, the rates presented, and the amounts offered. The yields fixed on the several issues just about coincide with the going rates in the open market for money, although they were somewhat lower than expected in some banking quarters. Bankers had guessed at a 3 1/4 per cent. rate for the three months' bills and at a 4 1/4 per cent. return on the one-year notes. On the other hand it is admitted that a 3 1/2 per cent. rate for three months' bills, which will mature on the date when the first installment of 1922 taxes falls due, appeals strongly to corporations and individuals whose only alternative to investment in the new issue would be to let their money on deposit in banks at a lower rate of interest than the government will pay them. Preliminary inquiries for all three series of the new offering have been very good in the New York Federal Reserve District. An oversubscription of all of them would occasion no surprise.

In arranging the terms of his latest refunding operations as he has Mr. Mellon has acted consistently with his avowed policy of doing nothing to disturb the market for outstanding government bonds. As the longest maturity offered is only two and a half years, the new securities will not compete with any of the Liberty issues or the United States Treasury refunding bonds brought out in October. Mr. Mellon's hope is to restore those issues to par and he is bending every effort to that end. In so doing he has the government's interest at heart as well as that of the largest investing public. It will not be possible for the government to do any additional long-term financing until outstanding bonds reach a level above par. The higher above that price they go the better the government's chances of floating another bond of distant maturity.

The satisfaction of investors with the government's programme was evinced by a general stiffening of prices in the open bond market. Liberty and other government issues had discounted it to a certain extent by the advances registered during the previous week. However, a number of them were stronger, particularly the Fourth 4 1/4s. United States refunding bonds, which had enjoyed the maximum recovery the week before, did not make much further headway, but held very firmly around their best prices. Corporation bonds also were generally firm, particularly railroad descriptions yielding from 5 per cent. to 5 1/2 per cent. Several of the speculative railroad issues also showed improvement, but weak spots developed in that group because of the uncertainty which prevails regarding the future solvency of certain roads.

Foreign bonds were very steady. The

feature of that group was the sharp advance of United Kingdom 5 1/2s of 1929. They registered a new high price for the year at 112. The strength of that issue is due specifically to the remarkable rise in sterling exchange last week to the highest level at which it has been quoted in nearly three years. The premium at which those bonds are selling is based chiefly on their convertible feature. They may be exchanged for British National War 5 per cent. bonds at par and interest, sterling being computed at the fixed rate of \$4.30 to the pound, or 26 cents better than the current market. The National War bonds are redeemable at maturity at 105.

New offerings last week continued small, totaling only \$35,317,000. Year-end inquiry for bonds has begun already and is absorbing all new financing, but most new offerings are being held back for January. Financing in November was unusually heavy for that month with a total of \$236,789,450 against \$184,427,500 in October. However, municipal financing fell off to a marked extent. State and municipal offerings according to the *Bond Buyer* aggregated only \$50,000,000 last month, compared with \$73,000,000 in October and \$118,000,000 in September.

Both the seasonal and the main trend of business continues upward, due, to some extent, to the approach of the holiday season. Cold weather has also had its effect and retail trade is better. Moreover, employment is now universal throughout this country with labor in sharp demand, wages high, and as a result buying power is greater than it was a year ago, say McDonnell & Co. in their monthly letter.

Notwithstanding the present operations of business, it would not be reasonable for the conservative merchant or manufacturer to consider that the volume of trade is going to remain undiminished from the present high levels. The practical and important question at this time is how far the winter reaction in trade will go. The reaction itself is practically certain to occur, because it is based upon the passing of the crop movement and the coming of winter.

One of the chief features influencing the present situation is that the buying power of this country has been steadily rising because of the high wages and general employment. The South is getting good prices for cotton and tobacco. Trade throughout that section feels the stimulus. Also the recent advance in grain prices has had a beneficial effect to some extent on Western trade.

There are five major groups of manufacture which are operating well above normal. High production has been made for the past two months in the textile, lumber, paper, food, and house-furnishing groups. These have all shown an activity well above normal.

The textile trades are in a favorable position. Orders continue to be placed in satisfactory volume. Conservative buying to meet requirements is the rule, and with such conditions as are now prevailing textile manufacture can remain at a high percentage of capacity.

Lumber production is holding up in a surprising way. During the entire 1922 year lumber production has never dropped below normal. Active building operations and heavy railroad business caused large demands for lumber, and will probably hold back the expected seasonal decline for at least another month.

Paper manufacture has shown a decline from its high record set in September. However, mills are running at capacity and there is every indication that the present satisfactory conditions in the trade will prevail for some time to come.

The volume of food manufacture has been well above normal since January of this year, and reached its high in August, but since that time has shown a sharp decline indicating the possibility of a severe seasonal reaction.

The house-furnishing group has shown the greatest come-back of any. In the early part of 1921, carpet and rug loom activity had declined to 53 1/2 per cent. of normal. From that time steady increase in activity took place until in October of this year, operations were at the greatest rate reported in the industry in the past four years.

The present dull condition of the bond market is not likely to last long, since the January reinvestment demand will make itself felt soon and should result in a brisk market.

Reaction in prices has been in progress for over two months. The highest point reached by the average of forty bonds was a little above 92 made in the middle of September. At the present time the averages have reached approximately 88 1/2 or a net loss of three and a half points. This level is about half way between the high in September and the level of one year ago. Action of the bond market in the past three weeks indicates a bottom for the first time during the recent decline.

While the decline of three and a half points, on the average, is of importance to bond traders, for the investor it is immaterial since the long trend is upward. Present levels, however, enable the investor to get in to new issues at favorable prices.

Tests made by the bureau of mines at the

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

## The Man Who Knew Too Much.

That Chesterton should make a first-class writer of detective stories is obvious to any one conversant with his ubiquitous paradoxes, for a good detective story is only an expanded paradox with an appended rider supplying the solution in an explanatory paragraph. And like Mr. Chesterton's more familiar form of twisted truth set forth in numerous essays, all of the paradoxical adventures of Horne Fisher are dazzlingly simple when expounded in that concluding and conclusive paragraph. Not but what the yarns that go to make up "The Man Who Knew Too Much" are the best mystery concoctions we have ever tasted. They are full of meat and highly flavored with intrigue. And Mr. Chesterton is an honest craftsman who painstakingly proves his problem backwards even though he does sometimes have recourse to the *reductio ad absurdum*. But the most interesting thing in these stories, as in all of the author's other work, is his method—which is always transparent to the skeptic gaze. Chesterton has a formula for fiction as well as for essays, though it is more implicit in the former. And he should be given more credit for the elaborate fancy that his much-involved crime stories call for, and which he

supplies with an overflowing measure. Take, for instance, the case of "The Bottomless Well," which every one will remember as the story of the teacups. When one comes to the simple explanation of the revolving bookcase whose top, used as a temporary stand for the two teacups, supplied the would-be murderer with his own dose of poison, one can see as in a glass darkly Mr. Chesterton in some club or private library watching a friend take the wrong cup in the fashion described, and then one can hear dimly in the spirit G. K. C.'s fertile brain concocting the story of the poisoned cup. The story of "The Bottomless Well," which is incidentally one of the "grippingest" in the Horne Fisher suite, is also one of the most obvious. Some of the others are not so transparent in the making. Horne Fisher is incidentally a new type of detective. Born in a lower strata than the high one in which he finds himself hopelessly imbedded, he would have made his fortune as an ace of the Scotland Yard force. As it is, the criminals he tracks are all his friends or his friends' friends. And aside from the gentlemanly code of *noblesse oblige* there are always good political reasons why Horne Fisher should not divulge his secrets. He is an amateur detective de luxe.

Bound with "The Man Who Knew Too Much" is another Chesterton mystery yarn which has not the glamour of the Horne Fisher collection. Max Beerbohm has said something to the effect that there is no interest, neither in politics nor art, that quite equals the fascination of the police court; and it is that dismal blessing that hovers over "The Man Who Knew Too Much." The second story, "The Trees of Pride," is more in Mr. Chesterton's allegorical essay style. But lest any lover of the detective genre pass up "The Man Who Knew Too Much," we add that it comprises quite the most intriguing assortment of crimes and methods of crime detection that we have ever encountered.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

## Horace and His Influence.

That the second of the series, "Our Debt to Greece and Rome, namely, 'Horace and His Influence,'" has been committed to Professor Grant Showerman is assurance enough that the book will be well written. Professor Showerman, in many delightful essays of his own, has shown himself a modern Horace. There is little that one can discover that he does not know about his master, or that he knows but omits in a volume of less than two hundred crowded pages. Horace the man, the lyricist, the essayist (rather than the satirist), the literary critic, the philosopher and the teacher is plain before us. His influence, too, on ancient and mediaeval times is nicely and concisely stated. When the author reaches modern times he perforce grows more hasty. Several volumes would be required for that, two of which, for England, he mentions in his notes and bibliography: Caroline Goad's "Horace in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century" and Mary R. Thayer's "The Influence of Horace on the Chief English Poets of the Nineteenth Century." These supplement Mr. Showerman's book very acceptably.

HORACE AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Grant Showerman. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.50.

## Contemporary One-Act Plays.

Another of the valuable collections of plays which help to give the student of drama so general a survey of his subject has been published, these "Contemporary One-Act Plays of 1921" forming a sequel to "Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays," both of them having been edited by Frank Shay.

The first realization that comes to the reader of this collection is a fresh recognition of the brevity with which the American as compared to the Continental surveys the life from which he selects material for

drama; for the plays in this volume are all written by Americans and have been produced in American "little theatres."

Some of them, taking "Goat Alley" as an instance, are wholly serious; but the inevitable American sense of humor, which gives them their national flavor, preponderates. And yet some of these plays, to take "Matinata" for an instance, show the instinctive resemblance in artists' conceptions by more than a touch of the Continental flavor in theme and treatment.

There are twenty plays in the collection, Mr. Shay's ability as a selector of the best having been previously demonstrated. So that these plays are probably an authentic representation of the best one-act plays which saw the light in American theatres in 1921. There are new names in the collection, for the youth of the twentieth century is ready and eager in its productiveness. Among the best-known names are those of Eugene O'Neill, Christopher Morley, Harry Kemp, Floyd Dell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stuart Walker, George M. P. Baird, Ben Hecht, Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook.

CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS OF 1921. Edited by Frank Shay. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$3.75.

## Notes of Books and Authors

The Poetry Society of America has awarded to Edwin Arlington Robinson their prize for the best book of poems of 1922. This is his "Collected Poems," published by Macmillan.

John Burroughs and Jay Gould, so we read in Clifton Johnson's "Burroughs Talks" (Houghton Mifflin), were schoolmates in a little Catskill district school. "He sat right behind me, and we were quite chums. He was a small, wiry fellow, aristocratic in his feelings, and not inclined to mix much with the rest of the farmboys. I remember very

well his superior, scornful laugh. He was clever and quick and a good student, and he easily stood at the head of his classes." John Burroughs was one of the few boys Gould condescended to wrestle with. "Johnny," as he then was called, had the muscle and the science, Jay the wind and endurance, and "he wasn't very particular about rules. The one point with Jay was to get on top," a position which in after life he always seemed to maintain.

Ernest Rhys, in "An Interview with Joseph Conrad" in the December *Bookman*, dispels "a curious legend about Conrad's original choice of English for his writing medium": "It was Sir Hugh Clifford, author of 'The Further Side of Silence' and other Malay books, who first set going in an article written for the *North American Review* the notion that Conrad had actually hesitated for a time between French and English. But there was no hesitation on his part. He did not even adopt English. 'It was I,' as he said, 'who was adopted by the genius of the tongue.' The capture was swift and inevitable. The very idioms of English, he declares, affected his temperament and fashioned his 'still plastic character.'"

The visit of ex-Premier Clemenceau to this country gives renewed interest to his volume of speeches and articles, "France Facing Germany," which the Duttons published in the United States, in a translation by Ernest Hunter Wright, some two or three years ago. The work contains a great number of articles and addresses covering a space of eight years and a long introduction written especially for the volume, the whole setting forth and discussing with "the Tiger's" well-known eloquence the principles involved, not only in the world war, but in the fundamentals of the long-continued situation between France and Germany.

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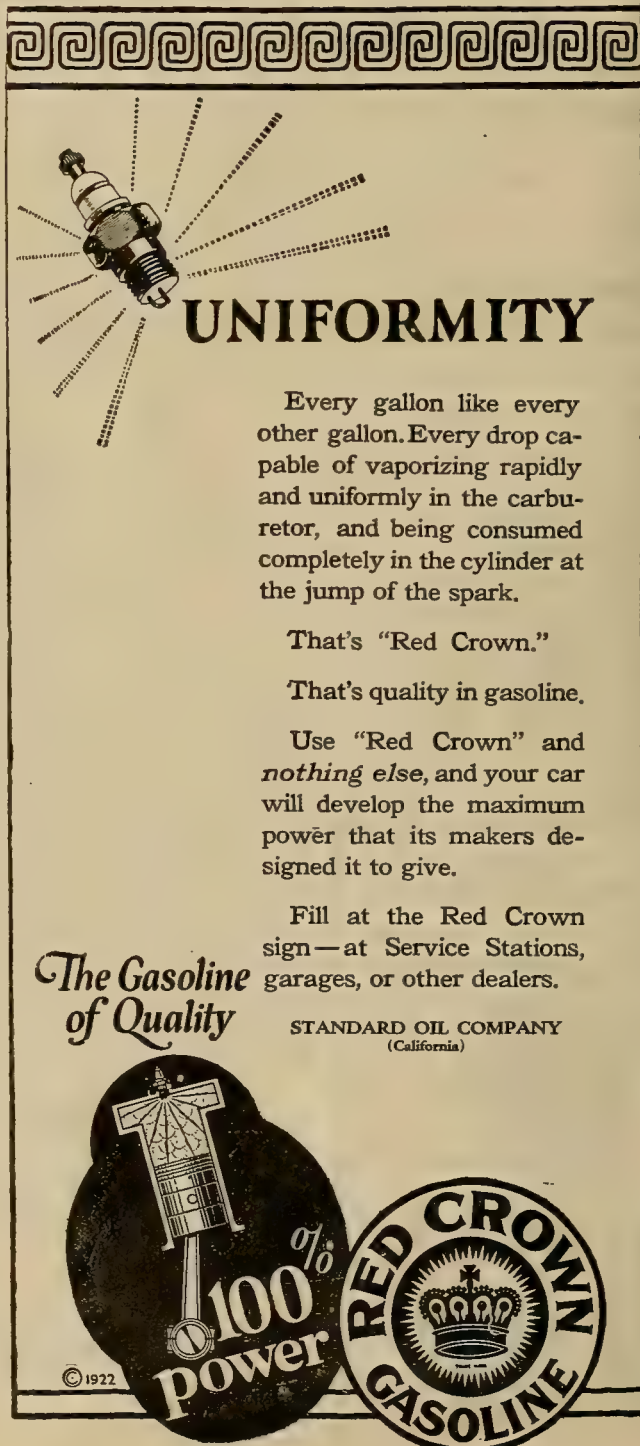
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BRIEFER REVIEWS.

The Treasure of Golden Cap.

Bennet Copplestone is evidently a serious student of Devon and its early seafaring annals, for he has imbued his story of treasure trove, a yarn tall enough in its adventurous interest to satisfy the most picaresque preference, with the glamour that archæology and a reconstruction of a past age always casts. The story is labeled "a romance of West Dorset" and the author has evidently had access to a veritable ship's log of the early seventeenth century, for the tale is circumstantial in the extreme. Aside from the light thrown on the early marine life of West Dorset, "The Treasure of Golden Cap" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50) is a bona fide adventure story packed with thrills imported from the seventeenth century and done in the best modern vein of mystery detection.

The Marne.

An attractive book on "The Marne, Historic and Picturesque," by Joseph Mills Hanson, is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. "The Marne," which is illustrated by many delightful plates that look as if they were from etchings, and which are by J. André Smith, treats the subject of the Marne country historically, topographically, and with special reference to its rôle in the late war. Mr. Hanson, who is the author of "The Conquest of the Missouri," writes with the clear exposition proper to travel books.

The Ant quity of Proverbs.

A book for the folklorist, but for also any reader with a taste for "useless information," is "The Antiquity of Proverbs," by Dwight Edwards Marvin, author and compiler of "Curiosities in Proverbs" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50). Mr. Marvin has taken fifty familiar saws—almost all that are universally familiar—and has studied each one exhaustively and comparatively. It will surprise the average representative of philological ignorance to learn how widespread our homely old sayings are that have always seemed the backbone of our own traditional wisdom. We remember another saw that human nature is much the same everywhere.

Maya the Bee.

"The Adventures of Maya the Bee" (Thomas Seltzer), by Waldemar Bonsels, is a book written for children that has, on the

Continent at least, become a best seller among their elders. It is compared with "Alice in Wonderland," though we think its proportion of greatness considerably less. Still, figures speak, and the publishers vouch for the fact that half a million copies have been sold in Europe and that the book has been translated into seventeen languages, including our native tongue. The story is that of an eccentric bee, personified, after the manner of animal fables popular in Europe.

Western Birds.

The songbirds of the Western states are the subject of a book by Harriet William Myers, "Western Birds" (Macmillan; \$4), written rather for the serious student of ornithology than as "popular" science. Mrs. Myers, who is vice-president of the Audubon Society of California, and chairman of birds and flowers in the general federation of women's clubs of the entire country, has been a persistent observer of bird life for many years and has published many magazine articles on Western ornithology. The book, which is the result of her field work, is supplemented by quotations from the work of many American authorities on bird lore. "Western Birds" is adequately illustrated with photographs.

Hamlet.

"Hamlet" de luxe is the offering of the Duttons in their truly beautiful ten-dollar edition of the familiar tragedy. In fact so handsome are the volume, and its decorations by John Austen, that the sacrilegious thought occurs that Shakespeare himself has been made to play a secondary rôle. But the book is none the less a fine example of the modern publishing phenomenon, a gift book. Mr. Austen's illustrations are exquisite, practically perfect as far as draughtsmanship and decorative qualities go, though we think their very facile gracefulness perhaps a little out of key with the sombre harshness of "Hamlet," which is an essentially masculine piece of art. Still, it is unfair to quibble with an edition de luxe for being luxurious. And that it is luxurious there is no gainsaying. It is lovely. The text, incidentally, is adopted from that of the Globe edition.

Delaware and the Eastern Shore.

"Some aspects of a peninsula pleasant and well beloved" is the designation given by Edward Noble Vallandigham to his book, "Delaware and the Eastern Shore" (Lippincott; \$5). Our writing men are in the habit of going abroad and doing such books as this about some corner of France or Scandinavia, works that are largely interpretative and atmospheric, but as yet the custom has not become a common American one. And judging from "Delaware and the Eastern Shore" it is a commendable practice. After all, except for the main beats of travel, most Americans are ignorant of their own country, whose size

implies a great differentiation in everything, from topography to local traditions. There is room for many such books interpretative of America, granted of course that they are as well done as this one by Mr. Vallandigham, who knows, not only the history of his state, but the particular nuance of geographic atmosphere that makes Delaware different from any other state in the Union. The book is handsomely illustrated with photographs and contains a folding map.

New Books Received.

AMERICANS. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2. Character studies.

I BELIEVE IN GOD AND EVOLUTION. By William W. Keen. M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.

A rationalization of evolution and religion.

MAN AND THE TWO WORLDS. By William Frederick Dix and Randall Salisbury. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

"A layman's idea of God."

AN OLD CASTLE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Caleb T. Winchester. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

Literary essays.

ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A novel.

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ICA. By Bernard Moses. New York: The Hispanic Society of America.

Hispanic American Series, No. 1.

THE BEAUTIFUL NECESSITY. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The mathematical basis of the arts of design.

ROBIN HOOD'S BARN. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

The confessions of a garden adventurer.

PERFECT BEHAVIOR. By Donald Ogden Stewart. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.

A parody outline of etiquette.

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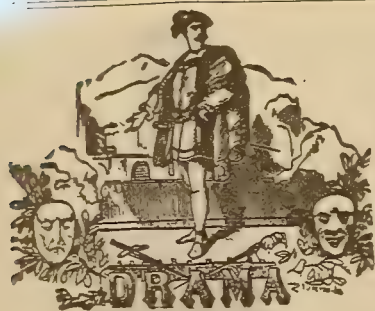
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"THE GOLD DIGGERS."

We have met the "gold diggers"—or their like—before in the pages of "The Salamander," a novel which had its vogue some ten years ago. The "salamander" is a girl who, like the gold diggers, exposes herself to the fiercest fires of temptation for the sake of free dinners, orchids, and jewels; all to be tendered by expectant admirers, who eventually fall off the sled into the snow, while the salamanders and gold diggers come serenely through the fiery flame with the delicate tissue wings of their morality a little crumpled, but intact; the metaphor being mixed, but so are the manners.

Avery Hopwood has portrayed the chorus girl at home; in, by the way, very comfortable quarters for such an intrinsically wholesome and respectable girl as Jerry is; and the whole tribe of chorus girls come to see her, and chatter, incidentally revealing the nature of the animal; for, as depicted, the chorus girl is a good-natured, good-hearted, fun-loving, food-loving, excitement-loving, dress-loving animal of frank appetites.

Passions she has none; which is perhaps approximately true to life, as the flapper has learned to reduce her passions to appetites. That is, by the way, a defect in the intrinsic interestingness of these girls, that all their emotions, even that shown in their ready generosity toward the former stage favorite who was earning a precarious living by peddling soap, are so superficial and fugitive. It is true that the fierce furnace in which so many young girls pass their lives in America, land of opulence and luxury and temptation, has partly dehumanized them, if we accept as faithful to life the types shown in the magazine fiction of the day. For passions are natural, and human, and interesting, even if it is only the passion of the miser for his gold.

However, although "The Gold Diggers" is billed as comedy it is really farce-comedy; and as such is ecstatically enjoyed, more particularly by the men, whose laughter, or much of it, had a personal note; the note of the victimized which says gleefully and revealingly, "Yes, I've been done just like that." For a common human characteristic—among men, at least—is, when one has been neatly trimmed, to take a good-natured but lawless delight in seeing the other fellow get similar treatment.

A characteristic of Avery Hopwood, as shown in bedroom farces—now happily extinct—is to play lightly over the surface of forbidden things, the surface being of perfect respectability. Even all the men but one in the play have the most decorous sentiments; and when the exception makes his questionable proposal to the charming Jerry, he does it in a casual way, much as if he were inviting her to go to a football game.

So superficially are the feelings expressed in "The Gold Diggers" that only the "My Gawd" type of girl is needed, except that Lorraine Lally, in the rôle of "Mable" Munroe, whom she depicts as a cynical blowsabella whose customary attitude is "grab," caught the enraptured favor of the house with her full-blown comedy; Avery Hopwood having committed the artistic error—that is, according to set standards—of writing a secondary part so that it almost pushes the first one from the stage centre.

Gertrude Vanderbilt, however, also established herself as a prime favorite in the part of Jerry; in which she does a wild dance with professional finish, and shows Jerry trying by her assumed toughness and vulgarity to make a millionaire uncle accept a little "violet by a mossy stone" chorus girl for his niece-in-law.

Of course sentiment is eventually invoked, together with a mother with gray hair, a gray dress, and an atmosphere of soft gray domesticity. Avery Hopwood knows his public. They like intimations of the improper, with a final wind-up which places all the characters they take to safe in the folds of respectability.

No doubt these girls are copied from life; allowing, of course, for the inevitable exaggerations of farcical comedy. The New York playwrights, poor dears, would naturally study such subjects when they are on their native heath. I wondered, the other night, how they would figure in a real comedy; I mean one in which their inner natures spoke. Perhaps, however, the real nature is in retirement during the daily demands of such a life. As depicted in this play they are vulgarized.

How could it be otherwise? For Avery Hopwood has been devoting his talents to bedroom farces, and one can not keep up that sort of thing for long with impunity. So Jerry, even though acting is her trade, if chorus girls can be said to act, does violence to all the instincts of the nice girl she is really meant to be by making herself out to be coarse, rapacious, and rather disgusting; which is where the author, to my idea, violated the canons of good taste and departed from the probabilities.

However, although billed as a comedy, the piece is farcical, and meant more particularly to amuse; in which it is deliciously successful, the audience nearly rolling off its seat over the revelations of chorus-girl nature.

The play is certainly in for a successful run. The girls are pretty and very smart, the scene depicted amusing, the dialogue full of lively rattle, and the company well up to the requirements, the leading man, Charles Hammond, well backed up by David Glassford, winning the favor of the audience, while Daisy Rudd and Katherine Walsh also amused by their depiction of the bastard-elegant and assertively tough type of chorus girl.

#### THE PLAYERS THEATRE.

The Players are up and doing for their winter season, having brought out a tasteful production of "The School for Scandal." The performance does credit for stage directorship to Reginald Travers, who has trained the young players to make effective exits and entrances, to represent the ceremonious courtesies of the day, and to group themselves in eager and active competition for the floor, in order that each may retail the latest and juiciest scandal.

It is an excellent idea to represent these famous classics occasionally, for the pushing generations always wish to gratify their curiosity about famous old plays. As for the players, they profit by the experience they gain in representing a line of drama that, in its elegant artificiality, so widely departs from modern realism.

The Players, who were notably handsome costumes, were a comely group in their powder, patches, and brocades, and made pictures of themselves worth seeing as the gorgeously costumed personages entered with the deep curtsies and inclinations of the era, and the groups formed, dissolved, and formed again.

Almost twenty players are necessary to represent the play, of whom Marie Tebeau, Miriam Elkus, Benjamin A. Purrington and Frederick McNulty stood out for the merit of their impersonations, Miss Tebeau representing a Lady Teazle of considerable dash, while Mr. Purrington gave to Charles Surface the charm of youth, bonhomie, and the joy of living.

Naturally the players did not bite very deep into the seasoned old satire, but in all externals the effort was highly creditable, and the stage pictures something well worth seeing.

#### METROPOLITAN ATTRACTIONS.

If we should scan the press of the decade first preceding the world war in order to find what used to be offered us in the line of musical and theatrical entertainment, and the more serious appeal to the judgment and intellect, we would make the discovery that gradually our San Francisco, which has often been reproached with its remoteness from world-centres, has been moving toward its completed dignity as a full-blown metropolis, able to instruct and entertain by the variety of attractions offered to the public.

San Franciscans have always been lovers of music and the drama, and that love has been assiduously ministered to by shrewd men in the theatrical business. But nowadays we have occasional lecture trips by famous writers; so that we are struck, when we begin to think them over, by the number of renowned authors who have come our way and made public addresses: Ibañez, for instance, Maeterlinck, W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, John Masfield, the English poet, Hugh Walpole and W. L. George, the English novelists, Vachel Lindsay, the American poet, not to mention such prominent magazine writers as Isaac Marcossion and Irvin Cobb. And added to these are men whose fame has streamed on banners all over the round world, for Joffe and Foch and other great men have, since the war, visited these far-off shores that front the lonely Pacific.

And to come down to lesser things, women remember the thrill of excitement that ran through their numbers when the General Federation of Women's Clubs met here, just as the men had a magnificent kick in their ranks when it was finally decreed that the Democratic convention should meet in San Francisco.

At one time the university extension classes were confined to the other side of the bay. Now there are regularly instituted university extension classes taking up an immense variety of subjects. Psychology and Psychoanalysis became the fad. At once we had lecturers and classes to study up those subjects were organized; so that now the flapper

in her teens can converse familiarly about complexes, and drag to the light all the darkest secrets of our guilty internal economy.

Before the war it was not, as it is now, the custom to have banquets—or alleged banquets—and public speakers to address the guests; often men of wide renown. Then it was the exception; now it is frequent. And the women have acquired a comfort club, which they had not possessed before, the average woman's club being given over to play, conversation, and tea; except for a few study clubs, and one or two forum clubs.

Besides the members of the university extension classes there are other devotees to learning that assemble in great numbers; Miss A. B. Greenwood, with her intelligently planned, informing talks on world events, taking the cake for drawing the largest and most fashionably garmented throng to her lectures. For Miss Young America, not having the time to read, is willing to pay for the privilege of getting an illuminating survey of the affairs of the world from a lecturer whose periodical flights in the East and Europe cause her to feel in touch.

And we have our share in that remarkable "little theatre" movement, which is participated in so brilliantly by young men and women players and writers that they have forced an appreciation of their wares upon a public that might otherwise never have heard their names.

And among our little theatres is a French theatre, a rare distinction for us, which few American cities share. It is kept going by the artistic enthusiasm of its founders, M. and Mme. Ferrier, and the press of the city, fully aware that these artists make their living off their classes, have tacitly agreed, for art's sake and the city's credit, to advertise gratuitously an enterprise that makes an artistic but not a commercial success.

Devotees of the French language may also hear many of the modern Parisian plays, as well as the well-seasoned classics, read once a week during the winter by Mlle. Godchaux, who, by the vivacity and charm of her readings, and by the un-Americanized flavor of her French, has made her winter series of reading a valued institution; the local Salon Français also making a point of having monthly lectures delivered in purest French by speakers well known in the departments of scholarship, literature, or art.

The Tivoli was snuffed out after the earthquake. But we have the Rivoli, which gratifies the desires of young and old to hear old, enshrined favorites in the line of bouffe opera well sung by competent and pleasing singers.

As for our regular theatres, they have made a good showing while New York attractions have been falling by the wayside; for not only have they kept open with profitable attractions drawing, in the majority of cases, better than only fairly well, but their ranks have been augmented by new houses, and we are going to have still another new theatre to be devoted to the spoken drama.

So, on the whole, we must be forgiven if, with naive elation, we swell out our chests and declare that, in spite of our distance from world centres, we are becoming quite metropolitan. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

This year Kolb and Dill are presenting the latest comedy of Aaron Hoffman, entitled "Now and Then," being the story of rapid-fire events which happened immediately following the date the Volstead law became operative.

With the Saturday matinee and evening performance Harry Fox in the musical comedy "Oh Look" will terminate his engagement at the Curran.

"The Emperor Jones" Coming.

An important attraction is announced for the Columbia Theatre commencing with Sunday night, December 31st, when Adolph Klaber will present Eugene O'Neill's unusual play, "The Emperor Jones," with Charles S. Gilpin, the colored star, in the title-rôle. The play is in eight scenes, laid in the West Indies, and depicts the adventures of an ex-Pullman porter fleeing through a dark forest to escape the vengeance of the ignorant black natives he has plundered. The "Emperor" passes through an astounding range of emo-

tions, from slight alarm to bewilderment, and finally despair. And Mr. Gilpin is an artist in the part.

David Belasco's production of Avery Hopwood's farce-comedy, "The Gold Diggers," will have a second and last week at the Columbia, commencing with Sunday night, December 24th.

#### The Orpheum Next Week.

Walter Kelly, "The Virginia Judge," might be termed a humorist historian. His narratives are actual happenings.

John B. Hymer is another favorite who has been away from the West for some time, but there is not a vaudeville goer extant who doesn't remember his "Come on Red!"

Bobby Folsom, Jack Denny, and their orchestra will appear.

Middleton and Spellmyer present "Lonesome Land," a Western comedy.

Scanlon, Denno Brothers, and Scanlon are a quartet of "hoofers" whose original waltz quadrille is reminiscent of the days of real dancing.

Guy and Pearl Magley are two recruits from the musical-comedy field. They offer an original revue production entitled "Dance Stories."

The Gorham Follies, which have been such a hit at the Palace Hotel, begin an Orpheum Circuit tour here next week. There are twenty girls and Miss Doris Eaton, "America's daintiest dancing star."

#### The People's Symphony.

The activities of the People's Symphony Orchestra, which have ceased for the holiday period, will be resumed early in the new year, Conductor Alexander Saslavsky having arranged for the third educational concert to take place at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday night, January 5th.

For this occasion Mr. Saslavsky has selected Concertmaster William Larai and Miss Modesta Mortensen, of his first violin selection, as his soloists. They will give, with orchestral accompaniment, the Bach Concerto for two violins. The other numbers on the programme will be the Dvorak Symphony, "From the New World," the waltz, "Southern Roses," of Johann Strauss, and the overture to "Iphigenie en Aulide."

The box-office for sale of tickets for this concert will open Tuesday, January 2d, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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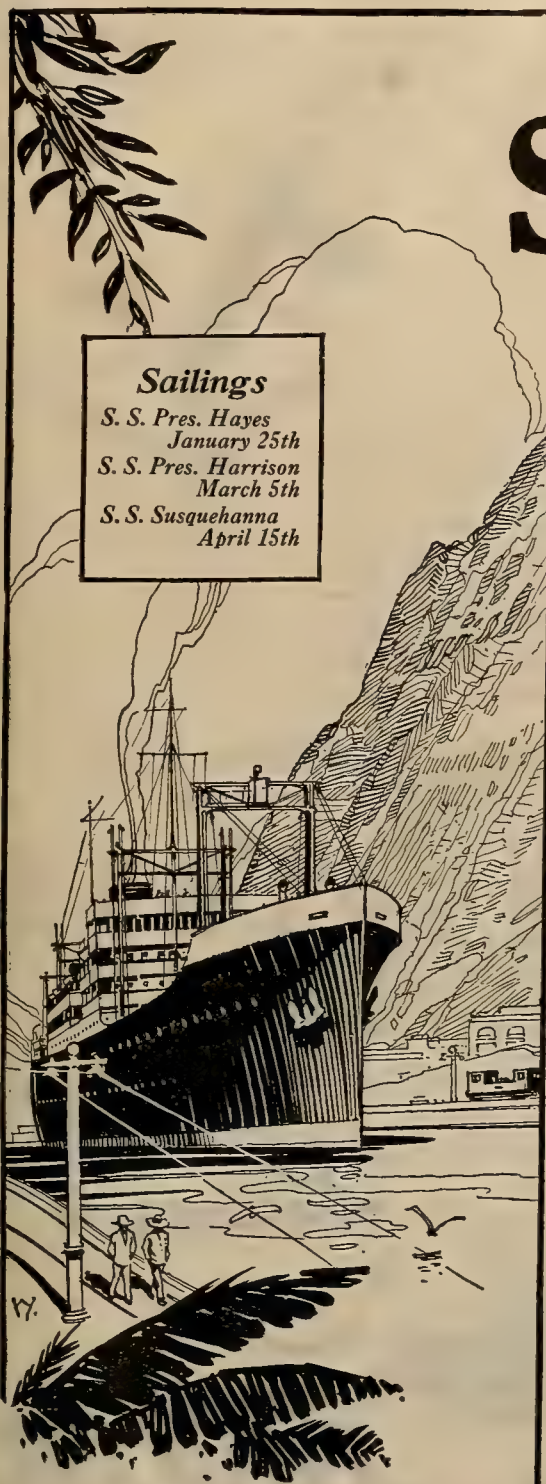


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## VANITY FAIR.

Couéism is being pursued in New York by a determined little band which hopes to overtake it before the winter is over. Drugless healing had a good run among the élite last season, and the season before that, and there were some interesting off-shoots downtown as far as the McAlpine, but this Coué business is to be taken very much as the real thing for the moment, quite supplanting even radio as a mental exercise. You know the game—"Every day in every way"; and then you wish. Some remarkable cures have been attributed to it—in fact remarkable cures have been attributed to everything under the sun, from hiding half a bean under the doorstep for warts to having all your teeth out for arthritis. Dr. Dowie had some remarkable cures to his credit, and his successor, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, appears to have discovered some peculiar therapeutic efficacy in propagating the belief in a flat world. These things, however, are for the vulgar. The pursuit of Couéism at the Plaza is not like that. Some of the best people are following the health hounds there, and the business is altogether a social activity. They do it instead of dancing, which is, perhaps, some gain. Another class of society person at the Plaza is practicing auto-suggestion. The members sit around every Sunday evening and suggest things to themselves. You can suggest whatever you like, provided you pay the teacher. That certainly seems a harmless amusement, and one under good control. There is quite a large class, as might have been expected. With such innocent employment absorbing it, New York society, it is felt, will be comparatively safe from the inroads of pink bolshevism during the winter, and perhaps a little into the spring. Bolshevism is not being done much just now anyway, and by the time society gets through with proprietary music, Couéism, auto-suggestion and a few other cultural devices of that nature, it is likely not to return to the cult of recent Russian economics. It is true such stuff hasn't much kick in it, but then it is restful, and that is what New York society wants: rest; rest from Stillmanism.

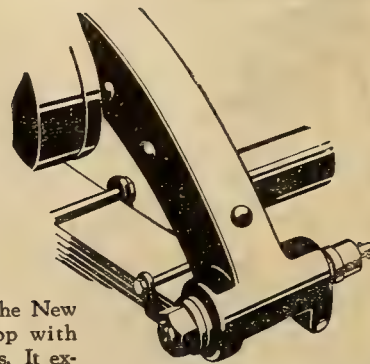
Consternation among the goats has been caused by a recent medical announcement that it is just as efficacious to eat glands as to have them transplanted by some painful and expensive surgical operation, and that they are just as good when taken from a goat as from a human being. This ought to bring relief

to those tender-hearted persons who have been outraged by the Chicago stories of men kidnapped and robbed of their glands under anesthetic for the benefit of exhausted millionaires; a cycle of pleasant little folk tales that have largely taken the place of the needle-sticker stories of the white slavery days just before the war. But it is rough on the goats. A number of drug stores and fancy groceries are advertising prepared glands for oral administration, and printing comparisons of this commercialized and cheapened method with that of the fee paid by one of our foremost millionaires for an operation that took but a few minutes of the surgeon's time, but a great deal of the patient's money. It should soon be possible to obtain glands in the form of breakfast food, so that persons to whom even the medical aspect of rejuvenation is distasteful could restore lost vigor as the old ads used to say, in a pleasant manner, with sugar and cream. We can imagine the ministrations of the younger members of the household of some senile Cræsus who was still ambitious to flit from flower to flower sipping the sweets from each one as he flew—we can imagine his granddaughter, or his great-granddaughter, saying to him at breakfast: "Stop talking so much now, grandpa, and sit up off your spine and eat your glands, and don't get them on your bib, or we'll take them right away from you and give them to auntie. Won't we, auntie?" Truly nature is wonderful, but the limitations of science are not yet. If this gland business opens up as it should, a lot of people that have been buying oil stocks of late are going to be sorry that they didn't invest their money in goats. And Heaven only knows what the vicinity of the stage door is going to look like. The young fellows are going to be crowded out by Johnnies on crutches, and in wheel chairs, with white beards, and woolen mufflers about their necks. But spurious youth will have the money, and real youth will have to wait.

Persons that charge their intellects and memories with the doings of the "smart" say that international marriages are becoming almost a rage. As far as American interests in it are concerned, the movement, as a distinctive and cognizable thing, appears to have begun during reconstruction days after the civil war; and certain it is that it has developed with great rapidity in the fertile field of industrial expansion which during the past two generations has affected Europe as well as the United States. The familiar and nationally humorous figure of the suddenly rich father buying his daughter an English duke has been repeated so often that it no longer excites comment; but the process has gone right on. English, French, and American families are now matrimonially mingled, not to say mixed, until it will soon become difficult to find in that stratum of human beings known distinctively as "society" a clean-strain American, Englishman, or Frenchman. German blood has been mixed in, and Russian is being introduced in growing proportion. And there is even Greek. And Armenian may follow. The Atlantic Ocean has grown very small, the English Channel is no barrier, socially speaking. One American handicap has been our uni-lingual isolation, but our newly-rich are painfully learning to speak French, and Cook interpreters can always be hired to conduct any little negotiations that may be necessary between a bride that speaks only English and a groom that never thought it worth his while to learn it. After all, there is a certain measure of universality about the language of love. As the American negro soldier in Manila told his colonel, "I don't have to learn no Spanish; dem Filimpeeno ladies seems to know jes what I mean." So we learn that at the mar-

riage in London recently of Mr. James Haldane Adair Campbell, grandson of the late Henry Havemeyer, and the Princess Catherine Galitzine, a marriage celebrated at the Russian Church of St. Philip in Buckingham Palace Road, there was present a very mixed company ethnologically speaking, with promise of still greater mixture. There was, for example, the Princess Nina of Russia, who is the wife of W. B. Leeds, son of the tin-plate

king of America, and of the lady who after the tin-plate king's death became the Princess Anastasia of Greece. There was a mixture of American, Greek, and Russian, with the attendance of some top-class English. So connubial internationalism is extending itself and appears in the *dramatis personæ* of social functions among those having any pretensions to being anybody. It might almost be designated the Fourth Internationale.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A schoolteacher from an inland town was trying to instruct budding youth in a seaport by an illustrated reader. "Johnny, you may read the next sentence," Johnny read, "This is a ship," followed promptly with, "Yer lie. It's a brig."

The widowed charlady was a little abstracted. Her mistress suspected a second romance, and made such kindly inquiries that the truth emerged. "Yes, mum, I suppose I am courtin'. An' yet I don't know for sure, 'cos 'e's been fishin' up in Bedford for the last six months."

"What's de name of dis infant?" demanded the colored parson who was officiating at the christening of Mandy's latest offspring. "Her name am Opium Bryant," was the firm reply. The parson protested. "Opium aint no fit name for a gal!" "Well, it fits dis gal," said Mandy, "for dey say opium comes from wild poppy and dis chile's poppy suah am wild."

The teacher was taking the names of the pupils and those of their fathers, as well as the latter's business. Little Jean gave the names readily, but was silent on the third question. The teacher insisted. Finally, suffused with color, Jean stammered: "Please, miss, he is Aunt Jane that does the woman's page and the beauty column of the *Daily News*."

Sarah brought her three children for her former mistress to see. "And what are their names, Sarah?" asked the mistress. "They's all got flower names, missy," replied the negress. "I'm rahthe' proud o' their names. The oldest one's Heliotrope, and the second one there is Dahlia." "Yes?" said the mistress kindly, "very pretty. And what's the baby's name?" "Flower name again, missy. We call her Ahtifushal."

Sam Johnson, colored, of Galveston, Texas, had just lost his better half. A friend who inquired why he was leaving town was told, "I doan' know just what I will do, Rastus, but I reckons I'll become a Mormon." "A Mormon!" his friend expostulated with true Methodist horror. "What for you want to be a Mormon?" "Well," said Sam sadly, "I reckon it keeps one woman hustling too hard to feed a heavy eater like myself."

A business man of Oakland who has many relatives well enough off, but anxious to inherit his even greater fortune, recently called in his lawyer to draw up his will. When the document was completed the client asked, "Well, Thompson, have you fixed this thing as I want it?" "I have done my best," said the lawyer anxiously. "Then there is another thing I want to ask you," continued the wealthy Oaklander, "as man to man, who do you think stands the best chance of getting my property when I cash in?"

When Paderewski made his first appearance in Boston many years ago, one of the 'cellists in the orchestra became very much excited and springing to his feet made a little speech. Shouts of "order" and "sit down" had no effect on the perpetrator of this breach of orchestral etiquette. The orating 'cellist was a Pole, and he ended his *ex tempore* speech, glowing with patriotic pride, thus: "You see there Paderewski, my countryman, a Pole (*crescendo*). He is like Caesar (*fortissimo*). He came, he saw, he inquired!"

A young Scotchman came to this country to teach shortly after his graduation from the University of Edinburgh. Thirty years later he revisited his native country, but his report of it upon returning to America was not favorable. His chief grudge against his native countrymen was their closeness. "Fancy," he told an American confrère, "the tobacco shops charge for matches." The American was amused. "Yes," said the ex-Scot, "I once had to walk back eight blocks to my hotel in order to get my matches. The tobaccoist wanted hapence a box for them!"

An American returning from Canada had five quarts of whisky in his bag, and being an experienced traveler he covered four of them in the bottom of the Gladstone and placed the fifth on top with a ten-dollar bill wrapped around it. Then he confidently retired to the smoking-room with a cigar. An officer soon appeared at the door and inquired, "Is the gentleman occupying lower six here?" The owner of the five quarts identified himself as such. "Well," said the official, "the lady in upper six had two quarts in her bag. You'll find them with yours now."

Wickham Steed, the London editor, condemned the dullness of a London newspaper in an interview during his American visit. "That sheet," he said, "reminds me of Stoke-sur-Sea, where a friend of mine once spent his midsummer holiday. 'Well, Smythe, old man,' I said to my friend on his return,

'did you have a pleasant holiday at Stoke-sur-Sea?' 'Oh, very pleasant, thanks,' said Smythe. 'There was a lot of rain, and that, of course, kept people away, so that there was very little to do, but, I tell you what, I learned to knit jolly well, by Jove!'"

Members of the faculty of one of our universities tell a story of the days when a certain distinguished educator was a tutor in charge of student discipline at a New England college—a sort of proctor, apparently. On one occasion he was called out of his room by some midnight escapade. He was obliged as a matter of duty to pursue the disturbers, and with his long legs he soon found himself gaining rapidly upon them. Then his solemn voice rang out suddenly into the night: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, if you don't run a little faster, I shall be obliged to overtake you!"

One of Sir Randon Ronald's reminiscences concerns a production of Gluck's "Orfeo," in which real nanny-goats were introduced in the scene depicting the Elysian fields. "Our expectations were surpassed! In the middle of Sofia Ravogli's solo the nanny-goats began to bleat all over the stage, the audience tittered and laughed, and the dramatic effect was ruined. Harris told me to rush around to Arthur Collins and get the nanny-goats off the stage as quickly as ever he could. After much signing and pantomime to the fat Italian choristers, these wretched animals were eventually pulled off, amidst a roar of laughter from the audience. I went back to my seat to find Harris furious. However, things settled down again, but to our horror we heard the bleat in the distance about a

quarter of an hour after we had believed the episode to be closed. Harris got up and went on the stage himself, using unparliamentary language to Arthur Collins, and asking why the nanny-goats had not been taken entirely out of the building. Collins assured him that they were out of the building, when another bleat was heard. Harris shouted furiously, 'Why, I can hear one of those wretched beasts now!' 'Oh, no,' said Arthur Collins; 'that's Signor Mancinelli laughing at some story which Calvé has just told him.' It was so."

When Miller received an autograph copy of his friend Lewis' latest book on the "Genetic Theory of Knowledge" he immediately sat him down and acknowledged the gift, saying that he "anticipated great pleasure in its perusal." "Why didn't you read it first?" asked Mrs. Miller. "Then you could have said something much nicer than that." "Margaret," said the husband, as he gave Lewis' book a conspicuous place on the library table, "I have a feeling that this is one of the times when my forethought would be better than my hindsight."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Love Is Blind.

He met her in the meadow,  
As the sun was sinking low;  
And as they walked together  
In the limelight afterglow,  
She waited—while gallantly  
He soon let down the bars.

Her soft eyes bent upon him,  
As radiant the stars;  
But she neither smiled, nor thanked him,  
And her manner was very cool;  
For he was just a soldier  
And she—an Army Mule.

—Dan Ready in Judge.

The Wishbone.

Once I wished a wish upon a wishbone.  
The wish I wished was granted;  
I got the wife I wanted  
On that wishbone, fatal wishbone!  
And though I've often wished since then  
I've never wished that wish again  
Nor can I get myself to face a wishbone  
Without I wish it were a fish  
Upon whose breast I made that wish  
And I had choked to death upon a fish bone.  
—G. M. in Judge.

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## PERSONAL.

## Social Notes.

Mrs. Edgar Preston will give a ball some time in January for her debutante granddaughters, Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames.

Mr. James K. Armsby entertained his brother, Mr. George N. Armsby, at a week-end party at the Bohemian Grove on Russian River.

Mrs. Harry Weihe and Mrs. Franklin Kales of Alameda were recent hostesses at a large luncheon at the Franciscan Club.

The University of Fine Arts gave a luncheon last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of the Countess d'Audiffret de France, delegate from the French Pro Patria Pro Infanta Society.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope will give a Christmas dance at their home in Burlingame on Christmas night.

Mrs. Francis H. Davis was hostess at a luncheon given at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Frank P. Deering, who has recently returned from Europe.

Among those who entertained in honor of Mrs. George Ali before her departure for Europe were Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Van Bergen and Mrs. Wright.

Miss Lydia Hopkins was the honored guest at a luncheon last week given by Mrs. Eugene Murphy. She was also entertained by Mrs. Augustus Taylor at the Franciscan Club and by Mrs. Stewart Lowery.

A number of dinners preceded the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood. Among the hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, who entertained at the residence of Mr. William Mayo Newhall; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Donohoe, who had Miss Marie Louise Baldwin as their guest of honor;

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowles, and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a large dinner at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of Mr. George de Long of New York.

Mrs. Gerald Rathbone was a recent hostess at a luncheon in Burlingame, given in honor of Miss Lydia Hopkins, lately returned from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a large ball last Friday at their residence on Broadway. The guests wore Italian costumes, and the setting was Italian in design.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld were hosts at a dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday.

The first of the Subscription Dances at the Burlingame Country Club was given last Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. John Drum gave a dinner preceding the dance at their home. Among others who entertained at dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris will give a dinner-dance at the Bohemian Club on January 20th, introducing to society their niece, Miss Jeannette Norris, daughter of the late Frank Norris.

A Venetian carnival and ball was given at the California School of Fine Arts on December 16th. The second dance of the Club Royal took place at the Fairmont Hotel last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood were recent hosts at a dinner given at their home in St. Francis Wood in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby. Mrs. Francis Davis gave a tea last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. D. Farragut Ashe.

The wedding of Miss Mary Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, to Mr. Oze Van Wyck of South Carolina will take place in January at the residence of the bride's parents on Vallejo Street.

Miss Hélène de Latour gave a luncheon on Monday to a number of her friends, debutantes of this season and last year.

The wedding of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, to Mr. Eugene Kelly of Huntington, Long Island,

will take place at St. Mary's Cathedral on January 6th.

Mrs. Frank W. Fuller was hostess at a farewell luncheon given at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson and Mrs. Murray Innes, who are shortly going abroad.

Mrs. William Ellery was hostess at a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Robert Shingle of Honolulu. Among the guests from the Islands were Mrs. Walter MacFarlane and Princess Kapiolani.

The engagement of Miss Marjorie Lovegrove to Mr. Dohrmann Pischel, son of Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel, has been announced.

The wedding of Miss Helen Foster to Mr. Eugene Tracy of East Orange will take place early in the new year.

Miss Sarah Cunningham, daughter of Mrs. James Cunningham and the late Mr. Cunningham, was married to Mr. Cornelius Van Hermert Engert of Washington last Saturday, December 16th.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday in honor of the debutantes of the winter.

Miss Marion Zeile gave a luncheon on Monday last.

The Bohemian Club held its Christmas dinner on Thursday of this week.

There will be a Christmas celebration, with dancing and an entertainment, at the Training Station on Yerba Buena Island. Captain George W. Landenberger has invited guests from San Francisco and elsewhere to be present.

The Family Club had its Christmas dinner on Wednesday of this week.

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### PERSONAL.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant with their daughters, Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant, have opened their house on Broadway for the winter.

Miss Jennie Blair left for New York last week with her cousin, Mrs. Alexander McCallum. After spending the holidays in New York they will sail for Europe in January.

Miss Lydia Hopkins has recently returned from a long stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley and their daughter, Miss Katherine Bentley, have returned from the East and are at the Clift Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Samuel Knight is making a satisfactory recovery from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne are passing the winter at their country home in Menlo Park. Miss Alice Hanchett and Miss Lucy Hanchett are visiting in Los Angeles.

Major and Mrs. George D. Holland, U. S. A., have returned from Honolulu and are staying at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis have returned

to town for the winter and are staying at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ali have returned to their home in New York.

Mrs. William Crocker and Miss Helen Crocker returned on December 2d from the East. After the holidays they are going to New York, and in February will sail for Europe, where they will spend several months.

Miss Evelyn Poett, who has been at school at Farmington, Miss Christenson, and Miss Helen Marye, who has been attending Miss Spence's school, are returning to California for the holidays under the care of Mrs. William H. Crocker. Mr. Charles Crocker and Mr. George Newhall of Yale and the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker are also in the party.

Miss Helen Marye, who is spending the Christmas holidays in Burlingame, is the house guest of Miss Gertrude Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McKearney will go to Europe in January, and will spend some time with Mrs. McKearney's son, Mr. John Breeden, who is at school in Paris.

Mrs. Andrew Welch and her daughters have taken an apartment in Paris for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard sailed last week on the *Tyrrhenia*, and after making short stops at several Mediterranean ports will go on to Paris.

Colonel Lincoln Karmany, U. S. M. C., will be retired in February, after forty years' active service. Colonel and Mrs. Karmany will continue to make their home in California.

Mr. George B. de Long, after a visit in San Francisco, has returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holliday, who have been staying at the Fairmont, left last week for their home in Pasadena.

Mr. A. King Macomber has arrived from Europe for a brief visit in California. Mr. Macomber, after a short stay at the Fairmont, has gone to his ranch at Hollister. Mrs. Macomber is in Paris.

Miss Alice Lamar, accompanied by several friends of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, all of whom are to be bridesmaids at her wedding, will arrive shortly after Christmas in Miss Lamar's private car.

Colonel and Mrs. Lewis H. Rand have returned to San Francisco from Europe and are occupying their home on Vallejo Street. Colonel Rand was stationed at Coblenz until his retirement from the service, after which he and Mrs. Rand spent several months traveling in Europe.

Major George D. Holland, U. S. A., and Mrs. Holland, who have just returned from Honolulu, are staying at the Fairmont.

Major and Mrs. Laurence Redington, who have been visiting in Santa Barbara, have arrived in San Mateo, where they will pass the holidays at the home of Mrs. Redington, the former Miss Josephine Parrott.

Miss Jeannette Norris, who has been with her mother, Mrs. Frank Preston, in Medford, Oregon, will arrive shortly to visit her uncle, Mr. Charles G. Norris, and Mrs. Norris at the Stanford Court Apartments.

Miss Frances Jolliffe, who has been in Wiesbaden, will spend the Christmas holidays with

friends at Monte Carlo. She will go to London in the spring, and will be with Mrs. Reginald Brooke.

Miss Harriet and Miss Mary Jolliffe will shortly occupy one of the new studio apartments on Broadway.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Roy Moore have recently arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu, and are established in an apartment for the winter. Mrs. Moore is a granddaughter of the late Hon. Paul Neumann of Honolulu.

Mrs. William S. Porter will leave for the East and Europe soon after the wedding of her son, Mr. Hugh Porter, to Miss Frances Lent, which will take place on January 10th.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto and her daughter, Miss Nina Peixotto, will leave in January for Europe.

Colonel Bertrand L. Cadwallader, U. S. A., who is on his way to his station at Camp Lewis, Washington, will make a short stay in San Francisco. Colonel Cadwallader is a brother of Mrs. Lorenzo Avenalia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson will go to Los Angeles to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard at Beverly Hills before starting on their journey eastward. They will be joined in Los Angeles by Mrs. Murray Innes, who will accompany them abroad and remain with them for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough of Newhall and their two small sons are visiting Mrs. Chesebrough's father, Mr. William Mayo Newhall, at his home on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker with their son, Mr. Leon Brooks Walker, returned last week from New York and Minneapolis, where they have been for the last few months.

Mrs. James Cunningham has closed her Woodside house and with her daughters, Mrs. Murray Sargent of New York and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, left California for the East on Monday last.

Miss Cornelia Clappett, formerly of San Francisco, has recently arrived in New York from Paris, and will be married this week to Mr. William Sherman. They will make California their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have opened their Pacific Avenue house for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Gordon Nicolson (Miss Minerva Lovell) have returned from their wedding trip and are at their home on Russell Street, Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Clay and Miss Marielena Clay of Piedmont are leaving for the south this week. They will join Mr. Philip Clay, Jr., and spend the Xmas holidays in New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown have returned to their apartment at the St. Francis, after an Eastern visit of six months.

Miss Elizabeth Livingstone Murison has closed her apartment at 2050 Lyon Street and is spending the Christmas holidays with her niece, Mrs. Harry Francis-Davis, in Union Terrace.

Mr. Harvey Wilder Bentley, a senior at Yale, will spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley. He spent last summer in volunteer service with the American Committee for Relief in Devastated France, organizing Boy Scouts.

#### A Collection of European Art.

An exhibition of remarkable period pieces will be on view at Vickery, Atkins & Torrey's until January 7th. The collection includes furniture in old needlework, tapestry, porcelains, and other art works out of several old English houses, some with famous names, where they have rested for generations.

Among them are part of the treasures of Hamilton Palace, of Earl Lovelace's house in Ross, and the heirlooms of Up Park in Hampshire. They are of a class that if found today in Spain, Italy, or France would be restricted by government barriers from exportation. The families who collected them

in their periods on the continent of Europe brought them to their old English and Scottish country houses, which as a result were often storehouses of things of rare quality. There are pieces by Riesener Carlin, *maitre Ebeniste* of the time of Louis XVI, old Sevres vases in blue and turquoise, sixteenth-century figurines in bronze, tapestries and paintings—a section, taken in all, of the art of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

#### At the St. Francis.

The Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis were crowded to capacity Monday with informal parties of smartly-gowned women. At one of the tables in the Fable Room Miss Marion Zeile was hostess to a group of the season's debutantes, including Misses Leonora Armsby, Josephine Drown, Alice Moffitt, Josephine Grant, Edna Taylor, Jean Howard, Adrienne Sharp, Frances Ames, Hélène de Latour, Eleanor Spreckels, and Edith Grant. Mrs. Corbet Moody and Mrs. Harry Hill were in the party.

Mrs. Robert Hays Smith had at her table Mrs. William Devereaux, Mrs. Frederick B. Hussey, and Miss Ysabel Chase. Mrs. Walter Martin entertained Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, and Miss Helen Garrett.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn was hostess to a group including Mrs. Frederick McKearney, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Walter H. Ratcliff, Jr., has been appointed supervising architect of Mills College. For the progressive development of the campus Mr. Ratcliff will use the general architectural plan drawn by Bernard Maybeck in 1918. Planting also will follow the extensive designs of Mr. Maybeck.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Hear about Skidmore?" "Nope." "Didn't look behind him and towed his tin garage down town."—*Judge*.

"Lost my notebook." "Lost all you know, huh?" "No, lost all my professors know."—*Washington Sun Dodger*.

*Louise*—Did Clare do as you told her to, and not give you any Christmas present?  
*Julia*—Yes, the stingy pig.—*Life*.

*Jinks*—We used to hear about the drinks on the house. *Blinks*—Yes, but now the drinks are under the house.—*British Whig*.

*She*—My fiancé's birthday is next Saturday, and I want to give him a surprise. *He*—Why not tell him your right age?—*Columbia Jester*.

"What cured that parlor socialist?" "He inherited money." "Well?" "And had to divide with his lawyer."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Mrs. Newlywed*—Dearest, this is the first dinner I ever cooked. *Mr. Newlywed*—Wonderful! One could easily mistake it for the third or fourth.—*Life*.

"Why did they select the stork to couple with the doctor? Why not the eagle or the owl?" "The stork is the bird with the biggest bill."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Is this the marriage license bureau?" "No, this is the criminal court. Maybe you'd better come in here. We seldom give them more than twenty years."—*Judge*.

*She*—And when you told him I was married, did he seem sorry? *He*—Yes. He said that he was very sorry, even though he didn't learn the fellow personally.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

*Workman*—Somefink's wrong inside me stummick, sir. It seems to come up, then go dahn, then up and then dahn again! *Doctor*—My good man, you must have swallowed a lift.—*London Humorist*.

*Old Gotrox*—What's that! You really mean to tell me you love my daughter for herself alone? *Suitor*—Y—yes, sir, but I think I could learn to l—love you, t—too, in time, sir.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

*Lady*—And what sort of person is Mrs. Robinson, colonel? *Colonel*—Oh, the sort of person who calls a table napkin a serviette. *Lady*—But I always call it a serviette.

*Colonel (undefeated)*—Then you know exactly what sort of person she is.—*Punch*.

*Newbride*—Did you get seats for the theatre, dearie? *Him*—Yes, love; I got the forty-third row. *Newbride*—Oh, I'm so glad. The show won't bother us a bit back there.—*Washington Dirge*.

"The farmer is a power in politics today." "Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "The question, 'When do we eat?' is always more significant than the inquiry, 'How do we vote?'"—*Washington Star*.

"Wull ye hae a drink?" inquired the Scot. "Thanks," replied his English acquaintance. "I sure will." The Scot turned a disgusted eye on him. "Aye," he said, "I thoct ye looked that sort."—*Los Angeles Times*.

*Student (hastily accosting a mate of his)*—Calvin, there are a couple of creditors close to my heels. *Fellow-Student*—Quick, run in to the savings bank. Nobody will think of looking for you there.—*Minnesota Foolsap*.

*Visitor*—Is the boss in? *Office Boy*—I am very sorry to say that he is not in. *Visitor*—Why are you so sorry to say he is not in? *Office Boy*—Because it's against my conscience to tell lies.—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

*Lawyer*—You want to ask \$5000 a year alimony. How much is your husband making? *Lady*—Five thousand, but I'm sure he could make more if he had to and I'm willing he should keep the difference.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"What is this, professor?" asked the low-browed visitor. "A dinosaur. I articulated it myself." "You did what?" "I put it together." "Well! well! Imagine being able to make a thing like that just out of odds and ends!"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*Mrs. Portly-Riche*—It must be dreadful to be as hard up as the Bronsons. They never give anything to charity. *Mr. Portly-Riche*—Well, for the matter of that, no more do we, m'dear. *Mrs. Portly-Riche*—No, but they can't say we haven't got it to give, though.—*London Mail*.

*Father-in-Law*—So you are beginning to find that married life has its troubles? *Daughter-in-Law*—Well, yes. Jack sometimes simply won't listen to reason. *Father-in-Law*—Young rascal. He ought to be ashamed of himself. It isn't every married man has the chance.—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

"Before I married," said the middle-aged man, "I was terribly extravagant. I went to theatres and dances all the time, smoked cigars, drank champagne. But now—well, I live a quiet life at home, smoke shag, and drink water." "What a strong will it must need to change like that," said the young bachelor. "Yes, she has a very strong will," replied the married man.—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

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Straus appealed, but soon afterwards the Porte gave the matter over to a group of German and French bankers.

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# The Argonaut.

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## FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Pertinent Queries.

"Is our stock degenerate? Does our blood run thin?" These questions are asked by one whose letter to the editor appears in another column. They are pertinent and timely. They are grounded upon events and conditions that tend to discouragement, if not to positive alarm. Take, for example, recent incidents in our local history. A hundred or more motor-cars, so our daily papers report, were stopped on the San Francisco-San Mateo highway in a single day last week by prohibition enforcement officials and subjected to search for contraband liquors. In the greater number of cases no liquor was found and the innocents were graciously permitted to proceed on their way. All who were thus subjected to annoyance and humiliation were indignant, but we hear of no case in which there was effective protest. Yet the procedure was both impertinent and illegal, since in not a single instance did the officials present a warrant of search. There was submission, not with consent or good grace, but because it was easier to submit than to resist. One does not need to be in sympathy with lawlessness—as assuredly the *Argonaut* is not—to find his gorge heaving in resentment at the indignity involved in this infringement of private and individual rights. But, despite all, the procedure goes on. There was a time when this sort of thing would have been an impossibility. The spirit that spilled the tea in Boston harbor, that fired the hearts of lads forbidden to sport their sleds in Boston Common, that fought for

liberty in bleeding Kansas, that brought into being the San Francisco Vigilantes—the spirit that was once universal in America—would not have endured this breach of individual rights for a single hour. "Is our stock degenerate? Does our blood run thin?" Sadly we fear these questions may not be answered as they would have been answered in other days in this once land of the free and home of the brave.

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 18th.—If it had been left to rock-ribbed conservatism to devise ways and means to limit the potentialities of the radical group in the Senate, a more satisfactory result could hardly have been attained. Thanks are due to Mr. La Follette. In the senatorial radical group he holds preëminence for general unloveliness. Even among those whose names and courses are associated in the public mind with his own, La Follette holds scant respect and no liking. In the Senate he is arrogance incarnate. It was characteristic that upon the reassembling of Congress he should push to the front and grasp unasked at leadership of the radical group. A better service for conservatism could hardly have been conceived, since association of senatorial radicalism with the name of La Follette puts it immediately into general discredit. While it is true that there are radicals enough in the Senate to constitute a balance of power, it is also true that as a working force the group is weak. The reason is not far to seek. It is in the spirit of radicalism to be obstreperous. Coördination, submission to leadership, are names not written in the lexicon of such men as La Follette, Borah, Brookhart, *et al.* Then, every mother's son of them—with the possible exception of Borah—is an aspirant for the presidency. In the group all would be generals, none will consent to be privates. Already, in respect of the proposal of Senator Borah for an economic conference looking to participation in the affairs of Europe, there is open protest from the radical side of the chamber. In brief, the radicals in the Senate, while sufficient in number to be tremendously mischievous, are so puffed up with personal conceit, so individually and conflictingly aspiring, so temperamentally indisposed to coöperative action, that their authority in relation to legislation is definitely restricted.

There are indications that a change has come o'er the spirit of our own Hiram. He did not arrive at Washington in time to participate in the La Follette conference, and it is suspected that there was calculation in his protracted stay in California. There are those who intimate that he was caught in the self-same "blizzard" that prevented him last year from being present when the roll was called in the Newberry case. He has signalized his belated arrival on Capitol Hill by an outburst against Senator Borah's project for an economic conference. It is further understood that he has given assurances that his vote will be favorable to President Harding's ship subsidy proposal. All this wears the look of a changing heart. Is it possible that now being safely fixed in another senatorial term, now finding his California machine in process of breaking up, under the necessity of finding definite standing room somewhere, he is seeking to discard his extravagances and to get himself regularly into the party he has so grossly misused? It looks that way. Nobody will deny to Senator Johnson prescience in the political game; and it is plain that he has nothing to gain from further standing with the obstreperous element in the Senate. With six secure years ahead of him he may easily reëstablish himself as a Republican and thereby acquire a standing impossible of attainment by continuance of his past policies. The vital difficulty in his path is his affiliation with Hearst. Not even so agile a politician as Hiram can maintain a definite, dependable, and respectable character as a Republican and at the same

time answer every beck and call of his eccentric patron. He must choose either to break with Hearst or to continue a traitor to the party in whose name he appealed to the California electorate and by whose favor he holds his senatorial commission. If Johnson should assume character as a dependable Republican he might easily become a force in the Senate in the party councils. True he is not a man of moral conviction. True he lacks industry—for he is not a worker—but he has other qualities that command attention and that win coöperation. Despite his deficiencies there are potentialities in the man if he can shake loose from his vagaries and his sinister relationships. There are those here who believe that he will do both.

As I write there is in progress in the Senate a hot contest between the supporters of the President and of his ship subsidy proposal and those opposed. The farm blocers are endeavoring to thrust aside the subsidy bill and to substitute for it on the calendar a farm credits bill. The purpose is not so much that of immediately advancing the farm credits measure as of side-tracking the subsidy bill. At the moment the prospect is that the forces opposed to the President and his plans will be beaten and that the subsidy bill will hold its preferential place on the calendar [this prophecy proved well founded]. That, however, prior to the adjournment of the present Congress the subsidy bill can be brought to a vote is doubtful. There are, so I am assured, a sufficient number of pledged affirmative votes to put it through in a form substantially agreeable to the President's wishes, but the working rules of the Senate afford many opportunities for obstruction and they are not likely to be overlooked by those who oppose the bill, not so much through definite objection to its provisions as a wish to thwart and harass the President. I am glad to be able to say that California is not represented in this group of obstructionists. Mr. Shortridge is openly upholding the President's hands; and, as I have already said, the understanding here is that if the measure shall be brought to a vote Mr. Johnson will stand, not with his erstwhile associates the chronic haters of the Administration, but with the President's friends and supporters.

In the course of an informal interview with a group of press correspondents two days ago, the President gave assurances that the Administration was not "indifferent" or "inattentive" to the situation in Europe. He very distinctly refrained from any definite commitment further than to say that whenever there should appear a way within the legitimate scope of its activities to be helpful it would be found both interested and active. Out of this simple statement and of several other disconnected facts and circumstances an amazing sensational story has been spread, not only throughout our own country, but in Europe, with the effect of influencing values of the currency both of France and England. How all this comes about forms an interesting though far from edifying illustration of the processes of a certain kind of journalism of which we have far too much. Upon the day that President Harding delivered himself of the general statement above defined Hon. Elihu Root was in Washington and incidentally paid a brief visit of courtesy to the President. On the previous day Mr. Pierpont Morgan was in Washington and similarly paid his respects at the White House. A day or two prior the President, while refreshing himself in a brief walk, looked in casually upon Secretary Hughes at the State Department. These several incidents, I am assured, bore no relationship to one another, but just happened in the course of ordinary events. But certain enterprising correspondents, eager in the cheap business of sensational exploitation, pieced together the President's statement above quoted, Mr. Morgan's and Mr. Root's calls at the White House and Mr. Harding's call upon



Secretary Hughes, weaving from them a fabric of surmise, speculation, and prophecy wholly unsupported by facts and calculated to misrepresent and embarrass the Administration and to disturb the exchanges of Europe. I would be the last to curb the freedom of the press, but I should distinctly enjoy membership in a group that would apply a coat of tar and a decoration of feathers to any sensationalist who misuses the privileges of an unrestricted press to confuse the public mind and to embarrass those who carry the burden of administrative policy.

The impeachment procedure against Attorney-General Daugherty has collapsed. The chief complainant got a chill in his feet and at the critical moment declined to appear in support of his own charges. Nobody else came forward to take his place and the whole matter at once took on the character of a sordid farce. I say sordid because the motive back of the movement was nothing better than that. Daugherty had instituted inquiries calculated to smoke out a coterie of rank profiteers. Those placed in jeopardy by his activities sought to stop him by procedures calculated to put him on the defensive. The obvious hope was that he would seek to save himself by back-tracking. But Daugherty did not take the bait—he defied his accusers and persisted in his inquiries. The end is collapse of the impeachment procedure. It could not go on because there was and is nothing in Daugherty's official career upon which impeachment procedures could be rung. The only serious count in the case was that of alleged fraud in the matter of the release of the notorious C. M. Morse from a Federal prison in the last weeks of the Taft administration. The incident was not a creditable one and its justification is not clearly established in many minds by Daugherty's plea that he acted in Morse's behalf in his character of attorney. He would better have been in better business; but however his course in the Morse case may be appraised, it was of the long-ago and bore no relation to his present position as Attorney-General. It was dragged in for the purpose of intimidation—to frighten the Attorney-General into nullification of his profiteering inquiry. Its purpose being patent, its moral force speedily became nil. Thus ends an incident that reflects credit on nobody associated with it.

Mexico and her affairs continue to interest the gossips of the capital as well as of the country at large. In every hotel lobby and even in the corridors of the Capitol one may hear constant references to our chronically unhappy neighbor. There are those who roundly declaim against the Administration for its failure to give the Obregon government the support of American recognition. Likewise, there are those equally assertive who hold diametrically opposite ideas. The truth of the situation appears to be that while Obregon contrives to hold his place as head of the Mexican government, and in some degree to have established social order, his tenure is weak and uncertain. The backbone of his authority—or more precisely, his nominal presidency—is a large income from taxation of the various oil companies operating in Mexico. Somewhere between three and five hundred "generals"—all potential revolutionists—are held in leash by payments from the national treasury. Theoretically, such payments are upon salary account; but in cold fact they are subsidies bestowed to the end of individual pacification. I am told that the administration of justice in Mexico is a shameless farce. Bribery is the one means of approach to the courts, and whoever has the longest purse may have any kind of a verdict he wants. A further factor in the situation is Obregon's physical condition. He has, if an apparently reliable report may be believed, a malignant disease of the throat which practically nullifies his energies and must sooner or later carry him off. I have in the last few days talked with several persons recently from Mexico and all I have learned goes to confirm judgments many times declared in the columns of the *Argonaut* that there is nowhere within Mexico any power sufficient to effect permanent pacification of that distressed country. I am convinced that sooner or later the United States will have to establish in relation to Mexico an authority measurably patterned after our relationship to Cuba. In other words, Mexico like Cuba will have to be guarded perhaps for a very long period by American authority and oversight. This in the interest of civilization and in respect of responsibilities attaching to us as Mexico's nearest neighbor and as proponent

of the Monroe Doctrine. Mexico is not meeting her obligations as an independent nation; in the judgment of those who have right to judgment, she can not do so until the moral and intellectual level of her people shall be raised. The country must have direction and leadership from without—in other words from the United States.

I find that the deterioration of Congress is as frequently and freely discussed here in Washington as it is throughout the country. Nobody denies it; there is no doubt about it. Congress is not what it was in the days of Blaine, Conkling, Spooner, Root, Tom Reed, et al. It has all but abandoned its broader functions and put upon the President much of the responsibility that once attached to itself. The decline is not more clearly marked—perhaps not so clearly marked—in the intellectual quality of the men who make up Congress as in the attitude of individual congressmen toward the broader responsibilities of government. The Senate today contains several notably strong men. There is Wadsworth of New York, Smoot of Utah, Pepper and Reed of Pennsylvania, Brandegee of Connecticut, Underwood of Alabama, Williams of Mississippi, and perhaps I should include Borah of Idaho and our own Hiram, each of whom has strength of an individual kind. But there is deficiency in team work, little in the way of honorable submission to leadership. Each man goes it alone, so to speak, or measurably so. In the House of Representatives personal deterioration is more marked, for if you leave out of account Burton of Ohio and our own Julius Kahn there is hardly left a figure notable for hardihood of mind and character, for independence of thought or for courage imbued with the spirit of responsibility. Explanation lies mainly in the changed methods of selection. There was, to be sure, under the old convention system much properly subject to criticism. But with all its faults the system did bring into Congress many strong and vital men who, once established in responsible public life, recognized their responsibilities both in national and international relationships. The effect of the popular election of senators and of the direct primary has been to remove the average congressman's centre of mental gravity, so to speak, from his foreground to his background. When to hold his place a man must bend to every temporary breeze that blows in some particular state or congressional district, he inevitably loses some measure of his sense of broader obligation. Men like Spooner, Root, Reed and a hundred others of an elder day were not shaken from their larger views and duties by passing waves of sentiment or by transient considerations of interest in special localities. But today no man may hold his place who does not play to the home gallery.

A. H.

#### Accordion Money.

Dealing with the gravest of subjects, one that affects the welfare of every family and every individual in the United States, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale yet presents himself to the nation as one of the humors of the holiday season—very like an ingenuous youth who might amuse his neighbors by performing antics with a jack-o'-lantern in a powder mill. His latest caper is the invention of a dollar of stable purchasing power, or what he thinks would be stable purchasing power. He recognizes that no fixed ratio is possible between two commodities, even if one is money, and that if the power of the dollar is to remain the same, the weight of gold in it, or that it represents, must vary. That is sound hypothesis; but it calls for academic innocence to suppose that as a working device a dollar that was changed in weight to meet the myriad changing conditions of living and of trade, and of a thousand commodities fluctuating among themselves, would reconcile the "class conflict" that has been smoldering in the world since long before the days of Hesiod, and that Professor Fisher seems to think is caused by fluctuating money. Nevertheless, a bill has been introduced in Congress to create such dollars.

It is true that the poor suffer from money fluctuation, and yet it is the poor on whose behalf systems of money that would jiggle up and down more violently than any we have seen are repeatedly brought forward. And this is one of them. A poor man that had to sell something to relieve his necessities would have to sell it no matter what the weight of an Irving Fisher dollar was on the day of his need. And if dollars were light that day, some speculator would buy the poor man's goods with light dollars. He would thereby relieve

the poor man's distress, and deserve well of him, and for his service he would retain the goods until dollars were heavy, and sell those goods at a handsome profit in gold, to hold until dollars were again light, so he could change it into more of them, and the poor man would learn of it and curse him for a robber. Nothing reported of Professor Fisher's plan indicates any method of preventing this simple transaction, with its natural, ancient hang-over of hate. And it is as old as Thales of Miletus, that sage of Greece who bought olives when they were cheap and sold them when they were dear.

Buying cheap and selling dear is a delightful exercise, open to the rich or the well-capitalized, provided they can accomplish it, but not possible to any great extent to the poor or the under-capitalized. It tends to widen the breach between the rich and the poor, but it can not be prohibited or we should all be poor together. It is essential to the mechanism of exchange, which is essential to production, which is essential to that distribution about which the socialists are so deeply agitated. And it will never be abolished by any clap-net device of cheap, elastic money, whether devised by Coin Harvey or Edison or Henry Ford or a Yale professor.

Worse confusion of our present commerce would follow the adoption of such money than the Europeans are suffering as a result of the German war; provided men tried to deal by means of it, which they would soon cease to do. We might expect to see the Chicago Board of Trade hang out a sign at brief intervals reading: "No trading today; dollars are light." And sinful bankers would be tempted to tell their clients: "No lending today; dollars are heavy." Speculators that could get themselves into debt when dollars were heavy, and discharge the debt when they were light, would have a profit until their competition for loans upset the market and threw the financial system into a chaos which no monetary commission of appointed politicians would have the skill to straighten out—nor any board of practical bankers, either. To offset gambling of that sort it is likely that loans would have to be so curtailed that farmers would have more trouble than they now have getting the funds to work their farms, and the middlemen, one of the most useful orders of society, by the way, would have similar difficulty in getting enough to move the crops. Or else when the seasonal demand for cash to move crops had sent up the purchasing power of money, and some commission under the Fisher plan had decreed that such power should be reduced by lightening the Fisher dollars, the prices of every commodity in the country would be suddenly marked up and the cost of living correspondingly raised and creditors would be defrauded by payments in shrunken currency and the financial world and all domestic arrangements would revert to chaos and barter—for very soon the device would be adopted of designating prices and debts in troy weight instead of dollars. People would get tired of looking in the newspaper every morning to see whether a dollar was to be a twentieth of an ounce of gold that day, or a twenty-fifth or thirtieth.

The dollar we have fluctuates badly enough. Professor Fisher is right about that. But its fluctuations are nothing to the gambols and flip-flaps and gyrations and pranks we might expect from the acrobatic Fisher dollar. It would be a joke, and it could relieve nobody's distresses for long, because, for one thing, it could not be used. The professor might as well make it of rubber and be done with it.

The inability to buy cheap and sell dear is at once one of the causes and one of the penalties of poverty. Of course, a poor man can sometimes do it to some degree, and perhaps increase such transactions. But by the process he soon ceases to be poor. And one of the grandeurs of this country is that he who by thrift and management and industry and some luck is able to enter this competition of ability and keep afloat does not have to remain poor very long. The man that lacks thrift or ability or industry or luck is going to be poor in spite of all Professor Fisher can do. And it is a pity; but fundamentally that is all there is to it, and the condition is incurable. No matter what sort of dollar the professor invents, no matter how its nature may be disguised by holding bullion in the vaults of the mint and issuing demand notes against it, as the Goldsborough bill embodying the sliding-scale dollar seeks to provide, there will always be an advantage in having cash on hand to buy things when they are cheap, and a disadvantage in needing cash and being compelled to sell



what you own when it is not bringing a good price. And that difference may make all the great gulf that is fixed between wealth and poverty; a gulf no sort of dollar will ever bridge. Forced liquidation is ruinous, but no jumping dollar will insure against it.

Poverty is not so easily cured as all that. If it were we should be criminal in not having cured it long ago. It may not be true, as once said by the Man of Argos, that "money maketh a man"; but it is in most instances true that a man maketh money. Ambitious men are not going to rest content in the impotence of poverty, and men that are ambitious and able and fortunate do not have to. Those of less ability and value and luck will have to endure various degrees of poverty—for, after all, it is comparative—and no fancy dollar, not even a stable dollar if one were possible, or a dollar that would stretch like a pair of suspenders, is going to prevent it. After all, the dollar is not the purpose of the trading. The social function of commerce is the production and movement of goods, and its private object is to acquire, not the dollar, fundamentally, but the gold a dollar represents or can be converted to directly or indirectly: about a twentieth of an ounce, roughly speaking, to each dollar. And the gold is the thing, whether you call it a dollar or four shillings. And herein is the mystery of money. And the rest is the mystery of man. And thus endeth the chapter.

### The Whitewashing of Fatty Arbuckle.

The National Catholic Welfare Council will call on its affiliated organizations "to prevent the showing of Arbuckle films." The general secretary of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association deplors the act of "reinstatement," pointing to the hundreds of thousands of growing boys in the membership of the organization to whom this act is a public evil example. Women's clubs all over the country are protesting. Even the mayor of Los Angeles declares that public sentiment is opposed to the showing of Arbuckle pictures.

The truth is that the Hays decision was based, not on any broad and substantial foundation of public interest and morality, but on a mental flabbiness that seizes many at this time of year, a flabbiness that is mistaken for Christian charity, and that results in weak-minded governors turning a certain number of convicts loose as a Christmas present. Mr. Hays' announcement was more in accord with the emotional surcharge of the tent-meeting revival than the experience and judgment of a man recently in contact with the realities of serious affairs. Like all sentimentality, it is at once the negation of reason and of justice, and where the issue is an obvious one the public is able to see it in that light. It does not always see things so. It is treated to an unconscionable quantity of slop by "idealists" and meddlers of all sorts who mistake feeling for reason and rely on the public to do likewise, and are too often met half way. But this time the flub-dub fails. And its author, justly enough, loses a large measure of public consideration.

Likewise, the insidious practice of Prussianizing our arts and industries by the extension of central dictation, as in the field of baseball and the stage, a practice which if it accomplished anything would soon destroy individuality and initiative, has received, we hope, a salutary setback. We are suffering from excessive government. We are trying dictatorship in every department of life. Liberty appears to have been forgotten. That is an evil thing. But there is some hope in the situation when dictatorship falls so far below infallibility that its deficiencies are patent. It is too bad that old lesson seems never permanently acquired, but it is much that when forgotten it can be learned again.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### Pertinent Queries.

CHICAGO, December 20, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: While a part-time resident of California I was first attracted to the *Argonaut* by propinquity, then by curiosity, then and almost immediately by overflowing sympathy. I have used none other since, and now the *Argonaut* faithfully follows me into these Eastern fastnesses. I lend my copy frequently to kindred spirits and the effect is almost always the same. I know no periodical like it for rightness, trenchant force, and sound English.

As I look around me in these bad days I am moved to reflect on the tragedy of the present submergence of the old American stock, the stock which first made our land vital and free, but which at an incredible moment of fate fell under the obsession of material numbers, the glamour of the idea of asylum for the oppressed, and the superstition of the melting-pot. Was this one of the ineluctable results of the cataclysm of our civil war?

Now we are no longer free, or we are fast on the way to that. Now the unlovely strain of harsh and domineering Puri-

anism, long ago hot in our blood, reappears as by a sort of throwback and chokes its vital currents. Now we feebly bend and call at every turn for the coddling of the state. Mollycoddles! Is our stock degenerate? Does our blood run thin? Or has the perilous foreign stuff stifled and choked us? And the worst of our shames is that recreants of American lineage, parlor intellectuals, irresponsible lightweights, are helping on the process.

A grave peril of the times is that there are so few journals like the *Argonaut*. It is doubtless a matter of pride to Californians that it is local to them. It should be national and under the eyes of all of the breed.

When one looks around where does one see another outstanding journal which expresses vividly the old national ideals? The *World's Work*, perhaps, but with less certainty. Occasionally an editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post*. And here and there local newspapers. The case goes by default.

F. I. CARPENTER.

### Australian Political Experience

KAMUELA, HAWAII, H. T., December 12, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The leading article, "Toward Higher Ground," in your issue of 2d instant will undoubtedly cause a good deal of discussion. I read both it and your extracts from Dr. Butler's speech with interest. You both seem to have missed one point. Having obtained your new cleavage of parties, with the radicals on the one side and the conservatives on the other, there will be considerable danger of handing the government over to the radical class.

The position in the United States now is strikingly similar to that in Australia twenty years ago. There were the two traditional parties, Free-trade and Protectionist, with Labor, the third party, holding the balance of power between them. This Labor party was composed of unionist workers and their sympathizers, was the child of one of the big strikes, and was profoundly class-conscious and radical. Thinking men in Australia at that time, chafing under the minority rule of the Labor party and deciding that the fiscal issue was dead, decided to force the Labor party into direct opposition, and accordingly formed the Anti-Socialist party under George Reid out of the conservative element in both the old parties. Reid was perhaps the cleverest practical politician in Australia. However, he was unable to prevent the force of numbers telling. The workers are the majority in any civilized community, and if they can be persuaded to vote as a body they must control any country where adult suffrage obtains. The very fact of forming the Anti-Socialist party stiffened the ranks of the labor element and before long they were in power. They used their first term of office to force through preference to unionists, compulsory arbitration, and other class measures, thus solidifying and enlarging their party. Matters came to such a pass that all workers, even civil servants and professional men, had to join the Labor party or be smashed. The result is that for some years they have had control of federal, state, and municipal government—in fact, they have had the whole country hog-tied.

In my opinion a similar result is certain in the United States when once the highly-organized labor unions see the tremendous gains that they can make in politics through perfectly constitutional means. There is only one way to beat them and that is to keep them divided. Let them bore from within; they will do less damage than if, having formed their own party, they gain control of the country.

HAROLD BLOMFIELD.

### A National Problem.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 19, 1922.  
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I was very happy to see your article in the December 9th number of the *Argonaut*, entitled "Reducing Feeble-Mindedness."

It moved me to write the state commission in lunacy for data, and I find food for thought, and, I hope, action.

In 1900 the number of patients in our five hospitals for the insane numbered 5286 and the cost was \$767,123.51 for their care. This does not include the home at Sonoma for the feeble-minded, nor the schools for delinquents at Ventura and Whittier. In 1910 there were 7476 patients and it cost nearly a million and a half dollars for maintenance. In 1920 the number of patients had grown to 10,355 and the cost to \$2,996,480. In the Sonoma Hospital for the Feeble-Minded there are now 1394 inmates and nearly 1000 applicants are awaiting admittance, kept out by lack of room. In five counties—Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Bernardino, Alameda and Napa—there are 2303 mental defectives. This does not include a large number of cases treated in their homes.

Mental defectiveness is not a disease that can be treated medically—it is due to heredity. Feeble-minded parents give us feeble-minded children. Twenty-five per cent. of the inmates of the penal institutions are feeble-minded—at least 40 per cent. of prostitutes are mentally defective.

Unless we take action and prevent at least the known mental defectives from propagating we are criminally negligent. During the past two years at the Sonoma Hospital for the Feeble-Minded 220 sterilizations were done. A step forward—but not enough.

It would be pertinent to tell the story of the Jukes family.

Very cordially, H. S. MOORE, M. D.

### Discriminating Approval.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 26, 1922.  
EDITOR ARGONAUT: I want to congratulate you upon your editorials this week, particularly upon the "Subsidies for All" and "Schools and Economy." While I do not agree in toto with all you say about subsidies, because there are good subsidies and bad subsidies, the trouble with our form of government is that it has no flexibility in common sense, and while one good subsidy finds its way on the statute books there are a dozen which are simply the result of the political swapping that has become so scandalous a part of our legislation.

In regard to schools and economy, I am in full sympathy with the text of your article, and it should be read by every voter in the state. No one can ask a university graduate in these days to read, write, or spell without discovering that not one can be found that can read intelligently, write legibly, or spell correctly; and the simple forms of mathematics are a lost art.

Why the amount of a girl's exposure of her limbs and bosom should be a matter of taxation, and why the president of a great university should be harassed to decide just what it should be, is beyond the ken of the man who was brought up in an atmosphere which taught that only the serious things of life were worth while and had a place in the curriculum of a university. The strictly ornamental things should be left to private initiative, and no poor man's property should be taxed for anything but the necessities of existence and the promotion of an education that would make for the permanent betterment of human life. The *Argonaut* is to be congratulated upon its wise and sensible attitude on these questions.

I. H. MORSE.

European railroad experts say German railroads are now better equipped than they were before the war, both as to quantity and quality of rolling stock.

### VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

#### LLOYD GEORGE'S MEMOIRS.

(New York Times.)

It was announced in yesterday's *Times* that the contract for the publication of Mr. Lloyd George's memoirs in the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and a large number of the leading journals of this country and Canada associated with them, had been canceled on the initiative of those two papers. The contract was made several months ago, while Mr. Lloyd George was still premier, but on the understanding that the work had been begun and that delivery might be expected early in 1923.

Shortly after leaving office, two months ago, he made a contract with an American syndicate to write articles upon political questions, which may run two years. Mr. Lloyd George feels that this will not interfere with the memoirs. He says that he must "take ample time" in writing them, though without "unnecessary delay." These are not quite the expectations that were encouraged when the memoirs were offered for sale. The *New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune* felt, however, that the articles to be written under the other contract must interfere largely with the subject matter of the memoirs, as well as postponing completion quite beyond the limit of their original understanding. The *New York Times* had an opportunity, through friendly intervention at the last moment, to purchase these other articles. Had it done so, and attempted to sell them to other newspapers in this country, it would have felt somewhat as if it were selling the same merchandise twice. The memoirs, already bought and partly paid for, were to be delivered not immediately, now that the author was free from the cares of office, but at some time approaching the limit that had been granted to cover the contingency of his remaining long engrossed in the arduous occupations of a British prime minister. Something represented as different from the memoirs, but apparently to be drawn largely from the same knowledge and materials, was to be delivered at once, and paid for again.

Mr. Lloyd George explained in a letter to the managing editor of the *Times*, dated December 1st, that "after seventeen years in office I have retired a poor man, and it is absolutely imperative that I should turn to writing as a means of livelihood. The proceeds of the book for which you hold the serial rights are, as you know, to be given to charity."

This gift to charity, however, was made by Mr. Lloyd George on his own initiative, following severe criticism in the British press of his action in selling his memoirs while still in office. When the *New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune* first committed themselves to the purchase nothing had been said about charity. It was understood that Mr. Lloyd George was, as he says, a poor man; but the price offered him for his memoirs by all the buyers together was more than \$400,000, and this was supposed to be a sufficient incentive to lead to their prompt production. That incentive seems to have disappeared when Mr. Lloyd George announced his purpose to give this money away. The two newspapers which had made the engagement, without being able to foresee that the incentive to which they had so largely contributed might thus disappear, felt that his contract with them should not be adversely affected by his self-imposed burden of charity. Mr. Lloyd George's impulse to charity, of course, does him credit, but it loses some of its charm when it is perceived that it was to become fruitful only at heavy damage to others.

In the circumstances we have felt that justice to our readers and to those papers which had bought or would have bought rights of publication of the memoirs in other parts of the United States and Canada called for cancellation of a contract for goods whose delivery was to be subordinated to the fulfillment of later engagements.

### A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

(Wall Street Journal.)

It is highly to the credit of the *New York World's* news conscience that it gave front-page publicity to the Malone report on the *Lusitania*. It was made three weeks after the sinking of that vessel by the Germans and was submitted to President Wilson and his Cabinet through Secretary McAdoo, the immediate superior of the collector of the port of New York, Dudley Field Malone. It is also to the credit of the *World* that it refrains from editorial comment, if only for reasons of policy. Almost any fool can write an editorial—and many do—but it requires an editor of parts to know when to say nothing.

It is not difficult to see, with the perspective of history cleared by time, why the report was not published when it was submitted. It is clear that the *Lusitania* carried no contraband, no "masked" guns, or disguised "Canadian soldiers," no explosive, that it mounted no gun platforms. A German affidavit published in this country at that time swore to all this without contradiction from Mr. McAdoo or Mr. Wilson, who knew the facts because they had them direct from Malone after a most exhaustive search of the ship. Why did not Wilson release that report, especially when Bernstorff was publishing affidavits and inventing *ex post facto* evidence?

It was because Mr. Wilson was pledged to an impossible neutrality. He had assumed the line of "wrong on both sides" before and continued to hold it afterwards—that there was no moral difference between the delay of an American vessel in an English port, under suspicion of indirect contraband, with an accepted liability for damages, and sinking of passenger vessels by the Germans without pretense of visit or search. Mr. Wilson would permit no man working for him to be right when he was wrong. This was the unforgivable offense General Leonard Wood committed in the matter of preparedness, unforgivably endorsed by Lindley Garrison, Secretary of War.

Pacifism, sycophancy, incompetence, the suppression of facts and evidence to which the public was entitled, waste and worse than waste, the deception of Congress and the taxpayer—all these were tolerable to a phrase-making pedagogue with delusions of infallibility brought from the schoolroom to the White House. But the truth, when it endangered the fabric of false moralities Mr. Wilson had built up, was intolerable and must be forthwith suppressed. "Open covenants openly arrived at" was at that time a self-deluding phrase of the future. Even Mr. Wilson could not have used it then.

It is not difficult to realize what the temper of the American people would have been in May, 1915, if the facts about the *Lusitania* had been promptly published. It would have meant war—and it would have shortened the world war by at least two years.

### BAD CONSTITUTION MAKING.

(Atascadero News.)

Illinois voters have rejected, by an overwhelming majority of some 600,000 votes, a new constitution, which was two years in framing and whose preparation cost a vast sum of money. This tremendous defeat was not because of any special inherent viciousness or weakness or any inferiority to the present fundamental law of the state, other than its great length. It grew out of the very length of time taken to frame it and the multitude of petty details incorporated into it. Those details all affected some citizens unfavorably, one affecting one voter and one another voter. It was the combination of these mul-



hostilities which swamped the document, which was a good thing for the State of Illinois.

The result of those two years of constitution framing was a glaring example of what a constitution should not be. It was a mass of legislation, most all of it having no legitimate place in a fundamental law. It is safe to say that had the document been short and simple, merely determining the character and powers of the government, leaving legislation for the exercise of those powers to the legislative body, the vote would have been almost overwhelmingly favorable. Missouri is now framing a similar document, which is apparently destined to a like fate.

It is full time that our people understood that a statute book is not a constitution, that such a document should merely define the powers of the legislature and not do the detailed work of legislation. We have gone far in our constitutions from the original model of the constitution of the United States, which has existed now for 135 years and has been amended but nineteen times. Not a single state which has framed a constitution during the past thirty years has been content to follow that model, with the result that the simplicity and effectiveness of our Federal Constitution are lost in a mass of legislation in the state documents.

The amendments voted upon at the last election in California exceeded the total length of the Federal Constitution several times, to be added to a constitution already voluminous in legislative details now needing changes to make them effective or suitable to new conditions. It is to be hoped that the next constitutional convention in any state will return to the true model by simply outlining a frame of government, define the powers and duties of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches and the rights of the people, and leave to succeeding legislation the details of performing those duties, exercising those powers and protecting those rights.

It is also to be hoped that any future amendments to the Constitution of California presented to the people for adoption, whether by legislature or by the initiative, will be short, concise, plain, and merely confer upon the state the specific powers, to be exercised as may be defined in subsequent legislation. The people should consistently vote against any amendment which is not of that character, regardless of whether or not they approve the principle involved. They should especially be on their guard against the possibility of private interests becoming entrenched in the constitution, and, as well, any scheme devised for the assumed protection of the people from such interests which may not prove to be a wise and practicable one.

#### RELIGIONISTS IN POLITICS.

(Boston Transcript.)

"You can not mix politics and religion. Try as you will, they won't blend. And if you think you can do it, you attack, as a result, real Americanism in the bargain."

Governor Parker of Louisiana gave to his fellow-governors, in annual session assembled, food for serious thought when he addressed to them these warning words in the course of his exposure of the curse that the Ku Klux Klan has fastened upon his own state. That organization, whose poisonous roots are rapidly spreading to every section of the country, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of religionists in politics. Its avowed purpose is the promotion of Protestantism by the entrance of Protestants as Protestants for Protestantism into the arena of American politics. The excuse offered by the Klansmen is that only by the methods of the Klan and behind the masks of the Klansmen can the control of our government by religionists who are not Protestants be prevented. To gain adherents for their wing of Christendom the Klansmen proclaim themselves the only Simon-pure agency for the promotion of the political power of Americans of native birth and Anglo-Saxon ancestry. They whisper from behind their masks that, unless they are permitted to terrorize the duly-elected officers of government in this country into obedience to the dictates of the Klan, the particular race and the coalition of religionists to which the Klansmen belong will be deprived of political power by citizens of other races who worship another God or worship the same God in another way.

Governor Parker has put his finger upon the source and scourge of this anti-American organization. It is the inevitable result—religionists in politics. All true believers in Straight Americanism believe whole-heartedly in the absolute separation of church and state. This separation is one of the foundation stones of the republic. Europe's ways are not America's ways in this vital matter. The fact that church and state in Europe are not separate is no reason why they should not be wholly divorced one from the other in free and tolerant America. Any rabbi, pastor, or priest, any member of any organization, fraternal, political, religious, civic or educational, any agent of any society of men or women, masked or unmasked, secret or otherwise, who attempts to break down the constitutional and truly American barrier that separates church and state in America is an enemy of the nation and will be so regarded and dealt with by every defender of Straight Americanism. It is not necessary to abdicate as an American in order to destroy an enemy of America. It is not necessary to overthrow the government of the Constitution and set up in its place the racial and religious despotism of the Klan in order to preserve constitutional government.

What the Klansmen are trying to do is to precipitate in the great American family a religious and racial war. They are not the first religionists in politics, they are only the latest. Their awful example, their violence and cowardice, should be a warning to their predecessors. At the time when the nation most needs union, religionists in politics are disseminating the seeds of disunion. At the time when religion in America needs true and unadulterated leadership, religionists in politics are offering a spurious leadership.

If the plain people of the land, representing as they do many walks of life, many religions and many races, could speak with one voice, we believe they would endorse every word of the warning of Governor Parker to the governors of the several states. The best way to drive religionists out of politics is to begin by unmasking the Ku Klux Klan. The time to do that is now and the place to begin is here and everywhere throughout the Union. In this cleansing crusade the forces of Straight Americanism—Americans by choice and Americans from birth—hold the right of the line.

#### THE EARNED WAGE.

(New York Times.)

In a letter in the *Times* Mr. Victor Morawetz suggests the substitution of an earned wage for the "living wage," the "saving wage," the standard wage and the rest. His argument is that wages must be proportioned to production. More can not be divided than is actually produced, yet millions seem to think the contrary. If wages are paid out of capital, the capital remaining must be less by as much as the wages exceed production. If profits were completely distributed to labor, they would not increase wages appreciably, so much larger is the total of wages than of profits. When capital is most abundant it competes for work and profit. The struggle of capital for its living wage can be maintained only by paying wages in working the investment so as to heighten production. Capital hates idleness worse than does labor. An idle dollar is an abhorrent economic thought.

Mr. Morawetz is at his best in demonstrating that production limits the amount which it is possible to distribute, and

that inequality of distribution is juster than a minimum wage, an average wage, a living wage, and so on. Wages proportioned to production must be unequal because of unequal productive capacity. Any minimum wage which could conceivably be enforced would be less than an average wage. Nobody benefits by waste, in the manner of the many theoretical wages. It is not possible to make the theoretical family wage universal, because it would exceed the total production. Mr. Morawetz remarks that the efforts of unions to increase their wages above the average are natural, but that it is clear that the wages increased in that manner are at the cost of reducing the wages of others with equal claims.

#### OLD FAVORITES.

##### Ode to the North-East Wind.

Welcome, wild North-easter!  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr;  
Ne'er a verse to thee.  
Welcome, black North-easter!  
O'er the German foam;  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home.  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,  
Showers soft and steaming,  
Hot and breathless air,  
Tired of listless dreaming,  
Through the lazy day:  
Jovial wind of winter,  
Turn us out to play!  
Sweep the golden reed-beds;  
Crisp the lazy dyke;  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike.  
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;  
Fill the marsh with snipe;  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe.  
Through the black fir-forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shattering down the snow-flakes  
Off the curdled sky.  
Hark! The brave North-easter!  
Breast-high lies the scent,  
On byholt and headland,  
Over heath and bent.  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow,  
Who can over-ride you?  
Let the horses go!  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast;  
You shall see a fox die  
Ere an hour be past.  
Go! and rest tomorrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our skates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams.  
Let the luscious South-wind  
Breathe in lovers' sighs,  
While the ladies gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he do but soften  
Heart alike and pen?  
'Tis the hard grey weather  
Breeds hard English men.  
What's the soft South-wester?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true-loves  
Out of all the seas:  
But the black North-easter,  
Through the snow-storm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Seaward round the world.  
Come, as came our fathers,  
Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea.  
Come; and strong within us  
Stir the Vikings' blood;  
Bracing brain and sinew;  
Blow, thou wind of God!

—Charles Kingsley.

##### Song.

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain;  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on, as if in pain;  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

##### The Holy Tide.

The days are sad, it is holy tide:  
The Winter morn is short, the Night is long;  
So let the lifeless Hours be glorified  
With deathless thoughts and echo'd in sweet song:  
And through the sunset of this purple cup  
They will resume the roses of their prime,  
And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,  
Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts sublime.

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide:  
Be dusky mistletoes and hollies strown,  
Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,  
Red as the drops upon His thorny crown;  
No haggard Passion and no lawless Mirth  
Fright off the solemn Muse,—tell sweet old tales,  
Sing songs as we sit brooding o'er the hearth,  
Till the lamp flickers, and the memory fades.

—Frederick Tennyson.

A correspondent informs the *Argonaut* that the oft-quoted doggerel of local fame, "The Days of 'Forty-Nine," was written by a certain Dr. Putt, a pamphleteer versifier of pioneer days and author of "Joe Bowers," "Sweet Betsy from Pike," and other touching ditties.

Brazil has been a republic since November 15, 1889.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Ismet Pasha, the Kemalist foreign minister, is very deaf, can not speak English, and speaks French but haltingly—scarcely an ideal set of specifications for a diplomat.

Commander Adolphus Andrews, U. S. N., Annapolis, 1921, recently chief of staff to Admiral Jones of the Atlantic fleet, has been appointed to captain the President's yacht, *Mayflower*.

Miss Marie Raith, Cornell graduate, is said to be the only woman civil engineer in the country. Miss Raith is a strenuous field hockey-player and captain of the New York Edison Company's team.

Edgar Howard, new Democratic congressman from Nebraska, was formerly a tramp printer, later editor of the *Columbus Telegram* and lieutenant-governor of his state. He is always an able writer and orator.

Miss Clemence Dane, author of "The Bill of Divorcement" and "Will Shakespeare," and the most successful of contemporary woman dramatists, has had a varied career. She has been a schoolteacher, actress, designer of posters after the manner of Aubrey Beardsley, an enthusiastic political feminist and a novelist as well as a playwright. Her real name is Winifred Ashton, her pen name evidently having been inspired by that of the famous church in the Strand. She is described as tall and slim, with attractive, well-marked features.

Dr. Melanie Lipinska, who is visiting this country to investigate methods used in the schools for the blind, is a famous Polish woman physician who has herself been blind for the past ten years. She was not threatened with blindness till she was nineteen years old; but she did not then let the possibility effect her intention to study medicine. Since her own affliction developed her interest has been largely in the reeducation of the blind—a field in which she has done notable work in France, Belgium, Poland, Finland and England. Dr. Lipinska, who comes to the United States as an official delegate, representing the Oculist Society of Warsaw, will in addition to examining conditions in our schools for the sightless, lecture on her methods of reeducating the scholars.

Coming into the new Congress next March, Representative Frederick H. Gillett of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House, will have new honor and dignity as the veteran member—not veteran by seniority of age, which distinction goes to General Isaac R. Sherwood, who returns in his eighty-eighth year—but veteran by length of service. Speaker Gillett on March 3, 1923, will have completed thirty years of continuous service in the House, and by that very token is believed to hold the all-time record for continuous service. "Uncle Joe" Cannon will be going out with the record of forty-six years, which will probably never be equaled in the future, as it never was in the past—but Cannon's service was not consecutive, as Speaker Gillett's has been. Senator Lodge began his continuous service in the Senate on the same date as Gillett in the House—March 4, 1893.

One of the best versed of Western diplomats in Oriental affairs is Giacomo de Martino, recently the representative of the Italian government in London. De Martino has been transferred as ambassador to Japan, probably on the principle that his Oriental training was wasted at St. James. In going to Tokio he is returning to the scenes of his youth, as his father was minister plenipotentiary in that capital and had previously been chargé d'affaires at Peking. De Martino spent several years in Egypt as secretary of legation and later as minister during Kitchener's control, when he became a special friend of the British field marshal. During the war of Italy with Turkey and the two Balkan campaigns, which immediately preceded the great international conflagration, De Martino was principal under secretary of state and chief lieutenant of the then minister of foreign affairs, the Marquis of San Giuliano. He was one of the delegates to the peace conference of Versailles and spent eighteen months as ambassador at Berlin before being transferred to London.

Geoffrey Shakespeare, formerly Lloyd George's private secretary, is one of a half-dozen promising youngsters who have been elected to the new Parliament, all of whom are staunch followers of the little Welshman. The name of Shakespeare, though fairly celebrated in England, has not hitherto figured in politics; and it is noteworthy that the young M. P. of that name, his brother William, and their sister, Mary Arden, are all recognized minor poets. They are the children of the Rev. John Howard Shakespeare, the leading Baptist divine of England, who is European secretary of the Baptist World Alliance. However, Geoffrey Shakespeare's literary ability is not limited to verse, minor or otherwise. It is an open secret about Downing Street that as the prime minister's secretary he wrote many of the former's speeches. He is particularly well informed in the field of English political history. He is a Cambridge man and was president of the famous Union of that university. Mr. Shakespeare is twenty-six years old, unmarried, tall, slim and red-haired. While none of the Shakespeares of the present day deny relationship with the bard of Avon, it should be remembered that the poet died in 1616, without male issue, and that none of his grandchildren had issue.



## BEHIND THE GERMAN ARMIES.

Ludendorff's Reply to His Critics Shows the Difficulties He Had With the Nation.

When General Eric von Ludendorff was dismissed from his command as first quartermaster-general of the German armies at the time, late in October, 1918, that everything German was going to smash, he went to the town from which he started in 1914. There, as he says, his muscles stiffened and he returned home. The revolution seemed in a way to make it hot for him at that place, so he retired to Sweden and there wrote a book, recently reviewed in these columns, entitled in America "Ludendorff's Own Story" and in England "My War Memories." The book was written in the bitterness of defeat, and at a time when the nation had turned against him as the author of its troubles, as nations often do.

In this book General Ludendorff told some unwelcome truths and presented the entire matter in an apparently truthful way. There was more rasping at him in guttural accents, and so, to prove his case, the general has written another book. This presents documents, memoranda, and notes of meetings, together with state papers and other information, going to prove the statements made in the first publication. The two should be taken together, for the second work is needed to round out the first. It is entitled "The General Staff and Its Problems." It might have had the word "German" in the title, but it has not. The omission may be explained on the theory that Ludendorff considers there was only one general staff worthy the name in the war, however much the results proved otherwise.

While the story is not a connected one, the reader will get therefrom a fairly clear notion of what was going on in Germany during the war, and the troubles with which the army and the nation had to contend. The relations with America and the comment on the Americans is of interest. The documents included were written by various men, and in presenting excerpts it is unnecessary to name the writer in every case, the purpose being to set forth conditions rather than the controversy among the Germans that forms the reason for the publication.

Ludendorff starts in the pre-war period, and, of course, dwells on the contention that sufficient preparation was not made. The old method of spurring up a lagging government to devote money to military preparation by citing the work of possible enemies was worked to the limit. The following, by Von Moltke, is a sample:

Against the view, the existence of which has occasionally come to my knowledge, that the aircraft organization in France really exists only on paper or will remain there, I must protest that this is a dangerous piece of self-deception. Even if there are still *lacuna* in the 1912 scheme of organization they still have so great a start in comparison with our measures that the French have a perfect right to look upon their extraordinary superiority in this department with proud satisfaction. It needs no argument to show that in a war that superiority will be associated with all kinds of disadvantages for us. It is therefore in the highest degree regrettable that with us the same attention is not being devoted (and if I am to accept the memo. in question, will not be devoted) to the air service.

There was no deception as to the attitude that Italy would assume, as this first excerpt will show, but the white innocence of Germany is set forth in the second:

While Germany and Austria will be fighting for their existence, Italy will hardly be threatened; she will not be attacked directly, for in a war with Germany neither England nor France will be in a position to send an expeditionary force to Italy. If she makes any sort of an attempt to protect her coasts, nothing serious can happen to her. If, therefore, she takes part in the war, it will not be because she has to fight for her existence like Germany and Austria, but by virtue of her alliances, and we can calculate with fair certainty that we can not count on a whole-hearted and wholesale employment of her military forces. She will adopt an attitude of cautious reserve and wait to see how events develop on the other side of the Alps in order to be able to retire without material loss if the two other allies suffer defeat. . . .

As in the case of the Triple Alliance, the Triple Entente holds itself out as a defensive compact. But while the idea of defense expressly forms the basis of the agreement between the Triple Alliance, marked offensive tendencies are to be observed in the Triple Entente, i. e., positive objectives, the attainment of which must seem worth fighting for to the members of that association. Russia has a not unnatural ambition to appear as the protagonist of Slavdom in Europe as the result of the overthrow of Austria; she also wishes to secure an outlet to the Adriatic with the help of Serbia. Austria has the defensive interest of preventing that.

France wants to recover her lost provinces and take her revenge for the defeats of 1870. Germany, on the other hand, only desires to retain her possessions.

England wants the help of her allies to rid her of the nightmare of German sea-power. Germany is not thinking of destroying the English fleet; here again she only wishes to defend herself. Thus at all points there are offensive plans on one side, defensive on the other.

With true German inability to see things as others do, there is revealed the intention of the government to make the nation believe as the government desired about the causes of the war, and also to violate Belgium in accordance with the war plan laid down many years before by General Count von Schlieffen:

Yet even if we succeed in framing the *casus belli* in such a way that the nation takes up arms with one mind and real enthusiasm, as things are now we shall not be able to face our heavy task with confidence. As the military resources of the country have long since ceased to bear any relation to the number of men fit to bear arms, the numerical strength

of the army, as I shall show later, will not suffice to cope with our future task.

If there is no change in the political situation in Europe, Germany's central position will compel her to form a front on several sides. We shall therefore have to hold one front defensively with comparatively weak forces in order to be able to take the offensive on the other. That front can only be the French. A speedy decision may be hoped for on that side, while an offensive against Russia would be an interminable affair. But if we are to take the offensive against France, it would be necessary to violate the neutrality of Belgium.

All the above was written in 1912, a year and a half before the war started.

The labor situation occupied the attention of the staff, and the general says, with much truth:

But above all I must insist that a War Work Act is primarily an act of common justice. Especially in view of the universal suffrage it is a crying injustice that some men (and these on the average the best and most useful to the state) should have to sacrifice their lives and health in fighting and be most seriously prejudiced in their callings in civil life, while others remain at home in safety, and in many cases, unfortunately, do nothing but work for their own profit. Even though a large part of the nation shows the highest sense of self-sacrifice there is another section of which the reverse is the truth.

The use of Belgian labor gets its share of attention from the staff:

If all these measures are taken we shall succeed in obtaining voluntarily large numbers of workmen from Belgium and Russian Poland for war work in Germany. If, after the possibilities of this method have been exhausted, there is still a large number of useful men who have not been secured, there will be nothing left for it but calling-up by way of compulsion. *Objections founded on international law must not hold us back; they must give way before the inexorable necessity of finding the most productive employment in war industries for all labor under German control.*

The compulsory enrollment of Belgian labor can not be dispensed with, particularly in view of the work required by directors of military railways in the occupied districts of France. Recruitment of Belgian labor for this purpose must be carried on in every possible way, because otherwise it will be impossible to fetch a large number of prisoners of war, held up there at the moment, for urgent work at home, for which their labor is absolutely vital. . . .

Nor is it unknown to your excellency that the imperial government has addressed an urgent request to me that, in administering the region entrusted to me, I shall create a situation which will survive the war. In endeavoring to administer this country in a manner which German prestige in the world requires, and in striving to bring about a state of affairs which will enable Belgium to be used as an instrument for the reestablishment of Germany's world position, I am only pursuing the aim of turning the war to good account in the interests of our Fatherland.

The submarine campaign forms and will continue to be the subject of acrimonious discussion in Germany for many a day. There is a consensus that it failed to meet expectations, that the assumptions of the naval men were not realized, and that, by bringing in America, it turned the scales against Germany and caused her defeat. While this is conceded, no one wants to be responsible for authorizing the policy that brought disaster. Concerning this the letters show a divergence of opinion, as was to be expected. Hollweg, the chancellor, writes:

Your majesty's navy promises itself a rapid success with the now largely increased number of U-boats and, in view of the economic situation of England, a success which would compel our principal foe, England, to make peace in a few months after the inauguration of an unrestricted submarine campaign.

Count Bernstorff will discuss the matter with Colonel House—the medium through whom your majesty's ambassador deals with the President—and ascertain the intentions of Mr. Wilson. Any intervention by the President for the sake of peace, which had better seem spontaneous, could rely on a good reception among us, and that alone would mean victory for Wilson in his election campaign.

Hindenburg writes to the chancellor:

From the telegram referred to I believe I need no longer assume that your excellency had any other view of the question of responsibility than that which I credited you. I understand that point of view thoroughly. But I should be glad of an answer to this letter in order to know for certain how far the responsibility for the intensified submarine campaign rests on the shoulders of main headquarters.

To which Hollweg replies:

I have the honor to reply that at the conferences held in Pless on the 30 and 31 August I reserved my final opinion on the inauguration of the unrestricted submarine campaign—as I then expressly emphasized—until your excellency had defined your attitude on the matter. Your excellency there gave it as your standpoint that however anxious you were for the employment of this most ruthless weapon the uncertain military situation, especially with regard to the friendly or unfriendly attitude of Holland and Denmark, did not enable you to give a decision one way or the other. . . . But as that unrestricted U-boat campaign is directed, not only against enemy, but also neutral ships, it directly affects our relations with neutral states and thus represents an act of foreign policy. Moreover, the ruthless submarine campaign can not be begun until we have withdrawn the concessions made to the United States of America with regard to the conduct of submarine operations, and also until we have modified the agreements made with Denmark and Sweden.

Ludendorff wrote Zimmerman at the end of 1916:

After Lloyd George has refused our peace offer by his declaration in the House of Commons, I am convinced, in view of the impressions I have gained on the western front, that the U-boat campaign must now be inaugurated in full force.

They wrangled about the matter for a long time, Hindenburg and Ludendorff insisting on starting, and Hollweg trying to impress them with some adequate notion of the difficulties with neutrals, especially America. Bernstorff warned them of the possibility of war with the United States and of our resources, but in the end the powerful military chiefs overcame the civil authorities with results that are known. They were all responsible, and the world is not much concerned with apportioning the guilt.

The various peace movements take up a considerable

part of the book. At the end of 1906, when the battle of the Somme died down, Germany very much wished for peace. She still held much territory, the Roumanians had been defeated, and it was a good time to trade on the status then existing. President Wilson took a hand in the game and tried to get some talk of peace. His note of December 16, 1916, is printed in full and in it is the much-discussed phrase that caused consternation in England and in America:

*He (the President) takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world. Each side desires to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small states as secure against aggression or denial in the future as the rights and privileges of the great and powerful states now at war. Each wishes itself to be made secure in the future, along with all other nations and peoples, against the recurrence of wars like this, and against aggression or selfish interference of any kind.*

The reply of the Allied powers to this suggestion was prompt:

The Allied governments believe that they must protest in the most friendly, but in the most specific manner against the assimilation established by the American note between the two groups of belligerents; this assimilation, based upon public declarations by the Central Powers, is in direct opposition to the evidence, both as regards responsibility for the past and as concerns guarantees for the future; President Wilson in mentioning it certainly had no intention of associating himself with it.

Much ink will be spent on this subject in the future. The letters of Walter Page and of Franklin Lane show how these men felt when, after two and one-half years of war, the President of the United States could see no difference between the aims of the belligerents. Later, he came to see clearly the difference, and to express it in language so forcible as to make his statements one of the most effective assaults on the German position.

Shortly after the peace moves of Germany, and of the President, in 1916, Count Czernin, in April, 1917, reviewed the situation for the Emperor Karl. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was rapidly disintegrating and the dynasty was in danger. Czernin concealed nothing from his imperial master. He said:

Here I can not leave on one side, however painful it may be, the theme on which the whole structure of my argument is based. It is the danger of revolution which is appearing on the horizon of all Europe, and which is supported by England and represents her latest method of warfare. Five monarchs have been dethroned in this war, and the ridiculous ease with which the strongest monarchy in the world has been overthrown may prove some inducement to reflect and remember the words, *Exempla trahunt*. It is no good to answer me that Germany and Austria-Hungary are in a different position or to object that the monarchical idea is firmly rooted in Berlin and Vienna and excludes such a possibility. This war has ushered in a new era of world history; it has no precedent and no prologue. The world is no longer what it was three years ago, and it is useless to search history for analogies for the events which are of everyday occurrence in these times. Any statesman who is not blind or deaf must see that the dumb desperation of the public is increasing daily. He is bound to hear the sullen murmurs which can be heard among the broad masses, and must reckon with that factor if he still retains a sense of responsibility.

The declaration of war by America has certainly made the situation materially worse. It may be that months will pass before America can bring considerable forces into the theatres of war, but the moral impetus, the fact that the Entente is hoping for fresh and powerful aid, transforms the situation to our disadvantage because our enemies have obviously more time than we have and can wait longer, unfortunately, than we can.

It devolved upon Ludendorff to make a showing of the military situation, which he did, and the war went on. The brother-in-law of Emperor Karl made trips to Paris and tried to bring about peace, but failed. Ludendorff says that during the war and at the time he wrote his "War Memories," he believed Czernin loyal. Disillusionment has come since then, and now he suspects his own government:

I look at the matter in a different light now. I suspect, and do not hesitate to say so, that the German government was really informed about the peace efforts of Austria-Hungary. There was, therefore, no reason to demand any "expiation" from the Dual Monarchy.

Much more is to be found in the book. Ludendorff appears in it as growing more and more powerful and directing the affairs of the entire nation. The chancellor went down to defeat, and for a time the general was the virtual dictator. All forms of activity were under his control and there was no function of German life that did not receive his attention. He carried the burden well and was able to continue the struggle until the nation was exhausted. Even then he called for greater and greater effort, which was not forthcoming. He saw things from the military point of view and could not conceive of any course but to go on until about all the Germans were killed. But his clear vision at last saw defeat both of his army and of the nation, and he warned the authorities to make peace.

There is no use in the Germans reviling Ludendorff. He represented Germany as the nation was. He was the most able of them all and led the nation on the course it wanted to follow. Then when defeat and disaster overtook him they used their real king as a scapegoat upon which to load the odium of defeat. In reading his books one can not but have respect for this able man, however bad his aims, for he stands so far above them all, when the sorry Kaiser and his sorry son form the background. There is much useful data in the book for those who desire to preserve the annals of the war that is now fading into the past.

THE GENERAL STAFF AND ITS PROBLEMS. By General Ludendorff. Translated by F. A. Holt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; two volumes, \$15.



## BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 23, 1922, were \$150,400,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$123,500,000; an increase of \$26,900,000.

Henley & Scott, general insurance agents, announce the appointment of Edwin Murray as office manager of their organization, to take place January 1, 1923. Mr. Murray was formerly general manager of a large fire office of London, England, and has had a wide experience in the fire insurance business.

Once more Seattle is all torn up over a dis-

tinued during the past week and a number of individual issues have scored new high prices for the year. What is very significant is that the present rally has exceeded in extent any previous rally since the beginning of the decline in mid-October. Technically this is a strong indication that the market trend is again upward. However, the strength has been confined largely to the industrial section of the list. The rails have rallied only moderately, but there are signs even here that the worst has been seen. Taking everything into consideration, the chances decidedly favor the conclusion that the primary upward movement is not over, and that last month's decline, severe as it was, was only in the nature of technical correction of a very much overbought position.

The developments of the past week have been of a distinctly constructive character. President Harding, in his message to Congress, made it very plain that the Administration will oppose with all its power legislation of a radical or confiscatory sort. His recommendations regarding the encouragement of railway combinations and the pooling of freight cars are quite in accord with sound financial and business judgment. The Secretary of the Treasury's report shows that steady improvement is being maintained in the government's finances and that there is no likelihood of a necessity for increased taxation, something which is truly enheartening to Wall Street. His reference to business conditions here and to economic progress abroad is also most reassuring.

The continued rise of Sterling exchange until it is only about 30 cents below parity, the advance of Italian lire to over 5 cents, and the steadiness of the German mark during the past month, in spite of the enormous further increase of around 300,000,000,000 in the outstanding paper issue, are all hopeful signs that real progress is being made toward a settlement of the German reparations question, which is the real crux of the economic recovery of Europe. The actual news coming from the various conferences on the matter is so conflicting that the course of the exchanges is probably the most trustworthy source of information.

According to the report just issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the net operating incomes for October of the Class I railroads show a return of only 4.05 per cent. on their tentative valuation. This is disappointing, being even poorer than a year ago, but is explainable because of increased equipment maintenance expense due to the strikes and to less revenue as a result of the horizontal reduction in freight rates put into effect late in the summer. However, the effect of the strikes should be overcome soon and heavier traffic should compensate to a considerable degree for the lower freight rates.

Steel trade activity continues without let-up, and while the December 9th unfilled tonnage statement of the United States Steel Corporation shows a slight decrease, this is not significant and is not likely to be repeated for some time. In fact, almost all lines of industry throughout the country are reported to be in a flourishing condition. It seems, therefore, that in the security markets the opportunities still lie on the buying side.—*The Trader.*

Steel ingot production from April 1st to October 1st averaged a rate of about 34,500,000 tons a year. Rate in October was about 40,000,000 tons and in November probably a trifle greater. There is no evidence of curbing production on account of lack of orders.

Financial and markets in general continue quiet, as they have been for about six weeks. Mill operations are based chiefly on old orders and interest centres both on their extent and on the way buyers will be disposed in individual cases to instruct mills to curtail or postpone shipment.

With the advance of autumn and the advent of winter there has come a further change for the better in the aspects of general business, and it is highly gratifying to

note that practically all financial discussions recently have been marked by a note of increasing cheerfulness and of conservative optimism regarding the future. It is not to be inferred from the foregoing that such improvement as has taken place has been uniform in all lines and departments of trade or that all localities of the country have been affected alike, for that is not the case, says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*. In the South, where the cotton crop has been moving rapidly on a basis of advancing prices, there has been a notable betterment and activity has expanded, also, in the industrial East, in the upper Mississippi Valley and on the Pacific Coast.

There has been a marked decrease in the production of automobiles, however—the total for September amounting to 186,562 passenger cars, and 18,843 motor trucks, contrasted with 263,027 passenger cars and 25,984 motor trucks in June (the crest of the wave)—and this pronounced contraction has reacted to some extent upon the automobile accessories business. The central territory, or certain sections thereof, has been more seriously affected, also, than some other localities by the loss of wages resulting from the coal and railroad strikes, the continued high cost of fuel, the shortage of labor and the congestion of railway transportation. Taking the country as a whole, however, and business—both wholesale and retail—is unquestionably better than it was a year ago. This is essentially true of the textile industry, which, according to the trade authorities, is more active than it has been on any other occasion in more than two years.

Tangible evidences of improvement are found in such indices of trade as bank clearings, railway car loadings, commercial failures, building operations, the production of iron and steel, and the like. For the week ending October 21st, for example, the total bank clearings of 118 cities throughout the country, as compiled by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, amounted to \$9,240,309,790, compared with \$7,038,014,196 in the corresponding week last year, a gain of 31.3 per cent. The aggregate clearings for the same week in 1920 and 1919 were \$8,794,124,886 and \$9,119,680,147, respectively. There is nothing conclusive, of course, in a comparison of bank clearances of a single week, but the tendency of expansion disclosed at the end of October have continued over many months, the aggregate clearings (in round figures) for the nine months to and including September this year amounting to \$277,484,000,000, as compared with \$254,840,000,000 during the same nine months in 1921.

According to the statistics compiled by the American Railway Association, 935,079 carloads of revenue-producing freight, which is very close to the record, were moved by the carriers during September, and the demand for equipment has been so heavy that it has taxed the railways severely. This is clearly indicated by the fact that whereas there were 407,406 idle freight cars in the country last January there were but 11,785 unemployed cars, in good order, in September, and an actual shortage developed in October. While a considerable part of the increased car loadings is due to the movement of coal, a direct result of the strike, the loadings of merchandise and miscellaneous freight are in excess of last year. Bank clearings and car loadings are both measures or indices of business volumes; the most accurate measures or indices we have, and the figures show conclusively that the amount of business passing in the country today is much larger than a year ago.

In the way of statistics bearing upon the industrial depression, nothing for two full years past or since October, 1920, has been more unpleasant than the records of commercial bankruptcies. According to the figures collected through the mercantile agency of R. G. Dun & Co. the total number of purely business defaults in 1920 was 8881, involving total liabilities of \$295,118,000. Of these failures 3498 with liabilities of \$128,489,000 occurred during the last quarter of the year, and thereafter the disasters multiplied rapidly. There were, for example, no less than 19,652 bankruptcies in 1921, involving liabilities of



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\$627,399,000, while up to and including September of the present year the number was augmented by 18,411 defaults with liabilities of \$490,506,000. There is nothing cheerful in this record, of course, and the exhibit would be far more unpleasant if the failures of banks, bankers and the large number of brokerage firms that collapsed early this year were included in the totals. But they are not, for the figures deal only with commercial defaults.

It is hardly necessary to say that the evidences of improving business are not found

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in the sum total of bankruptcies, but in the progressive decline in the number of failures and of the liabilities involved. From an aggregate of 2723 defaults in January, 2331 in February, and 2463 in March, with liabilities of \$73,796,000, \$72,608,000, and \$71,608,000, respectively, the record of casualties has diminished steadily until September, when failures, numbering 1566, were the smallest in any month since September a year ago, while the amount involved in the way of liabilities, \$36,500,000, was the smallest since June, 1921. In other words, the mortality tables indicate, clearly and unmistakably, an ebb in the tide of disasters that has been running strong in the channels of business for more than two full years.

Building operations as indicated by the value of contracts awarded for new construc-



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cussion of whether a 5-cent street fare should be brought back.

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At present Seattle charges 10 cents a ride; in wholesale lots the fare is 8-1-3 cents, and city council has been setting aside \$20,000 a

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month for depreciation, while the state bureau of accountants requires a monthly depreciation charge of \$57,000 a month. If the state bureau is right, the municipally-owned system is running behind about \$37,000 a month, and yet the citizens are clamoring for 5-cent fares.

The deficit can not be made up by taxation, so says the Washington supreme court, and under the terms by which the city acquired the property the system must pay its own way.

The sponsors for the reduced fare claim there would be increased travel sufficient to produce as much money as the present rate, but unless Seattle were about twice its size that seems preposterous.

Portland, which has about the same population as Seattle, has cheaper fare. The traction company is owned by a private concern.

The advance in the stock market has con-



tion, repairs, and for engineering undertakings were of record-breaking proportions from April to August this year, and so it is only natural that they should show some falling off, as they usually do—under normal conditions—with the approaching winter and the curtailment of out-of-door work. But the total amount involved in the contracts awarded during September in twenty-seven states of the country was \$271,493,000, which assuredly indicates no slump in building and construction. To the contrary, with the exception of the months already mentioned (April to August)—when building contracts ranged between \$293,636,000 and \$362,500,000—the September figures represent the largest outlay contemplated for building since April, 1920, when contracts amounted to \$304,974,000.

Such activity, past, present, and prospective, as you see disclosed in the statistics bearing upon building and construction, transportation and the like, suggests, naturally, an expanding volume of production of basic articles and in particular of iron and steel.



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Why under present-day conditions iron and steel has come to be regarded as the barometer of trade has never been more accurately and concisely stated than it was by Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation in an address before the American Iron and Steel Institute in the closing days of October. "Steel," he said, "is needed immediately for buildings and other structures, for railroads, for farms, for pipe lines, for canning, for equipment of every kind, for guns, tools and other implements of thousands of varieties, for wire ranging from the finest watch springs and piano strings to the largest cables, for cars, automobiles, aeroplanes and

other vehicles for transportation of property and persons and for many other purposes."

Turning to the records of iron and steel production, you find that the output of pig iron during the year 1920 averaged 100,400 tons a day. During the depressing twelve months that made up the year 1921 the average production fell to 45,307 tons a day. The low point was attained in July, 1921, when the average daily production of pig iron was but 27,889 tons. The recovery that set in at that time has been slow, but it was progressive up to June last, when the daily average output was 78,701 tons. Then came a setback, the direct consequence of the coal and railway strikes, which forced the production down to a daily average of 58,586 tons in August. It was back in September to a daily average of 67,791 tons, as a result of the temporary arrangement between the striking coal miners and operators, under which the mining of coal was resumed, and it has increased still more in recent weeks. But the effects of the strikes have not passed away entirely, and the present output is not as large as it would have been if organized labor had not interfered with the industrial revival.

What is true of the basic material pig iron is true also of the semi-finished article, steel ingots and the fully finished products of steel such as rails and plates and shapes and forms, the production of all alike showing increases which have been progressive throughout the year, except when impeded by the strikes or by the shortage of fuel and difficulties of transportation. The unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation, for example, registered an unbroken decline from July, 1920, when they stood at 11,118,000 tons, to February of the present year, when they established the low record of 4,141,000 tons, which reflected the smallest volume of business on the books of the corporation since December, 1914, when unfilled orders amounted to the meagre total of 3,836,000 tons. Since February last the unfilled orders have expanded month by month until September, when they amounted to 6,692,000 tons.

There is very much of encouragement in the tendencies disclosed at this time by the generally accepted indices of trade. They go to show that despite a certain amount of irregularity and hesitation the industrial reaction ran its full course several months ago; that general business has enjoyed a moderate, though variable and somewhat unequal measure of recovery, and that the conditions appear favorable for a still further improvement. This view of the future is supported by the highly favorable outcome of the harvests and the generally better prices that the farmers are receiving for most of their crops now than in the recent past, and also by the inherent strength of the banking position. There has been no marked expansion in loans and discounts this year and the total bills on hand in the Federal Reserve banks on October 25th last were but \$727,090,000, as compared with \$1,371,065,000 last year.

In the meanwhile total gold reserves have increased from \$2,786,239,000 on October 26, 1921, to \$3,085,000,000 on October 25, 1922, and the ratio of gold reserve to deposit and note liability combined has expanded from 67.2 per cent. to 74.5 per cent. Whether the loans and discounts of the member banks, which have practically doubled in volume under the inflation made possible by the Federal Reserve Act and its amendments and which stood on June 30th last at \$11,248,214,000, are as fluid as they should be is a matter which no one aside, possibly from the Comptroller of the Currency himself can determine. But usually a very large and unprecedented rapid expansion of loans, such as took place with the member banks during the period of the war and immediately thereafter implies a lock-up of credit, and the question suggests itself as to whether the frozen loans are even yet completely thawed out. But in the monetary situation, as disclosed by the Federal Reserve banks, there is nothing assuredly that should stand in the way of a further forward movement in business.

But the conditions surrounding money and credit are not the only things that have to be taken into the reckoning in considering an industrial revival, or "a business boom." Confidence is another and a primary essential in any sustained forward movement, for example, and though a more hopeful feeling pervades many of the markets, confidence is still a long way from being completely reestablished. And, in fact, it is difficult to see how it can be as long as conditions remain as they are in Europe. The French Chamber of Deputies, for instance, has only recently approved a budget which, it is estimated, will show a deficit for 1923 of 3,711,000,000 francs, and this at a time when Chancellor Wirth of Germany was submitting for discussion at a cabinet council the question whether in view of the utter collapse of the mark Germany ought not to declare a general reparations bankruptcy and default on further payments in kind as well as in cash.

It is wholly unnecessary, of course, to comment at length upon the grave possibilities involved in an open declaration of insolvency by Germany, not only for France and Italy with their unbalanced budgets, but also for Bel-

gium, which—despite the experiences—relied upon the good faith and the promises of Germany to the extent of accepting a partial payment on account of the indemnity due her in German treasury notes or bonds—obligations which Germany, presumably, would repudiate, if the tentative proposal of bankruptcy should be made definite. But an open confession of insolvency on the part of Germany would not end simply, solely and alone in a further embarrassment of France, Italy, and Belgium. Other nations would be drawn in, and it is difficult to see how such a development could result otherwise than in disturbing the peace and prosperity of the whole world.

The outlook for 1923 is for fairly stable business. Improvement during the year has been primarily the result of domestic demand. Stocks both of raw materials and of finished goods, in process of reduction throughout 1921, disappeared so rapidly that during 1922 demand had to be met from current production, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York. Despite labor troubles of the worst sort the country passed rapidly from a condition of curtailed output and widespread unemployment to downright labor shortage. A tremendous construction programme has been carried out with consequent activity in industries producing building materials and accessories. Crops have been good, they have moved fairly rapid despite car shortage and prices for some agricultural products have improved materially. Wholesale and retail trade are satisfactory.

The situation as to money and credit is not far different from that as to goods. Much foreign gold has come into the Federal Reserve system, swelling reserves already too large, and slow liquidation of credit has continued. So efficiently has the United States banking system functioned, however, that the credit needs of expanding business have been fully cared for without the development of the tendency to inflation which has been so much feared. The American money market has probably been more stable during the last twelve months than in any year of the last decade.

The course of business in 1923 depends on two factors: domestic demand and the situation in other countries. Maintenance of domestic demand is conditional upon preventing the increase of labor costs to the point which will force prices out of reach of large classes of the buying public. If conditions abroad improve during 1923 business in this country should show substantial gains. At the worst it ought not to fall materially below the levels of the latter part of the year just closed.

During the last twelve months the bond market has passed through three distinct phases: a rapid advance, a period of relative stability, with a moderate upward tendency, and a period of moderate decline.

The two major causes which explain the movement of the bond market during 1922 are of great significance in relation to its probable course in 1923. As a result of general business unsettlement in 1920 and the earlier months of 1921 many excellent bonds had declined below what they were worth for permanent investment. This situation was certain to be corrected as soon as business stability was regained.

The second factor was the diversion into the bond market of funds ordinarily employed in commercial and industrial enterprise. During the long period of liquidation many businesses accumulated funds which were not immediately required for their current operations. In the interim it was necessary to employ this money, and many turned to the bond market, at first because the yields on many issues were very attractive and later because of the expectation of profits on a rising market.

Bonds bought for temporary investment were certain to come back on the market sooner or later, and under these conditions the market was also peculiarly sensitive to money rates. Declines in prices during the autumn months have been due in considerable measure to this situation, but they have been moderate and it seems probable that the further elimination of this speculative element from the market will be so gradual as to have in itself little further effect.

Thus in 1923 the general business situation will exert only its ordinary influence on the bond market. Stable business ought to be reflected in a corresponding stability in good securities. Political conditions will continue to be the dominant factor for some foreign bonds and money rates will exert their customary effect upon the course of security prices. It seems probable that for the first time since 1914 the American bond market will again become primarily an investors' market. It will be increasingly discriminating and will be affected to a lessening degree by temporary and speculative influences.

The outlook for New York as a market for foreign securities is of importance. Of late not only the total but the proportion of foreign issues to aggregate offerings has declined greatly and there have been evidences of the recovery by London of its old dominance of the markets for foreign bonds. So great are the opportunities for investment in North

America that partly as a result of competition of other forms of investment and partly as a result of growing dissatisfaction with political uncertainty and reckless public finance, investors of the United States are becoming more and more critical of foreign offerings. The conclusion is not to be drawn, however, that New York will be eliminated as a market for foreign securities. New York will continue to be a good market for first-class foreign bonds, but issues not so desirable will meet with lessened interest from American investors.

The world's crude oil production for 1921 was 765,065,000 barrels, of which the United States produced 472,183,000 barrels, or 61.7 per cent. United States and Mexico combined yielded 665,580,587 barrels in 1921, or 87 per cent. of world production.

World production of crude oil from 1857 to 1921, inclusive, was 9,511,997,000 barrels, according to the same authority. This was an average of 147,000,000 barrels annually, so that world's production in 1921 was five times greater than annual average for sixty-five years. Production of this country for 1921 was 61.7 per cent. of year's total and for sixty-five-year period average was 62.1 per cent. Aggregate production of United States' fields from 1857-1921 was 5,902,051,000 barrels. At the rate of production in United States in 1921, 472,183,000 barrels, domestic fields would produce in twelve years an amount approximating that of their production from 1857-1921.

German foreign trade for October shows unfavorable balance of 242,000,000 gold marks

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compared with 131,000,000 in September, 303,000,000 in August, and 5,800,000 in January, bringing import surplus for ten months to 1,850,000,000 gold marks.

October imports totaled 531,700,000 gold marks or 5,550,000 tons compared with 421,800,000 or 4,830,000 in September, while exports were 289,900,000 gold marks or 1,540,000 tons compared with 291,000,000 gold marks or 1,590,000 tons in September.

Imports of pit coal increased 330,000 tons and imports of cotton, cotton tissues, rye, coffee and mineral oils also were greater. Exports of dyes, chemicals, toys and machines increased, while timber and potash decreased.

A committee of well-known musical enthusiasts is organizing a scheme to popularize the music of William Byrd, the great Tudor composer. A festival of Byrd's music is to be held next year. The Carnegie Trust Fund recently completed an edition of the whole of Byrd's compositions.

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## BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

## The Adventure of Living.

The art of the biographer is a delicate one balanced precariously between the Scylla and Charybdis of egoism and chronology. And yet this form of literary exercise has a greater momentum of interest than perhaps any other, since more than any other it has the substance of life behind it. It is a wise self-chronicler who capitalizes himself as differentiated from any one else. By which we do not mean that every man should be his own publicity agent, nor every lady her own diarist either, but that if you are going to write about yourself you may as well make the best of a bad job and no bones about it. John St. Loe Strachey the distinguished editor of the London *Spectator*, has frankly done so in his "subjective autobiography," which is rather sentimentally named "The Adventure of Living." Mr. Strachey's life has been a delightful one to live—parts of it read almost like a fairytale—but hardly adventurous. Still, he may mean his title in the fairytale sense of adventure—he challenged the world and it capitulated. For that is the happy impression of his happy life that his many less felicitous readers will receive. But it is not so much

as the record of a thoroughly successful and useful career that "The Adventure of Living" strikes us, as an admirable exercise of the art of self-interpretation. Mr. Strachey is frank without being naïve—a distinction which seems to separate the sheep from the goats in the matter of what is suitable biographic material and what is only a violation of good taste. The editor of the *Spectator* has perfectly exemplified the proportion of candor and reticence appropriate to any one's memoirs. His public life is unrolled before us with clarity, his private life remains where it belongs in privacy.

In case our last statement seems contradictory to the author's own label, "subjective," we hasten to differentiate further. Mr. Strachey's story of his life is subjective and even intensely personal, but by some magic formula of his own he avoids the air of revelation either of himself or any one else. Perhaps the secret is that he has written the biography of his mind, which necessarily included his early environment and his later adventures. But as the writer of a subjective narrative he feels it within his autobiographic rights to focus attention on himself and his own reactions—a process that rather eliminates the personal adventures of his associates, and a logical as well as decent course for an autobiography.

R. G.  
THE ADVENTURE OF LIVING. By John St. Loe Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$5.

## Gold.

The title, "Gold," of this Eugene O'Neill play, which was published in 1920 and now is brought out in another edition, appears in startling black letters on the paper cover of the volume. Which seems to be typical of the play.

For, in spite of its merit, the play tries too hard to be striking. It is written around the obsession for gold which confuses and corrupts the human mind. And the author, with his customary discrimination, exempts the women in his play from the reproach of greed.

But all the others except one clean-hearted specimen of involuntary rectitude succumb to the corroding spell: the old, the young, the base, the honest, the white man and the brown, all lose their sane sense of the homely and just things of life when the thought of a buried treasure rears itself, a poisonous influence.

Mr. O'Neill has told his story in four acts, his usually unerring sense of stage technique rather weakening, however, at the end. For the situation prolongs itself unduly, and it would be easy to imagine spectators in a theatre coughing and sighing as the fourth act unfurls its length. Yet the author has made his point, and with due economy of materials. But the reader sees the effort; and a play of sombre motives and passions should always seem like the inevitable workings of fate.

GOLD. By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.50.

## You.

Magdeleine Marx, having stirred up quite a sensation with "Woman," has followed that revealing story with another in similar vein entitled "You," in which she continues to throw a brilliant illumination upon the secret processes of a woman's musings.

It may be added that Anne Breven in "You" is a Latin, and as the Latins, even the women among them, are more candid with themselves than the Anglo-Saxon, it is probable that Anne will administer a number of mild shocks to American readers.

Anne belongs to the adventurous women-kind of the twentieth century, except that she is incurably romantic. So things happen of an unconventional nature.

And Anne muses, and tries to analyze love, and the reader follows the recital of these passionate soul-stirrings with a realization that the French author is a strange, fiery, unusual being who is ardently trying to solve the problem of what constitutes flesh and what spirit. And so eagerly and burningly do her thoughts develop that the words in which she clothes them pour in a fiery flood, in which self-revelation is inevitably made; which means the revelation of the woman soul.

"You" appeared first in France, the version here reviewed being a translation. But the success of "Woman" has resulted in the book appearing in translated form in the majority of the European countries.

YOU. By Magdeleine Marx. New York: Thomas Seitzer; \$2.

## Oriental Short Stories.

Achmed Abdullah, well known as a teller of tales, has gathered together fifteen of his short stories that have appeared in various American magazines, the collection being appropriately entitled "Alien Souls." For there are tales of Afghan, of Turkish, of Chinese, of Hindu and of Japanese people, all told as by one who is familiar with the life and the peoples represented.

The stories give to the Westerner an in-

sight into the different standards that prevail both in the Near and the Far East, the author not neglecting to give a picturesque framework to the scenes represented. It is apparent, however, that the European education of the author, and the fact that his stories are addressed to Occidental minds, has put into his style something that is not wholly Eastern, although the characters, the motives, and the settings are wholly so.

ALIEN SOULS. By Achmed Abdullah. New York: James A. McCann Company; \$1.75.

## Plays by Continental Playwrights.

As a companion volume to Mayorga's "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors" and Clark's "Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors," Montrose J. Moses has selected fifteen of the best examples of the one-act play written by Continental authors. The playlets are of great merit and in most part of striking motive. None has purely conventional atmosphere.

Among the fifteen authors are Arthur Schnitzler, Henri Lavedan, Hermann Suderman and August Strindberg. But also we note authors whose names are just beginning to be known to Americans: the Italian, Giacosa, the melancholy Russian symbolist Andreyev, the brothers Quintero, Bergstrom, De Lorde and Sierra. Both nineteenth and twentieth-century authors figure in the list, and American readers will note with interest how these authors differ in national flavor, while being linked by a common artistry.

REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY CONTINENTAL AUTHORS. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.

## Notes of Books and Authors

A Berlin publishing house has sold 800,000 copies of Rabindranath Tagore's works.

Mr. Winston Churchill is working on the biography of his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, which was begun by Lord Wolsley.

The house which Fanny Burney built with the small fortune she made from her novel, "Camilla," is on the market. The place is called Camilla Lacey, after the heroine of the book.

Maurice Baring's "Overlooked," recently reviewed in these columns, is among the present best-selling quartet of novels in London. "Overlooked" is published on this side by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have published a new book of poems by Richard Le Gallienne, "A Jongleur Strayed." The book, which is an edition limited to fifteen hundred copies, has a typically fantastic introduction by Oliver Herford.

The rapid sales for so high-priced a book as the "Stevenson Baby Book" (John Howell; \$20) is a measure of the great popularity of R. L. S. One-fifth of the limited edition of five hundred has been sold or ordered since

its publication on Stevenson's birthday, the 13th of November. And orders come from every part of the English-speaking world for the record of the first seven years of Stevenson's life. The exquisitely published little book makes an appropriate gift for Stevenson lovers, whose number seems to be legion.

In a recent notice to the press B. W. Huebsch, Inc., announced that their edition of Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" was the only current one obtainable. This was an error, which Mr. Huebsch now corrects in order to give their due to Doubleday, Page & Co., who also publish an edition. The Huebsch edition consists merely of the text, the only illustration being that on the cover by C. Lovat Fraser. The Doubleday edition is more elaborate, and is illustrated by C. Lovat Fraser.

Harry A. Franck writes to his publisher, the Century Company, from China (where he is on a two-year expedition to gather material for a book on present-day conditions and on his own travel experiences) that of all the inconveniences one might expect to find in that revolution and brigand-infested land, nothing has troubled him at all but an intensity of heat which makes traveling difficult and writing almost impossible. He has, however, made good progress with his project of seeing all China proper, and it is possible, he thinks, that the end of his term, after Manchuria and Mongolia, may see him attempting an adventure into Tibet.

The B. W. Huebsch Company is recommending several of its nominal-priced publications as substitutes for bromide greeting cards. The house is offering its "Jean Jacques Rousseau," translated by Van Wyck Brooks, at one dollar; "The Soldier and Death," a Russian folk tale that is not at all lugubrious, told in English by Arthur Ransome, at 75 cents; Bertrand Russell's "Free Thought and Official Propaganda," also 75 cents; and a pointed bit of satire by the war correspondent, Henry W. Nevins, "Farewell to America," for 50 cents.

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## BRIEFER REVIEWS.

## Once On a Time.

Admirers of A. A. Milne will eagerly seize upon his grown-up fairy tale, "Once On a Time" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and will not be disappointed, and new readers will probably become admirers of Mr. Milne. For, as the former group know, he has a brand of nonsense that sparkles brightly and untiringly and which, sprinkled through a play, makes it a comedy. Allowed to run extempore through the pages of a book calling itself grown-up fairy tales, the Milne nonsense becomes a small vacation. Incidentally, the best nonsense has a core of meaning and Mr. Milne's chronicle of the imaginary and vanished kingdom of Euralia, a long time ago, is an ironical prototype of later and vanishing kingdoms.

## Seeing the Eastern States.

A contribution to the young but growing class of American travel book is John T. Faris' "Seeing the Eastern States" (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5). This book should be of particular interest to people of the West who are either going to visit the region described by Mr. Faris and should therefore be provided with so excellent a guide, or to those who, lacking the opportunity of first-hand information, should take the best substitute. For it behooves one to know his own country as well as possible; and travel writers like Mr. Faris who have selected American territory for description and interpretation ought to receive a vote of thanks. We have books and to spare on South Sea isles and remote corners of Europe.

## Robin Hood's Barn.

The product of a partnership of a clever illustrator and an equally clever commentator on the natural beauties of field and sky is "Robin Hood's Barn" (George H. Doran Company; \$2), otherwise "the confessions of a garden adventurer." Like the Pennells, Margaret Emerson Bailey and her brother, Whitman Bailey, cooperate in producing books, with the difference that the Baileys' work, unlike the famous pair just mentioned, is rather more equal in quality. There is not so wide a gap between the graceful pen-and-ink drawings of Mr. Bailey and his sister's limpid descriptions of pastoral incident as exists between the more brilliant Pennell draughtsmanship and the certainly duller prose of Elizabeth Robins. In addition, if Miss Bailey is the author of the verse scattered through her book she is a minor versifier of distinction, and a naturalist besides.

## American Lighthouses.

A history and survey of the light-house service guarding the 48,000 miles of American coast line, by F. A. Collins, shows that machinery has not killed romance and that adventure abounds on all coasts. "Sentinels Along Our Coast" (The Century Company; \$2) is the story of the men and machines who work to safeguard the passage of ships to and from and along our shores. The author is less concerned with the military side of coast defense than with the progress of ef-

ficient aids to navigation. Sea dangers that have been dreaded for centuries are rapidly succumbing to such modern contrivances as the radio compass and telephone. "Sentinels Along Our Coast" is more than an informational treatise; it is absorbing reading for any one with an acquisitive mind.

## The Little Country Theatre.

Members of progressive rural communities will welcome a book which is the outcome of an experiment at the North Dakota Agricultural College. Alfred G. Arvold, the author, and a group of associates, founded a "little country theatre" at that institution some years ago, and Mr. Arvold now relates its history for the benefit of other experimenters. A useful appendix contains a list of suitable reference material for costume, production, etc., and suggested lists of plays. "The Little Country Theatre" is published by the Macmillan Company at \$2.50.

## New Books Received.

AMERICAN WATER-COLOURISTS. By A. E. Galatin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$15.

ELEMENTARY EQUITATION. By Baretto de Souza. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

The principles of horseback riding.

THE WORKS OF LI PO, THE CHINESE POET. Done into English verse by Shieyoshi Obata. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

With an introduction and biographical and critical matter translated from the Chinese.

MARGOT ASQUITH: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Volumes III and IV.

ALOHA AROUND THE WORLD. By Carl Vogel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Around the world in a sailing vessel.

THE AVIATOR. By Henry C. McComas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

An investigation of the necessary personal equipment of the aviator from both the physiological and psychological viewpoint.

OUR SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS. By Horace Kephart. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

Revised edition with new material.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

THE MOHAWK RANGER. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

An Indian novel.

THE HAPPY HIGHWAYS. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Century Company.

A novel.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA. By Henry W. Nevins. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents.

An English editor on America.

THE SOLDIER AND DEATH. By Arthur Ransome. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 75 cents.

A Russian folk tale.

PHANTOM. By Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50.

A novel, translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan.

THE KANSAS COURT OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS. By John Hugh Bowers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.

In the National Social Science Series.

AMERICAN TRADES UNIONISM. By George M. James. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.

The National Social Science Series.

THE CRESSMAN OF MARS. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.90.

Another Martian yarn.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

Informal character sketches.

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR. By Duncan Phillips. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$15.

Number one of the Phillips Publications.

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## THE WORK OF MARCEL PROUST

Of the latest work of the French literary genius, Marcel Proust, the New York Herald presents this analysis by Calvin Winter:

"It would be worse than impertinent to attempt anything approaching a definite summing up of a work of such magnitude as 'Swann's Way,' on the strength of a first rapid reading, however intent, absorbed, and enthusiastic. These two volumes constitute only one of the five parts which make up the long autobiographic series entitled in the original, 'A La Recherche du Temps Perdu'; and amazing as they are in their amplitude, their exhaustless analysis of certain phases of the life and thought of France of today, one feels that they constitute segments of a much vaster scheme, the ultimate pattern of which is not here sufficiently developed to justify a guess at its purpose.

"This much at least, however, may be ventured without fear of contradiction: Marcel Proust stands for very nearly the last word in the development of the psychological novel. He has carried the analytical method to an extent never before attempted in fiction, probing down, in his search for ultimate causes, into those obscure subconscious depths, the very existence of which were popularly unknown before the advent of Freud. The consummate art with which M. Proust fulfills his purpose, the tireless zeal with which he follows an emotion, an impulse backward to its remotest, obscurest first cause, regardless of syntactical difficulties and breathless length of trailing sentences that meander at times unbroken through the full length and breadth of a printed page, will naturally tend to divide the public sharply into two classes: those who find the barrier of his slow-moving style and method insuperable, and frankly say, 'He may be great, but he is not for us'; and those who read on, oblivious of his manner, intent only on assimilating the richness that he has to offer.

"In attempting anything like a specific epitome of the substance of these volumes, a reviewer suddenly feels an unwonted helplessness. The amplitude, the minuteness, the occasional redundancy, are not, as in most books, the addition of so much tissue covering the vital inner skeleton; they are part and parcel of the skeleton itself, warp and woof of the essential fabric of the work; and every attempt at a brief retelling robs it of just so much of its inherent color and vitality. This is especially true of the second division of Volume I, entitled 'Combray.' One may define it, of course, as the record of a small boy's impressions through 200 pages, of the little French village where he was taken for a yearly visit to an old, paralyzed great-aunt, whose outlook on life was limited to the narrow vista of the village street afforded by her bedroom window, and whose sole daily excitement centered in discussing with her servant, Françoise, the comings and goings of villagers along the street. Yet out of this slim material M. Proust has reconstructed for us a phase of French provincial life. It is no exaggeration to say that he has vivisected and laid bare the very soul of Combray, which, seen from a distance, 'was no more than a church epitomizing the town, representing it, speaking of it and for it to the horizon.'

"For those who find themselves repelled by this author's deliberateness of approach, the wisest procedure would be to invade the story midway, at page 259, at the beginning of the third part, entitled 'Swann in Love.' Here at least we have an episode complete in itself, a story that will live independently of any later interwoven connections with other portions of the main structure. Perhaps never before has the sordid tragedy of a man's love and jealousy of an unworthy woman been so minutely, inexorably explored and denuded. When M. Swann first met Mme. Odette de Crécy he was as sure that she was technically a 'good' woman as he was that her face was a disappointment. When away from her he found that her face haunted him; whenever they met, the initial disappointment was renewed; until, one day, in a flash of enlightenment he discovered what he must have subconsciously known from the beginning, that Odette was a reincarnation of one of his favorite Botticelli frescoes. That the lady was less impregnable than he had first supposed was M. Swann's second discovery. That her moral standards were not greatly above gutter level he was to learn by slow degrees; but by this time poor M. Swann's infatuation had reached the point of mental blindness at which a woman's imperfections, her mental and moral coarseness, her very ineptitudes, all become precious because typical of her. We see the man himself slowly disintegrate under the acid poison of this worthless woman. The inevitable awakening of suspicion that he is being betrayed brings in its wake the progressive breaking down of his moral fibre. We can not recall any other book where the scorching, searing, shriveling action of jealousy has so devastated a man's soul. From listening at doors and windows and prying into sealed letters, he progresses to the greater ignominy of spying upon Odette, lying to her, cross-examining her, tripping her into reluctant ad-



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missions of unspeakable degradations, torturing himself by visualizing scenes more hideous than her worst confessions. Eventually Swann's obsession runs its course, like any other malignant disease. He sees Odette from a detached point of view, and realizes that he is cured. The crowning irony is expressed in the cry of his heart:

"To think that I have wasted years of my life, that I have longed for death, that the greatest love that I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not my style!"

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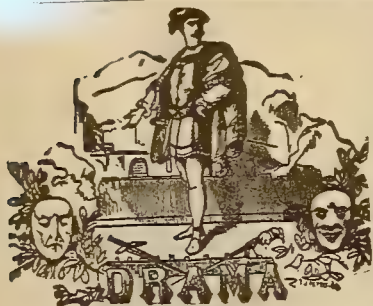
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## A WEEK OF LEVITY.

Nobody is in the humor for serious amusement, as a general thing, during Christmas week, nearly all the plays at the theatres in which they have drama as she spoke giving the public something that will tend to a mood of hilarity. Hence it is an appropriate time for Kolb and Dill to make a jolly stir-up for their constant appreciators.

This popular pair have advanced their grade of fun to a less childish brand, as the result of which they now have plays—always of a highly amusing flavor—of better form than was once the case.

At present they are offering "a humorous satire based on the Volstead Act," by Aaron Hoffman, who, recognizing the extreme timeliness and ready appeal of all jokes founded on prohibition, has sailed in and hilariously ridiculed everybody and every law that is agin the free use of alcohol.

Result: gleeful sympathy, from all appearances, from the amused public that seemed, at one time, to favor prohibition.

However, the principal point concerning their attitude toward "Now and Then" is that, whether or not they want prohibition, they want the jokes that go with it. It is said on all sides that the bootleggers are freely spending their illicit profits in trying to advance the cause of a permanent prohibition law because they are making millions in breaking the laws. And, by the same token, it would not be surprising if the jokesmiths would willingly pay from their more modest profits something toward maintaining a state of things that makes the grinding out of stage jokes on an alcoholic subject run on oiled wheels.

"Now and Then" is really a very clever satire with its atmosphere of realism and its occasional explosions of argument, preceded or followed by bursts of sentimentality from the well-soaked habitués who cheerfully and consistently pickle their willing insides with "the stuff" as a matter of habit.

Occasionally "Bum," a man of mind who has come down in the world and is the bar-keep, is drawn away from washing mugs and sweeping out the bar-room and invited to utter words of enlightenment on the world situation, war, prohibition, and other pregnant topics, and is listened to with respect and some slight feeling of endurance by the gentlemen who have been so assiduously picking their brains. The audience also listens, but with keen interest, and it presently penetrates that by this clever device Aaron Hoffman is getting in a few side-swipes landing his real opinions.

He is a clever one, is Aaron. He has an end in view, and sticks to it: the consistent ridiculing of prohibition. At first he seems to be impartial, and presents both sides, the partners—all wet and suddenly dry—having wordy, abusive arguments, each amazed and outraged that he can not convince the other. They are very amusing, these discussions, Dill with the light blue flare of wrath lighting up his pudgy little blonde mug; Kolb, earnest, disputatious, self-convinced, self-assertive, intolerant. Who would have thought the clever author would have got so much entertaining human nature in a whisky-smelling, gin-impregnated saloon?

But he does, and there are cozy family relations, and domestic affections flourishing, and the comical jokes in the tails of the remarks are constantly going off like popcorn.

Again I must remark on the cleverness of the author, who has a quick, ready, unfailing sense of humor, and a feeling for the drama of life also, so that the play moves on, carrying our interest with it, while the audience—which is fairly packed with men—roars approval unfailingly at every joke and humorous situation.

It may seem from this description that the author, who has bootleggers and bribe-takers flourishing exceedingly, while the ardent prohibitionist's means rapidly diminish, believes in doing entirely away with temperance.

But no; he has a little sting in the tail of his satire, perhaps not noticed by all of the delighter roars in front. It lies in the fact that Teddy, nice, boyish, warm-hearted Teddy, whom everybody loved, became a drinker when the war went out and prohibition came in, and his prohibitionist dad utterly failed to reform him.

And what did, you ask? For of course Teddy would eventually reform and win to his honest love the pretty daughter of his father's partner that he had almost lost by

his alcoholic goings-on. But Teddy comes back from a long disappearance in a neat Canadian uniform; for he is in the government service there, assisting in enforcing the very liberal law prevailing in sturdy, commonsensical Canada against intemperance; a law which Mr. Hoffman inferentially conveys ought to prevail here.

Somehow Canada has never had her progress obstructed by pestilent politicians. The point the author makes is that in Canada the law allows a man a certain number of drinks within a certain prescribed time, each drink being punched in the card he carries. If he gets drunk the cold and ruthless law takes away his card, and a long and arid perspective of dryness stretches before him.

So this is the sting in the tail of Mr. Hoffman's humorous satire. And humorous it is indeed, the author evidently being expert at this sort of thing, and having provided the fun-dispensing partners with a particularly suitable and what will prove to be very profitable vehicle.

Kolb and Dill indulge no longer in slapstick. They are actors, good actors in their line, and they see to it that they have good support. May Cloy, although rather improbably blonde—don't you know, May, that too, too blonde hair takes the glow and sparkle out of the eyes?—is earnest and pleasing as Albert's pretty young daughter, and Julia Blanc does good comedy as the warm-hearted, ignorant hausfrau. John Fee gave an excellent impersonation of "Bum," and Allen Connor was ingenuous and likable as Teddy. Charles Yule also did a small part well.

"Now and Then" is full of life, human nature, and jovial satire. The aesthete wouldn't enjoy it. It smells too much of whisky. But its humor is hearty and real, its purpose well meant, its characters likable, and its pervasive fun highly enjoyable, if you are not too delicately fastidious.

The Orpheum, also, is tacitly giving utterance this week to that jolly old saying, "Be gone, dull care, I prithee be gone from me." It is a bill that is made up in major part of pretty women, whirlwind dancing, and melodious singing.

The principal number is Gorham's Follies of 1923, which exploits fetching little Doris Eaton, and two expert Russian dancers. Dancing also figures in the novel conception presented by the Magleys, who, like one of the most chic Neddads we have ever seen, went through a charming story in dance and pantomime.

Walter Kelly in "The Virginia Judge" is too familiar a favorite to require comment, except that he has new stories to tell, and the Denno-Scanlon group, as well as the John B. Hymer Company in their negro characterizations, are also known to the Orpheum habitués, "Lonesome Land" being, I believe, new, but not exactly in line with the gayety of the rest of the performance.

It remained for the Rivoli to rise fully to the requirements of the Christmas season in "The Toymaker," which, although the story is designed for adults, makes a decided appeal to the children because of the numerous mechanical and performing dolls which diversify the scene. Some of them, needless to say, are large as life and twice as natural. Among these Elfrieda Steindorff appears as a pleasing character, and dainty Edna Malone, in ballet costume, dances prettily about the stage before she retires into doll immobility in her doll.

But this is, par excellence, Lavinia Winn's week, that pretty little bit of graceful symmetry doing a very neat stunt as Papa Guggenheimer's wonderful mechanical doll. The little actress is dressed like a little school-girl in white and baby-blue, and is extremely deft in her manipulation of the tricks of the wonderful manikin. The young lady's strong point is not singing, and she has a lot of that to do, but Lillian Glazer, looking very pretty in the costume of an apprentice, does a pyrotechnical line of singing to offset Miss Winn's innocently ineffectual carolings.

Ferris Hartman exudes domestic and commercial benevolence as the self-praising old toymaker, and half a dozen of the rest of the company were needed to fill the remaining principal rôles, a full chorus representing the hungry monks and the mechanical dolls.

The great moment for the numerous children in the audience—to each of whom had been presented a toy—was the culmination of the first act, when the chorus, costumed as dolls of various kinds, entered and made gay a scene which was further animated by the mechanical goings-on of the dolls of various sizes, some suspended from above and some standing in rows on the shelves. It was a ravishing moment for childhood, and recalled the Xmas transformation scenes in old Tivoli days; when, by the way, "The Toymaker" was the talk of the town and was taken in by all the world and his wife and children.

"The Toymaker" is, from the musical point of view, quite a pleasing composition, Audran, the composer, having had quite a name in his day. Ferris Hartman has adapted it to the American stage, and has done the work creditably. The original story

is clever, and where it was necessary he has enlarged characters, modified, or expunged, for it is quite plain that the original librettist did not have artless childhood in view when he wrote his tale.

## DECLASSEE.

The only serious note struck in the spoken drama this week—for the Columbia is continuing "The Gold Diggers"—is at the Alcazar, where they have put on "Déclassée."

This Zoe Akin play will be remembered as the vehicle used by Ethel Barrymore when she was last here, and with which, by her indistinctness, she succeeded in stirring up a considerable feeling of injury in her audience. And, by the way, how is an actress who almost makes a study of indistinctness going to read Shakespeare? For I read in the New York papers that Ethel Barrymore is to play Juliet. A mistake, it seems to me, even although she is such an immense favorite. But neither her appearance, speech, nor style of acting fit her for the rôle, and the Barrymore charm alone will have to carry her through.

To return to the Alcazar: They have been doing a few drum-beatings there about their new leading lady, and I think with justice. Miss Nana Bryant puts a neat finish on everything she does. She is, I should judge, an actress of experience, and while her charm and fervor are not great enough to carry her to the high places, she has an ample sufficiency to enable her to enact the rôle of Lady Helen Haden, the last of the "mad Varvicks," hopeless romanticists and therefore headed for calamity.

Lady Helen should be played by an actress who has the instinctive charm and magnetism possessed by Ethel Barrymore. But it is to Miss Bryant's credit that she did exceedingly well with the rôle, not overlooking or under or over-stressing a single one of Lady Helen's wayward moods, and setting off the part beside with an attractive person; for the actress, although not a beauty, possesses not only a refined and pleasing countenance, but a correctly contoured, slender, and beautiful figure. Besides, she is a dresser, and carries her clothes with distinction.

Miss Bryant was noticeably meritorious in the delivery of her lines, and it is evident that the Alcazar patrons are going to rejoice in the possession of the best leading lady they have had for some years.

In plays calling for a figure of social attractiveness Netta Sunderland, as in "Déclassée," is a valuable addition to the company, and Hope Drown plays the rôle of Rudolph Solomon's esteemed but unloved mistress with pensive grace; Miss Mersereau also doing creditably with the rôle of Zellito, the psychic dancer, who has foreseen Lady Helen's end.

It is an old-fashioned touch, this dying-on-the-sofa idea. Lady Helen was "a mad Varvick," and her creator meant from the first that she should go out in the tragedy of a premature death. But somehow play-goers have turned against dying scenes, and this one, both with the New York and the Alcazar people, didn't quite go. For Lady Helen, as soon as she was placed on the sofa in a dying condition, ceased to be Lady Helen and became an actress making the most creditable technical but vain efforts to be pathetic.

To return to the company: Miss Hedwig Helne as the ornate American adventuress gave that character a proper suggestion of meretriciousness, and carried through her principal scene very well. Miss Knowlton, and one or two others, completed a group of personable women who acquitted themselves with ease.

As for the men, Mr. Emmett Vogan was excellent during his brief appearance as a Sir Bruce that it was easy to conceive of as having proved a possible wooer to Lady Helen. Mr. Norman P. Feusier lent body to the character of Rudolph Solomon, and Dudley Ayres gave a touch of romance to the poor thing that Lady Helen, being a Varvick, allowed "to walk as a ghost in her heart"; we being quite unable to sympathize with her. But then "Déclassée" is a romance, and not the type of play that is a slice of life.

So Lady Helen goes on hopelessly loving a figment, and Harry Charteris—a character represented most sympathetically by Jerome Sheldon—goes on hopelessly loving Lady Helen. And Rudolph Solomon is in the same melancholy predicament. And so the curtain goes down on a scene of tragedy, and the audience leaves in a mood of romantic sadness; for Zoë Akin has a talent for insinuating the minor key in the orchestral harmony of moods.

## FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Having ministered to the requirements of high school students of French with "Le Voyage de Mons. Perrichon," André Ferrier is now consulting the tastes of the native French with "Ma Tante d'Honneur." This Paul Gavault comedy is a sample of what the Parisians like: plenty of action, plenty of *chères amies*, and plenty of wit in the dialogue and humor in the situations.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with pro-

vincial French types to know whether the aunt from Honfleur would in real life preserve such a mellow, genial mood toward her nephew's gay irregularities of an undisciplined heart. But as Charles, who has the natural gayety of a Dick Swiveller, is rather an engaging person, the spectator is won to sympathy with Tante Raymond's tolerant attitude toward what the Anglo-Saxon sternly calls "goings-on."

In fact, everybody in the play, except the two young men who become rivals, maintains a sympathetic attitude. It is a play of French good will, the servants taking a willing hand in making love affairs glide smoothly on well-oiled skids.

The plot, it may be perceived, is rather farcical, the aunt serving by unexpectedly sudden appearances as a hook upon which to hang farcical situations.

As a general thing the French keep their gay ladies and their conventional ones apart, but in "Ma Tante d'Honneur" the desperate *chère amie* of Adolphe pursues him to the very heart of his father's château, daringly assuming the identity of an imaginary bride of his best friend. And again the genial Honfleur aunt acts as a kind Providence, rescuing the jealous girl from her dilemma by making things smooth between her and her Adolphe.

Shade of the French Mrs. Grundy! What would she think of a marriage with "cette petite délicieuse veuve" being snatched on the fly from Adolphe and handed over to the gay and irresponsible Charles—and the widow possessed a sacred dot, remember—while Adolphe is betrothed to his jealous beloved by the intervention of "ma tante," papa and mamma looking on in benevolent approval.

Certainly that makes farce, and the company at "La Gaité Française" gives the play in very successful farcical spirit; which consists of skidding over highly unconventional scenes with unruffled French courtesy and immutable French matter-of-courtness; with nothing, in fact, of the leer and the snigger with which the Anglo-Saxon on his own soil attempts the representation of French farce.

Mme. Ferrier plays the title-rôle in genial spirit, Messrs. Ferrier and Frediani are the two gallants who work such havoc in the affections of the light ladies with whom they consort, and Yvonne du Parc, Constance Moncla and Mariette Cardona shed their feminine graces on the rôles of the three young women.

The elderly Dorlances are agreeably played by Mme. Garde and M. du Barley, the interior of the Dorlange château being particularly successfully represented, with its skillfully painted suggestion of old tapestries, its French furniture, and the careful grouping of the personages on the scene when the curtain rises, conveying a charming suggestion of French family life.

The French of Mr. Ferrier's players is not always free from the reproach of an Americanized flavor, but on this occasion the players acted with so much spirit that those few who are particularly subject to criticism in this respect toned up their French to the highest concert pitch of which they are capable.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Elizabeth's favorite, Leicester, was the first man to receive a license for the performance of plays in England. His troupe was organized the year after Elizabeth's accession and he maintained it all his life.

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## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

## The Porter-Emperor.

In "The Emperor Jones," which comes to the Columbia Theatre, commencing Sunday night, December 31st (New Year's Eve), Mr. O'Neill has brought a new idea to the stage, and one that has been joyously received by leading critics. The story is told in eight scenes, all laid in the West Indies. It deals with the adventures of an ex-Pullman porter, who had committed a crime, escaped from prison, went to sea and stranded on an island inhabited by the most ignorant of his race. While portering he had heard white folks discuss high finance and now he decides to put into practice some of the ideas he imbibed. He establishes himself as emperor and exacts high tribute from the natives. But the ignorant blacks turn upon him and he is compelled to flee. The road to safety lies through a dense forest and in the night his fears bring on old race superstitions, "ha'nts" appear, and he goes mad. Charles S. Gilpin, who does the "Emperor," became famous over night by his work in this play.

This engagement will mark the first presentation in San Francisco of any of the Eugene O'Neill plays.

## Kolb and Dill.

Kolb and Dill in "Now and Then" are playing at the Curran Theatre as the holiday attraction. As a pair of saloon-keepers who come to the parting of the ways after thirty years of partnership, one adopting prohibition and the other taking up bootlegging as a profession, they have found congenial rôles.

There will be a special matinee on Monday (New Year's Day) in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

## Third Pop Concert.

The third popular concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will take place at the Exposition Auditorium next Thursday evening, January 4th, at 8:20 o'clock.

A number of peculiar interest will be the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with Uda Waldrop at the organ, the violin obligato by Louis Persinger and the harp obligato by Kajetan Attl. In Handel's "Largo," Concertmaster Persinger will also play the obligato, with Waldrop again at the organ.

The guest artist of the occasion will be Arthur Middleton, the famous baritone from the Metropolitan Opera House.

Reserved seats for the concert, which is

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## At the Rivoli.

Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff are offering a revival of the comic-opera favorite, "The Toymaker," and toys are being given the children at matinees. There will be a matinee on New Year's. "The Toymaker" has the advantage of an exceptionally picturesque background, a consistent plot, and plenty of good music and dancing. Particularly pleasing scenery by Harry Tyler and the appearance of Elfrieda Steindorff, daughter of Paul Steindorff, and Paul Hartman, son of the comedian, are items that lend interest to the production.

## The Orpheum New Year's Week.

Eddie Leonard is the recognized peer of blackface comedians, singers, and dancers. His coming appearance with his company is his farewell tour of the West.

Walter Kelly, "The Virginia Judge," has a raft of new stories.

A Parisian incident with comedy tangles and a touch of humanity is "It Happened in Paris," the skit which Billy Dale brings to the Orpheum.

William Hallen and Mabel Russell call their abundance of entertainment "The Service Station."

The Quixy Four are both instrumentalists and vocalists.

Walter Newman has mirrored everyday life in his sketch, "Profiteering."

Tuscano Brothers juggle heavy Roman axes.

Frank Whitman can dance and play a violin, and adds a lot of laughs for good measure. Whitman is known as the "Dance Mad Fiddler."

## Symphony of Negro Themes.

Concertmaster William Laraia and Miss Modesta Mortenson of the first violin section of the People's Symphony Orchestra will be heard for the first time as solo violinists with the symphony when they play the violin concerto of Bach for two violins, accompanied by string orchestra at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday night, January 5th.

Included in the January 5th programme will be Gluck's overture to "Iphigenie en Aulide," "Southern Roses," one of the waltzes of Johann Strauss, and the symphony, "From the New World," by Antonin Dvorak. W. H. Humiston recently issued a popular article on Dvorak and his "New World Symphony," in which he said in part:

"There has been much discussion as to the origin of the themes of this symphony; some, taking their cue from the composer's well-known attitude toward negro folk-songs, asserted that all the thematic matter was derived from negro plantation songs; others took exactly the opposite view of the matter and said that the music was entirely Bohemian in character and that none of the

music remotely resembled either the negro melodies themselves nor the Foster minstrel melodies. Mr. Krehbiel, who has made a study of the subject, justly remarks: 'As a matter of fact, that which is most characteristic, most beautiful, and most vital in our folk-song has come from the negro slaves in the South, partly because those slaves lived in the period of emotional, intellectual, and social development which produces folk-song, partly because they lived a life that prompted utterance in song, and partly because the negroes as a race are musical by nature. Being musical and living a life that had in it romantic elements of pleasure as well as suffering, they gave expression to those elements in songs which reflect their original nature as modified by their American environment. Dr. Dvorak, to whom music was a language, was able quickly to discern the characteristics of the new idiom and to recognize its availability and value.'"

## JOHN BARRYMORE'S HAMLET.

A great Hamlet, we venture to say, is Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet, the least theatrical, the most eager, and we think the most interesting, the best looking, the most intelligent and the least objectionable of the series, says Percy Hammond in the New York Tribune. We suspected that Mr. Hopkins' stage management was a bit precious in, for example, the Players' production of "The Murder of Gonzago," so quietly were its melodramatic possibilities demonstrated. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Barrymore has wished to play Hamlet; that Mr. Hopkins has encouraged him in so doing; and that the result is as excellent as it is. No one can say, we think, that Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet is not the most effective of its generation.

It has been said of those who play Hamlet that though they be as chaste as ice and as pure as snow in their impersonations, they shall not escape calumny. Sir Henry Irving was indicted as a snorting prince who honked the rôle like an elderly goose. Mr. Mantell is accused of being a bourgeois drum major, beating pentametric time to Shakespearean sonorities. Mr. Sothorn, according to Mr. Winter, is without tragic power, "incurably deficient in imagination and the glamour of genius, undistinguished and ordinary." Sir

Herbert Tree lisped and was fussy. Wilson Barrett was a smug vestryman in a frock coat.

Edwin Booth's Hamlet was pooh-poohed by the British as one which said "haff a year" and other nasal transatlantic grotesqueries of pronunciation. Walter Hampden let in too much fresh air; Walker Whiteside not enough; Forbes Robertson was but a melodious preceptor, uninspired and lacking the predominance of a great personality. Sarah Bernhardt was an epicene hybrid, a dapper, shrill-voiced shrew—reeking of the boulevards. Hamlet, according to great authorities, did not exist for Bandman, Salvini, Fecchter, Novelli, Rossi, Sonnenthal and Mounet-Sully. None of them knew or cared whether Hamlet was mad or merely foolish; whether he was fat or faint and scant of breath.

Mr. Barrymore's performance erases from our vague memory all our many impressions of Hamlet since Forbes-Robertson's and including our own. It was his successful endeavor to be Hamlet, and not an actor of Hamlet, and to endow every moment of his presence in the play with reality. He is simply a human, sensitive, picturesque, unhappy prince, who, resenting the murder of his father and the incest of his mother, sets out upon an unskillful errand of retribution. He speaks the lines as if they were his own, not Shakespeare's, save, now and then (and here enters calumny), when his voice grows super-sweet, almost to the point of travesty. Where Mr. Barrymore excels as Hamlet is, we think, in the eloquence of his facial expressions. You will not soon forget his awestricken look when he first sees the ghost of his father, upon the ramparts at Elsinore. There, we suspect, is a stupendous achievement in pantomime.

Other Hamlets, including that of Shakespeare, may have seemed to you to be a little bloodthirsty. If our count is accurate this sweet prince puts six or more notches on his sabre between the beginning and the ending of the tragedy—Polonius, Laertes, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Ophelia, King Claudion and, perhaps, his queen mother. Yet so subtle are Shakespeare and Mr. Barrymore in their perplexing collaboration, that we lament the passing of the noble Scandinavian, and shed tears as he observes in the moment of his dissolution that "the rest is silence."

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## VANITY FAIR.

One of the sequels of war is the vulgarization of society by the inroads of the *nouveau riche*. It matters not how delicate, how refined, how beautiful, how cultured, how invested with the sanctities the upper strata of life may be, the inroads occur, the vulgarization follows. We said it matters not—in reality it matters much; for the more delicate and beautiful culture may have become, the less able it appears to defend itself against attacks from without, which have been in truth assisted by the weakening processes of sacrifices within. The rich war contractor, his family lit up with four-karat diamonds, encounters the less resistance from the human orchids within the charmed conservatory, who, by reason of long removal from the ancestral sources of supply, and of the assumption of the unselfish rôle required by the principle *noblesse oblige*, have weakened at the bank, encumbered their old estates, and have to look with tolerance on the efforts of money to "marry in." In England the process has been accelerated, began in fact before the war, by the policies of Lloyd George in taxing hereditary wealth until its back was broken, and in swelling coalition campaign funds by a wholesale scattering of new peerages; to a previously unheard-of extent. Hence we find in that country today a progressive enfeeblement of the old nobility, manifesting itself not merely in the sale of great estates whose owners can no longer afford to keep them up, but latterly in the more distressing phenomenon of ladies of culture and former wealth actually going out to service in houses which they never of their own choice would have entered. It is said that women of title have been forced into such service, which they render with aristocratic graciousness, leaving their titles at the door, like umbrellas, for fear of embarrassing their new employers. Sad times for society in old England! But old England will have to get used to it. After all, it has happened before, and the oldest peerage is not so very old. The descendants of the present war contractors will have to take their turn.

In respect to our own dollar nobility, it did not suffer as the nobility of England has. The dollars came our way and stayed here. Yet war contracts have bred the usual post-war crop of "new people," and perhaps some distresses among the former higher-ups is reflected in a lessening marriage rate. Anyhow, the Social Register, officially "out" in New York about the middle of this month, has occasion to note a falling off in trips to the altar by pairs of the younger society set. Among the society folk of the chief social centres of the country there were only 796 marriages last year, against 871 for the year before. We are speaking now of marriages that count socially. Of course, commonplace persons, with small bank accounts or none, clerks, stenographers, bricklayers, small property-owners, shopkeepers and the like, continue to trip gayly to the preacher or the justice of the peace, or even take tugboats and have the skipper splice them beyond the Volstead line; but who counts them? In what Social Register do you see them registered, or what stud book keeps account of

their progeny? Except that large but seldom read one, the United States Census? They are merely the great body of the people, mainly interesting to themselves. Sometimes one paddles with golden fins into the upper waters, and actually contributes to the life of the iridescent organisms floating there, but it occurs too rarely to be considered an influence. One such who arrived several years ago, too much the lady ever to seek to conceal her lowly American origin, now observes with alarm the threatened invasions of the newly-wealthy and more lately-arriving than herself. She has issued, anonymously, a volume entitled "The Log Cabin Lady," to be sold for charity. In speaking of her return to her country from war-torn and peace-distracted Europe she says: "I saw more show of wealth, more carelessness, more reckless morals than ever before, and, horrible to contemplate, springing up in the New World the narrow social standards which war had torn from the Old. Everywhere was the blatant show of new wealth. New money always glitters. I saw it in cars with aluminum hoods and gold fittings, diamonds big as birds' eggs, ermine coats in the daytime—jeweled heels at night." There you have it; new money always glitters. And there is something in the glitter that hurts the eyes of the owners of the old.

And there is so pathetically little these wearers of jeweled heels and birds' egg diamonds can do to get action out of their glittering new cash. They have flocked to New York, not to be helpful to anything in any way, but to buy what New York has to sell them. Once there, they find things rather hollow. As far as they can yet enter into New York life it is mainly empty corridors that echo to the tread of those jeweled heels. The wonders are less wonderful, the pace is slower, the vice less vicious than they imagined it, and 10 o'clock brings yawns. They sit about cafés and cabarets and "roofs," until the backs and legs all look alike, waiting for something to happen, and the only really big thing that happens is the bill the waiter presents. Night after night there is the endless, and almost fruitless, search for pleasure, for a thousand dollars' worth of it in one gob. The money is a disappointment; it will buy only so much, and beyond that it gets nothing but the Dead Sea apples of satiety. It has been discovered that no one can eat more than one steak at a time, or sleep in more than one bed; although a scion of a San Francisco family did succeed in riding home in two hacks at once—but that was in San Francisco, and he was very drunk. In New York of today the jaded rich supply about all the real action, rushing about from one show to another, from the newest musical comedy to the latest dance club,

thence to the latest poor food restaurant, paying absurd prices to head waiters for tables up front—and never think the head waiter will leave you until he gets it, either; what is he a head waiter for?—and finding always the same old line of staled amusement and worn-out shock. Observers find it pitiful to see how in the gilded palaces of sin these sensation hunters sit waiting, waiting for the sin to break out. And nothing doing, even in the sin line, not a new device in dissipation, not a fresh thrill, hardly a homicide any more except among the bootlegging gangs on the lower East Side. They even took to eating queerly, and staid Middle Westerners who really preferred cucumbers to alligator pears, and pie to ravioli, took to chop suey, supposing it to be the native Chinese nutriment. Of late, however, even chop suey has ceased to charm and the soul-weary have been doing cabbage soup as they have it in Russia. They would complain bitterly if they were in Russia and had to eat it; but in New York it supplies some inner want.

It is becoming the thing for society to shed the warm and life-giving rays of its patronage on opening nights at the vaudeville theatres. Charles Dillingham opened his new winter show at the Hippodrome lately, and Mrs. Charles had in her box Lord and Lady Mountbatten, friends of the Prince of Wales; also of Doug and Mary and Charlie Chaplin. In Mrs. Biddle Duke's party was Miss Cathleen Vanderbilt, débutante daughter of Reginald Vanderbilt, and the latest member of the family to come out. This may be regarded as some triumph for the Hippodrome, which, during the balance of the season, will probably enjoy the patronage of the same old folks from Yonkers, Albany, Utica and Syracuse. The last two names recall the story of the ham actors that were playing Damon and Pythias in the last town. One gave the line, "Now hath all public virtue departed from Syracuse," or something to that effect—whereat a farmer in the back seat responded in nasal tones, "Ther aint so darned much virtue left in Utica, neither, these days." Well, he will be at the Hippodrome show when Cathleen Vanderbilt and Lord and Lady Mountbatten are looking for thrills elsewhere. The Sixth Avenue house can accommodate a good part of "up-state." And, of course, all society wants is the first night so it can spring the jokes while they are new.

The first débutante of the New York season to become engaged is said to be Miss Sarah S. Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Edgar S. Thompson of 449 Park Avenue. She will marry Mr. George Leary, Jr., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leary of 1052 Fifth Avenue and Southampton, Long Island. The engagement was announced at a luncheon given at Sherry's. Dances, dinners, luncheons, receptions and similar diversions of the smart set, interspersed with the usual number of the-

atre parties, have begun in earnest, and for those on the inside the season promises to be mildly entertaining. For those on the fringe the season never is very agreeable. But they live in hopes. And there is always the Hippodrome.

## Why Are Men Milliners?

The circumstance has often been commented upon that fashions in women's dress are all designed by men, who not only manufacture the fabrics, but prescribe the colors and styles. The reason has been set forth by an English merchant, who was taken to task by women for employing only men as designers.

"In the delineation of new models," he said, "occasionally a woman's opinion is valuable to me, but in general I prefer relying on the judgment of men. When I show my wife the latest sketches she gives her opinion from an entirely personal viewpoint, and so usually all women do. The ladies usually are pleased with the colors and designs which they think would be becoming to themselves.

"A woman who is slender and dark will never consider the needs of another who is corpulent and blonde. The men are the more impartial judges. They express an unbiased opinion on the beauty of a pattern and its commercial probabilities, for they are not influenced by personal motives. However more they may love brunettes than blondes, they will never let themselves be influenced in designing fashions."

## Dressing Women.

"Only a man knows how to dress a woman. The feminine dressmaker loses herself in details and will neglect the main lines. The couturier dominates over details and preserves the essentials of the silhouette." We leave to Paul Poiret the responsibility for these dangerous words, says Pierre de Lanux in *Arts and Decoration*. All his hostility, his aggressiveness, he directs against bad taste, or rather indifference to taste; against those who ignore the art of making their surroundings beautiful.

As a couturier he became famous a few years before the war, although as far back as 1904 he had been one of the initiators of the "Greek" shapes then adopted by the hardy few. He was foremost in the movement that freed women's silhouettes from high collars, stiff corsets, and such tyrannies. After the period of the "jupe entravée," he launched the "jupe-collette," which provoked indignation and amusing controversies, and which was a forerunner of the knickers that appeared last year on Fifth Avenue.

The development of heraldry followed that of armor, about the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century. Its original purpose was to distinguish a knight, so that his men might know him in the field. The distortions of the animal forms depicted were largely to make them more readily recognized at a distance.

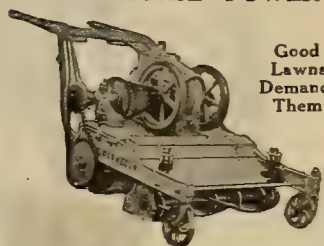
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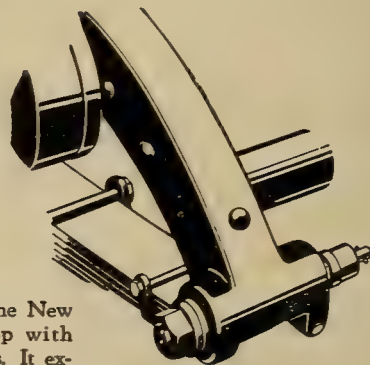
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The New  
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On a beach one summer day a half-dozen girls in red one-piece bathing suits were playing ball. There were some cows in a nearby meadow, and after a bit the farm hand who was in charge of them went up to his boss and complained: "Say, boss, them gals is a-scarin' my cows." "Ah, Jethro," said the old farmer with a sigh, "times is changed since I was young. In them days it was the cows not scared the gals."

A widow with a four-year-old son had remarried, and shortly after the event it became necessary for the family to move again to another part of the city. The youngster, who had been very well satisfied with the existing and still novel household, did not take kindly to another move. Among many objections to the plan was, "And I suppose we'll have to change our name again when we move into that house."

Sir Arthur Pinero has the reputation of being one of the most careful producers. On one occasion he expostulated with an actor for speaking a certain line in a pedantic fashion. "I always spoke the line that way," said the actor, with dignity, "and I shall continue to do so." "My dear sir," was Pinero's caustic retort, "by all means speak the line as you will. I would be the last person in the world to deprive you of one of your laughs."

A teacher in a grade school had been in the habit of leaving instructions on the board for the janitor. And it frequently happened that the work of the students at the board was not erased. One day a youngster used the space where the janitor was accustomed to look for orders, and when the janitor arrived he read, "Find the lowest common denominator." He glared hopelessly at the board. "Lawd, I've been looking for that thing ever since working at this place and I've never found it yet."

Captain Hambelton of the White Star liner *Olympic* has a dog named Cicero of which he is fond. His affection has betrayed him into this statement: "You must understand that Cicero and I are great chums. My wife does not like the dog. They barely speak to each other when I am away. One day Mrs. Hambelton went to the country and did not leave any bones for Cicero. When she returned the next afternoon there was a small bunch of wild forget-me-nots lying on the doorstep."

A Youngstown man recently applied for settlement of a claim for fire insurance, and in response to the agent's queries explained that it was a door and the damages amounted to about five dollars. "When did the fire happen?" asked the agent, and after a moment's hesitation the answer came, "About thirty years ago." "What? Thirty years ago and you have waited all these years to report it?" "Yes, sir." "Well, why in blazes report it now?" "Well, sir," said the Youngstown man, "the women folks at my house have never given me a moment's peace since that darn door was burned and I just couldn't stand it any longer."

Here is a story about the Kaiser in the reminiscences of Lady Susan Townley: "What," I said, looking at the Berlin Victory Column, "does that ugly stout lady represent?" "Ugly? Stout?" the Kaiser gasped. "Why that is my Victory! She represents our great triumph in the Franco-Prussian war." "Well," I remarked, "I think she's rather improper. You should let down her frock." He roared with laughter, nor did he forget my poor little joke, for when years afterwards my brother went to Berlin he said to him, "Tell Lady Susan my Victory is now in the fashion." This being an allusion to the short skirts by that time in vogue.

Rob Wagner, the movie expert, said in an interview in New York: "I approve of the film censor so long as he or she isn't over-censorious—so long as he or she doesn't suspect evil where evil doesn't exist. Two business men from the provinces dined one evening in a pink-lit Italian restaurant. After he had brought their cheese the waiter said to them: 'A couple o' nice demi-tasses, gents?' The two business men looked horror-struck, and the older said sternly: 'No, sir; certainly not, sir. We're expecting our wives at any moment, and what would they say if they saw us sitting here with a couple of demi-tasses? By gosh, young fellow, I believe this is a disorderly house, and for two pins I'd have you pinched.'"

The problems of marriage and divorce that beset most of us have little terror for a certain class of Southern negro. A middle-aged negress who was employed as a cook in a family in Wilmington, South Carolina, had succeeded in getting her sixteen-year-old daughter into the same household as housemaid. One day she was overheard berating

her in the following manner for some neglect of duty: "You sho is one no 'count nigger," she said. "Shifless, dat's what you is; shifless an' onery. Lazy is what you is, nothin' else but. You is jus' zackly like your pa. I suttinly is glad I didn't marry dat nigger. I never had no use for him nohow."

Young Briefless had finished the defense of his first case, a mighty hopeless one. His client had stolen the hams, and they had found them in his bureau drawer. Lawyer Briefless, tears streaming from his eyes, wound up his final speech for the defense with these passionate words: "Gentlemen, out in the country, many miles from here, there stands a rose-embowered cottage. An aged couple dwell therein with their only daughter, a frail, anemic girl. The graybeard holds an evening paper in his trembling hand. The white-haired woman at his side weeps. The girl wipes her moist lids furtively with a thin, transparent hand. That pathetic group, gentlemen, waits with bated breath for your verdict. Acquit the accused, and they will be transported to the seventh heaven. Convict him, and despair will overwhelm them. For, gentlemen—need I say it?—the old man is my father, the dear old lady is my mother, and the frail girl weeping by the fire is my adoring only sister."

A prominent citizen of Richmond, Virginia, whose addiction to the cup that cheers drove him abroad with the first onslaught of prohibition, was enjoying all the liberty of inebriation in a small out-of-the-way inn in a Swiss village. He occupied the choice room on the first floor—a room that was very much desired by a prominent social matron who had

the rest of the floor for her daughter. Finally the ex-resident of Richmond received the following note: "Mrs. Reggie de Vaux, of Philadelphia, presents her compliments to Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, and requests that he kindly give up his room on the first floor, since it is adjacent to Mrs. de Vaux's suite and she would like to have it for her daughter." In answer Mrs. de Vaux received the following: "Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, presents his compliments to Mrs. Reggie de Vaux of Philadelphia, and desires to know if her daughter drinks." Mrs. de Vaux indignantly wrote back: "Mrs. Reggie de Vaux, of Philadelphia, again presents her compliments to Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, and desires to state emphatically that her daughter does not drink." Which called forth the unanswerable ultimatum from Mr. Smith: "Mr. John Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, again presents his compliments to Mrs. Reggie de Vaux, of Philadelphia, and desires to state that, since her daughter does not drink, it is easier for her to go up to the second floor than Mr. Smith, who does."

THE MERRY MUSE.

She Used To.

She used to let me hold her hands  
She used to treat me something grand  
She used to let me see her home  
She used to make dates o'er the phone  
She used to let me steal a kiss  
She used to fill my heart with bliss  
She used to like me. It was I  
She used to bait the other guy.

—Michigan Gargoyle.

At Beauty's Shrine.

A Dresden China loveliness she wears  
I e'en might say she's fairer than the day,  
Perchance you'll wonder if the gay street stares—  
Well, I should say!

To praise her beauty words I'll never spare,  
I keep the pharmacy across the way,  
And do I sell the goods that make her fair?  
Well, I should say!

—Thomas J. Murray in Judge.

The average Englishman writes eighty-four letters a year, the average American a hundred and twelve.

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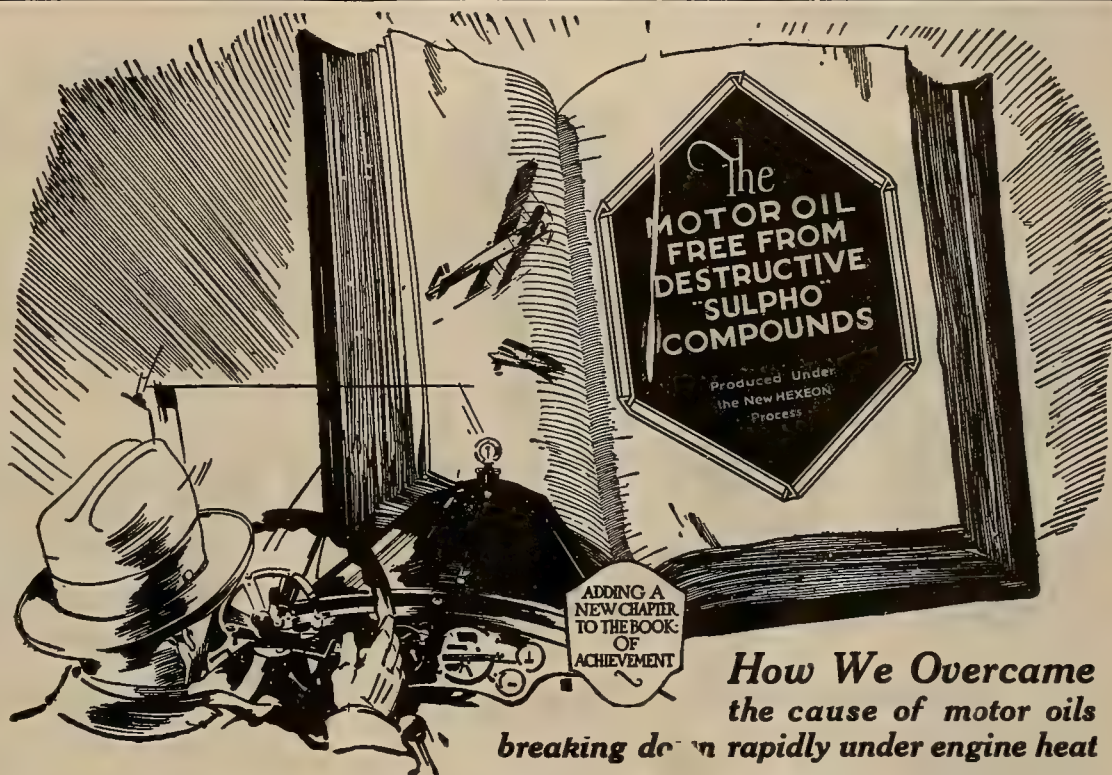
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**Social Notes.**

The members of the Junior League, who gave so successful a performance at the Plaza Theatre for the benefit of the charities carried on by the league, gave several numbers from "Flappers Fads"

**FLORISTS JOSEPH'S**  
Phone Sutter 423 233 Grant Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford M. Weatherwax gave Pierrot and Pierrette ball on Saturday last at the Casino Club. A number of dinner

are leaving California. Dr. Baker has been

The Christmas dance of the Friday Evening Assembly took place last Saturday night at Century Hall. The patronesses who received were Mrs.

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Frank W. Fuller, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell, Mrs. Alexander Keyes and Mrs. Danforth Boardman.

Mr. Walter B. Devereux of New York, who has been visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux of Burlingame, recently gave a dinner at the Burlingame Country Club on the occasion of his birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Younger entertained Mrs. Clinton Cushing of Washington at dinner at the Fairmont Hotel last week. Among the guests were Mr. Joseph Redding and Mr. Fentress Hill of Paris.

A Christmas party for wounded soldiers was given by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Merrill at their home in Burlingame last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Remi Schwerin were hosts at a dinner at their home in Burlingame last Saturday evening, preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Weatherwax.

Miss Margaret Fuller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Fuller, is giving a dinner-dance in farewell to Miss Kate Boardman, who with her mother will leave shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will be at home to her friends on New Year's Day at her residence on Broadway.

The annual Christmas luncheon of the Woman's Athletic Club was held last week in the clubhouse on Sutter Street.

Mrs. William Cathcart Butler will give a tea on January 2d in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Kelly of New York, mother of Mr. Eugene Kelly, who will be married to Miss Marie Louise Baldwin on January 6th.

Miss Josephine Grant entertained at a large luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan were hosts at a Christmas luncheon at their home in Burlingame on Sunday.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Katherine Bentley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley, to Mr. Raymond Phelps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willis Phelps of New York.

On Christmas Eve Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax were hosts at a dinner given at their home in Burlingame.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Captain Frank Harrison Ainsworth, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ainsworth have left for Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax will spend New Year's at Del Monte.

Dr. A. C. D. de Graeff, former minister from Holland to Japan, arrived here with his family recently from Japan, and left very shortly afterwards for Washington, where Dr. de Graeff will

take up the duties of minister from Holland to the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, who have recently returned from the East, have opened their home at Pebble Beach for the holidays.

Miss Alice Requa has gone south to spend the holidays with her sister, Mrs. John Henry Russell.

Mr. Felton Elkins, who has gone to New York to spend the winter, has taken a house on East Sixty-First Street.

Mrs. Clara Darling, who has been in Los Altos for the summer, has taken an apartment at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Countess de Limur and her little daughter, Marie, have sailed for their home in France.

Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman with her daughter, Miss Kate Boardman, will leave for Europe next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark have arrived from New York and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Chaplain Maurice Witherspoon, U. S. N., will leave on Saturday for Chicago, his new post of duty, after a long stay in San Francisco. Mrs. Witherspoon will join Chaplain Witherspoon in Chicago later.

Sir Frank Barnard and Lady Barnard of Victoria, B. C., who have been staying at the Fairmont, sailed last week on the S. S. *Venezuela* for New York en route to Jamaica. Sir Frank Barnard is former governor-general of British Columbia.

Mr. Walter B. Devereux of New York, who has been visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, in Burlingame, is leaving for Southern California, where he will pass the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing of Washington, widow of the late Dr. Clinton Cushing of San Francisco, is making a short visit to San Francisco, and is staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Jules Simon, Belgian consul, and his daughter, Miss Simon, have gone to Santa Barbara for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. William Sproule, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, and her daughter's fiancé, Mr. Eugene Kelly of New York, left on Saturday last to meet Mr. William Sproule on his way home from New York. They spent Christmas at Truckee.

Miss Lydia Hopkins, who has recently returned from Europe, will spend the winter in San Mateo.

Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall of Santa Barbara is spending the holidays with her parents, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull.

Mrs. Walter F. Frear, wife of the former territorial governor of Hawaii, is spending the holidays in San Francisco with her daughter, Miss Virginia Frear, who is attending Mills College.

Major Albert Randall, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Randall are leaving very soon for the East, after living for several years at the Marine Barracks, Mare Island. Major Randall has been ordered to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne and her daughters, Miss Margery Dunne and Miss Marion Dunne, will go to New York early in January. Mrs. Dunne and Miss Margery Dunne are planning to sail for Europe, while Miss Marion Dunne, after a short visit in Boston, will return to California.

Mr. Robert Gay Hooker, Jr., and Mr. John Hooker, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker, who are attending Harvard University, have arrived from the East to pass the holidays at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Harriet Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker, who is a sophomore at Vassar, will visit the Bermudas during the holidays as the guest of Miss Narcissus Vanderlip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderlip.

Lieutenant William L. Martin, who has been stationed at Mare Island Navy Yard, has received orders to report for duty on the U. S. S. *Mercy*.

A large party from San Francisco spent Christmas at the Sentinel Hotel in Yosemite Valley. Among those who composed the party were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond and Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali.

Captain Peter Antonovich, U. S. A., at present stationed in Honolulu where he is an architect in the government service, is making a brief visit to his old home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Merrill Jones, and Miss Vail Jones will pass the New Year holidays at Del Monte.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent arrived recently from her home in Ireland. She is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn, and will be joined by Mr. Vincent early in the year.

Mrs. Edward de Laveaga has recently returned from the East and will be established for the winter in the house belonging to Mrs. John J. Valentine in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, who have been in Europe, have returned to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall with their son, Walter Newhall, left last week for the East to spend the holidays with their eldest son, Mr. George A. Newhall, Jr., who is a student at Yale. Mr. George Newhall expected to return home for Christmas, but was prevented at the last moment by a slight illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Corbet are being congratulated on the arrival of a son, born to them on December 20th.

### The Paul Elder Lectures.

The winter calendar of "Events" in the Paul Elder Gallery, just ready, discloses a booking of variety and interest, including lectures, dramatic readings, and recitals. Among the names scheduled to appear are Frederick O'Brien, Lieutenant M. M. Witherspoon, Charles G. Norris, Laurel Conwell Bias, Kenneth Saunders, Genevieve Taggard, Charles Upson Clark, and many others equally important in their fields.

The season will be opened Saturday, January 6th, at 2:30 o'clock, by Maslin Hulme. He will speak on "Literature and Life." The series is given under the direction of Paul Elder.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### One Night There Came to Ravenstone.

One night there came to Ravenstone  
A ragged man with quiet eyes  
Desiring naught save bread and cheese,  
But he was curiously wise.

For now he spake of government—  
And now he spake of philosophy—  
And now he stayed all dumb because  
A sudden bird sang in a tree.

I think the earth meant more to him  
Far more to him than met the eye;  
And at the dark I saw him love  
The stars a long while in the sky.

And at the dawning he had gone  
In tatters on, and I dare say  
A dandelion in his coat  
For a gold button all the way.

—A. Newberry Choyce in the New Witness.

#### The Poacher

Crisp is the sweet October air;  
Craftily hid in a ferny lair,  
A gipsy lurks for quail and hare,  
As faithless wardens sleep.  
Sad red spots on a furry pelt,  
Hanging limp at a rascal's belt,  
Slender paw with a cruel welt,  
Where a gin has bitten deep.

Rustle of leaves at a lurcher's tread,  
Slinking soft where a Romany led,  
Sniffing the moss where the grouse has bled,  
Scolded by rook and daw.  
Sinister master, sinister hound,  
Stealthily making the sinister round  
Of hidden snares on forbidden ground  
By thicket and heron-shaw.

With eye, and head, and heart of a thief,  
Man and mongrel, o'er pebble and leaf  
Shamble swift for night is brief,  
And stern is woodland law.  
In the smiling land each honest hand  
Is an enemy's clenched at the swarthy band  
That ravage the wood, and the sod, and the sand  
Like the laggard that hangs in the haw.

—Léon D'Emo in Judge.

#### At Grandfather's.

My son, upon this curving stair  
Whose balusters are slim and white,  
Your mother scurried from the bear  
That sometimes follows you at night.  
And later (though you do not care)  
She kissed me here by candle light.

So shake the spindles with your hand  
And pound them with your chubby fist.  
But I would have you understand,  
You, with your eyes of amethyst,  
That this is an enchanted land  
Where bears have lurked and lovers kissed.

—John French Wilson in the Contemporary Review.

#### Wear Your Jewelry Long.

With longer skirts and the more formal  
type of draped dress the bobbed-hair girl has  
had to grow up over night, says the *De-  
lineator*. The closer hair-dressing is partly  
responsible for the vogue of the long ear-  
ring, which for evening reaches almost to the  
shoulder. Some of them seen in the shop win-  
dows are made of heavy red gold in long,  
narrow Egyptian designs triangular in shape.  
Crystal is very smart for evening and steel  
and jade are used for either evening or after-  
noon. Very large hoop earrings are also worn  
in fine lines of jet or jade or amber.

For evening the very short sleeve bracelets  
are worn by the dozen. They are the narrow

### In the Galleries Vickery, Atkins & Grey

is to be seen a most ui ex-  
hibition of French, It a and  
English furniture, tapestries and  
objects of art of the sixteenth,  
seventeenth and eighteenth centur-  
ies. The collection was formed  
by Charles Roberson of London,  
who has for many years specialized  
in antique furnishings acquired from  
the old English estates. There are  
in the present display some ex-  
quisite examples of furniture covered with  
p-tit point needlework, some English  
origin, others French of the period of  
Louis XV and XVI; as well as cabinet  
work with ormolu mounting connected  
with the famous names of Gouthiere and  
Riesener. The collections of Lord Ellen-  
boro, Lord Foley, Lord Lovelace and  
Lady Fairbanks have furnished much of  
this material, and the Italian Renaissance  
bonzes are from the Featherstonhaugh  
collection.

bangle type set with brilliants, emeralds,  
rubies or sapphires or their synthetic re-  
lations. A bar pin of diamonds or pearls main-  
tains the centre of gravity of the bateau-neck  
body, while the necklace for either afternoon  
or evening is the single or triple string of  
pearls.

In order that women with children may  
delve into politics the Women's Democratic  
Club of Park City, Nebraska, has elected a  
"baby tender."

The ruddy kingfisher, a bird native of  
Borneo, makes its nest in the hive of a pec-  
uliarly vicious kind of bee.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—Harvey said women have no souls. She—David said all men are liars.—*Boston Transcript*.

Frosh—I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks. Soph—How about fortnight? *Syracuse Orange Peel*.

"But are you sure he's a police dog?" "Positive, my dear; he's always hanging around the kitchen."—*Life*.

"What's the trouble?" "The car won't run." "What's the matter?" "Pa's been fixing it again."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Ave a bit o' ketchup with yer sossidge, Sam?" "Not for me, thanks. Gildin' the lily, I calls it."—*London Humorist*.

"Impossible, is he?" "Judge for yourself. He thinks Walter Camp is where the football players train."—*Pitt. Panther*.

Sue—He actually blushed after he had kissed me. Low—My dear, you shouldn't apply your rouge so thickly.—*Judge*.

Mistress—Nora, I won't have that husky milkman in my kitchen. Nora—All right, mum, I know a smaller one.—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

He—I can not go to the theatre so often. I must think about my bills. She—Well, can't you think about your bills in the theatre?—*London Opinion*.

"You have no lower classes in this country?" "Certainly we have." "And what do you call them?" "Pedestrians."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Are the directions clear to you now, Jefferson?" "Yas, sah, all except one thing, doctah. Was I to take dose little pills externally or befo' meals?"—*Judge*.

Kant—This place certainly turns out fine men. Descartes—When did you graduate? Kant—Didn't graduate; they turned me out.—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

Tramp—I've eaten nothin' but snowballs for three days, mum. Lady—You poor man! What would you have done had it been summertime?—*Boston Transcript*.

Agitated Manager—Say, don't you know that you shouldn't whistle in the lobby like that? Bellboy—Boss, I aint whistlin'. I see pagin' Missus Jones' dawg.—*Life*.

"Take it from me," said the senior, "there are two kinds of women you can't trust. Those with bobbed hair and those without it." *Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*.

Her Father—But, young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy? Her Suitor—Do I? I wish you could have seen her when I proposed!—*London Opinion*.

Retiring Pew-Opener (initiating new one into his duties)—Remember, Mr. Higgins, they are very good Christians here until you show some one else into their pew.—*Punch*.

"Tommy," asked the teacher, "what can you tell of America's foreign relations at the present time?" "They're all pretty poor," said the brightest boy in the class.—*New York Sun*.

"Now that you two are one," began the vicar. "Which one?" asked the demure bride "Ah," said the vicar, who was a married man "You must find that out for yourselves."—*London Daily News*.

Woman—Now, if you don't leave at once I'll call my husband, and he used to play football at Harvard. Tramp—Lady, if youse love yer husband, don't; because I used to play wid Yale.—*Colorado Dodo*.

"Have you made any improvements' around the farm?" "Yes, sir," declared Farmer Corn-tassel. "We've rechristened the old barn. We call it a garage and make the summer boarders pay rent for it."—*Washington Star*.

"So your boy has graduated from college." "Yes." "What is he going to do now?" "I

don't know. He didn't pitch well enough to make the major league and there's no money playing professional football."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Teacher—This time we are going to have a little talk on wading birds. Of these the familiar stork is one—what are you laughing at, Elsie? Little Elsie—Oh, but teacher—the idea of there being any storks!—*Stockholm Kasper*.

"Let me see! When was this little boy born, Brother Johnson?" inquired the presiding elder. "Well, sir," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, "it was just before or right after my best dog died, and I haint prezisely shore which."—*Kansas City Star*.

## Gem Mining.

With all its mineral wealth the United States does not take high rank in gem mining, and its production during the year for which figures are available reached only a value of \$110,000, states the *Washington Star*. This, however, is the lowest total since the Geological Survey began the collection of statistics in 1883, except in the single year of 1896, when the value dropped to \$87,500.

Four gem minerals—corundum, quartz, tourmaline and turquoise—represent four-fifths of the total annual value, the chief stone of the lot being the sapphire variety of corundum, which is used industrially for the frictionless bearings of watches and other instruments. The gem minerals are chiefly supplied by Montana, Nevada, California, Colorado, Maine and Arizona, although some production is reported by twenty other states. Arkansas yielded a number of good-sized diamonds last year, including a canary-colored octahedron weighing nearly eighteen carats, but the total production annually of the country never exceeds a few thousand dollars.

One of the government experts gives an interesting description of the sapphires of Montana. The only systematic mining for these precious stones in the United States is done in that state. The annual output is something like 500,000, including the stones that are suitable for cutting as gems and those that are useful only for mechanical purposes. It is said that the lapidaries of Montana do work that is comparable to the work done on stones sent to London to be cut.

Montana might well be called the "gem state," in view of the fact that her output of precious stones exceeds the production in that line of all the rest of the United States.

## Siberia The Newest West.

Siberia may prove to be our newest west, according to the *Portland Oregonian*. It is a country of great wealth in timber, agriculture, minerals, furs and fisheries, it is a field for American enterprise and it will demand everything that America can supply. There is a market for logging and sawmill machinery, for mining machinery and concentrating mills, for railroad material and equipment, for cannery equipment and for all kinds of factory apparatus. The men who buy and operate all this apparatus will consume all kinds of manufactured goods.

Though still wearing the red cloak of communism, the Moscow soviet is restoring the hated capitalism with full freedom to conduct its enterprises in its own way, and the Chita acted to act the more action because it has an is out of favor because it has the favor because it has e, other Western na; the capital, the men l of pioneer impulse t that an undeveloped e only white man's should attract Amer- any yellow or brown

## of Corsica.

Napoleon Romanetti, reputed to be the last Corsican bandit of the old type, died, as all men of his school would like to do, with his boots on, says the *Boston Evening Transcript*. After successfully defying the officers of the law for years, Romanetti was shot by a gendarme as he was trying to make his getaway in an automobile owned by the wife of the prefect of Corsica. Craftsman he was to the last; he spurned other occupations, stick-

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ing to banditry until the end. Jealous of his calling, its traditions, its code of etiquette, he more than once protested, through the columns of Corsican newspapers, against the epithet of common robber hurled against him by the Paris press. Not a common robber was he. Far from it. Was it not his custom to treat his victims politely? Did he not, whenever circumstances permitted, entertain them right royally, after separating them from their valuables? Was he not an ornament to Corsican society, a credit to the bandit's profession?

Romanetti, in truth, had long outlived his generation. Of this the automobile in which he met his death was a signal proof. The Corsica of romance and of story, the Corsica of Bonaparte and the vendetta, had no room in it for flivvers and touring cars. The coming of the motor sounded the knell, not only of the profession of the gentleman bandit, but also, and no less surely, of the Corsica of banditry and blood feuds. Mr. Henry Ford no doubt has done more than a whole generation of gendarmes to stamp out banditry in this island, 114 miles in length and fifty-two in breadth. The Corsican bandit of the future must go elsewhere than the highways of his native island to ply his calling.

## Mah Jongg.

China's Christmas present to America this year is Mah Jongg, says the *New York Tribune*. The game that has caught the fancy of New York's holiday shoppers has been a long time arriving. It was played perhaps by Confucius, and certainly by mandarins and lesser folk in China ever since his day.

Why did not Marco Polo bring it from Cathay along with playing cards, as tradition tells? Goodness knows. Time has its revenge, at any rate. In this year of our Lord polite gamblers will be building the Chinese Great Wall with little domino-like affairs of bamboo and ivory, hand-carved and colored in exquisite patterns, of which the suits are winds and dragons, flowers and seasons. There are dice, too, and sets of counters—heaven, earth, male and female. As the game unfolds the player may get "a moon from the bottom of the sea" or "a plum blossom in unseasonable time." It is all most delicately sensuous, most alluring.

Mah Jongg is a pastime for long leisure, typical of the Orient, where they let the legions thunder past, then plunge in thought again. Not so deep as chess, which also came from China's neighborhood, and with a high percentage of chance, it requires application and a good measure of skill. Its scheme is as complex as its apparatus is charming. Don't waste a Mah Jongg set on one who doesn't like to use his wits.

In China Mah Jongg, meaning sparrow, is the aristocrat of indoor games. High officials are much addicted to this combination, as a writer has described it in the *Tribune's Magazine*, of rummy, dominoes, poker and children's building blocks. It is their form of a junket, and the people frequently grumble about the governmental "sparrow parties." It might be dangerous to let our congressmen get hold of such an engrossing toy.

## Mountainous Photography.

Gutzon Borglum, world-renowned sculptor, is preparing to attempt to print a picture on

the side of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Georgia, in exactly the same manner as a photographer prints on sensitized paper, remarks the *New York Tribune*.

Barrels of chemicals for sensitizing the mountain and developing the "negative" and the most powerful projecting lamp ever built have been contracted for by Mr. Borglum.

Using the night as his "dark room," he plans first to treat the side of the mountain with chemicals. Then from a spot 700 feet away the picture he hopes to print will be projected on the mountain from the huge lamp. Three or four hours' exposure will be given.

After the proper exposure the developing will begin. First, down the side of the mountain will come barrels of developer, then the fixing bath and finally tons of clear water.

If successful he will use the picture in his work of carving the Confederate monument on the side of the mountain.

A typewriter which writes music has been invented by an Italian.



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